

We All Have Needs - Support Group

A Twisted Infinity Tale

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Holly knocked gently on the door of the little suburban detached house. The buses had been pretty scant out to here and she was a bit late. The door opened, revealing a short, pleasantly plump woman with masses of curly carrot-orange hair, along with masses of cleavage wobbling on her chest. Holly had recently been introduced to a world of huge tits the likes of which she could never have imagined, and yet this woman's monstrously massive mounds still left her speechless.

They swung from side to side in a pendulous motion as they settled, freckle-dusted flesh bouncing off itself. Their owner wasn't shy about them, her jacket unzipped to the point where they were nearly falling out.

Her eyes were equally drawn to Holly's smaller, though still impressive, chest, and went wide with realisation. "Oh, hello, you must be Holly!"

Holly realised she was staring, and blushed. "Sorry, yes. Hi, are you Meredith?"

"That's me! And don't feel bad, honey. Everyone stares the first time. Most stare the second as well. You must be getting used to that too, though?"

She wasn't. It was less than two weeks since her unlucky encounter, a week since her transformation. A week of walking around with a newly-expanded bustline, bouncing and drawing in the eyes of everyone around her. A week of walking around with permanently-wet, thick, perfectly-shaped lips whose plump curves advertised only one thing to onlookers. A week of that horrific need, hunger and thirst rolled into one, gnawing away in her gut, somehow making her feel parched at the same time as her mouth constantly filled with drool.

It shouldn't even have been possible. It was three years since The Drug first appeared out of a local college campus's science labs, the one that turned its creator into a pillar of virility whose scent was irresistible to women - and those women into the jumbo-breasted cum-guzzling sluts of his deepest fantasies. They'd studied it of course, tried to work out how it worked, and even managed to develop a vaccine a few months ago. The vaccine did nothing for already-affected women, but it promised to prevent any further infections - with small print noting that it was effective in 99.999% of people. Holly had eagerly gotten her jab, and a few days later took a gamble on a tryst with a slim-faced, long-haired boy who'd had his own drunken tryst with another man who'd already taken the drug.

That's when Holly had learned that she was in the 0.001%.

Holly's body and mind had been transformed into well-honed machines for the sole purpose of finding and extracting spunk. Along with her absurdly huge, perfectly-weighted breasts, thick, plush, hypersensitive lips and the constant stream of drool made by her warm and welcoming mouth, her tongue had grown longer, larger and stronger, its taste buds reconfigured for sperm, and her pliable throat lost the entirety of its gag reflex. Her nose could pick up the scent of cock from a room away, sensitive enough that girls who'd had the condition for long enough could tell how long it had been since someone had ejaculated with a single whiff.

Living with her new condition was what had driven her to this little house tonight. A referral from a friend to some support for girls like her, a source of advice and commiseration about being turned into the sperm-addicted wank fantasy of a college incel. That was the plump, pleasant-faced Meredith who'd greeted her and ran a support group, hoping to share the wisdom of three years of living with the hunger. Meredith had been practically Ground Zero, one of the first to succumb to the drug's effects, before people had even realised what it was. She carried herself with a bold confidence, fed by the emissions that her enhanced body had extracted from hundreds upon hundreds of dicks.

"Don't worry, you're not too late. The entertainment hasn't arrived."

"Entertainment?" Holly's brow crinkled as she stepped into the lounge room.

"Don't fret about that right now. So how long has it been for you?"

"O-only a week. Vaccine didn't work."

Meredith clucked her tongue as she sat and made room for Holly. "I'm sorry to hear that, darling. At least you wouldn't be struggling to keep up with your daily requirement of cock, though? The boys must be lining up for you."

Despite her cheeky conversational tone, the mere mention of cock set Holly's mouth to watering even harder than it already was and sent a spasm through her private parts. She'd managed to give a co-worker a quick blowjob on lunch break, but that had been over six hours ago, and the craving was beating against the walls of her mind like a tidal wave, waiting for the faintest crack in her composure.

In a strange way, Holly was finding it easier to cope with how much she'd physically changed than with what the transformation had done to her brain, her personality. Having to live with enormous sensitive breasts was less of an adjustment than the idea that she was now, firmly and irrevocably, a slut. She didn't just need cum, she *wanted* it. She wanted to do everything necessary to obtain it. Her eyes constantly roved to men's crotches in public, unable to stop herself from staring and picturing the swell of his testicles or how fat the ridge of his glans was. Just the mention of cock set her mind racing with mental images of throbbing meat belching out thick loads of pearly spunk, just the sight of it could leave her a panting, moaning, drooling mess. Addicted to semen was one thing, but obsessed with penis was another entirely. Girls like her called it the cum-brain.

Just like the craving, that horrible hunger-thirst that could only be satisfied by fresh, hot spunk, her dick obsession only got worse the longer it had been since she'd had one down her throat. Even just a few hours without it and it rapidly became the only thing she could think about. Meredith recognised the signs and gave a wry smile.

"Wow, you've got the cum-brain really bad, huh? How long has it been since you got your fix?"

Holly wiped her mouth, an almost meaningless gesture as more drool built up almost instantly. "Uh, I-like six hours?" Her lips smacked wetly together as she talked, an erection throbbing in her mind's eye.

"Oh wow, no wonder. My first couple months I would have been dying after six hours!"

She was right. Holly was dripping drool and wiggling in the seat, her pussy hot, wet and twitching, and talking about oral sex was only making it worse. Meredith's phone buzzed and she quickly checked it. Holly could see the flush in her cheeks and the wetness at her plush mouth, and her enormous nipples printing through her blouse.

"Ooh, they're here, they're here!"

