

Each Word Will Pierce the Soul – By EggSaladSamurai

Readers must be of legal age to access in their jurisdiction.

Contains: Expansion (Breast, Ass, Cock, Pussy), Garlic Bread, Lactation, Romance, Wholesome Shit, Big Titty Goth Bitches (Registered Trademark), Implied Dubcon, Thrift-shopping, MF, FF, and an Orgy.

So, I worked at a second-hand store. Not really a choice thing, I needed volunteer work for my college credits, and it was a block from my house. We get some pretty cursed shit in from time to time: Old stained hosiery and undergarments, magazines about "the best places for colored folk to shop," even those old ass dolls that look like they'll jump you if they get the chance. But I never suspected the most magic item I would come across to have been in with the stationary.

I'm 23, a little overweight, overtired, and drowning in debt. In fact, one of the only things I've got going for me are my massive boobs, and cake-fed ass. If not for the fact that most people bore me with their cutesy small talk and flirting, I'd probably put a cute dress on and get some decent dick. Or have my box eaten by someone half as jiggly and cute as I could be. But the laziness and ease of access to modern vibration technology and hoodies keep me from making regrettable decisions and accidentally committing to something. That's right: "I'm a bisexual big titty goth bitch." And don't you forget it.

I'm not much for the modern cleanliness and organization that my peers have sorted their lives into, so when my boss suggested I keep track of my disorganization and half done jobs by taking a notebook off of the shelves, I almost told him to go fuck himself. But then there's those volunteer credits. Shit. So I thanked him and told him I'd give it a shot.

The problem with thrift shops with volunteer staff, is that it's hard to get them motivated to give a fuck when stocking shelves. We're supposed to inspect product and determine if it's too heavily used to be resold again, but really, none of us care that much. As long as it ain't got too much blood on it, any of us would slap a \$2.99 sticker on it and toss it on a shelf.

The other problem is the donations themselves, they're not really "my style". It's mostly fuckin' hippies that want to "recycle for the environment", middle aged housewives that bought too much crap, and need to get rid of the stuff they don't want anymore, or fuckin' dead people, donating stuff in their will. Only the latter of those three can be remotely cool sometimes. So I wasn't exactly spoiled for choice. I started by reaching out for a black paperback with pink zigzags up the spine, I'm not exactly a fan of the pink, but the black offset it in a way I could get used to it or color over it. I cracked

it open to see the lined paper and already dreaded how evenly, how perfectly, how mechanically spaced everything was.

Then I saw the drawings. Hearts and rainbows and stick figures holding hands, some poorly spelled gushing about some kid named "Eric". Every. Fucking. Page. Was full of this crap. I flipped back to the inside cover and found in astonishingly decent printing compared to the rest of this mushy, gushy, inexperienced underage lovefest, the name: Ellie Parkins, Age 11, 2009, PRIVATE.

"Fuck, guess I gotta try another one." I mumbled as I slid Ellie's sick schoolgirl diary back into the gap I pulled it from, smirking to myself at the thought of a customer stumbling across it. Most of the rest were either boring coil bound affairs, or pastels covered in daisies and puppies and other cute shit that made me gag. There were a couple other black covers on the shelf but they all had calendars throughout them from

years that started with a '19', so I slid those back too. In the upper corner of the tall shelf was a dark red leather-bound book, red might even be too generous, it was almost a brown with a hint of deep blood red. There was some kind of design along the binding. I almost didn't want to look at it. I felt like it didn't want me to see it tucked away up there, I'm certain most people would have been freaked out. It made me even more curious to check the book out.

Now being a part of the "Big Titty Goth Bitch" hierarchy, I'm sure you've already pictured me at a stunning 5 feet tall. But I'll have you know I stand at a staggering 5' 2" and tower over the rest of these hot sluts. I mean it's an extra two inches of pasty thigh and ass meat, but it keeps me at the top of the local goth girl fantasy jerk off sessions in the dorms every night. (Even a reclusive bad bitch hears the sex gossip. Just a warning boys, I personally love being the scary one you fantasize about.) Anyways, as I set up my ladder and wobbled my colossal ass and

thighs up one step at a time, I realized I hadn't set the footing very well. Too lazy to try again, I held onto the shelf as I climbed and precariously reached out for the book. As I jammed my tits into the shelf and stretched up to the top corner of the binding I realized there was no way I was going to be able to hold something in one hand and climb back down, so I did what any girl with tits the size of her head would've done. I jammed the book in the left cup of my lacy black bra, armpit side, grabbed back onto the shelf and started to shimmy back down. I almost made it too.

I fell the last 3 steps, straight onto my left shoulder and hip, (protected by that fantastic wide plushy ass I mentioned earlier) as I sent the ladder clattering and skittering down the aisle to my right. Mike, one of my friends, coworkers, and roommate's fuck buddy, rushed over and asked if I was okay. I had just told him "My fat ass saved me." When he started stumbling over his reply "Oh, well I'm glad your okay, I hope your ass is okay, I

mean I kind of like your-" I cut him off. "I'm fine Mike, thanks for your concern." And not a moment too soon as my boss rushed over while I was picking myself up. "Sarah, are you alright?" He asked. "Yep, fine." I sighed. "Well either way, you can go home early, it looks like the truckload of new donations isn't showing up after all, and until you get that notebook going, I think Mike and I will be better at sorting through the items we already have." (Shit, maybe this ****was**** about last week when I put those Dildoes out in the Home Entertainment section.) "Alright, if you're sure you don't need me." I replied. Twenty minutes later I was back in my off-campus apartment, chilling with my roomie, and rubbing my sore ass.

"Really?" She yelled from the kitchen as I gently pushed my butt into the couch. "Yeah, now leave it alone Di." "Fine. I just can't believe how clumsy you are. Have you even looked at the book yet?" I hadn't. As I fished it out from where it should have been under my left boob, I found nothing. I started to tell

Diane that it must've fallen out when I fell, when I noticed something jabbing the underside of my right arm. I dug my hand under my heavy right breast and grasped onto the leather binding of the book.

"What. The. Fuck?" I blurted out, as Di entered the room.

"Trust me Sarah, your tits have always been that big." Di laughed.

"No, not that, I'm sure I put this book into the left side of my bra before I fell." Di rolled her eyes, "And what, it just teleported under your other massive boob to protect itself?" I thought about it until my head started to hurt, so I shook it and replied, "No, I'm just going crazy."

"Awe, that's sweet, you finally noticed." I punched her arm playfully as she sat beside me, with the coffee she had brewed for us when I came in.

Diane was the other reason I didn't really need to bring anyone home. Any time she sensed I might be horny she'd drop down and eat my box until I couldn't walk, she

never asked permission, and I never stopped her. She'd never talked about taking things farther relationship wise, aside of inviting me into her room with her to "surprise" the guy she brought home a few times. She'd creep up on me when I was using toys or offer me backrubs to get me in the mood, but at the end of the day, we were still just roommates, roommates that had mind-blowing, frequent sex. (Shut up, I know I'm an idiot now.) The girl had no off switch, horny all the time. She was as polyamorous as she could get. There was hardly a night where she didn't have some form of sex triangle going on in her room. And she had every toy you could imagine. Not that she needed them, she had a healthy set of firm 'E-Cups' (The kind I wish my body stopped with instead of giving me these bra-breaking-cock-stiffening-self-suffocating-huge-nipped-shoulder-destroying-mommy-milkers I ended up with. Not that I'd ever tell her that.) and an ass that looked like it had done nothing but squats since it turned 18. (To be fair, I think she was on top a lot.) She was also in

the "Big Titty Goth Bitch Consortium," albeit the more social side. Everyone was after her, her wide cast net of almost nude selfies on her snapchat, guaranteed that. Tonight, was one of those rare off nights where she had no one to sex up but me.

So naturally, as I sat there and flipped the pages of the book, I felt a hand deftly pinch over the band of my bra, before sliding around under my sides and scratching where it had been digging in all day. "Ahh, fuck that's soooo good," I mumbled. "Mmm, I know." She said as she pushed the underwire up and away from the hot undersides of my hanging knockers. She pulled the bra out with one hand while gently cupping and bouncing the other one under my shirt. "I say this a lot, but fuck, your tits are awesome." "I Know ****you**** like them. I just wish they were as sexually sensitive as their size implied. Diane kissed behind my ear and pushed me over by my shoulder and down on my front. "Me too, then I could get you off with my tongue, without getting my

nose wet." I half laughed, half snorted as I put my legs up and pulled a pillow under my chin to support myself as Diane straddled my thighs. "You gonna rub my ass better Di?" "Well, I was going to start with your shoulders and back, but if you insist!" I felt my leggings and thong being stretched as Di fought to get them over my quaking cheeks. "Need a hand?" I asked. "NO! This is the most fun part!" I chuckled again.

