

XVIII : Star Power

Mikaella

Mikaella was having a very productive day.

In just four hours she'd gotten her hair, nails, and makeup done; gotten an STD test at the free clinic; scheduled an appointment to get an IUD; and still had time for some last-minute shopping for the shoot.

Though Mikaella was far from sick of blowing him, she could hardly wait for the all-clear to have raw sex with Alkim. Just tasting his cum brought her more pleasure than all the pre-Alkim sexual contact she could remember; a creampie from him had to be magical.

He'll be so happy when I can give him the green light to fuck my pussy! I can't wait to surprise him with it!

When she saw his car pull up in front of her, she got so excited that she nearly dropped her shopping bags.

She opened the passenger side door, greeted him with a "Heyyyy!" threw her stuff in the back, and took her seat.

"What do you think? Do you like them?"

Mikaella tossed her new pink highlights over her ear and batted her long, false eyelashes at him, splitting his attention between her new hairdo and her makeup: a combination of mascara, eyeshadow, and magenta lipstick.

She waited with bated breath for his approval.

Hope I didn't overdo the ABG look, or the highlights. I'll just go back to black if he doesn't like it.

Alkim smiled magnanimously. "I love them." He ran a finger down one stray, pink lock, playfully curled it around his finger, then tucked it back behind her ear. "They're very 'you.'"

Oh, thank God!

The combination of his touch and those six words overrode any lingering anxieties about her makeover, leaving her with a prideful glow.

"Thank you!" she beamed. "I wasn't sure if it was all too much or not enough."

“Pink and black are very hard to blend like this, but I think you pulled it off perfectly.” He walked his fingers down her neck to her shoulder and gave an affectionate squeeze.

God, he's so fucking sweet!

It took all her self-control to resist undoing his pants and going down on him right there and then, but that would have prematurely ruined her whole do.

Plus, she wasn't sure just how illegal road-head was, though his tinted windows made it seem almost doable.

Her reverie was interrupted by something Alkim said.

“Sorry, what was that?”

“I said your cousin does great work. How big is your family, anyway?”

“My mom has six siblings, and they all have kids.”

“Siblings?”

She shook her head. “Nope, just me. I always wished for sisters, but my mom didn't want any more kids.”

“Oh, sorry to hear that.”

“It's fine.”

Mikaella was glad he didn't ask about her dad.

“Oh, can you put the windows up, please?” she asked.

“Sure.”

“Thanks, I don't want to mess up my hair.”

Not yet anyway...

Alkim rolled the windows up and started driving home. Mikaella busied herself taking car selfies for both Instagram and OnlyFans and started mentally planning out their shoot. Except, all her plans were vague, and she lost focus once she imagined the part where she was sucking him off again.

Once home, Mikaella went straight for her room and set up the ring lights they borrowed from Vicky's closet. Then, she laid out the contents of her shopping bag for his examination: maid and schoolgirl outfits from a costume shop.

Alkim entered a few minutes later with his laptop and two cameras. He set them down on her desk before he noticed.

“Oh? Is that what you bought today?”

“Mhm! Just some costumes from a shop I went to.” She sat down between them. “Which do you like best: sexy schoolgirl, or French maid?”

The Catholic schoolgirl outfit had a shorter skirt, but the maid costume had more frills and accessories that she could take off gradually. Of course, Mikaella had loathed working as an actual maid, but this time she would only need to clean one thing.

“Hmmm.” Alkim seemed uncertain, she watched his eyes flit between the costumes.. “Honestly, Mikaella, these look great, but if I had to choose, I’d prefer one of your outfits.”

“Really? No costume?”

That was unexpected. Her sugar daddies would have jumped at the chance to get her in either of these outfits, and it seemed like most of the internet agreed with them.

“Yeah. Don’t get me wrong, we can use these down the line, but for our first time I think it would be nice if it was just us, y’know? No livestream, no outfits, just you and me, having fun recording, together.”

Awww! That’s really sweet!

“If you say so!”

“I just think it’ll be better this way, so we can record the video with two different camera angles and cut them together as we need.”

“Makes sense.” Mikaella agreed.

“Also, I couldn’t figure out the livestream thing in time, so that’ll have to be later.”

“That’s okay! Takes away the pressure to be always ‘on,’ you know?”

He smiled at her, “Exactly what I was thinking.” He set the laptop and little camera up on her desk, then removed the lens cap from the bigger, fancier Nikon. “I figured we could start with some pictures, that sound good to you?”

“Sounds great! Just let me choose the perfect outfit.”

Really, she just wanted to get to the dick-sucking part, but she knew this was all part of the process.

Mikaella threw off her streetwear and quickly rummaged through her closet for that ideal blend of cute and slutty.

She ended up going with a teal, backless crochet halter top that showed off her chest and midriff, and a mauve skirt so indecently short that it would have given her high school principal an aneurysm. Both articles had been purchased on a shopping trip with her former sugar daddy. Now, the internet was gonna see her wearing them while she blew Alkim.

“Ta-da! What do you think?”

“Perfect.” Alkim held the camera to his eye and started taking pictures.

She followed his lead.

Click.

“Bend over for me.”

Mikaella bent over.

Click, click.

“Hands and knees.”

She got down on her hands and knees.

Click, click, click.

“Throw the skirt over. Great, now pull your panties to the side.”

She did and wasn’t surprised to find they were damp already.

Click, click, click, click.

“Perfect, you have such a pretty pussy.”

It went on like that for a while: cutesy poses, slutty poses; facing away with her ass out; on her back with her legs spread; on her knees looking up at him, pawing at his shorts, doing her best to ask him to whip it out, telepathically.

That didn’t work, but Alkim showed his approval through an ever-increasing number of camera shutters.

Click, click, click, click, click.

It made for surprisingly effective foreplay. She hadn't expected to enjoy being told what to do—how to show off her own body—but every time she followed his instructions she got a pleasant tingle in her chest, and a little buzz on her clit.

Can the camera see how wet he's making me?

“Great, I think we got enough of the ‘before’ shots.”

Oh, thank god!

“Do you want to see how they turned out?”

Just let me suck your dick already!

“Sure!” Mikaella agreed.

Alkim sat down on the bed. Mikaella slid into his lap and let him cycle through the pictures while she ground her wet panties over his crotch.

The pictures came out super sexy. The way she was posed and framed in each shot made her look a lot sultrier and a lot less desperately horny than she really felt.

“Oooo, these are so cute!” She bounced on his lap excitedly. “You're really good at this.”

“Not really, It's not hard to frame the perfect subject.”

Mikaella licked her lips.

“I mean it, Alkim, you're really, *really* talented.”

The combination of praise and grinding was causing him to rapidly stiffen, and soon the fabric of his shorts was poking the exposed portion of her ass.

It was time for the main event.

Mikaella licked her lips.

But Alkim reminded her that they needed a plan before starting the real shoot.

“So, how do we want to do this?” he asked. “We never actually decided on anything besides ‘record a blowjob,’ huh?”

“Well, I did end up watching some porn the last few days to see how the pros do it, and it gave me a few ideas.”

“Watching some porn” was underselling her research. Mikaella had sorted through the top blowjob videos on a half dozen websites and studied the most viewed ones carefully, almost single-mindedly, even taking notes as she went.

