

Better watch what you say!

# Turning Phrases

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## Turning Phrases by Fidget

### Chapter 1

"Dude, I can't just turn your girlfriend into a slut."

"What? Of course you can - you're my genie! You said I get one wish, and I wish for my girlfriend to be my personal slut!"

"Yeah, but like, there's rules, man. There's free will to consider..."

"Oh, no worries there. She'd totally be into it, trust me."

"Yeah, you say that, but I have no way of actually knowing that's true."

"Some genie *you* are. Why are you even giving out wishes if you're just gonna go and not grant them? Come on, it's my birthday tomorrow!"

"Ok, fine, how about this: I'll let you make anything your girlfriend says become true. If she really does want to be your slut, and you get her to say it, she'll be your slut. Happy?"

"I suppose that's good enough." Tim said, feigning disappointment. The implications of this new deal were *far* better than his original wish, of course.

"Good." The genie abruptly disappeared, taking his lamp with him.

Tim greeted his beautiful girlfriend with a kiss on the cheek when he got home that evening. As always, Jane was dressed conservatively, this time in a light sweater and jeans that did their best to cover up her modest but attractive curves. The outfit looked great on her, to be fair, but as usual Tim found himself wishing that she'd wear something just a bit more revealing, at least every once in a while. Jane had a really nice body, and it was a shame that she didn't want to show it off more.

That went for most of Jane's relationship with her sexuality, for that matter. She enjoyed sex well enough, but was only rarely in the mood, and practically never flirted or did anything suggestive with Tim.

*Maybe we can do something about all of that now*, he thought to himself.

He listened closely as Jane made conversation throughout the evening, but wasn't able to pick out anything he thought could be useful as a first test of his supposed new powers. That is, until Jane accidentally put the sugar in the refrigerator while making dinner and spent the next five minutes looking for it.

"God, it's like **I'm blonde** sometimes," she muttered under her breath when she finally discovered what she had done. Tim's ears perked up.

*Not quite what I was hoping for, but as good a test for my wish as any*, he thought to himself.

A second later Jane was mildly surprised to hear some of her words echoing softly inside her head. They felt... oddly true, somehow, as though she really were a blonde. Chalking it up to a bit of additional self-chastisement for her mistake and nothing more, she went back to cooking and soon forgot about the whole thing.

Tim, however, stood dumbfounded as his girlfriend's sandy brown hair suddenly lightened to an undeniable shade of bright blonde!

*Holy shit, it worked!* he thought to himself. *And it looks great on her!*

Luckily, Jane seemed not to have noticed the fact that she was no longer a brunette, and got back to making dinner.

Tim, however, retreated to his office in the meantime to work off some steam. Seeing his girlfriend like that - completely unaware that her hair had magically turned a very attractive and un-Jane-like shade of blonde - had been quite a turn-on, so while he had a few minutes to himself he opened a private window on his monitor and pulled up a porno featuring one of his favorite busty blonde actresses.

As he jerked off he imagined Jane in the actress's place, at first acting all flirty and seductive, taking the initiative to show off her curvy pornstar body before dropping to her knees to worship his cock, and then finally seeming genuinely desperate for him to fuck her.

"Fuck yeah, Jane." He was getting close, imagining his cock sinking into his girlfriend's pussy as she enthusiastically rode him. "Just like tha-

"Tim!" Jane yelled as she barged through the office door without warning. "Something's wrong with my hair!" She looked like she was about to continue, but then she noticed that her boyfriend was apparently jerking off to big titty bimbo porn. "Honey, are you *masturbating*? What on earth are you watching??"

"Jesus, Jane, ever heard of knocking?" Tim stammered, trying to zip himself back up, but the sight of his girlfriend's gorgeous blonde locks was keeping him hard in spite of his embarrassment.

"Well it was an emergency, and I didn't know you'd be masturbating!"

"What emergency?"

"My hair's fucking *blonde*, Tim!"

"Oh, yeah, I noticed that when I got home," he lied smoothly. "I figured you'd just gone to the salon or something."

"Well, I didn't - I just noticed it in the bathroom mirror a second ago! Also, I can't believe you're just masturbating in the office like that! That's disgusting!"

At first Tim found himself automatically preparing for one of their fights, but then he realized that with the right approach, maybe he could turn this situation into an opportunity. He went on the offensive.

"Hey, just because you're a prude who hates porn doesn't mean I can't enjoy it every once in a while. Not to mention, if you didn't have so many 'headaches', I wouldn't have to jerk off in the first place!"

"Hey, **I'm not prudish. I like porn just as much as the next woman!** But you can't just... uh..." Jane found her train of thought faltering as her words echoed oddly in her mind once again, and suddenly she found that she wasn't quite as bothered by the sight of Tim masturbating to porn as she thought she was. She still felt justified in being a little offended, of course, since in her experience most women were put off by the idea of their men getting off to women who weren't them, but it wasn't like she was some prude who was going to actually get mad about it or anything.

Tim jumped on his chance and pointed to the busty pornstar on the screen, whose face was paused in a moment of exaggerated erotic bliss. "So you love porn as much as she does then?"

"What? No, I-"

"Why not? You said you like porn as much as the next woman - why can't she be the next woman? We're here, and she's right there, so it seems to me that she's who you must have been talking about."

Something about that didn't seem right, but Jane couldn't find any fault with his logic for some reason. *Why shouldn't* she love porn as much as that porn actress did? She did seem to be the next woman, after all.

Tim decided to go for broke.

"In fact, I, uh, I saw an interview with her the other day where she talked about how much she loved watching porn herself, even when she wasn't on the job!"

With how muddled and confusing everything was feeling at the moment, the fact that her boyfriend had apparently watched an interview with a porn actress didn't even phase Jane. "Did she really say that?" The thought of that bimbo watching porn was suddenly making the idea of trying it herself seem more appealing for some reason, even though she would have been actively opposed to the idea just a few seconds ago. It didn't make any sense, but Jane couldn't deny that that was exactly how she felt.

"Oh yeah absolutely, she said she masturbates to it every single day" - *Oh wow, every day!* Jane found herself thinking - "and that she always has a nice, intense orgasm when she does."

*Intense orgasms do sound pretty good...*

"And," he said, pushing his luck even further, "she said it really puts her in the mood to get fucked. Her words not mine."

"Huh," Jane said, somewhat distractedly. All of a sudden she was *really* tempted to give this whole porn thing a try. And, again, why shouldn't she? It wasn't like she was a prude - if that... actress... could love it that much, then she could at least try it.

"But yeah, that's weird about your hair," Tim said, changing the subject back. "It's probably just something with your shampoo or conditioner. It looks really nice though!"

"What? Oh, yeah, you're probably right." Jane had completely forgotten about her hair in her sudden urge to try masturbating to pornography. "I just never really thought of myself as a blonde. Hopefully it'll go back to normal soon."

She shook her head, as though waking from a daze. "Anyway," she said, "sorry for overreacting like that when you were just watching some porn. You can get back to, uh, taking care of yourself now. Have fun!" she said awkwardly as she closed the door behind her.

*Holy shit!* Tim thought to himself again. This was better than he could have dreamed. His cock was still rock hard and throbbing, but rather than continuing to watch the video himself, he jerked it to the mental image of his girlfriend watching it instead. The thought of prim, proper Jane laying naked on the bed with her legs spread wide, shoving her fingers into her needy pussy as she got off to busty pornstars getting railed, made him cum so hard he saw stars.

Dinner passed uneventfully, with Jane's embarrassment and preoccupation with her unexpected new interest keeping her from making more than small talk, which left Tim with no opportunity to use his new powers.

Once he finished washing up after dinner, however, he was intrigued to see that the bedroom door was closed. He approached quietly and put his ear to the door. Sure enough, he could hear what were clearly feminine moans coming from inside, significantly louder than he'd ever heard Jane make before.