As she fought with my proportions, I began to look closer at the cover of the book, which had a stunning amount of detail. It appeared to be a tree on the front and back, so well inlaid in the leather you could almost feel the roughness of the bark, and the softness of the leaves. That's when I saw it, nestled among the branches like hanging fruit, were hearts. Human hearts. Not cutesy romantic emoji hearts. Fucking organs. In great detail. Cool, I thought. Turning the book over I noticed the pages were rough cut and uneven at the edges, like books from museums that were hundreds of years old.

Upon first glance, the back cover had the same tree on it, with the same feel and detail, but at closer inspection, all of the hearts were in pairs and every pair had an arrow through them. Hella fuckin' cool.

As I turned to look at the spine it felt of lace and something soft. I looked at what appeared to be an early period ribbon, twisted around a wooden shaft, to make a rudimentary arrow fletching from a small feather. As the ribbon trailed off down the spine away from the nock and fletching, it read: "Unumquodque verbum perforabit animam". Whatever the hell that meant. The book's cover was basically every big titty goth girls dream, cool enough to show off, scary enough to keep the boys out. "Hey Di, what does Un-um-quo-dque verbum perforabit animam mean?"

"Fuck if I know, what is that? Latin?" "I guess," I replied. "Oh, and I was wrong earlier!" Di exclaimed. "About what?" I asked. "This is the best part!" I tensed just

as I felt the ice-cold lotion hit my pasty white ass. "Jesus Christ Di! That's freezing!" "hehehehe" was all I heard in reply as I turned through the first few pages. Only the first couple had anything on them, no lines, just rudimentary paper with some blotted ink, phallic drawings, and more of that language I couldn't follow. Even better, any guy who cracked this open was going to be certain I was crazy. On the inside of the cover, In the same font as the words on the spine, there was first written "Cupido", then slightly longer formation beneath that, "Eros," and in a different hand again, "Voluptas," and "Kamadeva." "Sanctus Valentine," stood out in a dark deeply scratched ink, almost as if written out of anger at the end of the list, halfway down the page.

Not sure why, I felt an urge to write my name at the bottom of the page, I grabbed a pen from the coffee table beside me and neatly wrote, "Property of Sarah McDonaugh," along with my address and phone number, and the year. Turning the page, I blinked and

shook my head. Only half of the second page was full, and all of the drawings and writing from the next few pages were gone. "I could've sworn..." "...That I was going to stop after just the lotion?!" Di cut me off and slapped my right ass cheek while still gently massaging my left. "Hey! No, but take it easy! And start on my back, my shoulder's sore too." I whined. "Sure bestie." She took a quick sip of her coffee.

Looking back at the second page it read: "Quam vim tenet liber iste Sarae McDonaugh donatus est, qui eam a suis progenitoribus in prima pagina vindicavit."

"What the fuck, that's basically my name written there?" I thought, as I continued down to the next paragraph:

"Ultimum attributum ultimae personae, quam considerasti, affici tuis scriptis verbis. Proxima persona quae cogitas te esse ligatum sexualiter ad ultimum hominem quem cogitasti. Te quoque considera."

Okay then, I was still lost on all of that. At the end in the same red as the cover, the book said:

"Caute utere."

"Fuck this shit is weird and cool." Di had worked my shirt up my back as she was finishing my massage. "You're way too into Latin stuff for me roomie, but the book fits your vibe. Oh! Speaking of!" She shoved a hand between the couch cushions and came out with a hands-free vibrator. Looking over my shoulder I asked "What, you just keep that there now?" She smiled at me. "Long story, wayyy too many people involved for you." She smiled, pulled her panties to one side, and popped it in herself. "Fair enough." I replied, laying back down and setting the book aside so she could continue. "Ah, fuck that's good, yessssss." She pulled her shirt up over her firm braless tits and drizzled more freezing lotion onto my back. "Hey! Warn a girl!" "Better you than, ah, me. She giggled as she slowly traced her hands forward down the backs of my arms to my

elbows, until her soft tits collided with my back, at which point she started to twist and slide her body against me.

I slapped a hand out, searching for my phone, remembering I had already paired that particular vibrator the last time Di turned a massage into a scissor fight. I clenched my ass muscles as I cranked up the power to max pulse, feeling her drip and twitch her wetness on top of me. I felt the vibration through my ass flesh and deep into my own sex, but I wanted to feel more of it. I gave her a few more minutes of rubbing her tits all over my back before we threw our legs around each other and lost 30 minutes between our thighs.

"Fuck I'm tired now." Di sighed, "and I've already had my coffee." "Oh yeah, I've been meaning to have mine, it's just cooled nicely by now. Where's the cream Di?"

"We're out, shopping tomorrow night, start a list." She mumbled as she drifted off. I sipped my bitter beverage.

I sat up and flipped my book open again. On the page across from the Latin I wrote, "Cream." and before I could even blink, another word started curling up in blue underneath my writing, the name "Diane", ink swirling like the depths of the ocean under my writing. Fading in above it was one of the arrows from the back of the book, a small tree grew up at the end of her name, and a hanging heart grew off a bough. I'm not sure how I knew it, but it was her heart. Fuck. What had I done, Had I hurt Di? Was she going to be upset with me? Thoughts were racing through my head as I traced the infinite unknown possibilities and implications that could come from writing in this strange; and what I was now certain was, "Magic" book.

That's when the arrow started to fly. Slowly over Di's name, turning each letter blood red

behind it as it moved closer to the target heart. It was then I noticed another heart growing behind Di's. As it got larger another word began to fade in on the other side of the tree. This one came in in solid red ink, however. As though written with purpose. "Sarae". Ohfuckohfuckohfuckohfuck, that definitely means me. Oh, what have I done Di? It was just like the spelling of my name on the second page. This book ****knew**** me somehow, as Sarae instead of Sarah, but me, nonetheless. As the last letter was drawn out, and the second heart, my heart, fell in place against Di's, the arrow quickly pushed through both, and burrowed deep in the tree trunk. As I watched it hit, my worry suddenly turned into a deep longing. I felt like I needed Di closer. I felt it in my heart. Love. Fuck.

Love is messy. Love is sweet. Love is unavoidable once it begins. I finished my coffee while staring at the book. Unsure what my next pen stroke might do. My ballpoint clumsily stood out above the

perfect flowing script of our names. "Cream." Such a silly thing to write for a first word in a magic book. And now it appeared that it gave me feelings for my friend. I put a blanket over Di, closed the book, and headed to my room to sleep.

"SARAH! WHAT THE FUCK!? GET OUT HERE!" Di shouted from the other room. I groaned and rolled toward the clock. 6:50. Fuck. I don't have class until 9:00. As I sat up, I heard Di move down the hall, "SERIOUSLY YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO SEE THI-" She stopped as Sarah's door swung open. "What?" "Look at them!" I rubbed my eyes. "What, nice tits Hun, I-" "LOOK AT THEM." I steadied myself and stared at her chest. "What am I missing?" "They're almost 2 full cup sizes bigger. I measured." "Huh, nice." I yawned. "THATS ALL YOU'VE GOT, NICE?" I sobered up a bit, "I mean, no, you've always had fantastic tits Di, I'm glad you're enjoying a growth spurt." "OVERNIGHT! Jesus I've gotta get us

both some more coffee, because that ain't the end of the show babe." Babe? Had she called me babe before? Had I called her Hun? Fuck this was a weird wake up.

I shuffled into the kitchen after her and waited for the Keurig to finish spitting out the hot elixir known to kickstart my brain and make me half-human again. As she pulled the delicious bean juice out from the whirring machine, I watched her place it on the counter in front of herself and bring a hand to her chest. "What are you-" "Give me a minute, this feels sooo fucking good." She interjected. "I mean I'm all for masturbating over a steaming cup of wonder, but how does this involve- Oh Shit!"

A thick drop appeared at the end of Diane's thick nipple. "Yeah, figured it out yet darling?" Goddamn that was hot. "Uh, huh." I said dumbstruck. She continued to tug at her breast as thick streams of milk began to shoot from her nipple into my mug. I ground my thighs together. Fuck me. "How much do

you usually take?" Di asked breathily. "Uhm, twenty." Di giggled, "Bullshit, you're that turned on by this, aren't you?" "Fuck yeah, Babe" I replied, trying "Babe" out. She stopped as the drink reached a light caramel colour and slid the mug over to me, before wiping her breast, up from her soft tummy with a dish towel. She grabbed her own mug and slapped another pod in the machine. "Well?" She asked and raised her eyebrows. I took a deep sip and lost myself in bliss. This was the best beverage in the world, I needed this everyday for the rest of my life or a deep part of me would cry for it. I sucked the whole mug back. "Whoa, slow down!" I set the mug down on the countertop.