Holly's eyes followed her ample butt as she went back out into the hall and she craned forward to try and see what was happening, but as soon as she heard the door click and just a tiny rush of air from outside, she already knew.

Cock. She could smell the rich, savoury scent of cock in the air - and even for the enhanced senses of her new body, to smell it from the front door meant it was a *good* one. She waited for a moment for Meredith to return, but was greeted only by the faint sounds of enthusiastic fellatio, and leapt back up into the corridor.

Meredith hadn't even let the first guy through the door before she'd dropped to her knees. His loose pants were around his ankles and Meredith was pressing her face against the fat, slick, veiny twelve-inch-long shaft sprouting from between his thighs. The scent rolling from him was downright overwhelming, fed from the fuck-chemicals being produced by the watermelon-sized testicles currently held up in a series of fabric straps around his hips.

Hits. Meredith organised hits for us. The idea alone made her twitch and almost moan out loud.

"Hits," as the girls called them. Men who'd taken the drug, doubling the size of their penis overnight and granting them a pair of oversized testicles, reconfigured to generate vast amounts of semen. It didn't stop there, though. The drug was one-and-done for women but progressively affected guys, and none of the research that had gone into the drug had been able to find a way to stop or slow it down, let alone reverse it. The longer it went on, the bigger their testicles grew, becoming more productive by the day. All of the drug-affected men needed regular orgasms to relieve the pressure. Waiting too long to cum saw them in crippling pain that radiated out from their balls and the pit of their stomach as

their bodies kept pumping fluids into already bloated, overflowing glands. As they grew they could track the minutes that shaved off how long they could put it off.

Holly hadn't actually been with a hit since she transformed. She'd passed by a couple, the powerful scent unmistakable, but she'd so far met all her cravings with a procession of normal men. She hadn't at all been prepared for the pure sensory overload of standing in front of an undressed, leaking hit, dripping a constant stream of fluid packed with a hyper-concentrated pheromonal load targeted straight at her lizard brain. Holly's mouth dropped open, shamelessly drooling on the floor as she watched Meredith.

Meredith had one hand behind his cock to push it against her as she slathered her plush lips across it. She slowly rocked her head from side to side and back and forth, licking and kissing and suckling at it like she was making out with his penis. Her eyes were closed and her expression both exultant and slack in a total ecstatic trance as she marinated in the cock-musk rolling off over her in waves. Even three years in, after Meredith must have sucked thousands of dicks, the cum-brain was still there, urging her to worship. It never became routine, it was never something that any of the dick-craving girls could begin to just treat as an inconvenient need to quickly and efficiently satisfy, it always, *always* gripped them body and soul, driving them to exalt and indulge until liquid gold was rolling down their throat.

Meredith only took her hands off to unzip her jacket and slip her monstrous breasts out of her top, the ponderous mounds dropping with a fat slap down past her navel, ensuring she was giving her mark the best possible view from behind his shaft. She returned them again, one slipped behind the cock like the head of a lover, the other caressing the swell of one of his gigantic testicles which loudly gurgled and churned with the effort of producing ounce after ounce of borderline-narcotic spunk. He reacted rewardingly; the drug hypercharged men's sensitivity as much as it did the girls, leaving him twitching, groaning and shuddering from Meredith's worship.

Almost as an afterthought Holly's brain handed her the awareness that he was a decently-built man with tan skin and short curly brown hair. It wasn't particularly important. The man who peeked in from behind him, though, even managed to push through the fuck-fog that was filling every inch of Holly's brain. The slim, pretty face and long dark hair. The black-painted nails at the doorframe. The earnest, slightly hunted expression.

"T-Tom?!"

"Holly? What are you doing here?"

Tom was the one, the hit on whom Holly had taken a gamble and lost. His scent was weaker than the other man but it was still distinct, cutting through to Holly's nose with the power of familiarity. It was the smell that had filled the room when she slept with him, and the one she hadn't been able to clear out of her mind as the thirst rose up, her mouth filled with drool and her swollen, sensitive tongue and her cute, modest breasts ballooned up into her new fat, jiggling mounds over the next few days. A core of her actual

personality screamed fruitlessly that she was supposed to be pissed off at him. Every single other part of her, from the horny girl who liked cute long-haired vaguely emo boys to the roiling, primal cum-brain, demanded to suck his dick. She let out a rattling, damp, passionate breath and tried to marshal a reply over the mental image of his ejaculating penis.

"F-for support. You know. Girls like me. Need support." The moment he stepped in enough for her to see his crotch her eyes swivelled there and refused to leave. He wasn't as big as the other guy, but it really didn't matter, because he was still toting ten inches of glorious, beautiful penis and round, cantaloupe-sized vessels of pure, pearly love. Tom followed her eyes and gave her a mildly embarrassed smile as she fruitlessly tried to wipe her pillowy lips dry.

"I guess I probably owe you one, hey?"

She nodded hungrily, the noise she made something between a purr and a growl. She took deep breaths to try to regain her composure but that just meant she breathed in more musk and overloaded a few more synapses. She grabbed him by the hand and pulled him away from the other pair, dragging him into the living room. Holly practically pushed Tom into the couch, making him flail to avoid crushing himself as he hit the seat. "H-hey, careful, they're fragile cargo!"

Holly wasn't even listening. The last vestiges of her self-control had burned away and she was operating on pure drug-mutated instinct. She yanked down his pants, almost laughing as his cock swung up to greet her. It glistened, as it always did for the hits, whose overproductive glands pumped out endless amounts of cloudy precum, slick and slimy and exuding an even stronger wave of that deep scent. It throbbed and a glob of the stuff rolled from the bloated tip before she descended, sucking an inch of it into her mouth.

