

Adonis

A Twisted Infinity Tale

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

"And, despite the best efforts of the government to regulate the spread of the so-called Adonis nanobots, an underground trade still exists that sees a small number of men undergoing the transformation. To the casual observer, the reason seems obvious."

The news program cut to a clip of a hulking mountain of a man at a weight pull-down machine, comfortably grinding through reps, before the camera zoomed in on the 300lb of weights he had connected. The machine looked far too small for him, and his ultra-defined muscles rippled with the merest movement.

"Taller. Bigger. Muscles that would put a Greek God to shame, without doing any work for them. Nearly unlimited stamina. But some men with the condition say it isn't all it's cracked up to be, like Dr. Stuart Harthouse."

The next man looked almost comical, his oversized body stuffed into a too-small lab coat to look like a scientist. His voice rumbled with unnatural bass.

"Do you know how inconvenient it is being this big? Do you know how much expensive stuff I broke getting used to my strength? Even right now I can feel my muscles twitching and shaking with the need to get up and do something. I want to, like, run a marathon or bench-press a piano, and I hate working out! I can't buy clothes in normal stores, I can't fit in most cars, and do you know how long it took me to find an apartment I can move around in?"

"I see. How terrible. What happens if you stop working out?"

"Nothing. The nanites are constantly working to build my muscles. I'm just... I'm constantly tense. I only get relief if I'm working out, or, um..."

The program cut back to the presenter, who shuffled her papers in front of her and went on. "Researchers say that the extent of the Adonis nanobots' effects on mental function, mood and even personality are still as yet not fully understood, and warn people to steer clear of any possible contact with them. Of course, such warnings often fall on deaf ears."

Deaf ears was how Travis thought he was approaching the warnings. When he'd had his friend Mira procure, at much effort and no small amount of expense, the sample of nanite-infected fluid in the insulated container on the table in front of him, he'd been completely gung-ho about taking the plunge and all the things (and women) he was going to do after he took it. Now, he was having doubts.

A lifetime spent small, scrawny and weak was telling him this was the right thing to do. That in that vial was the key to the sort of body he'd always dreamed of. Becoming what he was always meant to be. What was the cost, though?

Adonis had an interesting genesis. It was a spin-off of the first ever body-modification nanobots. The scientist who headed the team who developed them was both brilliant and deeply perverted. His wife was a partner on the project and, if anything, more brilliant than him, and he'd always harboured a resentment.

That's why his first project was turning her into the most cartoonishly oversexed brainless barbie-doll bimbo his warped imagination could conjure. The brilliant dark-haired scientist he married transformed before him into a blond-haired, baby-blue-eyed fuckdoll. Her lips plumped to the point of interfering with her speech, her small breasts expanded into vast, near-spherical mounds that bobbed and jostled on her chest with the slightest movement, and her waist shrunk to inhuman thinness, like she'd been corset-training for decades. Her brain was flooded with the desire for cocks and cum, her libido turned up to unbearable levels, her erogenous zoned overclocked to the point where a stiff breeze could turn her on. Most egregiously he intentionally, maliciously, smothered her keen intelligence in a pink fog of stupefied lust. Her thoughts on anything but sex slowed down to a crawl, leaving her often confused and desperate for her husband's directions.

One day, though, he confidently left her alone in his home office with a prototype voice-driven nanobot programmer. Having seen him use it, she turned it on and began letting her own imagination run wild. The subsequent programming created the perfect man for a man's most perverted fantasy woman.

The trouble is her exact instructions were lost – there was no chance she was going to remember them, and they couldn't be reverse-engineered. Nobody knew the extent of what the nanobots would do besides what had been observed in the six months since they were released into the world. Even what had been observed was enough to end any semblance of a normal life for the man.

Travis picked up the container, regarding it carefully. It was everything he deserved. It would make him *hot*. Give him big muscles. A gigantic cock. He could show up all the women who'd ever rejected him and cast him aside, go back up to them and make them *beg* to be with him. He was still staring at it when Mira wandered back into the room.

"Fuck, dude, haven't you taken it yet? What's the hold-up?"

Mira stood with one hip cocked. Her loose tank top draped around her bony chest and shoulders. Freckles surrounded a beaky nose and frizzy reddish hair.

"I-I'm not sure this is a good idea-"

She groaned. "My dude. That cost you a bomb. You would not believe how many people I had to fuckin' go through to get it. You cannot just pour it down the sink now."

She came and sat down next to him as he responded. "It's just, I know it's what I've always wanted, it's what I fucking deserve, but I've been seeing what people have been writing about living with it, and programs about it, and how they don't even know everything it does to you, so maybe-*uck*"

While he was speaking, Mira slapped the vial up into his mouth, tipping the treated nanite solution straight down his throat. He spat, but it was too late.

"*What the fuck?!*"

She shrugged. "I helped you make a decision, you pussy."

Travis got up and stormed into the kitchen, drinking straight from the tap and rinsing his mouth out, but he knew it wouldn't help. Even just a single of the nanoscopic machines inside you would eventually multiply and finish its programming. He was committed now.

Mira looked expectantly at him as he walked back out into the living room. "How do you feel?"

"Pissed off."

She rolled her eyes. "Do you feel any *different*, manlet? Tougher? Stronger? Better endowed?"

"No. No different at all. I- ooh. Oooohh."

He swayed a little, mouth hanging open. "Actually, I feel weird. R-really hot."

His breath caught, starting to come out in deep gasps. Sweat prickled on his forehead. He raised his arms and winced.

"O-ow. E-everything aches. I don't-*aaah!*"

His arms suddenly seized up and flexed, his biceps bulging from his skinny arms. Gasping, he reared back and spread his arms as his chest and back bulged and tightened as well. Mira leaned in with wide-eyed interest.

"Jesus *fuck* that's hot."

Travis looked at her wordlessly, before shrieking as his arms and chest flexed and expanded again. A second flex tore his t-shirt down the sleeves, then down the sides of his torso. Rippling abs rose from his soft midsection like islands from the sea. He reached out and screamed again as his body seized up and swelled, not just bulging from his skinny frame but actually expanding in size. Cords rose in his neck as his shoulders shot out sideways. His jeans ripped apart as his legs

expanded, and even his socks burst off his growing feet. There was now approaching twice as much Travis occupying the room as there was previously, and his body showed no signs of slowing down.

