

Warped Reality

A Twisted Infinity Tale

(you can see more of my work at <https://twistedinfinitystories.blogspot.com/p/stories-index.html>)

Ruth groaned, pulling out a dusty cloth-covered box from under a table and coughing as particles rose into the air.

One essay. I missed one essay, and now I've gotta do this shit.

Sort through her professor's collection of dusty relics or lose her GPA. A hell of an ultimatum. Her skinny arms heaved brass objects out of the box, quickly placing them by size and shape, until she picked up a small box, also in brass, but trimmed in what looked to be mother-of-pearl. With curiosity, she pulled on its lid, and it was stuck fast, without even the small amount of give of an old, worn lock. She felt a strange pulse of what felt like electricity up her arm, and suddenly the lid slid open without a hint of resistance.

Inside the box, on a small velvet cushion somehow untouched by the ages sat a small gemstone, roughly half the length of her thumb, in an asymmetrical shape that suggested it had never been properly cut. Despite that, though, its surface was perfect, and as she moved it against the light it bounced so perfectly through its inky blackness that it looked as though tongues of purple and red fire blazed through it.

She sat staring at it, all thoughts of her task gone. The dancing lights were compelling in a way she'd never felt before, like the jewel was a part of her she'd been missing her entire life. She gently touched it, with the thought in her head of *I wish I could just keep staring at this and not worry about sorting this stuff.*

She suddenly felt an electric shock travel through her entire body, starting from her right hand. She felt her awareness stretch back, leaving her body, blurred light rushing in a tunnel around her vision like she was being thrown backwards at tremendous speed. She turned around and saw... nothing. Not just a lack of vision, but the horrible awareness that she was looking at *nothing*. Suddenly, a small spot flared right in the centre of her vision, and her world was surrounded by heat, light and noise. Her eyes were drawn to a particular spot, and with a sickening feeling of being pulled, her awareness zoomed in until she could see dancing blue rings around scintillating golden cores.

One of them bounced off another, there was a flash, and suddenly she could see two possibilities – one of the cores going left, and going slightly above the left as it ricocheted off. She felt pulled back again, and with another rush, she was staring at the gemstone again.

What the fuck was that?

Suddenly the door opened behind her, and her professor poked his ancient head past the door.

"Ruth, I was somewhat hasty. You've been a good student. Don't worry about this, just get the report to me when you can, okay?"

She sat silent for a moment, then nodded, quickly shoving the relics back into the box save for the gemstone, which she slipped into her bag before heading back out to her dorm.

Back home, Ruth stood in front of the mirror, wearing nothing but her bra and panties, clutching the beautiful jewel in her right hand. It was late, and she knew she should have been taking herself to bed, but she couldn't do it without her nightly ritual of cataloguing every flaw in her body, looking herself up and down in the mirror.

She bared her huge buck teeth, running her tongue across her thin lips and raising her hand to trace over the acne scarring that surrounded her thin face, long pointed nose and the thick glasses perched on it. Her dirty blond hair was wispy and thin, and hung limply to either side of her collarbones, which almost looked shrink-wrapped by her pale skin.

She was all bones and angles, her shoulder joints and ribs visible, along with her knobbly elbows on her drastically thin arms. She wore a bra more out of propriety than necessity, since she had nothing to hold. Her panties perched on visible hip bones down to skinny thighs. Everything between her joints, though, was soft and flabby, lacking any tone. Her gut stuck out and her biceps drooped. She hunched slightly, but even standing up straight she was tiny and short.

Everything about her made her want to cry. Indeed, she'd spent many nights crying herself to sleep after standing in front of the mirror like this, picking, scratching, and just generally wishing herself different. She looked up at the little Sharpie line on the mirror, eight inches above her head, the line the top of her head reached in her fantasies.

She'd explored any number of fantasies, from the simple idea of beauty to the utterly depraved. Tonight, the idea of being taller was what filled her mind. She wanted to command a room when she walked in, for every eye to be drawn to her statuesque form.

I want to be taller. I want to be tall. God, I want it so badly...

She felt another electric shock and the feeling of her awareness stretching back like earlier at the university, the flare of light and energy, the shining rings and glowing cores, the brief moment of her awareness being split between two possibilities, and then rushing back to her awareness, staring at herself in the mirror again.

She went to turn away, but felt a strange feeling suffuse her entire body. She groaned, her muscles growing tight, like every part of her body was under tension. She looked back in the mirror with a grimace of pain and stopped dead, her eyes wide as she began to notice the top of her head slowly growing closer to the Sharpie mark on the mirror. She stepped back, stumbling as she realised she was *growing*. She looked down at her thighs, all thoughts of her tight muscles banished by the sheer thrill of seeing her legs

stretching out. She held out her arm, watching her forearm lengthen before her eyes. Within a minute, her head was level with the mark – she was five-foot-ten.

She stared at herself in shock. She looked even more ridiculously skinny with her new height, not just a waif, but a beanpole – but she was *tall*. She'd just willed it to happen. *What if I... I need to be bigger. I need to be bigger all over – I need to grow out as much as I grew up.*

Again, she felt that electric tingle starting from her hand, and the feeling of her awareness stretching back, though faster this time. Back in her own head, she stared in awe at the mirror as her body slowly began to thicken, her arms and legs filling out, her knobby joints receding into toned, curvaceous skin. Her stomach didn't change, but her hips filled out and her thighs expanded, a sensation of fullness and weight spreading through her. After another minute, she'd finished growing – certainly still slim, but no longer painfully thin.

Tears were streaming down her face as she ran her hands across her newly pliant flesh – no longer feeling the hard bone underneath when she touched herself. Trembling, she sat back down on her bed, still poking and prodding her new flesh, casting her eyes around from her bizarre new vantage point. They fixed on the picture of her and her parents on her bedside table, and her mouth dropped open as she noticed that the picture had changed. She was towering over both of her parents, leaning down between them to get in the frame.

She leapt up, running over to her closet and throwing open the doors, pulling out clothing to find... it fit her. Everything in her closet was the correct size for her new body.

It's like... It's like I've always looked like this.

Possibilities were rampaging through her mind, a hundred strange and perverted theories. She just needed to test... whatever this was, this new strange power, and she knew exactly how. She took a deep breath, concentrating hard. This time, it wasn't on height, it wasn't on her weight; her eyes were looking directly at her still-minuscule chest.

Breasts... I want breasts. I want to be stacked, chesty, I want to have huge jiggling tits. I want bigger boobs... Bigger boobs...

A thrill went through her as she felt the electric tingle. She squealed with glee as a sensation of fullness spread through her flat chest, like something was pushing behind her nipples. It felt like the aftermath of a heavy meal, a groaning tightness and discomfort. Within seconds she could tell that something was happening behind the cups of her bra; the cups, already somewhat loose on her nearly featureless chest, were slowly starting to fill up. Looking down, she could definitely see they were rising up from her chest – poking out and slightly obscuring her vision.

She was so caught between excitement and a growing arousal at watching her own tits grow, just like in the mountains of breast expansion porn she'd read and watched, that she barely noticed that her bra wasn't actually keeping up with the expansion as she dimly expected it would have, had she thought about it at all. It was becoming visibly

strained by the billowing swell of chest meat, which was starting to ooze out of the tops, sides and even the bottoms of the cups. The sight only made her even hornier, a wet patch spreading out through her overstuffed panties as her pussy fluttered and throbbed.

It was starting to severely restrict her breathing 40 seconds or so into her growth, even as her breasts jiggled madly above the brim of the cups. She took a deep breath, stretching back her shoulders and was rewarded with a savage snap. Her bra flew off as the hooks in the back popped out, landing several feet in front of her. Her newly swollen breasts came down against her chest with a weighty drop of gelatinous flesh, but more noticeably she came on the spot, taking in a sharp intake of breath as pleasure flooded her body.

The growth having stopped, she took a moment of standing stock still, panting heavily, before she turned in the mirror to examine her new assets. Ignoring the ugly red welts left over by her late bra, they were perfect. Perfectly shaped teardrop breasts that fell just slightly to either side of her sternum with wide, crinkly areolas and thick nipples that pointed almost straight forward. She cupped one from underneath, hefting its weight, wobbling it from side to side and running her fingers along the perfect smoothness. She almost wanted to cry, but this time from happiness.

A question suddenly ran through her mind – her clothes had adjusted to her height. Why did her bra snap? She put the jewel down on the dresser and rifled through one of her drawers. She pulled out a bra, finding that it was indeed far larger than the one she'd destroyed. A little fabric label read "32F."

I'm an F-cup. Far out.

The revelation rekindled the stirring in her pussy, but the question still remained as to why the bra she was wearing snapped while the others transformed into gorgeous F-cup beauties; although on reflection, they weren't beauties, they were utilitarian beige harnesses, but such was the curse of the large-chested lady.

In the throes of a prematurely ended afterglow, she decided that while she had this opportunity, forget just getting an okay body with big boobs, she needed to give herself the body of her dreams. She threw the bra aside and ran her hands down across the curve of her butt. They were certainly softer and more *there* than they'd ever been, but she needed more. She turned around, watching herself from the side in the mirror, and concentrated, imagining her ass expanding, the curves flaring out behind her as her cheeks expanded, her hips and thighs widening and thickening to match.

Nothing happened. The disappointment was enough to instantly quench her mounting libido, and she went to slump back on the bed, thinking she'd lost her moment. That was when she caught sight again of the shimmering jewel on the dresser, the fractal patterns dancing inside it against her ceiling light.

She scrambled to grab it, her unfamiliar boobs jostling and bouncing. It was warm in her hand, and she was sure it wasn't entirely from being gripped before. She squeezed it tight, though, again imagining herself with a huge, impressively shaped posterior, a canvas of jiggling cheek and smooth thighs. A rattling gasp left her mouth as she felt

that electric tingle and the same sensation of fullness that preceded the growth of her breasts. Her hips ached and began to expand outwards, her thighs thickening and swelling as the cheeks that topped them bloated up like water balloons. She moaned, stumbling forward and groping at her pussy as her thighs began to swallow her panties, rubbing against each other as she moved. By the time the growth stopped, leaving her drastically bottom-heavy, she had a hand down the front of her panties, madly frigging away, her other hand reaching up to cup and pinch one of her newly-minted tits. The jewel had dropped to the floor, forgotten in her mad lust over her growing body.

Of course, it took no time at all before she came hard, humping her new hips into her hand, shrieking her pleasure at the walls as her ass and tits jiggled with each spasmodic motion of her body. She fell back onto her ass, the swollen cheeks forming a perfect cushion for her. Between her knees, weak after two substantial orgasms, and the new weight of her hefty undercarriage, it took her some time to pull herself back up to her feet and stumble in front of the mirror. The sensation of her thighs dragging past each other was sublimely pleasurable, and between that and her new assets blocking her view, she accidentally kicked the jewel.

Bending over to retrieve it was an experience in and of itself. Her tits swung down to meet her face, and the change in her centre of mass meant her enormous ass stuck out full and round, wiggling as she groped sightlessly to retrieve the gem, her vision obscured by dangling breast. Between her weighty, jiggling breasts and her enormous pear-shaped rear, she was in heaven. She finally found the jewel and bent back up, groaning at the strain on her back from the normally-simple motion.

Christ, they're heavy. This is so awesome.

She had more to fix. While she still wanted her face to be recognisably *her*, things had to change. Whether because they were individually small changes, or because she was getting more used to the way the jewel operated, it seemed that it took less effort to make the changes happen. Her teeth shrunk and receded, her lips thickened, her nose reshaped itself. Like Aphrodite from the waves, a beautiful woman emerged from her features, almost like moving lighting or changing angle reveals a different looking face.

She was simultaneously caught between tears of joy and the insistent throbbing of her pussy. She just stood staring at herself in the mirror for several minutes, just taking in the reality of her new beauty. Before long, of course, she was imagining finding a guy – a hot, muscular guy, who'd throw her down on the bed and show her an amazing first time after pulling out his massive cock from his jeans... She looked down at the jewel again. *What is this thing capable of? How far can it go?*

The thought of thick, throbbing dick had brought to mind part of her porn collection. She could remember the day she first encountered a picture – a comic, in fact, in the Japanese anime style, which featured a female main character who toted around a huge cock. She remembered her shock at the time, *can that even happen? That's a thing?* By now, it was a normal part of her perverted diet, and she'd spent many hours frigging herself to the thought of curvaceous ladies with big dicks – the thought of *being* a curvaceous lady with a big dick of her very own. Could this jewel turn her into a futanari?

Her mouth was dry as her fingers closed around the warm gem. She took a deep breath, and concentrated. *A big, thick, meaty dick, a foot long, thick as my wrist, sensitive and twitchy. A pair of fat, heavy balls, churning with seed, ready to pop.* She yelped as that now familiar feeling of tightness and bloat spread out through the top half of her pubic mound, only this time coupled with a buzzing, tingling sensation. Her breath came in a deep rattle as her clitoris tightened and the lips just below the hood began to puff out, although the process was still covered by her overstuffed panties. She fell back onto her bed, propped up against the wall, watching down between the swell of her new mounds as a bump slowly started to rise in the front of her underwear.

It throbbed and pulsed in time with her heartbeat, each one bringing with it another burst of growth, her panties starting to audibly stretch. They started to put pressure on the swelling stem, the sides tenting up around it. She grabbed her breasts, her hands sinking deeply into the soft flesh, pawing at them as her growing cock throbbed angrily at the tightness of her underwear. As the sides were pulled up by the growing shaft they also revealed her pair of swelling testicles, starting to pack out the rest of the space.

About thirty seconds in it became too much to bear, and with a grunt of effort and a flex of wholly unfamiliar muscles, her lurching cock shredded her panties with a *shhhrrriip*, leaving the glistening shaft flexing in the air and continuing to grow. Her left hand still mauling her breast, her right dropped down to wrap around her cock. She shuddered, drawing in a deep breath as the thick meat pulsed and swelled against her fingers. She started to slowly tug the skin up and down, pumping her hand along the length, drawing in rattling breaths as the pleasure flooded her groin. Her swelling balls nestled comfortably atop the cleft of her thighs.

By the end of the minute, her hand was slowly but determinedly pumping up the entire thick, pulsing length of a foot-long penis that her hand could only barely encircle. The base had merged completely with the skin of her clitoral hood. Her scrotum was the size of a grapefruit, her wet pussy nestled snugly beneath its warm weight. Beads of precum leaked from the tip as she pumped. Not too long after the transformation had finished, she felt her kegel's muscles tighten, a yawning empty feeling traveling up the entire length of her cock, and with a moan she shot off a thick rope of cum all the way up to the bottom of her breasts, settling in a warm, gooey trail from her bellybutton to her chest.

She shuddered and groaned as her new dick unloaded its first orgasm across her newly-transformed body, simultaneously completely unfamiliar and yet also somehow not. She trailed a finger through the mess across her stomach, gently bringing it to her tongue to taste the bitter saltiness of her own spunk. She sat silent for a moment, panting, entranced by the sight of her softening cock down past the curve of her new breasts.

Her eyes drew across to the gem, glinting on her bedsheets where she'd dropped it in orgasmic stupor. Was there no limit to what she could make this do? Did it ever wear off? First, she needed to establish something.

She grabbed the jewel with a deep breath, and concentrated. Slowly, her prick began to shrink, eventually retreating back into her body and reverting her crotch back to its original form. *Okay, good, I can go back if I need to.*

So how far could the gem go? Everything so far had been freaky but not completely impossible. She needed something unquestionably outside the bounds of normal. Casting her gaze about the room, she settled on an old comic, adorned with a red-skinned demon girl.

Red skin. That's completely unnatural – perfect! She concentrated, feeling her awareness flood backwards in that way she was becoming accustomed to, and then felt a warmth begin deep in her core and rise up to the surface of her skin. She lifted up her arm and her face broke into a wide grin as she gazed across deep red.

She ran back to the mirror, gasping in glee as she saw that the red tint had spread perfectly out across her entire body. She lifted her huge cherry-red tits, marvelling at her smooth crimson cleavage. She felt like the effect needed something, though...

She smacked her lips together and willed into existence a thick wave of black that spread across them. It was soon followed by a deep black line around her eyes and her hair beginning to grow darker. She tapped one nipple and grinned evilly as more black tint spread from the tip of her finger, advancing across the swell of her nipple and her expanded areolas until her breasts were capped with inky black.

She stopped for a moment, just staring at herself in the mirror. She gave herself a quick pinch again, fighting off the horrible feeling she was dreaming. Only that morning she'd still been trapped in the body she hated more than anything else in the world – now she was an impossibly gorgeous, busty demon girl. Her pictures reflected this new reality, as if she'd always been this way.

Having tested the operation of the gem, she reluctantly reverted the recent changes she'd made, resetting herself back to merely the stacked, incredibly beautiful version of herself she'd created earlier. She could play later. For now, she needed to settle on the new her.

Thoughts of the sensations of her previous experiments rose back up. She craved feeling that again, being one of the sexy, sensual futanari she'd spent so long lusting after. Why not? She gripped the jewel and concentrated, a thick, flaccid shaft starting to bud from her crotch. This time, instead of using her clitoris as the base, she had it grow from just above, the space below and to either side plumping out with the beginnings of a heavy scrotum.

As an afterthought, she made her clitoris bigger and more sensitive too, nestled behind a sack containing balls the size of hen's eggs. Erect, her cock would be over ten inches long, and just the thought of it made her want to salivate.

The one final nod she made to unreality was her hair. Instead of her lank, dirty blond, it was a wavy, mixed gradient of blue, magenta and purple that fell down to just above the upper curve of her heart-shaped rump. It sat in layers on layers that shifted past each other in almost hypnotic patterns, even in the still air of her room. She ran her fingers through it to fan it out, exulting in the sexual thrill from her thick, bouncy locks.

Her phone buzzed on the bedside table. She strode over to it, completely naked with her perfect round breasts bouncing. As she approached the table she willed her old, clunky flip-phone into the latest model smartphone she'd been wishing she could afford

for months. In fact, why stop there? Why couldn't she be fabulously rich and afford whatever she liked?

She swiped to a banking app on her new phone and nearly choked when she saw her bank balance. More money than she'd ever even seen in her life was sitting in her savings account. A quick scroll back through the transaction history showed regular deposits from what seemed to be investment management companies – enough each week for the old Ruth to have lived on for a year.

Her plump lips curled into a smile. Tomorrow was going to be a very interesting day.

Ruth spent the rest of the night exploring her new body before curling up to a happy, contented sleep. Her night was punctuated with titillating, kinky dreams, unformed and half-remembered but unquestionably pleasant.

When morning broke and she stirred from sleep, she almost subconsciously reached up to make sure her beautiful new tits were still there. She squealed in delight when her hands contacted the smooth, warm flesh, and even more when she peered down between them and spotted the thick column of flesh rising up from between her legs in her inaugural morning wood.

Once the shock of realising she was still her new self wore off, her brain immediately focused on the tight, throbbing strain of her erect cock. It was steel-hard, tugging at her muscles in unfamiliar but exciting ways. Beneath it she could feel her hot, swollen clit, smothered by the weight of her hefty scrotum.

Immediately, a delicate hand curled around her dick, starting to slowly pump as glistening pre-cum rolled out of the tip. Her other hand snaked under, lifting up her testicles to reach at the sopping cauldron of her pussy. Of course, that meant that every time her fingers rubbed against her slit her balls bounced on top of her hand, adding another level of stimulation to her dual masturbation.

It didn't take long before she felt her orgasm build, cresting over the point of return, her cock throbbing madly as her muscles tightened. Her hands dropped away as the spasms overtook her body, leaving her only able to clutch at the sheets and writhe with the sensation.

There was a brief moment where her whole awareness seemed to disconnect and hover in the air for a moment, and then she came. A thick, pearlescent jet of spunk shot from the end of her cock like it was spring-loaded, the slab of meat lurching backwards as if to propel it. Something felt wrong, though – it was *hard*. Harder than any of the times she'd jacked off the night before.

It felt like the first shot lasted twice as long as anything from the previous night, her hips rising spasmodically off the bed for the entire pump. She shrieked in not only pleasure but surprise as they kept going, shot after shot that didn't seem to flag at all. It was fifteen or twenty seconds before they died off, leaving her panting and wide-eyed on the bed in an almost supernatural afterglow.

"What the fuck was *that*?"

She hadn't built that in at *all*. It wasn't a problem, but... Wow.

To be fair, I've never had a pair of balls this size overnight before. Probably just a side-effect. She got up on wobbling legs, heading into the bathroom – but not before she extracted the jewel from the tangle of bedsheets.

The bathroom opened up as she entered, the walls retreating from each other, the cracks in the tiles repairing, new fittings and fixtures rising from the ground. A massive, sumptuous spa bath nestled in one corner, across from a completely separate antique claw-foot bath.

She stepped into the shower, letting a hot, voluminous spray cascade down across her newly-created, sensitive curves. It was strange enough washing a pair of F-cup breasts or shampooing a blue and violet waterfall of hair, but when her bar of soap reached her waist she had to pause for a moment.

What do I... like, do here? With this? She started gently soaping up the bottom of the shaft. *Having a penis is turning out to be problematic.*

Of course the major problem was that as she started soaping it up her breath caught as she could feel the stirrings of pleasure in the spongy flesh. It only amplified when she moved her hands up and peeled back her foreskin from over the head, exposing it to the gouts of warm water and making her shudder with the sudden sensation.

Fuck, is this what guys go through every time they shower? How do they do this?

She grit her teeth and started soaping up the sensitive skin of the glans, feeling her hips bucking slightly as it tingled and began to slowly fill. By the time she was done navigating around the egg-sized balls bouncing in her sack to wash between her legs, she was back at full mast again.

Of course she didn't have a choice but to take care of it, and biting lightly on her lip, she began to stroke with one hand while the other pinched and massaged one of her breasts. The remaining soap on her hands made her skin glide smoothly in her hand, allowing her to half tug the skin up and down and half simply slide her hand over the thick, pulsing rod.

As she pumped, she realised there was a flexible head in the shower. She grabbed it, one hand still jerking off, and flipped the lever over to send a high-pressure stream through it that she wasted no time in shoving between her legs, drumming her swollen clit with hot water.

She felt the magic moment rise again, her hand slowing to carefully approach her mounting orgasm, when she realised that, again, it didn't feel right.

The first shot, *again*, felt longer and harder than any time she'd shot off the previous night. Again, as she shrieked uncontrollably, her orgasm went on far, far beyond what she expected or had prepared for. She came against the shower glass again and again, cock lurching and balls tightening as she dumped a full ounce of cum out into the hot stream. She stood with an arm against the shower wall, panting heavily, watching it wash down into an unusually large drain.

Holy fuck. Why does that keep happening?

She rinsed off and grabbed a towel, drying off before wrapping it around her torso and picking her jewel off the counter. As she went back into her room, it reshaped itself like the bathroom had, becoming merely a bedroom of the house she now owned, just a short walk from the university. Her closet extended back into a massive walk-in wardrobe before she opened it, bursting with new, stylish clothes.

She gleefully pulled on a pair of dark leggings, eager to show off her new legs, when she remembered that she had a slightly different crotch situation than when she used to fantasise about looking great in leggings. Her junk fit in the strictest sense, but the leggings left absolutely nothing to the imagination. A knee-length skirt solved the issue.

Fully dressed, she walked out, past her spacious, modern living room bedecked with high-end electronics, to find her front door being opened by a stocky older woman with a trolley of cleaning supplies.

"Oh, good morning, Miss Schwarz! Thought you'd already be gone by now."

"Oh um, yes. Late start, haha." Ruth had a sudden horrible image of this cleaning woman entering her room to find the trail of sticky destruction she'd left overnight. *Oh Christ, I hope she doesn't get grossed out...*

Suddenly she felt the flash in her awareness, pulling herself back to that strange scene of dividing lights, and realised she was gripping the jewel in her pocket. When her awareness returned, the woman was pulling some supplies off the trolley, pulling on a pair of gloves.

"So how much cum have you left for me in the sheets?"

Ruth blinked. "E-excuse me?"

"Did you take some 'me time' last night or just your usual couple of bedtime strokes? The last time you just stayed in and spent the night jerking off, I needed to give the sheets two cycles, you naughty girl!"

"O-oh, umm" Ruth went red, and the cleaning lady giggled. "Oh honey, don't tell me you're getting embarrassed now! You know I don't care what you do with that big ol' dick you're packing – although I've gotta say I'm still amazed by the amount of spunk you can put out."

Holy shit. I changed her! She's not grossed out! "Umm, yeah. Haha, silly me. Yeah, it was, um, a loooong night for me."

The woman rolled her eyes in an affectionate way. "I swear, I wish I'd ever had a man capable of going for as long as you."

That last statement gave Ruth an idea. *She's not just not grossed out... She likes it. She has a sexual thrill from cum. She craves it.*

Again, the sensation of the world shifting around her. A red tinge had appeared in the woman's cheeks. "Uh, y-yeah. Well, I'd better get to your room as soon as possible. All that lovel- uh, all that cum is going to take me a while to clean up. Might have to take some, uh, breaks. Don't get me wrong, though! Treating yourself like that is good!"

Especially when you make so much cum. It's very ho-healthy! Very healthy, haha. Maybe you should do it more often!"

She turned around, biting her lip. Ruth stared in shock at the jewel in her hand, reeling with the discovery she'd just made. Could she do anything to this woman? Could she do *anything at all*?

She had a wicked idea, motivated slightly by the stirrings of lust between her legs. She wouldn't mind being made a bit... hotter, right? She gripped the jewel, concentrating, and before her eyes the woman shrank, grew, flattened, plumped and toned. Her ass rose up, not getting smaller but gaining structure. Her waist pulled in, her calves rounded, her arms shrunk. Her clothes reformed around her at Ruth's will, the utilitarian cleaning outfit slowly shifting into a tiny blouse and even tinier skirt that showed off the smooth curves of her thighs. The skirt and the tiny upper-arm sleeves were surrounded in white lace and ruffles.

She turned around and Ruth gasped, her mouth dry, as she watched the woman's breasts tighten, lift and above all *grow*. They advanced rapidly through the cup sizes with a grumbling, groaning noise until the poor woman looked as though she was toting around a pair of bowling balls on her chest. Her tiny blouse had an entirely open *décolletage* that showed off what seemed to be every inch of her perfect, milky-white, swelling cleavage. Her lips were thick and plump with heavy red stick. A tiny black and lace hat perched on her raven-dark hair that was currently kept in a tight ponytail braid. One final command squeezed its way out while Ruth still gripped the jewel, and the woman's eyes went wide.

"Madame Schwarz! You are staring at my teets again!" Her regular American voice had disappeared, replaced with a thick French accent.

Ruth nearly choked. "O-oh, I'm, uh, I'm sorry-"

Her new French maid pouted. "Do not apologise – I am only upset because I was too late 'ere this morning and you do not 'ave ze time for me to tend to your erection!"

She turned back around and kept unpacking, her tiny skirt rising up to give Ruth an uninterrupted view of her entire ass, clad only in small black lace panties.

"I am still so thankful you 'ave given me thees job. Eet was difficult finding work, especially work that was, er, 'ow you say... compatible, with my condition."

"Condition?"

She blushed. "Madame Schwarz, you tease me. My semen addiction, of course."

She turned around, licking her lips. "I did not find a man last night. Eet will be a struggle, cleaning your room without a morning dose. Ze smell alone when I am like zis, eet is overpowering. I fear zis will be a long day. Eef you do not mind my nerve, will you be back by six o'clock?"

Ruth's head was spinning. In her addled lust, she'd accidentally turned her ordinary cleaning lady into some sort of bizarre parody French maid with... a cum addiction? Even worse, she *liked* it. She could feel stirrings in her cock just from watching the sexpot in front of her.

"Uh, yes. I should be back by six."

The girl clapped, her entire rack heaving with motion. "*Tres bien!* I will wait late for you and tend to your penis after I am done with ze cleaning!"

"Uh, yeah. Sure thing."

The maid turned back around, humming happily to herself as she gathered her things and proceeded into the bedroom. Ruth shook her head and made her way out the door, uncomfortably aware of the half-chub she was sporting.

Ruth's apartment complex had been replaced by a decent-sized detached house – one she reasoned now belonged entirely to her. Parked in the driveway, next to a small hatchback, was a shiny, bright red electric roadster – the sort she'd always imagined herself having. It was a fine day and college was close, so she elected to walk. It was an entirely new experience, walking with the swinging mass between her thighs. Fortunately, her leggings minimised the bouncing. Unfortunately, the pressure of her thick thighs on her outsized clit was entirely too titillating.

Fuck, maybe I should have risked being late and taken up, uh, whats-her-name on her offer. Fuck, I also need to learn her name.

Salvation came in the form of a posted notice on the door of her first class – her professor was ill and class was cancelled. She breathed a sigh of relief, knowing she had a couple of hours to sort herself out – or maybe even go back home. Before she could leave, though, her friend Alan caught her just down the corridor.

"Ruth! Did you hear that Henkley-"

"Cancelled, yeah. Listen, Alan, you will not *believe* what happened last night!"

She grabbed his hand, pulling him out of the corridor into a quiet area behind the building.

"Jeez Ruth, what's up?"

She took a deep breath, extracting the jewel from her pocket. "Alan. Last night, I found this jewel. I don't know how it works, or why, but I swear to god, it grants wishes."

"Uh-huh."

"I'm serious! I can make... well, anything happen!"

"Heh. What wishes could you possibly even have?"

Ruth's brow wrinkled. "What do you mean?"

"Well, like. Your life is perfect? What more could you really want to wish for? I guess your condition is kind of inconvenient sometimes, but you've always said you enjoy it."

"My... Alan, this is what I'm trying to tell you! I wished for this! All of this!"

"Ruth, come on, I've known you longer than that. You've been rich and beautiful the entire time I've known you."

"No, I- beautiful?"

Alan blushed, his eyes going hard. "Uh, y-yeah. Like, that's basically just objective, right? You're like the most beautiful girl on campus, or in the city. That's your thing."

Now it was Ruth's turn to blush, twirling a magenta lock around her hand. "That's so- wait, no. Off-topic. Alan, the jewel makes all my wishes *completely* true. Anything I wish for it's like it's always been that way!"

"So, if it works, I wouldn't know about it? That's convenient."

Ruth pursed her perfect lips, and then was struck by an idea. She gripped the jewel and concentrated on a change, her mouth curling into a smile.

"Okay, so, Alan, how long have you had a fourteen-inch cock?"

"All my li- wait, what the fuck?! How did- How do you know that?"

She tossed the jewel in the air and caught it again. "Because I just gave it to you. You've had it your entire life, but you've also only had it for fifteen seconds."

"No, you, but I..."

"How else would I have known about it?"

"Well, I- I probably told you at some point!"

She concentrated again, and grinned. "Would you also have told me you can't ever get hard?"

He went red-faced. "What the fuck?! I- I'm not..."

"Bit of a shame to be seven inches flaccid and not be able to get a boner, isn't it?"

"Seriously Ruth, what the hell is wrong with you?"

She wagged her eyebrows. "Just admit that this jewel has powers, and I'll give you your erections back. I'll give you a special bonus, too."

"Okay, fuck, Jesus, it has powers or whatever!"

Another moment of concentration, and Alan's erections were back to normal. She held out her hand with the jewel in her palm.

"Special bonus. Put your hand on mine and focus really hard on one change you want to make happen."

Alan stood quizzically for a moment, and then placed his hand over hers. His mouth pursed before his eyes glassed over, with the tell-tale sign that his mind had been pulled back to that strange dimension where the changes occurred.

He wasn't expecting it, though, not least of which because he hadn't formed an idea for a change, but his mind was assaulted by a sudden thought – *imagine if Ruth's tits were even bigger?*

When he came to, he looked down at Ruth's top. He choked down a gasp as he saw her already-sizeable chest slowly begin to swell before his eyes. Her cleavage crept up in her tank top, fat flesh starting to muffle over the cups of her bra and out the sides. She grunted, adjusting a strap and shaking them slightly, but they kept growing until they were easily around four sizes bigger than when they'd started.

Ruth took the jewel back from Alan's bugging eyes and placed it in her cleavage. "So, did it work? What did you change?"

"Uh, y-yeah, it totally worked!" Alan stuttered. "I, um, I made your hair longer. As a test."

"Nifty. See, it feels to me like my hair's been this long since last night." She yelped slightly as she shifted and her bra cut into her breasts. "Fuck, I must have put on the wrong bra or something this morning. I made my tits bigger last night, guess I'm still not used to it. I'm going to take the opportunity to go back home."

"Sounds reasonable. Is Marie there?"

"Who?"

"Your, uh. Maid? The one you keep talking about?"

"Oh. OH! Oh yes, sorry, I misheard you. Yeah, she's there today."

"Good, that should be fun for you. I'm probably just gonna go home, I don't have any other classes today."

The pair hung in the pause for a moment. "Would you... Like to come back with me?"

"Really?!"