She'd gotten so hot watching those clips, though, not from the people on camera—lesser dicks did nothing for her—just imagining herself doing all those things for Alkim made her literally drool with anticipation.

Except the point wasn't to get herself off, the point was to learn. Every time she'd sucked Alkim off she'd relied almost entirely on instinct, even more than the techniques she developed as a sugar baby. That had worked for her so far, though apparently, looking good on camera would require more from her than just pleasing Alkim.

Of course, pleasing him was still her main goal—how else was she supposed to get his cum?—but she also had to please their unseen audience if she wanted to turn this into her career.

“Yeah? And what did you learn?” asked Alkim.

The right faces to make with my mouth stretched out, the right amount of eye contact, where to keep my hands, how many hands to use, how much I should play with the balls, how much noise I should make, which search terms I should play into...

“Mostly just how to make it look right for the camera, like always keeping the camera's view in mind. Oh! And that a lot of people prefer when there's some plot before the actual sex. Never really watched porn before, so I always thought that was just for laughs, like the ‘in front of my salad’ thing, or the lemon stealing whores video.”

“That's not a joke; we do have a lot of lemon whores in this neighborhood.”

She laughed. “But yeah, I was trying to think up some ideas, but then I thought I should get your opinion first, since you're a guy and you probably know what guys who watch porn are into, haha.”

Wait, does he watch porn?

“You watch porn, right?” she asked.

He scratched behind his head. “I did, yeah. Started watching a lot more after I moved in here, for obvious reasons.”

Of course, the titty monster. Wait-

“Did? Does that mean you stopped?”

He grinned. “Yeah, after the first time you blew me. Haven't felt the need to touch the stuff since.”

AWWWW! That's so sweet! God, even when he's only praising me for giving head, it still puts butterflies in my stomach.

Her gaze drifted to the crotch of his shorts.

“So,” his voice snapped Mikaella back to Earth, “we should probably come up with a story, yeah? Just the flimsiest excuse of a plot that inevitably leads to a blowjob.” He laughed.

“Mhm. I’m trying to think of something.” She closed her eyes so that the outline of his dick wouldn’t distract her anymore.

This video needed to be good if they were gonna make next month’s rent payment.

Then she had it.

Mikaella took a deep breath and knocked on her own door.

“Come in,” said Alkim.

She entered. “Heyyyyy.” She closed the door behind her as sluttily as possible, bending unnecessarily far forward, and sticking her ass out towards Alkim.

“Hey,” he said with some apathy. He was lying on her bed, pretending to look at his phone.

They’d gone over camera placement just a minute ago. Alkim had set the Nikon up on her desk so that it would catch them on the bed, in profile, while the GoPro was mounted on a headband that he’d supposedly used to capture snorkeling and SCUBA diving footage.

Its new purpose would be much sexier, while the things he filmed would be only slightly less wet.

Mikaella strutted towards him, nervously twirling her hair.

“I, um, need to talk to you about... something.”

“Ugh, what is it now?”

She bit her lip, “I can’t make rent this month...”

“Are you fucking kidding me-!” he caught himself before he used her real name, “-again? You little brat! You need to get your lazy ass out of the house and get a real fucking job, right now!”

Mikaella choked down a giggle. *Bratty! Stay bratty!*

“I’m tryingggg!” She whined. “It’s just sooo haaaard!” She flopped down on the bed next to him, covering her face in a pillow, making sure his POV camera had a good shot of her ass jiggling as she slapped her hands and feet on the mattress in a sexy little tantrum. “No one’s hiring! It’s like, the economy and stuff.”

“Well, you need to figure something out. I can’t keep covering for you. I have my own bills to pay.”

“Pleeeeeaaaaase?” she begged, clasping her hands together. “Please, please, please, just give me another month! I’ll do aaaaanything!” She started bouncing lightly on her knees to look more girlish.

Alkim cocked an eyebrow at her, which was completely unnecessary since his face wasn’t in the shot.

“Anything?” he asked.

She bit her lower lip, both to seem nervous, and to keep herself from laughing at how silly it was. Then, she placed a hand on his crotch and started rubbing his dick through the fabric.

“Anything,” she whispered.

Alkim sighed, “Fuck it! Fine, if you do a good job, I’ll give you one more month to pay me back. But until you pay me back, you’re gonna be my personal little fuckdoll. That means you do what I want, whenever I want, for however long I want it. Got that?”

“Okay...” she mumbled under her breath.

“What was that? Speak up: yes, or no?”

“Yes.”

“Yes, who?”

She pouted, bitch-like, then gave in. “Yes, sir.”

“Well, don’t just sit there, take it out.”

“Yes, sir.” She repeated, rolling her eyes for the camera.

Alkim lifted his legs up, allowing Mikaella to pull down his shorts and underwear, and freeing his cock.

“Oh, fuck!” she gasped, like this was her first time seeing it.

To be fair, this actually was her first time seeing it like this: Alkim must have shaved or trimmed his pubes since the last time. She hadn't minded the more unkempt look, but she had to admit that absence of bush had the effect of making his dick and balls seem bigger, and more intimidating.

Especially his balls. They were nothing like the shriveled, old man ball she'd had to deal with. The skin was smooth, almost completely devoid of wrinkles as if it were stretched out to capacity, like it couldn't hold any more of that impossibly yummy sperm, and needed Mikaella's help to relieve the pressure.

The dick was just starting to get hard, with the head hovering just above his thigh, while the shaft was steadily growing more vertical, like an obelisk being erected for worship.

"Oh my god! It's soooo big!" She marveled, biting her lip. "I've never sucked a dick this big before!"

That should play well on camera!

"Well, either you're gonna learn how, or I'm gonna get a new roommate. Your choice."

The irony was not lost on Mikaella that Alkim was really the one who couldn't pay rent, and that her porn character needed way more of a reason to suck him off than she ever did. Given the grin on his face, Alkim probably had the same thought.

Still, one of the things she'd found over and over again in her "research" was that a ton of guys were really into the degradation angle. They loved nothing more than seeing a girl get put in her place.

Men...

In this case, that meant she would have to pretend to hate sucking his dick, then give in anyway.

That turned out to be much harder than it sounded.

Whenever Mikaella saw, smelled, or touched Alkim's dick, her mouth watered like a leaky faucet, and her jaw dropped reflexively. Already the scent of him was driving her wild with lust. Her nose was signaling to her brain and pussy that she had to get ready for him, get ready to satisfy him and extract that mind-blowingly perfect cum.

She found nothing degrading or one-sided about getting on her knees and sucking a dick that was guaranteed to make her cum and leave her far happier than when she started. Pretending to hate this dick was like pretending to hate breathing, though that was also something she'd gotten much better at going without.

It took all her focus to not immediately comply with his performative demands. Tentatively, she grabbed the shaft around the middle, like she was intimidated by its size. She squeezed, making

sure the camera would capture how big it looked in her little hand, then pulled his foreskin taut, displaying the fullness of his dick.

It only took a few more pumps before it was fully hard, and a large, transparent bead of delicious precum greeted her. She spread it up and down the shaft until it was slick, glistening, and made little wet sounds between her fingers.

Mmmmmm. I love how this dick never needs extra lube...

Alkim sighed deeply, “Come on, fuckdoll, do you really think a handjob’s gonna cut it?”

