

It happened on a Wednesday. First, information was gently inserted into everyone's mind, information about what would soon occur.

Going forward, people between approximately the ages of eighteen and twenty-five would undergo a sort of second puberty: they would develop into fully functional hermaphrodites. The majority of people will have this hermaphroditism occur between twenty-one and twenty-three, with only about five percent having it occur before twenty.

For males, this would take the form of developing breasts, loss of chest hair above the bottom of the rib cage, a slight widening of the pelvis and the growth of a second reproductive system, a female one. This process generally takes six months, though breast development may continue sporadically well into one's late twenties.

For females, the main physical changes would be mainly limited to simply developing their male reproductive system, with few or no other visible changes. Development of the male reproductive system generally takes only three to four months for females.

These, however, are only the most common outcomes, and the tail of possibilities is long. For instance, it is entirely possible, for example, for a male to end up with an entirely feminine appearance by the end of this second major sexual development period. Or the opposite for someone born female, or anything in between. A person's desires can have an influence on this, for example, a closeted trans woman is more likely to end up with a feminine appearance. These outliers may take a year or more to fully change into their new appearance. Though the majority of people do follow the rules above.

The last thing that changes is sexual preferences, those attracted to men gain an interest in breasts on men. Everyone gains new urges and reflexes related to their new parts and mostly gains an interest in the parts they were formally uninterested in. These are again generalisations, other outcomes are possible, rarely some may find their orientation changing, some may become bi, others may go from straight to gay, or the opposite, such cases would be rare.

Everyone ends up with a dual libido, that is, it is possible to be aroused with only one's male parts, or only one's female parts. In fact, at some point, their body will "lock in" to one or the other, releasing a pheromone signal that will cause their partner to "lock in" to the opposite. Once someone locks into female "mode", their male parts would pull almost entirely into their body to get them out of the way, much the same way they do in the cold.

The change that came was that everyone in the world would be altered as if this had always been the case, so those over twenty-five would all rapidly change into the hermaphroditic version of themselves, and those between eighteen and twenty-five would land at some level of development of their new characteristics.

The warning given also included information that, at least in this initial change, people's relationships would be taken into account. So it would mostly avoid leaving those in love unattracted to their partner.

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Brianna Adams sat outside at a café, waiting for her boyfriend to show up for their brunch before her first lecture of the day when the information hit her. She was at first stunned, unsure what to make of it, men growing boobs? And she was going to like them? Not only that, but she would grow a... penis? She briefly toyed with the idea that it was some sort of weird delusion, and that she should call a doctor, but looking around she could tell *something* had happened to everyone. They were all reacting in their own ways. So at least everyone probably got the same weird information dump. Was it true? She couldn't bring herself to disbelieve it.

Her thoughts went in circles, and she watched the people around her, soon she saw her boyfriend, looking troubled, she called to him.

"HEY! Chris!"

He rushed over and joined her, "Ah, Bri, there you are... I... did you..."

"The thing about... boobs and..." she trailed off, "Yeah..."

"Ah."

"Not happy about the idea?"

"I... not especially... are you?"

"Well... not happy... I have to admit, I'm... curious. Maybe I'll finally understand why some guys drool all over bigger girls, or why so many guys are obsessed with how big what's in their pants is."

"Mmm"

The barista brought their coffees and sandwiches out to them and set them down. As the door back into the café shut behind her, it happened.

Brianna felt a strange sensation in her head, a feeling she couldn't pin down. Her panties rapidly filled, then overfilled. Her new balls didn't fit in the small area of fabric at the front. She found herself squirming uncomfortably. The sensations were strange, and some of them seemed to sort of overlap sensations from her original parts that were still there.

She blinked for a moment, looking at her food, then started looking up. Her gaze went from the table, up Chris's body, until it got to his chest where it stopped. She couldn't quite will herself to stop looking. Chris's chest had changed, and his shirt was pulled taut over his new bust, large, round, and *lovely*, were the words that came to her mind. Her own breasts were modest, but Chris' could accurately be compared to melons. She felt... things. She was very much... finding it easy to understand how someone could talk to a chest. Then she felt something else. Her already over-stuffed panties were tightening further as she got her first taste of male arousal.

His arms came up and crossed in front of his boobs.

“Hey, uh Bri?”

“Wha? Oh!” Her eyes came up to his face. “I’m sorry I... they... they’re so big...”

