

Master PC - Kernal Panic

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Master PC - Kernal Panic

by [ThatGuy9591](#)

Summary

Chris has a hard time at his new school and things don't really look to get better. Despite everything he has to deal with he just wants to live a normal life.

Based on the Master PC stories, not my original idea but I ran with it. Be warned: there is a lot of plot here.

Chapter 1

The Important Bits

1: I don't claim any kinds of rights to the idea of Master PC; It's a concept that's been used in a bunch of stories and I wanted to throw my hat in that ring.

2: This story contains some major fetish porn. If you're not into giant genitals, impossible amounts of fluid or boobs the size of buildings you're in the wrong place.

3: There is a lot of story here, like a lot a lot, and it does get **dark**. I was not going for a fluff piece and shit gets real.

4: Things get rape-y but it's important to know that I don't support or endorse that behavior. The characters in this story are having kinky consensual sex and you'll even see the rules for these kinds of encounters in each scene. That said, it does get pretty dark.

5: I was so split on the ending I included both. You decide how it ends.

7: I'm a new writer and this is my first story so be gentle but honest if you have something to say about it. This is, after all, a group effort for the enjoyment of writer and reader and this is a story I wanted to share with you.

Chapter 6

Class was dragging on. Sure, he always had a good handle on Math making it a lot less interesting. Add to this the Foghorn Leghorn way the professor spoke was enough to make anything else more interesting than this. Chris checked his phone and gave a heavy sigh. It was early in his first semester at college and he'd moved away from his home town in Pennsylvania to a college in the deep south of Georgia. With the incentive of a full ride scholarship and the fact he didn't have another choice anymore, he took the opportunity and moved from home.

He had always been smart, he graduated top 3% of his class in Philly and scored a 1350 on his SATs giving him a wide pick of schools to look in to. If it wasn't for his 'issue' he would probably still be at Temple with his high school friends. Instead, he earned himself a police record and reluctantly took relocation. His eyes wandered outside to see students passing by on their way wherever looking like they could all be extras in any beach scene. Blondes and brunettes all wandering past to make a sea of tight shirts and tiny shorts. His mind started to wander.

Chris Perry, college freshman, was a tall but relatively fit man in his own eyes. His years of soccer and basketball had left a definite mark on him lending to his thin but strong build. Standing at six feet two inches he spent most of his high school days thinking he was short. That's an easy mistake

to make when a good portion of the people in your grade were giants at six four plus.

When he moved out of his high school town to join his friends in college he reinvented himself. Vests, button downs, khakis, sport coats and loafers. His new style was something he'd pieced together from GQ following inspiration from his grandfather. "Dress like the person you want to be."

He ran his hand through his messy short, styled hair as started to trace back through his past drawn off into the sunny weather outside. He took a lot of pride in the way he looked and spent time achieving his look. It made him feel clean, smart, confident. Clothes had become important to him. Naked people all look how they are and while you can change some of that it's largely just what it is. Clothes were that chance to show people who you thought you were. He could show off his well-defined stomach with a thin well-fitting shirt or his piercing blue eyes with a dark colored vest. It held true for everyone. Want to show off? Wear a bathing suit. It's amazing how different three scraps of cloth can make a woman look.

His phone vibrated against his leg rousing him from his daydream. He felt a small surge against his pant leg in response but he shut that out as quickly as he could.

<I'm at your room. Come now.> He felt it again, that rousing feeling in the bottom of his stomach, but looked up at the board to change his focus. Sara's text came close enough to the end of class he had to worry about making the awkward walk out. He grumbled to himself turning his attention to the board at the front of the class. Nothing kills an erection like math class. His phone vibrated again. He frowned but ignored it, switching to taking notes. Again, it vibrated. Over and over his pants vibrated making it completely clear that this was intentional. He struggled to get his phone out of his pocket to stop it from going off. 23 new text-

"Mr Perry, what do you think the answer should be?" His heart dropped hearing his last name. Being called out in front of the class with his phone in his hand wasn't something he could talk himself out of. His mind raced as he looked at the board trying to figure out what the question was.

"Uh..." he finally managed to shut his phone off as it vibrated for text notification 44. "One over... Three x cubed minus one y?" The class all laughed making his ears hot.

"That right there would be a spectacular ansah'... If we were workin' on that one yet..." His professor furrowed his giant white caterpillar eyebrows. "Phones should be off when you come in my class. Is that ok with you, Mr Perry?" He nodded and sank down in his chair and the bell rung marking the end of class. Chris slung his bag over his shoulder and stalked out into the hall heading for his dorm.

Sara was the girl Chris was "seeing". After moving to a new state and a new school he had taken this as a chance to do things differently and instead he found himself back in the same place he always was and Sara, the evil little harpy, was the first and only girl who was willing to put up with him. He should feel thankful to have someone but this wasn't the kind relationship he could be proud of. He could see her standing there waiting for him in front of his door.

He took his time walking to his end of the hall from the far stairwell looking her over as he approached. Sure, she was cute... maybe even hot... That tiny pair of shorts and paper-thin see-through top showed off everything. Her slender legs stuck out in stark contrast to the black pair of booty shorts basically saran wrapped around her thin hips. His favorite part, if he allowed himself to have one, were her breasts. Were they boobs, breasts or tits? How are they measured again? James would know for sure. They looked big for her willowy frame jutting out enough cover a bit of her arms to the side. As he grew closer he called out to her, "What the fuck are all these period

texts?”

“What took you so long? I can get myself off in less time.” She rocked her hip to the side and folded her arms under her breasts pushing them up into her red sheer shirt. Why did she have to be such a bitch. He couldn’t stop himself from tracing the lines of her white padded bra clearly visible through the silk top contrasted against her light tan. “You’re lucky I waited for you, it’s not like you’re important enough to deserve it.”

He grit his teeth and stomped over to the door leaning down to fumble with his keys to unlock the door. “Then go.” He grumbled back at her failing to get the key into the door making him even more frustrated. Heat started to well up under his shirt. “Isn’t your boyfriend waiting for you somewhere?”

“Don’t be like that...” He felt her hands wrap around him from behind as she pressed herself onto him. Her hands worked their way directly to the inside seam of his pant leg grabbing hold of what was right beneath the fabric. “Besides, who else is going to get you off?” He moved his elbow back into her to push her away managing to only push his arm into her breast. He shook his arm dismissively and shoved the big metal door open at last.

She pushed past him into the room without another word leaving him behind. He followed her in eventually locking the door and throwing his bag at the couch making it land near her. She flinched covering herself and glared back at him. He ignored her and took off his shoes looking around the modest space like always.

The McKinnon building dorms were all the same; two bedrooms, two bathrooms, a kitchen and attached common room. He and his roommate had pooled their resources to outfit their space. The kitchen was a spartan galley space, one side had the appliances and sink while the other was all cabinets with a place to sit on the other side like a bar. With both of their things it was home to maybe a pan or two and some dishes. Maybe some cookware. Maybe.

To either side of the main room was a hallway leading to the bathroom and corresponding bedrooms. Here in the common room they had scrounged together an oversized couch and a real nice TV plus some wood shelf thing to put it on. You know, the necessities. He looked back at the girl sitting on his couch playing on her phone looking overly bored. It was an act to show he wasn’t doing what he was supposed to but it was a stupid game.

“Say it or I’m leaving.” She barked at him over her phone barely taking the time to look up at him. He could pretend he didn’t know what she was talking about but that would be a lie. This was why she gave him the time of day; her little game. It pissed him off every time.

“Why do I do this again?” He growled at her as he stalked over to stand in front of her. He asked but he already knew why. The growing pressure in his pant leg drew her attention and that wicked smirk of hers.

“Shut up you breathing vibrator.” She leaned forward and pulled her elbows in next to her to push her boobs up for him. “Say it or I’ll leave you alone with that tiny little problem sticking out for everyone to see.”

“How can I please you, my mistress?” She laughed excitedly and leaned back into the cushion.

“You’re going to use that worthless tongue to make me happy.” She spread her legs and showed him she wasn’t wearing any panties. He got on his knees and shuffled over to her lowering his head but she stopped him. “Say it back to me. I want to hear what you want to do.”

He stared at the edge of the couch. What's wrong with wanting sex or companionship? He had the best and worst luck when it came to the whole physical intimacy thing. Sure he could talk his way in to basically anyone's pants, a fact he tested ad nauseum in high school. Once the clothes came off though, that was another story. Women would offer all kinds of things but sex was basically off the table, no woman would enjoy it. So here he was, groveling just so someone would touch him. He didn't really care, what are a few words to get some attention. "I want to use my worthless tongue to make you happy."

She shoved his face in between her legs with a delighted laugh. He went to work licking and moving his tongue over all the places he remembered. Each time he ran his tongue over a delicate fold or wrapped his lips around her hard lump to suck on it she'd coo and grip his hair tighter. "More like that... oh fuck." She bit her lip and yanked his hair pulling him in tighter. He could feel her legs start to shake and twitch; she was already getting close. He bit her clit lightly and sent her crashing down over the edge.

He didn't care what noise she made or how wet she got. All he could feel was her soft skin against his tongue, the slight sweet taste of her and the painful throbbing trapped below his belt. He found his own fun in his work and the noises and motions she made. When he forgot how terrible of a person she was he could just focus on being intimate. She was hot after all. Terrible, but hot. He moved a hand up under her shirt to find she'd already taken off her bra. As his fingers traced up her stomach and pronounced ribs to the soft underside of her breast she smacked his hand away. He felt that heat in his neck again and he changed his grip to grab her waist and hold himself there.

He stood up a bit picking her butt up off the couch to suspend her on his shoulders. He worked his tongue, lips and teeth over every inch of her. He bit, sucked and scraped any place that made a noise. "Oh fuck! Let me-" She gasped and tried to pull his head back as the legs caging his head shook violently. Her voice was strained and frantic now as she pulled his hair against his constant assault. "Oh god, stop! I can't- fuck!"

He felt her buckle, her stomach tensed and her legs clamped around his head but still he didn't stop. She tried to yell at him but all that came out was a long shaky vowel. He bit her one last time and felt her cum again, harder this time. Her body shook like it was struck by lightning and went rigid. She thrashed a few times against him before managing to find the words "FUCKING STOP!"

He let go of her and she fell in a sweaty lump onto the couch. She looked ragged and had trouble catching her breath but she still glared at him. He looked down at her and enjoyed looking her over. Her bright round button nipples stood out against the nearly clear fabric. "Take your fucking pants off you piece of shit."

He could see how weak she was after her back to back mind shattering orgasms. In his head he imagined picking her up by an ankle and just having his way with her. He'd fuck her into the couch until he was satisfied. He'd stretch her out until she couldn't even pretend she wasn't cheating on her boyfriend anymore. No one else would fit when he was done with her. And then he'd be alone. He undid his pants and worked them down and off before moving to his shirt. He felt her hand gingerly touch him while his head was covered. That fleeting feeling, so sincere and almost caring, was quickly replaced by a violent jerk.

He looked down at the reason for his solitude. He hated going to the doctor because they always wanted to measure him and reassure him it was ok, that puberty hits everyone differently. Blah blah blah. Another violent jerk brought him back. Her hand looked so tiny compared to the huge freakish thing she was touching. It was more like an arm than a dick.

"Too bad this disgusting thing isn't good for anything." Have you tried? She stroked him back and

forth a few times smirking triumphantly. “Did you ever measure it?” He could only sigh in response, she let him go and frowned at him.

“No.” He lied unconvincingly but she ignored him comparing it to her forearm and then when that wasn’t enough her entire arm. With the massive head tucked into her arm pit it extended almost to her wrist. If he remembered right that thing was just under a foot and a half long and probably close to a foot around at the base. The reason he was always scaring people off was because of this baseball of a thing. Anyone who had stayed to be a good sport never called back. That was except for the incident at Temple university that got him thrown out.

“Lie down.” She commanded snapping him out of his thoughts once more. He put himself down on his back as she asked and watched her strip her shorts and straddle on top of him grinding her wet sex down onto him as she did. He watched as she pulled her shirt up over her head and dropped it on his face. She scooped her breasts up and let them flop back down.

She was thin, so thin that her ribs made a clear arc above her stomach and he could see the small indent of her ribcage above that. Despite that her breasts drooped only enough to make a black crease where they fell forward. He grabbed her bra as she played with herself rubbing back and forth on the tree trunk she was straddling. 28C. He’d have to ask James what that meant later.

“Am I boring you?” She chided him placing her hands on his flat stomach and grinding further back and forth along him making him slick with her own excitement. It felt good but he wanted more. He wanted to break her in half. He grit his teeth and fought back the building feeling as she masturbated using his length. “Do you want to cum on my big sexy tits?”

She pulled his hands onto her chest to allow him to play with her. He busied himself exploring her hard nubs and incredibly soft mounds. She leaned over him and lined herself up with his head grinding down on the almost softball sized head her nipples brushed his face and he latched on to them with his mouth. He was getting closer and closer. In his head his mind wandered as she used him.

He imagined himself grabbing her and slamming her against the wall forcing his tongue down her throat before impaling her. He slammed her hips down onto him barging into that tiny little opening. He’d fuck her until she couldn’t breathe and then keep going. He’d fill her with so much cum her tits would swell up. Good to know. Those tits she was so proud of... he’d keep fucking her until she was addicted to him. He’d pump her full time after time until those god damn breasts were big, bloated, engorged sacks pinning her to the ground for-

He grunted as he passed the point of no return. “Are you going to cum already? Pathetic. How are you going to steal me away from my useless boyfriend when you’re so weak?” She ground against him harder, this was the part she got off on. He wasn’t sure what she was imagining but he imagined it was some way of humiliating her boyfriend, or him, or both. “You’re not... ooooh... you’re not good enough for me... Cum for me, trash. I can feel it.” She rolled her hips down and put her hand on her stomach as it spasmed. He couldn’t hold it together anymore.

He remembered being back at Temple University, he had found a girl who was braver than the rest. She even let him try harder than anyone. After the head was almost all the way inside he lost it and came. He came a lot. And kept cumming. She ran out into the hall and instead he got in trouble. He was seen as some kind of pervert and had to change schools. All because he nearly drowned some girl.

With a grunt he felt himself tense and the first splash hit her between the legs with force. He grabbed his dick by the root and held on as it spasmed and belched what felt like gallons all over Sara’s back and all over himself. He never knew how long he would cum for but it felt like days.

When he opened his eyes she was looking down at him with that evil smirk.

“Go wash up you disgusting pig.” She sneered down at him before kissing him aggressively. He didn’t really get what her deal was but whatever, he got off so who cares. He climbed out from underneath her and staggered off towards his bathroom while she muttered something behind him. He knew she’d be gone by the time he got out. She’d let herself out and best he could guess walk home looking like some kind of glazed donut? The thought made him laugh at least, imagining her going back to her room like she was hit by a tornado made of glue.

He felt that usual feeling of sinking remorse whenever she’d leave. He knew this was wrong, some other guy somewhere had no idea his girl was hooking up with someone else. She may be an awful person but he probably wasn’t. Poor guy probably had no say in anything. As he toweled himself off the familiar questions ran through his mind. Was it worth it? Definitely not. Would he do it again? He would always steel himself to never again but he knew that all it would take is a few days of morning wood and he’d be ready to let her do what she wanted to him. He really was a weak piece of trash.

At least he was a satisfied and clean weak piece of trash. He shrugged and went back into the common room to clean that mess up before James got back. He picked up his clothes and checked his phone. His heart sank. It had been longer than he intended and he was going to be late for his last class of the day.

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Everything was easier after he... emptied... His mind was more clear and focused and he even found it easier to deal with all the little inconveniences. Not having to worry about suddenly swelling up did wonders on his disposition. He even smiled at the cute girl sitting next to him when he saw her move. The cute girl sitting next to him who had dropped her pencil. The cute girl sitting next to him who was now staring back at him as he took in the view straight down her shirt. So much for all that. Before he had realized she was watching him he had already taken his sweet time to trace every line he could see. She definitely caught him looking.

He quickly looked away and back to the class at hand trying desperately to pretend he hadn’t just eye fucked her cleavage while she watched. She shouldn’t even be embarrassed I mean those had to be way larger than Sara’s and between them he could only barely see her trim stomach. Why was he going over this in detail in his head!? He had to get out of here.

He collected his things and pulled them in front of the rapidly developing problem occurring down his pant leg. He stood abruptly and turned to the girl he’d been caught staring at with an apologetic smile. “Excuse me...” He started to shimmy back towards the back of the lecture hall intent on hiding away in a bathroom until he was decent. When he hit the door he looked back one last time to see if she was scowling at him or whatever other awful thing he could come up with in his head that would inevitably lead to him being arrested. Instead, as he disappeared into the hallway, he saw her wink at him.

In the empty hallway there was no one there to notice the obscene bulge he was now sporting threatening to rip out the knee of his slacks. He shuffled into the bathroom across the hall and stole away in a stall. It always took more work than he wanted to put in to get this stupid thing out from its thin brown cloth prison.

Fine. I’ll start things off then.

With it free to swell and grow in the open air he plopped down on the toilet and took out his phone

to wait for it to subside. Unlike normal it continued to inflate pulling at his stomach, demanding attention. It was still horny, aching for release. It was like his world was growing dim and distant, all he could hear was the pulsing of his heartbeat as it pushed his erection from annoying to painfully hard. As he was being lulled away he heard the door to the bathroom open but that didn't matter. His vision tunneled in dragging him back into something dark and cold.

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"You smell good for a slut." He growled into the tangle of hair near the girl's ear. His hand was on her throat and with a deep inhale he took in her scent again making sure she could feel him on her ear as he did. He could feel his swollen dick pressed into her entire front as he growled at her. "Say begone and I'll let you go... otherwise I'm going to devour you."

Great. I must have passed out from blood loss again. Another power trip fantasy no doubt.

That's shaky as far as consent goes but I like where your head is at.

Another voice had barged into his fantasy, what a pain. Probably his conscience or something. Piss off this is my daydream, it's bad enough I can only get laid in my dreams.

Who says?

While he waited for her to speak he smelled her neck and hair with exaggerated breaths. He knew she wouldn't. He tightened his hand around her neck and moved back to look her in the eye. "You belong to me now." Her eyes were wide with fear but her mouth stayed clamped shut. He could feel her heart pounding against his palm.

She was so small and cute. **He** stepped back letting go of her to drink her in. She had a look about her; bleached blonde French braid pigtails, large eyes and a button nose. Her lips were small but pouty with a defined crease marking the edge of her high cheeks. Her high forehead and large eyes made her look like a scared little cartoon mouse. Her small fingers clutched at the hem of her knee length jean overall dress. Her slight fingers fidgeted with the ridge of the garment bringing it slowly higher up her pale legs. He could see her breath as the swell of her bra rose and fell in her frilly white shoulderless crop top.

"Tell me, Mouse..." He growled, moving over to her again to loom over her. She must have been barely taller than five feet. "Tell me who you belong to."

"You." Her tiny whisper echoed into the silent space bringing with it a flurry of motion. He lunged at her, her eyes closed and she let out a small moan as he hoisted her up to pin her against the cold wall, holding her in place with his hands under her. With a hungry kiss he clamped down on her lips shoving his tongue into her mouth. She met him there though he could feel how unsure she was. This meek creature was his to play with. He dragged his tongue along hers, exploring the new space. Her moan into his mouth was barely loud enough to hear but he felt it and it fueled him.

Take what's yours.