Mikaella bit her lower lip, and avoided direct eye contact, like she was in over her head.

It was odd. After years of pretending to enjoy sex acts she hated, here she was, pretending to hate sex acts she loved. To help her stay in character, she imagined it was one of her sugar daddies talking to her like that, demanding a blowjob so rudely. Only then was she able to lock her jaw in place and scowl up at him like the bratty girl she was supposed to be portraying.

She swallowed the drool pooling in her mouth, which, from the outside, might have looked like a nervous gulp. Then, with maximum faux reluctance, Mikaella puckered her lips and kissed the tip of Alkim’s cockhead.

The moment his precum came into contact with her mouth, she was ready to drop the act and start sucking, but she managed to keep her mouth closed. Well, almost closed. The tip of her tongue darted out and collected that first drop of precum, but that probably wasn’t visible from the camera’s perspective.

“Come on, fuckdoll.” Alkim grabbed the base of his dick and started slapping the warm, weighty shaft against her cheeks. “It’s not going to suck itself.”

She’d completely forgotten to flinch for the first couple of hits, and just stared at the dick with wide eyes until it settled against her lips. Then, she remembered she was supposed to hate this.

Mikaella glared up at the camera defiantly, slowly opened her mouth, and let him push the head of his cock inside.

As usual, the moment she invited his presence, his cock sprayed out a generous teaspoon of precum onto her tongue. She’d prepared for this, and started gargling around the thick shaft loudly enough to disguise any pleased sounds from her chest.

She widened her eyes to appear unprepared for his girth, as if last night she hadn’t begged for the privilege of sucking this dick until she fell asleep.

Still, a moan escaped her throat before she could think of clamping it down. She salvaged the situation by forcing her face into a deep frown and looked up at the camera with as much indignity as she could summon.

Then, she started pumping up and down with both hands while her mouth stayed affixed to the upper quarter of his shaft.

“Mmmm, that’s much better. Good fuckdoll.”

Good fuckdoll.

Alkim placed his right hand on her head but didn’t apply any downward pressure. The hand was just to establish who was in charge, maybe make her seem like more of his pet fuckdoll.

Yes... I’m a good fuckdoll...

Mikaella’s conscious mind knew this was just roleplay for the cameras, but she couldn’t help but melt at the tender display of affection. She loved feeling his hands on her head while she worked, and, on a deeper level, she felt the praise was legitimate, as was his desire to call her ‘fuckdoll.’

I never suggested that name: he chose to call me that all on his own. That has to mean something, right? It means he thinks I’m cute, little thing he can move and pose and fuck however he likes...

I must be a good fuckdoll for real!

Unthinkingly, her bobbing mouth had been getting progressively lower on each downstroke. Her lips were now halfway down his cock.

Ooops! Got a bit carried away there. Gotta struggle more!

She stopped bobbing her head and pretended to gag, averting her eyes like she was embarrassed, or scared of throwing up.

Another splash of precum hit her tongue.

Immediately, and as loudly as possibly, she sucked and slurped it down, lapping at every vein and fold of skin.

Mmmmmm! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

“Ahhhhh,” Alkim sighed, “that’s it. Keep it up.”

So, she did, in character, sucking and jerking Alkim’s cock with not a word nor a single drop escaping her mouth.

Every minute or so she’d switch between focusing on the cock and staring up at the camera. She loved making eye contact with her mouth around him; it always made their connection feel so much more real, more emotional, and more intense for both mind and body.

That's why she was having such a hard time keeping her gaze fixed on the camera, and not Alkim's piercing, brown eyes.

He really does have perfect lashes.

To an outsider, it might have looked like Alkim was content to sit there and point the camera at the blowjob, yet after a few minutes of this, Mikaella started to notice that, while he kept the camera and his eyes pointed at her, it seemed more like he wasn't looking at her, but through her.

Sometimes guys did that when they wanted to keep from cumming too soon, but that usually meant closing their eyes completely to avoid overstimulation. Mikaella felt none of the signs of an impending orgasm from Alkim. If anything, her restrained enthusiasm meant he should take longer to finish.

For a moment, Mikaella worried she wasn't pleasing him, but then she tasted more of his precum, and her worries vanished. His dick wouldn't have rewarded her if her technique was off.

That pensive, thoughtful face of his meant something more, like there was something else distracting him.

She wanted to talk to him, ask him if everything was alright, but not enough to take her mouth off him. Once started, Mikaella found it almost impossible to stop until she'd gotten a load out of him.

Maybe he's just concerned about the shot? We should probably learn sign language, or Morse code. That way, we could still talk to each other like this. I could tap out little messages on his leg asking if I'm doing a good job, if I should go lower, if I could start playing with myself...

I wonder, what's he thinking about?

Alkim

Even before Alkim became aware of his abilities, it was clear to him that Mikaella was enjoying these blowjobs, his cum, and his precum, far more than was normal for any woman.

He hadn't the faintest clue why until he took note of some of the compounds his Cowper's gland was infusing his precum with. None were particularly exotic, just naturally occurring neurotransmitters, at very potent doses. Altogether, they would drastically increase the pleasure she felt, and the levels spiked every time she received a blast of precum.

Just then, as if to prove his point, he felt the rush of fluid up his urethra, and a moment later he felt her tongue curling around his cockhead, followed by renewed and powerful suction on his cock.

He groaned and let her please him.

The explanation for this phenomenon was clear enough to him. Alkim liked getting his dick sucked, so his body made sure Mikaella enjoyed it just as much as he did, and continuously at that. If it were just his orgasm that brought her pleasure, that would have trained Mikaella to just rush for the finish line to get her reward. Instead, the constant drip-feeding of precum encouraged her to edge him for as long as possible, which was always how he preferred to masturbate whenever time allowed.

Now, he had proof that her oral fixation was not merely some kink, nor a pathological need to be a people-pleaser: she was receiving a steady stream of mind-altering chemicals through his precum.

In fact, they'd probably been training each other. Over the last few days, marathon bouts of oral sex must have become very routine for the both of them, as evidenced by their mutual performances this morning. Both were now capable of completing this exchange of fluids without any need for conscious control over their bodies.

Pavlov's friend with benefits? Damn, that's so... fucking hot!

And that wasn't all his body was dosing her with. There was spilanthol to stimulate her salivary glands, and endorphins to give her energy and to keep her jaws from aching. There were also hormones present, but not the same mixture he'd given to Kate, and their names and functions were beyond him just then.

Alkim let himself get distracted by the sight of Mikaella's cheeks hollowing in and out as her head bobbed halfway down, paired with that twisting squeezing from her hands pumping the remainder of his shaft. It felt even better than it looked, and it looked absolutely perfect.

It took another minute before he regained focus. What he needed was the full picture, and to get that, he needed to sample Mikaella's internal chemistry.

Unfortunately for Alkim, his little blowjob-princess wasn't producing delicious breastmilk that he could analyze by simply tasting it and checking for any unexpected chemicals. This would require more imagination and experimentation than he'd expected.

He thought about various monitoring techniques he'd used at the hospital: EKG machines, thermometers, pulse oximeters, and various blood testing devices. Blood testing would be the most informative, but he didn't want to make her bleed.