Mira's hands were down her pants, working away between her legs as she stared at Travis's bulging, swelling body. A pained moan dropped an entire octave partway as his chest expanded further. Muscles were twitching on Travis's frame that shouldn't have been visible, the nanites working to make every single muscle in his body thick and built no matter if they could normally be worked out. The tiny living room was far too small for his gigantic, seven-foot-tall body. He groaned again, falling backwards onto the coffee table, crushing it to splinters under his weight. Mira leaned in again, watching between his legs.

"Come on, give me the good stuff now."

Travis's tree-trunk legs had spread apart, revealing his now almost comically-small cock. With another gasp, what felt like liquid fire spread up into his shaft and through his testicles. Immediately, he became hard, his cock pulsing and throbbing to a full erection. It kept pulsing, though, lurching as though it was still trying to grow hard, and Mira soon realised with each one it was growing slightly longer.

She gripped it in her hand, making Travis gasp, gently testing the feeling of it swelling against her fingers. Her other hand was still rubbing her clit.

"Y-you're so fucking hard..."

"It hurts!" Travis whined in a deep bass, clutching his head in enormous, meaty hands, muscular hips thrusting desperately at the air as his cock inexorably lurched and grew. It flared an angry purple-red, glistening, Travis's pained expression betraying only a fraction of the sensation that was like his genitals being filled with molten metal. Underneath, his testicles were swelling as well, already the size of hen's eggs and still growing.

Mira took a deep sniff, and shuddered. A musk was rolling off Travis's sweaty body, one that appeared to bypass her brain entirely and went straight from nose to pussy. With another sniff while staring at Travis's expanding penis, she pitched forward, shaking and moaning, cumming hard with her face mashed between his thighs. Travis howled, his cock lurching hard with an orgasm cruelly denied by his ongoing growth. Clear fluid began to leak in desperate gout from the tip, dripping down the shaft and across Mira's hair and face as she groaned into his crotch.

Mira slumped to the side as one of Travis's giant hands wrapped around his shaft, his voice coming in pained bass sobs as he started to stroke.

"It hurts! It fucking hurts! I need to cum, let me cuuum!"

Mira blinked and groaned, sitting back up as she swam back into consciousness, looking over at her formerly-emaciated friend as he desperately jerked off, his cock visibly still growing between his fingers. Tears rolled down his perfectly-cut cheeks and thick precum rolled down the shaft and across his fingers.

"Mmm. You're nearly there, Trav, you're almost done. You're so hot now, you're a sex god, become what you were *meant* to be—"

He howled again, his voice echoing from the walls and rumbling deep in Mira's belly. His penis was now far beyond any normal size, and his testicles sat heavily in an overstretched sack, each one easily the size of a grapefruit. Finally there was one final lurch, Travis's eyes shot opened and he screamed as thick semen jetted into the air.

Rope after rope of it fired at tremendous speeds across the living room, hitting the wall in thick streams and dripping down in pearlescent gobbets. It seemed endless, Travis unable to do anything but buck and yowl as a tremendous load of backed-up cum finally found its freedom.

Travis's head was swimming as he bent over the sink and stared at an unfamiliar face in the mirror, cresting the wave of the sensations of his new body.

Aside from minor differences in complexion and the colour and texture of their hair and skin, Adonis men all looked vaguely similar. Generically handsome faces with strong jaws and high cheekbones. Certainly an improvement on what Travis had before. A small hint of excitement percolated through the shock – he was *hot* now. Women would finally want him. His mind started to swim with images of girls who'd rejected him over the years, their nude bodies pressed up against him, desperate to make amends, promising to do whatever he wanted...

He groaned as his dick pulsed, his erection returning rapidly despite having experienced the biggest orgasm of his life not even twenty minutes ago. He watched it transfixed for a while, fascinated by how long it took an ultra-thick fourteen-inch penis to become totally hard despite how horny he felt, stunned by the idea that the magnificent tool he'd deserved all his life was finally *his*. Soon, though, it reached its full size, thick and throbbing and red, the empty anxious feeling in the back of his head surging like his own brain was screaming at him to cum. Before too long it also started to leak, clear fluid oozing from the tip in a constant stream until it was hanging in viscous ropes from the underside. His heavy, ragged breathing dragged his massive chest up and down and his abs visibly twitched and rippled as his body demanded an orgasm.

He wrapped a huge, meaty hand around his shaft and instantly the awful tension in the back of his head went away. It was a profound relief, one that would have qualified as the most satisfying feeling he'd ever felt had it not just been for his first Adonis-powered orgasm earlier.

His hand started to move in slow but deliberate strokes up the length of his cock. After so many years jerking off what he used to have the sensation of so much extra dick was strange, even with his enlarged hand covering some of the extra distance. It all felt different – how far he had to pump to cover the whole length, where his fingers met around the impossibly thick shaft, the sheer volume of fluid squishing between his fingers as he stroked, flicking and dripping off onto the floor in a constant stream. He'd known *being* an Adonis would be different, but he hadn't realised how it would affect even his most private moments. The only word for it was obscene – his new cock was an obscenity.

A frighteningly deep bass growl rose from his throat as his orgasm started to approach, his bulging muscles tensing in preparation, and then he was rearing back, his hips bucking as his dick lurched and fired, propelling a thick rope of cum out so hard it splattered against the bathroom mirror with a surge of pleasure so powerful it was nearly crippling. There was a moment of awful tension, his body feeling like it was drawing inwards, then another wonderful, hideous release as his cock fired off another rope. Each shot alone was more raw sensation than an entire orgasm in his old body put together, the unnaturally extended pauses between them more agonising than any denied orgasm, and they seemed to go on *forever*. It was a full minute and a half of thirty high-powered pumps before his body finally let go and he stumbled backwards, drained. He collapsed into the shower-bath with a crunch of masonry, his desperate attempt to stop his fall snapping the bar for the shower curtain like shortbread.

"Travis, what the hell was that?"

Mira's head poked around the doorway to the bathroom, and she gasped. Travis's overmuscled, nude body laid back in the middle of a divot crushed into the side of the bathtub, surrounded by powder and broken tiles. A ludicrous splatter pattern of cum expanded out from where he'd been standing, the sink and mirror covered in thick, rapidly cooling ropes of pearlescent goo. She took in the sight for a moment and then started to laugh.

"Did you cum so hard you fucking fell over and broke the bath? Jesus, even as a musclebound god you're a fucking pussy."

Travis wasn't really listening to her. He was staring at her, his head still swimming in mutated hormones, fixated on her body even in his afterglow. He'd finally reached his release and shot off harder than any person's body had a right to be able to... But he still wanted to fuck Mira. She watched his gaze, an amused smile creeping over her face.

