

Captivation

A Twisted Infinity Tale

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"Is there anything I can get you, Tommy?"

Tommy's roommate Amelia's head poked from around the doorway to the kitchen, framed by a mass of thick brown hair in bouncy wavy curls. His eyes swung up from the TV.

"I'm good, Amelia, thanks."

"You sure, while I'm up? Cold drink? Snacks? A blowjob?"

He sniffed in amusement. "You gave me a blowjob a little while ago."

Her brow creased. "Yeah, so? Would you like something else instead? Tit-fuck? Hand-job? Quickie on the couch?"

Six months ago the idea of his roommate casually offering him sexual favours like a beer from the fridge would have just been something from the letters to the editor of a lad's mag. That's because six months ago, she hadn't encountered Captivation.

Amelia delicately strolled back into the living room. If her behaviour was like something from the letters page of a lad's mag, her body was something from the centrefold. A lush, curvaceous body with firm yet plush breasts the size of prize pumpkins, a soft, shapely waist and wide hips with firm, round buttocks and a face that looked retouched by the same lad mag's pervy graphic designer despite wearing no makeup. Big brown eyes, a small upturned nose, plush moist lips. Her hair, throwing off copper tones above a deep rich brown, burst like a halo from the top of her head and fell two feet wide to the bottom of her butt. She wore nothing but an overstretched pair of plain white panties and a duck egg blue tank top stuffed to bursting with her soft and pliant breasts, her enormous nipples plainly visible against the tight fabric. Her breasts jiggled and heaved with every step.

She plopped down into the couch next to Tommy, plump ass sinking into the cushions, tits bouncing gleefully, cracking open a can of soda. Taking a long sip with her left hand, her right hand moved across until it came to rest on Tommy's shorts, between his legs. He glanced to the side as she grinned impishly at him.

"Oh come on, Tommy, I just want to play with your cock. You can keep reading."

He grunted agreement, as if he wasn't already hard at the sight of her and the mere suggestion of what she was suggesting, and she took that as permission to slip her hand

under his waistband, delicate fingers coming into contact with his erection, pressing and rubbing. She traced circles around the tip and curled her fingers around the swelling shaft. He took a deep breath, thinking back to what his roommate had been like before her transformation. Before Captivation had existed. Before—

* * *

—he got into the meeting he absolutely had to get that email from the Morovian attaché. Senator Dulwich had struck out once on missing some obscure aspect of greeting protocol once back in 1974 and now there was hell to pay for any aide who let him walk into a meeting without double-checking with the Diplomatic Corps.

Tommy still found it odd that the Morovian Prince had eschewed normal diplomatic channels and asked to meet directly with the Senator, but then again the Senator was famous for both his connections in and the money he received from the pharmaceutical industry, and the Morovians claimed they had incredible technology that would be of general interest.

It was a bold claim, but as Tommy had researched them he came to the conclusion that *something* was going on. Morovia had gone independent to some minor consternation a decade or so ago, but despite the general unrest in the former Soviet Bloc it had both remained independent and prospered, with human development indicators far and above even most of Western Europe. There were already rumours of advanced medical technology the likes of which even the most blue-sky research at the most well-funded American labs couldn't conceive of, even before the Morovians had reached out to his boss.

He met up with the Senator in one of the meeting rooms, adding the printouts he'd brought to the Senator's pile of papers. The man was old, but sharp, and he'd caught the scent of something big. One of Dulwich's other aides, Julia, a slim young woman with chemically-straightened hair and sharp features, sat on the other side of him. They'd barely had the time to exchange pleasantries before the doors opened and the Prince of Morovia strode in, flanked by a man in a suit and a woman.

Tommy had to stop himself from wheezing when he saw the woman who accompanied the Prince. He was sure he'd probably seen bigger breasts, but only on the Internet, and even then only on pictures he was fairly certain had been Photoshopped. Each of her titanic mounds were easily almost a foot across at their widest and barely contained in a dress shirt and dark blazer which bowed between its buttons, bouncing and wobbling with each clack of their owners' high-heeled shoes on the hardwood. She had a body like a swimsuit model, the perfect balance of tight and curvaceous, hips swinging in a tiny grey pencil skirt with every step, legs long, strong and smooth. She had curly hair a deep, rich red, tumbling down to her waist.

With the living goddess striding into the room Tommy barely noticed that the Prince and his protégé were pinnacles of beauty themselves. Lithely muscled with flawless faces and

suits with barely a break in the lines. It was like the Senator's office had been invaded by a magazine come to life. The Prince extended a hand to Dulwich, who shook it authoritatively, though Tommy could tell even the old man was stunned at the sight before him.

"Senator, good to finally meet you! I am Dmitri Morovich, Crown Prince and heir to the throne of Morovia." The Prince spoke with only a hint of an accent. Tommy knew from his research that he'd been educated in the best British schools.

"Henry Dulwich. We're honoured, your royal highness."

"This is Doctor Nikolaj Ivanov, Chief Scientist of Morovia, and this is Sabine Fedorova."

"Charmed, I'm sure. These are my aides, Thomas Lawson and Julia Kelly."

There was a round of polite introductions, then the Prince took a seat. Dr. Ivanov sat as well, but Sabine remained standing, flanking the Prince like a guard, though she cast her eyes around the meeting with bright eyes and a faint smile. Sabine in particular locked her emerald-green eyes on Tommy, who blushed faintly red and looked down at his notes.

"Senator, I'm sure you've heard the rumours about Morovian medical science."

The Senator nodded with a sensible chuckle. "Of course, your royal highness. Everyone in DC has, particularly in the circles I move in."

The Prince waved a hand. "Please, just call me Dmitri! We are friends here, Senator."

"Harry will be fine as well, Dmitri."

"Marvellous. Well, let me just say—the rumours do not even extend to half of what I wish to discuss with you today. These discussions, of course, do not leave the lips of anybody here until we have reached some heads of agreement. You are famed as a man of discretion."

"Well thank you, Dmitri. I pride myself on honourable dealings for the benefit of the health and pursuit of happiness of the people of the United States."

The Prince smiled knowingly. "Of course, Harry. Well, we are all here now, shall we begin our talks?"

The agenda for the afternoon was mostly just setting the tone and agreement for extensive negotiations over the next few days. Tommy dutifully attempted to take notes, but there was a problem. Right as they began, Tommy looked over the screen of his laptop and Sabine, the ultra-busty redhead girl, caught his eye and fluttered her eyelashes at him. His heart made a decent effort to leap out of his throat and he bashfully tried to return to his notes, but his concentration was utterly shot from that point. He kept finding himself stealing glances at the well-endowed beauty, but it seemed every time he did she was ready to meet his gaze—though always with a faint smile.

After some time Tommy excused himself to go to the bathroom to try to wash his face and knock some sense back into himself, as well as let his erection subside. With the faucet

running, though, he didn't hear the door click closed not long after he entered, and when he looked back up to find Sabine there he nearly jumped out of his skin.

"Hello, um, Thomas, was it?" Her voice purred. It was like molten gold. Her deep green eyes were set off by smoky eyeshadow and plush red-sticked lips, almost the same scarlet as her hair. She had a strong accent, but her English was good, if very formal.

"Um, uh, T-Tommy, ma'am, um, you, uh—"

She grinned. "Tommy! Hello! Do you have a little time?"

Tommy felt himself growing deep red. "Ma'am, I am so so sorry, I am truly ashamed..."

Her brow wrinkled. "Why are you apologising?"

"Uh, the way I was looking at you was totally inappropriate, I know, I am so sorry, I should leave, please don't let this change how you feel about Senator Dulwich—"

He trailed off, because she was still looking confused.

"Were... you not coming to talk to me about that?"

She shook her head. "No, I wished to see if you had time for me to help you relax. You looked very uncomfortable."

"What do you mean rela-mmh!"

She stepped closer, planting her lips onto his, pulling him into a deep kiss. It was brutally sexual, her tongue sliding between his lips, her boobs pressing into his chest, one hand sliding behind his back to lock him in place and the other coming to rest in his crotch. There was something different about it, though. She was certainly enthusiastic, but kisses like this normally had a certain level of heavy breathing, gasping, involuntary thrusting and shuddering, physical signs of the woman's arousal. She didn't. It was hot, fleshy, wet, but in a strange way, it was also somehow mechanical.

She broke it off, grinning lasciviously at what she was feeling under her hand. A strange sweet taste lingered in Tommy's mouth. "Mmm, yes. This feels very uncomfortable." She rubbed and caressed the bulge in his pants, fingers feeling out the way his shaft strained down against his leg. Her immense breasts, swaying from side to side, occupied a huge part of his lower vision.

"Wh-what are you doing?!"

She squatted down on the balls of her feet, eagerly unzipping his fly and pulling down his underwear to let his erection greet the air. A noise somewhere between a pleased groan and a purr rolled from her mouth.

Tommy could no longer even pretend he was maintaining a grip on reality. He hadn't known women could *be* this beautiful two hours ago, and now a living goddess was dropping to her knees to—oh *fuck*.

After regarding his erection reverentially for a moment, she pushed her face into his crotch, letting the shaft drag along her cheek, before she planting kisses up the side of his shaft, one hand cupping and caressing his scrotum, the other pressing the pad of her thumb into the underside of his glans. Her lips were plump and moist and his cock jumped trying to get closer to them as she gently jumped them up his length. She stared up at him from behind his dick, smiling like she'd won a prize, before taking the head of his cock into her mouth and slowly sliding her mouth down.

This girl was a master of the craft. She seemed to know exactly where every part of her mouth needed to be at any point, where to press her tongue, when to suck and when to move her whole head. She twisted her head from side to side, pumped and sucked in alternating rhythms, and at various points effortlessly bottomed out until her lips could kiss his pubic mound without even breaking her stride. She could sense he was getting close and pulled her mouth off him, continuing to gently stroke him with one hand while looking up into his eyes, her boobs shaking back and forth with her motion.

"Cum for me. I want you to cum *hard*. Shoot it right into my mouth. Can you do that for me?"

He groaned, nodding his head blankly, and she giggled and ducked her head down onto his cock again. A few seconds of sucking, another deepthroat and then she was ready to slide her mouth back up so only the tip remained inside, just in time for him to make a gasping, choking noise and a rope of cum to fire straight down at the back of her throat.

She made a show of staring into his eyes as he unloaded into her mouth, smiling around the shaft, swallowed deliberately, then began to kiss around his cock to clean up the last strands of cum. Once she was done she gave it one final longing look before carefully returning it into his trousers and zipping him back up. She stood back up while he swayed in a daze, smoothing out her clothes, then, watching his eye with a smile, unbuttoned the top few buttons of her shirt, exposing an almost endless line of milky cleavage. She shook her tits from side to side, making sure his eyes were carefully following the wobble, before leaning in close to him. Her immense, half-covered breasts pressed firmly into his chest and her breath was hot on his ear.

"My body is yours, any time you want it. Okay? Please, do not be timid. Look at me, desire me and then let me pleasure you."

She stepped back and blew him a kiss as she buttoned up, and walked out the door, leaving Tommy with only the lingering sweetness on his tongue.

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If it had been difficult for Tommy to concentrate before, after returning to the meeting room it was downright impossible. Sabine was there, catching his eye whenever she felt she could, a faint smile on her perfect, angelic face. Occasionally she would make sure he was watching before glancing down at her chest, and once or twice she gave them a little bounce.

The sight, and the memory of her incredible blowjob, sat firmly in the forefront of his mind, and within no time at all his hard-on was pulsing against his pants, leaving him red-faced and uncomfortable as he tried his best to keep what notes he could in face against the assault on his libido. He couldn't even remember the last time he'd been this hard, especially not so soon after blowing his load. His erection barely abated for the rest of the meeting, and he was still hard when his boss finally stood up, stretching and reaching over the table to shake Dmitri's hand.

"Dmitri, I think we're going to be able to have a very productive and fruitful relationship."

The Prince nodded. "I as well, Harry. Now, I think it is time for us to finish for today. We will be heading back to our hotel."

"My Prince, I wish to stay for a little longer, and complete some of my work here with the Senator, if this is acceptable to you."

Sabine fluttered her eyelashes at Tommy and his cock pulsed.

"Of course, Sabine, if the good Senator is amenable."

Harry looked up from a document. "What? Oh, *oh*, I, um. Yes, I don't see a problem with that. I'll be here a little longer and we've all got a lot of work to do summarising these notes, don't we?"

Julia groaned, while Tommy flushed even harder as Sabine moved over next to the pair. She bowed to Harry, with a tidal wave of breastflesh sloshing forward and straining her shirt to breaking point.

"Thank you, Senator! I will be honoured to serve you and your staff."

Harry's eyes bugged slightly at the display, while the Prince and his doctor gathered their things. "Sabine is at your disposal, Harry." Sabine turned to Harry's aides with an ecstatic expression as they left.

"Before we begin, I have something to share with you!" She walked over to a bag the men had left behind them, grabbing a small cardboard box out of it. Inside was a variety of small, clearly handmade chocolates.

"These are traditional Morovian candies. I would be honoured to share them with you."

The three each took a piece. The flavour was interesting—sweet, with a bitter edge and a smooth, creamy centre that was strangely familiar. Tommy saw Sabine looking intensely at him as he chewed, and nearly choked as he realised he recognised the taste.

"What a fascinating taste. I think my wife would enjoy these."

Sabine's eyes lit up. "Yes, please, Senator, take one home to your wife! I insist! You should all take some home."

"Oh, my. Well, if you insist." He took a few aside while Sabine turned to Tommy and Julia. "Please, take some."

Tommy shrugged and grabbed a couple, while Julia declined with a shake of her head.
"No, thanks. Nobody at home but me."

"Oh, okay. Tell me if you want more. Tommy, are you taking some for your, um, girlfriend?"

"Guh— uh, no, n-no girlfriend. Just me and my roommate."

"Oh good! I mean, oh, what a shame." The last part of her sentence was almost comically noncommittal, making Julia look sidelong at Tommy's red cheeks.

Harry coughed. "Well, let's get back to it, everyone."

Sabine worked at a small, elegant laptop at a spare desk. She was an accomplished touch typist, which she had to be, since she couldn't see the keyboard past her chest. It jostled and bobbed with the motions of her arms. Tommy did his best to stay focused but his eyes kept wandering back to the goddess sitting a few feet away from him, his cock pulsing with raw desire. She caught him looking a number of times, smiling each time.

Harry stepped out of his office, motioning to Julia. "Tommy, we're going to head out to pick up some of those documents. No problem holding down the fort?"

"No, Harry. All good."

"Take your time, Senator! I shall stay with Tommy."

Julia walked out with another odd look at her workmate. Sabine watched them go, then wandered over to the door, listened for a moment, then closed and locked it. She turned around, arms spread back against the wall, a lock of purest scarlet hair curling down across her eyes.

"Perfect! I have been thinking about you all afternoon! Certainly one part of you. We will have sex now, yes?"

"Wh-what?! Sabine, I-I-I don't think that's—"

"What is the problem? I can see by how you look at me that you wish to see and feel more of me. We have ample time."

"But you... I just—I barely know you!"

"Would knowing me better make having sex feel better for you?"

"Um, it... I g-guess not, but—"

"Then it is surely not necessary?" She smiled at Tommy and begun to unbutton the top buttons of her blouse again.

A debate briefly raged inside Tommy. This had to be some sort of test, some weird honeypot. She was going to lead him on and then rat him out. There'd be a Capitol Hill scandal. He'd destroy any hope of a trade or licensing agreement with Moravia, whatever

they had to offer. He'd lose his job and never get another one. He'd die alone and unloved in a gutter somewhere.

On the other hand... Sabine might possibly be worth it.

Sensing the change in his body language, she strode across the room and leaning over at his desk. The entire mass of her breasts shifted and slid heavily down into a hanging position, though they were too large to even bob against each other—pressed together by her bra, they stayed mostly together and swayed as a unit, a vast sea of pale cleavage. They settled into draping down more than halfway to the desk, even with her arms fully extended. Tommy's eyes hadn't left them since she started walking.

She stood up to continue unbuttoning her blouse, as Tommy watched dumbstruck. The last button cleared, she thrust her shoulders back and chest out, pulling away the sides. Her nude torso was as glorious and perfect as the rest of her was, smooth and soft and taut in a mix so ideal it could have been hand-sculpted. She watched him curiously for a moment.

"Tommy, kiss me."

He stood up, moving around the desk, wrapping his arms around Sabine and pulling her into a deep kiss. Even just kissing this goddess was a transcendent experience - she was soft and strong in perfect measure, her skin smooth and warm, soft and squishy where it should have been and taut and firm where it needed to be. It made even just running his hands across her back one of the most wonderful things he'd ever felt.

Her lips were plump, soft and moist, and her tongue pushed back against his with incredible strength and dexterity. She let herself be pulled into him, strategically pushing the swell of her chest against him. He pushed back, exploring that beautiful sweet taste in her mouth. His hands drifted down her back until they encountered her pencil skirt, sliding up under the stiff fabric to rest against her rump, suddenly realising it was completely bare as his hands encountered smooth, firm flesh.

She moaned happily in response, although the response was oddly delayed, like playing a video with lag, like she was responding to realising he was touching her rather than reacting to him touching her. In fact, a lot of the noises she was making seemed to be following that pattern. She pushed closer against him, though, wiggling her cheeks into his hands, continuing the kiss, so he shrugged off the feeling and continued on.

He broke off the kiss, stepping back. He was *painfully* hard. His cock pulsed like it was trying to shred his pants apart. He could feel wetness beneath them from where the stimulation was leaving him leaking precum. He panted, desperate to continue, but something in the back of his mind stopped him.