"That was fucking amazing." I spoke. Di laughed, "I thought you might like it, but something tells me it had very little to do with the coffee." She pulled her mug off of the machine and brought it to her other breast. "I usually take it black but, I'll give it a try." I pushed my empty mug across the counter.

"Oh really?" She couldn't keep a straight face as we both started giggling. Hold on a sec. She bounced her firm melons against each other as she pulled at her other nipple. "God why does this feel so good?" She asked with closed eyes, opening them right as the spray started into her mug. "Okay, that's enough for me, just a sample. How much do you want?"

She asked, already streaming into Sarah's mug. "Uhm, as much as you can?" Di's eyebrow went up again. But she raised her hand to her other breast and almost instantly started letting it spray into the cup as well. After about 3 minutes, the cup was nearly full, and Di grabbed the towel to clean both breasts up again. She started sipping her coffee and slid my mug back into my waiting hands. "This is pretty good, sweeter than I imagin-, really Hun, you're going to slam that again?"

My whole body was on another plane. If that was bliss, this was ambrosia. It was thick though, not the milk I imagined her breasts to let down, more like... Cream. Oh fuck. I've gotta tell her before- "Hun I figured you'd have a thing for cream after looking at the little tree drawings you did instead of writing anything else on the grocery list, cool drawings by the way, I didn't think you could match the cover that well. I Just don't think cream is that stellar."

"One, this stuff is literally amazing. And two, you read my book?" I asked confused.

"One, that stuff is milk, my milk, from my tits, so yeah it's amazing. And two, it seems like a cool little book Hun. I added some things to the grocery list."

Ohfuckohfuckohfuckohfuck. I ran to the coffee table as fast as my feet could carry me. "Hey what's going on?" Di called behind me. I grabbed the book and flipped straight to the page where our names now lay entangled in the roots of the tree under the word "Cream." and proceeded to read "Bacon, Ham, Chicken, Tomato soup, Celery."

When I touched the page, "Non Dominus" flashed in gold below Di's writing. I had to figure this out. Di sat slowly beside me and asked what "Non Dominus" meant. I told her I had no clue it was there when I picked up the book. I also told her I hadn't drawn the tree, or our names. She asked if I was okay.

"Yeah, why?" "Well, you seem freaked out, and you don't seem to have noticed you're sitting on a couch cushion soaked with my lactate." Oh Fuck. "Yeah, it's a little damp now that you mention it. Sorry, I'm just a little freaked out."

"Hey, we can talk about this together you know." "I know. Thanks, darling." I let out a deep breath. "What's up with that by the way?" Di asked. "With what?" I looked up. "Why do I have the inability to stop myself from letting meaningful loving names for you slip out, even though I'm worried they'll push us apart?" I thought about it. "Um, I don't know, but I think it has something to do with the tree in the book. I do want to know why you think they would they push us apart? We already fuck half the week." Di sighed, "Well, I know you're scared of attachment." "Damn straight." "So why are you suddenly okay with me?" "I've been okay for a while Di, I've just been afraid to let myself show." "Oh. Well... I've been wanting to say those things

for a while too." We looked at each other and smiled for a minute.

"But it's more than that," Di continued, "I've got like three orgies planned in the apartment this week, but I'm worried because they're not with you." She teared up, "I don't want to hurt you, like ever. Sarah, I... I love you." The words seared like some unknown life-force onto my consciousness. It felt amazing. "Di, I love you too." She bit her lip and her eyes showed that she had felt it just as much as I had. "I have for a while, and you won't hurt me by having fun. Your sex parties are a part of who you are, and I accept them, hell, lately I've been thinking I might join sometimes." "Really?!" She brightened immediately. "Yes darling. I still don't know why this all came tumbling out all of a sudden though. You're right, that's not like us. I think it has to do with the tree in the book, but I'm not sure how to read it. I know you think I'm crazy for saying all-

"NO. You're right Sarah, I don't know how but, all the impossible stuff is the only explanation, that's definitely Latin, I know a couple words, but not enough to make heads or tails of it. You should get a translation app." I laughed, why didn't I think of that? "Okay, okay, slow down, I'll get one right now." I pulled up my phone. Oh shit. 8:45. "Uh, I'll get one in a bit, I'm late for class." "Ah crap, me too, fuck what am I gonna do with these?"

I tossed one of my bras at her from the doorway of my room. "Thanks that's

probably the right size now but, I meant the milk." I walked up to her, already dressed in a hoodie and jeans, "Stuff it with paper towel Hun, I believe in you." I pulled her close for a deep hug, and I whispered sweetly in her ear, "And don't call it milk anymore please. I didn't write milk, and I don't want milk. I want your sweet, thick cream." She whimpered and kissed me hard. "Fuck you're so fucking hot when you take over. I'm fucking you so goddamn hard after my sex marathon tonight. I have two threesomes lined up before you're off work but after that I better get railed by my true love. And take your book with you so you can do the translations!" "Love" hit me like a train again. "Deal Hun, see you after class."

I managed to sneak into econ 10 minutes late. The professor didn't look too pleased, but she didn't stop her lesson either. The class bitch, Persephone, was sitting in my spot next to Mike, pushing her fake tits up so hard I was worried he'd get splattered with

silicone if she took a deep breath. She was flirting with him, hard. From the looks of it, it was working. "Don't do it buddy, she's no good." I thought to myself as I sat in the seat to the right of them.

The example the professor was giving had to do with grocery shopping, and I figured it was as good a time as any to add to the list, I realized I was craving sweets and milk-based recipes for some reason lately, and my sweet Diane popped into my head. I shook it and pulled out the book to focus, letting it rest on the desk, I clicked download on that translation app Di had recommended and pocketed my phone while it added itself. I opened the cover of the book and held it with one hand and began to write with the other.

That's when Persephone whispered in my ear. "Those hearts on the cover of that book are gross you know." "Fuck off Seph, and leave Mike alone." I muttered. "Why? Mikey likes me! And you're too much of a closeted

loser to ever have a shot with him anyway." Ignored her the best I could and got to adding items to the grocery list as I muttered "At least I'm not too much of a pussy to handle a freaky book cover." I penned the word "Peaches" before she spoke up again, "Well at least ****I'm**** not making a scene about it." "Shut up you ass." I replied. Next, I wrote "Cake Batter". And had started to write "Strawberries". "And besides," Seph ignored me. "I've got perfect tits, and you're just working with what nature gave you." As I finished the word she continued, "Mike knows what he likes, and you can't afford it." Fuck this. I slapped

my book shut, moved over a seat and flipped her off beneath the table. She smiled back at me.

I pulled my phone out to see that the app was done installing. I swiped up and opened a chat window with Mike. "Hey, you're not really buying this flirty shit, are you? You know she's gonna pump and dump you right?"

"Yeah, that's the vibe. I'm just being polite, I'm seeing Di today, plus, what can free cleavage hurt, even if it is made by the same guys that do the bouncy castles."

A second message came in:

"Hard not to laugh when she roasts you though lol"

"Fuck you Mike"

"Looking forward to it. ;)"

I sighed and rested my forehead on my desk. I figured I might as well try to translate the book. But when I opened it I froze. Beneath the 3 new items, "Peaches, Cake batter, and Strawberries." Was another tree, with another pair of hearts, pierced by another arrow. And while "Persephone" was already penned in deep red, the tail end of the name "Michael," was still being drawn. Fuck. What does that mean?

She waved her app over the second page and read:

"How powerful this book is given to Sarah McDonaugh, who claimed it from her progenitors on the first page."

Okay, well that was fucking useless I already knew it did powerful stuff. Although, that does imply I stole this book

from FUCKING CUPID. Son of a bitch.

"The last attribute of the last person you considered was affected by your written words. The next person you think of is sexually connected to the last person you thought of. Consider yourself too."

Well fuck, that's a lot to unpack. Let's start from last night. So, the last person, Di who just fucked me silly. Attribute, Di's gorgeous tits. My written words, "Cream." The next person I thought of, was me, worried if I'd done something to Di, tired and drinking black coffee. And it says to "Consider yourself." Fuck. Di needs to know.

But that means... oh shit. Seph, Mike. I looked left at them, but noticed no change, Seph still trying to squeeze her elbows together like it was all that was holding her brains in. I had come to the conclusion I did not have a way to know when things would take effect.

What else was on there? "Use Caution." At the bottom of the page. That's some first line shit Cupid, come on. (That genuinely might be why Stupid rhymes with- yeah, never mind you get it.)

"Oh! Wait, the spine, let me get a good shot and: "Each word will pierce the soul." Fuck, shit, goddammit, that is a Hella cool title." Why couldn't I think of that? Anyways, I had to tell Di, tonight. Class was almost over. That meant six hours of work. I hoped that shift would be uneventful. I was wrong.