“Yeah... I... guess you are getting that understanding... at least about boobs...”

She squirmed a bit and felt something move. Her new dick was no longer trying to push the front of her panties out but was now sticking out of the leg hole. It still wasn’t very comfortable. It felt strangely full. She could feel the weight of her skirt on it, pushing the tip down, causing a pulling sensation down below it, around and behind her vagina. She managed to glance down at her lap. It was making a little tent, and still getting bigger.

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“I... uh... don’t think... I’ll be... uhm too anxious about the other thing...”

Then it clicked. She had a boner... and she thought it was *big*. This set off something inside of Chris. A new part of him. He felt a small surge of arousal, but not with his male equipment, no, this was his first taste of his female libido. The physical effect wasn’t much, a slight rush of blood and consequently a little warmth, but it hammered home the fact that he was both male and female now, that he *had* a female libido.

“I... oh... how... big.” He noticed her eyes had gone back to his chest. She was visibly making an effort not to stare and failing. This caused more feelings in him. Part of him liked it, it made him feel more attractive, the other part felt awkward, wrong, he shouldn’t have boobs. He was acutely aware of them, it was hard not to be with the extra weight pulling at his shoulders. He shifted slightly and felt the slight jiggle as his boobs lagged just a little behind the rest of his torso’s movements.

“I... don’t know, I just looked down at my skirt...” She paused. “I... need to go to the washroom for a moment.”

She stood, Chris found himself unable to avoid at least a glance at the front of her skirt as she stood. He couldn’t help noticing how much she was tenting it out. There was another rush of arousal from his new parts, now rising to include a little wetness. It felt strange and new, but also familiar. It was very obviously arousal. He could feel his new clit swell slightly in a way that was different from having an erection, but not entirely. All the unfamiliar sensations of female arousal had an analogue in familiar male arousal, different but recognizable.

Brianna left. His gaze started to fall rapidly the top of his new boobs came into view. They were *huge*. He himself had never been all that concerned about bust size, he liked all boobs on women. They were heavy, his shirt was too tight, and every movement made him aware of them; he was feeling every sensation more intensely because of the novelty.

He loved Brianna's boobs, but part of him was very uncomfortable with his own being bigger than hers. Having them at all felt strange and wrong enough, but the fact that they were *much*, *much* bigger than his girlfriend's added to it. It felt wrong to him for a guy to have bigger boobs. He would have to deal with it though. It was also obvious that she very much liked them.

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Brianna walked, she could feel the weight of her new member, the sensation of it bobbing around. The discomfort of her panties squeezing her new balls, one of them trapped between the elastic of the leg hole and her body, it was not a good feeling.

She stepped into one of the café's two washrooms. It was a single occupancy and un-gendered.

As soon as the door closed, she locked it. Her first course of action was to get her panties off, there was no need to suffer like this. She lifted the sides of her skirt to grab the waistband of her panties and started taking them off. There was a moment where she had a little trouble, her erection was still through the leg hole and as she was pulling her panties down it was also pulling her penis down, and she was just hard enough that it was uncomfortable. She pulled on her panties, but the leg holes didn't have enough stretch to get past easily. After a moment of frustration, she stopped and paced a bit. The frustration distracted her enough from what was happening between her legs that when she tried again she found that she was no longer hard, and it was a relief to get the pressure off her new balls.

She put the panties into her purse and lifted her skirt back up to get a look at herself. She was surprised at the size. It looked smaller than she expected, still slightly hard. She put her hand around herself and gently squeezed. It felt about like Chris' as he was softening after sex... and about the same size.

"Must be the perspective..."

She moved her hand, sliding it gently along the length. She felt a surge of pleasure and a rush as more blood flowed into her dick. She felt it push back against her fingers as it expanded. It slowly thickened, she could feel the slight pressure inside it, her skin stretching slightly. It slowly inflated itself, she watched it go up to what she thought was Chris' size and keep going. She felt the skin on it stretch more. An image of Chris, new boobs and all, riding her came to mind unbidden. The imaginary Chris' bust jiggled as he moved. She saw it get noticeably larger than Chris's, felt the warm pressure inside it. Her arousal continued to increase. Her amazement at the size of the thing sticking out of her grew along with it. When it stopped she felt the pressure continue to increase, it felt taut, and hard in her hand. It was almost painful itself.