"Sabine... I... Something feels wrong. Do you really want this?"

She smiled at him. "Yes, Tommy, I do. You are very attractive."

"But you don't seem to be—"

He was cutoff partway as Sabine reached behind her back and undid the straps of her bra and his brain switched off its ability to speak. The physics of watching her staggeringly huge breasts fall from their cloth prison were impossible to comprehend, as was how Sabine managed to stay standing with that amount of weight suddenly pulling down on her body. They didn't just fall, they *flowed* down, parts of her breasts moving slower than other parts, titflesh cascading and bouncing off itself in an almost hypnotic voluptuous dance. They didn't even finish jiggling before she pushed her hands into her gigantic areola, pulling them back against her chest and into a long line curved line where they met, looking winsomely at him.

"Do you like them, Tommy? They are yours. Touch them, hold them, do whatever you please with them, as long as you are enjoying them."

Tommy didn't need to be told twice. He pulled his hands back up and grabbed them, enmeshing his fingers with hers, feeling them sink deeply into the endless warm waves of flesh, and then deeper again. He felt as if he could sink forever into them. Sabine moved her hands away, giving him more access to them. His hands barely covered the expanse of her light areolas, her massive nipples pressing erect into his palms, and, watching him carefully, she moaned an invitation.

He slipped his hands under one and lifted it. The weight was *immense*. It jiggled and attempted to slide out of his hands if he didn't brace carefully, and gripping it harder just made it squish and slosh and work even harder to escape his grasp. Sabine actually giggled a little watching him struggle with its size, and moved her own hands to help.

"Were you looking to get it to your mouth, Tommy? Go ahead."

Tommy gasped, feeling even more of his soul rush down into his straining dick, and let her help him lift her nipple to his lips and plunge his head down onto it. The first sensation that hit him surprisingly wasn't the thick, rigid nipple filling his mouth, it was actually the way the breast around it pressed against his face, sealing him in a glorious realm of tit. He'd intended to start off sucking slowly but when he was practically assaulted by her chest he abandoned any thought of that and began assaulting back.

Sabine cooed and took a hand out from under her breast now that Tommy had finally gotten a proper hold of it. She slid it against the back of his head, pushing him even more firmly into her tit, moaning to encourage him even further.

Tommy licked, sucked and chewed, the pillowy softness enveloping him in a way that defied reality. Her skin even *tasted* good, like her sweat didn't have the usual salty tang but instead a faint sweetness. He explored out to the edge of her gigantic areolas that spread out from her nipples like a smooth pink blush, and under his tongue they flushed and crinkled, shrinking and gaining wonderful texture.

"Mmm, Tommy, you really like my breasts, don't you? I *love* a man who likes breasts. Some men I've known like having their head squashed between them - would you like that?"

Tommy could only moan in response as his cock strained again. Sabine grinned, and gently pushed against him until he moved back into his chair. She straddled him, grabbing her breasts with what Tommy dimly realised must have been incredible strength, then leaned forward and let them to go fall heavily against his face with a *slap*.

He disappeared into her cavernous cleavage. He could feel them swinging, bobbling and bumping against the sides of his face and dragging against him skin-on-skin. He heard her giggle again and suddenly felt them squeeze together, smothering his entire head between her soft but yielding mounds. She pulled them apart and slapped them together again, this time not just squeezing but mashing his head roughly in between as much tit meat as she could manoeuvre, rubbing them against each other, side to side, in circles, in various motions. She pushed her crotch against his, rubbing her pussy against the rigid outline of his dick, then held her breasts where they were for a moment until he thumped the table. She let go to allow him to take a long, desperate breath, then pressed her tits around him again. He turned his head to the side, planting sucking kisses on the silky inside and tweaking the nipple with his right hand, the other hand moving down to slide across her thick, heavy thigh. Sabine sighed, not unhappy but resigned, still rubbing her panty-clad pussy against Tommy's hardness.

"Mmm. I can *feel* how much you like me, Tommy, and I could stay like this all day, but I do not think your coworkers would appreciate it. For now, how about I make you cum with my breasts?"

She held him in place for a moment, then pulled back to let him answer. Gasping, he nodded eagerly.

"Excellent! Many men dream of this, in my experience, but have never been with a woman who is gifted enough to do it well. I assure you, I am lacking neither the assets nor the skill."

She stepped off him, letting him desperately pull his pants down. His boxers were sodden, and when he peeled them aside the cock he exposed was *not* the one he'd put back in them earlier. He was familiar with his penis, somewhat intimately, and he'd never in his life seen it this hard before. It was *angry*, bright red and dark purple with blood, so stiff it could barely even twitch, glistening with a steady stream of precum pumping from denied pleasure. It was so engorged it looked bigger than usual. The shock was enough to give Tommy pause even with Sabine there, but the gloriously-proportioned redhead just squealed happily.

"You're so big and hard for me, Tommy. Your cock is so beautiful! It is in desperate need of some loving attention though, I think?"

She knelt down between his legs, gathering up her breasts with that deceptive strength and dropping them in his naked lap. His cock was briefly lost between waves of breastflesh before she managed to locate and press it between her cleavage. She pulled them up and then let them drop, still gently guiding them together so they retained their

friction on his pole, settling into a slow but steady rhythm. She sped up and slowed down her strokes, changed direction, and at one point let them drop to spread out such that the top of his penis poked out from her cleavage so she could tip down and suckle on it before returning to her tit-fuck. If the feeling of her smooth, plush breasts against his face had been heavenly then this was nothing short of godlike. He'd never known pleasure like this before and maybe never would again, but it would be worth an entire future of disappointment just to experience this.

It wasn't long before the dam burst, his abused, needy dick finally being given the release it had built up and been denied. It pulsed first without doing anything, and then throbbed again. He screamed and fired a thick, powerful rope of cum up so hard that it nearly hit the ceiling, his entire body seizing like it was activating every muscle he had in service of cumming as hard as possible. Sabine followed the arc of semen with rapt attention and let it fall on her face, before looking down and watching Tommy spend himself at almost pained length up and across her face, chest and her tits. She let herself be basted by him with quiet contentment before gently cleaning him off with long, slow strokes of her skilled tongue. She picked herself back up when he was finally done, collapsed back in the chair and panting hard.

"Mmm, yes. That was perfect. Thank you for letting me do that with you, Tommy."

"Thank me?" He thought, over the exhausted afterglow. *What did she get out of that?* But this incredible woman, after a quick cleanup with a towel, seemed to be perfectly content with and even have derived all her satisfaction from making *him* cum.

"Are you sure you... You know, don't want *me* to do anything?"

She blinked, halting for a second as if the question confused her.

"Like, I could... Eat you out or something? Reciprocate?"

Her eyes went wide. "Oh, *oh!* Of course, haha. No, darling, there is no need for that. If it would bring you pleasure to do that in the future I will happily allow you, but all I want is what we just did. Now, I think it is time for you to get back to work before your Senator arrives back. I would advise you to focus, but I would honestly prefer if you were thinking about me again and getting that beautiful dick all hard again."

"I... I um..."

"Mm? Are you already thinking about my body again? So soon after you just came? What a naughty boy! I like naughty boys, but it is time for me to go. Before I do, though—" She winked and grabbed a pen, writing a number down on a spare sheet of paper on Tommy's desk. "Call me, okay?"

She bumped into Harry and Julie as they were coming back into the office, giving both of them a polite goodbye, leaving an entirely nonplussed Tommy staring faintly into the distance.

"Amelia, I have had the *weirdest* day."

Tommy had left the office not long after, heading back to his apartment, encountering his roommate in the shared living space. Amelia and Tommy got along well as roommates generally, moving in very different circles in their work and personal lives but coming together in comfortable camaraderie when they were both at home. Downloading their days with each other in the evening wasn't uncommon for them if neither had anything on.

Amelia was digging into the bag of candies Tommy had dropped on the table. She popped one into her mouth and widened her eyes.

"Wow, these are good!"

"Oh, good, uh, Sabine said to share them."

"Sabine?"

Tommy launched into a quick overview of the day, leaving out his romantic dalliances with the absurdly blessed administrative aide, but being fairly candid about her "charms." Amelia listened on in calm amusement.

"You know, it's funny you mention this lady—there was a woman today who sounded kind of similar? Just, I dunno, the absolute biggest chest I've ever seen in my life, the most incredible body, and she was sitting there in the corner of the café just, like, sucking face with this guy non-stop. That's not the whole story even, honestly, she was on top of him, grinding, just... it was almost pornographic."

Amelia's frank description brought Tommy back to the day's events, memories of his encounters with Sabine. She continued on, still chewing.

"It was cool though, you know. Someone proud and in control of their sexuality like that. She didn't seem like she was doing it *for* him exactly, but more just because she knew what she wants and what she wanted to be to get it? Sex-positive."

Tommy was still drifting, and Amelia talking about women who knew what they wanted and were in control of their sexuality just reminded him even more of Sabine's approach to him—direct, in control, and impossibly hotter for it. Amelia giggled, watching him from across the coffee table.

"I know that face, Tommy. Soooooebody's got a crush!"

"Wh-what? No, of course not. I'm not in middle school, Amelia."

"You liiike her." She giggled again. "She sounds likeable though! You should try and talk to her again. Maybe ask her out. Maybe more..."

"No, I- D-Don't be ridiculous. Anyway, uh, I'm not up to cooking tonight. Chinese? I'll pay."

"Ooh, are you asking me out instead?" Tommy's brow knit, and Amelia stared for a second. "Just a joke, Tommy. Lighten up, I'll have orange chicken."

"Uh-huh." Tommy decided not to address the odd vibes and opened the delivery app on his phone. After he was done ordering, with his phone still out, on a whim he decided to text his number to Sabine. It was definitely crossing a line in terms of his last shred of plausible deniability, but he couldn't get her out of his mind, her body, her raw sexuality, the pure experience of being *with her*. He wasn't sure he'd ever be able to. He'd already risked it all before for the chance to be with her just once; how was this any different?

The food arrived before Sabine replied. In contrast to her formal speech and professional demeanour earlier, her reply text of *hi!!!* with two heart emojis gave a much more casual impression. Her follow-up message of a completely topless selfie gave a different impression yet again. Her awe-inspiring tits arriving totally uncensored on his phone led to him trying to inhale a noodle in shock. It was an especially uncomfortable feeling as his blood suddenly rushed downwards at the same time.

"What's wrong, Tommy? Are you okay?" Noticing that Amelia didn't turn or move to look at him, Tommy suddenly realised that Amelia had been staring at him since before they started eating dinner. He managed to recover, hiding his phone from the strangely intense gaze of her soft brown eyes. She didn't even try to look, though, still focused on him.

"N-no, nothing, it's fine. Some food went down the wrong way!" She kept watching, with a faint smile, as he replied wide-eyed to Sabine's picture. He wished he had something smoother to say than just *you're so hot!* but for some reason his brain wasn't running at peak efficiency.

thank you!!! Blush emoji. *are you going to use it to help you jerk off??*

His cock pulsed so hard it *hurt*. He felt wetness spreading in his pants from the pre-cum. Before he could reply Sabine sent another nude, this one a perfect porno pose showing off not just the endless curves of her immense breasts but also her smooth waist and her thick, perfect thighs.

i'd really like if you looked at these while stroking that big wonderful dick of yours please? Pleading face emoji.

If he *didn't* he felt like he was going to just unload in his pants anyway. He quickly texted back *omg yes* and then looked up, aware he was flushed.

"Uh, I've got, uh, a work thing I have to fix up. Really urgent. I'll be, um. Yeah."

He got up and stumbled to his room, awkwardly trying to hide his boner and not sure he was succeeding. When he laid down on his bed and pulled down his pants, the reason why he was having so much trouble with it suddenly became much clearer.

He was *huge*. It didn't just look bigger any more, it *was* bigger - noticeably bigger than earlier that day. His penis had to have been several inches longer than earlier in the day, and thicker as well. What hadn't changed from earlier was how aggressively, almost

furiously hard it was - so bloated with blood that it flushed purpose strained against itself to even throb, shiny with lubrication that he could watch leaking from the tip in spasmodic bursts. His breath rattled just watching it, and he gasped with the ache every time it pulsed.

"What the *fuck*?"

There wasn't time to question it, though - he had a more pressing mission. He pulled his phone up again, bringing up one of Sabine's pictures. It wasn't as if he needed the pictures to finish himself off but when the sexiest woman in the world makes a request like that of you, you make it happen.

When he actually wrapped his hand around the shaft to start stroking, though, he was briefly struck by an odd sense of discomfort. It felt so different—so much bigger and harder, less like it was his and more like it was attached to him. The sensation went away very quickly though when he had to fight back a moan over the flood of pleasure created from even just the first couple of pumps, his dick making abundantly clear it was part of him—and plugged directly into the centre of his brain.

What followed was barely masturbation. If it hadn't been for his tryst with Sabine that day it might have been the most incredible sexual experience of his life. He was so worked up, even just from Sabine's digital teasing, that he was desperate to cum. His cock was so huge and hard but also slick from precum that his hand was able to glide up and down the significant extra length with barely any resistance. It wasn't his usual rhythm but it didn't take him long to find the motions that worked for his enhanced equipment and, still looking at the picture of Sabine in his hand, settled into shuddering, twitching, breath-rattling pumping.

Despite it being his third one of the day, the heart-stopping, toe-curling, brain-melting orgasm that soon arrived might as well have been pent-up for weeks. Fat ropes of high-velocity spunk fountained from his dick in pearlescent arcs that didn't just spray out on the bed but travelled up and out in both directions as his cock lurched with each shot, landing across his face, the wall behind him *and* somehow the wall in front of him. He lay in a total daze, panting, letting his brain reboot.

What the fuck was that?

He looked back down at himself as if he was expecting that to have been some kind of hallucination, but even back to its near-flaccid state it was bigger than he was used to.

This doesn't happen. Guys don't just grow like that.

Looking down also cast his eyes over his phone, which reminded him—he wasn't going to solve this mystery right away but he could do what he promised and tell Sabine. He texted her, and very soon got back a praising reply.

any time you want to use my pictures for that you're welcome to as long as you tell me or better yet show me Winky emoji. unless i'm close enough to do it for you of course!!

Even now, the idea of her doing that for him set off a slightly overworked-feeling twitch in his loins. Before he could think about that, though, or ponder his odd situation any further, he heard a noise from across his room. He looked up and went cold as he realised his door was ajar, and that he could see big brown eyes watching him from it.

"Amelia?"

Amelia stumbled away in shock while he stood up, pulling boxers back up over his messy undercarriage, and chased her back out into the apartment. She stood next to the couch, looking away from him, gripping one of the cushions hard.

"Amelia! Were you... Did you just..."

"Tommy, I..." She took a deep breath. "Yes. I was watching you."

She turned around, blushing with embarrassment, but not looking upset and certainly not scandalised. "I could tell something was up and I, I don't know, I wanted to make sure you were okay, see if there was anything I could do to help you. But, uh, of course..."

She sighed with a faint smile. "I was going to just go and, uh, give you some space, but... Once I heard you, I had this... urge to just take a quick look. I didn't mean to keep looking, but—"

She pouted at him, eyes shining. "Oh my God, Tommy, you're so *hot*! I mean I knew you were good-looking but you were there and you were just, like, grunting and sweating and it obviously felt so good for you, and Jesus, Tommy, your dick is *huge*, it's the biggest one I've ever seen! And then I just kept watching you, watching you stroke and get yourself off and then you came *everywhere* and I just couldn't stop watching."

Tommy stood there dumbstruck. This was a side of Amelia he hadn't encountered in years of sharing an apartment. She'd always come across as sweet and innocent—not *unaware* of sex, in fact very positive about it in principle, but just not someone for whom sex was a very big part of their life. This was not only sexual, it was blunt.

The encounter should have been uncomfortable; he should have felt somewhat violated about his roommate secretly watching him masturbate. Somehow, though, looking at her like this, he couldn't feel it. All he could think about was taking in another new piece of information—that his roommate was actually pretty cute.

She was slim in a kind of nerdy way, but something about the way the light was falling on her face and possibly his altered mental state had him seeing her features in a way he'd never put together before, like when you stare long enough at the magic eye puzzle, only instead of a dragon it was a pretty girl.

"Anyway, um, yeah. I'm sorry. Let's just... Forget that happened, maybe? Dinner's a bit cold but it'll still be good."

They sat back down to eat but neither's mind was on the food. Tommy was obsessed with his new perspective on Amelia, on trying to work out what was actually different about

her, and on the feelings it brought up in him. His eyes roamed across her face and body, taking it in, trying to compare to a picture he couldn't quite put together in his head. Amelia was just doing an increasingly terrible job of not staring at Tommy's sodden boxer shorts. The meal otherwise continued in awkward silence until Amelia, now not having taken her eyes off Tommy's crotch for several minutes, decided to speak.

"Okay, so... I know I said let's forget that happened, but I don't want to. That was *really* cool. I'd understand if you felt weirded out by me watching you, and I'm sorry about that, but honestly, I don't think you're actually all that weirded out."

She leaned forward over the table, brushing a bouncy lock of hair to the side. "I can see you looking at me, you know that, right? I know I'm... not the most interesting girl in the world, in that way, but something seems to be working for you, I think."

Tommy sat somewhat like the deer in the headlights. This was *definitely* new for Amelia.

"So, you know, if... If I'm interested in you, and you're kind of interested in me... I'm not saying anything has to happen but I'm saying that if you wanted to do something like what you were doing before, I'd... like to watch again. But, uh, with your permission this time. It was the most fun I've had in a long, *long* time. "

She gave him a big, slightly desperate smile. "Please?"