"Uh, yeah, sure!" Ruth gripped the jewel again, modifying Alan a little bit. She grinned as she saw the bulge in his jeans inflate slightly. "Marie would *love* to meet you."

After the short walk back, Ruth and Alan stepped into the sumptuous living room. Marie was nowhere to be seen, but there were primal moans echoing out from Ruth's bedroom, the door hanging ajar.

Marie was sprawled face-first on Ruth's bed, ass in the air, her fingers working away rapidly at her snatch. She was rolling her face around in a puddle of spunk, her face smeared with cold, sticky cum. Ruth coughed, and Marie squealed, pulling up so quickly she tumbled off the bed and onto the floor. One massive breast had bounced free of her blouse, and she was smeared from head to waist in streaks of pearlescent white. Her face was beet-red.

"M-madame Schwarz! I deed not expect you back so soon! I- I was just..."

Ruth giggled. "It's fine, Marie. My class got cancelled and I need to change. I brought a friend, too!"

She squealed again, her hand flying to cover her errant nipple as she spotted Alan behind Ruth. "*Sacre bleu!* I- I am so sorry, Madame, I deed not know you were bringing company or I would have... I..."

"Shh, shh. Marie. Please relax. That's part of why I brought him. While I get changed, I would like you two to get acquainted. Don't worry, you're still on the cock- clock! On the clock. Have some fun, okay?"

She gave Alan a pat on the back. As she walked into the wardrobe, she heard Alan unzip behind her, and a reverential "*mon dieu...*" from Marie.

She shucked off her tank top and released the overstressed clasp on her bra with a yelp, her tits bouncing free with the force of their containment. She took a quick peek at the label and snorted. "F-cup? Why do I even *have* an F-cup bra?" She grabbed one from a drawer, nodding at the 32J label on the massive contraption. She'd always heard bigger girls had a hard time finding cute bras, but when you could afford to have everything custom made, obviously you got nicer gear. The tank top, at least, was intentionally small – no point in giving yourself babies like these if you weren't willing to show them off.

She could hear sloppy noises and moaning from behind her, so she quickly threw her top back on and went back out. Marie was on her knees in front of Alan. His pants were around his ankles, his enormous penis at full erection. The fourteen-inch column of flesh was so thick around that Marie's delicate hand could just barely circle it, and she slowly and reverentially pumped it like she was worshipping at an altar. Her eyes were as wide as saucers, her mouth dropped open in a slack O before she leaned in to lap at a bead of precum building at his slit. Balls the size of apples sat at the base in a tight sack.

"A-are you sure you want to do this?"

Marie nodded, panting. "More zan you can possibly imagine, *mon tour*."

Ruth realised this was a perfect opportunity to learn more about the mechanics of Marie's condition – since she hadn't designed it completely, she was unaware of the specifics.

"Yes, Marie. You should tell him why."

She whined, eyes still locked on the impossibly huge, thick cock in her hand. "When I hit puberty, I developed zees... craving. I could not explain it, and nothing I did 'elped it. Eet got worse and worse, became painful, I was beginning to lose my mind. One day, I was in my bruzzer's room, and in his wastebasket, zere was a discarded tissue."

She paused for a moment to suckle the tip, her plump lips gliding across the bloated head, the taste making her mewl. "I only noticed because ze smell, it was incredible. It was fresh and warm, and I tasted it, and *mon dieu*... I knew zis was what I needed."

She sucked the tip of Alan's dick into her mouth, her lips stretching around it, then back off with a pop as she resumed stroking. "Of course my bruzzer was not forthcoming with more, but after I begged 'e was good enough to tell me what it was and where I could get it."

She giggled. "Eet was cum, of course. I do not know why but I am addicted to eet. I crave it constantly. Two, three times a day, I must 'ave it. More if I can – I cannot get enough. Ze taste, ze smell, it is the greatest thing in the world."

She dragged his cock against her soft cheek, then drew her tongue slowly along the side. "Fortunately I also discovered I love ze cock, for more than just cum. I love everything about it. *C'est magnifique*."

Hearing Marie's story had left Ruth with a powerful erection straining at her leggings. She slipped them down, her cock now projecting out and tenting her skirt, and shuffled next to the panting, slutty maid.

She didn't need an invitation. Her other hand came up and started stroking Ruth's length. While shorter than Alan's, it was equally as thick, and Marie purred as she gave it a long, languorous lick.

"I cannot zank you enough, Madame. For everyzing."

Ruth moaned lightly, her eyes closing. "I think this is *more* than enough in return."

Their conversation ceased, leaving Marie kneeling between two huge cocks. She was almost too overtaken by her rapture for the pulsing shafts to do anything but just sit there with each hand wrapped around a penis, but her hunger spurred her on to stroking them in an alternating motion, taking the occasional moment to lean left or right and kiss, lick, or suck on either cock. She soon progressed into having one of them in her mouth at all times, pulling one out only to switch sides. Ruth groaned happily, looking across at Alan.

"This is the life, hey bud?"

He didn't reply – his face was locked in rapture as Marie took five inches of his shaft into her throat, slowly working her way down. Ruth bit her lip as she watched the scene, Marie's absurd tits bouncing pendulously.

Alan gasped, starting to shake, and Ruth even put aside focusing on her own pleasure to observe her creation. She'd been serious about how much Marie was going to like Alan – she'd equipped Alan with a wickedly amplified orgasm and coupled it with a hundred times the output of the average man.

A groan rose up practically from Alan's boots and his pole began to lurch as he started cumming straight into Marie's mouth. Her eyes bugged as her mouth filled with spunk and then rolled into the back of her head as the sudden rush of sensation sand-blasted her brain.

Ruth took over for herself as she watched her busty, cum-addled maid shake on the end of Alan's enormous cock, swallowing almost by reflex. Marie's hips were shaking in a sympathetic orgasm as the mere taste of cum brought her off, and kept going as Alan's cock continued shooting into her hungry mouth. By the time Alan's orgasm petered off, Marie was a twitching, drooling, fucked-out mess resting at the end of his shaft and Ruth was reaching her own peak.

She screamed as her powerful orgasm wound its claws around her brain and squeezed. Her hips bucked, her hand waving uselessly in midair as if to try and keep stimulating her cock without touching it, and with lurches that felt like they were trying to tear their way off her crotch, her cock started to shoot its load across Marie's face and the vast expanse of her tits.

Marie groaned, barely-conscious but spurred on by the smell of semen to turn her head and catch the slimy ropes in her mouth, raising her hands to her face to gather it up and suck it from her fingers. She fell back on her ass, shuddering and whining happily, exulting in being covered in the substance she craved so badly.

Ruth giggled. "Come now, Marie. Wakey-wakey."

Her eyelids fluttered, and she moaned involuntarily. "M-mon dieu... Incroyable... Je ne peux pas bouger..."

"Marie dear, I need to head back to class and I need a clean-off first?" Ruth pushed her still somewhat hard cock next to Marie's face, and the dazed girl started suckling on it, licking off the biggest globs of cum and polishing it clean, before Ruth returned it to her leggings and pushed her skirt back down.

"Remember I want this place clean by the time I get back. You can take a couple of breaks with Alan when you like, but give him some time to recover. Have fun!"

She nodded dozily. "O-oui, madame..."

Ruth sat in her next class, one hand idly twirling a strand of hair, the other playing with her jewel between her fingers. She most certainly wasn't paying attention to the lecture.

Why am I even here? Does this matter?

Strictly, yes, she did care about Mayan history, but she was a fabulously wealthy big-breasted sex goddess with a cum-addicted maid and a hugely-hung friend waiting at her house, and instead of spending the entire day fucking she was sitting here bored out of her skull listening to an ancient old man prattle on.

She spotted a skinny blond girl taking copious notes, her pen moving rapidly across the page. Her lip curled into a half-smile as she gripped the jewel and concentrated. The girl's breasts began to swell up under her cardigan, slowly advancing forward underneath her vision. She grunted and shifted back in the chair, leaning forward to crane her neck over the shelf of her tits to keep writing.

They soon became too large for her to lean over at all, a vast pair of round orbs bound up in a butter-yellow blouse, her white cardigan attached across them by one straining button. She sighed and shook her head, shifting around to sit sideways at the desk, one hand at the notepad, allowing her breasts the space to take up everything from chest to lap. Ruth had allowed her clothes just enough space to not rip, but her cardigan was one errant deep breath away from popping entirely.

Ruth stared at her for a moment, entranced by the slow rise and fall of the blonde's enormous mounds, and then turned back to the front of the lecture theatre.

I can be anything I want. This can be anything I want.

She turned her focus to the lecturer. *This would be all much more interesting if he were more interesting.* He was a tall, slim man with an aquiline nose, but as he spoke he slowly, gradually began to get shorter. Beneath his starched white button-down shirt his chest swelled, becoming what was unmistakably a smallish pair of breasts. Even as his torso compressed, his waist shrunk, while his hips and rear started to grow out.

Ruth stifled a giggle as her ancient, hide-bound professor's long, thin face shrunk down, his cheeks rising up, his nose pulling back and up and his chin compressing. His sparse white hair was filling in and creeping down the sides of his head. As he spoke, his voice rose several octaves, until his high, light tone was borderline squeaky.

Ruth decided to leave him, or really her now, in her suit, and just pass it through a pervert filter. Her shirt stayed just big enough to contain her swelling breasts, but only just, meaning that the shirt bowed open between each set of overstressed buttons and did absolutely nothing to hide the outline of her outsized nipples against the fabric. Her pants crept up stocking-clad legs and split apart into a tiny pencil skirt that just barely covered the swell of her ass and left her thighs completely bare.

Her hair bunched itself up into long twintails, a mint green shade advancing out from her scalp, turning to a rose pink halfway down the length of the strands. A matching shade of thick eye shadow expanded out from eyes that were now ringed in a harsh eyeliner, along with a similar saturated mint green across her thickening lips.

She was no more than five feet tall now, and possessed an hourglass figure so harsh as to be unnatural, with her watermelon-sized breasts swooping down into a 20-inch waist that then flared out into the biggest, perkier ass and widest hips Ruth had ever seen, following down to thick thighs and dainty feet that nestled in red heels. Her soft, round face had big innocent eyes, a button nose and thick, glistening lips.

Under the hood, she had a swollen pussy and clitoris with a ramped-up libido. Ruth had pulled back from a full-on cum addiction like Marie's, but she'd definitely focused on making her newly-pulchritudinous professor incredibly fond of cocks and their pearly bounty.

"So yes, while sex is absolutely about fulfilling a need, it can be so much more than that. Even just the shared awareness of that need is something that can truly help you reach another level in your play."

Her piping voice tittered on, Ruth's brow creasing. *Why was she talking about sex?* She dug into her bag and pulled out the syllabus, chuckling a little as she saw the title of the class.

Human Sexuality 201, Prof. Cotton Candy. Apparently in changing her professor into a hypersexual pastel slut had warped reality enough around her to change the class being delivered – and with further investigation, her entire major. She was now an enrolled student in her college's *Sex and Sexuality* program.

Now that's a reason to still be at college.

Prof. Candy closed down her projector. "And that's all for today, my darlings! Remember, you have your practical session tomorrow afternoon, and attendance and performance at the practical sessions is key to a good mark! Don't tire yourselves out before then!"

Students began to snap their books shut. The absurdly-busted blonde Ruth created earlier groaned, struggling to push herself out of the seat against the weight of breasts which came down to the tops of her thighs. Another student next to her gave her a hand to get standing, which she returned with a small, affectionate kiss. Prof. Candy clapped her hands together.

"Hey! Remember what I said! You'll want to be preparing for tomorrow! Hydrate, eat properly and *don't tire yourselves out*, or it won't be my fault when you can't last your whole session!"

The girl took some extra time to make her way down the steps to the exit from the theatre, stepping carefully and gently as not to send her tits bouncing. Ruth ducked out from behind her and stepped up to the lecture desk while Prof. Candy was gathering some documents together. She looked up and grinned.

"Ruth, my favourite student! I saw you zoning out a little there today."

Ruth went red. "Uh, s-sorry professor..."

She giggled. "When did you become all formal? It's Cotton, dear. Look, I know you're really beyond most of this, but please try to stay on planet Earth. You might pick up something new!"

Ruth nodded. "I'm really sorry Pr- Cotton. I was, uh, I was thinking about you..."

Her green lips curled up in a wicked little smile. "Oh, you *flatterer*. You know, normally I'd say you should be preparing for tomorrow instead of going for an extra credit session right now, but we both know that you're not going to be too worn-out for it, don't we?"

"Extra credit?"

Cotton winked as she pushed her arms together, making her bust rise up behind her shirt and put even more strain on the buttons.

"Oh, you want to play with the idea a little bit? Okay." She drew her arms back and threw one wrist to her forehead theatrically. "My word, failing-yet-beautiful student! How could you even *suggest* that your feminine wiles may convince me to alter your grade! Why, not even if you secretly had an enormous, beautiful cock would I sully my position in such a way!"

She clasped her hands together in front of her waist and batted her thick, dark eyelashes at Ruth. Ruth's mouth was dropping open slightly, but her eyes were riveted to Cotton's prodigious bust. Cotton let the moment hang in the air for a moment, before she sighed.

"Too subtle? Okay then."

She grabbed Ruth's shoulder, pulling her forward into a deep, sensual kiss. Her slick lips slid across Ruth's, her tongue forcing itself into her mouth and rolling around across Ruth's own. She grabbed one of Ruth's hands and pulled it up into her pillowy breast, while her hand snaked down to press into Ruth's crotch, feeling the thickening mass of her cock.

Ruth groaned, feeling herself growing hard, returning the kiss to her lascivious lecturer and palming the enormous breast being presented to her. The pair locked lips and made out for a minute before Cotton pulled back, panting.

"I need your dick again, Ruth. I can't stop thinking about it. About you. How is it fair that you can be such a sexy woman AND have a huge dick that cums like crazy on demand?"

She massaged her palm against it under Ruth's skirt, caressing the top of her scrotum through the leggings. She trailed a finger of her other hand down her chest, highlighting the bowing of her shirt over the swell of her chest.

"I want to put your fat dick between my tits until you baste my face in baby batter. I want you to coat me like a fucking cinnamon bun. Can you do that for me?"

Ruth's mouth went dry. The lust she'd programmed into Cotton was certainly working. Cotton shook her shoulders from side to side, her bust swinging gelatinously, the strain on her shirt practically audible.

Cotton led her by the hand to a nearby office, deadbolting the door behind her. Ruth had a moment to cast her eyes around the room's décor, particularly noting poorly-hidden straps, belts and the ends of sex toys, and then the *incredibly* poorly-hidden fourteen-inch dildo sitting on the desk in front of the keyboard. While she was distracted, though, Cotton came up from behind and shoved her into one of the office chairs, then began to unbutton her shirt.

Ruth gasped as Cotton's enormous breasts burst out of the tight fabric, fat nipples tracing patterns in the air before she knelt between Ruth's legs, looking up at her student and grinning widely. She pushed Ruth's skirt up, revealing her weighty package bound up at the top of her leggings. A delicate finger reached up to trace the line of her cock through the fabric, Cotton giving out a little squeaky "mmm" of approval.

Cotton reached up and gently guided the waist of Ruth's leggings over the bulge of her junk, which was already half-hard and swelling rapidly. With two fingers she peeled back the foreskin at the tip and rolled it down, giving a kiss to the swelling head.

"Ooh, you've cum already today, haven't you?"

Not feeling any need to lie, Ruth nodded before throwing her head back and moaning as Cotton's tiny fingers gripped her dick.

"I can't believe you can just keep cumming. Do you ever stop?"

Ruth shrugged lightly before her eyes bugged as Cotton lifted her breasts and dropped them in the girl's lap. Even Ruth's impressive size was swallowed completely by the vast swell of flesh her professor brought to bear. She squeezed them together from the sides, rolling them against each other before lifting them up to give Ruth a tug.

"Mmm, I can feel it throb between them. You really like tits, don't you?" She rolled them together again with a sharp intake of breath, her rump wiggling beneath her. "My tits really like dick, too."

Her nipples were the size of the copper top of a D cell battery, surrounded by vast, smooth, pink areolas. She pinched one, showing off the rubbery texture as she rolled it between her fingers, before pulling her breasts back and teasing the frenulum of Ruth's cock with the tip of the nipple. Ruth thumped the desk, her cock straining with the tease.

Cotton giggled. "You definitely act like a guy! All right, enough fucking around." She dropped her tits heavily in Ruth's lap again. She grabbed a tube of lube from her desk

drawer, squirting it down between her boobs and then gathering them together to start tugging. "Let's get that yummy spunk out of you."

Hearing her professor talking about spunk, as well as making her cock throb, gave Ruth an idea. She wanted to be able to cum like Alan. More than him, in fact. She fished around down her shirt, her fingers brushing the jewel, and zoned out briefly as its transformative magic swept through her body.

I want to cum twice as hard as Alan.

She felt her balls tighten and swell underneath the smothering mound of tit-meat in her lap – she couldn't see it, but each one was the size of a billiard ball. Tingling and buzzing ran through her groin and up into the pit of her stomach, then faded. Cotton didn't break her stride, Ruth's shaft disappearing and reappearing from within the smooth, fluffy flesh of her tits.

Cotton giggled, transfixed by the sight of the tip of Ruth's dick each time it emerged from her slimy cleavage. She began ducking her head down to kiss the tip, coupling a long, slow drag of her breasts with suckling on the head before going back to her rhythm again, looking up at Ruth and smiling.

Ruth couldn't comprehend how Cotton's chest managed to be both so firm and so soft at the same time. How the texture of her skin combined with the slick lubricant somehow managed to tug at the skin of her cock and drag it up the hot, hard core while also gliding slickly across. She stopped tugging and started to push them back and forth against each other to gently roll Ruth's dick between them, and then went back to tugging but in a more circular motion – each time hitting new and exciting parts of her shaft.

"Y-you're so fucking good at this..." she moaned. Cotton waggled her eyebrows with a smile.

"How do you think I got this job in the first place?" A long, slow stroke of her boobs up Ruth's length. "I'm an expert in making dicks feel good."

She was close. She could feel the sensations building up, particularly at the base of her dick. Of course, on the crest of a huge, much-anticipated orgasm, the consequences of her previous transformation were titillating but not entirely clear. The average man ejaculates roughly a teaspoon. Alan, with an output a hundred times that, now came nearly seventeen ounces with each soul-draining orgasm. She had demanded twice as much as that.

Ruth had no idea what was in store for her.

Her eyes went wide as the sensation surged to the point where she knew she'd tipped over the edge. She felt her balls shudder, and underneath the mass of soft breast she was sure she heard them gurgle. Cotton moaned, still tugging her breasts.

"That's it, yes, yes! Give me every single ounce of your cum, you fucking spunk machine!"

Ruth's hand thumped on the desk as her breathing became shallow, her body gasping for air like she'd just run a sprint. She started to whine as the gurgling in her balls became even louder, her abdominal muscles flexing and crunching.

"O-oh God, i-it's... it's-"

Cum exploded from the end of her dick. There was no other word for it. The thick, pearlescent fluid sprayed out under tremendous pressure, reaching nearly to the ceiling before falling back down across the pair as Ruth screamed. Cotton gasped with wide eyes watching the display between her massive tits, her hands having stopped to allow Ruth to just shoot and shriek.

As her second blast built up, Cotton pulled back a little, grabbing Ruth's cock and pointing it in her direction. She moaned openly as the torrent of cum caught her across the face and cleavage, a hand ducking down up her skirt to grind against the swollen mound of her clit.

Ruth's mind had gone blank. Every spare cycle of her brain's processing power was being smothered with the flood of sensation running through her. All she could do was scream and sob as her huge dick shot off over and over, squirting seemingly-endless torrents of cum *everywhere*.

Her professor fell into her own sympathetic orgasm, dropping forward against Ruth's twitching pole as her pussy clamped and fluttered. She was basted from forehead to nipple in a thick coating of spooge, grunting and whining as the pleasure wound its way through her body and Ruth's cumshots finally subsided.

Cotton recovered first, sitting back up on her knees, panting, running her fingers through the coating across her face. Ruth was still nearly comatose, her blank eyes staring at the ceiling as her dick kept lurching, belching out its last few globs of cum. Cotton took the time during the silent afterglow to start cleaning herself of sticky fluid, scraping it up with her fingers and licking it off them like a sweet treat.

"Mmmph. Mmm. You are an absolute *treasure*. You're a freak of nature in the most wonderful way possible."

Ruth sat, still dozing, until she yelped as Cotton leaned forward and started licking her shrinking cock, cleaning it of the remaining cum, before moving down to polish Ruth's giant balls with her tongue. Ruth came to as Cotton was standing back up, looking down at herself and around her office which was now covered in puddles of spunk, shaking her head.

"I can't believe I brought you in here. This is going to be an absolute *bitch* to clean up! I swear, you shoot off like a firehose."

Ruth's brain was still muddy, but she realised that Cotton probably wouldn't have brought her in here before she modified herself. As it was now, her professor was just incredibly confused at her own judgement as she sat back down at her desk.

"Oh well. We might head to the staff bathroom next time, though."

Ruth gently returned her package inside her leggings, making light breathy noises at the sensitive tingles. Her eyes were still locked onto the jostling bust of her instructor,

barely-contained in her damp, cum-smeared shirt, biting her lip lightly. Cotton followed her eyes, then raised her eyebrows.

"Really? I mean, I'm not *mad*, but really?"

Ruth blushed. "I can't help it, sorry."

Cotton took a deep breath, her buttons almost audibly straining, and wiggled in her office chair.

"I'd love to help you out again, but I have so much work to do – and I have to organise getting this office cleaned. So you're going to have to get out or I'm not going to be able to think about anything but that dick."

Ruth scurried out, averting her eyes from her professor. She could feel the tingling in her loins that suggested her new cock was already beginning to head back to erection. Her nipples were standing firm against her top, as well. She turned into a quiet corner, putting her arm against the wall to lean against it, trying to catch her breath and get on top of the sensations.

What have I done to myself? I've lost control of my body and I can't stop thinking about sex!

Part of the problem, she realised, was her amplified orgasms – not the ones she'd given herself earlier, but the ones she'd woken up with that seemed to grip her by the brainstem and squeeze until there was nothing left.

She reached into her cleavage for the jewel. She enjoyed the *amount* she came, but she could really deal with it being slightly less psychologically crippling. She concentrated and willed her orgasms to be a little less pleasurable.

She waited for a moment, but nothing came. No sensation of her awareness pulling out of her body. Just a slight headache. Her brow wrinkled, and she tried again.

Her heart skipped a beat. Had the jewel lost its power? She concentrated on something else – a little boost to her bust, just for a test. Her breathing slowed again as she felt the comforting sensation of the jewel's magic working, and a nice cup size boost to her breasts that slowly swelled into her peripheral vision. Another command and they shrunk back to their previous size. However, when she again tried to will away the overwhelming pleasure of her climax, nothing happened.

She decided to try to work out what was going on later, and in the meantime she reduced her orgasm volume to merely the same as Alan's, hoping that it would remove some of the pressure on her psyche. She slumped back against the wall in relief, but soon realised that thinking about breasts and cumming had left her even hornier than when she started. Her cock was starting to strain against her leggings under her skirt, growing damp with precum at the tip.

"Excuse me miss, are you okay?"

Ruth gasped as the questioning voice rolled over her, starting her out of her reverie. It belonged to a slim man with coppery skin and dark hair, around her age, who seemed

genuinely concerned for her welfare. Her eyes roamed up and down his body, taking stock of his lean muscles and his strong jaw.

"Oh, I'm definitely okay now."

An idea surged into the front of her mind. She wanted a cock. Not her own – she wanted to feel speared on the end of a thick, pulsing slab of man meat. A *big* one, an impossibly huge one. Years of big-dick hentai were welling up in the back of her head, and she could indulge in every single one of her lurid fantasies.

She bit her lip, staring down at his jeans, watching the denim shift around a growing bulge. His cock inflated before her eyes, coupled with an equally rapid growth in his balls until a pair of cantaloupe-sized testicles and a flaccid log a full foot long and half again as thick as his wrist filled up any remaining space in the crotch of his jeans.

Ruth's mouth dropped open at the sight. It was beautiful, and it was going to be all hers. Her own penis throbbed with need, and she realised that though her quarry seemed to be reacting well to the sight of her body, her other equipment might have been more upsetting. It was only a moment's concentration to make sure that, whatever else, he had a fetish for dickgirls.

His eyes followed hers, and a red blush rose up from under his tan skin, combined with a slightly pained expression. He fruitlessly adjusted himself, but there was literally nowhere for his junk to go.

"Uh, I'm s-sorry miss, it's not what you think-"

She was already on her knees in front of him, tracing the bulge with her hand. "I think it's *exactly* what I think, stud." She looked around, then shrugged and concentrated on the jewel in her hand again. A door appeared on the wall beside her, leading into the building that she now owned, and had a nice, quiet meeting room that opened out to the back alley.

"Inside with me, now."

He went pale. "Miss, I don't think you want that-"

"Don't tell me what I want. Inside, *now*." The last word came out as a growl, and he sheepishly wandered through the door, his stride clearly impeded by the bulk sitting between his legs. The room inside was sparsely decorated in white, black and glass, and its most notable feature was a large, plush futon couch.

She shoved him down onto the couch, pushing a lever with her feet that flattened the couch out. She sat on her knees between his legs, looking down at him over the massive shelf of her jostling breasts. From this angle, there was absolutely no hiding her own erotic bulge between her legs. She saw his eyes rivet to it, his breathing starting to quicken, and smiled.

"You like that, don't you? Don't worry though, I'm not bigger than you."

His reverie was replaced with panic. "Yes! I'm- I'm too big, you won't be able to-"

She leaned forward, putting a finger on his lips. "Stop. I told you, I will *tell* you what I can and can't do." She pressed her breasts against his chest and dragged them down his

body, feeling the hot mass of his gigantic genitals against her abdomen. The jewel was still in her hand, and with a hungry grin, she concentrated on a new change.

She felt tingling and gurgling deep in her gut and a strange loose numbness in her pussy, nestled behind her heavy sack. It got worse for a moment, making her feel loose and empty, before it faded away. She dropped the jewel at the corner of the futon and looked her lover in the eyes, pulling her strained top up and over her breasts. They took some time to jostle to a stop, creamy flesh surging against the cups.

She felt a sensation she'd never felt before, even in her bizarre, transformed day – she felt sexy. She could see the lust in the man's eyes as he looked up at her, her fabulous multi-coloured hair, her shelf of breast flesh, her curvaceous body and thick legs, the rigid treasure between her thighs. He wanted her, every inch of her – and he was going to get it.

"Well, now I've lost something, so it's your turn. And I think it should be these nasty, confining pants."

His eyes were wide as she began to unbutton his fly. "B-but, you can see what I... You can tell what's wrong with me! Why are you-"

"Because I want it, sweetie. And I can take it. Every inch of what you've got. I'm... special, can't you tell?"

He paused, still breathing hard as his panic refused to ebb, but didn't stop her as she leaned down and unbuttoned his jeans. She couldn't help but smile at the difficulty she had in pulling them down, particularly how far she had to go to reveal the entire length of his cock.

"You need to invest in some roomier bottoms, honey." She whipped them down to past his knees, and stifled a giggle at the pair of briefs that were stretched to absurdity around the mass of his junk. He went red.

"D-did you just pull me in here to laugh at my... my problem?"

She pouted at him. "Aw, baby, no, I'm sorry. Here, let me make it better." She lifted his cock by the tip, grunting at the unexpected weight of the spongy flesh, and kissed the puckered foreskin before slowly using both hands to peel it away and reveal his gigantic glans.

Licking her lips, she started to lap at it, suck at it and run her tongue and fingers around underneath the ridge. Her lover's breathing caught and started to rattle as his head fell back. She giggled again, using both hands to gently tug the skin up and down his still-soft shaft.

"Still want me to stop?"

He groaned. "K-keep going, please... Nobody's ever... Never done this before..."

"That's because you're just too much man for an ordinary woman, stud." Ruth dropped one hand down to press into his oversized nuts, fondling the boiling hot orbs in his clinging sack. "I'm not an ordinary woman, though, in case you couldn't tell. As soon as you get hard for me I'm going to stick every inch of this beautiful dick inside me."

She let go of his shaft and slid up his body, her hands roaming across his chest before she settled with her breasts level with his face, swinging her legs over him to straddle his cock and squeeze it between her thighs. Her sack bumped against his cock and her own dripping dick rubbed against his stomach. She wiggled her ass, grinding his cock between her legs and rubbing her balls against it, and unclasped her bra to offer him one of her breasts.

"Go on, enjoy me. Do whatever you want until you get hard for me, okay?"

Wide eyed, he stared at her for a moment, then grabbed her breast and darted his lips down to it, suckling her thick nipple into his mouth and making her squeal in delight. As he suckled her and her lush body writhed on top of him, she felt his meat slowly starting to inflate, twitching and throbbing as it gradually filled up in a torturously delayed erection.

She made sure to keep grinding it, to keep the slab of her dickgirl cock pressed against him, pushing right into the depths of the fetish she'd installed in him. One of his hands slid down to grope her ass, and between that, his lips on her breasts and the delightful friction of her cock grinding against his lean, muscled body, she couldn't resist any more and started to cum.

She shrieked, body seizing up and mind going blank as her amplified orgasm took hold of every part of her. Despite having dialled back the absurd volume of her ejaculation it was still far beyond reason, and gouts of cum sprayed up between their bodies barely even obstructed by her tights. He looked shocked for a moment, but soon joined in moaning against her as she writhed and sprayed cum across him, his cock still slowly inflating.

Multiple high-pressure ejaculations later, more than a pint of spunk smearing between their bodies, Ruth collapsed against the man, gasping and panting and trying to regain her senses. As her brain filtered back in, she realised there was a thick, hot mass pulsing between her legs, bumping up against the lower curve of her plush ass. She purred, the awareness percolating up through her muddy mind, and reached down to tear her pantyhose apart.

"Mmph. You liked that?" He couldn't even reply, just staring in shock as she struggled up to propping herself on her arms, and then tentatively slid up his body, biting her lip as she felt his gigantic, erect cock pushing up against her all the way up until the tip slipped in and nestled in the warm pocket formed by her balls and her leaking vagina. His thick pre mixed with her juices and slid between their thighs. Her cock twitched and throbbed as it started to rally back from the sensations.

She took a deep breath, and pushed back against him. A feeling of immense pressure flowed out from her pussy deep into her abdomen, her pushing fruitless for a few moments, and then suddenly the fat head slipped inside her almost in an instant.

She screamed. It was like someone had lubed up a grapefruit and pushed it inside her. While it fit thanks to her modifications, she was utterly unprepared for precisely how much it would stretch her apart. She had to wait for a moment, arms trembling and

breath rattling, to gather together the nerve to keep going. Her lover stared at her with wide eyes.

"A-are you-" she put a finger to his lips, taking deep breaths. "Sssh." She rocked for some leverage and then slid back again, mouth going slack as his cock penetrated deeper inside her, five inches across of solid flesh spreading her transformed pussy apart. She had no reference for how it felt compared to normal sex but the feeling of congestion inside her was nearly complete – she couldn't imagine how it could feel to be any fuller than this, and yet as she kept sliding her ass back down, consuming more of his gigantic shaft between her legs, the feeling multiplied by the second. She kept rocking back and forth, pushing a little more of him inside her each time, stuck in an almost transcendental experience where parts of her body that until now she didn't know existed were being spread apart.

About halfway down she stopped, gasping and panting, one hand trailing down past her pendulous breasts to her stomach where she could actually see the outline of his penis against her stomach. She didn't want to even guess what had happened to her to let this happen, but she didn't care. She kept working away at the thick length, mind going blank as she packed more and more of it inside her.

It was when she pushed herself all the way down to the base, her body visibly distended by two feet of cock, that the sensation finally became too much to bear. She lost control, an orgasm sweeping through her overstuffed body, her own cock shooting off hard, spraying all over her lover and the bed and floor behind them as she writhed in place, impaled on his dick.

The sight was too much for him, and sensation began to flood through him as well. He'd spent his entire life taking care of his own needs, and the feeling of fucking someone (or being fucked, given Ruth's forcefulness) was drawing out a building orgasm the likes of which he'd never encountered before. It gripped his whole body, sensation thudding up his spine as he felt his abs crunch in preparation for his ejaculation.

He moaned, deeply and loudly, his fingers clutching at the cover of the futon, and felt his entire dick lurch before his overworked muscles propelled his first load of cum straight up and out. By any normal standards it was an impossibly massive orgasm, although compared to Alan and Ruth it was relatively pedestrian. Ruth felt it flood into her, redoubling her own pleasure and forcing another huge blast of cum from her cock as she felt his monolith of a dick bucking and lurching inside her. She could barely keep her balance, shaking back and forth, but she was held upright by his cock.

