

## XVI : Cumdown

### Alkim

Alkim felt good. Really damn good.

The feeling of warm lips on his cock was sublime, even better than he'd gotten used to, yet strangely off somehow. There was more buzzing, more noise, more lips, more tongues, as though there were two girls going down on him.

When he opened his eyes, that's exactly what he found.

Mikaella and Hannah together, working his dick in perfect unison. As one tongue ran up the left side of his shaft, the other slid down. When one mouth began to suck on the head of his cock, the other switched to massaging his balls.

He never would have thought to see the two of them working together on anything. These girls hated each other, bitterly, and yet here they were taking turns stimulating every square inch of his genitals, pampering him like a king, both seeming to care far more about his pleasure than their longstanding feud. It looked and felt like they'd rehearsed this routine, except there was not a hint of communication between them. No glances, no pointing, nor mumbling: they just effortlessly avoided getting in each other's way, while simultaneously lapping at his most sensitive spots with almost supernatural precision.

"Glad to see you're both getting along now." He ran his fingers through their scalps in appreciation, brushing their hair back. It was his way of showing his appreciation, one that didn't require him to reciprocate. Somehow, he doubted these cock-hungry girls cared about such trivialities.

Curious, Alkim took a firm grip of each girl's hair, and was met with neither resistance, nor any change in their rhythm. Emboldened, he began wrapping their long tresses tightly around his hands and started pulling them this way and that. The girls complied with his manipulations so precisely that they felt almost weightless in his grip.

He started working them up and down his shaft in sync. He pulled them apart and started jerking off with Hannah's face like a pocket pussy, before he pulled her off and repeated the exercise with Mikaella. He added a twisting motion to the face-fucking, then finally graduated to slamming their open mouths on and off his cock every second, like he was using their faces to play the drums. No matter what he did, somehow it was never too much for them to keep up with. There was no gagging, no recovery breathing, no hint of pain, and certainly not a single complaint from either girl.

After a while, he grew bored of moving them himself and untangled his hands from their hair. He lifted them up to his crown and mashed their faces together until they started making out around the head of his cock.

“Good girls, just like that. Keep it up. Oh, fuck yes...”

Alkim groaned in satisfaction, leaving them to worship his cock at their own pace. He moved his arms behind his head for support, leaned back against his soft, warm pillow, and watched his girls work him over.

Then his pillow moaned.

*What the-?*

Alkim turned his head to find his pillow was not a pillow at all, but a giant titty.

“Kate?”

His beautiful best friend was an absolute vision of gothic perfection. Her purple lipstick and eyeshadow were impeccable, precisely matching the shade of her dyed hair down to the nanometer, but makeup was still far from her biggest draw.

Her tits seemed so much more massive than he could ever recall them being, easily twice the size of her head, each. They filled her lap completely and spilled over her thighs.

“Holy shit, Kate!”

But just like Hannah and Mikaella, Kate didn’t say a word. Instead, she just pushed him down, down, sliding his head along the curving slope of her breast until his gawking mouth ran right over her hardened, pink nipple.

Alkim didn’t question her desires and began suckling instinctively. He was immediately rewarded with a squirt of warm, rich milk: so sweet, so creamy, so irresistibly delicious. He drank it down hungrily, and found her supply kept replenishing as quickly as he could swallow.

All the while her soft, warm bosoms pressed against him. Feeling a strong desire to honka-honka some giant titties, he spread his arms out and began carelessly fondling as much of her as he could get his hands around.

This was the height of luxury: a double-blowjob, breastfeeding, and unlimited intimacy, all in the comfort of his bed. He didn’t even need to lift a finger.

*What could possibly be better than this?*

Alkim let his analytical mind go blank, freeing up his senses, allowing his body to get lost in the moment. He relaxed with Kate’s nourishing teat in his mouth, relished the taste of her milk on

his tongue, and reveled in the sensations created by the twin mouths on his cock, carrying him ever closer to orgasm.

Yet the perfection of it all was undone by a shift in Kate's position. Her dense breasts fell over him, weighing heavily on his chest, and pinning his left arm. In his struggle to get free, her nipple fell from his mouth. Alkim opened his eyes and twisted himself upright to find the source of this disturbance.

*Holy shit!*

Impossibly, in only the time since he'd last opened his eyes, each of Kate's breasts had grown to the size of bean-bag chairs. Each must have weighed more than the woman they were joined to, rendering her completely immobile, and leaving her nipples far beyond the reach of her arms. The sheer scale of her bosoms left her distant areolas seeming like little more than birthmarks, or large freckles: tiny dark patches lost in a sea of pale titflesh.

Alkim couldn't help but marvel at the sight, at the sheer scale of those tits for a good while before his wits finally returned, and he called out to her.

"Kate!" he yelled.

No response.

He tried to reach out to his friend, but her tits were far, far too large, and her body was much too distant for him to get a hold of anything solid. Every attempt at reaching her ended with his hands slipping off her smooth skin, like a toddler failing to climb up a playground slide.

His struggles were made worse by the girls sucking him off. Lithe Mikaella sat on his left leg, while the thicker Hannah on his right. Alone, he could have shaken them off without issue; together they pinned his squirming legs in place, simultaneously grinding their slick pussies on his thighs and keeping up their relentless cock-worship.

"Okay, that's enough." He commanded, still to no effect.

The girls never acknowledged his voice, nor any portion of him above his waist. Their eyes were glazed over, insensate, dead to the world, and their already devoted cocksucking began to accelerate. The pleasure intensified until he could hardly focus on anything else, but the girl's bizarre behavior had taken him out of the mood for a double blowjob.

Alkim tried to push himself back with his feet to get free of them all, but there was too much weighing him down, and he was still pressed up against Kate's mega-milkers. He tried to push off against the Great Wall of Boobs, but his hands just sank in, and he found no leverage. Worse still, as much as her tits had grown in size, they had also grown in sensitivity, and his forceful shoving and slapping hands managed to draw out deep, heady moans from the woman on the other end of these giant knockers.

That was the closest thing to words he'd heard from any of them, and he turned to try and get ahold of her again, but what he saw was not encouraging.

Kate was shaking, convulsing from his every touch. Her eyes were rolled back, lids fluttered madly, chest trembled, while her enormous tits jiggled and shook with the force of a 9.7 earthquake. Too late did he realize his mistake: without his mouth to empty them, the pressure in those tits had continued to build, until they couldn't hold back the tide any longer. Suddenly, Kate's other nipple activated, bursting with innumerable streams of milk sent in every direction. Those streams arced high into the air, separated into droplets, and rained down on Alkim as a drizzle of white sweetness. Soon, the streams grew in width and flow beyond all reason and human capacity. He could hear her nipples hissing like a broken sprinkler, and her milk splattered against his skin like rain on a windshield.

Alkim called out to her once more. "Kate!"

His best friend didn't respond though, not with her words. Instead, her purple lips curled into a permanent O-face, and she let out a strange sound that was somewhere between moaning and mooing. All the while, her flow of milk increased, and the white streams arced higher and faster, showering not just him, but also the girls on his thighs in her creamy goodness.

He tried calling her again, even more desperately, "Kate! Kate! Kate!" Then he went back to slapping and pressing down on those huge tits, trying to get her attention more directly

Still, Kate wouldn't speak, couldn't speak. The pleasure became too much for her to even think. She twitched in place for a minute, cumming what was left of her brains out before finally slumping down bonelessly onto her overgrown boobs.

The movement caused a ripple that traveled down those mountainous mammaries, a wave of motion which somehow sent one sputtering teat straight into Alkim's mouth.

He tried to spit it out, but he was still trapped against her, and the flow of milk was so intense that he had no choice but to suckle or risk drowning—drowning at the tits of his breast friend.

Then a shadow came over him.

It was a woman's shadow, that much he was certain of. She had a big, fat ass, long legs, and toned abs, but the scale, sheer the scale of her was beyond anything he could have imagined. She towered over them all, her face still cloaked in shadow, as though she were beyond the height of some unseen light source.

Then, the shade began to dissipate, slowly illuminating the statuesque figure from the legs up. Her skin was tanned, and smooth, not a single hair present. The muscles of her legs contracted, rippling powerfully beneath perfect, unblemished skin, as she shifted her stance above him. Those legs joined at an equally perfect, bald pussy. Her lower lips seemed to part on their own, opening like a flower, and already dripping with anticipation. Wide, strong hips tapered into an

hourglass waist. Hard abs gave way to huge, swinging tits, sharp collarbones, and ultimately revealed the face of...

“Vicky?”

She was amazonian in form now, larger than he'd remembered her seeming back when he was a high school freshman, and she a senior. Alkim watched, awestruck, as the now-giant Vicky twirled with surprising grace, revealing the most spectacular, most enormous ass he could have possibly imagined. Each cheek as wide as his torso, far beyond the scale of any woman produced by nature. Their every twitch implied her incredible musculature.

A goddess, for all intents and purposes. He stared on as her long, powerful legs stepped to either side of him, leaving her perfectly positioned to sit on his face.

*Oh no.*

She looked over her shoulder at him, and though her gray, lifeless eyes did not see him any more than the others had, she sought out her pleasure all the same. This goddess was not about to wait her turn to be worshiped.

Slowly, but surely, Vicky's legs began to bend.

Alkim's mouth was still plugged with Kate's milky nipple, and he couldn't call to the amazon; couldn't say a thing, as Vicky's huge, perfect ass and glistening pussy descended onto his face.

Then, his world went black.

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Alkim's eyes snapped open to behold darkness. He lay there, confused, until his eyes and mind adjusted, and he realized he was staring up at the white plaster of his ceiling.

*Ooooh, it was just a dream.*

Then he felt it again; a jolt of pleasure shot up his morning wood, emanating from something hot and wet. There was still a mouth on his cockhead.

*Or am I still dreaming?*

No. He could tell there was just one tongue, not the two from his dream. It took him a moment to make sense of the signals his body was sending him, as the temperature of the mouth matched that of his member so perfectly, but Alkim had become intimately familiar with that tongue, and its owner.

*Ah, Mikaella.*

The recognition helped ground Alkim in the moment. He was in his own bed, getting woken up by Mikaella. A little morning head for his morning wood, nothing wrong with that. On the contrary, it felt like just the right way to start his day.

*Maybe we should do this every morning. So much better than an alarm clock.*

He reached out to stroke his adoring housemate's adorable, suckling face, yet his arm was locked down. He tried to speak up, tell her how nice it was for her to wake him up this way, but his mouth didn't move. He tried rocking back and forth on his sides, again to no avail. No matter what parts he fought to mobilize, his body would not respond.

Alkim began to panic under the near crushing weight of his chest, yet panic too was beyond his reach. His diaphragm would not react to his mental distress, and his breathing continued at a sleeper's pace.

The only parts of his body that still responded to stimuli were his eyes, darting about frantically, and his dick, flexing and twitching in Mikaella's sloppy maw. Every so often he felt his cockhead shoot jets of precum into Mikaella's mouth, which stimulated her to lick and suck with renewed fervor. Yet his cock reacted autonomically and would not respond to his mental commands to either wilt or stiffen.

Alkim was frozen, paralyzed.

*Sleep paralysis.*

He remembered then what he was dealing with. This had happened to him only one other time, which he vaguely recalled had lasted for some number of minutes. He tried to calm down, to reassure himself that this would pass, that he was merely stuck between phases of sleep, and would wake up with full control in no time at all. Yet the discomfort still weighed on him, and each heartbeat seemed to last minutes.

Mikaella proved to be just as unrelenting and unresponsive as his own body. His bedmate just continued to suck him off, like an autonomous blowjob-machine, never speaking, and hardly even moaning.

He couldn't see all of her from the angle his head was stuck at, but he saw enough, and he could still feel her arms wrapped around his waist; feel her head rested lazily on his right thigh, while her neck continued to work itself back and forth. Her lips pulsed with suction, yet stayed vacuum sealed to his shaft, while her tongue continuously lapped around his sensitive cockhead, probing his slit, and claiming every drop of precum as quickly as it could be released.

He couldn't help but wonder how this felt for her. *Is she still blowing me in her dreams?* While her dreaming mind was beyond his understanding, her sleeping body seemed to be enjoying this just as much as her waking self.

Eventually, the wet, sloppy, slurping sounds of her mouth took on an almost metronomic regularity. That combined with the relaxing pleasure should have been enough to help him to fall back into sleep, were it not for his severe discomfort from paralysis.

He wondered what time it was, but lacked the ability to simply grab his phone and check. It still seemed pretty dark outside. Alkim tried to think of anything else, tried to stave off his release that Mikaella mindlessly edged him towards, but he had no control over any part of this.

The pressure in his balls continued to build, and he began to grow concerned. Every other time he'd cum in Mikaella's mouth she wasn't able to take the full blast of it in one go. He'd needed to pull out, pull back, paint her face, give her time to swallow. But this time he couldn't move, and he couldn't warn her.

Alkim felt like a rider with one leg caught in his stirrup, helpless to stop his horse from carrying him over a cliff.

He had a mouth, yet he could not scream: only cum.

Except, to his surprise, Mikealla's slumbering brain seemed to have worked the procedure out on its own. Alkim observed intently as her head sank down on his pulsing member until it was buried deeply in her throat. Then she started swallowing repeatedly, sending waves of smooth muscles tightening around his shaft in perfect mimicry of a cumming pussy. It was like an open invitation for his balls to empty everything they had right there and then.

Even had he been in control, it would have all been far too pleasant to resist. Powerless as he was, the sleeping fellatrix had no trouble convincing his body to let it all go. His cock twitched one last time before it hardened completely and began shooting its payload of cum right down Mikealla's esophagus like a feeding tube; safely beyond the reach of whatever remained of her gag reflex.

Involuntary or not, Alkim lost himself in the pleasure of his explosive release. His hips shivered, his mind went blank, and his cock pulsed with each squirt of his massive load into his cumslut's tight, squeezing throat.