Back out at the door, Meredith was finally going further than just worship, partially because of her lover's slightly desperate pleading as the pressure bubbled and roiled in his balls. She pulled his shaft down level and positioned herself at the tip, moaning in delight as it belched out a fat load of precum for her, far more than Tom's had. She suckled the head past her thick lips, caressing it with her tongue to lick it clean and play with the flavour in her mouth.

Their enhanced biology changed the flavour of semen as well. There was no good ordinary comparison - it was salty and savoury, with just a hint of acid bitterness that stopped it from becoming too cloying and gave it a cleansing, refreshing aftertaste. The umami was heavily interlaced with the same unique rich muskiness that characterised the mens' scent, which got stronger the longer they'd been without an orgasm. For ordinary guys, the peak flavour was four or five days without ejaculating. Hits couldn't go without ejaculating long enough for it to ever peak.

His precum wasn't enough to satisfy her but it was certainly enough to leave her wanting more. He was big, but she was experienced, with an ultra-flexible jaw and a well-lubricated throat, and barely hesitated before pushing further, lips spreading to accommodate his girth and slide him down into her waiting throat.

"Oh, ff-fuck, yeah, that's the way - suuuuhhck it down, you slut-"

She hummed gleefully, her throat buzzing against the oversized intruder, spit dripping from her lips. It was an interesting little power-play when one person was biologically-fixated on worshipping what the other had and the other desperately, achingly needed them to keep going. Meredith knew that hits sometimes responded to this dynamic by trying to be extra dominant, compensating for the control they'd lost over their own genitals, and she let them. It was hot, it let them have their fun, and besides, he was right; she *was* a slut. Her enormous breasts swung forward as she moved along his length, bobbling against each other. Every few seconds she could feel his pole lurch and hear his choking gasp as another glob of prespunk oozed out into her throat, lubricating her passage until her lips hit his pubic mound.

"*ghhk*-Oh God, yeah, fucking take it *all*, uuhnn..."

With it extending that far into her body, every time she moved she could feel him press into another part of her. The way he spread apart her throat was pure pleasure, especially when the pressure against her muscles changed every time he throbbed or lurched. She started to gently rock, her tits swaying harder, working away at him with the motion of her whole body, massaging down every inch of his shaft. Her hands wove around behind him, loosening the harness that held up his heavy balls and cradling them to let them gently drop to their natural position hanging down to just below his knees. She reached down and gave one a firm squeeze, making him shudder and dump another hot load of fluid inside her - as well as drawing out a yelp.

"P-please..."

Meredith pulled back all the way until only the glans remained in her mouth, strings of drool dripping down from the solid meat in the wake of her lips. Unlike some of the younger girls, she knew a good blowjob wasn't at all just about face-fucking him down to the hilt on every stroke. She plunged forward again but only partway, making sure to work the bottom of the head and the underside of the shaft with her tongue and throat, and then pulled back until the tip was nearly leaving her lips again. Then, with a wiggle and a giggle, she took herself back down to the very base of his dick in one smooth motion. She withdrew back in a few steps, stopping each time to push forward just a little again while sucking.

She was barely conscious. Highly-tuned instincts and years of muscle memory meant every movement, every twist of her head and lash of her tongue, could happen without even thinking about it - which was good, because even someone who'd lived with the

condition for as long as she had couldn't really *think* this deep into any cock, let alone one this good.

Inside, Holly was more explorative. She lapped and kissed at Tom's cock, moaning as precum gouted from the tap for her to smear across her cheeks and sensitive plump lips, sinking into the warm, heady fog of that incredible scent. She had a hand around the base of his shaft while her other hand caressed his scrotum, but the burning heat and the sounds coming from it pulled her away from the constant drip of near-narcotic fluid for a moment and led her to drop her head down to his sack.

She'd never had strong opinions about testicles until the last week. Now, though, the sight of a hit's balls up close like this was one of the most beautiful things she could possibly imagine. She caressed them reverentially and stared. Something about the drug-prompted transformation had burned a deep, primal instinct into her brain that supplied total knowledge that those immense, bloated orbs were the source of *everything* she wanted from life now. She pressed her face in firmly, the warm flesh bulging back against her, filling in the space around her face. This close she could hear the gurgling of his gonads and even feel the faint vibrations as whatever mutated biology he'd developed churned away at its prize. The more firmly she pressed the harder they gurgled, a comforting reminder of their ceaseless work making more spunk to feed her addition and also just simply getting *bigger*. Snuggling into them like this felt right, the place where she was meant to be, worshipping these incredible things in a heady fog of man-scent, and she loved and hated how right it felt.

She lapped her tongue across one. His scrotum was loose and pliable, expanded beyond even what was necessary to carry its cargo and soft enough that it dragged along as she licked, leaving a wake of plush skin. They were hot beyond just body-warm, their work burning through energy. She switched back to rubbing and kissing them, planting her overstuffed, cushiony lips into them and being rewarded with buzzes of pleasure and moans from their owner.

She stayed in scrotal reverie until his nuts let out an even larger, stronger gurgle and a sudden strong burst of his scent washed over her. An instinct etched deeply in her brain took over and brought her back up to the head to suckle the tip into her mouth. At the same time, outside, the other hit suddenly gasped and let out a low moan that rolled into a series of choking grunts as his muscles tightened and locked his body up.

Forcibly transforming the human body into a cum factory was, surprisingly, not a perfect process. The plumbing simply wasn't built for the sheer volume of fluid it was being asked to move, or the intense pressure it was under. The "magic moment" between crossing the point of no return and actual release was far more than a mere moment for a hit, stretching out to seconds or eventually even minutes of intense, overwhelming sensation as their bodies desperately pumped and churned.