Tommy's brain took a minute to follow the meandering tracks of Amelia's train of thought, then it hit him, sending a tingle through him.

"Umm, y-yeah. If you want to, I'm—uh, that sounds cool."

"Yay!" She actually rolled back and barked out a cheer before moving back, settling in to looking at him again, this time with a more meaningful smile, and then down at his boxers. "How about right now?"

Tommy's instinct was to scoff at the idea that he'd be ready to go again that soon, but his penis disagreed, twitching in response. Amelia's eyes went wide. "Wow, I didn't know it could answer like that!"

He chuckled nervously, and slid his boxers down to reveal his dick, already half-hard and not showing any signs of stopping. Amelia left her seat, sliding around the coffee table to sit on the floor next to where Tommy was sitting, her eyes not leaving his cock the entire time.

Tommy mentally shrugged and grabbed his dick, taking a deep rattling breath as it pulsed in his hand and sent a surge of pleasure up into his body. Amelia leaned in more, utterly transfixed by the sight. The feeling of being watched was a little disorienting, but not more than his enlarged organ was now demanding his attention.

"Mmm, wow. This is great. Oh, hey, Tommy, do you mind me asking what was on your phone before? I saw you looking at it while you were jacking off."

"Uhh—" the question gave him a brief pause in his self-love, making Amelia gasp.

"Oh, no, please don't stop! I'm not trying to catch you out, promise, I don't care if it was filthy—I just really want to know what got you so worked up before. What makes you tick, you know?"

"Uhh, s-sure." He grabbed his phone with his other hand and unlocked it, and Amelia took it from him graciously, looking back and forth from it to Tommy's masturbation.

"Oh my *God*, who is she?! Those are the biggest boobs I've ever seen!"

She kept reading, and then laughed.

"Oh wow, that's Sabine? You don't have a *crush*, you already slid into her DMs, you horndog!"

She looked back to him to make sure she wasn't upsetting his flow, and then flicked her eyes back to the abundant beauty on the screen in front of her.

"She's incredible though, oh wow. Even if it wasn't for the boobs, she's absolutely beautiful, but then those things, holy shit. They're so *big*!"

She bit her lip, looking back to Tommy, then briefly down at herself.

"You always have liked bigger girls though, huh? I can't really blame you. She must be your perfect woman." She looked back at Tommy, smiling.

"Do you want to do what she asked you to? Use her photos to jack off and then show her?"

Tommy grunted, wanting to stop stroking out of shock but only managing to disrupt his motion slightly before his cock spurred him to keep going. "A-are you serious?"

"Uh, yeah? I just want to see you stroke yourself and cum, Tommy. I want to watch you enjoying yourself. If doing it for Sabine makes it better for you, why would I have a problem with that?"

He sat stroking in confusion for a moment, and then motioned for Amelia to hand his phone back. She returned to looking reverentially at his dick as he opened the photos.

Sabine's body certainly grabbed most of Tommy's attention, but he couldn't resist flicking back and forth to looking at Amelia as she sat watching him almost unmovingly, with wide, fascinated eyes. Something about her was looking different again. Her hair was fuller, shinier, throwing off almost metallic coppery flecks as it bounced in waves that were thicker and stronger than Tommy remembered. She shifted to the side and her shirt looked smaller on her than it had been before. She smiled at him, noticing he was looking at her, flicking a curl away from her face.

"You don't have to pretend to be more interested in me than in her, Tommy. I'm chill. I want you to do whatever will make you cum as hard as possible."

"No, I-uuhgg, you, uh-okay."

"You're so amazing. I can't believe I never realised you were *this* hot. I always liked you, honestly, you're pretty good looking and such a sweet guy, but if I'd known you had such an amazing, big, beautiful cock, I'd have been even more into you."

She moved down, looking closer at his hand, slick with precum, gliding up and down the thick stem between his legs. "You look so good like this, just pumping that huge cock for me. I'm so lucky just to get to watch this, just sitting there jerking it so well for me. It's so natural for you, you're just so sexy, you're the hottest guy in the world and all you're doing is what your body's telling you to do..."

Something about her stream-of-consciousness praise hit exactly the right button in his lizard brain and suddenly he was groaning, bucking his hips and cumming. He nearly howled as he shot enormous ropes of cum across the coffee table, so hard that if Amelia had still been sitting across from him he might have been able to spray them across her. Amelia responded to the carnage with an almost-pornographic moan of appreciation, watching slack-jawed at his ability to shoot off.

"Oh my God, fuck *yes*, you cum so *hard*, you're so amazing! Oh my God you're cumming *everywhere*, that's so fucking hot, you're just spraying your spunk all over the place for me, please keep going Tommy, please, you're incredible—"

It might have been his fourth time today but his orgasm was just as absurdly powerful and draining as before, and took just as long for him to spend himself. By the time he was done he and the table were both covered in spunk again. His cock twitched and belched out the last few gobs of it as he sighed and slumped back. Amelia picked up his phone as it went limp in his hand.

"Sabine needs to see this, Tommy, this would make the hottest picture! Let me just..."

She snapped a few photos, making sure to make them look as though Tommy could reasonably have taken them, and texted them back to Sabine. She also sent them to herself as well. Tommy looked across at her, stirring from his fucked-out stupor, and gasped.

Amelia was beautiful. This definitely wasn't just a poor memory and raging hormones, she looked as if she'd had her own personal graphic designer airbrush her face. Soft, smooth, flawless skin with creases and dimples in exactly the right places surrounding plump, inviting lips. Long, thick, fluttering lashes framed big bright eyes.

Her figure had filled out as well, her clothes noticeably stretching over inviting curves that hadn't previously been there - larger breasts, wider hips, a perkier bottom. She wasn't as absurdly lush as Sabine but by any normal standard she was sexy.

"Amelia, have you not been noticing what's happened to you?"

"Hm? Nothing's happening to me, Tommy. It's normal to like watching hot guys cum all over themselves."

"No, Amelia, you—your face, your body! Have you seriously not noticed or felt anything?"

"Tommy, darling, what the fuck are you talking about?"

She turned on the selfie camera and looked at herself. She regarded her reflection with curiosity.

"Huh, *wow*. Okay, yeah. That's really cool, I'm super pretty!"

"That's it? No other reaction?" Tommy realised it was somewhat hypocritical coming from someone who hadn't stopped jerking off for long enough to stop and work out why his dick was suddenly half again bigger, but somehow being confronted by it like this made it more concerning.

"What am I supposed to do, Tommy, be upset that I'm beautiful now for some reason? You think there's some sort of horrible disease that makes you hot before it kills you?"

"I..." He really had no response to that, and Amelia's new body was distracting him from thinking more deeply about it.

"Besides, if I look like *this*, maybe all I need is a pair of huge boobies and I might be able to rip your attention away from Sabine, hmm?"

She giggled and thrust out her chest, and both of them heard the ripping noise as part of her bra gave way. Her chest bulged where it had previously been bound down by her undergarments. Tommy's eyes bugged, and Amelia laughed triumphantly.

"Hmm, what do you think, Tommy? Maybe I *am* getting bigger. Would you like that? Look at me, Tommy, my bra is so tight, my *clothes* are all so tight." She raised her arms, stretching, showing off her new curves. "No, Tommy, there's no maybe, I *am* getting bigger. I can feel it. How much bigger do you think I'll get? How much bigger do you *want* me to get?"

She stepped forward, leaning down and planting a kiss on his lips. They both closed their eyes and melted into it, Amelia brushing her hands over his hair and then down his bare, sticky chest, through trails of his cooling spunk.

"Maybe I'll get bigger than Sabine. Bigger, fatter, softer breasts than even hers. Maybe I'll be *huge*, and you could do whatever you wanted with them. Maybe I'll be thicker and curvier than her, too, would you like that?"

She started kissing him again, and somehow his cock was rallying back again, filling and pumping to hardness as Amelia pressed her lips and body against him, taunting him with the idea of her changing body. She dropped her hand down, brushing her fingers against it, giggling into the kiss.

"Wow, you're ready again? Now I *know* you're something special. This time I don't want to just watch, though. I want to know what that feels like."

She slid down his body, letting her other hand drag down his chest and stomach until it met with its sister to wrap around his now-tumescent pole, giving it a few tentative pumps, focusing carefully on how it felt and reacted to her touch.

"That's so coooool, wow, how do you keep your hands off this thing? Don't you just want to play with it all the time?"

She settled in onto her knees so it was level with her face, still pumping with both hands, looking thoughtfully as though this were some kind of experiment. She loosened her grip to let her fingers start exploring its shape, its features and ridges, running along the underside of the bloated glans, her thumbs sliding down either side of the vein on its underside.

"God, I can smell your cum all over it, too. I know I wasn't completely responsible for it, but I think I had soooomething to do with it, hmm? I don't think you know how amazing it is to know that you had something to do with making this incredible thing feel that good, Tommy."

She paused for a second. "Well, uh, I guess you do, actually, don't you, but that I *inspired* you playing with this until it brought you off like that... It feels really good."

Tommy groaned, his dick bucking and lurching in her hands, desperate for her to keep going.

"G-god, Amelia, you—uuuhh..."

She smiled. "Aw, I'm sorry, Tommy, I thought I could just play and explore a little bit, I didn't think you'd need to cum *that* badly already! I know they say guys want sex all the time, but you're insatiable!"

She leaned forward and planted her thick lips on the tip, just where the two sides of the glans met his frenulum, giving it a sucking kiss, then continued those kisses all the way down his shaft until she bumped against his scrotum, where she stopped, nuzzling her face against it, lightly caressing a testicle with the fingers of one hand. She sucked it halfway into her mouth before letting it pop back out and dragging her tongue all the way back up to the top, where she sucked the tip into her mouth and let it sit in there for a moment before pulling her face off with a wet *pop*, going back to tugging it with one hand and looking up into Tommy's eyes.

"Tommy, I... I don't really know what I'm doing. I know what I *want* to do, and I know how I want you to feel, but I've never really done this before. I don't even know if you'll fit in my *mouth*, but I really want to try, because I want you to cum in there. Just... tell me if I'm not doing it right, okay? Please?"

Tommy *knew* he hadn't seen Amelia with anyone while they'd been living together. She'd never been interested in sex. That made her newly... liberated behaviour even more confusing, but he wasn't complaining.

"You're doing great, Amelia, just d-don't stop..."

She purred happily, and put her mouth back at the tip of his cock. She sucked the head and part of the shaft into her mouth and then rearranged herself, squaring her shoulders and putting one hand on the base and the other around his hip. Another inch disappeared

into her mouth with an ease that seemed to even surprise her. She sucked, flexing her tongue and throat, and pulled in another inch, then another, working and wiggling her way down his length until she almost seemed to shock herself by her lips pressing against his pubic mound. She flexed her throat again, making Tommy almost squeal in pleasure, and then pulled herself back off in one slow, smooth motion.

"Holy *shit*, I didn't know I could do that! Did that feel good for you?"

Tommy groaned, thumping the couch desperately. "Uh-huh, yeah, but Amelia, pleasee—"

"Oh, of course, darling—" she moved again, and grimaced. "Oh, um. Actually. Give me a second. You'll like this though, I promise."

Tommy panted as she stood up, but soon could see why she was uncomfortable. Her shirt looked several sizes too small. When she stripped it off it was clear that it was because it was holding a lot more of her than when the night had started. Her bra was bursting at the seams. She stripped off the shirt, winked at Tommy, and reached behind her to unhook it. She struggled with it for a moment, then sighed and grabbed it and tore the hooks apart.

Her breasts tumbled out as Amelia let out a sigh of relief. Just like how her body would have been incredible under any normal circumstances, Tommy would have easily said she was an impressively busty woman now if it hadn't been for meeting Sabine earlier.

"Phew, that was getting really uncomfortable!" She locked Tommy in the eyes, grinning, grabbing her breasts and pulling them against her chest, their mass spreading out around her fingers, then let them drop forward again, swaying and bouncing.

"What do you think, Tommy? "

Aside from the welts where her bra had been cutting in, they were *perfect*. Flawless smooth, supple skin that held their hefty mass into a tight teardrop shape. Thick pebbly brown nipples that topped large, tantalisingly-textured areolas. They bobbed and shook pleasingly as she shifted her weight, showing off their elasticity.

"I think they're *amazing*, Amelia."

"Ooh, I *like* hearing that. I know they aren't as big as your new girlfriend's, but I think they have their charms."

"But Amelia, aren't you worried? About why this has happened? About what's happening to your body?"

"Tommy, I've grown tits bigger than I can hold in a couple of hours. If this was going to kill me, it would already have happened. Besides, what would a doctor do anyway? I'm just rolling with it, and you should too."

He tried to find an objection but for the life of him couldn't, especially staring directly at Amelia's new tits, his cock leaking and pulsing desperately for release.

"Now, where was I..."

She giggled, wiggling back down to kneeling between his legs. She sucked the tip of his cock into her mouth and swayed her butt from side to side while staring up playfully into his eyes as she worked more of its length back down into her throat. She grabbed her tits, pulling them together into a soft line of cleavage for his visual benefit as she kept working her way down, the length disappearing almost effortlessly. She smiled with stretched lips, closing her eyes, humming and shaking her shoulders in a bouncy little dance. It was almost as if it wasn't even sexual for her, like she was just having fun at a carnival game of some sort.

She got about halfway down his length and reversed back until just the tip was left in her lips, then plunged rapidly back most of the way down. She repeated this cycle a few more times until she got confident in the rhythm, then positioned herself to speed up, holding his legs and fucking him with her throat. Her tits swung in heavy, pendulous arcs as her whole body moved to accommodate what she was doing.

Tommy thumped the couch and groaned in overstimulated ecstasy, and then looked down again. Past the thick waves of coppery hair her thick rump was wiggling happily, and Tommy realised her leggings were pale and overstretched over it. As she kept going, the undulations of her rear began to increasingly strain them, growing thinner and thinner, until with one mighty thrust backwards they split down the seam. She gave a muffled giggle and gracefully slid herself off his length, trailing spit, taking some finally-free breaths.

"Oops! Looks like my butt got too big for my pants!" She stood up and turned around, leaning over to show Tommy the split.

"Look what happened! Isn't that awful, Tommy? How huge my hips and butt are now?"

She stood back up, slipping her thumbs into her waistband. Looking back over her shoulder, she started to swing her hips from side-to-side, revealing a little more of herself with each swing.

Her striptease was extremely ad-libbed, but she moved with a gleeful, lithe energy that more than made up for any lack of expertise. She moved not as if she was trying to arouse him, but more as if she knew exactly what *would* arouse him and was simply doing her best to match the plan in her head—and was deeply enjoying every minute of it. She bent over to push her leggings down to her ankles, far enough down that she gave Tommy a full flash of her pussy. She waited there a moment before stretching back up and turning around. She stood with her arms behind her head, hips cocked to one side, letting Tommy drink in her glorious nudity.

"That's better. What do you think, stud? How do I stack up to your red-headed girlfriend?"

He gave her a deer-in-the-headlights look, terror even overpowering his lust, and she laughed. "Don't worry, it's not a gotcha. I know she's hotter than me." She winked. "For now, at least."

If this encounter hadn't already gone off any script Tommy was familiar with, it would have gone off it there. Amelia placed one finger delicately on her cherubic chin, pouting her lips in thought. "It might not even matter anyway—she might be willing to share..."

Before Tommy could process that, she stepped forward and to the side, putting one leg up on the couch next to him. "We'll worry about that later. I was thinking first you might want to take these new puppies for a spin while I stroke your dick for you. Does that sound good?"

It sounded amazing and he nodded, although he admittedly would have agreed to anything at that point as long as it let him finally cum—his cock felt ready to burst. She lifted one of her thick nipples up to his mouth while reaching down with the other hand to wrap it around his dick.

Sucking her breast wasn't quite the otherworldly experience it had been with Sabine, but it was still one that he would do terrible things for even the chance to see not two days ago, let alone touch and taste, and he did so eagerly. Amelia cooed happily as she felt his cock lurch in her grip, and began to gently but firmly pump. The lubrication that dripped constantly from his desperate slit made her fingers glide effortlessly over its surface, and with a rhythm established she started changing up, rolling and turning her wrist, changing the length of her strokes, pausing and speeding up. It was like she could feel what was happening to him and how best to keep manipulating him to draw out his pleasure.

"Are you going to cum, Tommy? *Please*, baby, I want you to cum for me so badly. I want to see it, I want to feel it. I want to watch your gigantic dick shooting a fat load *everywhere* again and I want to know *I* made you do it. Can you do that for me, Tommy, please, touch me, suck my tits, do whatever you need to, I just need you to *cum*—"

He did. *Hard*. He was so worked up that his orgasm arrived with barely any prelude at all. One moment Amelia was desperately jerking his cock and the next he was nearly screaming in obscene pleasure as a fat rope of semen was travelling even faster and harder across the table than last time, clearing the couch opposite to land on the floor. Amelia slowed her pumps, timing them with his own autonomous pumping, helping him to shoot off as hard as possible each time, leaning in to suck on his neck to heighten the sensation.

Eventually she stopped stroking and let him go, watching in rapt admiration as his fifth orgasm of the day played itself out as if nothing else that day had happened. She pressed harder into him, kissing him deeply but tenderly, brushing her fingers across his neck and chest.

"That was *amazing*. *You* are amazing. Thank you, oh my God."

She lifted up the hand she'd been using to stroke him, still streaked with cum, and licked it off with relish. "Mmm. You even taste amazing."

Tommy was too exhausted to reply—the day's exertions were catching up with him. Amelia cuddled up against him, sighing.

"Poor baby. You're all fucked out, aren't you? Maybe you should just head to bed?"