Eventually gravity got the better of the pair and Ruth collapsed forward into the thick pile of spunk that coated most of the upper body of her stunned, almost comatose lover. She moaned in her dopey afterglow at the slimy sensation of it against her face and breasts, working up the nerve to try and extract herself from the fantasy cock she'd created.

As it happened, even with his penis rapidly shrinking away, pulling herself off it was a sexual effort in itself between the sensations of it inside her and the feeling of writhing on top of his cum-covered body to extract herself. By the time it was out and she was able to flop over next to him, she was feeling herself growing erect again. She was also

feeling bow-legged, the withdrawal of the gigantic intruder from between her legs leaving her bizarrely empty. She leaned over and gave her paramour a kiss on the cheek.

"I have to get moving, darling. Stay here as long as you like. Don't be a stranger, okay?" She stood up on wobbling legs, locating the jewel and willing away the mess covering her, as well as repairing her ruined clothes and, as a final thought, manifesting a slip of paper with her phone number on it. She had a moment of uncertainty as she decided whether or not to return him to normal, but elected to leave him.

Short of anything else to do, Ruth decided to wander back home. While she wasn't anticipating Marie having gotten much work done, the house was in exactly the same state in which she'd left it. Moans and creaking issued out from her bedroom. She sighed, and considered for a moment whether or not she'd maybe made it a little too difficult for her maid to function. An image of Marie flowed into her mind, eyes hooded, chest heaving, begging her for a load of cum, and she dismissed that idea. Her dick twitched. It had grown soft on the way home, but just the thought of her spunk-addicted cleaner was enough to make it start tingling again.

In the bedroom, Alan was lying on her bed, while Marie knelt between his legs, her breasts wrapped around his cock and mouth suckling over the tip. The bedroom was a little bit cleaner, but it was clear that Marie had spent most of the day either extracting cum from Alan or waiting for him to recover enough to extract more cum from him. Piles of plates and massive empty jugs covered nearby flat surfaces, indicating Marie had been feeding and hydrating him. Ruth coughed, and Marie practically jumped, squeaking into Alan's dick, before spinning around and wiping her mouth.

"Madame Schwartz! You are back!"

Her mouth curled into a smile. "My classes are done today. Been having fun?"

Marie blushed. "I am sorree, I 'ave not been as diligent at cleaning as I should be. It is just, your friend, 'e is-"

"A nearly endless font of cum?"

She blushed again. Ruth gave her a pat atop her dark hair. "It's okay sweetheart, I know what you're like. I'm glad you're getting along with Alan. Just try and get some cleaning done today, okay? I'm going to have a shower."

She headed into her bathroom as Marie started back up, Alan groaning as she picked her breasts back up and started to slide them against his pole. Ruth looked over her enormous bathroom, decided she had the time to be a little more luxurious, and began running a bath.

Two kinds of expensive bubble bath later, Ruth slid her naked body down into the hot bubbly water, languidly reaching a hand over to activate the spa controls and then leaning back to let the jets wash over her, closing her eyes and sighing deeply. Sure, she did seem to have accidentally turned her life into some sort of endless bizarre sexual escapade, but on the other hand, she couldn't remember ever having been happier.

She heard the unmistakeable high-pitched squeal of Marie cumming from further inside the house and bit her lip, the sound conjuring up images that made her dick start rising up to greet her. She thought back to her hyper-sized lover from earlier. *What would that have felt like?*

She reached out for the jewel, perched on the side of the bath, wrapping her hand around it and summoning up a crazy new image. He'd been big, but she wanted to be *bigger*. Impossibly massive. Warmth flooded through her body, pooling down in her abdomen and flowing up into her cock. She saw it throb and rise to full erection almost instantly, her breath catching as her eyes fixed to it.

As soon as it hit its normal length, it suddenly felt tight, straining against itself, throbbing hard with nowhere else left to go. Ruth let out a soggy moan as it lurched and kept expanding, the skin stretching like a balloon as it grew longer and thicker by the second. Her fingers gripped the base but were inexorably spread apart as the shaft expanded. Between her legs she felt her balls each grow painfully tight as they began to fill from inside as well.

Her dick lurched and strained as it grew, not filling continuously, but bucking with erection as waves of growth flooded in and out of it, like it was taking a breath between each expansion. It was rapidly moving past two feet long, each pulse of growth adding entire inches, her balls bloating up between her thighs in sympathy. Ruth's breathing caught with rattling gasps, each pulse of growth making her moan. Three feet in it showed no signs of slowing.

Soon it started to droop down, leaning at an angle to Ruth's body as her muscles struggled to cope with its immense weight. Each pulse now jerked her hips up from sheer momentum, her cock beyond anything resembling reason or reality. She grinned and drooled as she stared at it, feeling it weigh down on her entire body.

The impossibly thick shaft was traced with bulging veins and a massive cylindrical bulge along the underside. Her glans was, if anything, a little undersized for the width of the shaft, although still a fair bit larger than her head. Glistening globs of precum rolled from its gigantic slit, sliding down the entire length of her enormous dick and pooling on the side of the bath and spreading into the frothing bubbles on the surface.

When the feeling of growth subsided, Ruth looked up in awe at her titanic dong. It had topped out at literally six feet long. It was a foot wide at its widest, about two-thirds of the way up, tapering to an undersized but clearly plump and swollen glans, and the other way shrank back down to a mere nine or ten inches, her hips having widened solely to make way for it to anchor itself into her entire pubic mound. It curved upwards, the frenulum bowstring-tight, throbbing massively every couple of seconds. Beneath it, Ruth's thighs were spread apart by a pair of testicles each roughly the size and shape of a large watermelon, bobbing against each other in a gigantic, overstretched scrotum.

It lurched again and she felt her muscles twang with the strain. Her cock was bigger and heavier than she was. Every inch of it pulsed with raw sexual vitality, a glorious, primal monstrosity. She reached forward with her empty hand to rest her palm against the shaft, feeling the hot, fleshy pulse, feeling her fingers sink into the skin. It shuddered,

making her whole body shudder, sensation bolting through nerves multiplied a thousandfold. She gripped the jewel in her right hand and willed herself more room in the bath, expanding the tub around her until she could float backwards and flip forward, tucking her bobbling sack between her thighs and letting it drift behind her as she came to rest against the giant shaft.

She grunted and gurgled as her breasts dragged against it, each square inch of her flesh putting out the sensation she'd previously felt from her entire cock. Her mouth went slack, her eyes rolling back in her head as she humped her curvy body against the giant dick sprouting from between her legs. She wrapped her arms around it to tug, the thick skin sliding heavily up the rigid core and carpet-bombing her brain with pleasure with every inch.

The reshaped spa bath had responded to her subconscious desires and was perfectly shaped to jet hot, foamy water all along the length of the shaft, a few other jets teasing her balls and her neglected pussy from behind. It was a giant masturbation toy custom-built for her freakish body – like this was just life for her. The bubbles and bath gel tingled up every inch of her cock, building her uncontrollably forward to a titanic orgasm.

"Oh, oh God I'm g-going to-gggh, ggha fuck fuck FUCK-"

Her balls tightened up so hard she felt an ache lance through them. She felt her entire body contract, as though her every muscle was being used as leverage for what was happening. Her arms went limp, slapping helplessly against herself as the shaft strained and pulsed. She felt her stomach churn as boiling heat started working up from her groin into her cock, pressure moving up the shaft by the second.

The lower half of her body gurgled, audible even over the sound of the tub, her desperate demands of her own dick melting into a series of moans and gurgles as every ounce of strength and stray thought in her brain was devoted solely to the task of preparing for a titanic orgasm.

Gallons upon gallons of spunk burst out from her slit as her moans turned into an outright scream that echoed from the bathroom tiles. The load arced up over the edge of the tub and carried its way across to the end of the room – the only possible analogy was someone throwing a large bucket of pearl-coloured paint at the wall, from where it splashed and dripped down into a thick puddle on the floor.

Her brain went white. Nothing existed in her world aside from the sensation of shooting off, the burning pleasure that lanced from the gigantic webbed frenulum of her cock down the underside and into her groin, straining every muscle, drawing on reserves of energy she didn't know she had to pull ludicrous amounts of cum from god-knows-where and propel it as hard as she possibly could up the entire six-foot length.

Her body seized up again, cock lurching hard enough to splash the water in the tub, and another jumbo-sized load of spooge burst out with a deep *gloosh* sound. She came and came and came, flailing and screaming uselessly with tears streaming from her eyes and drool oozing from her mouth, a helpless addition hanging from the base of her

supernatural cock. The jets kept stimulating her, making each shot as powerful as possible.

It was half a minute of exquisite torture, her pleasure centres sandblasted with each tremendous burst of cum from her cock, feeding a growing puddle that spread out across the floor, before the spasms finally began to level off into twitches as the last few dozen gallons of her orgasm oozed gently from her overworked slit. She gasped and whined as the jets kept working away at her, before she summoned the strength of mind to hit a conveniently-placed shutoff and collapse back against the heaving weight of her penis.

She couldn't move. She could barely think. All she had the capacity to do was float in the cooling spa water and feel her dick slowly shrinking underneath her body. It was halfway to flaccid by the time she could roll over and start pulling herself out of the tub with shaking arms, stepping out onto legs which could still barely support her. Her feet sank half an inch down into a thick puddle of spunk that covered the entire floor. Her dick followed soon after, the fat, spongy head slapping down in front of her toes, draping between her gigantic balls. She surveyed her surroundings with a heaving chest.

"What the *fuck*?!"

The puddle sucked at her feet as she picked her way across the ruined bathroom to a bathrobe on the opposite wall, grabbing her phone from the counter and slipping it and the jewel into a pocket. Her balls bounced off her thighs. She was even dirtier than when she'd started her bath – sweaty and sticky all over. She looked over the bathroom, mind still buzzing, before slapping herself on the forehead with a groan.

Many people are not aware, but if something is made longer, then its volume increases by the cube – that is, the increase by the increase by the increase. In making her dick twelve times longer than the average man's, she'd actually made it, and her orgasm, 1,728 times bigger – on top of the 100 times harder she came than a normal man.

"Fuck. I need to stop layering changes on top of each other."

She decided to cheat and clean herself off with the jewel – she was sick of feeling filthy. She picked her way back out of the bathroom, noting that it had steps leading up to the door out, which served the purpose of keeping everything contained in the room. She twitched as the head of her cock dragged against the hall carpet, shuffling to minimise the motion of her testicles. Marie was standing outside with an expectant smile, but Ruth noticed her skimpy maid's uniform was now completely made of latex or rubber. Behind her stood three other girls in similar outfits, but with large rubber gloves, boots and cleaning equipment. Ruth initially jumped and went to try to cover her cock, but realised that the girls didn't seem upset at all, and that this was just a new normal the jewel had created.

Marie clicked her fingers and the three girls behind her pushed past and down the steps into the bathroom. "The girls will 'ave your bathroom cleaned shortly, Madame Schwartz!"

Ruth went red. "Oh, um. Th-thanks."

"I do 'ave a request for you, Madame."

Ruth nodded. Marie's eye's darted to the entrance to the bathroom, where the shallow sea of cum was just visible. They narrowed and she leaned in, her breasts jostling in their latex prison, to whisper in Ruth's ear. "I want to be 'zere next time. Please?"

Ruth groaned as the combination of the sight of Marie's lush body and her sultry, husky whisper sent a tingle through the length of her dick. "Fuuuck. Marie, if you keep doing that next time won't be too far away."

Her face dropped into an O of mock surprise, eyes big and plush lips glistening. "Alors! I would not want zat! I must be careful and make sure my 'uge, 'eaving breasts and creamy legs do not accidentally arouse your beautiful giant penis!"

She bent forward even more, showing off the entirety of her cleavage, tracing an immaculate nail down Ruth's spongy dick until reaching the thick pucker of foreskin at the end, curling her hand underneath it and lifting it back up, smiling at Ruth.

"I do not see why eet is necessary for you to attend ze classes, when you could instead stay at home all day and cover me from 'ead to toe in delicious spunk."

Starting to wonder that myself. She gasped as Marie pushed her face at the end of her cock, tongue snaking out to probe the thick flesh, hands gripping behind it as the latex-clad hottie made out with her dick. Sensation shot down her spine, flooding through every inch of her dick, as Marie carefully peeled away the skin to reveal the glistening tip before shoving her tongue directly into the slit. Ruth gasped, thumping the wall beside her as her maid frenched the end of her dick, delicate hands caressing behind it like a lover's head. Marie pulled the spongy shaft against her oversexed body, draping it across her cleavage, moaning as she felt it slowly expand under her touch.

"Madame, please," she gasped, licking her lips in an attempt not to drool, "I need you. Please let me be with you."

How could Ruth resist that? The pair shuffled through a nearby door into a sparsely-decorated room that held little other than a large, thick rubber mat set into a vinyl floor. Several drains were dotted into recesses around the floor. Marie's eyes were locked onto the end of Ruth's dick as she unzipped behind her and began to peel down the front of her latex uniform. She stepped towards Ruth, cradling her bowling-ball sized breasts in each hand, bobbling them up and down in front of her employer's vision.

"You 'ave a choice, madame. If you want, you can amuse yourself with my breasts, or I can pleasure your enormous, beautiful testicles. Whatever you zink will 'elp you to become erect."

Ruth gave it some thought. Marie's huge breasts were definitely appealing, but the idea of having the plump-lipped cum-hungry slut servicing her balls was new and exciting. She nodded her head downwards, and Marie licked her lips.

"Mmm. You will not regret zis choice, madame."

Marie knelt down, snaking her head behind the thick semi-flaccid log of Ruth's cock, her hands coming up to gently caress the gigantic, deliciously warm masses hanging between Ruth's legs. She started to plant sucking kisses against Ruth's scrotum, pushing

her face against them hard enough to be noticed but gently enough not to hurt them. She wrapped her arms behind them and hugged them close, pressing them into her breasts, slurping her tongue up and down the skin.

Ruth's legs buckled and she fell down onto the rubber, followed closely by Marie holding on to her balls, still licking and sucking against them.

"Mmm *slurp* I can feel you getting hard Madame *suck-*" one of her dainty hands caressing up and down part of the underside of Ruth's shaft, "I will do anything you ask."

Ruth's head was spinning as her body performed whatever bizarre chemistry it needed to support an erection larger than her body. Her cock was fattening by the moment, so large that the usual process of pulsing to erection noticeably made her cock buck and lurch, growing like a water balloon on the end of a faucet. Marie observed it out of the corner of her eye, grinning lasciviously, moving her mouth away from Ruth's sack to the base of her cock, starting to plant kisses up its length instead.

Marie pulled back for a moment as the hyper-sized organ kept spasmodically inflating to full erection, rolling the rest of her outfit down and casting it away, leaving only her perfect, milky-white nude body. Her breasts were capped with thick, bright-pink nipples and areolas, her stomach was flat and trim, her thick thighs met with a tiny, groomed patch of black hair. She laid on the mat alongside Ruth's cock, still kissing and sucking it, pushing her tits against it, rubbing it against the cleft of her thighs.

"M-madame... May I ask somezing of you?"

Ruth groaned, nodding. Marie blushed. "May I... Lay underneath it?"

Ruth's brow wrinkled, and Marie, grunting slightly, lifted the shaft a little bit and wriggled herself underneath it, letting it go and groaning lustily as it pressed down against her. "Oh- oh! My word, eet is like being underneath a big, strong lover! O-oh, oh, it, mmm..."

She writhed underneath it, moaning, getting off on simply the sheer pleasure of being pressed down by a cock of that size. She wrapped her arms and legs around it, pulling it against her, slathering her tongue, stroking her breasts against it, humping her juicing pussy, giving it a full-body stroke. Ruth had long given up attempting to maintain any control of the situation, especially since her cock was too big to lift or move, and just sat back and let Marie work away at it. Marie, shuddering in pleasure, slid herself out from underneath the now-rigid shaft, rolling over on top of it.

She stared straight into Ruth's eyes, biting her lip as she started to slide her crotch back and forward, humping against the top of the giant dick.

"Madame... Let me stop and get ze lube..."

Marie padded over the wall, bouncing and jiggling, holding her breasts together with one arm. She pulled down a panel, revealing an array of large bottles. She pulled one out, turning around and smiling at Ruth as she uncapped the top. She began moving back towards Ruth as she tipped the bottle upside down, letting the clear lube start to drip down across her chest.

She shivered and giggled, letting it continue to drip as she threw a leg over Ruth's cock, sliding up to be body to body with her. "I need your 'elp, Madame. Could you please make sure ze lube is spread all over my body?"

Ruth swallowed, and immediately thrust her hands out, massaging the cold goop into Marie's pneumatic tits. Marie moaned, shuddering for a moment, her hands spasming before returning to smearing the lube across her stomach. Ruth darted forward, thrusting her tongue down Marie's mouth, savagely kissing her as she spread more of the lube across her lover's body.

Marie broke off the kiss, revealing that she now glistened from neck to knees. Planting a final, short kiss on Ruth's lips, she turned around and laid back down across Ruth's dick.

Her plush curves began to glide deliciously along the rigid flesh, throwing up tingles of pleasure, especially where her thick nipples made their own trails in the lube transferring off onto the shaft. She reached up further along the shaft, grabbing and pulling herself along before pushing back, sliding her body back and forth in a curvaceous full-body wank. With every backstroke her ass rose in the air, pussy glistening with lube and juices.

She alternated between two positions – sitting on it and humping, and laying across it and stroking, building up both her own and Ruth's pleasure. She stretched out and grabbed the glans, pushing her face against it, lapping at the streams of precum rolling from the tip, pushing her tongue down the slit like she was making out with it.

Between the slick feeling of Marie's pussy, the pressure of her silky thighs and the caress of her tongue, Ruth finally, astoundingly, felt the stirrings of orgasm rising up from her groin and flooding through her enormous shaft.

"M-Marie, I'm... I'm going to..."

Marie moaned, writhing her body, so slick with lube and precum that she could barely keep a grip on the giant cock. She felt the whole thing throb underneath her, and then felt the stirring of the hunger deep in her belly that had been her constant companion since she came into womanhood.

Before she'd met Ruth, she'd muddled her way along on ordinary men, and it was never enough. She simply couldn't manage to keep on top of the three loads she needed to gulp down, every single day, without pause. There was no holiday from her addiction, no ability to put it off, especially since all it took was one bare day to leave her playing frantic catch-up, the need gnawing away at her ability to even think.

Now she was spoiled. After responding to Ruth's want ad, she'd been introduced to a world where hundreds of gallons of cum was available for her multiple times a day, and now she'd become accustomed to it. When now she could gulp down cum until her stomach groaned, she'd become accustomed to never being hungry – and that meant that she'd become very possessive of her employer's fresh orgasms.

She painstakingly pulled herself forward until her hands could reach in front of the now-pulsating slit of Ruth's cock, cupping together as she felt the jerk of motion throughout the giant shaft that accompanied the thick fluid surging up its length.

Semen burst from the end, spraying like water from a firehose as Ruth squealed loud enough to echo through the house. Marie caught dripping gobs of it, greedily shoving it into her mouth before dipping her hands back down into the high-velocity flow like she was drinking from a mountain spring.

Ruth had whited out again, hyper-accelerated sensations firing up bundles of nerves thicker than her arm to short out her brain. She could do nothing but lie on the ground, twitching and squealing with every burst of spunk from her cock. Marie drank from the end for another half a minute until the giant organ finally stopped heaving and the flow of fluid slowed to a viscous ooze, when she put her mouth to it and began to squeeze what she could into her mouth.

Ruth shuddered as Marie ran her palm up the underside, forcing more cum from the shaft, before the voluptuous maid fell back into the lake of cum her employer's orgasm had created. She lifted thick globs of it in her hands, splashing them across her naked body, rubbing it into her breasts and between her legs. Within seconds she started to buck and writhe, her arms flailing in the thick pool of goo as she came just from the sensation of coating herself in it. Her breasts heaved, her hips rising out of the pearly muck as her shrieks joined Ruth's fading echoes. She knew the cleaning crew could hear her across the hall, but didn't care.

The pair recovered at around the same time, Marie painstakingly dragging herself up and onto the rubber mat in the centre to lay down next to Ruth. She cradled her employer-lover's face in her slick, goo-covered hands and kissed her, deeply but tenderly.

"Zank you, madame." She picked herself up, still dripping, and tottered away to a shower. Ruth, wide-eyed, started to try and find the jewel.

Ten minutes later, she slumped in a plush chair in her office/library, sighing in relief at the removal of the tremendous weight on her groin. She'd returned herself to how she'd been that morning, musing on the brief pang of regret that she felt as she watched her gigantic penis recede back, and how odd her life had become that she could see a ten-inch cock as *small*.

She'd checked in on the bathroom on the way back to get dressed, noting that its size still remained, but the gigantic flood of cum had disappeared, along with the squad of sexy maids. In the bedroom, Marie was having Alan lick globs of whipped cream off her nipples, grinding her butt into his lap to bring him back to erection.

"Marie, you're going to leave that poor boy shooting dust." *Although, that's easily fixed*, she thought, and gripped the jewel nestled in her palm. As if responding to her thoughts, Alan's cock pulsed and started to rise up against Marie's backside, shiny with cum.

"Ruth, I can keep going for hours, you know that." Four hours at a stretch, to be precise, and then he only needed a half-hour break before he was ready again. Ruth grinned at the mental image of the poor boy jerking himself off for hours on end, cumshot after cumshot, just to relieve himself.

"You're right, I'm sorry. Fill her till she pops, cock-lord. I'm going out for a drive, I think." She walked into her closet, pulled on a tight t-shirt and jeans, briefly admired the outline of her thick nipples and crotch bulge in the mirror, then strode out, grabbing her keys from the bedside table as her friend and employee-turned-lover humped on the bed. She considered putting the jewel in her pocket, but decided that willing it onto an indestructible chain around her neck was a better option.

The electric roadster tore around one of the mountain roads outside the city, Ruth laughing gleefully as she took corners at speeds she'd never dared to believe existed. Turning herself into a sex goddess obviously didn't mean everything she had to do was about sex – although admittedly some of the rougher sections of the road were doing interesting things between her legs, and the centripetal force was sending her boobs swaying from side to side on each tight corner.

A chill of fear went through her when, doing a hundred and fifty miles an hour down a straight hill, she heard police sirens start up over the nearly silent engine. Her heart began to beat as she slowed down, running through scenarios in her mind, when she remembered the comforting weight of the jewel on her chest, and replaced the fear with a lascivious smile.

The roadster pulled over and a tall, blond officer stepped out of the cruiser behind it, her broad shoulders clad in a blue uniform, her eyes hidden behind aviator sunglasses. She took her time walking up to the window of the roadster, exulting in the idea that she was going to clock some rich boy from the hills for going more than double the speed limit. She rapped on the window, stopping with surprise for a moment at the beautiful blue-and-purple-haired woman at the wheel.

"Uh, ma'am, do you know how fast you were going?"

"I believe about a hundred and fifty miles an hour, officer."

"Right. And do you know what the speed limit is here?"

"It's a hundred and fifty miles an hour, isn't it officer?"

She stopped, winked her brow, and squinted to try and see the next speed sign. "Uh. Yeah. Um. I guess it is. That's weird, I thought it was... I'm sorry, ma'am."

"Not a problem, officer, after all, that's not why you're here, is it?"

"Uh, what?" The officer's uniform was slowly shifting colour, now a rich purple. Her shirt was partly untucked where it seemed to be pulling up from her belt. Her ponytail band snapped, letting masses of blond hair tumble out down past her shoulders.

"Right, why would you pull me over for speeding? That's what cops do."

She blinked, not feeling her pants creeping up her legs, or the wash of pink that started to spread from her scalp down her blond waves. She grunted, stretching her calves, then her legs remained where they were as the heels of her shiny black shoes extended up and the rest of the shoe retreated from the top of her feet. She licked her lips, shivering as the sensation pooled between her legs.

"Right, yeah, haha, that's for cops," her voice was higher and breathier. "And I'm not a cop, I'm, uh-"

"Mobile Sexual Release Patrol, of course." The former cop's uniform had shifted from purple to now a dull pink. The top had left sleeves behind almost completely, only an inch or two at the shoulder, and had crept up to reveal her entire smooth midriff and down to reveal the expanse of a pair of heavily-expanded breasts. Her pants had retreated to just under the curve of her bubble butt, and at the top revealed the straps of thong underwear. Pink strands now weaved in and out of her ass-length hair, bright-pink stick had coated her thick lips and her sunglasses had transformed into dramatic eyeliner and pink eyeshadow that made her already-large eyes look even bigger.

Ruth chuckled. "I really respect the service you girls do, you know? Not everyone has the civic-minded spirit to let themselves have their bodies and sex drives permanently enhanced to make sure no citizen has to go too long without sex. It's so great to know all I have to do is honk my horn at a pink cruiser and someone as brave and selfless as you will attend to me."

MSRP Officer Cumdump remembered the day like it was yesterday. That wasn't to say she remembered it *well*, it was just roughly as clear as every day that her brain spent swimming in the happy fuck-chemicals her lush sextoy body created in huge amounts 24/7. Penis and pussy occupied a substantial amount of the run-time of her brain, and that was before the enhanced sensitivity of her lips, her swollen nipples and her permanently-lubricated snatch drove white knives straight through any coherent thought.

"Thank you, ma'am! Can I lick your pussy now, please?"

"Oh, even better dear." Ruth leaned back, unzipping her jeans, carefully untangling her monster cock from the denim. "You can bend over the back of my car while I ram this to the hilt inside you."

Cumdump squealed with delight, tottering on her oversized heels to the back of Ruth's roadster and presenting her round butt to the air, slipping her barely-there shorts down until she shivered with the rush of cool air on her boiling-hot pussy. Ruth slipped out of the driver's seat, gently stroking her cock as it filled towards erection, and positioned herself behind the former flat-foot's ample rump. Just pushing the head of her dick towards the woman's pussy popped it in with barely a thrust, and soon the florid floozy was squealing, her breasts bouncing as she braced herself against the trunk of the sportscar, all ten inches of Ruth's futanarihood spreading her apart thrust after thrust. *Actually*, Ruth considered, *maybe they should be equal-opportunity sextoys*.

With each thrust of Ruth's cock into the girl, the wet slap of flesh against flesh, the woman's clit began to expand, pulsing and straining inch by inch, throbbing and shifting shape until the girl was toting a thick nine-inch penis that Ruth could reach for as she reamed her senseless. With a brief surge of enhanced strength, Ruth picked the girl up, impaled on her cock, and sat back on the trunk of her car, fucking the girl from behind on her lap while jerking her new dick off with a free hand. Between the reverse cowgirl and the reach-around, it wasn't long before the officer was cumming hard, spraying spunk into the air and across the roadside gravel, joined by Ruth a minute later. Ruth's

hyper-powerful orgasm nearly took her by surprise and she almost dropped the girl as the pleasure gripped her brain and squeezed, her cock unloading its full seventeen-ounce load over a mind-melting minute-long orgasm.

The girl stumbled away, giggling, cum dripping down her thighs, her booty shorts in a forgotten sopping pile behind Ruth's car. Ruth sighed happily, scouring herself clean with the jewel and carefully folding her dick back into her jeans before getting back into the car and tearing off, leaving the blond sex officer sitting in her pink-and-white cruiser in a fucked-out haze.

Back in the city, she gleefully observed the proliferation of her newly-created Mobile Sexual Release Patrol, the pink cruisers and officers in pink uniforms walking proudly on the streets, bulges obvious in their too-tight shorts. There was more than a little rutting occurring in the back of hastily-parked cars, as well as the occasional alleyway tryst. While waiting at a red light, Ruth watched someone grab one of the officers from behind, his hands sinking into her pillowy tits, while the girl instantly shuddered, knees knocking, mouth going slack, then turned around and kissed him savagely. Interestingly, nobody seemed upset by the unusual anatomy of the public-use public servants, and Ruth considered that in making them equal opportunity she may have inadvertently altered the tastes of everyone in town.

Her car pulled up out the front of a coffee shop, the No Parking signs sliding along the footpath until they sat either side. Ruth drank in the stares of some passers-by as she swung her long legs out of the driver's seat and strode through the glass door into the shop.

The coffee shop was dark and hip, with a slim, bored-looking barista overseeing a dozen people or so tapping away on laptops or, in one case, an entire vintage typewriter. She was mocha-skinned, with a nose ring, a series of rings in her ears and short, curly black hair. She gave Ruth a withering look at her coffee order, which included milk and cream.

"Yeah, we, like, don't serve dairy here. We don't serve things stolen from living bodies."

Ruth grinned. "Oh, we can fix that. I'm sure I could find some milk I could get permission for."

Underneath the barista's black polo shirt, Ruth watched her chest slowly expand, gently rising like bread dough at Ruth's mental prompting. Within seconds her breasts were straining at the straps of her apron, and the girl was subconsciously shifting her shoulders and playing at the buttons of her shirt. It tugged up over her midriff as it rapidly ran out of space, and even against the dark fabric a set of damp stains began to spread from the middle of the mounds. Ruth bit her lip, sending out another mental instruction to the girl's body. Nothing different appeared to happen for a moment, but soon the apron began to bulge even further below the barista's expanded bosom, four hefty milk-laden tits swelling into existence on her slim chest.

Before the shirt literally burst at the seams Ruth willed it out of existence, the barista's nude skin now covered solely by her apron. Her quad-stacked breasts were only just held in place, and the jiggling flesh in mounds half again the size of the girl's head

threatened to leap out at any moment. She seemed unperturbed. Ruth noted her nose ring had migrated into her septum.

"Like I said, ma'am, we don't have any milk in the fridge, so it will have to be straight from the tap. Is that okay?"

Ruth grinned. "Oh, if you insist."

The barista tugged her apron to the side, hefting one of her breasts out to the side, revealing a thick, milk-moist dark brown nipple. It took nearly no coaxing at all before it started to let out a stream of milk into the large bottle she held to it. A subtle lip bite and slight flush of the girl's face showed that the act was a little more than solely professional. Ruth caught her gaze intently.

"They must feel really nice."

She returned Ruth a sardonic sneer. "Oh, don't act like you don't know. "Oh wow, your tits must be, like, super sensitive. Boy, you must have to milk them for hours every day!" God, you people are as tiring as my boobs."

Ruth put her hands up in supplication. "I didn't mean to offend you. Just making conversation."

The barista grunted, still milking herself, her breathing becoming heavier. "I get udder-chasers like you gawping about my chest all the time and asking stupid fucking questions as though you don't spend half your spare time reading about my condition on the Internet. Does hearing it straight from the cow-girl's mouth make you cum harder, or something?"

What an attitude, Ruth thought. *Let's mix in a little something with that.*

Ruth didn't reply, merely continuing to stare at the barista while she filled the bottle. Her cheeks flushed. "S-stop staring at me."

"Why?"

"Because it-, uh, you, it's-"

"Humiliating?"

She let out a small moan and milk squirted even harder into the bottle as her hand clutched. Ruth leaned in, lowering her voice, her own bountiful chest settling into a deep line of cleavage. "I knew it. Why else would a girl so angry about her condition take a job where she had to milk herself in front of perfect strangers? Unless, of course, she secretly gets off on having people watch her milk her big fat cow tits?"

The girl's breath caught in her throat as Ruth went on. "I bet you've got a spotty costume in the back of a closet at your house, don't you? One you like to wear when you're strapped into your milker and imagine someone's doing it to you?"

Now she was whining with every breath, and Ruth could see her letting down behind her apron. Ruth pulled out a card and a hundred-dollar note from her purse and pushed them between the barista's upper boobs.

"Bring the costume to my place tonight. You won't be sorry."

She grabbed the bottle, took a deep swig of creamy milk, and licked her lips lasciviously, not taking her eyes away from the barista's the whole time. She swung her hips to the side as she turned around from the counter and made her way out, leaving a line of gawping customers in her wake.

The moment she exited the doors of the coffee shop, however, she leaned forward slightly, groaning as her cock strained against her jeans. Being confident and dominating was *hard* when you were, well, hard. Fortunately, she soon spotted one of the pink-uniformed free-use futanari floozies she'd created rounding the corner, and beckoned the officer over with a lithe gesture.

Afternoon was fading back into evening as Ruth pulled back into the front yard of her house. Marie's car was still in the driveway. Before she killed the engine, she paused for a moment to take stock of precisely what had happened to her life.

She'd broken some ancient stone statue while doing cataloguing for her professor in a desperate attempt to be noticed. She'd found a jewel that let her bend reality to her every wish. Her heavily repressed, deviant sexuality had come to the fore almost immediately. Now she was living in some sort of fetish porno fantasy world with the body of a gender-bending goddess, a body that seemed to be a manifestation of her deepest desires that she alternately felt totally in control of and completely helpless against its lusts. She'd remoulded people into sexual playthings on a whim, changed the very fabric of reality to conform to her twisted fetishes.

Life was fucking *good*.