"Hey Sarah, I see you brought your notebook! My boss caught me stashing my gear in a locker. "Uh yeah, I'm not really sure it's working I think I'm just going to leave it in my-" "Nonsense! You just need to start listing the things you stock, it'll come naturally after that." Fuck. "Yes sir."

Well, I knew how this worked now. I just needed to think of parts of people, who I think would work together, or who already are together, and write, while I think of the pair for them, and I could figure out how to undo this all later. Easy! Fuck. Not easy.

"What's the first item, nerve induction test. Healthy way to stimulate blah blah blah, Jesus, people donate boring shit. Okay let's do myself, aaaaannnd might as well be Di again, that way I don't make another love triangle." I considered what I would write in the book. "Okay me, my big titties. Lots of nerves, nerve stimulator, got something there." "Ah, got it!" I pulled out the book squeezed my left breast through my sweater and wrote "Tissue Stimulator." Immediately I turned my thoughts to Di. Sure enough, it popped up in the book. Arrow sailing home. I thought about how much I loved her for a minute, before moving on.

Who else was coming to Di's fuck parties that week? I knew Mike and Crystal, would

be there. If Seph didn't suddenly step on his dick.

I looked around for what I could use next. Mike already loved Crystal, and he ****loved**** her tits, even if they were a bit smaller than Di's and Mine. But Crystal had told Di in confidence that they sagged too much, and she couldn't do anything without a bra because of it. Even some of Di and Mike's rougher sexual exploits made her tap out. After settling on a huge, unsteady, oak display shelf and moving it to the floor, I thought hard about Crystal's boobs. I wrote "Big Wobbly Shelf" and smirked to myself, "Seph didn't have a shot at capturing Mike's attention now." I froze before letting the thought continue to sink in. Fuck. Had I just... was that brief mention enough to... yep. And there it was. Crystal and Seph fading in next to the tree, arrow true.

Shit, well that meant I still had one to burn on Crystal for Mike. I owed him that much. He was into some pretty kinky shit too. I

could probably broaden my search for those two. "I mean she just got his perfect tits, albeit through Seph, but what else do guys need from a... ..perfect" I grabbed the Vacuum Cleaner and tool kit and set it out on a shelf. I imagined Crystal's soft sensual mouth, finding myself more than a little wet at the prospect of peeping on her soon to be talents, and wrote, "Vacuum," next careful to guide my thoughts to her hands, I gave her "woodworking tools," And a "Stud finder." Mike was sure to get some fun out of that. Perfect, I could already make out their names popping up.

I looked around at my items, what could I write for Mike? Fountain pen. 15 of them. Hmm, no, nothing there. Sunglasses, hmm, sexy glasses, I could write that down and get away with it, fuck it. Mike, eyes, "Sexyglasses." Crystal. I waited again to see both names, boom! Nailed it.

Next I guessed it was okay to find something for Seph and then use Crystal as the second name, since it already happened the other way. Okay, I chuckled. Fuck that would be funny. I grabbed the Subwoofer Cabinet and shuffled it out onto the floor, wondering if what I had to do next was truly deserved. But then again, I wasn't sure any of this was truly deserved. Picking up the book I did my best to imagine Persephone's mind. Next, I penned, "Sub-system." And turned my thoughts to Crystal's soon to be even more bangin' self. Fuck. This wasn't me. Why was I suddenly getting turned on by all of this?

Both of their names popped up, and I turned to find out what was next on my list of magical endowments. I was trying to think of who else would be there, when my boss walked back in. "Hey Sarah, floor looks good. Turns out the truck bailed on us again. How's the book working?" "Fine." I sighed, "I still don't think it's for me." My boss straightened up and nodded. "Fair enough." "What the fuck?" I thought, "Excuse me?" I

asked. "I just wanted you to try something new. You looked a little lost, and I'm trying to find a way to work that motivates you. I know it's not a glamorous job, and you're only here for the credit. Most are, but I don't want you to squander an opportunity to find your best way to work, and what kind of work you actually enjoy in this setting." Wow. I was taken aback, not expecting a thoughtful response other than "Be more organized." I started, "Well I, I just don't think this sorting stuff is really my thing." He looked like he was lost in thought. "And what do you think your thing is?" "I'm not really sure, I like the idea of helping people, and I'm good at motivating groups to work together."

I left my statement to hang in the air around us. "Hmm." He said. "That does follow a particular dynamic I've noticed when watching you with your co-workers. How does this sound? I still need you to stock a couple of days a week. But we could stay open on weekends and increase sales if I was to appoint you a manager in training. I'll

still give you a credit for your volunteer hours, but I insist on paying you for the weekends. It won't be much, but I can see us both benefitting from this. What do you think?" I was trying to process everything he had just said. "Sir that sounds, excellent." "I hoped you'd say that, now, you can head home for the day, and I'll draw up a new schedule. There are some online courses that need to be taken and insurance documents to sign, I'll make sure to forward those in a few days. Most important Sarah, ****you**** need to find a volunteer staff to help you run the store on the weekends." I swallowed hard. "I have a few people in mind already." I lied out my colossal pesty ass. "Really? Good. See you in a few days." And with that he turned and left me to freak the fuck out on my own.

I quickly jammed my book into my bra on the left side again, and grabbed my bag from my locker. I texted Di to let her know I'd be home early and started my walk back. About 30 steps from the store my phone vibrated

and flashed “Message from: BootyLuvr69” which turned out to be Di’s latest change to her contact name on my profile. “Hey sweetheart, I’m in the middle of more of that magical shit you started yesterday. Hurry home, you don’t want to miss the fun. <3” A photo popped up beneath her text while I was reading it. HOLY SHIT. Orgy didn’t begin to describe what I was looking at. Di had her face in Seph’s pussy, while Crystal was Eating out Di, who had an orgasmic look in her eyes like she was on another planet. Crystal had one hand on Mike’s erect cock, while their thin “Little-Titty Goth Bitch” friend Maisie rode the rest of Mike’s cock that was sticking out passed her hand.

And that wasn’t even the best part. All the people she’d written and thought about today were in the same bed. And the changes were startling. Persephone, well for starters, didn’t look like she was such a bitch at the moment. But her ASS. Oh, my fucking god. It was huge, like quarter of the bed huge. She sat high on it, but that wasn’t all. I

could practically smell her messy pussy from there. It was massive and juicy, with just the slightest bit of soft fuzz around her previously unannounced landing strip.

“Peaches.” The fumbling of words we’d had in class was starting to play itself out in my head. Next, were her still obviously bought and paid for chest balloons. It wasn’t the whole breast that had changed, Just the HUGE red nipples burrowing into her thin white top. Like “Strawberries.” “MMph,” I fought and ground my thighs together before focusing on Di. “Nothing new for you lover.” I mused, as the sight of her sweet dribbling tits did nothing to calm my own desires.

Moving on, I noticed Crystal’s tits did not stop at getting perkier. Although they were that, her new Torpedoes stood proudly up and out under her chin, but the size wasn’t something I was expecting. I guess to be a “Big Wobbly Shelf.” You had to get even bigger and wobblier. They certainly looked like you could set something on them. The look on Di’s face let me know that the

vacuum thing I had in mind was probably working perfectly. Mike's cock seemed bigger than the last time I'd been DM'd it, but that could have been my imagination.

I was both awestruck at the level of depravity, and deeply aroused. I thought about how happy everyone looked in that sweaty bedroom, and shot a quick text back, "Fuck that looks hot, but I need to have a serious word with you when I get back, about the magic shit. Alone. I'll knock, come to my room. You should have lots of time to get back to your fun after. <3 P.S. Who took the picture lol?"

I was about halfway home when I felt my phone vibrate in my back pocket. Goddamn I was horny. Even that worked me up. Di had replied, "Gemma took the Pic, and okay, I want to know what you found out anyway. Curiosity is more important than fucking." My phone buzzed again in my hand as she sent me a selfie of her with glazed eyes and Gemma sucking her cream down. And

again, “Curiosity is EQUALLY important as fucking.” Gemma was another member of “Big Titty Goth Bitch LLC” with boobs around the size of Di’s ****formerly**** dairy free versions. Sometimes when they went out together people mistook them for sisters. I shook my head, sent her “Save some for me.” and kept going.

As I passed Di’s door on the way to my room, I knocked hard and shouted “Hey Bitches! I’m borrowing Di!” As I continued to my room. I tossed my bookbag on the floor, stripped out of my jeans, and collapsed backwards onto my mattress. Fuck. My huge ass still hurt on one side. I probably had a bruise. The sounds of gratuitous and sloppy fucking continued to bounce through the wall and left me feeling hornier and hornier. I’d masturbated in bed while listening to Di’s lovemaking before, but I hadn’t just altered bodies and given my friends super sexy

powers. That was new. As I thought about sinking my hands into Seph's cake batter, I was lying there Imagining a soft smooth suntanned ass twice the size of mine, one hand crept beneath my panties and began twirling across my sopping wet folds. I had just barely grazed my clit and sucked a deep cool breath in, when Di opened my door.

