

# Chemical Control

By Galactose Tolerant

## I - Leering

### Alkim

Alkim finally made it home from his job at Benihana. *Fuck hibachi, and fuck everyone who eats there!* He'd only had the job for a few weeks, but he was more than ready to move on. The money had been good enough at the start, but lately it wasn't worth the aggravation that came with the territory.

Ten hours of high stress interactions, juggling tables, remembering idiotic requests, and following through on those idiotic requests quickly enough to please shithead customers. His three-hundred dollars in tips last Friday was an amazing haul, but some days went as low as five dollars. Today was a three-dollar day. The day's greatest humiliation was chasing down a customer to return their forgotten credit card, only to discover that the rich bastard hadn't even tipped.

With every shift, Alkim could feel his sanity being chipped away, piece by piece, much like the paint job on his used BMW. The great city of Los Angeles had not been very kind to either of them since Alkim had graduated with his bachelor's degree in biology and found himself with no clear direction to go with it. Several months of volunteering at a hospital only taught him that he didn't want to go into medicine, and the admission resulted in his family cutting him off financially. Waiting tables had been the first job he could get, a stopgap at best.

Fortunately, Alkim had managed to get the next week off from work and was going to make the most of it by applying to better jobs; lab assistant gigs, TA positions, tutoring, SAT prep, even a fucking medical scribe job if he could find one. Anything that would let him use his scientific expertise and get the fuck away from customer service.

Seven days of Adderall induced focus would ensure he'd check enough listings, write those emails, and find something that would get his life on the right track. Maybe he could ask Alyssa about any openings in her lab. He'd call her about it tomorrow.

*Starting tomorrow, for sure.* Tonight, Alkim was going to unwind, de-stress from the week, and get fucked up with a beautiful woman.

He parked in the driveway, fumbled around for the right key, entered and hurriedly removed his shoes, discarding them by the front door. He rushed to his room, throwing off his uniform, piece by piece. Each uncomfortable article removed was another memory of work-induced stress

discarded. He selected some cheap, breathable shirt, and a pair of performance shorts, which was all he could comfortably wear in this late summer heatwave, and changed into them.

“Alkim, is that you?” Kate asked from her bedroom on the other side of the house. “How was work?”

Alkim made his way over to her room, “Bad, money was really shitty today, and my customers were all morons. I swear to Godzilla, if just one more person asks me for *ranch-fucking-dressing* in a fucking Japanese restaurant, I will start snapping necks!”

She laughed. “Tsk, tsk, Murder will cost you tips.”

“But it would increase my job satisfaction, a solid trade-off. Besides, customers might tip more if they feared retaliation.” Alkim joked as he walked into his best friend’s room.

There he found Kate in her usual state, lying prone on her bed, ass up, staring at her phone. He took the opportunity to ogle her from behind, as he often did.

Kate was five-foot-five-inches of primo Chinese e-thot material. Her pert, heart-shaped ass was only half covered by red booty shorts that read “STAY BACK 200 FEET,” a warning which Alkim never heeded. The half-globes stuck out so alluringly high above the gentle curve of her spine: a genuine bubble butt. Kate sat up to grab her vape, eyes still glued to her phone, allowing Alkim to take in her front half.

*Fuck, it's like she's photoshopped.*

In a way, she kinda was; her tattoos, piercings, purple hair, nose job, and double-eyelid surgery were far from natural. None of that made her any less attractive to Alkim, and it did nothing to detract from her natural assets, those being her huge, perfect, teardrop, F-cup tits. Big, round, perky, and all around photogenic. Her nipples were poking into the thin white fabric of her shirt, this one featuring a Japanese, cartoon drawing of a milk carton on it, because of course it did.

Alkim thought Kate was a thoroughly ridiculous person, and that was a good portion of her appeal. A self-proclaimed “Big-titty goth GF.” Though Kate was painfully single, she fit the rest of that description perfectly; she had ear, lip, belly button, and nipple piercings; tattoos of anime girls and flowers; ever-shifting hair colors; and of course, her mouth-wateringly huge jugs. One time, before a party, Kate asked Alkim how she looked in her outfit, to which he answered, “Like you sell bathwater online,” which she could not dispute. She could probably make a killing if she could tolerate talking to horny men online.

Alkim quickly took in Kate's casual sexiness before pretending to check his phone. They both knew each other well enough by now that Alkim wasn't really worried about her catching him looking, but he tried not to jeopardize his position here by crossing any lines. She knew he was straight, and that she was his type, but he didn't want to stare so much that she felt self-conscious and started to dress more conservatively. That would be fucking heartbreaking.

A self-conscious Kate might notice how often her nipples slipped out of her tops, or she might check that she was wearing panties underneath the long men's shirts she'd pilfered from Alkim's wardrobe. Truthfully, it was hard to imagine Kate ever changing her wardrobe just because of his staring, but why take the risk?

*Fucking hell, what a body.*

Those tits have been a constant obsession of Alkim's ever since they'd met, and what a meeting that was.

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Alkim met Kate just a few months ago, in this very house, at the invitation of his old friend, Vicky. Vicky and Alkim went to high school together (though she was three grades and five years his senior), and the pair were recently reconnected by a friend of a friend who knew both were living in Los Angeles and arranged for them to reconnect.

After going clubbing together a few times with Vicky and her girlfriends, getting lunch, catching up, rebuilding their friendship, Vicky finally invited Alkim to her new place so he could meet her housemates. He knew all the girls worked at the same karaoke bar, so he knew they all had to be hot, but he could never have expected the welcome he received that night.

The full interaction was still seared into Alkim's brain. He first noticed Kate's pretty face, excellent smile, her bright pink hair... and as he reached out to shake her hand his eyes naturally traced down her tattooed arm to her chest, where his gaze caught on her tits.

*Holy fucking shit.*

Alkim had been in LA long enough to have seen a lot of extremely underdressed women, but he'd never been met at the door quite like this. Instead of a shirt, Kate was wearing a thin blue tank top and not a damn thing underneath. He could tell this because the tank top was slightly off center, and too thin for her frame, leaving her left nipple completely exposed to the air. Alkim hadn't known Kate for a full two seconds, and he already knew what her nipples looked like: perfectly centered on small areola, flushed pink, tiny, and acutely suckable.

Alkim's fucking heartrocket was skyrating, and he had no idea how long he was staring, or if he was staring at all. Time had slowed to a crawl, and he wasn't sure if even a full second had passed since he looked down from her face.

Alkim moved his eyes back up to her face and focused all of his willpower on keeping his gaze above her collar bone.

*Eye contact, eye contact, eye contact!*

Never before had human eyes been so difficult to focus on. Kate broke Alkim's internal panic by offering to make him a drink, which he eagerly accepted.

The moment she turned around he couldn't help but notice the rest of her "outfit," if it could even be called that. The only clothes to grace her lower body were a pair of lacy purple panties wedged between the perfect globes of her ass. No pants, skirt, shorts, nor even indecently short shorts: just panties.

As he followed her into the kitchen, the rolling motions of her glutes proved so hypnotic that he nearly crashed into her when she stopped at the kitchen table to make him that drink.

Alkim tried to wrap his head around how Kate could just walk around undressed like this in front of a strange man. She shared this house with three other people and definitely knew that Vicky was having a guy friend over to visit.

Not wanting to spoil the view, Alkim did everything he could to avoid staring at her exposed assets and just have a normal conversation. To his delight, they hit it off immediately.

The two had a lot in common: Kate was from Hong Kong, like Alkim's dad, so they had a pretty strong cultural connection right off the bat: they were both university educated (and the only people in the house with degrees): both listened to metal: both very ADHD: and both were also very into mind altering drugs, which they talked about at length.

Kate had recently read about DMT online and decided she wanted to try it out, so she had bought an entire pound of Acacia tree bark and wanted to extract the DMT herself, but didn't know how. Vicky had already told Kate that Alkim was some kind of scientist (that was the extent of Vicky's understanding of his degree), and that he liked drugs, so Kate asked Alkim if he could help her.

Luckily for her, Alkim could. Though his degree was in biology, he had taken probably a total of six years of chemistry classes between high school and college, two of those being organic chemistry for his degree and pre-med requirements. He knew how to run a basic non-polar extraction from raw plant material.

At that point Alkim was pretty much ready to propose to Kate. He had never had this much in common with any woman he'd met in his five years of dating. He'd dated girls who shared his academic interests but hated partying; dated party girls who weren't into learning and hated his music; dated girls who seemed compatible but wanted more emotional labor from Alkim than he was willing to provide. There was always something that stopped him from really getting romantically involved with any of them. Kate checked nearly every box he had, clicked instantly with him, and, on top of all that, she had a body that was just to die for.

Further conversation revealed just one small problem; Kate was gay. Not just gay, but super gay, a self-described five-point-five-out-of-six-on-the-Kinsey-scale gay.

Just like that, all Alkim's hopes for romance were crushed into powder, burned to ash, and scattered to the four winds. He'd never been more disappointed over a woman in his life. It was as if Kate were sculpted by the gods for Alkim, only instead of a rib, the starting material had been one of his wet dreams, and instead of a loving god, the designer had been a genie with a

mean streak. The end result was a gorgeous lesbian that liked what he liked, and was allergic to wearing clothes in his presence. Kate was the closest he'd come to having a genuine "crush" since grade school.

Yet, devastating as that revelation had been, Alkim still wanted to be Kate's friend, and they drank and chatted well into the night, after everyone else had either crashed or left to work a late karaoke shift. He spent that night on the couch. When Alkim woke up at noon the next day, he found that he and Kate were the only ones not completely smashed from the night's debauchery.

With the kitchen to themselves, they ended up making that DMT, with Kate providing the materials and Alkim teaching her the chemistry involved as they went through each step of the extraction.

It was a thoroughly ridiculous scene; the pair leaning underneath the stove fan, mixing chemicals in glass cookware; Alkim, wearing shorts and performance tank top; Kate in just a shirt and panties; both wearing snorkeling goggles Alkim pulled from the trunk of his car, and all the while Teresa Teng's "*Tian Mi Mi*," blasted from his Bluetooth speaker.

Altogether, they set a very confusing scene for anyone who happened to enter the kitchen.

That weekend the two became instant best friends. Alkim was couch surfing (so, homeless, but with friends and family) at that time, and Kate kept inviting him over so often that the next week she ended up just giving him the spare guest room (that didn't lock), with a connecting half bathroom (and a broken shower). Since she was the sole name on the lease, and the room was vacant anyway, Alkim was able to stay, even though he couldn't pay rent yet. With both Kate and Vicky behind him, he had finally secured the most LA housing situation possible, and at the unbeatable price point of zero dollars a month.

It also helped that Alkim was the only person there that knew how to properly cook and was willing to clean the common areas. He also knew where to get clean drugs, so even the girls that thought he was a mooch didn't think kicking him out was worth the effort. No one wanted to go back to buying dark-web adderall, molly that was on average thirty-percent meth, or coke that was probably fifty-percent baby powder.

Overall, a pretty good deal for everyone involved. At least, that's how Alkim saw it.

Still, his new home came with new challenges.

His first weekend he made some Chinese food that Kate loved, and she scarfed down more than she'd intended. Kate was always very concerned with her weight, and said she needed to do some ab workouts to not get fat off his cooking.

So, in only a shirt and panties, Kate went to the couch opposite Alkim and started doing reverse crunches. Ass out, perfectly rounded cheeks jiggling obscenely, and her unblemished legs reaching for the ceiling, up, down, up, down.

Alkim was completely gobsmacked. It was the most casually sexy thing he'd ever seen, and he couldn't do anything but stare at her hypnotic movements for several seconds before realizing how creepy he must have looked.

Finally, after watching for several more moments, Alkim decided he couldn't trust his eyes to not betray him. So, he forced himself to join her in doing crunches on the floor, just to stop himself from staring at her incredible ass.

Another night of coked up shenanigans, Kate suggested night swimming in her gym's pool. Alkim agreed, needing to see her in swimwear. Even after every boner-inducing sight he'd been treated to, he still wasn't ready for Kate to change into the hottest fucking swimsuit he'd ever seen.

Though the suit had more fabric than a bikini, it somehow managed to be infinitely sexier. A network of crisscrossing black straps that framed her perfect abs and crushed her tits together into a mouthwatering display of cleavage and underboob.

*Underboob! For the Gym! At three am!*

He could see everything through his goggles, and the pool was heated, so there was no cold water to sap away his erection. Before that night, he hadn't even known one could swim with an erection.

Alkim thought Kate must know how hot he was for her, and it made him wonder if she was doing any of this to fuck with him specifically. Yet her casual indifference to his horniness, and her borderline nudist tendencies, led him to conclude that she really was just *like that*. A walking, talking wet dream. Every week brought some new ridiculously sexy incident, further ratcheting up both his infatuation and frustration.

Not to mention the three other girls in the house, all beautiful in their own ways.

Tall and thick; Vicky was already hot back in high school. Maturity, gym memberships, and the high standards of Los Angeles had only pushed her to even greater heights of sexiness.

Lithe and little; Mikaella was the spitting image of so many small and cutesy girls Alkim dated in college. He could have swapped her image out for any number of girls in his Instagram reels, and none would be the wiser.

And then there was Hannah, the curvy blonde loner. A veritable cryptid in her own home, and a mystery Alkim was then keen to unravel.

Alkim hadn't ever lived with so many women before, and he knew living there was going to be a constant struggle to stay sane and control his libido.

He had no idea how right he was.

## II - Visions

### Alkim

It'd been a couple months since then, and Alkim was still living with the girls, minus Vicky, who was chasing some guy she'd met at EDC, and was staying with him in Hawaii for at least a few more weeks.

Alkim was definitely in a symbiotic relationship of some kind with the girls in this house, though it wasn't clear to him how much of it was mutualistic or parasitic. At that moment, lying on Kate's bed and discreetly ogling her perfect body, he felt more like a parasite.

"Hey, check out this one." She passed him her phone. On the screen was the Tinder profile of yet another goth girl.

*Red-dyed hair, nose piercing, tattoo of a tiger on her shoulder. Yup, she's Kate's type all right.*

Kate was only into other goth chicks and considered herself to be a transhumanist. The girl's body itself almost didn't seem to matter to Kate much, so long as the girl wasn't too fat (the Chinese tendency towards fat-shaming was nigh unbreakable). Otherwise, Kate seemed attracted to any kind of body modification, as if the human body itself was just an uninteresting canvas for tattoos and piercings. It was a strange mix of extremely shallow and extremely forgiving criteria. Despite putting so much effort into her own ten-out-of-ten body, Kate was attracted to almost any six-out-of-ten girl who met her standards of goth fashion and body modification, which Alkim had yet to decipher.

"Amazing," said Alkim.

"What's amazing?" asked Kate.

He chuckled, "All these goth girls have distinguishing tattoos and piercings that should make them stand out in a lineup, yet I can't tell any of them apart."

Kate lazily punched him in the shoulder and reclaimed her phone. "I don't know why I bother getting your opinion," she huffed.

"Neither do I." Alkim agreed. "You know how basic my criteria are."

They'd had variations of this conversation before, but each of them still seemed baffled by the other's stance. The goth stuff didn't turn Alkim off, but it didn't do that much for him either. Like a lot of guys, Alkim was much more focused on a girl's face and body and considered everything else mere background noise.

He didn't really understand fashion, but he knew clothes and piercings could be easily changed. Unfortunately, the human body wasn't so malleable.

“How could I ever forget what a basic bitch you are?” Kate teased. “You only care about titties.” She shimmied her chest for emphasis, causing her huge tits to slam into each other under her white shirt. Alkim watched as opposing waves of titty crashed into each other before recoiling back to her sides, over, and over, and over...

It was a couple seconds after they stopped moving before Alkim noticed her smirking—her point clearly proven—and he realized she was waiting for some sort of reply. Out of habit, he crossed his right leg over his left, hiding a growing boner from her sight. He did that way too often here.

She blew a raspberry at him, “You’re such a dude.”

“Hey, what’s that Chinese idiom? Something, something *shé*...”

“You gotta be more specific than that.”

“It’s about drawing a snake with legs?”

“Oh, ‘*huà shé tiān zú*’?” *To draw a snake with feet.*

“Yeah, that’s the bitch! The way I see it, beautiful women are like snake paintings.”

“Bro, are you high? What the fuck are you talking about?”

“I mean a beautiful woman doesn’t need extra parts like earrings or tattoos any more than a snake needs legs. It’s just not necessary.”

“God forbid a bitch have style.”

“Hey, don’t twist my words. I fucking love snakes AND women okay? You’re all magnificent, very critical to the functioning of a healthy ecosystem. I can still appreciate a sexy snake with feet.” That got her to laugh. “Just saying, it doesn’t need the feet. A beautiful woman is beautiful with or without piercings, tattoos, or dyed hair. That’s all I’m saying.”

“Yeah? Well what if she was hot and had a great snake tattoo?”

“I guess it would depend on what *kind* of snake tattoo.”

“Does it matter?”

“Hell yeah it matters. A Rattlesnake would be cool, but not if it means she’s a libertarian. Ball python? Boring, tame. Blind snake? Too wormy, means she has weird tastes.”

“Stop making it weird. Imagine a regular-ass snake tattoo.”

“That’s probably the worst possibility: a snake so generic that I couldn’t tell what species it’s supposed to be. That would actually drive me crazy.”

“Dude, you’re already crazy. Stop talking about snakes. OH!” Her face lit up, “I just remembered, I finished mixing the new DMT into a vape fluid! Wanna try it out?”

“Oh fuck yeah! Let’s do it now!” He’d been waiting for this since he first moved in, after their first batch came out too weak.

“Sick! I’ve heard it can be intense, in a good way, like life changing, but still really short. Should last about fifteen minutes.” said Kate. Alkim had yet to do his own research on what the high was like, so that was good to know.

“Oh, by the way,” Kate suddenly remembered, finger to her lips, “I read we should shotgun the vapors so that we don’t waste any DMT on the exhale.”

That stopped Alkim cold. To “Shotgun” something can mean many unrelated things. For drinking it meant opening a can with a knife and drinking the entire thing in one go. But with smoking, or vaping, it meant exhaling directly into the mouth of another person.

*Mouth to mouth.*

*Lip locked.*

*Lip to lip with Kate.*

*Kissing.*

Alkim was completely frozen at the thought of Kate’s gorgeous lips stuck to his, passing mind-altering vapors from her lungs to his.

“Yo! Alkim!” Her words snapped him back to reality.

“Yes!” Alkim almost shouted. *Fuck! Too eager!* “I mean, yeah that makes sense.” He was worried he had completely fucked it up there, but Kate didn’t seem to really notice or care what effect the suggestion of shotgunning had on him. Alkim adjusted his shorts, once again to avoid showing his growing stiffness.

Kate brought out her spare vape, now filled with the powerful hallucinogen, scooped over to his side, and took a long drag from it. Quickly, she brought her face over to Alkim’s and he opened his lips to meet hers.

Her lips were so soft. The contact was very light, not like a real kiss, but it was so much more than Alkim had ever hoped for from Kate.

He still couldn't believe this was actually happening. Alkim felt his chest filling with her gift of hallucinogenic vapors, and just like that she pulled back. Alkim held his breath for a moment, then slowly exhaled.

Then Kate brought the vape to his lips, and he inhaled strongly, trying to get as much of the vapor into his lung as possible. Not even for the high anymore, but just so he could have more time locking lips with her. Once again, Kate brought her face to meet Alkim's, and he gave her everything he had in his lungs. After a few rounds of this the two were finally starting to feel it and they lay down on the bed side by side.

Alkim was already on cloud nine after kissing Kate multiple times.

Then he finally started to hallucinate.

It was very different from anything he'd done before; much more than just the popping colors and shifting patterns one gets from LSD or magic mushrooms. Surprisingly, it felt more akin to how people hallucinated in cartoons. Alkim was seeing things that weren't there at all; a real pink elephant trip. As he stared up at the white ceiling, the texture of the material shifted into a carpet of stars, and when Alkim closed his eyes he could see even more vivid images; an entire cosmic backdrop that felt both exhilarating and strangely familiar.

He saw two planets crash together and combine in a swirling mass of rocks that formed the Earth and Moon. Yet as the vision progressed, the Earth and Moon again became what Alkim could only surmise must have been a hydrogen atom orbited by a lone electron. The atoms multiplied, energized, crashed into each other, and became more complex. When the shifting haze of electron clouds cleared into discrete orbitals, Alkim saw that they had combined to form new chemicals that were easily recognizable as the basic ingredients for all life.

First  $H_2O$ , then  $CO_2$ , and then they combined into ever more complicated organic compounds. He saw sugars, amino acids, nucleic acids, steroidal compounds, and the polymer forms that truly complicated biochemistry. Names for these came to his mind and vanished just as quickly. Relatively simple structures like glucose, lactose, testosterone, and estrogen, gave way to ever more complicated proteins that seemed familiar, and eventually nucleic acid chains far beyond his understanding.

Alkim felt his mind beginning to overload with all this chemistry, and when his will couldn't change the substance of the vision he panicked, opening his eyes and once again beholding the ceiling of Kate's room.

*Is it over? Did I just see the entire human genome fly by? No way! Jurassic Park said it would take two years to read the entire DNA strand!*

It was all so vivid, so much more intense than he could have ever imagined. Yet, he had imagined it all, hadn't he? That's what a hallucination was, after all.

Alkim didn't know how long that vision lasted for, but once he looked away from the surprisingly interesting ceiling texture, he was treated to a very different kind of vision: that of Kate, also blissed out beside him, lost in her own vision quest.

Alkim's vivid chemical dream was erased from his mind, replaced with the stupefying sight of his not-so-secret-crush. The first things he saw were her hard nipples poking right into the edges of the milk carton design on her shirt.

Then he became aware of something else.

In addition to the rhythmic expansion and contraction of her rib cage, he noticed the slightest of movements beneath her shirt. Kate's tits were growing. It was almost imperceptible at first, but before Alkim's very eyes, her nipples came an inch closer to him. Then another, and another.

*She's fucking growing!*

Slowly, but surely, those magical tits filled out her shirt. They expanded in every direction over her chest, stretching the shirt thin enough to make it see-through.

Every bit of growth on her chest sent a little more of the blood from Alkim's brain down to his dick. His sober mind would never have been able to guess what bra sizes she was shooting past, as each of her tits expanded far beyond the size of her head. Alkim's very horny, and very drugged up mind, couldn't even remember what a bra was anymore. Kate's tits had long since met each other in the middle and were starting to push her arms away from her sides.

Just as Alkim thought the scene in front of him couldn't get any hotter, he noticed a couple of dark patches around her nipples.

*Holy shit! Holy shit! Holy shit!*

She was lactating! Leaking milk directly into the now very ironic cartoon milk carton. The dark spread through the rest of the fabric, as she continued to lactate. Her growth was accelerating, straining her top to its absolute limit, and beyond.

The fabric tore with the speed and intensity of a gunshot.

Kate's shirt burst open like an old dam, freeing her glorious milkers, and Alkim wished he was a salmon swimming up that waterfall. What a vision Kate was: back against the wall, tits completely eclipsing her thighs, blue veins visible just under the surface, thin jets of milk spraying out from her nipples, nipples which had fully engorged, and darkened from pink to red.

That proved to be too much for Alkim to just observe. All he could think about was wrapping his lips around those delicious, pink nipples and feeding himself with her divine lactation. What it would be like to taste her, drink from her, feel those incredible orbs in his hands, wrap his arms around as much of her tit-flesh as he could get. Alkim was salivating, his cock was throbbing with need for her, for this big-titty, milky, goth goddess.

Alkim started moving towards this picture of perfection, and just as suddenly found himself face-planting on the soft mattress.

“You okay?” he heard Kate ask.

Alkim muffled his reply into the sheets and pushed himself back up. When he saw her again, her tits had returned to their normal-large size. The visions were gone, and with them went Alkim’s giant-gazonga goddess.

Alkim felt like the universe itself had just given him a cold shower. Slowly but surely, he felt the blood draining from his boner. Alkim said nothing as he stared past Kate, trying to commit everything he had seen to memory. No way was he going to jerk off to anything else for a week.

“Sooooo, what did you see?” Kate asked after a few moments. Alkim’s eyes reflexively shot back to her chest; she still had outstanding tits, a real set of badonkers, yet he couldn’t shake the image of them being so much larger and bursting with nourishing milk.

“I saw... stars... and dinosaurs... it all looked so real.” he lied, lamely.

“Sounds cool.”

“It was... incredible.” Alkim had the image of Kate’s enormous milky knockers burned into his mind’s eye. “Anyway, what did you see?”

Kate sat up to face him, “It was weird,” she started, “I saw this girl, she started out looking a lot like my ex, like Ganymede, but every time I looked away, she changed. For a bit she was actually Vicky, then someone I’d never met. She was subtly hotter each time, warmer, like she was glowing, and so was I. It, she, everything was... so hard to describe, like we were clay models being sculpted and posed by invisible hands. But we were still us... We walked along the beach, arms-linked, never saying a word. It just felt really peaceful, like she was my actual dream girl.”

“Wow.” *No wonder she looked so blissed-out earlier.* Alkim couldn’t help but think of his own version of a hotter Kate changing right before his eyes. “That sounds nice.” His own vision was anything but relaxing, but it was nice.

“It totally was,” Kate sighed, a wistful look in her eyes. “I miss Vicky.”

“Same.” Vicky was sorely missed by probably everyone besides Hannah, especially since Vicky planned all the parties in this house. “She would have probably had some impossible to describe EDM laser show vision to top ours.”

“Hah, yeah. We should do that again sometime.”

“Definitely!” He shot back, “Hopefully with Vicky too.”

“That’d be nice.”

Alkim didn’t know if Kate was still hallucinating, but it looked like her gaze lingered on his lips for a bit before it met his eyes.

*Keep dreaming, idiot.*

Alkim realized he was not all there yet. Still tired from work and now desperately horny, Alkim decided that was enough of Kate for tonight.

“I think I’m gonna go to bed now. Night, Kate.”

“Night, Alkim.”

Alkim went to his bed in the guest room. His sex drive was well above average, and living with all these girls had only made it worse. Lately, he needed to jerk off at least once a day if he wanted to keep his mind clear around his housemates, especially Kate. Now, after his horned-up-hallucination, he really needed to empty his balls.

Jerking off here was a bit trickier than he’d have liked. The lock on his room was broken, so anyone could interrupt him at any time. The room did come with its own half bathroom, which did have a lock, and even though the shower was still broken, sometimes the girls came into his room to pee or use the mirror. To be fair, he wouldn’t expect any of the girls who were actually paying rent to accept a lock-less room, especially with a man in the house. Still, it made the act of jacking off a bit more tense than he preferred, but there was no stopping him now.