His vision blurred for a time, but he kept his eyes locked on the deepthroating girl. Her lips were clamped just as tightly around him as her throat, and not a single drop of drool or cum managed to escape her.

She hummed lightly around his shaft, but was otherwise silent, and never once gagged. Simultaneously, he could feel her body below the neck start to shudder and cum sympathetically. Her grip on his hips tightened, scratching him lightly with her nails, while her gushing pussy humped his leg, smearing her juices all over his unresponsive shin.

Finally, after another impossibly long orgasm, his balls and prostate were fully emptied, and Mikaella's head slid back over his thigh, slowly exposing more and more of his wet cock to the morning air. Alkim expected her to gasp for breath, like a freediver that couldn't wait to refill her

lungs, yet she surprised him once again. She simply took long, deep inhales through her nose, and maintained her seal over the last few inches of his cock.

Alkim realized belatedly that her breathing had never once risen during the buildup to his orgasm, and despite having held her breath for the entire duration of said orgasm, she gave no sign of having built up an oxygen debt.

That was very strange, but so was everything else about this experience. He was still paralyzed, but now that Mikaella's oral activities had reduced to occasional licks, his mind was able to drift back to more important thoughts, like whatever the hell happened last night.

Alkim remembered that, after her recovery from serotonin syndrome, he'd suckled at Kate's tits for a good while before they were finally emptied of milk. Afterwards, they'd alternated between kissing and dry nursing just for the sheer pleasure of it, until, finally, Kate sobered up enough to fall asleep.

Despite never actually dipping his wick, and the part where he'd almost taken Kate to the hospital, it was still in the running for the hottest night of his life.

*Hotter than the seventh circle of hell. That hungry make out session, Kate's obscene horniness, the sheer size of those tits, the taste of her milk...*

No matter what else happened in this house, how many beautiful (straight) women he fucked, Alkim was certain those memories would follow him for the rest of his life.

Plus, he'd figured out how to make organic chemicals with his mind, like in Dune. That was also fairly memorable, if less sexy.

Those were the bulk of his memories for last night, but he also distinctly remembered getting back to his own bed. Mikaella had stirred briefly when he climbed back onto the mattress, but her eyes stayed closed, and she'd given no sign of awareness that he'd been gone for hours. He was pretty sure she'd never fully awakened: all she'd done was roll over so that her head rested on his chest, and her arm draped over his shoulder.

Despite his lingering boner from everything he'd done with Kate, he'd needed rest more than he needed to empty his balls, and soon enough he'd joined Mikaella in sleep. At no point in his memories did he recall sticking his dick into Mikaella's slumbering maw.

So, why was she sucking his dick?

*Did she do that herself, while we were both asleep? Crawled down to my groin and started sucking me off, just like that?*

It seemed crazy, and quite an escalation from standard somnambulism, but Mikaella had more than proven her ability to suck him off to completion in her sleep, so merely initiating seemed well within her capabilities.



Even then, while her mouth had stopped actively sucking, and licking, she'd never completely released him. He still felt her hot breath exhaling over his balls, and every few moments she would give his cockhead a light suckle before going still again.

Alkim grumbled in frustration, then realized that he was able to grumble now. His sleep-paralysis spell had passed!

He sat up immediately, spilling sheets over his sleeping partner as he grabbed his phone and checked the time.

*Six-thirty? Fuck!*

For him, that was still early, and, thanks to Kate, he wasn't anywhere near his preferred eight hours. Knowing he would not be able to go back to sleep after all this, he elected to start his day early.

He gently lifted Mikaella's hands from his hips and delicately extracted his cockhead from her suckling mouth. Breaking the seal between them created a surprisingly loud "POP!" and he winced from the sound. Her vacant mouth continued to open and close, like a Moray eel's, while he gently lowered her head onto the mattress. She mumbled and turned in her sleep, but after a moment her mouth shut completely, and that was that.

Relieved, Alkim snuck out of bed, and left his oral-obsessed lover to wake on her own time.

He grabbed his morning Adderall dose of twenty milligrams and headed to the kitchen for some breakfast. He made himself a rotisserie chicken sandwich and gulped down an entire bottle of Powerade.

The food would allow the prescription amphetamine salts time to enter his bloodstream without losing too much to his stomach acid, while the drink would help replenish the fluids and electrolytes he'd given up to Mikaella. He'd begun stocking up on sports drinks soon after his orgasms had become ridiculous, and they seemed to help him stay hydrated.

It was only after the alertness and focus from the meds kicked in when it occurred to Alkim that he might not need his prescription anymore.

*What if I just made my own dextroamphetamine internally? That would save me the need for psych visits, fucking schedule II bullshit.*

Compared to what he'd created last night, this was not a complicated molecule. It just so happened that the first time he'd gotten a prescription for ADHD was also when he'd started taking classes on organic chemistry, and one of the first things he'd done was memorize the name and structure of the very chemical that helped him study so much more effectively.

*(2S)-1-phenylpropan-2-amine.*

Alkim concentrated on the shape of the molecule.

*A benzene ring here, an anime there...*

Very quickly he felt his heart rate increasing, and he realized that this was probably not a good experiment to run after already taking his prescribed dose. He stopped producing more, but was still so jazzed that his plan had worked: he could literally self-medicate.

Alkim had been so focused on Kate's near overdose (and her growing milkers), that he hadn't thought about the day-to-day applications of his power until now.

*Could really get back into dealing with this. Who needs connections and suppliers when you have superpowers?*

Then again, there was quite a difference between generating singular doses of drugs internally and having an actual product to sell. He'd made enough of a serotonin receptor antagonist to save Kate, but that was one person, and he had to administer it via kissing. That was a ways away from the pills and powders that people would buy. Plus, selling drugs after college had turned out to be a huge pain in the ass, and the last thing he wanted was to get tangled up in street trades.

*Not dealing then, but what?*

There had to be some way to leverage the power to internally manufacture chemicals into money. Some kind of biotech application, for sure.

*What about that lab job? Alyssa still hasn't gotten back to me; I should call her. Wait, no, it's only seven, way too early to call.*

He settled for a text asking if his application was still being considered, then killed some time on his laptop refreshing his lessons about the biology of human lactation and learning a bit more about breast pumps in the process.

Mikaella was the next to wake up a couple hours later, practically skipping into the kitchen in one of Alkim's shirts, and nothing else. The men's large t-shirt swished around her petite frame like a dress, granting him fleeting yet tantalizing glimpses of her pert, panty-clad asscheeks. She seemed much better rested than he was, presumably because she hadn't been kept up late for an insane night of kissing and breastfeeding by a crazy-high goth chick.

"Morning!" She glided up to Alkim, hugged around his waist, and kissed him fully on the lips, with tongue.

After a good ten seconds of this, he pulled back, "Good morning." He gave her a light spank on the ass, which made her giggle, and they let go of each other.

It was only after they'd broken contact that Alkim realized what he'd just done: his mouth had dosed Mikaella with the same hormones and other addictive chemicals that had turned Kate into a gothic fertility idol.

*Shit!*

He'd been so distracted by Kate that he hadn't considered the issue of Mikaella, if there even was an issue with her. Yesterday, he couldn't have described the girl as anything less than an angel.

*No, she's better. Angels don't give out blowjobs like Halloween candy.*

Though, now that Alkim knew he was not just the beneficiary of her sudden cocklust, but also its cause, he felt a bit guilty, and more than a bit unnerved by the way she'd robotically sucked him off in her sleep. Plus, if locking lips with Kate a few times had been enough to send her spiraling like last night, what might the dual combination of kissing and twice-daily blowjobs have been doing to Mikaella?

"How do you feel?" he asked, pushing her hair back behind her ears. She nestled into his hand until he was cradling the back of her head, and stared up at him, dreamily.

He scanned Mikaella's eyes, checking for dilated pupils, and any other potential side effects. They seemed perfectly fine, though the skin of her upper eyelid did appear somewhat darker than the rest of her face. Otherwise, her skin both looked and felt remarkably smooth, but he found no traces of makeup.

*Are her lips fuller? That would be odd, but not so severe as giant milky tits...*

She giggled. "I feel good! I had a really nice dream last night." Alkim didn't need to guess what happened in her dream. She pressed against him and took slow deep breaths with her face on his chest. "Can we share a bed every night?" she asked, batting her eyelashes at him.

He was certainly tempted. Falling asleep with his dick in her mouth had been pretty nice, at least until Kate woke him up. Waking up to an orgasm might also have been very nice if he'd had any control over his body. Still, he didn't want to overpromise, and, thanks to her, he wasn't quite horny enough to agree instantly.

"Maybe not every night, but we can do that again, for sure."

"It doesn't have to be every night. I just like it when you hold me."

He obliged, hugging her tightly, using the opportunity to check if the itty-bitty titties pressing into him seemed any larger, and covertly peeked over her shoulder to check out the size of her ass.

Alkim was both relieved and disappointed to find no changes to her proportions, but his reverie was interrupted by the sound of her stomach growling. With her pressed against him, he actually felt it as much as he heard it.

“Ooops.” She laughed it off. “So, what’s a girl gotta do to get some breakfast around here? Hmmm?” She placed one hand on his abs and teasingly slid it down to his bulge. “Would you pleeeeeease feed me?” she begged, adorably, staring up at him with those smokey, puppydog eyes.

Of course, Alkim wanted another blowjob. It would be easy, too. All he’d need to do was provide the lightest downward push on her head, and she’d be sucking him off under the kitchen table in no time at all.

Except she’d already sucked him off in her sleep just two hours ago, and he was worried letting her double up so soon could be excessively addictive. That should be more than enough to tide her over until their scheduled recording session.

He grabbed her hand in his, before she could bring him to full harness and start sucking him off right there at the table. “Breakfast, yes, but we should save *that* for the stream, don’t you think?”

She pouted a bit but accepted the delay.

“What do you want to eat?” She opened her mouth to reply, but he sensed where she was going. “You know what I mean: what *regular* breakfast food do you want?”

She pretended to pout again, then considered for a moment, “Is there any milk for cereal?”

“Nope, sorry.” *But we should have some soon enough, once I buy Kate that pump...* “How about some congee? I think we still have some left from yesterday.”

“Oooh, yes please!”

He poured a sizable portion into a pot and set it to reheat on the stove while he sliced up some spring onions.

Alkim always liked cooking. His parents started teaching him at age ten, including the chemistry involved in each step of the process, and he now had quite a few recipes in his repertoire. It also helped that the bar for men was lower than the Marianas Trench, meaning that pretty much every competent, balanced dish he made would be met with heaps of praise by his peers, especially women. Case in point: this porridge made from chicken stock, leftover chicken, and leftover rice was more than enough to get Mikaella excited, even though it took no more effort or skill than oatmeal.

Now, cooking for the girls held a newfound significance. It’d only been a few days since the two first got physical, but he’d already noticed a significant increase in Mikaella’s appetite. It was hard to imagine the old Mikaella eating more than eighteen-hundred Calories a day, nor asking

for seconds in front of a guy she wanted to impress, and that was on top of all the cum she was drinking.

*Wonder how many calories are in one of my huge loads now?*

It wasn't that Alkim was worried about Mikaella putting on weight (far from it), he was more confused as to why the two women hadn't responded to his powers in the same way.

Last night he'd managed to feel himself plumping Kate up with maternal hormones, but he had no such insight as to what his cum had been doing to Mikaella, and what kind of physical changes it might have caused. Before last night, he'd been unaware of his powers, and this morning he hadn't been able to access them consciously whilst paralyzed.

The changes being made according to his preferences might have explained why Kate grew even more busty, but not why Mikaella was still skinny. Alkim wanted a busty-petite Mikaella as much as he'd wanted anything in his life, which meant that desire alone wasn't enough. Other factors had to be at play here. He wondered if Kate's tits were already big because they were naturally more sensitive to those hormones than the average woman's tits. That might explain why she'd grown so quickly, and why flat-chested Mikaella was still flat.

*Could it just be that Mikaella needs more time, that she just has to fill out a lot more before there's anything obvious?*

What Alkim had were two subjects, each receiving wildly different treatments, at wildly different doses, and over different lengths of time. Scientifically speaking, that was what one would call "shit experimental design." He couldn't conclude anything from them, not yet anyway.

It would take a lot more experimentation before he could understand all these physical changes, much less before he could make controlled changes to other human beings. If he wanted to learn how to do that, he would need more girls, more time, and more practice.

Neither of those sounded like good ideas, practically or ethically. Two afflicted girls were probably two too many.

Still, while Alkim didn't feel great about turning Mikaella into his cum-junkie, he also knew he didn't want to give up their new friends-with-benefits relationship, especially when the benefits included unlimited in-house blowjobs, and when cutting her off could prove even more disastrous. A junkie without her fix was a lot more trouble than he wanted. Keeping her happy would be best for the both of them.

At the same time, he couldn't just tell Mikaella what his cum was doing to her body, especially when he didn't know either. Plus, there was no telling how she might react to that information, or if she'd even believe him in the first place.

He'd never wanted to tell Kate either, but last night's chaos hadn't left him with much of a choice. Still, Alkim figured it would be only a matter of time before Mikaella grew to the point where his influence on her physique could not be denied, and then he'd have to confess.

Alkim was snapped out of his head by the sound of bubbling liquid: his congee had begun to simmer. He grabbed two bowls, poured them each a serving, and sprinkled in some of the chopped spring onions.

"Careful, it's hot," he placed a bowl in front of Mikaella, and took his seat across from her.

She brought a spoonful to her mouth then blew on it until it was cool enough to eat. "Mmmm, it's really good! Thanks, Alkim!"

He grinned and started on his own bowl. Mikaella's enthusiasm for his cooking did always make him feel better, and it was harder still to not enjoy the knowledge that every spoonful of carbs might still be making her just that much thicker than she'd been the week before.