On the bed on the other side of the door, Jane was surprised at just how arousing she was finding her first real porn experience. When she'd realized that she had a few minutes to herself while Tim did the dishes, she found herself unable to resist the temptation to retreat to the bedroom for just a few minutes and see what the big deal was about pornography, confident that she'd watch for a few minutes and conclude that it just wasn't for her.

Almost as soon as she had started the tamest video she could find on short notice, however, titled "Newlyweds enjoying their first night", she found herself growing unexpectedly aroused, and by the time small, perky tits and a hard cock had come into view, Jane found herself inexplicably bottomless with her free hand buried between her thighs, teasing her pleasure button as her breathing got heavier and heavier.

Minutes later she was moaning involuntarily as the "groom" prepared to jerk himself off onto the heavily made-up blonde's face for the finale, and right as his spurts started on screen

Jane felt her own body seizing up, and she rode out the exquisitely pleasurable convulsions while the blonde amateur's face grew more and more occluded by thick lines of cum.

She paused for a moment to catch her breath, still gently rubbing herself to prolong her afterglow, shocked at how intense and satisfying it had been to get herself off watching porn. Everything about the experience had just been so *erotic*. Jane still didn't particularly *want* to love porn, but at this point it was pretty hard to deny that she probably did. If anything, it seemed that she loved it as much as that pornstar did! Like it or not, Jane could tell that this would probably become a daily ritual for her going forward.

Now that she was finished, however, she slowly began to realize that, far from feeling relieved after her orgasm, she was somehow becoming *even hornier*. Her fingers sped up once again between her spread legs, but she could tell that it was more than just masturbation that her body wanted this time. Luckily, right at that moment the door burst open and she found herself face to face with her boyfriend.

Even though she was no prude, Jane was still mortified at having been caught masturbating to porn, and immediately turned off her phone screen and squeezed her naked thighs together with an embarrassed squeak.

Tim just stood there staring at her, taking in the wanton picture his bottomless girlfriend painted lying there in the bed, covered in sweat. His boner was back in an instant, even harder than it had been when he had fantasized about this exact image that afternoon.

"There's no need to be embarrassed, babe. It's perfectly natural to enjoy porn."

"It's just that-" and then her protests died on her lips when she saw Tim's boner tenting his shorts - "oh goddddd Tim, I need you!" Her pussy was suddenly on fire for cock and her legs opened wide once more of their own volition, leaving her fuckhole gaping and quivering with desire in the open air. Her crotch glistened with her juices and natural lubrication, clearly ready and desperate to have him thrusting inside her as soon as possible.

Tim wasted no time stripping off his pants, jumping onto the bed, and plunging his cock deep into the moist heat of his girlfriend's tunnel.

They stayed that way for a second, appreciating the intensity of fully interlocking their bodies as they stared into each other's wide-open eyes, but then Tim saw awareness creeping back into Jane's expression until it eventually overrode her mindless bliss.

As much as Jane wanted to just let Tim stay inside her so that she could get fucked and quench her burning lust, he forced herself to stop him when he withdrew slightly, before he could plunge back in and put an end to her paper-thin resistance. "No, honey, not without a condom! We don't want any accidents!"

"Are you sure?" he asked, barely able to keep himself from plunging back in anyway.

"Yes! We're too young to be tied down like that, and you know I'm afraid of what it'll do to my body!" Her need to have him inside her was just as insistent as it had been, but her resolve was slowly growing stronger the longer she held out.

"Fine." Jane had seemed so desperate that Tim had hoped she would finally be persuaded into letting him creampie her, but apparently her desire wasn't enough to override her constant worries about accidentally getting pregnant. *Yet.*

He reluctantly pulled all the way out of his girlfriend's tempting honeypot as she rolled over to grab a condom from the nightstand. She ripped the package open and unrolled the latex sleeve down his throbbing member as quickly as she could; Jane had managed to resist the urge to let Tim rawdog her, but it was clear that she was still desperate to get fucked.

Tim got over his disappointment at having to wear a condom as soon as Jane opened herself back up to him, and eagerly slid himself back into his girlfriend's pussy and started thrusting.

Jane had always been a somewhat active participant in sex, but this time she really took it to the next level, working her hips beneath him and moaning under her breath: "Come on, Tim, come on, fuck me, that's it, harder, yes!"

It wasn't long before his girlfriend's sexy body and uncharacteristic encouragement got to Tim, and he filled up the condom with as much cum as he could muster while Jane spasmed underneath him in a second orgasm.

"Wow," she sighed, smiling up at him all flushed and sweaty once he was completely spent. "Watching that porn really got me going! Apparently you were right and I've been missing out - I think I might actually love porn now, and getting fucked afterward was pretty hot too!"

The next day was Tim's birthday, so that evening Jane cooked him a nice steak and they had a quiet dinner at home together.

Jane had dressed up especially nice for the occasion. She still wasn't willing to show off any of her body, of course, but Tim couldn't deny that she looked great.

After dinner Tim moved to gather up the plates as he usually did, but Jane interrupted him.

"No, leave the dishes for me. I'll do them later. Now," she said, looking at him impishly, "is there anything *e*lse you want for your birthday."

"Hmmm," he said, making a big show of thinking through her question. "Well, we could try watching porn together."

"I dunno, Tim," Jane answered, a look of discomfort on her face at his unexpected response. "I'm still a bit new to this whole porn thing, and I'm not sure **I'm ready to start watching porn together.**" After another echo, however, Jane found herself more than willing to head to the bedroom and sit beside her boyfriend as he browsed x-rated videos on his phone.

"What should we watch?" she asked timidly.

"I've got just the thing," Tim said as he finally found the video of the busty blonde pornstar he'd been watching the day before.

"Are you sure, Tim? That one seems a little... advanced," Jane said, not noticing that she had already unzipped her pants and was teasing her crotch through her plain, no-frills underwear.

"Well you seem to be enjoying it," Tim responded, looking meaningfully down between his girlfriend's legs.

"Oh gosh, I didn't realize I'd started already!" Jane said, flushing bright pink but continuing to stroke herself nonetheless. "The same thing happened yesterday! Once I start watching porn, it's like masturbation becomes, I dunno, second nature or something!" She took a second to pull off her pants and underwear, and then she returned her hand to the tingly pleasure center between her legs as she continued to stare at the lewd scene playing out on Tim's phone. "It's like I can't help it!"

Tim unzipped his own jeans and pulled out his cock. "It feels good though, doesn't it?" he asked as he started to slowly stroke to the sight of his bottomless girlfriend compulsively masturbating beside him on the bed.

"God yes! It's so nice and intense!" Jane switched to her vagina now that it was all warm and lubed up from her arousal, sticking two fingers inside herself and working them in and out.

Tim watched Jane's hand moving busily between her hips, his cock rock-hard the entire time, but he was careful not to let himself get too close to cumming.

Finally, just as the hunky guy's massive cock started jerking deep inside the busty blonde bimbo's pussy on the screen, Tim watched Jane quickly switch back to teasing her clit, and then he was treated to the spectacle of his girlfriend's body almost doubling over as she came, the bright pink pussy between her spread legs visibly clenching on its emptiness in the humid air of the bedroom.

The sight was almost too intense for Tim as he imagined those convulsions around his cock, and he had to let go of himself completely and let his dick sit there and throb nakedly for a few seconds to keep himself from spurting all over the bed.

As Jane came down from her orgasm she happened to look over at Tim beside her, and found her eyes locking onto the stiff cock sprouting from his pants as her engine began to rev again of its own volition.

Tim saw the uninhibited lust in his girlfriend's eyes and pushed his luck a bit further. "Wanna follow in your role model's footsteps and let me creampie that pussy for my birthday?"