Alkim tossed off his clothes and laid down on his shitty mattress. For once, he didn’t even consider loading up some internet porn on his phone first. He just started jerking off thinking about his vision of a giant-titty, lactating Kate, and the fantasy came to him pretty quickly.

In his mind, Kate pulled that top off and presented her bare jugs to Alkim, milk already beading on her perfect nipples in anticipation of his needs, of his thirst for her. He laid down in front of her, she cradled his face to her nipple, and he latched on tightly, sucking like his life depended on it. As he drank from Kate, she undid his belt and started to give him a gentle handjob. One hand held Alkim’s head to her breast while the other hand jerked him off.

*Fuck!*

The imaginary handjob sped up as Alkim’s real hands got to work. It only took him a couple minutes of fantasizing about nursing from Kate before he came explosively. Imaginary Kate licked it off her fingers and moaned, like it was the best thing she’d ever tasted.

Alkim finally opened his eyes and took in his soiled bedding. Cum had rained down on the blankets in a three-foot radius around his waist. It felt like a lot more than was normal for him, but in the dark he couldn’t really tell how big the load was. Part of him knew he should clean up

now, but Alkim was completely spent, still a little high, and way too tired to do anything but drift off into dreamless sleep.

### III - Simmering

#### Alkim

Not much else happened that weekend. Vicky was still away visiting some boy she had met at a music festival months ago, Mikaella was out doing her own thing, and Hannah never interacted with anyone else.

He called the restaurant to quit. Then, he called his friend Alyssa about that lab opening, and she promised to let him know what her boss thought about it in a few days. That was about all he'd been able to make himself do for job applications. Not like he'd ever had any success applying for jobs without some kind of personal networking connection. Alkim didn't see the point in trying until he'd gotten word back from Aly, so he just hung out with Kate.

By Monday, he had noticed something about Kate seemed a bit off. Alkim knew some people report actual changes in personality after trying strong hallucinogens. This wasn't like that, Alkim didn't think the DMT trip changed her personality, exactly. She was still Kate, but it's like she was more active, amiable, and way less forgetful of where she put things. Normally she would just leave dirty dishes anywhere and spend all her time looking at her phone, while Alkim would do his thing and clean as much as he could. Now, she was almost like an attentive older sister, offering Alkim a glass of water here, a mixed drink there, and she'd even take the dirty glasses away on her own.

For anyone else that wouldn't sound very odd, but Alkim couldn't recall ever seeing Kate clean a single dish the entire time he'd lived here, and it was very normal for him to spend a lot of time helping her look for lost items. Kate lost her vape so often that Alkim had taken to playing that song, "*Where's My Juul??*" every time he helped her look for it, just to riff on how predictably she would lose track of it. Yet he didn't think he'd played that song for her in several days, whereas he usually did about once a day.

Kate also started to regularly offer Alkim hits off her Juul, which he refused because he didn't really care for nicotine. The next day she surprised Alkim with a new vape for weed, which really caught him off guard, since she never seemed to like weed before. When she gave it to him, he jokingly offered to shotgun the hits back to her so they could save on weed.

The last thing Alkim expected was for her to instantly agree, take a long drag, and bring her lips to his before Alkim could say a word. Kate got close enough for Alkim to feel her tits pressing lightly into his pecs.

*Holy shit!*

She wasn't wearing a bra. Alkim could almost feel the jabs from her nipple piercings through his thin tank top. He was caught completely off-guard, frozen stiff on the couch as she exhaled into his mouth. She finished exhaling, but her lips lingered for a couple seconds before she finally pulled back, settling back on the couch to his right. Alkim was so stunned that he didn't exhale the vapor for several moments, while Kate was already scrolling through Postmates and offered to order just a ton of food to share.

Before Alkim could finish processing the sudden mouth-to-mouth drug delivery, he realized the hard outline of his dick was extremely visible in his athletic shorts, and it was pointed directly at Kate. Alkim quickly crossed his right leg over the left to hide his boner. Not exactly subtle, but he didn't really have any other options. Kate was still on her phone, completely oblivious to how horny she'd made him.

*Fuck!*

She was making him so much hornier than usual. Alkim had to do something about it. He made some excuse about feeling sweaty (which he actually was) and went to the one working shower to jerk off. He set up his portable speaker to blast out speed metal, hopefully drowning out any potential moaning on his part.

Alkim closed his eyes and jerked off, lost in the memory of Kate's perfect lips kissing him, breathing his air, flattening her huge tits against his pecs. Inevitably, the fantasy went deeper. In Alkim's imagination there was no vape; she didn't need one. Kate would just come up to Alkim on the couch, and real casually—no words necessary—pull out his dick, wrap her lips around the head and start sucking. She didn't need the vape, just Alkim's dick, like he had all the fun chemicals she craved available on demand.

*Fuck yes! Don't stop, Kate!*

The image was locked in his head; those perfect lips that had just touched his own were wrapped around his cock; her tongue working the head, lapping up every drop of precum as it dribbled out for her. Alkim started pumping faster at the thought. Dream-Kate wouldn't take very long; she had gotten more than enough blowjob practice every day. After a few minutes of her tender nursing, he came explosively into her mouth, and she'd moan in ecstasy as she swallowed it all down, and licked him clean, never allowing a single drop to escape her beautiful lips.

*Take it all!*

Alkim came under the falling water for what felt like an incredibly long orgasm, and he practically lost his footing with his spasms. When Alkim finally opened his eyes the cum had already washed down the drain.

He hoped this wasn't going to become a regular thing. It would be very suspicious if he needed to shower three times a day. Yet a much deeper part of him wanted so much more. He wanted

that vision to become reality. He wanted to be Kate's relief. He wanted Kate to need him like she needed that fucking vape.

## IV - Discovery

### Kate

For Kate, it all started last week, when they tried the DMT. The feeling right after the first hit was incredible. Kate had never felt so euphoric before, not even on molly. Even after the hallucinations wore off, Kate felt like she was still on some kind of high for the rest of that night. It was even better than the internet had led her to believe, and Kate couldn't wait to try it again.

The next day Kate felt mostly normal, just a bit off, like she had gone too long without nicotine. She used her vape, and that helped but she never felt that release she expected from satisfying a craving. It was like there was something else gnawing at her, but she couldn't figure it out.

When the feeling didn't get any better by noon, Kate decided to make herself a drink. *It's always five o'clock somewhere.* She knew it was not the healthiest option, but it was a Saturday, and this might as well be brunch mimosas. Kate grabbed a random mug of water off the table, emptied it into the sink, and mixed herself a screwdriver. Once Kate brought the drink to her lips, to her shock, she immediately felt that release she was missing. The feeling ran through her nervous system like an electric current made of pure dopamine.

*Ooooh yeah... that's the stuff.*

Kate relished that feeling for a few moments until he realized something was really off; she hadn't actually drunk anything yet. All she had done was bring the mug to her lips.

*What the fuck?*

Kate downed the drink anyway and got a bit more of that relief, but the feeling was over much faster. She inspected the mug for anything weird but found nothing. She didn't even know what she was supposed to be looking for, yet she felt strangely compelled to find the source of her euphoria. Was it some kind of drug? Kate vaguely remembered Alkim had used this mug earlier.

It was his mug from the La Brea Tar Pits, featuring a California flag with Saber-Toothed cat in place of a bear. No one else was likely to choose it.

*Dork. But what the hell was he drinking from here? Did he spike it with something?* It'd looked like ordinary water, and she hadn't smelled anything unusual when she dumped it out in the sink.

Kate was perplexed, but she didn't really have anything substantial to dwell on. Still clueless, she soon went about her day normally. She mostly just kind of hung out in the living room with Alkim. For some reason she felt better about the mystery cravings. Kate guessed it was the

company, or the entertainment distracting her. She had never seen “*Avatar: The Last Airbender*” before, and when Alkim found out he insisted that they must watch the whole show.

After sitting next to him for a few minutes, Kate eventually noticed that Alkim smelled, bizarrely, kinda good today. It was odd, like it was just his normal smell, not too smelly, exactly how he always smelled, but somehow nicer today? It was hard to process what she liked about it, but, again, Kate tried not to dwell on the weirdness. Instead, she just got closer and laid her head on his shoulder, relaxing against him.

The euphoric feelings came to her after she grabbed Alkim’s water bottle and took a swig. Kate immediately recognized that sensation, lighting up her nerves.

*The mystery drug!?*

Kate took another gulp, but this time she barely felt anything.

*Damn it!*

It was completely maddening.

Still, her cravings went down after that hit. Kate felt like she got more from the bottle than she did from the glass earlier. Feeling the need for something dopamine inducing, she took another drag from her vape and offered it to Alkim. For once, he took a hit and handed it back to her. When her lips touched the vape it all clicked.

The feeling was incredible, and unlike any other drug she’d tried before: it made her focused, but not hyper-focused: awake but not wired: euphoric, but functional. That additional focus helped her put the events of the last few days into order. She found herself sucking on the mouthpiece absentmindedly as she put the pieces together, but another dose of nicotine brought her no additional relief. That cinched it, there was only one common factor between every time she felt that specific high.

*It’s Alkim! His saliva is the drug!*

At first the revelation repulsed her. *Fuck! That’s what made the DMT high so incredible!* She had to hide in her room, get some solitude so she could think. *This doesn’t make any fucking sense! That’s not how human spit works!* But it did work. Somehow, Alkim, her male best friend, had chemically laced spit.

*Why couldn’t it be Vicky’s spit?* There wouldn’t be any dilemma for her if Alkim was a beautiful Korean woman.

Kate stayed in her room for the next few hours, not comfortable facing Alkim with this knowledge.

*Alkim and his stupid lips. Fuck! Why am I thinking like that?*

Kate couldn't deny the cravings were getting stronger with each hour. Worse still, she could remember that intense feeling of relief; how much better she felt after taking the edge off. But Kate knew she had to resist it, had to resist the temptation... had to resist Alkim.

At eleven p.m. Kate finally broke. She left her room to get a glass of water, feeling pretty solid about her decision to resist. Then she saw him. Alkim passed out on the couch with some nature documentary playing, and there was a line of drool running down his cheek.

*Fuck!*

It was so much more than she'd ever gotten before. This would be a real fucking hit. Kate just had to try it.

*Just this one, just to satisfy my curiosity, then I'll go back to nothing.*

Kate wiped her finger over his cheek. *I can't believe I'm doing this.* She brought the finger up to her face and parted her lips. She hesitated for a long moment, thinking about how insane this all was. *This is so gross.* But she knew there was no turning back. Kate plunged the finger into her mouth.

The relief was immediate. Kate could feel the euphoria trickle down her spine and throughout the rest of her body. It wasn't *too* intense, not enough to knock her down. It just made her feel *very* relaxed, like all her anxieties were debris flowing downstream, down, down away from her mind, while her focus was like a salmon swimming past her worries, back upstream.

This was way better than anxiety pills. Way better, even, than Adderall.

Kate's best friend was the best drug she'd ever had. She knew that now. Bizarre and confusing as the knowledge was, there was no way for her to unlearn it, and no way she was gonna give it up.

After that revelation, Kate found she was constantly thinking of ways to get Alkim's spit while also desperately trying not to arouse his suspicions. Kate would bring Alkim drinks and lick the rim afterwards. She would sneak sips from his water bottle after each time he used it. It wasn't much, but it was enough, and she was well past caring about how objectively gross it was.

Kate kept offering her vape to Alkim, but he almost always refused. Apparently, Alkim can't even feel nicotine, and he also doesn't care for the smell. Foiled, she set about finding a solution. That night she went online and bought him a dry herb vape, for weed, so she could extract more of his spit. She paid extra for overnight shipping.

When it finally arrived the next day she presented it to Alkim.

"Yooo, thank you so much, Kate!"

"Consider it a late red-envelope present." Her riff on him being so fucking young, and penniless.

He grinned back at her. “Wanna help me christen this thing? We could even shotgun the hits, like with the DMT, hahaha.” He tried to laugh off the suggestion as he loaded some weed into the chamber.

Kate felt like such an idiot, she had to physically stop herself from facepalming.

*Of course I never had to play any mind games with him! Alkim wants me, we both know it, so of course he would take any opportunity to kiss me.*

“Sure, why not?”

Before Alkim could get too embarrassed and retract the offer, Kate took as long of a drag as she could and brought her lips to his.

It was electric. Just like the first time, the mystery chemicals in his saliva instantly relaxed her, overpowering whatever insubstantial buzz she got from the weed. Direct lip contact was so much more powerful than lapping up his leftovers. Kate felt so good that she almost forgot to exhale the vapor into Alkim’s mouth, which was the entire flimsy pretext for this lip contact. Once she noticed, she quickly exhaled and pulled away from him.

She decided to play it extra cool to avoid suspicion, leaning back against the couch and scrolling mindlessly through her phone. As if lip-to-lip contact was a normal way for a lesbian and her straight-male friend to share drugs. From now on, in this house, it might as well be. Though, Alkim sure wasn’t aware of all the drugs he was actually sharing with Kate.

Not that he wasn’t also enjoying himself, as evidenced from his pitiful attempts to hide his boner. If he thought she’d noticed, he’d probably die of embarrassment, so she pretended not to. It wasn’t long before he couldn’t take it anymore and excused himself to take a shower and jerk off (the jerking off part was implied).

Kate thought that was kind of gross of him, she didn’t think he would need to jerk off after just a kiss. But then again, she knew this was kind of an escalation of the regular teasing she did.

Kate always kind of enjoyed screwing with him a bit, gauging his reaction to her body. It’s just kind of funny how little she needed to do much to catch his attention; just a stretch in front of a mirror here, or an exposed nipple there (though the vast majority of nip slips were genuine, she wasn’t usually aware of them). Usually Kate hated male attention, especially from strangers, but with Alkim it was validating and harmless. He never commented and always respected her boundaries, and he was a lot better than the male friends she’d had before. Kate always felt in control around him.

She just needed to maintain that control and use it to get what she needed from him. Then they’d both get what they wanted.

*But that dude really needs to get laid.*

Just then, her stomach grumbled, loudly. She had been a lot hungrier than normal lately, but she figured that was because she had been rationing her Adderall doses.

*Whatever, I'll just workout more later to make up for it.*

Kate ordered Postmates.

## V - Developments

### Kate

There was no getting around it, Kate's tits had grown. She had noticed them swelling up a bit, but she just assumed it was just her cycle. That was until this morning. They'd clearly gone so far beyond normal swelling. Kate tried on bra after bra, but none of them fit. Excess titflesh was spilling over the sides of her cups, and in the middle they were getting pushed up into a mound of cleavage.

*Fucking quad-boob!*

Kate was more than a little freaked out, part of her worried that it might be breast cancer. She checked herself for lumps in front of the mirror, but the improvised mammogram turned up nothing. That was a huge relief, but Kate couldn't help but notice some other changes.

For one, her boobs were way more sensitive than normal, and Kate could have sworn her nipples weren't this dark before. It looked to Kate like she had grown two cup sizes in just four days. Even remembering how fast they ballooned during puberty, this still seemed unnaturally fast, even with how much she'd been pigging out lately. *Fuck, I need to cut back on the food deliveries.* Kate didn't need to be bulging out of her karaoke bar outfits, and she didn't want those gross male customers pawing at them more than usual.

Kate never understood why straight dudes cared so much about tits. As a lesbian, she still appreciated a nice set of tits, but to her, they were just not that big of a deal. Just sacks of yellow fat, technically meant to feed babies. Maybe if Alkim had his own pair he wouldn't care as much about hers.

But when Kate looked at her breasts now, she knew they were going to start bringing in a lot more unwanted attention. They were just way too heavy, too prone to excessive jiggling, too noticeable wobbling around. Even non-leering eyes would be automatically drawn to this much movement on her chest.

*Even I would stare at tits like these.*

This was not good.

Kate decided to go to the gym to work it off. As usual, she invited Alkim. The two had almost always worked out together, since Kate had already prepaid for a 24-Hour-Fitness membership that allowed one guest. Plus, she felt a lot safer walking in this shitty neighborhood with him around. It was a no-brainer.

“Hey, dude!” Kate called out to him from her room, “Wanna go to the gym? I’m feeling fat as fuck right now.”

Alkim’s reply came quickly, “Sure! Just give me a second to change!” That was barely an exaggeration, sometimes it only took him a few seconds to get ready. Kate had never lived with guys before, and she still couldn’t believe how little time it took him to shower or change clothes.

“I’m ready when you are!” He yelled ten seconds later.

*Dammit! That was fast. Must be easy when you didn’t give a fuck about your appearance, or when your wardrobe was almost entirely gym clothes.*

“Wait, dude, I’m not ready. I need a few minutes to change!” Then she remembered her sports bras weren’t gonna fit anymore.

*Fuck me!*

First thing Kate tried was going braless, but she didn’t want to deal with all that jiggling, or the inevitable stares. That also ruled out tank tops. Then she tried two tight athletic shirts, but she could tell straight away it was gonna be way too hot; the boob sweat was going to soak both the shirts if she kept them on. Plus, there was no way they would provide enough support. None of her swimsuits would work either and she wasn’t about to test some flimsy string extension with all this new weight. Kate’s final option was to just go out in her best sports bra and maybe order some new ones online. She’d skip the pool and just stick with cardio to burn some fat.

It was a real battle trying to stuff her enlarged tits into the now-inadequate sports bra, and it was a Pyrrhic victory at best. She felt this was kind of pushing it; the compression made for a huge amount of cleavage, and it pushed her boobs up so high that they were even more noticeable. The resulting bubble of cleavage was high enough that she could almost reach it with her nose when she bent her head down. The end result was uncomfortable, but it looked about as decent as she could hope for.

*Alkim’s gonna lose it when he sees this. Whatever, he’s an adult, he can deal with his own horniness later.*

“Kay, I’m ready!” Kate called out before stepping into the living room.

Once Alkim looked up from his phone his face froze up like a Greek hero in Medusa’s lair.

*How predictable.*

She wondered if he'd ever seen this much tit before. In all likelihood, he would see more later.

## VI - Gym

Alkim

*Holy fucking shit!*

Alkim couldn't believe his eyes. He'd seen more than enough of her tits before to notice that they'd changed.

*How are her tits so huge today? I've never seen this much tit before!*

Luckily, he was too busy staring at Kate's chest to physically drop his jaw and openly gawk at the sight.

Alkim felt like he had to say something. There was no way he could just let this pass by without comment.

"Uggghhh, Kate..." *Fuck, what can I say tactfully?* "Um... I don't think that top fits." Understatement of the year, every exposed inch of titflesh was clearly bulging out past the fabric. Her cleavage alone outsized a normal woman's chest.

Kate groaned, "Yeah dude, I fucking noticed. It's like everything I ate this week went straight to my tits, none of my shit fits anymore! That's why I need to go to the fucking gym!" Her voice had hit an anxious, almost panicky tone.

*Shit.*

Kate was not having fun with this. Alkim knew how worried she was about getting fat. Kate spent a lot of time managing her appearance, maintaining a constant figure, which he more than appreciated. This was a real grenade in her weekly regimen.

*More like two grenades.*

"Shit, I'm sorry dude," he lied. Alkim was not sorry at all, he thought this was the most incredible development. If he'd known Kate was just a few days of overeating away from growing those tits, he would have been cooking way more calorically dense meals from day one. "I didn't mean to stare, just... I didn't know tits could balloon out like that in a week!" *At least that wasn't a lie.*

"Same dude!" yelled Kate, "I didn't think this was possible either!"

“What’s not possible?” Said a voice from down the hall.

*Oh shit, too loud.*

All the commotion brought their other housemate, Mikaella, out to investigate. Apparently neither Alkim nor Kate knew she was home until that moment. She'd left on Friday for work, and none of them ever bothered to ask her when she'd get home since she rarely knew beforehand anyway.

Mikaella turned the corner into the living room and nearly walked headfirst into Kate's expanded bazooms.

“Holy shit! Kate!” yelled Mikaella. Apparently Alkim wasn't the only one totally gobsmacked by this development.

Mikaella was a short Filipina girl. Nineteen years old, and, Alkim assumed, somewhere around five-foot two inches in height, with black hair, and somewhat dark skin. Alkim didn't really think of her as hot, but she was objectively cute, just not very curvy. Like Vicky, Mikaella had also met Kate when they were working at the Karaoke bar, but she had quit that a while ago. It was no real secret that Mikaella was a sugar baby, but she never talked about it, probably out of embarrassment or shame, and the rest of the house never brought it up.

Still, Alkim liked her; she was the closest housemate to him in age, and she was always nice to him. Mikaella never had any issue with him staying there, especially since he'd driven her around a few times, and helped spruce up her community college app, no questions asked. Overall, he thought Mikaella was a nice enough person, but she was fresh out of both high school and a broken home. Neither experience had left her the most emotionally mature or tactful person in the world. For good or ill, Mikaella never hesitated to speak her mind, or, in this case, yell her mind.

Mikaella launched a litany of questions and observations at Kate, “When did your tits get this big?! I thought you were just an F-cup! What fucking size are those?!”

*Well, that's one way to ask a girl about her figure...*

Mikaella's eyes were locked onto Kate's tits, now practically at the shorter girl's eye level thanks to the overtaxed sports bra.

“Jesus, fuck dude!” Kate tried to cover her tits up with her arms, but that was never going to work. The move only pushed her tits down and to the sides, causing the excess tit-flesh to spill into her armpits. “I just gained some weight this weekend, okay! Back off!” She yelled and stamped her foot for emphasis, but the motion had the unintended effect of making her incredible milkers wobble in front of her housemates.

Unsurprisingly, this did nothing to dissuade Mikaella's curiosity. "Dude! No way! Tits don't just grow like that! What are you taking? Did you start birth control? Wait, why would you need birth control? You're a lesbian!"

Kate must have had enough of this. "Just leave it alone! Damn!" she yelled at the nosy girl, grabbing Alkim's arm, and his water bottle. Refusing to answer any of Mikaella's questions, Kate pulled him through the front door and slammed it shut, cutting off the line of questioning. She sighed in deep frustration and started drinking from Alkim's water bottle.

*Wait, why did she grab mine?*

Alkim thought that was weird, but he wasn't going to risk upsetting her further. Everything in the last couple of minutes was weird, she probably just panicked under all the questions about her tits. Tits that Alkim had an unobstructed view of, as she did her best to chug the contents of his water bottle.

She was gulping his water the way one chugs hard liquor from the bottle after a terrible argument. Alkim had to say something, but he didn't want to set Kate off again. "You okay, Kate?"

After a moment Kate finally stopped drinking his water. "Yeah, I'm fine," and she did seem a lot calmer than before. "Let's just go. I need to burn off this fat, and I'm gonna need you to help me do it. Kuài! Kuài!" *Quickly! Quickly!* She often defaulted to Chinese with him when she was stressed.

Kate handed the bottle back to Alkim. He took a swig himself, but just before he could cap it Kate took it back, drank again, and then returned it to him.

*Wonder what's gotten her so thirsty...*

The two arrived at the 24-Hour-Fitness in a few minutes, and Alkim could tell this was not gonna be a normal day at the gym. Usually, the two went their separate ways at the entrance. They just had very different fitness goals. Kate hated jogging, while Alkim loved cardio. Alkim was also a lot stronger than Kate, so they couldn't use the same weights, and there was no way she could spot him safely.

Today was different; Kate's whole goal was cardio and weight loss, so they started off with some stretches. Alkim proactively avoided being a creep by staying to her left while they did hamstring stretches; legs straight, bending over to touch the ground. His natural flexibility was terrible, but years of jogging and martial arts meant he could almost get his full palm flat on the mat and see between his own legs.

*Oh, goddammit!*

Alkim hadn't accounted for the mirrors right behind them that gave him a full view of Kate and her tits. Gravity was pulling them down to her chin. And as if that wasn't enough, Kate had her

hands around her ankles and was pulling her torso closer to her legs. This had the effect of squishing her tits into her thighs.

*Fuck me! What a vision.*

This was even hotter than that time she'd worn that obscene bathing suit during a night-swimming session. He had to stop looking. The gym was the absolute worst place to get a boner, especially in these shorts. And they were only on the first stretch. He would try to keep it together, keep it nonsexual, but she wasn't going to make it easy for him.

Alkim knew Kate wasn't trying, but in that undersized sports bra basically any stretch or motion made her overgrown tits look irresistibly huge, hypnotic, even.

Butterfly stretch? Tits squished between her arms. Cobra stretch? Tits dangling out in front. Calf stretch? Admittedly that didn't accentuate them, but the tits were still there, jiggling, existing, making him want to chug an entire milk carton. Alkim bet she could charge serious money for this view. He'd seen camgirls way less attractive than Kate doing way less sexually charged exercises raking it in.

*No! Stop thinking about porn of Kate!*

Alkim was already sweating bullets, and they hadn't even started on cardio yet. He gave himself a short reprieve from Kate (and her tits) to refill his water bottle, which she immediately snatched upon his return. He made a note on his phone to get Kate her own metal water bottle later.

Next was cardio. Kate took the treadmill all the way in the corner, Alkim took the one next to her. He usually did his own jogging outside, since he got bored too quickly running on the treadmill. He needed to be going somewhere, or have something interesting to look at when he ran, which is why he preferred trail runs with natural vistas, like trees, the sea, or mountains.

This time, Alkim had more than enough natural mountains to watch from the comfort of his treadmill. Each of Kate's stride sent her massive boobs bouncing almost up to her face where they crashed into each other before succumbing to gravity and falling back into the overtaxed sports bra, stretching it down almost to her navel. Alkim thought it was a most wonderful sight, completely mesmerizing. Yet even his horned-up brain knew all that bouncing had to be painful.

"Ow! Fuck!" yelled Kate. Alkim's perverted instincts were correct. After just fifteen seconds of jogging Kate had to stop the machine. She raised her free hands to support her sore tits. Her palms sunk deeply into her own flesh, pushing some extra cleavage up towards her neck. "Ow, ow ow! That's it, no more jogging." she hissed.

Alkim didn't really know what to say, and he almost forgot he was still jogging. The blood pumping into his legs was probably the only reason he didn't also have a boner right then. Alkim powered down his machine and followed after her.

He had only just started to work up a sweat, and as nice as it was watching her body, he didn't want to get a boner in front of her, and he still needed to get a real workout in.

"Ummm, I should probably get a few sprints in here, then I'll hit the weights. Maybe you could use the stationary bike, and meet me at the dumbbells?" Alkim suggested with as much tact as he could muster.

Kate just sighed and made her way over to the bikes. He did a couple of high-speed sprints on the treadmills and went to the dumbbells, far, far away from Kate.

Alkim's workout continued, and, after twenty-five minutes of cycling, Kate must have worn herself down, because she was suddenly hovering over Alkim at the bench press, with two dumbbells in her hands, and her amazing boobs dangling over his head. Alkim briefly imagined her trying to spot him as he laid there, smothering him with her tits in the process. He had to quickly banish the thought to keep his form from slipping.