"Oh... wow, it's *big*." She could feel the girth, her fingers just barely touching around it, it was decidedly thicker than Chris's, and using the width of her hand to compare, about two inches longer. Chris's was plenty for her.

"God... I'm... not sure it would fit comfortably in me, it's so thick..."

She felt the “mode shift” happen, her vagina dropped off her awareness, all her accustomed sexual instincts disappeared. Subsumed under her new male ones. She felt all of her sexual arousal focus down into her dick. She felt a building pressure inside her.

“This feels so strange... OK... gotta calm down... I’m not... going to just jerk off in a bathroom.”

She let go and moved her hand away, feeling the weight of her dick itself pulling at her body.

She kept looking at her new member, it seemed absurdly huge to her on her body. She paced again, feeling it bounce around as she stepped and turned to look at herself in a mirror. It was *definitely* substantially bigger than Chris’. His would look big on her. This looked massive. It felt so thick in her hand, it felt... thicker than a toilet paper tube. Pointing it up, it reached past her belly button. She didn’t know it, but she was well into the 99th percentile of both length and girth.

She tried thinking unsexy thoughts, but after having let down her skirt the slight movements magnified by arousal and the newness of the sensations kept her hard.

She pulled out her phone to text Chris for advice.

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Chris’ phone buzzed.

“Uh... need some advice. It won’t go down.”

“Just tuck it in the waistband of your underwear.”

“Two problems with that... I took them off, there’s not enough room in them even before it got hard. Second, it would stick well past the top of my skirt and my shirt doesn’t quite go all the way down.”

He stopped for a moment. Thought about how she had been wearing the skirt. The implication sank in. The fact that she had a dick hadn’t really seemed real, even having seen the effect it had on her skirt as she stood up. The idea that it was bigger than his triggered a lot of conflicting feelings. The new part of him actually liked it, apparently his female half was into big dicks... The rest of him felt very strange, partly emasculated, and a little sad.

The female part of him did have a physical part too though. He felt his new parts warm, and an additional swell in his clit. He felt a bit of wetness start. All of these he felt strongly, they dominated his awareness of his lower parts, the novelty of the sensations made them stronger. He tried to ignore them and answer Bri.

“Hmm. If you were out here, I’d just say have our lunch and wait it out. Maybe try tensing your legs?”

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She tried doing as he suggested, sitting on the toilet lid. After a few minutes it did start to work, she felt the pressure inside her penis lessen, it no longer felt like the skin on it was stretched to its limit. After a few more minutes, it was soft enough that it was no longer obvious what was just a pleat in her skirt and what was her still semi-erect penis pushing on it when she stood in front of the mirror.

She took a breath and mentally prepared herself to step out, reminding herself that she had just looked in the mirror and it wasn't obvious anymore.

This time as she crossed the café she looked around a bit. She noticed several guys, several of whom hadn't changed. She was momentarily surprised before she remembered that almost everyone here was college age and so right in the middle of the age range where changes would happen to every future generation, so it wasn't surprising that a fair number hadn't changed. They would at some point in the next few years.

The other thing she noticed was how much boobs mattered to her on men. There was a guy she would have thought quite attractive but for the fact that although he had changed and did have boobs, they weren't very big. A bit bigger than hers, but nothing compared to Chris's... She really was finding out why guys go gaga for big tits. It also felt a bit bad, it brought up insecurities she thought she had dealt with about her own boobs. She pushed them down. Chris loved her boobs, she knew that, his eyes lit up every single time she took her shirt off in his sight.

She headed back outside to rejoin Chris.

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Brianna walked out of the door of the café and saw Chris. As she walked toward him she couldn't stop her gaze from running up and down his body. She felt off. Something felt strange. It wasn't just that her focus kept sticking on his chest, there was something else. Only when she actually reached the table and started to sit down did she realize that the off feeling was simply that her body was still in male mode. She was no longer very aroused, but the mode switch lingered, the off feeling was the total lack of her female half's sexuality. The attraction she felt to her boyfriend was just a little different now, her body's response to it was *entirely* male. That was what felt wrong, the female parts of her attraction that she had been feeling for a decade were gone, no little rush of warmth in her vagina, no little throb in her clit. The parts were all still there, when she focused on them she felt them, but they, for the moment, were not participating in her sexuality. It also felt different in a way she couldn't put her finger on exactly, but even just how she found herself seeing him felt different. She noticed her physical attraction to his body more strongly, but there was more to it than that.