Unfortunately, Jane was having none of it. "No, Tim! Birthday or not, we need to be careful about that!"

He changed tactics. "Well, how about a blowjob then?" Jane *despised* giving blowjobs.

Jane's face reflexively scrunched up at the idea, but after a second it softened. She still hated the thought of giving Tim a blowjob, of course, but she felt a bit bad for turning her boyfriend down on his birthday, and she was just so *horny* that it was getting hard to resist doing



*something.* "Ok, I suppose that **since today is a special day, you deserve one blowjob.**" One echo later, all remaining reluctance fled her mind. It was a special day, and so Tim *did* deserve it.

She slid down the bed and took his hard cock in her hand, flinching and wrinkling her nose with distaste when it twitched, knowing that she had no choice but to put that nasty thing in her mouth.

Tim tried to calm himself down as he watched Jane bend over his lap, tentatively taking the tip of his cock between her soft lips, before sliding down and enveloping the first third of his shaft in her mouth's moist warmth.

Being so used to condoms, however, the intensity of sliding directly into one of his girlfriend's slick orifices, on top of all the arousal left over from watching his hot girlfriend masturbate in front of him, soon overrode Tim's self-control, and he felt his reflex beginning to trigger.

"Jane, I'm gonna-!" he began, but before he could finish, he finished, surprising Jane with a spurt of thick ejaculate that erupted from his cock and splattered against her soft palate. She almost gagged, but more kept coming with each jerk of his cock against the roof of her mouth, and Jane had no choice but to swallow as much as she could before it overflowed.

"Tim! Warn me next time!" Jane protested as dribbles of cum ran from the corners of her mouth.

"Sorry babe, it hit me a lot faster than I expected. Thanks though - that was really hot."

"You're welcome, honey." Jane's eyes were red with discomfort. "You deserve it on your special day."

The next morning Jane awoke to find Tim's morning wood pressed right up against her ass. *Men are such horndogs!* she thought to herself as she let out an exasperated sigh. "No, Tim, I just gave you a blowjob last night! I'm not in the mood for anything this morning."

Tim let out an exaggerated sigh of his own. "It's too bad that only one day a year is this special," he said sadly.

"Oh honey," Jane joked, "don't you know that **every day is special when you're with me?**" The words echoed in her head, however, turning her levity to sincerity. Every day with her boyfriend was special!

"If every day is special, doesn't that mean that I deserve a blowjob this morning?"

"Actually, yes, it does," Jane answered, surprising herself, but before she had a chance to try to figure out what that meant, she already found herself sliding down her man's torso to take care of his swollen member for the second time in twelve hours.

She was eager and happy to do it on such a special day, of course, but she couldn't deny that something felt weird about the whole situation, even if she couldn't quite put her finger on it.

Try as she might, she kept coming back to the twin facts that Tim definitely deserved a blowjob on a special day, and that every day with Tim was a special one. Therefore, Jane could only conclude, Tim clearly deserved a blowjob every day he was with her. There was no way around it.

The entire time she was thinking, she was also licking and sucking, and eventually her circular train of thought was interrupted by Tim warning her that he was about to cum again, shortly followed by his cock stiffening even further in her mouth. She braced while Tim's overstimulated cock squirted, to his immense pleasure, and then grimaced as she swallowed the vaguely bleach-flavored goo with the worst consistency imaginable.

"It doesn't look like you're enjoying that very much."

"That's an understatement - it tastes *terrible*, and the consistency is even worse! If it weren't a special day, there's no way I'd have done that."

"Maybe there's something I could do to make it taste better," Tim said, fishing again.

"I doubt it. And, like I said, **I can get past the taste** - it's the consistency that I really can't stand." And just like that the bitter aftertaste in her mouth didn't really bother her anymore.

*Well, it's a start*, Tim thought to himself. He tried again.

"Well, I hate that it's such a bad experience for you, because it feels fantastic from my end."

"I know, honey, and **I'm glad you enjoy it**." She was genuinely glad, of course, especially given her relatively liberated views of sexuality. Her man had intense, frequent needs, after all, and she was happy to be able to meet those needs whenever she could. "But it's just such a disgusting experience for me - no offense."

"None taken."

"Trust me, Tim, if I had a magic button, and pressing it would mean that **I love the taste and consistency of your cum**, I'd probably press it, but I don't have a magic button, and so we have to deal with things as they are."

*There it was*. "I suppose you're right. Either way, I really enjoyed that, so thanks."

"No problem," Jane said happily, not noticing that she was now unconsciously enjoying the last slimy residue of Tim's cum coating her mouth.

The next evening was Jane's regular girls' night. It was her turn to host, and Tim stoked a bit of drama in preparation, intending to make the most of the opportunity after the fantastic sex he'd been having with Jane the past few days.

"I don't know where you're getting this from!" Jane responded to Tim's frankly ridiculous assumptions about what girls did on girls' night. "It's not like **I go out of my way to talk about**

**sex with my girlfriends!** That's such a stereotypically male thing to think! Though," she continued after a bit of thought, "that does sound like it could be fun..."

Just at that moment the doorbell rang, and Jane hurried over to let her friend Alexis in.

"Hi Tim!"

"Hi Alexis! I'm headed upstairs - you girls have fun!"

Tim secretly parked himself in an alcove once he reached the top of the stairs, and waited for Jane's other friend Sarah to arrive shortly thereafter.

"Girl, your hair looks great!" Sarah said as soon as she walked through the door.

"Yeah, I never figured you for a blonde!" Alexis added.

"It's just something new I'm trying out," Jane said sheepishly, not really sure how to explain the actual source of her new, golden locks. Especially since she had no idea what the actual source was.

"Well I think it really suits you!"

"I guess **I am starting to come around to it**," Jane fibbed, but a second later she had to admit that it was starting to grow on her.

After that the girls just made small talk for an hour or so, in which Tim didn't hear anything he thought was worth making true for Jane. That is, until Jane suddenly blurted out, "So I gave Tim a couple of blowjobs this week!", as though she couldn't hold it in anymore. Tim could almost see the horrified expression on her face.

"Jane!" Alexis yelled, "Where on earth did that come from? That's the sort of thing I'd expect from Sarah, not you!"

"Ignore the naysayer, Jane!" Sarah insisted, happy to see that her uptight friend was loosening up for once. "His birthday was this week, right? Was it just a birthday treat?"

"Kinda. He only deserves it on special days."

"Well, you said you'd given him more than one this week, so which days are the special ones?"

"Every day with Tim is special!" Jane answered automatically, feeling how odd that was to say even as it slipped out of her mouth.

"Jane! What has gotten into you today?" Alexis asked.

"I don't know, but I like it!" Sarah laughed. "So do you like blowjobs now, or something? I remember you saying that you didn't like the way it tasted the last time you tried it, like a decade ago or whatever."

"Well I used to think it tasted really bad, but the last time I did it for Tim - yesterday morning - it seemed like it tasted, uh, kinda good for some reason. But only afterward, if that makes any sense."

"Maybe it's something he's eating?" Alexis suggested. "I've heard that pineapple can make it taste better."

"It's either that or Stockholm Syndrome, with what she said about every day being a special day!" Sarah quipped, and they all laughed.

"That's not all," Jane said, unable to resist her sudden urge to continue talking about sex with her girlfriends. "We've been, um, fucking every day this week too."

"Every day??" Sarah squealed. "Get it, girl! I told you you needed to relax and enjoy a bit more dick, and I could tell that Tim was more than willing to give it to you!"

"Yeah, **it's been really nice**, actually," Jane said, and then found herself thinking about just how nice it was. She was proud of herself for doing such a good job of meeting Tim's sexual needs, and as a result she felt more connected with him than she probably ever had. Treating her own body to intense orgasmic pleasure every day had been really nice as well. "We even started watching porn together, and it makes me so horny!" she finished, blushing with embarrassment.