Mikaella also had no trouble picking up on the visual similarities between the white porridge, and her favorite treat. She moaned and hummed with exaggerated gusto, licking and sucking the thick, viscous liquid off her wide soup spoon.

It was not a particularly subtle performance, but the sight was more than enough to revive his boner, and Alkim was forced to distract himself from her attempt at breakfast seduction.

"So, what do you want to do before the shoot?" he asked.

"Mmmm," she mumbled, then swallowed. "Don't you remember? I've gotta get my hair and nails done first!"

Of course, he'd forgotten that appointment entirely, but it should still work out in his favor. It would give him more time to delay, run some much-needed errands, and fulfill his promise to Kate.

"Want me to drive you there?"

"Yes please!" She smiled. "One of my cousins owns the salon, so I got a big fat discount."

*Very thrifty.*

"She any good?"

Mikaella shrugged, "She's family."

*Fair enough. Not like I've ever scheduled a dentist's appointment outside dad's clinic.*

"How far is it?" he asked.

“Not too far, just a couple miles.” She gave him the address, and he plugged it into Google maps.

“That’s not too bad. When do you need to be there, and when do you need me to pick you up?”

“Appointment’s at ten...” she checked her phone, “can you pick me back up around one? I might wanna do some last-minute shopping, too.”

“Sure, just call me when you want me to head over.” He finished his bowl and soaked it in the sink. “Oh, did you want anything from H-Mart? If you’d like, I could make us something special, something to celebrate our first shoot.”

“You choose! You know way more dishes than me anyway.”

“Alright, I’ll pick something when I get there.” Meaning he’d see if there were any good sales and then make the best possible meal from the cheapest possible ingredients.

Alkim killed some time on his laptop, and took a shower solo, so that Mikaella couldn’t rope him into another blowjob. Mikaella took hers next. After her hair had finished drying out, they got in his car and headed off to her cousin’s salon.

“Thanks again for driving!” Mikaella ran her hands over the leather upholstery. “God, this is such a nice car. I love driving with the top down! And have I ever mentioned how much I loooove BMWs?”

Alkim wasn’t sure if this was her just trying to flatter him, or if this was her genuine admiration for the trappings of upper-middle-class life.

“Thanks. I like the convertible top too, but this thing just eats up repair money like crazy.”

*If I was in med school, father dearest would have no problem paying for engine maintenance...*

“We won’t have to worry about that soon enough! I just know it! Oh!” She clapped her hands together, excitedly. “Maybe I could actually get my own car! Wouldn’t that be cool?”

“Sure, I can ask around if you want, check Craigslist. Got anything particular in mind?”

“Nope! I know nothing about cars. Don’t have a license either, but I’ve always wanted to get one.”

That threw him off. “Seriously? You don’t have a driver’s license?”

Mikaella just shook her head sheepishly.

*Of course, city girl can’t drive. Except, this is the worst city in the country to navigate without a car, or even just a license. I can’t believe her mom or her cousins never taught her.*

“Well, if you do buy a car, I promise I’ll teach you how to drive, deal?”

“Deal!” She grabbed his free hand in hers and squeezed.

Alkim usually hated when women did that while he was driving, but he let Mikaella have this one. Her relentless optimism this morning was actually making him feel like a good person for once.

“So what are you getting done at the salon?” he asked.

“Just my hair and nails, makeup, just for the shoot today, nothing too major.” She smiled. “Oh, what’s your favorite hair color?”

“Black. Like yours, or mine. Definitely.”

“Really? I thought you were into other colors, like those girls on your Insta?”

It wasn’t hard to guess that “those girls” referred to Kate’s ever-shifting dye-jobs, and Vicky’s bleach-blond tresses.

He shrugged. “Girls dye their hair all the time, but they don’t exactly consult me about it, and neither should you. You need to choose your own look.”

She considered that for a moment, “What about highlights?”

He smiled, “I’m sure you’d look great with highlights.”

Then it hit him: the solution to his chemical dilemma.

*Duh! Why don't I just ask her what she wants for her body? This is the perfect moment to broach the subject.*

“Hey, if you could change anything about your body what would you do?”

Her smile dropped a little. “Please don’t tell me you want me to get a boob job too?”

*Well, not exactly...*

He laughed it off, “No, no, no. Sorry, I wasn’t being clear. I just meant, like, hypothetically, if the salon could magically change your body—not just your hair and nails—what would you do? I think I’d go like an inch or two taller, so I’d be officially over six foot. Maybe shrink my nose a little, like I don’t think I need a nose job or anything, just think I would change that a bit. You?” If there was one thing the full-blooded Asians always harped on, it was the size of his nose.



Mikaella relaxed a bit, since it was all just hypothetical. “Well, *I* don’t think there’s anything wrong with your nose. But, like, I guess I’d make myself curvier, get that hourglass body that everyone likes. At least bigger tits than Hannah,” she cupped her hands a good half foot in front of her chest, “and a bigger butt. That way I wouldn’t be the flattest one in the house, and I could rub it in her dumb-blonde-bitch cow-face!”

*Well, that’s a relief. Sorta. Her motives aren’t exactly the purest, but who am I to judge?*

“She wouldn’t stand a chance.” He agreed.

But Mikaella wasn’t done. “And I would get those makeup tattoos, like, eyeliner, and eyeshadow, so I’d never have to do that again. Ooh, longer eyelashes, like yours! You have, like, the best eyelashes, it’s so unfair.”

Alkim smirked. “You’re not the first woman to tell me that.” She really wasn’t. The eyelash compliments had followed him throughout childhood, and they only stopped being annoying once they started coming from women that wanted to sleep with him.

“I’d get rid of this mole on my neck, too, and all the hair below my eyes, so I’d never have to shave again...”

“So, to recap: huge tits, bubble butt, permanently made-up, smooth skin, and no body hair?”

*Glad she didn’t mention eyelid surgery. That would have been a bummer.*

“Pretty much! Is that so much to ask for?”

“Nah, definitely not. But I still think you look very pretty just as you are.”

She waved the compliment off. “Guys always say that when they think you’re insecure.”

“Well, it’s true for me,” he lied, “and if I didn’t think you were pretty, I probably wouldn’t cum like a firehose every time we’re together.”

That got a genuine smile out of her, and another lip bite.

Finally, they pulled up in front of her cousin’s salon.

“Thanks for the ride!”

Mikaella leaned over to kiss him goodbye, but, lately, kissing had stopped being a brief affair for Alkim, and the light peck on the lips quickly escalated into tonguing. With his left arm, Alkim pushed open the passenger side door, and pulled away, breaking the connection between them.

“Just call me before you’re ready and I’ll be right over, kay?”

“Kay!” He couldn’t help but notice the dopey grin plastered over Mikaella’s face.

*I wonder what she makes of all this?*

Kate had figured out his kisses were some kind of drug more quickly than he had, but Mikaella never really struck him as an intellectual.

*What if she just thinks it’s love?*

That was not something he wished to dwell on further. The moment she was up on the sidewalk, Alkim was off to run a much more unusual errand.

True to his word, Alkim went shopping for Kate’s breast pump. Not wanting to wait for Amazon free shipping (he’d already cancelled his Prime membership to save money), he just looked up stores that sold pumps and other maternal supplies and decided to check them out himself.

He hadn’t done a lot of research online, but he’d volunteered for a few months in the postpartum ward of a hospital and learned a thing or two from the resident lactation consultant. *Crazy how many babies can’t figure out breastfeeding, literally the only thing they’re required to know instinctively.* Alkim figured a manual pump would be too inconvenient for her, especially with Kate’s size and general laziness. Electric was the way to go, but beyond that he was a bit stumped.

Alkim ruled out most for being too expensive and settled for what he thought Kate might prefer based on her habits: a pair of motorized pumps that came with a rechargeable battery, so she wouldn’t always need to pump by an outlet. He wasn’t sure if she would need to hold them on or stay seated while she pumped, but it seemed like they could work hands-free if she had a nursing bra or something to help keep them attached. She could work that part out for herself if she wanted to keep up her phone addiction while she milked herself.

The only problems he could really foresee were the little glass vessels the pumps emptied into. Though they seemed adequate for most women, he hadn’t exactly gotten an accurate measurement of Kate’s production last night, since almost all of it had gone straight into his mouth, but it wasn’t a small amount, and that was only her starting production. Last night was her first time expressing, and—thanks to Alkim—her tits were still growing, which meant the peak of her production lay far ahead.

*Soon enough, these baby bottles may have to be emptied out several times a session. That could be a major inconvenience for Kate. She might get annoyed having to switch out the bottles too many times, find the pumping irritates her skin, and end up opting for a more personal touch...*

Alkim bought that pump, plus some absorbent pads, and other miscellaneous objects he thought might come in handy. He kept hair ties and tampons in his car for the girls, so he might as well include some pads for Kate’s milkers.

Then he hit up the H-Mart for some Korean groceries: noodles, sliced meat, vegetables, soup mix, and soju. After his and Mikaella's debut shoot, they could celebrate with some homemade hotpot.

Just before he was about to go, he remembered to grab something for Vicky's homecoming dinner. He decided to make her a roast duck. That way, he could marinate it for several days in the fridge, and it would be ready for the oven once Vicky was back.

Satisfied with his next several days' worth of meals, he drove home. The day's shopping had left his bank account balance in the lower four digits, but he was confident that his fortunes would be reversing soon enough.

His prediction was swiftly proven correct, just not in the way he'd hoped.

When he pulled back into the driveway, he found a middle-aged woman overseeing a worker hammering a sign into their front yard that read "FOR SALE."

*Shit! So, the landlords are selling.*

He got out of the car and tried to grab as many bags of groceries as possible in one go, but it was far too late to hide. The worker ignored Alkim, but the woman made a beeline straight for him.

*Landlady, then.*

She certainly walked like a lady, confident and secure within her little fiefdom.

"Excuse me, young man, are you renting here?" She took off her sunglasses. "I don't believe we've met."

*Of course not, I'm not on the lease.*

Alkim felt like a humble shopkeeper about to get his ass kicked over protection money. He dreaded answering but figured he didn't have much of a choice.

"No, I don't believe we have." He set down his grocery bags and extended his hand. "I'm Alkim."

She hesitated for half a second before placing her well-manicured hand into his calloused palm. "Charmed. Ania Davtyan, I own this property." With her left hand she lifted her white, wide-brimmed hat to get a better look at him, while her right hand lingered for some time in his. "Oh my, that's a strong grip."

Ania was not half-bad looking herself. Black hair, sharp black eyebrows, dark brown eyes, a somewhat large nose, but still far from unattractive. Her looks and the slightest hints of her accent told him she was probably from somewhere in the Eastern Mediterranean, and he guessed

her age at somewhere around late thirties, or early forties. It helped that her outfit screamed “Power-MILF.”

She wore wedge heels, and a backless, floral-print summer dress: dark blue fabric, covered in green and teal leaves. The dress highlighted both her slender torso, and moderate bust, while the belt around her waspish waist accentuated her hourglass build and very, *very* wide, matronly hips.

*Wonder if she has an ass to match?*

Alkim didn’t know anything about fashion, as every girl he’d dated could attest, but he knew enough to understand that this lady had serious money; her white purse alone probably cost more than his used three-series BMW, while her pearl necklace, gold watch, and diamond earrings together could have paid for all four years of his tuition.

*Nice perfume too.* Though the scent’s identity was far beyond him, it was warm, elegant, and didn’t burn his nose like cheaper aromatics. He wondered if the bottle was expensive enough to put a dollar value on each application.

*Ania Davtyan... is she Armenian? If I guess right, she might be less inclined to enforce the fine print of Kate’s lease agreement. Fuck it. Worth a shot.*

“Nice to meet you. Davtyan, is that by chance an Armenian name?”

Her eyes widened in mild surprise, “Why yes, it is. How did you know? Are you Armenian?” She looked him up and down, squinting in confusion. “Part Armenian?”

“No, I just know a lot of Armenians.” *And I’m good at disarming my elders.* “My mother’s Arab, but my father’s Chinese.”

“Really?” She lifted her hat again to appraise his features even more closely.

“Yes, mam.”

“Well, how... *exotic.*” She smiled brightly. “I don’t think I’ve ever met an Alkim before. When did you move in here? I don’t recall Kate subleasing to any men, and I wasn’t informed of any changes in tenants.”

“Ah, my apologies Ms-” *Oh shit, almost overlooked that big, fat diamond ring!*—“Mrs. Davtyan, no one told me about that. I just moved here a couple months ago.” *Fuck, what’s the least bad answer for breaking the lease agreement?* “I’m dating one of your tenants.” *That’s probably better than revealing that Kate invited a near stranger to move into the spare room without authorization.*

“Oh? May I ask who?”

*Pretty nosey question.* “Mikaella.”

“Hmm. And how old are you?”

“Twenty-two.”

“My, my, so young. And do you go to school in the area?”

“No, mam, I just graduated from UCLA in June.”

“Oh? Smart boy, that’s a very good school.”

“Thank you.”

“What did you study there?”

“I majored in biology.”

“And what kind of work can you get with that degree?”

*Very little, and I quit my restaurant job to start a porn site with your tenant.* “I work for one of my professors as a teacher’s assistant.” he lied.

“Oh, really? Summer classes?” She smiled bemusedly. “What do you teach?”

“It’s always biology, but the exact subject changes every quarter. Right now, it’s marine biology.”

“So, you like the beach, is that it?”

“Something like that, yeah.” He suddenly realized that even his cover lie made him sound like a total loser, but it was far too late to pick a better story.

She smirked up at him from the shade of her fancy hat, “Well, it’s comforting to know there are still people in this fame-obsessed city following their passions and not just chasing after money or status. And you’re sure the rent here in K-Town is not too much for you?”