Intellectually, she knew there had to be some tradeoff for this – that some time, a price would have to be paid. She didn't give a fuck, though – she was going to ride this as far as it would take her. Briefly, she wondered whether or not she'd accidentally made herself comfortable with what was happening using the jewel, but by definition she'd never really know.

Her long legs delicately picked out of the low-slung car, setting down onto the paving stones with two deliberate *clacks*. It still impressed her how effortlessly sexy she could be in this new body – she hadn't just transformed how she looked, but her brain was wired like she'd spent her whole life in this form.

In the living room, Alan and Marie were both passed out on the couch. Cum was *everywhere*. Pools of it were splashed across her white leather sofa and glass table, Alan's body glistened from the neck down, and Marie looked like a glazed doughnut. Alan's cock caught Ruth's eye for a moment, rock-hard and pulsing even as he slumped backwards over the couch, but she decided to let them both rest.

Instead, she walked up and into her bedroom, shutting the door behind her and stripping off her clothes. Her penis was half-hard, growing by the second at the plan forming in her head. She sat in the centre of the bed, cross-legged, gently playing with her nipples and watching her dick swell slowly up to full erection. One hand draped across the jewel hanging from her neck, and it pulsed to even fuller erection, straining and throbbing with waves of slow growth until it reached her chin.

She gave it a slow, reverential lick, shuddering as the sensations thudded down her enlarged shaft. It just needed one more thing...

She moaned rapturously as her breasts suddenly surged forward, plumping and swelling with flesh. They reached the size of Marie's without a hint of slowing down, the expanse of skin at the bottom of her vision spreading out and blocking her view. She felt the warmth envelop the expanded shaft of her cock, grabbing her bloating mounds from the sides and squeezing them together. Her cock lurched against the waves of tit but was trapped by their sheer weight. Another lust-addled instruction to the jewel, and her cock belched a thick load of clear fluid that slid down between her cleavage and let it slip and slide between them, even as the vast mounds kept expanding. She couldn't even hold them together now but didn't have to – having overflowed the sides of her thighs and spread onto the bed, they were holding themselves together quite comfortably.

She stopped for a moment, regarding the wobbling sea of titflesh below her vision, and gently slapped the top of both of her breasts with a giggle. She tried to kick her legs and found them almost unable to move under the immense weight. She couldn't see her nipples at all, and for a moment pouted as she felt cheated of the opportunity, then brightened up as she seized the jewel again. Energy flooded through the rest of her body, giving a brief hard, tight sensation. Gingerly, she tried to kick her legs again, and this time, with some effort, she could now shift her new breasts. They were still awkward, though, and she had to hold them together at the sides with her arms and use her knees to bump them along the bed, grunting and sweating with each heave as they slid and slipped around her cock.

She stood up with a groan of effort, her glistening shaft slipping out from between her tits as her body stretched out. She could feel their warmth against the tops of her thighs, and when she gently turned she could feel their immense inertia as they wanted to keep going. Looking down, she could see nothing but her own tits, expanding out more than three feet forward from her body. She could only even tell her dick was still there by the way it was desperately bumping up against the undersides.

She strolled over to a mirror, which slid backwards into the wall and grew outwards until she could see the entirety of her expanded body in it. Her body was completely dominated by her huge, round, beachball-sized tits. She rose up onto the balls of her feet and dropped back down, watching the wave of motion grip them and slosh them up and down, the bouncing going on for what felt like minutes afterwards. Her nipples were exactly as she'd designed them in her mind's eye, as wide as saucers and three inches thick, topping vast, textured areolas.

Her cock was lurching even harder as she examined her own ridiculous proportions in the mirror, constantly belching a thick stream of the clear fluid she'd used to lube up her cleavage. She went to touch it and realised the bulk of her breasts was too great to get anywhere near it, only succeeding in slapping her arms against the sides. Carefully, she turned around and headed back to the bed.

Bumping her knees against the side of the mattress, she then let herself fall forward, her tits spreading out across the bed and squishing together around her cock, immediately making her gasp as the soft flesh rubbed against every crevice of her shaft, its motion

aided by the copious amounts of slick fluid she was pumping out. She reared her ass back and forth, thrusting her dick between her own gigantic boobs, giving herself the tittyfuck of a lifetime. Almost subconsciously she increased her length until at the end of each thrust, her groin pressing against the underside of her tits, her cock poked out from the shaking piles of breastflesh before disappearing back into her cleavage.

She gripped her tits from the top, her hands sinking deep into the softness as she ruthlessly fucked them, the whole mass sloshing back and forth like water balloons. Her tongue lolled from her mouth, her balls squeezed between her thighs and her tits, delighting in the raw sexuality of her incredible body.

She shuddered, tongue flicking in delight as she felt the orgasm building at the base of her expanded cock, then fell forward onto the pillowy softness as her cock tightened and started to shoot. Her brain whited out with the combination of her hypersensitivity and expanded size and all she could do was lay on top of them and shake as her balls drained themselves dry. Her afterglow was only just fading when she heard her doorbell ring, and her mouth curled into a smile.

Ginette stumbled through the door of her tiny apartment, groaning with discomfort. Late afternoon shifts were the worst, the ones when she got off work just before the after-office-hours rush and the previous several hours had been dreadfully slow. They got a lot of cleaning and prep done, but they had very few customers, and no customers meant no demand for milk, which meant by the time she got home her breasts were full to bursting.

She shucked off her coat and let it fall to the floor. Cleavage bulged at the top of her apron uniform, as well as the two lines of side cleavage not even nominally covered by it where her upper basketball-sized breasts met with their lower compatriots. They were firm and even bigger than usual, and dark saturated stains spread out on the front of her apron.

Being born with four nipples heralded the legacy stored within her genes, that she was destined to grow up a four-breasted, lactating pseudo-cowgirl. Her breasts made milk in astonishing amounts, the amount only increasing as they continued to grow. At this point each breast was capable of a gallon and a half of milk a day, but it wasn't as if they could comfortably *hold* that much. Even with extremely enhanced capacity and output compared to an ordinary woman she needed pumping sessions every four hours to stop her breasts from overfilling to the point of actual pain or, even worse, further expansion. Even with the best maternity equipment she could find and afford, she spent something around a quarter of her waking hours dealing with her breasts.

She stripped the apron off as well, throwing it to the side onto the tile floor of her bathroom with a wet slap, letting her breasts bounce free and nude. The mocha mounds were capped with nipples the length of a man's thumb and twice as thick, and streams of milk leaked from them with barely even a touch. From the morning her milk had come in, not too long after her breasts, she'd spent every day enslaved to the endless demands of her body – and as those demands had grown, so had how much she loathed her tits.

Her studio apartment was stark, almost empty. There was a small bed, a kitchenette and, in prime position in the middle of the room, a couch flanked by two beige machines roughly the size of suitcases. Tubes ran from each machine to a pair of large rubber cups, four in all. At the bottom more rubber tubing had been jerry-rigged into the guts of the machine, leading to a series of plastic bottles.

She privately thought of them as the Milking Machines of Theseus. High-grade hospital pumps that had been bit-by-bit hacked and replaced as her needs had grown beyond anything she could buy off the shelf. She switched them on and settled down into the couch, taking a few minutes to awkwardly manoeuvre the cups into place over her nipples. The size of her chest meant breast flesh wobbled and shook everywhere with the merest movement, making coordinating motion around them difficult. Finally though, she got them into place and leaned back into the couch, sighing in relief as she flipped a hand-held switch that had been amateurishly wired into the front panel of each machine and started up the suction.

The sigh turned into a deep, rattling breath as she looked down and watched her nipples expanding and contracting, letting a heavy flow of milk into the cups. Suck, release, suck, release, each cycle seeing milk pouring from her oversized teats. Her breathing began to match the rhythm, her face flushing under her coffee tone.

The scene from earlier that afternoon in the coffee shop replayed itself over and over in her mind. How had that woman known? How did Ginette let her do that in front of her customers and her manager? The answer was another question – how could her body turn her on so much while disgusting her so deeply?

She often tried to tell herself that it was just the relief of finally letting the pressure down. She tried to put off milking for as long as possible, which meant every time she did get around to it her tits were full to bursting and the sensation of finally letting it out was nothing short of exquisite.

But that wasn't all of it. She knew that wasn't all of it. If that were it, she wouldn't still enjoy it even when she wasn't full. If that were it, she wouldn't waste entire days off strapping herself into the milking machine and touching herself to fantasies of people nursing from her. If that were it, she wouldn't have that fucking cowprint bikini sitting in the back of her closet, the one that *woman* knew about...

She moaned as the milk surged at the thought. That woman. The one who somehow knew exactly what she was feeling. That woman who was clearly staring straight at her tits but somehow made her feel she wasn't *just* into her for the freak factor.

She settled into a comfortable but passionate fantasy of the girl from the coffee shop pulling aside Ginette's cow costume and locking those thick, full lips onto her nipples, the sensation doubled as the tender nubs reacted with a let-down of thick, hot milk...

Ginette stood outside the front of the sumptuous mansion after the last trickles of daylight had drained down into the horizon and night was in full swing. A thick sweater and long coat covered her body, especially her four weighty breasts, and a duffel bag was slung over her shoulder.

Those tits drained things in turn, as well. Keeping four boobs the size of basketballs constantly producing milk took a ludicrous amount of energy, which much to her chagrin kept her skinny everywhere except her chest. Stick-thin except for giant drooping tits was, to her, the worst of both worlds.

She jumped a little as one of the double doors clicked open and Ruth gently leaned against the edge of the other in an overstuffed filmy nightgown. She'd decided to keep her tits and cock a little bigger than they'd been before her expansion session, and the immense weight was tantalising her. However, she was using the jewel's power to keep herself flaccid for now, covered by the more opaque skirt of the gown.

"Hello, darling. Glad you could make it."

"Hi." Ginette pushed past into the open living room, and her eyes went wide. "Your house is... enormous."

"Yes, I'm very lucky. I have so much room for *activities*."

Ginette blushed, standing awkwardly in the middle of the room, still bundled up with her duffel bag over her shoulder. Ruth motioned next to the couch.

"Put your bag down, dear, make yourself comfortable. Would you like something to drink?"

Ginette dropped her bag and slumped onto the leather couch. She felt her tits heave and the hint of wetness that was her constant companion. She started leaking long before she was accustomed to pumping. "Don't say milk."

"Wouldn't dream of it, darling." Ruth left the room and returned with a can of soda, which Ginette accepted gratefully. Ruth watched her as she drained half the can in a single tilt, before Ginette caught her eyes.

"What?"

"Nothing. You're just gorgeous, that's all."

Despite herself, Ginette blushed. "S-stop that. You don't mean it."

"I do! You're such a pretty girl."

She took another long gulp. "Yeah, pretty. That's the thing people say about me when they see me. Not 'oh my God look at her fucked up tits.'"

"Well I wasn't going to bring those up first, but they're anything but fucked-up. Your body is *incredible*."

"Yeah, all right." She drained the can and tugged absently on her septum piercing. "I mean obviously the udder-chasers must see *something* in me, even if it's just the freak factor. No normal person is into this shit, though. It's not like I'm going to go out and meet a nice guy in a bar to take back to meet my parents."

Ruth grinned. "You don't want that though, do you?" She lifted a foot and caressed the side of Ginette's bag. "You want something a bit weirder and nastier than that, don't you? You wouldn't have brought this otherwise."

Ginette's breath caught. "I... H-how did..."

Ruth smiled. "I can tell what you're into, darling, and I think you should slip into that and get a little more comfortable."

Ginette gulped, grabbed the bag and proceeded into the closest bathroom. Ruth waited patiently for a few minutes before the girl emerged, her face beet-red.

Large patches of black-spotted white fabric lined with black piping covered all four of her jostling breasts, held together both horizontally and vertically with black straps that wrapped over and under her shoulders and around her back at the bottom pair of cups. She also wore panties, gloves and thigh-high socks of the same pattern. The whole effect was enhanced by a leather collar with a brass bell, an extra-large septum piercing and a headband with small fake horns.

Ruth jumped forward on the couch, her eyes wide. "Oh my God, you're so fucking hot!"

Ginette blushed even harder. "D-don't tease me..."

"I'm not! Oh man, you're amazing."

Not merely blushing now, Ginette's breathing was starting to catch. She'd never shown this outfit to *anyone* before. She'd only ever worn it to masturbate while getting milked in her apartment, but now she was showing it to a complete stranger – an incredibly beautiful stranger who was looking at every inch of her mocha skin like it was enticing, like her freakish body was actually somehow pleasing to this goddess of a woman, and *that* was sending happy signals straight down to her pussy. Lots of them. What you might even have called a flood of them. She could feel the bikini bottoms growing moist as she stood there underneath Ruth's lascivious gaze.

"I d-don't know why I'm doing this..."

Ruth smiled. "Because it gets you off. You say you hate your body but you loooove it when people look at you. Nothing makes you hotter than knowing people know you're an oversexed submissive little cow slut."

Ginette choked. "Wh-what did you-"

Ruth grinned again, more evilly this time. "Cow. Slut."

Ginette couldn't hold in the moan, or the way her face scrunched up as she let it out. She certainly couldn't hide how her thighs squeezed together.

"H-how... How did you..."

"Oh darling you wouldn't believe what I know. For instance, I know how to make you feel better than you could ever have possibly imagined." Ruth began to pick her way across the couch on all fours, her enlarged breasts hanging and swinging from side to side. "I can bring you pleasure like nothing else. I can show you exactly what your incredible body is meant to be doing and feeling."

Ginette just choked silently, staring at Ruth's face as she tried to get a handle on the way her body was responding, but it was as if her pussy was by-passing her conscious mind entirely.

"Don't worry darling, I know what it's like to have a... special body." Ruth pulled herself back vertically and mentally removed the block on her erection, letting her dick rise up

from under the gown. Ginette gasped, eyes going wide as they followed the swelling shaft. Ruth giggled.

"You like it? It likes you. It especially likes the idea of fucking your big, milky cow tits. I was rock-hard in my jeans the whole time in your café."

Ginette moaned again, and this time she didn't just feel the wetness between her legs, she felt the quad cups of her cowkini moisten as her nipples squirted in sympathy. Ruth tutted, sliding her legs off the couch and crossing the gap between them, pressing one hand deeply into Ginette's upper-left breast, feeling even more milk squirt around her hand.

"You're wasting milk, cow slut. That's *my* milk."

She wrenched the girl's bikini cup down, exposing one of her gigantic nipples, throbbing with need and glistening with milk, and leant down to suckle the shaft into her mouth. Ginette gasped, her face wide with shock as her fantasy from earlier came to life directly in front of her, and then groaned deeply as the pleasure of Ruth's thick lips on her teat flooded through her body in direct proportion to the force with which milk flowed out of her breast. Ruth brought her other hand up, one on each side of the enormous mound, gripping and kneading to force even more milk into her mouth.

Ginette's legs wobbled, her mouth drooping, eyes rolling, as for the first time ever she allowed someone to suckle from her, but not just to feed from her but to grab, control and *own* her breast. Fear bubbled up inside her, fed by years of her own insecurity and hatred, but the way Ruth stood over her, seizing control of her body, using Ginette's freakish developments for her own pleasure, smothered it deeply and completely.

Ruth let go for a moment, grabbing Ginette by the shoulders and pivoting her around and back onto the couch, so large and plush it was as good as any bed the girl had slept on. Straddling the girl's hips, Ruth leaned down with an expression halfway between glee and hunger, and wrenched the cups off Ginette's lower breasts, shredding the bikini in half and letting all of the mounds bounce freely against each other. A blush flooded Ginette's cheeks, her face turning away from Ruth's gaze.

"I-I'm sorry... I've been making milk for so long, they don't... They're not pretty and perky..."

Ruth laid her hands on the upper pair reverentially, letting her fingers sink deeply into the plush flesh. Ginette whined as she gently kneaded and prompted a spray of milk from both breasts, before moving her hands down and lifting up her lower pair and repeating the same action. The lower mounds pushed up against her upper ones, creating two soft horizontal lines of damp, glistening cleavage and prompting some more squirts from her oversized nipples.

"Oh my God, it's... My boobs feel..."

"Good, right? Of course they feel good. You're a sexy, freaky cowgirl slut. Your body is a sexual plaything, just like mine." Ruth's left hand went to the bottom of her cock, gently pressing her fingers into the underside as she kept groping Ginette with her right.

Ginette didn't even reply. She just moaned, slipping her hands to her midriff and lifting her quad chest up, looking up at Ruth with deep brown eyes. Ruth took the hint and dove in, grabbing and pressing two of her breasts together and suckling both nipples into her mouth. Ginette shrieked, Ruth's mouth filling with milk almost instantly, then shuddered and laid back as Ruth started to suck.

As Ruth's thick lips and strong tongue worked away at her teats, her breathing started to catch and rattle, her face locked in an ecstatic rictus that always seemed to be trying and failing to get on top of the sensations bombarding her, to get ahead of the pleasure and modulate it, control it, but never quite manage it. She couldn't relax into the sensations either as the pleasure kept spiking and hammering into her brain, leaving her caught in exquisite agony between the two extremes of bliss.

It felt like barely any time at all before Ginette gasped, her muscles starting to tighten and spasm as an orgasm rocketed its way through her body. The sensation was familiar but far more intense than she'd ever felt, like someone had taken the orgasms she had strapped to her milking machine and amplified them tenfold. Ruth noted what happened to her but didn't stop, continuing to suckle as Ginette writhed underneath her. She dropped a hand down to knead one of her unused breasts, adding the sensation of its own stream of milk to Ginette's mind-breaking orgasm.

"S-st-stooooop, I'm cuh- I- I I caann't oh God oh fuck I'm c-gh-ghhhh-"

She then lost her words entirely as a second wave of orgasm passed through her before her first had even ebbed away. There was a brief lull in pleasure as Ruth moved downwards, swapping which breasts she was sucking and rubbing, then the extra pressure on her unused nipples brought it back in full.

Ruth gleefully fed from Ginette's chest until her stomach groaned with milk, the girl's blissfully drained tits still leaking streams of her cream while she laid back on the couch in an orgasmic haze. Looking across her fourfold tits, Ruth gripped her penis by the base and started to gently stroke it, straddling Ginette's stomach and resting it down across the mocha mounds.

"Have you ever given a tit-fuck, cowslut?"

Ginette's eyes widened as Ruth's fat cockhead stared directly at her face, and she shook her head timidly.

"Oh, that's a shame." Ruth leaned forward and pushed Ginette's lower breasts together into a curved line of bulging cleavage. "Okay, I'll hold *these* together, you hold the top ones together."

Ginette blinked, and pushed her upper pair of breasts together, eyes still fixed on the gently bobbing tip of Ruth's cock. Ruth pulled it back, drawing a viscous line of precum down the length of Ginette's cleavage, then gripped the nipples of the tits she was holding, squirting trails of milk down into the crevice.

"Mmm, natural lube." Ruth was acting confident, of course, but her heart was beating like a drum and she had to concentrate to keep control of her trembling limbs. She slid the lower breasts apart and dropped her cock between them, drawing in a sharp breath

as she enveloped her shaft in wobbling breastflesh. Ginette moaned as well, reacting to the unfamiliar but pleasant feeling of a thick, hot cock mashing down against her tits.

"You like that, cow? You want me to keep going?"

Ginette nodded, mashing her boobs together in slow circles, then letting them drop apart long enough for Ruth to slide up between them. After a few moments to prepare, Ruth started to gently thrust, watching Ginette's tits slosh back and forth in gelatinous waves around their hands, the motion contributing as much to the sensation as Ruth's thrusts were. Her mouth dropped open as the pleasure assaulted her.

"Oh f-fuck! Shit!" Ruth began to speed up, squirts of milk spraying in every direction from her lover's wildly bouncing nipples, the nerves of her cock squealing under a four-fold assault of soft, smooth breastflesh. Eyes glassy, mouth slack, Ginette leaned forward and started to suckle on the end of Ruth's dick, lightly kissing and licking it as she stroked it with her upper breasts. The two girls had fallen out of sync and now not only were Ginette's breasts rubbing against Ruth's shaft but they were also heavily slapping against each other. Ginette began to gasp and choke, pleasure flooding her body as the sensations drew an orgasm from her, letting Ruth's cock slip out from between her upper breasts so that the shaft laid between the bottom two and on top of her upper ones, right as Ruth started to shudder and buck and shoot off.

Ruth collapsed forward as the orgasm gripped her brain, mashing her body against Ginette's, her cock shooting up between the pair of them, spraying cum across both of their faces and up across the couch, shuddering and writhing for the minute it took her hyper-powered orgasm to play out. When Ruth's orgasm finally subsided she rolled to the side, chest heaving with exertion and brain pinging with little pink sparks of afterglow that destroyed her capacity for conscious thought for the best part of a minute. Ginette seemed almost as stunned by the experience.

"Oh my God," she groaned, "that was... I didn't know it could feel like this."

Ruth smiled, turning her head and drawing Ginette into a deep kiss. "This is just the start, baby. Your body is made for the most sublime pleasure. In fact, I have an idea, if you're interested..."

Ruth picked a random bedroom and led Ginette to it. To her, it was as if Ruth had the room prepared ahead of time, but it was just a simple willed command as she opened the door.

The room was sumptuous, decorated in red and black with a large circular bed. Some of the doors in the wardrobes that ringed the walls were ajar, revealing leather straps and lace. What drew Ginette's eye, though, was the large, perfectly shiny, stainless steel machine right next to the bottom of the bed.

"Is that... a LactoMaster 850X?" She walked over to it and pulled out a ribbed rubber hose, eyes wide, then suddenly blushed as she realised what she'd done.

"Best milking machine on the market, so I'm told."

"It's like three thousand dollars!"

"Are you going to keep talking about it, or are you going to lay down on the bed and get those fat cow titties hooked up to it?"

She made a small choking noise, then nodded and sat down at the edge of the bed, grabbing one of her basketball-sized boobs and holding it up. Ruth pulled out one of the milking cups - a custom-made semi-cylindrical silicon sheath ringed with rubber. She switched on the machine at its side and gently pushed it onto Ginette's breast, letting the low suction take hold and pull the cup into place. Ginette watched in shock as her areola expanded into the cup, a low moan rolling from past her lips.

"Ooooh. Oh, God, it's... It's strong but... It feels good..."

Ruth busied herself with the other three cups, each of them drawing in Ginette's nipples with a slow but implacable force, then releasing them on a slow pumping rhythm. Ginette couldn't even talk, just gasping and shuddering as the milkers worked away, unable to do anything as she watched Ruth slowly turned up the suction.

Milk began to flow from Ginette's breasts, creamy white building up and drawing away from the cups every second as her nipples expanded and contracted. Without protest, Ruth was able to gently pull her arms behind her back and lock them together with leather cuffs. Ginette was about to protest as Ruth pulled a ball gag onto her mouth but a sudden surge of pressure from the machine left her shuddering and helpless. Ruth licked her lips, pulling up Ginette's skirt, manic eyes roaming over the mocha curves of her buttocks.

"I'm going to *fuck* you, cowslut. I'm going to fuck you like an animal, like the livestock you are. You're going to sit there and let my machine milk you dry while I ram my cock into you from behind."

Ginette burbled and shook but made no effort to straighten up or move her butt away from in front of Ruth, leaving Ruth the opportunity to grin, grab her erect dick by the shaft and push the fat head against Ginette's pussy.

Ginette squeaked behind the gag, the squeak turning to a muffled, unthinking squeal as Ruth worked her way inside the girl. Her pussy spasmed and fluttered around the thick intruder before spreading and allowing it passage. Ruth grunted and gasped with each painstaking inch until her hips made contact with the girl's rump. She stayed there for a moment, took a deep breath, pulled back and thrust forward again.

Ginette jerked forward, tits heaving, only the powerful suction of the cups keeping them in place, her eyes unfocused and choking noises issuing out from behind the gag. Ruth gave a silent command to the jewel as her hips fell into a rolling tempo, and before long Ginette's abdominal muscles crunched and her body seized as an orgasm crashed through it. Ruth's new command made itself known as along with the other effects of Ginette's orgasm, the girl's breasts suddenly let down with massive floods of milk that filled the silicon cups and nearly overwhelmed the capacity of the pump. She shook and bucked, choking soundlessly, Ruth still railing her from behind. One of her breast cups burst off, milk spraying wildly as her nipples pulsed in sympathetic ejaculation.

It wasn't long before Ruth felt the sensation welling up in her core as well, the yawning, twitching feeling in her cock, and, shoving deep inside her lover, howled as her hyper-

powerful orgasm grabbed hold of her brain and squeezed for a full minute before she collapsed on top of Ginette, breath coming in desperate gasps.

Ginette groaned, squeezing her thighs together and feeling a huge glob of Ruth's love ooze from between them. She yelped as the pumps sucked on her nipples again, cheeks red, pussy fluttering, the feeling of continuing to be milked as she sat practically sloshing full of cum working her right up again. Ruth was surprisingly heavy, and between her post-orgasmic lassitude and the soporific effect of the continued stimulation, she couldn't shift her, and her only option was to lie there, the heat returning to her cheeks and deep in her core, as the pumps kept going, until by the time Ruth finally stirred back awake Ginette was whining and panting beneath her, the breast where the cup had burst off leaking in a constant stream onto the bedsheets. Ruth's nethers throbbed, her eyes wide, and she dove onto the naked breast with unthinking hunger.

After bringing Ginette off again, the surge of milk from her orgasm finally leaving her somewhat close to empty, the pair laid in the middle of the bed, Ruth's arm over the smaller girl's slim shoulder.

Ginette was awake, but dozing, breathing gently. She felt Ruth shift behind her and snuggled back, surprised as she girl reciprocated and pulled her in more tightly.

"I can't remember the last time I felt this happy. I can't really remember the last time I felt happy. I wish I could just stay here, instead of having to go home and go to that fucking café in the morning."

Ruth bit her lip, silent for a moment. "You... Don't have to."

Ginette snorted. "Okay yeah, I don't *have* to, but I like eating. Also my milking machine breaks down all the time. That might be even more important."

"No, I mean... Do you have PayMe on your phone?"

"Uh, yeah, but..."

Ruth couldn't remember if she'd brought her phone up or not, but it was in her hand now along with Ginette's, furiously typing. Once she was done she handed Ginette's phone with its cracked screen back over. Ginette looked at it blearily, then gasped.

"T-ten thousand?"

"Well. Nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine, and ninety-nine cents. Transfer limits."

"But you... I can't-"

"Of course you can. That should cover a few shifts, shouldn't it?"

Ginette had bolted upright now, tits bouncing and slapping off each other. "For sleeping with you? I'm not like that, that wasn't what this was!"

"No, that's not what- it's just a gift."

"This is way more than a gift. This is escort money. I'm *not* an escort. I'm not a whore just because I have four tits."

"No, Ginette, I'm not saying that, I swear! I just want to help you. And, um, make you an offer."

"What, to pay me for a few more sessions?"

"No. A-a job. I'm looking for a personal chef. This would be your signing bonus."

Ginette's eyes narrowed. "I'm not a chef."

"You work in a café. That fits, right? You can be my live-in chef, on salary. And, you know, what you do outside of your work, what we do together... That's not anyone's business, right? You can just do what makes you happy."

She thought about it. "But what if I don't want to do that sort of stuff. How long will I keep the job, huh? I've had shitty under-the-table jobs before."

"I'll write you a contract. Guaranteed, ten years."

"Really. You'll gamble ten years' salary on maybe getting to fuck me occasionally?"

"And fresh milk on tap. Totally worth it."

Ginette smiled. "You're crazy. Hey, from the looks of this place, you can afford it. And... I mean, if you're serious, that was wonderful. I'd like to have that again. It'd be nice to have the time for it, without working in that shitty place. Did you know the owner stares at my tits every time he visits?"

Ruth shrugged. "I don't blame him. Sorry, but your new boss is going to stare at your tits too."

"She's way hotter than him. Has a bigger dick, too."

The two giggled, then sat there looking at each other for a moment. Ginette broke the silence first. "So. Wow. I'm really doing this, huh. You said live-in? I get a room?"

"More than one, if you want."

"One's fine, unless we're sharing a bathroom."

"I have like ten of those, I think."

"Oh, cool. I should go get my stuff, then."

"Tomorrow."

Ginette's brow wrinkled, then she looked down between Ruth's legs, and grinned.

"Yeah. Tomorrow."

Ruth turned over the next day, rolling over into the space where Ginette had fallen asleep, but the early rising cow-lady had already made her way back home. Ruth rubbed the sleep out of her eyes, then rolled back over to swing her legs over the side of the bed.

Her fuzzy head took a second to realise what was happening, but they were *long*. Long, lithe, shapely, and smoothly tan. They were also hard to see because her tits had bloated outrageously overnight and were consuming a substantial portion of her vision.

"Wow. Good morning, girls." She raised her hands and jiggled them against each other for a few moments, indulging in the size, then sighed and laid a hand on the jewel to reduce them back to a more manageable size.

Nothing happened. She tried again, concentrating hard, but her chest remained resolutely pneumatic. She quickly concentrated on her fingers to add a swirl of sparkling nail polish as a test, which appeared instantly, but her pleasure pillows refused to shrink.

It was concerning, but on the other hand, she had huge boobs. It wasn't really a problem. She stood up to start getting ready for the day, and became aware of some other things that had changed overnight. Her vantage point in the room was very different to how it was yesterday. Things, at least things she could see over the swell of her chest, were smaller, further away.

"Oohh. Oh boy. Um. I'm... probably not going to be able to fix that either, am I?"

A moment with the jewel confirmed that, yes, she was taller now, and it wasn't going away. She put it to the side of her mind for now and headed back to her own bedroom with its personal ensuite to wash off the residue of a night of delightful sin.

Out in the corridor she nearly screamed when she ran into Marie. The buxom maid had already been half a foot shorter than Ruth had made herself yesterday, but now Ruth towered over the girl. It was hard to tell but Ruth's breasts seemed bigger than Marie's now, too.

"Good morning Madame Schwartz! I met ze lady, um, ze new chef thees morning. She is very interesting, no?"

Ruth noted the tinge to the girl's voice. "Oh, Marie, don't worry. There's plenty of me to go around. Besides, she has her own supply of something that's almost as good for you."

It hadn't been, but now her orally-fixated maid's condition was fine with breast milk as well as semen - at least, in large amounts. The change took a few seconds to sink in, and then Marie blushed. "She makes milk? It, um... I need a lot of it. For it to work."

"Six gallons a day enough?"

Marie's eyes bugged. "*B-bien*. Zat would be more zan enough."

"For now, though, I was just about to have a shower. Are you hungry?"

Having Marie between her legs in the shower revealed the third change that had happened overnight. Some gentle encouragement from Marie's rack revealed that Ruth's cock was a mighty eighteen inches at its full erection. Predictably, it couldn't be shrunk below this. Marie didn't notice anything wrong, the jewel's magic working to rewrite her memory, and as Ruth considered the situation Marie was happily rubbing her face against the shaft and planting kisses along its length with her plush lips.

Towering over her lover, basting her white with spunk from her gigantic cock, her massive boobs bouncing and swaying in her lower vision, Ruth really couldn't find any issues with the situation.

Soon after, Ruth strode down the street, cheeks beet-red. She'd picked out her outfit in a fog of arousal, but in the morning light couldn't help feeling she'd gone too far. She wore a bright pink bra, a short white low-cut crop top, some scandalously tiny white denim booty shorts and a pair of pink flip-flops. Nothing more. That meant the sweep of her shoulders, the jiggling tops of her breasts, her perfect midriff, golden-tanned thighs and taut calves were on full display. What truly concerned her, though, was that the tight shorts left absolutely nothing to the imagination, and everyone who passed her was treated to the impressive bulge left by her thick, flaccid penis and her pair of orange-sized nuts. She'd driven back to the campus, enjoying the quiet hum of her expensive electric car, but she still had to make her way through the campus, and she could feel every eye around her gazing upwards, awestruck by her oversized new body, the jiggle, sway and wobble of her chest, her hips or her bulge. She fluffed out her hair, longer and bigger and now a pale pastel purple, and strode resolutely forth.

She got to the room before Cotton did. A few of her classmates were milling around. One in particular, a slim dark-skinned girl with masses of thick black hair, looked her up and down and gave a low whistle.

"Looking *daring*, girl."

"Th-thanks."

The girl sighed. "You're so lucky. I wish I had anything half as interesting to show off. Fuck with people's expectations the way you can."

Ruth slipped her hand into a tiny pocket, a wry smile appearing on her face. The girl was wearing thin leggings, giving Ruth a perfect view of the penis and testicles slowly inflating into existence between her legs. A scrotum the size of a grapefruit was an obvious choice, and Ruth decided that this girl would be mostly show, with a five-inch flaccid dick that didn't get much past seven hard.

The girl coughed, and Ruth saw her junk twitch. "Girls like us, we've gotta stick together and support each other, you know? It's cool messing with people but I sometimes kinda wish it wasn't so obvious on me. I'm sure I'd feel different if I didn't have it though, right?"