"I don't know who you are, or what you've done with my friend Jane," Sarah said, now genuinely surprised at her friend's behavior, "but I'm happy for you, and I'm glad things are going so well with Tim!"

"So, since everything is going so well, do you think you'll try to start a family anytime soon?" Alexis asked, baby-crazy as usual.

"I dunno you guys. The sex is nice and all, but I'm honestly still a bit nervous about getting pregnant. It's like, are we ready? What if something goes wrong? And am I sure I want to put my body through those sorts of changes?" She looked down at her petite, shapely figure. "Like, there's really no way to know what will happen - from what I've heard from other women, with my luck **my boobs and libido will triple as soon as I get pregnant**, and I'm not sure I'm ready for something crazy like that. I at least want to wait until we're married first."

Tim applied the words immediately, not believing his luck, and yet again Jane found her words echoing prophetically inside her head. She mentally doubled down on her determination to avoid pregnancy at all costs until she was ready, so that her body wouldn't have to go through any unexpected changes.

Tim, however, found himself sporting yet another boner at the implications of what his girlfriend had just said. All he needed to do was knock Jane up somehow, and the tits of his dreams would become reality. He focused back on the conversation.

"I mean sure, it can be scary," Alexis was saying, "but having kids makes all of that worth it!"

"Yeah, and with how often you guys are fucking recently, it sounds like there might be an accident waiting for you in your future anyway," Sarah said with a wink. "I assume you're on birth control?"

"No, I get some pretty bad side effects, so I'm not. But I'm really careful to make sure Tim uses a condom every time," she said, silently reminding herself to continue making sure he did just that, especially with how badly her boyfriend seemed to want to stick it in her unprotected.

"Oh wow, you guys really are playing the lottery," said Alexis. "I mean, condoms are pretty effective when used properly, but it only takes one mistake."

"Not to mention sex feels way better when it's skin to skin." The most sexually adventurous one of the group, Sarah smiled a little as she thought about just how good it felt to have a nice, thick cock sliding in and out of her sensitive pussy during her frequent one night stands. "I'm surprised you don't actively hate using them - I certainly do!"

"I *guess* I hate using them, kinda," Jane said doubtfully, not wanting to seem like a prude in front of her outgoing friend, "but while I'm sure that **I'd enjoy sex much more without them**, without access to hormonal birth control there aren't very many convenient options." Jane frowned as the words echoed inside her head and her peer pressured response became true in spite of her actual opinions on the matter. Unexpectedly, she found herself confronted by a new, visceral dislike for condoms, and she couldn't help but feel like she was missing out on a significant amount of sexual pleasure in her decision to forego unprotected sex.

*Bingo.*

Tim would have stuck around longer to see what else the women talked about, but his cock was already throbbing so insistently with what he'd accomplished so far that he couldn't help but retreat to his office and jerk off, fantasizing about his blonde girlfriend's tits plumping up while he put a baby in her belly.

It was a few hours later when Jane knocked on his door. "The girls have left - it's just me now!" She came in and bent over to give Tim a kiss at his desk.

"Hey! Did you guys have fun?"

"It was really great. I think I needed to talk through all of the stuff that's been happening with us, and they were both really supportive."

"So you *were* talking about sex!"

"Only for part of the night!" she said, blushing. "God, you're such a *man*!"

"You know you like it. Why don't we go down to the bedroom, put on a video, and let me show you how much of a man I am?"

Jane really wasn't in the mood for sex after her long evening, but she was ready to watch porn with Tim, and a nice, intense orgasm might be just the thing to cap off her night. She could just turn Tim down if he got too frisky after she came.

A half-hour later, of course, Jane was once again inexplicably desperate for Tim's cock now that she'd finished jilling herself off to porn.

Her boyfriend's naked phallus was fully erect after her masturbation session, eager to penetrate her, but instead of doing so Tim rolled over toward the nightstand to grab a condom.

"Oh come on, Tim, do we really have to use a condom tonight? I kind of hate them."

"I don't really like using them either babe, but if we don't, I might accidentally get you pregnant. Though I suppose I'd be ok with going without if you are, since you're the one who always insists we use them."

Jane weighed her options - she obviously didn't want to get pregnant, but it had felt so good when Tim had slid inside her the week before, and she *really* hated using condoms now, to the point where she'd be willing to do almost anything to avoid using one. Except stop having sex, apparently - even now her body was *urging* her to let Tim just stick his cock inside her already so she could get good and fucked.

"Well, the chances of getting pregnant would still be pretty low if we went without just the once, right? We could just risk it tonight."

"Fine with me," Tim said, struggling to contain his excitement.

"Then hurry up and stick that monster inside me already!"

And with that, Tim sank himself deep inside his girlfriend's bare pussy for only the second time since they had briefly tried the pill early in their relationship. The sensation was far better than he remembered, and he quickly settled into a rhythm of squeezing his cock deep inside his girlfriend's tight wet hole, letting the stimulation take him closer and closer to orgasm.

"This feels so much better than using a condom!" Jane gushed, never wanting that cock to stop pumping in and out of her sensitive pleasure center.

"It's about to feel even better," Tim grunted as he let Jane's silky, well-lubricated vaginal walls take him right up to the edge of ejaculation. As he began to lose control, he thought about how he was finally about to cum inside his girlfriend's pussy completely unprotected, potentially knocking her up and giving her big, slutty tits in the process. That thought stiffened his cock even further, intensifying his impending orgasm, and Tim pressed himself as deeply into Jane's velvety depths as he could until his cock began to jerk and his balls released his baby juice into her waiting body.

"Oh wow!" Jane exclaimed, surprised by the intensity of her lover's cock bouncing so forcefully against the slickness of her bare walls as he came inside her. **"I love feeling you cum inside me like that!"** One echo later, of course, Jane found that she really couldn't get enough of the sensation.

*I'll have to be careful with that*, she thought dreamily as she lay there in her afterglow and her man's semen leaked out of her unprotected pussy and onto the bedsheets – the last thing Jane wanted was to accidentally get herself knocked up and swell into one of the busty blonde bimbos she and her boyfriend had been jerking off to lately, no matter how much she seemed to enjoy watching them.

Why *did* she enjoy it so much?

## Chapter 2

In fact, Jane loved Tim cumming inside her so much now that, with all of her other recent changes, Jane was more than willing to let Tim fuck her bareback again and again over the next few days, each time savoring the sensation of his cock stretching her out as it spasmed reflexively inside her torso. She knew that Tim was dumping load after load of dangerous semen into her womb with each satisfyingly spastic orgasm, filling her with agile little swimmers doing everything they could to find an egg and knock her up, but it all felt so good that she just couldn't bring herself to stop.

After letting Tim creampie her during their daily porn sessions for a week or so, however, Jane's worries about pregnancy finally built to a level where she had to do something about it. So, she brought it up before their next porn-induced fuckfest, knowing that once she started watching, in her sexual frenzy she wouldn't be able to stop herself from letting Tim finish inside her again.

"Tim, you can't just keep cumming inside me like this!"

"It was your idea, babe."

"I know it was, and it was a mistake! As much as I love it, if we're not more careful, one of these days **you're going to cum inside me and I'm going to get pregnant!**" Jane experienced an odd sense of foreboding as the words echoed inside her head, followed by a warm flush spreading over her skin, along with an odd feeling of soft, swollen femininity.

Along with this feeling came a sudden, irresistible urge to have Tim inside her again, fucking her, cumming inside her, even if it meant getting her fertile female body knocked up in the process. "Well, I suppose one last time won't hurt! But we really need to stop after this!" she panted.

Tim was already hard as a rock, knowing full well what was about to happen, and he allowed Jane to pull him down on top of her, thrusting his cock into her soaked snatch and flexing it against the now-familiar slickness of her stimulating walls.

