

18+ This story contains explicit descriptions of sex, body transformations, breast expansion, dominating behaviour, and crude language. All characters are over the age of 18.

How I Met My Girlfriend

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College freshman Dave tries online dating and is surprised to get matched with Jane, a cute girl so like him in her interests that he almost can't believe it. He is even more surprised when he begins to hallucinate a bustier, sluttier version of Jane in his hornier moments.

What secret is Jane hiding? Who is this sultry alter-ego 'Jade' visiting Dave's waking wet-dreams?

I finally swallowed my pride and tried online dating.

Despite my bookish and introverted nature bearing no romantic fruit whatsoever, for years I stubbornly held out hope that one day I might meet my 'destined love' during my routine day-to-day through high-school and now my first year of college.

It happens in all the sitcoms, doesn't it? Man catches a woman's eye in the laundromat every week, one day he makes a witty comment and *Bam!* Suddenly they're exchanging numbers.

I suppose there isn't much chance of that if you only hang around other nerdy guys and spend most of your free time reading or gaming alone. The only 'real-life' girls I tended to see were fleeting glimpses around the pages of my book as they walked past me in class, or together in huddles that I could never imagine inveigling myself into. 'Hi, I'm Dave, do you mind if I join you girls?' Yeah, right.

So, frustrated, and tired of wasting my prime years sating my desires on unobtainable women through a bright laptop screen in a dark room, I resolved to at least *try* the digital match-making method. I skipped on Tinder, not wanting just a one-night stand, and instead tried to find a site less focused on hookups. Filling out my profile was a task I completed without much enthusiasm. While I enumerated my interests (video games, fantasy, board games), I took care to maintain a healthy degree of scepticism that there would be any woman using a site like this that might actually share them and match with me. My only hope was that, just like me, they were too busy hiding in their own bubble to actually look for anyone like-minded IRL.

I saved and logged off at once, burying myself in a new book to try and suppress the odd sense of shame that settled on me. Was this a capitulation, an admission of my own failings?

From the start I had told myself from the start that it wouldn't work, so after a few days of obsessively checking my email with no matches I resolved to simply forget about the whole affair. I almost did.

So when I checked my phone one day to a notification for a match with 'Jane', I was taken aback. We exchanged a few messages, and I began to suspect I was being pranked, or this was one of those scams where the girl (or more likely, a guy) strings you along in DMs until you agree to send them cash.

Jane was too good to be true. 22 years old, only a year older than me. A 2nd year biology student at a nearby college, keen fantasy-fiction reader, movie-goer, TV enthusiast, anime-lover, gamer, the lot. Her profile pic showed a cute, petite girl snuggled in a comfy looking arm-chair, lost in a book I recognised immediately as one of my own favourites. I spotted a chibi Chun-Li figurine on the bookshelf behind her.

Could such a woman really exist? After a few hours of DMs she suggested we meet up for coffee and I messaged back at once to say yes, yes, whenever suited her.

God, please don't let this be a fake.

I checked my watch again. People passed me by, bustling too and fro around me as I waited outside the agreed-upon coffee shop in my best checked shirt and smartest dark-blue jeans, my heart slowly sinking. Not wanting to be late for my first IRL meeting with Jane, I'd arrived a good ten minutes before our agreed upon time. But that had been half an hour ago, and there was still no sign her. We hadn't exchanged phone numbers, and my DMs on the dating site were left unread.

Ghosted, then? Maybe it was a scam after all, or just a cruel prank to make nerds like me feel bad. I sighed, chiding myself for getting my hopes up, and began to turn away and walk dejectedly back to my flat.

"Um, excuse me!" I looked up from the pavement to find a slightly dishevelled Jane standing before me, cardigan hanging loosely from her slight shoulders, her slightly-flushed cheeks suggesting she had recently been running. She caught her breath before continuing. "You're Dave?" I nodded, mute with surprise. "I'm so sorry! I was reading and I lost track of time and I-" she stammered to a halt.

"Oh, no... it's no problem." I tried to reassure her, groping unsuccessfully after the manners that I'd somehow forgotten. "Um, yeah, I'm Dave." I extended an arm hesitantly. Did you shake hands on a first date? "Nice to meet you..."

She took my hand in both of hers and shook it eagerly. I felt myself go red. The delicate warmth of her soft skin against my coarse hand was a wholly unfamiliar sensation to me. You can tell I don't have much experience with girls, yeah? After she released my hand, we stood looking at each other awkwardly. She really was quite pretty. Waves of silky brown hair, slightly tousled from her haste, fell around her dark-rimmed glasses, giving her a bit of a cute librarian look. Jane seemed to favour neutral colours, her blouse a soft cream covered by a plum cardigan. On her feet she wore light-brown boots, the kind with the rim of fur around the top. But those demure colours were belied by the bright emerald glint of her eyes, gazing intently into mine with interest.

I was gawking. Looking aside quickly, I tried to find something to fill the awkward silence. "Um. I was also reading earlier, and was late myself. What a coincidence, eh? Ha ha..." Great line, Dave. Just great. I willed the ground to tear asunder and the burning fires of hell to rise up to consume me where I stood. I glanced back. Jane just smiled, a little shyly. Her eyes met mine with no hint of judgement.

"Yeah! Um. It's amazing how time flies when you're in the zone, huh?" She nodded earnestly. "Um, shall we go in?"

We chatted for what felt like hours. Other customers came and went around us while Jane and I sat ensconced in our corner of the bustling cafe, the coffees long since finished and forgotten. Neither of us had given any thought to ordering another.

Despite the initial anxiety that clammed my tongue, my confidence had grown the longer we talked. Almost immediately we had found common ground in a mutual favourite author, and now we were deep in discussion of their latest novel, debating the nuances of a decision the main character made early on and how its consequences cascaded throughout the story.

Was this really me talking? All the apprehension I'd carried for years whenever a member of the opposite sex deigned to speak to me had dropped away in the face of this girl, my muttered greetings and shy glances replaced by the confident discourse I could usually muster only with my closest friends.

Jane too had lost her um-ing and ah-ing, talking clearly and quickly. Just like me, once on a topic she was passionate about, she was an adept conversationalist, interjecting at just the right moments, often surprising me with her insights. Often her green eyes stared deeply into mine as I sat contemplating her theories. That intense gaze felt like it was filling my chest with a warmth that had me shifting excitedly in my seat. Her attention was flattering, and a little intoxicating.

We were both shocked when the barista came over to clear our table and informed us a little tartly that they were closing in five minutes. Maybe we should have ordered more than one drink each given how long we'd taken up a table at such a peak time. Time had truly flown for both of us! My stomach growled suddenly, taking advantage of the pause in our conversation to inform me that the tiny muffin I'd polished off hours ago had in no way sated its hunger. I wondered how Jane had lasted all afternoon without even a snack.

Once outside, we paused on the pavement, uncertain of our next move. "Dave, thanks. Um." Despite our confident chatter for the past few hours, Jane was abruptly shy once more. "Would... you like to meet up again soon? Only if you'd like..." she tailed off, hopefully.

"Of course!" I was taken aback, it seemed obvious to me now that we would meet up again. "I really enjoyed our chat! I'd love to do it again sometime."

"Great!" she seemed genuinely relieved. "How about later this week? Coffee again, or something else?"

We agreed a time for our next meeting, and exchanged phone numbers so we were no longer tied to the dating site. As we shook hands before parting, she fervently promised to be on time next time, and I assured her it was no problem at all, honestly.

I walked home feeling as though I was on top of the world. My skin tingled slightly where our hands had touched, while the warmth she stirred inside me was an almost physical buzzing in my chest.

By nightfall those feelings had faded, and my good mood with it. Had I been too eager to talk about my own interests, rather than hers? Heat rose in my cheeks as I recalled my awkwardness when we first met face to face. Surely Jane was just humouring me as I pontificated over-long about my favourite book. Did she really want to meet up again, or was she just being polite?

The familiar ghosts resurfaced as I struggled to suppress my self-doubts, that harsh lens that tinged all my recollections and frustrated my attempts to form meaningful relationships outside my close friend group.

I buried my self-loathing the way I always did: by loading up PornHub to satisfy the animal part of my brain with those impossibly busty women that my real life so sorely lacked. I winced as my pants shifted uncomfortably when I pulled them off. My dick was already rock hard! Perhaps I was pent-up from hours of ‘close-ish’ contact with a member of the opposite sex after years of masturbatory observation from afar. I grabbed my laptop and settled myself in the usual position on my bed.

Inevitably, I gravitated to one of my old faithfuls: Jewels Jade, a blonde sex-goddess with a bra-size that more than lived up to her name. My favourite flick in her extensive collection featured her massaging a lucky man’s dick between her magnificent tits. I’m a breast man, no denying it. This masterpiece was an incredibly kinky blow-job/tit-job combo where the camera angle from the man’s point-of-view made it easy to imagine oneself in his place, even for someone like me with no real-world experience.

Skipping to two minutes and forty-five seconds in, I lay back on the bed to enjoy the show. The video was almost to the best part and I began to slowly rub one off in anticipation. The busty vixen crawled seductively up the bed towards the camera, my eyes following Jewel’s massive namesakes as they swayed too and fro. Leaning down to give the anonymous dick protruding from out of shot a sultry lick as she took it in her mouth, sucking softly on the head, eyes rolling upwards as they closed.

Jewel’s let out a sensuous moan, as if the mere taste of a man’s cock in her mouth was enough to make her cum. Utter fantasy, I knew, yet oh so hot. I increased my own pace, rubbing in time with the bobbing of her head, trying to believe that it wasn’t just my hand I could feel on my dick. After a minute of Jewel’s having her way, I could feel my orgasm building, expertly timed with the impending climax of the video.

But that was when things began to stray from my well-trodden memories. I paused my strokes, staring in consternation as the video glitched. Jewel’s body jerked, her hips shaking intensely as though in the throes of some unscheduled climax. The porn-star’s visage began to slowly morph, facial features blurring and distorted, shifting into someone else entirely.

Someone that looked uncannily like Jane. That is, if Jane was a busty, blonde-haired XXX porn-star with her mouth stuffed with a massive cock.

I blinked. ‘Jane’ was still there. I squeezed my eyes shut and opened them, unable to believe what I was seeing. The girl’s eyelids fluttered open. Jane’s cute visage and emerald eyes gazing up at me through the camera were unmistakable, despite being framed by flowing blonde hair and perched atop the ridiculously curvaceous body of Jewel’s Jade.

She let the rigid dick in her mouth drop away and looked directly at me through the screen, licking her lips seductively, evidently enjoying my wide-eyed surprise. “Hey Dave,” It was unmistakably Jane’s voice, albeit pitched low to a sultry breathy purr. “Wasn’t I woman enough for you? Mhmm. Don’t worry, I won’t hold it against you...” She gave a conspiratorial wink, as if we shared some naughty secret, before leaning back in to take up the cock she had usurped.

A flash of hot pleasure erupted without warning from my own crotch. “Ahh, ahh!” I could feel the soft brush of her lips over me as she enveloped the dick in the video. She sucked softly, her tongue

twirling over the tingling tip while her slender hands began to massage my swollen shaft. “Oohh OHH—MMMHH!” I smothered my mouth with both hands to hold in my cries, lest my house-mate John hear my tortured gasps of pleasure.

Never before had I felt anything like this. The slippery warmth of her mouth surrounded my inexperienced cock, the competent caress of her silky hands on my shaft stimulated nerve-endings I never knew existed, all while the gentle sucking pressure of her mouth drew pleasure from the head that was beyond anything my own hands had ever accomplished.

I writhed on the bed, legs thrashing, all my self-control lost in this moment of inexplicable pleasure, unable to tear my gaze from the screen showing an impossibly sexy corruption of Jane sucking on my cock. My hips bucked as my semen exploded into her mouth, the involuntarily thrusts I couldn’t hold back flinging my laptop to the floor.

I lay panting in the sticky aftermath of the most intense masturbation I had ever experienced, wondering what the hell had just happened.

My anxiety following our first meeting proved to be misplaced. Jane and I continued to meet up a couple of times a week, whenever we had time around our classes. More often than not we would just sit together over lunch in comfortable silence, both of us stuck in our own books or writing an essay for class. Recalling that Jane had listed Street Fighter as one of her favourite games, I duly challenged her at the arcade and was summarily defeated. She played a mean Chun-Li. My wounded ego smarted even as my admiration for her grew.

Naturally, after the bizarre masturbatory hallucination I experienced that night, I’d studied Jane surreptitiously when I thought she wasn’t looking, comparing her figure to my mental image of ‘Jade’, the name I’d given the ‘Porn-Star’ version of Jane that had possessed Jewel’s body. The real Jane was the very definition of petite. Almost fully flat in the chest, her legs were thin, her hips slender, almost as far as it was possible to get from the voluptuous and curvy woman that had invaded my late-night session.

When I went back to check the video to confirm what I had seen, it was just the same old Jewel’s I’d rubbed one off to countless times. (It didn’t hit as hard, now that I’d experienced the Jane-edition). I had to pass ‘Jade’ off as some bizarre imagining of my horny subconscious, and buried the shameful thoughts of disappointment I felt at that. Did I really wish that Jane was more like the buxom girls of my sexual fantasies? Twisted. Greedy, given I’d never even had a girlfriend before Jane.