His hand moved to the fabric of her top to grab her modest bust but found only cloth and padding. He let out a low growl pulling back letting her fall back onto her feet. Her breasts were entirely fake. He reached out his grasping fingers but could only find two pronounced nipples under all that fluff. Her face was flushed and apologetic as he returned his stare to drill through her. She instinctively raised her dress up to try and appease him. Through the gap in her tiny shaking thighs he could see a dark patch spreading across her patterned pink panties.

"I'm sorry..." she sounded like she was going to break down but he cut her off.

"Turn around, slut." He rasped. She spun and put her hands against the wall presenting her narrow hips and cute little bubble butt to him. Despite having no **meat** anywhere on her body before him was a plush, full though miniscule ass. He roughly smacked her ass cheek to find it firm but yielding. "My cute little Mouse..."

"Am I a good slut?" She whispered into the wall.

He grabbed hold of her and stepped in to press himself against her crotch. She moaned once and he could see her legs tense. He ran his hands around her behind and then down around her taught stomach roaming back to the padded bra. "You're not a slut, you're just a Mouse."

"I'm sorry..." She pushed back against him and moaned again. She whimpered back to him with a pleading look in her eyes. "Your Mouse wants you. I want to be your slut!" Her voice was building to be almost frantic.

This isn't how sex goes. Girls aren't made into drooling sex slaves just my rubbing against them.

Don't sell yourself short. You've been teasing this poor girl for a while now and she's loving it. Foreplay, sir.

This was one hell of a dream. He could feel himself ache for her and he desperately wanted what was coming next, what he had always been denied, to be real. His entire body yearned to feel her from the inside.

Go on, how would you make her your slut?

I'd fuck her. Break her until she's nothing but a fuck hole. My fuck hole.

He pulled her panties aside and dug both thumbs into her soaking pussy pulling it to either side. Her whole body tensed and shook as she howled another long moan.

That's it? What would you change?

Change? I wouldn't change her. If she were mine, I'd worship her just as she is.

Don't be boring. This is your dream, right? What would you change?

Breasts. Every good slut deserves big fat boobs.

Is that all you people think about? You like them big too? Fine. I'll give them a little boost.

I don't like them, I love them. Big. Huge. Bigger. Mine.

He suddenly remembered his deranged fantasy from earlier. Cum. Fill up her tits with cum. He pushed his hips forward in desperation growling as his thumbs prevented his entry. He moved his hands, scooping up her thighs and pulling her wide. This was his dream and no matter how small she was he was going to get what he needed. She was going to take it all. It didn't matter if it was impossible.

It isn't impossible. It'll fit.

With her off the ground he held her by the thighs aiming her dripping pussy at his obscene head before forcing her down. He felt the impact against the base as her tiny passage resisted him but he felt a small amount of progress. With another slam her lips parted and once more had the very tip

firmly wedged inside the folds of delicate skin.

“I’ll make you my slut, Mouse.” He grunted with the effort as he jammed her down using her entire body like a sex toy for his oversized dick until it started to accept more and more of him. “I’m going to fill you up. Can you feel it? You feel so good...” He was on auto pilot. His words didn’t even come from him anymore. His entire attention was focused on the incredible feeling stretched around him. With a loud pop the flared head buried itself inside her.

He couldn’t tell if she was even conscious anymore but it didn’t matter anymore. This was the furthest he’d ever gotten even in dreams and there was no stopping now. He used her legs to twist her left and right, working her down further onto his dick. It felt unbelievably soft and warm. The wet pressure hugged tightly against him like it belonged there. He kept working her down despite the noise. Noise? He was close to losing himself and that wouldn’t do. He willed himself to stop and regain some composure.

He turned his attention to his cock sleeve to find it howling, thrashing and moaning. Screaming and begging, the girl was apparently still awake yelling barely comprehensible things about being a good slut. That wasn’t important. He was inside now and he needed to focus on that heavenly feeling. He’d never experienced it before but if this was what it was really like, he would never be able to go without. Dream or not this was the most important thing to him right now.

He kept twisting and fucking her down on top of him past what should ever reasonably fit inside another person. He was so close to the bottom now and threatening to explode at any moment. Her cries fell on deaf ears. He moved his hand to her front to find an impossible bulge, he could feel the shape of his dick molded into her.

“I’m going to fill you now.” He growled into her ear. “Make me feel good and get your reward like a good slut.”

He felt something cold tugging at him from somewhere behind him. He knew he was on the verge of coming to but he fought back. He gripped down on the girl in his hands and jerked himself off using her entire body. He needed to cum. He needed to.

His vision of started to dim again but he held on, plowing past the point of no return with a mighty roar. He could feel the pressure travel up his length and belch forward in a torrent.

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His eyes sprang open in panic as he came hard. The first blast splashed noisily against the tile wall of the bathroom. He couldn’t clamp down to stop the next spurt from colliding heavily with the ceiling and splatting down into the stalls to either side. With all his strength he squeezed the base of his dick trying to stop the deluge but it was far too late for that. In the usual fashion he came for longer than he could count before falling limp against the wall. What a fucking dream.

His stomach growled loudly begging for attention. Apparently being a human fire hose took calories, he could feel the familiar pain in his side reminding him that it was definitely dinner time. He surveyed the damage with a sigh.

Next time bring condoms with you. Save the cleanup.

He nodded. Good plan.

Wait, you can hear me when you’re awake?

He froze at the question. What did that even mean? Who’s me? Before he could think about it at

all he was shocked back to reality by the sound of the class bell. He grabbed up his stuff, stuffed his clothes back together and scurried out of the bathroom into the sea of people.

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He dropped his tray filled with food on the table and swung his leg over the bench to plot down across from his roommate. He arrived late so the conversation was already in full swing giving him time to dig in. A slice of pizza, chicken, macaroni and cheese, a salad, a cup of soup and of course sweet tea. God bless the south for sweet tea.

“I’m telling you, she did something! She won’t fess up but like I know she found some new trick!” Molly, one of the twins was shrieking in her normal fashion about what he had no idea. Molly and Emily were inseparable as twins usually are. They were both on the smaller side and pretty but only Molly really seemed to care about that sort of stuff.

“You’re obsessed.” Emily, her sister, let out an exasperated sigh. Chris kept his head down trying not to seem nosy. He hadn’t spent a lot of time with this group of people, James had only had him join his friend group at the beginning of the semester and he had only found time to join them for a meal a handful of times before this.

He knew a little about Molly and Emily, the twins at the end of the table. Molly, the art major, was the one with the long usually dyed hair while Emily, the business? major, kept her hair messy and short. That was pretty much all he remembered from their sparse conversations. Then there was another girl, tall and skinny, with two first names. Kelly something. Kelly-Sue or something like that. She barely ever talked so he really didn’t know much more than she was friends with another person at the table, a shorter red head he hadn’t yet introduced himself to.

His thoughts were interrupted as a thud shook the table across from him accompanied by a long fingered hand pushing his salad into his lap. Chris immediately shot a look across the table to find James grinning victoriously. With all necessary haste he brushed the oily leaves off his clothes and did his best to clean both himself and his hands. He couldn’t stand being dirty, especially his hands, a fact his roommate knew and liked to torment him with.

“Glad you could join us Neat Freak. Did you hear about those Steelers?”

“Why do you do that to me... and what are steelers?” Chris tried to put his tray back in order but it was a losing battle. Dressing had invaded and there weren’t enough napkins to both clean it and him to his satisfaction.

“Dude.” Chris looked up at the wide-eyed expression across from him. “You’re from Pennsylvania and you don’t know who the Steelers are?” He suddenly felt like he’d been caught out in something important but before he could come up with something to defend himself the table erupted into sound.

“Don’t be a bitch! You just don’t care but like you took mine! It’s not fair!” Emily let out a shrill squeak and Chris looked up just in time to see Molly’s hand let go of her sister’s nipple. “They have to be fake!”

“So what if they’re fake.” James chimed in drawing his attention up. This was about to get good. James moved his hand over his heart with a sudden stern impression. “Doesn’t every breast, big or small, deserve the same love? I pledge to uphold the values of the sacred brotherhood-“

A hand came up behind him to smack him as a taller redhead joined the group with a smile. It was the girl from his class, you know, the one who he had tried to paint with his eyes. He looked down

before she could see him hoping he could sink into his plate.

“Listen, Rache, not everyone can have perfect sweater puppies like you.” He dodged the second swipe and she punched him instead. He jumped back to stand beside the table in a dramatic Shakespearean pose “Judge her not on the size of her boobs, but on whether she’ll let you touch them. Ow! What!?” The redhead punched him again and the table all laughed. Chris couldn’t help but laugh at his new friend’s display, that man had zero shame and in a big way he idolized that about him. The redhead looked forward with a smile and caught Chris’s eye. His heart sank but he resolved to pretend nothing had happened.

“I’m Rachel, not A Study in Pink.” She extended her hand pulling her other arm under to hold her forearm like she it took extra effort to reach over to him. Did she know she was making a wonderful cleavage shelf for him? Should he say something?

“I’m Chris, his roommate, and don't think I didn't catch that reference.” He shook her hand with a polite smile summoning all his willpower to look at her face. She retracted her hand and brushed a stray clump of hair out from in front of her thing round glasses.

“Ah, so you’re the newest member of his ‘sacred brotherhood’ huh?” She laughed and James turned to join the conversation having heard his calling.

“Oh yeah, Chris is just an initiate though. He has yet to become fully trained in the way of the TaTas.”

“What the hell does that even mean?” She laughed back at him looking to Chris for answers but he honestly had no idea.

“I’m a grand master.” James puffed up with a crooked smirk. “My powers of perception are honed to a fine point. I can tell a girl’s size just with a picture.

“A picture huh? Har har, very clever.” She took a bite of her food.

“No seriously, I can prove it. If you’ll allow it, m’lady.” Rachel looked back at him.

“All right fine.” She turned to face him and he whipped out his phone for a picture. He grinned stupidly at his triumph before tucking the phone away without another word. Rachel made a noise of disdain and punched him again. “You’re so full of shit!”

“Don’t be ridiculous. I don’t actually need a picture to know you’re a 32D.” He turned back to his food with a look of absolute victory. “But thanks for the pic.”

“Whatever.” She looked back at Chris and leaned forward pressing her chest into the table making it squash up into her neck deliciously. “He’s wrong anyway, I’m a 30E.” She winked across the table and leaned back. He couldn’t tell but he was pretty sure she was flirting with him.

“It doesn’t matter to me.” Chris said to his food trying to change the subject. “I think every woman is beautiful in their own way, no matter how grand master fetish over there judges them.” The table went quiet and he suddenly felt like he’d said something wrong. Everyone was looking at him for some reason. “What did I say?”

“You think I’m beautiful?” Rachel asked with a huge smile.

“Oh shut up Betty Boop. Everyone knows you’re beautiful.” Molly shot back across the table.

“I think I’m more... Jessica Rabbit than Betty Boop with the red hair and all.” Rachel unabashedly

hoisted her chest in her hands making them wobble in her palms. Molly turned bright red.

“It isn’t fair!” Molly stamped her foot and threw a roll at the redhead making the table laugh again before they all dissolved into their own conversations. Such a weird group of people, was this what normal friends talked about? At least it was all in good fun.

He felt a sharp pain in his shin as something hit him hard from below the table. He looked up to see Rachel smiling at him. With an exaggerated motion she stretched for him forcing her shirt as full as she could before looking back at him. His mouth hang open for a second unsure what to do about such an obvious effort. She winked at him before turning back to her plate to leave him to wonder.

Someone at the table stood and left without a word, shuffling off towards the door. From behind all he could see was the tall girl in a baggy shirt and loose fitting jean shorts. She looked like a railroad spike, tall and thin with a messy blonde pony tale swishing behind her as she exited. As he watched her leave he saw something he wasn’t prepared for. This tiny girl with blonde pigtails, a jean overall dress and white shirt.

He was already feeling that familiar heat taking up room beneath the table but that sent a shockwave through him making him surge against his confines. Was everyone out to get him? Was dream girl based on a real person he saw somewhere on campus? He was overcome with the memory of his imaginary triste. It was going to take him forever to leave now or else everyone would see his smuggled deadly weapon.

He idly pulled out his phone resigning himself to text his tormentor, Sara, to see if she’d be willing to help him out again. <I need you mistress.>

<You’re such a pussy.> was all he got back. His ears got hot as he shoved his phone back in his pocket.

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It took him longer than he wanted to be able to safely stand up. Rachel had given him her number as she left delaying the process of calming down and forcing him to come up with some stupid homework excuse to remain even though the table was empty and the food was all gone. No one else worried about walking out with a boner, he was sure, but they hadn’t been kicked out already once for being a menace or some shit. If he walked around with two feet of hard cock clearly etched against his leg not only would it be really hard walk but he was pretty sure that counted as indecent exposure somehow.

Campus was quiet as he made his way back to his room. There was something so serene about walking through the empty paths as the sun went down. The breeze always smelled sweet as it passed through the trees and over the grass before playing with his hair and floating off to places unknown. He took a parting deep breath of the afternoon air and pulled the stairwell door open to head inside.

He dropped his bag by the door kicking his shoes into their corner with the others.

“Hey ‘ro, wan pi’ha?” He looked over to see James already hunched over a pizza despite having literally just eaten. The slice hung from his teeth over the box while his hands worked his controller furiously. Chris couldn’t tell what game it was but whatever it was, it was important enough for James to relent his hold on his piece and let it plot back onto the rest. As much as he wanted to say no he was hungry.

He crossed the space with his eyes fixed on the tv watching as two characters moved around each other throwing attack after attack. Soul Caliber, now that was his kind of game. Chris sank down next to his roommate and helped himself to some pizza doing his best to avoid the pile James had made.

“Taki: breasts, boobs or tits?” James barked his question not moving his gaze from the screen. Chris sighed, this was a game James made up and also was the only one who knew the rules to.

“I don’t know, man. Breasts.” James snorted derisively.

“Dude she’s like an E, that’s Boobs tier at least.” James finally looked away as the words Ring Out boldly declared that he had lost. “Have I taught you nothing or are your standards just that high?” Chris chewed on his pizza before reaching for the second controller.

“Shut up and play.” Chris spat at him. “How do you- WHY do you even judge virtual breasts? What kind of fucked up criteria is this.”

“I thought I taught you the way... Breasts are when they command minimal attention in proportion. Boobs are large for the frame, big enough to be present no matter the outfit. Tits are big and most importantly impossible to ignore, dominating the perception.” The match had already started but Chris wasn’t paying much attention to the video game anymore. Was everyone in his life obsessed? This was weird, wasn’t it?

“So what’s the point of this? Who cares what they’re called.” Chris slid to the side and tapped James out of the ring as he went soaring past.

“What’s the point?” James threw the controller onto the couch besides him to get a new piece of pizza. “Words are important.” James leaned back in consideration before coming back with a hand pointed at Chris. “Listen, how do you tell someone what a cookie tastes like? What words do you use? What do they mean? If you don’t have a universal understanding for things like crunchy, soft, chewy and dry then how could you ever really share your appreciation of a cookie? How could you know what to expect from a cookie?” Satisfied with his point James leaned back again.

“So... you’re saying that without a common ‘language’ we can’t appreciate something correctly? And so, by extension, you’re judging girls not because you’re some kind of creepy pervert but, what, for the sake of mankind?”

James nodded back solemnly. “For the sake of mankind.” Chris punched his friend and laughed with him. “Ok, one more. Seong Mi-Na.” Chris chewed his food and considered the game at hand. Yeah, it was dumb and juvenile but then again, having the ability to describe things was important. Words like “big” and “huge” mean something totally depending based on context. A huge spider and a huge car aren’t the same size and one person’s huge spider isn’t a set descriptor. It may as well just mean “a spider”, it has no real meaning anymore.

“Can you use qualifiers? A little dry and mildly crunchy?”

“Good point, go on.”

“So, like, small boobs since they’re apparent through any outfit but not overpowering the senses.” Chris looked at him in earnest trying his best to rise to the challenge presented. James made a fake karate bow back.

“His eyes are open.” He picked up the controller. “Now let’s play, I owe you for that bitch shit from last match.”

Before Chris could pick his character his phone went off. He'd totally forgotten he had asked Sara for assistance and even considered just ignoring his phone all together. Whatever she wanted could wait. Or he could not risk his one outlet by blowing her off... He pulled out his phone.

<Come watch a movie Saturday. -Rachel> He smiled at his phone and sent back a quick reply to get the details. Finally, something good and normal. He tucked away his phone and went back to the game. James didn't stand a chance, he just didn't know yet.

He'd been fast asleep when something woke him up. He groggily looked around to see his phone lit up. He didn't ever wake up for anything less than an atomic bomb, was it really his phone that had brought him to? He reached over and checked his phone. One new message. Before he could check it he heard a loud bang on the door in the main room. That must have been it.

<Knock knock.> He stared at Sara's text for a while before finally dragging himself out of his comfy bed and over to the front door. When he opened and looked at the auburn-haired woman scowling at him something inside him snapped. His face flushed but he said nothing, just stepping back letting her in. He closed the door and turned to look at her. She had changed from when he'd seen her earlier that day wearing some kind of tiny black dress. Her makeup was heavy enough to be seen in the dark and he could smell the alcohol on her. She must have been out already.

"Took you long e-" He rushed her taking a handful of her hair. With a quick twist he spun her around by the head and slammed her against the door. Images of his bathroom dream filled his mind reminding him of all of the injustices he'd been forced to endure. Like a montage every shitty thing she had said to him, all the awful ways she made him feel came rushing into the heat in his face.

He was out of his mind with anger all of a sudden. His heart pounded in his ears making his vision shake with each breath. What did he do to deserve any of this shit? All the abuse and condemnation just because he dared to want a little of what everyone else had. He surprised himself as his mouth opened and the feelings he'd bottled up poured over her like a red mist.

"Shut the fuck up you miserable piece of human filth. Listen you degenerate sewer slime, I've had about enough of you. You're going to hear me out and then you're going to hop right the fuck off. Go get fucked or I'm going to punish you." His grip on her tightened as his eyes tried to dig holes into her stunned blue eyes. She just stared at him in silence. "What makes you think you can just show up and treat me like shit just because? Huh? Am I just some toy to you, to be used and discarded? What makes you think I won't decide to fucking destroy you? Show up and tell your boyfriend all about the shit you do and say?"

"I-" she tried to talk but he yanked her head to the side making her wince.

"Shut. The fuck. Up. It's my turn to talk." He grabbed her dress in his other hand and pulled it not knowing what to do with himself. He knew he should just walk away but there was no way to stop now. "You look like a skank and you smell like a fucking whore. Is that why you showed up here? So you could make me feel like shit so you could feel better? Did no else want to put up with you so you figured you could just come use me?"

"I- please..." she whispered and closed her eyes. He could see tears rolling down her cheeks and her red lips quivered in terror.

"If you don't leave right now, right this fucking second, your life is forfeit." He could almost see the words collide with her cheek making her recoil further from each syllable. He let her hair go

and stomped off towards his room slamming the bedroom door behind him. He dropped onto the bed and yelled into his pillow before sitting, fuming, in the silence. Total silence with nothing else but his thoughts. As his anger slowly ebbed, he could only think about what a mistake he had just made.

Had he gone too far? Was she going to call the cops on him for assault? Fuck her, this was his apartment. Surely there's some rule, something something defending his home. Whatever, cross that bridge when it comes up. His ears perked up as he heard his door open and close quietly. James must have come to check what the yelling and slamming was. He rolled over to re-assure his roommate everything was fine and instead saw Sara standing there.