Holly looked up at Tom, too shell-shocked by the thought of his testicles reverberating in her head to be capable of anything more than a silent plea. It was when his eyes met hers

and Holly was, even in her stupor, struck by the desperation in his deep baby blues, that Tom's orgasm also finally arrived.

Pure overload rose up out of every part of his delicate features. The constantly intensifying sensations of the experience made it impossible to ever really become fully accustomed to it, even with five-plus opportunities a day — and while it would have been a dreadful curse for releasing the endless roiling pressure in his balls as often as he needed to get *boring*, each biologically-enforced orgasm feeling like his first time was hardly relaxing. While Tom's body didn't have the power or volume of his veteran companion, even a newly-fledged hit was capable of potent feats of fertility far beyond what *any* normal man could accomplish and he had more than enough love butter churning in his gonads to satisfy even the voracious appetites of a transformed woman.

The feeling of his huge shaft letting loose an explosion of seed inside her was, without any hyperbole, the greatest thing she'd ever experienced in her life. The cum she'd swallowed for the last few weeks was good, *wonderful* even — indeed to her new instincts it was the most important thing in her life, but what Tom was shooting off inside her now was more incredible than every single drop of it combined. His semen was beautiful, it was sublime, it was almost a religious experience, a dance of textures and flavours simultaneously subtle and delicate and also a jackhammer directly into the centre of the most primal parts of her brain. Better than love, better than sex, in the first moment when it hit her tongue she knew this was all she'd ever be able to think about again — when she could think again.

Ten more loads, ten more hard, throbbing, muscle-straining ejaculations went down her throat before she collapsed around him in total cum-brain-bliss, an afterglow more complete than the deepest meditation or the most powerful high. Holly laid marinating in the scent-taste oozing from every pore of her body as well as the cooling slime on her face and her tits, her head nestled next to one of Tom's now far calmer but still audibly churning testicles.

Outside, Meredith hummed with delighted anticipation, saliva dripping in strings from around her stretched-out lips as she slowed down slightly, drawing out the stimulation for him to *just* the right amount. His head jerked from side to side, his body quivering as he moaned and grunted and his cock flexed helplessly. The flow of slimy precum finally ebbed as all of his strength pulled back to pumping in preparation for what was coming.

He roared. His entire body lurched and his cock shuddered as cum practically burst from the tip, gouting directly into Meredith's throat with viscous force, filling her mouth and her entire world with the scent and taste of hyperconcentrated musk, distilled essence of cock, and that indescribable, glorious taste of cum. Meredith greedily swallowed the first enormous ejaculation, and the second, and by the time the third arrived it was starting to squirt out from around her lips and drip down her chin and chest and the length of his shaft.

The moaning and grunting and slap of flesh on flesh continued on, the veteran hit not even halfway finished emptying his load into and across the voracious fellatrix. Meredith was covered practically down to the waist in rivers of pearlescent goo, her pendulous breasts slapping against each other into each other with puffed-up cock-pillow lips enveloping her mark's heaving cock and her throat working hard to swallow as much of his orgasm as it possibly could. Her stomach groaned with thick fluid but pure instinct drove her on.

It took dozens of labourious ejaculations for his flow of spunk to die down to weak, fitful dribbles - though even his dribbles were comparable in size to a normal man's emissions. He stumbled forward, sweating and panting, legs shaking, bracing himself on the doorframe while he recovered. Meredith was scooping piles of spunk from her tits and feeding them into her mouth in a dopey haze. He started to carefully pick his way into the house, where Tom was slumping back on the couch with Holly at his feet. Holly looked up from her happy afterglow and saw thick, clear slime dripping down from the end of his shaft in a pendulous rope. Her breath caught, and its owner grinned as he watched her eyes.

"Hey, sexy. You've had the appetiser; ready for the main course?"

Tom grunted unhappily but Holly's eyes hadn't moved, the hit's formidable cockscent washing over her. He wrapped his hand around the middle, lifting it up and letting her see it start to twitch. The flow of prespunk briefly surged and made him inhale sharply.

"Fff-uh, you like that? Yeah you do. I know what you are." His shaft flexed again and the drip-drip paused for a moment, before a huge glob of it belched out from the tip with a shuddering groan from him. It pummelled Holly with another wave of musk that surged instantly up her brainstem, drawing out a fresh flood of drool from around her overstuffed cock-pillows.

"Marco, give it a fucking rest. I heard you out there begging the other woman to get you off, don't act like you're the alpha male or something."

"Look at her though, bro, she's obsessed with my co-ooohhck—"

He shuddered again with another massive belch of pre. Instead of a constant leak, his returning erection stemmed the flow until it built up enough pressure. The result was a series of periodic highly pleasurable pseudo-orgasms until he or someone else dealt with the erection. The leaking had started a bit over a year into Marco's own journey of transformation, another of the myriad side effects of the condition, and at this point it was his constant companion.

Tom snorted. "Says the guy who's cumming just looking at her."

"Shut the fuck up bro, this'll be you in a couple years."

Holly wasn't even listening, just breathing heavily around her slobber, and Marco motioned to her. "Hey slut, get over here and lick my balls until you get it *really* hard."

She reacted immediately and crawled over to him on all fours, eyes never leaving his pulsing glans. Her boobs swayed from side to side and *his* eyes were drawn to the jostling mass as she moved. He motioned with his free hand.

"Lose the top."