She was also unsure about telling him that she was in male mode, what would he think?

She pushed down her nerves and slid into the seat, still highly aware of the new parts between her legs. She couldn't sit the way she normally would with legs crossed. She had started to try and quickly realized it would not be comfortable, but she was going commando in a skirt, she

couldn't sit with her legs apart. Fortunately, the skirt was knee-length, so she could fiddle with it enough that it would preserve modesty. She had noticed Chris looking at her as she fiddled with her skirt and was about to offer an explanation, but when she looked back at him, after pulling her attention off his boobs, he had a strange expression on his face.

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Chris watched Brianna sit down. He was starting to feel something strange, something he couldn't put his finger on. He tried to ignore it and be present. He watched slightly confused as Brianna sat, looked a little alarmed and arranged her skirt. As he was watching the strange feeling intensified, then he felt something else. His penis felt strange, then warm. Then he realized what he was feeling, his body was going into female mode, Brianna must have mode switched when she...

He moved his leg a bit, and was acutely aware of the empty space in his pants, his entire male genitalia had pulled itself inside his body, out of the way of... Brianna's.

He felt very strange, the slight arousal from their text conversation was still there, but it was a little more... central, before it had been sharing his awareness with his male libido, but now that was dormant. He felt uncomfortable with that fact, he wasn't even comfortable with the fact that he *had* a female libido, let alone it being all he had for the moment.

"Hey, Chris, you OK?"

Chris' attention snapped back to the moment. "Huh? Oh, yeah... just, uhm... stuff happened." He pointed down.

"Wha... OH! I... hadn't thought about that when I came back you would..."

"Yeah."

They sat quietly for a few minutes, feeling strange and slightly nervous.

"Hey... I was thinking... I feel a bit too... weird to go to class and I was thinking about just taking the coffee and sandwich back to my dorm... want to come?"

Chris thought for a moment, they always got their order to go because they didn't always have time to finish it before Brianna's class, so they could just go. She was right, he didn't feel very comfortable talking about what was going on in public and he *needed* to talk. "OK"

He stood for the first time since changing and took a step to the side to get away from his chair and the movement felt strange. He turned and took another step. His hip swayed more than he was used to. He took a few more steps. Part of the extra sway he could suppress, but too much and walking felt awkward. He turned to walk back to the table, with each step the extra sway was there, along with awareness of the lack of his original part's movement, though he felt new things. His legs moving tugged just a little at the skin between them, causing his labia to slide

against each other ever so slightly. He wouldn't notice it if he weren't hyper-aware of sensations from that area, the combination of everything it does feeling new and so more noticeable with being in female mode and the arousal adding even more to forcing his attention to the area.

He also felt his breasts bounce with every step. It wasn't too bad since he was walking slowly, but he could tell that getting a bra should be high on his priority list for his own comfort. Besides, maybe the reduced movement would help him be a little less constantly aware of them.

Brianna was looking at him, clearly wondering what he was doing.

"I... my hips changed, it felt weird..."

He watched her gaze run down his body and then back up, pausing on his chest in both directions. "Ah! They did change! I... think I like it..." she blushed slightly, "err... let's get going."

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They walked to Brianna's dorm, trying to chat normally, but they were both distracted by the strange new sensations they were feeling. Chris had quickly ended up supporting his bust with one arm. When they arrived, neither of them had reverted to neutral mode.

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Chris heard the door latch behind him. "GAH! I wish there was a snowball's chance in hell of your bras fitting me, these things move too much!" He was still hugging his chest with one arm, it had taken a little while for him to figure out how to position it so that it actually helped.

Brianna turned back toward him as she took her shoes off. "That bad? I can't say I'd have a problem just walking... running, yeah."

"Yeah... they're *really* heavy."

"Well... I could measure you and get one for you... later."

"Oh... that would be good... thanks."

"So... you're in female mode? Are you OK with that?"

"I... more than I would have expected to be before it happened... but..."

"It feels weird as hell to suddenly be into... things?" Her eyes went, not for the first time since they came in, to his chest. "I can definitely understand that."

"Yeah... and... I mean... I... it's just..."

"You're a man and have been trained your whole life to dislike being associated with anything labelled as 'girly' or feminine?"