There must be some way to check her indirectly or diffusely: some method my body must already be employing to ensure Kate and Mikaella aren't given more than they can handle...

Then it occurred to Alkim: he already had one highly sensitive, blood-filled organ in close contact with Mikaella's system. The skin in her mouth and throat was not completely open, but it was semi-permeable.

Will that be enough?

There was only one way to find out.

"Alright, slut. Time to prove yourself."

Alkim took a handful of Mikaella's new highlights, wrapped them around his right hand like boxing tape, and pressed her head down.

Mikaella stayed in character too. She whined with her mouth around the top third of his shaft, and looked up at him with pouty eyes, but submissively allowed him to plug her mouth completely. He loved the vibrations she sent up his shaft, that sulky face stretched around his dick, the constant flicking of the expert tongue around his crown.

It really was working for him.

But this wasn't just about his pleasure, or the video they were shooting. Kinky as it was, this was a crucial experiment, and even something of a health check.

He shifted and intensified his chemical awareness onto his receptive cockhead, now lodged in Mikaella's throat. He could sense the countless little capillaries just beneath the surface, and their proximity to her cells just beyond the reach of his power. He was almost there, but he needed more. Not just more stimulation, but more contact.

Every thirty seconds or so he pulled Mikaella up to his tip and slowly pushed her back down his shaft. At first, he did so gently, but after the third time when she didn't tap out or mumble her safe-word, he started shoving her head down deeper. Eventually, he progressed to the point where her lips were sealed just above his balls, and his cockhead was lodged in her throat.

After holding still like this for some time, it almost felt to Alkim as if the thin layers of skin that separated them were fading away, dissolving to nothingness.

Then, his awareness exploded outwards, like he'd been wearing his binoculars backwards, and had only just flipped them around. He was an explorer navigating an undiscovered river, mapping the current of chemicals circulating throughout Mikaella's body.

He was able to sense the various electrolytes in her plasma, blood sugars, and everything else the human body needed to sustain itself. Every beat of her heart brought him a new stream of information, just over one per second, constantly refreshing and expanding his connection to her body.

Ha! Elizabeth Holmes can suck my dick!

He pumped his free fist in triumph.

Were this a machine he'd designed, it could have won him a Nobel prize in medicine. Of course, he couldn't exactly replicate and publish his discoveries, but he refused to let that spoil this achievement.

In a way, this was the most intimate connection he'd ever shared with another human being. Yet, he still needed more information, and his newfound chemoreception technique seemed to work best when the contact between them was maximized.

Staying in character, Alkim said what he thought a scumbag douchebro would say in this situation.

"Pretty good job deepthroating, suckslut. But I wanna know how long you can hold your breath." He shoved her head down, keeping his hand on her new highlights, and watched her eyes, ensuring he was ready to pull her free at the first signs of struggle. "Take. It. all." he grunted between each word. When her lips had again taken him to the root, he called her a "good fuckdoll," and went back to concentrating on the link between their systems.

It wasn't long before he noticed something truly odd.

After a minute like this, Mikaella's blood oxygen levels were still remarkably high. They only began to drop after ninety seconds, and slowly at that. When the second minute rolled around her oxygen saturation levels still hadn't dropped below ninety-five percent, while her eyes were still lively and perfectly focused on the camera, at least whenever she wasn't focused on Alkim himself.

Mikaella seemed eager to prove she was a good suckslut, and it became clear to him that she wasn't going to back out, nor would she take a single breath without his permission.

How is she doing this? I've never seen her go swimming, jogging, or do cardio of any kind...

Alkim concentrated once again on her bloodstream, but took a wider view this time, and noted with some confusion that the fluid itself was thicker than his own.

Only then did Alkim finally identify the main hormone his body was supplying her with.

Erythropoietin?

A hormone that increases red-blood-cell counts, and the cell's corresponding levels of hemoglobin, a molecule which carries oxygen.

Holy shit! No wonder she can hold her breath for so long! All the cum and precum she's drunk must have added up to one intense blood-doping treatment. Mikaella could probably give Lance

Armstrong a run for his money. Fuck, she might be able to rawdog Mount Everest, without bottled oxygen!

Now it was all falling into place. Though he'd wanted to see Mikaella with more curves, whenever she was sucking him off, all his priorities must have become very blowjob-centric. That also explained what all the extra calories in her diet had gone into. While Kate's body had immediately prioritized breast growth, Mikaella's body had instead been conditioning itself to win a gold medal in fellatio.

Wonder if her myoglobin levels are equally high. She'd probably kill it as a free diver. Maybe I should take her out to Catalina sometime...

Then he checked his phone, and was shocked to find it had been more than three minutes since her last breath. Any other woman might have passed out sixty seconds ago, yet Mikaella's tongue and lips remained active the entire time, and she was looking up at him with unshaken determination to please him.

Hot as that was for him to realize, they were still recording, and this deepthroating session had progressed from a sexual spectacle into the realm of medical intrigue. Alkim was not quite ready to draw that kind of attention to himself nor his cumslut just yet.

He pulled her up by her long hair. Mikaella gasped lightly, still connected to Alkim with strands of drool, yet she still didn't look nearly as rough as one might expect after nearly three minutes of continuous deepthroating.

"Holy shit-" he caught himself nearly using her name "-girl?! You a professional dicksucker or something?"

"Yes, sir." She nodded obediently and gave him one long lick from his balls up his shaft and to the head of his cock. Alkim's hand was still wrapped up in her hair, but the motion was all from Mikaella.

She hardly looked taxed by the experience, and clearly wanted to start round two.

"Fucking hell. Keep that up, fuckdoll, and maybe I won't make you pay me back for this month."

He aimed his facecam at the thick, purplish ring of lipstick, a mark of her complete mastery over all things oral sex.

If anything, his hand in her hair was only reining in her full potential.

Freestyle time.

He let go of her hair, allowing Mikaella to make him cum at her own pace.

Immediately, she descended back onto the cock, slurping and bobbing away like a woman possessed. It was like she loved his dick more than the air she breathed. In fact, that might literally be true now that he's made her so much less dependent on continuous breathing.

What if I did the same thing to my blood and muscles? It'd make me a lot better at everything from swimming, to running, to eating pussy... Hell, I've been thinking too small this whole time. This morning I'd been impressed by growing tits, and making amphetamines, but I could change my own body in countless tiny ways if I only taught myself how: antibodies for any disease, poison resistance, rapid healing, cancer prevention...

The more Alkim thought about it, the more potential he saw, the more enamored he became with standing on the cutting edge of human biochemical enhancement. This was exactly what he'd wanted to do with his knowledge, his degree: real experimental science.

No one else could match what he'd achieved in mere days, operating on pure instinct, and without any need for needles, measurements, or a supplier of chemicals. Over a greater timescale, there was no limit to what he could learn about the human body, about his power of chemical control, and no limit to what he could change.

And to think, a year ago I would have settled for something as trivial as a medical degree. Ha!

But to do that, he would need a test subject: someone to practice on, to help him hone his techniques.

And who better than Mikaella?

She was the perfect candidate for such an experiment. Mikaella had already confessed to an entire list of body image issues, issues he could remedy with ease, and without any changes in their routine. Instead of accidentally giving Kate tiny doses of laced saliva, he could introduce huge quantities of chemicals directly into Mikaella's mouth and stomach.