She stopped immediately, sitting up to shuck off her damp t-shirt. Without even waiting for another command she unhooked her bra as well, pulling the voluminous garment up to let her tits drop down with a fat slap. The marvellous mounds bobbed and bumped against each other, heavy but firm and shapely, with a perkiness that shouldn't have been possible at their size. Though she was much smaller than Meredith she was by any other standard absurdly chesty, and she shivered with a rush of pride as she saw Marco throb as he looked over them.

The waves of flavour came stronger as she approached until she was close enough to press her face into the soft skin of his massive billowy scrotum, breathing in with a contented sigh, sinking deeply into the loud groaning and gurgling as they endlessly churned through more of his fluids. If Tom's had been beautiful, these were exquisite. She could have just let herself sink forever between them, enveloped in fleshy softness and pulsing heat and above all the hypnotic fog of his extra-strength pheromones, but she had work to do.

Where to even *start* with testicles this huge was its own problem. Her tongue, as big and strong as it was from the changes the drug had induced in her, felt uselessly tiny against those watermelon-sized churning orbs of pure man. When she started to lap, though, pressing the sensitive muscle deeply into the yielding flesh, she could hear them churn even louder and his grunts of approval. She reached up, gathering one of them in her hands, kissing and licking more enthusiastically, suckling the skin into her mouth, stretching and massaging the skin and rubbing it against the boiling hot core underneath.

He slumped back into the closest available chair, spreading his legs with a contented groan, one hand still lazily tugging at his pole. His muscles twitched, toes curling, as another gout of his fluids forced its way out with a gush of inordinate pleasure. Holly felt it fall down against her cheek with a soggy slap and the sensation was enough to nearly bring her off right there.

Tom looked away with a blush, looking over to see Meredith emerging back into the room. She had an unfocused grin, looking across to Marco and Holly, and then to Tom. Her lush body was still streaked with thick ropes of spunk, which she was absent-mindedly scraping up with her fingers and licking off. She caught Tom's eye, her strong tongue lapping around her delicate fingers, and started to gently shake her ponderous bosom from side to side. Despite himself, the sight was magnetic, his eyes following the pendulous sway of her magnificent pale mounds with barely a conscious thought from him. As he watched, his jaw slack, life started to stir in his loins again.

The attraction wasn't conscious. It didn't matter if Meredith was really his type or not; all that mattered was if she was his *dick's* type. The effect since his transformation was something he often compared to his penis having been replaced by an external entity, some sort of unfamiliar parasite with a hold over his mind stronger than his own will, and one desire. Its desire filtered in from outside himself as a *need* and he could no more resist it than he could push back the tides. It didn't seem to bother a lot of other hits, who let themselves fall into the hedonistic flood with glee, but Tom and a small number of his peers shared the same observations with each other, that each passing day made them feel more like a helpless support system for a rapacious and endless need to cum. By the time Meredith had swayed her freckly chest over to where he was sitting he was half-hard again. Her tits loomed over him, blocking out the entirety of his vision.

"Jesus Christ, you're *huge*."

She giggled. "Aw, thank you. Can you believe I used to be self-conscious about being thick?" She punctuated this by sinking a hand into one of her breasts, lifting it and mashing the mound against her chest, keeping her eyes fixed on Tom's gaze. "You want to touch them, baby? Go ahead-" she took a moment to wipe her salivating mouth with her free hand, "-as long as I get what I want in return."

What I want, she said. Was it really what she wanted, any more than a gigantic orgasm with this woman was what *he* wanted? He, or at least the thing that hung from between his legs, needed something from her. She needed something from him. Did either of them *want* it? What did they want? Ultimately, did it matter? His dick was making its best efforts to leap towards her, his mind filling with irresistible images of the plush friction of her astounding boobs and the wet warmth of her mouth. He reached out.

It was easy to imagine how such a staggeringly huge breast would feel, but it paled in comparison to the reality. His fingers sunk deeply into the smooth, but moist and tacky texture of skin that stretched atop a heart-warm mass of flesh that was firm and bouncy at the same time as soft and pliable. A volume akin to or maybe even a bit larger than a basketball gave way to a perfect indentation of his hand and then folding around it. His penis surged to a full erection almost immediately, a glob of clear slime oozing from the tip to accompany the aching throb.

"Holy *shit*!"

"Mmm, I know, right? Sometimes I like to just sit there and play with them. Th-that's not what I'm interested in playing with right now, though." She reached down, curling her fingers around the heat of his dick, the tips gently brushing along the sensitive skin, a nail dancing delicately across the glistening slit. Spittle dripped down across one of her thick lips as she watched it throb and disgorge more fragrant precum, the scent wafting up to her and starting to break what little composure she'd managed to build back after sating herself on Marco. She rubbed her fingers together through the fluid to lubricate them and gripped the shaft firmly, moving her other hand to pull Tom's deeper into her breast. She felt him buck against her hand and let out a rattling, needy moan.

She knelt down, crossing her arms to lever the overflowing mass of her breasts back up and above Tom's lap, then dropped them. They cascaded down into his lap with a fleshy slap, smothering his lower body.

"Oops!" She grinned, pressing against the sides of her breasts to squish and squeeze, Tom's pole throbbing under the heavy weight. She let go and reached in between them, visibly salivating as her fingers curled around the leaking head of his dick again. She pushed it into the inside of her cleavage, hot and moist with sweat, exulting in the feeling of how he bucked and writhed and his groans of satisfaction. Another roll of her breasts unfocused his expression even more. The freckled cauldron of sweat and precum rolled atop his gurgling balls as well, the minx exploiting the perfect intersection of their transfigured biologies for the maximum impact on all his most sensitive parts.