He groaned. "No, but I—you... I need to..."

She giggled and kissed him again. "We can play more tomorrow. Come on, let's get you to bed."

* * *

Tommy sat at his desk at work the next day, head in his hands, trying to make sense of what was happening to his life.

Amelia hadn't been at home when he'd woken up, groggy and disoriented. Some of last night's carnage had been cleaned a little, but not all of it. A text from Amelia waiting on his phone told him she'd left to buy some new clothes, because it was unlikely any of hers fit her any more. She also left some extremely candid praise about him from the previous night, and promise that she'd gotten even *bigger* and couldn't wait to show him.

That, at least, in black and white on his phone, put paid to any notion that last night had been some sort of freakish dream. His roommate really had turned into an ultra-curvaceous hypersexual hottie before his very eyes and begged to see his dick.

Said dick, meanwhile, was also no less of a spectacle than it had been the previous night. Even flaccid, it felt *big*. Heavy, unwieldy. He was constantly aware of the space his enlarged endowments were taking up in his pants. It was twitchy, too, his erections on a hair trigger from even minor provocation that weighed as heavily on his mind as on his crotch. Even after jerking off to another messy, voluminous, toe-curling orgasm in the shower before he left, seeing one of Sabine's photos as he reread Amelia's message left him nursing what vacillated obstinately between half-mast and a full hardon for his entire bus ride. It had subsided now but he could still feel its sticky legacy in his underwear as he half-heartedly typed up notes.

Julia was away somewhere with Harry, so he was alone for some of the morning, but eventually Harry's intern Bernadette arrived. Bernadette was the daughter of some big-time donor. She'd gotten herself onto academic probation and part of the agreement was that Harry would provide the opportunity for the bare minimum of work required for her class credits in exchange for a deeper warchest for his next re-election. To Tommy's estimation she was mostly a rich, useless, spoiled Daddy's girl. She dropped a large blended coffee cup and a handbag worth more than Tommy's rent on the closest desk and flopped down into the chair with a sigh.

"Uggghhh. Do I *have* to be here?"

Bernadette was skinny and kind of knobbly. Attractive enough in the way that anybody could be with enough money, but not enough that even Tommy's overclocked hormones could do much with it.

"Yes, the university said they're cross-checking your timesheets with the entrance records. For some reason they didn't trust you'd be turning up on the days you said you would be."

"Do you ever get tired of being fucking boring?" She rolled her eyes, then saw the case of candies Sabine had left the previous night. Without even asking she grabbed two and popped them in her mouth.

"Wow, these are good, they taste like... home made, or something. Something I'd get at Grandma's."

"Sure. So are you going to find those reports Harry asked for a week ago?"

"Ugh, *fine*." She turned around and opened up her laptop, tapping away half-heartedly, regularly swapping back and forth between three different short-form video feeds and two storefronts. Tommy turned back to his own somewhat-distracted work. The two worked quietly for a while, but uncharacteristically Bernadette began asking him questions about her tasks—as if she was actually thinking about them and trying to accomplish them. The interruptions were occasionally frustrating but on the other hand it was nice if Bernadette was even pretending to care.

Eventually she moved from questions to finding excuses to either bring Tommy over to her laptop or come over next to him. It was in the middle of showing her how to search an internal database for prior work attached to a brief that she just tilted her head and looked directly at him.

"I'm sorry I called you boring before, Tommy. You're not boring. You're really smart."

"Uh... That's okay, Bernadette."

"No, really, I, uh. I guess I was kind of a bitch to you. I feel like I shouldn't have done that." She leaned in a little, pouting. "Is there *anything* I can do to, you know, say sorry?"

Tommy drew back slightly. "Just finding those reports would be great."

"Really? There's *nothing* else you'd want from me?"

She kept looking at him for a minute, then shrugged. "Okay. I can do that."

She went back to her laptop. This time, all other tabs were closed. It was tedious and frustrating work picking through the hundreds of documents to find the ones Harry needed, but in an hour and a half an email was sitting in his inbox with the reports. He turned around and Bernadette was right there again.

She looked different. Her body's knobbliness had faded, replaced with either gentle softness or sculpted angularity. Her skin had cleared, her sallowness replaced with a rich darkness. Most notably, her button-up blouse was full to bursting where *nothing* had existed before. A cold realisation washed over the half of him that didn't experience a hot rush of blood at the sight.

"There you go, Tommy. All of the files you asked for. Now, before Harry and Julia get back, I want you to fuck me."

Both the hot and cold sensations multiplied, his cock responding with a hard lurch as his brain recoiled. Something was going on. This was all linked together—Sabine, Amelia,

now Bernadette. Knowing now there was a pattern made him more convinced that his seemingly-limitless sexual appetite was a liability and giving in to it was a really bad idea. On the other hand, his loins were screaming at him to accept the offer.

"I'm, uh, flattered, Bernadette, but I don't think we should."

She looked confused for a moment, then smiled. "No, Tommy, I'm not trying to get anything out of you. I just really want to have sex with you, it's okay."

"No, I—I understand, but I don't think it's a good idea..."

He watched the smile glass over. "But... Oh, um. Is it because I didn't say please? Please, Tommy, I want to fuck you."

"No, Bernie, I'm not testing you or something, I'm—uhhh..."

She pushed against him, lifting up his hand to rest on her chest.

"*Please*, Tommy. I want you so badly. And wasn't I so good?"

Her other hand slid down between his legs, fondling his erection. It leapt up to reach out to her.

"Tommy I can *feel* how hard that monster is! I can help, I'll do whatever you want to it—*anything* you want!"

It was at that moment that they heard Harry and Julia outside and Bernadette leapt back, parking herself back in her chair leaving Tommy panting and sweating. He was winded by both the confrontation and also how his penis and limbic system were *raging* at him for delaying for even a moment. More voices joined them soon, some of which he recognised from yesterday. He caught a brief moment of Sabine's rich, measured voice and nearly moaned out loud.

Julie opened the door and ushered in a large group of what, Tommy noted, were exclusively older men in suits, followed by Harry, the Prince and Dr. Ivanov. Harry gave him a brief nod. "Ah, Tommy, Bernie, good to see you."

He looked healthier and more energetic than Tommy had ever seen. He was always spry for his age but today he seemed somehow bursting with vitality.

"Bernie, could you take this over to the admin office please?" She nodded, grabbing a stack of papers and scurrying out of the room. Harry blinked.

"Wow, she... Actually did it. Huh. Well, Tommy, nothing important on for you today—I'm handling this negotiation personally and it's going to take a while. Hold down the fort. Julia will be out representing me at the Progress Association."

Julia nodded at them and left. Only Sabine remained in the room with Tommy.

"Good *morning*, darling! Those were the most incredible pictures you sent me last night. I've been thinking about making more of them with you this whole time."

Tommy could practically feel the blood leaving his brain as his body desperately tried to supply other areas, but he invoked a tremendous effort of will and pressed on. "Actually, Sabine, I wanted to talk to you."

"Oh? Well, of course, whatever you like."

"Sabine, something *weird* is going on. With me, but especially with my roommate and Bernadette."

"Weird in what way?" Her hands went to her blouse as she spoke, slowly undoing a button. Tommy swallowed, sweating, and carried on.

"Sabine, you *saw* me in those pictures. I don't normally look like that! And my roommate, she's this... Her boobs have gotten huge, and she's obsessed with me. And now the same thing happened to Harry's intern."

She kept unbuttoning with an amused expression on her face. "I'm not sure I see the problem, darling?"

"Sabine, beautiful, huge-breasted women who want to have sex with me don't just fall from the sky. This all feels related! You must know *something*."

"What I *know*" she pulled her shirt apart, "is that your roommate and your intern seem to be enjoying themselves, and *you*" she stepped forward, picking up his hand and placing it against her breast, "sound like you need to relieve some stress."

She pushed herself against his hand, squeezing the absurdly oversized mound against his fingers. "Why worry about it, darling? Whatever's happening, just enjoy it."

Tommy physically felt the last remaining shred of his self-control evaporate. He pulled Sabine in to a deep, hungry kiss. He felt her jolt of excitement before she softened and melted into him. She quickly found the rigid rod of his erection with her thighs and rubbed against it while mashing her tits into him, a full-body grind that soon had him bucking and quivering with the need for release.

"Shall we find somewhere more private, lover? I would hate for us to be interrupted."

Tommy tried desperately to think over the blood-red primal thumping pressure of his erection across his psyche. Sabine rubbed and wiggled, pushing every inch of her ludicrous curves against him and watching with undisguised glee as his brain ground to a halt.

"I, um, th-th-the, uhhh... there's a conference room with a c-coat closet, nohhhhbody uses it?"

She humped her pussy against his crotch, and when he sunk forward sucked on the side of his neck. "Mmm... Good boy, you *do* like me, don't you?"

"Y-you're so beautiful, you're incredible..."

She smiled and kissed him. "You are absolutely darling and I very much enjoy you telling me how much you like me, but—" she punctuated the sentence by reaching down and giving his fabric-clad shaft a strong tug—"I prefer when you *show* me. Now will you lead the way, or do you want me to just make a mess in your trousers right here?"

Tommy peeled himself away with great effort of will, impeded by Sabine's light, cheeky refusal to let go. Fortunately the corridors weren't very busy at the moment and Tommy was able to navigate to the out-of-the-way conference room with Sabine innocently following behind, buttoned up and perfectly composed as though she wasn't responsible for the raging erection he was nursing. As soon as he entered the coat closet she pushed the door shut behind them and shoved herself against him.

"How do you want me, Tommy? Do you want me on top of you, looking up at my body as I bounce on your mighty cock, or do you want to watch my breasts sway helplessly underneath you as you ram into me from above?"

She was sucking on his neck again and he could barely think but a lust-soaked neuron managed to ping into visibility somewhere and inform him that he really did want this goddess on top of him.

"R-ride me—"

"Ooh, absolutely, I could *feel* how much you meant that!"

She gently but firmly pushed him down to the floor and stripped off her jacket and shirt again in a swift and practised fashion, before catching his eye and, smiling enticingly, unhooked her bra and let her breasts fall heavily from the garment in the same way she had the last time she'd seduced him, flowing and bouncing in the same incredible, otherworldly motions, proudly displaying those enormous dusky pink nipples.

She hooked her thumbs through the waist of her skirt, swaying her hips from side to side as she slid them down. Firm but soft flesh bulged briefly over the fabric before slipping out into view, revealing a seemingly-endless expanse of plush hip, round bottom, thick thigh, meeting in a cleft ripe with the promise of the treasure within. After kicking away her panties gently, she turned and stepped over Tommy, giving him a full view of her pussy.

It might as well have been sculpted. Perfectly shaped and rounded, with the oversized bud of her clitoris peeking proudly from atop her lips. She turned around, bending over to give Tommy a full view of the undulating heart formed by her rear while she deftly worked his pants loose to extract the treasure *she* was searching for. It sprung vigorously from sodden undergarments, mottled from its barely-contained bounty of blood, more engorged than Tommy could ever have thought possible let alone felt before.

Sabine gave it a tender, lingering kiss, still waving her undercarriage in Tommy's face with sinuous motions that revealed the strength underlying her plush curves. With dancer's grace she pivoted and pushed the bloated tip directly at her entrance. She leaned down again, draping her breasts across Tommy's face and chest. The vast mounds settled and

piled to perfectly fit the shape of his body, a true union of flesh, a warm, moist, vaguely sweet-scented cloister of lasciviousness.

She took a moment to let Tommy bask in sensation and then pushed back, slowly and tantalisingly working him inside her. He'd thought his unfamiliar size would be an obstacle for her but she worked against the resistance with the same sinuous strength with which she'd teased him. She purred, a rumbling song of satisfaction, sliding further down his body, dragging her breasts down to uncover his face and kiss him again.

She pulled herself back up, letting herself sink down onto his shaft. Her insides were tight and firm at the same time as wet and yielding, a paradoxical cocktail of sensation that held him in a vice grip and the warmest, gentlest caress.

It was at the exact moment that he sunk to the hilt inside her that they both heard the door to the closet slam open and Bernadette's manic, triumphant shriek.

"What the fuck!?"

Whatever was happening to Bernadette, it had been working hard since she'd left the office. Skinny and knobbly had given way to slim and toned, the figure of a lingerie model—except her breasts were far bigger than even any lingerie model Tommy had ever seen. Her blouse was on the verge of exploding, the fabric visibly stressed and bowing between the buttons especially as she panted with exertion and manic triumph. Her hair had gone from a washed-out wheat-blonde to vibrant and golden, crowning a face that could be best described as looking like Bernadette's much prettier sister—the same strong nose and high cheekbones but cast in their best possible light, clear and unblemished.

Tommy's blood crystallised to ice in an instant, but Sabine just smiled. She pivoted back in the same graceful way, moving from being railed to standing in one fluid motion, gently advancing toward Bernadette with a hand held out in supplication. She moved and spoke without any hesitation and seemingly without any notable exertion, certainly not of the amount one would have associated with a woman as deep into lovemaking as she'd been a moment ago.

"Whatever is the matter, darling?"

"Shut up, you—you Russian skank! Tommy, is that why you wouldn't say yes before?! Because you were waiting to sneak off and fuck this bitch instead?"

She cast her eyes back to Tommy, sprawled on the floor, his shaft glistening and still pulsing with need despite the thrill of terror it experienced, and smiled again. "I can certainly see why you would be upset at being denied this magnificent specimen of manhood. There is more than enough for both of us, though, and I am most willing to share; I do not see the issue?"

Bernadette was attempting to maintain her righteous rage but her eyes had dropped down to said manhood; her expression wasn't one of *hunger* exactly, it was more aware and

calculating, less primal, but it was definitely one that was finding itself distracted from anger.

"Because he was thinking about *you*! That's why he wouldn't say yes! H-he didn't want me..."

"Oh, darling." Sabine stepped forward to hug her, a pneumatic embrace of jockeying flesh. Sabine was more gifted than Bernadette but the comparison seemed almost absurd given that either was more gifted than any three average women, like second-guessing getting vanilla ice cream instead of chocolate.

"Tommy is a nice boy, I am sure he thought it might upset me if he let you play with him."

"Does it?"

"Of course not, how absurd!" Sabine looked back down at him, raised one eyebrow, and then gently let one of her hands fall onto the upper swell of Bernadette's now-firm behind. "In fact, I find sharing boys to be more fun for everybody."

Bernadette's eyes hadn't left between Tommy's legs, even in Sabine's bosomy embrace. In fact neither of them really seemed to be looking at each other—only the effect on him.

"For instance, when I share someone with another woman, I have so many more options to drive him *wild*. Now I know poor Tommy is about ready to simply pop, but I think we can spend just a *little* longer teasing him a bit more—what do you think?"

"Teasing sounds nice, but what-oh!"

Sabine's hand gripped Bernadette's buttock as she pulled the shorter girl against her. Bernadette's mouth dropped for a minute before Sabine leaned in and kissed her. The blonde stopped for a moment and giggled.

"Ohh, I get it!"

She replied back with enthusiasm, pushing her tongue into Sabine's mouth, one hand roaming across the woman's back, the other slipping up the front of her body to sink into the overflowing meat of her chest. She pawed at the mound while she kissed, pinching and squeezing Sabine's enormous nipple while Sabine responded by gripping Bernadette's ass even tighter with both hands.

Tommy watched without a single sound, terrified to say or do anything that might break the spell that had transformed the looming end of his career into watching two impossibly busty, beautiful women making out in front of him. He realised that as they were kissing, each of them was regularly looking across back at him, shooting inquisitive glances as though they were seeking his approval. For a moment both of them were looking him directly in the eye as Bernadette groped and squeezed Sabine's tits, hands sinking in to the wrists as she lifted and heaved the gelatinous globes.

Bernadette had the same expression the whole time, a wide-eyed look of entertainment and excitement. Once she realised he was looking at her though, she immediately shifted

to an open-mouthed, hooded masque of lust. The effect was disconcerting but not enough to make his raging erection subside at all.

"Bernadette, the other great thing about sharing is that you've *never* seen a man orgasm like a man being shared!"

Sabine gently pulled Bernadette over, positioning her at the wavering tip of Tommy's glistening, pulsating shaft. While the girl sat transfixed, she picked her way across Tommy's body to slip in next to him, chest level with his head.

"You are a beautiful young woman and you would be able to bring this magnificent penis many incredible orgasms. However you may have noticed that our wonderful man here is very, *very* fond of breasts - my favourite kind of man. Watch what happens when I do *this*—"

Sabine grabbed a breast with both hands and guided the jostling flesh at Tommy's face, pushing the nipple into his mouth. He made a muffled noise of shock and the entire rigid stem of his cock jumped to Bernadette's unmitigated delight.

"Oh wow, that was amazing!"

Sabine mashed her breast harder, making Tommy's dick jump again. "Now, you'd be more than capable of extracting this reaction on your own, but with me here..."

Bernadette grinned. "I can be down here and you can feed him titty while I play with his giant dick!"

She reached out and gripped his shaft, staring at it with fascination. It reared at her touch, a wild mustang of engorged manhood, its owner simply pulled along for the ride. Bernadette looked down from it to the chestmeat currently attempting to escape her woefully inadequate top.

"Wait, I have big boobs now too! I can—"

She wrenched at her shirt, removing the last lingering resistance stopping her tits from bursting out. They surged forward and fell heavily against her chest. They were smaller than Sabine's but higher and tighter, with nipples and wide areolas so light pink as to be almost invisible. Saying "smaller" was misleading though; the lowest curve of their perfect teardrops hung well below the bottom of her ribcage. She picked them up and dropped them into Tommy's lap.

"Fuck, they're so *heavy*!"