“No, not too bad.” *Can’t beat free.*

“Well, good to know that the public sector hasn’t let you down completely.”

Alkim had to admit it, Mrs. Davtyan was very good at her job. Here she was, building a rapport with someone she was planning to kick off her property, and he’d gotten so caught up in making polite small talk that he’d yet to ask her about the sale.

“Now, about that sign...” he began, but she cut him off.

“Yes, I’m putting this property up for sale, as well as the neighboring houses. The notice is already up on the door.” Alkim turned to see she was telling the truth. “And if I recall correctly, Kate’s lease will be up in,” she checked her phone, “three months.”

*Bitch!*

A spike of rage welled up within Alkim. He wanted to yell, curse her, call her a rent-seeker, a parasite on the working class. Fortunately, good manners, and kissing-ass to authority figures had been drilled into him much too deeply for that kind of talk to escape his lips. Especially not when there were so many ways she could worsen his situation, not to mention that of his housemates.

*Not like I have money for a tenant lawyer right now. Need to google California's eviction laws.*

He took a deep breath and put on what he hoped was his most conciliatory face.

“I don’t suppose there’s anything we could do to change your mind about selling? We really like the house, and the area, and we’d hate to have to move again so soon.” It was a long shot, but he had to at least attempt an appeal to decency.

“Afraid not, business decision. Now, if Kate wants to buy the place outright, then she can make an offer like everyone else.” She eyed him up and down again, bit her lower lip, and considered. “However, I have plenty of other properties in the area. All over the county, as a matter of fact. I’d be happy to help a polite, educated, *handsome* young man like yourself find another place to stay...”

She stepped right up to him, filling the air with her scent, and dug around in her purse for what turned out to be a card and a Montblanc pen.

“Here’s my card.” She mumbled, writing something on it first. When she held it out for Alkim to take, the glint from her fancy watch almost blinded him.

“Thanks,” He took the card with a fake smile, and pocketed it without looking.

She put away the pen and pulled out her phone, “Now, how did you spell your name again?”

“A-L-K-I-M.”

“Last name, and your number?”

He gave them to her, and she immediately texted him her full name, and the listings for several properties.

“Take a look at these listings when you get a chance and give me a call or a text on the number I texted to you. Those are all in or around K-Town, and downtown LA, but if you’re looking to move further out, I can send you some other ones. Houses, apartments, whatever you’re looking for, just let me know which ones interest you, and we can set up a *private* tour.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Davtyan.”

She waved off the formal address. “Oh, please, call me Ania.”

“Ania then. I’ll make sure to call in the next few days.”

“I look forward to hearing from you, Alkim. Please, feel free to send me any questions you might have about the listings, the neighborhoods, prices. And don’t worry, if they’re all out of your price range,” she ran two fingers down her pearl necklace and smiled slyly, “I’m sure we can work something out...”

Ania turned away from him and sauntered off in her fancy heels, presumably to deliver more eviction notices. She was clearly putting a lot of extra sway into her hips, much more she had on the approach, and proved that she did, in fact, have an ass to match. On a less callipygian woman, that dress would have smoothed over her legs and rear, but Ania’s globular cheeks were so impressive that they forced the poor fabric to contour over and between them, granting Alkim a spectacular view of those glutes jiggling enticingly with her every step. She had the kind of ass that Victorian women needed crinoline underwire just to mimic, and surprisingly long legs to complete the set.

Alkim was so entranced by the sight that the gravity of their conversation didn’t fully sink in until she got into her oversized Mercedes SUV and broke the spell. He looked down the street and found that Ania’s worker had already placed down three more signs in the time they’d spent chatting.

*Fuck! Just when we’re getting Vicky back, the whole house gets sold out from under us.*

He had no idea how he was going to break this to the girls.

*I’ve got good news and bad news. The bad news is that the landlady’s selling our house, and we’ll be evicted in ninety days. But the good news is that she wants to fuck me, so, that’s cool, right?*

Not seeing anything to do about it now, Alkim sighed, grabbed his groceries, grabbed the three-month eviction notice, and went inside.

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## XVII : Arousal

Kate

Kate loved kissing girls.

Right then, with her face buried into another woman's, lip to lip, nip to nip, their limbs wrapped around each other in tender embrace, Kate was certain that this is what she was made for. Few pleasures in life could transcend that feeling of completeness, of matching up with someone who fit her perfectly. It was hard to believe it'd taken her twenty years to figure out she was a lesbian.

Still, Kate had no idea who this girl was. Curiosity temporarily won out over sapphic desire, so she broke off the kiss, and beheld the face of Dana: her most recent conquest.

Dana grinned, wrapped her arms around the back of Kate's head, and turned her so that they were both looking into a full-body mirror.

They were dressed in matching lace corsets, though Kate's was much looser out of necessity. Those great, big boobs of hers spilled out over the top, creating a tall bubble of milky-white cleavage, while Dana seemed almost completely flat chested in comparison.

"Look how cute we are together," said Dana, in a voice that was far breathier, and sexier than Kate remembered. Her left leg lifted cutely, as she pulled herself closer.

Kate couldn't help but agree with her; aesthetics was why she'd chosen Dana out from the lineup. They were the same height, inked out like crazy, pierced in too many places to count. So what if their bodies weren't identical? That hardly mattered to Kate's sense of aesthetics.

*No one could mistake us for anything but what we are: a matched set of alt, goth, lesbians.*

Dana pulled Kate back in for another round, and they lost themselves in each other's bodies for a time. The world around them became fuzzy, irrelevant. Everything else fell away into a blank void.

Everything, except for the mirror.

When Kate's eyes wandered over the mirror, she stopped abruptly, confused by her reflection.

The more she looked, the more mistakes she found in the image.

It was still her own face looking back at her over Dana's shoulder, yet the body she embraced couldn't have been the one being reflected. Dana's ripped black leggings had evaporated, leaving behind bare, tanned skin. The lace corset had shrunk into some bedazzled rave-bikini top, and Kate felt another substantial bust mashing into hers. Slender legs had given way to thick,



muscular thighs, and a round, sculpted ass, barely covered by a matching bedazzled bikini bottom.

And almost as an afterthought, Dana's identifying flower and anime girl tattoos were replaced with Link, a wolf, and something in Hangul that Kate couldn't read.

When she pulled back this time, the face before her was hidden by a thick curtain of bleached-blond hair. Then, the mystery woman dramatically whipped her hair back, revealing the gorgeous face of Vicky.

"What up sluuuut?" she grinned.

Kate was too surprised to return their usual greeting. "Where've you been?"

Vicky pointed an arm at the mirror. "Out. Buuuut-"

The blond slapped Kate's butt.

Vicky giggled, "-I'm back now!"

"AH!" Kate yelped in surprise, "What the hell, Vicky?"

Vicky pouted. "What's wrong? I thought you'd be happy to see me?"

"I am happy to see you, but I just thought you didn't want us to get involved like that?"

She tilted her head, puzzled. "Why not?" Vicky asked, before delivering another heavy slap to Kate's ass.

Kate bit her lip involuntarily.

Vicky didn't stop there. Kate could feel her friend's acrylic nails on her other hand slithering down her spine, to her crack. Then she palmed one cheek in each hand and squeezed possessively.

Kate finally remembered to answer. "You said it would make things weird if we fucked around."

"I don't think so? That doesn't sound like me." Vicky's hand migrated further down, slipping between Kate's thighs, and began rubbing right over her increasingly wet panties.

The busty goth choked down a moan. "Ngghh! You d-did. I remember."

Vicky shook her head. "I said we shouldn't date. I never said we shouldn't hook up." She pulled Kate in with one hand on her ass, and the other hooked into her panties.

Kate's already meager resistance dissolved like cotton candy in the rain. They tumbled to the floor in a pile of interlocking limbs, fingers dipping into each other with wild abandon. In a heartbeat, they were both naked, as if their clothes had burned off from their combined heat. Kate rolled over so she was on top and ran her hands down Vicky's perfect body.

Vicky was far from goth, but she was hardly basic, and the thicc, Korean party girl felt like fine satin between her fingers. Kate couldn't get enough. She fingered Vicky's tight, pink pussy, and allowed her to return the favor. Her nails didn't look very trim, yet they never once scratched her inner walls: Kate knew her friend would never hurt her.

Vicky grinned that award-winning smile of hers and took one of Kate's nipples into her mouth.

The combined assault on her most sensitive spots caused the goth's eyes to roll back, and her vision blurred. She closed her eyes willingly, allowing her bisexual friend to get her off masterfully.

Eventually, Kate straightened herself out, and when her eyes reopened this time, it was the mirror that had changed. Now, it distorted her body, like a funhouse mirror. The curved surface stretched out her reflection to absurd dimensions, making it appear as though her tits were big enough to cover her entire torso.

She scoffed at the impossibility of it, and turned back to Vicky, only to find that the mirror had not shown her an optical illusion.

"What the fuck!" Kate screamed.

She couldn't see Vicky at all anymore, only an endless valley of pale titties. They filled all the space between her arms and swung below her like wrecking balls.

Yet the suction on her nipples hadn't stopped. Kate tried to lean back, to catch some glimpse of her friend. Someone was still under her tits, but it wasn't Vicky. Her blonde hair had vanished, replaced with very short-cropped black hair; little more than a crew cut. She was muscular too, with big, strong arms, and powerful shoulders. Far more muscular than any of Kate's exes.

The girl released Kate's nipple with a loud "Pop!" and laid back, allowing Kate to see the face of her newest partner.

"Alkim? What the hell are you doing?!"

"Don't mind me, just trying to help lighten your load here." Alkim's tone was casual, like sucking and touching her massive melons was no big deal. He grabbed a bunch of side-boob in each hand, and started squeezing them together, pushing her cleavage up into her chin. Kate shuddered from the overwhelming sensation of a trillion nerves being activated in series, as her friend progressively massaged his way down her giant tits to a pair of nipples Kate couldn't even see anymore, at least a hand below the length of her arms.

He, however, had no trouble at all finding her hard, throbbing, pink nubs. First, he rubbed the skin around her areolas, moving ever closer to her sensitive teats, and started rolling them between his fingers and thumbs, drawing a deep throaty moan from the mega-busty lesbian.

Then he squeezed.

“OooOooOoHH! Shiiiiit!” Kate wailed. Her back arched involuntarily, but Alkim’s grip was solid, and all she accomplished was increasing the pressure.

“Damn,” he noted, calmly tweaking her sensitive nips, “you’re really backed up here.”

“Ba-AAAH!” she yelped, cut off by an overpowering jolt of pleasure and pain. “Backed up?” She panted. “What the fuck, dude?”

“May I?” He slid out from under her, brushing past her pendulous breasts, and nimbly jumped to his feet.

“May you what?” She tried to stand, to speak to him eye to eye, but he pushed her down with one hand, effortlessly forcing her back onto her hands and knees.

“Just stay right there.” He ordered.

Kate was confused, but her body obeyed in spite of her unease.

Somehow, Alkim found a stool, and he took his seat right next to her chest.

“What are you doing?” she asked nervously. “What’s going ooOONN!!!”

Without warning, Alkim started tugging on her helpless nipples. Instantly, milk began shooting from her nipples in long, orgasmic streams. Each pull sent an electric current directly to the pleasure centers of her brain. All power of speech abandoned Kate, and her objections were replaced by incoherent moans that sounded like moos.

It was as though every cup size she’d blown past had come with an equivalent increase in sensitivity, rendering her nipples nearly as sensitive as her clit. As much as she hated to admit it, it felt incredible, better than getting fingered by Vicky, and even better than the best head of her life.

Kate was humiliated. Receiving this much pleasure from the hands of a man offended her lesbian sensibilities like nothing else. Yet, while her mind raged, her body was more than willing to accept the helping hands. Every squirt of milk that left her brought about a shudder of relief; and every second she enjoyed it was another betrayal of her body to Alkim’s will.

Kate closed her eyes and gritted her teeth, trying to ignore his touch, trying not to give in to the feeling, the incredible sensation of his strong hands just... handling her, like his personal dairy cow.

While the pressure in her milk ducts was being released, heat continued to build up within her. She noticed a tingle beginning within each of her nipples, and she tracked its progress with horror as it traveled down her spine, down, down, to her dripping, quivering pussy. Her body's growing anticipation of pleasure was only partially tempered by a rising tide of dread.

*I'm going to cum, I'm going to cum while my guy friend milks me like a cow! Alkim's making me dance like a puppet, and the strings are these enormous udders!*

The realization set her off like a firecracker. Kate screamed and thrashed in place, arching her hips, seeking out something, anything, to placate her needy pussy.

But Alkim was indifferent to her internal struggles, and he just kept on milking her. In no time at all, her resistance was eroded. Kate could do nothing but add her horny moans to the sounds of milk spraying into a bucket. That was the song of Kate being milked: an endless rhythm of "tsss, tssss, tssss," punctuated by the sounds of shameful cumming.

That was too much for Kate to endure.

"Stoooooop!" she cried, a hopeless plea for mercy.

To her complete surprise, he did. She felt his hands let go of her, and the milking ceased abruptly.

She sat there, panting from heat, thighs dripping with shame, head hanging low in defeat.

This time, when Kate opened her eyes, she deliberately turned away from the mirror, desperate to black out the sights and sounds of her orgasmic submission and despaired to find that the one mirror had multiplied into a dozen.

Kate was encircled within three-hundred-and-sixty degrees of reflective glass, yet none of it reflected her. Each mirror contained the image of a different woman: her first crush from high school, her hottest professor in college, hot friends, her three housemates, and all of her exes, down to her very first kiss—all of them getting fucked from behind by Alkim.