He put down his heavy dumbbells and sat up, taking in her post-cardio appearance. A thin shine of sweat coated Kate's entire body, and her clothes had some dark patches, but she was still extremely photogenic. *Fuck, how does she still manage to look like a fucking shiny goddess after all that cardio?* Alkim hadn't even pushed himself all that hard, and yet he was sweating bullets.

"How was the cycling?" he asked.

"Meh." Kate mumbled. "Better than jogging, but I still hate cardio. This is just not my day. Can I use the bench after you? All the others are taken." Kate asked while gesturing at the grunting dudes that occupied the rest of the weight room.

"Sure, I'm basically done anyway. I can spot you."

"Thanks."

*She sounds kind of down. I should probably do something for her when we get back, maybe order that water bottle for her.*

Alkim dropped his dumbbells and peeled his sweaty back off the bench. He couldn't help but notice there was a lot of sweat left behind. The shine outlined his entire body, with an extra damp patch where his head was a minute ago.

*Kinda gross, she'll expect me to clear that off.*

He grabbed a wipe after he re-racked the dumbbells. To his surprise, Kate must not have noticed. She just sat down with her own twenty-pound weights on her thighs and laid back into Alkim's excessively sweaty outline.

Alkim expected Kate to be disgusted and drop the weights, but to his surprise she didn't say anything at all. Kate just laid there for a second and started doing reps with a perfectly formed and focused face.

It was just so bizarre for her. Kate was normally very easily grossed out. Alkim was so surprised that he barely even had time to be a pervert. He barely noticed how her tits had flattened out against her chest and partially spilled into her armpits, or how her arms and pectoral muscles jostled them as she brought the dumbbells up, down, up, down, up, and down...

*Focus!*

Alkim forced his eyes to lock onto her form, not her jiggling milkers. He knew it was not a good idea to get distracted when spotting someone (even though Kate wasn't using a bar), but damn was she making it difficult for him.

He settled for keeping his eyes moving between her form and the jiggling motions of her tits, safe in the knowledge that she couldn't see his face from this angle.

Good thing too, because he noticed her elbows bowed in slightly. "Focus! Keep your arms straight, perpendicular to the ground," he corrected.

She fixed her form immediately and continued her set.

*Huh, expected her to at least grunt out a "shut up."*

"That's it! Just keep going!"

Now satisfied with her form, Alkim watched the hypnotic movements of her mams for a bit. He wondered if he was the only one staring at his bombshell housemate. Sure enough, a quick peek at the mirror confirmed his suspicions.

*Not like purple-haired Asian women with giant tits are an everyday sight.*

Nearly a dozen heads swiveled back to their machines, or their phones, once Alkim started scanning the room. Apparently, no one wanted to be caught checking out what they all knew they were checking out.

*Figures. They probably think I'm her possessive boyfriend. God, if only.*

With a final grunt, Kate finished her last rep and dropped her dumbbells to the ground.

*Wait, how many was that? Too many? Shit, was I supposed to be counting?*

"Fuck me, I think I'm done with chest stuff. Can you put those away for me?" Kate asked, taking another swig from Alkim's bottle.

*She'll never be done with chest stuff.* “Yeah, no problem.” Alkim was already reaching for the dumbbells.

“Thanks. Guess if I’m going to be carrying all this extra weight, I should probably do some back exercises, huh?” She stretched her arms behind her back, thrusting out her tits at him, her overstuffed cleavage jiggling endlessly. When he remembered to look at her face, he found her smirking at him.

“Uhhhh, yeah, back exercises would be a good idea. Meet me at the lat machines.”

“Cool, I’ll clean the bench and meet you there.”

*Fucking what? She’s gonna clean off MY sweat?*

“Alright,” Alkim said with a tone that he hoped conveyed absolutely none of the confusion he felt. He thought she hadn’t noticed the sweat, but now he was wondering if she just suddenly didn’t care anymore.

He set up his weights on the lat-pull-down machine, but his thoughts were all on her. Normally, Kate never volunteered to clean anything, but lately she had seemed much more vigilant about cleanliness at home, which was also completely at odds with her laying down on top of the sweaty bench. Letting him look at her was normal for her, but not in public, and not after how upset she’d been about her enlarged tits only an hour prior. The inconsistencies in her behavior just didn’t add up.

*What the hell is going on with her?*

He decided she must be going through something more serious, and the weight gain was probably just a side effect. A very, very, *very* sexy side effect. If Kate was having problems beyond the inconvenient largeness of her boobs, they could talk about them after their workout.

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## Kate

These tits were really starting to get on her nerves. First, Mikaella had come at her demanding to know what happened, which Kate did not know. Then, when she tried to stretch they were slapping her in the face.

And then there was Alkim, and his incessant staring. Part of her got it. He’d always liked her tits, always been distractible, and now there was a lot more titty to draw his eyes.

But damn it, she didn’t want to think about how much Alkim was probably enjoying the sight. Even worse, he was far from the only one. She really didn’t want to think about all the other

male eyes watching her just trying to stretch, looking away when she scanned the room, and using the mirrors to watch her from angles she couldn't check.

Jogging was worse. There was simply no way to contain the bouncing, and the pain was even worse than she'd remembered it ever being. It wasn't like the usual aches and soreness from too much bouncing; it felt more like her skin was going to tear. A few seconds had been more than enough to turn her off jogging for a lifetime.

When Alkim suggested the stationary bike, Kate decided that it was a good excuse to just pedal, not move her chest, and play around on her phone while she burned some calories. Twenty-five minutes of that had been enough to remind her just how fucking boring exercise was, especially cardio.

*How the fuck can Alkim actually like jogging? It's unnatural.*

A mystery for the ages.

Then, out of the twelve unused stationary bikes, some fucking dude had to pick the one bike to her left. She didn't need to look over and confirm the creep was eying her up and down, or why else would he have plopped down right next to her.

*Fuck you, perv! And fuck cycling!*

She needed to do something else. Alkim said to meet him by the dumbbells when she was done, and she felt very fucking done with cardio for now.

So, she left the cycling perv behind and went to go find her friend. It took her a moment to pick him out amidst this sea of grunting, hairy things.

Nearly every bench was taken by gross sweaty men, and like two women. The entire place smelled like ammonia, testosterone, and unwashed jockstrap (she assumed, not wanting to know how correct her assessment was). Walking past them to grab a pair of twenty-pound dumbbells and reach Alkim's bench felt like an ordeal in and of itself, especially with the giant mirrors advertising her wobbling shelf of boob to these thirsty fuckers that were supposed to be watching their form, not ogling hers.

When she got to Alkim, he was busy bench-pressing two seventy-pound dumbbells, probably too much for her to help if he really needed a spotter. But he seemed to have it under control, so she just hovered nearby, waiting for him to finish his set, trying her best not to catch any more wandering eyes.

After what she guessed was eight reps, he dropped the dumbbells down by his feet and turned to look at her.

"How was the cycling?"

“Meh. Better than jogging, but I still hate cardio. This is just not my day. Can I use the bench after you? All the others are taken.”

“Sure, I’m basically done anyway. I can spot you.”

“Thanks.” Kate didn’t think she’d need a spotter for her set, but that was a normal thing for a friend to offer. She settled back onto the bench and started lifting her own twenty-pound weights.

After three reps she really felt the burn, and her arms started to wobble. Then, Alkim reminded her to focus, and corrected her form.

“Focus! Keep your arms straight, perpendicular to the ground.”

She fixed her form immediately and continued her set.

Instead of telling him to shut up, her arms simply obeyed, straightening to keep the weights vertical.

“That’s it! Just keep going!” he encouraged.

Even though Kate could feel his sweat on her back, could feel her tits flattening out wider than normal, she ignored the odd sensations, and focused on maintaining her form. Before she knew it, she’d gone well beyond her set, and it wasn’t until she dropped the weights that she finally felt the intense burn in her pecs.

*Ouch! Overworked it!*

“Fuck me, I think I’m done with chest stuff. Can you put those away for me?” She took his water bottle and drank from it without thinking. The relief hit her immediately, trickling down from her panting mouth into her nerves. Within seconds, the muscle pains faded away, almost like they’d never been. Even the soreness in her boobs from all that bouncing on the treadmill had vanished. All that was left was some tightness in her pecs, just enough for her to know not to work those muscles any further.

*Jesus, this stuff is too fucking good. No way am I working out without him from now on.*

“Yeah, no problem.” said her walking pharmacy, as he moved to pick up her dumbbells.

Come to think of it, she didn’t really mind when Alkim stared at her tits.

*It’s a normal reaction I guess. The rest can go fuck themselves, but it’s just Alkim, and he’s already helping her out so much more than he knows. Might as well just let him enjoy himself, watch some tits, not like it’s hurting me.*

“Thanks. Guess if I’m going to be carrying all this extra weight, I should probably do some back exercises, huh?” She put one arm above her shoulders, and tried to grab her hands behind her back, which had the effect of thrusting her tits out even more.

*Line: cast.* As usual, Alkim took the bait, and locked his eyes onto her expansive cleavage.

After a moment he must have realized he was staring and made eye contact. She couldn’t help but smirk at his predictability. If he wasn’t already red-faced from his workout, he might have blushed.

*Hook, line, and sinker.*

“Uhhhh, yeah, back exercises would be a good idea. Meet me at the lat machines.”

“Cool, I’ll clean the bench and meet you there.” She was the last to use the bench, so it was only fair that she cleaned up. She wiped his sweat off with her gym towel and met him over at the lat machines.

He went first, then took off a bunch of weights, and then she took her turn.

What started out as a stressful workout had become oddly relaxing, almost therapeutic. It felt good to not think about anything beyond her next rep, and to not have to worry about whether she was lifting correctly, or working the right muscles. She simply listened to Alkim’s instructions on her form, and followed them to the letter, as if he were her personal trainer.

*Maybe I should let him be my actual trainer. He’d probably go along if I just let him stare at my tits.*

After the lat pull-downs they did some rowing, and then some core exercises. She did some weighted crunches, allowing Alkim to hold her feet and stare at her jiggling tits while she did a set of twenty. Considering the extra weight added to her chest, she wasn’t sure the dumbbell was strictly necessary.

Throughout their workout, Kate found Alkim’s presence very comforting, and she felt a lot better using him as a buffer between herself and the rubbernecking masses. Normally, she hated nothing more than when people mistook the two of them for a couple. At parties or clubs—places where she *needed* other women to know she was gay—someone assuming Alkim was her boyfriend was a genuine berserk button for her. But right then, at this very dude-biased gym, she was more than willing to use that heteronormativity as a shield.

And after each exercise, she took another swig from his water bottle. God, did that make her feel better. She knew there was something off about “it”, about him, but it felt normal, natural even, for her to use “it” to take the pain away. Whatever “it” really was, it came from her friend, and she knew he wanted to help her out.

*He’d said it himself. “I can spot you.”*

Whatever she needed, he could provide, whether he knew it or not.

## VII - Aroma

### Alkim

When they returned home, Kate just went straight to her room and shut the door. *So much for talking.* Alkim didn't realize until then that she'd also taken his bottle. *Dammit, Kate.*

He went to the kitchen and got a glass of water, which is where Mikaella found him.

"Hey Alkim! Worked up quite a *thirst* there, huh?" asked Mikaella.

Alkim emptied his glass before answering, "Oh, hey Mikaella. Yeah, it was a decent workout."

"I'll say! You're like, *drenched* in sweat." She pointed at his completely darkened tank top.

"Yeah, well, I'm gonna grab a shower in a second."

Just after Alkim said that he heard a door shutting, and then the unmistakable sound of a shower being turned on.

*Well, never mind then.*

"Looks like Kate beat you to it." She said with a giggle.

"Dammit," Alkim sighed, "she's supposed to let me go first. She takes like twenty minutes minimum, when I could have been done in two. Plus I'm always sweatier than her, and I get underarm BO." He lifted his armpit and scented that all too familiar stink. Living in a house of mostly Asian girls that never dealt with smelly pits (and one Hannah) had made Alkim more than a little self-conscious about how his pits smelled.

Mikaella must have taken that as an invitation to check Alkim for BO, as she sidled right up to him and started sniffing his exposed upper arm. "Hmmm," she hummed and sniffed for a couple more seconds, "actually, \*sniff\* you smell kinda nice. Are you wearing something?"

Alkim was almost too shocked at this random intrusion of his personal space to answer, "Ummm... no? No, I'm not wearing any scent, or deodorant." Alkim seemed to have developed a resistance to his antiperspirant over the last week. Whenever he applied it, somehow he ended up sweating right through it anyway. So, the pit stench was kind of a sore point for him.

Mikaella looked very surprised at that. “Really?” She wiped a finger over his arm and brought it to her nose. Mikaella inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly, like she was wine tasting. Or like she was snorting it. “Mmmmmm, no, Alkim, you smell... *just fine.*”

The relaxed look on her face was weirdly unsettling, and Alkim was not used to getting compliments on his body odor. He lifted his arm to check again for himself, but his armpit just smelled like his natural body odor.

This was just a very strange conversation. It didn’t help that Mikaella was practically on top of him, trapping him against the sink. “Uhhh, thanks, I guess?” said Alkim.

Apparently accepting the compliment was the key to exiting this line of discussion, as she smiled and sat herself back down at the kitchen table. He decided to wash the dishes while he waited for Kate to finish her shower.

After a minute Mikaella broke the temporary silence. “Sooooo...” she began.

*Oh, what now?* Alkim shut off the sink and turned to face her.

“... what’s up with Kate?” she asked.

*Ah, that.* “Dude, I don’t really know.” Alkim answered honestly, genuinely puzzled by her behavior (and her “developments”) himself.

“Like where the fuck did that come from? They weren’t that big last week! Right?” Mikaella was speaking more quietly than this morning, but she must have been thinking about those tits the whole time they were at the gym. Not that Alkim could blame her. Mikaella was gone for four days, and in that time Kate’s already big tits had suddenly gotten even bigger.

Alkim figured it wasn’t polite to talk so much about his friend’s giant jugs, but it wasn’t like Kate could hear them over the shower. Plus, Alkim had to vent to someone, and he figured Mikaella was as good as anyone. “Yeah, dude, I’m just as surprised as you are. I only noticed today. She said they’re at least two cup sizes up.”

“Holy shit!”

“I know, right?” The pressure had been released, and Alkim needed to vent. “Dude it was insane. I could barely keep my eyes to myself. You should have seen the way they bounced on that treadmill, how they spilled off the sides of her chest on the best press! Fucking everyone in the gym was watching her.”

“I bet! Oh my god, that must have been pure torture for you!” She started giggling, “Like, did you.. you know...”

Alkim didn’t like where this was going. “Did I do what?”

“You know! Did you...” she punctuated her question by nodding down at his crotch, “... get hard?”

And there it is. “No, Mikaella. I did not get hard in the middle of the gym.” That was true, but just barely so. He had come dangerously close to that so many times. It took a bunch of deep squats and stretches to keep that blood in less incriminating muscles.

Alkim took from her giggling that she did not believe him, and he couldn’t really blame her.

“I mean, it’d be normal if you did. Like, isn’t it crazy, like, how fucking huge she grew in one weekend?.”

“Yeah.”

“You’re like a med student right? Do you know why her boobs would just grow like that? Is she just getting fat? Or is she on something? Like a pill?”

He was absolutely not a med student, but he didn’t bother to correct her.

“A pill? What are you talking about”

“You know, like a hormone pill, birth control. No, I guess she wouldn’t need that... Or maybe her psych meds? I heard those can sometimes make your boobs bigger, saw that on Instagram, this one girl took them ‘cuz she’s bipolar or something, and her boobs, like, doubled in size.” Mikaella held her arms out to indicate the size of the tits in question, bigger than her own head. “Kate wouldn’t hold out on me if she found something, would she?”

Mikaella was full of questions today. Alkim decided to stop her there, “No way, Mikaella. There’s no such thing. I mean, hormone pills are a thing, but they wouldn’t just make your breasts grow, they have all kinds of side effects. If someone made a real breast enhancement pill it would be instant multi-billion-dollar news. It would be the most popular drug among women overnight; you’d know about it. And like you said, there’s no way she’s on birth control. I think she’s just overeating or something.”

“Ugh, dammit, you’re probably right.” She sounded disappointed. “And I guess she would have told you right? Since you’re besties and shit now?”

“Yeah. She was kinda freaked, worried she’s getting fat. Did a bunch of cardio today to try and work them off.”

“SHE WHAT?!” shouted Mikaella. “She wants to work them off?”

*Uh oh, wrong answer.* Alkim just nodded, not wanting to upset her any further. The shower was still pouring for now, but it wasn’t like the kitchen was soundproof.

“What an ungrateful bitch! Kate gets a second blessing from the titty fairy, and she wants to lose the weight!” Mikaella slammed a fist on the table in frustration.

“Fucking... UGHH!” She met his eyes, realized how loud she was being, then continued, more quietly, “It’s just sooo unfair. I wish I had tits like that. Fucking everyone else here is busty as hell, and I’m stuck here as the fucking president of the itty-bitty-titty-committee!”

Alkim didn’t really know what to say to that. He also wished Mikaella had tits like their other housemates, but he knew saying so wouldn’t exactly help with her body image problems.

“Hey, Mikaella, c’mon, you don’t have to be jealous of Kate, or Vicky, or Hannah.” *Fuck, did I just accidentally put her at the bottom of the list?* “You’re a very attractive woman.” Alkim put his hand on her shoulder for comfort, not sure if he was helping.

“You really think so? You’re not just saying that to make me feel better?” she asked, stifling a snifle.

“Of course, lots of guys like petite girls. Most guys actually.” He chose not to mention that they liked petite girls with huge chests even more.

In a surprising move Mikaella turned and wrapped her arms around Alkim’s waist, pulling him into a tight hug, and pushing her head into his sweat-soaked shirt. Her head was just below his pecs. BO or no BO, Alkim thought there was no way this wasn’t as gross for her as it was awkward for him. Yet she made no move to disengage and didn’t make a sound.

*Does she really not care about all the sweat?*

Alkim guessed this was weirdly comforting for her, so he just kind of stood there in awkward silence, patting her on the back while she hugged his sweaty torso. Then the sniffing resumed.

Alkim looked down to see Mikaella’s eyes were shut, and her nose was pressed against his right pec.

*Wait, she’s not sniffing, she’s... sniffing?*

“Um... Mikaella?”

“Hm?” she mumbled back. Her face didn’t budge.

“... What are you doing?”

“Nothing just... enjoying the hug... and you just smell *-sniff-* really *-sniff-* good?” Mikaella very slowly pulled herself away from Alkim’s chest, with an inquisitive look on her face.

*Just take the compliment.*

“Thanks...”

“*Mmmmm*. No, thank you. You have no idea how much I needed that. Also, has anyone ever told you that you smell like man-scented candles?”

“Uhhh, no, can’t say they have.” He heard the bathroom door open, and Kate’s door shutting. “I guess that’s my cue to take a shower.”

Alkim ducked out from the bizarre interaction to finally clean himself off.

## VIII - Bonding

### Alkim

When Alkim got out of his shower, Kate was holed up in her room, apparently busy with online shopping, and probably ready to go to work at the Karaoke bar, so he left her to it.

Mikaella found him again in the living room. “Heyyyyy,” she began. Alkim braced himself for more weirdness.

“Are you free? I need to do some shopping, and I don’t have a car. Any chance you could drive me to goodwill and groceries? Pleeeaaaase?” Mikaella pleaded, literally batting her eyelashes at him.

“Sure, I can drive.”

Alkim liked to stay helpful, that way no one minded that he wasn’t paying any rent.

They got into Alkim’s battered, old BMW convertible. His air conditioning was broken, so they drove with the top down to the nearest goodwill.

Mikaella was by far the thriftiest person in the house. Alkim couldn’t imagine any of the other girls wearing second-hand clothes from goodwill, but everyone else came from a solidly upper middle-class background.

When they got inside, she wasted no time piling up clothes in her arms up to her chin. Alkim wanted to be helpful. “Need me to hold your purse while you try things on?” he offered.

“Really? You’d do that for me?” Mikaella seemed surprised he was willing to temporarily carry a purse, as if doing so might hurt his street cred, or cause him to spontaneously grow a vagina.

“Yeah, of course.”

“Thanks!” She handed over her purse, then went off trying out new outfits, while Alkim busied himself looking through the loose items and books. Most of them were self-help books, or the kind of trash you’d find in an airport convenience store, but he did find a copy of Trevor Noah’s “*Born a Crime*,” and a book about the making of the BBC Earth documentary, “*Planet Earth*.” Alkim snatched both for just five bucks, an excellent bargain.

After thirtyish minutes Mikaella had found the clothes she needed, and they went on to groceries. Alkim’s Costco card was another bonus to the household, at least until his dad kicked him off the family membership. Mikaella bought a ton of canned spam, a box of dollar ramen, and some flavored water packets. Alkim just grabbed some rotisserie chicken, veggies to cook tomorrow, a metal water bottle for Kate, a tall bottle of vodka, and some mixers. They weren’t exactly out of booze, but Alkim always preferred to have backups.

*Fuck is it hot today.* The drive back had them still sweating from the afternoon sun, even with the convertible top and windows down to provide maximum airflow.

When they got back home they found a bunch of empty takeout containers in the kitchen, but no Kate. Her door was shut, and it seemed like her lights were off.

*Guess she went to work.* Karaoke nights could run as late as two-am, so he figured he wouldn’t see her until tomorrow afternoon.

After Alkim put away the groceries he parked himself on the couch and dicked around on his phone for a bit.

“Hey, Alkim,” Mikaella called out from the kitchen, “I’m making a drink, you want one?”

*I could use a drink after today’s awkwardness.* “Sure, thanks!” he yelled back.

After a minute, Mikaella walked into the living room with what looked like a vodka tonic in each hand, handing the larger one to Alkim.

“I made yours a double, because I know you have a high tolerance,” she said with a wink.

“That’s very thoughtful of you.” Alkim really appreciated that; it took double-digit numbers of drinks just to get him tipsy.

As Alkim took the proffered drink, he couldn’t help but appreciate his housemate’s appearance. Mikaella had changed into a dark blue tube top and a black miniskirt, which had the wonderful effect of showing off her taut abs and slender legs. Though Mikaella was lacking in curves compared to the rest of the household, she could easily hold her own against the average LA girl in a contest of fuckability.

“I like your outfit. Did you buy it today?” he asked.

“Thanks! I did!” she beamed from the attention. “And thanks for driving me around, the bus would have taken foreverrrr.” Mikaella took a swig of her drink. “Mind if I join you?”

“Be my guest,” he gestured at the empty space to his left. Technically, he was still the guest in this house, but she had the good graces not to call him out on it.

Mikaella set her drink down on the coffee table, and sat down right next to Alkim, thigh to thigh. She rested her head against his left shoulder and began to scroll through her Instagram feed. He wondered if she’d already had a couple drinks before she came in here.

“Comfy?” he asked.

“Hmm? Yeah... Thanks for being so chill about, well, everything really. You’re not like most other guys I know... I mean, like, you’re here, with a bunch of girls and you never seem to really notice all the nudity. You don’t make us feel like we need to cover up, you never make things weird or try to push any boundaries.” Ironically, she chose exactly that moment to put a hand on his shorts, drumming her long, pink nails on his thigh.

Mikaella was usually a bit on the anxious side, yet right now she seemed surprisingly relaxed compared to how she was before his gym session. She’d also never been this flirty with him before. Alkim wasn’t one to shoo away cute girls that wanted to get closer to him, but Mikaella’s behavior was all over the place today, and he needed to get to the bottom of it.

“You feeling okay, Mikaella?” he asked.

She took another sip of her drink, then answered, “I am now, but I really wasn’t in a good place this morning. Work stuff, you know?” She shrugged.

He nodded. Of course, Alkim couldn’t really know. He had no idea what it was like doing what she did; faking affection towards older men, dating and fucking them for money. It sounded very draining, and she’d never seemed comfortable talking about it in the past. He knew that her lifestyle probably bothered the girl a lot more than she let on but didn’t want to press the issue.

Mikaella continued, “My, uh, client,” she took another sip of her drink, as if to fortify herself, “My *sugar daddy*—you guys met him once, right? Remember, that weird party I took you guys to at his house?”

“He’s a doctor, right?” Alkim remembered. It was not every day that he was in the townhouse of a medical doctor, doing lines of ketamine, and dancing with Vicky on expensive light-up floor tiles. Nice party. Weird guy though, definitely the type who’d pay a nineteen-year-old for sex.

“Yeah, him.” She took another swig. “Well, we had an argument...” Mikaella was being a lot more forthcoming about sugar-babying than usual.

“It’s fine,” he said, reassuringly, “I get that’s sensitive stuff. You don’t need to explain yourself.”

“No, I think I need to vent, or I’ll go fucking crazy holding it in. That... fucking prick! Asshole fucking ambushed me yesterday, offered to ‘*renegotiate our exclusivity contract*,’ and said he’d like it if I got a fucking boobjob first. Offered to get one of his plastic surgeon friends to do the surgery, get me a fat discount. And, of course, he *generously* offered to let me ‘*work off my debt*,’” Mikaella switched from air quotes to miming a blowjob and rolled her eyes, “Told him I’d think about it, but I’m not. I don’t want to go under the knife just to hand that asshole my leash. Fuck that noise! Asshole’s lucky I didn’t write a scathing review online for his pediatric office.” She downed half her drink and let out a sigh, sinking a bit more into Alkim’s side.

*Implants? Pediatric office!?*

That certainly explained why she blew up earlier about Kate trying to shrink her boobs, and why she wanted to know about drugs that could expand her bust. This wasn’t just about looks for Mikaella, this was her livelihood at stake.

“That must have been really rough, I’m sorry you had to make that choice in the first place.”

“Thanks. I think I’d look way too trashy with implants anyway. It’s just too much of an LA cliché, especially here in fucking K-Town.”

She had a point. K-Town was basically Mecca for working class So-Cal women that wanted cosmetic surgery but couldn’t afford to get it done in Beverly Hills.

“Plus, the recovery time on those surgeries can be pretty brutal, like you have to lie down a lot so they can settle,” he added.

“Yeah, fuck that, and fuck him!” Mikaella lifted her drink in salute.

“Cheers! I’ll drink to that.” Alkim grabbed his own glass.

The pair clinked glasses together and finished off their drinks.

“Guess I have a month to find some income before I’m totally fucked.”

“Well, I’d be more than happy to help you find another job; there’s probably an opening at the restaurant. Or at least there will be, I’m actually thinking of quitting myself.”

“Oh? So, waiting tables is too shitty of a job for you, because you went to college, but not for me, huh?”

*Shit, she really is in a sensitive mood today.* “Sorry, I didn’t mean it like that, just letting you know it’s an option if you need to take it.”