"Oh, you like what you see, do you? Come out to the couch and you can show me exactly how much you like me."

He looked down at himself, grunted, then began to push himself out of the crater he'd left. Mira watched him, biting her lower lip, even as he cracked more tiles gripping them to hold himself up.

"Fuck, you're hot. You're almost worth the property damage."

Travis picked his enormous body out of the bathroom and into the living room, stepping over the shattered remains of the coffee table. His butt hit the sofa, which creaked for a moment, then sagged with the sound of splitting wood.

"Wow, you hear that Adonis guys weigh like six hundred pounds, but you don't really get it till you see it in person. You're fucking enormous."

Travis wasn't listening. He'd immediately wrapped his hand around his cock again, not even needing to look at Mira to get into the mood for stroking himself. His brain didn't even need stimulus for him to get back into the mood for playing with himself. Mira settled in and watched intently.

"So hey big dude, we had an agreement, right? I get you the stuff, and in return you're going to supply me with *your* stuff."

He grunted, half in agreement, half because his cock flexed as his brain supplied the image of basting Mira head to toe in Adonis jizz.

Somewhere, a group of researchers had a list of phrases that they'd either managed to squeeze out of the addled brain of Adonis's creator, or reverse-engineered from their study of Adonis subjects. The phrases the nanobots were acting under. Some were obvious – *tall, big muscles, huge dick*, etcetera. Some were a bit more complex or esoteric. One, though, the nanobots' creator had actually remembered, because of how excited she was about it.

And, like, their cum is super tasty and makes girls happy and horny and gives them huge titties and lets them fuck big dicks!

Adonis spunk was like a drug, delivering upwards of an hour of euphoric glee and intense sexual desire, Mira had only had it once before but she'd been dreaming of it ever since – as well as a part of her missing the extra cup sizes she'd swollen up with for a week afterwards.

Travis's Adonis scent, a musk of pure sex, rolled into her nostrils as she leaned in closer. He was speeding up now, tongue lolling from his mouth, eyes unfocused as he approached the magic moment. His roar practically rumbled the floor as he came, and Mira was ready, standing directly in front of the high-powered jets of baby batter to catch in her mouth, across her face, down her tiny tits. It rolled down her throat like molten pleasure, a symphony of all of her favourite flavours. Sparks exploded in her brain as it smothered her in happy chemicals, her lips curling into a grin and allowing a giggle to escape. Travis continued to unload over her as she moaned, her nipples rising up against her loose top, both from growing erect and from the flesh underneath them plumping up. She scooped

more handfuls of his jizz into her mouth, on the verge of orgasm from the taste and the sensations ricocheting through her, as well as the slow, delicious feeling of growth.

By the time Travis was done ejaculating, leaning back against the couch and panting, Mira was riding a jizz high as well as sporting what looked like C-cup breasts.

"Ohh. Mmmph. Oh fuck, Travis, I feel so fucking good. This was so worth it, this is the best shit I've ever done."

Travis's chest was heaving with exertion, his perfect, smooth skin glistening with sweat, his mind assaulted from multiple sides by different sensations. His brain wanted to let him sink into afterglow, but his hormones raging at the sight of his newly-curvaceous friend in front of him, writhing in chemical ecstasy, shiny with a few remaining puddles of his enhanced spunk, all he wanted to do was cum again.

His cock lurched, not even allowed a moment to grow soft, the muscles deep between his legs tightening to force a reflexive load of slimy fluid from the oversized slit. Mira's eyes came back into focus, then fixed on the end of his dick, making her giggle.

"Omigawd, you're still so hard. Heehee, oh wow. My head's all floaty, and... Mmm, your cock looks so good. D'you wanna cum again?" She giggled. "Of course you do, you always wanna cum now."

She grabbed her breasts and pressed them together, staring up at Travis's face while licking her lips. "If you give me more, I can get even bigger..."

The size-increasing effect stacked on itself, becoming even stronger with each subsequent layer, but also draining the limited energy of the transferred nanites much faster. A single dose could give an extra two or three cup sizes for a week. Even more could give her some truly massive breasts for two days. More than that could leave a girl completely immobile for several hours. Somewhere in the back of his lust-addled mind Travis knew that, but all he could focus on was the aching, surging need radiating out from his godlike cock.

Mira dragged her tongue up the steel-hard length of his twitching shaft, immediately dispelling the horrible ache in his brain. As she left sucking kisses up and down the side, he was able to focus for a minute on how *small* she was compared to him now. His cock was taller than her head, so wide that she could barely see around it. Her body was comparable in width to just one of his titanic thighs, let alone his thickly muscled midriff or broad chest. He slid an expanded hand behind her head and marvelled at how much of it he was able to grip. Mira purred as he did. He was *huge*, and hot, and he had a sexy girl slobbering on the end of his giant cock. A tiny, gnawing doubt in the back of his brain tried to make itself known but was smothered by a flood of testosterone.

Mira kissed the tip of his pole, sliding her hands up to either side and slowly stroking it. A rope of precum slid down her chin, joined by another huge belch of the thick, clear slime as she gave him a harder pump. She shuddered for a moment just from the taste of him.

"You're going to get *all* the girls now. Every bitch who walks past you is going to want a piece of this." She stopped for a moment to slurp up another fat glob of slime. "You're going to drown in pussy, Travis. But I get to be the first one."

It was true - while obviously Adonis men weren't attractive to everyone, their chiselled features, size, muscles and massive dick were instant draw cards for a lot of people, and that was before the narcotic and expansive effect of their emissions. The condition came with enough drawbacks and sourcing the nanites was difficult enough that they were still somewhat rare and in demand, and Travis had just joined their exclusive ranks. Travis knew this, and with the desperation to cum receding as Mira played with him, he was able to consider the idea. A stupid grin rose up on his face, which soon dropped into a slack O as Mira began to jerk him off faster.

"They say your dick feels even better after you change. Getting bigger shouldn't make it more sensitive, but they say it's twice as good as it used to be. What do you think?" She grinned up at the mountain of a man as rivulets of precum poured down his shaft, lubricating her fingers for a two-handed stroke job, his face locked in soundless ecstasy.

"Cum for me, Travis. Blow a fucking godlike load all over me. Do what your body's meant to do."