Jane had whipped her top off in her excitement, and now Tim watched his girlfriend's average-sized tits as they jiggled below him each time he thrust into her. Knowing that it was

probably his last chance to enjoy her breasts as they were, Tim reached down and grabbed one, squeezing and tweaking to his heart's content while Jane squirmed underneath him.

Jane usually didn't let Tim play with her breasts like this, but she was currently laser-focused on her task of getting Tim to cum inside her one last time, and if man-handling her upthrust breasts would help him get there more quickly, she was more than willing to ignore it just this once.

Sure enough, all of the stimulation, coupled with the pleasure Tim got from Jane's naked chest soon made ejaculation an inevitability. Jane immediately recognized what the prolonged, tensed contact against her sensitive front wall meant, and tilted her hips up toward Tim's cock, taking him into her deepest depths as she told him what she wanted him to do to her.

"Oh God, Tim, do it! Cum inside me! I love it when you cum inside me! I don't even care if I get pregnant - I just need to feel it happening!"

Tim couldn't hold back any longer. *Triple tits and triple libido, here we go!* he thought to himself as the high of impending orgasm gave way to the inevitable physical response, and his dick began to squirt its potent genetic cocktail into his girlfriend's receptive pussy one time too many.

Once again Jane savored the intense feeling of Tim's cock jumping with excitement inside her as it planted his seed. This time, though, she noticed that it felt extra good for some reason: Jane seemed especially slick and sensitive today, her mucous membranes thick and viscous, and the feel of that cock pulsing against her insides as it delivered its load threatened to overwhelm her body with pleasure. Having chosen to forego the thin barrier of latex that would keep her vulnerable womb safe, however, the deepest crevices of Jane's reproductive tract were soon teeming with sperm, each one of which was more than capable of fertilizing her female body.

Tim, on the other hand, found himself becoming more and more confused once his mind cleared after his primally satisfying orgasm. Based on what Jane had said he was sure that he had just impregnated her, which, given the way she had worded what she had said at girls' night, should *also* mean that her tits should now be three times larger. But, no matter how much he stared at them, they remained the same nice, perky, medium-sized set that they had always been. The only change was that they were now covered in an attractive sheen of sweat from their coital exertions.

"Mmm, that was nice, honey" Jane said, feeling delightfully tingly and feminine with Tim's semi-hard cock still twitching softly inside her every few seconds. Her torso felt warm where Tim's cum had pooled above her cervix. "Remember though, we have to go back to using condoms again next time."

"I know. But it was nice while it lasted, wasn't it?" Tim asked distractedly, still confused about why his girlfriend didn't have huge tits.

"It sure was!"



A few minutes later Tim was back in his office, trying to figure out what had gone wrong. After a brief internet search he discovered that it takes at least a half hour for a woman to become pregnant after sex, and could take as long as a day.

Sure enough, about a half hour after filling Jane up with his baby batter, Tim heard her scream from across the house.

"Jane, what's wrong!?"

When he came rushing around the corner into the kitchen, the first thing he noticed was the pair of huge tits bulging out under Jane's babydoll tee, stretching the thin fabric tight over pointy nipples and puffy areolas, and in doing so pulling the shirt up far enough to reveal the skin of Jane's trim midriff. Her breasts looked about twice as big as he remembered them looking, but if Tim had to guess, he would have said that they were exactly three times the volume that they had been.

They were also distractingly big on Jane's smallish frame, and, honestly, they made her look like a bit of a slut. Tim felt his dick stirring again, even so soon after having cum inside her and, apparently, knocking her up.

*Holy shit, I'm going to be a father!* he thought to himself, feeling oddly proud of something that had taken about five minutes and no effort whatsoever on his part, and which his body was already programmed to want to do so badly that he was using a genie to turn his girlfriend into a slut just so he could do it more often.

"Tim! My breasts just grew all of a sudden!"

"Oh wow, that's so crazy!" he said. "Are you ok?"

"Yeah, I seem to be fine, but my chest is just so *heavy* now. Also, um..."

"Yeah?"

"Well this is kinda embarrassing to admit, but for some reason I feel *really* horny all of a sudden!"

*Oh yeah.* Tim had forgotten about the tripled libido in his excitement about seeing Jane's big jugs. "Well I'm certainly up for another round if you are, and I think your new tits look fantastic!"

"Shouldn't we be worried though? About my breasts, I mean," Jane said, staring at Tim's crotch with undisguised desire. "I know that I should be, but **it's just so hard to be concerned about my chest growing like this when I'm so turned on!**" And, of course, Jane suddenly found that she was a lot less bothered by the big, round funbags hanging from her torso, and at the same time the distracting sexual heat filling her core was starting to burn

even hotter. So, Jane gave in to the inevitable and moaned as she pushed Tim down onto the couch and mounted him.

"Timmy, I need you to do me again!"

Tim's hands quickly found the jiggly orbs dangling heavily from his girlfriend's chest and lost no time groping and squeezing them through her tee, appreciating the noticeable difference in size, heft, and jiggle as Jane's moans got louder and she began to beg him to put it in her already! He felt her hands sliding her pants down her thighs before unzipping him and pulling out his cock, and then she mounted him properly.

Tim slid easily back into Jane's soaked snatch, his cock squeezing millions of sperm that had lost the race out of her knocked-up pussy and into a translucent, frothy white ring around the base of his cock, and he began thrusting up into her yet again.

Jane was insatiable, riding him like a mechanical bull, clearly unable to get enough of his dick inside her. "I don't know what's gotten into me recently!" she gasped as she continued to slam her tight, cum-dripping snatch down on his hard shaft, trying and failing to relieve the sudden burning need in the depths of her pussy. **"It's just so hard to control my urges around you!"** Her words echoed, and her hips' movement became even more unconscious and automatic as her ability to control herself around her boyfriend took a sudden nosedive.

Tim moaned as his busty girlfriend continued to work her sexy torso atop his hips, putting pressure on his sensitive cock from all angles while her heavy new udders bounced and shook in his hands.

Tim stood no change against such a wanton onslaught and found himself cumming long before he was ready, as Jane took his pleasure and made it her own.

"Oh god, yes, Yes, YES!" Jane exclaimed when she felt that addictive pulsing starting up inside her torso, and she clamped her pregnant pussy down on his cock as her own crotch began to spasm in answer. "Rrrrghhhh!!!" she roared like an animal in heat, mindlessly bucking on top of Tim's hips before the amplified pleasure coursing through her body caused her to black out.

Tim wasn't sure how either of them got to bed after that, but he woke a few hours later to find a mess of blonde curls between his legs, his cock already hard and throbbing again in Jane's mouth. He'd forgotten about her new, swollen teats, but was happily reminded of them as they squished against his thighs.

"Jane, what are you doing?" he asked, pretty sure that he already knew the answer. "What time is it?"

"Oh, Timmy, you're awake," she said happily around a mouthful of his cock. "It's just past midnight. I woke up a little while ago feeling pretty horny, so I jilled off to some porn to try to relieve the urge, but that only made me hornier, of course. I knew I needed to get your cock

inside me somehow, and, since today is a special day..." She trailed off with a wink, and went back to sucking.

She'd apparently managed to fellate him for quite a while without waking him, since Tim could already feel the pressure starting to build in his balls.

"This is the first blowjob you've given me since girls' night, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yeah," she said, pulling off briefly and stroking his slippery shaft in the meantime. "I feel bad that we've missed so many special days, but we've been so busy fucking that I thought you'd understand."

Tim understood, all right. "I'm getting pretty close babe. Use your tongue like the brunette in that porno did last Thursday."

Jane pulled most of the way off his cock and used her tongue to swipe back and forth against Tim's sensitive frenulum, feeling the pressure build inside Tim's cock until he finally lost control and his cock started filling her mouth with bursts of cum.