She sighed. “It’s fine. I really appreciate the thought, but I don’t think I wanna be a waitress either. I’ve been a maid once and that was bad enough without dealing with handsy drunk people and hot grills.” She took another swig of her drink. He wasn’t surprised that she’d had other

shitty jobs before turning to sex work, but the image of her in a French maid outfit lodged in his brain. “But that’s a problem for tomorrow. Right now, I just want to get fucked up and forget about that asshole. Now, are you going to help me with that, or what?”

“Fuck yeah, I’m in.” Alkim wasn’t one to turn down a good binge drinking session, and this seemed a better excuse than most.

“Cool. Want to do some shots?”

“That sounds great.” This would be his first with just Mikaella, without any of the other girls present.

Mikaella got up and retrieved a bottle of vodka and two of Alkim’s “*Game of Thrones*” shot glasses from the kitchen, the dragon, and the lion. She poured them each a shot. Alkim took the dragon glass, Mikaella the lion.

“Cheers!” They cheered in unison and downed their shots.

Alkim leaned back into the couch. This time, Mikaella cuddled into his side, resting her head on his left pec. This was getting quite a bit more heated, and she was behaving way more affectionately than usual.

*Fuck it.*

Alkim decided to take a different kind of shot and see where this night took him. He wrapped an arm around Mikaella’s shoulder and pulled her slender body into his. Mikaella seemed to go along with it, but she one-upped his advances by scooting onto his lap. Alkim felt the tight curve of her ass grinding against his crotch, and he started to stiffen.

Mikaella tossed her straight, black hair over her shoulder and covered her mouth as if to say “oops,” when they both knew she knew exactly what she was doing.

Despite that promising start, they just sat together like that for a while, watching some baking show of Mikaella’s that Alkim couldn’t get into. Though neither had moved, and Alkim was sweating a bit from the extra heat of her body, things had cooled down between them. Both were scrolling on their phones when Mikaella let out an “Oh my fucking god!”

“What?” Alkim assumed he missed something from the show, but Mikaella was staring intensely at her phone. “What is it?” he repeated, curious.

Mikaella didn’t say anything, just lifted her phone up to Alkim’s face.

“Holy shit!” Alkim couldn’t contain his amazement. It was a picture from Kate’s Instagram story; a close up of her insane cleavage being pushed together by her elbows with the caption ‘*Body has been bodying extra hard today.*’

*Fuck yeah it was. Jesus.* Her body wasn't the only thing that was extra hard. Alkim never went below half-mast with Mikaella's ass in his lap, but the sight of Kate's cleavage took him to full stiffness in seconds.

Mikaella took her phone back and glanced down between her legs at his dick. "Oh my god, you asshole!" She let out an exaggerated harrumph and turned away from him indignantly.

Alkim realized he'd just fucked up; betrayed by his own tit obsession. Here was Mikaella, a girl who'd just been fucked over by a sugar daddy that wanted her to have bigger boobs, sitting on his lap, and he had to fuck it up by getting hard at a picture of his best friend, Kate: the titty monster.

"Fuck, I'm sorry," he groaned.

"Whatever." She said coolly, "Not that your preferences are much of a secret around here."

"Hey, I like things besides Kate's huge boobs." It was a weak defense, but Alkim had to say something.

"Suuuuuuure. *'Everyone's beautiful in their own way,'* right? You know, I knew you were into Kate but, you've *really* got it bad for her, huh? She must get you sooooo hard," she ground herself into his boner for emphasis, "All. The. Time."

Alkim stifled a groan and planted his hands onto Mikaella's narrow waist, and she made no attempt to discourage him.

"I bet it must be pure torture."

"Honestly? You have no fucking idea."

She smirked back at him. "Tell me."

"Well, I saw her nipples when I first came to this house, and she's been about as conservative with her dress ever since. Last week she asked me to help her find her vape and I saw her fucking bare pussy when she bent over to check under her blankets. The craziest part is that I'm never sure if she just forgets to wear clothes or if she's doing it on purpose."

"Nah, she's just like that, was always doing that before you came in. Vicky told me Kate once sat down right on her bed, bare pussy on her sheets and everything. Fucking gross."

"Yikes, but I guess it's nice to know she isn't just trying to fuck with me. But yeah, that's not even the half of it. Just a few days ago, she told me before we did DMT that we shouldn't waste any of it, and her brilliant idea was to shotgun each hit into each other's mouths."

"Oh my god! Ahahahaha!" Mikaella was cackling. "Did you get a boner that time?"

“How could I not? Oh god, I just remembered, like two weeks after I moved in. Remember when she was all obsessed with that one weird goth-hippie chick... Ganymede! That was it! Fucking Changed her legal name to Ganymede!”

“Oh right! I remember her, the white chick with tats and fucking pink dreads!”

“I know right? What the fuck was she thinking?” They both laughed at the memory. “Only in LA! Hahahaha. You know that joke: what does a lesbian bring to a third date?”

“No, I don’t. What?”

“A U-Haul!”

Mikaella laughed so hard she almost spit out her drink. “That’s so fucking her, every time.”

Alkim topped them both off with more vodka and mixer.

“Right? That was Kate, one-hundred percent, all-in, fuckin planning out her life with this ridiculous girl, and she seriously fucking asked me if I would donate my sperm to her so she could raise the baby with her girlfriend of one-fucking-week!”

“Thats fucking craaaazy! Oh my god, hahaha! She’s so unhinged!”

“Right? What do you even say to that?”

“I don’t know, hahaha! I’m not a guy! What *did* you say to that?”

“I just said ‘Sure,’ like the idea of putting a baby in her was no big deal. Fucking Kate...” He took a long pull from his drink.

“So, you’re saying you would actually knock her up if she asked?”

“Well, it sounds gross when you say it like that, but yeah, I would. But it’s not like I’d get to fuck her for that, probably have to use a donation cup or something.” Not that he’d have a hard time jerking it to the thought of knocking-up Kate.

“Awwww, poor guy. You can make a baby with your crush, but you can’t fuck her. And now her boobs are even more giant, how ever will you cope?” she asked with mock sympathy.

*Probably a mix of jerking off in my room and fucking someone more attainable.* “Mikaella, you really have nothing to be jealous of.” *Assuming you don’t want attention, or fat dollar bills stuffed into your cleavage.* “There’ll never be anything between me and Kate. Or Vicky for that matter. I know it, they know it, everyone knows it.” That at least was the truth.

“Relax, I’m just busting your balls. Figuratively, I mean, haha!” Mikaella giggled and poured them each a shot. She grabbed the dragon, he the lion, and they downed the vodka.

Mikaella seemed to almost savor the burn for quite a while before she finally tilted her head back down, set down her glass, and turned herself around. Now she was facing Alkim, straddling him cowgirl style with her hands planted on his shoulders.

Her face was flushed red from all the drinking, but he didn't mind one bit. Alkim didn't fail to notice her expertly applied mascara, dark eyeliner, eye shadow, and cherry red lipstick. The big dark lashes and skimpy clothes really brought together the whole ABG (Asian Baby-Girl) look Mikaella seemed to have chosen for this night, and the cherry-red lipstick was the cherry on top. Alkim knew several girls back in university who would have pestered her for makeup tips.

Mikaella started tapping her cheek with one finger, as if thinking something through. "If you ask me, Kate could stand to cover up a bit more. It's kinda rude of her to get you this stiff and just blueball you all the time. I'll bet she's never once offered to help out, just bad housemate behavior, even if she is gay. Doesn't that seem a little selfish to you? Heterophobic, even?" the corner of her mouth turned up into a slight smirk.

"You're right, maybe the next time I get a boner I should just ask my lesbian friend to stop being so selfish and just let me jerk me off onto her massive jugs! I'm sure that'll go over great." Alkim considered Mikaella for a moment. *Is this really how she flirts? Is this what she responds to?* "And isn't all that just a bit hypocritical coming from you, little Ms. Cocktease?"

She slapped his chest playfully. "I am not a cocktease!"

"Then prove it," he goaded, pulling her in by her waist, "and stop teasing my cock."

Mikaella bit her lip, considering, then brought her face to his as she closed her eyes. Before Alkim knew it they were making out.

Everyone had their own style of kissing, and Alkim had learned early on it was best to just match his partner's tempo, mirror her movements. But he wasn't ready to match Mikaella's ravenous enthusiasm. In almost no time at all they had escalated from lip-locking to full on French kissing. Mikaella practically lunged into him, ramming her tongue past his lips, like she was trying to steal his gum. It was a lot more tongue than he was used to; more swapping spit than kissing. His face must have been smeared in lipstick by this point.

Then, abruptly, Mikaella pulled back, gasped for breath, jumped out of Alkim's lap, and ran to her room.

*Shit!*

"What's wrong?" he called out. Alkim was afraid he'd gone too far, even though she seemed extremely into it.

He started drafting out apologies in his mind. *I'm sorry! Forget I said anything! It must have been the alcohol! Won't ever happen again!*

Yet, before Alkim could say he was sorry, Mikaella was back. Wordlessly, she knelt on the floor in between his legs and began tying her long black hair into a ponytail.

*Oh fuck! It's finally happening! I'm never going to look at those hair ties on her wrist the same way.*

Alkim really must have called her bluff there. Things had gotten very heated in the house before, but he'd never gone this far with one of the girls.

Mikaella unlaced his shorts and slithered a slender hand below his waistband. Her fingers wrapped around his cloth-covered cock, and he stiffened in her grip. Alkim could feel a droplet of precum seep out in response to her touch. He shucked off his shorts entirely but left his underwear on.

Mikaella lowered her head onto Alkim's thigh, right next to the darkening spot where his precum was seeping into the fabric of his boxers. She sniffed deeply and almost purred in delight. After a long moment she made eye contact with him and pleaded, "Can I? Pleeeaaaase?"

*She's asking my permission to blow me? That's so fucking hot.* Alkim nodded coolly, trying to hide his desperate horniness.

Mikaella obeyed, grabbing his cock directly and pulling it out into the open. His length swung up and forward, like a mousetrap, cockslapping Mikaella right on her forehead. "Ah!" she yelped, pulling back a bit from the jump scare. "Fuck! You're, um... a lot bigger than I thought."

Alkim was more than a little shocked himself. He didn't remember ever being this hard or this long before. What's more, he'd never emitted this much precum before. The head of his prick was glazed over with it, and more was pumping out right before their eyes. Yet he decided not to say anything that might get in the way of getting his dick sucked, so he peeled off his underwear and tossed it to the floor.

Mikaella tentatively wrapped a hand around his shaft, fingers just barely surrounding it, and began pumping him up and down. All that pre was more than enough lubrication, and it squelched in her grip. Yet his body continued to produce more. Mikaella stared at it with rapt attention, her face moving closer to Alkim's cock as if she were drawn to it by a powerful magnet. She sniffed around repeatedly, then rubbed her nose against the shaft as she inhaled, like she was doing lines off his prick. Alkim could feel the hot rush of her breath over his foreskin, and in no time at all half her face was glistening with the clear precum. Mikaella closed her eyes and shuddered with pleasure. He didn't miss her left-hand snaking down between her thighs.

"Oooooohhhh my goooood... did... did you cum already?" she asked, staring at the excessive amount of fluid in her hand, half amazed, half disappointed.

"No! No way, I think that's all just precum?"

“Wow,” she gasped quietly, inspecting his member with even greater reverence. “I’ve never seen this much precum before.” She grabbed his cock again and started playing with it like a gear shift, inspecting the slick pole from every angle. “Has anyone told you your cock smells *-sniff-* really *-sniff-* nice?”

There she was again bringing up his smell again. He’d just showered an hour ago, and as far as he could tell, it just smelled like dick. It was more than a little odd, but right now Alkim didn’t want her to feel weird and slow herself down. “It’s been known to happen.” He lied.

She inhaled his scent deeply once more, then tentatively licked the head of his shaft, coating her tongue with his precum before sensuously folding it back into her mouth.

Mikaella’s eyes shot wide open, and Alkim could have sworn her pupils dilated. A deep “Mmmmmmm,” escaped her. After a moment she realized there was more in her hand and began to lick her fingers clean. Instantly, as if responding to the girl’s need, his cock twitched, and Alkim felt another batch of precum welling up from his slit. The thirsty girl noticed, and her eyes locked onto his cockhead with an almost predatory gaze. Without another word she dropped her head and took him into her mouth.

“MMMMMHMMMM!” she moaned, sending delightful vibrations up Alkim’s shaft. Mikaella seemed to relish the taste of him, as her moaning shifted into that satisfied humming one makes around a spoonful of their favorite dessert.

Alkim loved enthusiastic women, but Mikaella was in her own league. The same ravenous tonguing from their prior kissing was now being employed against Alkim’s sensitive cockhead. She licked, and lapped all over his slit, drawing up every drop of fluid as quickly as they could be produced.

“*Oh fuck.*” Alkim mumbled under his breath. He was all too aware that their other housemates could emerge at any moment, but he was enjoying himself far too much to even consider holding back Mikaella’s sudden cock-lust.

After a couple minutes she pulled off his shaft, panting. “Fuuuuck! How do you taste sooooo goooooood?” She sounded a lot drunker than she had mere minutes ago.

Alkim wondered if all this about his smell and taste was just in her head. Truly, he didn’t care anymore, he just wanted her to get back to sucking his cock, and a moment later she did just that.

She was very good, but Alkim felt her technique could be improved with more movement, more suction, and less licking. Then, as if she were reading his mind, Mikaella’s cheeks hollowed deeply, as she slurped on his tip like a boba straw.

She began to rhythmically bob her head up and down as she sucked, simultaneously jerking the bottom half of Alkim’s shaft with a well-practiced twisting motion.

Mikaella managed to maintain that pace for several minutes, breathing only through her nose and keeping her lips fastened to Alkim's dribbling cockhead the entire time. He'd never had a girl so focused on pleasuring him before, yet here was Mikaella, getting in an entire cardio workout on his dick.

*She really is a professional.*

Alkim now understood why Mikaella's sugar daddy wanted to promote her to his full-time-cocksucker. After professional treatment like this, it would be hard for him to enjoy amateur fellatio like he used to get in college. Alkim had heretofore only seen such ravenous head given by actual pornstars. He could have believed she was enjoying it just as much as he was, judging by the impressive rhythm of the hand in her panties.

Still, he couldn't help but think that if Mikaella could do this, and tittyfuck him at the same time, she would've been truly unstoppable.

Their eyes met, each taking in each other's mutual lust. He loved the shadow of her dark eyeliner, the way her long mascara-enhanced eyelashes batted at him from between his legs, the way her bright red lips locked onto his dick and left lipstick rings marking just how far down she'd reached. It was all made even hotter with the knowledge that she had done herself up like this just to seduce him.

Alkim wondered if Mikaella knew how to deepthroat.

*Just how far down can she get that lipstick?*

Mikaella's gaze flicked back down to the cock that filled her mouth, then back up to Alkim, and she began to slow her bobbing, as if anticipating his desires again. Alkim kept his eyes locked on Mikaella's as he palmed the back of her head and slowly pressed her into his groin.

Alkim hit the back of her throat before she gagged. He stopped pushing down, giving Mikaella a moment to recover. Yet, once he took his hand away, she began to descend on her own. She was already more than halfway down the shaft, and she seemed determined to get the final few inches on her own. He let her descend at her own pace.

*After all, she's the expert.*

Mikaella pulled her lips back over her teeth and opened her mouth even wider so she could sink further down Alkim's cock. Once the seal of her lips broke, a mix of drool and precum began to pour down Alkim's shaft, soaking his bush. Mikaella moaned and gagged again, halting her descent.

The strain she was putting herself through just to please him really got his juices flowing. "You're doing so fucking good, Mikaella." He groaned, brushing her hair reassuringly.

Mikaella must have interpreted his praise as an order to do better, since she abruptly impaled herself almost down to the root, gagging all the while. Alkim moaned pleurably at the sensation of her throat squeezing and fluttering about his cockhead. Though this time, Mikaella's gagging was much louder and didn't seem to stop, sending bubbles of drool and precum down her tongue to Alkim's cock. Alkim thought he could see tears welling in her eyes, and the edges of her eyeshadow were just starting to trickle down her face.

*Fuck, she's really choking herself.*

Alkim was worried she was about to hurl, and he leaned forward to pull her head off his cock. Mikaella was still trying to cram more of him down her throat, until Alkim got a handle on her ponytail, and after a moment of gargling she allowed herself to be guided up his shaft. Her lipstick left a ring of red just an inch above the base.

*Very impressive.*

Alkim thought for sure that she'd need to spit out his cock and catch her breath. Instead, after he pulled her up just a few inches, the little Filipina just refastened her lips to the head of his cock and resumed tonguing his slit.

Without thinking, Alkim tightened his grip on Mikaella's ponytail, and began pumping her up and down his cock. She made no effort to resist him, simply allowing him to dictate the pace of the blowjob, slurping, and licking while Alkim used her mouth like a fleshlight.

"You want that cum, huh? Are you my little cumslut, Mikaella?"

Mikaella nodded as best she could while letting out gargling "GLUGH-GLUGH!" sounds, still unwilling to take her mouth off her housemate's cock.

Alkim found her dedication to his pleasure absolutely intoxicating, and it was rapidly pushing him to the edge. He could feel the pressure building inside him, that extra bit of dopamine during the build up to a huge orgasm. "Don't stop! I'm getting close!" he warned her.

Mikaella squealed in delight, or at least he thought she did. It was hard for Alkim to tell with his dick in her mouth, but judging by how much she loves his precum, the real product should drive her wild.

Alkim's arm was starting to get tired, but he was cresting and wanted to cum already. So, he let go of her ponytail. "Finish the job."

Mikaella immediately unleashed her full arsenal of techniques: sucking, licking, and jerking him towards the finish line. He couldn't endure a full minute of this treatment before he was ready to blow.

"Ooooooh fuuuuck! I'm cumming!"

Mikaella held her mouth over his tip, one hand on his thigh, and the other working her pussy.

*Fuck! That's so fucking sexy!*

“Take! It! All!” His hips bucked with each word.

Alkim felt the biggest load of his life surging up his shaft. There was so much pressure behind it, as if he hadn't jerked off in years.

The first spurt hit the roof of Mikaella's mouth. Alkim saw her eyes rolling back as she let out a high-pitched whine and spasmed around his cock. He shot out another spurt onto her tongue, which she gratefully swished around, encouraging him to feed her more.

His body obliged: the cum just kept on coming.

Mikaella seemed to be having trouble keeping up with his output. Alkim was like a fire hydrant, hosing down her mouth, causing her cheeks to bulge out like a chipmunk's. She managed to swallow some of the cum in her mouth, but Alkim still wasn't done. It took several more spurts before the flow decreased to a trickle.

Mikaella's gulping and suckling kept up for several moments before she finally opened her mouth with a gasp. Excess cum rushed out of her open mouth and splattered over Alkim's groin, more than an entire normal load. Mikaella was visibly trembling, her eyes rolled back, still furiously working the hand at her pussy.

*She's cumming just from blowing me!*

“Fuck!” The realization was so hot that Alkim couldn't help but flex his cock once more, shooting one final burst of seed onto Mikaella's unguarded face, completely covering her nose and her left cheek.

“EEEEEP!” Mikaella let out a sequel that was half orgasmic, half getting surprise-splashed by a Super Soaker. Once she ran out of breath, her eyelids fluttered, and she fell face-down into the pool of cum around Alkim's tool. She continued to twitch there for a few moments before letting out a final satisfied sigh and went slack against his legs.

“Holy shit, Mikaella. That was by far the best blowjob I've ever had...” Alkim felt completely drained. He closed his eyes and sagged into the couch, just basking in the afterglow.

He was brought back a couple minutes later by the feeling of Mikaella's tongue lapping at his very sensitive prick.

“Mikaella?”

No response, just languid slow licks around his softened cock. Alkim sat up to see the little ABG's smoky eyes were shut, partially covered in his seed. Judging from her

non-responsiveness, and her long and quiet breaths, Mikaella seemed to have passed out. And yet, she continued to lap up his ejaculate.

*Would Mikaella really blow me in her sleep? Continuously sucking me off like her pacifier for the next eight hours...*

That was a blazing hot image, and though his cock was still very sensitive from his last orgasm, it quickly began to harden again. He wondered what she might dream about through the night with his dick in her mouth.

## IX - Experimental Design

### Alkim

Alkim's post-nut euphoria was terminated by the sound of a door creaking open.

*Shit!*

Alkim was suddenly hyper-aware of what an insane mess he was tangled in. There were no blankets on the couch, and his shorts and underwear were much too far away for him to grab and cover himself. And even if he wanted to, there was still a cum-slathered girl on his legs to contend with. Alkim had no idea how he would explain what just happened. To any observer it would look like he had gotten Mikaella so drunk she passed out, and he'd then jerked off all over her face and the couch.

Alkim figured avoiding that should be his biggest priority, and he got off the couch. Mikaella limply fell into the couch with a groan, either at the loss of support or the loss of her pacifier. Fortunately, she did not wake up..

Alkim could hear footsteps coming from the kitchen. That meant it was probably Hannah, emerging from that tiny room of hers that connected the kitchen and the backyard.

*Shit! shit!*

Of all the girls in this house, Hannah was the only one he was on poor terms with. She didn't really get along with any of the girls in this house, especially Mikaella. He didn't even want to imagine the tirade she would go on if she found them fucking in the living room.

With no time to waste, Alkim slipped on his shorts, stuffed his underwear into one pocket, lifted Mikaella into a bridal carry as quickly yet gingerly as possible, and moved the hundred-pound unconscious girl to his room, kicking the door shut behind him.

Now, out of immediate danger, Alkim gently laid Mikaella down onto his sheets, and thought about what to do next. Should he get dressed, go back to the living room and clean up the mess

they'd left behind? Or was it better to not risk upsetting Hannah at all, and just hope she retreated to her room without seeing the state of the couch, then clean it once she'd left?

Hannah had steadfastly refused any invitations from the rest of the girls to hangout since before Alkim moved in, and from what he'd gathered they'd been in this sort of standoff for months. Yet, for whatever reasons known only to herself, the girl really, *really*, did not like Alkim. He always did his best to endear himself to all the girls in the house; he cooked for them, cleaned the shared living spaces, offered to change lightbulbs, opened jars, shared his Costco card, and generally made himself worth keeping around.

But Hannah had completely stonewalled his efforts. When he made a huge pot of Chinese three-cup chicken for the house, she informed him after the fact that she was a vegetarian. When he'd mopped the floors she'd complained about the inconvenience of walking around him. If he complimented her makeup before her karaoke shift, she wouldn't acknowledge it. Hannah made it clear to Kate in private that she did not approve of him squatting there.

Luckily for him, Hannah lacked the power in the house to do anything about it, as she was also not listed on the lease, and was also not liked all that much, except by Vicky. Still, he didn't really want to make the situation between them any worse. So, he left Mikaella to sleep it off, and stealthily crept into the living room, hidden by the sounds of Hannah cooking something before her late-night karaoke shift.

The first things he noticed were Mikaella's phone, the two drink glasses, twin shot glasses, and the bottle of Kirkland vodka left on the coffee table. Yet he figured none of that would be quite as upsetting as the mixture of cum and saliva left pooling on the faux-leather couch. Alkim didn't want to try sneaking into the kitchen for paper towels and risk Hannah seeing this mess. He had to work fast.

Knowing vaguely that cum didn't absorb very well, Alkim instead grabbed one of the drink glasses and used his finger to wipe the fluids over the edge of the cushion, and into the glass, wiping his finger clean on the rim. Then he pulled the wadded underwear out of his pocket, poured a little bit of vodka into the fabric, and wiped up the remaining evidence of the most epic orgasm of his life.

As far as Alkim could tell in the dim lighting, there was no visible cum left of the couch, though he would need to go over it more totally to make sure. Satisfied with his coverup, he put Mikaella's phone in his pocket, stashed the glasses in his room, and threw the underwear into his hamper.

Alkim left his room intending to grab some paper towels from the main bathroom, but before he could slip past the kitchen he was stopped by a voice.

"What are you up to now?"

Alkim turned to find Hannah standing in the kitchen doorway, hands on her hips, a deep frown on her face.

Bitchy or not, he had to admit his antagonistic housemate was still a beautiful woman by any honest metric. Especially right then, in her red karaoke girl dress, all done up and ready for work. Hannah was around five-foot-seven-inches, white, blonde, and very curvy. Not as busty as Kate, nor as tall and thick as Vicky, but she occupied a solid middle ground between the two. He guessed her boobs were somewhere in the D-DD cup range (though unlike with Vicky and Kate, he was never brave enough to ask), her small waist contrasted very well with her very wide hips and well-rounded ass. Her legs were particularly long and smooth for her height. Alkim vaguely remembered Mikaella once dissing Hannah over her obsessive waxing treatments, but he couldn't deny the results of her diligence.

"Well?" she inquired again, her irritation plain.

"Just wanted to clean up here before bed, keep things tidy."

Hannah crossed her arms in agitation. The way it pushed up her tits had the opposite effect on Alkim, but he tried not to look.

"Who was with you here before? Better not have brought in a fucking guest by yourself."

"Who says I had someone over?" Alkim didn't appreciate being interrogated like this.

"Don't fucking deny it, I can see the lipstick all over your face."

*Fuck, I forgot about the lipstick.* "So what if I did?"

"Some of us actually pay rent around here! That means we get a say in who fucking gets to come into our home! Didn't they ever teach you any manners at your fancy-ass college?"

"Well, for your information, I was just drinking with Mikaella, and, as a matter of fact, I do pay Kate for that spare room." he lied. Unless Kate was deducting the cost of groceries, eight-balls, and spare Adderall from everyone's rent charges, Alkim was nowhere near paying his fair share. But he'd be damned before he admitted that to Hannah.

"Bullshit! You stay here pretending to be everyone's gay best friend, but we both know that you're just trying to fuck everything in a skirt, so let's just cut the bullshit. You take advantage of women's kindness. You're a user, a drifter, a drug dealer, and a fucking lying-ass tweaker, and I want you out of my fucking house!"

*Tweaker?* Alkim took offense at that. *ADHD and a LEGAL Adderall prescription doesn't make me a fucking tweaker!* And he wasn't being nice to the girls just so they'd fuck him, he hadn't fucked anyone in this house. Except Mikaella, just now. *So what if I just let Mikaella blow me back to Ithaca? She wanted to!*

Alkim thought about striking back, calling Hannah some combination of white trash and bitch, but thought better of it. He'd just gotten his rocks off, and all he really wanted at that moment was to be done with this conversation and go to bed.

"Well, thank you for those kind words, Hannah. Now, I'm gonna clean up the living room and hit the hay. Hope you have a nice shift. I'd offer to drive you there, but I've had a few drinks." He brushed past the scowling woman and got those fucking paper towels and chugged two huge glasses of water.