Another ultra-low bass groan rumbled the floor beneath them as the muscles in Travis's groin visibly rippled and tightened, his cock lurching so strongly that it actually pulled Mira up along with it and squirting another high-pressure jet of thick semen straight into the air. Mira ducked forward, actually pulling herself up using the shaft's rigidity, practically climbing up to clamp her mouth as far around the tip as she could manage, but immediately choking and spluttering as the velocity and volume of fluid overwhelmed her desire to swallow it. It wasn't just his obvious muscles that were stronger, but also the muscles in his crotch that propelled his oversized loads - along with the sensations produced when they tensed up.

Mira was shot twice in the face, gobbets of cum splattering down her chest and tits, before she had to let go and fall down to gather her wits, as well as her breath. Scraping cum out of her eyes, she was able to watch Travis's entire body tighten up, twitching, building strength, then finally unleash it in a mighty lurch of his dick that sent cum flying into the air, straight over her head and across the room to splatter across her TV. It was raw power. Overwhelming sexual energy. So overwhelming that it was even overwhelming its owner, a passenger in the backseat of his own body.

Mira's pussy spasmed at the sight of muscles rippling in his abdomen, thighs and groin that shouldn't have been visible but were plainly twitching before her eyes, bulked up to ludicrous degrees by the muscle-building effect of the nanites. She felt herself leaking just watching this living god unleashing load after load of his love across her apartment, and that was before she felt the heat spreading through her body from the cum she'd swallowed.

The heat surged and built, the sensations in her body building like a lover was working away at her most sensitive areas from the inside out, crashing waves of erotic bliss that stacked upon themselves ceaselessly until-

Unlike last time, she was so worked up and primed for action that the feeling of Travis's cum inside her and her body preparing for growth actually made her cum. She shrieked, hips bucking, back locked up, her already-bloated breasts rising up in her tank top like bread dough. Her massive, diamond-hard nipples were printed against the fabric and swelling by the second, joined by areolas that spread across the surface of her breasts as they plumped and jiggled.

By the time she and Travis had finally spent themselves, her tits were stretching her top to breaking point. Panting, she looked down at her chest, watched it rise and fall for a minute, and then let out a sharp giggle. She shrugged her shoulders, watching the flesh flow up and back down, then grabbed them from underneath and lifted and squished them together. She stared in amazement at the line of fat, fleshy cleavage, then let them drop again, only to suppress a yelp.

"Ow! Fuck, they're heavy. Hee. Wow. I'm *big*." She looked back up at Travis, who was staring down at her with a captivated intensity. She grinned and gently shook them from side to side, his eyes following as they sloshed gelatinously and collided against each other in the limited space of her top.

"You wanna see them, big boy? Use those huge sexy muscles and rip my top apart."

She squealed happily as Travis tore her top apart like tissue paper, a desperate but almost laughably effortless action, and her breasts surged forward free of their confinement and came down against Mira's chest with a heavy *slap*. Her hands mashed deeply into them as she moaned with sensation, squeezing them in circles against her chest, then pushing them together into a fat line of cleavage and looking up at Travis again.

"You like 'em? You made them, babe. Of course-" her lip fell into a purely manipulative pout "- if you want 'em bigger you could always, like, jerk off until you cum *aaalllll* over me again and- *eep!*"

Travis grabbed her, lifting her up with no more effort than lifting a doll, and shredded her jeans with a single hand. Her pussy was matted with juices, and still visibly dripping. Travis had, of course, never seen it before, but it seemed thicker and puffier than he was expecting, her clitoris larger and visibly

throbbing. She kicked and wiggled against his implacable grip, mostly out of fun rather than any actual fear of the situation.

"Oh no, are you going to *fuck* me? Now that my pussy's all big and stretchy and can take big huge dicks you're going to put yours inside me?"

She grinned, moving her shoulders to shake her oversized breasts against the inside of his arms as he groaned, his cock flexing and disgorging a massive glob of mostly-clear precum. They both had a short, breathy moment of collecting their senses, realising what they were about to do, and then Travis pulled Mira down to push the fat head of his dick between her legs. Another stop, another stare, another deep breath, and he pushed.

Mira's body accepted his cock in a way that was simultaneously perfect, a moist form-fitting velvet glove, and also gripping and tight at all the right spots along his length. It was like her pussy was tailor-made for him, which, he might have been able to reason through if he'd been more in command of his faculties, was very likely completely true. He didn't stop until her legs splayed to either side of his enormous thighs, sunk to the hilt until their pubic mounds met, groaning in the most delicious and incredible sensation, while Mira went nearly comatose.

He grabbed her by either side of her waist and started to pump her, using her helpless body as his personal masturbation toy. Adonis men weren't well-known for their deep care for the pleasure of their partners and Travis was learning why. It was like every neuron in his brain was rewired for the purpose of cumming. He realised that the desperate urge to ejaculate didn't *go away* when he started doing something to feed them; they were just temporarily redirected, and in the same way he was struggling to think of anything but stroking or finding something to fuck earlier, now he was struggling to think of anything but unloading his balls as quickly and as comprehensively as possible.

Mira didn't seem worried about his lack of concern for her enjoyment, though, since his hyper-powered cock was as perfect for her insides as her insides were for his cock. It felt like she was rippling around him, the tiny spasms being set up along the length of her vagina working perfectly together to string together an endless series of sensations unlike she'd ever felt in any sexual encounter before.

Mira shook and jiggled and bounced as Travis both drove her hips down onto him and pushed up inside her, making long, strong, deliberate thrusts. She dripped heavily down either side of his shaft and drooled out the side of her slack mouth, lost in the mindscape of being totally and thoroughly fucked. Travis was simply using her as a masturbation toy, but she was incapable of doing anything else as long as he was inside her.

The distinction between the pure pleasure of being fucked and her actual orgasm was fuzzy, but Mira unquestionably came multiple times in the course of Travis bouncing her on his lap, her body seizing, shaking and twitching, too paralysed to even scream. It meant nothing to Travis, but the pure force of his

ground-up rewritten body ensured that he could deliver her pleasure regardless of his intent before the feeling of orgasm finally began to rise inside him as well. He let out a deep, resonant growl as he gripped her hips, his cock lurching hard enough to jerk her body upwards, caught in horrid ecstasy as the feeling inside him drew inwards, building, pulsing, then finally let him release at the very cusp of despair.

Mira felt his cum explode inside her, that single shot filling her insides with more hot jizz than a normal man's entire orgasm. She then could practically feel the awful tension in him begin to build again, prolonging the sensation of his orgasm until he was finally allowed to release again, another hideously powerful burst of cum. The cycles repeated themselves for what felt like an eternity, the pressure in her insides building up until cum squirted in thick ropes out either side of the massive log spreading apart her puffy lower lips.