She looked so different than before. Her hair was still disheveled from where he'd grabbed her, her narrow face was illuminated only by the faint light from outside. He could see her fat pouty lips slightly open but she didn't say anything. In the dark he couldn't make out her expression. He had no rage left so he just scowled at her from the bed. Why was she here now? Hadn't he just threatened to kill her? The silence was tangible filling the room like an echo, thick like a pool of water. She took a tiny step forward into the light of the window. He could see her eyes wide and her makeup streaking down her face. Her lips were pursed into an obvious pout making her chin wrinkle. He couldn't stand to look at her, she looked so... human.

"Look I just..." He started but she shook his head. He didn't have any idea what he was going to say anyway so it was just as well that she stopped him. He watched her take a deep breath and step to the edge of the bed. Her eyes rested on his in the most sincere look he had ever seen her give. She looked like she was about to do something terrible. In his head he spiraled through the options of what to do, what she was going to do. When her hand finally moved it was in slow motion.

She slowly, carefully, intentionally, pulled at the top of her dress. Inch by inch she pulled down her dress becoming more and more vulnerable as she did. Her eyes softened as she looked down at herself. She shimmed her hips until the black garment was free to fall gently to the floor. She closed her eyes and moved her hands slowly, moving them around her body as he watched.

"You don't have to..." He tried to talk again but when her big blue eyes opened again and locked on his he couldn't find what he wanted to say anymore. She kept touching herself, feeling her sides and stomach, exploring her breasts and pushing her thighs slightly apart with the other.

"Do you want me?" She asked almost too quiet for him to hear sliding a finger between her legs and pinching her nipple. "I imagine you coming to me in the night..." She spread her legs and showed him as she fingered herself, her eyes closed again and her lips further parted. "I imagine you sneaking in and forcing yourself on me. You fuck me... in front of him, in front of everyone, so everyone knows..." She moved pulled at her nipple harder and her voice caught. Her eyes opened but this time she just stared at him.

"I want you to watch as my tiny little boyfriend struggles to please me before your might... only to prove that you are... more..." Her body started to shake as she fingered herself in front of him. Cooing and moving her hand from her breast to clutch her stomach. "And then I'm yours. All I can do is beg for more... You make me find you more girls to satisfy your never-ending hunger..." Her knees buckled and shook as she came, her whole body jerked and shook but her eyes never left his. He couldn't tell if that was the end of her story but he could tell she was finished either way.

He was blown away that this harpy, the one who had put him down for so long secretly fantasized about him? "Will you punish me?" She managed to ask finally coming to enough to start crawling on to the bed. She had a drunk look in her eyes as she moved towards him. He really did. She put her face on his now hard shaft rubbing her makeup smeared face all over it. It was such an

unexpected feeling his head fell backwards from the sudden sensation. "I've been so bad, I deserve to be punished..."

She rolled on her back and he followed her over. From above he could see how much larger he was than her. He lifted the red hot steel beam up and let it snap back down smacking in to her chest with a heavy thud. Even from between her legs he could cover almost her entire torso with a slap. The second hit he pulled up higher and almost knocked the wind out of her. "You look so small." She moaned in response. He scooped up her breasts and pulled them around the tip of his dick.

"It's so big and powerful..." her voice was distant and singsong like she wasn't really paying attention anymore. "It could crush me if it wanted..."

"I'm not going to crush you." He tried to be reassuring but he couldn't tell if she was even listening anymore. She was intent on getting her breasts and tongue to work together on him but seemed to be having trouble. "It's too big for your tits." Chris added with a small laugh.

She looked at him with a very strange look and licked the bulbous head. The way her eyes fluttered she was getting off on this. He decided to go for broke.

"It's too bad I could break you in half if I tried to fuck you." Her eyes rolled back again and she cooed.

"Are you going to fuck me to death?" She asked him in a breathy voice pulling her ankles out to the side in an obvious invitation. "I'm so small and weak... I'm at your mercy..." He still wasn't quite sure the rules of the game but he took a stab anyway.

"You have to be good or I'll suffocate you with my cum." He moved back to try and position himself for penetration to find her already spreading herself wide. She just panted at him not giving any indication if that was in line or not so he gave it one more attempt. He moved his hand up to her hair and grabbed hold moving his face as close to her as he could. "I'm going to turn your tiny body into nothing but a condom and if you survive I'm going to flood you with cum. When I'm done with you, you'll be nothing but a useless bloated cum balloon for all to see."

That time he got a response. The hot canal pressed against the head of his dick spasmed and contracted as her body jerked. Best he could tell she orgasmed from that. Whatever, now it was his turn. No amount of words were going to make it easier to fit a submarine in a kitty pool so instead he turned his attention to lubricating the head with her juice as well as he could and then trying to find the bottom.

Unlike in his dream it was almost immediate, he pushed forward into the hot and impossibly slick fold and before long he was stopped by the flare of his head. He lifted his hips up off the bed and forced down with his body weight marveling at the familiar pop as he barged inside. He was finally there, his approximation from his dream was so accurate. He could feel every change in contour as he shoveled more and more inside before he ran out of room.

"GAH!" She yelped as he slammed into the end of her, her eyes shot open and she grabbed the bed for stability. "Fuck!" he could see her trying to come up with more words but the gritted teeth and writhing made it look like she was trying to get away. Figured this would hurt. He started to pull back and her legs wrapped around his back quickly, pulling him in even further. Her hand on her stomach raised up as he could see the outline of his dick inside her. He watched in awe as she traced his outline bulging out of her. This was impossible.

Keep going.

He drew back and plowed forward again forcing more and more until more than a foot was inside the tiny girl. The bulge became more and more obscene as he watched her stomach distend around him seemingly making an impossible amount of room. He heard his voice growling things down at her but he wasn't in control anymore. All he could feel was the desire for more. More. More.

"Look at your tiny body shaped to my massive dick." His voice growled at her in supreme satisfaction. "I could tit fuck you from the inside. Do you see it?" It didn't matter what he was saying, his entire focus was on getting there. Edging closer. Release.

"You're going to break me!" She yowled back at him clutching the moving mass that he had forced out in front of her like she was trying to jack him off from the outside. They were both besides themselves, nothing mattered anymore.

He could finally feel it. The finish line. He was going to cum and there was no stopping it. His body started to spasm along with the building current before he felt the first blast crashing over him.

NOT INSIDE!

With all his might he pulled back against the pleasure drunk haze and yanked his dick out as he came. He was almost too slow dumping a sizable portion of hot thick goo inside before pulling the rest of the way out to hose her down. He clenched his jaw and held on as pleasure threatened to wash him away. Time and time again he hit her with a bucket worth of milky liquid until he felt like he was going to pass out.

Fuck it just won't STOP.

Master PC – System Break by UnknownUser.
WARNING! Kernal Panic

Enter command: What the fuck?
command invalid.

His world was hung right there. All the feelings and thoughts just hung there in the air around him like tangible objects. He could still see Sara below him reeling from her onslaught but nothing was happening. Everything had stopped.

Enter command:

Seriously, what the fuck is happening? Why is everything frozen?

Command invalid.

Well fuck. What am I talking to some kind of computer? I'm an electrical engineer not a programmer, what command do you want from me? How do I wake up from this?

Symantec parse successful.
Run wakeUp.exe?

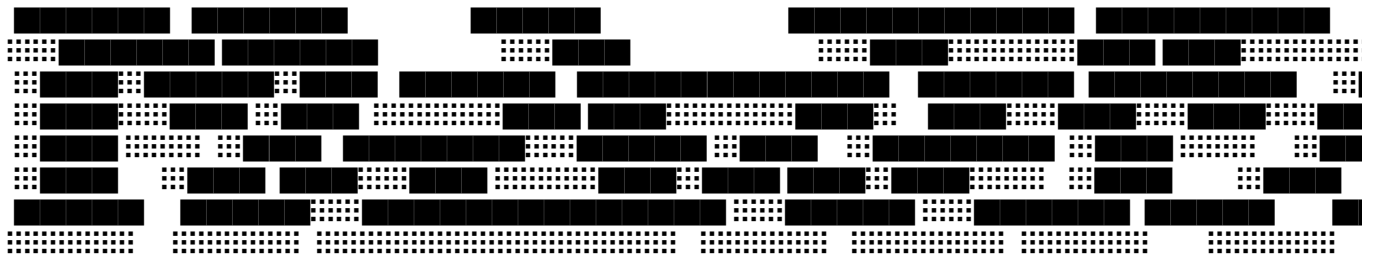
Uh... fuck it. Sure. Yes.

M_PC-aut-x@ 13	UnknownUser SuperUser
M_PC-aut-x@ 14	UnknownUser SuperUser

M_PC-pro-r	1	UnknownUser	SuperUser
M_PC-ash-r	1	UnknownUser	SuperUser
M_PC-sst-r	1	UnknownUser	SuperUser

[+] Users, Groups and Permissions

- Edit authorization [OK]
- Checking admin status [OK]
- FullStop.exe [WARNING]
- Private Function AshKetchum(3) [OK]
- Private Function SuperStud [OK]
- Private Function RichUncle [Completed]
- Private Function Blastoise [OK]
- Checking log files [Not Found]



Welcome,

Perfect Boyfriend.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

When things start to change there's always a decision to be made. If you could change anyone any way you wanted... would you?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Part 2

He could hear someone saying his name but they sounded so far away. Plus, it was so soft and comfy where he was, they could probably wait. They did sound pretty panicked though... and the voice sounded so familiar...

“Chris! Wake up!” He could feel Sara shaking him. Right, he was with Sara. What happened again? “Oh fuck he’s heavy... Wake up! This isn’t funny!”

He rolled backwards finding more soft space behind him. Soft and warm. He was in his room, on his bed. That’s right. He blinked a few times trying to see what was happening and what all the noise was about.

“Oh thank god. You’re awake. What the fuck was that!?” He felt something hit his shoulder but his brain couldn’t put the information together yet. Something was wrong. He knew he could see, there was a girl in front of him somewhere... but why couldn’t he... see. He blinked a few more times through the torrent of information. Colors, lights... Vision is complicated. He could see too much and it didn’t make sense anymore. He knew where he was but his eyes and his brain were somehow at odds. Don’t panic. He lay his head on the mattress with his eyes closed and tried speaking.

“What happened?” His voice sounded course and dry.

“Don’t be a piece of shit, you know what happened. You screamed something and fell on top of me.” He knew where she was even with his eyes closed. Not like he had an idea where she was but he could... feel? Sure. He could feel her crawling over to him. Her face was twisted into a look of absolute panic. Her heart was pounding. Her legs ached but she seemed more concerned than hurt. He must have passed out. What was that weird computer dream?

“Sorry.” He croaked. “Blame god for giving me two heads and nowhere near enough blood for both.” That made sense, right? He could feel her becoming calm again. He tried opening eyes again and this time he just waited letting it all adjust like waiting in a dark room.

“You were out for like... twenty minutes...” She moved towards the edge of the bed and made her way across the room to the door to his bathroom. “I’m going to shower... is- is that ok?” She sounded so concerned like showering was against some rule. In a rush he remembered putting her in her place, forcefully, and put together why she might be nervous.

“Yeah, sure. Help yourself.” He lifted his hand to the ceiling and waited until he could start to make out fingers. It was all coming back but it still felt... different. More. “My head is killing me. I’m just going to lie down for a bit...” She nodded and slipped into the next room. He could still see her moving around, checking herself in the mirror while waiting for the water to warm up. It wasn’t that he ‘saw’ her, more like just something he knew. He was slowly remembering how to see properly so that was a start. What a weird night.

His alarm went off before he even remembered falling asleep. He swung his hand over and smacked his phone trying to shut it up. It was Friday, his first class wasn’t until later. He could sleep more. He stuffed his head back in his pillow just in time for his phone to vibrate. Fine. Fine. I’m up.

With one eye he searched his phone for the source of the buzzing to find a new text from a number he didn’t recognize. He pulled himself up into a sitting position and looked around. Sara was gone, not a big surprise there, but there was a note on his dresser by the door. First the text, then the note. He fumbled with his passcode to find the picture he’d received. It was of a metal door... his door and sent minutes ago... That’s not creepy at all.

He moved himself out of bed and closed his eyes trying to see if he could feel anything like did last night. Sure enough, there was someone there. Useful trick. He could feel... apprehension... terror, indecision... desire. No, not desire, stronger than that. Need. With at least some pajama pants covering his lower half he called it good enough to go see what was up. With a deep breath he pulled the door open.

Blonde pig tails. It was her, the dream girl. He blinked at her unable to come up with anything to say to the person who he’d never met who not only found him but also his number. Was this one of those horror-

“Can I come in?” Her voice was so soft compared to Sara’s, like a small violin. He stepped back in bewilderment and watched her slowly and cautiously enter his room.

“Who are you?” He finally found his voice. She spun and clasped her hands behind her back to look up at him. She was just like he remembered; small round face, tall forehead, button nose. He watched her breath to see her slightly longer front teeth peek out from behind her full lips.

Her face fell with her eyes to the floor. She grabbed the sides of her yellow sun dress and bunched it up in her hands. He could feel her heart pounding. “I thought I was yours...” She mumbled at no one making his head sink into his shoes. Oh god it wasn’t a dream. He really did do that. To her. All of that. What now? How did it happen? Was she upset with him? What should he do?

A realization hit him like a million pounds knocking the wind out of him. She was real, he had blacked out and somehow done things to this person without his knowledge. How many times had he passed out before? Was he kicked out of school because he was actually the predator they accused him of?

“Mouse?” He asked trying to get her to come back so he could figure out what to do. She looked up and immediately her face lit up with a smile. She was so cute. If Sara was sexy, this was cute. She had that look about her that made you think she was far younger than she was... hopefully. Oh god she looked 14. “How old are you?”

“I’m 20!” She stamped her foot shaking her dress shook but there was absolutely nothing intimidating about her scowl. She may be trying to be angry but it looked more like a pout. “Why

does everyone ask that!"

"Well, it's just... nevermind." He scratched his head and realized they were still standing by the door. The last thing he needed was for James to stagger out here to see him chatting up some pre-teen. "Come on, let's move to my room." He took her tiny cold hand in his and led her off to his room.

"You don't think I'm a child... do you?" She asked as he closed the door behind them. He could feel how important this was to her, she wanted to be accepted so badly it ached against his back like a wet fog.

"No, no Mouse. I just didn't ask before... I don't think..." He sat down on the bed and looked at her standing by his dresser. What now. "How did you find me?"

"My roommate is friends with you. I told her you'd give her boobs too if she gave me your number." She looked supremely proud of herself but he was just completely lost.

"Give boobs? What?" She nodded and almost immediately pulled down the front of her sundress to show her bare chest. Based on the amount of pride in her face he assumed this was significant but honestly, she was still tiny. He racked his brain to remember the... not dream... was she smaller? He stood up and rested his hand on her bare chest making her gasp. He pulled his hand back. "Sorry! I was just trying to think. What do you mean about giving boobs?"

"Can't you see? I have boobs now!" she shook them in her tiny hands as if to prove a point.

"And... you think I did that...?" She nodded matter-of-factly. "How?"

"You said it was my reward for being a good slut." She stepped forward and put his hand back on her bare breast. "Am I a good slut?"

He pulled his hand back. This was all insane. A day ago, he couldn't get any to save his life and now, what, his dick was magic? "I don't- I don't get how that's possible." His head started to throb as intruding thoughts barged in. Measurements, values, functions... it was like he could feel something just past his view. It was her, everything she was. He grabbed his head as the information assaulted him again. It was too much. "STOP!"

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He took a deep breath and looked around at his frozen world. He looked around the room and could finally see it all, frozen in place. The information overload that had overwhelmed his senses... it was like a computer UI refreshing every instant. Now that it was frozen he could see it clearly. Hailey Brice, five-foot one inch tall. 28B, 95 lbs. Every statistic that could make up a person was listed... categories and subcategories for every detail like ring fingernail length... even fantasies, memories and thoughts. He reached out a hand and touched one of the displays making it jump at him. Slave kink, inferiority complex, extreme breast fixation, rope bunny, avoidant personality disorder... rope bunny? What the hell is a rope bunny? Could he make changes?

He dragged a finger over the list trying to come up with something to add. A thought jumped out at him and before he could argue it was on the bottom of the list. "Oral Fixation." Really? All this power and you make her obsessed with sucking dick? Classic misogynist. Classic. He tried to rub it off with his finger and to his relief he found he could double tap to remove it. On second thought... No. You're not changing anyone against their will. That's pure evil.

He got a thought. If he could change her stats could he change his own? Some fumbling hand

gestures later he found his own sheet of stats. To his dismay most of it was locked with a blue padlock icon. Lame. Oddly, he had a field he hadn't seen on Hailey; functions.

Private Function SuperStud, Private Function AshKetchum(3)? He tried to touch one but that stupid padlock was on both. The add button wasn't locked though. What the hell would a function even be? The prompt for it seemed like just an empty box... his mind started to wander. Maybe it was for things like super strength or flight? Or more like making my sweat taste like strawberry syrup? With a gasp he noticed three new entries: Private Function SuperStrength, Private Function Flight and... StrawberrySyrup... he removed everything but the super strength one and tapped it open. It was just a simple declaration just like he had imagined it being... "Chris is 10 times stronger without adverse effect". Was that really it?

He cleared the last function he'd made and made a new one to **run** his first test with. A small mischievous smirk spread across his lips. Lets see if I can actually 'give boobs'. Resume.

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Hailey, Mouse, recoiled from his sudden outburst. "Sorry! Did I make you unhappy?" She looked so concerned it took him aback. They had just met and she was already this dedicated?

"Mouse... Hailey, what do you want from me?" He tried to be as direct as he was capable of being. She just smiled back at him.

"I'm yours."

"You don't have to be though." She looked hurt again.

"Am I not a good slut? I'm not your Mouse?" She was pleading with him and no matter how confusing this could be she seemed so genuine.

"You can be my Mouse but you have to tell me one thing." He could see concern creep into her features. "Why do you want to be mine?" Whatever concern she had evaporated in an instance and she simply smiled. She reached down and pulled up his hand to place it again on her breast.

"You make me feel special." She moved his hand in small circle on top of her miniscule bust. "I'm your good little slutty Mouse." He squeezed left his hand where she'd put it enjoying the soft squish between his fingers.

"Ok, Mouse. What do you want as a reward for being my good little slut?" She just shrugged back.

"I like making you happy." He pulled his hand back and stood up to look down at her. He could probably have come up with something to do that didn't involve sex but being real, she'd been touching herself with his hand and talking about being his slut and he was starting to ache against his pajama bottoms.

"Get on your knees and take my pants off." His voice was stern but not cold like it had been with Sara. More authority than aggression. She complied, dropping to the ground and doing her best to pull his pants off. She had some trouble but dutifully freed him to stand at full attention. The light from in his ceiling cast a shadow down over her entire face obscuring all but one eye from his view past his raging hardon.

"Good girl." She sat looking up at him awkwardly moving her hands to touch various places on his hot pole. He could tell immediately she had no experience. "Have you ever touched a cock before?" She shook her head. "Do you want me to tell you what to do?" She nodded never looking away from him. "Say it for me."

“I want you to tell me how.” She repeated in her soft melodious voice.

“No, tell me you want to know how to touch my big cock.”

“Please teach me how to please your huge cock.” There was something about this tiny innocent girl saying something so profane that made him swell with excitement. It was like having his own little toy.

“Good girl. Do you know what good girls get?” She shook her head again. “Good girls get rewarded. Bad girls get punished.”

“Am I a good slut?” He shook his head.