When her instincts told her that her prize was getting closer, picking up on those subtle signs of his motions, his noises and the change in his scent, she switched up her approach. She let her breasts fall apart slightly to allow his pole to spring up, fat and glistening. She took half of it into her mouth in a single effortless motion and pressed her breasts together again around the bottom half, purring as he responded with a gasp and a pulse of flavourful pre-love.

Tom's brain slipped gears. The effect was beyond merely overwhelming; Meredith was a succubus, a pleasure elemental, so experienced and in-tune with her voracious instincts that it was as if she could directly feel exactly where to suck and touch and move and rub. First twisting her boobs around, then thrusting them forward to push against his stomach, then letting go and pushing her face forward to suck him into her throat until his pubic hair tickled her lips before sliding back up to suckle on the very tip. She was relentless, only backing off to make her next move stronger.

Holly could possibly have been content staying where she was in a sea of warm, pliant skin. Without even looking up though, something, a shift in his moans, a different gurgle from his testes, a change in the scent in the fuck-fog that surrounded her, told her that his shaft was fully ready for her. Her lips traversed up across his scrotum to where they met the pumping, flexing base of his cock. Her tongue traced its way up the ridge on the underside, easily as thick as her thumb, soon joined by sloppy kisses from her plush pleasure-pillow lips. One hand reached up to wrap around the very top and pull it against her face, and her mere touch was enough to prompt a messy flood of prespunk.

The warm fluid mingled with her fingers, and she slid them down until her hand was level with her lips before both joined in the journey back to the very top. She paused at the strip of skin that joined the shaft to the cleft between the fat bulbs of the underside of his glans. Her tongue darted in, flicking across where it stretched and probing into the sensitive pockets between the ridges, and was rewarded with a fat glob of his pre-love that oozed down directly to her taste buds. She slurped it up, pussy throbbing in reply. The transcendent taste washed through her in a wave of intense but brief satisfaction.

Being this close to his glans was making the faintest crack rise up through the lizard-brain desire — it was *huge*. It didn't scare her; far from it, but the thought of doing a bad job absolutely did. She was keenly aware she was the followup to the more experienced and significantly more gifted Meredith and the very idea of failing to measure up to her left a pit in her stomach.

She gripped it closer towards the base with her free hand, letting her start stroking it two-handed at the same time. She looked up into his eyes from behind his tip, kissing and suckling, her hands tugging in slow, deliberate pumps.

"Ffuuuuck..." He groaned, sliding a hand through her hair to pull her head against him. She shuddered at the treatment, pressed firmly against a full foot of rock-hard erection that smelled so strongly of his mutant musk it felt like her brain was melting. Pure instinct told her what he was demanding, though, what she knew he was expecting, and with barely a hint of conscious thought she started trying to fit it in her mouth.

Tom's hips bucked up against a heaving sea of pale breast, trying desperately to hump further into Meredith's mouth. He thumped the couch and gripped hard, gurgling, as the empty yawning feeling of hit pre-orgasm gripped his cock. Meredith moaned with glee as she felt his body struggle to pump his unnatural load into place. She backed off a little, drooling down his shaft, letting the tip nestle in her mouth. His scent surged as he spasmed and pumped, rivers of musk rolling across her and down her throat, suffusing every single one of her senses with cock.

Then he exploded.

It was nothing like Marco's orgasm, but in some ways it made it better for her; fully under her control, tender and intimate by comparison. She could savour as she swallowed, feeling his heat dance on her tongue, appreciating the subtle motions that accompanied each powerful surge of spunk. Her composure lasted well enough that as his ejaculations finally began to flag, she could tenderly clean him up. Just dragging her lush body across him as she lapped at his flagging erection was enough to send more twitches of aftershock through him, kicking out more last gushes of his seed. She let it drop from her mouth and moved down to the base, turning her head sideways and staring up at him as she dragged her lips up the underside, following them with a slow tug of her hand to squeeze out the last few globs that were left.

Marco's cock slipped into Holly's mouth, the tip grinding against her palate, her tongue slicking along the underside in a smooth motion. Immediately its passage was aided by a gout of fragrant fluid that in turn prompted a fresh wave of saliva from her, a sloppy melange of the Yin and Yang of their conditions greater than the sum of its parts. The mixture dripped past her lips in thick cloudy strings, rolling down to her overstuffed bouncing breasts. Her entire body was primed for the task ahead.

The next movement of her head was different - less space to move, more resistance. Her jaw stretched exquisitely until the bucking tip of his pole touched the back of her throat.

Her mouth was already more full than she could ever have imagined and his magnificent size was barely getting started. She pressed on, salivating even harder as his pure cock-musk penetrated deep into her brain. She was already fully aware that her gag reflex was a thing of the past but getting this monster into her throat made it abundantly clear. That didn't mean it was *easy*, though - her jaw muscles were flexible but no matter how much she *wanted* it cramming something of this size inside her was still something that needed practice she hadn't had.

He panted and grunted, his hand starting to push on her head more insistently. "C-come on, j-just fucking... Nngghh... S-stop *playing* with it and suck, bitch!"

Meredith looked over from where she was gently kissing patches of flavour from Tom's flagging erection. "Give her a break, darling, she's new."

"Fuck that!" He growled with frustration as his meat throbbed inside her, his balls churning with pressure, and thrust. Four inches of himself slid into her in one fluid motion and Holly froze, not from fear or pain, but from the surge of pleasure the violation pummelled her brain with. Her eyes rolled in the back of her head and her body went limp, suspended only on Marco's cock. He growled again, pulling harder against the back of her head, forcing her further down, his girth stretching her to what felt like breaking point.