"Someone doesn't waste any time. Want a hand with that?" She asked as she closed the door behind her. "Fuck yes! No! Uhh, we have to talk about-" I didn't stop rubbing the small circles over my desperate pussy.

"Something tells me that can wait a few more minutes, or seconds, based on the way you're already gasping."

She smirked, settling her hand overtop of mine with my panties between them as she nestled her head against my sweater covered left boob. She pulled the crotch of my panties to one side and pushed my hand

out of the way seamlessly finding my rhythm and matching it. I drew my hands up and around her, looking deep into her eyes as she carried me up, over the edge, and I screamed out as I pulled her down overtop of me into a tight embrace. The afterglow swept over me like I'd been waiting for it all day. "Fuck Di, that was amazing. I love you." "I love you too." Someone banged on the wall. "Hey, keep it down in there!" Laughter. "Fuck you, Mike!" "We're all ready when you are!" More laughter, before the moaning and sexy noise from next door continued.

"Let me do you" I said to Di. "In good time Hun, I've cum more times than I can count today, and I want to save the best for last." I kissed her deeply. "Seriously though, I've been enjoying that all day, she gestured to the wall, but I'm craving you. Like nothing else will please me like your love. What did you find out?" She raised a finger, "Other

than how to make Seph's ass grow massive when she's turned on? I want the specific details on that hilarious twist later." I shook my head again, "You mean it only gets like that when she's turned on?" I asked "Yeah, basically the more pleasure she's in, the more it grows. We've been working all afternoon to see if we could get it bed sized. She keeps protesting quietly and insisting she's not enjoying it, but her Delicious Peach flavoured snatch tells us otherwise, I assume that's also your addition. That girl is hella kinky. Did you know she's a sub once you get her in the bedroom? Won't do anything without permission." No Shit? "That also might be my fault." I said meekly.

"So, what all ****have**** you discovered today? I feel like I'm missing so much." She sighed. "You're really not love. You've all been closer to it than I have, even if I was the

cause. I'll start by telling you about the book."

- - -5 Minutes Later- - -

"Fuck. That's cool."

"Right? All of those myths and gods and legends. Apparently, they started with this book."

"You know I'm calling you Cupid from now on, right?"

"Fuck No."

"Have you considered archery as a Hobby?"

"And what? "Accidentally slap an arrow through two people. As far as I know that still counts as murder, even if I am the living embodiment of Saint Valentine."

“Uh, no offense, but out of everybody here, his signature’s got the hardest crazy vibes. Maybe try to be a little better than that.”

“Yeah, I suppose.”

“Anyway now that we have that out of the way, I should probably show you the changes I’ve- “

“I wanna read the book and guess.”

“I mean, yeah, go nuts.” I reached into my bra and started to feel my tits swell and tingle just like my still flush pussy had earlier. But I had only a few seconds before finding the book gone from where Di’s head had been pressing in only moments before. Without missing a beat, I felt it poking out from under my right boob again.

Di was obviously staring at my amazing knockers and giggled. “Moved on it’s own again?”

“Yeah,” I said. “I guess it has feelings too, honestly, I’m not surprised anymore. Magic naughty book.

“What happens if I squeeze both of your fantastic tits?” She asked, attacking my sweater clad chest before I could slip a hand into the other side.

“Where did it-?” I stopped when I felt the pressure against the band of my panties and the corners of the cover poking into my thighs. Di slipped back and plucked it gently from my pubic region before giving my swollen mound a gentle pat.

“Okay, So I know all about “Cream.”” Di said as she flipped the book open. “And we both

love it.” She added. I squirmed a little as I thought about it.

“Peaches, Cake Batter, Strawberries. Well, I’ve got the peaches thing figured out because eating Seph’s pussy is like having their creamy nectar run all down your front. But Cake Batter? Is that her ass?”

“Yeah.” replied “I think I’ve got that one figured out now. These happened in class before I was able to put much thought into what I was writing. I was honestly just making a grocery list of things to go with your new cream. I was accusing her of being an ass when I wrote that one.”

“But why does it grow when she’s horny?” Di asked.

“I don’t think it’s horny. I think it’s when she’s turned on. Or “Hot.” As in Hot and Bothered.

Cake batter rises in the oven and whatnot. Although, I wouldn't recommend a sauna or hot tub, until we do a little more research either."

"That's so fuckin' erotic." Di was practically drooling thinking about it.

"I'm still right here you know?" I gestured to my huge pale posterior.

"And I love your Massive butt Hun, I wanna cuddle and fuck all night, but if I'm gonna have the chance to play with an ass the size of a Chevy Tahoe, it's gonna make me a little-"

I interrupted. "I know, I'm teasing. You already know you can jump whoever you want. To be honest, I've been thinking about her massive ass and trying not to rub one out since you sent me that picture earlier.

But I need you to worship this **Little** thing sometimes too.” I smiled and wiggled.

She sighed, “One, Seph’s about twice as big as in that photo, or she was when I left.”

I swear I felt my pussy leave a stain on my bedspread, “And Two, I don’t ever want you to think that huge round perfect glorious ass of yours is anything but the most perfect thing in my eyes.”

“Good.” I kissed her, “Butt massage while you keep reading?” I smiled as I flipped forward onto my tummy, panties already ridden deep between my globes.

“Really? That was all a setup?”

I wiggled my thighs a bit, “Yep.”

She sighed and sunk her right hand into my flesh, while moving on to the next item

above Seph's name, "Strawberries," She said. "I imagine those would be the massive, swollen, sweet red nipples I was told were WAY too sensitive earlier in the day. Fuck those are good. You've gotta try 'em."

"I'm looking forward to it." I replied, squirming a little as the thought made my pussy ache for touch again.

Then Di said something I'd forgotten entirely about. "Tissue Stimulator. Sarae, Diane." I looked back over my shoulder at her while she stopped massaging and rested her hand on my butt. "What's that mean?" We've touched and I haven't noticed any different feelings for either of us.

"I've gotta get this bra off." I started to pull my hoodie up over my head and felt my lace covered knockers fall out one at a time and

tense up with the sudden temperature change.

“Want a hand darling?” Di asked clearly excited.

“No, just enjoy the show for a minute Di, I wanna test something.” I reached a hand behind me and fumbled for a second before feeling the pop of the band sling-shoting around me where I quickly slid the straps down and peeled the lace away from my boobs. I tossed the bra beside the bed with my hoodie and started running my hands up my soft tummy.

“You’re certainly not wasting any time getting undressed,” Di was watching me longingly.

“So, what’s the deal?”

“I think this only effects my boobs.” I said as I slid my hands under my heavy natural

chest. Sure enough, the sensitivity and tingling were turned up to a thousand. I had Di watching me discover my new sensitivity for the first time and realized she wanted answers, and then a go herself. As I bounced my heavy soft melons in my hands, I let out a little coo.

Di asked, “That good huh?”

“Yeah.” I replied shakily. Fuck this felt good. Like they were wired right to my sex. My hands also felt surprisingly good. Like each place my breast met my palm and fingers was also a path to an orgasm.

“I guess I won’t get my nose wet as often.”

If I knew how wrong she was, I probably wouldn’t have chuckled. “Yeah Di. Guess not.”

“Is it any better at the Nipples?” She asked, genuinely curious.

Fireworks don't begin to describe what happened next. As I drew my fingers through my breast flesh to pinch behind my areola, I suddenly felt a million perfect vibrations and tugs on both my fingers, my nipple and my clit. It was euphoric, and mind numbing, and everything I'd ever wanted my breasts to bring me and more.

As I sat there, desperately gasping for breath, feeling deeper in orgasm than I ever had. I heard Di coming back to me through the fog. “-even get like that when I eat you through one orgasm into another, Jesus Christ Sarah, sensitive tits shouldn't be that good, It's like you fucking melted into bliss.”

“Yeah.” I gasped out.

“Yeah, what? She asked.

“The nipples feel better.”

She stared at me for all of two seconds before she broke down giggling then laughing hysterically. Meanwhile I recovered in afterglow, I realized I had ended up on my back with my tits folded over my right arm, which now also felt surprisingly erotic to move.

“So, you didn’t hear anything I said while you were cumming your brains out?” She finally asked.

“Not really.”

“Well one of the things I said, was about soaking the comforter, which was hot if you were wondering. And the second was

when's my turn?" Di gave me her best puppy dog eyes.