That prompted a reaction that made her look down in shock. "He throbbed, really? From me saying they're heavy?"

Sabine stroked Tommy's hair as he sucked at her nipple.

"Oh yes. Breast men *love* hearing you tell them how large they are."

Bernadette hesitated for a moment. "Really, Tommy? You want to hear about my *big, fat, heavy* tits? These *gigantic* jugs just weighing me down? Boobs so huge I need two hands just to hold them?"

He whined, his cock bucking and oozing precum into Bernadette's cleavage, prompting an excited giggle.

"Oh that's *amazing*! I could watch that happen all day!"

Sabine smiled. "I agree, but I think Tommy might lose his mind if we do that. Let's stop teasing him, yes?"

She giggled and squeezed her breasts together. "Good idea! Besides, I want to see how well this works..."

Bernadette's tit-fuck was anything but expert but with Tommy ready to bust already and Sabine smothering him with tit, the orgasm hit out of absolutely nowhere, hard and fast. A thick, high-velocity rope of cum hit Bernadette squarely in the face and fell down across her tits, prompting a joyous squeal.

"Yes, fucking *yes*, hahaha! Fucking *cum* for me you—"

She was cut off by another mighty gout of spunk, and another, and another. Tommy would have screamed if his mouth wasn't full of boob, and his hips would have been rising off the floor with each shot if he weren't weighed down by Bernadette's bounty.

She reached into her cleavage, tugging on the bucking shaft to encourage even more release from it. She revelled in the rain of lust that she'd made happen, awestruck by the spectacle, impressed with her prowess, satisfied in a way beyond understanding.

Tommy slumped back, groaning, the energy extracted from his body in an ignominious torrent of baby batter. The aftermath dripped in viscous strings from Bernadette's face and glazed the milky tops of her breasts in a thick sheen.

"Wow, you came *everywhere*. That's so awesome! I was sure it was going to stop after the first few ropes but it just kept going and *going*—"

She absent-mindedly licked the fingers of one hand. "Cum is fucking great, how have I never realised how cool it is? It's, like, a guy proving how horny you made him all over your face! Just a huge yummy pile of proof of how hard he came, ughhh, that's so *cool*."

She took Tommy's receding member gently in her hand, giggling lightly as she watched it flop from side to side, bumping against the insides of her breasts.

"Umm, Sabine, I know most guys would be done now but Tommy's obviously special. When can I, like, play with him again?"

Sabine had finally withdrawn her equipment from Tommy's mouth and was beginning to re-dress. "Tommy is *very* special, darling, and you would in fact be already preparing him to go again. He needs to get back to work before people become suspicious, though."

"Aww." The tone wasn't the suppression of primal lust, merely the petulant disappointment of denied leisure. Sabine may as well have told her the club was closed.

"He needs a clean-up, though, before we send him on his way. Would you be able to take care of that for him?"

Bernadette puzzled for a moment, but grinned when Sabine guided Tommy to wobbly legs and left his semen-smeared crotch at face height.

"Ooh, yeah, he got *messy* didn't he?" She shuffled forward, lifting his cock and examining it for a moment before giving it a long, slow lick. She suckled the tip into her mouth, rolling her tongue around it to lap it clean, then kissed down the shaft gathering up every drop of oozing bounty.

Tommy groaned, feeling life flooding back into his cock, still twitchy and sensitive despite how keen it was for more. Sabine draped her hands over his shoulders, fixing up his shirt.

"It's so much fun to leave a man wanting more. Knowing he is walking around with his pants tight, aching, unable to think of anything but release..."

Bernadette stared at the shaft for a moment, musing on that, and slowly nodded. "Yeah, yeah, I see it—that's good. It's not the same as making him cum but, like, a different flavour?"

She then lifted it to the side, feeling it pulse with new erection, and buried her face into the soft, hot skin of his scrotum to lick it clean as well. She dragged her tongue back up the other side of his shaft and danced it across the tip before giving it a final kiss and sliding it back into Tommy's underwear.

"There we go, all clean! Be a good boy now, 'kay?"

Bernadette stood up, pulling up his pants as she went, joining in with Sabine and perfunctorily returning his clothes to something like how he arrived. Sabine leaned over as they worked.

"Bernadette, I have a proposal for you..."

Tommy was gently herded out of the room as Sabine bent into clandestine conversation with the spunk-clad blonde. He stopped in a bathroom to tidy himself up but very little could be done about the head-to-toe rumpling he'd received at the hands of the monumental minxes. Even less could be done about the smell of sex that followed in his wake.

When he tried to slink back into the office, Julia was fuming at her desk.

"Where the *fuck* have you been?!"

"I-uh, I was looking for Bernadette—"

"That whole time? Come on, Tommy, we've got shit to do, you can't be out goofing off—I don't care if Harry's been MIA."

Her nose wrinkled as he slunk past and took his seat, but she said nothing and let Tommy return to his duties. He tried to focus on spreadsheets and heat maps but every time he shifted his weight he could feel his oversized half-hard cock pulse and twitch, every time his mind wandered it was assaulted by visions of heaving flesh and sweat and heat, pressing and writhing and—

He heard the plastic of his mouse creak, knuckles going white as his cock pulsed against his boxers. Just as he was starting to weigh up an escape plan the door to the conference room clicked open.

Harry strolled out in animated but surreptitious discussion with Dr. Ivanov, the impossibly handsome chief scientist. Behind him Prince Dmitri was chatting with a suited executive. Tommy and Julia's eyes both snapped to the door as, after a few more forgettable and entirely fungible suited men, out strode Bernadette.

She'd found lingerie somewhere, somehow. It fit her perfectly despite her breasts being even bigger than earlier, hugging the vast, pale orbs in black lace with gold accents. Skimpy lace panties and garters set off the curves of her hips, leading down to dark stockings and black heels. She had a man's tie gently but firmly wrapped around her hand, leading him out of the room.

"Bernadette?!" Julia shrieked.

She fluttered shadowed eyes over to Julia. "Oh, hi. Yeah?"

"What do you mean 'yeah'? You-you're—"

"Hot, yeah." She grinned. "These lovely gentlemen were very keen to let me know!"

"I... You..." She turned to Harry. "Harry, what is going on?! Are you not seeing this?"

He looked over his shoulder. "See what, Julia?"

She leaned in, lowering her voice. "Harry, your intern has tits like prize pumpkins and is walking around dressed like a whore."

"Sex worker."

"W-what?"

"Remember our sensitivity training, Julia? They're not whores, they're sex workers. And they vote, apparently."

"Th-that's not—"

"You've been working hard, Julia. You've all been working hard. Head out early. Take some of those candies home with you."

She went to reply again but paused, thinking.

"Sure, Harry. Why not?"

Harry's entourage shuffled out. Sabine had been bringing up the rear but stopped by Tommy's desk. He stared up into a shelf of cleavage that swung from side to side and swallowed as his pants pulsed.

"So you are heading home?"

"I guess, yeah."

"I wish to go with you. For, um, I think the phrase is "Webfilmz and chill?"

Tommy wheezed. Sabine could clearly tell the state he was in and was gleefully enjoying it.

"I, uh, I need to ask my roommate?"

"Of course, darling."

He pulled up his phone, thumb trembling. *okay weird question - I got off early and Sabine wants to come back is that all right?*

The reply came back astoundingly fast. *omg of course, whatever u want!! as long as early isnt the only thing ur getting off ;p*

Tommy blinked. It couldn't possibly have been that easy, right?

"She, uh. She says that's fine."

"Excellent! I am looking forward to meeting her." Another subtle shift in her stance that made things swing and settle enticingly. At the other side of the office Julia was still furrowing her brow, staring down at the candies in her hand, before she looked up at Sabine, gripped them, and marched out of the office. Sabine placed a hand over Tommy's.

"Lead the way, dear."

* * *

The walk back was a back-and-forth interplay between Tommy attempting to keep his libido in check sufficiently to talk to Sabine and learn something about whatever was happening to his roommate and coworker, and Sabine's playful efforts to ensure he couldn't. By the time he reached the front door he was no more enlightened but he *was* borderline ready to burst. Each step he took dragged his junk against his pants, his face sweating, legs trembling.

Amelia was waiting attentively just inside the door, and Tommy's mouth went dry at the sight of her. She'd said her breasts had gotten bigger but he wasn't prepared for how *much* bigger. A white cotton t-shirt bearing a print of a Japanese cartoon animal was stretched out over staggeringly enormous, *gargantuan* tits. Tommy didn't think he could even still be shocked by the size of a woman's chest after the last two days but Amelia's dominated the entirety of her torso. The mounds were soft and heavy but also firm and full, creating a shape perfectly balanced between high and round and fat and hanging. Her nipples stuck

half an inch out and were a full inch wide, nestled in dark, pebbly areolas that were readily visible under the overstretched fabric of her shirt.

The rest of her body was hardly an afterthought, a masterpiece of smooth, soft skin and gentle curves, wide, round hips, thick thighs and a firm, fat bottom. The shirt bound to her soft waist with a pink plastic belt and tucked into a pale pink pleated skirt that only barely contained the lower curve of her buttocks. Pink-and-white striped socks clung to her milky thighs, creating a slight bulge of flesh over the top and highlighting the enticing span of skin that reached to the hem of her skirt.

Her face lit up with a bright, genuine smile. "Hi Tommy! I went shopping, what do you think?"

His mouth moved but no sound came out. Sabine leaned in from behind him.

"I don't think he's thinking right now, darling. There isn't a drop of blood left in his brain."

Amelia giggled, her eyes on Tommy's pants. "Oh, yes, I can tell. Hi, you must be Sabine?"

"A pleasure to meet you. Amelia, yes?"

She nodded vigorously, breasts bouncing. "Um, just to make sure I don't have the wrong idea, you're here to, uh... Fool around with him, right?"

Sabine smiled. "That is one way to describe my plans for him, yes."

Amelia blushed as she twisted the tip of a mary-jane shoe into the carpet. "Are you okay with, um, spectators? Or uhh... extra participants?"

"Would you like me to make him cum all over your face?"

She squealed with delight, kneeling in front of Tommy while Sabine crouched and started slipping down his pants. They were sloppy with his lubrication, his underwear saturated, and both women looked on as Sabine extracted the prize.

It swung up like the wrath of a god. Engorged didn't even describe it. Sabine had barely pointed it at Amelia and wrapped her fingers around it when Tommy shrieked and started to unload.

It was like a fountain, a glutinous torrent of pearlescent slime that flung and arced and splattered. It wasn't an ejaculation so much as a force of nature, and Amelia smiled in wonder as it landed across her waiting face in fat ropes.

"Yes! Oh *thank you* Tommy, yes, give it to me! Keep cumming, cum *hard* for me, you're amazing, you're amazing, give me all of it you're *amazing*—"

Sabine kept pumping, keeping up the intensity of his orgasm as he screamed and clutched at the wall to keep his balance but ultimately was forced to his knees as the sensation became too much to bear. He barely noticed as Sabine guided him over to the couch to sit and recover. Amelia quickly headed inside to wash off her face before joining the pair, sitting on the other side of Tommy from Sabine and cuddling in close.

"I need to go change. One moment—look after him, please."

"Of course!"

Tommy looked across at Amelia. The change since that morning hadn't been quite as profound as the transformation since the night before but it was still stunning.

"You. Umm. You look great."

"Thank you! I was a little worried when I couldn't find a bra, because well you can like see my nipples and my tits wouldn't stop bouncing but none of the guys on the way home seemed to mind!"

"I-I-I'm sure they didn't!" Amelia was looking directly into his eyes with a wide-eyed, alert smile.

"What about you? What do you think?" She shook her shoulders, making the pendulous mass of her boobs sway from side to side before she pushed them together with her upper arms. The t-shirt, of course, did nothing to hide or inhibit any of the motion and Tommy was treated to every detail.

"They're— well, they're amazing."

"What's amazing about them?" She pushed closer against him, side on so as not to push the whole volume into his chest but angled enough to bump them against him. "What is it that you guys like about these things?"

"I... don't know? Isn't it, like, an evolutionary thing? Hardwired in our brains or something?"

"Really? Even boobs this big? They're so impractical." She said it with no malice but Tommy blushed.

"I'm sorry—"

"Oh, don't be sorry, I've learned today that impractical can be fun! It's just funny, right?" She shrugged her shoulders to send them bouncing again. "Big silly boys obsessed with big silly boobies. They do *feel* really nice, though."

She hooded her eyes, tilting her head back to look up at him with a wry smile. "Want me to show you?"

Any remaining concern or hesitation he had for the ridiculous situation left his body.

"Yeah, I'd love to see your tits."

He'd barely finished speaking before Amelia was eagerly whipping up her shirt. The hypnotic dance of breasts falling out of a lifted shirt or bra hadn't lost a single bit of its appeal, especially not with Amelia's even more astonishing size. The jiggling had harmonics, sub-motions that took far longer to dissipate even before she began to pump her shoulders to keep them bouncing.

"Have you been practising that?"

She giggled. "Wee-eell, I might have flashed a couple of the cuter guys who were staring at me. And like one guy who asked to see them. And some guys at the bus stop. Showing guys your boobs is really fun when you're stacked!"

"And is this fun?"

"Oh *yeah*, but it'd be even more fun if you touched them."

Imagine the sensation of sinking your hands into a beanbag chair, except it's warm, bordering on hot, firm and pliable, and coated in the softest, smoothest skin imaginable. Almost but not entirely unlike a beanbag chair. Amelia cooed as Tommy groped at overflowing waves of flesh, rolling away from his fingers and grasping back around them. Her nipples pressed against his palms, completely soft despite the stimulation, his hand only just spanning the width of her areolas. They stretched as he squeezed and pulled.

"Mmm, yeah, do whatever you like to them, honey."

"Amelia, are you *sure* this feels good for you? You aren't, uh, well."

She looked confused for a moment and then looked down at her nipples. "Huh, that's weird. Yeah, they were pretty active before they got ten times bigger. Maybe they aren't as sensitive?"

"Are you sensitive at *all*? Like, are you getting turned on even a little?"

"Of course I'm—" she stopped, evaluating the sensation. "I... really want you to keep going. Like, I am craving seeing and feeling you get off, I want you to touch me and play with me and I want to play with you but no, I'm... not horny?"

"You're fine, dear." Sabine walked back out, fanning out her lush crimson hair. She'd changed into a loose maroon sleeveless top and light but comfortable forest green leggings. Her tits bounced joyously in the loose top, but Tommy became keenly aware of how much bigger than her Amelia had grown. It was a ridiculous thought about a woman so ludicrously endowed but in comparison Sabine had a taller, lean, fit figure to Amelia's shorter, thick and curvaceous body. Accounting for the fact that both women were impossibly beautiful and impossibly busty, Sabine gave the impression of an elegant model and Amelia an earnest, chubby girl-next door.

"Really?"

"Yes, I am the same. I desire men, but I desire *their* pleasure. I desire their attention, their arousal. The satisfaction of taking a man from nothing to hard, pulsing, twitching, leaking for you, then guiding him to climax, all because of you..." She closed her eyes in contentment. "It is a greater satisfaction than *any* orgasm I have ever experienced."

Amelia listened intently while Sabine sat down, pushing herself into Tommy from the other side. She took one of Tommy's hands, pushing it into her chest, and closed her eyes.

"Amelia, focus on the sensation in your nipples. Push from inside yourself towards them."

Amelia went to reply but instead closed her eyes as well, taking a deep breath. A few seconds later Tommy felt her nipples start to tighten, the texture rising out of her skin as they became erect. She pursed her lips at him as he started to fondle the oversized nub.

"Is that better, Tommy?"

He wanted to stop, to call time and question Sabine about what was going on. He *wanted* to, but his penis had other ideas and was rapidly growing hard again. Amelia tilted her head, half amused, half questioning. She then reached down with gentle questing fingers between his legs, finding his swelling pole with a triumphant noise.

"I was right! I could, like, *feel* that you were getting horny! Also, wow, how are you getting hard again that soon?"

Tommy sat stunned, his hands on the monstrously huge breasts of two different beautiful women.

"I-it's been like that for two days, even after I cum."

"Ooh, have you been testing? How many times have you cum over the last two days?" She grabbed her other breast and mashed it around Tommy's hand. "Just been jerk-jerk-jerking yourself off nonstop?"

Sabine leaned in across their shared lover. "He's barely had time to touch himself between you and me—we've been keeping him *very* busy."

"Ooh, between you and me? I like the sound of that." She giggled. "You're so beautiful, by the way."

"And you are stunning, dear." She reached out and gently stroked her fingers down Amelia's soft cheek.

"I'm, uh, not into girls, but I really want to kiss you right now. I think because I feel like he'd enjoy it?"

"That's right. You *know* he would, and you should definitely kiss me."

Their lips brushed together then locked in a deep, and shortly passionate kiss. It started gentle but became hungrier, fiercer, Sabine wrapping her hand around the back of Amelia's head to pull her in and Amelia slipping a hand down Sabine's back. Their breasts pressed together and into Tommy, rubbing and writhing as they made out.

They eased off for a moment, each freeing a hand, and then started kissing again while both of them reached between Tommy's legs. Sabine purred and Amelia giggled into the embrace.

"Do you feel that, Amelia? He really *did* enjoy it. I don't know if you've ever done this before, but I think we should put him *between* our kiss."

Sabine gave her one last peck and started to slide down Tommy's body, breasts pooling against his legs. Amelia followed her until both girls' faces were level with his lap and the

twitching treasure that it held. Sabine reached across and skilfully unzipped and unbuckled him, then let Amelia take over to reach in and lift out his rapidly-hardening manhood, glistening with his lubrication.