Ruth chuckled, and patted the comforting weight of the jewel in her pocket. A crowd was building, some of them for Professor Cotton's "practical session," some just to gawp at the six-foot-eight tall astoundingly endowed futanari goddess. Ruth could see an array of hardening dicks, twitching thighs and heavy breathing as they watched her, and that was starting to rev up her engine as well. Her cock was just twitching its way to possibly freeing itself from its confines when her tiny, pulchritudinous professor finally arrived at the end of the corridor.

"Good morning everyone, I- goodness me, what's going on? You aren't all my students! Go away! Enrol next year if you want in."

Cotton glared up at Ruth as the students dispersed, although without any real anger.

"You're a menace, Ruth. I swear I've never had so much interest in my classes until you joined. You're distracting."

Ruth allowed herself a wry smile, especially since she noticed that her impish lecturer wasn't too far away from blowjob height, and whether through accident or intent her eyes had drifted back down to Ruth's crotch.

"Sorry Cotton. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me."

"Oh, you'll find it in your balls to convince me to forgive you later. Now, get inside."

Ruth and her classmates shuffled inside the room, which turned out to have been one of the school's performance theatres. The floor was covered in padded mats, with a desk set up in one corner and a small shelf containing an array of colourful bottles. Underneath it were several cardboard boxes that, as one errant flap revealed, were full of sex toys.

"Remember, you're being marked on stamina, technique and generosity! It isn't just about getting *yourself* off but about getting *everyone* off! Now, strip!"

Cotton slipped off her suit jacket, revealing her overstuffed, close-to-bursting white dress shirt. Other students took the hint to begin undressing. The first time one of these events had occurred people were timid and unprepared and had taken ages to get fully naked, but by now the experienced students started the ball rolling for the new ones and the process was over within a few minutes, leaving a small group of nude students who began their work.

Ruth looked over the group, and immediately ideas on how to improve them bubbled up in her mind. There was the newly-minted trans girl she'd created just before, but everyone else was pretty... conventional. A brief moment of focus on the jewel on the strap around her neck and before her eyes the room began to shift into something a lot more interesting.

A man giving cunnilingus to a partner began to shift his technique as her mons expanded out into a thick, throbbing cock. Ruth noticed his discomfort as the shift occurred, and cast her thoughts back to the first idea she'd had to deal with a distaste for cock. She grinned as his demeanour shifted from disgust to enjoyment to hunger as an addiction to semen, the same as her buxom maid's but even stronger, sunk its claws into his mind. As the addiction grew, so did his penis, the shaft lengthening out until it would have reached to just under his chin if he were sitting, his testicles inflating to match. Flesh expanded out in his crotch too, as glands expanded into visibility.

A lifetime spun into existence over the course of a few seconds. Unlike Marie, his cravings never got too bad before he discovered their source, and his own supply kept him mostly sated at first. Even as his semen production expanded, though, along with his cock growing ever closer to his mouth, his own cum just wasn't enough to curb his rapidly growing hunger - and he started seeking it elsewhere. By the time of his enrolment in Professor Candy's *Sex and Sexuality* course, he was a proud and dedicated cocksucker. His lips plumped and thickened around his partner's shaft as if to make the final cap on his new life.

Ruth grinned watching her new creation get to work on the thick slab of futa cock in front of him, completely unaware of the ripples of change radiating out from her. The jewel found the path of least resistance to making her whims into reality. One crippling

semen addiction could just be a freak of nature. Two, of the same condition, in two utterly unrelated people - that meant it was something more common. Hundreds of people had their lives rewritten to account for the insatiable addiction to cum they'd developed, overfull breasts inflating from nowhere, gigantic penises suddenly appearing in pants.

Ruth knew none of this, but she was certainly proud of what she'd created. She moved on, slowly stroking herself as she watched her next cluster of classmates. Two girls shared the cock of a man who was lying back against a cushion - enjoying himself, if not earning full marks on his exam. He was a decent size, at least for someone who hadn't been around Ruth for any length of time, but his two lovers were getting in each others' way. As they licked at either side of the shaft it started to pulse and expand, not just growing longer but substantially thicker by the second. Just as it hit around three times its original girth it suddenly split apart into two separate, thirteen-inch-long cocks. His scrotum divided until two sets of oversized balls bobbed off each other, hanging from the base of his twin shafts. His eyes went wide and he shuddered as two sets of sensation suddenly began to assault him, his lovers now able to give him a stereo blowjob.

Ruth looked over the two girls servicing him, her mind ticking over on fun things to do with them. She decided one of them, a larger girl with a fairly unimpressive chest, would do much better as a larger girl with an *extremely* impressive chest. As she watched the girl's chest expand beneath her blouse, she wondered what the girl would look like as a much larger girl, too. The girl's heavy figure began to expand and extend upwards, shifting her position in front of him to hunching over as she had to bend down to reach him with her mouth. Behind her her large but flat butt ballooned outwards, both backwards and to the sides, and her chunky thighs tightened into thick, curvaceous trunks appropriate for holding a body three times its previous weight. The girl grunted and stood up to her full new seven-foot height. Her breasts curved down and out, the bulk of their beach-ball mass around her navel, extending forward a foot and a half from her body and the same distance out each side from her waist, before joining enormous hips the same width holding titanic buttocks that bounced and jiggled with her every movement.

Ruth grinned as she dropped the entire weight of her new boobs into the man's lap, smothering even his oversized cock in gelatinous, wobbling tit-meat. Her partner stared, briefly stunned by the size of her cock-mate's chest, not noticing as the size relative to her started to increase. Ruth watched as the girl shrunk down, though only in height - her chubby curves stayed resolutely wide and even, with a hungry push from Ruth, began to expand at the same rate she contracted. She dwindled back into herself, inch by inch, every moment accompanied by a surge of expansion in her hips, her breasts, her buttocks, her thighs, until the girl was no more than three feet tall and so absurdly curvaceous that from a distance, between her fat breasts and round hips her midsection could have been almost circular. Standing, rather than kneeling, she pushed forward around the tall girl's breasts to grab her quarry's right shaft. A final addition rolled from her mouth, a three-foot long, prehensile, heavily-muscled tongue, that wrapped around the cock in a moist, sloppy strokejob.

A tall, muscular man found his pecs melting into a pair of large, firm breasts, his body smoothing and plumping, his testicles retreating up into his body replaced by a puffy slit. Ruth watched the boy with the bubble butt grinding on the new futa, the way his ample ass bounced and jiggled, and an idea took hold. His ass began to inflate with each bounce, each slosh of flesh pushing out and returning with more padding. As he grew, his skin began to shift colour, starting with what looked like a simple blush but spreading and deepening until a patch of pure pink began to spread across his body. Once it had covered his now-gigantic ass, the jiggling changed. His cheeks were firmer, but also bouncier, each shake delivering even more motion to his curves. It spread across to his erect dick, which began to expand, but also to move differently - stiffer at the base where the pink blush was creeping up. He gripped it as the wave of colour made its way to the tip, pulling it to a full twelve inches long, making clear that it no longer moved like a normal cock - its skin didn't move, and it didn't bend or bow as much. His partner ran her hands across his rump, smooth and cool, as if instead of flesh it was made of silicone rubber.

If the change bothered the now-rubber boy he didn't show it. He bounced and jiggled with even more enthusiasm in his partner's lap as the rubber spread up his body. What little hair he had disappeared into smooth pink plastic as it advanced past his stomach and his chest, his nipples forming into hard nubs, skin reshaping into perfect moulding. It advanced up, past his neck, spreading across his face. His lips plumped and the inside of his mouth reformed into a long, flexible, ribbed tunnel leading deep down into his body. The final touch was his short, swoopy hair being locked into a solid chunk of plastic, leaving his entire body a living bright-pink silicone rubber sex toy. He pushed back against the futa, grinding her cock between his rubber butt and her stomach.

"Come on, baby, I didn't get my ass turned into the world's best pocket pussy just to grind on people. Put it in me. I'm *made* to be fucked."

Ruth smiled a little at that comment. She'd certainly had fun dreaming up the exact configuration of moving ribs and nodules that lined the tunnel from his mouth to his rear, and he seemed to be proud of it. He was enough of a freak that his current state was something he'd done to himself, not a curse to which he was subject. Even the downsides of his transformation, like the fact that the twelve-inch dildo into which he'd turned his dick maintained its shape permanently and felt to him like a constant, raging erection, were either worth the upsides or something he actively enjoyed. She walked across to him and watched his eyes, white plastic with black painted pupils, fix on her hard-on, even as he continued to rub up and down the shaft behind him.

"Oh yes. Please tell me you're here to shove every inch of that beautiful thing inside me." She grinned. "Oh? Is that something you'd enjoy?"

"Lady, look at me. Do you think someone would fucktoyify themselves because they like a casual fling every so often?" His face was less capable of expression than it had been, but every inch of the glistening pink plastic communicated pure lust. "I want to be *used*. Just fucking... ream me out, dump every ounce of cum you've got inside me and throw me aside. I asked them if they could take away my ability to think but they said there were "ethics restrictions." Fucking cowards."

He leaned forward and planted a kiss at the very tip of Ruth's throbbing cock. Of course, his mouth wasn't warm, but it was wet - thanks to the lubrication he constantly leaked along the length of his internal toy. He opened his mouth wide, showing off the gently pulsing and rippling texture of his throat, then grinned at her.

"Come on, you know you want to-*guk*"

His eyes turned back up in his head as Ruth grabbed him and shoved his face unceremoniously down on her dick, spreading him apart in nearly an instant. He visibly shuddered in pleasure as she worked more of herself down inside him, slippery lube letting her slide down almost without resistance until eighteen inches of fat futanari cock speared him from his lips to the middle of his stomach. She pulled back and rammed him again, his eyes rolling in the back of his head and gurgling, choking noises issuing from the shiny entrance to his body. She knew he wasn't actually choking - he didn't breathe - but he made the noises out of encouragement. While he didn't breathe, he could cum, and soon spasms of orgasm wracked his synthetic body each time she completed a few strokes in and out. Through intent or instinct, though, he remained still enough where it counted to continue being used, and soon Ruth was gripping either side of his head and growling as load after hypersensitive load belched in heavy ropes straight down inside the toy-boy, building up under pressure and squirting from out of his gigantic, wobbling butt onto the stunned futanari who had been receiving the lap dance from him. Ruth withdrew from him once she'd recovered her senses, trailing strings of cum. His eyes blinked absent-mindedly. Cum bubbled from his mouth as he muttered "Th-thank yooo..." before dissolving into further moans as his dickgirl ride pushed herself up into him, slamming against him with an almost savage need.

Two girls locked in fervent scissoring received upgrades as well. One's less than gifted chest expanded outrageously, the pale flesh growing plump and fat and traced with faint veins, soon joined by a second pair underneath to turn her into the same sort of quad-breasted lactating cowgirl as Ginette. Her partner's ample breasts were joined by a third growing into existence between them, as well as two more arms sprouting from halfway down her torso to give her enough equipment to handle the first girl's orgasmically-sensitive chest. She advanced towards the pair with hungry eyes when she heard a *thump* from behind her. The trans girl who'd complimented her earlier had apparently had a brief turn of dizziness and fallen over, Cotton rushing in to check on her.

"Oh dear... Stayed up all night "studying" by the looks of it. She needs to go see the nurse."

Ruth raised her hand. "I'll take her, professor. I'm sure I can make up for the session later."

"Oh you certainly will, girl. But yes, if you could, that would be great."

Ruth threw the girl over one shoulder, willing her erection back down until it fit back in her tiny shorts, then stepping out of the rutting orgy and making her way through the university's halls to the on-campus clinic. At her size the woman's weight was barely noticeable, and she could drink in the gawping stares as she bounced along the corridors. She was getting comfortable with the amount of her body she was showing,

the effect she had on other people. She almost wanted to see the reaction if she let herself expand out of her bottoms again, but before she could carry the thought out she was at the clinic.

She let the jewel's power flow through her again as an idea struck her, and within moments the sound of moaning issued out from behind the clinic door. Ruth knocked on the door with a grin, prompting a frantic "j-just a minute, hol-doh, oh n-noo, ohhhhh-" before a series of thumps, moans and choking noises. There was a few moments of silence, then footsteps and the door opening a crack.

"Yes, hello?"

"Hi, uh, I have a student here who needs some medical assistance."

The door opened, allowing Ruth to walk in and place the girl on a bed. Behind her, a nurse was furtively rearranging her glossy white uniform over a body that filled every available inch of space in it, particularly her spectacular freckle-dusted chest. She made an effort to tug down the skirt that was part of the whole ensemble, but it was ludicrously short and resisted her attempts. She had masses of curly ginger hair and her pretty freckled face was only marred by deeply dark-circled eyes.

"What happened?" The nurse was twitchy, hurried, and her breathing was rapid. Ruth shrugged, watching the woman's hips jerk.

"Don't know."

The nurse shrugged. "Oh well, the cure's the same anyway." The nurse looked Ruth up and down, raising her eyebrows. "You're from Cotton's class, aren't you? Maybe you can help me out."

Before Ruth could even answer the nurse had hitched up her skirt, revealing a bobbing length of flaccid penis that sat atop a huge scrotum, tight, bulging and lumpy as though it was packed full of egg-sized orbs.

"One load of my jizz and she'll be totally fine. Don't ask me why, but my cum is a panacea for every kind of minor ailment imaginable, and an excellent pain reliever. And I have-" she winced, "lots to spare."

Ruth decided to play along. "Wow, are they all testicles?"

The nurse nodded. "Sixteen of them, last time I counted."

"That must keep you busy."

"Ugh. You have no idea. I have to cum every fifteen minutes or it starts to ache." She shuddered as a string of precum dripped from the end of her cock onto the tile. "Also I leak. All the time. Anyway. Enough about me. You want to give me a hand getting ready for a load?"

"A hand?" Ruth mimed gripping and shaking her closed fist, making the nurse snort with a laugh. "I mean, that would be fine, but this will be quickest and easiest if, well..."

Watching the woman's eyes on the shelf of her prodigious bust was all the further information Ruth needed. She knelt down at the unoccupied side of the bed, the nurse giddily leaping up and sitting with Ruth between her legs. Ruth treated her to the slow,

luxurious sight of slowly peeling up her tight top, lifting up the whole mass of her oversized breasts, then tugging one side and the other to let them fall one by one with a fleshy flop against her chest. She grabbed them, hands sinking in deeply, and began to bounce and slap them against each other, exulting in the woman's stare as they sloshed from side to side in heavy waves.

She dropped them down to smother the nurse's lap, feeling the boiling heat of the well-endowed woman's overactive ballsack pressing against the underside of her mounds. She jiggled them around again, soft skin sliding over the nurse's most sensitive parts, grinning as the girl writhed and bucked underneath her. She'd been underappreciating her breasts as a sexual force in favour of the other changes to her body, and she was enjoying drawing so much pleasure from her lover with just her mounds. She pushed them together, smothering the girl's shaft, rubbing and bouncing them in slow, deliberate motions. Up and down as a unit, then rolling the shaft back and forth, then in slow circles, all while hearing the nurse's breathing deepen and rattle until, after an unexpectedly short time, she suddenly shrieked and bucked up against Ruth's chest, shooting a fat rope of thick cum up into the air and across the stunned goddess. She shuddered and whined through each of the whole-body contractions that accompanied each surge of her orgasm, until she collapsed back with a luxuriant sigh, leaving Ruth sitting between her legs basted in her jizz. As soon as she managed to pick herself back up, her eyes went wide realising her mistake.

"Ohhh. Oh. Sorry. Um. I don't get a lot of warning. Can we... try again?"

Three more tries and a dozy, satisfied nurse later, they were finally able to give the girl her medicine and astonishingly, it did help her recover. Ruth left as the girl from her class was bending over the clinic desk in preparation for another load of revitalising cum, her breathing heavy and her skin sweating after tending to the greedy nurse's need for so long without any release herself. She briefly went to use the jewel to suppress her need, but then stopped, and looked around.

She could do whatever she wanted. She didn't have to hide anything. Privacy and shame were things the people around her either didn't have or didn't *need*, and she could take them away. It could be totally normal for someone to come around the corner and find an impossibly tall goddess jerking off her enormous cock. Or, she realised, grinning and gripping the jewel, *it could still be shocking - but in a good way*. She took a deep breath and stepped into the main university quad, extracting her erect shaft from its too-small prison and gently starting to stroke it in full view of three or four wandering students. Her command spread out from her and sank into their realities. She felt their eyes fix onto her, but there were no screams, no blushes, just... interest. Intrigue. Happy and reverential, as though they were appreciating her decision to jerk off in front of them, like sharing her body with them was a gift.

Staring, a man became bold enough to approach her, catching her eye as she pleased herself. Already slight, he slimmed down even further, except for his hips, which expanded until they strained at his jeans, then pushed even further, the fabric painstakingly making way for an outrageously round rump and curvaceous hips. His hair

cross-faded to a forest green, sprouting in waves from his head and growing fast enough to tumble down his back like it was being released from a hair tie. She stared at his newly-beautified face and outrageously curvy trunk, her hands moving faster, mouth open in hunger, before howling and loosing an immense load of spunk straight at him. He looked surprised but not unhappy as rope upon rope of her thick cum coated his face and slim chest, contentedly letting her glaze him with goopy love. The others in the quad looked on approvingly, clapping and cheering for him, then turning back to Ruth with admiration and hunger.

Ruth gripped the jewel, grinning as her cock throbbed back to hardness and the people approaching her began to transform as well. A short blond girl stretched upwards a little with each step she made towards Ruth. Her midriff emerged from underneath her shirt, her calves creeping out from under the cuffs of her jeans, her clothing tightening all over as her body expanded. Before she'd crossed half the quad she was closer to seven feet tall than six, the buttons of her blouse straining to hold breasts that swelled forward with every bounce. Ruth allowed her clothes to grow with her just at the point where her giant body threatened to burst every stitch, leaving the girl's demure blouse and sensible skirt a crop top and miniskirt that covered only the barest fraction of her as she continued to grow. She left tall behind and reached truly Amazonian, easily a foot above even Ruth's tremendous height with no sign of stopping. By the time she stood in front of Ruth, she would have been peering down from more than two feet above the top of Ruth's head - except for the fact that her gigantic breasts were blocking almost her entire view of anything directly in front of her. They were the size of beanbag chairs, held in place only by the few overstressed strips of fabric that were what remained of her blouse, a tiny crop top that just barely came down to below her nipples, meaning Ruth looked up into a vast field of wobbling underboob.

The remaining two were a couple who had strolled onto the quad holding hands, both of their gazes locking to Ruth's body. They pulled closer together as they watched her, holding each other tighter and tighter until it became apparent that they weren't just hugging, they were merging. Their bodies sunk into each other, heads sliding until they were side-by-side on the same set of shoulders. Their arms rearranged until they had two pairs on the one torso, though their legs merged entirely together leaving them with just the two. Her breasts expanded and took place on their newly shared chest, while his penis migrated to replace her clitoris in a new set of shared hybrid genitals. Their new body was curvaceous and feminine, save for nine inches of erect cock, and their four hands roamed all across it as they approached Ruth as well, two palming and squeezing their breasts while the other pair gently explored their dripping pussy and the pulsing meat extending out from above it.

The giantess walked behind Ruth, the back of her head and shoulders sinking into the massive mounds of her outsized tits, the girl's enormous hand wrapping around her cock. The conjoined couple climbed up, their pert butt gliding along the length of her shaft as well until she was sandwiched between the three. They took each of the giant girl's nipples into their mouths, using their lower two arms to squeeze and grope Ruth's breasts. The giant girl grinned and loosened her grip on Ruth's shaft, instead grabbing the conjoined couple's shared ass cheeks and squeezing them together, slowly pumping

them along the pulsing meat. It didn't take long before Ruth approached the crest of her second orgasm, but not before the giantess pushed the conjoined couple forward, letting Ruth's dick swing up between them as the sensation gripped her mind and she started to cum.

Her lovers marvelled at the gouts of spunk that shot into the air at incredible velocity, arcing back down and splattering across the three of them leading to them locking their lips together to share it with one another. Ruth couldn't even pay attention to the sight as her orgasm completely robbed her of her ability to think. When she came to, though, her conjoined lovers had left their perch and were crouched next to the green-haired femboy, who was panting in almost pained lust as his testicles expanded. The smooth sack was swelling like a water balloon on a faucet, and after only a minute or two each orb was the size of an orange. Ruth watched in interest, until she realised that she'd never tried to make this change happen. Out of shock she touched the jewel with her mind and went to make it stop... and they continued to grow. Ruth was powerless to do anything about it as they grew until a pair of honeydew melon-sized testicles hung low and deeply from his crotch. Nobody else recognised anything wrong, of course, and both halves of the newly-joined couple were indulging in the boy-toy's newly expanded assets.

Something else was happening as they played with him, though. As if in response to their inability to play with him and entertain themselves at the same time, the flesh on the side of their torso, just below their armpits, began to ripple and then stretched out, forming a second pair of slender arms that rose up to grab and squeeze their breasts. They didn't seem surprised or upset by the change, and their arms moved as though they'd been moving four arms for their entire life.

Ruth considered it a little in her post-orgasmic haze, and then went cold. Reaching out with the jewel, she found herself unable to return their arms back to how they were either. Two changes had happened to other people without her command, and she couldn't do anything to put it back, despite knowing she was somehow responsible. She turned and sprinted out of the quad, leaving her lovers blinking in confusion for a moment before returning to each other.

Ruth grappled with the horrible feeling that she knew what was happening as she walked back to her car. She needed to test it. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of a bright-pink uniform, and within moments the Mobile Sexual Release Officer, a curly-haired redhead with wide hips and a squeaky voice, was bent over a bench, accepting the full length of Ruth's penis with ease - loud, shuddering ease, but ease nonetheless. Her own rigid length throbbed and lurched with each thrust of Ruth's cock inside her, and before long was pulsing long, thick jets of cum across the bench seat as she shuddered in high-pitched orgasmic bliss. Ruth's own release followed soon after, another of her ultra-powered, mind-breaking orgasms that never became less intense or even easier to deal with, leaving her spasming in useless stupor unloading a full half a litre of spunk into the public-use fucktoy. When she regained her senses, panting and sweating, still half-inside the futanari floozy, she looked down and gasped

as she saw the girl's pale cheeks expanding before her eyes. Flesh swelled outwards in spasmodic waves until the bottom-heavy girl's already-ample rump had doubled in size.

She gripped the edges of the back of the bench, squealing in pleasure. One hand moved back and sunk into the flesh of one of her buttocks.

"P-please, spank mee! Smack my ass!"

She shook her hips from side to side, her cheeks wobbling and clapping, but Ruth was stepping back, her cock rapidly going flaccid, her breath harsh and cold in her chest. She was doing something - something she couldn't control. She turned and fled, leaving the sex officer wiggling and whining, not even going back to her car but running desperately until she burst back into the front door of her mansion and dropped to her knees, heaving with exhaustion and shaking in terror.

"Miss Schwarz?"

Ruth looked up and saw Marie advancing towards her, but from her vantage point on the floor she could only tell it was Marie because of her maid uniform. She couldn't see the girl's face past her enormous chest, even bigger than it had been that morning, projecting outwards in a shelf of tit and bouncing up and down in a weighty wave together with each *clack* of the girl's heels on the tiles.

Oh fuck. I've made her tits even bigger!

She rose up and pushed past Marie in rising panic, thudding up the stairs two at a time, wincing as her own oversexed body bounced and jiggled, burst into her bedroom and flopped down onto the bed.

I'm... this thing is contaminating people.

She turned over, looking down across her body - the body that she'd partially designed herself, but also that she'd had thrust upon her by the mercurial whims of the jewel. It wasn't that she was unhappy with it - in fact, in many ways it was more what she wanted than she'd been willing to admit to herself. Bigger, taller, sexier, more commanding, enormous breasts and the powerful erection rising out of the bottom of her too-small shorts...

She bit her lip, waving away the scant white denim and wrapping a hand around the base of her dick. She could keep it to herself. Just let the jewel change her, stop it from reaching anybody else. Stay here in this room and mould and play with herself forever. Watching her giant dick rise to hardness over the vast swell of her breasts was making that an attractive prospect. She started to pump, her left hand rising up to sink into the soft flesh of her chest, closing her eyes and letting herself fall into the exquisite pleasure of her jewel-born body.

Feeling the tension and anxiety wash away with her new decision was so good that she didn't even change herself, merely closing her eyes and stroking. Her reverie was only broken when she heard a throaty moan from between her legs and bolted upright to see Marie staring lustily at her over her newly-expanded sea of cleavage.

"Mmm, oh, yes please, *madame*. I am so 'ungry..."

Panic gripped Ruth's mind but it was too late - she was already so close, feeling the first tingles of her impending orgasm, and watching Marie's gigantic breasts bobble underneath her soft face with its thick, glistening lips was pushing her over the edge even with her arm flung desperately to the side. The pleasure gripped her mind and with horrid resignation, she shrieked and shuddered as she started to cum.

By the time she was conscious again, she opened her eyes to Marie, every visible inch covered in streaks of thick jizz, happily scooping it off her cleavage and licking it from her hands. Ruth panted, staring, waiting for the moment when Marie changed again, but by the time her buxom maid managed to diligently clean every drop into her mouth, nothing had changed. Marie saw Ruth staring, curled the corner of her mouth into a smile, and reached down to heave one of those mouth-watering breasts out of her uniform.

"Do you 'ave anuzzer meal for me, *madame*?"

Two more meals for the semen-addicted maid later, Ruth leaned back at her dining table with the sounds of kitchen work filtering behind her. Whatever strange effect had occurred from earlier seemed to have worn off - Marie didn't change a bit from her current state. If anything, she seemed even happier with her body now than she was before - she was taking every possible opportunity to tease Ruth with her new breasts as she cleaned, and Ruth now sat at the dinner table uncomfortably erect.

A door at the back of the room opened and Ginette walked out holding a silver tray. Her new job appeared to be suiting her mood well. She smiled, with a bounce in her step, though a small enough one to not send her weighty chest too out of control. She wore a chef's jacket with a large cowprint apron.

"Dinner's served, boss."

"Gin, you don't have to keep wearing cowprint for me, you know."

A small blush coloured her mocha cheeks. "It's not for you. I- I like it. The whole cowgirl thing is hot. Makes me feel like less of a freak. I don't really want to wear it outside, but if I can't wear it here, where can I? Although," she stopped, putting down the tray and gazing at Ruth's throbbing shaft, "it doesn't hurt that it does *that* to you. I like you enjoying the view of your sexy cowslut."

Ruth let out a little groan of delight while Ginette laid out the food, as well as a large jug dripping with condensation. "Now, I've kept a bunch of milk in the fridge for you, but I was thinking about it, and I thought you might want the choice of having it... on tap, as well."

She winked, pulling aside her chef's jacket and letting a heavy, pendulous breast flop out onto Ruth's shoulder. Ruth enjoyed the contrast between Marie's and Ginette's breasts- Marie's were high and firm, keeping far more of their shape than anything of that size deserved, while Ginette's hard-working matronly mounds held a sag and hang that created an absolutely delicious teardrop shape that only became more pronounced when they were full. Also, there was twice as much of them, so there was a tremendous sense of value. Ginette's nipples were also huge, thick, pebbly and hard-working,

surrounded by massive dark-brown areolas that carried their own lactational topography. Marie certainly had large nipples but they were dwarfed in comparison to the inch-and-a-half wide, two-inch long knobs that graced Ginette's endowments. The one next to Ruth's face was dripping a steady stream of milk.

"I haven't pumped in a while. Please tell me you're thirsty."

That was how Ruth found herself sucking greedily from Ginette while the quad-breasted mutant shuddered and moaned, gripped in a lactation orgasm that ebbed and surged with each squirt of cream, stroking herself as she filled her stomach with breastmilk. The rest of Ginette's breasts pressed against her head and shoulders, squishing and filling space against each other delightfully, leaking rivulets of milk across her body. She let herself sink into a trembling sea of cowgirl titflesh and lavishly wrapped her hand around her cock. Ginette's hands kept moving towards it but would fall short between trying to navigate around her mounds and the periodic spasms of orgasmic pleasure that Ruth's nursing provided her. Halfway through switching to a second teat, Ruth's own orgasm surged, the nipple dropping from her mouth as the wave of paralysing pleasure crashed through her body, and by the time she began to stir from her post-cum coma Ginette was already heaving her breasts back into her jacket, wiping them off with a teatowel. Ruth smiled dozily until she felt her heart skip a beat.

Flesh was bulging against the jacket, even moreso than it had been before. As she buttoned up they visibly swelled up, the fabric pulling to drum tightness until it sat several inches further out than it had previously. Ginette turned to Ruth with wry smile, a tiny pair of pointed horns poking out from her curly hair.

"Well, I guess I can't rely on one person to keep these things completely drained, huh? Ten gallons a day is a bit much for even the thirstiest pervert."

Fuck, fuck, fuck, it's happening again?! What the fuck? I thought it stopped, I thought it stopped...

She turned and padded back into the kitchen, a small fur-tipped tail swishing above her buttocks. Ruth sat for a moment and leapt up from the seat, bounding out with long strides into the main hall and up the stairs to the bedrooms, where she found Marie fluffing the pillows on a guest bed. Marie turned with a surprised smile.

"Madame? What is the matter?"

Ruth looked her up and down. Aside from her expanded breasts, she couldn't see any other changes about her maid. She took in the maid's overripe body for a moment, then decided to take a risk.

"Marie, I was wondering if you felt like giving me a tittyfuck?"

After unloading a pint and a half of jizz across her maid's face and chest, Ruth was able to watch the girl enthusiastically clean herself off without transforming any further. Ruth sat in a lounge chair in the guest bedroom, thinking deeply and mulling over what was happening.

Marie changed earlier in the morning, and hasn't since. Ginette changed tonight. Those people in the quad changed right then. Marie was between them and Ginette but didn't change... She'd already changed. Maybe it can't happen twice...

She briefly considered testing Ginette, but if she was wrong she didn't want her cowgirl chef to change any further. She lifted herself out of the seat and ran outside, sliding into her roadster and tearing off back towards the campus, willing the jewel to allow her to run into one of the bystanders she'd transformed earlier.

Fate rearranged to put the green-haired feminine man with the enormous round butt and gigantic testicles near the campus parking lot, sitting on a public bench being gently stroked by a pink-uniformed orgasm patrol officer. Thick, turbid pre-cum poured from the end of his twitching eight-inch penis, each stroke of the free-use futanari's delicate long-nailed hand prompting a huge glob of the stuff to belch from his too-small dickslit into a viscous puddle on the sidewalk in front of him. Strings of gooey fluid stretched all the way down from his shaft and across his scrotum to the ground. Ruth knelt down next to the pair, pushing the MSRP officer's hand away and replacing it with her own, grinning at the sight of her comparatively giant hand from her immense size enveloping the femboy's glistening dick.

His eyes fluttered at the change of sensation, then went wide as he realised he was looking down at Ruth's Amazonian body, and within seconds he began to shake and shudder and then cum - an affair that involved several minutes of shrieking and firing high-velocity ropes of cum that went several feet away from his body. Ruth stood up, positioning her own now-erect cock at his plump lips, and before he'd quite recovered his composure pushed it straight down his throat.

Despite having just come, his choke of surprise came with a fat glob of precum from his shrinking cock, and he sank helplessly into Ruth stretching his throat while twitching and pumping out even more pre across his crotch and onto the ground. His throat was wet and tight around her oversized shaft but he was eager to be of use, and with a hand on either side of his head, Ruth slid herself in and out of his feminine mouth until she was dumping her own oversized load of spunk directly into his belly. His abdomen swelled with fluid at the same time as he fired off another of his own extended orgasms into the air between Ruth's legs, barely denting the pressure in his ultra-productive nuts.

She pulled out of his mouth, hissing with sensitivity, trailing spit and leftover spunk, and watched the reamed-out femboy for a few minutes. Her heart fluttered to a steady calm as she realised he remained unchanged. Watching his pretty, cum-streaked face as she took in the information, relieving her panic allowed her mind to move onto happier thoughts, like the things she wanted to do to this hot little femboy. She slid her hand down his smooth back and gripped one of his globular butt cheeks, her fingers sinking into overflowing, lewd flesh, watching his plump feminine lips drop open in surprise. His cock disgorged a sympathetic glob of precum.

"So. What's your name, cutie?"

"L-Lyra."

Ooh, that's pretty. I'm Ruth. Do you have somewhere we could go and get to know each other a little better?"