"Fine, but stay away from the nipples or you're doing the laundry." I teased back at her. As she cupped my fat, jiggly funbags, we both let out the same low moan.

"What the fuck Sarah, why do my hands feel like they're on my pussy? This is so strange." Di whined out. "Pretty great right?" I raised my eyebrows. Despite the orgasm of the century and the aches of my muscles through the afterglow, I was ready to fuck again the second Di touched them. After a few seconds of Di caressing and cooing at them, she announced she was close to a cum.

"Well I think I figured it out darling," I said. "My boobs are sexually stimulated by, and will stimulate, any part of anyone who

touches them. Myself included.” I pushed Di back against the pillows and headboard, away from my chest. She let out a “Hey,” as her hands fell away before I shimmied her boyshorts down and pressed her knees apart so I could properly appreciate her flower for the first time that day. I dragged my breasts softly over her shins and thighs as I navigated them into her open valley.

“Damn, it does feel good anywhere they touch.” She trembled, on the edge. I let my face fall against her labia and gently lap up to her clit. Noticing a surprise lack of sensation when my breasts fell to the bedspread. I quickly remedied this by pulling back the hood from her clit with one hand, while I scooped a breast in the other. As I brought my Nipple towards her glistening nub, I muttered “I love you Di”.

She realized what I was about to do a half second before contact, but it was too late. I pressed my stiff, mind melting nipple, deep against her clit, and we both collapsed into the best orgasm of the day.

I fell out of the fog about a minute before Diane, and around ten minutes after deciding to shove my magic tit against the only thing that had no reason to be more sexually sensitive. My perpetually horny lover's orgasm switch.

I threw a tank top on over my wobbling knockers, lest they attempt to draw us into another sex fit. (Oh, the tragedy that would be.) I looked around for the book and saw the corner of it barely poking out from my lube and vibrator drawer. It was one of the only dry spots in the small room, and definitely the kinkiest available.

As Di began to rouse behind me, I heard her mumble, “What year is it?” while trying to lift herself from the pillows. I giggled a little and went over to gently help her sit up. The noise from the next room had stopped, and I figured everyone had fallen asleep or gone home.

“So, Orgasmic tits? Check.” Said Di still trying to fully gather herself. “How many more do we have to go?” She asked.

“About half.” I replied.

“Well, I don’t know how they can top that, but they’re welcome to try,” She hugged me from behind. “Thanks for letting me experience that with you.” She said in the most sweet and genuine voice I had ever heard. “For the record, you’re still doing laundry.” She giggled.

“Fine,” I sighed, smiling at her. “Speaking of which,” I grabbed the book from my sexy stash. “Let’s finish this somewhere without the damp.”

“I don’t think anywhere we go is going to help with that right now. I can practically hear your panties squish every time your thighs rub together, and my shirt is officially a victim of the leading source of Calcium in this house.” Fuck. I laughed, feeling my crotch and looking at the 5” dark blue patches on Di’s top. It actually was, that bad. I reached into another closed drawer and tossed a set of Di’s panties at her, before pulling out my own massive pair of night shorts. “You want a shirt too?”

“No, I’m good until I get the chance to express a bit of this out.” She paused, “Hey,

I was looking for those, what do you have them in your drawer for?" Di asked?

I blushed, "They must've got mixed in with my dryer load." I was a terrible liar when she was around.

"Is that the dryer load of "kind of dirty, pussy stained, but also already dry girlfriend panties" that gets mixed up sometimes? You know I can still smell myself on these?"

"Alright fine, you win, I've been stealing a pair for when I'm horny and the Hub just ain't hitting right. I've been at it since last year."

She tiptoed over and kissed my cheek.

"I know, I've been leaving the best ones on top for you. This is just my first chance to bust you." The sexy flash in her eyes was back.

“I hate that you can do that to me!” I was trying not to laugh.

“No, you don’t! Now follow your favorite smell.” She twisted the doorknob and her stiff dripping nipples led the way into the cool hall.

As I stepped out closing the door to follow her to the living room, I was about to check the next word in the book when I ran straight into the back of her, tits first, the book disappeared from my hands. She caught herself and looked back at me. A nervous expression on her face.

“Busted.” She said. I looked around her to see EVERYONE. Shit. They hadn’t gone home, or stopped being horny. At least everyone had the decency to be clothed, even seph’s bottom half, which was almost

back to the same size as mine. Everyone was looking up at us for some kind of explanation. “Hey guys,” Di started.

“We got hungry and made spaghetti.” Mike said, fork still halfway to his mouth. “I guess Maisy did most of the work, but there’s still some in the kitchen if you’re interested?” Despite Mike’s best efforts, this still didn’t really ease the awkward tension.

“Sure, we could eat.” Di said. I looked pleadingly after her while she disappeared to warm up two plates. Dammit Di.

I asked Seph where she found my panties and she started to say “Di’s Close-“ but, Di shouted from the kitchen “DON’T ANSWER THAT!” I made a mental note to give her a naughty spanking for that later and took some solace in the fact that she was still

paying attention to what was going on out here.

I started by pulling the book up from behind my back, where it had set itself between the waistband of my pyjama shorts and my protruding ass. So much for the private chance to review the rest of the changes with Di.

“Everyone, I have something I’d like to share with you.”

-Half an Hour later-

“So, wait, you’re saying you’re basically cupid?”

“We’ve gone over this, and no, she’s still herself.” Di walked in with pasta, coffee,

wine, and fresh garlic bread. “Just with a cool ass book of crazy love powers. She can even accidentally affect herself.”

Everyone stared at the coffee table where Di set the tray, next to the book, and said nothing. Meanwhile Di and I started eating our pasta.

Mike was the first to speak up, “Hey, can I-“

“Yes, you can all have the garlic bread.” Di announced.

There was a general muttering of approval and a few murmurings of “This shit is the best,” and even Seph’s ass gained another inch or so as she gave into the garlic-y goodness. Di eventually spoke up again, “This is why I don’t leave the freezer unlocked you heathens. I’d have nothing left.” She set her plate down and took up the

book, before glancing around. “So, everyone knows where we’re at now? Good. Sarah is learning about this as much as we are, and she needs our help to figure this out. We’re aware of the changes up until Sarah started at work and gave herself orgasmic tits. Now she’s going to cuddle up to me and we’re going to hear the rest of them. Any one want to add anything before we start?”

Seph cleared her throat. “Umm, Sarah?”

“Yeah Seph?” I asked cautiously.

“I just wanted to say sorry for treating you the way I did this morning and making fun of your super cool sex book. I didn’t really mean it; I was just trying to get between you and Mike. I know you didn’t mean it, but I totally do deserve a massive fucking ass.” I looked up, noticing my panties sitting loosely around Seph’s now bony hips.

And I let it go. “No, Seph, you don’t deserve what happened and I’m sorry it did. There’s more that happened to you, and others here that I haven’t got to yet, but I want you to know I’m sorry too, and I don’t know what would’ve happened, but I’m sure it would’ve been a lot better if I wasn’t still holding you accountable for some silly remarks. If it helps, I want you to know that your new ass is fantastic to me, and I think I’m looking forward to actually joining you all next week, if we can figure this book out.”

Seph spoke up again as her hips gradually filled the stretchy panties back to shape. “I actually kind of love my ass. At first I was worried about it, and calories, but It’s actually awesome the way you all played with it in the bedroom. I’d love if you’d join us, Sarah.” General murmurs of agreement passed around the room. I felt a tear roll

down my face as Seph and I smiled at one another. By the end of our exchange of looks her ass was pressing into Crystal and Maisey on either side of her. Neither seemed to mind.

“Alright then, let’s get into it, who’s next and what did they get?” Di looked at the book in my hands. I pushed it flat against the tabletop and pointed out Crystal and Seph, on the page “This is where I fucked up again, I was trying to give Mike’s favorite girl the tits of their dreams,” Both Mike and Crystal hugged each other and gave a gentle kiss before all of us. “But I accidentally thought about how jealous Seph would be of Mike, and I think I ended up giving Crystal and her a closer bond as well as the “Big Wobbly Shelf” of boob.

Crystal was wearing a sweater that she was holding down. She pulled it off, and asked,

“Is that why they do this constantly?” We all waited for her now massive melons to stop moving so we could look at them, and despite her wearing a shirt and bra, her cleavage constantly undulated, rolling and wobbling back and forth of its own accord, even though Crystal was sitting stock still. “They don’t ever seem to stop. It feels fucking awesome having them bucking and rolling no matter what I wear, like they’re constantly trying to escape for attention. Even when I put a sports bra on, they still won’t stop. And it feels so fucking good. Especially when I catch one of you staring! Seriously though, this morning I had boobs half this size, and I hated dealing with them. They always hurt. These feel wonderful and always feel amazing. When I took a nap while the girls were cooking pasta, it was like the gentle rocking lulled me to sleep.” They looked like they were fighting to escape out from her v-neck tee.