Once he'd gotten back to the living room, paper towels in hand, he was treated to the sight of Hannah angrily stomping towards the front door, sending her sweet ass rolling up and down in her red sequin dress. She slammed the door on her way out.

Mean bitch or not, Alkim still wanted to fuck her, and they both knew it. Honestly, mean women always turned him on. It was a serious weakness of his, and probably something he should work on.

Once he finished cleaning the couch, he checked back in on Mikaella. She was still sleeping peacefully. Then he remembered the glass full of his cum that he'd stashed in here and thought back on Mikaella's behavior during and after the blowjob.

She'd been so... enthusiastic, so much more into it than anyone he'd been with. And the way she came right when he did? That was something to behold. Then there were the convulsions, and how she passed out right after. It was as if his cumshots had sent Mikaella into an orgasmic seizure, literally cumming her brains out with her lips wrapped around his cock, as she swallowed his insanely huge load.

Alkim wasn't proud of it, but one of his exes liked to drink and have very drunk sex, and a few times she'd even passed out during sex. Yet, passing out during sex, and actively performing sex acts in your sleep were two very different things, and this was the first time he'd seen a girl sleep-blowing. Somehow, it was as if Mikaella craved his dick so strongly that her body kept trying to suck him off without any input from her conscious mind.

That was a very flattering thought, but Alkim knew that humans never completely outgrew the instinctive ability to suckle, and it was normal for both babies and adults to suck on an object placed between their lips. He wasn't sure if Mikaella's unconscious behavior was any different from the norm, but he had a hunch, and a (willing) test subject.

Like any curious scientist, Alkim decided to test his hypothesis.

*I love ethology.*

As a control, he washed his hands vigorously in the bathroom sink, making sure to clean off any residues, including his own sweat. Then he took his clean index finger and carefully inserted it into the sleeping girl's mouth. She didn't resist its entry and began to lightly suck on the digit. After a few seconds Alkim removed the finger and washed his hands.

For his first treatment, he wiped the finger through the sweat beading on his forehead. When he stuck it in Mikaella's mouth, she licked it twice, then resumed passively sucking on the finger. There seemed to have been a bit more of a reaction at first, but it quickly subsided. He cleaned his hands again.

The second treatment was his saliva. He remembered how vigorously Mikaella had kissed and licked at him once their lips made contact, and he expected something similar. This time, he stuck a single joint in his mouth, then into hers. Mikaella did not disappoint. She quickly sucked in his finger down to the knuckle, licking it all the while. She kept at it for about thirty seconds before the suction weakened, and her tonguing slowed down, presumably having taken in all of his saliva. Satisfied with the third treatment, he removed his finger, washed his hands, and prepared the third and final treatment.

The cum had been partially diluted from both Mikaella's saliva, and the melting ice from the drink that it had held previously, but Alkim didn't think that would make a difference. It would serve. Alkim stuck his finger in the cum and inserted the slick digit between Mikaella's lips.

The effect was even stronger this time. Mikaella's head lifted fully off the pillow to get the rest of the finger into her mouth. She hummed deeply and licked at his finger voraciously. A minute later she was still suckling with the same intensity, even though that had to be more than enough time to clean his finger off twice over. It took another minute for her to noticeably slow down, but she never actually stopped. Alkim pulled his finger back and was amazed at how powerfully the sleeping girl resisted its withdrawal, hollowing her cheeks, wrapping her tongue around his finger like a constrictor. When he worked it free she let out a quiet whine at the loss of her pacifier, but did not wake up.

Satisfied with his experiment, Alkim felt Mikaella deserved a reward for her contributions to science. He gently lifted the back of her head, tilted it up so she wouldn't choke, brought the glass to her lips, and let her dispose of the remainder. The instant the first drop hit Mikaella's lips, her tongue darted out to meet it, pulling the white fluid back into her mouth like a starving hummingbird at a feeder. In no time at all she'd gulped it all down. Alkim removed the glass, but her tongue kept searching for more, lashing about outside her mouth expecting another fix.

After a minute, her tongue stopped searching and she closed her mouth, though Alkim thought he could see it poking into her cheeks, probing every crevice between her teeth in search of one last drop.

*Fucking hell, she's crazy for the stuff.*

Already he was thinking about when he could get her to blow him again. Hell, he could probably just stick his dick into her sleeping mouth and let her have at it, but he quickly banished the thought. That would be several steps too far.

This experiment was over, Alkim had all the data he needed from a sleeping subject. It was time to put her to bed, in her own room. They could talk about what just happened tomorrow. Alkim

would make sure they had that conversation, and that she stayed awake and alert for his next experiment.

Alkim carried Mikaella back to her own bed, covered the sleeping girl in her own blankets, and retired to his own bed for the night.

## X - Cumming To

### Mikaella

Alkim stroked her long hair adoringly, and Mikaella redoubled her efforts on his dribbling cock. He was her flower, sharing the gift of his sweet nectar. Mikaella gratefully sucked it up like a hungry butterfly, encouraging him to produce more for her. *What did he call this?* She knew he had a word for it.

“Symbiosis,” he replied in his deep, silky voice.

*Mmmmm... Symbiosis.*

Mikaella savored the very word itself; she could practically taste it on his cock. It was love, it was life, it was the most delicious thing she'd ever tasted. That idea connected them so intimately, more deeply than Mikaella could have imagined.

She felt every touch, every lick, every suck, mirrored on her own clit, like she was blowing herself, like they were one being. Her mouth and his cock completed each other. They belonged together.

Mikaella felt her pleasure rising to a peak and knew that meant his release was imminent. She took him deeper and deeper into her mouth, then her throat, until her mouth was flush with his groin. Then she began to bob her head up and down to the rhythm of his heartbeat.

She should have been choking, gagging, wheezing for breath, losing consciousness. It never happened. Alkim provided for her, ensuring her mind didn't go dark when she had work yet to do.

Mikaella felt him tensing, preparing to reward her devotion, preparing to feed her. Her tongue wagged excitedly, like a happy dog's tail. She tried to squeal in delight around his stiffness, but there was no room in her throat to make those sounds.

*God, how I love the way he fills me.*

Alkim cupped her sunken cheeks with one hand. Mikaella looked up, met his eyes, and felt the love pass between them.

“You deserve happiness, you deserve this.” His praise was like a bolt of lightning to her clit. Mikaella felt his cock tense, and they came in perfect synchrony. She felt the first splash of his seed hit the back of her throat, and then...

Mikaella woke up. She snapped out of blissful sleep to find herself alone, in her bed, with one hand at her pussy.

*Was it just a dream?* Mikaella pulled a slick hand from her sopping wet panties. *A very hot dream, then... Fuck, what time is it?*

She groped around blindly for her phone but couldn't find it.

With a groan, she sat up and scanned for it. It was on her nightstand, far out of reach. That was odd, she always kept it under her pillow, so she didn't have to get out from the covers to grab it.

Mikaella threw off her covers, and only then realized she was still wearing her clothes. *Shit, did I pass out like this?* Her top was too tight to sleep in, she felt where it had chafed. Mikaella rolled over to the edge of her bed to grab her phone. 9:30am. Then she saw her face in the bedside mirror.

Her makeup had run down her cheeks, and she was horrified by this lapse in her skincare routine. She always took off her makeup before sleeping, washed her face, yet there was a flaky crust all over her skin.

*Yuck! What the fuck happened last night?* She remembered drinking with Alkim, but not that much. Mikaella thought she remembered having, like, two drinks, and some shots... but how many shots?

Still, she didn't feel hungover, so it couldn't have been that many.

Then she remembered.

*Oh my god, I fucking blew Alkim last night!*

The details were fuzzy, and she was having trouble separating the dream from her memories. Had she really enjoyed blowing him that much? Did he really taste that good, or did her sleeping mind construct that fantasy for her?

*There's no way he could have really cum that much... right?*

But she could still feel it: an impossible quantity of dried cum all over her face.

*Did I pass out like this?*

Mikaella couldn't imagine that she would have gone to sleep in her own bed without washing all this cum off her face. Alkim must have carried her back to her own bed after she passed out. But then, why did she pass out, and right in the middle of a blowjob?

*Did I fucking choke myself out swallowing his load? But... if I swallowed a bunch of it, then all this on my face wasn't the whole load?*

That seemed insane. Mikaella had no answers. She'd have to ask Alkim herself. After she had a good long shower, of course.

Even though Mikaella was in her own home, and had woken up in her own bed, sneaking over to the bathroom still felt like a walk of shame. She didn't want anyone to see her face like this. Luckily, no one blocked her way.

Mikaella closed the bathroom door and was finally able to check the state of her face and clothes.

*Jesus fucking Christ!*

It wasn't just her cheek that had gotten cum on it. It covered more than half her face, all the way up to her forehead. Some of it had even gotten into her hair. Her eyeliner had partially run down her face, and even her eyelashes were crusted. The total area covered must have been insane. Alkim must be a one-man-bukkake-cannon.

Not only that, but her neck and chest had taken some shots as well. Her blue tube top had streaks of crusty white staining it, almost like stripes. She didn't even want to think about how many times she'd need to wash it. At least it was cheap.

Mikaella started the shower so the water could heat up, then vigorously rinsed her face in the sink with soapy water. After a few rinses, she used a makeup removal wipe for her mascara, eyeliner, and her lips. Not surprisingly, she didn't have much lipstick left.

*Alkim can clean the rest off his dick.*

The eyeliner seemed to take several wipes, but the skin under her eyes still seemed darker than it should've. She kept trying, and though the wipes came away clean, wherever her eyeliner and shadow had been applied now seemed significantly darker than the rest of her face, almost like an unfinished tattoo, like permanent makeup.

Were those just bags under her eyes? Closer inspection revealed that the skin under her eyes was perfectly smooth. Couldn't be bags. In fact, once she started looking over the rest of her face she found that her skin was smoother all over. Really damn smooth. The early-stage pimples she'd noticed forming on her cheek yesterday had all completely vanished.

Mikaella could hardly believe what she was seeing. Was completely neglecting her skincare routine actually the best skincare routine all along? But then, she had in fact applied something to her face.

*No... it couldn't be... could it? Does cum do that? Can cum do that?*

Perhaps that also had combined somehow with her makeup to make the skin darker? There were far too many unknowns.

*Fuck it! Shower first, then a serious talk with Alkim about the importance of going to bed without makeup. Worst case: it takes a few days to fade, like sharpie ink.*

Mikaella took off the rest of her clothes, wincing slightly as she pulled her tube top off. It seemed tighter than she remembered yesterday. Wearing the tight top overnight must have really chafed her nipples, leaving them extra sensitive and a bit inflamed. Her shorts also gave her a bit more trouble than she remembered.

*Whatever, nothing a hot shower shouldn't fix.*

## XI - Rapture

### Mikaella

Once she'd showered and dressed in a t-shirt and short-shorts, Mikaella went to Alkim's door, intending to get his version of last night's events.

She never reached it. Instead, her nose picked up two very alluring scents: something cooking, and Alkim. Mikaella's stomach rumbled at the promise of a meal, and she went straight to the kitchen.

There he was, cooking over a hot stove, wearing a tank top that showed off his muscles.

Alkim must have heard her walk in because he turned to greet her, "Morning, sunshine. Have a seat, breakfast is almost ready. I'm making spam and eggs."

Mikaella's stomach growled again.

"Oh, there's rice too." He pointed to the rice cooker, steam still streaming from the vents.

*Fuuuuuck, that's just what I need.*

Mikaella was famished, famished like a growing teenager that had to wait for the free school breakfast. She grabbed a plate and piled on the carbs. It was a lot more than her mom would have approved of, but her mom wasn't here, and she was far too hungry to care about her normally strict calorie limits.

"I forgot, what's the Tagalog name for this meal? Spam, eggs, and rice?"

“Spamsilog,” she supplied, taking her seat at the kitchen table.

“That’s it! Knew it had the word ‘spam’ in it.”

Alkim had already set out a fork, knife, and an ice-cold glass of orange juice for her. Plus, another placemat for himself. “You didn’t have to do all this for me.”

“I wanted to! Consider it a thank you for last night. I had a great time.”

“Right. Um, about last night-”

“Hold that thought!” Alkim brought the sizzling pan to the table, “How much did you want?”

“Ooo, two of each, thanks.” He supplied her with two pieces of spam and two eggs, cooked sunny side up. Mikaella didn’t miss the fine rippling of his muscular arms, as he precisely cut and lifted each egg with the spatula, keeping every yolk intact. He took twice as much food for himself and placed the remainder on an empty plate in the center of the table.

*Big man, big appetite.*

She felt a lot less self-conscious about having a big meal after seeing him easily eclipse her binging.

Mikaella inspected her breakfast, testing it with her fork. Both the spam and eggs were cooked for the perfect length of time, with the egg yolks almost completely uncooked, and the spam fried golden brown on the outside. Not too crispy, not too soft. Even the rice was perfectly fluffy. Her mom almost always used too much or too little water, and Mikaella wasn’t much better herself.

*Un-fucking-believable. Has any boy ever cooked me breakfast before?*

She’d entirely forgotten that she was supposed to be mad about him putting her to bed with cum on her face.

Mikaella dug in, spreading runny egg yolk all over her rice and spam, and forked up a portion of egg spam and rice together. She took a bite.

“How is it?” he asked, watching her reaction.

*It’s so fucking delicious!* Alkim was a way better cook than Mikaella’s mom. The starving girl ate several mouthfuls before she realized that he was still waiting on her verdict.

“It’s really yummy!” She answered, still chewing, unconcerned with her unladylike behavior. In what felt like no time at all she had cleared most of the plate.

*Goddamn am I hungry this morning.*

Alkim didn't seem to mind anyway, smiling at her gusto. "Glad you liked it. I just kind of assumed you would, stereotypes and whatnot. Plus, this is probably the only Filipino dish I know how to make, unless you count spam musubi, but I'm pretty sure that's Japanese-Hawaiian. If you want, I can always learn more Filipino dishes, if you have any to teach me."

*That's so fucking sweet of him.* "I don't actually know how to make any of those." Mikaella took forkfuls between sentences. "My mom was not a good cook, and she wasn't always around to teach me." *Or just feed me.*

Mikaella finished off her portion, grabbing seconds without hesitation.

"That's alright. I can look them up online. Next time you're craving some homemade Filipino food I'll try out a new recipe."

She fully intended to take him up on that, test the limits of his culinary skills.

Alkim started eating his own breakfast, effortlessly keeping pace with the much smaller woman. After a minute or so he remembered that he'd interrupted her question earlier, "Oh, right, you wanted to say something about last night?"

Full at last, Mikaella put down her fork and knife and washed her mouth out with her orange juice. She was embarrassed to ask him, but she had to find out. "Umm, yeah. My memory's a bit fuzzy... can you tell me what happened?"

"Sure, what's the last thing you remember?"

"Well... I remember we did shots, then we made out, and then I..."

*Do I really want to say this in the kitchen, where anyone could walk in? Or where that bitch, Hannah, could overhear?*

He must have noticed her hesitation, because he put a reassuring hand on her shoulder and tilted his head in the direction of his room. "Wanna finish this conversation somewhere more... private?"

Mikaella nodded and followed Alkim to his bedroom. He waved her in, shut the door behind them, and sat down on the bed. She took the spot next to him.

Then the smell hit her all over again. It was *his* smell; manly and reassuring. The entire room reeked of it, and the vapors went right to her head.

Mikaella's mind and body lit up with phantom sensations of the most energetic fellatio. She felt the indentation of his slit, tasted his delicious precum on the tip of her tongue, felt the ache in her

cheeks from sucking his cock with all her strength. Where Mikaella touched her cheek she felt an almost feverish heat radiating through her palm.

She didn't need a hand to feel the heat between her legs. This wasn't her imagination, it was memory.

"I gave you a blowjob on the couch, didn't I?" Mikaella blurted out, unable to contain the memories that his scent brought to the forefront of her mind.

Alkim grinned. "Yeah, you were incredible, the best. A fucking consummate professional. Completely blew me away, pun not intended."

*God, I really did, didn't I?* She was practically levitating from his praise. She remembered putting her whole body into that blowjob, and when she'd almost choked herself trying to deepthroat... *Was that when I lost consciousness?*

"Did... did I pass out trying to deepthroat you?"

"No. For a minute I was worried you would, but I pulled you up by your ponytail until you could breathe again."

*Well, that's embarrassing, being so eager to please some guy that you almost choked yourself to death trying to suck him off.*

He continued, "You passed out right on the finish line, right when I was cumming. You swallowed most of it, but you were shaking like...well, like you were cumming with me."

*Holy shit! Symbiosis!*

She felt a tremor run through her.

*So it wasn't just a dream...*

"Do you ever get spasms or anything when you cum?"

"No?" She couldn't remember ever cumming anywhere near as intensely as Alkim had described, but it sounded amazing.

"Well... you did last night. Like, you thrashed around a bit, then you screamed, and in the process your mouth came off my dick... Apparently I wasn't done yet, because after you popped off, I popped off one more time myself all over your face. I think that's when you passed out, but it was a minute before I realized you were asleep, because you never stopped licking me. Then, all of the sudden I heard Hannah open her door."

“Ugh, that bitch!” Mikaella already fucking hated that blonde bitch for being so relentlessly mean, condescending, and being a lying-bitch-thief that stole her hairbrush. Now, she could add cockblocking to Hannah’s ledger.

*I’ll have to pay her back some day...*

“Yeah, so I kinda rushed you off to bed so Hannah wouldn’t see what we did on the couch. I’m really sorry for not cleaning off your face, but I got sidetracked cleaning the evidence off the couch, and I crashed right after that.”

*Oh. So Alkim did forget to clean me, but it was because he was trying to protect my reputation. How sweet of him!*

“Yeah, I guess I wouldn’t have wanted her to see me like that either. Ugh, we shouldn’t have done that in the living room, I don’t know what I was thinking!”

Alkim laughed, warmly, “Well, I sure as hell wasn’t thinking at all about the consequences right then,” he placed one manly hand on her thigh, “I was completely *sucked in* by your performance.” He winked.

Mikaella shouldn’t have found that flattering, shouldn’t have just let him put his hands wherever he wanted at ten in the morning, yet she did. Somehow, crude as Alkim was being, every word out of his mouth was improving her mood.

“God, Mikaella, I still can’t get over just how much you made me cum. It was so much more than I’ve ever shot off at once. Like, ten orgasms in one. I don’t know what you did to me, but it must have put my balls into overdrive. I’m honestly surprised I wasn’t the one who passed out, but from dehydration, felt like I was cumming for almost a solid minute.”

*Oh my goooooood!*

This morning, she was disgusted by the sight of cum on her face. Now, she couldn’t stop thinking about what it would be like to taste him again, to be showered in his essence completely. A minute-long-cumshot sounded so, soooo fucking delicious. She didn’t notice until a bit of drool escaped from the corner of her mouth that her salivary glands had kicked into overdrive. She pretended to cough, wiped the drool away with her elbow, and swallowed the rest.

“You okay?” He asked.

“Mhmm!” *What the fuck is wrong with me? I need one of those sucky-thingies that dentists use.*

“Honestly, Mikaella, I was kinda worried after that. Guys don’t just cum like that, right? I mean, have you ever seen something like that before?”

“No.” *But I’d sure like to.*

“Like, what if there's something medically wrong with me, my glands, my balls? Or was I just backed up? Is this gonna happen again? I have no fucking idea!” Alkim groaned, threw up his hands, and fell backward onto his mattress. “This isn’t the kind of thing you can trust WebMD with.”

Mikaella hadn’t thought about it until then—she was too busy thinking about getting bukkaked—but suddenly cumming ten times as much had to be an alarming change for any guy. She scooted up the bed until she was looking down at his face. He looked upset, and she felt a pang of sympathy hit her, or maybe several pangs.

*Poor guy! I should cheer him up.*

Mikaella bit her lip.

“Do-do you want me to help? Help you find out, I mean, if it’ll happen again?”

His eyes went wide at her suggestion.

*Oh my god! Why did I say that? He’s gonna think I’m such a fucking slut!*

“Never mind, forget I said anything!”

Embarrassed beyond words, Mikaella turned away from him, and wrapped her arms around her head, trying to make herself small. But Alkim was too nice to leave her all embarrassed. Instead, he wrapped one arm around her body, pulled her tightly against his chest, and gently, yet firmly pushed her chin up till they were face to face. Then he brushed a tear from her eyes.

“You’d really do that, for me?” he asked.

She nodded immediately. He smiled his perfect smile down at her—*bless his dentist-parents!*—and tenderly kissed her on the lips.

That single kiss was a rolling stone that set off an avalanche of emotions.

Mikaella had only been dating middle-aged men as a means of survival for the last year. Ever since her high school graduation she’d followed her mother’s advice.

*“It’s better to be the toy of an old man than the slave of a young man.”*

*What a load of bullshit!*

Mikaella forgot what it felt like to have butterflies in her stomach, forgot how good it felt to be held by someone *she* found attractive. When was the last time she’d kissed a man because *she’d* wanted to? When was the last time *she’d* gotten wet from hands that weren’t hers?

Every week since she'd turned eighteen had been dominated by contractual sex with sad, old geezers. Sure, those old fuckers paid her well enough, but did they ever make her fucking spam and eggs in the morning?

This thing with Alkim wasn't a transaction; it was mutual attraction. And, God, how he attracted her.

The longer the kiss went on the more her face pressed into his. But Alkim pulled back, and she almost gasped at the sudden loss of contact.

*Jesus, I'm fucking losing it here.*

He smiled, flashing his perfect teeth, and pushed a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "I'd love that. You're a very generous person, Mikaella, truly. I'm so glad we're housemates"

"Me too," she sighed, almost high from just a taste of him.

The moment was ruined when someone knocked on Alkim's door.

"Fuck, gotta get that lock fixed." He sprang up from the bed, opened his door, and stepped out into the hallway. "Don't go anywhere, I'll be right back," he said, shutting the door behind him. Mikaella could just barely make out him saying "Hey, Kate, what's up?"

*Fuck! Kate again?* The titty monster was once again hogging Alkim's limited attention span.

Mikaella sighed in frustration and fell back against the bed. Immediately her nose was assaulted by that heady Alkim smell, but even more powerfully this time. She inhaled slowly, taking it all in. She felt so relaxed and no longer saw the point in being jealous of her lesbian housemate.

*Well, at least she'll have him hard for me when he gets back.*

She rubbed her face in the sheets, covering herself in his fragrance.

*Alkim should try bottling this scent. He could call it Stud Fauxs.*

She giggled at the thought, and felt her skin flush again with heat, like the warm glow from a stiff drink.

*He could charge whatever he wanted so long as I got to feel like this.*

She wondered why he bothered with antiperspirants when his perspirants smelled this damn good and resolved to get him to stop.

Mikaella realized that she should get herself ready for him. She tied her hair back, both to keep her face clear, and in case Alkim wanted something to hold onto. She looked around for a mirror, but couldn't find one.

*Typical guy.*

So, she used her phone camera to check her appearance, and was pleased to see that, despite her lack of morning preparation, she still looked pretty good.

An hour ago, she'd been concerned with the darker skin around her eyes, but now she started to appreciate the effect. After all, it was just a slightly faded version of the same face she spent a half hour on yesterday, and it was still sexier than no-makeup. Wasn't that the dream: not having to stand in front of the mirror and summon the dexterity of a calligrapher for thirty minutes every time she wanted to impress some guy? Plus, makeup was fucking expensive, and right now Mikaella was in savings mode until she found some income.

Alkim returned a couple minutes later with a little more sweat on his forehead. "Fuck is it hot today." He fanned himself with his tank top.

*Hot today, or just hot for those Katie-Cow udders?*

"What did Kate want?"

"Oh, uh, she just wanted to know if I was up and if she could eat some of the breakfast I made." He had an empty mason jar in his hand.

"What's that for?" she asked. He looked like he'd forgotten he was holding something.

*Jeez, just the sight of Kate's major boobage was enough to distract him from getting head. Maybe I should have gotten those implants after all...*

"Hmm? Oh, right. Okay, so, I wanted to approach this scientifically, get as much data as I can. Last night I kind of lost track of everything; the volume, the duration of the orgasm. I'd probably need that info before I can really see a doctor about this."

"Mhm." *Whatever you say, handsome.*

"So, I figured, the best way to get the volume would be to catch it in something, so I went to the kitchen and grabbed this mason jar with little measuring lines on the side."

He held the jar up to show her the measuring lines, then placed it down on the nightstand.

"So I'll need to cum into this jar to get an actual measurement, and I guess time my orgasm with my phone."

*Oh my god!* Mikaella had to bite her lip to silence a gasp. She really, really, *really* wanted to see if he could cum in full fluid ounces.

"... Okay then," she agreed, trying not to sound too eager.

“Sorry, I know this isn't my most romantic idea, but-”

Never mind, he thought she wasn't eager enough. It was time to change tactics. Mikaella lunged at his face, half kissing, half licking.

“I want to help! I want to help! Please, please let me help!” she panted between kisses.

After a minute of feverish tongue-lashing, Alkim finally broke contact and leaned back on his elbows. Her heart was racing, and she felt so, so hot, but she began to regain her senses.

At some point in that frenzy of kisses she must have climbed onto his lap and straddled him. She could feel his hard dick in his shorts poking her ass.

Suddenly remembering the state of her clothes this morning, Mikaella decided to be proactive in avoiding additional cum stains. She quickly shed everything but her panties and flung clothes away from the bed in every direction, hopefully out of the potential splash zone.

Only when she was completely naked did she realize that it would have been a good time to perform a strip tease or something to get him in the mood. But she was well past caring about foreplay: all she cared about was getting that dick into her mouth.

Mikaella got down on her knees by his bedside, right on the hardwood floor. Alkim gave her a pillow to put under her knees. That was thoughtful of him, she knew that on some level, but right then she didn't care for the interruption. She tugged his shorts and underwear down and off in one go.

Freed at last, Alkim's dick flopped out right before her. It was already half hard, just below horizontal, like it wanted to be ready for her. She beheld its magnificence, pressed her nose to it, and inhaled deeply. The heady, pussy-melting aroma—had her sinuses ever been this clear?—hit her like a big fat line.

And then there were his balls.

*Fuck! They're enormous!*

She'd never seen anything even ten percent this manly before. Like two jumbo eggs that promised her an amazing surplus of cum. She caressed them, gently, and kissed each one. Alkim twitched above her.

*Now for the main event.*

Mikaella gripped that magnificent dick with both hands. It throbbed powerfully, enough that she could feel his pulse speeding up in response to her touch. He was rock hard, yet his uncut, pristine skin was so, *soooo* soft, and she delighted at the feeling of his many veins that mapped

out over the surface. She jerked his dick slowly, reverently; watched with rapt attention as the head came free from his foreskin, and a single drop of precum welled up for her.