Lyra nodded, and retrieved his clothes from beside the bench. A tank top sat loosely on his slim chest. A pair of tiny shorts might have been able to just been able to cover his rump had it not been for having to accommodate the obscene double-honeydew bulge of his testicles, but after stretching to fit them the rest disappeared between his cheeks. Ruth's eyes welded to the sight of his hips swaying from side to side in an exaggerated feminine gait. The entire mass of both his cheeks and his scrotum bounced and bobbed with each step as she followed him back through the campus to the dorms, where he paused in front of his door. "My, uh, room-mate isn't here but they could turn up any time-"

"Cool. They can join in if they get back." Ruth casually slapped his barely-covered butt, making him jump and yelp. He unlocked the door, slipped out of his overtaxed shorts, then turned around and pushed his body against Ruth's, pressing his upper torso against the erect line of her cock, whimpering as the pressure in his balls combined with the feeling of Ruth's body to disgorge a massive gob of precum into his shorts. Ruth grabbed him by the butt, lifting him up against her, pulling up to the point where she could shove her tongue into his mouth. She walked him over to the bed, wiggling him into position at the tip of her dick, then plunged him down on her length.

Lyra squealed as a hard and fast orgasm wrung itself out of him, the immense pressure in his bouncing testicles forcing it up and across Ruth's face and body in a huge, thick spray. Ruth groaned, pushing up into him, her gigantic length stretching him apart each time his ass cheeks bottomed out against her. His oversized ball sack heaved up and down with each bounce, slapping heavily against Ruth's thighs. Precum sprayed up with each motion, flicking in thick beads as his cock swung up and down.

"Oh g-god, miss, you're so big, you're- uugh, so fucking big!"

"Don't stop, you fat-assed little slut, I'm... Oh fuck, I'm-"

Ruth shrieked and lost control of herself again, whiting out in one of her brain-wrenching orgasms. Lyra gasped and gurgled as fresh cum filled his insides, the sensation forcing its way into his brain and forcing out another, sympathetic orgasm from him soon after. He recovered faster than Ruth and took over the bouncing, forcing himself up and down on Ruth as she continued to shoot inside him, drawing out her orgasm beyond even its hyperaccelerated heights. Between the pair of them buckets of thick spunk were dripping down onto the floor, the mixed product of Ruth's unnaturally-extended climaxes and the overproductive balls she'd saddled the feminine little man with. Still, Ruth hadn't gone soft yet, and he was in no mood to stop being fucked.

He did, however, accidentally fall off Ruth's dick in the middle of a brain-melting orgasmic haze, right as she was approaching another orgasm. It was that point in time when the door of the dorm clicked and opened, a large, bearded person sidling in. Ruth tried to point her cock somewhere else, but was unsuccessful, groaning and firing off a minute and a half of her thick, high-powered cumshots directly over the stunned roommate, too dazed to do anything but let himself be coated in spunk.

"Wh-what the fuck?! How did this... What the *fuck*?!"

They looked down across their clothes, now practically glazed in Ruth's semen, and across the puddles of the stuff coating the floor of their dorm, in which Lyra was face-down and gurgling happily. As they looked, though, they began to change, their figure practically melted in their clothes, their bulk disappearing away, leaving them lithe and slim.

Their scowl turned into a wry smile, shrugging their now-overlarge clothes off, revealing the sweeping lines of their new body. Their skin grew more pale, their lips and nipples growing and darkening to a jet black to match the eyeliner they'd applied, now spreading to cover the entirety of the surroundings of their eyes and out into sharp wings. Their boxer shorts fell off their narrow hips, revealing their penis receding back between their legs, leaving a glistening pale pussy and a dark black clitoris. Their nails lengthened and darkened as well, along with the irises of their eyes. They shed their hair, replacing it on their head with grey tendrils which extended down to reach the line of their chest, before twitching and then flicking to prehensile life. Above their taut butt, two bumps formed and extended out into long tubes of grey flesh, curling out from behind them to the side, the ends forming into black phallic shapes covered by rubbery grey foreskin. They licked pointed teeth with a black tongue.

"You know I hate you getting jizz on the floor, Lyra. It gets cold - it's so much nicer fresh and warm." Their tail-tentacles lashed, their head tendrils slithering across each other. "I'd say you'd better have some more ready for me, but you always do, don't you, you slut?"

Their tongue extended even further from their mouth, licking up their cheeks where Ruth's cum had hit them and slurping it into their mouth with relish. "Mmm. I've seen you around the campus and wondered what you tasted like. You don't disappoint, you're *delicious*."

They stepped forward and one of their tails lashed out from behind them, wrapping twice around Ruth's shaft and positioning the tip right at the top of her cock. The pale, greyish skin slowly peeled back, revealing the fat, jet black, phallic head of the tentacle. The tip came into direct contact, and pushing down, expanded until Ruth's glans was pulled directly into it. Ruth's mouth dropped in both surprise and the sudden rush of sensation as the roommate's tentacle slithered inch by inch down the length of her penis in pulsating waves, bulging to fit her girth, until the writhing lips at its tip kissed her crotch.

The tentacle began to flex in a peristaltic motion, first squeezing in in waves that rolled from their back to the base of Ruth's cock, then back up, then in both directions. The tentacle began to twist in parts, creating zones of twist and counter-twist along its length, stimulating Ruth's shaft from all directions. The inside was not smooth - it was bumpy, and the bumps were rippling and writhing in their own motion that didn't necessarily match that of the outside flesh. The total effect was like that of the world's best masturbation toy, and Ruth's body reacted to it with total enthusiasm.

As Ruth wiggled her butt on the bed, chest rising and falling as her breath quickened, the roommate's other tentacle slithered down to the huge cum puddle around Lyra and,

dipping its tip in, began to slurp up gobs of the goo. They shuddered lasciviously, a deep and indulgent moan rolling from their throat.

"Oh yes, I can taste you in there. You're so different to Lyra. Stronger. And there's something... Alien. Something I've never tasted before. I want *more*."

They squeezed the tentacle that was wrapped around Ruth's cock, then pulled it off slowly, the jet-black end coming away with a *pop* and a string of clear precum, appearing to smack its lips as it withdrew into its sheath. They stepped forward and sank down to one knee, slowly, keeping their eyes locked with Ruth's as they gently kissed the moist tip of her dick.

"These tastebuds are more sensitive, and I get to do *this*." Their pointed teeth retracted into their mouth, leaving smooth, soft black gums, and their head tendrils thrashed to life and started to curl around the shaft in front of them. They suckled the tip into their mouth, thick black tongue sliding down the underside, their tendrils pressing in against and around it and slipping down until a couple began to probe underneath Ruth's balls, at the entrance to her vagina, while a slim hand rose up to cup and caress one of her testicles.

"Oooh, fuck, what are you- ah!" Ruth squealed as one of the roommate's tendrils snaked up her stomach and pressed into her breast, slowly wrapping around it and lifting it until moving around to the front and latching onto her nipple. Ruth slipped her hand around the back of their head, and they responded with a purr and slipped their head further down onto Ruth's shaft.

The inside of their mouth wasn't just wet, it was in a strange way vaguely *slimy*, as though it wasn't just filled with spit but with some sort of lubricant. Despite its girth, Ruth's dick slid right down their throat without a hint of resistance, although they stopped halfway down and let their head tendrils begin to tug and stroke, jerking Ruth off at the same time as sucking her and probing deep inside her pussy.

Ruth moaned and squealed, stroking the back of her lover's head, hips rolling against them as they worked diligently to get her off, and in no time at all she felt the stirrings of orgasm rolling their way up the underside of her cock, her breath catching as she tried to warn them, short staccato gasping half-words that only served to stir them on further until she grabbed either side of their head and began to twitch.

They immediately pulled up Ruth's dick until the tip sat in their mouth, waiting for it to twitch and pump the first thick load of delicious sperm into their mouth. They let it fill them, leaving it to savour the taste for a moment, then gulping it down in a well-practiced motion just in time for the next mighty heave of Ruth's pole and her second volley.

Ruth fell back on the bed, screaming in pure sensation as her shaft and slit were expertly pressed and teased by the roommate's skilled tentacles, somehow drawing her out to an even more powerful orgasm than her brain-melting normal, leaving her utterly comatose by the time she'd managed to squeeze out nearly twenty full ropes of spunk.

By the time she came to, the roommate's slim, pale butt was on her lap, Ruth's entire length swallowed up in their pussy, taking a special glee in slamming it up and down, rolling their hips and midriff with each stroke. While they took pleasure in Ruth's reactions they didn't seem to be taking any actual sensation from the act, able to fully concentrate on what they were doing.

They moved forward, the tentacles above their ass lashing forward to grab Lyra, who was pulling up unsteadily from the floor, pulling him towards them cock-first until his pole slipped into their throat. They used one tentacle to start planting sucking kisses across the expanse of his oversized testicles, and the other, wrapped around his waist to keep him locked in place, curled underneath and inserted itself between his globular ass cheeks, drawing out a moaning squeal from the femboy's delicate throat.

They flexed and wiggled backwards, swallowing Ruth's entire length between their legs on each stroke, then bouncing forward to press their lips against Lyra's pubic mound, tasting the rivers of prespunk that oozed out of both of their lovers at both ends of their body. They pushed their tentacle further into Lyra, making him squeal and disgorge another huge load of precum down their throat. His hands ran through his masses of forest-green locks for want of something to do as the pleasure flooded his body.

They replaced the tentacle stimulating Lyra's balls with their hands, cupping and lifting the gently gurgling mounds, and whipped that tentacle back around behind them, creeping it under Ruth's scrotum and sliding into her snatch. Her muscles squeezed and fluttered around it, desperately grasping at the slick, flexible intruder, her cock lurching and straining against its dripping confinement in sympathy.

Despite the additional focus they gave to Ruth, Lyra came again first, unable to hold back the pressure any longer and beginning to unload straight down his roommate's throat, who expertly began to gulp, massaging Lyra's cock as they did, prompting even bigger loads of sperm from the trembling boy with each lurch of his shaft. He was still shooting off when Ruth felt her own climax building, the empty, yawning feeling running down the underside of her shaft, and grabbed her lover's slim rump and slammed in to the very hilt before the pleasure gripped and squeezed her mind and immediately separated her body from her conscious control. Her freakish lover moaned, rolling their hips from side to side, squealing in crescendos that peaked with each enormous burst of Ruth's spunk.

They extracted themselves from the tangle of flesh around the bed, sitting back against the wall in calm contentment, watching Ruth as she gradually regained the ability to move and speak. They were gently licking up one of their arms like a cat for stray drops of cum when Ruth groaned and sat back up.

"Loving the taste, darling. It's a shame the output's a little low."

"A... little low?" Ruth looked around at the devastation of the small dorm room. The roommate nodded.

"You're *delicious*, but I live off this stuff. I'm used to meals so big I can't fit back into my pants. You're more of a dessert."

Ruth's brow wrinkled for a minute as she regarded the person, who was grinning cheekily. "You want a big meal, do you?"

They slid down the wall a little bit, their tentacles gently undulating, still staring into Ruth's eyes. "Oh yes. I'm still hungry. It's a shame you can't give me what I need."

Ruth felt her hackles rise. "Oh, I can give it, but you might regret it."

"Ooh, aren't we confident? Okay, show me, I could deal with another slice of cake."

Ruth knew immediately it was a bad idea, but she got up and stepped forward, her indignation flowing into the jewel. She immediately felt its power build between her legs, concentrating in her testicles, where it surged for a few moments and then they began to swell. Ruth grimaced and groaned as the heat surged in waves, each one bringing an accompanying aching tightness and then a brief burst of growth. Her already-oversized orbs bloated inch by aching inch, audibly rumbling and groaning as Ruth's body began to process untold amounts of fluid. Ruth looked up with a struggled but triumphant smile, precum beginning to leak from the tip of her cock, and her balls continued to grow.

The cum-vore roommate's expression didn't change at first, given that to them, every single burst of Ruth's growth was how she'd been since they'd met. Eventually, though, as Ruth got ever bigger, their face contorted into mild confusion, then significant confusion. Their cocky teasing suddenly felt misplaced, unprompted. Their memories of what had just happened were in conflict with the rivers of boiling spunk that they could practically smell churning in front of them.

Ruth continued to grow, unsure at this point where the jewel's power was going to stop. Her testicles were each bigger than basketballs and showing no sign of stopping. Rivulets of clear slime belched from the end of her dick each time it throbbed, dripping down to the floor in a slow trail. She gently grabbed her dick and pumped once, shuddering as she disgorged an extra-large glob of pre and her balls tightened and swelled forward again. Her scrotum grew to ensure her new endowments had plenty of space, thick and loose around the enormous mounds, allowing them to hang low from her crotch.

They advanced further, swelling out and creeping down, the wrinkled extent of her sack level with her knees, Ruth panting and sweating as the waves of tightness continued without abating. After what felt like hours, but in reality was less than a few minutes, the rate finally seemed to be slowing down, but not before each hot, churning, drum-tight orb was bigger than a beach ball, resting comfortably on the ground in its loose, billowy skin, gurgling loudly. Precum poured in unceasing waves from Ruth's cock, interspersed periodically with even bigger globs that made her shake and yelp each time, belching ounces of fluid that dripped and rolled from the glistening head of her dick. The roommate's breathing was shallow, catching slightly, their mouth hanging open in shock, before they almost unthinkingly dove forward and took Ruth's slick cock halfway down their throat in a single motion.

Resting fully on the upper curve of Ruth's testicles, they shuffled forward, desperately cramming more and more of her meat in their mouth, arms sinking into the spongy

flesh as they held themselves up. Their back tentacles lashed out and wrapped around Ruth's waist, giving them more leverage to pull and get the last few inches of Ruth down their mouth, their internal lubrication mixing with the thick layer of prespunk coating her shaft to ensure it moved down without even a hint of resistance. Ruth squealed at the sudden assault of pleasure, and then began babbling as their lover's throat started to pulse and ripple around her. Their head tentacles crept down and around again, gently brushing against the skin of Ruth's scrotum and up her stomach, their eyes crossing and then closing in pure satisfaction. Even just the flavour of Ruth's new precum was stronger than anything they'd ever had in their life.

Ruth grunted, trying to get on top of the sensations, then slid her hand behind the person's head, interlocking her fingers with their tendrils which slid and rippled between them as their mouth worked its magic. Ruth could already feel the orgasmic sensation building inside her, compounded by the immense pressure that gallons and gallons of cum were placing on her body. Her lover felt the flow of precum abate a bit as Ruth's muscles began to tighten in preparation for what was coming. Ruth thought she was close, but each time she thought she was about to cross the line, it somehow built even further.

"I... ugh... t-this was... a mistake... I'm-I'm gonna, I-I-I-c-caaaan't, I'm-FUCK"

Ruth screamed. The final wave of tightening muscles went on for even longer, so long that it began to hurt, before finally, blessedly, the floodgates opened. Had her lover not been anchored to her body by their tentacles, they likely would have been blasted straight off Ruth's shaft by the sheer force of her first cumshot. The thick gunk blasted out of Ruth at the velocity of a fire hose, stretching out the roommate's throat and then their entire body, their midsection immediately bloating out with the sheer volume of spunk being pumped into them. Ruth screamed again, even louder, shooting off a second load that was even bigger and stronger. This time, her lover's eyes didn't close, they snapped wide open as they choked and attempted to gain some sort of control over the flood of goo surging into their body, and failed.

Ruth continued to shriek and scream as her body unloaded every last ounce of the load she'd accidentally given herself, her muscles locking and spasming as hyper-accelerated pleasure carpet-bombed her brain and her helpless lover could do nothing but choke and swell, their stomach already half as big as one of Ruth's balls. Just like their growth, Ruth's balls took their time to unload, but even longer than their growth had taken. Ruth spent the next full hour alternately shrieking, sobbing and howling as the enormous pent-up orgasm her fury had supplied her with painstakingly forced itself out of her body. She passed out somewhere inbetween the twenty-fifth and thirtieth minute of orgasm, still cumming uncontrollably.

Ruth groaned. Her mouth was bone-dry, her head was pounding and every muscle in her body ached. Parts of her body that she shouldn't even have been able to feel were aching. She groped for the jewel in soporific stupor and concentrated as hard as she could, willing away the pain and the discomfort, letting herself recover enough to turn over in the bed and take stock of the morning.

While she'd removed some of the pain, her breasts were still aching, feeling heavy and tight. She groaned and looked down at herself, then pulled back against the head of the bed as she realised her skin was purple.

Not just purple in the way some people could become when they were cold. Purple like an eggplant. The entire expanse of her breast was the same deep purple, and the huge, thick caps of her nipples she could see over the curve were a bright magenta. She lifted her hand, the same purple colour, and gently squeezed her right breast. The feel of her skin was the same - softer, if anything, but the touch also brought a thrill of sensation and a squirt of warm, white liquid. She rolled forward and felt her breasts squish against her thighs, far lower than she expected, and with a questing hand found another pair of equally-large, equally-lactating mounds sitting below her original two.

Pressing them against herself brought another four squirts of milk and a surge of orgasmic sensation, making her yelp, and stirring life into her dick. She also felt a tug on her head, and realised that thick waves of pure-white hair were cascading down underneath her, trapped against the bed by her enormous butt. She shuffled from side to side to try to release it, and while she was able to free a large number of nine-foot strands of hair, she also accidentally slapped and bobbed her quad-stacked boobs against each other, leaving her panting and her penis rapidly approaching full erection, twitching and pulsing. She unthinkingly pulled her hands close to steady their motion and hissed with sensation as more milk squirted through her fingers.

Oh-okay, um. Let's see. You're purple now. You've got two extra tits and they're full of milk, and it feels really good when it comes out. In fact, they're absolutely crazy sensitive. You also really desperately want to jerk off right now.

She looked around for someone who may have been willing to lend her a hand, or a hole, and all she could hear was the hiss of the shower adjoining the dorm. Otherwise, the room was empty except for her. She shuffled back against the headboard, tits bouncing, squirting and sparking sensation straight into the centre of her brain, and let them droop to the sides of her torso to watch her cock rise up between them. It, too, was purple, with an acid magenta glans that was already beginning to leak strands of precum. It still worked perfectly, though, and if anything one hand stroking it and the other hand expressing sloppy streams of cream from one of her giant breasts was pleasure of an even greater height than normal - or at least what passed for normal for her over the last few days. Her fuchsia lips went slack, dick straining against both her muscles and her hand, her other hand groping even more fiercely at the jiggling flesh overwhelming her chest. She heard the shower shut off just as she felt herself approaching the crest of her orgasm, and the door click as she squealed, began to buck and shudder, and came hard.

While her orgasm wasn't as powerful as it had been with her hyper-sized testicles, it was stronger than it had been with her previous morning's body, particularly as it was accompanied by all four of her enormous breasts tightening and spraying high-powered streams of her thick milk across the bed. By the time her body was done with its spasms of pleasure, huge puddles of spunk and cream sat cooling on the floor, the bed,

splattered across the walls and even a few dripping stalactites of it from the ceiling fixtures.

Lyra stepped out of the shower, a towel barely managing to wrap around his massive hips, and cast his eyes across the damage, licking his lips. "Wow. I see why they say you're some kind of goddess."

Ruth panted, still dripping, staring across at the feminine man as he removed his towel and revealed his outsized endowments. Ruth felt a surge of power as he did, and watched in horror as his testicles began to expand. He was totally clean, without a single trace of any of her fluids on him, but nevertheless the jewel's power was flowing into him and changing him. He fluffed the towel through his hair, giving Ruth full view as his balls grew out and down, finishing up at twice their already-absurd size. Clear fluid began to ooze from the end of his flaccid penis, rolling down the new curve of his scrotum, forming a stream fed by intermittent gouts of the stuff. He popped his head out from the towel, following Ruth's eyes, and pursed his lips.

"Yeah, uh, I don't stay clean for long. Th-that's okay, right? You look upset."

"What?" Ruth was taken aback by her own voice. It was both deeper and more musical, carrying a bizarre mix of overtones and undertones. "Oh, no, darling, no, you're fine. I just... I think I need to go do something."

His concern turned into a bratty pout. "Aww. Okay. I'll still be here if you ever want me. Any time."

Ruth rolled off the bed, wincing at the ongoing sensitivity of her bouncing breasts, and began trying to locate her clothes. She thought she'd gotten used to how her jugs shook and slapped against each other, but adding another pair made it exponentially worse, multiplying even the slightest movement into titty pinball with the additional problem of periodic discharges of lactate when they did, with the associated sparks of pleasure like little mini-orgasms.

"Uh. Mmph. Lyra, where-whoo, where are my clothes?"

"You brought clothes? You *wear* clothes?"

"I-" she stopped, and reconsidered. Of course she didn't. She probably had absolutely no need for modesty in this universe. She stood back up, taking deep breaths as her breasts stopped bouncing. "No, sorry, I wasn't thinking. Um. Okay. I guess I'll be going then."

She stepped outside into the open air, taking a deep breath and moving off towards her house, attempting to shut the insistent bouncing of her new breasts out of her mind, ignoring the small splashes of milk she was leaving on the cobblestone path. This was not a body built for mobility. This wasn't a body built for anything but sex. Also, while she might have been trying to ignore the sensations, her genitals absolutely weren't, and within a few minutes of walking she was steel-hard, her cock extending to its full foot-and-a-half length and bobbing and bouncing up and down and side-to-side in front of her. Every eye around her was on her, every face an expression of absolute worship and desire. She left trails of stares as she made her way back home, eventually

leading a piper procession of stunned bystanders who couldn't bear to let her out of their sight.

Ruth noted that among dozens of "ordinary" people there were a decent number of people with a variety of the bizarre sexual mutations she'd begun inflicting on humanity a few days ago. Some were reasonably subtle - merely excessively huge breasts, or a visible bulge in someone's pants, but some were far more pronounced. Whether it had happened before, or as a result of that morning's transformation, she wasn't sure, but the changes she'd woven into her class from yesterday had expanded their way out at least into the population of the campus - along with a noticeable number of Mobile Sexual Release Officers at work.

It did not take her as long as she'd expected to see her house. It looked as though it had partially merged with the university campus, as well as being much bigger. There was no reasonable way that she still should have been able to recognise it as her house, or even call it a *house*, but the knowledge settled comfortably into her mind. It had taken on parts of the university's architecture, although it didn't have the constant stream of visitors that the other half of the campus seemed to. It did, however, have a number of people outside in a public square taking pictures.

They turned as she approached, a sudden susurrus of recognition popping up from the crowd, accompanied by flashes and the snap of smartphone cameras. Discomfort flared for a moment, vestigial traces of self-consciousness over her public nudity, until she realised she wasn't a sideshow, she was a spectacle. She reared back, thrusting out her chest and pointing one foot forward, taking a deep breath that caused her chest, glistening with trails of lactation, to rise up and bounce enticingly for her adoring public. The anxiety receding, she drank in the gasps and various noises of appreciation, letting them feed into the pulses of sensation being delivered from every part of her new body.

Looking around she saw it wasn't just a crowd. There were stalls. Merchandise - particularly adult examples of it, in a number of shades of purple and white like her skin and hair. These people weren't just here for the university. They were here for *her*. Fascinated by her body, her sexuality. The effect she'd built into her presence yesterday, the shocked reverence for her, was still around, and if anything stronger. Strong enough to make her house into some sort of tourist attraction. A magenta lip curled into a smile as her discomfort died away completely and left, in its place, a powerful urge to show off. *If they're here for a show*, she thought, gently beginning to wrap one hand around her desperately pulsing penis, *let's give them a show*.

A hush fell over the crowd as her moan rolled across them. Her fingers danced up and down the length of her pole, strong enough to tug the pliant skin but delicate enough to move quickly and smoothly. Her eyes passed across the faces around her, staring in rapt silence as she indulgently stroked herself. She soon added a second hand to cope with her body's demands to stroke harder, faster, bring herself closer to orgasm, fluids dripping from each of her four bouncing, heaving breasts and from the fat pulsing head of her cock. Her breathing caught on itself, each one coming more desperately and

making her chest heave even more, sending her mounds colliding even harder off each other, adding the fleshy slap to the cacophony echoing through the square.

She could see the effect she was having on them, not just the stunned adoration, but growing signs of intense arousal. She could see the flush in people's cheeks, beading sweat, hooded eyes, heaving bosoms, tight trousers and wiggling hips. She watched hands wandering, not just across their own bodies, but over to others, slipping across the breasts of the person next to them, coming to rest on the crotch of the person behind them. People pulled each other into tentative embraces, small, sensual kisses, then full-on frenzied makeouts, all still ensuring to keep at least one eye on Ruth. Before long the whole square had devolved into a gigantic orgy, piles of writhing flesh all attempting to sate each other's needs, normal and transformed alike. People seemed heedless of the exact nature of their partners, simply grabbing whoever was closest to them at the time their urges overpowered them, adding more as it seemed convenient or pleasurable. Faced with the erotic buffet in front of her, Ruth felt her pleasure mount, then surge, then shrieked an almost otherworldly shriek as she began to blast gouts of cum all over the entire area in front of her. She fell backwards, her ass leaving a crack in the concrete, as her cock lurched out of control. Her breasts joined in the action as well, spraying torrents of milk in every possible direction.

She laid back and let her body spend itself, then sat panting and heaving as her brain slowly rebooted. As she came to, she realised that a small figure was standing above her, a hand on its hip. Her eyes swam back into focus and she realised it was Cotton, holding a clipboard, with an amused expression on her tiny face. She wore the world's most pornographic labcoat, and nothing else *but* the labcoat. It just managed to button across her breasts and went down to just below her vulva, showing off massive amounts of cleavage and her smooth, thick legs. The only other clothes on her body were a pair of black heels.

"Sorry to break up your fun, Ruth, but it's time for work."

"W-work?" She stuttered her reply but Cotton had already turned on her heel and walked off, leading to Ruth pulling herself up and stumbling after the diminutive professor, past still-fucking piles of people covered in streaks of her fluids.

"I know your brain recovers faster than that, Ruth. We've tested it, remember? We're testing everything about you and these bizarre phenomena that seem to follow you. You can't spend your whole day fucking tourists."

They went inside the university section of the dual complex, through familiar but strangely alien hallways, until they reached what Ruth dimly recognised as Cotton's classroom, only the door now was a set of large steel double doors with magnetic locks. Cotton passed a fob over a panel next to them and they swung open with a hydraulic hiss, allowing the pair to move through into a room the same dimensions as the gymnasium as yesterday, but with the pads and cushions augmented with monitors and medical equipment. It was empty, though, and Cotton turned around with an impish grin. She unbuttoned the couple of buttons heroically holding back her chest, releasing up a tidal wave of flesh that surged forward and to the sides of her torso. Ruth stared

open-mouthed as her professor-cum-researcher's breasts sloshed into position, the tiny girl giggling at the response.

"You never get tired of that, do you? Okay, darling, time for *work*."

Cotton strode forward, gently pushing Ruth back and down against a plush pile of cushions. She sat her huge rump down in Ruth's lap, Ruth's cock standing solidly up between her thick thighs. Cotton wrapped both of her hands around it, cocking her head to the side to stare up at Ruth's eyes.

"You're so *big*. This thing comes up past my fucking ribcage, I can't get over it, no matter how many times I see it!"

She demonstrated this fact for a moment, pulling it back against her body and comparing its length to that of her, admittedly short, torso. She rubbed it against herself a little bit, then pulled it even harder, letting the plush flesh of her pelvis and stomach squish against it before she wiggled. The wiggling pulled the skin of Ruth's cock from side to side, making it lurch against Cotton's hands, leaving her struggling to keep it held in place.

"Mmm, down, girl. Don't get too excited, we've got fun things planned for you! I'm thinking maybe... Some titties?"

Cotton let the shaft go and gathered up her breasts in her hands, to the extent she could given the way they attempted to slide out of her grip, and pressed them together against Ruth's cock. They sloshed up and down against each other in wobbling waves, lubricated by the gouts of fluid Ruth produced with every lurch of her penis, a warm, wet, pillowy-soft tunnel of pure pleasure wielded by one of the world's top authorities on sex. Ruth thumped the cushions next to her as her other hand ran its way through her perfect white hair, trying to find something to cling to as her brain floated away on pure sensation. Cotton manipulated her oversized chest with incredible skill, sliding and rubbing and squeezing in exactly the right spots to drive Ruth further and further down the path towards her orgasm at rapid speed.

Her moans began to crescendo, the bizarre overtones harmonising with each other until it sounded like a chorus of voices were all joining together in peals of delight. Cotton maintained her focus, although the flush in her cheeks and the fixated gaze in her eyes betrayed far more than just a casual interest in Ruth's climax.

"Cum for me, Ruth. I want to see one of those gigantic, earth-shattering, godlike orgasms. I want you to coat me head to toe in cum." Cotton's expression had moved on even further, from clinical focus to lusty thirst to what now seemed to be a sort of dreamy fugue, her eyes unfocused, breathing slowing to a tranquil torpor. "Please, cum for me like you know we all desire. B-bless me. Bless me with your seed."

Ruth howled, her hips rising up into the air even against the weight of Cotton's breasts, the height of her thrust bringing with it a tremendous surge of thick semen that didn't so much jet as it did gush towards the ceiling, turning in midair in sloppy, weighty ropes before falling back down and across the top of Cotton's head with an audible, momentous *slap*. Cotton fell back in silent awe, letting Ruth continue to heave vast

ropes of cum across her body, sitting near motionless save for the uncontrollable bouncing and jiggling of her plump curves, until she was almost totally coated in slime.

The pair lay panting for a minute, until Cotton picked herself up, shuddering in pleasure, her body beginning to change under the varnish of sperm. Her watermelon-sized mounds began to slowly expand, creeping out in front and to the sides, the lowest curves advancing further down her torso, no longer merely huge but inhumanly enormous, vast fleshy pendulous hillocks that dominated her entire body with their bulk. Her nipples had initially just expanded to keep pace with the rest of her breasts, but as they grew larger their shape began to change, spreading out at the sides and flattening somewhat, forming not a single thick peak but two fat ridges of soft pink skin surrounding a deep depression. Cotton opened her mouth to moan and her nipples moved as well, spreading apart slightly, stretching the skin inbetween them which sank even further into the curve of her breast until the bottom was no longer visible, her breasts now crowned by what were clearly a pair of huge, thick-lipped, glistening mouths. In shape they were the twins of the mouth on her face, but were much larger, and strings of thick drool bridged them when they opened. Cotton stretched back, licking her lips, and a pair of tongues joined the same action across her chest, huge slabs of muscle that promised strength and pleasure. She noticed Ruth staring at her, and grinned, lightly shaking her chest to send her tits bounding from side to side with considerable momentum.

"You still can't get over these, can you? Even a goddess can be surprised, I guess, when it's the only pair of lip-nipples in the entire world."

She squatted down, pushing up her hanging breasts against her thighs so she could reach her hands down to her lipples, gently brushing her hands against them and moaning lightly as they kissed and licked back, before rolling forward and letting them thump against the floor, breastflesh rolling and bounding towards Ruth until one of Cotton's lipples could rest against the heavy weight of Ruth's scrotum. It immediately lolled its tongue out, pulling an entire testicle inside itself and beginning to noisily suckle it while the tongue lashed against the loose bottom of Ruth's sack.

Ruth's penis had been flagging but immediately pulsed and began to throb back to hardness, joined by a choral moan from the purple-skinned beauty. Cotton shuffled around, pivoting on the centre of mass of her right breast while heaving her left to the side with her, grunting with effort, and dropped it on Ruth's lap, sending her sprawling backwards with her cock trapped between her stomach and Cotton's breast. She immediately felt Cotton's lipple begin to kiss and suck her shaft, huge, fat, wet presses of the giant lips that simulated huge lengths of even her enormous penis which, combined with the stimulation underneath it, had the stirrings of orgasm surging up back inside her again. She allowed herself to sink back into the sensation, so lost in what Cotton's new transformations were doing to her, held down by the pressure of the weight of her breast, that she didn't hear the door click open until she was ready to cum, too late to notice Alan had walked in as well. She blew her load straight up against her body, squirting out of the seal Cotton's breast made with her body across her four breasts and her face, straining against her own weight and Cotton's as she attempted to buck and cum.

Alan squatted down next to the pair, extracting his rapidly-hardening fourteen inches and huge overfull balls from out of his slacks, while the power of the jewel washed over him as it radiated from Ruth's body. His cock began to expand, in length but particularly in width, rapidly fattening across until it had more than doubled in girth for only a few extra inches of length. He grunted, and it flexed and then divided down the middle, splitting from the tip down, forming two shafts that splayed to either side, the inner sides ballooning up to match the outer sides until they were two identical cocks, the same width as his original one but much longer. Underneath, his scrotum skin surged outwards, loose and billowing, to make space for more orbs that began to pop into existence inside it and grow until the vast sack was filled with six or seven cantaloupe-sized testicles.

"Good morning, Mr. Brightwell." Cotton spoke to Alan with a bizarre casual relaxation, as if they were discussing sports over the water cooler. "How was your night?"

"Busy, Cotton. Wasn't able to find any companions for the evening and Ruth's maid was busy so I had to take care of myself all night. My hands started cramping."

"Oh, I know, Alan. Six hours on, ten minutes off, that's your stamina."