In any case, why would a woman with a body like Jade want anything to do with me? She’d have the pick of any hot-blooded male in the human race, and I wouldn’t even make it to the starting line.

No, I was more than happy with Jane as she is, and couldn’t ask for more.

My phone buzzed on the table, breaking me from my reverie. My house-mate John, asking the group if we were on for our usual D&D session this week. I looked over at Jane. “Hey, are we still going to that film on Friday?”

“Eh..?” Jane looked up from her book, blinking drowsily at me through her thick-rimmed spectacles as she extricated herself from whatever world she was lost in. “Um, yeah. If you’re still up for it.”

“Yeah, for sure.” I tapped out a message to let John know I wouldn’t be able to make it, already hearing the bollocking I was going to get for deserting them in favour of an ‘imaginary woman’, as they called her. Well, that part was definitely my fault. I had yet to introduce Jane to my friends. Their disbelief was palpable when I finally admitted to seeing her as an excuse for bailing on a meetup, and I felt strangely embarrassed at the thought of bringing those two parts of my life together. I resolved to have her destroy them at Street Fighter soon to prove them all wrong.

We left the cinema and headed out into the chilly autumn night. I walked awkwardly, trying to hide the raging boner straining against my pants.

The film had not been at all what I expected. Some rom-com I believed to be a light-hearted drama had instead been a semi-erotic love-triangle romance that was far more risqué than I had imagined! There had been more than a few teasing scenes between the female lead and her various love interests, never quite showing anything that would exceed its M rating, but it hadn’t left all that much to the imagination.

My body’s reaction had baffled me – sure it was hot, but was nothing compared to my usual fap material. I’d seen raunchier than this with nothing more than a slight stiffening down below. Yet, I’d been shifting uncomfortably in my chair like a pubescent teen since the first act, struggling to keep any evidence of my raging boner hidden from Jane beneath my coat.

Throughout the movie I had heard a number of quiet sighs from Jane beside me in the dark, sounds which seemed like disapproval. Finally, Jane stood awkwardly and muttered something about needing to go to the bathroom. I sunk into my seat, cursing myself for suggesting this film before looking up more details beforehand. I hoped I hadn’t offended her.

But the worst was yet to come. While Jane was gone, Jade returned. My imagination’s ‘Porn-Star’ alter-ego of Jane made a stunning come-back, this time on feature film.

The final act had just concluded and the winning suitor was about to be suitably rewarded. The hot (yet petite) lead actress stepped out from a steaming shower, dressed in only a bra and panties, when the changes began. I goggled at the screen as the slender woman’s tits began to swell beneath her struggling lingerie. Larger and larger they grew, from tiny apples to massive melons that spilled around the sides of her bra, the straps pressing deep lines into her shoulders. Bounces turned into Bounces with her increasingly swaying stride, those slender hips widening into hourglass territory before my eyes. The over-tight straps stretched thinner, straining to contain the burgeoning boobage fighting to escape the tiny cups that were seemingly held in place only by her stiff nipples.

Her brunette hair lightened from the ends to become a dirty blonde, dark at the roots. In the blink of an eye the face of the actress was gone and I gaped in horny disbelief as Jade stalked towards the camera, staring directly at me with Jane’s emerald eyes, mouth twisted in a sultry smirk. She shrugged out of the puny bra, and cupped one of her new melons with one hand. With the other she blew a hot kiss at me that sent heat rising in my cheeks, then spun away and swayed back to the lucky male that awaited her on the bed.

I watched her receding ass swing too and fro for a moment, then cast my gaze over the other occupants of the cinema. No one else seemed aware or perturbed by the sudden transformation of the lead actress into a sultry bimbo. Throaty moans drew my eyes back to the screen, where the pair were busy making out on the bed, earning the film an easy adult-only rating as the camera panned away and faded to black.

The credits rolled, and I wasn't sure if I was glad or disappointed that this new hallucination hadn't ended up as quite as X-rated as Jade's previous appearance. I shook my head, wondering if I had completely lost it. What would my doctor say if I told them I kept seeing a busty, sexualised version of my new friend on pornos and films? Probably that I needed to get laid.

With the credits over and Jane still not back, after a few minutes I grabbed her coat and left to find her. She was exiting the ladies just as I reached the entrance, her face looking a little flushed. The aftermath of Jade's appearance was still quite evident upon me, so as I handed her her coat, I conspired to hang my own casually over my arm such that it covered the bulge in my crotch.

I could tell at once that Jane wasn't her usual self. She wouldn't meet my eye as we made our way outside, and we were outside the cinema before either of us spoke. I wasn't exactly going to bring up what had happened. *'Hey, while you were gone a smoking hot, big-tiddy girl that looked just like you took over the lead role.'* No, thank you very much.

"Uhm, it's getting dark." I ventured to break the silence between us. "Would you like me to walk you home?"

"Ah, sure." Jane's voice was quiet. "Thanks, Dave." Her face was still flushed a bit pink, perhaps from the cold winter air?

We walked without talking. I wasn't sure how to deal with this tension, unsure whether it was due to the film I had picked or something else. Either scenario was far outside of the comfort-zone I had developed around her. I said nothing, reasoning that saying nothing was better than saying the wrong thing. But maybe silence was a mistake in of itself? After a while, without a word, Jane took my hand. Warmth travelled up my arm from where our skin touched, and I draw a bit closer to her, closing the distance between us.

I gulped. This was the closest we had ever been. She rested her head on my shoulder, and I breathed in her wholesome, womanly scent. I felt heat rising in my face, but tried to be casual. I looked sideways at her. She was so close that I could pick out every hair on her head. I'd never noticed the blonde roots nestled amongst the brunette. Maybe Jane and Jade weren't so dissimilar after all.

We must have looked the ideal couple walking hand in hand together down the street. But the romance of the moment was tainted somewhat for me by the unrelenting boner throbbing painfully into the tight crotch of my jeans. When we finally arrived at her apartment block, we stood together for a while, looking into each other's eyes.

Her dazzlingly green gaze was so beautiful, so deep and knowing. An energy seemed to dance between us. I leaned forward. She leaned forward. It was fate, an inevitable event that was destined to occur. Our lips touched, gently, and for the briefest moment, time stood still.

Jane threw her arms around my neck, pulling me deeper into the kiss, pressing her slight body against mine. Her sudden passion surprised me. I had no idea what I was doing, feeling helpless as her tongue danced across my lips, pushing into my mouth, a fiery kiss that I didn't know how to return in kind. I tried my best. The sugar taste of her filled my mouth and flowed down my throat until it enveloped my whole body, a flood of warmth that infused my very being with her essence. My thoughts were filled with her, nothing but her and this moment we shared. The traitorous erection that had refused to go down all night throbbed harder, straining against my pants to reach her. Her hips brushed against my groin, the secret place between her thighs seeking my aching member.

Without warning, Jane pushed away from me with a panicked cry. She stumbled back, turning away, raising a hand to hide to her flushed face from me. Her other hand frantically fumbled under her coat, patting her chest as if she was unsure what she might find there. The euphoric haze that had consumed me as we kissed was lifted abruptly.

“Jane!? What’s wrong?” I’d done something wrong and ruined it. I stepped forward hesitantly, uncertainty warring with embarrassment. She shot a panicked look at me and straightened up, drawing her coat tight around her as if to protect herself from me.

“Ah, no! No- it’s n-nothing.” She was stammering, once more not meeting my eye. She looked like she was about to say something, then shook her head violently. “I’ve... I’ve got to go. Sorry. Bye.”

Jane almost ran up the path to her apartment block. I stared dumbly at her retreating back. Her hair glistened in the glare of the street lights, looking far more blonde than brunette. She reached the door, jiggled it open and slammed it shut behind her without so much as a backwards glance.

I don’t know how long I stood at the spot where she’d rejected me before I finally shuffled my way home.

I’m so sorry about the other day, I was feeling a bit under the weather. Let me make it up to you – dinner at mine tonight? -J

I reread Jane’s message for the hundredth time before I rang the buzzer for her apartment. Since that night I had fretted non-stop, replaying the events in my head over and over and over. That energy between us had felt so real. Had I imagined it? Jane’s sudden passion as we kissed, how she thrust herself against me, the undeniable desire for the other that we had both shared.

Had that just been me? Was I the one pushing for more, projecting my own lust onto her to justify my actions, until Jane had no choice but to flee? The horny stiffness in my groin that had lasted for hours after our separation, despite my dour mood, did nothing to acquit me.

So I had tortured myself over the last couple of days, believing myself to be something of a monster for the way I had behaved. I could think of no other reason for why Jane had fled from me and not made contact since.

Messages to my phone had gone unanswered, friend’s grumbling of how I was ignoring them in favour of a girlfriend they had never met. Now, one they would likely never meet. How could I even begin to explain what had happened? They would never believe that she ever existed. “She’s from another school, you wouldn’t know her.” I’d have cringed if I wasn’t so heartsick.

Now, I dreaded what Jane would say about that night. I climbed the stairs hesitantly, checking the numbers on each floor until I found her apartment. She had never been invited up before, always saying good-night outside after I walked her home.

Jane greeted me at the door with a warm smile and a clasp of my hand, welcoming me in and bidding me relax on the sofa while she finished preparing dinner. After all my worrying, rehearsed apologies, imagined conversations, I was left mute and befuddled by the normality of her greeting and chatter as I watched her bustle around the small kitchenette adjoining her living room.

A minute later we were sat together at the table. After a few pleasantries and comments on the weather, an awkward silence had descended between us. The food was delicious, I hadn't known Jane was such a good cook. I said as much. 'Mhm, thanks.' She acknowledged my compliment but seemed preoccupied, moving the food around on her plate distractedly and barely taking a bite. Eventually, I summoned up my courage and broached the subject of 'that night', but Jane brushed my concerns aside quickly.

'Oh, no. Don't worry about it. I was feeling under the weather, that's all. I've been stuck in bed with a bug for the past few days so haven't been keeping up with messages or anything.' She spoke quickly, her response sounding almost as rehearsed as my question had been. Our talk turned to other things. A number of times Jane seemed about to speak, looking troubled, before shaking her head and turning the conversation to what film we might watch after dinner.

I let her pick this time.

Jane's stomach growled loudly and she shifted uncomfortably beside me on the sofa. Given her lack of appetite over dinner it was no surprise she was hungry again less than an hour into the movie.

'Are you still feeling under the weather? We can finish the film another time if you'd rather call it a day.' I offered. 'I'll head home, it might do you good to have an early night.'

'Bed?' she answered, distractedly. She shook her head suddenly as if to clear some intrusive thought. 'No, no, I'm fine, really.' she insisted, resettling herself on the cushions, contriving to shuffle a bit closer to me in the process.

After a few minutes, Jane's stomach growled again, louder this time. I glanced over to find a strained expression on her face. She glared adamantly at the TV, arms crossed tightly over her belly, clasping her hands together as if to restrain them.

Even as I watched, one of her hands wormed free and began to move slowly in my direction. Towards my crotch. I was frozen in surprise, unable to react as my eyes followed her delicate fingers unfurl over the slight bulge in my jeans. Gently, almost reverently, they stroked my manhood through my pants and the sensation shocked me out of my paralysis. I scrabbled backwards up the sofa in alarm. "Jane, what are you doing!?"

Jane turned, her eyes widening as if surprised to find her hand between my legs. Her frown slipped away, replaced by an expression of deep hunger, her mouth hung slightly open as one might when presented with a banquet after starving all day. Jane slid to the floor in front of the sofa, grasped my legs in a vice-like grip and pulled me towards her. "I'm sorry Dave, I'm just... so... hungry..." She was mumbling distractedly as her fingers worked to unbutton my fly with deft efficiency. In a flash my semi-erect penis was out before her, my underwear expertly circumvented. Her eyes had looked a little unfocused before, but now they locked onto my dick as she leaned closer. She licked her lips with eager anticipation.

"Jane, wait! Stop- Aaahh!" She set to work, teasing my tip with her tongue, stirring a fluttering pleasure in my dick that had it twitching, pulsing larger by the second as hot blood rushed urgently to fill my swelling shaft with desire. Jane grinned wolfishly as I grew stiffer, her eyes going slightly crossed as my erect manhood swayed inches from her face. She set her warm lips softly around the tip, letting me grow deeper into her mouth, sucking softly, eliciting confused gasps of delight from me.

Was this really my Jane? The bookish, shy, awkward Jane, her emerald eyes gazing doe-like at me from my crotch as my swelling cock filled her mouth? Like my mysterious encounters with Jade, could this be some new figment of my twisted imagination that was hallucinating the real Jane sucking me off with expert technique?

“Ahhh--” No fucking way was I imagining this. Jane’s tongue-work on my dick was an unrivalled experience for a virgin like me. “Urghh...! Fuuck!” The groans forced their way from my throat. Always I had thought the men in pornos were faking their grunts and moans. I just hadn’t known it could feel this good.