“No Mouse, you’re not a slut.” She pouted up at him trying to move her face closer to the underside of his dick though still unsure of what to do. “Not yet, Mouse. Don’t worry, I’ll help you be my perfect little toy.”

He sat back on the bed moving her in between his legs. He took her hands and put them on either side of his dick and slowly moved them up and down. After a few strokes he let her do it on her own. Clumsily she tried her best to stroke his dry shaft. She looked so determined he almost didn’t want to tell her he barely felt anything. Eventually even her eager attitude wasn’t enough to allow it to continue. He’d have to try again with lube or something.

“Did that feel good?” She was so hopeful and eager it was almost impossible to say no.

“You tried, Mouse, but it wasn’t enough.” He stood up over her. Seems like sex was going to be it.

“Use my mouth.” She said up at him like issuing some kind of challenge. He stared down at her. “That feels good right? My roommate tells me all the time guys like when you use your mouth.”

“Mouse, I don’t know about that. I’m really big, I don’t know if you can do that.” She grabbed him and jerked him down to eye level before slapping her mouth onto the head like trying to swallow and entire grapefruit with no sign of hesitation. After a few seconds she moved her head back with tears in her eyes.

“You have to use my mouth so I can be a good girl... I really want to but... but... I just don’t know what to do...” She sniffled.

“I can try to force it...” He couldn’t believe he was even suggesting this. How would it even work? “Mouse get on the bed. Lie on your back.”

She scrambled onto the bed and flopped onto her back with her feet facing him. He reached down on to the bed grabbing her waist and spinning her so her head was hanging off the end off the bed. He took her hand and placed it on his stomach.

“If you need me to stop, push me.” She shook her head. “I’m serious Mouse. If you can’t breath or it hurts too much you have to push me to get me to stop. Tell me you understand.”

“I understand.” She said without any hesitation. She was determined to go through with this it seemed. He put his hand on her throat and massaged it lightly pulling her chin forward.

“Open your mouth.” He commanded as he pushed the massive swollen head into her face. He could feel her teeth on the sides. With his hands on either side of her head he pushed forward into her mouth. He could feel her mouth pushed wider and her tongue thrashed against him as he barged into the far too small space. “Breathe through your nose, that’s a good slut.”

He felt her moan against him and strain to push against him trying to force more into her mouth but it was already full.

“Try to relax, I’m going to push into your throat.” He could feel her moving her head from side to side like he had done to force himself into her the first time and it was working. He could feel himself slide in further. With another small push he felt her breathing quicken against him. He could feel her throat spasm trying to cough him out. “That’s a good slut. You’re doing great Mouse.”

To his surprise he felt her hands reach up to grab the exposed skin of his dick to pull it forward. The pulling and rocking of her head worked magic and he found himself sliding deeper. He let out a moan.

“Wow, Mouse... that feels amazing.” He felt her pull him harder forward and he got the hint. He moved one hand to her throat to feel the insane bulge moving inside her as he pushed forward with more force than before. He felt her cough again but before he could stop pushing her pulling increased. “Mouse if you keep pulling me like that I’m going to lose control and fuck your pretty little face.”

She practically yanked him forward in response breathing heavily through her nose. He could see one of her hands leave to disappear under her sundress.

“Ok. You asked for it. Move your hand. I want you to watch you touch yourself.” She hesitantly obliged moving her other hand away. He reached down and grabbed her throat in both hands. “I’m going to fuck your face like the slutty little fuck toy you are.” He could feel the vibration of another moan. With his hands firmly in place he pulled back and slid forward as far as he could. He grunted at the feeling of her teeth and tongue trying desperately to accommodate his girth. The feeling was unlike anything he’d ever experienced.

“Oh god.” His knees started to shake on the second stroke. “This feels so good. You’re going to make me cum.” The cold blasts of her breath on his slick dick contrasted with the hot incredible pressure of her mouth and throat was threatening to send him over the edge. He knew it wouldn’t be long before he’d have to pull out.

“Oh fuck, that feels so good. I’m going to cum.” He started to pull back but her hands shot out to hold him in place. “Mouse, I can’t- oh fuck I’m going to cum.” He tried harder to pull back but she interlocked her fingers behind him and held him fast buried all the way inside her throat. He could see her stomach swell as he pulsed larger. He couldn’t form words instead he just let out a long grunt and let go.

He felt her breathing pick up as he sent the first blast straight into her distended stomach. She blew up like a balloon on a hose. She refused to let go the entire time as her stomach swelled until she looked like she was pregnant with triplets. Even when he felt himself start to go soft she didn’t seem to want to let him go.

“Mouse it’s over. You can let go.” But she didn’t. Her breathing hadn’t decreased either. He could feel her entire body shaking. He looked down to see her toes curled up and her calves tensed. Was she having an orgasm? It was then that he noticed her swollen stomach quickly receding as her body processed his cum. Well shit, his function worked.

He felt her high-pitched shrill screech vibrate around his still half hard dick and her body went rigid like a board. Her hands that were holding on for dear life shot to either side to grab the bed. He pulled back to let her breath unsure what she was going through.

Slowly the two tiny bumps on her chest started to swell. It was like watching a puddle grow, the edges oozed out past her side and down off the side of her arms taking up more and more room. It took a few seconds for them to double then triple in size from where they had started. He reached down to scoop them up in his hands as the incredible display finally stopped. He could still feel her shaking and jerking in his hands as she moaned somewhere below him. All he could do was marvel at the soft pillowy flesh pooled and squished like dough in his hands. It was safe to say he had never experienced breasts... no, tits... tits this big.

At this moment three thoughts demanded his attention. First, he wanted that process to be a lot slower so he could enjoy it more next time. Second, he absolutely needed to learn how these amazing orbs were even measured. James was right, language was the real way to show appreciation for a thing and this right here, overflowing his hands, he wanted to properly appreciate. Finally, he was going to have to be able to control just how big they get because this could get out of hand fast. Stop.

“Am I a good slut now, Master?” Her soft sincere voice was rougher like her throat was sore, go figure, but the way she said that tugged at his excitement threatening to start it all over again. He took a step back to watch her flop around under the new weight. “Master...” She dropped her hands to her sides and looked at him with a proud smile. “I’m stuck.”

He moved to her side and helped roll her into a sitting position. Was this a huge mistake? Was she going to have trouble walking now? Her clothes definitely weren’t going to fit anymore. “We’ll have to get you new clothes, huh?”

“You want to dress me, Master?” That was an interesting thought. Did he want to dress her up like some kind of doll? The more he considered it the more fun it sounded. She was his toy and he wanted to play with her, dress her up the way he wanted. It felt so weird to consider a person like an object to be used for his enjoyment but at the same time the thought was intoxicating. She did say she wanted to belong to him.

“I think I do, is that weird?” She shook her head making her new imposing bust shake. “Can you stand, Mouse?”

It took more effort than she was used to, her big round pink balls protruding from her front dragged across the blanket as she shifted onto all fours to climb down off the bed. When she straightened up it took a few seconds for the rest of her to come to rest with her.

“I think maybe I went too far.” He looked her over. Each breast was inches past her elbows, covering down almost to her belly button. He eventually looked back up to her face to see an exaggerated look of horror and surprise.

“Are they too big for you now?” He could hear her voice shake like she was going to cry. She really swung quickly from one extreme to another...

“No, Mouse. There’s no such thing as too big, at least not that I can think of... I just mean... you know, they’re massive. Did you even want... those?”

“If you still like them then they’re perfect for now. It’s like a dream come true!” She scooped them up and pulled them up until they covered her chin. “No one will ever call me a child again.” She dropped them to let them slap back down onto her stomach. She winced at the impact. The nagging thought in his head was he needed to know how big they actually were. It wasn’t important, not really, but it felt unbelievably important.

<You home?> He grabbed up his phone and shot James a text. He grinned as he got a response.

“Pull your sundress back up and come with me.” He walked out before she could protest to go hunt down his roommate across the way. He knocked on the door and waited for the bleary-eyed man to appear. “I need you to use your gift on a friend of mine.”

“A friend of yours, huh? Was it the one who was making all that noise a bit ago?”

“Yeah, sorry about that. Yeah, that was her. Look, be ready... she’s uh... different.” His roommate was clearly not listening anymore. He was staring with a slack jaw as his eyes widened. Chris turned to see his not so little Mouse. Her sundress was stuffed full. The two tiny straps drew lines in the flesh that overflowed out the top and into her armpits. Her dress was ridden up to look like a miniskirt barely covering her panties. “Mouse, this is James.” She gave a deep and bouncy curtsy launching one nipple up into view from where it had been trapped.

“Where have you been all of my life, oh goddess of mine?” James walked over to her and looked back at Chris. “Can I touch her or will she evaporate like a mirage?”

“Do women often vanish when you touch them, James?”

“They do when they look like this.” He carefully touched her shoulder to coax her to spin around for him. She followed his lead and turned around slowly before coming back to smile at Chris.

“Do you mind if he touches you, Mouse?”

“Anything for you, Master.” She sounded so chipper and her giant smile told him all about how much she was loving the attention.

“She calls you Master? Seriously, where do you even find someone like this and does she have a twin sister with low self-esteem?” He reached out and hovered his hand over her arm before looking back for confirmation from Chris.

“Mouse, tell him he can do whatever he wants with you. He’s nervous you’ll be upset.”

“Whatever I want? I could want a lot from someone like-“

“You can touch me however you want as long as it’s what my Master wants.” Her cheeks were flushed and he could see her nipples pushing hard out away from her. Good to know, she really likes to please. She pushed her chest out towards him to try and highlight her point but he could tell she didn’t really know how to handle her new assets. All she managed to do was shift herself closer to him.

“I want to touch her boobs. Like, a lot. Obviously I’m not going to violate your girlfriend... I mean I definitely want to... I’m not gonna lie, she’s stupid sexy.” He reached forward and put a hand gingerly on her chest and watched it sink in to the soft flesh slightly.

“I tell you what...” Chris stepped forward and looked between the two of them. He had always believed himself to be the jealous type but there was something about her being so unflinchingly willing to please him that made him want to push the envelope. “Mouse, be a good slut for me and play with James. It will do well to teach you how to please me better. I’m going shopping, make sure you text me what size bra you need now.”

“You’re fucking with me.” James just stared back at him. He looked over at her one last time and then back at him. “She’s a fucking L cup? Double L? At least. Yeah. Definitely like a... 24 plus four is 28... M? Or bigger, like an N? Fuck. She’s like... macromastia big... and they’re fucking perfectly shaped too... Do you do videos, cause you definitely should.” James pulled her arms out to her sides to pose her. She rested her forearms on top of her head still smiling at Chris in supreme

satisfaction. The diligent researcher slipped his hands underneath her sides to hold on to her ribcage before moving one hand to her back and the other to press down on her breast. Hailey let out a small moan as a hand sank deep into her front. "...you'd be a god damn millionaire... Do they hurt?"

"No, they feel amazing" Her voice was breathy when she finally answered him. Chris could tell from her flushed face she was enjoying herself. Her eyes locked on to Chris's before she spoke again. "I love them..."

"I don't even have a stored reference for tits this big... I'm have to actually use the tape..." James suddenly spun his head to look back at Chris with a panicked look. "But wait... Is it, you know... Are we? I mean, for real? Me and... you know... her?"

"Have fun you two, remember to text me your size Mouse." Chris turned and headed out leaving them to do whatever it is they were going to do. There was a small wedge of doubt, was he really ok with his girlfriend fucking his roommate? She's not a girlfriend, she's a toy and sharing toys with your friends is fine. Plus, maybe she'll learn how to actually do something fun from him. Like Pokémon training; experience unlocks new moves. Heh, Ash Ketchum.

"What's your name? Do angels even have names? Should I just call you Your Majesty?"

"I'm Hailey." He closed the door.

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There are a few things that are true about shopping for women's clothes. First and most importantly, sizes don't mean anything. At all. The next and equally important thing is that "cute" clothes stop at a D cup. Rounding down James had measured her at 25 inches around her chest, adding four inches for whatever reason makes her a 28. Not a 30 like he had guessed. 24 inches around the small of her waist and hips measuring 36 inches. She stands at just under five feet one inch and that means that not only does Mouse have a rocking ass but also, she apparently doesn't fit in any clothes anyone sells. Apparently, no one fits in any clothes anyone sells.

All of this is before you even consider the monumental task of finding something for her new and improved upper body. Apparently boob math is even more complicated than women's pant sizes. You take the 25 as her under bust measurement and round down because reasons. Next you take the measurement of the fullest part of her breasts and get 43 inches, that is the over bust.

Next, you throw all of that out and make some shit up. Subtract three inches because that's just how it works, and you get what's accepted to be how much extra space her bust takes up or 16 inches. This for whatever reason in custom bra world is a KK. Meaning he had the meager task of convincing the lady in the dressing room that a 28KK is for a real person that does want me to buy her clothes. That would be if he was actually trying to get something that fits correctly. Little known fact however, if you want something that looks sexy it basically never fits correctly.

You can do a lot with knowing you have to accommodate 43 inches of soft pliable meat where only say 30 inches of it won't compress; 26 inches if it was particularly restrictive. It took one long, flirty and strange conversation with the chesty girl at the hot topic before he had more than enough information to complete his task. Pro tip, squished breasts may be uncomfortable or even painful, but they sure do look great.

He'd spent far more time at the mall than he had originally intended and made it back, bags in hand, nearing dinner time. He may have missed class but it was all for a good cause. He unlocked the door and stepped in triumphantly. Two dimly lit faces illuminated by the shine of the TV

looked up at him from the couch. Without a word they both turned back to what they were doing.

Both Mouse and James had changed since he'd left them that morning. She was wearing some video game t-shirt stretched over her knees like a tent. He could see her hands sticking out the bottom by her feet clutching one of the controllers. She wasn't wearing anything else, just her pink panties. He could see her holding the controller against the bottom of her legs making her toes flare every time her character took a hit and the controller vibrated.

He took his time putting the bags away before sitting next to Mouse on the couch in time to watch her lose a close fight. He felt her head fall onto his shoulder with a sigh.

"Welcome home Master. James is being mean to me." He smirked and looked over at his roommate waiting for him to look back.

"Did you finally find someone you could beat?"

"Don't let her lie to you... she's been rubbing those blimps into me all night trying to throw me off my game." He threw the controller to the side and reached for his soda before pulling himself off the couch. "Alright, I'll leave you to it. My time is up."

"Your time is up? She's not a library book."

"No, she's just a reminder of what I don't have." James walked over to his room quietly. "Thanks for tonight Hailey." He closed his door without another word. He seemed so bummed out... this was supposed to be a good thing for him... what did they end up doing that had him so out of it?

He felt movement besides him as she climbed over to straddle his lap moving her fingers under his shirt to work his pants button. "Do you want to hear what I did today Master?"

"You don't think it's weird that I rented you out to have sex with my roommate?" She seemed to be having trouble getting the button undone but he took her hands and held them to try and keep her attention. "I treated you like some object to be passed on. Is that really ok?"

"I don't understand..." Her face slowly grew darker as she tried to come up with what he was trying to say.

"What if I had sex with another woman, Hailey? How would that make you feel?" She closed her mouth and leaned back. He seemed to finally be getting through to her.

"...Did I hurt you by agreeing?" She started to grow slowly more panicked as a realization fell over her.

"That isn't what I asked, you answer me and then I'll answer you." She nodded and furrowed her brow still looking worried.

"I don't like the idea of losing you. You make me feel important... but if I learned anything today it's that sex is just sex. You're my Master and I'll do anything to make you happy. Did you want me to say no? Did I do the wrong thing?" He put his finger on her lips to keep her from spiraling further.

"No Mouse, you're a good girl." Her smile returned slowly and her expression softened. "I just need to understand, that's all."

She took his hand from her mouth and moved it to her cheek so she could nuzzle against it. "I belong to you. All of me belongs to you and I'll do anything as long as I get to be your Mouse and

you get to be my Master.” She put his hands on her bare thighs and moved back to his pants button.

“When you attacked me in the bathroom, I was so confused. You were so forceful... no one had every touched me before or even talked to me like that... but everything you said made me feel wanted. I felt so special for once that when I left you I just felt empty. My whole life I’ve just been a child, you’ve made me so much more than that.” She finally managed to get his button undone and her face lit up. “I don’t care what you do to me or who you have sex with as long as I can still be your good slutty little Mouse.”

“Why do you like being a slut?” He watched her try to work all sixteen inches out of his pants as it was rapidly growing firmer to resist her.

“Sluts are important.” She grunted with effort and rolled her weight onto one leg to help pull him free. “They have power of others; men want them, women are jealous and they know how to get what they want.” She finally managed to work him entirely out into the open with the use of both hands. “A slut isn’t afraid to command attention.”

She lifted the mass of cloth and swallowed up his dick hiding it under her shirt. He could feel something soft pressed into him. With a small move of her shoulder he could feel himself slide neatly into her cleavage. She pulled her elbows together to trap him in place.

“Did James teach you that?” She just shook her head and moved her breasts around with her elbows massaging him slowly between her two huge soft tits. He leaned back to let her do what she wanted. “So what did you do today Mouse? Don’t stop, that feels great.”

“I got measured first...” She kept up a slow tempo rolling her breasts around in circles with the side of her arm. “Did you hear how big I am?”

“You’re perfect, Mouse. For now.” She shot him a mischievous look but didn’t lose her rhythm. “Did you like having someone else touch you?”

“I like being sexy...” She shrugged. “Yeah, I guess I did. Do you like when other people to touch me?”

“Finish your story, Mouse. Then I can answer you.” He waved his hand dismissively. She stayed silent for a moment stopping her massage forcing him to have to think about how he did feel about someone else touching her. He prompted her with a stern word “Continue.”

“After he measured me I told him I wanted to learn how to be good at sex.” She picked back up rubbing him finding a new slow rhythm. He could see her pale cheeks flush as she worked him. “He showed me videos. A lot of videos. And some cartoons. I think I’m almost bigger than those cartoon girls...” A look of satisfaction slipped into her face for a moment.

“Did you two have sex?” She nodded.

“We fucked. He told me that’s what it was, fucking.” Her hands on his stomach closed on his shirt and her mouth parted. “I sucked on his little-“

“Don’t be mean Mouse.” She looked surprised and stopped for a second before resuming her efforts. “Men are touchy about their size, probably more than they need to be. You don’t have to try and put him down for me to feel better.”

“I’m sorry Master, I wasn’t trying to put him down...” She sat quietly just rubbing him back and forth. “I like how much- how big you are, it makes me feel important. You’re right, I won’t do it again.”

“Good girl.” She smiled and moaned softly her movements becoming slightly more jagged.

“I’m good at sucking dick Master, I don’t gag.” Her lips parted again and her breathing became heavier. “We had sex. We fucked. I was on top...” She moved her hips forward and leaned back to press herself against his base. With her arms crossed in front of her she kept him locked in her shirt holding the sides of his waist band. He could feel her grinding against him. “I liked being on the bottom more. We did it from behind too... I don’t think I did it right... I really like getting fucked.”

“What does that mean Mouse?” She was focused on grinding against him letting out a soft moan every so often.

“Sex is mutual, you touch and laugh... Making love is slow and intimate... like dancing...” She tried to talk between moans but he could see her eyes flutter closed. “Fucking... that’s where you take me. Grab my hair...” She gave a sharp intake and her hands clamped tighter. “Use me like a toy and devour me...”