"The six hours isn't the issue, I don't *have* to go that long, it's the needing to do it six or seven times in a row every every hour that's the issue." He sighed as his testicles audibly gurgled. Cotton looked aside at him, at the twin shafts of pulsing meat, and licked her lips. Her lipples followed along with the motion.

"I could help relieve some of that dreadful pressure for you. As a caring supervisor, of course. Can't have my research students distracted by having their huge heavy balls churning with loads of piping hot spunk, can we?"

Alan smirked at her, but sat back against another cushion, letting Cotton heave her tits over into his lap, industriously positioning them so that his two cocks were able to perfectly slide into the wet, warm embrace of her tits. They sucked and slurped with incredible pressure, even able to pull the her boobs up against his cocks on suction alone, setting up rippling waves of flesh as they sloshed back and forth, Alan shuddering and settling back as Cotton calmly worked on him.

Ruth returned to consciousness again and sat up, seeing Cotton sucking off her friend's double-dicks with the enormous mouths that had replaced the nipples on the end of her gigantic breasts. She realised that her magic, the jewel's magic, had contaminated Alan as well. She couldn't be around people or she'd transform them - unless she stopped cumming, which she could already tell was absolutely not possible with her body and its needs. She thought for a moment of the crowd outside, and someone else being cursed with a new transformation every time she jerked herself off. Her heart skipped and, with Cotton still industriously draining Alan dry, she stood up and fled out the door.

She ran. She ran out into the courtyard, out of the university, past the crowds of shocked tourists, barely even aware of how her dick or breasts bounced, only focused on reaching her car - which she did in huge strides. Where her roadster had sat now was a large SUV - more than likely to account for her new size. She leaped in, butt

sliding across smooth leather, slammed the door shut and pulled out, tearing off onto the road, not daring to slow down until she'd left the towers of the city behind.

The city turned into countryside, which slowly turned into more wild wilderness, set on the shore of a huge lake. She pulled up right at the lake, stumbling out of the car, her feet sinking down into the wet sand, and grabbed the jewel from the thong around her neck. She was immediately assaulted with a vision of what she'd looked like mere days ago - scrawny, sexless, *ugly*. She looked down at herself, her beautiful, sensual, desirable, pleasurable body. A goddess, they'd all called her. Was she willing to give that up just to stop changing the people around her? Did their comfort with themselves matter more than hers?

Growling, she hurled it as far as she could, right into the deepest heart of the lake, then fell back, panting. She half expected to feel her changes melt away, to feel herself shrink back to the Ruth she'd done her best to destroy, but nothing happened aside from the slow gentle rising of the heat of arousal inside her that was taking over as the panic receded. She heard feet crunching on the sand as her penis began its ascent back to full erection, and turned her head to see a pink-clad Mobile Sexual Release Officer, her own futanari dick rigid against her tiny shorts, enormous breasts nearly falling out of her crop top, but in her hands-

"Excuse me, ma'am, but I believe this belongs to you?"

Ruth's heart sank. It was the jewel. No longer attached to any sort of necklace or strap but sitting unadorned, just blazing with its galaxy-purple fire in the bright coastal sun.

"N-no, that isn't mine."

The blond sexcop stood puzzled for a moment, then grinned. "No, ma'am, you're mistaken. This is yours! Please take it back!"

She shoved it into Ruth's hands, who groaned and allowed her fingers to wrap around it again, the aura of power from the thing flowing back into her, but this time with a satisfied, almost smug overtone to the feeling. The MSRP girl stepped back, smiling, and then looked down to where Ruth's giant cock was pulsing hard and dripping precum.

"Oh my! Please allow me to assist you with that as well!"

Ruth, focused as she was on the return of the jewel, barely noticed what the girl was doing until she felt a long, slow lick up the underside of her cock.

"N-no, don't, y-you-ooohhh..."

MSRP officers were good at what they did, and within seconds the tip of her dick was in the girl's mouth and that massive, soft, smooth pair of breasts were wrapped around the shaft. She tried a few more times to protest but each time was punctuated by another pump of her tits or ducking her head as far down the shaft as she could and before too long her mind was wiped clean by another of her supernaturally amplified orgasms, only coming to as the officer already began to change.

Her breasts were expanding even as she attempted to heave them back into her too-tight top, first merely stretching it out to absurdity, and soon completely overflowing the garment, making her cast it aside with a shrug, lifting, squeezing and slapping her

breasts together experimentally. However, the area where her uniform had been covering them still remained with a pink tinge to her skin, like the top had been sucked inwards into her chest. From there, it began to spread out, up and down her body in a slow, steady wave, until before long every inch of her perfect skin was a bright, hot pink. She pouted her lips, which began to darken, along with her hair, until they were a grape purple, followed by her nipples, and possibly other less visible parts of her body.

Ruth growled, and hurled the jewel off the cliff again, before turning back around to inspect the damage that had been done to the bright-pink futanari. It wasn't much, apparently, especially judging by a tattooed pip on her shoulder that indicated she was now a higher rank. This couldn't keep going on, though. While she was inspecting the officer, she heard a cough from behind her, and turned around to see another MSRP officer, this one short, impressively wide and clearly failing to contain a much bigger dick. In her hands-

"Excuse me, ma'am, I think you dropped this?"

The tyres of the electric SUV crunched on the dirt of the mountain path as Ruth tore up and as far away from the city as she could, putting more distance between herself and the MSRP officers, still clutching the jewel. She couldn't be around people any more. She couldn't keep transforming them. If she couldn't control the jewel, and couldn't get rid of it, her only alternative was to keep it safe and secure. The only other solution would be never having another orgasm for the rest of her life - and she knew deep inside herself that was not going to happen.

She found a valley some way up the mountain, enough space for her to extend the jewel out and will a wood cabin into being - far smaller than her house, of course, but luxurious by any normal standard, and appropriately sized for her height. She moved inside, past a cozy living room with enormous wooden-frame sofas covered in plush cushions in front of a roaring wood fire, and poked her head into her bedroom, with a similarly huge and rustic four-poster bed covered in knit blankets. She flopped backwards on the bed, landing heavily into the plush feather mattress, and sighed, feeling the anxiety starting to melt away. This wasn't so bad. She could live with this - like this. She didn't need other people. The jewel glinted on her side table when she rolled to look at it, her tits slapping heavily against each other. She certainly didn't need other people if she could amuse herself in an infinite number of ways with her own body. Watching a slow trickle of milk ooze out of a nipple from the contact gave her an idea.

Gently brushing the jewel, she sent a command into her body. Heat immediately bloomed into her breasts, accompanied by a faint gurgle, and the faint stream of milk suddenly strengthened, squirting out across the blankets nearly to the far wall. She heaved herself back up against the back of the bed, her nipples still leaking heavily but not nearly enough to compensate for the additional milk she was filling them with. She moaned as they grew tight and even heavier, swelling up and out as her lactate built up inside them. They spread across the bed as the tightness surged and receded, filling up, growing to compensate, and then filling up again in wave after wave that left her

whining, sweating and panting, her cock painfully erect between the weighty mounds. Within only a few minutes of growth she grunted as she felt one of her breasts fall off the side of the bed with a *flump* and continue to spread. She grabbed the jewel in her fist and concentrated again, then screamed as her breasts surged forward even faster, hard streams of milk squirting from her enormous, overworked nipples, saturating everything around her before the advancing tide of breastflesh crushed it to splinters.

From outside the cabin, nothing would have seemed strange for a moment, until one would have been able to hear deep groaning and creaking, and then a tremendous cacophony of cracking and crunching. Out of one of the windows, grape purple skin started bulging out of the windows, before crumpling the wall outwards and breaking it down, then smothering it as the purple tide advanced. In the other direction, the roof began to collapse as load-bearing walls were demolished, then swept aside by tight waves of tit and carried away by floods of creamy milk. Before too long the entire house had been reduced to rubble by four gigantic purple breasts, each one spraying vast amounts of white fluid that leaked in rivers to the sides of the valley and then down the mountainside.

They sat motionless for a few minutes, save for the loud rumbling and gurgling issuing from inside them, before they began to shift and separate. From inside the piles of tit Ruth's head emerged, followed by her shoulders, expanding up and outwards as she grew her body up to match the new size of her breasts. She stretched her arms up towards the sky, almost appearing to be diving upwards out of her breasts, then grunted as she stood up, heaving the weight along with her, until she towered over the clearing at a full thirty feet. Her curves were impossibly vast, horizons of smooth purple skin, and her penis was a mighty twelve-foot trunk that swung with ponderous momentum with each lurch of her pelvic muscles. She sat back down on the remains of her cabin, a minor tremor reverberating through the valley, ass and tits all slowly sloshing and shaking with incredible force.

She reached between the forest of flesh in front of her and gripped her cock with both hands, a deep, low moan rolling from her giant throat as she began to stroke and echoing for miles. Her enormous body was slow, far slower than she would normally have stroked herself but contained enormous strength, each pump of her hands long, deliberate and powerful. She wanted to stroke faster and bring herself to completion sooner, but the physics of her giant body forebode anything but those long, slow strokes that teased her mercilessly, building the anticipatory sensation of orgasm to the point where she was nearly howling with the need to cum, but completely unable to move any faster and finish herself off.

As she felt herself getting closer and closer to the magic moment, a small sound filtered into her awareness. It was a voice. Small, faint, but nevertheless, a voice, calling out from further down the mountain.

"The noises were coming from up here! And there was that hint of purple we saw in the telescope! She's up here, guys, I swear."

Ruth would have gone cold if it wasn't for her impossibly revved-up libido. Hikers. Three of them, further down the mountain. Looking for *her*. There was no way she was going

to be able to stay away from them, or from anyone else. Even out here in the middle of nowhere people would *find* her.

She also had another, more immediate problem. The hikers were close enough that if she kept going, and finally unleashed herself, one of them was going to change. The problem was that she didn't even know if she could stop - or maybe she could, and just didn't want to. Her long-sought orgasm was right at the edge, and was one more change really so bad when she needed to cum this badly?

The justifications ran thick and fast in her head as the orgasm buzzed at the edge of her consciousness. It wasn't as if any of the people she'd transformed were *unhappy*. Some of them were much, much happier. The strong likelihood was that these hikers, hikers out to try to find *her*, be near *her*, to take her power into them, would accept their new bodies as a gift. Why deny them that, just for the sake of not indulging herself? It simply wouldn't be *fair*.

Ruth's arms continued to move up and down, slowly, still unable to move any faster against their own ponderous inertia, but she was committed now. She was finishing. She desperately pumped, muscles straining against her size, attempting to wring out every last drop of haste she could from her ponderous body. It was only right as the hikers turned a corner in the trail they were following, coming into full view of Ruth's titanic form, stopping and standing in mute awe, that a roar rose from the very depth of Ruth's lungs and, echoing through the entire valley at ear-splitting volume, Ruth finally came.

Or, at least, she started to cum. The physics of her size being what they were, it actually took several minutes of her muscles flexing, straining and pumping to even rally that amount of fluid into position, and then a full minute of those muscles tightening to the point of total agony before she was finally able to ejaculate.

She didn't shoot, exactly. What she did, though, was *gush*. A tremendous flood of pearl-white spunk burst from the end of her cock but didn't fly off, instead falling down heavily, stringing from her shaft for a minute until it hit the ground with a tremendous wet slap and began to slowly ooze down towards the hikers. She howled, and another, even larger deluge of cum joined the first lot and pulling it wards the hikers even faster. Lurch by lurch the tide of cum turned into a river, a thick semenclastic flow that gradually moved its way towards the hikers. Her cock pulsed again, drawing a deep yelp out of her, accompanying an even larger surge of cum that splashed into the river that was already there, pushing it forward and enveloping the hikers in a wave of goo.

Almost immediately they all began to transform. All three had the backs of their pants or shorts rip apart to accommodate first a huge expansion of their rumps and thighs, that soon turned into an extending column of flesh that unfolded into a second pair of legs, giving them a long, four-legged lower body like a second torso was leaning forward at the hips and attached at the buttocks. The lead hiker, a slim dark-haired man with coppery skin, groaned as his cock slowly retreated back inside him, replaced by smooth skin revealed when the remnants of his shorts fell away from his thighs.

Its retraction, though, was matched by the growth of another between his rear legs, matched and considerably more. He moaned, back legs trembling, as the shaft inched forward and began to droop under its own erect weight.

The other man in the group, brown-skinned, bleached blond, groaned as not two, not four, but six mounds budded on his chest, each of them soon swelling up into fat, soft, pendulous breasts that grew rapidly, capped with bulging areolas and enormous wide pebbly nipples. Beneath the stacked breasts, at the bottom of his abdomen, a pink bulge started to form and rapidly grew to match and exceed the growth of his breasts while replacing his cock, four other bumps forming at the end of it until it was clearly a large and still-swelling udder above a puffy vulva with a thick clitoris.

Behind her, joining the blond hair that was taking on the colour of her dye as it cascaded from her head and rapidly-beautifying face, more breasts were forming along the underside of her rear torso, eight in total, along with another udder brushing against her rear thighs that, bent over as they were, were permanently presenting her second swollen, sodden pussy.

The third hiker, a redheaded girl, gasped as her front clitoris tightened and expanded outwards, her pussy mound rapidly becoming crowned by a ten-inch cock, throbbing and glistening with juice. The same happened to the one at the rear of her body, only this one grew twice as thick over the same time, soon splitting with a sharp organic noise into two equally-sized shafts that spread out to either side.

The first hiker stepped back, grinning at the size of his newfound endowment, feeling fat testicles swelling into place behind it slap against his rear legs, but his brow knit as his cock continued to grow. It grew fatter, and longer, and heavier, still rock-hard and throbbing, until it protruded out from between his front legs the width of his thigh with no sign of slowing.

Similarly, the blonde behind him was finding the new mounds that dotted her body continuing to grow as well, the six-stack of breasts down her front each now bigger than a basketball, topping an udder twice even that size. Her breasts and udder on her underside were of similar size, rapidly filling the available real estate between her four legs with constantly bobbling and jiggling masses of flesh. The sensation buzzed up her spine each time her soft skin dragged against itself, and multiple breasts and udders were rubbing against others every time she moved.

The last hiker had sat backwards on her butt, rear legs spread out and front legs bent as though she was sitting in a chair, twin four-foot cocks projecting to either side atop a loose scrotum filled with multiple heavy, tight testicles, and the third cock projecting from between her front legs up to the level of her neck. She hadn't touched any of them yet, just staring in shock and unbelievable pleasure as they pulsed and grew.

Ruth watched silently for a moment from her vantage point, after recovering from her orgasm, and shrunk herself back down and picked her way down to where the hikers sat, still transforming in the river of cum she'd created. The lead hiker's dick was now fat enough to take up the entirety of the space between his legs, a pair of testicles each the size of a smart car dragging behind him, his face locked in desperation as he tried to drag his legs and body along eight feet of dick to try and stimulate it enough to cum.

The second hiker was totally immobile, her under-breasts so large that her legs kicked in midair as they lifted her off the ground, all of them now leaking a heavy stream of milk. The last hiker was moving her hands back and forth between her three cocks, gushing precum in thick streams, unable to settle on one or even two to actually jerk off, as the size and quantity of the testicles feeding them increased by the second. Ruth sighed and turned away, conjuring up a way for her get back home.

It was late and night and pitch-black by the time she got back home. The crowds were still around, though, camping out, and a buzz went through them as Ruth arrived back, accompanied by lights and flashing of camera phones. She strode past their stunned faces, although a part of her, the part particularly concerned by the pressure in her milk-laden tits and steel-hard cock, wanted to stay and partake in the buffet of flesh, but she just wanted to be back in her own house.

There were instantaneous dual squeals when she stepped in the door, and Marie and Ginette both threw themselves at her in a joint hug that was 90% boob.

"Madame! You came back!"

"Ruth, we thought you were gone!"

Ruth ran two of her hands through their hair, sighing again. "I'm sorry girls, I just... I have some problems that I thought I could run away from."

Marie squeezed her tighter. "We can 'elp you!"

Ruth shook her head. "No, you can't. But it's okay. We'll have to see how it goes."

The girls kept squeezing her tight, and Ruth became uncomfortably aware of exactly how hard she was, and the way her breasts were leaking against them. Marie looked up at her with her big, dark-lined eyes, practically drooling over her scent.

"Madame, I am so 'ungry. P-please, can I-"

Ruth's shoulders slumped, knowing what was inevitable. She nodded, sat down on one of the living room couches, and held her cock horizontally from the bottom of the shaft for Marie's access. As Marie knelt in front of her and pushed her lips to the tip, Ginette sat beside Ruth, offering one of her breasts to the huge woman's mouth.

"Ruth, um. You don't have to if you don't want to, but I haven't pumped in a while... I thought you might be hungry..."

Ruth suckled the thick mound into her mouth, Ginette shrieking for a moment as the pleasure hit and then managed to get on top of it, though her breathing rattled and her face flushed as Ruth nursed from her. Sweet cream flowed into Ruth's mouth, sliding gloriously down her throat, letting her sink back in pleasant calm as Marie worked away at her from below, sliding her own even larger breasts up and down the lubricated pole and suckling and kissing it as much as she was able with its enormous size.

Ruth's lovers moaned and heaved their bodies against her, a huge tangle of pillowy warmth, breast rubbing against breast from all directions, Ruth still greedily feeding from Ginette while Marie became even more insistent about her work, pushing up

further to let Ruth's dick nestle between her mounds, tit-fucking it with her entire torso while still able to reach it with her mouth and tongue. She squealed with happiness as she heard Ruth start to choke on Ginette's nipple and felt the cock lurch between her boobs, backing off her motion for a moment to let it keep throbbing and finally start to shoot, cum gushing up into the air and spraying down across her face and the vast shelf of her cleavage.

On pure instinct she kept nursing even in the brain-blank her orgasm left her with, and as Marie staggered backwards, shovelling spunk into her mouth, Ruth didn't even notice as Marie's breasts surged outwards and downwards with each mouthful. New flesh appeared into existence by the second, the girl's already outrageous chest rapidly leaving beachballs behind as she gorged herself, getting big enough that from her kneeling position in front of Ruth she was pulled forward onto massive, spreading pillows of breast that were pushing her up from the ground. Her arms spread out across their surface as she rose up, sinking comfortably into the warm embrace, until she sat enveloped in her cleavage in a cum-drunk daze.

Ruth was still drinking when she came to, Ginette having switched to another breast to drain them evenly, one that put her hand within reach of Ruth's cock while she nursed. She started stroking it, already back to full erection despite her orgasm, cradling Ruth's giant head with her other hand, breathing heavily but calmly as her day's tightness finally receded. By the time Ginette had changed to a third breast, Ruth was thrashing and moaning again, choking on the flow of cream while making her own flow of cream up and out towards the far wall of the living room.

Ginette's horns grew longer and larger, poking out of her thick dark hair. Her ears began to expand, flatten and droop down, gaining a small layer of fuzz. She leaned back against the couch to make room as the bottom of her stomach slowly began to bloat. Four dark bumps appeared on the surface of the bloating flesh, the darkness spreading out, until she was left with a soft mocha mound the size of a basketball covered in four thick, five-inch long teats nestled in chocolate-brown areolas, like someone had tried to build a cow's udder out of a human breast. She reached down and tugged on one of the teats, moaning as a sharp stream of milk squirted out of it, then grabbed another and began slowly letting the pressure out of her new organ. Ruth barely noticed, hanging on the edge of consciousness, until finally she collapsed back under exhaustion and the weight of her day.

Day broke over the sandstone lines of an enormous ziggurat, looming over the rest of what was otherwise an ordinary American college town. Dark lines of people streamed up and down the steps of the monolithic temple. A massive stone door at the top was flanked by huge statues of an enormous woman, supernaturally curvaceous with four enormous breasts and two gigantic penises sprouting one above the other from between her thick thighs. A thick, pearlescent liquid that glittered in the sunlight dripped heavily from the ends of the stone shafts into a pair of large pools, a number of people kneeling beside them.

Inside the doors ran a web of rooms and corridors, large and open but still designed with the intent of ensuring someone would require time and effort to make their way through them. The dedicated, though, could continue to follow them deeper and deeper into the temple until-

More pools of the sparkling liquid ran in straight lines on either side of the enormous room, with a stone path in the middle flanked by large pillars, leading up to a huge vaulted ceiling that opened to the outside sunlight. At the far end of the room, up a set of steps, was an enormous bed, piled high with pillows and cushions, draped with silk curtains, surrounded by tables piled high with plates of cakes, biscuits and sweets, as well as large jugs of milk so cool that it was dewing in the cool sunlight.

Nestled in the middle of the bed, splayed back against a pile of cushions on the far wall, was the purple-black silhouette of an enormous woman. Nine feet tall with four breasts each the size of an average beach ball jostling for space against each other on her upper torso. Beneath them rose the two proud shafts of penises each two and a half feet long, glistening with the same sparkling fluid that flowed in the fountains outside, atop a massive smooth space-dark scrotum that bulged with multiple mounds inside it. The bed was lit by a soft glow from the rivers of white hair that flowed from her head, pooling in twists of luminescent fibres across the bedsheets.

She woke with a start when the doors of the temple swung open and several pairs of high heels began to clack on the floor. Marie, resplendent in frills, lace and black that was tailored carefully to cover the entirety of her preposterous breasts that bounced and heaved upwards with every single step. It shouldn't have been possible for the girl to actually keep her balance with the haughty stride she had adopted, but she somehow stayed upright and made her way quickly to the edge of the bed. She was flanked by two other maids, beautiful and well-endowed but obviously not even close to the same degree as Marie.

Ruth's eyes settled onto Marie and she groaned, her voice melodic, like multiple voices harmonising into one. Both of her cocks lurched hard and disgorged monstrous globs of her sparkling cum that bulged out from the tip and rolled halfway down the shaft before slowly and viscously dripping down in strings onto the bed.

As her moan rolled over Marie, the bounce in her breasts started to become even stronger, the mountains of flesh heaving up and down even more. Her stride didn't break but her breasts were quite obviously becoming even larger as she walked, each sloshing heave of tit leaving more behind as it receded, until by the time Marie reached Ruth's bed the lowest curve of each breast was no more than two inches away from the floor, projecting outwards several feet from her body. She, of course, paid no heed to her new expanded size, as to her she'd always been that big, but she was somewhat red in the face from the exertion of holding them up. When she reached the bed she slumped forward with a contented groan, her breasts pooling forwards along the floor, before gently laying down ensconced in her own cleavage.

"Girls, morning protocol, if you please." Her two attendants moved to either side of her, grabbing straps attached to either side of her bodice and heaving them upwards, step by trembling step, Marie following closely behind, up onto the bed. Unfastening and

peeling back her outfit from the vast, milky masses spreading out across the bed, they pushed and rolled them closer towards Ruth until they, at least partially, could pool in between her legs. More precum rolled down the pale curves, sliding down toward's Marie's chest where it slowly began to disappear, like it was evaporating - or more accurately, like it was being pulled in. Marie groaned as it did, licking her lips.

"Mmph, y-yeesss. Please, my Goddess, feed me. Feed my hungry tits. Grace me with your blessed seed!"

The attendants to either side knelt on the bed, grabbing and heaving Marie's tits slowly across the bed towards Ruth, then together when they were close enough to entrap Ruth's cocks. With strong, practised motions, they set up rolling waves back and forth, pushing back against the waves at just the right time to crash together with vast fleshy slaps against her shafts, tugging, pulling and rubbing against them, a carefully-curated tit-fuck of epic proportions.

Ruth's moans grew even louder, building on themselves in powerful harmonies that echoed throughout the chamber, her hips rising and rolling off the bed. Pleasure mounted, far beyond the point where ordinarily she already would have came, but despite how hard they throbbed and ached to release, her body refused to allow it. She did release another pair of gigantic globs of her glittery fluids, though, and within moments the maid to her left's arms grew tougher and thicker as she suddenly developed a strong, muscular physique, leaning back to more easily continue heaving Marie's breasts back and forth.

It took another twenty minutes, as well as another mini-orgasm that left the other maid eight feet tall, before Ruth finally felt the stirring inside her, the twitching, aching buzz that told her that blessedly, finally, the magic moment was about to arrive. The maids watched the change in her expression and subtly changed their rhythm, holding off a little bit to allow them, just as Ruth's moans turned into screams that would have been audible blocks away, to pull Marie's breasts away and allow a clear, unobstructed target for what came next.

The maids each grabbed a cock, pointing them directly at Marie's face and chest, just in time for two enormous gouts of sparkling goo to gush out from the tips, flying forward at unbridled velocity to hit Marie directly in the face and chest, bouncing off in viscous ropes that splattered across the initial swell of her boobs and pooling into the deep cleft between where their mass really began to project out. Marie moaned in unparalleled delight as gout after gout of Ruth's divine seed coated her, glazed under a tide of pearlescent sparkles. Astonishingly, though, the fluid didn't build up for long, because almost as fast as it hit her it seemed to disappear, sinking into her skin like it was draining away, Marie's body not just consuming the cum but *absorbing* it.

Ruth unloaded gallons upon gallons onto her supine lover in a full ten minutes of mind-breaking orgasm, every ounce readily absorbed by the girl's greedy breasts, leaving the girl dazed and cum-drunk floating on a sea formed from her own curves. Her attendants rolled her breasts back into their carriers and, prompting Marie, got the groggy woman to step back and away from the bed, moving her into a small area at the edge of the temple to let her boobs pool into a comfortable alcove.

Ruth was barely able to take into account what had happened before the doors opened again, revealing the tiny form of Cotton, also flanked by two assistants wearing flowing white tied robes. Cotton wore robes as well but they were tied underneath her breasts, which easily hung down past her waist, to reveal the pair of huge, pink-lipped mouths that had replaced her nipples the previous day. As she approached the altar-bed, her stride became a little less stable and confident, her motions jerkier, her eyes glazing as her attention was split elsewhere. She gripped a pillar at the bottom of the steps leading up to the bed, leaning against it and panting, trying to keep the whines and moans out of her voice as her chest heaved with exertion, her tits bouncing and slapping against each other, enormous tongues hanging out of her lip-nipples as they also panted. She almost seemed to get on top of whatever was happening but as she stood back up she suddenly squealed and doubled over, bracing herself against the pillar as she shuddered, her hips rolling, tits rolling forward and slapping against the stone as her body writhed in what was unmistakably an orgasm. She recovered, breathing heavily, carefully making her way up the steps.

"Good morning, my Goddess. How are you feeling today?"

"C-Cotton?" Ruth almost didn't recognise her rich, melodious, multi-layered voice. She gazed awestruck at the patterns of glinting flecks moving across her space-dark skin like constellations in the night sky. "Wh-what's happening? My body it's..."

Cotton's brow knit. "It's... the same as it has been since the day you blessed this earth with your presence, Goddess. Beautiful. Sexual. Utterly mysterious. It's why I've devoted my life to studying you."

Cotton climbed up on the bed next to Ruth, her eyes still gazing at Ruth with awe and wonder, gently running a hand down Ruth's arm, watching points of light twinkle under her fingers.

"There's still so much about you I don't know. About me. You know my theory - the huge amount of biological diversity we see in humanity is unlike any other creature, and yet we're all still... the same organism. It's absolutely correct, but it's also strange. And there's nobody more unlike humanity than you. You're connected to it, somehow, I just... Can't work out how."

Ruth went to tell her about the jewel, but as she began to open her mouth she felt it pulse, and was suddenly struck dumb. She tried a number of different ways to phrase telling Cotton what was happening, but each one died before it could leave her throat. Cotton watched her, still with big adoring eyes, although the longer Ruth's silence went, the more concerned she became, and also the more uncomfortable. Eventually, Ruth's reverie was broken when Cotton couldn't hold in a moan and a brief shake of her hips.

"Cotton? Are you okay?"

Cotton grinned back impishly. "Oh, the silent treatment except to tease me? You know what being near you does to me, and what that makes my body do."

She shuddered again, not in pain, but possibly with a slight air of frustration. "Mmph. Haven't had a moment's peace from this stupid thing since it learned what feels good."

She leaned back in the comfortable cushions of Ruth's bed, spreading her legs, and Ruth was finally able to see what Cotton was talking about.

A large, powerful tongue projected out from her vulva, rubbing and pressing against whatever it could reach, dripping strings of drool as it curled and pulled back inside and then slid out again. It rolled and lapped at her, making her writhe and moan, running her fingers through her hair, being unstoppably eaten out by her own body. Looking down for a moment, and catching Ruth's eye, she decided to let go and stop trying to hold it back, her moans rising in volume and intensity as it began to seriously work away at her, wrapping around and up to slide against her clitoris while it thrust in and out of her lips. Ruth's penises pulsed back to erection watching the sight, and as Cotton's own pleasure heightened and began to creep towards her crescendo, Ruth groaned and shuddered in a pseudo-orgasm, felt the energy flow out of her body, just in time for the doors to her room to groan open again.

Alan walked in, carrying a stack of papers. He wore robes similar to Cotton's, these ones loose and billowy around the waste to give plenty of room for the two huge slabs of meat dangling from his crotch and the vast sack of over half a dozen gigantic testicles that accompanied them. He, of course, didn't notice as the burst of energy from Ruth's jewel turned that into a third flaccid shaft and another half-dozen testicles, though his gait had to change drastically to limit the amount of movement and bouncing, and at one point he winced when he stumbled slightly and his sack slammed into his knees. He climbed up to the bed's level, and stood waiting patiently while Cotton finished her orgasm. She stretched backwards, short legs kicking, breasts bouncing wildly, and then settled back with a contented groan.

"Cotton, today's visitors are here, and I have the observation notes. We can begin when you're ready."

"Mmh... Oh... Mmm... Y-yes." She took a deep breath. "Let's send the first one in."

Behind where Alan had walked in strode in a four-legged person, like the hikers from yesterday, who had forest-green skin and long tresses of magenta hair, a slim, flat front chest with a ten-inch penis between their front legs, and four large breasts bobbing from their lower torso. They smiled as they arrived at the foot of Ruth's bed and slowly slid up in front of her. Carefully, they pushed her upper dick forward, leaving room for their lower torso to trap her lower dick against the bed under a pile of cushiony breasts.

Cotton began scribbling. "Remember, it's incredibly important that you try and remain as lucid as possible and describe any sensations that you are feeling."

They nodded, smiling up at Ruth again, and started to pump their body backwards and forwards, grinding their breasts along Ruth's second cock and slowly using their hands to pump the first one.

They grunted. "It's like... Something is pushing against me. It feels like it takes far more effort to do this than it should, even for her size."

Alan nodded. "You definitely aren't the first to note that. It takes a considerable amount of time and effort to get her off." As the humantaur kept thrusting, Cotton put her

clipboard to the side, pressing into Alan's back, her breasts mostly folding to either side of his thighs, and wrapped her arms around his waist.

"You want to keep taking the notes?" Her hand slid down to the first enormous cock stem that it encountered, gently pressing into the pliant skin. "I can tell you're aching to cum. I'm very perceptive, you know."

"I'm *always* aching to cum."

"And I perceived that."

"Cotton, we're trying to do research here."

"Sure, but who said I can't run my own experiment on what happens to your dick if I sit here and play with it?"

She felt the shaft pulse under her fingers and heard a small gurgle from Alan's oversized sack, and giggled. "Initial results are promising!" She slipped her other hand down to gently wrap around a second shaft, starting to slowly drag her hands forward, pulling masses of soft skin with them.

Alan took a shuddering breath, all three of his cocks giving a small twitch as they slowly began to start inflating. He tried to keep his attention focused on what was in front of him, but of course nothing about having to observe energetic, kinky transformee fucking did anything to stop the processes his body was putting into place. He was just barely managing it, until Cotton decided to up the ante.

Cotton knelt down, keeping her hands where they were, projecting one of her breasts between Alan's legs, where the large, moist mouth at the end instantly reacted to the presence of the soft skin of his oversized scrotum and suckled it in, planting gigantic moist kisses on his sack. Alan groaned as his cocks lurched even harder and inflated with even greater speed, his free hand drifting down to the one shaft Cotton didn't still have her hands on.

"Hhng. C-cotton, have you... Do you everff-fuck, uh, think that m-maybe your research is slo-ooh, ooh, because you spend more tii-iaaah-time fucking than researching?!"

She giggled again, starting to pump more strongly, her lip-nipple sucking harder. "I mean, mmmmmaybe. But are you complaining, dear?"

If there was any complaint, it died as he and Cotton began working to relieve the roiling, churning pressure in his balls, while the four-legged supplicant continued their work relieving Ruth of her own pressure. Her cock skin resisted movement like it weighed ten times what it should, even for her increased size, and even well-lubricated by divine milk, the humantaur found their body moving like molasses across her second shaft, each thrust hard-fought. For Ruth it was unbearable teasing, the slowest, most intense and excruciating stimulation she'd ever experienced, even among the buffet of supernatural sexual encounters the jewel had provided for her over the last few days, and despite how long it went she was never able to fully decide if the sensation was wonderful or terrible.