Jane began to glide her tongue around my glans, leaving in it’s wake an electrical buzz of liquid pleasure that spread steadily down my shaft. Her hands closed in, fingers caressing what part of my cock wasn’t buried in her mouth, their rhythm in time with the pulsing pleasure throbbing in my manhood. The background drone of our forgotten movie receded as my ears were filled with the muffled pounding of my heartbeat, thumping in time with her strokes. Jane’s green gaze met mine with a naughty glint. She knew what was coming. She wanted it. “Ahhhh-, Ahh-, Ohh-” My groans came faster as the pressure built in my dick. Little spasms shook my shaft, heralding the climax to come.

“MhmmmMMMH-” A desperate sound filled the room, a keening moan from Jane that grew ever louder as she tasted my pre-cum on her tongue. She sucked harder now, coaxing the semen up from my balls as if my penis were a straw. Her every movement spoke of frantic need, like a starving animal devouring a fresh kill after the hunt. My hips bucked as my orgasm began in earnest. Jane’s eyes snapped shut, her face a picture of rapture as I began to spurt into her mouth. “MMHMMMMHMM-” What should have been a climactic scream was muffled by my cock to just a frantic groan, her lips fixed tightly around me to capture every last drop of seed.

“OH MY GOOOOD!” I was making enough noise for both of us. The intensity of my orgasm took me wholly by surprise and before I knew it I was crying out my pleasure, legs kicking and arms flailing, unable to control my twitching muscles. Jane’s thighs were clenched tightly together and she squirmed, clearly experiencing some reaction of her own.

This was surely exceptional, right? I’m no expert, but if blow-jobs felt this good for both parties involved, no-one would be able to get any work done.

I’d lost count of the number of times my hips jerked before the pulsing in my cock began to slow, the roaring flame of pleasure ebbing as the relentless orgasm finally came to an end. Slouched on the sofa, I slowly regained awareness of the reality that had been drowned out by the barrage of pleasure assaulting my dick.

The soft moan reaching my ears stirred me to life. I scrambled to sit upright, pulling my dick from where it remained still semi-erect in Jane’s mouth. Her eyes were closed, glasses askew, an enraptured smile of pure ecstasy plastered on her face. She moaned hotly, swaying, mouth hanging open in an anguished ‘O’, hips quivering and thrusting unconsciously every few seconds. I could see a milky pool of my own cum resting on her tongue. A slow trickle dribbled from her lips, trailing down towards her chin. Slowly, Jane slumped back until she was on the floor with legs splayed to each side, and I had a clear view of the damp patch spreading over her shorts.

Had she climaxed just from sucking me off? Was that even possible?

“Jane...?” What can you say in this situation? How do you react when your timid love interest suddenly gives you a fantastical blow-job a few days after you thought you’d blown your entire relationship, and then sits moaning on the floor in some kind of pleasure trance?

I looked to my dick, which was still curiously semi-erect, despite the load I had blown into her mouth moments before. Maybe I could ask her to do it again?

“Ohhh-!” As if in answer to my guilty desire, with a quick intake of breath Jane’s soft moans turned to audible gasps. She swallowed, gulping down the last of my seed and licking her red lips seductively. Red lips... had I not noticed Jane was wearing lipstick tonight? Her hands snapped up and began to rub slowly, slowly, massaging her flat chest through the thin blouse. “Oohh yeaah... It’s been so long...”

This didn’t feel right at all. I made to get up from the sofa, shifting to the edge and leaning towards her. “Jane? Are you... okay?” Trite, but what was I supposed to say? *‘Why are you feeling yourself up in front of me’?*

Jane finally opened her eyes and looked up at me through her thick-rimmed spectacles. I recoiled in shock. Between pristinely curled black lashes, her eyes were glowing softly from within, a deep emerald gleam that burned unnaturally bright in the dim room. Swirling green galaxies, each one full of innumerable twinkling stars, drifting about serenely, calming, relaxing. So beautiful, like gems glistening in the sunlight. What had I been worried about again?

I twitched and gasped, woken from the spell as Jane’s slender fingers gently caressed my smarting cock. It twitched to life once more at her command, and I groaned at the conflicting sensations of rekindling arousal and post-orgasm tenderness.

“Mhmm, that’s better. Thanks for the meal, babe.” Her voice had changed. A sensual, sultry overtone tinged her familiar voice. “I’m still hungry though, you got any more in the tank?” She teased my dick with a little kiss on the tip, before going lower. “Oww-aahh-!” My penis was still aching from the aftermath of earlier, but when she placed her lips where it met my scrotum, it readily came to attention. Swelling larger as she ran her tongue up its length, leaving a trail of shiny saliva that was strangely tingly on my skin, until reaching its full extent as her tongue flicked up across my glans. The weariness that usually descended post-climax was banished. I’d never tried to go again after jacking myself off. It had always felt wrong. But now my penis felt sensitive, sure, but otherwise ready to go again.

“Jane, what is going on?” Panic crept into my voice. This was seriously weird.

“Don’t worry about it hun, mmmh.” No longer the timid bookworm, this Jane sounded more like a vixen from a porno, ending her sentences with a sultry purr. She fluttered salon-worthy dark eyelashes at me alluringly, and after spotting the shadow on her eyelids I was now convinced her face was becoming more and more made-up by the moment. “Ready for another round? I’ll make you feel even better this time.”

She shuffled closer on her knees, hiking up her top. She lifted it over my dick, covering it, pressing my shaft against her body. There was no bra to get in the way. Well, with her flat chest she didn’t need one. She brought up her hands to squish her non-existent tits around my dick.

Jane glanced down and frowned. “Oh, that won’t do, will it?” She looked up at me and winked conspiratorially. “We’ll have to make some changes, mmhmmhmm-” The slow swirling in her eyes erupted into a writhing maelstrom of energy. The comfortable warmth of her bare skin against my

dick flared, turning suddenly to hot, sweaty fire. She groaned hotly, and thrust her chest forward, arching her back. What was happening?

It began as soft cushion between my penis and her slender chest. Another sexy moan from Jane, and the cushion became a cradle, my captured cock nestling between two soft bumps of flesh. “Ohhh, fuuuck- MMMMHM-!” Again she threw her shoulders back. With every moan and thrust I could feel her swelling flesh welling up around my dick, snuggling me between two hot mounds of burgeoning boobage.

“Jane?” It was a whimper, a plea for sanity. This was simultaneously the hottest, and also the most disturbing thing I had ever seen. The girl writhing in front of me was not the Jane I knew. The confident way she flaunted her body. Her powerful, slightly mocking emerald gaze. The steamy voice that spoke directly to the deepest desires inside me. Beauty-salon make-up worthy of a pornstar. All belied the timid book-worm she had been until a few minutes ago. No, an entirely different woman was crouched before me now, this slutty nymph now beginning to kneed my dick between her brand-new tits. This was Jade.

“Mmmm, how does that feel, Dave?” Jade glanced coyly up at me through those dark eyelashes. Her slender hands pressed and kneaded her chest through her over-stretched top, smooshing my shaft between the warm, tingling flesh of those fresh mounds. “Feels goooood, right?”

It did. She dipped slightly, letting my dick poke up through the neck of her shirt and licked up the drips of pre-cum beading on my tip. “Mmm, tastes like you’re enjoying it as well.” I got a brief glimpse of her soft cleavage, the silky smooth skin, the delicious apple-sized mounds of tit-flesh that were so often the object of my late-night obsessions.

Despite the anxiety creeping through me, I couldn’t help but admire them. I’m a tit-man, I told you already. An unobtainable fantasy of mine was becoming reality right in front of me: a real tit-fuck from a real woman. I longed for a closer look. Jane smirked, sensing my unspoken desire. “Ahh-ahh, not yet.” She ticked me off, and gave my dick one last sexy lick before stealing it back inside her jumper, whisking her tantalizing tits away from my longing gaze. “First, I think they should be even biiiiigger-”

The animal part of me agreed. She clenched, holding her breath and biting her bottom lip as if straining to push a heavy weight. The fiery heat from before returned, emanating from the silky-soft skin surrounding my dick, pulsing rapidly with her heartbeat. Jade squeezed her growing breasts together around my cock with both hands, and I could feel the tit-flesh gaining mass with every thump of her heart, each burst of warmth matching a little growth that pressed harder against my captive member.

The rhythmic throbbing against my dick, the all-encompassing warmth from her tits, the silky caress of her swelling flesh against my dick. It was almost too much. “Ahh, ahh!” I gasped, teetering perilously close to the edge of release, my anxiety taking a back-seat to the delight compressed at the tip of my quivering cock.

“Oooooohhhh-” Jade released a great moan as she let out her breath, the growth ceased, the fire from her flesh ebbing away. I’d never felt this much pleasurable pressure pent up inside my dick before, not even after reluctantly abstaining from masturbation for over two weeks during last years exam crunch. I was being held taut, quivering at a high note of screeching pleasure, anticipating a release that was just out of reach.

I stared down at her chest and the top now struggling to contain it. The tortured cotton was stretched to breaking. Two rock-hard nips tented her blouse, scissoring through the material from within. The widening gap at her collar offered a tantalising dark glimpse of the deep cleavage within. Already they must have exceeded the size of grapefruits, at least a D cup on her petite frame, in my expert opinion. I yearned to see them uncovered.

Jade was breathing fast. One hand dipped between her legs, and she bit her lip in an apparent bid to keep control after her inhuman growth spurt. “Ahh, hah, hah. Mmmhmm. You like ‘em big, don’t you Dave?” I nodded once, mutely. “Should they be eveeen biiiigeer?” I nodded again.

“Ohhh, I agreeeee-” Once more the heat surrounded me. Jade’s sexy groans filled the room as her tits once more began to squeeze against my dick. A soft ripping noise heralded the imminent defeat of her tortured top. It was too much for me. My hips bucked once more, the pent up pressure in my cock released, my cum spraying from inside her top, through the widening gap at her neck and into her face. Sweet release flooded through my shaft as my seed spurted forth.

As the first drops hit her on the chin, Jade’s eyes rolled upwards as she swayed back and screamed. “MMHMMM- GIVE IT TO ME!”

Her top chose that moment to finally give way, the force of my jerking dick pulling against it proved too much for the poor garment. The material ripped from the centre of her chest, like theatre curtains pulling aside to reveal the voluptuous cleavage beneath. Sweet, buoyant orbs of delicious boobage spilled forth, jutting proudly forward from her slender chest, defying gravity to bounce high and free in the open air, only to be covered moments later by my cum as my orgasm continued. More semen than I would have thought possible given the short time since my last ejaculation.

Jade melted back to the floor, her hands flailing out behind to catch her fall as her hips shuddered violently. Somehow, just the touch of my seed on her skin seemed enough to set her body quivering with ecstasy. Spurt after spurt of cum erupted from my cock with an unnatural fecundity. “YESSS, IT FEELS SO GOOD!” Jade exalted in the milky rain, turning her head turned upwards to catch any stray drops on her tongue. Her glasses were spattered with my spunk as she joyfully swung her magnificent new boobs too and fro, as if to ensure perfect coverage of my seed upon them. Despite the show, my eyes were drawn lower, to the pink glow just below her navel. There was some complex symbol emblazoned there. A tattoo? It burned bright pink, pulsing in time with Jade’s bucking hips.

That was the image that seared into my brain as I collapsed back onto the sofa once more, whimpering softly. My tired hips thrust relentlessly, the orgasm carrying on for an eternity. Sticky semen arced endlessly from my stinging dick. It ached with painful pleasure, the effects of a month’s masturbations compressed into one single, chaotic climax. I covered my eyes with an arm and groaned, but nothing could shut out the slutty cries of Jade reverberating in my ears.

I came to slowly, lifting my arm from my face and looking around with bleary eyes, trying to make sense of my surroundings. The scene before me swam slowly into view. It wasn’t my usual untidy room. I was slumped on an unfamiliar sofa, my pants twisted around my legs. My bared penis stood semi-erect and ached with a feverish thrum. Huh? My tired eyes focused on the glow from the TV. “Are you still there?”. Netflix asked a good question. Where is here?

A soft moan came from somewhere nearby. I sat up cautiously.

On the floor before me lay a half naked woman, on her back with limbs splayed out wildly in all directions. My gaze was inexorably drawn to her magnificent rack. Glorious, round tits jutted proudly from her bared chest. The slender curves of her petite figure only served to exaggerated the coconut-sized mounds that rose defiantly into the air, defying the pull of such mundane things as gravity. Neat little pink nips sat high on the ripe swell of her breast. Hanging loosely around her shoulders were the tattered remains of a cream blouse. It was ripped right down the middle, as if her tits had simply risen from her chest and burst free from the flimsy garment.

So, I was dreaming then. My sheets were definitely going to need changing after I woke from whatever became of this wet dream.

Her perfect skin glistened. Had she had just been working out? It would take a ton of exercise to maintain the tight tummy of that busty-petite figure, after all. Or, perhaps something more salacious, as at that moment she shuddered, her muscles tensing. She clenched her legs together, then relaxed as a lewd groan escaped her perfect lips. “Mmmh... so good...”, “Mmmooooore...” She moaned the cliché porno dialogue from her wet dreams. Her magnificent chest jiggled enticingly as her shuddering movements settled. The dark damp patch near the crotch of her shorts spread just a little further, her toned legs kicking softly as she wallowed in her lustful imaginings.