Then, unexpectedly, sparks of pleasure began to go off inside Jane's head as the thick ejaculate coated her tongue. "Tim!" she exclaimed in surprise, though it came out as "Dib!" because the tip of Tim's dick was still in her mouth. She waited until the spurts finally stopped before pulling off and showing Tim a mouthful of the spooge that had knocked her up and given her massive tits that afternoon, and then she closed her lips, swished it around in her mouth a bit, and swallowed with relish. "Omigod, Tim, I *love* the taste of your cum! Like, I kinda thought I did before girls' night for some reason, but now I *really* love it!"

"Well that's certainly good to hear," Tim said. "But I thought the consistency was the real problem though."

"I did too!" Jane responded. "But it's like that thick, slimy texture is exactly what my mouth wants tonight for some reason!"

She fell silent as she refocused her attention on his shrinking member, carefully licking around his glans to make sure all of the gooey goodness found its way into her mouth, and Tim lay back with his arms crossed under his head, enjoying the sensations while his girlfriend played with his cock in a scenario that would have been unimaginable to him just a few weeks earlier.

"Honey", Jane said a few minutes later, looking up at him from his crotch as she continued to leisurely suckle his semi-flaccid member, trying to get one final delicious drop out of it. "I was doing some thinking before you woke up."

"What about?"

"I think something... *weird* is going on with what I say. I've been having this thing happen every once in a while where some of the words I say kind of *echo* in my head, like they're

important somehow, and it seems like most of the changes in my behavior recently correspond to some of those echoey words.

"Like, I remember telling you that I liked porn as much as the next girl, and I'm *sure* that wasn't true at the time, but now it seems like I like it as much as an actual *pornstar* does! And come to think of it, I clearly remember saying before girls' night that if there was a button I could push that would make me love the taste of your cum, I'd push it. And now I can't seem to get enough of it? That can't be a coincidence!

"Tim, I think whenever I lie about something, some... magic or whatever is making it become true!"

*Pretty close.* "That sounds kinda crazy Jane."

"I know, but it's the only thing that makes sense with what's been going on with me lately! Still, **I can't figure out why my breasts grew** all of a sudden though," she said, ensuring that she'd never be able to after another echo of her words in her head. After a few more seconds of thought she gave up on the impenetrable puzzle. "But as far as they're concerned, I'm not too worried about it for some reason."

"Well if what you're saying is somehow true, we'll need to be a lot more careful about what you say. Still, it's not like it's all bad, right? I mean, I've really enjoyed all the sex we've been having, and these new breasts of yours are pretty incredible," he said, reaching down to give her swollen mounds a fondle and squeeze, which elicited a low moan from Jane before she swatted his hand away.

"Tim, stop! You can't just grab me like that without permission, and they're so sensitive!" Despite her protestations, however, the sexual stimulation drove Jane to unconsciously start sucking his cock harder, and she noticed it beginning to stiffen a little in her mouth.

"Oh come on Jane, don't you like them just a little bit?" Tim asked as he watched his busty blonde girlfriend become increasingly more interested in sucking his cock again.

"No! If these are somehow permanent, which I hope to God they're not, they're too heavy, and they're so... *prominent*! I'm worried they're going to make me look like some dumb bimbo!" Tim decided to let that last one go - the outcome was too unpredictable, and while he did want Jane to become a bit more slutty, he didn't want to accidentally turn her into a bimbo.

"Doesn't it matter that I think they look nice and that I like them?"

"Tim, it's more important that **I feel comfortable in my own body** and that **I like them!**"

*Jackpot*, Tim thought.

A second later, Jane felt herself relax as she suddenly felt more at home in her body than she ever had before. In an unintended side-effect, years of insecurity and embarrassment about her looks went out the window, and she found herself gaining a new appreciation for the

powerful sexuality of her attractive feminine body, including her new breasts. She *really* liked her big, beautiful boobs, and the vital role they played in that sexuality.

"Oh no, Tim! I think it happened again!"

"What happened?"

"I said 'I like my large breasts' and now I think I really do! I didn't *actually* mean that I liked them when I said that, but I don't think that matters. This doesn't make any sense though - I thought it only happens when I lie!" she said, and then she absent-mindedly went back to sucking Tim's cock, which was now rock-hard again in her mouth.

Jane knew she should be worried about what had happened - that somehow she'd forced herself to like the big breasts that she'd hated just a minute ago - but it was so hard to worry when everything felt so *good*. Her tripled libido was keeping her delightfully horny, and with her newfound radical acceptance of her body, she had no choice but to embrace the natural tingles of arousal running through her from having an erect cock in her mouth. Especially Tim's cock - Jane was finding that it was basically impossible to control herself around him when she was horny. And his cum was so damn *tasty*!

"Well, we'll just... *unh*," Tim began, but Jane's head had started bobbing on his cock, and it was much more pleasant to just lay back and focus on the pleasure radiating from his crotch as she slowly built him toward release again.

Once she'd taken him right up to the edge, she gently took his cockhead in her mouth, made a ring around his slick shaft with her finger and thumb just like she'd seen in one of her porn videos, and stroked until Tim's balls were forced to give up their delicious contents.

Tim moaned in bliss as his cock started cumming, and Jane moaned in answer as streams of flavor coated the inside of her mouth once more. There was less of it this time, and it was more watery, but it tasted fantastic just the same.

It still felt weird to Jane that she suddenly enjoyed the taste of her boyfriend's semen so much, but that was just the way her body worked now, and so it was hard not to feel comfortable with it. Plus, Tim clearly liked blowjobs, so it was helping her better meet his needs as well, and it's not like she had anything against blowjobs as a concept, of course - she was no prude. So, as hard as it was to accept, Jane's newfound love of cum was actually starting to seem to her like a net positive.

Once Tim was fully spent, Jane licked her lips in satisfaction, moved back up his body, and straddled him, rubbing her slick pussy against his flaccid cock.

"Up for another round, Tiger? Sucking you off really made me want to fuck again."

"I don't know if I'm gonna be able to get it up again tonight, Jane, but that feels fantastic, and I've had a great time with you today."

"Me too, baby, **I love feeling like this around you.**"

Jane almost looked forward to this final set of words echoing in her head, ensuring that she would be much more likely to seek out this feeling in the future, and then she gave her boyfriend's overworked cock one final affectionate stroke with her juicy labia before dismounting and curling up against him, blissfully horny and happy.

"We still need to talk about what's going on with me tomorrow though."

He reached around her body in answer, gripping and squeezing the triple-sized boobs her pregnancy had given her while Jane uncharacteristically giggled and ground her butt against his crotch. Things were going better than Tim could have hoped - he really liked this new Jane, and her big tits felt *amazing*.

Tim's libido fully recovered during the night, and so when he awoke the next day, morning wood soon had his cock erect and demanding even more sex.

He shifted himself up against Jane's body, making sure she felt his erection underneath her asscheeks, and reached around her torso to grab her protruding breasts once more.

"So do you want a treat or a fuck this morning?" he asked suggestively.

"Hah, you wish!" came Jane's unexpected reply, and she swatted his hand away from her chest.

Tim was slightly taken aback, but then he realized that Jane hadn't been angry, merely playful, but also that she was clearly not interested. To be fair, Jane was never in the mood in the morning, so the most straightforward explanation was that she still wasn't, even with her tripled libido. Three times zero was still zero, after all. Well, that was easily fixable.

She rolled over toward him, and Tim found himself once more face-to-face with the glorious knockers hanging from his girlfriend's chest. Remembering how they had gotten there also reminded him that Jane was now pregnant, and that soon her heavy new milkers would be filling with some tasty cream for Tim to enjoy.

"Tim, pay attention. I'm glad you like my breasts - I like them too - but that's exactly what we need to talk about!"