He could give her exactly the body they both wanted: busty, petite, one her cousins and former classmates would look at with envy. A body superior to anything her former sugar daddy could acquire with all the money and cosmetic surgeries at his disposal.

Still, while he hadn't exactly given that pass/fail bioethics class his full attention, his professor was pretty clear on the importance of getting informed consent from test subjects, and Alkim was about seventy percent sure not disclosing the experiment to Mikaella would violate the Geneva Convention.

Yet, despite their intimate physical proximity, and their new business relationship as co-pornstars, Mikaella hadn't been much more than an acquaintance until a few days ago. There was a lot he still didn't know about her, including how she might react, or how well she did with secrets.

Even if she didn't mean to out me, accidents happen. The wrong ears at the wrong time, and I could wind up as the unfortunate lab rat. But it's also far too late to stop the experiment or break off our new relationship.

She's addicted to me now. I did that to her, but I don't have the faintest clue how to reverse that process. Not like I can send her to rehab for a blowjob addiction.

Then again, why would she want me to undo anything? Haven't I already improved her life for the better?

Thanks to me, she cums like crazy from blowjobs, she doesn't have to date disgusting old men, she can hold her breath like a champion diver, and she's a lot happier now than when I first met her.

It's not like she won't enjoy the treatment and the final results. She might just thank me for everything, then ask for seconds.

Fuck it.

If it doesn't work then we keep things as-is. If it does work, I'll tell her how I did it, and if she really wants, I can undo it.

Alkim figured that her blood was probably about as oxygen carrying as it could get without thickening to the point of danger. Short of rearranging her airways to make choking impossible, she was about as physically gifted of a cocksucker as she would ever need to be. He didn't want to risk her forming any dangerous blood clots, so he halted further production of erythropoietin.

It was time to guide her transformation in a new and much more visually interesting direction.

He imagined that flat chest of hers filling out, growing, and growing, until those tits were big enough to completely smother his dick. Only the head would be able to escape her cleavage, and she'd bend over to suck on it while she bounced her huge tits over the rest of his cock, pausing only to combine his cum with her own breastmilk...

Oooohhh fuuuuck! Yes! The blowjob-titfuck-lactation combo: that should be my first objective.

Ever since he'd gotten hooked on big titty porn, Alkim had always wanted to try titfucking, but he'd never been with any woman that was chesty enough to pull it off. If he could grow Mikaella's tits to that size, and get her producing milk like Kate, he would have proof positive in his ability to consciously change the physiology of another human being.

Not exactly his loftiest goal, but it was just a start.

He concentrated on his balls, temporarily halting all testosterone production, instead directing them to function temporarily as supercharged ovaries. Soon they were producing levels of feminizing hormones far above Mikaella's natural baseline, especially estrogen, and prolactin.

Mikaella said she wanted to be bustier than Hannah. It would be rude not to give her what she wanted, ungentlemanly, even.

Bigger tits, wider hips, and a fatter ass to boot: that would be his gift to her, and to himself.

Oh man, we could track her progress on our OnlyFans, get the people invested in her growing figure! Note to self, get all her measurements right after this, before she starts her second puberty.

The mixture was almost perfected, yet Alkim felt there was something missing.

He couldn't quite shake his earlier paranoia over how Mikaella might react to these changes, or if she discovered he was the cause of them.

Why had Kate not seemed the least bit upset with me over her recent transformation, even with all the assorted inconveniences those giant, lactating breasts had caused her?

He wanted to believe it was just because they were good friends, or because of the fact that his abilities had saved her life last night, but that couldn't be all of it. Kate may have come to that conclusion eventually, but that kind of acceptance usually came after the inevitable blowup.

He'd expected her to get mad at him, kick him out, and then apologize later and accept his help. But the predicted freakout never came.

Why not?

The answer came to him from an ethology lecture two years prior that dealt with reproductive behavior in animals.

"Oxytocin: the love hormone. It's known to help with trust, and social bonding between partners, but especially between nursing mothers and their children..."

Holy shit.

The physical act of titsucking, combined with his pleasure-inducing chemical output, must have caused his chesty bestie to feel closer to him than ever before. Kate, who trusted him with a key to her house after just three days, may have just trusted him with the keys to her body.

Now, for his own safety, he had to bring Mikaella up to that same level, and fast. If she responded like Kate, she would view everything he did through rose-tinted glasses, and value physical intimacy with him far too much to ever go against him.

Combining oxytocin with serotonin and natural endorphins should amplify the euphoric effect on her emotional state.

A quick scan of his chemical output revealed there were already elevated levels of such compounds present in his cum. His subconscious must have already worked out pieces of the same problem. That was a good start.

Alkim increased the concentrations of each by an order of magnitude.

Leave nothing to chance.

Mikaella

Mikaella remembered that guys liked when she had to struggle a bit, but no matter how long and how deeply she took him, it was like her brain never fogged up. She had to remind herself to make those choking and gagging sounds every now and then for the benefit of both Alkim and their future audience.

Never before had she taken to any sport or physical activity so quickly. She felt like she could hold him there forever, but he was too concerned with her safety to ever let her try for more than a few minutes.

At least, she thought it was a few minutes.

How long have we been recording?

Mikaella wasn't exactly tired, but her research showed that more than twenty minutes was probably a waste of time.

She tapped her wrist as though she had a watch, and Alkim turned his phone to show her the time.

Thirty minutes? Time really does fly when you're having fun.

This could be B-roll then, something to share with their higher tier subscribers. She trusted Alkim to decide that later. After all, he was both their editor, and their target audience.

"Is your jaw getting tired? Do you need a break?" asked Alkim.

"NHH!"

Mikaella shook her head. Though, the fact that she kept blowing him with the same intensity as before was probably answer enough.

Sweet of him to ask, though.

“Good, you’re doing great, but I should probably do more, yeah? Some more dirty talk?”

Sounds hot.

She gave him a thumbs up.

“Cool. Is it okay if I get rough again?”

Please!

Two thumbs up.

“Mmmm. Kay. I should probably move the other camera soon, get a video of your ass with you fingering yourself, sound good.”

Oh fuck, yes! I need that!

“Mmmmmmmhhhhmmmm!” She hummed.

“Oh, are you cool with full nudity?”

Whatever you want!

“Whhabbbbebernuwaan!” she gurgled.

He laughed, “Was that at yes?”

She nodded furiously, effectively face-fucking herself onto him.

He sighed in contentment, letting her keep up this pace for a while longer before he finally reined her in.

“Fuuuuuck. That feels so good, Mikaella, but I’m gonna need you to go slower again, for the video.”

Oh, right, I’m the reluctant brat.

Reluctantly, she slowed down her enthusiastic cocksucking.

Alkim breathed out slowly, “Okay, gonna cut back into the video in three, two, one, action.”

Then he grabbed a clump of hair and yanked her off his dick.

“Who owns this mouth?”

“You-agh-do!” she gasped theatrically.

He slammed her head back down, fucking her throat for a few seconds before lifting her head again.

“Are you my private slut?” He hissed.

That word would have sent her into screaming white hot rage if it came from any other person.

YES! YES! YES!

“MHM!” she moaned and nodded her consent.

“Until you start paying rent, you’re forbidden to see any other dicks, got it?”