For a long while my eyes roamed her fantastical body, revelling in the flawless vision of femininity that my perverted subconscious had created for me to enjoy. The pink tattoo at her navel gave me pause, a pointed heart-shape aiming down between her legs, with two jagged lines protruding out and upwards from the sides and ending in a round-ish symbol that reminded me of ovaries. Did it represent a womb? It looked a bit occult, in a sensual way. I was sure I’d seen something similar before in some hentai or other.

When I finally glanced up at the girl’s face, my gawking horniness died in a flash as the memories of what had happened finally hit me.

Jade, the porn-star alter-ego of Jane invented by my imagination lay before me in the flesh. And what flesh! And, not so imaginary. The face of the voluptuous woman was certainly Jane, if Jane had gone for a full makeover at a premium salon. Precisely clipped eyebrows played contrast to the soft curves of her cheeks and nose. Her glasses must have gotten lost, as I could see how her long, black lashes tipped the lids of her eyes. Full, kissable red lips moved silently as she dreamed her naughty dreams, tossing and turning in her sleep. Gone was her mousy brown hair, supplanted by elegant waves of dirty-blonde, dark roots that lightened gracefully as they curled around her flawless face. Tits aside, even her once flat bottom was now a full ass straining against over-stretched shorts that teetered on the edge of suffering the same fate as her unlucky blouse.

Jade had the face of a supermodel on shoot and the body of porn-star on set. A deadly combination. And one I had not the faintest idea how to handle.

Fear quickly overwhelmed my arousal. With this ‘Jade’ not awake to cloud my mind with her fantastical pleasures, I could finally reflect on what had happened, and a cloud of despair settled on me. This was not the timid, slightly nerdy girl I had come to know over the past few months. A sultry purr of sensuality had tinged her every word while she had teased my dick. The goddess lying in front of me was exactly the kind of woman I dreamed of fucking while jacking off, sure, but could never imagine actually having a relationship with.

What could a guy like me offer to a sexpot like this? What common interests could I share with a woman whose body and mind were the very definition of male fantasy? Even imagining such a conversation sent awkward heat rising in my cheeks. Behind the safety of a glowing laptop screen,

that was where I was most comfortable. I sank back into the sofa and drew my knees up tight. Too late for rational thought now. Waking Jade or trying to leave never even crossed my mind. I just sat there, staring at her in a daze, waiting for something to happen and break me from my ensnared thoughts.

To me it felt like hours, but maybe just minutes passed before her regular breathing was interrupted by a great, satisfied lungful of air. Jade drew a deep breath that heralded her awaking from her reverie. My cowardly eyes remained fixed on the perfect breasts that heaved with each breath, not daring to look her in the face and risk meeting the gaze of this slutty vixen that my Jane had become.

Jade's eyes flickered open and she blinked up at the ceiling, a content smile on her face. "Mmmhmmm" With a satisfied moan she gathered her limbs and stretched, like a cat reclining before the fireplace after a good meal. Jade lay there peacefully for a few moments, before a troubled frown suddenly creased her smooth brow. In a sudden movement, she glanced down at herself, taking in her newly enhanced chest and destroyed blouse with wide eyes as she propped herself up on her elbows. "What the... when did I...?" Jade muttered in Jane's voice. I shifted slightly, and she must have heard me, for her gaze snapped up suddenly, staring in shock at me huddled on the coach with my semi-erect dick still hanging out from my pants. I tried to shrink further into the confines of the pillowy cushions.

"Dave?" Her eyes widened in horrified recognition. "Oh... fuck." She quickly moved to cover herself, futilely pulling the remnants of her torn top around her now far-too-large chest, hugging herself tightly to shield her nakedness from me.

Her rejection was enough to break me from my paralysis. Fight or flight. Flight. In one movement I was on my feet and away, my traitorous dick, still refusing to relax, slapping against my thighs. Jade called out to my retreating back, but her words could not reach my terrified animal mind as I barrelled through the nearest door and slammed it shut behind me. My hands fumbled at the lock and it snapped into place with a reassuring 'click'. I put my back to it, sliding to the tiled floor and looking around slowly as I gasped from exertion. A walk-in shower, large dark-stone tiles, a whirring noise of an extractor fan... The bathroom. There had been no plan beyond escape, and now I was truly trapped.

A few long minutes passed.

"Dave?" Jane's familiar voice sounded muffled through the thick door. "Dave, I'm so sorry. I know this must be confusing, and so weird, but please hear me out." She paused, either waiting for me to answer, or perhaps figuring out how to broach tonight's events.

"I lost control earlier. I didn't invite you here to take advantage of you like that. I just... I just wanted to apologize to you for how I behaved the other day. I wanted to tell you, but I lost my nerve. Afterwards, I... I couldn't help myself. I was just so hungry and... well." She stammered to a halt. Through the door I heard to take a steadying breath before ploughing on. "I'm- I'm not exactly the person I've tried to show to you over the last few months. I'm..." She hesitated once more, gathering her resolve. "I'm a... I'm... a succubus, if you can believe that. I need to feed on energy. Male energy. And until tonight I hadn't fed in so long... Not since I met you."

My mind reeled. A succubus? It sounded absurd. Such a creature was the made-up stuff of legend, right? But, after witnessing her fantastical transformation today, I could hardly believe she was a normal human. And what was that about feeding on energy? 'Male' energy? Did she mean... semen? I cast my mind back, realising that in all our time together I had never really seen Jane eat

more than a mouthful of... anything, really. So she needed to feed on men, and she hadn't fed on anyone else... because of me? But why?

"Because I like you, Dave" she answered my unspoken question. That small affirmation was a far-off light, far above the abyss that had swallowed my mind. "I wanted a normal relationship with you as a human, not as a booty-call for the succubus side of me. I didn't mean for you to find out this way. I wanted to tell you, but couldn't think when or how. But now that it's come to this I won't hold anything back. No more secrets. I... I love you."

Her words were like an outstretched arm, grabbing my hand and pulling me up from my well of despair and self-loathing. Slowly, I worked my way to my feet, and unlocked the door.

Jane was there, leaning against the door-frame and facing away from me, looking abashedly at the floor. She had discarded her ruined blouse and overstretched shorts and pulled on a sporty zip-up hoodie and loose sweatpants to cover her... 'assets', but the swells and curves of her enhanced figure were still very much evident beneath. A slither of pink skin showed above the waist-band where her chest pulled up the ill-fitting top. She turned toward me as I emerged from the bathroom, and what I saw in her familiar emerald eyes filled my heart with joy. Regret, hope, sincerity. Love. The body might be Jade's, but it was my Jane in there.

We embraced. I tried to ignore the way her pillowy chest smooshed between us distractingly.

Jane polished the last of my seed from her thick-rimmed glasses and tried them on. Rather than her usual 'cute librarian' look, with her new figure, made-up eyebrows and lips, she had become the 'improbably sexy librarian' from any number of porno intros.

"I don't need them in this form," Jane observed, taking them off and setting them aside. For some time we had been sitting together on the sofa, just talking. Well, Jane had been doing most of the talking, while I burrowed deeper into my pile of cushions and tried to conceal my still throbbing erection. Jane assured me it would go down eventually, once the effects of her saliva wore off. "It's an aphrodisiac. Sorry, it goes with the 'succubus' thing."

For the past few minutes Jane had been regaling her life's story to me, equal parts explanation and apology.

"Did I tell you my mother left my Pa and me? Well, without her, all I know about my kind is what little she deigned to tell Papa. He's human, of course. All Succubi are female and breed with humans. He met her while she was... 'working', and somehow they fell for each other. Long story short, when I was born, my mother lost interest in settling down for the long haul and left him to raise me as best he could. For the longest time I was just a normal kid, and Pa thought that was the end of it. He never told me about my mother. For the daughter of a succubus I was remarkably unwomanly, frankly. I'd never even had to wear a bra. I hung out with the other nerdy kids at school, but mostly kept to myself and took after Da's hobbies. Puberty seemed to pass me by, until a few months after I turned 18, when everything changed."

"Back then... Even now, when the hunger takes me... it's like... like something else moves me. Some ancient knowledge wells up inside me and demands control. I'm still 'there', but it kind of 'becomes' me and everything it makes me do seems like my own idea. Like a dream where you know that you're asleep but can't wake up or change it. My body just reacts to nearby men and starts taking on a form they find attractive. That's what happened earlier when I... lost control. It

gets harder to resist the longer I go without feeding.” Jane looked down at her hands, clasped tightly in her lap.

“The first time my hunger awakened and I transformed, it must have been a few weeks of hooking up with every man willing to take me home before I finally had a moment of lucidity. It was like surfacing for air after too-long underwater, one day I woke up next to some guy I’d never met and my mind was my own again. I gathered up my skimpy clothes and ran for it. It even took me a while to figure out how to work the bra clasp. The ‘other me’ hadn’t had any trouble with it, but without that guiding presence I had no idea how it worked.”

Jane sighed. “It’s been so hard. The other day, during the film, it almost took over again. I had to get away and take the edge off before it overwhelmed me. Afterwards, I thought I had it under control again, until we were outside my apartment and...” she looked stricken by how close she had come to breaking her resolution. “The first day we met...” Jane paused, considering whether to go on. “No secrets.” She whispered, face set with determination as she resolved to get it all over with. “Being with you stirred up that hunger in me again. I... may have touched myself, to try and take the edge off.” Jane buried her face in her hands, shaking her head. “I saw myself seducing you, sucking you off and enjoying it. It was a nightmare. After all my claims about how I would not let it rule my life, to have a relationship based on my own merits rather than my body. To fail on the first day! When I woke in the morning to find it had all been a dream, I was so happy... What?” She looked up at the end as I made a small choking sound.

The first day we met. That night was the first time ‘Jade’ had assailed me. The timing was right. Jane was staring at me quizzically. I gulped. She had shared so much with me, I couldn’t hold back anything. So, not meeting her eye and with my cheeks burning, I recounted the shameful story of how I had been jacking off to porn after our first date when I had been... ‘visited’ by her alter ego. She gazed at me in stricken wonder as I told of how her restless dream must have somehow merged with my masturbation. Now that we were sharing, I went on to tell her of how Jade had usurped the starring role in the film the other day.

“I’ve never heard... no, wait. That makes sense. Succubi in legend were known for night-visitations. It was thought they may actually be non-corporeal due to lack of any physical evidence of their passing. That would be consistent with what happened to you...” Jane’s eyes had a far-away look as her scientific mind immediately began to cross-reference my story with her own research. “There’s so much I don’t know about myself,” she sighed, shaking her head.

Jane carried on with her story. “After I got control of myself, I was determined to learn more about succubi and understand what I was. Dad was amazed to see me. He said I looked so much like Mom now that I had ‘awoken’. I asked where I could find her, cos’ I had so many questions, but he didn’t know. So, I decided to study biology to try and find out how all this works.” She gestured vaguely at her body. “I’m not convinced there *is* a scientific explanation yet, but I need to try.”

“I figured out I could control the physical transformations with some practice. It uses energy. Er, *male* energy. Semen.” She coughed, looking aside and blushing. “Anyway, little by little I got my body back to normal and enrolled at our college. Once term started, being surrounded by so many guys... it was impossible to keep control. I could sense their desires for the other women around me, and my body just... reacted to it. It took me over a year just to learn how to keep a lid on things, rather than bottling it up until I blew up on some random guy that happened to look at me the right way while I was feeling fired up.”

We lapsed into a slightly awkward silence.

“What do you... think about all this? About me?” She finally asked the question, almost timidly, dreading the answer. This was it. “I deceived you, forced myself on you after inviting you into my home, manipulated your mind, even in your dreams. I’m a freak. I wanted you to know the real me before I told you, the me under all this...” She gestured down at her buxom body. “That’s why I used online dating with my ‘normal’ appearance, I wanted to find someone who truly liked me for who I am rather than for my body. But despite my best intentions, all this happened. There’s no guarantee that other part of me won’t surface again. If you leave now and never want to see me again, I won’t blame you.” She stared down at her hands clasped on her lap, bracing herself for my rejection.

As I listened avidly to her story, I had been trying to sort out my own feelings. We’d both shared our secrets, though my confessing to jacking off after our first meeting was far more mundane and hadn’t fazed her in the least. “I was scared,” I spoke slowly, working things through. “When you transformed, your body is a dream, but you were like a totally different person. It was the weirdest, and hottest thing I’ve ever seen...” Could I deal with that again? I wondered if her succubus power was influencing me even now. Were my thoughts really my own?

The answer was simple, and unsurprising. “But now, knowing that it’s all part of you, the Jane I know...” I gulped, looking down in embarrassment. I’d never talked about my feelings like this before. “You are my two fantasies combined. Brains and beauty. Nerdy and smoking hot.” I looked up to meet Jane’s hopeful gaze. “How could I not love someone like that?”