He had been so focused on her he had completely missed the building pressure. His orgasm snuck up past him and leapt into her shirt with a surprised grunt. “Oh Fuck!” He grit his teeth and tightened his hands into her legs as he came. Her shirt was soaked through, see through from the tidal wave she’d unleashed. Staring him in the eye she leaned forward and pushed her breasts up with her arms licking the puddle of slick off the top.

“Did I do a good job Master?”

“Good girl, Mouse.”

“Do I get a reward?” She finished cleaning herself of the small cleavage pool of his cum as well as she could. “I missed you today.”

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Every guy wants to claim to be a super stud who can go all night, staying up and making a mess endlessly until the earliest light. The thought is always there when you’re excited, how you’re going to wear each other out with all the obscene positions you’d been dreaming of during your wait. That wasn’t reality though. One or two rounds everyone gets tired or needs a break. In this case not even that happened. As soon as the two of them had retired to his room and made contact with his bed they both passed out and slept untroubled the entire night. They slept a deep kind of sleep that’s rare after high school, the kind that changes the way you see the entire week in retrospect.

He lay there in bed the next morning just listening to the new sounds around him. He could feel James in the living room looking at the TV but he couldn’t tell what was on it, through his door it was too far to hear normally. Apparently his new sense didn’t come with sound. Whatever. He could hear breathing next to him as Mouse, Hailey, slept peacefully curled up in a ball close next to him. He’d never had someone else sleep in the same bed with him, at least not as an adult. He’d never done a lot of things before these last two days.

It was hard to come to grips with everything that had had happened now that he had the time to think. There was some program in his head that could affect the nature of anyone around him. If that wasn’t enough to swallow he finally lost his virginity, apparently without him being aware the first time, and now there were two people who wanted his junk in earnest. Oh yeah, and this cursed log he’d been hefting around all this time making it impossible for him to keep a girlfriend, that was a good thing now for these two. His mind wandered as he put things in boxes and filed away the week as best he could.

How many times had he blacked out before? He could remember it happening quite a bit in high school and again a few times at his first school... Did he do something those times too? Is that why he was seen with such disdain? Without his knowledge, had he actually been violating people and earning the reputation he always assumed was just closed-minded spite?

He rubbed his face and tried to push that out of his head. No use dwelling on things you can't change. He reached for his phone to try and distract himself as more inconsistencies tried to push forward. He'd gotten a lot of texts... A bunch from Sara, he wasn't sure he wanted to deal with whatever that was yet, and a few from Rachel. He flipped through Rachel's conversation and replied to confirm plans: yes he was still going to show up, 6pm was fine, he could bring something to drink and yes he did like scary movies.

He lowered the phone and looked over at the sleeping person besides him. She looked so comfortable. Her hair fell across her face. He followed one playful bunch that had found its way over her small round pointed nose and found its way to the sheet below. He followed the curve of her full cheeks back to her small chin and her little pouty lips. He hadn't noticed that her bottom lip pushed out just that much further than her top making a small but constant pout. His eyes followed the lines of her mouth to two small swells on either side of her bottom lip pushing it out that small bit.

He turned back to his phone and idly opened the conversation with Sara to clear the notification. He couldn't convince himself not to so he read through what he had missed. Hey. Hello. Come see me. What does a girl have to do to get some of that? Come hate fuck me, I'm wet for you. I miss you. I need you. I'm sorry. You're garbage.

He put his phone back in its place on his nightstand and lay back down against the pillow. His hand fell to his side like it usually did but instead fell on something soft. Right, there was a person there. He moved his hand from on top of the bump in the comforter and instead put it around her. Wasn't this what he always wanted? Why did he do what he did with James, wasn't she enough? A beautiful young girl who wanted nothing more than to make him happy was laying in bed next to him and he was sitting here considering if he should text back that venom filled shrew.

"What's wrong with you?" He felt a small stir next to him but he could tell she was still asleep. She had simply pushed her face into his side and it just made him feel worse. He closed his eyes and tried his best to just quiet the yelling in his head. He really was just a piece of garbage after all.

He couldn't deny he was going to go have sex with someone else, every time, even knowing that it might hurt the kind creature next to him. He would do it because it made him feel good and strong to know he was wanted. Even the regret he felt was part of the fix. He knew, deep in his mind, he would always want to collect more people. It didn't matter who it hurt or how vile it would make him feel. He'd keep flirting, keep trying to have sex no matter who he was with. He would never be able to be faithful to one person, he was just too insecure.

He pulled himself out of bed and moved quietly into the bathroom to take a shower. As soon as the water hit him he let his mind wander. He could explore the building in his head, he could feel where people were moving about through their lives. It was like watching a grainy sonar image or something, the further away they were the harder it was to get the details but he could feel them all over the building.

You're a hunter. Go hunt.

"I'm not a hunter, I'm a predator." He grumbled into the empty space around him. He washed his face forcefully trying to get that voice out of his head. He recognized it now, it was the one that wanted him to become some kind of monster. It was with him in the bathroom urging him on.

Wait, you can hear this?

He froze. Why would his inner demon be asking if he could hear it. It was just him talking to himself... wasn't it? What would you do if your own mind was trying to talk to you like it was unaware of your other thoughts? He answered back quietly "Yeah." Silence was all that he heard back. Was he crazy? He waited under the water focusing on that voice waiting for it to return.

That's new. Do you know who I am?

He turned around under the shower and gave up the pretense of getting clean. Apparently this was a thing that was going to happen today. Why not.

"You mean you aren't just... me? I always thought you were just my... sex drive."

Interesting. No, I'm not your dick. I guess I would be the Narrator.

"You're telling me that God is talking to me and trying to get me to have sex?"

I'm not actually God though I suppose you're not far off... I'm the Narrator. I just control your story. You're my main character. You're the hero.

"Some hero." He scoffed. "What makes plans to fuck someone else when they already have someone?"

You're my hero. I told you, you're a hunter but don't worry, it'll work out. You're the Shonen protagonist.

"This isn't some anime. This is my life." He spat back feeling his frustration creep into his face.

And you have a giant magic dick and the power to ensnare the hearts and minds of beautiful women. Need proof? Fine.

His head exploded in pain and he could feel a change coming before it started. That feeling he had, the one that told him where everyone was, told him he was going to change. He gasped and fell back against the tile wall as a rush of excitement shot through him making the beast between his legs roar to life. He watched as it slowly picked itself up growing as it hardened until it thrust out in front of him like it always did filling the space in front of him and giving off its own heat. It didn't end there though, it kept swelling. He watched in horror as it kept hardening taking up more and more space as it crept out from him.

It felt incredible, filling him with a kind of urge he'd never felt before as it demanded his attention. He felt his lip curl into a sneer as it pushed its way further away from him. He was absolutely terrified but something else was taking over. The bigger it got the hungrier it got. He felt the cold tile on the far end of the shower push back against him as it finally took up more space than was available. It had ended its procession but not before it had swollen to a truly intimidating size.

It tapered out until it was wider than his own torso and probably longer than some people were tall. He was horrified but that didn't matter, all he could hear was that need it radiated. It required attention and he could feel his attention shift to the sleeping girl in the other room. He felt his body turn and slam the enormous protrusion into the far door of the shower making it clatter to the floor. This was a force of destruction.

"Enough!" He growled willing himself to stay put. "You made your point!" His last shred of self-control evaporated as the room went dark. All he could feel was the cold floor rush up to greet him.

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He was in a dark cold room all alone. All around him he could tell something was happening but he was too far away. All at once he realized what was happening. He had passed out again. His heart sank as he realized he was probably still moving around with that feral thing in charge. What was he going to do?

I'm not going to do anything, I'm just putting you back to the way you were.

There was that voice again, closer now. It was low and robotic but almost feminine and somewhere in the space behind him. He spun around to see a bright square looking back at him. It was a room of some kind with things scattered around the walls. He was too far away to see anything for sure. He could feel himself getting pulled back again, the sound of the water came back into focus and before long he was awake again, face down on the bathroom floor.

His hair was still wet, half full of shampoo and the door was definitely laying there on the ground. What a mess.

What's that you said? Good boys get rewards, bad boys get punished.

“Good to know.” He pulled himself up off the ground and checked himself over before going about repairing the damage. He still had to actually finish showering. “So what do I do to be a good boy?”

Go hunting. It looks like you found out how to change others, that's a neat trick... have fun with that. I don't care what you do just don't be boring. I hate boring.

He climbed back into the shower and fixed the now cold water to be hot enough to work with. “God wants me to turn people into bimbo cock slaves?”

If that's what you're into. Seems someone has a bit of a fetish.

He could only grunt back. It could be worse after all, this could be a vengeful god not just a kinky one. Besides, wasn't he just saying how he wanted to find another woman? He stopped and stared blankly ahead in shock. It all made suddenly made sense. Everything he'd done, everything he felt, everything he was, it was all in service to his part in the story. He was the harem protagonist. It was so incredibly freeing, vindicating maybe, but at the same time, he had never felt so hollow.

Chapter End Notes

I know generally how the story goes but I have to burn some time before more important things happen so let me know if you have something you like or don't like in the comments. I'm open to ideas.

-That Guy

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

"The ultimate measure of a man is not where he stands in moments of comfort and convenience, but where he stands at times of challenge and controversy."

-Martin Luther King Jr

Chris has an important decision to make now that the Narrator has gone so far as to tell him his purpose in the story. Choice, intent and will sit in the uncertain dark waiting to see what it all means.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Part 3

He spent some time standing there in his boxers rustling through the bags he'd bought for his adorable toy. She was sitting on the corner of the bed sitting on her legs with her hands pushing down on the mattress next to her knees. The t-shirt she'd confiscated bulged forward between her elbows drawing him from his task back to her more than a few times.

"Are you trying to tease me, Mouse?" With a grand sweep of his arms he swept up the various bags having given up on finding what he was looking for in all the assorted garments. He stomped over next to her to dump the contents over her head covering her in cloth.

"Maybe." The pile let out a high giggle before she cleared away enough to peek between the assorted thin fabric. "Aren't I supposed to, Master?" She blinked down at the pile. "What's this?"

He picked up what he was looking for and held it out to her. The small black leather band sparkled like plastic in the morning light. It was a collar, thin and sleek with a single metal loop folded between two strips in the middle. He held it out to her to try and gauge her reaction but she just sat and smiled back at him.

"These clothes are for me to dress you up." He shook the collar in his hand to draw her attention but she didn't move leaving him to wonder if he was doing something wrong. His heart sank as nerves got the better of him but he grit his teeth and pushed forward with his plan. "Lean forward so I can put this on you."

"Is that a collar for me, Master?" She leaned forward again and did her best to push her impressive chest further still seemingly trying to push through the shirt she was wearing.

"Yes, Mouse." The piece of leather fit snugly around her neck with enough room to get two of his fingers inside, exactly like the lady at the mall had suggested. He took a deep breath. "Now, listen to me." She perked up running a finger along the black band as she smiled at him. "As long as you're wearing this, you're nothing but a toy for me to play with. You do what I want and you belong to me. Tell me if you understand."

She let out a breathy sigh. “Yes Master.”

“Stand up over there.” She followed his instructions eagerly bounding off the bed to stand where he had pointed. He turned his attention away from her to search the scattered things he’d deposited on the bed. This would be so much easier if he hadn’t just... dumped them out. With another nervous breath he distracted himself with straightening his purchases into piles. Soft rope, scarves, blindfolds.

“Take your shirt off. I’m going to give you what I want you to wear.” Tops, skirts, bathing suits, dresses. Putting himself out there, admitting the things that tugged at the deepest part of his sex was terrifying but at the same time, her seeming acceptance was like a drug to him mixing nervousness and excitement in a volatile swirl. He didn’t look up but he could feel her move pulling the video game printed tee she’d slept in over her head to drop it to her side. He was busy trying to figure out what to do next.

He picked up a white button down blouse and a black skirt and carefully draped it over his arm moving the rope to and from its spot before settling it back where it was deciding he wasn’t quite ready to try that yet. He turned to her and looked her over. Her face was flushed as she looked at him panting ever so slightly through her parted lips. “Take your panties off. You don’t deserve those yet.”

She complied working the last piece of fabric down off herself and off her foot. Her hips were still so narrow, the bulge at either side of her pelvis created a deep valley down to the swell between them. Her pink panties were still stained dark from their time the night before. He traced the lines of her soft and pale stomach up to the defined ridge of her ribs interrupted by the sudden mass draped heavily over her front.

From the front with her arms to her sides it was impossible to see anything past the commanding contour of her breasts as they hid everything from her elbows to the middle of her forearm. Each breast settled low and wide looking like two sandbags hanging from her delicate collar bone. Those deliciously soft mounds nearly eclipsed the size of her head and clearly didn’t belong to those tiny sharp shoulders or the clear depressions below her neck. He stepped forward and placed the clothes in her hands leaning down to speak softly into her hair. “Put this on.”

She busied herself putting the shirt on first before pulling the skirt up to her hips. Next, she went about buttoning the blouse finding it possible but not without effort. As she cinched the brown belt of the thigh length black skirt tight she finally looked at him with a hopeful smile. Her shirt was strained enough to see peeks of white skin between the buttons making a round dome tight on her chest defining exactly where she started and stopped. The extra mass pulled at the bottom of the shirt forcing it tight around her waste but leaving a gaping chasm of cleavage bubbling out of the top of the wide V. She looked like some obscene librarian. All she needed was dark rimmed glasses and a messy bun to complete the look.

“Do you like it Master?” Her voice was soft, almost a whisper. He looked down at the bed to pick up the blindfold deciding he had made it this far, there’s no backing out now. In his head the entire time he was shopping he had planned what he wanted to do out, what he wanted to say, what he wanted to touch. If he didn’t do it now it would just devolve into sex. Now or never. He stepped behind her and pulled the blindfold tight around her eyes.

“You can only answer my questions until I say otherwise, Mouse.” She nodded with a moan. “Can you see me?”

“No.” Her voice was higher pitched than before.

“The only time you’re allowed to speak is if I ask you to or if you want me to stop. If you say sunset, I’ll stop but that’s all you are permitted to say. Understand?”

“Yes.”

“Say you understand.”

“I understand, Master.” She shook a little as he moved around her looking her over. Her breathing put stress on her top just enough to be noticeable. He still couldn’t believe he had actually managed to buy a top that fit this well without her actually being there. He stepped forward into her space and placed a finger on her thigh and dragged it up to the hem of her skirt before moving back. She moaned once, clamping her mouth shut.

“I’m going to tell you what I want to do to you, Mouse.” He kept his distance from her only moving close enough to barely touch her for a second or two before leaving her alone again in the cold dark space. “I’m going to tell you what I like and what’s mine.”

He lowered himself down to squat on his heels and placed both hands on her ankles, working up her cold pale skin agonizingly slowly moving up her leg. “I love these slender smooth legs.” He lifted his hands moving to the other ankle to start the process again. “They look so delicate... I want to tie them to the posts of my bed.” He kissed the back of each calf making her squeak another high-pitched moan.

Starting at the back of her knee he worked up her thigh like he had the bottom of her legs. He could feel her shaking under his hands making him bolder. He moved only just past the swell of her thigh, never getting more than an inch under the flowing rim of her new garment. “These thighs excite me.” He kissed the inside of each thigh getting another shrill moan in return. “I want to hold you in the air and use you like a cock sleeve to get off.”

He could hear her breathing heavily but he ignored, raising back up to continue. He put his hands on either side of her palm pulling it up to kiss each finger and then the top of her palm. “These tiny little fingers are perfect.” He moved his hands up her forearm stopping before the elbow. “I want you to jerk me off whenever pleases me. I want to twist this little wrist behind your back and bind you up like a present.”

He took a step back making her whimper. “Do you want me to take you now?”

“Yes.” She immediately responded sounding desperate and high pitched.

“Yes what? You have to say the whole thing.”

“Master I want you to take me.” She moaned again.

“But I’m not satisfied yet.” She whimpered again through another moan. “If you’re good I promise I’ll give you what you want.” She kept quiet and stood there shaking. He moved behind her pressing the swell of his dick into her ass as he reached around front to undo the belt and let the skirt fall away. Dressing and undressing her for no other reason that because it excited him. He sank back down onto his knees moving his hand down to her shaved bump feeling her tense and moan.

“This little delicate pussy yearns for me.” He moved his hands along the contours of her hips before squeezing her ass cheeks and pushing between her shaking legs. He only let his fingers brush her soaked entrance before moving back to grab her hips and kiss the small of her back. “I’m going mold you to the shape of me, pushing and pulling you inside like clay until I am satisfied.”

He stood again, moving his hands up her shirt to the prize smashed in front. “These big...” he pinched her nipples through the shirt making her moan. “...fat slutty tits seduce me.” He lifted them along with the shirt removing all the cloth from her stomach and pulling the cramped bulge up to her chin. “I want to cover you in oil and rub every inch of these on me. I want everyone to know that you are an object for my pleasure.”

He leaned into her ear. “Tell me what you want me to do.”

“Fuck my little pussy Master!”

“Lean forward and show me where you want me.” She bent forward dropping her shoulders to the mattress and resting her head there on the comforter moving her hands back to spread her legs and pull her shining lips apart for him to see. He stepped out of his boxers and lined himself up rubbing the dripping slit with the head. He grabbed her hips and pushed forward until he finally felt a pop and the flared tip sank deeper. She gasped and grabbed the side of the bed for support. As he worked himself deeper and deeper, he watched her pendulous bust sway back and forth in the gap between the corner of the bed and her knees looking like they could almost collide with either given just a little more effort. Not quite yet.

He swelled against the incredibly tight space as he pushed further in. “Say it again.” He growled at her gripping her hips harder.

“Fuck- I...” she rolled her head to shriek into the comforter. “More.”

His mind was a blur of sensations and motion. He could feel her buckle and shake with each motion as her voice became a mess of guttural noises. Her white knuckles held the comforter as he slammed as deep as he could pulling as far out as he could manage before ramming her into the bed again. Nothing mattered, he could do anything he wanted to her. With her. What did he want?

More.

He could feel the familiar commands and redouts barging into his perception like when he had first made changes but this time he didn’t want to stop. It would have to accommodate him; everything would have to accommodate him. He could make the changes he wanted, needed, without stopping.

She didn’t need to walk, she was a fuck doll attached to breasts, they could be as big as he wanted. He could make her orgasm with the slightest touch, change her to perfectly accommodate him in any hole. He could fill the room with her, it wouldn’t matter. He felt a powerful surge building behind him as he approached a climax.

No. He grit his teeth and pulled back on her grinding into her deep as he felt the inevitable flood threaten to consume him. You can’t cross that line. Making the choice between being able to and being willing to is the only power you have left. Why does it even matter? You’re not in control anyway, may as well enjoy yourself.

With his last shred of will he reached out into the dark and took hold of his newfound power. With all the weight of reality in his hands he set the commands he needed to. He set the rules for how this would work. The idea was so simple, his cum would become the fuel for whatever change and he would then assign it a purpose, if any. It would default to do nothing unless he consciously made the choice.

Limits were simple: mass in, mass out. Timeframe... as much as he would want to spread things out over hours or days changes should happen fast enough to see the start and end in one sitting.

They should be the same, twenty minutes should be enough time to enjoy whatever was happening and adjust if needed. There would have to be a failsafe... The changed has to say "I accept this change" and give him a kiss within twenty four hours or the change will revert. That didn't feel like enough though... If he or the changed says "I reject this change" at any point in 24 hours the current change is immediately reverted.

The world snapped back as he jerked forward and let loose slamming wave upon wave of hot liquid into her. In his head he had an image of her molding and changing however he wished, so much easier than working through menus and words. He pushed everything he could into her chest to see how far it would go.