“Er... Yeah, that.” He shuffled in place, slightly uncomfortable. “Uh, what about you? How do you feel?”

“Weird as hell. There’s more difference than I would have expected, like I feel... I dunno. Like I’m attracted to you differently, even your face or... forearms, liking them feels different at the moment... Obviously, *physically*, it feels very weird, it keeps reacting a little bit every time I so much as catch a glance of your chest. They are very nice... I noticed a couple other guys walking back through the café... I really am getting a good experience of why some guys drool at busty girls... apparently, I go gaga for busty men...”

Chris found the comment about his chest made him feel self-conscious, but also... good. It was something about her being attracted to him that he understood fully, liking boobs. Her preferences were different, not that he *disliked* big boobs, he was more of the opinion that all size boobs were good, shape mattered more to him in that area.

“I noticed.”

“No, I mean... I... don’t really like even... average boobs on men... mine,” she gestured to her chest, “would be too small for me on a guy...”

“Oh...” he glanced down at himself again. He was still very constantly aware of his new boobs, the weight, every little jiggle, swaying side to side. Every time he turned he felt them pull at him as their inertia held them and they started moving just a little after the rest of him and then overshot when he stopped turning, pulling him just a little bit to the side. The walk had been a lesson in ways his boobs could move. The significant bouncing from walking had also led to his nipples rubbing on his shirt; he’d found that they were more sensitive than before, in addition to being bigger and pitching their own little tents in the front of his shirt. This was what really forced him to hold on to them for the entire walk.

“Are you jealous?” It felt so strange to him, the idea that his girlfriend might be jealous of his chest.

“I... a little? I know you like mine... but I... don’t get it even now that I like boobs too. Uh... maybe we should measure you while we talk?”

“How do we do that?”

“Well, we need a tailor’s tape measure... there’s online calculators...” She headed for her desk, it was only a few steps away in the small room.

“Wait, why do you have a tape measure in your dorm?”

She had sat down and was typing her password to unlock her laptop. “My mom sews and has like four of them, it takes up less space than a ruler... and I’m used to using it...”

“Oh.”

It took Brianna a few minutes to find an online bra size calculator she liked and find her tape measure.

“OK, shirt off, let’s see them big ole titties!”

“You are far too relaxed about this,” Chris said as he somewhat reluctantly started lifting his shirt. Though he did find himself smiling a little bit at her. As he lifted he found that he had pulled the bottom hem of his shirt against his body and it had caught his bust and lifted it, not a lot, but he felt the weight come off his shoulders a little and then the shirt stretched enough to let them out and the hem popped up and they dropped and bounced. Once he got the shirt clear of his face he found Brianna staring at his chest enraptured.

“They’re so... perky... at least for their size.”

“Well, they are brand new...”

“Huh... oh. Yeah... This is still so weird. I’ve seen women topless all my life... but it’s so different now...” She shook her head. “OK! Measuring. Turn around... it’ll be easier.”

“Easier for you not to get distracted?”

“Precisely.”

She wrapped the tape around him and got him to help adjust it to sit under his bust, stopped and entered the measurement into the calculator. Took the same measurement with different snugness, then measured the fullest part of his bust, standing and with him bent over. He looked at himself as he was bent and was shocked at just how far they hung off him.

“OK, one more measurement. Bust lying down.”

As Chris was lying down, he noticed that she was again tenting out her skirt, and the sight filled him with conflicting feelings. His new female libido was *very* into it, he felt a rush of warmth and wetness in his new nethers. He couldn’t deny that he now *liked* seeing her that way, that he very probably would like seeing her bulge in pants. It felt a lot like looking at boobs... but also not at all. There was also a part of him that had been around longer that was *deeply* uncomfortable with the idea, but he couldn’t stop himself from looking.

He sat up to let her wrap the tape around him. She took her measurement and turned back to the computer.

“Holy Crap! 38H! I don’t think anywhere I’ve shopped carries cups that big!”

“Oh. So... no bra for me to walk home?”

She turned back to him, her eyes went straight to his chest, then his face. “Uh... maybe? A big sports bra might work?”

“Bleh. At least lying here is nice... gets the weight off my shoulders.”

“Oh... poor baby.”