The relief that lit up Jane’s face told me just how much she had feared my rejection. “Oh, Dave!” She threw herself across the sofa towards me, embracing me in a warm hug. She must have miscalculated, as her chest ended up in my face. Her boobies squished into my head through the hoodie. I couldn’t breath, but I wasn’t exactly going to complain.

“Oh, sorry! Sorry.” Jane scrambled backwards. “I’m not used to these proportions, it’s been a while...” She looked down at herself and to my surprise I saw a blush on her cheeks. The thought of so sensual a creature feeling embarrassment somehow made me feel more comfortable, and I found myself grinning. A thought occurred to me. “Aren’t succubi meant to be all like... demonic? Tail, wings, claws, horns and all that.”

“You’d think so, wouldn’t you,” Jane nodded. “I thought the same, since that’s what’s depicted in popular culture. Da said my mother told him that was all made up by the church long ago, when they hunted down and destroyed my ancestors to protect their followers from temptation. They must have erased any records they could find of my kind and replaced them with made-up horror stories to scare people away. My working theory is we’re another offshoot of the Homo- genus, just like the Neanderthals that lived alongside early humans. Succubi skeletal structure is so similar to homo-sapiens that any archaeological remains could easily be mistaken for human.”

Jane radiated her usual bright intelligence as she expounded her theories to me, it was uncanny hearing her familiar discourse coming from a body far more salacious. I found myself entranced by her red lips moving while she spoke, recalling how they had parted and spread over my cock earlier. I shook myself mentally, forcing my attention to what she was saying.

“Human-kind co-existed with many other members of the Homo-genus before they out-competed them. I think that rather than transitioning from a hunter-gatherer society to agriculture like homo-sapiens, my ancestors may have found an... alternative source of nutrition. Evolutionary pressure saw to the rest: it’s easier to obtain a man’s seed and compete against other woman if one can appear in a form that man most desires. Human and succubus biology is so compatible that it’s obvious the two species’ evolved alongside one-another, a symbiotic relationship that exchanged a

lot of DNA along the way. The only external difference, other than the shape-shifting, is the mark.” Jane lifted up her hoodie slightly, revealing the occult heart-shaped symbol below her belly-button that I’d seen earlier.

“It began to appear as I turned 18. I haven’t found out exactly what it’s for or why it exists yet, but it’s clearly inspired some representations of succubi in popular media. The anatomy aligns with the position of the womb and ovaries of a normal human. For a succubus, I think those organs have an alternative purpose. It’s hard to explain how a succubus can store and use energy to change their form otherwise, or project their thoughts onto others. That’s what I want to study once I graduate and get access to better equipment, MRI-machines and all that. There’s so little research on succubi physiology, as you can imagine. I don’t even know how many of my kind there are. The last thing I wanted to do is out myself and end up as some government research project.” She shuddered. “I’ve seen enough horror films to know that what they do in those top-secret labs is not for me.” She prodded at her chest absent-mindedly, possibly imagining some morally-dubious experiment involving her breasts.

“Can I see them again?” I blurted out my desire before I knew I was thinking it. I blushed once I realised I spoken aloud. “Um, I mean...” Oh, God.

Jane’s eyes widened and I thought I’d put my foot in things already, but then Jade’s sultry look crossed her face once more. She moved her hand to the zipper and began to pull slowly, mouth quirked in a slight smirk as she stared intently at my face to gauge my reaction. The gap in her top slowly widened, and I leaned forward in anticipation. Her boobs were squeezed together by the too-small top, so only the pushed-up twin mounds were visible in the gap, the crease of cleavage pressed between them. Once the zip was past the centre of her bust, it suddenly snapped down the rest of the way as the boobs within fought free from their confinement, spreading apart just enough to reveal the slender slit of her chest between them. “Holy shit...” I muttered, entranced as they jiggled and finally settled high on her chest, barely lower than when they had been pushed up by the too-small top, which now hung loosely over each breast, covering them like curtains.

Jane (or Jade?) reached up and delicately pulled away one panel, teasing me with a glimpse of one cute nipple. As a self-certified expert in all things tits, I would have to give her reveal technique an A+. Or rather, DD+.

“You wanna feel ‘em?” She grinned, crawling towards me, wiggling her shoulders so her jugs jiggled free of her top and danced enticingly before my eyes. Hints of Jade had crept into her mannerisms, but now that I knew Jane was in there, I only found it more arousing.

I reached up, slowly, barely able to believe the unexpected turn my life had taken to lead to this moment: to be offered the chance to touch such perfect examples of my unfulfilled passions. Hesitantly, unsure what to expect, I carefully placed my hand over her right breast.

The skin was so soft! Warm, tender flesh yielded readily beneath my touch. Pushing slightly, the contrasting hardness of her nipple pressed into my palm. My fingers could barely reach round far enough to brush against the flat part of her chest. I squeezed softly, marvelling at the strange combination of cushion-softness, yet firmness that held her tits in such perfect round shape. I’d had no idea.

Jane let out a little gasp as I groped her gently. She bit down on her finger as her cheeks flushed. Emboldened, I raised my other hand to her side, gliding my fingers lightly up across the silky smooth skin of her slender belly until I was cupping her other breast from below. Their weight in

my hand was surprising, I hadn't really thought about how much strength it must take for women to lug around the extra pounds.

"Mhmm..." Jane's throaty moan of deep pleasure put the lie to fakers on pornhub. I was shocked. "Are they really that sensitive? I thought the women in porno's were just playing it up for the cameras!"

Jane nodded. "When I'm in this kind of mood, especially just after changing, even a breeze is enough to set them off." She murmured through her fingers. The glow of pink light from the tattoo at her navel caught my attention. "What's with the lights?" I asked, curious.

"Mhmm, ah..." Jane closed her eyes and murmured past the finger in her mouth. "It reacts whenever I'm feeling... aroused. I think it's similar to bioluminescence, a by-product of whatever process converts energy to power a succubus' abilities."

Pushing my luck, I drew my fingers down the curve of her breast, drawing from my ample library of techniques from years of theoretical study, and lightly pinched a pert pink nipple between thumb and forefinger. Jane's gasp of affirmation mirrored the burst of pink from her navel. I felt the nip stiffen under my touch. I pinched it's twin with my other hand, pulling softly, slowly spreading Jane's breasts apart by her nipples.

Suddenly her hands were on top of mine, pulling my hands away from her oh-so-perfect breasts and clutching them tightly. I gazed in awe as they bounced together, jiggling hypnotisingly back into their natural pert state, before looking up at Jane to see why she had stopped me.

"We're gonna have to do it now." Her emerald eyes swirled with that mysterious energy. "I can feel it taking over... You need to take responsibility for firing me up again."

Jane hopped off the couch, pulling me up after her and across the room towards her bedroom. I followed eagerly. From behind I was entranced by the sway of her ass through her tight sweat-pants, the swing of her hips back and forth, the sexy way her newly enhanced body strutted so confidently. This Jane would take some getting used to.

"You are so beautiful." I made bold to say, amazed at my boldness.

Jane turned and gave me a half smirk. "That's no surprise." She stepped in front of the mirror on her wardrobe and examined her reflection critically. "Succubi can respond to the desires of their mate, taking on a form most likely to attract them."

She struck a pose, arms stretched above her head, thrusting her chest forward. I marvelled at the elegant curves where her breasts met her torso, pulled taut by her pose. "So this is your type, huh?" She dropped her arms and flicked a strand of dirty blonde hair from her face, smiling faintly. "I look like a porn-star. I hope you don't mind if I tone it down a bit, something closer to my 'real' appearance. It's not much, but I want to keep some semblance of who I really am for our first time." She noticed my expression and smirked. "Don't worry, the tits aren't going anywhere."

Pink light erupted from the mark above Jane's crotch. The straight blonde hair slowly disappeared from the roots, springing back into her usual brown waves. Eyebrows softened slightly, losing their sharp edges. Red lips lost their made-up colour, returning to a natural pink. I watched in awe as the subtle changes to her face returned Jane to something closer to her usual appearance rather than the sharp magazine-cover features. Albeit, still atop a perfectly curvy body that would make any model jealous.

Her 'more modest' form seemed to awaken something in me. After years of oogling porn-stars plastered with makeup, seeing a natural face paired with such an awesome figure made it all seem so much more real. This was actually happening.

Jane was shrugging off her hoodie when she noticed my staring, and blushed. "You get undressed too, I can't be the only one naked." She stepped over and helped pull my shirt off over my head.

As I pulled down my pants excitedly, eager to finally lose my virginity to such a beautiful woman after so many years of observing from the other side of a screen, I suddenly remembered the common trope of so many pornos.

"Do we need a condom?" I asked, only now realising that I had never even considered carrying one with me.

Jane only smiled in response. "A succubus only gets pregnant if she wants to. It would be a bit tricky to gather up food otherwise, don't you think?"

At her words, something that had been nagging at me suddenly came to my mind. "Jane..." something in my tone made her stop and look at me. "Succubi feed on men, right? They drain their victims... Does that mean I'm... you..." I didn't even know how to ask.

Jane knew at once what I was getting at. She came over and took my hand. "That was the one thing Da learned from Mom. The energy we succubi take from men is not your life-force or anything, it's like... nutrients. In this case from your semen. More than you'd usually lose, sure. You might feel a bit tired and hungry tomorrow, but it's not dangerous." She paused, then added, "As long as we don't go too far. You'll might even find your stamina increase the more we're together."

"I can already feel that." I smiled awkwardly, as my underwear bulged with renewed vigour. We crossed to the bed, then stood awkwardly for a moment, suddenly as uncertain as virgins. To be fair, in my case that was true. I raised an eyebrow at Jane. "You're the sex-demon. Shouldn't you lead?"

"Well, I've never done it of my own volition before!" she huffed, blushing again. "Usually I'm just following the hunger and the instinct takes over..."

Inspiration struck me. I stepped forward and held her by the shoulders, leaning in to kiss her. For a moment Jane stood startled, before she threw her arms around me and pulled us together. The smooth, warm skin of her sweet breasts pressed against the hairs of my bared chest. I couldn't believe this was real. I ran my hands down from her shoulders to clasp them again, fondling the soft tit-flesh from the sides as we pressed together in a welcome reprise of our aborted moment outside Jane's apartment a few days prior. All that energy I had felt was back, that sense of mutual need as our bodies pressed together, yet this time I was ready for it. It was intoxicating. Jane hooked a leg past mine, and I felt her crotch grind against the rapidly swelling bulge in my pants.

Jane was the one to pull of our passionate kiss, just like that night, but this time her expression as she gazed at me was one of lustful intent. "Mmm. You are getting bold, aren't you." Her eyes glowed once more with that succubi energy, and all trace of embarrassment from seconds before had been replaced by a confident smirk. Abruptly, she set a hand to my chest and pushed me away. With a yelp I fell backwards onto the bed, and before I could gather my senses, Jane was out of her sweatpants and clambering atop me, planting her knees on either side of my legs and pinning them down with her ample ass.

“You want a demon, huh?” Jane smiled mischievously. Her slender fingers were again stroking my straining dick through my underwear, teasing me expertly. “Be careful what you wish for.” She bared her teeth in a sultry snarl as she tore my boxers in half without apparent effort and released my stiff member to the open air.

“Woah, hey!” I cried, amazed at her strength. I recalled how easily she had pulled me towards her back on the sofa, and I realised with a shiver that if she could probably break me if she wanted to. “Jane, be care- Ahh!” I was cut off by the gentle touch of her fingers as they glided up my stiffening member, leaving trails of electric pleasure tingling behind them. My cock swelled and curled upwards at her command. “Yummy, looks delicious...” Jane licked her lips.

She raised herself up on her knees and, guiding my cock with her fingers, lowered herself onto me. I couldn’t resist a gasp as the folds of her moist slit parted to welcome my eager member, every nerve in my virgin manhood was afire with anticipation at the prospect of finally experiencing the female paradise. “MmmmmhmmmmMMHM!” Jane’s moan rose in pitch as she took me in further, her eyes rolling upwards, before ending with a satisfied grunt as she bottomed out.

Jane wiggled her ass gently, settling herself comfortably atop me. “Mhmm, you fit perfectly.” Jane purred. “Does it feel good in there?”

“Y-Yes!” I gasped. Such perfect tightness, her insides seemed to mould around my manhood, squeezing from all sides as she began to gyrate her hips in slow, increasingly insistent circles atop me. “Mmhmm, Mhmm” Jane murmured her pleasure with every motion as if building up to something big. After a moment she seemed satisfied, as she lifted herself by the knees, and began to thrust.

“Just sit back- hnnhNG!” *smack* “And enjoy the ride- nngnGH!” Jane was doing all the work, her toned body glistening with exertion as she slammed herself against me repeatedly. Well-formed abdominal muscles stood out from otherwise smooth skin. There was absolutely no excess fat on her flat tummy, which could not be said for the cushiony ass and thick thighs that ground against my crotch. I had only to writhe beneath her, enraptured in unparalleled ecstasy. I had nothing to compare to but the lurid descriptions of many a fanfic, but needed no experience to tell me how amazing Jane’s pussy was.