NEVER! Only this dick, I promise!

She nodded again.

“This is all your fault, you know. Always traipsing around in those slutty outfits of yours.”

Traipsing?

He grunted and thrust up into her mouth. “Given me so many fucking hard ons. It’s about fucking time that you started pulling your weight, fuckdoll. Cumslut!”

Mikaella whined with her mouth full, then nodded in submission. She took one hand off his prick and slid it underneath her soaked panties.

Then, just when she started fingering herself, Alkim abruptly yanked his cock out of her mouth, again.

“The fuck are you doing?” he demanded.

“Huh?” She was momentarily dazed from the sudden loss of dick.

“Well?” He huffed, grabbing his cock by the base. “Did I give you permission to use only one hand?”

“N-no, sir!”

Alkim slapped her cheek with his hard dick, getting drool and precum all over her skin, even on her lips. She just barely resisted the impulse to lick it off immediately.

“Does sucking me off make you horny?”

He cockslapped her again.

More than anything!

“Yes, sir!”

“Do you need to play with yourself while you suck my dick?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Then beg me, slut.”

“Sir, can I play with myself?”

Alkim cockslapped her again.

“Tut tut. ‘May I.’”

She was too horny to laugh at that.

Only Alkim could correct my grammar and almost make me squirt at the same time!

“Sir, MAY I play with myself?”

Another slap.

He wagged his finger at her. “Ah, ah, ah, you didn’t say the magic word.”

Mikaella was no longer feigning her desperation to touch her pussy.

“Please! Please! Please! May I play with myself?!?”

His cock hit her again.

“Sir!” she appended.

Alkim grinned. “You may, but first you have to show me what you’ve been hiding under this.” He grabbed a handful of her top with one hand, and smacked her ass with the other.

Mikaella pouted but complied. She pulled her top off and threw it off the mattress. Then, she turned around and did the same with her skirt and panties, looking over her shoulder to ensure Alkim and the Camera were getting a decent view of her bits.

“Damn, girl, looks like you’ve been holding out on me.” He spanked her ass hard, drawing a quick yelp from her. “I should have been tapping that months ago.”

She did not disagree.

Now, fully nude, Mikaella turned back to face him, bent over and started going to town on her pussy. She was just about to take Alkim's dick back into her mouth when he scooted back and stole it away from her.

She whined involuntarily at the loss, eying the dribbling cock as its owner got out of bed.

"Just hold that position while I move the other camera, so we can cut between your face and your pussy."

Ooooooh, right...

Mikaella got a hold of herself, slowing but not stopping her masturbation while she waited for him to get everything set up correctly.

"Haaaang onnnn... got it. Can you bend forward a little more?"

Mikaella bent forward.

"Looks great! I'm gonna check the other angle, and then we can go back to filming, okay?"

"Yes, sir."

Sir?

Mikaella felt a flash of embarrassment at calling him "sir" while they were between shots, like she'd just called her teacher "mom" in the middle of class. She was probably taking the roleplay too seriously, but Alkim didn't seem to notice.

Or maybe he did notice, and he liked it...

She started rubbing her needy clit faster. That helped to tide her over until the dick returned.

"Okay, looks great from here. I'm coming back now."

Alkim got back to the head of her bed, just in front of her. Her eyes were laser focused on that hard dick. It bobbed and swayed at the base, but the shaft was still rigid, like it was on hold for her. There was magenta smeared all over the shaft, forming a ring around the base, and she wondered if there was any lipstick left on her face.

As it moved little droplets of precum and saliva were shed all over her bedding.

Mikaella swallowed her drool and clenched her teeth. That was the only way she could think to keep her mouth closed with that dripping dick so close.

"Okay, can you bend forward a little more? Now raise your hips, shake your ass."

Mikaella did as instructed, shaking her ass for Alkim like a bitch in heat.

“Looks great.” He smiled down at her. “Just wanted to make sure I could see your ass from this angle. Oh, your makeup.”

“What? Is there something wrong with it?”

“No, actually, that’s what I mean. It still looks great, but there probably should be something wrong, right? Like, some mascara running down your face would really sell the whole ‘reluctant’ look.”

“Oh yeah!”

That was clever of him. If her eyes weren’t going to tear up naturally, they could always fake it.

He helped her along even more by holding his phone up to her face so she could mess herself up correctly. Mikaella licked her thumb and began debasing the makeup job her cousin had spent an hour perfecting.

Satisfied with her handiwork, she looked up at Alkim with her cuntiest expression for evaluation.

“Perfect. Alright, we can cut around that interruption. Now I guess you can just do whatever you want for the next few minutes, and I’ll tell you when I’m about to finish.”

The moment those wonderful words registered in Mikaella’s brain, her jaw fell open, her body lunged forward, and her mouth was once again fastened to the tip of his cock.

This was the final stretch: time for her to go all out and get real messy.

She moved her hand up and down in perfect sync with her face, lips stretched wide by his girthy shaft, spittle and precum escaping through the corners of her mouth. While one worked his shaft, the other worked her clit.

The most wonderful thing about blowing Alkim was that it never felt like a blowjob, but a blowjoy. Sucking him off always brought her more pleasure than she could ever get alone, or with any of her previous partners. His orgasms were always repaid to her body, and with interest.

“Oh, fuuuuck!” He moaned. “I’m getting close!”

He’s close! Yay!

“Don’t stop, slut!”

Never!

He started thrusting into her; not too much, just a little facefucking to help himself finish.

She watched his face for tells, so that the camera could catch her reaction when he finally came.

Alkim grunted, stiffened, and gritted his teeth. His cock grew more rigid and pulsed between her fingers.

This is it! The moneyshot!

Mikaella rubbed her clit a few more times, then shifted that hand to his huge balls, cradling them from underneath, doing everything she could to coax out as big of a load as possible.

She pulled back so that he was no longer in her throat. Lately, she'd started letting the first half of it shoot down her throat. It was easier that way. less risk of choking or spillage. But she wanted them to see her taste it, she wanted them to see her choke, to see just how much cum there was.

Everyone should see how perfect this dick was.

She felt a pulse in her hand, one powerful enough to widen her grip.

Then she tasted it; that incredible, literally orgasmic flavor coated her tongue in one long stream.

Her eyes widened reflexively, and her tongue lashed about until every square inch of her mouth was saturated in the stuff.

Ohmygodifuckinglovethiscumsofuckingmuch!

Mikaella began to cum with him. She stopped thinking about her reluctant character, about restraining herself. Instead, she allowed herself to get carried away by the overwhelming power of his orgasm, and to get lost in their shared bliss.

Instead of a bratty grumble she moaned hungrily, whorishly. There would be no mistaking the sounds she made for anything less than pure, sexual euphoria.

A few more pumps had filled her mouth completely. She swallowed, relishing in the pleasant warmth that traveled the length of her throat. The only comparison she could make was to that first sip of coffee in the morning, but if the coffee also made her orgasm.

A moment later her mouth was filled again, and she swallowed again. Every time she sucked and hollowed in her cheeks, Alkim did his best to get her cheeks bulging out again like a chipmunk's. She was sure every mouthful had to be the last, and every time she was glad to be proven wrong.

Now that the dam was broken, his cock no longer required any more manual stimulation from her. She shifted her hands back down to her pussy, simultaneously rubbing at her clit and stuffing two fingers into her sopping wet vagina.