She slid into the bed beside him, put an arm over his stomach and kissed him. As she did he also felt something else. Her erection was poking him in the upper thigh. All those conflicting feelings intensified, but one more than the others. Arousal, wetness between his legs. It came all at once in a surge, warmth, a feeling of pressure in his clit as it engorged. He squirmed slightly.

He nearly pushed her away but stopped himself. He may not like it, but the vagina between his legs was *his*, the attraction to Brianna’s dick was part of *his* female sexuality. He *had* a female sexuality. Avoiding it wouldn’t make it easier, he was never going to get comfortable with these facts by avoiding them.

Brianna pulled her hips back. “Oh... Sorry for poking you there...”

The new part of Chris that was getting more turned on felt a bit sad that she had, that part of him was kind of enjoying the feeling, the idea that he had caused it.

“I... it’s OK. I um... I think I should try to get used to it...”

“But... you said...”

“I know... I’m not at all comfortable with... having female... parts and *urges*, but... if I avoid them isn’t going to *make* me comfortable... and I can’t exactly do anything about having them, and... well apparently that part of me... liked...”

Brianna pulled herself closer to him, not just poking his leg she pulled her body against him and her erection was now pushed up over the front of his leg and sideways along it, so he could now feel a fair bit of its length. He felt another thrill of arousal. His clit throbbed.

“Oh, I agree... It feels weird as hell to like boobs, uncomfortable... a bit wrong, but... well I like them a lot... and same for that thing poking you, it feels extra wrong because it’s...” she got a little quiet, “it’s bigger than yours... substantially... like I’m worried it’s *too* big, to uh, to fit...”

Chris had already guessed it was bigger than his from the text conversation, but so much so that she was worried that it might hurt him... he felt all the negative feelings he expected, but at the forefront, in a way he was not expecting was how his female libido felt about it. He found that he *liked* it. The idea that it might be difficult to get it into him... He felt himself get wetter, to the point that a little bit was coming out.

“Ooooh Kay...” that came out of him a little breathy, he flushed that his arousal was so obvious.

“Wait...”

“Yeah.”

“I see. Uh... in the spirit of confronting new things... can I... feel you up?”

Chris' first instinct was to say no, to avoid, but like his feelings about what was going on under her skirt, he was going to face this part of his situation head-on.

“OK...”

The arm she had been resting across his body bent and moved, bringing her hand to his right breast. She began gently massaging him, squeezing and rubbing around his nipple with her thumb. It felt good and was getting better. A soft moan forced its way out of him.

“Feels good?”

“Oh yeah...”

“I'm enjoying this too... but I'm feeling a bit left out...”

“It's a bit awkward... with how we're positioned for me to get at your boobs... Your arm is in the way of my right arm and...”

“Oh... right.”

She took her hand off his breast and put it back on the mattress beside him, then put her leg over him too, and pushed herself up so she was sitting lightly on his hips, mostly putting her weight on her legs. Chris felt strange looking down at her. He was looking between his boobs, at least for her lower half, and she was positioned exactly as she would be to ride him. He felt a mix of things at the realization, it didn't turn him on to imagine her riding his dick... his male libido was turned off, and that didn't do anything for his female libido. Having to look between his boobs added a layer of strangeness. The other thing he couldn't help but notice was that *her* dick was rock hard. It pointed up, just enough to lift her skirt, he could almost see her balls. He found he wanted to see more. He pushed that down for now and moved his gaze to her face, but it had already had an effect on his arousal level.

She smiled at him and pulled her own shirt off, then removed her bra. She tossed both onto the floor and leaned forward enough that she could reach his boobs. He found himself looking at her boobs, he reached up toward her boobs and found that his own were squished together by his arms, lifting them and piling more of them up on his chest. It was a strange feeling. It took a moment to find a position where they could both reach each other, but they did and began feeling each other up.

In short order, they were both moaning softly. Chris was surprised at how good it felt, not just his boobs, but the moans. He could stop if he tried, but he wasn't doing it on purpose, that had never happened to him before and it felt *good*. As they continued, Chris felt his arousal grow, and a new sensation, an empty feeling, a need. His vagina felt so empty, and his intensity of awareness of it increased, he squirmed and squeezed his legs together to try to ease the

feeling. He felt the movements inside himself and along his labia, crossing his legs got some pressure on his clit and he gasped. He saw Brianna grin at him as he did, *she knew*.