“You’re so tight! It’s... AHH! It’s squeezing me just...” But there were no words. No masturbation, no night-time succubus visitation had prepared me for the intensity of sex with succu-Jane in the flesh. Every sense I had was ablaze with this moment – my ears reverberated with her hot moans and the wet slaps of her bottoming out on my pillar. “You’re so big... so deep...” Jane cried out the words I’d heard a hundred times in various pornos, but they hit different when it’s your own dick buried inside the speaker. Every nerve in my manhood cried out with the pleasure her magical pussy inflicted upon it. One moment it squeezed, tensing against my shaft until my vision dimmed with the intensity of delight being ground into me. The next, it was brushing against my skin with a bumpy texture that was like fireworks of electric joy setting the muscles in my arms and legs twitching as the signals sparked through my crotch and up into my torso.

I don’t know how long it took, but eventually I recovered enough sense to pierce the veil of pleasure and focus on what was happening around me. One moment Jane was riding me upright, her arms up and crossed together above her head so her bouncing tits jutted out before her while she balanced on her feet and pounded mercilessly onto my cock. The next, she planted her hands on my chest and increased her pace, leaning forward and jerking her hips in rapid thrusts that almost had me blacking out again.

Instead, my eyes locked onto the rhythmic bounce of her double-dee breasts hovering before my face as they swung up and down along with her thrusts. Many a time I had yearned to be able to touch such perfect orbs through the screen. I summoned the strength to reach up, both hands sinking deep into the softness of her silky bosom. “Oooh!” Jane moaned in answer to my touch, and the succubus-mark on the smooth skin above where we joined flared with a pink-purple light. “Oh, Dave-” Her thrusts intensified, her hands flew to grasp mine, holding them tightly over her breasts, pressing them deeper. Any recollections of my ample porn collection were swiftly banished. I could think only of what was in front of me right now.

“Hnnngnn-!” The pleasure throbbing from my manhood rippled up through my body, a strangled grunt was all I could manage as my eyes rolled upwards and my arms sagged, held in place only by Jane’s grip over them, pleasure-addled muscles robbed of any strength. My vision was blurred but I felt Jane’s delicate fingers tense, still entwined in mine, our hands locked together as our mutual climax began.

My back arched involuntarily, hips pushing upwards, seeking deeper into Jane as if the relief I craved was just that little bit further inside. “Ohh, I’m cumming! Dave! DAAVE!” Jane’s cry of climactic orgasm was perfectly timed with the first throbbing pulse of ejaculation. After that initial spurt, time seemed to stretch into an eternity of peaking pleasure, holding me in that moment of ecstasy where Jane’s insides clenched around my manhood so tightly and my mind was blasted with the sum of all pleasure I had felt so far today and more, concentrated in the very tip of my cock, my every muscle straining to push higher, further, deeper, to deliver my seed into the very core of my lover’s most sacred place.

After a lifetime had passed suspended in that perfect, blissful moment, time resumed. “-yeeeeeeEEEESSSSSS!” Jane’s cry of gleeful pleasure built from a deep, far-away moan up to a full scream that resonated in my ears as my hearing suddenly returned. Her slender torso twitched, her hands holding mine tightly as she leaned into them, knees wobbling against my sides as the epic climax shook her. Two, three, four more spurts of cum erupted from my cock before my muscles finally relaxed and I slumped back onto the sheets, pulling Jane after me.

We lay together, panting, still linked at the crotch by my semi-erect manhood resting in her warm sex as the sloppy juices of our orgasms mixed inside her. The warmth of her pillowy chest smooshed comfortably against my own. I think I was still in some kind of shock, trying to come to terms with what had just happened. Yesterday, I had been a frustrated virgin thinking that my first meaningful chance at a relationship was shot. Today, I discovered that my girlfriend was a monster. In actuality, and in bed. Had her pussy really done all those things to my cock? As a recent virgin I couldn’t comment on how sex with a normal human would feel, but I was certain this had been something special. Maybe everyone thinks that.

“Mhmmm.” Jane let out a satisfied moan as she stirred to life. I wasn’t sure how long we’d been lying there. I put an arm around her, holding her against me. “It’s never felt this good before.” Jane murmured in my ear. “Doing it with someone you love... someone who knows about you... it’s exhilarating. It’s such a new feeling for me.”

I turned my head to look at her, and saw tears welling up in her enchanting eyes. “What’s wrong?”

“This... lying together afterwards...” Jane sniffed, smiling as she brushed the tears from her face. “My first thought afterwards has always been to get away, to never see the guy again. But now...”

I found myself leaning towards her. We kissed, and I felt warmth flowing into me from where our tongues intertwined. I knew I should feel tired, that three ejaculations in one day should normally

spell sleep for any man. “Mhmm!” our moans merged together where our lips met. My fatigue was brushed aside as our bodies stirred back into action. Belatedly, I recalled what Jane had said about succubus saliva being an aphrodisiac.

A strange warmth developed on my chest, where Jane’s boobs were smooshed between us. This time it was I that broke our kiss, to find that the glowy glint in Jane’s eye I now knew to associate with her sultry side had returned. The warmth became a pressure, as though...

“You like ‘em big, right?” Jane grinned. “I do too... I only kept them flat before to stop men staring too much and setting me off, but now that you’re here to keep me under control...” She rolled us over so that now it was me on top, straddling her with my knees. I looked down at my sexy demon girlfriend in stunned awe. The view from up here was quite different. “You’ve given me enough cum to make ‘em huge.” She grabbed my hands and planted them onto her tits, which promptly began to grow once again.

I didn’t need any encouragement. My hands moved on their own, kneading the softness of her like a cat, feeling the hot tit-flesh increasingly push back against my tensed fingers as it swelled inexorably upwards. Jane purred with delight, gritting her teeth as her back arched upwards at my touch. “Ahhhhmmhm! They feel so good!”

How to measure that growth? My only tool was touch: where before my fingertips had just been able to reach her torso when cupping and pressing against Jane’s breast, now I found their girth pushing back so my nails could barely brush her chest. The next moment, not even that. Rock-hard nipples drilled into my palms. “Jesus Christ...” I muttered under my breath as the swelling hot orbs slowly pushed outwards, spreading my grasping fingers apart until they were almost flat.

Suddenly, the warmth faded and the pulsing growth stopped. Jane slumped, her arms laying on the bed above her head, panting with exertion, skin glistening as though she had just run a mile. I let go of her tits, marvelling at how they spread apart just enough to reveal the thin strip of flat torso between them, yet remained so pert that even stretched on her back they jutted upwards from her chest without any sag. Pink, bottle-sized areola’s surrounded the darker bumps of her erect nips, now protruding out at least a centimetre and pointing slightly upwards with the curve of her cantaloupe-sized globes. Mentally, I measured her up against my knowledge of various porn-stars I knew from my research. G-cup? H-cup? Jane had reached the size where cup-size no longer seemed relevant. I mentally cycled through various large fruits to find one that might suffice to describe the girth and roundness before me. Watermelon’s seemed to fit the bill, or perhaps footballs.

Sure, I had seen pics of breasts so large, but only in illustration. The inevitable sagging of real tits that size would always turn me off. Not so with Jane. No porn-star I had seen could come close to her size or roundness without implants, or at least a heavily reinforced bra.

“Hah... hah... well, what do you think?” Jane gasped between laboured breaths.

“They’re... you’re incredible...” I breathed, leaning forward. I had to keep touching them. To feel them. To taste them. I couldn’t tear my eyes away from them. I wondered if some succubus power of Jane’s that had hypnotised me. I didn’t care. Before I knew it, I was lowering my face, my mouth watering already as my lips closed around one turgid teat and began to suck. I flicked my tongue over the rough pink skin around her nipple, circling her, tasting the tantalisingly feral scent of utter sexiness that Jane seemed to emit.

“Ah! Mhmm- they’re so sensitive just after growing... be careful...” Jane murmured her pleasure, I felt her quickening breath breeze past my ear. Gently, I squeezed her stiff nip between my teeth.

“Eek! Ohh...!” Jane’s yelp of delight was the only encouragement I needed. My view was filled with her creamy skin, so I only felt when her hands close over my head and pressed my face deeper into her bosom. I breathed deep through my nose, filling my head with her sultry fragrance while I suckled the stiff teat in my mouth. With one hand, I cupped what I could of her other breast. I was no longer able to hold their volume entirely in my palm, it almost felt like they sucked my fingers in as I squeezed softly in time with my tongue’s exploration.

“Ohhhh! Just like that...!” The sound of Jane’s moans so close to my ear was such a turn-on. I increased my pace. “More! MORE!” Jane writhed beneath me. I could feel her muscles quivering, tensing every time my fingers squeezed, shivering relief every time I relaxed. A tweak of the nip in my mouth and her hips bucked softly in response, a gentle suck eliciting a guttural groan. It made me feel oddly powerful, how with just my touch I could have such an effect on my woman. I wondered what would happen if I reached down with my spare hand, towards...

“Ngnngh!” A strangled groan of delight forced it’s way from Jane as her whole body jumped with surprise. A tiny spurt of girl-juices answered my finger’s probing the entrance to her wet slit. I felt the hands that had been pressing my head into her chest fall away, suddenly weak. “Wait, not there-! After changing, I’m super-sensitive down there. Wait! OH-!” Her protest was cut short as I found her clit, and began to rub gently. “Nnngh! Ohhhh! AAH!” The wordless cries that answered my ministrations were an almost visceral pleasure in my ears. I called on all my years of moonlight research to find a position where two of my fingers could pump inside her pussy while my thumb teased the swollen clit just inside her soft folds. Her hips bucked harder under me, arching towards my exploring fingers, almost launching me into the air with her unlikely succubus strength. I could both feel and hear her fists thumping the mattress on either side of us, trying in vain to vent the pleasure my fingers pumped into her.

“Fuuuuck! DAVE!” Jane cried. “I’m... I’M CUMMING!” Three things happened at once. One, the nipple in my mouth went rock-hard as Jane’s whole body suddenly tensed. Two, her bucking hips thrust us both upwards as though trying to escape the pressure my fingers were placing on her clit. Three, a flood of hot girly cum splashed into my hand buried between her legs.

I lifted my head slightly to peer across the sweeping hills of Mt. Jane and steal a glance at her face. The moment lasted only a second or two, but I was just able to take in the scene before me. Jane’s head was tilted back, her eyes squeezed shut, mouth wide open in a silent scream of wanton pleasure. Her hands had grasped bunches of the bed sheets beneath us, nails digging in as if she might otherwise float away on a tide of toe-curling bliss if she didn’t anchor herself down.

The moment passed, and her scream descended into the audible spectrum, the distressed yowl of an animal in heat. “AAAAAaaaaaaah!” Her taut body relaxed along with her scream’s pitch, lowering us both slightly. “FUCK!” Only to twitch upwards again, yet another hot spurt erupting from between her legs and soaking my fingers, before she finally collapsed back panting onto the heavily rumpled sheets.

I rose, shuffling back onto my knees to witness the aftermath of what I had wrought upon Jane. Sweat beaded her entire perfect body. The red patch on her nipple marked where I had been sucking on her oh-so-round tits. (I might have been a little rough.) The succubus-tattoo on her navel illuminated the darkened room with its pink glow. Jane had said it reacted to her pleasure and arousal, which must mean she was feeling pretty good right now. Lower down, her pussy juices left trails down her thighs towards a damp patch slowly forming on the sheets. Looking down at my hand, I spread my fingers, the same clear liquid leaving thick strings between them.

Without thinking, I put a finger to my mouth to taste it. Sweet. Slightly spicy, like cinnamon. I wondered if normal girl-cum tasted the same, or if this was a succubus thing. Almost immediately I felt a reaction down below. Looking past my hand, I saw my cock twitching, swelling once more to it's fullest extent. Any vestige of orgasm-fatigue was banished for the umpteenth time that evening. It felt as though I hadn't gotten off in days. I groaned, clutching my cock as an unstoppable desire to jack off welled up inside me. It wasn't just a succubus's saliva that was an aphrodisiac, then.

Jane stirred to life, I looked up from my straining cock to find her staring up at the ceiling, a slightly dazed expression on her flushed face. Her newly enhanced cleavage heaved with her gasping breaths, those great globes parting slightly with each rise of her chest, nipples pointing outwards. Jesus, she was so hot...

"My God...!" Jane muttered when she finally caught her breath. "Fuck. I've never felt anything like that. I've always been the one... I'm usually so hungry that I take control and..." She left the sentence hanging, unable to complete the thought in the horny aftermath of what I had done to her.

She pushed her self up on her elbows. "I can't believe you made me cum without your cock." Jane mock-frowned up at me. "I told you I'm super-sensitive just after changing, I'll have to pay you back for that." Her eyes flitted down to my crotch and her lip curled into a smirk. "Although... Looks like it might be time to pay that debt already."

Following her gaze, I realised I had been subconsciously stroking my straining cock with one hand, the same hand that had been covered in Jane's cum, which was now lubricating my manhood. I desperately needed release, yet somehow the increasingly frantic pumping of my own hand didn't seem to be doing anything to relieve it.