"How you accidentally said that you like your breasts last night, and now you do?"

"Yeah, that and the fact that I'm not really feeling any inclination to cover them up in front of you."

"Oh yeah - usually when you forget to wear pajamas you stay under the covers until you're ready to get up and get dressed. Is that part of liking your breasts?"

"I don't think so. I heard something else echo last night too - I think I accidentally made myself really comfortable with my body now. Like, *really* comfortable. Even though I normally would, I

just can't seem to come up with a good reason why I should cover myself in front of you, since you're my boyfriend and we're intimate so often anyway."

"That's a good thing, though, right?"

"I guess. It's hard not to think of it as a good thing, honestly, but I feel like I'm a lot less inhibited now as a result, and it seems like it's a good thing to have *some* inhibitions."

"Well," Tim said, going for broke, "Now that you're feeling more comfortable with your body, I think you should consider maybe showing it off a bit more. You could at least wear some tops that highlight your boobs now that you apparently like them so much."

"Ha ha, nice try. It's true that I can't help liking my breasts now, but just because being comfortable with my body means that I'm ok with being topless in bed with you, that *doesn't* mean that **I want to show my breasts off more in general**." A quick echo later, however, and Jane found that that's exactly what she wanted to do.

"Oh come on! That's clearly not what I meant!" she complained, clenching her fists in frustration.

"What's not what you meant?" Tim asked innocently, noting that Jane didn't object when he shifted his gaze back down to her delightfully plump boobs. If anything, he thought she arched her back the tiniest bit to reward his attention.

"I meant to say that I *didn't* want to show off my breasts more, but that's not how I phrased it, and now I can already tell that I *do* want to show them off more instead. Oh god, Tim, I *want* people to look at my chest now! I can't help it!" she exclaimed, knowing that she should be horrified, but only able to feel warm satisfaction as Tim continued to stare at her big, jiggly gazongas. "I have to be more careful!"

"At least you should be more comfortable with it now though, if you're right about what you said before."

That was true, Jane reflected. If this had happened to her yesterday, she would have absolutely *hated* it. Now that she was so comfortable with her body, however, and by extension, her sexuality, she was really only bothered by the fact that she hadn't *chosen* to want to show her breasts off. And whether she liked it or not, she *did* like them now, and she knew that other people, both men and women, would like them too, so it kinda made sense that she would want to draw at least *some* attention to them. It was a win for everyone involved, really, especially with how large and visible and sexual they were hanging in front of her body like that. Jane sat up, appreciating the way their surprising weight shifted on her chest before settling into their new perky, prominent teardrop shape.

"But I don't have any clothes that fit now, much less any that show off my chest!" she complained. "I'll have to buy an entirely new wardrobe!"

"So? I thought girls liked going shopping."

"I guess, but this is all so new, and it's moving so fast!"

"Well why not wait a day or so before going out to buy your new wardrobe? Are you even sure all of your changes are done? If you're going to have to buy a whole new wardrobe anyway, you don't want to have to do it more than once."

"What are you saying?" Jane asked pointedly.

"Just that with how great your new tits look, I wonder if whatever force is doing this to you doesn't also have plans for the rest of your sexy body."

"Tim, it's demeaning to call them tits, so I'd prefer that you didn't. Also, all of that makes it sound like you don't think I'm attractive the way I am."

"Of course I think you're attractive - I just finished screwing you every day for a solid week, and I plan to keep that up no matter how much you change."

"I know. I'm mostly kidding - it's just that based on the porn you like to watch I know what kind of bodies you're attracted to, though I suppose it's natural that a man like you would like women with those... assets" she said.

"Honey, I think it's safe to say that you belong to that category of body now," he said, still staring pointedly at her own large assets.

"Either way though, as much as I like my new breasts" - Jane chose her words carefully - "I don't want my body to change any more. Even though I can't help but feel perfectly comfortable with myself" - she arched her back to illustrate, and Tim continued to greedily drink in the sight of Jane flaunting her figure for the first time that he could remember - "I still *don't* want to look slutty. It's important to me that I be taken seriously by the people who see me out in the world, and even though I apparently can't help but want to buy some clothes that will show my breasts off a bit more now, I *don't* want to dress like a slut."

"Yeah, you're probably right. Still, I can enjoy this just a bit, can't I?"

She looked at him and smiled as a bit of that irrepressible horniness crept back in. She loved feeling this way around Tim, so she spread her legs a bit without thinking about it and began gently stroking her labia, knowing that he enjoyed watching her touch herself. "I suppose there's nothing wrong with you enjoying it a little, especially since all of this must be straight out of Little Timmy's wet dreams." She jiggled a big, bouncy boob at him as she continued to stroke herself without a hint of self-consciousness, and winked.

*You have no idea*, he thought to himself.

"And I would say that we need to be more careful with all of this unprotected sex," Tim's gorgeous girlfriend continued, leisurely masturbating beside him while she squeezed a heavy breast with her other hand, "but for some reason I have the strangest feeling that you've already put a bun in my oven by this point, you incorrigible man." She kissed him affectionately. "Not that I mind, of course - this is what my body is designed to do, and I'm



perfectly comfortable with that. Not to mention how much I love it when you cum inside me. Anyway," she said, glancing pointedly down at his hard cock, "all of that will have to wait."

She stood up abruptly, stretching her busty, petite form in the morning sunlight, arching her back to encourage Tim to look at her pendulous breasts. "Because right now, we're going shopping!"

Tim found it just as difficult to get dressed as Jane did that morning, since watching her try to squeeze her swollen boobs into a variety of too-small tops gave him such a hard-on that he had trouble fastening his jeans. They each managed in the end, and a half hour later they were at the store, looking at tops that Jane wouldn't have been caught dead wearing just days before. When they started browsing she had told Tim, very carefully, "Remember, I *don't* want to buy anything that will make me look like a slut."

"Got it."

After another half hour of looking around and trying things on, Jane had amassed a small pile of tops that fit her new criteria: they had to be stylish, look respectable, and, most importantly, draw attention to her breasts in some way. Some of them clung to her torso to show off the prominence of her new ladies, while others were merely cut to emphasize her bust. Tim's favorites, of course, were the ones that combined these characteristics with low necklines, resulting in a mouth-watering amount of plump, jiggly cleavage.

"I know I shouldn't, but I really love how I look in these," Jane said proudly.

"Hey, no arguments from me!"

"Haha, yeah, I bet," Jane thrust her chest out to show off her current top, exacerbating the deep valley of cleavage diving down between her bulging breasts. She smirked as Tim's gaze dropped like a rock.

"I think that's enough for today though."

"Are you sure you don't want to buy any other clothes to go with them? These shorts would look really great with that top, for example" Tim said, pointing to a pair of skimpy, skintight jean cutoffs.

"Nice try Tim. Like I said, I don't want to look slutty! Just because whatever is happening to me has made it such that **I love showing off my body** doesn't mean I have to - wait, no! I meant my breasts!" but it was too late - one echo of her careless words inside her head later and Jane suddenly found herself with an irrepressible desire to show off the rest of her body as well. And, of course, she also found herself feeling perfectly comfortable with that new inclination.

"Oh, fuck it, in for a penny, in for a pound!" she exclaimed, looking down at the rest of her busty figure with newfound pride as she rubbed her hands appreciatively along the transition

from her narrow waist to her tight, perky ass. A bangin' body like hers *deserved* to be shown off, and now that she'd said it, she couldn't deny how much she wanted to do just that. "Come on, Tim, let's go find some outfits that will *really* leave horndogs like you drooling!" she giggled, so excited at the prospect that she could hardly think straight.

And that's how Jane ended up walking out of the store showing off not only her bulging cleavage and stiff nipples, but a scandalously large amount of skin on her toned thighs and tight, knocked-up midriff as well. If anything, the tiny, ass-hugging shorts and skimpy top she'd bought did more to reveal her body than to conceal it.