He could no longer see her skirt, it was hidden behind his boobs now that his arms were pushing them together, but she leaned further forward, keeping her hands on his chest but dropping her weight onto her elbows when she could no longer maintain balance. He could now feel her erection against his body. His arms had dropped to his side and he felt his breasts shift some of the flesh pooling flatter on his chest some falling down into his armpits.

“Are we going to keep going?” She said, breathy from arousal. “At least to... well hands...?”

Chris desperately wanted her to keep going, and his female libido was firmly in the driver’s seat.

“I... probably best to get a condom... I... want you.” And he did, desperately, he knew what would fill the emptiness he was feeling.

“Oh... are you sure?”

“I... not really, but I don’t think I’ll get any more sure any time soon, and right now I’m too turned on to worry... I... it feels empty down there...”

“I... OK...”

She leaned over to her bedside table and opened the drawer and awkwardly dug, her stomach pushed against his boobs until she found what she was looking for. She sat back down as they were before.

“Want to put it on me?” She hiked up her skirt to reveal her hard cock. She moved it up until the waist was just under her boobs, but Chris didn’t notice, his focus was between her legs. It looked beyond huge on her. He felt himself *ache* to have it inside him.

“Hey! Chris! I asked a question.”

“Huh! Oh... Uh yeah.”

She handed him the condom, he quickly unwrapped it. Reaching both his hands for her dick he found that he again pushed his boobs together and blocked his view. He tried to lift himself to see past them, but getting enough height was very uncomfortable.

Brianna giggled. “A downside of huge boobs. Let me get where you can see me.”

She went on all fours and crawled closer so he could both reach her dick and see what he was doing.

In one hand he grabbed it. The feeling of it filling his hand... It felt as good as playing with her boobs but totally different. The soft surface, the hardness beneath. He had felt his own... but this was different... substantially thicker, and just... the fact that it *wasn’t* his... the size of the

entire thing. The bottom of his hand was against her body and he was amazed at how much stuck out past his thumb and index finger. The feeling of aching emptiness intensified.

“Holy crap, it’s *gigantic!*”

Brianna blushed.

He brought the condom to it with his other hand, she helped by pinching the tip and he started rolling it down her length, with both hands.

“OH!, it’s *tight!*”

He stopped rolling. Chris was staring at it, utterly entranced, but he answered her. “You... probably need a bigger size...”

“Should we stop?”

“I... I don’t want to... Uh... try to be gentle with it? It doesn't hurt, does it?”

“I... a bit... but I want you too... I think I’ll be OK.”

Chris quickly finished putting the condom on her.

“I... I think I’m as ready as I’ll ever be...”

Brianna moved around again, pausing, putting a hand between his legs, a finger up and down his labia. “Oh, I’ll say you’re ready! It’s like a faucet down here!”

Chris moaned again. “God, Bri... just fuck me already!”

“OK... gonna take it slow so we don’t hurt you. Let me know if it’s too big... I’ll still take care of you...”

“OK”

“Spread your legs... I need some room.” He did so and she moved herself into position, on her knees between his legs, hands on either side of him. “I never thought I’d be having sex from this position... uh... can you guide me in?”

He again reached down, lifting his head again so he could see past his bust, and gently grabbed her with his right hand. Again, feeling the strange sensation of how nice it felt to just touch it. The feeling was amazing. The female part of him absolutely loved it. The size and hardness. The fact that he was helping her line up to push it inside him...

She started moving, pushing her hips forward. In short order the tip was against him, a little too high, he pushed it lower. It skimmed over his clit making him gasp and shudder, slid down along his labia making him moan and found the right spot, pressed against Chris’ vulva. Just enough

pressure to keep it there, not enough to push in. He could feel himself desperately wanting her to push, he found himself wiggling his hips up and down, but all that did was rub her tip along his labia, teasing him more.

“OK... here we go...” She started pushing forward, slowly. The tip parted his labia, found his entrance and started to stretch him.

A low moan forced its way out of him, long and drawn out, as he felt himself slowly stretch to accommodate the size. Suddenly he felt a change, the head was all the way in, his outermost parts slid down to the slightly narrower area just past it.

He could hear her panting slightly from arousal. Brianna continued to slowly push in, Chris already felt like it was massive, and as more of her length went in he felt the girth grow. He knew how big it was in his hand, but it felt much bigger inside him like she was pushing a baseball bat into him.