They were all bent over, granting Kate's best friend easy access, and allowing him to dictate the pace of their couplings, a pace he set at hard and fast. It was miles away from tender, mutual lovemaking, not even in the same hemisphere: these girls were getting railed, reamed, plowed, pounded. Alkim made no attempt at foreplay, didn't bother playing with their clits, didn't bother looking for the g-spot, and he certainly didn't bother with condoms. He just took what he wanted, rutting away with no regard whatsoever for the feelings of the women he fucked without mercy.

Yet, to Kate's dismay, the women all seemed to love Alkim's inconsiderate treatment. She watched impotently as both bisexuals and gold star lesbians alike were brought to climax after screaming climax. All around her, eyes rolled back, titties shook, pussies squirted, and jaws dropped to let out impassioned wails of pleasure that turned Kate's stomach.

Kate wasn't intimately familiar with straight sex positions, but even she knew the meaning of "backshots."

She turned her head away, to no avail. Every angle was covered in the sights of primal, ball-slapping sex. She closed her eyes, but that did little to silence the cacophony of moans, the slapping of skin on skin, and the wet squelching of repeated penetration that assaulted her ears from every direction.

So many cheeks were being clapped all at once that Kate could have mistaken the collective noise for applause: a concert of depraved, energetic, hetero sex.

Then the mirror-women added their voices to Kate's torment.

"Pathetic!" Yelled a familiar and distinctly feminine voice.

*Ella?*

Kate looked up to find her first serious college girlfriend alternating between laughing and moaning with each thrust of Alkim's hips.

"You always were too clingy! Some of us just wanted to get fucked! Oh! YESYESYES!"

*Ganymede?*

"Oh god! This! Is! The! Best! Dick! AAAH! It feels soOOOo much better than your-AAH-little fingers!"

Kate's last serious girlfriend, who'd considered all penetrative sex to be a violation, seemed to have reconsidered her position, and was happily getting her hair pulled like reins as she was taken for the ride of her life.

"Look who's bi after all!"

*What? Vicky?*

The Korean bombshell was all smiles as she slammed her ass back onto Alkim's dick with matched enthusiasm.

"Why settle for just pussy when you could have it aAAALLLL!!! FUCK!" Vicky's case for bisexuality was cut off by involuntary wailing, which made her point all the same, albeit less eloquently.

"Don't knock it till you try it!" mocked Dana. Kate's most recent conquest was hers no longer, squealing and squirting her juices all over his muscular legs.

Alkim was taking them all away from her, every last girl. He was ruining them with his gross man-parts. Even worse, to Kate's horror, the sights and sounds of Alkim's triumph over womankind had her pussy gushing like nothing else.

"SHUT UP!" Kate tried to scream, but the only sounds that came out were the same whorish moans that the mirror women's taunts had devolved into.

Then Kate felt hands clamping down on her waist.

She yelped, shocked at Alkim's sudden reappearance behind her. Kate tried to straighten back up, but the incredible weight of her breasts was enough to hold her down.

"NONONO! Please! Don't do it!" She wanted to yell, but her mouth couldn't form the words, only moans. She tried to turn her pussy away but only managed to wiggle her ass invitingly. She tried to reach behind her ass to push him back, but there was no force in her arms. Alkim just grasped her slim wrists in his strong hands, and pulled until her back curved up, causing her colossal tits to dangle pendulously below.

Every signal sent by Kate's mind to stop this violation was reinterpreted by her body as enthusiastic consent.

Her best friend couldn't respond to unspoken pleas; all he saw was her body begging for his touch, and he obliged. Kate felt his dribbling cockhead prodding insistently at her flooded, traitorous pussy.

Kate had no more means of resistance. She had no more clothes, no more barriers. She was vulnerable, fully lubed up, and ripe for the taking. Never before had she felt so weak, so feeble, so helpless.

It took only one savage thrust to break her.

Kate wanted to scream, but even with every part of her mind crying out in agonized pleasure, she couldn't make a sound. The penetration was so powerful and sudden, that it forced all the air from her lungs, like a punch to the gut.

Alkim's huge dick plunged into her wet cunt, penetrating more deeply than any dildo. The walls of her pussy contracted tightly around his shaft, squeezing, hugging, clutching the invader like a needy lover. When he withdrew, she felt her body being pulled back with him, as though her pussy couldn't tolerate the vacuum created by his absence.

He found his rhythm soon enough. The momentum of his strokes sent her gargantuan knockers clapping together, and in no time at all they began sputtering and spraying milk in every direction. As if the constant collisions of her sensitive boobs weren't enough, every thrust of his hips sent his swollen, sperm-filled balls slapping against her clit, and each impact made her see stars.

Alkim was fucking Kate blind, literally driving her senseless with pleasure.

When her vision finally cleared, the mirror in front of her had united into one horrific vision.

Each and every one of Kate's tattoos had vanished, leaving behind bland, colorless, un-patterned skin. Her piercings had disappeared, leaving her ears, nose, nipples and belly button completely undecorated. Even her hair had reverted from purple back to its natural black.

The goth lesbian was no more; she'd been completely unmade.

The new Kate was nothing more than a pussy attached to a set of jumbo milkers. She was a toy, a fuckdoll, a cow, one her best friend could use however and whenever he wanted.

As if to rub her face in it, Alkim started walking them towards the mirror, plunging in and out of her between steps, until her face was pressed up against her reflection.

*Please, please, no more...*

Kate didn't want to look in the mirror, didn't want to see anything else, but her body was no longer hers to control, and neither was the mirror.

Her vision tightened onto one spot: a crack in the mirror that grew and twisted into a shattered pattern of reflective shards, like a kaleidoscope of mirror-women, now in their hundreds. Their numbers had been bolstered by new additions: Kate's distant cousins, former co-workers, acquaintances, and unplaceable faces swelled the ranks of the gender traitors. Alkim was no longer fucking them, yet they weren't through fucking with Kate. The women in her life had switched to gleefully spectating. They cheered him on and clapped with delight as he fucked Kate's brains out, all the while fingering themselves furiously at the sight of Kate's total submission.

"WOOHOOO!!! GO ALKIM!"

"That's it! Give it to her good!"

"Fake dyke! All it took was one good fucking for her to fold!"

"Damn! Look at those titties swinging!"

"We knew she wanted this all along!"

"See, Kate?! You gotta share this dick with the other girls!"

"They all deserve to feel this good!"

"Bring him more girls! It's unfair that they should miss out just for being gay!"

“I can’t wait to see him cum inside you! There’s nothing better!”

“Oh my god!”

“She looks so fertile!”

“He’s gonna knock her up for sure!”

“Imagine the milkers she’ll grow then!”

Only then did Kate notice the thick rivers of opaque fluid pouring from each and every pussy. They’d all been thoroughly bred, and soon enough, so would she.

While her uterus practically quivered with joy at the image—already baby crazy from its first exposure to real dick—Kate’s mind snapped.

*NO!*

In a sudden burst of resistance, Kate wrenched her arms free from Alkim’s grip and pushed back against his gyrating hips. That bought her just the smallest bit of clearance, but it would have to do.

With all her might, she brought both fists crashing down on the mirror. She hammered the weak point, the cracks, and the mocking mirror-women again, and again.

She waited for the break, yet it never came. Despite her best efforts, the mirror stayed together, and, to Kate’s horror, it was her reflection that shattered into a million tiny pieces.

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“Nononononono...” Kate panted. She was shivering, and for some reason, her hands felt hot and wet.

*Oh. Damn.*

She pulled her sticky hands out of her pussy and wiped them off on her sheets.

Kate felt strangely uncomfortable but couldn’t recall why. It was as though she’d woken from a nightmare in a cold sweat, except she was pretty sure nightmares didn’t cause her to masturbate in her sleep.

Still, she was never very good at remembering her dreams upon waking. Like most mornings, the already hazy details rapidly faded from her mind within moments of waking.

*Fuck it.*



Kate decided the dream was unimportant, and her focus turned to more pressing needs. She threw off her sodden panties and began rubbing at her already engorged clit in one hand while palming one swollen breast in the other.

Her mind was alive with images of beautiful women, and it was easy to pretend the fingers on her pussy belonged to any one of them. For some reason, instead of picturing hot goths, her mind settled on the image of her most beautiful housemate: Vicky. She was dressed just like she was for that rave they'd all gone to: skimpy, and sparkling, platinum blonde hair thrown back as she fingered and ate out Kate's pussy with gusto.

The hand on Kate's tit quickly became Dana's, squeezing, rubbing, marveling at the heft and softness. Kate visualized the two of them making out overhead, fondling and fingering her to a pillow-biting climax.

Kate came like that only a couple minutes later, thumb at her clit, pussy clenched tightly around two fingers. Practically record time for a solo job, especially without the aid of either toys or porn. The ease, intensity, and frequency of her orgasms all seemed to have increased in recent days, but she was not about to dwell on that.

With her pussy satisfied and head cleared, she looked around for her phone, and found it on the floor, right next to her bed.

The time read twelve-thirty-four pm.

Kate tried to remember when she'd fallen asleep, and last night's events came back to her in a flash: the molly, the makeout, the fondling, and the... breastfeeding?

*Shit! I can't believe I did all that! There's no way I could have been down that bad for Alkim. It must have been the molly.*

Her sanity check was interrupted by the scent of a savory soup wafting in from beyond her door, and her stomach growled in acknowledgement.

*Mmmmmm. Alkim's cooking something good.*

Though she was embarrassed with her behavior from last night, she wanted food more than she wanted to bury her head under the covers.

Kate grabbed a tank-top off the floor, barely managing to pull it over her braless rack, and washed her hands and face in the bathroom sink. That girl in the mirror looked like she could have really used a shower, but Kate felt more hungry than dirty, and she trudged over to the kitchen, content to shower after breakfast.

Sure enough, Alkim was at the stove, stirring a big pot of something aromatic, and Chinese.

"Mooooorning," she yawned, "what's for breakfast?"

“Good *afternoon*,” Alkim corrected, “unfortunately, we stopped serving breakfast at ten-thirty. Would you like a lunch menu?”

“Shut up, Benihana. What’s on the stove?”

“Wonton noodle soup, figured you could go for some Hong Kong food. I’ll bring it to you in a sec, just grab a spoon and some chopsticks.”

“Fuck yes. Now we’re talking.” Kate grabbed her utensils and set them down on the table. As she waited, and her brain sifted through the kitchen smells, the scent of Alkim stuck out. It wasn’t unpleasant, like she used to think he smelled after the gym, but it was hard to ignore, and it reminded her of other needs, needs beyond mere food and drink. She started thinking about some way to get her fix, then she remembered that Alkim knew already.

*Has the ice been broken enough? Do I just go for it?*

“Hey, remember that thing we talked about last night?”

“You’re gonna have to be a bit more specific. We talked about a lot of stuff last night.” He turned his attention back to stirring the wonton soup.

She sidled up to him by the stove, psyching herself up for the act, “You said I could satisfy my cravings whenever I wanted.” She unconsciously licked her lips and closed the distance between them. “Did you really mean it?”

“Of course I did.”

“Well, I’m definitely craving... *that*, right now.”

Kate stood up on her tippy toes until her face was nearly level with Alkim’s, then pulled him into an open-mouthed kiss. Every push, every flick of her tongue in his mouth improved her mood immeasurably. She started to lose herself in the euphoric haze until Alkim pulled back and broke the connection. The strength of the feeling ceased to increase, but the glow remained.

“Ahhh,” she sighed happily, refreshed and alert. “Thanks, dude. That was way better than coffee.” Kate still felt a little gross initiating the kiss, but now that it was done, she couldn’t understand what her token reluctance had been for.

*That’s the recipe for instant bliss: just add some Alkim and stir.*

This was her due, this was how he was gonna pay his rent. Next time, she wouldn’t hesitate to cash in.

“You’re, uh, very welcome.” Alkim not-so-subtly turned his crotch away while keeping his upper body facing her. His hand went back to stirring the soup, but his gaze never shifted. “So, just to be clear, that’s going to be an everyday thing now?”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t realize kissing hot girls every morning was such an inconvenience for you.” Kate stretched her arms out behind her head in a triceps stretch—a very normal morning activity, one that just happened to thrust her heavy boobs in his direction.

It took Alkim a few moments to collect his thoughts. “I didn’t say I minded, I said I wanted to be clear.”

“I’d really prefer if it was every day... really, really didn’t feel good when I skipped a dose.”

“In that case, yeah, whatever you need, Kate.”

*Too easy.*

Kate took her seat, trying to ignore the fact that her tits now rested on the table, even when she sat perfectly straight.

She doubted Alkim would fail to notice that growth milestone, though she was well past caring. Hell, she’d hardly worried about his wandering eyes before. Now, after everything they’d done last night, the concept of protecting her modesty around him had become thoroughly obsolete, expired like last month’s milk.

*At least my tits aren’t sore anymore, thanks to him.*

He loaded up two bowls with generous portions of both wontons and noodles and set them down on the table. It looked and smelled heavenly.

“Fuck yeah.” She spooned up a big, fat, juicy wonton, and bit into it with relish. Delicious, savory juices and light aromatic spices filled her mouth.

Kate wasted no time and began noisily slurping up noodles and soup like a famine victim.

For several years now, Kate maintained rigid discipline over her diet through a combination of exercise, skipping meals, and stimulants. Yet, lately, whenever she got hungry she seemed to lose all self-control, and couldn’t stop herself from eating until she was full. It was like being a teenager all over again.

Part of her hated it, especially that voice in the back of her mind that nagged at her in Cantonese: it shamed her for every second portion consumed and pointed out every stomach roll or stretch mark in the mirror, no matter how minor. Years of familial fat-shaming were hard to shake off, but Alkim’s food seemed to cut through those mental blocks like nothing else could.

*Having him as a private chef is so worth the unpaid rent.*

“Mmmm! These wontons are really good! When’d you make them?”

“Couple days ago, they’re pork and shrimp.”

“Mmhhhhmmm, they’re so fucking good, dude. The noodles too.”