She stayed on him for so long that her breasts began to grow long before he'd finished shooting off, almost feeling like their surges were syncing up with his ultra-long ejaculations. Each time she felt him flex and unload inside her another wave of flesh added itself to the outmost swell of her mounds, so much flesh that they actually physically moved and bounced with each long pulse of growth. It was like the cum factory between his legs was physically pumping more into her, like his raw unfiltered masculinity as being converted by her pussy into pure physical femininity before dripping down her thighs in a wanton display of animal lust.

His huge, meaty hands had already risen up to sink into the vast, overflowing flesh of her chest before his cock had even begun to soften. She gasped and cooed at the attention, but Travis was grappling with an entirely new emotion - a vague sense of fear.

He'd already cum three times within the last hour. He'd just finished ejaculating what felt like his soul out into this woman. He was still *inside her*. He should have been sinking into a contented sleepy afterglow, but despite the endorphins flooding his brain the urge to keep going was even stronger. His cock flexed, his mind fixating on the swaying sea of titflesh in front of him, and almost without thinking he'd reached up to grab them, to keep the sensation flowing, to feed this insatiable need inside him. His cock responded like he'd been abstaining for a week, rising up like an avenging angel and pulsing inside her. He felt a growl rise up from deep in his chest, standing up, lifting even her substantially-increased weight as if it was nothing.

He turned around, making her tits swing with the momentum of his movements, spinning her around until her chest fell heavily into the cushions of what used to be the couch, her bottom arching up into the air and pushing back even harder against him.

She squealed as he fucked her doggy style, rolling forward on her breasts with each thrust, the angle changing the feeling of his dick inside her in new and fascinating ways that felt just as familiar and incredible as how he'd just fucked her but also somehow new.

Travis, of course, was completely oblivious to any of this for her - just like before, he could only think about releasing the endless, unbearable pressure that was gripping hold of him, both a tangible physical pressure and a pulse right at the base of his mind, like the drain at the bottom of his brain was stopped up and all he could do was attempt to unclog it. He gripped her ass cheeks and continued his deliberate, powerful thrusts, bottoming out inside her on each stroke until his oversized balls slapped pendulously against her thighs, or the back of her tits depending on whether she'd rolled forward or not.

His next orgasm was no less comprehensive than any of his had been so far. The same incredible, horrible feeling of his entire body tensing and drawing in, the hyper-extended moment of hollow pressure and then the searing pulse of release at the moment just beyond where he couldn't take it any more. He'd known from his research that this was his new normal - Adonis men *always cum hard*. The reality was somewhat more confronting than the hypothetical, though, and while it felt *good* it was also beginning to feel overwhelming. Especially given how horny he was feeling since his transformation, the idea that it was going to be like this every single time he so much as jerked off was a daunting prospect.

This time, however, once he'd finished fully unloading inside Mira, once Mira had managed to recover from a rapid-fire series of a dozen orgasms, just as Travis was groaning, gripping his still-throbbing dick and moving to embrace her again, Mira groaned, through a canyon of breast, "O-okay... No more... I'm done for now..."

Instantly Travis found himself pulling his hands away and moving away from Mira's body. It wasn't even autonomous, exactly. She was still gorgeous - her transformed body was still arousing him beyond reason, but it was like there was a hole in his mind where the idea of actually fucking her should have been. He was completely incapable of considering her as a sexual partner.

"Wh... What the fuck?"

Mira groaned again as her boobs surged forward in vast waves of titflesh, rippling outwards into the shattered remains of the couch, spreading out underneath her. "C-oooh, c-can't fuck unwilling g-giiirls, remembooh-fuck, remember?"

It was true. *Always want to have fun when girls want to have fun*. The dopey ditz who'd designed the godlike men had also accidentally baked the concept of enthusiastic consent deep into the Adonis psyche. He could have been ten seconds from orgasm and Mira declaring she didn't want to fuck any more

would have seen him immediately extract himself from inside her. Not for the first time, Travis dimly reflected on the fact that, despite what you'd first assume, his condition wasn't a male power fantasy, but a sort of dark mirror, the perfect man for a man's perfect woman.

Not that there was much room in his mind for reflection. Even above the insistent, near-painful pulsing of his erection, he could also feel an anxious, empty feeling in the back of his head. His eyes flicked back and forward. Precum poured in spasmodic bursts from his gigantic dick while the anxiety ate away at the back of his mind, making his breath start to quicken even over his exertions.

"Something feels... Wrong. I... I can't... I need to do something, something's missing..."

Mira laughed, finally at her maximum size, her breasts consuming a quarter of the floor space of the living room. She laid comfortably atop them, snuggling her face into the warm embrace of the wobbling fat.

"Dude, you're an Adonis. That's the horny jitters. You want to cum. I thought you'd researched this stuff?"

Another command, this one more suspected than confirmed – *always wants to cum* – a phrase that seems clear and concise to a dick-obsessed fuckdoll but becomes more complicated in practice.

If the command had been always *needs*, the scientists suspected, Adonis men would simply have had a constant, pulsing erection, but while the Adonis sex drive meant they spent a good portion of the day erect their erections certainly weren't permanent. *Want* was an emotional command, not a physical one.

Everyone who'd been asked about it described it differently. One man said it felt like when you knew in the back of your head that you'd forgotten something incredibly important. Another said he felt empty. Another described it like being mildly lost. Another, anxious. They all agreed, though, that it went away when they started jerking off, and came back almost immediately after their orgasm.

Tentatively, Travis reached down and wrapped his fingers around his shaft. Almost instantly, the feeling began to recede, and he was gloriously freed of the gnawing anxiety in the back of his head as he slowly stroked. With a tremendous effort of will he stopped, pulling his hand away, and even quicker than it had receded the feeling flooded back, like he was hanging on the edge of a panic attack.

"Wh-what the fuck? I've cum like five times?" There was a manic edge to his voice as his dick continued to pulse and belch fluid in tremendous gouts. "H-how can I still need to?"

She shrugged, waves of motion flowing through her tits. "That's how it is, my dude. You're going to be spending a lot of time jerking off that huge, awesome dick. You wanted this, didn't you?"

He groaned, both from the ache of his cock and from the sensation smothering his thoughts. "I... I wanted to be hot... To get girls..."