“OOOOH God Bri I... it's so big.”

She was right about the need to go slow at first. He could sense every little bit that went in, the extra girth as he got closer to the base was just on the edge of hurting, but he loved it, the feeling that he could only just barely take her in. He was still holding her, near the base, and she had gone in far enough that his hand was touching him and he had to move it, this was a bit less than half her length inside him. He was still amazed at the contrast in how he perceived the size between his hand and vaginal opening. He let go and let his hand fall to his side, palm against the bed underneath him.

As Brianna kept slowly pushing herself inside him, he found himself gripping the cloth underneath him with both hands, moaning with every inch. He could feel an orgasm building just from the idea of how big she was and that it was all he could take. He felt his hips start to buck reflexively, changing her angle as she moved; he could feel her inside him pushing against different parts as he moved, but he wasn't getting much closer... he needed some more stimulation. He brought his hand up and started rubbing his clit. His moans turned to gasps. It felt a little like touching the head of his penis, but more intense.

“Almost there, Chris!”

His breathing was heavy, his moaning intensified, he sped up his rubbing. He could feel the orgasm getting closer and closer, it felt quite different from what he was used to. A little more of her went into him and he went over the edge. He felt himself almost scream as he came. He felt himself squeezing her penis, flexing, pulsing. His arm went back to the mattress.

She bottomed out just between his first two contractions. She pushed against him and held herself tight to him as he squeezed her.

As Chris started coming down from his orgasm, he felt his vagina relax; Brianna's size was still a lot, but as he relaxed more, it felt more comfortable. Right up until he had started to cum, she

was at the very limit of how big a thing he felt he could ever take; now, it was still very tight down there, but he didn't feel like she was going to split him in half anymore. The fullness was incredible, he'd never felt anything like it, especially while he was cumming. He wanted to just hold her there.

"Uhhh, God, Bri, I just... want to *keep* you there." He looked down; her face was just above his breasts, and she was looking at him.

"Oh, I think you'll like the next part... how do you feel... It didn't hurt at all, did it?"

"Huh, almost, I...Uhhh" he moaned as she moved slightly, "Mmmm, it's a—uh—little easier now... I, uh, think I relaxed a bit..."

"Good..." She held still for a few seconds. "Ready?"

"I... yeah."

She started withdrawing, slowly, though not as slowly as she had gone in. She got about three-quarters of her length out and started pushing back in.

Chris again found himself moaning as she moved, back and forth, in and out. Brianna started speeding up. He bucked his hips in time with her; soon they had a nice rhythm going. Chris found that although this felt amazing—and very satisfying—it didn't build to an orgasm, it seemed his female parts were ones that didn't get off purely from penetration. He was fine with this; he'd already cum and this still felt fantastic. He could feel his boobs jiggle with each thrust.

Soon he heard Brianna's moans change and she sped up.

"Oh God, I can't hold back... uhhh"

He felt her push into him harder than she had before, with all her strength. Then he felt it. A throb from her dick, it expanded just a little and pushed against the top of his vaginal canal. She was coming.

"Mmmm, Bri, I just want to stay like this... with you filling me... God, it feels weird to... say that, and want it... and to be filled..."

"Yeah... it feels weird for me too... I... it's so weird how... I just... well, I'm just done when I cum... but... I gotta get out... the condom..."

"Yeah, I know."

She pulled out. He felt it slip out of him, leaving him feeling a little sad that he wasn't full, and a little empty, but it wasn't the same as before, there was no need... just a little want.

Then he remembered and was immediately tense. "Is the condom OK?"

“Just a sec.”

She had lifted herself up and sat down between his legs and was looking at herself.

“Looks good.”

He felt the tension slip away. That was a strange feeling, being the one worried about *becoming* pregnant. He pushed that down, he was not ready to face that yet.

“Did you... have fun?”

Brianna had stood and was taking the condom off. “Oh my God, did I ever! That was amazing... It was so different. The way... once I got going I felt like I *had* to keep going... to get it out... and then when I came everything was so focused on this thing.” She gestured down at her rapidly softening penis. “Did you?”

“Oh yeah... God, it felt like you were pushing a baseball bat into me... It felt so much bigger inside me than in my hand... I... could only just take it... but... I *liked* that... I... God, I feel so weird.”

“Yeah... me too, but I... well if you have questions...”

“Yeah... same...”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”