The change in sensation triggered some part of her mutated instincts to remind her where she was and what she was supposed to be doing. Impaled on dick, drool and precum dribbling from around the tight seal of her lips, her hands found a new purchase on the couch next to Marco's knees to stabilise her and she took over, using the momentum to push forward more. The sudden motion took Marco by surprise and he shuddered and fell back as his overproductive balls added some more lubrication to her efforts, allowing Holly to push all the way to Marco's crotch.

She sat for a moment in dim, cock-drunk triumph, but feeling all of Marco's twelve inches pulsing in her throat twitches spurred her to get back to work extracting her prize. She'd *intended* to slide back down his shaft and then take him all the way back in like Meredith had earlier, but after withdrawing all the way back down his spit-shined shaft to leave the head nestled gently in her mouth, found that she struggled to push back down again.

She felt warmth, Meredith's lush body taking position just behind and to the side of her, curves squishing into curves as she pushed closer. Meredith's right hand wrapped around the base of Marco's dick and her left nestled against the back of Holly's head. Meredith pushed her face in close against Holly's, her soft cheek gliding against Holly's own spit-slicked skin. Their lips met and Holly found herself dissolving into a plush kiss anchored to the fat, musky head of Marco's cock.

Holly shifted subconsciously to the side, leaving the two girls sitting across from each other to either side of the shaft. Holly reached out, one hand sinking deeply into Meredith's breast, lips and tongue reaching out for the other girl's around their shared

plaything. Marco looked down at the two with a stupid grin, which was quickly replaced with a moan as he disgorged a thick flood of baby batter across the girls' faces to their immediate delight.

Holly was open to the idea that she might be bisexual, as much as her condition didn't leave a lot of space to explore. Meredith was very comfortable that she *wasn't*, but very open to playing if it got her closer to another load of cum, and no stranger to sharing a hit. She pulled Holly closer, pushing Marco's penis between the two of them, hefting her vast breasts up in her hands. Holly immediately picked up the hint, lifting her own comparatively modest mounds and pressing them against Meredith's to form a soft wall of flesh. Both girls turned to look up at Marco, cheeks pressing against the pole, before turning back to work. Meredith suckled on the tip while Holly began to suck and kiss up and down the side, all the while the girls rubbed their breasts against the base. Holly hadn't done much of this before but the appeal of feeling a penis between her breasts was immediate, the sensitivity of her transformed tits transferring every twitch and bulge of his pole through her body, her skin pulling against his skin. She could feel her nipples rubbing against Meredith, and while the effect was nowhere near as significant as anything Marco's tool was doing to her it was pleasant.

The pair switched positions, Meredith now running one hand up the other side of the penis from where she was as she licked up its length while Holly sucked just underneath the very tip where it was most sensitive. Their breasts still mashed together around it, the pair not necessarily moving them intentionally but their size enough to create enough motion just with the rest of their work, trapping Marco between a three-pronged assault on his endurance.

Holly was hit by sudden awareness that rose from somewhere totally unconscious. She'd thought the arrival of Tom's orgasm was obvious, but compared to the violent growl that issued from the depths of his gigantic balls and the palpable flood of hormonal musk that washed over her when Marco's body prepared for what was coming it was barely a whisper.

She could *feel* the way strength and sensation withdrew into his body, like the receding shoreline before the arrival of a tsunami. The periodic gushes of fluid from his slit halted and he started to twitch and gurgle. Meredith moved to the side, allowing Holly to shift in front and take pole position, as it were. While Meredith kept her breasts pressed against the base, tiling her face against the side, Holly gently slipped the fat head into her mouth. The two waited, moving only to keep anchored to his spasmodic organ, both wide-eyed and drooling in anticipation. Holly could feel the pulse of his heart through the top of his cock, spittle dripping out from around her lips as it bucked and broke the seal before she could reclaim it. Short of anything else to do with them, her hands slipped underneath her hanging breasts and lifted them, mashing into them and scrubbing her nipples against her palms. Her ass wiggled behind her as she slipped into blank cum-brained anticipation of what was coming, waves of his mutant hormonal odour pummelling the last remnants of her consciousness.

Unlike Meredith, she had no experience with what his orgasm was going to be like, and didn't have the well-developed instincts for it. An impossible quantity of spunk burst into her mouth in one savage, high-powered pump of his tool. She didn't choke, because she wasn't physically capable of it any more, but she did splutter, and a pearlescent tide of fluid sprayed out around the shaft as her mouth filled to bursting in an instant. She barely managed to work out what had happened before his muscles tensed and he growled, shooting off another even harder deluge of cum into her already-full mouth. She was desperately trying to swallow but even her lower brain functions were shutting down as every single neuron reconfigured itself to just attempt to experience the smell, feel, taste and the hundred other properties she'd been rewired to perceive in semen, leaving no capacity for anything else.

She couldn't hold where she was any longer, the force and pressure was too strong. Her mouth slipped off the end with a wet pop and a rush of thick spunk that cascaded down his pole and pooled in the cleft in his scrotum. She pushed forward to try and regain her position but the bucking beast in her hands was too strong and slippery to tame in time before the next load chambered and fired. The entire high-velocity cumshot hit her directly in the face with an audible *squelch*.