Grunting, sweating, straining every muscle, her lover continued for half an hour, until finally the sensation built enough that Ruth was able to blissfully reach her peak,

pleasure flooding every inch of her body, gouts of her sparkling spunk blasting across the humantaur's body in powerful paroxysms of pleasure that sparked sensation from head to toe. Her lover groaned exultantly, rubbing it into their body, gasping and shuddering as it brought forth similar sparks of pleasure from their own body.

"O-oh, hnng, I-uh, I feel like... every-ff-ee-every part of myyaah body is cumming!"

Their front penis shot off as well, though admittedly it was a drop in the ocean compared to the torrent of love they were being basted with. As they lost themselves in the sensation, they began to change, their lower torso stretching out backwards, back legs shuffling until they projected off the bed, torso starting to bow downwards until two columns of flesh emerged from the middle of their lower waist and stretched down, forming a third pair of legs, separating not one, but two torsos stretching back horizontally. Four breasts swung from each one, and the middle legs knelt in on the bed while the rear ones stood up straight, showing off their nicely-sculpted rear and pouty pussy.

Alan panted, trying to concentrate on his notes while Cotton gleefully continued to pump his shafts and suckle on his overstuffed scrotum. He shuddered and twitched and his hand skittered across the page.

"T-tell me hoooww you feel?"

The double-length humantaur groaned, moving their hands through cum-slicked long hair. "Mmmm. *Amazing*. That was the most incredible sensation ever.

Alan nodded, still gasping, Cotton giggling behind him. "A-a-a-nything out of plaace?!"

"Mmm. Uh. Hmm, I don't know. I feel soooo good."

Alan grunted. "Y-your back legs, the-theyyy, oooh nnnooo-"

Whatever thought was percolating died instantly as Cotton's gleeful but dedicated attention finally had its desired effect. Alan's eyes rolled and his mouth went slack as a loud, moist gurgle echoed through the temple chamber, his body flexing and pumping, all three of his shafts rising to painful rigidity dripping fat strings of precum before the pressure broke and huge gouts of spunk fired out across the room. The groaning and gurgling from his multitude of testicles only multiplied as the volume of ejaculate grew larger, triple firehose streams of man-batter that left the man almost comatose with pleasure.

As she watched and felt Alan cum, the lashing tongue between Cotton's legs redoubled its own efforts, making her wrap her arms around Alan to try and hold herself up as it licked her to completion. Afterwards, the room was silent, save for the moist, viscous noise of dripping cum and some minor panting and whining. Alan groaned in frustration, reaching for the clipboard.

"Maybe we'll have more luck with the next one."

"The next one" was a fit, toned woman with two twelve-inch shafts, one above the other, who chose the silky-smooth slit nestled behind Ruth's scrotum for her worship.

Its size was enough to take both of her shafts at the same time, giving the girl an unparalleled experience as Ruth's divine vagina both squeezed her and pushed her shafts against each other, rubbing from all directions. Like before, though, the effort and energy it took to thrust was immense, like something was pushing back against her, and before too long the woman's muscles were glistening with sweat as she grunted and strained to keep fucking.

Alan tried again to take notes, but Cotton heaved her drooling breasts around in front of him, feeding a cock into each one and leaving the third one for her original throat, leaving him again totally incapable of any sort of coherent thought. The group again joined together in a disjointed but incredible collective orgasm, Ruth last of all, and only she was aware of the changing sensation inside her as her futanari lover's twin penises started to expand. Eventually the pressure became too immense to bear, and the girl slid out of her with a moan from both, panting in barely-sated lust as her shafts continued to expand, pulsing and throbbing, creeping forward inch by steel-erection inch, until the things were not only larger than Ruth's, they were approaching larger than the girl herself. They didn't stop growing until two seven-foot columns of pulsing meat, each one fatter around than her waist, projected out from her crotch and sat heavily on the bed either side of Ruth.

Again, though, nobody in the chamber was in a position to take anything resembling notes or observations on what had occurred, a fact that Cotton appeared to have no regrets over as she sat back full three times over with Alan's cum, enormous tongues lapping sideways across her lips as her boobs sloshed on the ground with viscous fluid.

The day's third "experiment" was late to arrive, and while her attendants busied themselves, Ruth decided to take some action on her situation. On the guise of getting up from the bed to stretch and compose herself, she looked around the room for any personal effects, but all she could find was the jewel. No clothes, no electronics, no purse or bag. She grabbed the jewel, reasoning that the thing would seek to follow her anyway, and, drawing herself up to her full height, strode down to the double doors at the entrance to the temple and stepped through-

-stepping back into the temple through one of the side doors. She stood in confusion for a moment, turned back around and went through the door, and arrived at the third and final door on the other side of the temple, staring back at her bed and the enormous mess of cum being attended to by an army of scantily-clad maids. She placed the jewel on one of the side tables surrounding the bed and tried again, and each time found herself redirected back into the temple.

She was trapped, and worse, even just that amount of walking, between the pneumatic bounce of her gigantic breasts, tight with glittering milk, and the bobbing of her twin shafts and their feeder orbs, she could feel the lust mounting in her body again. She slumped on the bed, deflated and defeated, as her cocks slowly bobbed to hardness in front of her, rising up to press against her plush wall of breasts. She tried to ignore it for a moment, seeking to find a position in the bed where she could focus on something else, but no matter how she laid she could feel some aspect of her transformed body, whether the heavy weight of her breasts, the hot mass of her scrotum or pressure

against her pulsing shafts, and with a defeated sigh she sat up, spread her boobs apart and let her cocks rise up between them before pressing them back together with her forearms and starting to gently rock up and down.

It occurred to her that only a few days ago she had to heavily modify herself to do something like this, but now, thanks to the new changes the jewel had seen fit to make an indelible part of herself, it was totally normal, even natural. She soon found, though, that the effect her lovers had described earlier was real. It took a considerable amount of effort for her to either move her breasts against herself or thrust in between them, like whatever she was trying to move suddenly became ten times heavier. It wasn't rough or unpleasant, but it was impossible to speed up what she was doing beyond a forcibly slow, intense tease. That also meant that she'd only managed to build herself up to a low simmer of pleasure before the doors to the temple creaked open to allow her third appointment of the day to enter.

The third appointment was actually a couple, a small, slim man with extremely long, shaggy brown hair and a plump blond girl with breasts that under normal circumstances would have been considered enormous, much larger than her head, walking in hand in hand. They stripped off after a perfunctory introduction from Alan while Cotton continued to watch him with her pussy-tongue slowly working away at her. Stripping off revealed the man had an extremely long penis that visibly dripped long strings of thick, clear fluid as well as the full teardrop extent of the girl's shapely breasts. They climbed up onto the bed either side of Ruth, the man reaching out to place one hand on one of her cocks and one on her upper left breast, anchoring himself there over a flood of sparkling milk to start slowly and deliberately stroking her, while his partner took space to her right, squashing Ruth's other cock between Ruth's own enormous chest and her comparatively meagre but still soft and pleasurable mounds.

Just like before, their humping and grinding was impeded by some invisible force, taking an effort that left the pair grunting and sweating, their ministrations only just building up the pleasure Ruth was feeling beyond the edge of teasing her. She could hardly bear the slow torture of being pleased but the only thing worse than the feeling was the idea of telling them to stop.

The couple worked for the best part of an hour, changing position, swapping with each other, moving to different parts of Ruth's body, before finally her body relented and allowed her to reach another long-delayed climax, another flood of her magical fluids, another white-out of her ability to think before coming to to find the two people who'd been on top of her had been replaced with one.

She could see aspects of both their faces in the face of the new person. Some parts subtly masculine, others feminine. Enormous breasts *and* a long, pulsing penis, atop both a scrotum and vulva. Hands running across the curves of their body, eyes wide, before they began to begin working away at their own breasts and gently running a hand across the head of their cock, playing with themselves like it was somebody else. They were gently escorted out of the temple chamber, still grabbing and rubbing. Cotton and Alan had given up all pretense of the experiments and were fucking wildly, Cotton taking two of Alan's cocks between her legs while the other rose up between her breasts for stroking. She watched transfixed for a moment until she heard a cough

behind her, and turned to find a dark-skinned girl setting down a silver tray with steaming food, along with a large ceramic jug filled to the brim with-

"It's been a long day, Goddess. You must be hungry."

Ginette's robe was similar to the others but dyed black in parts to make cowprints. It was loose around her four breasts for easy access, but made no effort at all to cover her enormous leaking udder. She smiled deeply, tiny horns poking out of her long dark hair, her flat, floppy ears twitching with each motion of her head.

No, please, not her. I can't change her again, she doesn't deserve... Ruth's train of thought started, but stopped dead as Ginette clambered over the side of the bed and up against Ruth, sliding a hand underneath her upper-left breast and lifting it up towards Ruth's face.

"Of course, if you so chose, you would be welcome to have your... dessert, first."

The fat, almost throbbing nipple glistened, a droplet of milk suspended from the end on the very edge of falling down for a moment before it dripped down and rolled across Ruth's lower lip, and despite every objection echoing in her mind she found herself burying her head into the warm maternal embrace of Ginette's breasts again, flesh squeezing around her face as she suckled the enormous moist nipple into her mouth and settling in to fill her belly with what was rapidly becoming her favourite meal.

Ginette pivoted on the point of suction, throwing her legs across Ruth without dislodging her breast, making sure that Ruth's endowments were nestled between them before settling back down and pressing her body against Ruth's. Flesh squeezed and bulged from every direction from the combination of the four breasts each girl possessed as well as Ginette's huge, tight breast-udder, and as Ruth continued to drink Ginette began simply pressing, squeezing and rubbing in small motions in every direction, using her entire body as a toy to tease her goddess, looking in deep awe at Ruth as she did.

Ruth managed to work her way through the entire contents of three breasts and most of the fourth before Ginette's gentle treatment finally accomplished its magic, bringing up that beautiful, unbearable, inevitable feeling from deep inside her, both penises straining hard against Ginette's weight as they heaved and pulsed, before gouts of her star-fluid spunk sprayed up and out between them, coating Ginette's face and the top of her upper set of breasts as well as the wall behind their bed.

On pure instinct Ruth kept nursing, Ginette joining her in her own climax as the jewel's energy flooded her body. Two more dripping mounds swelled into existence beneath her lower two breasts, as well as each of her existing breasts suddenly surging forward, hard squirts of lactation accompanying the growth as her milk production instantly and retroactively increased. She moaned in a combination of the pleasure of letdown and the pain of her overtight glands as they grew, and not only those, but a second bump budding into place beside her udder that soon turned into an exact copy of its partner, both of them now half again the size of a basketball topped with eight-inch fat chocolate-brown teats that were each leaking a constant stream of milk.

Her moans turned into "moo"s, her ears flopping as she continued to hump against Ruth in the full throes of orgasm. Every inch of her body was impossibly heavy and tight, and her brain was flooding with the urge to just sit back and allow a procession of beautiful, hungry people to feed from her, dozens of mouths licking, sucking and draining her nourishing mother's milk, her body finally fulfilling the role that had been meant for it since she was born, the one she'd tried to push away and deny her entire life.

She snuggled herself into Ruth for a while longer, her goddess's breathing slowing and calming, then peeled herself away to heave herself to her feet. Milk squirted in spasmodic bursts from her as her breasts and udders shook and jiggled against each other, heading off out of the temple to try to find a pilgrim or twelve to share in her bounty. Ruth's chest rose and fall as she feel deeper and deeper into sleep...

High Priestess Cotton jerked awake, instantly shrieking in pleasure as moist, thick muscle slathered around in her crotch. Dimly she remembered she'd been having some extremely lewd dreams the night before, and she'd obviously worked herself up enough in her sleep to the point where her vaginal companion felt it appropriate to intervene and start eating her out.

She fell backwards on the bed, a hand running up through her hair as her hips rose up from the bed, her voice settling into a rising and falling series of passionate moans as she let herself sink into her body's autonomous stimulation. Before long, though, there was stirring from either side of her. On her left side, a tall woman with a harsh undershave rose to sitting, three overlarge breasts jostling into position. The girl's hungry eyes roamed over Cotton's body, and as she watched the priestess writhe in enforced ecstasy her hands roamed downwards, stroking two thick shafts that lurched and pulsed as they rose to erection.

On Cotton's other side, masses of shaggy pink hair rose out of the sheets, accompanied by a man's delicate, feminine face atop a slim naked chest. He possessed four thin arms that unfolded to roam across Cotton's body, one taking the time to tug the sheets away from his narrow hips and slender legs to reveal a penis that, even flaccid, was thicker than either of his thighs and extended down to his knees. He looked across Cotton at the other woman, raised his eyebrows, and the pair of them mounted her.

She took a position over Cotton's midriff, gathering the woman's enormous breasts in her arms and manoeuvring her lip-nipples into place to allow them, smacking expectantly, to start suckling on the ends of the two dicks that projected to either side from her groin. He positioned himself between her thighs, reaching down and rolling the skin back from the soft glans of his cock and pressing it against her pussy, moaning lightly as the tongue extended out and began lapping at him instead of at her. He bent in, bending his still-flaccid penis which appeared not to be physically reacting to the situation, and replaced what her pussy-tongue had been doing with his own tongue, eating her out as her pussy gave him a licking, lapping blowjob. Despite him remaining soft it was clear he could feel what was happening, and his moans reverberated into Cotton's fat muff. He occasionally traded off with it, sucking himself at the same time as it licked him or joining with it to stimulate different parts of his priestess's ladyhood, while his partner furiously humped herself into Cotton's breast-blowjob making those spectacular mounds slosh back and forth like tidal waves of pale flesh. The trio spent

roughly the next hour in a variety of complex configurations trading orgasms back and forth until, finally blissfully satisfied, Cotton heaved herself up out of the bed and began preparing for her day.

The Priestess's robes were long and dyed a dark black-purple gradient with small precious stones sewed in to make them glitter like starlight. They tied under her breasts, making not even the tiniest effort to cover them in any way. A dark tiara set with diamonds held back her multicoloured hair. She took a final look, steeled herself, and walked out into the Temple.

As far as anyone knew, the Temple, and its occupant, had been there forever. Tales of it extended back to the earliest written and oral histories, accounts that could not have been anything but the goddess that blessed this location.

She looked up, still in awe no matter how many times she saw it, at The Ruth.

It looked vaguely human in shape, except that It was fifteen feet tall, and Its shocking curves were unlike anything that did or could exist in even the most extreme variants of humanity. Its "skin" such as it was, was a living void, like a moving mirror into the deepest recesses of space, galaxies spinning and burning, stars twinkling, nebulae and supernovae in a cosmic dance. Its hair was a flaming white halo that extended out and down from Its head, that constantly tossed and flickered and burned like a bright-white bonfire but gave out no heat. Six gigantic breasts hung from Its chest, the starlight nipples leaking a constant stream of pearlescent fluid that sparkled like diamonds in the morning light, and two thick, proudly erect shafts each three feet long projected up from between Its enormous thighs, each also belching the star-cum with each massive pulse and throb of their lengths.

It moaned, a sound comprised of what seemed to be hundreds, even thousands of voices, all echoing together in near, but not complete, unison, each time Its cocks flexed or other signs of suppressed lust emerged across Its form.

Cotton held her position as the world's foremost authority on The Ruth, having devoted her life to studying It. She was sure, in some way, that It was linked to why humanity had developed like it had. No other creature in the world was so varied, especially sexually - there were almost as many variations of human physical sexuality as there were humans, and it was rare to find two people with the exact same configuration of appendages, organs and tastes. Humanity's biology was unlike anything else in the world too. To Cotton's scientific eye, it was an anomaly, and one she felt had to be linked to the palpable aura of power that flowed forth regularly from The Ruth.

The Ruth was locked, as near as Cotton could tell, in an endless cycle of stimulation without end. She'd pored through legends and tales and stories, and nothing ever seemed to describe The Ruth having an orgasm - only, at best, the occasional mini-orgasm that came with tremendous pulses of power, easily detectible on her instruments. That, too, had to have something to do with humanity, she was sure of it. It's possible that if The Ruth had ever had an orgasm, it could well have been linked to the early emergence of humans, or even the birth of the world.

It moaned even louder, each of Its nipples and penises surging with a huge flow of fluid, and various machines and instruments beeped around Cotton as needles suddenly swung and pinned at the very edges of their gauges. As Cotton observed the readings, she shrugged her shoulders, moving the shoulders of her robe aside to allow the emergence of a huge pair of iridescent butterfly wings, unfolding outwards and flapping a couple of times to dry their moisture. At the same time, her eyes slowly darkened, their surfaces roughening until they appeared to be compound eyes made of hexagons, equally as iridescent as her wings. Her body capped off the changes by taking another several inches off her already short height and adding them directly to the width of her hips.

Cotton made some notes, then added some points to an already-existing plot, then frowned.

"It's definitely exponential. Stronger each time at an increasing rate. Happening more often, too, this is the second time this week. Same as the Disciples- oh, goodness. I should check on them too."

The Disciples were people who were incredibly, some might say overwhelmingly, blessed by the Goddess. Individuals whose very forms radiated the energies of The Ruth, manifest in bodies far beyond any others throughout humanity.

Cotton first arrived at the chamber for a young woman named Marie. An enormous stone chamber only barely contained breasts that, together, would easily have filled and overflowed a swimming pool. Cotton was greeted on opening with the enormous nipple of one of them, a fat nub itself the size of a small car, and made her way around the perimeter of the constantly sloshing, rippling mountains of flesh. A line of people was waiting patiently at the halfway mark, diverse in form but all of them possessing at least one penis, and as Cotton walked further she could hear the contented moans and wet, sloppy, squishy noises of energetic fellatio.

The slim, black-haired girl was sucking hard on a foot-long cock being offered to her by a slim man, while on either side several people sat stroking themselves,. One began to grunt and then turned to the side, their load erupting across just a tiny part of the gigantic breasts that extended from Marie's comparatively tiny chest. As Cotton watched, the cum was absorbed straight into their skin with a small moan from Marie, though not enough to stop her from sucking.

The only thing that had grown faster than Marie's breasts had been her intense, unending hunger for cum, and by now she spent almost her entire day sucking cock to keep her cravings at bay, and recently had had to begin supplementing with several more people blowing their loads across her hungry tits at all times. Both were still growing, as the readings radiating from Marie only increased. Cotton took note of them and moved on.

The next chamber was a man named Alan, who had started out one of Cotton's assistants until his developments had left him totally incapable of continuing to work. He sat on a comfortable plush bed, legs spread as far as possible to accommodate four penises, each one as thick around as a tree trunk and ten feet long. Not one of them had gone soft in years, and beneath them was part of the reason for that - a gigantic

scrotum, loose and billowy and spreading out ten feet in every direction, clearly full of dozens upon dozens of beachball-sized testicles. A number of robed acolytes were positioned along the rigid lengths of his dicks, working hard to stimulate him and try desperately to help him reach even a few minutes of relief, but the relief came less and harder-won every day. He yelped and whined as one of his shafts lurched hard, rising up away from the arms, breasts and bodies of his helpers, and then practically squealed as cum burst from the end in enormous, wet, squelching jets, gallons upon gallons with each shot, his orgasm lasting what seemed like forever before the flow finally died down; though not his erection. That merely quivered back down to level with the people attending to him, ready for them to start again. Just like Marie, the energy readings were ever increasing.

The next room contained less flesh overall, but all of it trying to occupy much less space. Eight dark-skinned breasts each larger than beach balls and three gigantic human-udders, each replete with four foot-long wobbling, fleshy teats, all projected from the same small area, pressing hard against each other. Behind the jostling pile of orbs sat a small, slim woman with long pointed horns projecting out from her dark hair propped up on a bed, her eyes closed. She let out sounds that alternated between moans and moos as two dozen people swarmed over her, drinking greedily from her freely-flowing teats. The milk never stopped flowing, and it already took 24/7 treatment from a rotating stable of supplicants just to keep her at the same size. In fact, recently, she'd begun growing even bigger from backed-up milk no matter how much she was drained. She didn't care, as long as she was being nursed from. Cotton took note of her increasing readings and moved on.

Opening the door to the next room, Cotton saw a small, slim man sitting in the middle with masses of forest-green hair. He looked as though he was sitting in a pile of flesh-coloured cushions, but when he shifted it became clear that it was actually a pair of hips ten feet across, atop vast ass cheeks and trunklike thighs that left him immobile. His hips, and everything around them, was covered in streaks and piles of semen. Sitting across those thighs was a pair of testicles each even bigger than Alan's, but from their reactions to his movements they were clearly far, far heavier than they appeared. His cock, a mere foot long in comparison to some of the other endowments Cotton saw regularly, was ejaculating violently. Lyra shrieked, his uselessly flailing torso falling back against the rear extension of his own ass as cum spewed in spasmodic ropes all across the room, his dick lurching and shooting, lurching and shooting, over and over again without the slightest break. His head whipped from side to side, fingers running through his hair and gripping, the other thumping the vast shelf of his hips, the sounds issuing from him not so much moans of pleasure as of pure sensation. The feeling of cumming was no longer even pleasant but was just an endless white-hot haze.

As near as Cotton's records showed, Lyra had been stuck in a continuous orgasm for the last two years, having graduated from frequent, completely unprompted spontaneous orgasms that had begun many years previous to that and simply increased in frequency and intensity until one day they never stopped. The endless orgasm had at least still allowed him some level of awareness at first but as it kept going, becoming stronger,

more intense by the day, it left him in his current state. Cotton leaned in to check the readings-

-and the meter cracked as a wave of energy so powerful that Cotton could feel it deep inside her body rolled through the chamber like a tsunami. She bolted upright, looking out to the main temple, and immediately began making her way back to The Ruth. She heard Lyra's moans escalate behind her as she closed the door. Outside in the corridor, though, she had to grab the wall and collect herself for a moment as, of course unknown to her, alongside the tongue inside her pussy another hard lump of flesh began to form and reshape itself, thickening and stiffening until it wasn't a tongue at all, but a thick, glistening cock that slowly began to pump in and out of her body. She had no control over it but could certainly feel it, and her mind was suddenly assaulted by the dual sensation of fucking and being fucked. At the same time as she tried to get on top of the sensations and her breathing, she choked lightly and opened her mouth to allow a second shaft to protrude out from past her plush lips, eyes rolling as it pushed out and then slid back inside, giving her a moment to swallow and breathe before it thrust out from inside her throat again.

Of all the times for these stupid things to decide I need some attention...

Someone as sex-obsessed as her had never really had a fundamental issue with her body occasionally, or honestly far more than occasionally, deciding she needed a hard, raw, from-both-sides fucking. She'd spent many a glorious hour letting herself be spit-roasted by the shafts her body kept nestled inside her until her arousal stirred and activated them. It was, however, sometimes extremely inconvenient when she just wanted to ignore that she was horny for a few more minutes while she got something done and her body informed her that, no, she was done *now*.

She drew a deep breath and began to walk, moaning and squeaking, hips shaking with each thrust of the dick from between her legs, trying to focus on her path forward as the shaft in her mouth extended out into her line of sight and disappeared as it fucked her throat. She wanted nothing more than to collapse onto the vast pillowy mass of her tits and let herself be deliciously fucked to satisfaction for an hour or two, but something far more important was at stake.

Out in the main chamber of the temple, The Ruth was howling. Light poured from every inch of Its body, the spiralling cosmic dance on Its skin speeding up until nothing could be made out aside from smears of light and glowing colour, throwing against the walls of the temple. Sparkling fluid was gushing from Its nipples and Its cocks in thick, powerful streams. Every piece of equipment around It had been burned out, the pulses of energy strong enough to be felt in the flesh and in the soul. One of these pulses of energy brought to Cotton's brain, even in its dick-addled state, the knowledge of what needed to be done.

She climbed up to The Ruth's dais, what was left of her robes falling away and revealing the milky curves of her outrageous body, and dropped her breasts in Its lap. Pushing them against Its cocks was like trying to hold back the ocean, even as they slowly expanded from the energy they were absorbing and Cotton's limbs were suffused with hidden strength, as if the power flowing from The Ruth was forbidding her from trying

to complete what was happening, some internal conflict not allowing It to achieve the climax It so desperately desired.

Another pulse of energy saw the walls behind it crumble, the ceiling held up by invisible force, revealing the chambers of the 4 Disciples. They each looked to The Ruth, their various attendants moving aside, and all of them, somehow, despite their obscene, incapacitated bodies, were able to stand up, and move or drift over near The Ruth. Cotton moved aside as Marie's breasts were moved into position to accept one of The Ruth's cocks into her cleavage, unseen force pushing them together and beginning to stroke Its shaft with them. Alan took his place behind It, Its rear accepting the full length of each one of his cocks like they were disappearing into nothingness as they entered Its body. Ginette's breasts pushed against Its head, coating It in freely flowing milk before It began to drink from them, while Lyra sat on the other side, drinking from Its breasts in the same way. One shaft remained, and Cotton, gazing at it, turned around, allowed her own internal cock to slide back inside her, and pushed against the fat head despite knowing there was no way her body could take it.

There was a final flash of light and energy, so strong that it filled the chamber with blinding whiteness, and Cotton felt something push past her, somehow like a wall of soft flesh that could yet be moved through, intangible but gently smothering, before the light consumed her completely. It expanded out from the Temple, from the country, from the Earth itself, reaching out to touch and consume the very reaches of space.

Ruth felt her awareness stretch back, leaving her body, blurred light rushing in a tunnel around her vision like she was being thrown backwards at tremendous speed. She turned around and saw... nothing. Not just a lack of vision, but the horrible awareness that she was looking at *nothing*. Suddenly, a small spot flared right in the centre of her vision, and just before her world was surrounded by heat, light and noise, she made a choice.

Alan Brightwell walked up the steps to the outside door of his small apartment. Work was long and hard at the university, but each day had been easier knowing what he had to come back to.

Inside, a dark haired girl was dusting the entertainment unit at the front of the living room. Bent over as she was, her butt formed a firm curve in her tight jeans, and her loose top left absolutely nothing to the imagination regarding her deliciously huge breasts. When she heard the door open she snapped upright and they heaved upwards and downwards in a heavy bounce. Her eyes sparkled, her plump lips curling into a wide smile.

"Alan, *mon chéri*!"

She leapt forward and threw her arms around him, pressing her face into his chest. "I did ze, um, cleaning for you. Do you like?"

His arm slid up her back, pulling her tighter, feeling her relax into him. "I love it, Marie, but you don't have to do this, you know. I know you're busy, babe."

She squeezed harder. "I want to. Eet feels, er, right. Good. You 'ave been so generous with me. Eet has been 'ard, adjusting to America. You have 'elped so much."

She changed her grip, not just trying to pull him tight, but instead pressing her body into him, looking up with an impish smile as she gently rubbed her midriff against his groin. "And of course you 'ave been generous with other theengs, too." She giggled. "I 'ave been dreaming of your cum all day."

Alan huffed in mounting arousal as Marie wiggled her hips and dropped down to her knees, gently unzipping and unbuttoning the front of his jeans, revealing the massive penis slowly pulsing to life inside his boxers. She flipped it out, giving the tip a gentle kiss, and a lick.

"I deed not know penises could be so 'uge. I love doing thees for you so much, it almost feels I am... Er, 'ow you say... Addicted? Yes. Addicted to your sperm."

Alan groaned, gently gripping the top of Marie's head as she suckled the end of his ten-inch cock into her mouth and slid down until her lips kissed the very base of his pubic mound. As they enjoyed each other, Ruth felt their pleasure.

A dark-skinned woman slid her hands over a line of tickets, committing them to memory before turning back to the hotplate. She was pretty, under the sweat of the hot line, and her chef's jacket bulged with a pair of massive mounds. She pushed out another plate of food, wiped her forehead, and turned to another chef.

"I'm taking a break."

She was unbuttoning her jacket before she even made her way into the bathroom, and as she entered the cool seclusion of the tiled room she thrust out her breasts, groaning at the release of pressure on them. She flipped up her black undershirt, blushing slightly as she revealed the black and white cowprint bra she had on underneath. Hey, if you're going to be lactating, why not enjoy it?

She started squeezing and kneading them at the sink, biting down on her moans as milk streamed down into the drain. She'd spent too long on the line without expressing and now she was almost painfully full. She was so fixated on relieving her pressure that she didn't even notice as the door opened behind her, only when the junior chef's hands wrapped around her waist and grabbed her breasts from underneath.

"Ch-chef, please, I'm... I need more of your milk..."

Ginette turned, smiling serenely, and lifted up her breast to the small mousy woman's mouth. As the girl sucked, Ginette found her hands wandering down between the girl's legs, feeling the stirrings of her dick. As they explored each other's bodies, Ruth felt their pleasure.

A short, delicately slim man wandered through the corridors of his campus. His soft eyes were framed by dark liner, blonde roots beginning to show above long forest-green dyed hair. His jeans were full to bursting with a fat, round butt, and he clearly

revelled in the stares it received from the people he passed, swinging his hips and shaking it from side to side. Tight as they were, the jeans made the bulge in front of his legs extremely obvious as well.

In a crowd in the quad, he spotted a tall, slender person with an aquiline face in a long coat and flowing skirt, and crept up behind them until he could hug them from behind. They didn't even jump, merely extending a hand backwards to run through his hair.

"Hello, Lyra. How are you today?"

He grabbed harder. "Horny."

"What's new. Shall we find somewhere quiet?"

He whined, nodding, and the pair found a tree at the corner of the quad where they were unlikely to be bothered. Lyra's partner sat back against the tree, pulling up their skirt and spreading their legs, revealing their bald-shaved pussy for Lyra's consumption. He buried his head gratefully, wiggling his hips to reveal his dick and the fat scrotum with its egg-sized testicles he carried underneath, stroking himself as he pleased his partner. As Lyra gave pleasure and extracted it from himself, Ruth felt it.

Professor Candace Cotton sat at her desk, steadily working through a pile of marking. Being an adjunct was hard work, especially being taken seriously as an academic as a short, adorable girl with dyed pigtails and an absurdly curvaceous body, but her intellect and work ethic were taking her places. There was a knock at her door and she sighed, sliding off her chair and cracking open the door, before her breath caught in her throat. It was a tall woman with toned muscles and bronzed skin, showing off abdominals with a crop top, her hair in a ponytail held down by a trucker cap. Candace recognised her from one of her freshman lectures.

"Hey, Professor. I wanted to talk about that report from last week."

"The-oh, yes, I remember. Umm, yes, come in."

She sat in the peeling chair in front of Candace's desk, legs spread, making it extremely obvious what was between her legs - and the incredible quality of it. Candace nearly drooled before coughing and forcing her vision upwards.

"So, when you say the report from last week, you mean the one you never submitted, yes?"

"Uh, yeah. That one. Look, um, I need the grade in this class for my scholarship or they're gonna kick me off the team."

"Then you should submit tasks on time." Cotton's eyes kept drifting downwards across the girl's incredible body, her pussy practically trying to leap out of her panties.

"Stuff happened, I, um, you know, distractions, uh. I'm sorry. Can I redo it?"

She leaned back, Cotton watching her muscles rearrange.

"I'd need a very good reason."

"I, um, I can prove I'm really sorry? I can, like, do something for you?"

"D-do something for me?"

Now it was Cotton's turn to realise the girl's eyes were on her fat cleavage, roaming down to her wide hips and plush thighs, and that there was a small twitch from the girl's jeans. Her expression bore a mix of confidence and trepidation.

"Yeah, you know, something nobody else can do for you. Or at least haven't for a few years now. Right, Cotton Candy?"

Candace went beet-red and jumped slightly. She leaned in slightly, lowering her voice. "And just what are you implying by that?"

"Only that I've got a nice collection of videos that prove how much you love girldick. Really, well, really hot videos."

Candace smiled a little bit. "And are you suggesting you can offer what I was being offered in... those videos?"

"Better."

Candace bit her lip, looking down openly at her student's rapidly-filling jeans. She licked her lips, revealing the unusually large, strong tongue that had been one of her most notable features in her previous career. "Prove it."

And that was how Candace found herself on her desk, hands mashed deeply into her breasts, chubby legs spread wide apart to accept the powerful thrusts of her student's ramrod-rigid cock, revelling in the feeling of being filled to the brim with futanari dick for the first time since her porn star days. And Ruth felt every ounce of that feeling too.

The world born out of Ruth's choice wasn't so unlike the one she'd left, at least before her twisted mind and the power of the tiny fragment of the Big Bang she'd managed to find had wreaked their havoc on it. It was just happier. And hornier. People were more sexual, more open, less shackled to prejudices about gender and sexuality. More relationships, more sex, more sensation, and she could connect with every single one of them. The universe was her, and she was the universe. Torrents of energy moved about like the signals in her nerves, galaxies rose and fell according to the homeostasis of her body without a body, but most importantly was that one single blue jewel that held so much love, sensation, pleasure and power - that she could feel and experience for the rest of eternity.