Mira shuffled a bit to the side, rolling as much as she could and bringing Travis back into her field of view. "Oh that'll happen, don't worry. You'll be drowning in pussy. You'll just be fapping yourself silly in-between fucks. Or I think working out kind of helps, too? I guess you'll be pumping iron or pumping shaft."

She giggled, and rolled back onto her stomach and spread her arms out, embracing as much of the extent of her boobs as she could. "This is weird but fuckin' cool. You'd think this was breaking some sort of law of physics or something but-" she waved her hands- "nanobots, right?"

Travis wasn't even pretending to listen. He'd already given in to the endless urge and was starting to stroke himself again, the pleasure of that horrid sensation fading away almost as profound as his pre-Adonis orgasm. While his brain wouldn't even allow him to consider the idea of touching Mira again, there was apparently no prohibition on using her incredible new tits for the spank bank, and he hungrily watched her mountainous mounds slosh and jiggle as he stroked himself.

She giggled. "I can hear you, you know? It's fine, enjoy yourself." Somehow she'd managed to keep her phone within reach and was tapping away as she settled comfortably in atop her jostling mammary throne. Her typing became faster for a moment, then she chuckled.

"Hey, good news, stud. You've got a chance to let loose *way* earlier than I expected."

"What?" Travis was barely listening, concerned as he was with working on unleashing his next load.

"One of my friends was organising an Adonis party for her sorority, and the dude's pulled out at the last minute. Accidentally double-booked or something. They need a sex god in like the next hour."

"A-Adonis party?"

"Holy shit did you not learn *anything* about this before you jumped dick-first into it? It's exactly what you used to fuckin' jerk yourself off over. A bunch of girls book out an Adonis guy to play with for a few hours."

That thought nestled itself firmly into his forebrain and refused to move, and his stroking became more desperate. Mira grinned.

"Oh, does that sound good? They're pledging like five girls tonight - all five of them are going to need to drink your cum until they get *huge*. And each of them has to fuck you, too. You think you'll be able to handle that, stud?"

Travis answered with a deep rolling moan and a tremendous blast of spunk.

Travis groaned as he stepped out the back of the panel van, unfolding his body and easing the ache out of as many muscles as he could. His size wasn't built for cars, but whoever had organised the night was familiar with Adonis needs - a hired van wasn't comfortable, but it could at least bear his immense new weight from point A to point B. They'd even pre-paid for the cleaning after he inevitably succumbed to the pulsing need in the back of his brain and jerked off, even in the limited space he had to move. He adjusted his toga, pulled together out of Mira's bedsheets, and knocked on the door of the sorority house.

The door was opened by a slim blond girl, pretty, but in that constructed way available to someone with a lot of time and money. She looked up, then up, then up, then all the way back down again, and then finally back up into his eyes.

"Oh, finally! Thank you for coming on such short notice, we were really in a bind with the other guy."

He ducked his head and stepped inside as she motioned to him, following her into the sorority house.

"You done stuff like this much? You Adonis guys are always in demand, right?"

"I, uh-" he ducked a hanging light fixture, his eyes affixed to the girl's perky rear. "N-no, not exactly, I only, uh, I haven't been like this very long."

She giggled. "Wow, never met a newbie before. I guess it doesn't matter, hey, it's not like your job's that complicated."

He was finally able to stand up straight in the foyer, where the girls had spread out a bunch of mattresses, cushions and blankets for the pledging. Five girls sat nervously in the centre of the setup, dressed only in bikinis, their eyes going as wide as dinner plates when they finally saw Travis. One of the girls, a short, chubby girl with bushy brown hair, practically squeaked.

"He's *huge*!"

"Silence!" The girl who'd brought Travis into the room suddenly let loose with a surprisingly booming voice. "Bring forward the chalice!"

Two other girls carried a large cup, painted hastily with golden paint and adorned with glass gemstones, and set it between Travis and the girls. It was roughly the size of a birdbath, except deeper, to carry a serious amount of fluid. After placing it down they walked until they were either side of him and dropped

to their knees, reaching into the folds of his makeshift toga and grabbing his dick. He jumped in shock, but his need almost instantly overpowered his surprise and he grinned stupidly as they gently stroked him until his mighty erection rose up and out to greet the warm air.

"Supplicants! Your sorority has been good and kind enough to procure for you the services of a living god among men! He will provide his essence for you and you shall drink deeply!"

One of the girls snaked her head in between his legs and began to lash his ballsack with her tongue, still maintaining her grip on the lower half of his cock, while the other started to lick up his shaft. The five pledges were staring, despite their trepidation - an Adonis at full erection was equal parts fascinating and frightening to someone who hadn't been around one before or wasn't already conditioned for the sight. Deep bass groans rolled from Travis's chest as he was serviced by the sorority sluts, the horrid anxiety finally, blissfully retreating and allowing him to sink fully into the sensations.

It took an unexpected and slightly awkward amount of time but eventually the girls did their work, and he ejaculated with powerful force, the girls directing the tip of his cock to jet cum straight into the bottom of the bowl, gripping hard to keep it on target against the impossible power of just the involuntary lurches of his shaft. He howled, a rumbling earthquake howl, as he unloaded the full force of his pent-up orgasm anxiety into the chalice.

He finally finished, his cumshots dying down to what, for his size, were just small dribbles but were close to the size of a normal man's entire ejaculation, and the girls stepped forward to drag the sloshing chalice, dripping with misfired strings of jizz, in front of the five girls.

"Drink!" the head sorority girl intoned. The five girls watched the pearly slime for a moment, then one summoned up her courage and stepped forward. She was tall and skinny, with dark skin and curly black hair, and her bikini didn't have much to cover. She leaned forward over the chalice, scooping up his cum with her hands and holding them up to slurp it out of them, rivulets of jizz slowly dripping from between her fingers and down her chin.

"The rest of you! Get up! Anyone slacking fails immediately and will be punished!"

This prompted the other girls to get up and move forward, finding their own spaces around the chalice, desperately cramming semen into their mouths. Before long the bowl was scraped clean, and Travis looked around at an array of faces all smeared with his cum. They didn't gaze at him for long, though, their eyes starting to roll, mouths dropping open, moans rising as the nanites spread into their breasts and slowly, tantalisingly began to plump them up from the inside.

Bikinis stretched to hold advancing flesh, the smaller girls swelling up to hit firm handfuls of flesh while the larger girls expanded out beyond off-the-shelf cup sizes, all in perfect full teardrops with thick, pebbly nipples visible beneath the skimpy fabric of the bikini tops. The chubby brunette's were straining against the straps as she stared down in dumbstruck awe.