With each swallow, Mikaella felt the peak of her orgasm rising higher and higher. When he finally slowed, she had no idea how long it'd been going on for, or how much cum she'd swallowed. She was twitching, convulsing, vibrating from pure sexual bliss.

Then, to her dismay, Alkim pried his still-fountaining dick from her mouth.

She tried to say "Noooo!" but her mouth was still full, and all that came out was unintelligible gurgling, while little cum bubbles spilled over her lips.

With her hands occupied she couldn't put it back where it belonged.

Then she felt it splashing against her face.

Ooohhhh fuuuuuuuuuck!

The scent entered her sinuses and Mikaella was instantaneously becalmed. The soothing cream was rapidly coating her face, which meant she could collect it all later.

Instead, she stayed still, swilling that last load in her mouth, as she let him cover her in his essence.

Within seconds, her face and chest were completely coated in the stuff. Mikaella was sure some must have gotten in her eye, yet, somehow, it did not sting.

When she sensed he was finally down, she swallowed the remaining cum in her mouth and took a deep breath. The moment she spread her lips, several more globs fell into her open mouth, and she moaned in renewed bliss.

Am I crazy, or was that even better than usual?

"Not bad, fuckdoll," said Alkim, still in character.

Oh, right, my character!

She was so blissed out from all the cum that it took her a moment before she remembered that most girls did not consume Alkim's impossible loads as part of a balanced breakfast.

"Oh! My! God!" She touched her face, gooping up her hands. "How is there soooo much cum?!" She waved her cum-slathered hands around in confused circles.

"Is that gonna be a problem?"

"N-no, sir."

"Good, because there's always more where that came from."

She licked her cum-stained lips at that promise.

“Now, get yourself cleaned up, cumslut.”

Mmmmm. Cumslut, I think I like that one best.

“Yes, sir.”

Alkim stopped, removed his headcam, and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

“Wheeew!” He sighed, grabbed a bottle of Powerade, and quickly chugged it down. “Ahhhh. That was insanely hot! Great job, Mikaella.”

“Thanks!”

Mikaella was not at all certain about her acting chops, but a cumshot from Alkim kind of spoke for itself. She could hardly imagine a more inspiring sight for all the normal dicks out there to cum to.

Maybe if a hundred of them worked together, they might have a chance at matching half of Alkim's output.

Mikaella started to sit up straight, keeping her hands under her face to catch any stray cumdrops before they hit her sheets.

“Wait a second! Can you hold that position until I get some ‘after’ pics of your face?”

His reminder came just seconds before she started lapping up all the excess.

“Oh, sure!”

“Hold still, please.”

Alkim brought the big Nikon to his face and started snapping more pictures.

Click, click, click.

Mercifully, he didn’t take long, and the moment he finished she was free to swallow the rest.

He started checking through the camera’s memory to make sure the recordings worked.

“Did it come out right?” she asked, looking over his shoulder at a video of her pretending to gag on his perfect cock.

“Yep! Everything looks great!”

Mikaella sucked some more cum off her fingers.

“Mmmmm. I think I know what we should title this one: *‘Bratty Asian teen pays her rent in blowjobs! Takes INSANELY HUGE LOAD all over her face!’*”

“That sounds perfect. I’m gonna transfer it over to my laptop now and make sure it’s ready for posting, then I can get started on dinner. You like hotpot, right?”

“I love it! I’m just gonna take a quick shower, kay?”

“Perfect, I’ll have it all ready when you are.”

After licking herself clean like a cat, plus a quick shower to get the rest, Mikaella joined Alkim in the living room, where he’d set up his electric hotpot and all a wide selection of foods to dunk into it: lamb, beef, pork, fish balls, seaweed, onions, cabbage, noodles.

It was probably too much for just the two of them, but she was gonna do her best.

“I don’t know how you have an appetite after all that.” Alkim grinned.

Mikaella blushed, “I don’t know, it’s like starting with dessert, or something. It’s really yummy but it doesn’t fill you up the same way.”

Come to think of it, I usually feel hungrier after I swallow one of his gigantic loads.

He raised an eyebrow at her. “Don’t get me wrong, I’d never complain about your appreciation for my you-know-what. I’m just curious; would you say it all gets absorbed really fast?”

“Yeah, I guess so. It’s, like, mostly water, right?”

He paused for a moment, then nodded. “Yeah, mostly. Probably around ninety percent or something.”

Then Alkim put on some kung fu show about old-timey San Francisco, “*Warrior*.” They watched most of an episode before they were interrupted by the titty monster materializing right next to the couch.

“Fuuuck, that smells good,” Kate turned to Alkim, “Mind if I have some?”

Mikaella had been so lost in thought that she hadn’t even heard Kate’s door open. Before she could attempt some sort of girl-to-girl signal that she wanted to be alone with her man, Alkim cut her off.

“Go for it, no way we’re finishing this ourselves.”

Ugh. There goes date number two, I guess.

“Cool, thanks dude.” Kate ducked into the kitchen and returned with a bowl and took her seat on Alkim’s right. Those obscene udders of hers didn’t get the memo to sit down, and kept jiggling on their own. Kate sniffed the spicy steam more closely. “Ahhhh, zhè shì sīchuān tāng ma?”

“Dùi,” said Alkim.

“What?” asked Mikaella. “What were you saying?”

She hated when they just spoke to each other in Chinese like no one else was around. It was rude.

Alkim slurped up a bit of soup before he answered. “Oh, sorry, she just asked if this was Sichuan soup mix, and I said yes.”

Kate nodded, “I love the spices. Oh, were you guys doing shots?”

“Yup,” said Alkim.

He poured another shot into his and Mikaella’s glasses. Obviously, they hadn’t already set one out for Kate, but instead of getting her own from the kitchen, Kate just grabbed Alkim’s used glass and drank his soju shot.

Ugh. Gross. What’s wrong with her?

She was about to whisper to Alkim and point out Kate’s lapsed manners, but, just then, Alkim’s phone shattered ringing, blasting out some kind of house music.

“Oh, I’ve gotta take this. Be back in a few.”

Then he was gone, leaving Mikaella alone with the titty monster.

Mikaella didn’t really want to talk to Kate just then, and apparently Kate didn’t have much to say to Mikaella either. So, the two women went back to eating and watched TV in relative silence for a while.

The petite girl took occasional glances at Kate’s ridiculous cleavage. It was kind of hard to ignore, especially in that undersized tank top of hers. Somehow, those tits seemed even bigger than Mikaella remembered them being mere days ago. A couple inches lower and they’d be resting in Kate’s lap.

Guess I’m no better than a man. No wonder Alkim loves them so much.

The huge-titty goth caught Mikaella looking but didn't stop her. Worse: she tried to start a conversation.

"So," Kate began, "how was your... shoot?"

For the first time today, Mikaella almost choked on her meat.

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh, sorry, I didn't know it was supposed to be a secret. Alkim told me what you two were doing together."

"He what?" she hissed.

"Hey, don't get pissy. I already knew you guys were hooking up, heard you going at it days ago..."

Mikaella just glared at her purple-haired cow of a housemate.

"Relax, girl, I'm not shaming. Alkim only told me because he wanted me to make a website for you guys."