"I realised—I'm sure I would have noticed if he'd always been *this* big, but he probably got the same thing as me, right?" She shrugged. "Oh well. Better uses for my mouth right now."

She leaned over to lock lips with Sabine again but this time grabbed his cock and manoeuvred it to trap the glans in their kiss. Tommy gasped as their lips and tongues entwined around his most sensitive parts. Sabine's mouth focused on the tip while Amelia suckled on the underside before the two pulled away slightly to let their lips meet again and then slide back down his pole. This time Amelia drew the whole head into her mouth while Sabine planted kisses down the side until she could start licking the loose skin of his testicles and wrapping a hand around the base of his shaft. Tommy flexed against the twin sensations for a moment, groaning, until Sabine worked her way back up to the tip.

"Have you ever properly face-fucked someone, Amelia?"

The cock popped out of her mouth. "Um, what do you mean?"

Sabine grinned. "Right now, all you are doing is licking and sucking. You are doing a great job, but you could do so much more."

Her hand gently moved behind Amelia's head and pushed it forward. Her lips slid down past the head but Sabine kept up the pressure. Amelia expected to feel herself resist but found Tommy's dick sliding into her mouth and down her throat smoothly until her lips bumped into his crotch. Sabine's fingers curled in her thick hair.

"Now, instead of using your tongue, move your head back and forth and use your throat."

Amelia pulled back until her mouth was cradling the head of Tommy's penis again, and then plunged back down in one smooth motion. Feeling him pulse, hearing his breathing catch, her throat perfectly enveloping his girth all confirmed her growing certainty that this was what she needed to be doing.

She soon found a rhythm, thrusting her head forward and pulling back, each motion accompanied by a chorus of sloppy sounds and slick spit. She varied her speed, tilted her head, worked her tongue and throat, hummed and moaned. Instincts she'd never felt before rose up in her mind with instructions for everything she needed to be doing, but never taking over—every action she took was intentional and measured.

"Oh, you are *good* darling. Listen to him, feel him. Let his reactions guide you. Think not just about what he wants but what he *needs*, what his body and soul crave. Anticipation can be a greater pleasure than conclusion."

She took this advice to heart, easing off her assault, rewarded with his desperate whines and the needy flexing of his tool as it reached out for the withdrawn sensation. She added

a new cadence, working him up with greater intensity and then letting him ebb, slowly getting him closer and closer until—

She knew he'd gone over the point of no return. Something about his heartbeat, his breathing, some change she couldn't consciously observe but could feel deeply enough that it instantly became knowledge. In response she pushed forward and stopped, letting his whole penis nestle in her mouth and throat, and purred.

Tommy let out a sound something between a choke and a scream. His hand joined Sabine's behind Amelia's head but gripping harder, forcing himself even further into her mouth, and started to absolutely unload.

Amelia stayed exactly where she was, stuffed with cock, letting another of Tommy's oversized orgasms shoot directly down into her stomach. She revelled in the knowledge that this was because of her, that this cute boy and his big dick were cumming like crazy from *her* blowjob, but also she was drawing tremendous satisfaction simply from the fact that a man was having an orgasm. It then struck her that she was able to be this introspective with a huge cock stretching out her throat, and also that her *own* pleasure hadn't even been an afterthought. She slowly drew herself back up after his last spasms died down, leaving his dick with a satisfied *pop*.

"Oh, well done. That was wonderful, I could feel how much he liked that." Sabine leaned in and gave Amelia another quick kiss, sharing some of Tommy's spunk between them. Amelia giggled in reply.

"Thanks for walking me through it! I'm sorry you didn't get to do much."

"Oh, it's no issue at all; I had fun. I will say today we got interrupted right as we were about to have sex, and I've been thinking about it ever since..."

"Ooh, absolutely—I'll get him ready for you!"

She stood up and sat down on Tommy's lap. He came out of his afterglow daze with a start, staring up directly into a vast sea of wobbling tit, before Amelia pushed into him and kissed him.

It was hot and aggressive. Her improbably lush body rubbed and ground against him, breasts pressing into his chest and enveloping him in plush warmth. Her tongue was wet and strong, her lips thick. Her found himself sinking in and pushing back, hungry for her touch again despite how thoroughly she'd just drained him.

"Mmm, yeah, good boy, are my big, fat fucking tits going to get you all hard again?" She humped against him, pressing her hips into his crotch, rubbing her heat into his meat. He grabbed her rear as she rubbed on him. It was as lush and extravagant as the rest of her body, each cheek far more than he could hold in one hand, but underneath the softness there was a firm layer of muscle holding it together. She wiggled against his grip, grinning.

"Oh, you like that, too? My ass got *huge*, like crazy big. None of my pants fit!" She felt him throb, and giggled. "Yeah, you do like that. Silly, silly boys obsessed with big boobies and big fat butts. Not that I'm complaining, because I have big boobies and a big fat butt and I've learned I *like* boys being obsessed with me."

She leaned her head down beside his, sucking and gently nibbling on his earlobe while she whispered to him. "I like *you* being obsessed with me, Tommy. I've wanted you for a long time, and now I can give you whatever you want whenever you want it. First, though, I think you should absolutely *rail* Sabine."

She sucked on the side of his neck after letting go of his ear, making him gasp and bringing a last surge of pressure to his erection before she stepped off him and to the side, corralling the wild bouncing of her body with her arms.

"Okay, he's ready!"

Sabine had taken the opportunity to strip off and stood before Tom, fanning out her hair with her arms up to prominently display her astounding tits. If Tom hadn't seen and felt them personally he wouldn't have thought it possible for them to be both natural and so perfectly-shaped at their size. She looked down at him with a gaze that felt somehow vaguely playfully serious.

"I believe that when we were interrupted earlier, you'd asked me to be on top. Would you like to lay back on the couch and we can continue where we left?"

He nodded eagerly, turning around to lay back with his head on the arm of the sofa. Sabine stepped forward and knelt down, straddling across him, pressing her pussy down against the underside of his dick. Locking eyes with him, she slid her hips forward, rubbing against his length, a faint smile cracking her composure as she began to rhythmically grind against him. Her hips rolled and gyrated with the strength and control of a dancer using only her knees as leverage.

He felt Amelia slide in just above his head, reaching down for the hem of his shirt. Her breasts mashed against the top of his head and shoulders as she reached down to unbutton his shirt, running her fingers gently up his bare stomach and chest. Tom shuddered, his bloated cock pulsing between Sabine's legs while tingles rose up from his skin. Sabine slid forward further, perched directly at the end of his shaft, wiggling slightly to position herself perfectly, and then arched her back and pushed.

Just like earlier she was an improbable combination of tight and firm and wet and velvety. He sank into her with barely a hint of resistance at the same time as she gripped and squeezed him all the way down. She looked down at him with a smile, bringing her hands up to press her breasts into a smooth line of cleavage, presenting them for him as she returned to her rhythmic rolling of her hips—this time with him inside her. Sabine moved slowly and deliberately, long and lingering down-strokes and pulling herself back up with the same focused strength, all the time looking Tommy directly in the eyes.

Amelia pressed his head between her breasts as Sabine rode him, squeezing them together, letting the weight drop against his shoulders.

"You want me to order dinner, Tommy?"

He looked up at her with a vague expression, groaning as Sabine bounced on him. "Wh-wha?"

"Dinner, babe. Come on, focus, don't think about that goddess riding you for a second, even if her pussy feels like heaven." She gently slapped one of her breasts against the side of his head as she scrolled a menu on her phone. "Silly boys who can't focus on anything when there's a hot girl on their dick. Do you want to order from that Thai place?"

"I-liliigguuh... Hnng..." He tried to get the words out but each time he opened his mouth Sabine rolled her hips, sped up a stroke or squeezed down on him. Tommy was becoming intimately aware that Sabine had not just incredible control of the muscles holding her up but somehow also control over the muscles around her vagina, and could selectively pull and squeeze along the length of his cock with shocking strength. Amelia and Sabine caught each other's eyes with a grin.

"Tommy, if you're not going to pay attention when I'm talking to you then I'm going to have to—" there might have been more to her sentence but it was cut completely off as she dropped her breasts directly on his face. The entirety of his awareness was replaced with Amelia's hot, soft, moist undercleavage as she mashed them together.

"Ooh he *throbbed*, Amelia, well done!"

"Mmm, well it's only fair that I get to do that as a reward for carrying these silly things around."

Tommy was only catching muffled snippets of the conversation as he was being smothered by what had to have been nearly forty pounds of breast. Amelia let him struggle under their gelatinous mass for a little longer before lifting them back off, letting him take a gasping breath.

"Now, then. Thai?"

"Uhh, um-" Sabine thrust forward again, putting a different angle on his cock, completely deleting the half-formed thought. To his credit he rallied valiantly, stammering out a "yes" before descending back into babbling insensibility as Sabine ran her fingers down his chest.

"Cum, Tommy. Cum for me. I want to feel every ounce of your love inside me!" She leaned in, her breasts swinging forward as she put her hands on his shoulders, locking eyes with him and increasing the speed and power of her hips. Tommy stared over her bouncing tits at the expression of pure focus, of single-minded fixation, as the fleshy slap of her generous, powerful hips hitting his groin rose up from behind her, his cock alternately squeezed and released by her velvety folds as they slid against him. The sensation was incomparable to anything he'd ever experienced and more than anything else so far it

made it obvious that whatever was happening to these women was something that was reshaping them to be perfectly tuned engines for pleasure. Every part of Sabine's body, her demeanour, her instincts, was honed to sexual perfection. Despite this, not a single moan passed her lips, not even a momentary crack in her composure as the sensation got the better of her, just total control over every muscle in her body. The pleasure she was honed for was for others, not her own.

She looked at him for a moment, and then moaned. Deeply, sensually, perfectly. She rolled her hips in time with the moans, deepening the performance—and while Tommy could tell it was a performance, it added enough verisimilitude to let him fall back into the fantasy that this wasn't purely one-sided entertainment. That was just the push his system needed to let him cross over from the peak of pleasure into the deep hollow of the liminal space of the ramping orgasm.

"S-sabine, I-gghh—"

"Mmm, that's right, I can *feel* it, yes, go on, yes, yes—"

Tommy let out a gasping, choking cry, his hips bucking up into Sabine's weight, slamming his cock as far as possible into her folds. It pulsed and throbbed and pumped load after load of hot spunk deep inside her. Sabine's motions slowed but didn't stop, hanging gently right on the edge of too much stimulation. She mashed her breasts hard into his chest, squeezing her pelvic muscles together to let the pressure build before letting it go and letting him flood her insides again.

Tommy's desperate bucks peaked and then slowed, until with one final pump up inside her he collapsed back, groaning. She smiled at him, stroking a fingernail down his chest.

"Perfect, baby, that's *exactly* what I wanted. You're beautiful. Thank you."

She leaned in and tenderly kissed him, laying on top of him for a little while longer to let him naturally slide out of her before she rolled off and sat up.

"Mmm. I've been thinking about that all day."

Amelia nodded, licking her lips. "That felt great for me, that must have been *amazing* for you."

Sabine gave a little *mmm* of agreement as Tommy gradually pulled himself up to sit next to her with a groan. Sabine leaned her shoulder against him.

"I would ask if you enjoyed that, but I know that you did."

He nodded. "I did, but... Sabine, we have to talk. About, well, this—this whole thing."

"About us? Isn't that moving very quickly, Tommy?"

"Sabine." His voice dropped. "I know what happened to my body, what's happening to Amelia and Bernadette, it wasn't an accident."

"Bernadette?" Amelia perked up. "That intern from your work?"

"Yeah, she's also—well." Tommy motioned out from his chest with cupped hands. "So this beautiful sexy stacked goddess walks into my life, somehow immediately into me, and then two other girls I know also suddenly transform into beautiful sexy stacked goddesses?"

Sabine pursed her lips to the side, batting her eyelashes at him. "You seemed more than fine with it."

"I- i-it's not about *me*! You can't *do* that to people!"

She leaned forward. "It is... A gift. And a demonstration of the potential for cooperation, of what we have to offer. Especially for you, Tommy."

He felt himself twitch between his legs as his eyes roamed over Sabine's "gift." That of itself was also part of the gift, his sudden apparently endless capacity to show his "appreciation" for what Sabine had done to herself and to his roommate.

To herself...

"Sabine, did you *choose* this... gift? For yourself?"

Her smile this time was wide and genuine, not a vehicle of seduction. "Oh very much, yes, and I would do so again without hesitation."

Before Tommy could continue, Sabine's phone buzzed. Pulling it out of her clothes, she swiped for the message and huffed.

"I have to go, sorry—my Prince needs me back."

She reached over and gave Tommy a peck on the lips. "I will explain more tomorrow. I promise. Please know that we have given you a gift and I dearly hope you come to appreciate it."

Amelia pulled Sabine into a pneumatic hug. "Don't be a stranger, okay? Let's have fun with him again sometime."

"Oh, absolutely. And send me some pictures, okay?"

"I'll make sure you get some *great* ones, Sabine, don't worry."

Sabine pulled her clothes back on, slowly and teasingly in front of Tommy, and exited, blowing a kiss to the pair as she closed the door. With that, Amelia turned to Tommy, her smile wide and slightly greedy.

"Well, looks like I have you allll to myself tonight." She slid into the position in which Sabine had been sitting, her fingers sliding across his cock. He grimaced as it flexed at her casual touch.

"Amelia, I— I just want to talk for a minute."

"Sure thing, honey, talk all you want." She didn't stop caressing his balls while staring at him, and he took a deep breath to gather himself.

"*Without* you touching me. So I can think."

She pouted but let go. "Aww. Okay. So what's up, babe?"

Tommy marshalled his thoughts for a moment. "Sabine wasn't very, you know, forthcoming with information, but, uh, well. I think I might have accidentally been responsible for what happened to you; like, I brought it home to you."

Amelia watched him intently, her eyes large and trusting, her body lush and inviting. Tommy was silent for a moment until Amelia tilted her head.

"Oh, is that all?"

"Is that all? Like, I'm *responsible* for you being like... Like this!"

She shrugged, her enormous frontage shifting pendulously with the motion. "I mean, you said you didn't mean to, but even if you did, what's the problem?"

He sputtered. "I... You... You're okay with this?!"

She looked down, lips pursed in thought. "Yeah. Yeah, I am. I like it. I like feeling this way."

"Feeling what way? Your body's totally different, you're obsessed with sex but you can't cum... Are you telling me you'd have chosen for this to happen to you?"

"If you'd said it to me like that before I'd felt it? No, probably not. And if I were choosing it for myself, I don't know, I might have taken it a *bit* easier with these ridiculous things." She hefted her breasts for emphasis. "Seriously, they're so impractical, they get in the way of *everything*. But, uh, on the balance, knowing what it's like now? Yes, I think so."

She scooched closer to Tommy on the couch, pressing her shoulder and upper arm against him. "It's... Freeing. Like there's a weight off my mind that I didn't even know was there, and it's been replaced with something so much better. I'm not *obsessed* with sex. Like right now, we can just talk. I just... All else being equal, I want to be playing with you. Knowing you're hard, especially if it's because of me, watching you touch yourself, touching you, making you cum... It's so much more satisfying than sex ever was now."

She turned, her chest pushing into him, her arms coming up across his shoulders.

"Honestly, I would have only needed to know one thing to make the decision, and that's that it would have made you notice me."

He blushed, both from her touch and from shame. "You- you didn't need to do this so I'd—"

"I did, Tommy. It's okay." She smiled, with her button nose and her perfect teeth and her soft cheeks and her tender lips. "It's not your fault. You were focused elsewhere, I wasn't confident enough to make a move. As costs go, the price of finally getting on your radar was... just getting really hot and good at sex. And a pair of wildly impractical titties, but you enjoy *those* so much that I can hardly complain. I'd do it again in a heartbeat."

She leaned across and brushed her lips against his neck, making him shiver with as his cock thickened. "Feel better now, baby? Soothed your guilt?"

He moaned softly, the tension he'd built up for the conversation melting away. It was okay. It happened, nothing was going to make it un-happen. Amelia wanted this now, and nothing would be gained in running away from it. Just as he started to respond, the doorbell rang and Amelia bounced up from the couch.

"Dinner's here!" She skipped off to the door, still naked from the waist up, her chest bouncing freely. Before Tommy could offer her a shirt she was already opening the door and chatting happily with the delivery man. She smiled smugly as she returned to the living room with a large paper bag.

"Well he was having a very good night."

"I'm... not surprised. Clothing optional?"

"Why not? Tommy, sweetheart, I don't think you get it. It feels *good* to show these off." She put the bag on the coffee table and sat back heavily on the couch next to him, rather than her customary dinner spot across the table, pulling boxes out and passing his food over to his side. "Anyway, I'm hungry. I'm burning a lot of energy today, *for some reason*. Sabine left before she got her Pad Thai, though; want to split it?"

He nodded and Amelia started sorting and doling out more boxes, passing him chopsticks. She dove in ravenously and their conversation stopped there for some time, but punctuated throughout by longing glances, smiles and licked lips. Doing something this normal with her made Tommy keenly aware of how much of her there was, how even the most benign movements brushed against her breasts or her hips, the way her hypersexualised body jiggled and quivered with every motion, and then every time she touched *him* he could feel his penis throb even harder. His erection hadn't so much as flagged since she'd licked his neck, and he could feel himself trembling and sweating with the effort of staying composed.