*This is it! Oh God, oh God, oh God! It's really happening!*

That was as much foreplay as she could endure.

Mikaella opened wide and sealed her lips around the head of his big, fat cock. Then she sucked, and sucked, and sucked. Almost immediately she was rewarded with a spray of precum that coated her entire tongue.

A moan welled up from deep within her. It came automatically. She didn't know what had come over her, and she didn't really care.

He tasted even better than she'd dreamed. That perfect balance of sweet, salty, umami, and pure dopamine. She wanted to savor that delicious nectar, but before she knew it her tongue had licked and lapped it all up. His offering was collected in the back of her mouth, and she couldn't resist gulping it down instantly.

Her salivary glands got to work like never before, making sure every square inch of dick was perfectly slick, frictionless. Every nerve between Mikaella's lips and her pussy was instantly activated, and parts of her brain that she couldn't have picked out on a diagram lit up like a Christmas tree.

Her clit throbbed powerfully, begging for her attention. Unthinking, she dropped one hand between her legs and started rubbing away at her clit, brushing past her diamond hard nipples in the process and sending shivers up her spine, as if her entire body was innervated for his pleasure. Her pussy was already sopping wet just from ten seconds of this blowjob. She felt selfish for using that hand on herself instead of Alkim's two-handed-cock, but he didn't seem to mind, palming the back of her head, but not forcing her down. He just tenderly stroked her hair as she continued to suck him off. She shivered again from the affection.

*So sweet! So generous of him!*

Mikaella tried to say, "Thank you!" out loud, but her lips never disengaged from his cock, and all that came out was garbled mumbling. Alkim may not have understood, but his cock seemed to enjoy the vibrations all the same, twitching and shooting even more delicious precum onto her tongue to reward her. She sucked it up greedily and took even more of the shaft into her mouth.

*Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!*

He moaned from her efforts, "Oh, fuuuuck... Mikaella..." and she did the same.

The flimsy pretext of her helping him figure out a medical problem long since forgotten. Mikaella felt like one of those ravers rolling absolute tits, sucking on a pacifier while loud music

blasted from oversized concert speakers vibrated her entire body. Except this was so much hotter, and infinitely more fulfilling.

Mikaella couldn't stop blowing him. She didn't want to stop, but when he called her name all she could do was mumble around his cock, and then her mouth would keep on sucking.

Her jaw felt a bit sore, and she tried to make her mouth close just a little more, but the muscles wouldn't comply. Another spray of delicious precum hit her tongue, and she forgot all about the soreness. Her jaws stayed wide open for him, and the blowjob continued. It almost felt like she was blowing him on autopilot, like her body knew what it had to do, and her brain was just along for the ride.

And what a fucking ride it was.

Her instinctive approach to oral sex might have alarmed her if she weren't enjoying herself so much. Instead, it allowed her mind to wander, while she continued to bob and suck and stroke in a cocksucking trance.

Of all the things to be reminded of while sucking dick, Mikaella thought about church: getting down on her knees, praying, drinking the Blood of Christ.

The rituals were supposed to connect you to God. All the people at church always said so, her mom said so, and Mikaella had to do what her mom said. But cheap-ass wine, and dusty old scriptures didn't really do it for her once she hit her teens. Mikaella had to fake that connection just to placate her mom and aunties, just so they wouldn't think she was with the devil or something. Just like she'd been faking her orgasms to placate her sugar daddies.

Now, Mikaella had found her own way of worshiping, of drinking god's offerings, and she wouldn't have to fake the connection, or the orgasms, ever again.

Another of Alkim's moans snapped her back to the moment.

*How long had it been since we started? Five minutes? An hour?*

Mikaella didn't really care. If she had a watch right now she probably wouldn't have checked—it would have distracted from her cocksucking. Somehow, the soreness in her cheeks had faded, despite her never taking a break from hollowing them in and out with each bob of her head.

*I can't believe I've been living under the same roof as this magical dick for two months and I'm only finding out about it now!*

She blamed Kate and Vicky. If they'd just sucked him off or fucked him, they would have blabbed (Vicky for sure) then she could have gotten the inside scoop and tried it for herself. She almost came at the mere image of getting dicked-down raw like this, but she'd have to save that for later. No matter how much she wanted to get fucked right now (a lot!), she NEEDED to blow him. If his precum alone was this good, the actual cumshot promised to be so, so much more.

“Oh, fuck, don’t stop! I’m getting close!”

More magical words had never been spoken to her. Her body knew exactly what to do. A mixture of spit and precum bubbled out from her lips to lube up his shaft even further. Some of it dripped onto her naked chest, but she took no notice. Mikaella moved her other hand back onto his dick and jerked faster, adding a twisting motion that made his cock twitch, and his thighs quiver. She licked and lapped all around the head of his cock, pleading, begging for that cum.

Alkim had let her set the pace of this blowjob so far, but as he got closer to finishing he started to take the reins into his own hands, literally. He gripped her ponytail tightly, possessively. Fuck was that hot. He put more weight onto his feet, and bucked his hips slightly, sending even more cock into Mikaella’s thirsty maw, leaving her barely enough room to breathe through her nose.

She welcomed it.

*Anything to help him cum!*

He grunted. His cock lurched. Somehow, Mikaella managed to open even wider.

The first shot sprayed the back of her throat, blasting her uvula with unexpected force, instantly causing her to gag.

Mikaella wasn’t prepared for that, and her body pulled back automatically. The need to breathe was so strong that she tried to pull off completely, but her lips remembered their mission, and stayed clamped around the head of his cock, even as her body tried to cough her airways clean.

Then the second shot coated her tongue.

*Holyfuckingshitsofuckinggoodohmygodohmygodohmygoood!*

It was pure, liquid sex, concentrated far beyond normal human experience. Mikaella rubbed her clit so fast that she might have rubbed it down to the nub, if not for the lubrication her pussy started gushing out the moment that magic cum reached her taste buds. Her body and mind were rocked by waves of orgasmic pleasure. Yet, even as her body convulsed in ecstasy, her mouth remained locked around Alkim’s cockhead, desperate not to lose out on her reward.

The third shot filled her mouth to the brim. Her mouth kept working, lapping all over, sucking more up from his pipes, and gulping down as much as she could between desperate breaths.

And the deluge continued. It was unstoppable—he was unstoppable, like the incoming tide. Every lurch of his dick sent another stream of cum shooting into her mouth, and every mouthful she swallowed was instantly replenished.

A week prior, if someone asked Mikaella for her opinion on blowjobs, she would have said they were a bit degrading, but very easy money. These last few minutes had turned her whole world

upside down. Everything about this felt so unbelievably good; the taste alone brought her so much pleasure that she would have paid out of her own pocket just for the privilege of sucking down Alkim's load. She felt like an oil baron who'd just struck a massive well.

*I'm cum rich!*

Somehow, despite her best efforts, his balls had managed to outpace her swallowing, and she was rapidly losing control over his seemingly endless orgasm. Yet she was both unable and unwilling to take her mouth away from his gushing cock. Mikaella's body craved it more than the air she breathed, and her brain seemed to be in complete agreement.

Alkim must have either noticed her struggling or finally remembered his plan to get the volume of his ejaculation. His hand left Mikaella's hair, and reappeared right beside her mouth, holding that mason jar. With his other hand, he pulled his still-cumming cock out of her suckling mouth.

Now freed, she swallowed one more load and gasped for air. One more huge cumshot managed to hit Mikaella's cheek, adding to the cum spilling out over her chin, before he got the jar's over his spurting cockhead.

And it still wouldn't end. Mikaella watched, enraptured, as each spray hit the glass with surprising force, sending splashes of cum splattering all over the inside of the jar, until the glass was no longer transparent.

*Holy fucking shit!*

Alkim's twitching cock hosed down the mason jar, spraying, and gushing, and shooting out delicious cum, until, eventually, the blasts slowed down to a trickle. When the cum finally stopped flowing, wiped the head of his cock off on the rim of the jar, and placed it down on the nightstand next to his bed.

"Holy fucking- I mean, Jesus... I didn't know it was possible to cum that much." He brought both hands to his temples and started rubbing. "Goddamn, I think I need... some water... replace those fluids." He sat back down on the bed.

The motion sent his still-hard cock swinging, and Mikaella's eyes locked onto the glistening tip. There was still some cum left around the head, about as much as a normal man's entire ejaculation. Mikaella wasn't going to let it go to waste. She shuffled forward on her knees, mouth wide open.

"How did I- oh, wow..." he lost focus once her mouth wrapped once more around his cockhead.

She hummed, happily. The feelings it stirred in her were not as nearly powerful as they were from a full blast of the stuff, but even these leftovers were far too good to pass up. After a few moments licking all over his cock, and swallowing repeatedly, the taste of it finally thinned out, rinsed away by her own saliva. Only once she was satisfied that she'd gotten every last drop did she finally release him from her mouth.

“All clean!” She giggled, opening her mouth to show him she’d swallowed everything he’d given her.

But he wasn’t really paying attention. Mikaella had been so caught up with getting all the cum that she hadn’t noticed that Alkim was panting heavily, his body glistening with sweat from his exertions. Aside from his flagging erection, he looked more like a marathon runner than someone who just got his dick sucked.

*I guess cumming like a god is serious exercise...*

He laid back on the bed, exhausted, and her attention returned to the jar of cum. Now that it was vertical, she was able to get a read on how much he’d cum.

*100mL! His cum passed the 100mL line!*

She could hardly believe it, and that was only the cum that managed to reach the jar. She wiped her cheek with one hand, and it came away completely coated in the stuff.

*All this from just one shot? So, sooooo much deliciousness...*

She’d already licked all of it from her fingers and palm before remembering that she’d meant to wipe it off on the rim of the jar and combine it with the rest.

*Fuck! How much cum did I fucking swallow?!*

Her hands went to her tummy. She felt a strange but pleasant warmth travel through her. Between the breakfast he’d cooked her, and all the cum he’d shot into her mouth, she felt very, very full.

In high school this might have been the point when she’d go to the bathroom and throw up the extra calories. But there was no fucking way she was going to purge this load.

Alkim had apparently recovered enough to sit up straight, and was now inspecting the jar himself, holding it up at eye level.

“Holy fucking shit! One-hundred milliliters?! I came a hundred-fucking-milliliters?!? What is that, like, a third of a soda can???”

Mikaella had no idea how many milliliters were in a can of soda, but she knew he’d definitely gone far beyond whatever was in that jar.

“Maybe twice that? I think? I swallowed a looooot of your cum. *Mhmmmm...*” Mikaella hummed, and rubbed at her throat, still feeling the warmth from his seed flowing down her gullet. She completely forgot that she was supposed to be concerned, not delighted, over his new god-gasms.

“Two hundred... last night I knew I must have cum a lot, but, fucking hell, Mikaella, this is... that’s not normal.”

“That’s okay! You’re better than normal!” She tried to reassure him.

For a moment, he just stared at the cum jar, only processing what she said a few seconds later. “How? How is that okay? What the fuck am I supposed to do about this?”

He dangled the jar in front of her, and she almost snatched it out of his hands, but thought better of it at the last second.

*He needs to see that this is a blessing, not a curse.*

“Don’t you see? It’s like...it’s like your superpower, ya know?”

He frowned. “My superpower is cumming a lot?”

*Not just cumming a lot, dummy! Perfect cum! Perfect cock! Perfect to suck on!*

“Okay, think of it this way. Like, didn’t that feel really really good to cum for, like, a whole minute there? Most guys can only manage a few seconds.”

He considered that for a moment. “Well... yeah, I guess it did.”

“It felt really, really, really good for me too. Also, um, your cum tastes fucking incredible... it’s... indescribable.”

*He needs to know how much I want it, how much I want him.*

Mikaella grasped the jar in both hands, just below his. “Do you mind if I...” He let her have it. “Thank you!” She put her lips to the edge of the jar, and tipped it back.

“Ohhhh... wow, Mikaella...” He watched, amazed, as she eagerly gulped down mouthfuls of his seed.

For the second time in as many minutes, Mikaella tasted pure bliss. She gulped, and gulped, tipping the jar back ever further to keep up the flow of his intoxicating seed.

“*MHHHMMM!*” she squealed in delight.

Instinctively, she slid one hand back down between her thighs. This time, she didn’t bother with her clit, and drove two fingers straight into her pussy, as far as they would go. She was immediately rewarded with yet another orgasm, and the walls of her pussy squeezed so tightly around her fingers that she couldn’t pull her hand back.

She wasn't sure how long it all lasted, but she eventually drank the full load. A few seconds later she finished convulsing, and her pussy finally released her fingers. Panting heavily, she held up her glistening hand for Alkim's inspection.

"I don't think it's normal for a girl to cum twice from drinking your cum either, but I'm not complaining."

His jaw was slack with disbelief, "Twice?! You came twice from that?"

"*Mhm!*" She was already trying to get the remainder out with her fingers, scooping it up into her mouth like leftover cookie dough. "*Mmmmm!* I told you, it's really yummy! Next time you want to cook me breakfast, make pancakes, and use *this* instead of maple syrup."

"Oh my god, Mikaella... this is insane. Insane! Come on, doesn't any of this freak you out, even just a little?"

She thought about it for a moment, then simply answered "Nope!"

Mikaella was somehow both excited as hell from what they'd just done, and oddly quite relaxed. She wasn't really worried at all. If anything, tasting his cum had sapped her worries away. Yesterday she'd been freaking out the size of her tits, about her sugar daddy, about money, about holding onto her apartment. Now, she was just thinking about how incredible she felt, and how she owed it all to her new favorite housemate.

Mikaella wondered for years if she was depressed, like, clinically. Though, she could never justify the expense, so she'd never seen a therapist, and never gotten on antidepressants.

Now, there was no doubt left in her mind. If this is how happiness feels, then she'd never been truly happy in her entire life, not until today. And now, she'd never need to try any antidepressants.

She liked alcohol, she liked weed and she liked coke. She fucking loved this dick. It was better than all other drugs blended into a chemical smoothie of pure doped-up happiness, and it didn't cause drowsiness, dizziness, or even dry-mouth. No, she felt very, very much aware of everything, and she was going to stay glued to this dick for as long as it could make her feel like this. Whatever it took. Mikaella knew it would be worth it.

"You made me feel soooo good. What could be so bad about that?"

"Well, it's just... how do I know this isn't a serious medical problem?"

"I don't know?" She shrugged. "Maybe see a doctor then, if you think you need to. But I think you're fine. Better than fine! And I want you to know that I, um, I really like you the way you are... and I'm down to help out... whenever you need me, really."

His eyes widened, clearly enticed by her offer of infinite future blowjobs.

“You’d really do that, for me?”

“*Mhm!* Anything you want! I want to help you cum like crazy, as many times as you can! I want to taste you again, and again, and again!”

Alkim slumped back against the wall, stunned by both her admission, and her ravenous enthusiasm. He looked like he was thinking really hard. Mikaella didn’t want to overwhelm him, so she just waited for him to catch up.

“Actually, Mikaella... you just gave me an idea.”

“What kind of idea?” *Does it involve more blowjobs?*

“A way for us to both get everything we want.”

*Ooooooh, I like the sound of that.* “I’m listening.”

“Okay, so, you know how neither of us have jobs now.”

*Rude! But, true.* “Mhm.”

“We both need to start making some money, and soon. You like giving me head, and I like getting head.”

*Yes.*

“I was thinking, what if we kill two birds with one stone?”

“How?” she asked.

“Vicky told me her friend tried camgirling and ended up making a ton of money, and that was just by doing solo stuff, like masturbating into a cheap webcam. People will pay a lot more for two people doing things together. I promise, I’m not just saying this just to get my dick sucked; I think we could really make some good money here, just doing what we both already want to do, but for a live audience.”

*Oh. My. God.*

“This would be during your own hours, on your terms.”

*Yes!*

“No more old men telling you what to do.”

*YES!*

“Just recording blowjobs from the comfort of our own home.”

*YES! YES! YES!*

“You’re hot, a lot smaller than me, and my loads are ridiculous... so, maybe that could be our gimmick?”

*YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES!*

Alkim just kept going, not understanding that he’d had her at “You like giving me head.”

“I could handle all the technical stuff. I’ve already got some camera equipment we could use...” He rummaged around under his bed until he pulled out a camera bag. “... a Nikon D3500 I got from my uncle, and a GoPro with a head strap that we could rig for point-of-view shots.”

*No start up costs!*

She’d have to remind him later to keep those cameras somewhere that thieving bitch Hannah couldn’t find them.

His sales pitch continued. “Plus, I already have some video editing experience from my time on YouTube, before Google bought it, back in the ancient days of Dragon Ball Z AMVs...”

Every single word out of his mouth made her so hot that she just couldn’t take anymore. Mikaella jumped up onto his lap and started kissing him furiously, no regard for just how much of his own load she was inadvertently returning.

“*Mwah!*” She beamed at him with hearts in her eyes. “Alkim! You’re a fucking genius!” Mikaella had never imagined she could feel so much for someone after so little time together.

*Maybe that’s why Kate let him move in here after just a weekend. Except, she wasn’t even getting free cum out of him. Idiot.*

He put the camera away and smiled back at her, “Sooo, I take it you’re in?”

“Yes! Yes! A thousand times yes! I’m all in, all the way, baby!” She kissed him again, and he kissed her back.

“Okay then. That’s settled. I guess now all we need is a name for our page.”

“Like, a name just for me, or a name for both of us?”

“Huh.” He tapped under his chin, visibly puzzled. “I’m not sure. Probably you? I can think of a few porn couples, but they’re all under the girl’s name.”

*Couple!*

She was so happy to hear him say that word that she forgot about the “porn” qualifier. The newly minted “couple” spent the next few minutes brainstorming together, and eventually came up with the perfect name, one that was both catchy and perfect for a tiny, Asian girl that gave amazing head.

And when it turned out that name was already taken, they went with the next best name they could think of.

“Oral-Bae! I love it!” She hugged him around his waist, nuzzling her head into his crotch while he soothingly stroked her hair.

*Fuck you mom! I'm no one's employee, no one's toy, and no one's slave! I'm gonna be a star, AND a fucking business partner!*

In fact, Mikaella had partnered herself with Alkim in more ways than one. When she drank his cum and fingered herself silly, she’d done so impulsively, and instinctively, with not a thought spared for the cum slathered onto her fingers, and the millions upon millions of errant sperm cells shoved up her pussy.

## XII - Through the Looking-Glass

Kate

After the gym, and her shower, Kate busied herself with online clothes shopping. She bought some new bras in her current size—32K!—then, just to be safe, a couple in larger sizes, which she hoped to never need.

It was a work night, so she had to spend a while getting her makeup on, putting on her sluttiest dress. It didn’t quite fit properly over her expanded bust, but she didn’t think any of her customers would mind the excess titty bulging out.

She was not wrong.

At the Karaoke bar, men couldn’t keep their eyes off her chest. When the girls had lined up to be hired for the private rooms, Kate had been the immediate stand-out pick, with her boobs projecting a good several inches ahead of the rest of the lineup and was chosen three separate times one shift. Hannah was also on call for part of the night and was clearly pissed to have been skipped over by the highest rollers for Kate every single time.

Kate made some very good money that night, fourteen hundred bucks: a personal record. It probably helped that every time she suggested they buy more shots she added a little bouncing, jiggling titquake that must have made spending more money seem like a really good idea. Maybe

they were hoping to get her drunk enough that her defenses would fall, and then they could cop a feel.

*Dumb marks.*

Kate was prepared for that. She'd already scored a lot of free coke over the course of the evening, almost an entire eightball. A bump here, a line there, just enough to keep her awake, and alert. She kept it in her cleavage for easy access. Her tits pushed against each other and the bag so thoroughly that there was zero chance of spillage, and she didn't even need to bother tying it off.

Maybe these huge tits weren't a problem to be solved. Maybe.

Then again, she'd had to slap away a lot more drunken hands than usual, and the standard tipping practice of stuffing dollar bills into her cleavage had become a lot more unnerving. Men that weren't Alkim still gave her the creeps, and it took all her self-control not to squirm when their gross hands touched her increasingly sensitive titflesh. She shuddered just thinking about it. Plus, what if they nicked her stash?

The moment the clock struck two a.m. she practically bolted out of the bar, and got a ride home alone, completely forgetting to wait for Hannah to finish up.

When she got back, everyone else was asleep, so she just laid down on her bed, swiped through Tinder, got bored, then swiped through bumble, and kept at it until the inevitable coke-crash that would allow her to finally get some sleep.

She woke up very late the next morning, feeling like hammered shit. When she looked at the time, she realized it'd been twenty hours since she'd last had any contact with Alkim. Neither drink nor nicotine—her usual vices—had taken the edge off. Plus, she was totally out of Adderall, and when she called her psychiatrist she couldn't get an appointment sooner than three weeks out.

*Fucking schedule II bullshit! Fuck you, Nixon!*

There was the coke she'd gotten yesterday, but the headache made her think better of starting her day like that. Kate knew her only remaining source of relief would have to come from Alkim, one way or another. Either from the stash of stimulants he kept locked away in his room, or, better still, from the saliva that he so generously left behind for her.

She saw the breakfast Alkim had laid out on the kitchen table and knocked on his door to ask if she could finish it off.

"Yo, what's up?" He shut the door behind him.

"Duuude, I feel like shit right now, don't wanna cook. Can I finish that spam and eggs?" she asked.

“Go for it.” He grabbed a mason jar from the cabinet, and slipped back into his room.

So, Kate went for it and licked his plate and glass clean for good measure. That was the right way to start off her day. She felt fresh, energized, and even her headache cleared. It was like snorting eight hours of sleep. She even cleaned the rest of the dishes, just for the hell of it.

Yet, while that dose might hold her over for a few hours, she knew it wouldn’t be enough to get her through the day, not without her other meds to take over when that wore off.

Only Alkim could do that, so Kate was about to just barge into his room to ask if he wanted to hang out today, so she could keep him close. Yet, standing right outside his door she heard something odd, and stopped to listen closer. It sounded like squelching, and moaning.

*Oh, gross. Is he jerking off right now?*

She was disgusted.

Mostly.

Maybe that wasn’t fair of her, it was his room, his right to jerk off. Plus, something about the sounds and smells emanating from the other side of the door intrigued her more than they probably should.

*Fuck it. Good thing I never got this lock fixed.*

Kate opened the door just a crack and peaked inside, feeling uncomfortably like her own mother. She fully expected to find Alkim lying in bed, jerking it to something on his laptop.

She didn’t expect to see a topless girl between his legs, furiously gagging herself on his dick.

*Holy shit!*

Kate didn’t exactly have a lot of experience with blowjobs. Any experience, really, but somehow she was sure they weren’t usually this... enthusiastic. The little slut was putting her whole upper body into it, and Kate had to admit that she had a decent body. No curves, no tats, but at least she wasn’t fat. Black hair too. She was pretty sure Alkim had told her that was his favorite hair color.

Part of her was happy that her friend was finally getting laid again, she could tell this long dry spell had been a wound on his pride, a mark against his self-proclaimed slutiness. She also remembered giving him the green light to have guests over and said he could fuck whoever he wanted in that room, though he’d never taken advantage of that policy before.

Until now, apparently.

*Good for him, dude really needed to get laid. The girl looks pretty basic, but so was every girl in his pics. Kate couldn't see any sign of real boobs on this girl, so that was one criterion he hadn't been able to satisfy. Wait a second... Short girl, black hair, tan skin, no tats, flat chest: something about her seems familiar.*

Then, Kate heard Alkim moan out, "Oh, fuuuuck... Mikaella..."

*Holy shit! Mikaella!?!*

Kate was certain that out of all the girls in the house—herself excluded—Mikaella was maybe the least likely to suck Alkim's dick.

Vicky swore she didn't see him like that, that he was too young, too much like her brother, but it always seemed to Kate like Vicky was just ten drinks and one coked-up evening away from fucking his brains out.

Even Hannah admitted she thought he was cute, at least before he'd moved in, and might have still hatefucked him if her stupid horoscopes said the stars wanted her to bang a scorpion or whatever.

But Mikaella was definitively not a slut, not in the way Vicky, Hannah, and Alkim were. A slut fucks because she likes sex, while a whore fucks for money. Mikaella was a whore. The girl admitted to Vicky once that she had basically no sex drive of her own, that she never jilled off, that she had to fake her attraction to gross, older men. That was her life, her only source of income. She never kissed for free, while he was way too broke and far too proud to ever pay for sex.

So, why the fuck was Mikaella blowing Alkim like she couldn't get enough of him? The little whore was gagging on it crazy style, moaning like a bitch in heat. From her angle at the door, Kate could even see the girl was frantically fingering herself the entire time.

The sight was objectively disgusting, but Kate found she couldn't look away.

Kate and Alkim had seen each other in various states of undress before. More often than not, Kate was the undressed one, but she'd still seen him shirtless, and even down to just his boxers a few times here and there. Of course, Kate had no desire to see man-parts, and Alkim wasn't much of a flasher, so that final curtain had never been opened in her presence.

Yet here he was, getting his dick sucked not ten feet away, and the only barriers between Kate and that dick of his were the slightly open door, and Mikaella's cocksucking lips.

*Is... is Alkim hung?* Her rational mind did not want to know the answer, but it didn't really have the final say in that moment, and she found herself puzzling out her best-friend's dick size.

It was hard to tell the length when Mikaella's mouth never left him, not even to breathe. Kate was far from an expert on dicks, but with what she could see, and by judging the vertical distance

the little cocksucker's head traveled up, and down, over, and over, there had to be a lot of dick in that little mouth.

To Kate, the whole thing seemed so much more... violent than eating pussy. Painful, even. The endless head bobbing had to be hard on her neck, she gagged like she could barely breathe, and it looked like she was constantly on the verge of tears.

Yet Mikaella never slowed, never wavered. The girl was an absolute dicksucking machine set to fifth gear. She just kept at it, relentlessly bobbing, sucking, moaning her lungs out, and it seemed to be working for Alkim.

“Oh, fuck, don't stop! I'm getting close!”

He was sweating a lot, red-faced, veins bulging out against his neck, his legs twitching around Mikaella's kneeling body.

*Huh, so that's what the male orgasm looks like? So fucking tense.*

But that turned out to be just the beginning of the end.

Mikaella started rapidly jerking him off with both hands. Then Alkim grabbed her ponytail and started bucking his hips into her, literally fucking her face like he was trying to choke her to death.

Even Kate could tell this was the part where he finished inside the girl's mouth.

*Ew! Ew! Ew! Gross!!!*

Except, there was no finishing: it just kept going. Mikaella was shaking, spasming between his legs. It looked like she was being electrocuted, except there was no mistaking the meaning of those moans. Somehow, she was getting off on this too. Despite her seeming loss of muscular control, her mouth stayed focused on sucking, and gulping, like she was doing a fucking keg stand.