"Oh? Really?"

Kate nodded, "Yeah, I started it today. Should be done next week."

That took the rage out of Mikaella's sails. She didn't exactly want everyone in the house knowing she was shooting porn with Alkim, but she had to admit to herself, if not to Kate, that it was a smart way of keeping costs down.

"Cool. Thanks, I guess."

"No problem." Kate stopped to slurp up a bunch of noodles. "Actually, I'm glad you found something better than being a sugarbaby."

Mikaella had no desire to justify her lifestyle to someone whose advice always boiled down to staying away from men and giving rug munching a chance. She kept her answers curt.

"Thanks."

"There's just something I wanted to ask you about," said Kate.

"What?"

"You and Alkim: are you guys dating, or what?"

No, I'm his fuckdoll-slash-cumslut.

Mikaella really didn't want to talk about this with Kate, especially not with Alkim in the next room, but part of her had to vent to someone, and she didn't have a lot of options. Plus, if she said nothing, Kate would just assume that meant yes.

She shrugged. "I'm not sure. We haven't really talked about it yet. I mean, I like him. A lot, I think. But it's mostly just physical stuff right now. Like... " *Really, really, intensely physical stuff that makes me cum like never before.* "...ugh, never mind. You wouldn't get it."

Mikaella idly stirred the boiling soup.

"It's cool, you can tell me." Kate placed a hand on Mikaella's shoulder.

Mikaella sighed and took another shot of soju.

"Please don't be mad at me, but I thought this was gonna be a date. Just the two of us, celebrating our first shoot. Then he invites you in, and it's like... like there's never anything that's just us. Except for..."

Kate leaned in and whispered, "Except the blowjobs?"

"No!" she lied.

"Is it really that good?" asked Kate.

Like she'd ever understand!

Mikaella buried her face in her hands.

"Do you want me to go?"

Mikaella shook her head. "No, it's fine. Forget I said anything."

Kate moved closer to pat her on the back, inadvertently squishing her stupid, fat tits against Mikaella's side.

"Look, I'm not exactly the one to ask about guy problems."

"No duh." Mikaella rolled her eyes.

"But I think I know Alkim pretty well by now, and I think I have an idea what the real problem is: you're worried that you like him a lot more than he likes you."

Shit.

“You’re right; you’re definitely not the one to ask about guy problems.” Mikaella pouted and shrugged off Kate’s hand.

“Hey, not saying it’s your fault or anything. He told me once that he’s never had a serious girlfriend.”

Mikaella audibly gasped, “Never?”

“Never. Think about that: four years of high school, no dating, four years of valedictorian pussy at UCLA, and never one serious girlfriend. I just don’t think he’s really the romantic, boyfriend type of guy.”

That was not what Mikaella needed to hear right then. She felt like such an idiot for expecting things to get serious between them.

No wonder Vicky always calls him slut! Ugh!

Kate went on, oblivious to Mikaella’s distress. “Like, he did mention this one girl he was with for a couple years in college, but he said they were just friends with benefits.”

Mikaella perked up at that.

“Wait, he had a friend with benefits for two years?! Who was she? What did she look like? Do you know who she was? Do you have her Insta?” Mikaella was losing questions faster than Kate could answer them.

Kate looked at her strangely. “I don’t remember her name, but he did show me some pics of her. She was supposed to meet us at a party once, but she flaked out. Don’t think I ever got to meet her.”

Mikaella pulled out her phone and went straight to Alkim’s Instagram page. He’d never uploaded more than a few pictures himself, but he was tagged in a lot of things, a lot of pictures with other college students.

She began scrolling through them, disregarding group pics, searching for ones with just Alkim and some girl. Just like Kate said, there was one girl who showed up more than any other. She showed Kate her phone.

“Is this her?”

Kate got closer and enlarged the photo.

“Yeah, I think so.”

“You sure?”

“Positive. I remember now: her name was Alyssa, and she looked a lot like-”

“Like me?”

Kate nodded.

She scrolled through the rest of Alyssa’s pics. The physical similarities between them were obvious enough: they were about the same height, both had long black hair, used similar makeup, and both liked to show off a lot of skin around Alkim. Alyssa was paler, with double-eyelids, and slightly bigger boobs, but Mikaella felt confident Alkim would rate them similarly.

“Do you know if they’re still fucking?” asked Mikaella.

“Don’t think so. I’m not one-hundred percent sure, but I think she cut him off or something after graduation.”

The newly minted pornstar breathed a sigh of relief. Alkim never getting into relationships would have been the worst possible outcome for her. But now she knew he did have two years of constant sex with a girl that looked an awful lot like her, and it sounded like he still wanted more.

If Alyssa could keep his interest for that long, then so could Mikaella.

Maybe I'm not his girlfriend, but I could be anything else: his business partner, his friends with benefits, his fuckdoll, his suckslut. Whatever he wants to call me, I can make it work. I don't need the labels, just his company... or cumpany.

“Thanks, Kate. I feel better now.”

She hugged the older woman around her shoulders and found herself ensnared by the sight of an entire foot of cleavage spilling out of Kate’s inadequate tank top.

“Sure. Glad I could help.” Kate patted her back awkwardly, and Mikaella let go, tearing her ears away from those bewitching tits.

“So how much are we paying you for the website?” asked Mikaella.

“Nothing, not money anyway.” Kate threw some more lamb slices into the hotpot. “I was actually thinking about getting into porn too, have Alkim shoot it. That’ll be my fee.”

“Seriously? You don't want to have a girl do it?”

Kate shrugged, “I don’t care if he sees. Honestly, I kinda of need his opinion on how to make it all appealing to straight guys.”

“Ha!” Mikaella giggled. She’d told Kate as much about Karaoke: guys could tell she wasn’t into men and wouldn’t tip her as much. Now she’d finally admitted she needed help.

Good for her. Shooting softcore porn would be way easier than dealing with clients in person. Kate never really was cut out for that kind of sex work.

Mikaella wasn’t particularly jealous at the idea of Alkim photographing the admittedly super-hot lesbian in the nude. After all, Kate was no rival for Alkim’s cock, and if they all shared one website, her big, fat tits would draw extra attention to all three of them.

Something, something, rising tides... Alkim probably knows that saying...

Just then, Alkim returned.

“Oh!” Alkim clapped his hands together, “I forgot to tell you about Friday!”

“Tell me what? What’s happening Friday?”

“Vicky’s coming back! I’m picking her up from LAX.”

“Oh! Yay!”

Oh. Fuck.

“Yay for you maybe, you’ve never had to drive to LAX. It’s a fucking nightmare.”

Mikaella didn’t respond, she was too busy thinking about what this meant for the house.

Kate may be no rival for the contents of Alkim’s balls, but Vicky was another story entirely. Vicky was everything Mikaella wasn’t: mature, tall, curvy, confident, outgoing, blonde. Plus, she had history with Alkim.

If Vicky decided she wanted Alkim, there wasn’t much Mikaella could do to stop her. And if Alkim needed a girl to shoot porn with, and Vicky said yes, he wouldn’t have any need for Mikaella.

Mikaella was under no illusions about her place on the pretty girl pecking order. If she wanted to keep her position as Alkim’s private fuckdoll, she’d need to step up her game.

How long did they say before I can get that IUD?