"Our god has blessed you! His masculine essence has melded with your feminine essence to enhance your bodies! Remember, you are here to show us how can best embrace and wield their femininity to earn their place among us! Two of you will be found wanting!"

A look passed between the girls for a moment, before there was a sudden scramble towards Travis. A haughty blond, who had started out with a swimsuit model's body, now equipped with breasts rivalling grapefruits, looked like she was gaining ground, before she was grabbed around the ankles by a tiny woman with straight black hair down to her buttocks and a skimpy bikini now full to bursting with an average-sized pair of breasts that sat huge on her frame. They were both overtaken by a freckled redhead with pigtails and a figure fit and lean from outdoor work, who dove forward to reach the tip of Travis's pulsing cock before she was hip-checked to the side by the brunette.

Travis dimly realised this was going to turn into a brawl, and with the command from the girl apparently running the show bouncing through his head, he cleared his throat with a deep rumble.

"Uh, s-stop! I'll choose, uh, who goes next."

He cast a quick glance around the girls. The blond was exactly the sort of girl he could never have had before, the sort of girl that would never have given him the time of day, if she'd even noticed he existed, before his transformation. Now, she was fighting over him. He pointed.

"You." She looked briefly surprised for a moment, then with a satisfied smirk, stepped over to take her place next to him. He waved his hand at the remaining congregation.

"The rest of you, uh, p-put on a show for me. Be sexy." They looked at each other with furrowed brows for a moment, until the mousy girl pulled up the redhead she'd hip-checked out of the way and pulled her into a deep kiss. The others got the idea quickly and soon Travis was looking on a small sea of writhing, gyrating flesh, each of the girls looking to outdo each other in a sapphic display for his entertainment.

He looked down at the blond, then back at his enormous twitching dick. "L-lay down."

She immediately complied, raising her hips up at him as he took his place between her legs. Her pussy was swollen and glistening with juice, and it practically mewled for the tip of his cock as he manoeuvred it to kiss her lips.

Entering her was similar to Mira - her insides were perfectly shaped for him, just tight enough for pleasurable resistance but not so tight as to make him struggle. Just like Mira, the sheer pleasure of him being inside her was enough to completely shut down her ability to think, leaving her a helpless toy to pleasure himself with. He gripped her thighs and pumped into her, his recent orgasm having done absolutely nothing to quell his need to cum inside her. Her expanded boobs bounced and flopped as she babbled and drooled, barely able to moan between involuntary whining and gurgling.

He looked up from her body, watching the other girls cavorting for him, although a couple seemed to genuinely be enjoying the experience on its own merits. The small black-haired girl was wide-eyed as her newly-grown and unexpectedly sensitive breasts were nursed on, and the thick, mousy girl wore an ecstatic expression as she scissored the redhead, squishing her breasts against her chest with both hands.

Between his handpicked lover and the pornographic sight in front of him it wasn't much longer until he was finally given his release, in long, slow pulses of incomparable pleasure separated by torturous spaces of yawning, aching tension just like before. She was already growing again before he was finished shooting off, and by the time he pulled out of her with a relieved but anxious groan she was approaching watermelon-sized and still swelling. He nearly fell backwards, totally drained of energy for a moment from his orgasm, but managed to keep himself upright.

He looked back down at his blond lover and her jostling endowments. "You want some more, slut?"

Her eyes fluttered, her chest rose and fell, and she babbled something that sounded like "too much, no more."

Instantly, a switch somewhere in his brain immediately turned off and the idea of making her any bigger disappeared. Not his need to cum, of course, that was already painfully chewing at the edge of his mind, but the idea of doing it in or on her no longer existed in his head. He groaned, his cock straining with suppressed need, and turned to the remaining girls.

His brow furrowed, glistening with sweat, as thoughts tried to percolate above the pulse of his libido. "Um, next, y-you can... Whichever girl, uh..." They failed, and he simply grunted and grabbed for the closest girl, his enormous hand finding the slender wrist of the tiny dark-haired one.

Without thinking she squeaked "W-wait, no-" and Travis groaned, immediately letting go, his cock responding with a denied pulse of gloopy pre-cum as his

instincts removed her as an option. The coordinating sorority sister stepped forward.

"What did you say?! You do *not* refuse our god's blessing! Get out!"

She tried to babble an excuse but the two girls who had pulled the chalice forward stepped forward to grab her and drag her away from the foyer, while Travis watched on, helplessly horny, as the coordinator turned around and bellowed at the other girls.

"Let this be a lesson to you! Do *not* refuse! If you say no, you *leave*!"

The shock ran through all of them, except the thick brunette who just smiled, waiting for Travis to turn back around. Having worked out the issues he was having, she subtly placed herself in front of the others, moving her arms underneath her breasts to push them up and make her cleavage obvious. She immediately became the first target to his desperate eye.

He grabbed her and pulled her over, making her squeal in delight. She squeezed her breasts together before his gaze and spread her chubby legs apart, before without a hint of ceremony he lined up and rammed himself to the very hilt inside her. Her squeals turned into shrieks of pure ecstasy as her body moulded itself around him, the perfect pleasure vessel for his oversexed form, but this time, it was somehow even better.

This girl *wanted* it. Wanted *him*. Would do everything in her power to ensure she got *his* attention. And that meant that beyond the standard retrofitting of her flesh the nanobots had made, she was willing to use it. At least, to the full extent she was able to as her mind was assaulted with wave after wave of pure, incomparable sensation.

She let him use every inch of her insides as his personal toy, doing her best to move, roll and squeeze with him, although once her orgasms began to rise up in full swing she could do very little except spasm and drool. She lost count of the number of times she came before he finally reached his climax and spent himself inside her in the long and draining process that was the only thing even close to relief he could experience now.

This girl was both more experienced with how Adonis men worked and had her mind set firmly on a goal, and was both more thoroughly recovered by the time he finally finished cumming inside her *and* made sure to carefully hold her mind over the pleasure of growth to watch, and marvel, at her newfound size, and have it ready for him when his awareness stirred again.

He looked down and saw the girl crouched in front of him, lifting her prize-pumpkin breasts up and pressing them together around his shaft, looking directly in his eye with a grin.

"Do you like what you've done to my big, fat boobies? They're all yours. You can pump them even bigger, as big as you want, and then twice as big as that!"

The words seemed to bypass any sort of processing and sank directly into his lizard brain. He fell backwards onto some cushions, letting her shuffle forward and drop her boobs into his lap. She pressed them together, one slightly over the other so the pliant flesh was able to wrap around his shaft and slide together, and then began to rotate them in back and forth semi-circular motions.