As men stared at her as they passed in the parking lot, Jane couldn't help but reward their looks with subtle poses, shakes, or jiggles.

"Oh god, Tim, I *love* the way I look in these! Just look at this body!" she gushed when they were back in the car. "**I love it when men look at me like that! I always want to feel this sexy!**" she continued, caught up in the moment and not even caring as her words echoed in her head and became a part of her.

"I think you've never looked better," Tim said, taking his time appreciating just how slutty his girlfriend looked in her skimpy new clothes as she advertised her big tits for everyone to see. And she was getting off on it too! "The only thing that would make it better is if you wore a bit more makeup. That would *really* draw some male attention - mine included!"

"You know what, babe? I think you're right! **I love wearing sexy makeup to go with my sexy clothes, so that men will want to fuck me!**" she said, grinning at him as the words took hold and she suddenly felt a pressing need to apply a full face of come-hither makeup to complete her provocative look.

She winked at him. "That was a freebie. Now what do you say we go home and watch some porn? I want to see the way you look at my body when I cum."

When they got home, however, Jane insisted on going to the bathroom first. When she finally came out, Tim saw that she had on more makeup than he'd ever seen on her, expertly accentuating the lines of her beautiful face and using eyeliner and dark eyeshadow to emphasize the striking blue eyes under her blonde tresses.

"You look amazing."

"I'm going to fuck amazing too in just a second," Jane said, sitting down on the bed beside him and pulling up a new porno on her phone. Minutes later she had her new shorts and thong pulled down around her knees so that she could get herself off as she watched the brunette on the screen get double-teamed.

Tim couldn't be less interested in the porn - he was stroking himself to his girlfriend: the pose she had struck leaning back on one arm, her sexy midriff bare below her crop top flexing in pleasure, her wide hips and spread legs providing a gorgeous view of her cute little knocked-

up pussy, the closed eyes and slightly spread lips on her perfectly made-up face, and, most notably, the heavy breasts bouncing and jiggling in her low-cut crop top from the exertions of a nice, intense orgasm.

Jane panted as she came down from her release, watching Tim with a made-up face full of sensuous, uninhibited heat. Tim nearly came from the sight alone, and had to grit his teeth to hold back the urge.

"Your turn."

She rolled over and straddled his hips, sliding him inside her with a well-practiced motion as she pulled her top down. She used the tight fabric as a shelf to rest her knockers on, keeping them perky and jiggle in Tim's face as she began the familiar ritual of squeezing Tim's cock into her pussy until he came.

All of this was way more than Tim could take, with Jane's beautiful face staring intensely down at his, and her gloriously large tits bouncing right in his face. He tried to hold back, but Jane could immediately tell what was happening, and so she sat fully down on his cock just as she had so many times in the preceding days, forcing it up into her depths, and began rocking her hips back and forth.

"That's it, babe, cum inside me. I love it when you cum inside me."

Tim exploded, coating his girlfriend's insides with what felt like a gallon of cum in a series of exquisitely pleasurable spasms that seemed to just keep on going, especially once Jane leaned down and buried his face in her soft tits halfway through to keep those intense jerks inside her pussy coming for as long as possible.

Ultimately the pleasure ebbed, but Jane didn't seem to be finished, and she quickly pulled her dripping pussy off his torso and slid between his legs, sucking his still-fully-erect cock into her mouth and slurping up every drop of tasty jizz that she could find.

She was leaning forward on her knees, her ass up in the air, and Tim could see her fingers, coated in his semen, working between her legs as she cleaned his dick, and every few seconds she'd bring her fingers up to her lips and luxuriously suck his seed off them with a loud *mmmmm*.

Jane looked up at him with her wide blue eyes as she sucked, loving the way he stared at her perfectly painted face and busty, feminine body with a naked lust that kept his cock rock-hard while her other hand jerked him off below her mouth. He deserved this blowjob - after all, it was a special day. Not to mention that the intense arousal crackling through her body from her tripled libido and the brief but intense fucking she'd just received had her willing to do basically anything he wanted.

She grinned, feeling completely comfortable with the overpowering sexuality of her naked body - her conspicuously large, firm breasts, her wide, breedable hips, and her trim, likely pregnant torso - and gave her man's cock another cheeky lick as she continued to stroke it. "God, Tim, I love feeling this way around you. Actually, you know what? **You can fuck me**

**any way you want, anywhere, anytime.**" A wave of wonderful, complete sexual submission washed over Jane, and she went back to bobbing on his cock with a whole new zest for the activity, knowing that she was now unable to resist sucking him off whenever he wanted, special day or not.

"Well, Jane, how do you feel about looking like a slut now?" Tim asked suddenly as he watched her suck his cock with wanton abandon.

Jane took a second to think about the question, making sure to keep up the slick friction of her mouth against the thick phallus filling it as she did so. She still didn't *feel* like a slut, but she knew that she had certainly looked like one for the past hour or so, and her self-assuredness wouldn't let her deny how she felt about it.

"I actually think I kinda love it. Especially if it makes men like you want to fuck me." She grinned up at her boyfriend and smacked his dick against her tongue a couple of times.

"Well if that's what you're going for, then you probably shouldn't be so concerned about men objectifying you, like when you called me out for calling your breasts 'tits', for example. If you want men to want to fuck you, you need to be ok with becoming an object of their lust, and that includes encouraging the use of language that will make men think about your body sexually."

Jane couldn't deny that he had a point. And she *did* want men to think about her body sexually, of course. "What should I do?"

"Well, you seem to have the power to change yourself with the turn of a phrase, so if you really want to be ok with men objectifying you, it seems like all you'd need to do is say it."

Jane hesitated, sucking the tip of Tim's cock back in to her mouth while she considered her next move. As important as it was for men respect her as a person, she knew that it was just as important, if not moreso, that they be turned on by her sexy body and big boobs. And, really, what was the harm in a bit of objectifying language every once in a while? It wasn't like she was a prude.

Her decision made, she slid her lips off Tim's dick and stared resolutely up into his face as she spoke. **"I love being objectified. The only words that come to mind when I think about my body are the ones that emphasize the sexual pleasure I can provide men."**

Once the echo had finished replacing her need to be respected with a new, exciting desire to be objectified, Jane refocused her attention on jacking her boyfriend's shaft. "Ok, that's done," she said. "Now do you wanna fuck a load into my pussy while you squeeze my big, bouncy tits?"

"I definitely do, babe. But first, I have a proposition for you. Jane, do you want to officially become my personal slut?"

Jane knew that the old her would be horrified and outraged at such a suggestion, but to the new her, the one who loved how hard it was to control her sexual urges when she was around Tim, the one who loved filling her body with his cum any way he would let her, and, now, the one who was completely unable to resist giving him sex whenever and however he wanted it, the answer seemed pretty clear.

"Yes."

"Ok, then repeat after me: I, Jane, am now and forever more Tim's personal slut, willing to do whatever he asks if it will bring him pleasure."

"I, Jane, am now and forever more Tim's personal slut, willing to do whatever he asks if it will bring him pleasure," she said without hesitation, looking up at him expectantly with that achingly seductive expression, but when no echo came, she just shrugged her shoulders and went back to sucking her man's cock, feeling her heavy udders bounce on his thighs until he shuddered and blew another delicious cumshot down her slutty throat.

*See, Genie? I told you she'd be into it!*

**Author's Note:** Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at **fidget1@protonmail.com**. If you find yourself enjoying my stories, please consider supporting my work on **Patreon**, at [www.patreon.com/fidget1](http://www.patreon.com/fidget1), or on **SubscribeStar**, at <https://subscribestar.adult/fidget>. Patrons get **a full six months of early access** to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some other fun perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!