Jane manoeuvred herself onto all fours and crawled over to me, mammoth tits swaying beneath her, eyes locked onto my penis. Gently, she pulled my useless hand away and began to examine my cock, looking at it from all sides while she explained my situation to me. "Once a penis has entered a succubus's vagina, the owner can't climax until the succubus permits it. The pheromones in succubus vaginal lubricant interfere with the male body's own biological signals, triggering an intense arousal response, but blocking the orgasm trigger until the counter-agent is emitted by the succubus. It wears off after a while, but usually lasts long enough to keep a mate pliable until they've delivered their seed to the succubus. I suspect the biological mechanism developed to prevent semen being loosed prematurely and wasted while the succubus is... mhm, otherwise occupied."

I barely heard Jane's explanation. Her mouth hovered so close to my straining cock that while she talked her gentle breath flowed tantalisingly over the overly-erogenous cum-covered skin, every word sending jolting pleasure signals arcing through my nerves. She cupped my balls gently with one hand, tracing the length of my shaft with one dainty finger on the other, sending shivers up my body. "I assume you got my pussy juice on you during your daring exploration of my cunt. No matter how much you or I play with your cock now, you'll have no release until I let you."

I couldn't recall ever feeling this much pressure in the tip of my dick without an explosion to follow within seconds. It was a combination of needing to pee badly and that moment where rising pleasure reaches the point of no return where orgasm is inevitable. Yet, it was stopped - nothing happened while Jane teased me gently except that sensation continued to slowly build. I squirmed. It was hard to think, but anything that might lead to releasing this pressure could garner my unqualified attention. "How... how does that work? How do you 'let me'?" Oh, please, God, let me cum...

“You have to please me, of course.” Jane smiled mysteriously. “And what would please me right now, is having that juicy cock of yours buried between my tits while you beg me to let you cum.” Jane lay back on the bed, and cupped the aforementioned mammaries from below with both hands, holding them apart, ready to receive my dick between them. I mean, I wasn’t exactly displeased with that idea. I shambled forwards, zombie-like in my pursuit of release.

Placing my knees on either side of her, I shuffled into position and lowered my rigid shaft into the waiting embrace of her melon-sized mounds. At once, like a trap snapping shut, Jane slammed them together and smothered my manhood between those oh-so-warm tits. “Oohh!” I groaned. Everything down there felt so sensitive, so so overly-sensitive that just the soft pressure of that yielding, silky-smooth skin against my shaft yielded a pleasure that I would have considered ‘climax’ just yesterday. Jane’s tits bulged upwards and outwards enticingly with the force her hands exerted on them. I began to thrust, the succubus-cum already coating my shaft acting as the perfect lube to glide smoothly between the ripe flesh, the tip of my penis showing just a few centimetres above the gap in her cleavage with each lunge.

The now-familiar heat suffused my cock, Jane’s breasts emanating a fiery energy that I felt physically in my manhood when the usually yielding flesh surrounding me became taut, suddenly squeezing me just like her pussy had earlier. With my every thrust between them, her tits rippled, jiggled, up and down, up and down, gaining a little girth with every bounce. Like playing with the ‘chest size’ slider on some RPG character creator, they swelled larger and larger before my eyes. They had gone beyond fruit comparisons now. Footballs, basketballs – I couldn’t focus enough through the haze of bliss emanating through me from between those twin balls of soft pleasure. I must be dreaming, for there was no way reality could allow me to experience such a scene.

Thrusting my hips faster into her, I felt the peaking pleasure in my dick approaching a plateau that hinted the fourth orgasm in as many hours must be approaching, yet I just could not reach it. “Jane, please! Let me cum!” I cried as I jerked my hips faster and faster, delving further and further into her creamy flesh, trying to trigger that release. That new peak was just there, if only I could reach it...

“Not yet!” Jane giggled with the pleasure of teasing me. “You’ve got to make amends for your bad behaviour earlier.” She squeezed her boobs tighter together around me, holding them under-arm now that they were too large to handle, tucking in her elbows from the sides to playfully jostle the jiggling girth of pale tit-flesh that had grown up from her chest.

It was too much. “YES!” Jane cried as I suddenly grabbed her by the tits. “Yes, that’s how you do it!” Brushing aside her arms, I used my savage grip as leverage to pull her forward and pound myself harder and faster into her still steadily inflating cleavage. “Make me feel like a slut!” Jane flailed her arms above her head, writhing in pleasure while I manhandled her massive jugs and thrust wildly into them, the pliant flesh rippling like the surface of water during an earthquake. I gritted my teeth against the inferno heat emanating into the cock I could no longer see. Jane’s swelling cleavage had completely consumed it, but I could still feel it.

“NggghH!” The tense pleasure in my crotch was becoming painful now, no matter how hard and fast I thrust I just could not find release. “Please! Jane, please! I need to cum! It feels wrong” I cried desperately, fearing that I might actually explode if I couldn’t relieve the pressure in my groin soon.

“Okay, okay. Mhm. You’ve done enough.” Jane relaxed slightly, the burning fever-heat of tit-growth enveloping my cock ebbing away. “Just give me- nngghh! A moment- mmhmm- AHH!” Her hands were busy below me now, between her legs. They took up expert positions: one at her clit rubbing furiously with the palm of her hand, the other caressing the thick folds of her labia with two fingers

and thrusting inside with the rest. It didn't take long for the muscles in her torso to begin twitching with the orgasm that must have already been just beneath the surface. "The trigger... mmmm! For the counter-agent... Ohhh! To let you cum- AHH! Is for the succubus to climax first... AHHH!" Her feet planted on the bed, lifting herself up with one final thrust. "I'M CUMMMING!"

Like floodgates flung open, whatever block had prevented me from my cock from its load was lifted. So abruptly, I was left hanging way beyond the threshold for orgasm and couldn't hold it in any longer, nor did I wish too. "Hnngh- YES! I'm cumming, Jane, I'm cumming! YESS!" My spunk erupted from within the depths of Jane's cleavage, splattering her cheek with a forceful blast of my cream. Then again, another arc of milky-white semen landed almost directly into her waiting mouth. Jane still writhed in the midst of her own climax, so maybe it was pure instinct that caused her to lift her head and eagerly catch the next shot, this one landing dead on. The lewd sight of her gobbling down my cum was a massive turn on, better than any porn, but I couldn't pause to enjoy it.

Something was wrong. Even after three spurts, the intensity of the orgasm was not dying down, so far beyond my limit had I been pushed. I sank back onto my knees, resting my ass on her legs, pinning her writhing body to the bed. The room was blurry. My cock, now lifted free of her cleavage, continued to spray my seed all over the place. More semen than I had ever seen, more than a normal human should produce in a week. Her face, her mountainous tits, her washboard-flat tummy, I had a brief glimpse of Jane smothered in my cum, writhing in pleasure, before my vision went black and I remembered no more.

The delicious smell of fried breakfast roused me from my deep slumber. I opened my eyes, and groaned, putting an arm across my eyes to shield them from the bright morning sun that shone in through the window. My limbs ached with fatigue. In fact, my whole body ached. I winced as I sat up, the long under-used and now over-abused muscles in my core complaining of their recent maltreatment, and looked around at the crumpled sheets of Jane's bed. Various dark patches were dotted here and there, the rough outline of a human shape visible by where they were absent. The musky smell of recent sex filled the air around me.

It was not a dream! Despite the fatigue that dragged at my limbs, I felt a buzz of excitement in my belly. No longer a virgin! And what a way to lose my virginity, I could hardly believe it. I took a moment to take stock of how the past few weeks had upended my life, and the good fortune that had led me here, before my belly announced loudly that the delicious food next door was urgently required. I was starving.

Sliding unsteadily from the bed, I rummaged among the discarded clothing on the floor for my t-shirt. I gazed forlornly at my ruined boxers, then began pulling on my pants without them. My dick was still semi-hard, to my surprise. After the repeated emptying it received last night I would have expected to feel the fatigue worst in my groin. Yet of all my body, my cock seemed the most unscathed. Feeling a heaviness below, I reached down and cupped my balls, finding them larger than I recalled. Even more curious. It seemed as though my body had prioritized sperm production over all else, as under my scrutiny my shaft began to slowly swell up once more and I groaned as the sensitivity began to increase and memories of last night flashed in my mind. If this had been a week ago, I'd have succumbed to the temptation to have a quick wank before my morning shower.

Now, I suspected that if I saved my stamina I'd have an even better outlet later. And, my stomach reminded me with a painful cramp, I really needed some food to make up for my losses. I quickly hiked up my pants over my cock before I changed my mind, trying to ignore the rubbing of fabric against my engorged and over-sensitive flesh as I moved. The rest of my skin felt sticky, no surprise

after last night's messy activities. I yearned to take a shower, but food took priority. My legs shook slightly as I stumbled from the bedroom into the kitchen.

Jane was working at the stove, butt-naked in all her awesome hourglass glory but for a blue apron that covered her front, the tiny pink string tied behind her bare back. I knew how this trope was meant to play out.

Making as little sound as possible, I approached her from behind. I know I said I was a breast man, but that doesn't mean I can't appreciate a perfect booty when I see one. Jane's narrow torso flared out at the hips into a truck that I reckoned I could balance a can of coke on. She seemed unaware of my approach, so I surprised her with a playful tweak on that tempting ass that made her jump.

Jane grinned over her shoulder at me, a little shyly. "Morning, Dave. I sensed you approaching, but didn't expect you to go straight for the butt."

"Sorry, you're just too irresistible." I grinned back, resting my hand on her almost-horizontal behind and stroking softly. "What's with all this?" I gestured at the array of food she was preparing. "I thought you followed a semen-only diet."

Jane blushed, and turned back to the stove. Once more I was struck by the contrast between the horny 'Jade' personality and her usual self. "When I was young I did most of the cooking for Da, since he was working all the time. I can still kind of taste normal food as I used to, well enough to cook, but I since my power's surfaced I don't really have the appetite for it. This is all for you. You'll need it given how much you, er, *fed* me last night. It's the least I can do. I was worried I'd gone a bit far at the end there..." She glanced at me, blushing again and looking a bit guilty.

At her words, my stomach growled loudly again. "Yeah, I *am* starving." I rubbed my sides. "And I feel like I've been hit by a truck. I think I'll need to start hitting the gym to keep up with you."

I peeked down at the ample quantity of side-boob bulging around the sides of her apron, and felt something lower down perk up again at the idea of food. "You often cook bare-back?"

"I don't have any clothes that can fit me like this," Jane smirked. "And, well, I've always wanted to try it. I've never had a proper 'morning after' before. Food's up!" With practised efficiency, in moments all the food was plated up and Jane handed me a tray, motioning for me to take it to the table. "I'll be there in a sec, don't wait for me."

Following orders, I carried the tray over to the little table where only last night we had shared an awkward meal. It seemed a lifetime ago now. I was glad the air between us had been cleared so thoroughly.

After a moment, Jane returned and set two cups of coffee before us. She sat down across from me, leaning her elbows on the table and cradling her head in her hands to watch me eat. The bulge of her chest almost rested on the table. The apron merely perched atop her breasts, the sweeping curve of her perky bust seemingly unfazed by the weight. "In truth, I always wanted to be big... even before I knew I what I was." She picked up her tale from last night as I began wolfing down the massive spread of bacon, eggs, and sausages like an animal starved for days. "It wasn't fair. I grew up seeing all these voluptuous comic and videogame characters with huge tits, yet I was flat as pancake. And the fan-art..." Her cheeks turned pink, and she sipped on her coffee to hide her blush. "As I grew older, I became fascinated with the idea of looking that big and sexy, but puberty came and went and did me no favours."

“I was like a pressure cooker – all these feelings bottled up but no way for them to escape. Then, when I grew old enough for my power’s to manifest, I got to try it. I was so happy for a while, parading around like a slutty comic-book hottie. But, I found that all the men I met looking like that didn’t give a shit who I was, they only wanted a one-night stand with a hot and loose girl and only cared what I was like in bed. To make it worse, the kinds of people I *did* like seemed put off by my looks and weren’t keen to talk to me, either.” Jane’s glow had faded a bit as her eyes took on a far-away look. “It was so unfulfilling. I thought I had hit the jackpot, only to find the cost was losing everything I cared about.”

Then, her eyes focused on me and her smile returned. “That’s why I’m so happy to be with you. I can finally be who I really am, in every sense. Since you know my secret, I might even be able to experiment more with my powers and learn more about them.” She raised her eyebrows at me and wiggled her chest suggestively.

“These are way too big for me to keep ‘em like this all the time, though.” Jane pouted, putting her hands behind her and arching her back. I couldn’t help but stare as the subjects of our conversation thrust forward. “They weigh a ton, even for a woman with succubus strength. Not to mention that clothing for this size is pretty hard to come by, and ludicrously expensive. I’ll have to make ‘em smaller before going out in public again. Maybe after I’ve had a shower-” Jane’s eyes widened as an idea seemed to come into her head. Jade’s smirk quirked her mouth, and her eyes glowed faintly. “Before I do that, I want to try something. Come join me when you’re done eating.” She rose quickly and swayed out of the room.

Curious. I increased my pace, not wanting to delay whatever had got Jane so excited. As I finished clearing the tray of delicious sustenance, my stomach was finally placated. The fatigue of last night’s activities lifted from my limbs as though I was setting down heavy bags after carrying them a mile. I heard the shower start up in the next room and I had an inkling of what Jane had in mind.