Alkim groaned, grumbled, and pulled his dick out of Mikaella's mouth, releasing a waterfall of cum down her chin, even as he continued to shoot more of it onto her face.

*Oh, that's fucking nasty!*

And it just kept on cumming, endlessly. Unbelievably, Alkim grabbed that fucking mason jar, of all things, and stuck his still-spouting cock into it. Kate watched, horrified, as that dick kept pumping out ever more gross, off-white ball juice into the jar, again, and again, until the glass turned opaque, and a thick layer of fluid had collected at the bottom.

Finally, the grotesque show came to a stop.

“Holy fucking- I mean, Jesus... I didn’t know it was possible to cum that much.” Her friend started rubbing his temples like he had a migraine. “Goddamn, I think I need... some water... replace those fluids.”

*Holy shit! He came so hard that he’s dehydrated himself?!?!*

Alkim sat back down on the bed, and Kate watched, stupefied, as the throbbing organ twitched and swung around, still glistening from some combination of cum and Mikaella’s spit. Gross as it was, she couldn’t help but think it was more impressive than her dildos.

Mikaella must have had a similar thought, because she suddenly lunged forward.

“How did I- oh wow...” Alkim trailed off, unable to speak over Mikaella’s enthusiastic mouth work.

The girl obsessively licked, and polished every square inch of that dick, like she was trying to get whatever traces of cum hadn’t made it into her mouth, or the jar.

Kate stood there stunned, not hearing a single word they said, still reeling from the vulgar display of heterosexuality. Her friend’s absurd cumshot replayed over and over in her mind, like a broken projection.

*It was too much, way too fucking much! How is it even possible to cum for a whole minute like that?*

Then Mikaella started chugging the entire mason jar of cum.

That proved too much for the peeping lesbian. Kate felt dizzy, like she was gonna throw up her breakfast right onto his door.

She started backing away from the door, as slowly and quietly as possible, though her nausea made her question every footfall. Mikaella’s frenzied moaning was probably enough to mask Kate’s steps, but she couldn’t risk getting caught.

How could she possibly explain herself peeping in on them? How could she acknowledge what they’d all seen?

Mikaella, full-time sugarbaby, guzzling down an impossible amount of her housemate’s cum. She drank like it was top shelf booze, liquid ambrosia, or the fucking cure to aging. It made no sense.

Vicky had once described the taste of cum to her: salty, with a hint of chlorine, unless the guy ate a lot of pineapple.

She knew Alkim never ate any fucking pineapple. There was no way even a straight girl could have stomachached that much of the vile male goo.

Then Kate remembered why she'd come to his door in the first place: to secure a supply of her housemate's chemically laced saliva. The same fluid she'd been ingesting daily, constantly, as frequently as she could.

Suddenly, Mikaella's obvious lust for the contents of his balls didn't seem quite so illogical. *If there were already powerful drugs in his spit, what did that mean for his cum? What if I was taking the Adderall, and Mikaella just jumped straight to heroin?*

It was a chilling thought, one that she couldn't dislodge from her brain, no matter how much she desperately wanted to.

Was this Kate's fate? Was she looking at her own future if she didn't stop consuming Alkim's saliva? Would she become so addicted to him that she'd start graduating to stronger and stronger bodily fluids, until she was down on her knees, blowing her best friend like his private lesbian whore?

*No. No! No way! Never!*

She couldn't let that happen.

Kate had to get out of the fucking house.

She just grabbed her car keys and fucking sped the hell out of the house, out of K-Town, and out of the city.

To where, she did not care.

## XIII - Call of the Wild

### Alkim

Alkim had to get out of the fucking house.

One time, his college ex (who didn't understand ADHD) dragged him off to a mediation class. That had been a disaster. The last thing he needed for peace was sitting still and trying not to think. He would rather drive a nail through his hand than endure a full hour of that mental torture again.

No, mediation did not work for him. He couldn't relax until he'd burned off excess energy. In his twenty-two years, he'd figured out just five reliable ways of blowing off steam: martial arts, running, hiking, sex, and going to the zoo.

He wasn't currently enrolled in any martial arts classes, and he'd cancelled his zoo membership a few months ago to save money. Sex was exactly the thing he needed to clear from his mind for a few hours, so that wasn't likely to help.

That left hiking and running. So, he figured he might as well do both and go trail running.

People in LA said they liked hiking, but if that were true the trails would be packed and not empty of hikers after the first hour from the parking lot. For most Angelinos, hiking usually just meant walking for less than an hour, on a trail with zero slope, and usually stopping every ten minutes to take pictures of their asses in overpriced athleisure. That wasn't Alkim's style.

Right then, he wanted to run so high up a mountain that his chances of running into another person would zero out.

Mikaella offered to go with him, but he wanted some alone time. Not wanting to hurt her feelings, he just said something about how the trail wasn't for beginners, and how he liked to be out there for hours and hours. He distracted her with a request to investigate costumes they could use in their upcoming shoots. Then he promised that she could suck his dick once he got back. That worked a lot better.

City girl that she was, and with her new favorite activity on offer, Mikaella was more than willing to let him go it alone.

Kate was his best friend, but she hated the outdoors most of all, so he didn't even bother telling her where he was going. One time he'd taken her on the most basic hike in all of LA county, just an hour out and back to the fucking Hollywood sign, and she'd gotten so freaked out by every single bug just living its outdoor life that he swore to never take her hiking again.

*Shame though, car camping and drugs would have been a great idea if she weren't phobic of, like, eighty percent of all species.*

Alkim was much more of a birdwatcher than a bug collector, but all that fear and loathing for living things was a real mood-killer, and Kate screaming at every little fly would not help him unwind.

But hiking alone suited him well enough. He was used to it by now; all his best hiking buddies had moved away from LA after graduation, and he'd yet to find anyone else on his level since.

Alkim chose a trail from his to-do list, one that supposedly had active tar pits every few miles. It sounded novel. He filled up his three-liter camelbak with iced water, made two oversized sandwiches, got in his car, put down the convertible top, and finally remembered that he should apply sunscreen before driving topless on a hundred-degree day.

While he did that, he noticed Kate's car was still gone. *Did she not come home last night?*

He figured that she was probably hooking up with some goth lesbian, and almost certainly one way less hot than herself.

*Good for her. Girl really needed to get laid.*

Truly, getting laid wasn't all that hard for Kate. He'd been there when she got her pussy eaten by a stranger in a gay bar in WeHo. The big-titty goth didn't lack for prospects, especially now, with her even-bigger tits. What she couldn't seem to manage was holding onto these girls for more than a few weeks, and he doubted the size of her chest was going to change that.

*Whatever, let her tell me about it when she gets back.*

Sunscreen applied, he drove off to the hiking trail, blasting a mix of metal and 2000s angst-rock along the way. Once there, he put the top back up, grabbed his binoculars, his "Sibley Guide to Birds," and started running up the mountain.

Running was good for not thinking. Once he got up to speed, it was almost impossible for him to focus on anything else beyond the pounding of his heart, the feel of hard ground under his feet, and the beautiful mountain vistas. Most of the time he didn't even need music out here.

Yet once he'd reached the top of the mountain, and the bottom of his lungs, there was nothing left for him to do but think about the last couple weeks.

First, Kate's tits had grown from big to huge in record time. That was certainly the first thing he really noticed. First two things, technically. They'd be impossible to miss, even if he weren't already such a fiend for huge tits. He'd heard of very rapid breast growth before, yet never quite so rapid as he'd seen with Kate. Plus, she was well past puberty, not any medication that he knew of, and there was no way she was pregnant.

*What size is she, anyway? Kate used to be 32F, but she's clearly way, waaay past that. Does she even know how big they are?*

All Alkim knew for certain is that none of them knew how big she was going to get.

Physical developments weren't the only changes he'd noticed with Kate; she'd also started behaving a lot more affectionately. Most recently, back at the gym, she'd been more than willing to just let him openly stare at her huge tits. Sure, she'd let him look before, but never so brazenly, and especially in public. She never wanted strangers to think they were a couple; so long as there was a one-percent chance of another lesbian seeing her, she wanted to be seen for what she was, and not as his girlfriend. Yet, at the gym, that's exactly what she was acting like, shimmying her boobs for his benefit, hanging over him, touching his sweaty arms.

Then there was all the shotgunning. When they'd made DMT, she'd suggested they shotgun the stuff so as to not waste any of it. That'd made perfect sense to him: the raw materials were both expensive and a huge pain in the ass to process.

The same could not be true for weed, which was both cheap and abundant. Odder still, Kate didn't even really like weed. It made her paranoid, and she was much more of a nicotine person anyway. Yet every time she saw him with his weed vape, she asked if they could shotgun it. Obviously, Alkim wasn't going to refuse lip contact with her, especially when she was the one offering, but that hardly made it a normal way to share drugs with your bestie. Plus, she always seemed perfectly calm after each hit, never displaying the usual high-strung paranoia that had kept her off the stuff before.

Then there were the random instances of helpfulness.

He liked Kate, sure, and it's not like she hadn't helped him immensely by giving him a place to stay, but she wasn't exactly the cleanest person around. She never did dishes, and certainly never cleaned her room. Hell, the only reason he even knew her (old) bra size was because she left her used bras all over the house. They were impossible to miss, and the same was true for her panties. Were Alkim so inclined, he could have started an entire online store selling just the panties she constantly lost around her room to perverts. Even the living room couch wasn't completely safe.

*Hannah may be rude and hateful, but she wasn't wrong about how gross it was to just leave used panties around the house. And who takes off their underwear in the living room anyway?*

Yet, lately, Kate hadn't been leaving random underwear around the house. Whenever he'd seen her room recently it looked (by Kate's standards) unnaturally clean and orderly. Plus, she'd been voluntarily cleaning his dirty cups, fetching him drinks, and even did the dishes yesterday after he cooked Mikaella's breakfast, while he was busy getting the greatest blowjob of his life.

Perhaps the strangest and most random thing was that she hadn't lost her vapes in more than a week. He'd noticed that a bit ago, but the thought came back to him just now and wedged his brain open like a doorstopper. Kate always lost her vapes, sometimes several times a day, and he'd gotten way too used to this Sisyphean task to not notice its absence.

*Did she just finally get a tracker for it? Or is it possible that she just remembers where she puts it now?*

Both were seemingly simple explanations, yet the second option was almost too absurd to even consider. It shouldn't have bothered him so much, yet it did. He couldn't shake it. It was such a complete reversal of her behavior, her personality. This girl that knew where her vape was, who never left stray underwear around, she just couldn't be the same Kate he'd lived with for the last three months.

Meanwhile, Mikaella had become even more affectionate than Kate had ever been. After three months of never hanging out, one day had been enough to leave her practically glued to his side, or rather, his groin. In that time, she'd come onto him like never before, told him that he smelled good, hung out with him, opened up to him about deeply personal sugar-baby drama, and finally sucked his dick. Then, the next morning, she sucked it again and promised she would blow him whenever he wanted, no questions asked.

Thanks to her, he'd discovered that he could cum inhumanly massive loads. That seemed odd and concerning enough, but somehow that wasn't the strangest part. Mikaella was adamant that simply tasting his cum was enough to make her cum like crazy. That didn't seem possible, and yet he'd seen it with his own eyes multiple times. She'd tremble, shake, and yet never take her lips off his dick until her mouth was literally overflowing with ejaculate, or if he withdrew by himself. The first time she came until she passed out, and he'd been forced to carry her back to bed.

Then, he'd impulsively offered to start doing porn with this girl, despite having first kissed her less than twenty-four-hours ago. Stranger still, she'd enthusiastically agreed. There weren't even any real negotiations; she was immediately all in on the idea of sucking his dick on camera, posting the videos all over the internet, and taking a fifty-fifty split, despite her doing all the actual work and taking all the risk by showing her face online. All Alkim needed to do was set up the cameras, let this girl go to town on his cock, do a little video editing, and post it online.

So why hadn't they done it yet?

In part, her sudden eagerness to get started filming their first video had somehow made him feel bad, like he was exploiting her. Intellectually, he knew they both needed the money, and he had no reason to think the girl didn't enjoy every second of the blowjobs she'd already given him. Yet there was some corner of his mind that was unnerved by her rapid personality shift and wanted to resist this move to digital pimping (even though Mikaella had been pimping herself out for more than a year). Perhaps it was the same part of him that still wanted to go to med school, and leave that crazy house far, far behind.

Plus, the giant loads still seemed like something he should have a doctor to look at. He made a note on his phone to make an appointment for that. He'd call around for open appointment slots after he got home. After Mikaella sucked him off, of course.

He still wondered what could have caused all these changes.

*Was it something in the house?*

*Maybe not. Hannah seemed normal enough. Well, normal for Hannah, as far as I can tell. Not like I have much of her to go on, only recent conversation of ours involved her calling me a creep and a tweaker.*

*Not exactly a positive interaction, but at least she isn't inexplicably into me.*

*Was it the drugs?*

*Kate and I vaped that DMT... but Mikaella didn't.*

Two hours of walking, thinking, jogging, and thinking had got him no closer to answering a single question.

Then his phone rang.

He didn't bother reading the name. The contact photo of the two of them dancing under club lighting, and the custom ringtone of trashy house-EDM were more than sufficient caller ID.

*Oh shit, Vicky?*

He answered without hesitation, all concerns about the mysterious changes immediately dropped from his mind.

“WHAT UP SLUUUUUUUUUT?!?!?”

“WHAT UP SLUUUUUUUUUT?!?!?”

They yelled their unique greeting in well-practiced, perfect synchrony.

“Hahahaha! Fuuuuuck, dude, I missed that deep-ass voice of yours.”

Alkim grinned like a schoolboy, despite himself. Vicky had once drunkenly said to him “You know, Alkim, you have a really *sexy* voice!” It was the sort of load-bearing compliment from a pretty girl that sticks in the male brain, and every reminder of those words never failed to make him feel better.

“Missed you too! House just hasn't been the same without you. Don't think any of us have been getting out half as much without our EDM-Queen!” In truth, Alkim hated EDM, but he loved hitting the clubs and dancing with Vicky.

“Awww... Soooo, what'cha doing right now?” she asked.

“Just hiking down a mountain. You caught me at a good spot, probably five minutes back I would never have gotten your signal.”

“Ooooo nice, nice. Is it a good hike? Glad you haven't let yourself go.”

“Yeah, good incline, nice plants, and not a single person in sight. Just needed to get away, get out of the house, you know? Shit's been crazy lately.”

“I feel that, I feel that.”

“So, what are you doing, how's Hawaii been with Kai?” Alkim was only fifty percent sure he'd remembered that guy's name correctly.

“Not great, dude, not great. We broke up. Oh, also I'm calling from the hospital.”

*The hospital?* “Oh shit! Are you alright? What happened?!”

“Yeeeeaaaaah I’m all good now, they gave me just a liiiittle teensy bit of oxy and I’m feeling goooooooooood!” She sang that as a long, operatic note.

*Great, she’s high.* “How did you end up in the hospital?”

“Hurt my face. Details not important, we don’t have to talk about that now. The important thing is my face is all good, didn’t even need stitches.”

“Stitches?!”

“I’m fiiiine dude, look, I’ll send you a selfie to prove it.”

A few seconds later Alkim received that selfie. Vicky was lying in a hospital bed, making a peace sign with her blood-oxygen monitor on her index finger, duck faced, with a faded black eye, cut lips, and yellow-bruised skin on her cheeks. It looked to him like someone beat the shit out of her.

“Vicky, please, I’m kinda freaking out here. Just tell me, what the hell happened? Were you attacked?”

“We can talk about that when I get back, I think I’m gonna nap for a bit.”

“Wait, you’re coming back?”

“Yeeeaahhhh,” she yawned. “Didn’t I say that already?”

“Uh, no.”

“Oh, whoopsie! Yeah, I got a flight next... sorry, I forgot, hang on...”

He waited about thirty seconds for his doped-up friend to find her flight confirmation.

“Got it! Next Friday! 12:45pm! Think you could pick me up from the airport then?”

Alkim thought about that local saying, *“Friends don’t make each other pick them up at LAX.”* The airport was a swirling Charybdis of traffic and human misery. But there was no way he was going to make Vicky take a fucking Uber.

“Hell yeah! I’ll be there.”

“Great, you can catch me up then, and after we can hit the fucking club! I want to see those fast-fucking-feet of yours moving!”

“Fuck yes! Can’t wait to see you again. Guess I’ll have to get you a homecoming gift!” He had just over a week to think of something.

“Yes!!! See you later, bye, slut!”

“Bye, slut!”

The call ended.

Alkim felt a rollercoaster of emotions as he thought through the implications of everything. *Vicky's in the hospital? Someone hurt Vicky?! Vicky's coming back!* Vicky coming home was objectively great news for both his social life and general happiness. But whatever happened in Hawaii can't have been good for her, and she might need someone to lean on when she returns.

And then there were all the strange changes to everyone in the house (except Hannah?). After Vicky came back, would she stay the same Vicky he knew? He liked Vicky as she was, flaws and all, and had no desire to see her change.

Except, when Alkim imagined his friend Vicky with Mikaella's enthusiasm for blowjobs, or with huge, ever-growing tits, like Kate's, he wondered if change was really all that bad.

*I suppose an even more affectionate and busty Vicky might not be the worst thing in the world...*

## XIV - Fiends

### Kate

Over the last few months, Kate had steadily become more and more dependent on Alkim than she should have been comfortable with. He'd cooked succulent Chinese meals, did the dishes, opened tight jars, warded off stray dudes on the streets and at the clubs, scored primo drugs, and even helped her get through several terrible breakups. He was a good friend to depend on, and she felt better for having him around.

This new dependency of hers was something else entirely.

Ever since they took DMT together she'd been hanging out with him more and more, getting high off his bizarrely euphoric saliva. Steadily, she'd become accustomed to having it in her system, become dependent on him to stay relaxed, and level-headed. It was like some kind of all-in-one psych medication, one that required neither appointments nor copays.

On an intellectual level, it was absolutely bizarre, she couldn't deny that. Every second apart made the strangeness of it all unavoidable. And yet, it didn't feel so weird when she was with him. She'd felt even more relaxed and focused in his presence, and that was despite knowing he was somehow the unwitting cause of this.

Kate also knew Alkim wasn't aware of his effect on her, otherwise he would have started offering to just make-out with her all the time, and she probably would have let him. The effects were just too good, too useful for her to risk jeopardizing her supply. Ultimately, it didn't matter as much why, so long as the benefits never ran out.

That had all changed after she watched him cum like a goddamn firehose into Mikaella's mouth, all over her face, and into a fucking mason jar. She bore witness as the volume of his ejaculation grew from impressive to impossible and almost threw up at the sight of Mikaella eagerly gulping down the leftovers of that insane load.

What had been an odd new drug for her over the last week had instantly taken on a much grosser, and more sinister aspect. Now Kate knew that her tits weren't the only things growing in that house. Alkim had also grown into some kind of mutant superstud, and his semen had somehow turned the formerly asexual prostitute into his eager, little cumslut.

Disgusted, horrified, aroused, and also disgusted and horrified with her arousal, Kate needed to do something really gay to overwrite the grossly hetero sights that kept replaying in her brain. So, she drove straight to West Hollywood, picked out some local tattooed girl named Dana from her Tinder DMs, and agreed to a date that very hour at a nearby In-N-Out Burger.

To kill some time, Kate tried shopping for something more presentable to replace the oversized t-shirt she just happened to be wearing when she fled the house in a panic. Something basic, cheap. She wasn't going to waste money on a top she might still outgrow within the week. Yet she failed to find something sexy in her new size and had to drive over to her lunch date dressed like someone who'd just gotten out of bed.

As she pulled into the parking lot, she noticed Dana waiting for her by the restaurant's entrance, alternating between checking her phone and scanning the parking lot for someone matching Kate's Tinder pics.

Kate parked her car and took the opportunity to evaluate Dana's appearance before making herself known. She thought Dana looked pretty good, considering the short notice, and that they were at a fast food restaurant. Nice makeup, red hair, (short) red nails, piercings on her ear, nose, and lips, plus a nice variety of tattoos. She noticed a flower just below her collarbone, a watercolor of a tiger on her shoulder, and her right arm had some anime character even Kate didn't recognize.

*Weeb.*

But Kate liked her style: black fishnet top, purple pleated skirt, and tall platform boots. The red hair was clearly a dye job, but someone with purple hair probably shouldn't judge. Her body was decent, and she was maybe a couple inches taller than Kate, though it was hard to say with those boots boosting her height. Dana's tits and ass weren't quite eye-catching, but she wasn't fat, and probably even slimmer than Kate by this point. As far as Kate was concerned, that made Dana way better than most American girls.

Kate still wasn't very good at telling the difference between white girls and very light-skinned Hispanics, and Dana looked like she could be either. Kate just hoped she wasn't one of those weirdly religious lesbians with a ton of internalized homophobia and guilt.

Satisfied that she'd chosen well enough in a pinch, Kate got out of her car and called out to the anxious lookout.

"Dana?"

The girl nearly dropped her phone in surprise and looked up just in time for her eyes to get caught on Kate's huge rack getting nearer.

"K-Kate?"

"In the flesh." *Plus, several more pounds that weren't in my Tinder pics...*

That didn't seem to be a problem for Dana, who was having the rare experience of getting reverse-catfished: finding her big-titty goth date was really her huge-titty goth date.

"Nice to meet you! God, you look, um wow."

"Thanks. Now c'mon, I'm starving." Kate pushed through the door and beckoned Dana to follow.

"Right! Me too!"

They each ordered, sat down together near the back, and went through the usual first-date motions.

Dana was kind, respectful, dressed-to-impress, and totally smitten with Kate's new tits. Her date tried not to say anything at first, but her glances weren't subtle, and Kate was more than aware that all her pics were from before her growth. Even though she wore nothing but an oversized shirt and booty shorts, the promise of the body underneath was more than enough to keep Dana on the hook.

But her mind just wasn't there. The dose she'd gotten from Alkim earlier today had already started to wear off, and sobriety was the last thing she needed right then. As the date dragged on, Kate grew increasingly irritable, missed things her date said, gave curt replies to Dana's nervous small talk, and couldn't stop shaking her legs under the table. Kate was starting to annoy herself.

Yet, despite Kate's admittedly bitchy behavior, Dana still seemed over the moon with gratitude and offered to pay for everything. Her enthusiasm never wavered, even after Kate stress-ate two burgers, fries, and a shake.

*Fuck, that's probably going right to my boobs.* Despite her hard line against getting fat, Kate was unable to resist her body's recent cravings for meat and grease. It was yet another change that frustrated her.

After forty-five minutes of irritably fielding first-date questions, Kate couldn't stand it anymore.

"How about we take this to your place?" Kate asked, watching Dana's eyes widen at the suggestion.

"Really? Oh wow, I mean, yes! Of course!"

*Probably can't believe her luck. Ugh, girl's as tit-obsessed as Alkim.*

Kate got Dana's address and followed her to her admittedly nice apartment.

They parked out front. Dana brought Kate to the front door, and hurriedly flipped through keys, like she was worried the big-titty goth might leave if she didn't let her inside immediately.

Dana's fumbling fingers finally managed to get the door open, and she beckoned Kate inside.

Kate entered, and Dana shut the door behind her. They left their shoes by the door and walked to where the kitchen met the living room.

"Sorry about the mess! I thought this was just going to be a lunch date, so I didn't clean up..."

Kate scanned around the apartment but failed to find the mess. Dana's place looked like an Ikea display, as if she'd just moved in. *Shoes orderly arranged by the door; no used dishes in the sink, no piles of unopened mail...* Then Kate realized Dana was still talking, nervously trying to explain away the state of her apartment.

"... I didn't think you'd be coming here for our first date—not that I think you're a slut or anything!"

*Fuck it.*

Kate grabbed the other girl by the face and shut her up with a kiss on the lips.

Dana was surprised at first, but quickly recovered and began reciprocating, pulling Kate into a full embrace. Kate felt her tits mashing against the other girl's chest, with extra boobage spilling out on either side.

It was a nice change of pace, but after a minute or so, Kate got bored of this borderline-virginal make-out session and opened her eyes. Dana's expression seemed lusty enough, and her moans seemed to confirm that she was thoroughly seduced, yet Kate was barely even aroused.

Dana had to feel all that boob pressing into her, but she was still too nervous to grab anything between Kate's shoulders and waist. Kate had to move each of Dana's hands to her tits and ass on her own before wrapping her own arms around the other girl. Dana finally got the hint and started squeezing Kate's tits and cheeks.

Still, she felt something was missing from this moment, beyond Dana's nervous hands pawing at her without force or skill. That rush, that feeling of excitement from kissing someone for the first time just never kicked in, not like it should have.

Kate's mind had already made the unwelcome comparison between making out with this pretty goth girl and making chaste lip contact with Alkim. Dana did not come out ahead. Somehow, even the most minor exposure to that chemical cocktail of his was enough to eclipse the pleasure of seducing a new woman.

These were not proper lesbian thoughts, and the realization of how far she'd gone renewed Kate's disgust in herself. She pulled away and watched as her purple hairs reluctantly separated from Dana's red ones. There was literal (static) electricity between them, but insufficient chemistry.

Kate decided her overwhelming sobriety had to be dealt with.

"Can you give me a second? I need to powder my nose."

"Sure," Dana panted, "the bathroom's down the hall."

"Not what I asked."

Kate opened her purse and grabbed the eightball from last night. There was still half left, about two grams. She poured out less than half a gram, cut two lines onto Dana's counter with a credit card, then snorted one directly from the countertop.

She kept her head tilted back to ensure it all dissolved. The dopamine rush that followed immediately improved Kate's mood, turning all her bad feelings into good ones. She felt alert, focused, and energized.

*Fuck yeah, I really needed that.*

Kate only wished she'd done that before their date, but hindsight was twenty-twenty.

Dana seemed more than a little shocked at the sudden presence of hard drugs, but Kate was past caring what this thirsty girl thought of her.

*Hmmm, maybe a little pick-me-up would do us both some good.*

"You want one?" she offered, pointing to the dusted countertop.

The girl nervously shook her head. “Ummm... I don’t really do, umm... white drugs. Just weed, sorry.”

*Wanna bet?*

“I respect that,” Kate lied, and began lifting her shirt.

It caught under her tits, dragging them up and up, gradually exposing more and more pale underboob. Then, all at once, they dropped, slapping against her chest with a loud “*plap!*” and settling not far above her navel. The titty-drop kind of hurt, but Kate was committed to the show.

She threw the shirt off completely and watched as Dana’s eyes bugged out from the sight of the uncontained tits and liberated nipples. Thanks to her piercings, her nipples were already erect. Looking at them now, Kate thought they seemed darker than normal, almost purple, while the rest of the skin appeared weirdly pale, contrasting strongly against the many blue veins that ran beneath the skin. They’d changed so much, and so quickly. Kate wasn’t sure she liked the look of these overgrown hangers, but Dana looked ready to get on her knees and pray.