He blinked and looked around the room in a daze. He felt like he had been off somewhere else for some time, but nothing had changed. Below him Mouse bucked her hips and moaned biting at his comforter and panting in the throes of pleasure. His legs shook from effort, and he could feel her weight resting against him. If it weren't for the now deflating pole holding her up she would have collapsed a while ago. Now as the sweat began to cool and the all-consuming passion cleared away, he was left to stand there, tired but satisfied. Why was there always that pang of guilt or self-awareness after a moment of intensity like that?

"Did you survive Mouse?" His hoarse voice shattered the silence. She could only roll over to look at him with an exhausted smile. Her hair was wet and matted, clinging to her face stubbornly. The shirt she was still wearing was stained with sweat making it almost see through but what was impressive was the swell sticking out from the bottom of her shirt of her severely distended midsection.

"I'm like a full condom." She wiggled her head out from behind her bust that was smashed up into her face by the pronounced stomach. Her eyes closed before her head fell back disappearing under the bed as she sprawled out onto the floor on her back. All the plans, all the gusto he had come into this encounter with had all been washed away with his orgasm leaving him naked, awkward and cold standing above the cum balloon he had made.

"Are you ok?" He leaned forward to look down over her looking from the red patches on her inner thighs, her knees, her forearms, even her chin. He watched her breath deep, following as her captured bulk rose and fell inside the button down. She didn't say anything back right away.

"Master I can't sit up." He leaned down and wrestled her out from partly under the bed to place her on the bed.

"Tell me if you're ok." He sat down on the side of the bed next to her pushing the clumped hair out of her face.

"I am happy." She closed her eyes. "Can I take a nap, Master?" He patted her on the head and went about collecting his discarded clothing.

"Yes, Mouse. Enjoy your nap." He pulled on his boxers. "You should probably head back to your room at some point so no one thinks you've gone missing..." He looked back to see she was already asleep.

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It was still early in the day, maybe approaching noon and it was Saturday so aside from being hungry there was no real rush to accomplish anything more than his schoolwork. Aside from being invited to watch a movie his day was empty and so far he had accomplished nothing outside of his room. The burner nob made a cloud click snuffing the flame below his lovingly crafted lunch.

Lovingly crafted lunch being two packages of beef ramen noodles but still, it was food and he made it as best he could. He finished mixing the powder into the second bowl and made his way back to his room to present the spoils of his labor to-

“Master?” Her voice was loud enough to be heard in the living room and she sounded concerned. He picked up the pace and pushed his door open with his butt turning as fast as the wet meal would allow to see what was happening. There on her stomach was Mouse, smiling at him with her butt in the air. She would be on her hands and knees except her elbows weren’t on the bed, they were resting on... her. “Master, I’m stuck again.”

Big. Huge. Massive. There really isn’t a standardization for these kinds of things. What word sufficiently describes when a person is resting on their own breasts and isn’t able to get their arms fully around them anymore. She looked like she was resting on two partially deflated basketballs.

“I can undo-“ She recoiled and scowled at him like he had just struck her.

“Was I bad?” She looked at him cautiously wrapping her arms around herself hugging as much as she could manage. “Don’t take them away, Master.”

“I just-“ He put the food on his dresser and turned back. “That’s not too big for you? You said you’re stuck.”

She nodded slowly and then shook her head. “They’re perfect.”

“You like being stuck? Can you even walk?” She shrugged and dropped her head to caress the mass holding her up off the bed.

“Do you still like them master? Can I keep them?”

“Mouse... I don’t... Can you really live like that?” He scratched his head and looked at her fawning over her new smashed assets. “Fine... Mouse you can keep them on one condition.”

She opened her mouth and stuck her tongue out most likely expecting his terms to be a sexual act. “Not that, Mouse. Listen to me.” She closed her mouth and looked at him with her adorable expectant and obedient smile. “You have to say, ‘I accept this change’ and-“

“I accept this change!” She kicked her feet excitedly with a giggle. “I accept!”

“Mouse.” His voice dropped to a warning growl. She stopped and looked at him again. “Listen to me or I’ll punish you.” She nodded and smiled with her mouth still closed. Her elbows moved together to hold her chin in her hands leaning entirely on the two squishy pillows. “You have to say, ‘I accept this change’ AND you have to walk over to me and kiss me.”

She nodded but stayed still waiting for more instruction. “If you can’t walk on your own over to me, I have to take them down.” He turned and walked out of the room closing the door behind him.

A thud, a crash and some sounds like yelling and cursing came from the closed door before everything went quiet. He stood there in the middle of the living room and waited to see if he had, as he feared he had, immobilized this poor girl. He could feel her moving around inside, rolling on the floor before crawling on all fours. After what felt like forever the door opened and the side of a breast entered the room followed eventually by a tiny little waif of a girl and the other breast. She had shimmied herself sideways through the doorway but stood there in the hallway smiling victoriously.

She leaned back and took an exaggerated step followed by another taking time to let the

momentum of the new pendulous weight settle between each step. Before too long she stood in front of him looking up at him with a defiant smile. Her tiny hands disappeared behind each side onto what he could only assume would be where her hips were.

“You can’t take them, they’re perfect.” She stuck her tongue out up at him.

“Alright Mouse, you proved you can keep them.” He leaned down so she could kiss him but she didn’t move right away.

“Master...” He straightened up to see her looking suddenly concerned. “Do you still think I’m sexy?”

Thinking about it, he had an unknown magnitude of control over reality. He could poof them weightless or her back perfectly suited for them. Still, it was the principal of the thing. She was apparently wider than a door frame now. Maybe a magic bra that... “I think you’re sexy Mouse. You’re still my perfect little toy.” She smashed herself against him in a hug almost pushing him over.

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The rest of the day was as boring as you would expect hanging out with an over-inflated sex toy that thought of getting him off as an expression of acceptance and personal importance. His stomach muscles ached a little and his knees were sore but if nothing else he was happy. For the first time in what felt like ever he didn’t feel that intruding heaviness in his groin reminding him of an insatiable hunger.

He had sent her back to her room with the rest of the clothes he’d bought now completely unsure of what would actually fit. To get her across campus he gave her an old sweatshirt he had had since his soccer days. The only way he could convince her to leave at all was promising she could come back Monday. At some point he had to do homework...

He was on his way back to the dorm building with soda for movie night when his phone went off. His heart sank as he prepared for the worst. To his surprise it was just Sara again sending a picture this time. Heat poured into his face at the shocking display. There on his screen was Sara, posing for a selfie, complete with peace sign, with a pearly glob on her nose and cheek with another glazing her left breast. She was standing in some bathroom mirror for the picture completely naked. “I told him about you.”

He put his phone down and resumed walking not quite sure how he was supposed to feel about any of that. He stopped again and looked back at his phone. He couldn’t leave it be, what the fuck was this even supposed to mean?

<Neat. So?> he texted back staring at his phone. Why did she always make him immediately angry? Is a hate boner a thing?

<I told him you attacked me and I was powerless to stop you.> What the fuck? Was she trying to get him arrested?

<I didn’t attack you wtf> Not that he didn’t already know but this girl definitely had issues.

<He says he’ll fight you for me> He sighed and put his phone back down to his side to walk off to the side of the path to text without being in the way of anything.

<He can have you.>

<I told him I had to do what you say or you'll get me thrown out of school. He thinks you're not man enough to take me from him and he wants to prove.> He had to read the text more than a few times to understand what she was even saying. Was she really suggesting some kind of sex competition? It vibrated again pulling his attention back. <Cum show him how powerless I am>

<Your boyfriend wants me to watch you two fuck? No thanks>

<Don't be dense> All he could think to text back was a string of periods and a trailing question mark hoping to express his frustration. <Srsly? I want you to humiliate him. Come to me and I'll tell you more.>

He growled into the empty air before trying to respond. <Can't busy.>

<That's not a no.> He stuffed his phone back in his pocket and kept walking. It vibrated again but he ignored it knowing she wouldn't give up until she got her way. Instead he focused on getting to Rachel's room. Turns out she was in the same building, on the same floor just in the other wing of the same dorm he lived in. He walked all the way to the campus store for soda and then walked essentially across the dividing stairwell between the boys and girls side of things.

The McKinnon building was co-ed by side, the 3000 wing on one side was strictly for women and the 4000 wing on the other was strictly for the men. Rumor had it that this wasn't entirely true but he had a hard time believing any reasonable faculty planner would mix oil and water as haphazardly as per room. Looking for room 3112 didn't mean there were 3000 rooms but rather: girls' side, first floor, room 12.

He raised his hand to knock on the metal fire door that marked the inside entrance to the first-floor hall and waited for whatever was coming next. It would have been nice if someone had come to get him or his key worked on this side but-

"What are you doing over here? I did not hear about getting a visitor." A gruff stern voice snapped him out from inside his head. A mess of straw brunette hair in a loose clump stared at him from the now open door. The girl's ice blue eyes bore into him without a trace of empathy. Despite being average height for a girl she had a clear presence about her. He could see defined lines of muscle traced around her arms and neck from under her yellow tank top.

"Uh, yeah. Sorry. I'm not real sure what the process is, this is my first--"

"What is your name and who are you here to visit?" She didn't wait for him to finish talking before she barked her next order putting him on the defensive. Even her lack of conjunctions made her seem even more intimidating for some reason.

"I'm Chris. Uh, Chris Perry. I'm here to visit Rachel in room... 3112. She invited-" The girl tutted and he stopped his declaration short.

"Wait here Chris Chris Perry, I will check with them. They know better..." She closed the door in his face and left him there in the open lobby. He pulled out his phone out of habit to pass the time and remembered he had an unread text but instead of being Sara like he originally thought it was a number he didn't recognize. All that was said was we need to talk. Before he could even start to think about it the door opened as abruptly as it closed to show the girl in the yellow tank top and gym shorts standing in front of the girl he had come to visit.

"You are to be out before midnight, do not make me come kick you out." She stood there expectantly eventually giving him the hint to come in past her. She shut the door with a heavy thud and practically marched off to what he hoped was her room. That door too closed without another

word leaving the two alone in the hallway.

“Sorry about that, Ginger is a bit much.” Rachel linked her arm in his pulling him against her to lead him off down the faded pink carpet.

“Yeah, I was pretty sure I was about to be strip searched.” She laughed a charming little giggle letting him feel her jiggle against his arm.

“Oh drat, that was supposed to be a surprise for later.” He laughed letting the tension from the previous encounter bleed off. She turned and faced him towards the colorful 3112 drawn in bubble letters on loose leaf paper and taped to the door. Two anime girls were drawn holding up the numbers from either side Vana White style. “Here we are.”

“Did you draw that?” She worked the lock on the door before throwing her hip into the door with a thud pushing it open with a scrape. She stepped inside and held it open for him to enter.

“The sign on the door? Oh god no, I have no drawing talent what-so-ever. That’s my roommate’s handiwork.” He let himself inside into the softly lit room and took a look around. Behind him he heard the grunt and thud of the heavy metal door being forced back into place. “Ever since we were kids she used to draw little comics of the two of us on our many ‘adventures’.”

The room was identical in design to his own but seemed like a completely different place. A soft off-white high pile round rug marked where the living room started accented by two tall standing wood and paper floor lamps giving the area a warm indirect glow. Fit snugly against the window wall at the far end was a fashionable blue sectional couch that looked like it was made out of plump jean wrapped cushions complete with a few lightly pastel throw pillows and one stuffed bunny placed carefully in the corner of the L. In the middle of the room was a huge comfy looking square that perfectly matched the space complete with a few books and papers sitting atop it like they were staged. The walls had posters on one side behind the couch and abstract art on the other framing the glass TV stand and the modest flatscreen. He became suddenly aware of how barren his own living space in contrast.

Extending off the side of the room directly next to where they entered was the kitchen area just like his but instead of a dingy hallway of appliances and baren countertops he was greeted by a perfectly modeled cooking space decorated in yellow and black. He could see a stand mixer and a metal can of cooking utensils framing a cutting board set neatly on top of a yellow and white checkered towel to clearly define the work space next to the sink. Even their fridge made his entire world feel empty as it was completely covered in swatches of dramatic paint and hand drawings. It was like he had stepped into a home magazine.

“Sorry for the mess.” She walked past him and towards the couch leaving her flip flops with him at the door.

“Mess?” There wasn’t a single thing about this space that didn’t seem like it belonged exactly there. Rachel moved the things off the square ottoman thing and moved off into the hallway next to the couch, the one with the movie posters, and came back out shortly after to sink into the couch and pat the space next to her beckoning him over.

He leaned down to remove his own shoes placing them in line with the others by the door revealing his black argyle socks. While placing the soda on the kitchen bar, he suddenly felt overdressed. It may be nothing unusual for him to wear his favorite pairing, a short sleeve button down and his slimming brown vest, but as he walked over to join her, he could see she was wearing so much less.

He studied her as he made his way to his seat between her and the bunny. He'd never seen her show so much of her slightly reddened skin before. Freckled pink skin, red hair and green eyes behind big round wire frame glasses. She was wearing a tiny white t-shirt that barely reached down to her green boy shorts leaving some of her stomach exposed. She looked like an adult trying to wear a child's clothes. Her heavy bust pushed the little bit of fabric out and away from her body.

As he wandered over to her he was surprised to see her move. He stopped his slow walk to watch as she leaned back in her seat exposing more and more of her stomach. Her arms reached up far over her head and she pushed her legs forward sliding ever so slightly down the cushion bringing her shirt just that much higher letting him see a delicious amount of pink skin just barely revealed to be the underside of her breasts. She groaned out her sigh as she finished her labored stress. Sit down, you're definitely staring. He willed himself into motion to take a seat beside her.

"Did you get a good look?" His ears and neck grew flush with embarrassment. Of course she caught him, he basically just stopped and gawked at her. He turned to try and defend himself but found her face dangerously close to his smiling a playful smile. He instinctively shuffled back to make space and let out a nervous laugh.

"I, uh... yeah sorry about that. I guess you caught me there." He smiled apologetically.

"The second or third time I caught you, you mean." She punched him in the arm lightly making him laugh breaking the tension. "I don't mind, I look too."

"You look? What, do you mean like, at girls?" She laughed at him and stood up to head towards the kitchen swaying her hips more than he thought was entirely necessary.

"Yeah, sometimes at girls but that's not that weird. Every girl checks out other girls to see what they're up against... Girls are really mean. No I meant at you." He was shocked to hear that.

"What's there to look at on me? Guys aren't nearly as interesting to look at as girls."

"Yeah, well you're a guy so how would you know?" He opened his mouth to argue but he couldn't. He had always believed he'd been aware of what was and wasn't an attractive guy but she was right, he didn't give guys the same sexualized attention in his head as he did women.

"Fair point. Alright well am I allowed to know what you look at?" He leaned forward putting his folded arms rested on his knees.

"I'll trade you. You tell me something you notice about me and I'll tell you something I noticed about you." She was working on something in the fridge and cabinets that sounded like glass clinking but he couldn't see what she was doing. "Deal? You go first."

He laughed. "Before I start, how... direct can I be?"

"Tits. Dick. Pussy. Ass. Happy? You're not going to offend me unless you call me a fat slut or something." She laughed from inside the cabinet.

"Ok... Things I have noticed about you..." He felt like this was some kind of game but he didn't quite understand the rules yet. Should he start with the given? She's obviously proud of her bust, she basically handed that one to him, but maybe he should start with something she didn't expect. Flex a little. "Your ears used to be pierced but you haven't worn earrings in years."

She stopped what she was doing and looked at him from around the cabinet. She looked surprised. "So that's how we're going to play, huh? Alright, touché. I noticed that you put a lot of effort into how you dress."

“Does that really count?” He leaned back as she went back to pouring something in the glasses she’d taken down. He heard the sound of a soda can opening.

“Who says it doesn’t? We’re flirting and I like how you dress. Your turn.”

“So me talking about your ears is flirting?” She came around out of the kitchen with three dark drinks on a wood tray. She placed it on the ottoman and handed him one before sitting directly next to him.

“How hard do you have to study a person to notice that they used to have pierced ears I wonder...” She took a sip. “Now come on, it’s your turn. Flatter me.”

“I like your breasts.” He took a sip of whatever he was handed and was surprised to find a well-made rum and coke. He didn’t even think it would be that kind of drink. She laughed after a few seconds of silence.

“Really? That’s the best you’ve got, I like your breasts?” She punched him again. “You can do better than that. I know you like them, you basically memorized them earlier. What do you like about them?”

“Wait isn’t it your turn now?” He looked at her smirking back at him.

“No. I’m vetoing your turn, you have to go again.” She sipped her drink again giving him a look he couldn’t decipher.

He took a deep breath and shifted his leg trying to hide the inevitable swell by forcing it up under his waistband. “Ok, fine. I like the way they fall on you. They look heavy and full but not saggy and compared to how slight your frame is and the way they fall off to either side it makes them look even bigger.”

“Bravo, now that’s a compliment.” She clapped around her drink. After taking a long sip she put her drink hand on the arm of the couch. “It’s fine, I like them more than you do anyway, I just want you to talk about me.”

“Don’t think I haven’t forgotten it’s your turn but what do you mean you like them more than I do?”

“I may not be consumed with Boob Envy like Molly is but—“

“Boob envy? Seriously? That sounds like something James would make up.” She took a sip and he followed suit noticing they were both almost finished.

“No, nuh uh” She turned her hips to face him pointing at him as she finished off her drink in one last go placing the empty cup back on the tray with the third untouched glass. “It’s a real thing, you can google it. Whenever you get implants the doctor warns you that you’ll always wish you had gone bigger, look it up. Girls can definitely get boob envy.” She nodded with a final point of her finger. “And I have definitely looked.”

“You’ve definitely looked at what? I’m vetoing you answer, you made me say it.” He finished his drink and placed it on the tray.

“You are carrying around some serious firepower, I mean everyone says so but I mean like...” She pulled her hands in front of her like a fishing story letting them slowly drift apart. “Scary big.”

“Yeah... I’ve definitely heard it called that...” He folded in on himself realizing he wasn’t as good

at hiding it as he thought he was.

“No no no, it’s not a bad thing. I mean I the rumors are way wrong but I didn’t mean to make you upset.” She moved her hand onto his leg and looked at him with concern. “I used to get made fun of a lot in high school... I have always been super overweight... I know what it’s like to not be happy with your body.”

“That’s nice of you to say but you look like the heaviest part of your body is in your shirt.” She burst out in a genuine laugh and he couldn’t help but smile.

“You are definitely not kidding, these things weight like five pounds each, I can’t believe I still wish I had gone bigger.” She seemed distracted staring down into her chest making him realize they were both probably starting to feel those drinks. “I changed recently but I was fat, super overweight, for my whole life until... then. So I get it. I didn’t mean to call you or him scary.” She patted his leg reassuringly.

“You aren’t wrong though. *He* has cost me quite a few dates.” He nearly jumped out of his skin as she took a deep breath and yelled behind her.

“KELLY-ANN IF YOU DON’T GET YOUR SKINNY BUTT OUT HERE I’M GONNA START MAKING OUT WITH HIM!” He heard motion from the room to the side and almost immediately the door opened. Apparently, alcohol had taken affect, he hadn’t sensed that there was someone else here. The figure stepped forward wearing a sweatshirt and barely anything else. He recognized her immediately as the other person at the table, Kelly-Ann not Kelly-Sue.

She stepped forward and her shirt seemed to wobble dramatically with every step. With a heavy flop she dropped herself onto the couch causing an even more impressive motion from somewhere under the thick garment. Aside from the hoodie all he could see her wearing where white panties and tall white socks. Her legs and arms both gave the impression she was rail thin but whatever she was hiding said otherwise.