“Well, those were store-bought.”

She sucked in more of the thin, yellow egg-noodles, bit through them, and delighted at the perfect levels of give and snap. That was restaurant quality work.

“Mmmm, but you cooked them perfectly! I always fuck them up somehow, they get all mushy. You should really think about opening a restaurant, seriously.”

“Thanks, but hard pass on that business model. If I ever wanted my own restaurant, actually working in one would have been enough to cure me of that delusion.”

Kate alternated between the wontons, the noodles, the soup, and the vegetables until more than half the bowl was gone.

“Ahhhh. Thanks, dude, that really hit the spot. Exactly what I needed this morning.”

“Oh, that reminds me,” he got up from the table, “I’ll be right back.” She kept eating while he quickly dipped into his room and returned a moment later with a box in one hand. “Gotcha something.”

She swallowed down another mouthful. “What is it?”

He set the box down on the table and turned it to face her.

It was a fucking breast-pump.

Kate almost choked on her noodles. She covered her mouth with one arm while she coughed her airways clean.

“Shit, you okay?” asked Alkim.

“What the fuck dude?” she yelled.

“What? I said I’d get you a pump, and I did.”

“I don’t remember that!?”

“Really? That was, like, right after I said I’d help you with the cravings, which you apparently did remember.”

“Dude I was so fucking high, I don’t remember everything we said last night.”

*Not sure I really want to either...*

“Alright, well, if you don’t need it, I can just return it to the store.” He reached for the box.

“Fine, fine. Sorry. It’s just... It’s a lot, okay? Can you just let me finish my breakfast before I have to deal with more boob problems?”

Alkim winced. “Well, I didn’t want to overwhelm you, but we have some other problems you need to know about.”

“What kind of problems?”

“How about I start with the good news? Yeah? Good news then: Vicky’s coming home!”

“Wait, what? Seriously?”

“Yeah! I’m picking her up from LAX on Friday.”

“Friday? Holy shit! I can’t fucking wait!” Besides Alkim, Vicky was Kate’s clear alternative pick for best friend, especially in this house. “We gotta do something when she gets back.”

“Already on it, I picked up a duck and started marinating it. We can roast it here, or maybe get some KBBQ, and then we can go clubbing.”

“Hell yeah, I’ll check for club events on Friday, something she’d be into. Got any more molly for Vicky?”

Alkim hesitated. “I think I’d rather wait a while before trying again, especially after last night.”

*Oh, right.* “Good point.”

“Yeah, none of us should do molly again for a couple more months, including Vicky. I’m sure she’ll be good with some drinks and an eight-ball.”

“Yeah, she’s a fucking fiend.” Kate agreed. Everyone in the house did coke on occasion, or at parties, but Vicky was the only one with a coke nail. “So, what’s the bad news you really didn’t want to talk about?”

Alkim really did not want to talk, he just pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket and slid it over to her.

Kate read it.

“Fuck!” She pounded the table in fury, and nearly spilled her soup. “We’re getting evicted!? What the fuck! She can’t do that! I was gonna renew the lease!”

“Apparently she can, and she’s selling all her houses on this block.”

“Fuck!”

“I know.”

“Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! This can’t be happening!” Kate buried her face in her hands, desperate to hide her incoming tears of rage and frustration.

A few weeks ago, this notice would have been an inconvenience, maybe enough to ruin her day, but nothing more. She could always just move to a new house or just get a studio apartment. She could afford it. Now though, she was all too aware of the tether between her and Alkim, and she wasn’t about to accept its severance, not when things were just getting better between them.

Kate wished she had a pillow to scream in and briefly considered using her oversized breasts.

Alkim continued, heedless of her distress. “Ania said we have three months before eviction, so we gotta find a new place in that time.”

*We? A place? So he wants us to stick together?*

That was a major relief. Kate wiped her eyes clear, “So, what’s the plan? Another house, four bedrooms?”

*Or three. Wouldn’t mind leaving Hannah out this time.*

He nodded. “We could try that. She did give me her card, and promised to give me a tour of her other properties...”

“Ugh, fine. Let’s set one up.”

“Well, that’s the thing, I’m not sure if she meant all of us...”

“The hell is that supposed to mean?”

“I think she might be trying to fuck me.”

Kate just stared at him. “Oh, come on man, not every woman wants to fuck you!”

Alkim stiffened and sat up defensively. “I didn’t say every woman, just her.”

“And why the fuck would she evict us and then try and seduce you?”

“Well, I’m not one-hundred-percent sure, but she was sending a lot of signals.”

“Signals?”

“Signals,” he nodded, “and not the subtle kind.” He drank some of his soup.

“I don’t believe you.”

“You wouldn’t have any doubts if you saw what I saw.”

“Like what? Give me the deets.”

“Well, she complimented me a lot, gave me her phone number, called me a smart boy, handsome, and offered to give me a tour of her other properties.”

“A tour? That’s it, dude? Landlords are supposed to give tours!”

“I know, but it was the way she said it. *‘I could arrange a private tour.’* Emphasis on the private. Oh, and then she said, *‘if these listings are out of your price range, I’m sure we can work something out.’*”

“You’re lying!”

“I swear on my ancestors, dude, that’s what she said. Like, fucking porn dialogue, I swear.”

He dug into his pockets for a second, then pulled out a business card and slid it over to Kate. Sure enough, the card had their landlady’s contact information. More suggestively, she’d crossed out her husband’s info and even drawn a heart next to her name.

“Okay, you win. I believe you.”

“Told you, she wants me.”

“Alright then, stud. So, can you fuck her brains out and maybe get her to extend our lease, or give us a new one on a better block?”

“Don’t be gross, Kate.”

“What? C’mon, you met her, you know she’s hot. I’d fuck her to save the lease if I thought she’d go for it, but I’m pretty sure she’s married to a man, and I’m not the one here with the dick.”

*Magical dick, even.*

“Sure, yeah, I’d fuck her. But how do I know she’s serious about giving me a discount? What if she’s just trying to take advantage of me? Dangle a lease over my head, get me in bed, get her rocks off, and refuse to give up the goods after?”

“Then you’ll just have to give her a really good time, give it to her so good that she’ll want to come back for seconds, maybe even stash you away somewhere convenient for her. That way she could swing by whenever she’s in the mood for missionary sex, or whatever it is you straights do.”

“Oh, is that all?”

*This coming from the guy that turned a hardened sugar baby with no sex drive into his personal blowjob dispenser?*

“What, do you need me to give you the talk? Teach you how to find the clitoris?”

“Fuck off.” His tone was defensive, but she could tell he was trying not to smile. “It’s just-it feels weird. I mean, I’ve never fucked someone that...”

“Thick?”

“Old,” he admitted.

“Really? What’s the oldest woman you’ve had sex with?”

He thought for a second. “There was this one woman I met in San Francisco last year. I think she was, like, twenty-six?”

“Hey! Twenty-six is not old!” yelled the twenty-eight-year-old woman. “So you prefer them young, huh? Empty headed nineteen-year-olds, like Mikaella?”

“Hey, give me a break! I wasn’t calling you old, it’s just... I only graduated a few months ago, and before that I wasn’t exactly fucking around off-campus.”

“Really?” That took her aback a bit. Alkim acted so knowledgeable and self-assured, which made it easy to forget he was only twenty-two. “You’ve never hooked up with an older woman at a club or a bar?”

“Nope. Can’t really afford to drink at bars, especially not with my tolerance.”

“Oh, right.”

It took at least ten drinks just to get him buzzed, and he pregamed like crazy before every night out to save money.

“So, you never fucked a TA or something at school? ‘*Oh please, Miss, I’ll do aaaanything for an A.*’”

He laughed, “A TA? No way dude, I got good grades! I graduated Cum Laude!”



“Coom-what?”

“Cum Laude.” He sighed when Kate still didn’t get it. “Latin honors.”

“I don’t fucking speak Latin, dude.”

“Well, it’s Latin for ‘I got good fuckin grades.’”

“Wait, what about Vicky’s friend? That Viet chick, I thought I saw you leave with her on Vicky’s birthday.”

“Michelle? Nah, pretty sure I was too young for her.”

“But she’s only twenty-five?”

Alkim chuckled. “You have a lot to learn about gender dynamics between straight people.”

“Dude, come on, don’t try to mansplain women to me. When I was your age, I was getting pussy a lot older than twenty-six.”

“You know lesbians, and bisexuals, but it’s different with straight women. Men love to date younger women, sure, but most women won’t date younger guys.”

“I don’t believe it.”

“No lies, it’s pretty common. A bunch of my female friends in college admitted that they’d never go out with someone just two years below them.”

“Seriously?”

He nodded. “Seriously. College seniors that would never, *ever* fuck sophomores.”

“That’s fucking nuts.”

“I don’t disagree, but that’s the way it is.” He shrugged. “Ask Vicky if you still don’t believe me.”

“Damn, the straights are not alright.”

“We are not,” he agreed.

They both went back to slurping up noodle soup for a minute before Alkim broke the lull in conversation.

“Soooo, how old was the oldest woman you’ve slept with?”

“There was this white lady I met at a lesbian bar. She was forty-seven, drove a motorcycle.”

Alkim was shocked. “Seriously? Forty-seven?”

“Hey! Don’t judge! Those lesbian MILFs know what they’re fucking doing, alright? They’ve got years of experience eating pussy like you wouldn’t believe. Plus, you don’t have to stay quiet if she has her own house, no roommates.”

“But what if you woke up her grandkids?”

Kate balled up her napkin and threw it at him. It landed squarely in his face, and they both couldn’t help but chuckle.

“So, are you gonna do it?” asked Kate, “Are you gonna fuck that MILF?”

He looked down at the card, then nodded. “Yeah, alright. I’ll fuck her.”

Kate held her right fist in her left palm and gave him a very unserious bow. “The house of Kate thanks you for your noble sacrifice. Please, fuck her good, and get us something by the beach.”

Alkim rolled his eyes. “I can only promise to try my best; I will make no guarantees about scoring prime real estate.” He stopped, lost in thought for a moment. “Is MILF sex any different from fucking someone my—our age?”

“Well, yeah, kind of. I mean, I don’t know if it’s different for straight women, but older women know what they want. You’ll have to figure out what that is and give it to her.”

He scratched his chin, considering, strategizing.

“If her husband’s older, he probably can’t get it up enough for her, or when she’s in the right mood.”

“Makes sense,” Kate agreed, as if she knew anything about erectile dysfunction.

“And I’d bet she doesn’t get eaten out as often as she’d like either.”

*Who does?*

“See, you’ve got it all figured out. Just don’t fuck it up for me, I hate apartment hunting.”

“I mean, isn’t the plan to fuck her up?” He grinned annoyingly, like he did whenever he caught English puns that’d slipped past her.

Kate sighed. “You know what I meant.”

They both finished their food. She left the dishes to Alkim, while she took a long, hot shower.

Once she felt clean and dry, she put on just a token amount of clothing to lounge around in: a pair of panties and another tank top.

Alkim knocked on her door a few minutes later.

“What?” asked Kate.

“Are you ready to try the umm... the machine?”

*Not really.*

“Whatever, sure.”

He entered and sat down on her bed, bringing the breast pump and a bag of supplies she didn’t care to inspect.

For the second time in twelve hours, the pair were alone in Kate’s room. Also, for the second time, the pair were hyper aware of how weird this was going to get. Alkim opened the box and began reading through the instructions.

“Let me see that.” She grabbed the box but was disappointed to find there was no handy diagram explaining its use, and she didn’t feel like reading. “How does it work?”

“Well, you could try reading the instructions on the pump for yourself.” He tossed the little paper manual onto her lap.

“No thanks.” She tossed the manual back.

Kate wasn’t big on instructions, and, frankly, she could use his help with all this. At the same time, she still felt some desire for normalcy, and this didn’t feel like a normal activity for a childless woman to perform with her male friend.

No matter how much Alkim claimed to know about boob-science, receiving lessons from a guy on how to pump milk from her tits was a lot to swallow.

“What makes you so sure I’m gonna need this?” Kate pointed at the pump. “Like, what if last night was a one-time thing, and you got all the milk out?”

Alkim just sighed. “Kate, that’s not how lactation works. A tiny bit of discharge can be a one-off, but last night you produced way too much milk for that to be it.”

“And how would you know, huh? I haven’t seen you nursing any babies recently.”

“Well, for one, I read about it. Second, I used to work in the post-partum ward of a hospital, over in downtown LA. That was one of my volunteer hospital rotations.”

“Post-what?”

“Post-partum, it literally means ‘after-birth,’ so, the maternity ward.”

“Why didn’t you just say that?” Kate hated it when he used SAT words on her.

Alkim threw up his hands in annoyance. “I don’t know all the words you don’t know, all right? Some places say ‘maternity ward,’ my hospital used ‘post-partum.’ I’m just calling it what they called it, alright?”

“Fine, fine, fine. Sorry. So, what did you learn about pumping in that hospital?”

“Well... okay, so, a lot of my job was feeding formula or donated milk to crack babies, and this was a Christian hospital, so they were not super comfortable with male volunteers on the floor. That said, I think I learned enough from the lactation consultant. We could just start attaching the pump, but since you’re a new mom—er, I mean, you’re new to this—it might be best to start massaging your breasts first, get your flow started, and then we can start the pump.”

*Is that really what the hospital taught, or is he just talking about lactation porn?*

With him, it could easily go either way. Someone who knew how to do CPR might as well know how tits work, but she knew he had to be into this beyond mere medical intrigue.

“And how do I know this isn’t an excuse to feel me up?”

He sighed and pinched his nose in frustration. “If it’d make you feel better, I know of another way to get things flowing, without touching them.” She caught the faintest hint of a grin at the corner of his mouth.

Kate narrowed her eyes. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Give me a second.” Alkim pulled up something on his phone. “Just listen to this.”