It hadn't occurred to her to let someone cum on her face before that point. Before her transformation it seemed vaguely degrading and not much benefit for her, and afterwards she'd always been too desperate to get every last drop into her mouth. With the relative luxury of this cornucopia of cum, a mouth already full of the taste-scent of concentrated fuck-chemicals and a brain gently bobbing against the sides of her head like a particularly fucked-out lily pad in a pond, a small part of her was able to note that a face full of spunk was actually pretty great and keep that information to the side for later. Another massive gout hit her and sprayed down across her chest and tits and at that point lost all ability to even stay upright, collapsing back in a haze of cock-funk and layers and layers of jizz and letting Meredith move in for her second helping. She was already groaning with what she'd been able to swallow of his last gallon of love, though, and reached out to pick Holly up, mashing the incoherent girl against her so they could both share in being basted in his spasmodic, groaning pulses of pleasure. Rope after rope, completely seized up in the act of ejaculation, his testicles growling with effort, his body nothing but a mutated machine for creating and delivering semen to two desperate, drooling piles of slut. He had a hundred loads banked for the cum-brained beauties, Holly and Meredith mashing layers of spit and spunk together across thick lips and heavy tits as they writhed together, goo stringing across from soft cheeks and pillowy flesh as they cavorted under an endless rain of what they both needed. The last thing Holly remembered was Meredith pushing her face even further against the eye of Marco's cock before her brain shut down completely and she passed out.

* * *

Holly blinked, every single sense reporting nothing to her except cock-musk. The cool slimy sensation on her skin, the taste, the smell, she could practically even *hear* the piles of cum she was basted with. She sat up and saw Tom still on the couch on his phone.

"Oh, uh. Hey. Wow, you enjoyed that?"

She nodded vaguely. "Where's, uh-"

"They're upstairs. I said I'd stay here and keep an eye on you."

She watched him for a moment, letting herself process the strangeness of the scene. He was still totally naked, legs spread to allow space for the hanging mass of his oversized testicles. Her eyes roamed over his slim chest, his long sweat-slicked dark hair, his lips, his slender fingers. She looked into his eyes and the expression of mild but genuinely concern on his face. She picked herself up and gently stepped across to where Tom was sitting. He looked up with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh, um. Ready for another go already?"

"Yes-" she answered before her brain was fully in gear, and with a tremendous effort of will only possible through the satiation of the tremendous volume of spunk sloshing around inside her, took a deep breath. "Okay, yes, *but*, I actually just want to talk."

A second eyebrow. "Oh, uh. Yeah, sure."

She sat down next to him. For a moment she had the instinct to avoid a puddle of cum, but not only was *everything* covered in cum, so was she. She was also totally okay with it. The two sat for a moment as Holly marshalled her soggy thoughts together.

"It's not your fault."

"Oh. Th-thanks."

She sighed. "Well, like, it kind of is, but... I don't blame you."

"Yeah. I am sorry, though."

"You were honest and-" her eyes wandered down to his crotch, "it's not like you could have hid it anyway. I just wanted to show the cute boy with the huge dick a good time."

He flushed, and Holly was sure it wasn't entirely to do with his cock. "Heh. Same for me, I guess. Only I didn't even have a vaccine that didn't work, I just, uh. I was drunk and horny and didn't know it worked like that for guys."

A moment of silence while he looked off into space and Holly absent-mindedly stared at his scrotum. Tom broke it.

"I've thought about you a lot since, you know." Holly licked a surge of drool off her lips at the thought and he flushed harder. "Not, uh, not like *that*, just. You know. Hoping you were doing okay."

"I get it. I'm... I'm managing. It's okay sometimes but like it's just *always on*. There's just always this hunger, this *urge* inside my head and I'm already tired of it." Her eyes kept flicking down to his crotch, her nostrils flaring.

He nodded. "I get it. Similar for me, but I do kind of wish that it was even in my head. For me it's like there's this parasite hanging off me that used to be a part of me and it's growing and consuming more of me every day."

She shot it a quizzical glance, and Tom kept going. "Didn't you know? It, uh, kind of keeps happening to us. Marco wasn't just like naturally gifted, his balls have been growing for years. And like, fuck, I could almost deal with it if it was just getting *bigger* but we get, uh. More productive. Messier."

Her eyes went wide, unfocusing a little as the thought percolated. "And I don't just mean, like, the *big* mess. Someone like Marco leaks *constantly*. And I've seen him if he goes more than a few hours without getting off, like, it's painful. His entire life is already just emptying his balls, and he's not even as bad as we've seen it get!"

Holly whimpered. "H-how bad does it get?"

"The, uh, the first guy, the one who invented the whole thing, his nuts are the size of beachballs now. He spends all his time in some facility where he just does nothing but get off all day, just pumping out gallons of cum, every hour."

Holly slumped against him, moaning, her breasts pooling against his flank. Drool dripped down onto his shoulder as she sat that way in stupified silence for a moment.

"Uh. Are you okay, Holly?"

She gurgled lightly and responded with a faint nod. He rolled his eyes, but he could also feel the pulsing and stirring in his own loins as she rubbed against him.

"Ugh. I guess I don't know how else I expected you to react to that."

She pulled up, looking up into his eyes, crying to catch her breath, but every breath carrying more of his scent directly to her brain. "N-no... I'm okay. We're- hnnng, we're talking. I'm not thinking about you with even *bigger* balls."

He snorted, but there was a contemplative air to his silence. "Why did you chance it with me?"

She rubbed against him a bit more. "Told you. Cute boy. Big dick. But mostly cute boy."

He took his own measured breaths as he felt her fingers curl around the base of his cock. "Still cute, too, not just the cum brain. I like you. I'd... like to do this more."

He grinned, his shaft pulsing and flexing. "Even if I keep growing and end up with testicles the size of beach balls?"

"*Mmmm*. Yyyyeahh. Maybe I'll start eating more, too, and grow boobs as big as Meredith's."

Tom shook his head. "N-no, you're perfect the way you are."

She looked him in the eyes for a moment, then swung around over and straddled him to draw him into a deep kiss. She pressed her whole overlush body into him, rubbing her torso against his cock. "Y-you too. I want to make this work."

Having said what she wanted to say, she finally let go and let the hunger take over again. They could work out the details later.