“Can we get a better look?” Mike asked sheepishly.

“Hell yeah, you can!” Crystal was so excited to show her fantastic jiggling tits off that she performed a slow striptease in-front of the rest of us while we watched awestruck by her now perfect tits. Once the shirt hit Mike in the face, she turned back to stand perfectly still in just her bra for the rest of us, each strap contracting and expanding with every bounce and roll. She sat back for Mike to unclasp her bra, which gave him incredible difficulty, and we all gasped as they somehow dropped slightly at the bottom, but maintained their perfect shelf projection just beneath her collarbone. Fighting and mashing into the most perfect inviting cleavage I’d ever seen.

“And they just do this all day?” Di inquired.

“Yep.” Crystal said as she bent down and put her hands on the coffee table. Her cleavage spreading slightly wider as the massive breasts took on a more teardrop shape. She blew a little kiss at Di and another over her shoulder at Mike and Persephone.

“That is super fucking cool.” Di added. Mike watched with a little drool as she mashed them back into her bra and shirt, continuing their frustratingly sexual struggle to be noticed. Crystal sat gently next to Mike and covered them both up with a blanket.

After a moment of heavy breathing abated, the horny collective, (Hey, we might actually use that for a groupchat name.) looked towards me for the next item.

“So, after that I actually gave crystal something else to try to tie her back to Mike.” Crystal kissed him. “There were three things I wrote in this request to kind of, try to make up for it. First, has anyone noticed Chrissy giving absolutely fantastic head today?”

“Yeah,

Oh yeah,

Yep,

Can confirm,

Fucking fantastic!

And, DON'T CALL ME CHRISSY” were the six overlapping replies.

“That is probably because I put “Vacuum” in relation to her oral skills. I let that hang for a second.

“I told you all I could suck the best dick!” Crystal exclaimed!

“That was last month.” Gemma interjected for the first time.

“Wanna have a contest?” Crystal asked, raising an eyebrow. “I bet I could suck him off twice and still keep him hard.”

“Yeah, but that’s just Mike.” Gemma muttered.

“Actually” I spoke. “That’s the second thing. Her hands are now “Woodworking tools.” Anyone here think Mike felt a little bigger today?

“Hey, that’s not-“ Mike was interrupted.

“Yeah,
Yep,
yessss,
ohh, now it makes sense,
I thought it was the Blue Chew.”

“Fine.” He muttered to himself.

“I think this gives Crystal the power to get any guy up or keep him hard even after he’s cum, as well as shape any cock to her desire while it’s in her hands. I’m even fairly certain that the reason Mike looks like he’s growing a horse cock right now is the fact that Crystal is just realizing she had these abilities. It also helps explain why the Orgy was six hours today, and not the usual two.” As I finished everyone looked over at Mike’s huge cock, obviously tenting the blanket with Crystal’s hand moving up and down its length.

“Fuck, that could come in handy.”

“Yeah, for horse training.”

“Or someone with an indestructible box.”
Maisey looked straight at me as she said it.

“Easy girls, I still haven’t gotten to part three yet.” Everyone turned back and settled their eyes back on me. “I gave her a compulsion too by writing “Stud finder” along with the tools.” Everyone looked confused. “Crystal, stand up and come over here.” She did as I asked, tits still wobbling on their way over. Di and I covered her eyes, got her good and spun around and said “Crystal, go where you want to go.” Blind, wobbling, and barely able to stand, she couldn’t find her way around to save her life. Next we repeated the experiment, but Tasked Seph with keeping Mike’s cock hard. Mike had two swelling handfuls of ass as this time, Crystal expertly navigated the floor of the apartment from the kitchen to the living room, and put her hand straight on Mike’s cock. Everyone gasped. “No fucking way.” Someone muttered.

“What’s going on?” Crystal asked genuinely curious. Mike reached up and pulled the blindfold off of her. She gasped. “Holy fuck, I found my way back to his cock.”

“Not only his cock, I’m afraid, just whichever one is closest to you. Consciously you can avoid it. But subconsciously, your hands always know where it is. That and I’m pretty sure that you stroke it whenever you focus on something else, but you can stop it if you actively try to do another activity. Mike’s going to be getting a lot of attention. Not to mention anyone who pops a boner in class next to you. Sorry, be careful.”

“Wow, that’s a lot to consider, But I think I love it all.” Crystal said. “Especially the ever-jiggling knockers.”

“I’m glad you’re enjoying it.” I said and blew a kiss across the room towards her as I once more took my seat.

“Next up, is Mike I believe” Di said while trying to hide a laugh in her hand. Ooh yes this was going to be fun. He suddenly became sheepish and looked down at the floor.

“What did he get?” Crystal asked.

“Sexyglasses.” I answered. “It’s quite simple really, and he has nothing to be ashamed of. Remember when you threw your shirt at him earlier and he didn’t see it coming? Well, that’s literal. He can’t see the clothing of anyone he finds attractive.”

“Not True!” Mike shouted. I can “choose not to see the clothing of anyone I will definitely find attractive. Regardless of if it’s a

captured image, or a tv broadcast, or Instagram chicks...”

“...Not really helping me win you the case here Mike.” I sighed, “What are any of us in the room wearing?”

He didn’t answer causing a collective eyeroll. “And that’s Mike’s power ladies and gentleman.” I declared.

“What? I’m super into big titty goth chicks.” Mike pleaded.

“Your super into anything above a C-cup Mike. Seph, can you please confirm or deny these allegations.” I put my face in my hands.

“I can,” she smirked, “but I won’t, because thinking about Mike makes my ass feel amazing.”

Mike remained silent and I took my que to move onto discussing the change I was least looking forward too.

“So, Persephone, at the beginning of all of this, I told you I had made another change that affected you and those around you out of spite. I really thought it would just be silly to see you fighting your normally dominant side. And so I wrote out “Sub-System.” I think the reason you’re so quiet and willing to wait for people to ask you what to do, is because I thought about changing your personality, and then wrote this.”

The room was quiet. “Fuck Sarah. That’s messed up.” Mike was the first to speak.

“I know. That’s why I need your help guys. As fun as this book can be, and as great as some of the changes are, I need a way to fix

my mistakes. Not only for Seph, but for everyone here. I didn't choose to give you loving feelings for each other, it's just part of the curse that comes with this book. I have my assurances, but I didn't even get a chance to find out for real if Diane loves me." I began to sob. Di gently rubbed my back and wiped my tears from my face.

"This got heavy really quick." Seph finally said. Her hips were showing once more. "I know I was frustrated in life before, like I couldn't figure out what was wrong. I feel like all of that changed today when I opened up to you guys. I'd like to try to fix this, but I'm afraid. What if without the Magic, we still want to get back here. I don't think I like who I was this morning."

"I don't like who I was either, and that's not any influence talking." Crystal spoke solemnly. "I was so worried about my body

pains, and the way I dressed, and if other people were thinking of me. Now, I see that I should've been more grateful to Mike. Horny fucker though he may be, He loved me then, and I don't feel that anything between us has changed. Except that I've suddenly accepted him. No matter what. I don't think even magic could take that from us now."

"We need to figure out how to erase commands." Di said suddenly. "Put a strike through "Cream.""

"I thought you loved your breasts the way they are now?" I asked her.

"I do darling, and if this works, I'll do what I can to get them back for you, but for now it seems like the least risky thing to be playing with. Besides, this shirt and blanket are kinda soaked everywhere now." Damnit, I knew she was right.

I drove my pen through the word “Cream.” as violently as I dared. Only to have it turn an amber color and start evaporating, before I could finish the stroke. “NON LICET” appeared where I had lifted my pen. Di snapped a photo for the translator as the amber text began fading as well.

“It is not allowed.” Di declared to the room. Fuck.

“What else you guys got?” I encouraged.

“Can you tear the page out?”

“Not without ending all of this.”

“What about cutting out the single word? Worth a shot.” I returned with my art scissors before anyone could think of anything else. The second the scissors touched the page,

the blades melted and were sucked into the book. “NON LICET” appeared across the whole page. Shit, Magic, right.

“Anybody else?” Di sounded defeated.

Maisey spoke softly. “What about a switch? If we love different things with different people, maybe we aren’t limited to individual commitments. The book so far hasn’t been allowing us to make changes that would contradict existing ones, so maybe it will allow us to suspend them so we could write new ones.”

Everyone looked around. It couldn’t be that simple, could it?

“How would you put that into the book Maze?” I asked.

“There are two ways you could go about it. I think. The first would be to write a condition next to each word each time. But I worry that will lead to more confusion and denied requests in the long run.