His phone speakers started blaring out the wailing cries of an infant.

“What the fuck is this? Trying to torture me with baby sounds? Turn that shit off, dude.”

“Indulge me. Give it, like, thirty seconds.”

Kate rolled her eyes, but let him play out his little joke.

*God, why do babies have to be so fucking loud and annoying?*

“There better be a point to this.” Kate grumbled.

“I think I just made it.” He smirked and pointed at her chest.

“What?”

“My point, dammit! Just look down.”

Kate looked down, only to find a pair of dark patches on her tank top. Confused, she touched them with her hands, and they came away damp.

She was lactating again.

“EWW!” Her hands flew away from her chest, like it was radioactive. “What the hell, dude?”

He laughed. “Hey, you asked for proof, and I proved it. What you just did, that’s a natural response from a lactating woman to hearing a baby cry. It’s called the letdown reflex: the sound tells your brain to release oxytocin, which tells your mammary glands to...” He caught her glare and mercifully shortened his explanation. “Baby cries, boobs make milk to feed the baby, okay?”

“But I don’t have a fucking baby!”

“Well, your body doesn’t really know the difference. Plus, it’s not like people never feed each other’s babies. That’s pretty much why we even have a society.”

“Wow, thanks for the fucking sociology lesson. Super helpful. That’s definitely what I fucking need right now.”

Alkim chose not to address her sarcasm. “Anyway, what I’m trying to get at is that the letdown reflex doesn’t always require physical stimulation, it can just happen to you without anything touching them, especially if the milk has been building up for a while. It’s been almost,” he checked his phone, “twelve hours since your last milking, so your milk ducts should be very full by now. That’s why I also grabbed you these.”

He tossed her a pack of something, and she read the label.

“Seriously? Pads?”

“Yeah, so you don’t soak your top if that happens. You’re welcome, by the way.”

“Couldn’t you have given me these first, before I ruined this tank top?”

“It’ll wash out.”

*Dick.*

“The point is, I can help you with this. Whatever you need.”

*At least I didn't bother putting on a bra.*

Kate sighed. “Fine, show me how it works.” Then she remembered how messy this could get. “But grab a towel first. Last thing I need is stale milk in my mattress.”

Once Alkim had laid the towel out over her bedding, Kate sat down and peeled off her increasingly damp tank top. She was shocked to find the wet patches had each grown to the size of her palm.

*Fuck, that's a lot of milk.*

And it was still coming, like a tap that wouldn't turn off. She could see little drops of milk still beading up on her nipples and dripping down onto the towel.

“Shit! How is it still going?” asked Kate.

“That's called automilk. It's when your tits keep producing more milk without additional stimulation. And that means we have to get it out.” He reached into his shopping bag. “Also got these: alcohol wipes.”

“What for?”

“To clean the area around your nipples first, standard practice before pumping.”

“Why?”

“Sterilization, helps the milk stay clean longer.”

Kate gave him an incredulous look. “Seriously? Is that really a priority right now?”

Alkim threw up his hands. “Are you gonna fight me at every step of the way, or are you gonna let me show you how it's done? And I wasn't finished explaining: sterilization will help prevent you from getting any infections in your milk-ducts: mastitis.”

She wasn't about to admit it, but that at least made sense.

“Whatever, just do it.”

Kate leaned back, supported by her palms, and let Alkim wipe her nips clean. The pressure he applied was enough to increase the light trickling of milk into sprays of tiny droplets. She looked away, clenching her teeth, trying not to react to the stimulation of her insanely sensitive skin. Only once he finished did she realize that she could have done this part herself.

“Okay.” Alkim tossed the wipes onto the towel. “Now, since the milk is already flowing, we can just attach the pumps.”

Kate hadn’t seen a breast pump before. The parts that were supposed to fit over her nipples reminded her of those oxygen masks that they bring out for safety briefings on airplanes. Those were connected to little collection cups, and to thin tubes that ran to a box that she assumed did the actual pumping.

Alkim plugged the box into the wall and held up the cups for her.

She took one and tried to attach it herself, but couldn’t quite get the angle right, and soon enough the thin sprays of milk coated her hands and the plastic part.

“Might have to wipe this down again, so it can seal on properly. Want me to do one, and then you can try the other?”

*How nice of him to volunteer.*

Kate resisted the urge to roll her eyes. “Fine.”

Alkim wiped down the part, then her nipple again, and brought the suction-cup-thingy to her right nipple.

Kate managed to get the other one on much more easily.

“Good, now just hold the flanges there.”

*Flange?*

“The what?”

Alkim sighed, “The suction-cups.”

Kate held the suction cups to her leaking teats.

“Yeah, like that. I’ll turn it on now.”

He powered it up, and the motor began to whirl.

“Oooooohhhhh.”

Kate was caught off-guard by the strength of the mechanical suction. Through the translucent plastic, she could see her nipples being repeatedly pulled in, along with most of her areolas. In, out, in and out. She hadn’t really realized just how much they could be stretched out like this, seemingly triple their normal length.

Each pull drew a few drops of milk into the collection cups.

Kate felt a strange tingling in her boobs, and much sharper stings on her nipples, like pins and needles poking little, tiny holes in her skin to let the milk out.

After a few more cycles, the number of droplets doubled, then tripled. Within minutes, each tug from the pump extracted a thin trickle of milk, but from her angle she couldn't see how much had been collected already.

"How long will this take?" asked Kate.

Alkim answered without making eye contact.

"Varies, depending on the woman; how much milk she produces, how much her breasts can store, and how long it's been since she last pumped."

"Soooo, how long?"

He shrugged. "Could be anywhere from ten to thirty minutes."

"Thirty minutes?!"

He threw up his hands, as if to say, "*What do you want me to do about it?*" But managed the eye contact, this time, at least. "Obviously I can't see the future here, but probably closer to ten, since I'm guessing you wouldn't have too much stored up already, but we won't know it's done until the milk stops coming."

*Ugh. How is this my fucking life?*

Alkim checked his phone. Kate didn't appreciate the reminder that her own hands would be occupied for maybe the next half hour.

"Do I seriously have to hold these for the entire time?"

Alkim checked the manual. "Not sure, but I don't think the suction alone is enough to hold them in place without risk of spilling. But I know they make special bras just for that: nursing bras. They'd keep the pumps secure, and you could free your hands while the machine milks you."

"Fuck, so I have to buy nursing bras in my new size. Ugh, the fucking bra-shopping never ends."

Whenever they stopped talking, the whirring of the pump began to get on her nerves. She hated dead air. Her ADHD brain already felt like she'd already wasted way too much time sitting idle, and she was getting really bored.

Alkim checked his phone again.



Despite being a certified phone-addict, Kate felt weirdly offended that Alkim would rather dick around on his phone than watch her tits getting pumped, especially when she presently lacked the same freedom.

“What? You got plans or something?”

“Well, yeah, actually. I’m supposed to pick up Mikaella in the next thirty-ish minutes.”

“Picking her up from what?”

“Her cousin’s salon. She’s getting her hair and nails done.”

“Good, hopefully she’ll come back to us looking a little less basic.”

Alkim rolled his eyes. “Not every girl needs a million body mods to look pretty.”

“Not every girl, but definitely Mikaella. She could really use some spice in her look.” *And some T&A.*

Alkim refused to take the bait and instead changed the subject. “So, your last job before Karaoke; that was web design, right?”

“Yeah, and I quit that life. Job fucking sucked.”

“But was it really that much worse than Karaoke?”

“Yeah dude, I was here on a work visa. That fucking startup fucking treated me like a slave because they figured I couldn’t get work anywhere else. They tried to make me work like seventy hours a week. No fucking thanks.”

“Damn, yeah. That sounds awful.”

She nodded. “I’d much rather have assholes gawking at my body than ever work that much again. No more startup jobs.”

“Would you ever work in tech again?”

Kate shrugged. “Maybe something corporate, but I don’t feel like working right now, and I still have a few more months before I need to get another job to keep my visa.”

“Fair, fair. Buuuut, would you still hate it if I was the one asking you to design a web?”

That was unexpected. “Really? What the hell do you need a website for? Trying to make one of those resume sites?”

“No. Well, not exactly, and it’s not just for me. It’s for me and Mikaella.”

That was even more unexpected. “Explain.”

Alkim averted his eyes and scratched the back of his neck. “We're going to shoot porn together.”

*What?!*

“You? Porn? Seriously?”

*Alkim, the almost-doctor is going to do porn?*

“Yeah.” He scratched at his scalp. “The idea just came to me after she sucked my dick for the second time. She seemed really into it, and her sugar daddy dropped her, so I knew we could both use the money. I floated the idea that we could just film her blowing me and earn some easy money pretty quickly doing something we both liked.”

“No fucking way. She said yes?”

“Way, dude. She agreed pretty much immediately, fifty-fifty split. We made an OnlyFans and everything.”

“Holy shit,” she murmured.

Though, on second thought, she wasn't surprised at all that Mikaella had agreed to suck him off more.

Kate had witnessed more of that incident than she'd ever wanted, and parts of it were still seared into her gray matter: Mikaella gagging and swallowing like her life depended on it: the insane duration and incredible volume of Alkim's cumshot: that hungry, almost feral look on Mikaella's face as she'd lapped it up, and the sound of her moans when she drank the whole fucking jar of cum...

Kate was just glad he had Mikaella to siphon off his sex drive.

Alkim talked on, “Yeah, I figured that was a good start. I swear, I'll start paying rent as soon as I can, but we should have our own site, right? A place that links to all our various pages, where we can post a tip jar and a wishlist, something to pump all the simps dry. Can you help us make one?”

This was maybe the third time he'd promised to start paying rent.

Kate sighed, “I can whip up something cheap I guess. How soon do you need it?”

“Whenever you get the time, we're recording later today, actually. But we could put up the site later, no rush.”

“Wait, wait, wait, you’re going to record a porno? Today?”

“... Yeah? I mean, we had this planned out, that’s why Mikaella’s getting her hair and nails done. We’re going to record her going down on me when she’s looking her best.”

“And dudes will pay for that? Aren’t there, like, millions of free videos of cute girls sucking dick out there?” *Girls cuter than Mikaella...*

“Oh, you bet your sweet ass they’ll pay! You remember Monica? Vicky’s friend?”

Kate nodded. Monica was no one special, just some stripper Vicky used to work with at some North Hollywood titty bar: somewhat attractive, but in that bland “common white girl” kind of way. Not the kind of girl that really appealed to Kate.

“Well, she started recording porn with her boyfriend, like, last year, and now they have enough for a down payment on a house in Van Nuys.”

“Damn, really?”

“Yeah, she told us it was more about building an audience, a community of people that are obsessed with you. So, Mikaella and I figured, why not? Gotta be better than waiting tables, or fucking gross, old dudes that can’t get laid without their checkbooks.”

She smirked. “So, you’re saying you’d rather get your dick sucked than work at Benihana?”

“No matter how this works out, I’m never doing service work again. Never.”

“Damn, Alkim, the sex worker. Guess the house finally got to you after all, huh? You were the last holdout, and now you’re talking about shooting porn and seducing rich ladies for housing.”

“Huh. I guess that does make me a sex worker. Hadn’t really thought about it like that. Figured I was more of an accessory, a live dildo for Mikaella to record with...”

*Oh, Alkim, you young, naive, genius.*

Kate was all too aware that, as much as that whole mess had disgusted her, she’d found it almost impossible to look away from the two of them going at it, especially from his insane climax.

It wasn’t hard to imagine a video of him erupting like that all over Mikaella would ensnare hundreds of online perverts, especially if they were straight. Hell, gay dudes would probably be willing to overlook Mikaella’s presence in those videos once they saw what Alkim was capable of.

Alkim was a genuine freak of nature, yet he didn’t seem to understand that if he did porn with Mikaella, the primary draw would not be his dollar-store ABG, it would be the insane loads of

cum he splattered onto her, and the unmistakable joy she took in feeding her cum addiction on camera.

“Wow, dude, you’re really in it now. Next thing you know, you’ll be in line at the Karaoke bar with the rest of us.” Kate began to chant, “One of us! One of us!” Unthinkingly she tried to pound her fists on the bed as part of the chant and ended up breaking the seal of the right pump. “Fuck!”

She stopped moving her hands just in time, narrowly avoiding a spill that would have definitely soaked her sheets with milk.

“Ugh, goddammit! I hate holding things like this.”

“Want me to do it?” asked Alkim.

She was about to tell him to fuck off, before she remembered they’d more than crossed that barrier last night.

“Sure, knock yourself out.”

Kate handed off the pumps, grabbed her phone, and started checking Instagram. She did her best to ignore him while he maneuvered the pumps back onto her nipples and pressed them into her swollen tits.

They stayed like that for a while. She found pumping was a lot more tolerable when she had something to do, like buying that nursing bra before she could forget.

But before long, her mind became stuck on the absurdity of Alkim and Mikaella recording porn together.

*Two months ago, he wouldn’t let me tag him in a Facebook post because there was a picture of him holding a red solo cup. “I can’t let an employer see that!” Yet now he’s fine letting the whole internet see his dick?*

She just couldn’t shake it, and that’s when she got an idea.

“Hey, Alkim.”

“Yeah?”

“Do you think people would pay money to see me... pumping like this?”

Alkim's eyebrows furrowed. “Seriously?”

“Yeah, like, what if I could turn this inconvenience into income?”

“Wow... I just thought you were being sarcastic because I thought the answer was really obvious. Yeah, Kate, people would pay to see a hot, huge-titty, goth, Asian woman milking herself on camera.”

“Really? How much do you think they’d pay?”

He shrugged, “Don't have exact figures for lactation pornstars laying around, but you're in a very under-saturated market. There's not a lot of girls that look like you that can do what you do.”

“I thought you said all women can produce milk?”