Steam billowed from the bathroom as I opened the door a crack. Poking my head around the door, through the swirling mists I could see Jane basking in the shower. Her hands were busy, lathering the sweeping spheres of her chest with soapy foam, fingers sinking deeply into the soft flesh as she massaged them playfully. I knew my role in this play. I’d seen the setup a dozen times in various pornos. I suspected Jane was far more intimately familiar with the internet’s darker corners than she had let on so far. Dropping my pants (and with no underwear to get in the way), I began to stroke my dick to attention while hovering near the door, as though I were a creeper ready to make a hasty escape if discovered.

She spotted me, of course, as per the script. Her gaze happened upon me loitering by the door and her hands flew to her mouth, as though shocked to be caught indecent by an intruder. In her ‘surprise’, Jane left her breasts carelessly uncovered. I could see only their rough outline due to the steamed up glass. Last night, I’d been too busy to fully grasp their size before I passed out. Earlier, her apron had been wide and loose enough to hide some of their girth. Or had she made them even bigger in the moments since we parted?

Even through the misted up glass, I could tell they really *were* larger than her head. Probably my head too, come to that. They pushed one another out to the sides so that her front-profile was almost double as wide at her chest than her tight waist. I had no point of comparison but the unrealistic proportions of anime girls, whose forms defied the laws of physics with giant balloon-like chests hung from petite bodies. No real-life breasts subject to nature’s cruel forces could be so full, huge, and heavy, yet sit so high and maintain such perfect shape.

Jane's gaze slipped down to my cock, and with a coo of admiration, the look of mock outrage was replaced by one of lustful desire. She stepped forward and pressed herself against the glass, pink-white skin clearing wide circles of mist as the soft spheres of joy that had been my finger's playthings of late flattened to the size of dinner plates. Her cheeks were flushed, perhaps due to the hot water, or perhaps her simmering desires. The pink glow shining through the fog around her navel gave away the answer.

Slowly, Jane traced one finger across the misted glass, drawing a heart-shape. She beckoned me forward. I obeyed.

Shirt and pants trailed behind me as I slipped into the shower to join her under the steaming water. Jane greeted my already stiff cock with a stroke along the underside with one delicate hand, the other brushing my cheek as we leaned in to kiss. Before our mouths could close together, so far did her breasts extend from her own chest that they pushed against my mine and prevented our lips from touching.

The space between us occupied by the twin swells of her bust could easily have fit another person. I reached my arms around behind her, fingers groping the slippery wet skin of her ample ass for purchase to pull her towards me, fighting the bouncy resistance of the pillowy tit-flesh that fought to keep us apart. I felt the slippery warmth of Jane's fun balloons smooch against me, and the shower water cascading around us began to pool in her cleavage. Finally our lips touched.

Our tongues twined together while Jane and I stared lovingly into each others eyes, slick saliva mixing together with the falling spray. I swear I saw the stars of heaven in those hypnotisingly green eyes as I began push my body against her on instinct, her boobs squished against my chest widening and spilling around us with every thrust, that now-familiar warmth of titillating succubus spittle flowing down my throat, through my torso and directly to my eager cock.

I gasped as I felt her touch me down there. Her eyes twinkled knowingly as her fingers traced up my length, and I groaned when they reached the tip and she began to glide one finger around the glans.

"Christ... Ahh!" Again I marvelled at how sensitive it felt down there. Was this how I would always feel from now on, or only when I was with Jane? I wasn't sure I could manage if every time I got an unexpected boner it felt like I was about to explode into my pants.

I pulled out of our kiss to look down at what she was doing to me, but of course Jane's Jewel's blocked my view. Their owner crouched, Jane's knees bowing outwards as she slid her water-slick chest down my torso to meet the tip of my eager member, cleavage parting to accept my stiff shaft from below. "Wh- whoah..." I clenched, trying to hold back the rising arousal that was building so rapidly in my groin. I didn't want to blow my load too soon, yet as Jane's mammoth tits engulfed me with their water-slick softness I wasn't sure I could hold it in for long.

"Fucking hell, Jane- Ooh!" Whatever I intended to say about how good it felt to have my dick buried in her glorious boobs was forgotten when my dick popped up from between the twin mountains of Jane's cleavage and she eagerly set upon it with her lips. It must have been mere seconds of her tongue flicking over my crown before I felt the first twitch in my hips. "I'm cumming, Jane-! Ngnggh! Ahh!"

Jane wolfed down my load, the futile thrusts of my hips were insufficient to escape her insatiable mouth, or the prison of her cavernous chest. One, two, three... I lost count at six. When my enthusiastic ejaculations finally subsided and I was allowed to pull free at last, my dick was still

rock-hard. My slutty girlfriend grinned toothily up at me, parting her lips so I could see the pool of milky-white cum resting upon her tongue. “Mwaaa... sho thwick.” Dribbles of semen leaked from the corner of her mouth as she spoke clumsily around my load, only to be whisked away by the falling water. “It tashtes delishush.”

She swallowed, closing her eyes for a moment while she savoured it. While I couldn't see past her bust, the pink glow of her succubus-mark was reflected on the white-enamel shower tray. Jane opened her glowing eyes and smirked up at me. “All gone!” She opened her mouth wide for me to see, before returning her attention to my twitching cock. “Mhmm, looks like there's still more where that came from.”

Jane clearly had a plan for how this would go. She stood up, a little unsteadily as her chest heaved and swung from side to side, before turning around and bending over, spreading her legs wide, curving her spine and pushing her butt upwards until, even standing behind her, I could see her thick pussy-lips protruding under her plump cheeks. “Fuck me, college boy!” I don't know where Jane got her dialogue, but I loved it.

Not needing to be told twice, I took her eagerly from behind. Gripping with both hands the narrow part of her just above her flared hips, I held her while I guided my eager member towards Jane's perfect pussy, gliding easily into the already well lubricated passage as her groan of satisfaction echoed around the cubicle. “Mmmhmm, that's it-!” I began to jerk my hips, slowly at first, gaining momentum while our panting desires slowly began to drown out the sound of falling water. “Faster!” Jane put her arms on the glass to hold us up. Her helmet-sized tits flattened against the misty glass, I could see past her slender torso how each of my thrusts caused them to bulge further outwards in pulsating rhythm.

I sorely wished I could see what that looked like from the other side, to see how those orbs spread and widened against the glass, the lines her fat nipples traced in the condensation, the lewd expression almost certainly plastered upon Jane's face. It was at that moment that I glanced over Jane's shoulder and spotted her phone propped up on the sink opposite the shower, camera pointing right at us. We really were on the same wave-length. (That video became some of my best fap material for days when we were forced to be apart.)

As hot as this position was, it was clear neither of us was satisfied with the pace we managed in this arrangement. I could barely wind up a thrust before my butt bumped up against the chill tiles behind me.

We changed positions a little clumsily. Jane turned 180 degrees, still impaled on my rod, lifting one leg high to clear my head. I hugged her against me, neither of us willing to pull out. In the end, I lifted Jane bodily, still thrusting my hips in vain while straining at her surprising weight (though, in hindsight, unsurprising given how much extra meat she had put on), and pinned her into corner of the tiled cubicle. After untangling our legs, Jane managed to get one foot on the floor to support her weight, the other she lifted clear of our thrusting sexes, pointing almost straight up to the ceiling with gymnast-level flexibility. Now, I had ample space to thrust to my hearts content. My hands were no longer required for stability with Jane was braced against the wall, so they were free to seek out the pillowy softness of her tits.

As I continued to pound my turgid cock into her, my fingers sunk deep into the billowing tit-flesh that seemed to almost fill half the cubicle, accompanied by the answering sound of Jane's sultry moans. Supple folds of milky-white flowed around my hands, yet maintained an impossibly enticing pert roundness that defied their mass. Firm but soft and pliable, Jane's tits were truly the

stuff of fantasy. So large in fact, I could simply lean forward and latch onto one of those taut nipples.

“Mhhmm! Yes! Suck’ em!” Jane growled her approval. Water cascaded around my head, flowing down Jane’s voluptuous chest to where I suckled greedily at the taut nipple that perched high among the white skin of her roundness. The shower drops ran down her sweeping curves and into my mouth, almost like milk was leaking out of her fertile teats. The thought was so hot, I felt an answering heat in my loins and yet another awesome climax began.

We fucked like rabbits in that shower all morning. Cum flowed from my dick with a fecundity that could have repopulated the entire world if I were the only man left on earth among an army of women. Jane lapped up every drop, until finally even her starving libido was satisfied and we collapsed onto the couch for a long afternoon nap. You never forget your first shower-sex. Or the second. Or third. Since then, I still get a raging boner whenever I have a shower alone just thinking about it.

From that day onwards, our relationship took on a new dynamic. We kept to our comfortable introvert lifestyle, spending time together reading or playing video games, just with the infrequent sexual outburst mixed in.

Okay, perhaps not so infrequent. The first night after our understanding, I’d been unable to sleep. Since half the clothes I’d been wearing had been annihilated by succu-Jane, I went home to pick up some fresh ones and decided to stay the night since it was already late. A mistake. Lying restlessly in bed, my dick was rock hard. Each time I closed my eyes, rather than sleep I could only imagine Jane doing all manner of delicious things to it. Eventually, I gave in and loaded up Pornhub to try and take the edge off, but within moments the poor porn-star was swiftly usurped by a frantically sexy Jane demanding that I come over at once. My phone buzzed non-stop with the stream of increasingly lewd snaps Jane sent my way to hurry me to her. The Uber couldn’t come fast enough.

As Jane had promised, my stamina seemed to increase the longer we were together. What she didn’t tell me (and swore she didn’t know) was that my own sexual needs would increase alongside it. That might not have mattered, as to keep up with Jane I need it, but apparently, so did hers. A regular supply of male seed only heightened her desire for more.

So, I spent a *lot* more time at Jane’s apartment, where we could conduct our usual activities with an added sexual flare. Our comfortable reading time now usually had us cuddled up on the sofa with my arm around her shoulder and tucked down her blouse, while hers sneaked down my pants. We gently basked in each other’s pleasure while lost in our own worlds.

It was a lot more difficult to follow the plot of TV shows and anime now that I had a demon sitting next to me radiating arousal at the slightest hint of fan-service. Cringe sex-scenes became something I kind of looked forward to, as we ended up passing the time acting out our own improved version instead of suffering through the awkwardness of the original.

I finally defeated Jane at Street Fighter. By timing my thrusts to have her climax at the perfect moment, I sneaked past her defence and dealt the KO to Chun-Li while she twitched and moaned on all fours on the floor in front of me. Jane claimed it didn’t count.

Officially, I moved in with Jane a few weeks after ‘that night’, but in truth that only formalized what had already become de-facto given how often I had been staying over, much to the

consternation of my current house-mates. Confusion that only intensified once I finally introduced them to the girlfriend I had been raving about. “You never said she was hot!” My current flat-mate John hissed at me indignantly while she was out of earshot.

Jane eagerly joined our weekly campaign as the elf-cleric Selena, a busty maiden of devout, innocent faith, who was apparently oblivious to the effect her figure had on her fellow party-members. While Jane had selected a more modest cup-size than the bigger-than-your-head fun-balloons of our first night together, she was still an easy E-cup on her otherwise slender frame. I could tell her stunning figure flustered my mates at first, but her easy familiarity with the usual banter and internet references we shared soon had them at ease around her, and it wasn’t long before she was accepted as part of the group. That didn’t stop the guys sitting next to her stealing glances when they thought she wasn’t looking, or those sitting across blushing at the glimpses of cleavage that showed when she leaned over the table to move her hero token. We didn’t tell them about the mandatory ‘relaxation’ sessions this attention necessitated after we got home, during which the supposedly pure cleric proved to be far from innocent.

Out and about, I got to experience the unfamiliar position of other men shooting jealous glances at me and my partner. Unshackled from the usual consequences of flaunting her figure, Jane experimented with all sorts of outfits to take advantage of her unique ability to adapt her body to fit any style. I usually paid the price for the attention that garnered with an impromptu visit to the closest secluded spot when Jane found herself unable to wait for our regularly scheduled relief sessions.

Privately, each of my friends had demanded to know how I’d found such a perfect girlfriend. I recommended they try online dating. After all, who knows who one could meet?

Thank you for reading! This one has been in the works for a long while (original ideas doc was created in 2018!!). It was actually the second story I began writing, just before finishing Fall From Heaven, but I always got side-tracked with other ideas. However, I always returned to write more as I loved the idea of a girl having two personalities: one a bit shy yet sexually adventurous, the other slutty and dominating. The story began around the idea of Jane invading Dave’s favourite porn video and slowly grew out from there to include the budding romance and big reveal in Jane’s apartment. I couldn’t help slipping in a small hint of a religious theme, as well. (Readers of my other works will be all too familiar with that).

I do hope you enjoyed reading, please check out my other works on this site and on my own website (ashtg.home.blog) if you’d like to read more of my work. Don’t forget to leave a rating or review where you found this piece, it really encourages me to write more!