Kelly-Ann looked at her roommate with a careful glance and then she turned away. There was something going on between them he did not want to get in the middle of. Rachel broke the silence.

“You changed.” As Rachel spoke the couch cushion shifted slightly as she stood to move over to the tv no doubt setting up for the movie. “Why don’t you take your sweatshirt off and get comfortable.”

“Maybe I will.” Kelly-Ann shot him a quick look before she started to work the sweatshirt up over her head. He watched as she fought it, it seemed to be stuck. Rachel gasped aloud as her roommate finally managed to free herself with a heavy smack. The pale girl now out of her hoodie quickly pulled the shirt that had been completely displaced back down but it was way too late.

For all intents and purposes Kelly-Ann was a bean pole. Her entire body seemed to be just one straight line from her neck down to her feet. He could barely even tell if she had hips or not. If it wasn’t for the fact that he had absolute proof of it, he would have had a hard time telling she was female just from the back.

If he hadn’t already seen Mouse swell into what she had Kelly-Ann would have been the proud owner of the bulkiest, perkier and largest breasts he had ever seen and he was happy to say he didn’t have the time to get a great look before she pulled her shirt back down into place.

Rachel broke the silence. “Why don’t you go put a bra on?”

"I'm comfortable." Kelly-Ann pulled her knees up into her chest and stared back at her roommate defiantly. "Besides, they don't fit anymore."

"You can borrow one of mine-" Rachel pointed at her door and he could see her jaw clench.

"I can't even fit into my F cups anymore, yours are definitely too small." He swore he could see a satisfied twinkle in the pale twig of a girl's eye as she stared back at her friend. Another silence fell over the room. Eventually Rachel moved back to sit as close as she could manage to Chris dropping her hand deliberately on his thigh. Oh god were they fighting over him? Kelly-Ann reached out into the middle of the ottoman to grab what was to be her drink before leaning back into her seat to watch the two of them.

"Man I-" He lifted his phone to look at the time. "It's late..." Rachel picked up the remote and started the movie without another word leaving her other hand exactly where it was. So much for that.

The movie wasn't half bad, some budget slasher film but it wasn't long before he had to use the bathroom. He considered using this as a chance to escape the obvious tension but he dismissed the thought since he didn't actually want to offend either of them. As awkward as it was, he could just finish out the night and pretend it wasn't a big deal. He slid out from under Rachel and moved off to the hallway behind the TV knowing just where to find the hallway door to the bathroom.

"Fuck this is awkward." He laughed to himself staring down into the toilet. "Maybe I can use Sara as some kind of excuse..." He shook his head noticing the drunk dizzy feeling. He felt that familiar feeling pulling at the back of his head trying to bring him back into the cold and dark. He slapped himself hard to clear the feeling. He was not about to pass out and set off a freaking bomb because he lost control. The Sara thing started to sound like a decent idea though. "Yeah sure, Sorry I've got to go humiliate some guy for a girl I hate but it's better than this. No. Suck it up and keep it together." He stuffed himself back into his pants and tried to zip up finding it difficult. He forced the metal piece up into place and washed his hands before turning to leave to rejoin... whatever that was out there.

He took a step out into the hall and immediately collided with someone. There was a single yelp before he sent them flying to splay out on the floor of the hallway. He looked down to see Kelly-Ann laying there below him on her back, her arms up over her head and what would he could only guess should have been a longer more conservative red night shirt. It should have been except the impact had somehow sent it riding up over her face showing him everything.

She had skin so pale she could have been made out of porcelain and two tiny thin poking nipples that pointed to the ceiling and did not match the rest of her at all. The rest of her being two huge swollen masses that pushed those tiny nipples into the air. It was like her breasts hadn't grown longer, they had just filled up like water balloons pushing out and down. She was 90% underboob. Even on her back they only drooped off to by the smallest amount, only changing the direction of the perfect tear drops and making her little points aim off towards either side.

He felt it happen before his mind could process it fully. There was a load pop and out before him flopped his half hard cock, free for all to see. This was like some cliché badly written porno, please sir I'll do anything for an A...

"What the hell is that!?" The timid voice from below him drove him into action, he scooped up his quickly inflating member and did his best to stuff it under his shirt. He turned towards the wall to further hide himself.

"I am so sorry, I have no idea what happened." He put out a hand to placate her as she stood up off

the ground straightening her garment. With a look back over her shoulder she snatched his hand and pulled him sideways into the open door. She held her finger up to her lips and looked at him as she closed the door and turned on the light.

“Listen, I’m really sorry... I’ll just go and-“

“Is that because of me?” She asked in a whisper. He couldn’t understand what she meant so he just stared blankly at her. “I’ve never seen one before in real life, I was just surprised.”

“I didn’t know you were coming out of your room. I walked right into you; are you ok?” She nodded clearing the **laptop** and papers off her bed giving him a second to look around. On every wall were drawings and panels to what looked like a comic, some were more explicit than others. “Did you do all these?”

“Huh? Yeah. I like to draw... manga.” She paused and looked at one of the pictures on the wall. She dropped her voice in shame. “I like to draw hentai manga.”

The change in subject helped distract him from being basically exposed to some girl he’d barely ever spoken to.

“Can I see it again?” She turned to look at him her voice again low in a whisper.

“Look, it’s late and your roommate... she’s right out there... I don’t think...” He couldn’t come up with how to tell her no without saying no. The pale girl’s face dropped.

“It’s fine. I know, I’m a disgusting freak...” Fuck. Why did she have to say that? That of all things? The one thing he more than anyone he knew would understand and empathize with on a personal level. His resolve instantly crumbled to dust.

“What? No, you’re not a freak... This is just a little awkward, you know? We just met and I’m standing here all exposed. It’s just a weird situation.”

“It’s fine, I’m sorry I asked.” She retreated back to the side of the bed away from him. “I just didn’t really get to see and... I thought you got like that because of me...”

“It’s-“ What even is the right answer here? No, I don’t find you sexy? I would **be** offended if you looked at my naked form? Sure, behold my powerful manhood! There was no real way to answer that and imply something else. He moved his hands and undid the buttons on his shirt letting it fall forward and droop towards the floor. He looked away from her and took a deep breath.

“I can’t help it, you are really attractive. It has a will of its own...” It was slowly filling back up now that it was **free** in the open space feeding on the attention. With each pulse it swelled and hardened until it was leveled at her like a weapon. She just stood there with her eyes fixed on it without saying a word.

“Wow.” She eventually spoke but didn’t move or change position at all making him feel weird again. He was a creature in a glass jar being studied.

“See? You’re not the one with a half of a tree in his pants.” He laughed nervously. “If anyone should feel like a freak it’s definitely me. Not you.” She finally looked up at his face with the same look of vacant surprise.

“Can I draw it?” She moved quickly to the other side of the bed and gathered up some supplies before scrambling across the top back towards him. “I’ve never seen a real one. Are they all like

this?"

He laughed an awkward laugh. "Uh, no. Not at all. In fact usually they're... smaller. A lot smaller." She stuck the tip of her tongue out and started to scribble away on her pad in silence. She soon repositioned again and again until she was sat Indian style directly under him. The strange circumstance started to get the better of him and it started to deflate. She looked at him in surprise.

"No don't move it, I'm not done."

"I'm, uh... I'm not moving it. It's... it's moving." He felt it slowly lose the fight with gravity.

"It moves on its own?"

He sighed and shifted uncomfortably. Truth is it basically does everything on its own but that isn't really the point. "It only gets big like that when it's... you know... excited."

"If I take my shirt off, will it come back?" She didn't wait for his answer stripping off her shirt. "That's what did it the first time right?"

He just nodded taking a good look at her exposed front and as expected it sprang back to life in approval. This close he could tell they weren't on the Hailey side of massive, it was just her slight frame combined with their impressive bulk that made them seem that much larger. She had gone back to her drawing and he was once again feeling that awkward silence. Not wanting to disturb her process he tried conversation.

"So..." She didn't even look up. "Why do you think you're a freak?" Her head poked up over the pad.

"Hm?" She went back to her drawing. "I don't like to talk about it..."

"I get that. For sure." He looked around for an alternative but couldn't come up with one. "It's just I'm having trouble keeping it big for you and it might help if I was distracted." She gave a heavy sigh and looked at him with that same blank critical stare. She was so hard to read.

"Fine but you're not allowed to tell anyone." She dropped her head back down to her pad. He nodded but she didn't look up. "Promise?"

"I promise." She sighed again and looked up again before continuing.

"I didn't start puberty until this year." She explained to her drawing pad. "My parents were worried there was something wrong. And then I started to grow. I'm five nine now, I was like... five two a few months ago... and then these." She leaned back to stretch her back before hunching back over to draw. "I'm probably going to need surgery, the doctor doesn't know when it will stop."

His mouth was dry. He'd never met anyone he could identify so strongly with. He couldn't find the words to explain the alienation she must be feeling. When he was going through this it felt like it happened over night. One day everything was fine and the next it was doctor visits, special pants and staring. The staring was the worst.

"And now Rachel is mad. We have been friends since childhood and now it's like I outgrew her on purpose or something."

"That... No. I understand completely. It'll be ok." She looked up at him with her usual expression. "I don't think you're a freak." Her eyes darted away as her pale cheeks flushed a little before she buried herself behind her pad where she stayed for some time.

“What does it feel like?” He heard her whisper her question from behind her drawing pad without her head even moving towards him. He wasn’t even entirely sure she was talking to him.

He took a deep breath and broke the silence. “You can touch it, you know, if you want. If it helps, I mean.” Her pencil stopped and she sat still.

“Thank you for your help.” She stood up and turned around not looking back at him holding her drawing pad tightly in front of her. “I’m tired and I think I’m going to go to bed now.” He stood there for a second trying to process what was happening.

“Yeah, uh, sure. Any time.” He smiled and gave a forced laugh. “I’m going to use your bathroom if that’s ok, I have to get this all back in before I go out there.” She stood completely still even as he closed the bathroom door. Luckily his feeling like he’d done something awful to the poor girl made it a real quick process to fold himself neatly into his broken pants. He wedged himself down his pant leg to make sure it wouldn’t surprise him again and walked out into the dark empty common room. His heart sank into his shoes as he realized what an ass he must seem like.

He let himself out and slipped out into the hall as quietly as the door would allow. He almost made it out the door before a voice from behind him made him jump.

“I am happy to see you follow the rules.” He turned slightly to smile at Ginger, the one from earlier.

“Yeah well you know, that’s me. Just call me Dick cause I’m just such a *swell* guy!” He forced a fake smile with an arm pump to accompany it. Her eyes flicked down and back up in the space of a blink and he braced himself for the tear down. Surely she wasn’t going to let him slide for that one.

“You broke your zipper, Dick.” She folded her arms and just looked at him expectantly before turning back towards what he could only assume was her room. “Close the door firmly behind you please.”

He stomped his way up the stairs and back to his hallway on the third-floor growling at himself for all the things he blamed himself for. Compared to the nearly impenetrable security of the 3100s, his own hall fire door was completely open with no one to stop anyone from entering. As if to prove a point, there were three girls just standing around in the hallway looking at each other like they were waiting for something.

He was angry but he couldn’t really be bothered to know why. It was like everything that had happened recently suddenly dropped on the floor and scattered like a broken plate or a puzzle. Why should he care what anyone thought of him? He could literally do anything to anyone. He could have anyone. What was one person? He stared down one of the girls lingering in the hallway letting go of everything he had every been frustrated about. Alcohol and rejection raged through him.

“If you come inside I can make your dreams come true.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for bearing with me in my first story. My pace will slow down, this is everything I had already written and I'm in to things I have only planned. I have to spend some more time setting things up but it's about to get messy before it gets wild.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I've hit a bit of a block. I wrote like 6 chapters and then re-read it and realized I'd totally lost the plot. This is attempt 3, I think I'm back on task but largely there's going to be some relative downtime while I set things up. As always let me know if you want to suggest anything. I don't judge.

Part 4

Laughter erupted from all three of the women who he had just propositioned. He shouldn't have been surprised, he was just some random dude who walked up and said some random shit. They probably declined far more convincing arguments alone let alone together. Still, he could feel that flame of alcohol and rejection stoking hotter.

"Then why the fuck are you blocking my door." One of the three stepped up to him with her arms crossed and a scowl. The queen bee of the group no doubt. He got a good look at the bleached blonde standing in front of him. The loose grey cut sweatshirt was roughly cut off to a belly shirt to allow her to parade her toned and tanned stomach while her skintight faded jeans with the store bought holes completed the look.

"Fuck you, we're waiting for someone." She clicked her tongue in his face and the two other girls pulled up behind their boss to reinforce the point.

"Well that's my door. So move." He growled, taking a step into her bubble not quite sure why he was escalating things. The pounding in his ears drowned out any other thoughts though. He was going to get in a fight. He could feel everything around him as his attention took in the situation around him. His roommate was out, they could be waiting for him... Time seemed to stretch out as his eyes flashed over the three girls letting their intimate details flow through him.

Laurel Brown, the head bitch. Brown hair, died a yellow blonde, and brown eyes. He could see her blue colored contacts clearer now that he knew to look for them. 5 foot 8 inches tall and 135 lbs. 38B. She looked bigger than a B cup, a lot bigger, was this information every wrong? Dominating, figures. Power rape fantasy? What does that even mean.

Brittany Meyers. An imposing woman to the right of Laurel stuck out from the three. Her dark skin and wild dark hair contrasted against the other two's tan but fairer skin. 6 feet tall, 185 lbs. 40D. It wasn't that she was almost his height that made her imposing either. Her thin shirt showed every line of her impressive physique. She looked like she never missed a day at the gym and even though her arms weren't crossed like the other two somehow that made her even more intimidating.

Tiffany O'Dale, the angry dark-haired girl to her left with the unsure look in her almost reflective amber eyes. Definitely the "cute" one of the bunch, shorter and slim but with a pronounced chin

and high full cheeks. 5 foot 6 inches tall, 130 lbs. 34C. In her loose-fitting red shirt thing he couldn't make out anything about her underneath it. The bottom of her top flared out dramatically like a skirt or a dress but he could see white leggings hugging two thick thighs beneath. Oral fixation and an ass fetish. He allowed himself to imagine that scowling face looking up at him, packed full of- he didn't need more shitty people in his life.

He shook his head and took a deep breath taking one intentional step back. "Look, James isn't home. Just move and let me into my room and I'll be out of your hair." There was a pause, his veins still burned for conflict but he did his best to steady his breathing. The blonde clicked her tongue again sending a wave of frustration through him before she spoke.

"We're waiting for some Chris guy and we don't want you there when he gets back so..." she waved her hand to shoo him leaning forward. "Go find some hole to die in." Why the hostility? Sure he'd stepped up, hit on them clumsily, all of that, but this was getting to be too much. In his mind he lunged at them a hundred ways but he managed to stay put with another deep trembling breath.

"The only 'Chris guy' that lives here is me." His voice was a low growl. "And he's having a bad night." He had to get away from this. He wanted this to spiral into violence and that wasn't necessary. Instead, he stepped forward walking through the girl in front of him like she wasn't there. He moved his shoulder to check her carelessly to the side. The next step pushed the towering brunette aside planting his foot behind her and pushing past her with his hip. He heard the noises they made as they fell to the side but he couldn't care. With his shaking hands clasping the door handle he managed to fit his key and turn the handle.

"You're-" he heard one of them protest as he slammed the door behind him. He stood in the dark and quiet room still shaking. He had never been in a fight before, he had never even wanted to get in a fight before. Was he a violent drunk or was it really just a bad night? He was interrupted by a light knock on the door behind him. The three were still there standing just on the other side of the metal door. Don't. Just go to bed.

He opened the door with another deep steadying breath. The fake blonde stood there with her arms crossed still but her expression had changed. Softened maybe? Can a scowl soften?

"If you're Chris, can we talk?" He hadn't noticed her slight southern drawl. If it weren't for all the effort, he was putting in to despising her it could have been cute or even polite. He took a step back away from the door to let them past even though he screamed at himself not to. Just go to bed you idiot. He had never been one to hold grudges, he was too nice for that. Deep down, beyond the dying heat of aggression, he was a living door mat who just wanted everyone to like him. They all quietly filed in past him without a word as he closed the door and turned back to them. None of them had changed expressions but their eyes had softened. His anger was gone already, instead he just felt bad for snapping. He kept his scowl though, they deserved that much.

"What." He snapped at them and immediately felt bad when the dark haired one, Tiffany, nearly jumped out of her skin.

"Are you the Chris we're supposed to talk to?" He sighed at the question. How would he even know what Chris they were looking for? Despite that, he knew he most likely was.

"That depends on what Chris you're looking for." They stayed quiet. "What are you looking for?"

The room remained silent for longer than he wanted leaving them all staring at each other around the still dark space. None of them were sitting or leaning, they were all just standing in a weird square around the entry way.

“Can we sit down or something?” Chris reached back and flicked on the lights finally breaking the silence. He grabbed one of the few chairs they even had in their neglected eating space and took a seat. They all filed over to the couch across the room and sat facing away from him. He stood up, dragged his chair over next to the TV and sat across from them. More awkward silence.

“Where did you buy her implants?” The blonde, Laurel, finally spoke up. Her arms were still crossed tightly in front of her but the other two just looked bored.

“Implants?” Chris blinked in genuine surprise.

“Yeah. You know, that girl.” She moved her hands quickly in front of her like she was hugging a barrel. Immediately her hands shot back to cross in front of her. She was uncomfortable. That’s what all this was. She was feeling vulnerable and lashed out, just like he was feeling vulnerable and escalated.

“Right. *That* girl.” He couldn’t help but smile just a little. How would they react if she showed up? “What about her?”

“Where did you buy them?” Laurel scooted forward onto the edge of the couch without uncrossing her arms. “I bought the biggest expanders I could find and...” Her hands had moved to cup her breasts in demonstration, and she had suddenly become aware of what she was doing snapping her arms back across her front.

“Go on. You got implants and... what, a G cup or whatever the biggest you could find?” It was too late to remove his accusatory tone, it had already been hurled across the room like a dagger. She clicked her tongue again.

“I’ve only been filled up once and they wouldn’t let me have more than 800 ccs.” She recoiled from his words defensively covering her chest with her hands. “So how did you get them to give her so much more?”

“Let me get this straight.” He took a deep breath and stood up. “You’re here to find out where I bought implants because you couldn’t find them for yourself?”

“Well yeah.” She scooted away from him backwards into the couch. “It took me months on OnlyFans to afford these and they were the biggest I could find. That other girl had nothing and all of a sudden she’s... giant.”

“If I told you how she got them, what’s in it for me?” All three girls rolled their eyes in unison. He held up a hand before they could say whatever demeaning thing, they were no doubt planning. “You’ll be disappointed when I tell you. Did you know that girl before she got ‘giant’?”

“No sir, she was in my class but no one really paid any attention to her until then.” Laurel’s crossed arms tightened on her chest.

“So what, Laurel, did you come find me because people in class suddenly stopped paying attention to you?” The eyes of the girls looked at each other in surprise before the smaller one, Tiffany, spoke up.

“How did you know her name?” Her voice was raspy like too many cigar filled nights in a smooth jazz club. It had a melodious sing-song tone to it, raising and falling like her sentence was a refrain. Important note, he’d never been turned on by just a voice before.