The better way, if the book will allow it, would be to think of yourself, specifically the way you command the book. Draw two columns down the side of everything you have written so far. Write “On, and Off” in the top corner, and check the on side for everything already written. If I’m right, after the book accepts that all of these traits are “on,” it will be easier for it to switch them “off” individually to sate your desire and love, than to resist. Oh, and think of yourself again when you’re done.”

I looked around for confirmation. Gemma spoke, “I took a minor in programming theory, and that sounds basically correct.”

“Yeah, I took that class with her.” Di said.
“And I still have no fucking clue how that logic works. Jesus Gem, did you actually understand that?”

“Yeah, but I couldn’t have got there on my own. Where the hell have you been hiding that shit Maisy?”

“Programming logic is actually very similar to training animals. I worked at a vet for my first year up here. It’s Pavlovian Instinct.

Assuming the book is alive or a designed computing machine, it can’t argue with it’s inherent design of creating new lovers. In the same way an animal associates tricks with a treat. It will tend to do it, because it’s more likely to get what it wants.” Everyone continued to stare blankly. Maisy Sighed.
“I’m gonna go stand in the fuckin’ nerd corner.”

“No, Maze I need you here, I think I’ve got this but I want you to watch in case I’m about to make a mistake.” I leaned across the table to her with the book, and began drawing two distinct columns down the side. Maze Nodded. I thought of my super-sensitive tits, and the way I concluded the amazing book was Magic from the moment of its discovery. I wrote, “ON” at the top of the first column, and “OFF” over the second. Next to every line of text I made a tick under “ON”, until halfway down the page, when the words filled themselves in for the length of the page. Flipping to the next I saw the same two columns down the paper, despite my not putting them there.

The columns began to glow the same amber color as before. It was then that I slipped. Instead of myself, I thought of Di. Of our love, of our future, of everything I wanted to

share with her. The book included. The text of my pen twisted into a deep red and set the amber of the columns on fire. Only the checkmarks remaining in the ink of my blue pen. Suddenly, like water rising through the page my columns were swallowed by black swirling pools, and when the dark ink receded, two perfect, white, marble, Roman style columns were drawn in their place.

The cover of the book slammed in a puff of smoke, and it rested on the table, daring one of the girls or Mike to reach for it. Sarah flipped open to the pages she had written in. Next to Di's Name, and the tree that bore both of their hearts, she checked. OFF. Instantly the ON Check disappeared. Everyone looked between the two. "Hey babe," Di said. "Still me."

I needed to hear it. "Tell me, please."

“I love you, Sarah.” A wave of relief and fear and anger and happiness washed over me all at once. I fell into her arms. “I love you too Di. I was so scared.” I dried my tears the best I could on her shirt. “All we’ve confirmed is this changes nothing. It’s a good chance that it worked, but we still need to know” Maze said. “We need to see an effect disappear to be certain.”

I asked her calmly, “Still ready to lose the cream Hun?” She smiled, “Sure.” I checked OFF beside “Cream.” Slowly the ON check disappeared. From the ground up, Di’s shirt began to dry, along with her blanket. As the dark patches around her nipples receded, and he breasts shrunk back in size. She snickered at my awestruck face. “I guess it works.” Maze said. Everyone high fived and murmured their appreciation behind me, while I still looked down at Di.

She broke the moment, “Can I have my huge creamy tits back now?”

I checked ON.

“This feels sooo gooooooooood,” Di said as her shirt stretched around her melons again.

“Sweet, it looks like that’s a fast way to dry my shirts too, the mess doesn’t seem to come back.”

Nervously, I walked with the book over to Seph. “Hey.” Was all she said.

“Hey. I’m ready when you are.”

“Do it.”

I checked OFF next to Sub-System.

“Part of me wants to tell you you’re a cunt for even trying this shit.” Seph almost shouted

at me. I took a step back. "Get back here, I'm only going to do this once." I tentatively stepped closer. She threw her arms around me and gave me a forceful kiss. She put her hands on my breasts through the armholes on my tank top and squeezed, causing us both to cry in pleasure and fall to the couch. Her ass swelled behind her. "The other part of me is the bigger part of me, the better part of me, and the part I want to be." She kissed me again. Now put me in my place and check ON again, before I DO become a real bitch about it. Make sure you never turn it off again."

Still trembling I pushed my hand over to the book on the table and put a check back from where it just disappeared. Seph smiled and her ass continued to billow out underneath us. She whispered softly. "Thank you, I think I'm gonna love getting to play with these perfect tits of yours." I kissed her with

tenderness and passion, a newfound understanding growing between us.

After I stood up and grabbed my pen I asked, “Who’s next?” No one raised a hand. Di tapped me on the shoulder, her thick shirt-tenting nipples almost as fun to stare at as the deep pools of her eyes. “I think we’re all good hun, no one else wants to change back. but while you were being put in your place by Seph, we noticed some changes in the instruction page. Beneath the first paragraph. It’s new.”

I read the new entry. “Hic liber apertus est hominae qui cor Sarae McDonaugh habet.” Gemma already had the translation. “This is an open book for the woman who has Sarah McDonaugh’s heart.”

Di pulled my pen from my hand and bent over the book. She went to check ON next to

our Names, only to realize that I already had. She looked up at me puzzled. “Can’t hurt to be certain, right?” She smiled, “I was going to tell you the same thing.”

“What about those two?” she looked at her friends Gemma and Maisy. They both spoke up about the rest of the group hogging all the awesome boobs. Mike made a joke about “working for it.” When Maze was asked, she was so soft and sweet and requested whatever would make Gemma happy. Gemma, wanted to be able to please any lover.

I whispered in Di’s ear. Di made her first entry while giggling to herself. That’s how Maze found herself with an indestructible pussy, able to accommodate anything of any size, and Gemma found herself with a cock that would become whatever size the person touching it wanted it to be. “Fuck this thing

feels good,” she moaned as she grew and held Maze’s tiny hand. It stopped at around Nine inches when Maisie let go.

As Di explained their new conditions. Masie was thrilled, about playing with her impossible vagina, but Gem said, “I still wish we’d have got tits too.” “You did girls.” Di Giggled. “I made it so that the size of your chests is determined by your heart rate. The harder you hit the gym, or run, or fuck, the bigger those boobs will get. I’d also watch scary movies at home from now on.” Maze’s eyes widened with realization, and she immediately started doing jumping jacks. By her tenth one, she had a perky set of ‘C’s on her chest. Gem just stood staring awestruck at Maze. “I don’t even wanna know how that’s gonna effect me yet.” Much to everyone’s quiet disappointment.

Now we knew the book worked for Me, and My love. And we all agreed that from this moment, it'd be used only for the good of love. In a way Cupid himself would never have intended.

Shit. We still had to go grocery shopping tonight. Di groaned when I reminded her.

I talked Mike and Crystal into helping me out on the weekends with the running of the store, and my boss never asked me about using a notebook again, although he did remark that I needed to “keep Crystal busy, because she sure seemed to bounce around a lot.” If only he knew. Crystal would occasionally get caught in the fitting rooms giving a gentleman more than he deserved. Sometimes Gem and Maze offered to help bike around town with flyers for the store. I always looked forward to watching them return with comically huge tits compared to

how they left. If you believe Gem, they made sure to stop every two blocks to rest, but I have a feeling there was always a competition for who could get biggest. Seph also worked at the store with us and was happy to do whatever we asked her to. We just had to be careful not to give her too much praise or reprisal, or she'd be stuck in the stockroom with her blooming ass until we could cool her off at the end of the shift.

Most amazingly, I still couldn't get enough of Di, or her wonderful Cream. She found out it was easier to pump and puts it in the fridge, but once in a while she'd let her soft breasts fill for me, and I got to feel her moan while she'd rut against my sex and sprayed in my mouth. She still massages my butt every chance she gets, and whispers softly in my ear. My favorite thing to hear her softly say is that I'm her favorite big titty goth bitch, and I always will be. Her favorite to hear from me,

is that she's the sweetest girl I've ever pulled out of a book.

I still wear my hoodies and try not to meet new people; I still hate flowers cutesy shit and the colour pink. I definitely still put the dildoes that slip past our donation screening in the Home Entertainment Section, and I may or may not be able to draw accurate maps of all the local graveyards. (Nah, I'm still fuckin' with you.)

Things have gone pretty much back to normal. Except for the time we made the Dean's cock so big it shut down the school for three days. Or the Japanese exchange students who were unable to put on anything but underwear. Or the Cat Boy incident.

But you don't want to hear about those. You want a nice soft ending with a cute female couple, and a promise of an all-friends Orgy

every Monday AND Wednesday. Well, you've got it. But be careful, If Di and I think we can bring you lover's closer, we just might think of you and write you a fantasy attribute.