“Yeah, when they have a baby, but most new mothers aren't big on getting into porn. I'd also guess that a lot of pornstars probably take a break when they give birth, and start lactating, or maybe their partners make them. But the exceptions to that rule can get a looot of attention.”

“Makes sense, I guess. Sounds like you really know the male pervert crowd, huh?”

He grinned. “Of course, it takes one to know one. But yeah, Kate, I think you could make serious cash just live-streaming this.” He nodded down at her tits. “Even more if you played with yourself at the same time.”

“Shit, I could do that.” *Would Dana be into this?* “And what if I got another girl to come on camera with me?”

“If you got another girl to suck your tits on camera? Shit, way more than solo play, for sure. Hang on, can you hold these again, I need to find something.”

Kate took the pumps back in hand, while Alkim searched around on his phone.

“Here, check this out.” He slid the phone into her cleavage, and took the pumps back into his hands, freeing her to look at whatever it was he was trying to show her.

It turned out to be a pornstar with some decent mommy milkers, and an absurd number of followers.

“Jeeeee.” Kate whistled, far more impressed with the metrics than the woman herself.

“I know, right?”

“And she's getting what, like, ten bucks a month from each of them?”

He nodded. “Fucking raking it in.”

“Do you really think I could do numbers like that?”

He shook his head. “C’mon, Kate, where’s your ambition? You’re, what, half her BMI, with even bigger tits. I think you could beat her numbers in a few months. Hell, you could probably steal most of her fans.”

Alkim had a point, this lady was way fatter than she’d ever go for. Kate was considering the potential.

*Pervs online are easier to mute than pervs in the Karaoke bar.*

“Alright, how about this. I’ll make a website for all of us, cross promotional style: in exchange you’ll let me use your cameras, help me set up the shoots, and help me corner the market on online milk-perverts. Deal?”

“Deal.” Alkim agreed instantly. “And I think I have the perfect name for you to use.”

“What?”

He grinned. “Goth Milk.”

They laughed together.

*Not a bad idea. If I have to identify myself with these ridiculous things, that was as good a name as any.*

Eventually the flow of milk diminished to a single drop every second, and soon after that each pull from the pump extracted no additional milk.

“I think we got it all,” said Alkim, turning off the machine.

“About fucking time, ahhhhh.” Kate sighed with relief at the sudden release of her tender nipples.

Alkim emptied the cups into a mason jar, sealed it, and checked the volume.

*I hope that’s not the same jar he used to collect his load...*

“Hmm, about eighty, eighty-five milliliters.” He seemed a little surprised at the amount.

“Is that a little or a lot?” Kate kind of expected more, especially given the sheer volume of her tits.

“Nah, normal amount.”

“You’re sure?”

“Positive. Good color too.”

“Color? How can the color be good, it’s fucking milk-colored.”

He shook his head. “I need to send you, like, a blog or a subreddit, some reading materials. Milk color can vary depending on the nutrient content, which can also depend on time of day, or on the needs of the baby. This seems very normal, not too thin, or too yellow.”

“Fascinating.” said Kate, deadpan.

“How about your boobs? Do they feel better now? Any decrease in pressure?”

“Well they don’t feel as tight anymore, but now my nips are sore as hell.”

His lips pursed. “How sore?”

“Like they just got chewed raw by a machine for a fucking hour.”

“It was only twenty minutes.”

She glared at him, then lifted both heavy tits to get a better look at her badly chaffed nipples. They were very red, unusually puffy, and uncomfortably sensitive on top of it all, thrumming with dull aches.

“Only twenty minutes?” Kate snapped. “Just fucking look at them now. No matter what I do with these things, it’s like I’m stuck between trading one uncomfortable feeling for another.”

“Some soreness is to be expected, especially since it’s your first time pumping. It shouldn’t hurt that much once your nipples get used to it.”

“Get used to it?! That’s your genius medical advice? Isn’t there something you could do about this?”

“Like what?”

“You fixed it last night, didn’t you? Took the pain away? I want that, right now.”

The request surprised her almost as much as it surprised Alkim. His body went stiff, his face blushed red, while his eyes doubled in size and began nervously darting between Kate’s face and her freshly drained tits.

“Come again?” asked Alkim, in clear disbelief of his own ears.

*Ugh, is he really gonna make me say it again?*

“What, you suddenly shy now?” Kate stopped, remembering Hannah was still in her room, and presumably awake by now. She took a deep breath. “Can you please just suck on my nipples so that they’re not sore anymore?”

There was a long pause, where they both just let those insane words hang in the air.

Kate almost took it back, but the more she thought about it, the more it made sense. When she was rolling last night, she’d allowed him to suckle on impulse, and it felt amazing. This morning, her sober, gay mind found the memory revolting, but perhaps that was a mistake. Sobriety was not a good reason to shut Alkim out, the opposite really. She had to know if the best parts of last night were from the molly, or from him. She also needed to know if he really had the power to make the growth and lactation bearable, even pleasurable.

Alkim saved her from further introspection by agreeing.

“Ooookay, if that’s what you really want.”

This way, she didn’t have to explain her needs to him any more than necessary.

“I do.”

“Just really caught me off guard is all. Didn’t think you’d want me to do that again, sober, and I was kinda worried that you would be mad that I said yes last night.”

“Why? I asked you to, didn’t I?”

“Yeah, but you were on drugs. And no offense, Kate, but that’s never really stopped you from getting mad before.”

“What? Name one time I’ve gotten mad at you for doing what I asked.”

“That one party we went to together where you asked me to give you a back massage on the couch, in front of everyone, and then you got really mad at me later because everyone assumed I was your boyfriend.”

*Oh. huh. Wonder how long he’s been sitting on that one.*

“Fine, whatever. I’m not mad this time. I just want you to make it feel better.”

“Well, if I must suck on some titties to help my best friend, by the gods, I’ll suck it up.”

Kate, half chuckled, more just exhaled faster than normal. It wasn’t very funny, but she was glad he dropped his pretend reluctance.



She propped some pillows behind her and leaned back against her wall, allowing her tits to hang down near her lap, and placed a pillow in her lap so that Alkim could reach her nips without straining his neck.

He just sat there, calmly waiting for her to give the all clear.

“Just go until I tell you to stop.”

She closed her eyes and let him take the pain and soreness away.

It wasn't long before she felt his hot breath on her sensitive right nipple. His wetted lips briefly nuzzled at the hardened nub before they enveloped the whole of her areola, and the weight of his head settled on her lap.

Then he began to suckle.

*Fuck! Fuck! Fuuuuuuuuck...*

There was a brief spike of pain, but to her relief it faded almost instantly. It only took a few more moments before Kate felt the soreness on that side beginning to dissipate, in clear contrast to the inflamed aching in her left tit.

Whatever it was that he was giving her, it was working, and very quickly at that.

“Mmmmmm,” Kate hummed automatically.

Even without the excuse of being on a shit-ton of molly, having Alkim sucking on her tits felt unreasonably good. The other day, that thought would have made her deeply uncomfortable. Now, she was glad to know for certain, and even glad that he was as into her tits as he was. If he was the gay one, he probably would never have agreed to suck her tits into his pleasure-giving, pain-treating, anxiety-relieving mouth.

Alkim's face was a little sweaty where it met her chest, and the stubble on his face was rougher than she liked, but there was no denying the power of the chemical relief coursing through her, relief that only he could provide.

Kate's hands came to rest in his short, black hair, and she ran her fingers along his scalp. She wasn't consciously intending to pet him, but it was something to do with her hands. So, she just ignored the heat, the sweat, and held him lightly to her chest.

Not that he needed any further encouragement, lapping and suckling away to his heart's content.

“Is there any milk left?” asked Kate. She was idly curious about the newfound functionality of her breasts.

Alkim's mouth popped off, "I don't think so, maybe just a bit. But sucking them might cause your body to make even more milk."

"That's fine." She didn't really care about the volume, that was his problem to take care of. "Hmmm. Can you switch to the other one?"

"Sure, Kate, whatever you want."

*Whatever I want... I do want that...*

Alkim latched onto her other nipple. In a matter of minutes, all the soreness and tightness had left her behind.

*Sure, he can be kind of a mooch, but I can't say he never helps out around the house. Even if he probably is the cause of all this lactation.*

*Oooooohhhh. Shit.*

Kate wasn't sure why she hadn't connected those dots before, but now that she had, she was nearly certain it was the truth. But she wanted complete certainty.

"Hey, dude." She patted his head, already a little damp from perspiration.

"Hmm?" he mumbled in acknowledgement, keeping his mouth on her nipple.

"Did you do this to me?" she asked.

His lips unsealed so he could speak. "Do what?"

"Make me like this." She squeezed her tits together with her elbows, in case he wasn't sure what she was referring to. "Did you make them grow?"

Alkim bit his lip. She half-expected a denial.

"I think so." He half-confessed.

"You think so? How can you not know for sure?" Kate's words were accusatory, but her tone was oddly toothless. She never even stopped running her fingers through his slick hair.

*Should I be mad? No, not until I hear him out.*

"It's complicated." He sighed and removed the pillow, resting his head on her bare thighs so they could see each other's faces without her breasts getting in the way. "I didn't know I was doing anything weird until you pointed it out to me last night. Only after you asked me how I was making everything feel so good."

She nodded. “Yeah.”

“But I must have been doing something for days without knowing it, or nothing would have changed, right?”

“Makes sense.” Kate agreed, idly playing with his hair.

“I still don’t understand how the power works. I know I’m making chemicals, somehow. But at the same time, I can’t really control them, not completely, at least. As far as I can tell, it’s like my body just makes whatever it thinks my brain wants.”

“Whatever your brain wants? So, just big, milky boobs?”

She couldn’t help but laugh at the absurdity of it all; the revelation that he was such a boob-guy that his chemistry powers would do this to her without his conscious mind ever pitching in.

Alkim looked up at her, puzzled. “You’re really not mad?”

“Eh, it’s not your fault”

“Well yeah, but I thought you didn’t want them getting any bigger.”

“I don’t, but if you didn’t do it on purpose then why should I be mad?”

Kate was also still grateful that he saved her from a trip to the hospital last night, but she didn’t want to inflate his ego any further, or give him something to lord over her during their next argument.

“Yeah, but I think you’re right. Well, actually, this morning, I did figure out how to do one thing.”

“What?”

“I made my own Adderall, internally.”

“Holy shit, really?”

He grinned, “Yeah, it was fucking nuts, such a rush. Woke me right the fuck up, dude.”

*Fuck yes! That could be a game-changer.*

“Well don’t hold out on me, man, I want my prescription filled too.”

“Sure, I can do that.” He licked his lips, then abruptly stopped and looked back at her. “But only if you’re okay with the potential side effects.”

Now the choice was hers to make: awesome drugs and huge tits, or sobriety and normalcy?

Kat didn't take long to decide.

*Whatever side-effects his chemistry has on my body, the main effects more than made up for it. Having to milk myself daily might not be so bad if he's the one doing the milking, instead of that stupid machine.*

"I can deal with the side effects, if you promise to help get me through them." She squeezed her tits together between her elbows.

*You broke them, you buy them.*

"I promise, Kate, I'll help you get through any and all side effects, whatever you need, whatever you want. And I promise to do whatever I can to figure out these powers, for the both of us."

*Oh shit, that's right. If he learns to control this power, there's no telling what kinds of fun we could get up to...*

Kate leaned down and hugged him tightly, partially smothering him in the process, not that he minded.

She let him go and breathed a sigh of relief, as though two huge weights were lifted from her shoulders. Whatever happened next, she wouldn't have to deal with it alone.

Alkim brought her back to the situation at hand. "Soooo, how do you want me to deliver your prescription?" He smiled unabashedly, his eyes darting between her face and her chest.

*Oh, right. Mouth, or tits?*

Kate wasn't sure which would feel better right then.

"Don't care, dealer's choice."

Alkim chose tits.

The more he suckled, the more uppers entered her system, and the more uppers he gave her the better she felt. Once she hit that perfect combination of relaxed, alert, and horny, she abandoned any notion of ever asking him to stop.

Unfortunately for Kate, Alkim's phone began to ring.

His mouth unsealed from her tit with a pop, and he moved off her chest. Kate sat back up and watched him answer that call.

“Okay, I’ll be there in fifteen minutes, bye.” He hung up and turned back to Kate. “You all good now?”

“Yup. I’m good, focused. Think I might get started on that website now.”

“Perfect,” he got out of her bed and stood up, ‘cuz I’ve gotta go pick Mikaella up from the salon.”

“Okay. Have fun.” *Have fun?*

“Thanks. We’ll probably be in her room for a few hours. Just let me know next time you need any help with... you know, and I’ll come around as soon as I can.”

“Count on it.”

Alkim grabbed the jar of milk, closed the door behind him, and left to pick up his personal pornstar.

Kate, now fed, drained, and medicated, shifted over to her desktop and got to work on a web layout. She made a section for the models: Alkim, Mikaella, and herself. On a whim, she added a page for Vicky, just in case she wanted in on this new business of theirs. Then Kate’s thoughts drifted from her friends to her boob-hungry date from the other day.

*What would Dana think about all this lactation? Sure, she really liked my boobs, but would she really want to drink milk from my nips?*

Alkim seemingly couldn’t get enough of the stuff, but Alkim was a guy. He probably saw them as a sign of fertility in a mate, or whatever bullshit straight men looked for in women. Kate liked boobs herself, but getting squirted with milk from her date’s boobs was not a fantasy of hers.

*Fuck it.*

Kate: Hey

Kate: Guess what I can do now?

Dana: ???

Kate took a quick video of herself squeezing out just one droplet of milk from each tit, and sent it to Dana.

Dana: OMG

Dana: MOMMY!

Dana: Sorry

Dana: MOMMY!

Dana: Sorry

Dana: MOMMY!

*Well, alright then. Dana likes milk.*

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