Amelia knew what she was doing to him; even if she didn't have her new instincts, he was as naked as she was. At one point an errant drop of sauce made its way down across one of her titanic breasts and before Tommy could offer her a napkin she'd locked eyes with him, lifted it up in both hands and licked it up with a long, slow drag of her tongue across the plush flesh. Noodles slithered out of his chopsticks as he stared goggle-eyed at Amelia, who smiled and continued on, licking and kissing all the way down, her hands tilting the lowest curve of the teardrop up. Her lips reached the edge of her vast areola, brushing against it lightly before she pushed forward and took a huge segment of it into her mouth. She stepped forward, sucking each time, until her massive nipple popped between her lips.

His face was pure dumbstruck awe as his transformed roommate nursed from her own super-sized breast, not just in front of him but *for* him. Her eyes didn't leave his gaze until she smiled and closed them, moaning and rolling her head from side to side in extremely

convincing ecstasy. Strings of drool trailed from the throbbing nub when she stopped, before she let the whole mountain fall back down against her chest. She raised her eyebrows at him with an easy smile before they drifted down between his legs.

"Mmm, yeah, I thought you'd like that. Well, do you want to finish dinner, or do you want to skip straight to dessert?"

* * *

Amelia's door flung to the side with a bang as the pair fell through it, arms wrapped around each other, Amelia kissing Tommy with a primal ferocity. Between her deceptive strength and the boundless waves of breastflesh Tommy felt like the life was being squeezed out of him, though in a way he was willing to accept if that was truly his fate.

Amelia's room was much like how she'd come across as a person; feminine but in a somewhat unassuming way. Tidy but not overly so, a few decorations, a computer desk with a pre-made tower and stock-standard monitor. Like how she came across now there was growing evidence of the change in her personality, too, the new clothes sitting on some of the flat surfaces, unwrapped makeup sitting on the desk, a mirror propped up in the corner that had previously been stashed in a closet.

Still kissing him, she moved him over to the edge of her bed and shifted her balance to gently guide him down, sliding back and leaving him kneeling between her legs on the mattress.

"God, you have no idea how many times I've dreamed of having you in here like this. Well, not exactly like this; even in the dreams where I was hot enough for you to want me my tits were *way* smaller." She punctuated this by grabbing and lifting them, grinning at him as they overflowed her fingers. Between her legs her plump pussy lips parted invitingly, her thick clitoris glistening above them. "I'm not complaining though. Come here."

He fell onto her, his hands joining hers and sinking into the flesh. Her body radiated warmth from every inch of her plush curves, an intoxicating canvas of pure sexuality. Her texture, her scent, the way she moved, even how she breathed, all layered over the phenomenal exaggerated lines of her figure into an incomparable erotic force.

The tip of his cock slid against her slit, his pole flexing almost painfully with engorgement, the pressure of denied release. He felt her raising her hips to meet him, catching the tip for a moment before pulling away and angling her pelvis to push the entire underside against the heat of her pussy. One of her hands left her breast and curled around his shaft, gently pumping as she kept rubbing it against her special place.

"*This* is bigger than I ever imagined, too. Do you like it, Tommy? Having such a big, *beautiful* dick? Being the hottest, sexiest guy in any room you walk into, toting around this perfect tool and knowing you could have any woman you wanted?"

He groaned, shaking. Even though he'd cum more times in the last two days than he managed most weeks, he was horny like he was back in his teens and hadn't gotten off for a month, hard enough to dent steel. He needed to fuck more than he needed air, but Amelia was right. He *could*. So far his body hadn't failed to keep up with his newfound libido, and he could have this woman in front of him as much as he wanted. A small part of him worried slightly at the idea of the thought of how insatiable he'd been but the rest of him was revelling in primal exhilaration.

He let Amelia guide the tip of his cock to her entrance and pushed in, immediately shuddering in pleasure. Amelia was subtly different to Sabine, softer and plusher. with less of Sabine's dancer's strength. She was indulgent, if pussy could possibly be described as indulgent, in the same way as her lush body, and he sank forward like he was being carried on warm pink waves right up until he pushed against her mound. Her thick thighs squeezed his hips as she bit her lower lip, holding him in her gaze.

"Oh fuck, *yes*, Tommy, you're inside me, you're finally *inside* me, fuck I've been waiting so fucking long for this—" she pulled back as he did, giving him extra room to thrust into her again with a groan, "and God it's better than I could ever have hoped!"

She began to rock her hips up and down as Tommy found his rhythm, taking every inch of his cock to the hilt and sliding back until only the tip was parting her on each stroke. In the same way Amelia had developed keen instincts for how to move her body to maximise his pleasure he seemed to have developed new instincts of his own, his muscle memory locking in and skipping any of his usual fumbling and awkwardness. She was dripping wet around him, boiling hot, so slick and smooth that she practically pulled him back in.

On his next downstroke Amelia reached up, pulling him in by his shoulders, squishing him against her chest to whisper in his ear.

"Tommy, you're holding back. You aren't going to break me. *Fuck me*."

He stopped, panting. "What?" He grunted.

"Fuck me." She gripped him hard, the strength rising up from under her softness. "Fuck me like a wild animal. Fuck me hard enough to break my bed. Don't fuck me like you love me, fuck me like you *hate* me. I just need to know you *need* me. Can you do that, Tommy?"

His breath caught in his throat. He growled, pulled back and slammed down against her with as much force as he could muster. Amelia's tits bounced as she jerked backwards from the motion, her back arching with a look of triumph on her face.

"Yes, fuck *yes*, that's it—" the rest of her sentence choked off as Tommy slammed into her again, somehow seeming to find even more of himself to drive deep inside her. He soon picked up the rhythm again, harder and faster than before, the bed shaking and creaking. He'd never moved like this before, he'd never *felt* like this before. Amelia's coaxing and encouragement, and the silken grip of her vagina around his cock, unlocked something primal inside him that felt like it was taking a hold of his brain and refusing to let go.

"Yeah-y-yeah, oh God, I can feel it Tommy, you want me, you *need* me!"

He practically roared, lifting one of her legs up to give him even deeper access to her. She turned slightly to the side to accommodate, looking down at him with a manic grin.

"I've wanted you for so long and now you want *me*! You're so good, I'm so happy, keep it up, keep going, yes..."

Amelia's words pulsed inside him as much as the pleasure from her incredible body. He could feel the throbbing and the motions inside him that told him what was approaching. His sensitivity mounted and he was sweating and panting with the exertion as his muscles contracted with impending orgasm but the idea of slowing down was unthinkable.

Amelia's curves bounced and heaved with the motion, her breasts, her ass, her thighs, an erotic ballet of milky flesh that pulled him in and held him tightly until—

The noise he made was somewhere between a roar and a gurgle. It issued from deep in his throat, passing through no conscious thought. The muscles in his pelvis stretched tightly as he felt the sensation of being drawn inwards, centred on his penis. Clutching tightly at Amelia's leg his hips jerked, pushing him even harder inside her one last time as he finally came.

With a throb and a mighty heave the first load shot up deeply inside Amelia, who cooed and purred as she felt the heat blossom inside her. "Yess, Tommy, cum for me, *cum for me*!" She backed up her words with subtle but powerful motions of her hips and manipulations of her muscles, perfectly tuned to stimulate exactly the right parts of him and restrict his motion elsewhere to heighten every sensation plowing through him.

He twitched for a moment as the flow flagged, his body moving the next load into place before it pumped out harder and hotter than his first shot. Twitch, pump, twitch, pump, gently but enthusiastically encouraged by his voluptuous lover until he'd squeezed out the very last drops of his seed and held himself up above her on shaking arms.

"Mmm. *Yeah*. That's what I wanted. I'd ask how that was for you but I think I can tell, stud."

He nodded vaguely, panting as his aching cock finally started to flag. "You're *incredible*."

She grinned, reaching up and pulling him in closer to kiss him. After, though, she pulled him a little closer, moving next to his head so she could gently nibble on his earlobe and push her chest against him.

"I think you want *more*, though."

He paused, feeling a shiver go through him. "Wh-what?"

"A big sexy man like you with such a strong, *gorgeous* cock, you're just getting started, aren't you?"

She shifted, rubbing her tits down his chest. "I can feel it, Tommy, I know you're not even close to done, and I'll prove it. Sit down on the edge of the bed."

She gently guided him to sit next to her and then hopped up. Tommy watched her body bounce and shake in silent awe as she turned around and nestled between his legs. She looked up at him with an easy smile as she picked up her breasts and let them fall into his lap. She squeezed and kneaded them, pressing them across his half-flaccid cock.

"I bet that all it'll take is a bit of time between my big, fat titties and you'll be begging me to fuck you again."

More than anything else the first thing that hit him was the *weight* of the things. He'd gotten a sense of it when he held them before but feeling their entire bulk across his thighs really hit home just how heavy they were, and if anything Amelia must have been holding back deeply on exactly how burdensome they really were. Then it was the heat, and the softness, how he could feel the warmth of her body suffusing them and the way they pressed and pooled against his skin.

Then after that it wasn't just the weight, it was the way the slightest movement of her body sent shockwaves running through every inch of their bulk. They quivered and wobbled, pulling each and every way, barely under her control. As they bobbed they slapped against each other and tried to slide off his legs, only even vaguely kept in place by her grip. She kept rubbing her boobs against each other, still not quite actually rubbing his dick with them directly but still able to watch him writhe and feel him pulse as the enormous plush mounds shook and bumped, filling all the space between his thighs and pooling over the sides. Sensation flowed back between his legs and she licked her lips.

He leaned back, propping himself up and groaning. His shaft swelled bigger and harder with each caress of her tits until it popped up into the cavern of her cleavage. She pressed from either side to squeeze it, then moved her hands in alternating motions to roll it between her breasts for a bit until returning to her more unfocused rubbing. Precum spread throughout her cleavage, lubricating the canyon of flesh.

"Mmm, you're so wet and I can feel you throbbing so hard, it's like your cock is trying to jump up and say hello but all of this tit is in the way. Maybe I should let it?"

She let her breasts fall apart for a moment, allowing his erection to strain upwards into the cooler air, before slapping them heavily back together. This time instead of gentler rolling movements she started to pump them back and forward with more strength, putting her back and shoulders into the motion. Lubed up as she was the motion didn't grip his skin so much as glide across it, letting her take longer, slower strokes that built up the sensation for him instead of jumping straight into trying to bring him off. The motions started hesitantly at first but it took her no time at all to get a sense of what she needed to do, her newly-developed instincts kicking in like they had for everything she'd done with her body so far. The only limitation she seemed to be labouring under was the ability of her small, slender hands to actually keep hold of her increasingly-slippery and disobedient breasts, as they made their best efforts to slip out from under her hands or pool and slide over the top. Sabine had had more control over her efforts, but Amelia more

than made up for that in sheer *scale*. They practically sloshed as she pumped, pounds upon pounds of pure tit meat moving nearly on their own out of pure momentum.

Tommy groaned, stuck again in the torturous valley of stimulation entirely at the mercy of a voracious goddess. Bit by bit, with laser precision, her grip became firmer, her strokes longer and stronger, still looking up at him with just a faint smile. Even with her massive size he was big enough that occasionally he would poke out of the cleft of her tits, and she broke the gaze a few times to duck her head down and suck the head of his cock into her mouth. Tommy writhed and twitched, his hips bucking up against the titanic weight of her breasts, thumping the bed in impotent overload.

"T-too much, it-uuuh*ahhh*, too much!"

"Aww," she accompanied the purr with a long, slow stroke of her cleavage, "poor baby, so very, *very* worked up," she ducked down and kissed the tip of his cock, "all that cum churning in your balls with nowhere to go? Well, I've got an idea about where it could go."

She pulled her breasts apart, holding them to dampen the motions still rolling through them, letting Tommy's cock twitch up between them. It throbbed purple-hard, straining, the veins pulsing with denied release. She stood up, slowly, letting him watch the curves of her body rise up in front of him, then winked and bent over, wiggling her hips.

So much of his focus on her transformed body had been on her breasts that he hadn't really stopped to fully appreciate how incredible her bottom had become as well. Wide and round, soft but firm underneath, reflecting the combination of firm muscle beneath plush padding, with the balance leaning more towards the padding than the muscle in Amelia's case. Her massive cheeks folded over where they met the tops of her thighs with enough space to trap his hand. Like the rest of her, "lush" was the overwhelming impression, soft and thick and warm, like rich chocolate and cream for the eyes and the hands instead of the tongue.

He gripped and squeezed, the flesh yielding right until he pulled against muscle, prompting her to push back and continue to wiggle slowly, arching her back to raise her rump further up. Her pussy glistened between the cleft of her thick thighs, highlighting the bottom point of the vast heart formed by the jiggling curves of her buttocks. She looked back over her shoulder, her breasts bouncing off each other and hanging halfway to the floor.

"Mmm, yeah, you like my ass, don't you? Tell me what you like about it?"

She pushed back against him, rubbing it up and down against his straining dick, making it jump and Tommy moan.

"It, uhh, it... It's so *big*..."

She stuck her tongue out at him. "Most girls wouldn't consider that a compliment. That's okay though, I *love* being big for you. I love how much you love every single inch of my body now."

She thrust her rump back at him, nestling the curves of her cheeks against his lurching pole.

"I want you to take me from behind. Fuck me, watching my *big* ass wobble and shake for you. You want that?"

He sat gawping, dick throbbing madly, as Amelia stood back up and slid back onto the bed, arching her ass up in the air and shaking it at him again. His body was beyond ready to go again like he'd just come to bed with her after months without getting off, rather than readying for his seventh orgasm of the day. He knelt behind her, lining up his steel-hard rod with her lips. He took hold of her and both hands sunk into her cheeks as he thrust.

Sinking back inside her velvet folds was like coming home, immediately filling a yearning inside him he hadn't realised was even there, but the difference in position, in angle, in the motions that she was able to make and take advantage of in response to him, meant it was tantalisingly different at the same time. Her new body's sexual prowess didn't stop at doggy style, and he could feel her muscles pulsing and moving around him like she was rearranging herself to accept him while still keeping the experience new. This time, though, he felt as if he was being pulled in, while at the same time Amelia arched to follow the curve of his cock. His hands quivered on her buttocks as the sensation gripped him until she stopped with him pressing up against her.

Amelia moved in time with his thrusts, resting on her breasts as they pooled across the bed and helped her slide back and forth. He leaned forward slightly, his hands roaming almost thoughtlessly across the round hills and up onto her hips where her waist began to slope inwards. They found the warm cleft where her stomach met the tops of her juicy thighs and he pulsed inside her as he gripped them for leverage to keep pumping. His oversized balls swung in their loose sack, slapping heavily against her legs with each pump of his hips.

"Yes, Tommy, yes, cum for me, cum for me, fucking *cum for me*—"

His hands squeezed harder. A groan rolled up from deep in his chest, his cock flexing madly, his whole body locking up and twitching as Amelia's pussy pulsed around him. With one final thrust up to the hilt inside her he fell forward, twitching and gurgling, his dick straining and then unloading inside her harder than he could have imagined, like his soul was draining into her cunt. He bucked against her, like his body was trying to get even further inside her, rope after rope shooting off inside her for what felt like forever until he slid out of her, quivering, and slumped onto the bed. Amelia purred lightly, rolling over and kissing him.

"That was perfect. Amazing."

"Y-you're incredible." He groaned, leaning into her shoulder. Her arm slid over him, pulling him close into the pneumatic warmth of her breasts, and he felt all energy, all of

that surging lust and primal need, drain from his body. The last thing he remembered was drifting off to sleep against a sea of pillowy flesh.

* * *

Tommy stirred with a moan that came from the depths of sleep. He blinked half-open eyes until his brain caught up, letting him know that he had pulsing, rock-hard morning wood, but also that something extremely nice was happening to it.

He craned his neck up and saw Amelia between his legs, her enormous breasts draping across his thighs, gently but attentively kissing and lapping at his cock. It was almost recreational, leisurely; she wasn't really trying that hard to *bring him off*, she was just enjoying the experience. She looked up at him past his pole and smiled.

"Mmm. Good morning, lovely. Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you up, it's just—" she held it against her cheek, pumping lightly with one hand, "it was right here, practically begging for me."

He fell back, sighing. "I don't think any man in the history of ever would have complained about waking up to a blowjob from the hottest woman in the world."

She giggled happily, continuing to stroke. "It's wild, I could feel that you meant that. Like, in your dick. Is that weird?"

"Yeah, but what isn't about this?"

She tilted her head to the side to suck the underside of his shaft for a second, sliding her lips up and down to just under the tip before sticking her tongue against it.

"I woke up this morning and couldn't quite believe it. My body, these feelings, these *tits*, but you know what I couldn't believe most of all? You're *mine* now."

He just sat enjoying the sensations for a moment until her tone struck him. "Uh, wh-what do you mean?"

Her lips popped off his dick. "Exactly what I said. You're mine. I wanted you for so long and now you're all mine."

That made him sit up a little bit; he wasn't even sure exactly *why* it struck him like it did but for a moment something like panic washed through him. She looked back with calm, shining eyes, her thumb delicately tracing along his frenulum.

"Oh don't worry, Tommy. I couldn't imagine doing anything to stop this beautiful dick from fucking whoever it wants, whenever it wants. I'll share you—I love sharing you. But I'm *sharing* you. I know and you know that whatever else you do, wherever else you put this cock, you'll be bringing it home to put it in *me*."

She smiled again. "Speaking of sharing—" She ducked forward and sucked four inches of his cock into her mouth, grabbing her phone and snapping a selfie. While stroking him with her left hand she quickly tapped out *getting him warmed up for u*, attached the picture and hit send.

"Little present for Sabine, because she was so nice to me last night. Anyway, where was I..."