“I know all about you three.” Chris shrugged. “By the way, Tiffany O’Dell, you have an absolutely mesmerizing voice. Anyway, it’s part of what we’re talking about.”

“Are you some kind of stalker?” Tiffany shot back. Meanwhile, the queen bee had suddenly become pensive. Her brow scrunched and her lips pursed as she absently pushed the tip of her thumb under her front teeth.

“Don’t be like that.” He sighed and stood up from his chair. Everyone recoiled, everyone except Laurel. “Want a drink?”

“I’ll take a coke.” Laurel finally spoke up.

“Coke like, Coke-a-Cola or Coke like what you guys call soda?” He opened the fridge. “I only have this off brand lemon lime stuff anyway.”

“Whatever you have is fine.” He heard her reply from the couch but she sounded further away. “She said you gave them to her. You said it wasn’t surgery. What is it then? Pills or something?”

“It isn’t pills or anything like that. I promise, I’ll tell you but it’s embarrassing for me and I’m not that inspired to help you yet.” He poured four glasses and returned to the room handing them out before sitting back down.

“It isn’t drugged, is it?” Tiffany sniffed the glass before looking at her friends already drinking theirs.

“Yeah, it’s drugged. I slipped an enormous dose of my secret and apparently tasteless boob potion into them. Mwah ha ha ha.” He watched Laurel finish hers in one go and his eyebrow raised. “No. I did not drug them. I may not be fond of you guys, but I wouldn’t get myself in trouble like that. Not when I can just tell you to leave if I wanted to.”

“It’s funny when you say ‘you guys’.” Laurel mused in her southern twang placing her glass on the floor by her feet. “I have money, I can pay for your secret.”

“That’s not really how this works.” He finished his own and found a place on the TV stand to put his empty glass.

“Well how does it work? How can I get you to tell me?”

“I’m going to stand up and drop my pants.” He stood and the girls just looked at him with a mix of confusion, amusement and disbelief. “If you stick around after that, I’ll tell you.”

“That sounds pretty optimistic.” Tiffany spoke up with a small laugh. Even her laugh was sexy.

“It’s not about optimism.” He pushed down his pants letting the broken zipper clatter to the floor standing there in his bunched boxers. Despite what he might say otherwise he was just happy to no longer be trapped in the leg of his pants. His swollen and red-hot dick flopped out slapping loudly against the inside of his thigh before dangling away from him pointing at the floor. He wasn’t even aroused, and yet he could see the stunned looks. “I have the ability to change people with this.”

“Yikes.” Tiffany was the only one to speak up, Laurel was once again resting her front teeth on the tip of her thumb staring at him while the silent third simply seemed to regard him indifferently.

“Is this just so you can sleep with me?” Laurel finally spoke up. “Why would I believe what you’re implying?” Chris scratched his head and shrugged sitting back down.

“You don’t have to believe me. You asked me how, that’s how. Every time she made me cum, she got bigger just like she wanted.”

“If I make you cum, my boobs get bigger?” Tiffany asked in disbelief.

“No. If you make me cum, I can change any part of you.” Chris stood up again. “Listen, it’s after midnight and I’m going to bed. Stay or go, I couldn’t care less. I’m going to get a shower and hit the sack. All the doors are unlocked, sleep on the couch if you want or whatever just be nice to my roommate.” With that he stood up, scooped up his pants and strolled out of the room.

The water hit the back of his head and ran down across his ears and off the tip of his nose as he stared down at the drain. What a fucking day.

“You have now exposed yourself to four, no five different people today. What the hell is wrong with you?”

“Not enough blood for the both of you.” A voice from outside the glass door made him and his heart both leap for the ceiling. Through the fogged glass all he could see was something red fall to the floor exposing skin. The door opened before he could consider too much longer revealing Tiffany with a black loop in her mouth.

With her hands she pulled her hair back and then twisted it back and forth somehow securing it in place with the black thing.

“Can I come in?” Her voice, soft like velvet pushed him to the side to let her into the small space. He hadn’t bothered to keep track of where the three had gone after leaving for his room, he simply assumed they had left. Now that he checked he found the other two still in the living area.

He felt something brush his dick gently and he looked down to see she’d sunk to her knees while he wasn’t paying attention. He opened his mouth to protest but she’d already dropped her face down to scoop his tip into her mouth. All he could do is look into her eyes as she took him in her hands and worked her mouth over his bulky dick. Her eyes never looked away letting him study them. They shone like polished gems with the color of perfectly prepared coffee. He was entranced.

“Wow.” Was all he could get out as she kept working him with her mouth as he swelled to full size. His hands braced himself against the walls as his knees shook each time a tooth scraped the sensitive skin. Finally, she broke the spell.

“I’ve never tried on a cock this big.” She brushed a stray hair out of her mouth before kissing the top gingerly. “I can’t keep it from hitting my teeth.”

“It feels astounding.” He breathed managing to catch his breath. His heart still pounded down the pillar of steel in her moving hands. “I love when your teeth hit.”

“You like that?” She suddenly looked surprised. “One of my ex’s broke up with me because I kept doing that. He called me vamparella.”

“Maybe when you’re... not small... it feels different.” He hated sounding like he was just bragging. “It’s such a new feeling, when something hard suddenly drags against it when everything else is so soft... I almost came the first time you did it.”

“You’re saying he wasn’t man enough to appreciate me?” She smirked and kissed further up. “It probably takes a lot more than some teeth to hurt this beast, huh.”

“Yeah well you could probably slam it in a door and it would enjoy it...” She gave a small laugh

and then looked incredulous.

“Have you actually done that?”

“...not on purpose... the first time...” She was still stroking him but the sneaking pressure in his balls had ebbed allowing him to just enjoy her ministrations without feeling like he might blow at any second. “You don’t have to do that if you don’t want to.”

“Oh shut up.” She bit the tip lightly sending a shock through to his toes. That hurt a little but at the same time, it was weirdly erotic. “Pretend like you didn’t know that that power play out there didn’t make us all want to know.”

“Want to know?” She had opened her mouth to resume her work but had to stop to answer again.

“You flopped this out and said it’s magic.” She lifted the shaft and licked a long line towards the tip. “One of us was going to have to find out. Now shut up, I’m busy.” She opened her mouth and went back to work. Unlike any time before there was a sincerity to her efforts like it was more for her than for him.

She licked every swell and vein she could find tracing lines and creases like she was trying to paint a picture. Even when his head slipped into her throat it was more like it was stopping her from getting where she wanted to be. Mouse, Hailey, always had a rushed or desperate feel. It was like she was just repeating a dance step because she knew it was good where now he was watching someone who just loved to dance.

He could feel that familiar tugging feeling on his balls and he realized he didn’t know anything about her or what she wanted. He pushed her forehead lightly and her eyebrows dropped into scowl. She worked her way back and wiped the drool from her chin before looking up.

“Why did you stop me?” She looked genuinely confused.

“Tiffany I-“

“It’s Tiff.” She licked him again from tip to base. He shuddered but put a hand under her chin to get her to look up.

“Tiff, see? I don’t know anything about you.” She stood up to look him in the eye finally letting go of his dick.

“So what? You’re really going to stop me because you didn’t know what to call me?”

“No, I don’t know what you want.” He couldn’t help but smile at the look of bewilderment she was giving him.

“Right now I want to feel you explode down my throat.” She went to drop back down again but he stepped forward to try and stop her slipping his dick between her legs. He felt a hot weight on the tip and Tiff’s mouth opened slightly.

“I’m going to have to remember this.”

“If you’re going to make me cum, I should know what to change. What do you wish was different?” He blinked. “Remember what, that I stopped you?”

“I thought you were just going to make my tits big; you mean I can choose what happens?” Her expression changed from one of confusion to one of wonder.

“Wait you came in here to suck me off and you didn’t do it because you wanted something?”

“I just like sucking dick.” She said matter-of-factly. “I guess I’m a freak. I love it, it gets me off. The taste and the smell... and yours is like heroin to me. I could drown in your balls. Want to hear a secret though?”

“Oh.” He didn’t really know what else to say. His understanding of events was off. “Yeah, sure. What’s your secret?”

“My feet aren’t touching the ground.” He looked down to see her powerful legs clamped around his shaft with her feet wrapped together under her butt. His gaze roamed slowly up her back to her eyes. She was slim but not thin like Mouse or Kelly-Ann. She had a measured thickness that pushed out in all the right places. He could see the small traces of sports in her stomach and the faintest outline of her ribcage. She had a moderate bust, probably a little smaller than Rachel’s from the lunch table but they looked soft and full.

“I thought you came in here to test if I was telling the truth.” He took a step back and she followed with a giggle.

“Right now all I can think about is how it would feel for you to wear me like a sock.” He blinked. “Sorry, that’s another thing that my ex’s didn’t like. I get really gross when I’m horny.” He could reassure her that he liked the dirty talk or that he didn’t find her gross but he didn’t want it to sound placating or disingenuous.

“Do you have a boyfriend now?”

“Can we talk later? I’m sitting on top of a firework, and I really want to see how it explodes.” She gingerly stepped back off him turning the water off as she dropped back to her knees. He just stood there in the rising steam as she busied herself again pressing her face against him and inhaling deeply. She leaned back stuffing her mouth full once more. In less time than before she worked her way down to where she’d left off.

He closed his eyes and leaned back enjoying the feeling when he felt a sharp pinch. He looked down to see her brow furrowed staring up at him. With him looking at her she continued never looking away.

“Fuck, you’re amazing.” He breathed and he felt a vibration from her throat. Was she responding to his praise? “You’re going to make me cum if you keep that up.” Another stronger vibration came from her throat and her brows arched into what looked like sympathy. Was it the praise she wanted? Regardless of any of that he felt his balls tighten and his legs start to tense as an orgasm loomed.

“You have me so close.” He added and felt that small vibration, a small moan, but her efforts slowed instead of sped up. No matter how good it suddenly felt like he would never get there. He was teetering on the edge now kept there entirely by her efforts. His confused expression was returned by an obviously devilish smile and another stronger moan against him. She knew what she was doing.

“You’re not going to let me cum?” He asked with a small scowl. In response her head rocked slightly back and forth working herself further up the almost two feet of his dick. She had passed the halfway mark. He felt her fingers caress his balls, but it still wasn’t enough. He throbbed and panted but she was completely in control. “Do I need to grab your head and have my way with you to get off?” Her head moved back and forth again in an exaggerated no motion, still slowly memorizing his contours with her tongue.

“Do you want to conquer it?” Another moan. “Only if you swallow it all will I agree it’s yours.” Her breathing changed but her efforts remained the same. For the first time since she started her eyes closed. He could see her shoulder and elbow moving and he could only assume she was playing with herself.

“I’m going to lose my fucking mind.” He growled after what felt like hours kept just at the very edge of the point of no return so long that his balls seemed to have started to growl along with the rest of him. The throbbed and ached for release as she fingered herself staring at him and inching down the small patch of exposed dick.

“I swear to god when I finally get off it’s going to fill this fucking room.” Her breathing was ragged, and he could see her arm moving furiously working something below as he growled down at her. “Can you hear that? I can hear them groaning. I feel like they’re swelling. They’re going to fill you like a fucking cum balloon until you pass out and then I’m going to pin you to the ground and face fuck you until it I’m good and empty.” He had no idea what he was saying anymore, it wasn’t coming from him anyway. He was lost to the feeling of being so close but so agonizingly far. He could feel her panting and moaning as her nose finally made contact with his stomach.

Suddenly her efforts changed. The feeling of her gentle tongue that had just been enough to keep on edge went into overdrive pushing and slurping noisily. He could feel himself inflate as he careened out of control towards release. His hands flew to the back of her head as his eyes rolled back and his mouth hung open. He had lost control of his senses, all that mattered was the impending orgasm. He could hear her moaning loudly as she worked her head up and down his shaft in smooth strokes each time lightly scraping her teeth on the sensitive underside. It was finally time.

He barreled past the point of no return pulling against her head with all his fleeting strength pressing it hard into his stomach as his body started to jerk. He bellowed as he felt her mouth shrink as her entire body was forced to deal with the increased mass of the tidal wave as it rocketed through him and into her. His first shot was explosive. If it weren’t for the helpless creature pinned against his mid-section he would have blown a hole through the wall. He lost track of himself as the incredible pleasure took over and he blacked out.

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“Holy shit.”

In the dark he could see Tiff, just the way she was, and he knew it was time to decide what to change. He had never heard from her what she wanted but the voice nearby echoing through the dark sounded so familiar and so desperate.

“Holy shit I killed him. Are you ok?”

I’m fine. How are you? Something was tugging him away from the place where everything was still and it all made sense.

“Wake up! Oh god. Shit I can’t stand up.”

He blinked and saw a mass of tan flesh in front of him. Was Mouse here? Is that who was yelling? Wasn’t he in the bathroom before with... that new girl. That new girl who was...

“Tiff?” He asked weakly blinking again trying to make sense of things again and filter out all the noise his new ability seemed to add.

“You’re not dead.” She sounded relieved but he couldn’t find her face, all he could see was tan

skin. “What the fuck do I do?”

Sleep. “What do you mean?” He blinked again and moved himself off the cold wet tile to sit and stare at the person across from him. Her dark hair was a messy ponytail hanging to one side. Her eyes were bloodshot, and her face was puffy. Was she crying? Her breasts sat on top of her stomach. Holy fuck her stomach. “Why do you look like Violet Beauregard?”

“Are you saying this isn’t normal!?” Her usually soft smoky voice elevated into a higher pitch as her concern grew.

“What?” He was slowly catching up. “Oh, that, yeah I mean it happens to Mouse too before she changes but usually all of... that... gets used to make whatever change. I’ve never made a human condom and not made a change before.”

“I’M GOING TO STAY LIKE THIS!?” Even shouting her voice had a sexy rasp to it. The door burst open letting the other two girls in. Laurel and... the tall one who never spoke. She seriously hadn’t said a word yet. So weird.

“Tiff what the heck did he do to you!?” Laurel joined the hysterics.

“Calm down.” He stood slowly to look down at the massive stomach with the helpless girl attached. She was magnitudes larger than Mouse had been. He must have put out a bathtub worth or something. She was as wide as the shower stall and stuck to the ground under it. “I just have to turn it into some kind of change, then if you don’t want to keep it just say ‘I reject this change’ or wait 24 hours without kissing me. Either way it’ll all go back to normal.”

Everyone just stared at him in silence. Seriously, were these people still in disbelief after he turned one of them into a beachball?

“The changes you do aren’t permanent unless we kiss you after?” Laurel was the first to speak up. Tiff was still drowning in panic on the floor from the looks crossing her face.

“Yeah pretty much. Any change I make only lasts for 24 hours unless you say ‘I accept this change’ and kiss me.” He scratched his head looking at her for some kind of indication at what to do next. “Between that and straight up rejecting it all seemed like a good enough failsafe just in case hotter heads prevail.”

“Turn it into tits or something so I can move!” Tiff shouted from the floor.

“Are you sure you want-“ Chris couldn’t even finish his warning before Tiff cut him off.

“For fuck’s sake just do it already!” He looked over at Laurel just in time to see her face go white as a sheet before she turned to exit the room. Her mute friend followed her leaving them alone. He immediately got to work pushing the unbelievable mass he had deposited entirely into her chest.

“We’re uh...” Chris reached down to the trapped girl. “We’re definitely going to want to leave the bathroom for this...”

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It took taking down the glass doors to remove the female blimp from the shower but entering into the room was becoming easier by the minute as more and more mass vanished from her distended midsection. He knew where it would end up but at least she had more room to grow now.

“I’m not sure how big you’re going to get.” Chris spoke as evenly and directly as he could. “The

good news is, it'll only take 20 minutes to find out and you just have to say 'I reject this change' after it's done for it to all go back to normal."

"What do you mean you don't know how big she is going to get?" Laurel moved away from the side of her wet friend to stare at Chris with a look he wasn't expecting. He may not have known where the jealous anger was coming from exactly, but the look was unmistakable.

"I mean I filled her a ton more than I ever did to Mouse in anyone sitting and it gets converted one to one."

"Ooooh fuck I feel it..." The raspy moan from behind Laurel marked the inevitable beginning. All eyes were on the naked figure that both was shrinking and growing at a noticeable pace in the middle of the bed. "Why did you have to make this feel so fucking good..."

No one spoke as Tiff writhed underneath her steadily expanding breasts. It was mesmerizing for Chris as they seemed to move with a determination of their own to cover more and more ground. They seemed a little firmer than Mouse's, keeping a bulbous round shape even as they rolled off to the sides to find more fabric to cover. Words couldn't describe their size as they steadily swelled past Mouse's current size and kept going not even showing signs of stopping.

With her on her back they were growing out to either side still growing as they easily swallowed half of his king size bed. They had to be more than 2 feet across each and still growing. Tiff had long since stopped speaking anything intelligible and was instead finger fucking herself desperately as the dark patch beneath her ass spread.

They finally seemed to have had enough just as they reached his pillows at the front of the bed. Each nipple was well over three feet away from her torso and she alone took up most of his bed. If he had to guess they probably each weighed more than she did. If not, it was probably damn close.

"Reject them." Laurel's voice shocked him out of his hypnosis spinning him around to look at her red and shaking furiously. A laugh was the only response that came. "Reject them this instant."

"Why should I, Little Level Laurel?" The raspy tired voice came from behind the bed as the figure attached to two large bean bags worth of breasts tried to sit up.

"FUCK YOU!" Laurel exploded at her friend smacking her hard on one of the milk tanks. Tiff gave a shriek and a jet shot out from between her legs collapsing her back to the bed. It was a while before the panting and moaning settled enough for a retort. In that time no one dared move.

"Do that again 3L. I just came so fucking hard." Tiff's voice was still shaky. "Fuck me, I should keep them. I feel like if you just look at my nipple it could make me cum."

"YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE MY FRIEND!" Laurel screamed in tears. "IT ISN'T FAIR!"

"Oh shut up." Tiff's voice was colder than before. "Everyone knew you begged your dad for implants when puberty didn't give you what you wanted. You just can't stand that we got a little bit more fat on our chest than you did so you went and got surgery. Grow up."

"That has NOTHING to do with it!"

"Oh yeah? You weren't insanely jealous that all of your friends got tits over summer break, and you ended up being Little Level Laurel?"

"You made that name. You spread it around school. You knew how bad I wanted to be different, and you turned it into a school joke." Laurel's face was beet red as the tears streamed down her

chin. Chris did his best to just shrink out of the picture not knowing where this was going.

“It was a joke! You called me a slut for YEARS behind my back and all I did was make up one stupid nickname.”

“I trusted you. You knew how much I-“

“Turns out the slut wins. I got the tits you never even dreamed of, and I think I’m going to keep them.” The pissed off blonde had already stomped off out of the room before Tiff could finish her sentence. Leaving the rest of the group in silence. Tiff eventually let out a sigh. “I know it was mean but she’s just such a bitch some times and I was mad.”

“You can always shrink back down and apologize.” Chris offered unhelpfully.

“I will tomorrow morning. These things really feel so good. I’m going to pass out here, I’m sure you don’t mind.”

Chris sighed and moved over to grab his pillow from the bed and a pile of blankets from the closet before pulling on a clean pair of boxers. “Sure, by all means Jabba. My palace is yours.”

Tiff gave a weak laugh before he left the room and closed the door behind him to go pass out on the couch. He pulled the couch out and down dragging it flat into a plank that resembled a bed and flopped himself onto it leaving the rest of the blankets in a pile nearby. He was too tired to worry about the others. His last thought before he pulled the covers over his head and slipped off was what James might find when he inevitably came home.

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