It was clear this girl either had experience with having much bigger boobs, or she'd thought long and hard about what she'd do with them when she got them. She played Travis's shaft like a musician, ducking her head forward every time it projected from the sea of breastflesh with which she'd surrounded it to kiss, lick, or suckle on it. Travis groaned, his hips wriggling, hands clutching at the cushions, this chubby little nerd somehow giving him the most sublime sexual experience of his life. Before he realised it he was on the cusp of orgasm, and soon enough her breasts and mouth and impish eyes were drawing out yet another titanic series of cumshots.

While the first enormous ejaculation took her somewhat by surprise, she rallied to prepare for the next one in the extended time he was left groaning and twitching while it built up. She caught it entirely across her face and the vast sea of her breasts, greedily slurping down as much as possible while ensuring what remained pooled across her flesh for as long as possible, letting the nanites leech into her bloodstream through her skin. It wasn't necessary for the full effect, but just picturing pure breast growth seeping into her body was almost enough to get her off.

Her mounds began to swell again long before he'd finished cumming, and he continued to brainlessly baste her with virile Adonis semen while she sat back and let her hands sink into the flesh that slowly advanced down her torso and further along her thighs, wincing contentedly at the feeling of her enormous and ultra-sensitive nipples hardening as the air cooled the intense heat of their growth.

Travis's brain swam back into awareness in time for him to look forward and see the overgrown girl's ass wiggling gently in front of him, swaying back and forth, showing off her dripping pussy as she laid forward on jostling beach-ball breasts, a soft, plush couch for her to rest upon while she waited to be ravaged. And faced with that sight, Travis had no choice but to ravage.

He stepped forward, driven not by any sort of conscious desire but by absolute, unbearable, mind-searing *need*. He didn't *decide* to plant his hands on her ample rump and sink himself to the hilt inside her in one fluid motion, he simply did, enslaved to the endless desire that gnawed ceaselessly at his mind. She sloshed back and forth on her bed of breast as he rammed into her, no longer actively participating in her fucking, just letting her undulating breasts and his thrusts

form a natural rhythm so she could let her mind go and sink completely into the pleasure.

Travis pounded her, barely even aware of what he was doing, operating on raw instincts enhanced to absurdity by the nanobots. Fortunately the same programming subconsciously held back his strength when it came to being around women, because though he felt like he was gripping her rear at full strength when he finally, gloriously began to unload inside her, to the girl it was the firm but tender caress of a completely-aware lover. She intimately felt how each of his turbo-charged cumshots exploded with viscous warmth inside her, filling her to the brim, then squirting out around his pole wherever it found an opportunity under the intense pressure. Then, before long, she felt herself rising up as her breasts began to expand again, spreading out across the ground in all directions as flesh plumped into being from nothingness. She sank into a dreamy fucked out haze, nestling into her own cleavage, while Travis continued unloading himself inside her before falling back into a thick puddle of his own jizz.

The coordinating sister crouched down next to him, leaning into his ear.

"Hey, uh, you've gotta test 'em all to make some decisions. Remember we pick three of them. One's gone because she told you no but that's still four left, dude."

His brain was swimming in warm pink water. Thoughts were not coming readily. The sister pointed over at the blond. "Why'd you stop fucking her? You've pumped up that fat one so much she can't move."

He shook his head, "Can't. Said no."

The sister stared at him for a moment, then looked back behind her. "You mean this whole time she'd already disqualified herself? Fucking hell, when were you gonna say something?"

He started back, slack-jawed, as the woman sighed. "Wow, even for an Adonis you're a dumb motherfucker. Can't believe you didn't even take the other two before we were done. Okay fine."

She stood up, turning around and fanning out her arms. "Sisters! Your god has spoken! Another of you has rejected his gift, and been cast from our grace! Therefore the three of you that remain shall become part of us! Praise your god, and thank him for his gifts!"

The mousy one burbled something atop her sloshing bed of breast. The other two girls nodded desperately and began moving towards Travis. Watching them crawl towards him, he felt life stir back into his cock, and groaned.

Mira rapped on the metal door that crowned the iron staircase leading up to the converted warehouse loft. Travis's old apartment was, of course, totally unsuited to him now. She waited a few moments to listen for the sound of activity inside, then shrugged and let herself in. Travis was often distracted these days.

The inside was open and spacious, if Spartan. An extremely solid couch near a TV on the wall that looked relatively unused. An open-plan kitchen. An even more solid, extra-large bed, sheets and pillows spread all over it. A fully-equipped home gym and arrays of weights and equipment. And over everything else, the unmistakable musk of cum.

Travis was at the gym, doing pull-downs on incredible amounts of weight as if it were nothing. He was totally nude, and every single line of his muscles glistened with sweat. Mira allowed herself a moment of reverent regard before coughing lightly to let Travis know she was there. He jumped a little and turned to her, then began to stare. As he stared, Mira could see the pulses of appreciation in his cock.

"My, my. Somebody's happy to see me."

Travis groaned, although he made no effort to hide himself. "Ugh, is it time already?"

"You don't sound excited."

He dropped the weights. The impact shook the floor. He stood up, his penis clearly beginning to swell to erection.

"Mira, all I've done for three months is be used as a sex toy, day in, day out - and that's *better* than not getting fucked at all, because not getting fucked is torture! This is *not* how this was supposed to go!"

"Oh come on, Travis. You've got a bunch of hot bitches desperate for your dick twenty-four-seven, and you make their tits bigger every time they touch you. Don't pretend this isn't what you wanted."

"But it... It..." His focus was starting to drift, especially as Mira began unbuttoning her shirt and revealing the still-swollen cleavage from the last time she made use of Travis's services.

"It what, stud? Feels good to have big-titty bitches throwing themselves at you? Totally rocks to have the body of a god that makes girls hotter just by doing what comes naturally?"

She shook them from side to side, grinning as Travis watched her cleavage wobble. "I mean it doesn't really matter how you feel, does it? Are you going to say no to me right now? Are you going to look at my tits, and know I want to come over there and rub myself all over your dick until you cover me in spunk, and refuse me?"

He didn't even reply, just continued staring slack-jawed at her while his cock pulsed and strained at itself, already beginning to leak trails of crystalline precum. She grabbed her breasts and squeezed them against her chest.

"Come on, Travis. You're an Adonis now. Do what you're meant to do."