* * *

Harry's office was dead. No sound inside but the hum of one lone PC and the incessant *tick-tick* of the antique clock he kept on the wall as a constant reminder to the room to work. Normally there were at least one or two people in here unless it was the dead of night and during the day it was usually buzzing. At least nobody was around to note how disgracefully late he was rolling in; little things like "getting to work on time" seemed very unimportant in comparison to the biggest pair of tits he'd ever seen.

As he moved through into the back of the office he finally heard voices filtering through to him, and getting closer he realised they were in Harry's meeting room. He sidled up to the door where he could mostly hear the conversation.

"J-julia, I... I don't think I can—"

"I think you mean Miss Kelly."

Julia's voice had an edge Tommy had heard before, but differently; the way she would have addressed a subordinate, but with an added overtone that was feeling hauntingly reminiscent of the last few days but he would never have expected to be hearing from Julia under any circumstances, ever—lust.

"Miss Kelly, please, I would need to consult with the other dire—uugghh..."

His pleading was cut off with a moan and a creak of a chair.

"Oh, Charles. Don't get ideas above your station. *I* will handle talking to the other directors. I know men are just no good—" the chair creaked again, the man gasping, "at doing all of this planning, all of this *thinking*. Look at you—it's obvious where all of your brains are right now, isn't it?"

He squeaked.

"I mean, look at your first proposal for the product. Absurd. Blatant. Completely overdone. Like it was designed by horny teenagers. Anyone who thought *this*—" Tommy heard her swat something with her hand, "was a good idea clearly needs someone whose brain isn't sitting at the base of their gigantic dick to set them straight."

He heard her shift, the chair creak again, the man gurgle. "Also, they need someone to make sure that gigantic dick is getting drained down regularly, don't they? Someone who knows their responsibility is to give this project some proper leadership *and* keep the Board's balls nice and empty so their brains stay in their heads instead of their throbbing fucksticks?"

Nothing but moans and gurgles were coming from him now. He heard paper slide across the table and a pen click.

"Sign here, Charles, and I'll make that my responsibility. Make me executive director and Board spokeswoman, and I'll keep everything on track and I'll make sure you're all kept nicely satisfied. Wouldn't you like that? You need to cum *so badly* right now, and I can finish it for you right here. Just sign on the dotted line. Or, of course, we can keep... Talking..."

The next set of sounds that filtered out were an unmistakable conclusion to negotiations. The executive barely saw Tommy as he threw open the door and scurried out of the office, leaving it open for Tommy to peek around.

Julia stood inside, bending over slightly to shuffle her papers at the end of the desk. The biggest change Tommy could see immediately was her hair – her head was crowned with a wide mass of tight, bouncing coils, all trace of her chemical straightening evaporated. The sharp lines of her grey pencil skirt also traced out significantly more rump than they had the day before.

"Charles, I thought I told you to—" she turned around and immediately smirked. "Ohh. Good morning, Thomas. Finally decided to show your face?"

"Julia, oh my God, I didn't get to warn you..."

"Warn me about what?" She leaned back against the table, her suit stretching over an undeniably curvier body, even if not even close to the bodies he'd seen over the last few days. "The nanotech bioweapon that Harry welcomed into his office? The one that turns women into living sex toys? The one they're calling Captivation? Unlike you and everyone else in this office, Thomas, I'm not fucking stupid. I didn't need a warning."

She stood up, stretching her arms back, and Tommy was positive he could practically see her growing. "I considered just going straight to the government, of course, good little public servant that I am. But who was I going to be reporting to? More fucking *men*, who'd just go straight to Harry for a hit. As I said, Thomas, I'm not stupid. I could see what was going to happen. My sleazebag boss and his new best friend would offer whatever they needed to, and they'd win, and drag a chain of compliant Captivation-forged bimbos along with them to celebrate."

She sat up on the table, crossing one elegant leg over the other, highlighting her black heels. "So I made a decision. Fuck that. Fuck letting him win. I decided to grab hold of what power I could and make it mine. Take some things into my own hands... As it were. I let him give me the candy, let him think he'd made himself another compliant, brainless slut and, well, I guess you heard the rest?"

This time her chest definitely expanded as he watched, her jacket button now under immense strain. "Julia, look at what's—"

"*Director Kelly* now, thank you very much, Thomas. And yes, I know perfectly well what's happening to me, I could see Sabine, and Bernadette, and the rest of the parade of overstuffed whores around this place thanks to Captivation. But here's the thing, Thomas—those women are acting like whores because they *want* to. This drug is just an

excuse, it made it the path of least resistance for a lazy, undisciplined mind. I, on the other hand, am used to putting aside what I want in favour of what I need and what needs to be done."

She uncrossed her legs and slid off the table. She moved with dangerous grace, giving the impression of incredible strength under even more incredible suppression. Her clothes creaked, clearly no longer fitting on her growing body. "The others think of it as an obsession. It isn't, not even close. It's... pressure. It flavours my thoughts—yes, every thought, every single one, constantly there in the front of my mind no matter what I am doing, but it's never anything more than that. I don't get horny any more, I don't have to get off any more. I can *deal* with that. Thinking of dick from dawn to dusk is more than a fair trade when I'll be able to take any man, whoever I want, wherever I want, for whatever purpose I choose. I can wrap them around my finger, *enslave* them to my body, and it never so much as complains about not getting anything out of it."

She thrust her chest and this time the button gave up, popping and flying off, and her chest surged forward to begin straining at the buttons of her blouse instead. It suddenly became very obvious that she'd decided against a bra that morning. "Mmm. I'm more in control of my body and my life than ever, Thomas. So don't presume to lecture me about what's happening to me, like you're concerned, like anything but your dick is making decisions right now."

She looked down with a predatory smile while he flushed in stunned silence. "Oh yes, Thomas, I know what's happened to you. Apparently you were the first man to get a full dose of Captivation outside of the early trials. It was a bit *too* effective, from what I heard."

She stepped forward, grabbing his tie firmly and pulling it towards her. "Yeah, that redhead slut was reporting on you. Fucking a foreign agent in a congressional office multiple times? Bringing her to your *home*? Fucking an intern, too? You've made a lot of *very* stupid decisions over the last couple of days. It's okay though—you can't help it. Ever since she slipped you that first dose it's been dulling your higher-order thinking and ramping your libido up to the point where your cock basically *is* making decisions for you. More than even the average man, I guess. Which is why you're staring at my tits instead of listening to me."

He wrenched his gaze up to her eyes, where she could see her evil grin. "Oh don't worry, I'm just playing. I'm fine with you staring. It's all you're good for any more, though. Staring at breasts and asses and getting hard and jerking off and getting fucked. You can't even really be that upset by that, can you, because all you can think about right now is how much you want to get your hands on my chest."

Tommy was panting, his cock straining against his slacks, as Julia tilted her head like she was evaluating him. "See, that's what I meant about discipline. Right now I'm thinking about your dick. I can picture it in my mind almost perfectly. I can feel it throbbing and pulsing, and that tells me how big it is, how hard it is. I really *want* to get it out right now and get you off."

She pulled him even closer, her breath on his neck, swelling breasts pressing into his chest. "But unlike the other girls, I have self-discipline, and unlike you, my brain isn't marinating in a hormonal soup. So I'm not, not yet, because I have plans, and I'm going to make good on them."

She pushed him away, into one of the leather chairs, with surprising force. He thumped back into it and before he could react Julia was there, pulling his tie down. When he leaned forward she shoved him back again, wagging a finger.

"Ah-ah. Nope. Stay in the chair, and hands *off*. From what I've heard you've hand your hands on plenty of breasts over the last few days and you're not touching mine until I'm ready, until *they're* ready."

She grabbed his wrists, pushing forward to pull them around the back of the chair. Despite her insistence on not touching her, her breasts mashed against his face as she took his tie and tied his hands together. She stood back up with an air of triumph, hands on her growing hips.

"Much better. Now you be a good boy and stay like that. First, I want to really see what I'm working with."

She opened his belt and pulled his slacks down. His underwear was stretched to near-uselessness over his huge, straining pole, soaked through with precum. Let out of his pants his balls bulged out either side of the gap in the fabric created by his erection. Julia licked her lips watching it.

"Excellent, even better than I imagined. I guess if you're going to be no better than a life support system for a dick, it might as well be a really *nice* one."

Through the fabric, she dragged one fingernail down the underside of the shaft, watching as it bucked away from her. She kept this up, barely touching it, just tracing underneath it with feather-light strokes and observing its reactions almost clinically. Her fingers found their way down to his testicles as well, gently stroking across them, feeling their warmth. Eventually she grabbed the waistband of what was left of his underwear and pulled it over, revealing his glistening, aching-hard cock.

She wrapped her fingers around it, still only gently sliding them up and down, not tugging, only stroking, working the pad of her thumb into the underside of the tip. Her other hand rose up to cup and cradle his oversized balls, softly rolling them between dextrous fingers. She leaned in close to the dripping tip, holding his gaze as her lips parted, breath hot against his manhood, but she pulled back at the last minute with a smirk.

"No. Not yet."

She licked her palm, placing it down onto the tip and gently rubbing it in circles, immediately making Tommy howl and shake as his body tried to recoil from the stimulation. She paused for a moment, letting him calm down, before returning back to

the scrubbing. When he couldn't take any more she drew her hand back and moved her face forward again, gently placing a kiss at the tip. She moved down to the base, gently brushing moist lips up his shaft until she reached the top and pushed the tip of her tongue against the eye of his cock, wiggling it around. When his shaft bucked away from her she gripped it to keep it in place to keep tonguing the slit.

For what felt like an eternity she alternated through different modes of teasing and softly torturing him, the gentlest of touches and kisses, then attacking his most sensitive areas , then simply leaving him alone for a minute to throb and leak helplessly, with him all the while getting harder and more desperate. Eventually though she grimaced, rolling her shoulders, and stood back up.

Her breasts were straining her blouse to the point of failure, the fabric bowing between the buttons. She made sure where Tommy's gaze was before getting her hands on either side of her top and ripping it apart. Her breasts bounced free, dark areolas huge against the smooth expanses of newly-grown flesh each only just shy of the size of her head. She looked at him clinically as he stared at them.

"You really are obsessed with these ridiculous things, aren't you? It's pathetic, honestly."

She drew closer to the chair, crossing her arms underneath her breasts and raising one leg to place her foot between Tommy's legs. "Just a begging, needy cock, ruled by tits and ass and pussy, desperate to get off over and over and over." She pushed the tip of her black pump against his shaft, listening to him whine with need, and leaned in further.

"You want me to make you cum, Tommy?"

He nodded, gasping and panting.

"No, use your words."

"P-please, I *need* to cum..."

He gasped with relief as she put her foot back and knelt down again, her breasts brushing against his thighs. She slowly started to stroke him, teasingly, cruelly, just enough to continue building up his orgasm but only barely. Eventually she relented, stroking faster, cupping his balls along with her strokes, cooing as he twitched and whined until—

She let go completely, right on the cusp before he hit the point of no return. He howled, his hips bucking up, shaft throbbing madly as she laughed with glee.

"You thought I'd get you off just because you *asked*?! Like one of your other fuckdolls? Tommy, this... condition isn't just about us wanting to see men *cum*. That's only part of it."

He panted and whined, shaking with need as she kept giggling.

"I've been analysing my own reactions since I started transforming, you know. It's about attention. About desire. About men seeing us, wanting us, fantasising about us, about the pleasure they feel because of us. If anything, an orgasm *ends* the entertainment."

She waited for just long enough for his agony to ebb, then started slowly stroking him again. "So you understand, Tommy, I'm doing this because I know you *love* it, you horny little freak. So just be honest with yourself and accept this is going to keep going until I can tell you can't possibly take it any more, and *then* I'll let you cum."

She brought him to the very edge of orgasm once more and let go again, biting her lip in amusement as he nearly sobbed with need. When his pleasure ebbed a little bit, sinking back away from the precipice, she started gently licking him again right up until her instincts told her he was about to cum and stopped again. And again, and again. The next time she continued talking to him as he slowly inched back from the edge, trembling and sweating.

"I'm going to control Captivation, Tommy. I've got amazing plans for it. We're going to get low-dose Captivation into every home and we're going to have higher doses on tap for the wealthy and discerning. I'm going to get richer than you could possibly imagine. And if you keep your mouth shut I'll make sure you and your little bimbo roommate are taken care of – and I'll finally let you cum."

If his babbled agreement didn't seal the deal, then the gout of spunk that hit the ceiling definitely did. Julia pumped his cock triumphantly as he fired off load after fat, pearlescent load of torturously-edged jizz until he sobbed not with the pressure of edging but the overwhelming sensation of finally, blessedly, blowing his load.

* * *

—but those days were firmly in the past. This was how things were now, sitting here on the couch with his formerly-pleasantly-plain roommate transformed into a living wet dream who spent every waking moment dawn to dusk thinking about the endless array of things she wanted to do to cock, particularly his cock. She'd extracted it from his pants, more than nine inches of pulsing, needy meat, and was stroking it lovingly and firmly, watching it in rapt fascination as it pulsed and belched globs of precum to roll down her delicate fingers. He closed his eyes and slumped back in the couch, groaning, until she finally stroked her way to his extensive, voluminous orgasm. Thick ropes of his spunk pumped up his stomach and chest as he shuddered and moaned. She leaned over for a deep, affectionate kiss, and sat back up.

"Mmm. Thanks, Tommy. I was just craving, you know, some *real* dick partway through my stream. Guys DMing me vids of them jacking off and cum tributes and stuff like that is fun as hell, don't get me wrong, but it doesn't compare to the real thing when I know it's out here ready and waiting for me."

She gave him another peck and stood up. "Anyway, going to do a little makeup and then back to playing video games while men ogle my titties. Interrupt me when you want to fool around."

He took a deep breath to settle his panting, replying wearily "N-no, I'm fine, Amelia."

She snorted with laughter as she left the room. "Yeah, yeah, sure. I know you'll be in to see me before too long, Tommy. I know how that insatiable wonder of modern medicine in your pants works by now. You haven't been able to get away without blowing your load like half a dozen times a day for six months."

He watched her massive ass sway from side to side as she left, and sighed. She was wrong, but only because she was understating it. His own encounter with full-strength Captivation had a slightly more subtle effect than it had on Amelia, but profound in its own way. If it had been *just* the heightened sensitivity and erections that came on at the faintest stimulation, became insistently and near-painfully hard and took forever to subside that would have been bad enough but it coupled itself with sexual stamina of which he'd so far been unable to find the limit. He hadn't gone a day without getting off at least *ten* times, usually more. His all-time record in a day was forty, at one point nine times in a row without stopping. He could leave a girl's bed and still feel like jerking off again. A couple of times he'd barely even noticed what he was doing until he realised he'd stroked himself to half-hardness. Amelia constantly reminded him that while he could do whatever he wanted, any load he pumped out into a tissue instead of across her tits or her legs instead was a disappointment for her, and if he was going to jerk off she at least wanted to *see* him do it.

He felt like an animal sometimes and unlike what Amelia or any of her Captivated sisters claimed to feel, he wasn't sure it was a life he would have chosen. On the other hand, Captivation had also carved his body out into lean muscle that required no maintenance, and Julia had made good on their agreement and set up an extremely generous stipend in exchange for his ongoing silence. Amelia and Bernadette, now good friends (*extremely* good friends when they were both in the room with him) had inducted a few more girls into a small local circle of Captivated beauties who dedicated their time to satisfying him, and he'd had occasional further visits from Julia and even Sabine, who'd approached him deeply apologetic about her hand in his condition. He hadn't necessarily felt like forgiving her but his penis had disagreed.

Overall, what his new life lacked in his former half-hearted commitment to career advancement and the ability to think long-term about anything but sex, it offered in a constant rotation of the world's most beautiful women begging for his attention and reasonable luxury without his lifting a finger. There were worse bargains.

His eyes flicked back to the TV. An ad, one he was all too familiar with. Bernadette was the golden-blond face of Captivation now, telling the story of how she'd gone from skinny, knobbly-kneed nothing to a goddess thanks to the power of Captivation, her swaying breasts emphasising each beat of her tale in the lowest-cut dress they could legally get away with on broadcast television. The ad then cut to Julia, now Captivation CEO, in a suit that was perfectly-tailored for every curve of her outrageous body, selling the benefits of the new beauty and wellness treatment. Her lascivious voice rolled out of the TV set like honey, setting shivers through Tommy's body as it brought up memories of the last time she'd visited. Six months in her body had only made her clearer about what she

wanted from him and even more skilled at it and she'd managed to edge him for an hour and a half before he exploded. Amelia had watched in fascinated awe and Tommy both anticipated and dreaded the day when she decided to put her new knowledge into action.

The ad finished off with a smiling promo shot of Bernadette holding a small heart-shaped bottle of the painstakingly-developed low-dose "public-safe" version of Captivation, but Tommy wasn't really focusing on that; he was laser-guided to Bernadette's outrageous décolletage and the cut of her swimsuit-model figure, her perfect face crowned with masses of golden hair. He groaned as he felt his cock pulse, sensation flowing back into it, twitching as it thickened and swelled again.

He half planned to just sort himself out but in the background he could hear Amelia doing her makeup and beginning to set up her stream and pushed himself up from the couch. It never took her that long to do her stream look because most of what most women accomplished with ten different steps of product was how she woke up every day. Fully hard by the time he reached her room, he pushed open the door without even the courtesy of knocking. Amelia, topless at her computer, tits jiggling wildly with each motion of her arms at her controller, looked over her shoulder.

"Hmm, what's—oh! Oh *wow*, that was even faster than I expected!" She turned around, pushing her mic to the side, looking up at him with her soft eyes framed in glittering pigment, cheekbones blushing, plump lips lavender purple.

"Well, come here, beautiful; let me give you what you need."