“Oh my god... they’re so...”

*Wow, she’s literally speechless. “Big?” Yeah, I fucking know.*

Dana nodded, awed by Kate’s big-fucking-naturals.

“Can you believe they’re still growing?”

“R-really?” Dana seemed genuinely awed by the admission. Kate didn’t even want to know what size Dana was imagining if these weren’t too much for her.

“Yeah, hormones or something. I used to be an F-cup. Now, I can do *this*.”

Kate lifted one huge tit to her face, locked eyes with Dana, and sucked the nipple into her mouth. It was all too easy now; she didn’t even need to bend her neck down to reach them. After a few licks she let go with her hands, suspending her heavy tit with suction alone. Kate watched Dana lick her lips, clearly wishing it was her mouth on Kate’s nipple. Then, Kate opened her mouth, letting the tit fall and slap against her chest, then repeated this display with the other one.

“Oh, wow...”

*This is too fucking easy.*

Once her nipples, piercings, and areolas were thoroughly slavered, Kate grabbed one boob in each hand, leaned over the counter, and plopped her nipples right into the remaining coke. Dana watched, dumbstruck, as Kate rubbed her heavy boobs into the schedule II mess. When Kate stood back up, her nipples were completely coated in white powder.

Kate didn't need to say another word; she just crooked a finger at the stunned lesbian.

Dana didn't even bother picking up her slacked jaw, she just walked over to Kate, hefted one massive tit in both hands, and locked her mouth onto the powdered areola.

Suddenly, Dana seemed fine with harder drugs. She suckled at Kate's tits rapaciously, despite having probably lost most of the feeling in her lips, gums, and tongue. It was about as much local anesthetic as a 1930's dentist would have applied to Dana's mouth before pulling out all her wisdom teeth. And still she continued to lick and suck it all off Kate's überboobs, switching from nipple to nipple, latching herself onto as much of Kate as she could fit into her mouth or squeeze between her hands.

*Not so shy now, huh? Guess she just needed to get out of her shell.*

The bitter, numbing alkaloid was clearly no deterrent for the girl's boob-lust, and might as well have been powdered sugar. Kate wasn't sure how much of Dana's newfound boldness was the coke, or just her baseline desire to have boobs in her mouth, but she didn't really care. This was already much better than kissing.

She vaguely remembered Alkim once said something about mucus membranes being why you either snort or gum cocaine and can't just rub it into your skin. Applying coke to her nipples did not result in any numbness, and Kate's sensitivity had been enhanced beyond mere growth.

*I don't need Alkim to feel good things!*

Kate felt the wetness from Dana's drooling mouth, felt the stretching of her skin as her nipples were drawn in, felt the fine bumps on the tongue raking over her delicate skin, felt the torque on her metal studs getting batted around. Even the girl's rapid breathing was enough to get Kate's nerves firing away. Kate started to get used to Dana's hungry rhythm: suck, lick, exhale, repeat. The titplay felt amazing, but Kate needed more; more feeling, more sensation, more everything.

She wrapped her other hand around the back of Dana's head, and pulled the suckling girl closer, nearly blocking off her nose with spillover titflesh, and her other tit resting on the girl's shoulder. With the weight of her boobs supported by Dana, Kate was able to shimmy her shorts down her legs without falling forward, kicked them away, and slipped a hand under her panties. Thankfully, she'd already started to get wet.

Dana, however, was too busy fondling Kate's knockers, and would not spare a hand for her own pussy. Dana only ever unlatched from one of Kate's nipples so she could switch to the other, like she needed to know if they tasted different.

Kate had to admit, it was seeing how much this girl hungered for her was hot as hell. Between the fingers working her clit, and the worshiping mouth on her tits, Kate was enjoying herself, but she wanted more. Plus, standing bent over against Dana's countertop wasn't the most comfortable position to get fucked in.

Kate pulled her boob out of Dana's sucking mouth with some effort. It exited with a loud pop, and Dana whimpered like a dog that couldn't comprehend giving up her ball to play fetch.

Kate backed up, pulled down her wet panties, and threw them in Dana's face. She didn't react in time, and they hit her right in the nose while she fumbled to catch them. Kate gave her a little spin, showing off the rest of her bountiful curves that Dana had rudely ignored thus far.

"Why don't we take this to the bedroom?" Kate suggested.

"Oh, right! This way!" Dana moved towards her room, throwing off her clothes like they were on fire. The panties were gone before Kate even had time to appreciate the style or color. Kate enjoyed watching the desperate girl jumping at her every suggestion, and Dana's slim legs looked pretty good dancing to her tune.

Already naked, Kate followed at her own pace, holding her tits in a hand bra to keep them from bouncing around too much. Dana had really gone to town on them, and Kate's palms came away slick.

Dana's bedroom was a lot more interesting than her living room. Still pretty much immaculate, with light purple bed sheets, some tropical houseplants on her windowsill, and three anime posters on the wall: Princess Mononoke, Attack on Titan, and Evangelion.

*Weeb.*

Also on Dana's desk was an expensive gaming PC, which Kate would have asked about if she weren't beyond sick of small talk. There was also a poster of some big-titty model in a bikini, right next to the bed, like one might imagine a teenage boy hanging up in his room. *So she keeps her jerkoff fuel close.* Kate found that to be the most honest decoration in this whole place, and she couldn't help but notice her own pair had outgrown the tits on that poster by a sizable margin.

Dana was already wet between her thighs, and all that just from touching and sucking tits. Kate decided it was well past time she cut to the chase and got what she needed out of this hookup.

She sashayed over to Dana's bed, twirled around, laid back, cradled her huge tits between her elbows, spread her thighs, and pointed down at her wetness.

Dana was practically twitching, fiending to get back to her new favorite toys. She got down on all fours on the mattress and began crawling over towards Kate's chest.

*Ugh, do I have to fucking spell it out for her?*

Kate halted the girl with a foot on her forehead.

“No more boobs until you’ve finished your pussy.” Kate swung her leg back into a more leisurely position: knees bent, legs spread, and pussy on full display. She slapped her inner thigh with one hand, and parted her slick labia with the other.

Dana got the message, clearly eager to please the one with the tits. She allowed Kate to push her head down those perfect thighs and got to work.

She wet two fingers in her mouth, then began lapping at Kate’s clit with gusto, while simultaneously working her index finger into Kate.

Luckily, Dana’s mouth had not gotten too sore from all the tit-sucking. It’d taken a few minutes for the coke to enter her system through the gums, it had blessed her with limitless stores of energy, and a singular focus on Kate’s pleasure.

*Yet another win for cocaine, the Los Angeles cure-all.*

Kate might have said a prayer to whatever Peruvian god or goddess was supposed to be in charge of it, except she knew nothing about Peru, and didn’t believe in any gods. Mere weeks ago, she’d been obsessed with finding the perfect girlfriend, but at that moment, Kate didn’t believe in romance either, nor love, nor anything else beyond getting off.

Now, Dana was finally doing her part to make that happen.

*Oh, fuck! Yes!*

She was surprisingly talented with that tongue of hers, working around the hood of Kate’s clit with a precision, and delicacy that she had not employed on Kate’s sensitive nipples. Soon she inserted a second finger, and she curled them inside at just the right angle and adjusted her pumping in time with Kate’s twitching. After a few minutes, she managed to find the perfect rhythm.

“Yes! Yes! Just like that!” Kate moaned. Her hips lifted off the bed, taking Dana with her. She palmed the back of the girl’s head, barely holding her to her pussy with the bucking of her hips. Kate’s tight walls clenched around Dana’s fingers.

Even Dana’s excited breath running over Kate’s sensitive clit was helping to push her over the edge.

She gripped Dana’s sheets tightly. A tremor ran through Kate, causing her to arch her back, and sending her breasts tumbling out to each side of her torso. Apparently Dana just couldn’t resist the sight, moving her free hand from Kate’s thigh up to her left breast, and tugging the whole thing around by the nipple piercing.

That was a flagrant violation of the “no more boobs” agreement, but Kate had no desire to stop the obsessed girl, not when she was so close to cumming.

The sensation of being worshiped like this from so many different points of interest was unlike anything else.

She ground her mound into the other girl's face, and squeezed her other tit with one hand, while the other clutched a handful of sheets. She came like that, under the combined assault of penetration, clitoral stimulation, and some powerful burst of feeling from her nipples that she'd never experienced before.

*Holy shiiiiit!!!*

But there was no comedown, not from this. Without being given the signal to stop, Dana just kept lapping away like a good girl.

Once Kate managed to cum a couple of times from Dana's tireless tongue, she allowed the boob-hound to get back to sucking on her tits, while she took her turn fingering Dana, and rubbing at her clit. After a bit, they switched to tribbing; adjusting their positions so that Dana could keep her mouth fastened to one of Kate's nipples.

Kate couldn't be sure, but it seemed that between the two of them, Dana was cumming a lot more often, and easily. She was almost jealous but was pleased enough that it made her job a lot easier. She barely had to do anything more than let Dana worship her breasts and add the most minor stimulation on top of that.

After a couple hours, and several more orgasms, they finally called a timeout.

"Oh my..." Dana husked from down on Kate's chest, nuzzling between tits nearly the size of her head.

*Jesus, she really can't get enough of them. Should have gotten a tattoo of a suckling kitten instead of a tiger.* Kate had never met another woman this obsessed with her boobs before, and she found this side of Dana simultaneously annoying, and incredibly flattering.

"Enjoy yourself?" asked Kate.

"Are you kidding me?" Dana grinned, "That was the best sex of my life! And *these*," Dana grabbed the sides of Kate's boobs, pushed them together for a quick motorboating session, then rested her head on the right, "are the best pillows I've ever felt." She squeezed tightly around Kate's nipple.

Kate hummed from the rough play, but then Dana let out a surprised yelp.

"What? What's wrong?" asked Kate.

"I, uh, I'm not sure..." Dana just stared at Kate's nipple again, but not reverently, like before. She looked puzzled.

Curious, Kate looked down to see a pale, yellowish fluid seeping out of her nipple.

“What the fuck?!” Kate roughly shoved Dana off her chest, and ran to the bathroom down the hall, locking the door behind her.

She inspected her nipple in front of the mirror and then hefted her tit up to her face to get a closer look.

The stuff was pooling around her piercing.

*Ugh, nasty!*

Dana knocked on the door a moment later. “You okay?”

“I’m fine!” Kate yelled, clearly not fine.

“D-do you want me to take a look?”

“No! I think you’ve done enough!”

Kate returned her attention to the mysterious liquid. She worried this must be a sign of some infection, and uncapped the barbell of her nipple piercing, removed the bar, then repeated the process with the other.

She wasn’t exactly an expert on these things, but she’d had infected piercings before. Once they were both out she sniffed the metal in her hands yet detected nothing that indicated an infection.

That was odd, but she decided to keep her piercings out for the time being, just to be safe.

*Maybe rubbing my nipples in cocaine wasn’t such a great idea... that’s probably it. I’ll be fine after a bit.*

She washed her boobs off under hot water and left the bathroom.

Dana was standing right outside with a concerned and anxious look on her face. Kate pushed past her, grabbing the eightball from the kitchen and rubbing a pinch of powder into her gums.

“Did I do something wrong?” Dana squeaked. “Or is it because you’re still growing?”

*Shit! Maybe it is, hadn’t even thought of that.*

But the reminder of her growing burdens was even more upsetting, and she lashed out with an accusatory tone at the boob-hound.

“No, it’s fine. I just think spontaneously leaking something probably means my boobs have been through enough for one day, don’t you think?”

Dana's puppydog eyes were downcast in shame, for once, too abashed to stare at Kate's chest.

*Ugh, guess I should go easier on her. She doesn't deserve the blame.*

"But that doesn't mean we can't do other things..." Kate grinned, pushing Dana back onto the bed. "I'm not through with you yet."

## XV - Ecstasy

### Kate

Kate and Dana fucked each other to the point of dehydration, drank water, did a little more cocaine, fucked again, then finally called a quits. For some reason, neither had much of an appetite, so they skipped dinner and just talked, and talked. They finished out the night cuddled up on Dana's living room couch, watching anime, and only fell asleep just before sunrise.

Pretty good for a first date.

When Kate finally woke up, it was nearly five p.m., and despite the almost nonstop pleasure of the evening, she felt worse than ever. Worse than even the most intense hangovers after much crazier nights out with Alkim, Vicky, and Vicky's craziest friends. Her head throbbed, her nipples ached, and her stomach was growling. The hunger made sense—it was a normal consequence of suppressing one's appetite for eighteen hours—and the nipple pain was all on Dana, but the headache was severe. This couldn't have been a normal hangover, especially since she and Dana hadn't even drunk anything alcoholic, just did a lot of coke.

*Fucking ow!* She pressed both hands to her temples, as if more pressure would fix it. Apparently, several hours of coked-up sex with a pretty girl, not eating, and barely drinking, was not the healthiest way to spend the evening. Nor was it an effective way of preventing withdrawals from whatever it was that Alkim produced and that Kate had come to depend on.

Kate untangled herself from Dana's limp embrace to get some water. Yet, when she stood up, her naked tits slapped against her chest, sending a shockwave through the sensitive mammary tissue that was acutely painful. Beyond a general soreness from Dana's over-handling, it felt like pinpricks and needles stabbing through her nipples, like really bad acupuncture.

When she looked down at her chest, she saw the skin around her nipples was even darker than before, and there were light bruises all over her pale skin from where Dana had gone a bit too feral with the sucking.

*Tit hickeys? Tickeys? Ugh.*

Kate grumbled to herself. Last night Dana made her feel like a goddess just for having these huge tits, but said tits never missed an opportunity to inconvenience the rest of her.

She held the pendulous jugs to her chest as she walked over to the kitchen sink, drank two glasses of water, then started searching around Dana's cabinets for something to deal with this headache. She found nothing of the sort.

*Dammit, not only does she not do "white drugs," she doesn't even keep basic medications around her apartment!*

Kate had gotten used to Alkim always having drugs and medicines on him. Besides the Adderall, the coke, the acid, and the weed, he also kept little dime-bags on him with things like ibuprofen, Tylenol, or caffeine, just in case. When they first met, she thought it was ridiculous, but over the weeks she'd dipped into his stores more than enough times to admit their usefulness. Whenever she needed something he didn't have, like tums, he always made sure to add it to his stocks of meds.

Kate knew Alkim was the root cause of her problems, but she also knew he was the only one who could provide some kind of solution, and that he would help treat her symptoms without hesitation.

Last night's coke-up hedonism had masked her need for him, but waking up to painful, painful sobriety forced her to confront the truth. It had been more than a day since her last exposure, and the cravings were stronger than ever.

*Dammit, now I'm starting to fiend for him, like a fucking addict. How can I be addicted to a man?!?*

Worse still, she knew that Alkim was the only person she could have turned to for some explanation for all this bizarre addiction and growth. Dude really knew his biology, and to a degree that seemed absurd for someone his age, with only his bachelor's degree.

More than once, she'd peaked over his shoulder while he used his laptop, expecting to snoop on whatever kind of porn he liked, only to find he was reading some scientific journal article, like he'd assigned himself homework.

*Truly his lamest of hobbies.*

Kate rarely read any books in English, and never read scientific papers for fun. But that made Alkim's familiarity with the literature even more important. It meant he might be able to find something that could help them figure out what made his fluids so irresistible, or what caused her boobs to grow.

*He must know someone in the city who works in a lab, maybe back at UCLA. Someone who can run tests on us.*

Except, there was no way of knowing how he'd react to the information.

Kate was gay, Alkim knew she was gay, and she couldn't just tell him that she was addicted to his saliva. She knew he wanted to fuck her, that was never a secret, but she'd never had a problem trusting him before. Ever since they first met she'd always trusted him, trusted him to keep his hands to himself, and to not push any boundaries. She always maintained control, and he always respected her, and the other girls in the house.

But after seeing Mikaella suck him off with such... enthusiasm, Kate wasn't so certain that her boundaries would stay in place, even if Alkim wasn't the one who would cross them.

*He has to know cumming like that isn't normal, and neither was the way Mikaella seemed to thirst for it. Soon enough, he'll put two and two together and figure out that I'm almost as thirsty for him as that little Filipina prostitute of his.*

She'd been emotionally vulnerable with him more times than she could count, and he'd always been kind to her. But this was a very different kind of vulnerability. This was handing him the keys to her body's chemistry, a body she knew he wanted. He would hold all the cards, and all the strings needed to puppet her around. If Alkim wanted, Kate could find herself kneeling right next to Mikaella, kissing around his dick, competing to get him off first thing in the morning for their daily dose of happiness. Worst of all, he could even make her like it, and she'd probably thank him for the privilege.

The image made Kate want to tear out her own hair.

Fortunately, her scalp was saved from her agonizing ruminations by a warm presence against her back, and a gentle kiss on her neck. Then a pair of hands wrapped around her waist and quickly began slithering up to her boobs.

*Of fucking course that's the first thing she does.*

"Sleep alright?" asked Kate.

Dana yawned like the dead. "Ahhhh... what time is it?"

"After five."

"Holy shit." She yawned again. "How long did we sleep?"

"Dunno, not sure when we crashed."

"I still can't believe you got me to try cocaine. Felt like I was having sex with the wolf of wall street—I mean, his wife, in the movie. You know, Margot Robbie?"

*Dork. "I don't, actually. But you had fun, right?" Like how I'm gonna have fun ruining you.*

“Mhmm. Soooo much fun.” Dana contented herself with laying her chin on Kate’s shoulder, and fondling Kate’s tits from below. So long as she didn’t squeeze too hard, Kate didn’t really mind right then. The feel of Dana’s hands grounded her in the moment and kept her from thinking about what she had to do.

Kate’s stomach chose that moment to growl, ruining the moment. “Got any food?”

“Yeah. Eggs, bacon, bread, and... ummmm, cereal?”

“Yes please.” *Fuck, I think I’m out of coke too.* “Oh yeah, coffee?”

“Good idea, I’ll make a pot.” She took several more seconds to palm Kate’s boobs before she got started on breakfast.

Kate offered to help, but Dana insisted that her guest shouldn’t have to do anything, serving up coffee, bacon, eggs, and toast. Kate ate gratefully and felt better for it. But still, not enough to settle her mind, and her deeper cravings. She felt bad though, that she was leaving this pretty girl to do something nasty.

*She deserves better. And I’ll be better, once I get through this.*

*But first, I have to go home.*

Once she finished her five p.m. breakfast, Kate made some excuse about having to get some work done at home. She kissed Dana, told her she’d call, and started driving home.

Had she been thinking more clearly, she might have stuck around a bit longer to wait for rush hour to die down. But she hadn’t, and what had been thirty minutes yesterday morning turned into nearly three hours of stop-and-go traffic, moving with the same average speed as a very shitty jogger.

Unable to kill enemy drivers with her mind, she simply endured the repetitive, endless motions of gear-shifting: first, neutral, back to first, and repeat. Occasionally, for brief, blissful moments, she got to break the monotony with a few seconds at second gear before being forced to downshift and stop.

*Fuuuck thiiiiis ciuuuittyyyy!*

By the time she got home, right in the heart of the most sprawling metropolitan area in the United States, the sun had gone down and so had Kate’s tolerance for humanity.

Luckily, Kate arrived at the house to find Alkim’s car in the driveway. She knew Hannah was working but couldn’t find any sign of Mikaella. She opened Alkim’s door, just a hair’s breadth, to check if they were in there together, but she only saw one shape on the bed.

*It’s just him.*

She supposed that was probably for the best, she didn't want any of the other girls to see what she was going to do, and she absolutely did not want any interruptions.

Despite her objectives, what she needed more than anything else in that moment was a long, hot shower. Something to wash away the smell of tire rubber, and any residual pussy juices from her and Dana. Plus, she still didn't have a plan.

But first, she checked the kitchen for used cups, or Alkim's water bottle, just to be sure. She found nothing; that was disappointing, but not much of a setback. Kate wasn't even sure cleaning his glasses or drinking his water bottle right now would have been enough anyway. She was almost two days behind on her accustomed dosage and would need more than she'd ever taken at once just to get herself steady.

She started her shower. As the hot water cleansed her of the last two days, Kate began scheming.

She couldn't just ask him to spit in her mouth, and she couldn't risk doing something to him in his sleep. What she needed was some excuse to make-out with Alkim and get his saliva. But she also had to make sure he wouldn't get too suspicious of her desires or question her sexual orientation. Above all else, she had to stay away from his cum.

*Clubbing, maybe?*

They could go dancing, and she could just start kissing him on the floor, tell him it was to make him look better. Except, that would be a lot of effort and time before she got any payoff. Plus, what if someone saw her there making out with a dude, or what if Mikaella wanted to go with them and took all his attention?

*He probably wouldn't want to be woken up just to go out. Maybe I should just wake him up just to get drunk here?*

Both of those plans ran the risk of him just saying no and going back to sleep, and drinking wouldn't explain why she'd want to make-out with him. She had to think of something he wouldn't question further.

It wasn't until she'd finished shaving her legs that the answer finally came to her.

*Molly!*

Molly, ecstasy, MDMA. That was the answer.

*It's not weird for friends to kiss each other on molly! It'll be like that time with the 2C-B, only better!*

Kate could ask Alkim to cuddle and make-out with her without suspicion. This way, she could get everything she needed for at least a couple days, maybe even more. Even one day would be a reprieve.

It helped that the idea of combining ecstasy with Alkim's mystery chemicals was irresistibly enticing. Both drugs already made her feel beyond amazing, and she was dying to know how they might interact with each other.

There was no way Alkim would refuse her offer. He'd already been so hot for her, and he had to be even more into her now that her tits had grown ridiculously huge. He would just assume it was the molly that made her horny, and it would have no reflection on her "normal" behavior hereafter. Then, she could just go back to the new status quo of covertly licking his glasses, sharing his water bottle, and occasionally shotgunning vapors. Once she was steady, that's all she would need to do.

She dug around in her room for a bit until she finally found her stash hidden in her desk drawers.

It was pure MDMA, in its natural crystalline form: nearly transparent, with a purple tint, and white around the edges. Alkim had gotten it in bulk last month for a rave that Vicky had dragged them all to. He'd convinced their mutual friend and favorite rave girl that the pressed pills she'd gotten from her musical friends were shit, and full of impurities. As both replacement, and upgrade, he got primo stuff from his college connections mailed right to their door, weighed it all out to the milligram with his "jewelry scale," and packaged the individual doses into transparent gelatin pill casings, so they wouldn't have to taste any of the bitter, acrid chemical.

Once again, he'd come through for her more than he could ever know.

*No holding back. This has to work.*

She was about to take one of the measured pills before she considered the issue of dosage. Lately, this was another thing she'd trusted in Alkim to figure out, and she tried to recall his reasoning behind higher or lower quantities of the drug.

One point (100mg) was enough for her to roll before, but she'd already done a bunch of coke the past few days. She didn't really care about potential health consequences of following up two days of heavy cocaine usage with an even more powerful stimulant and more dangerous stimulant; she was much more concerned about potentially ruining her next high. Kate wasn't sure about the chemistry of it all, but she remembered something about recent Adderall use making molly less effective, and worried that coke might also inhibit it in the same way.

She couldn't quite remember what the safe time to go between using molly was, just that it was bad to do it more than once in the same weekend. She figured a month was probably enough. She did specifically remember Alkim explaining that the high from molly required a certain threshold dosage. Below a certain level, you wouldn't feel anything, but if you took enough to hit that threshold, you would *really* feel it.

Kate took two points, just to be safe. She needed to go all in, really roll absolute tits, like some lovestruck raver, or else she'd risk letting her disgust for men ruin the plan.

She recorded the start time on her phone, so she would have a running time for how long the high should last—roughly six hours after taking it.

While she waited, she put on some light clothes: just a nice, soft, white tank top, and a pair of black panties. It was an extremely basic look, but Alkim had basic tastes. The translucent top made her nipples obvious, and left her bountiful curves both extremely visible, and completely irresistible to someone as breast-obsessed as Alkim. She considered a bikini top but decided that might be laying it on a bit thick, and none of her old tops were likely to fit her overgrown bust. The panties were a more practical choice: molly makes people overheat, so bare legs would keep her cool, and Alkim hot.

Kate took a few pictures of the outfit from a low angle, and pulled the top down slightly, making the line of her cleavage seem miles long, then texted them to Dana.

*Let her chew on that.*

She didn't chew for long. A minute later Dana sent back several thirsty emoji's and tried to schedule another date for tomorrow. Kate gave a tentative maybe, but left things open to meet here, in K-Town, on a later date. She'd rather not be stranded so far away from her supplies of addictive substances if she could help it. Plus, after today, she was sick of driving.

She killed the remaining time catching up on social media. All the while the MDMA dissolved in her stomach and got to work at releasing all the serotonin in her brain.

It didn't take long to kick in. Thirty minutes, tops, and it did not set in gradually.

A multitude of feelings hit her all at once, like a euphoric car crash: the affection, the heat, the strong desire to blab, kiss, suck, and bite.

*Fuuuck, why can't people be like this all the time?*

Before she knew it, Kate found herself standing in front of Alkim's room, tightly clenching her teeth, trying to work up the courage to enter. She felt like some kind of doped-up vampire, unable to enter his domicile without permission.

*Fuck it!*

Kate opened his door without knocking and strode right in. Alkim was on his bed, seemingly fast asleep, with a blanket over his legs. *Why is he sleeping? It's only nine p.m.!* She got up on his bed and shook him by his shoulders. "Alkim? Alkim, waaake uuuuup!"

He grumbled something unintelligible and didn't rise. Kate was getting impatient. She crawled over to straddle Alkim's midsection and shook him by his shoulders some more as she called his name.

"C'mon, Alkim! Dude, get up, I need to talk to you! Please?"

Her hands came away sweaty. He rarely used blankets, on account of the heat, and his self-proclaimed high metabolism. It should have been odd to see him using one at these temperatures, but Kate didn't really find any of it interesting enough to dwell on.

"Uggghhhh," he groaned, twisting in place, "Mikaella? Again already?"

*Mikaella? Was he having a sex dream?* "Fuck no, dude! It's me, Kate! Wake up already!"

Alkim finally opened his eyes and was greeted with the sight of Kate's enormous hangers overflowing her tank top.

"Kate?!" His eyes widened to the size of dinner plates.

*Of course THAT woke him up. Tits-for-brains.*

He pulled the blanket up to his waist, rubbed his eyes and stared at her boobs some more. "What—ugh, shit!— are you doing? Here, I mean, in my bed." he asked, squirming in confusion from this wake-up call. His gaze flicked between her face, chest, and her bare legs kneeling on either side of his abdomen.

The molly had made Kate even more impatient and much less coherent. Once she opened her mouth, the poorly constructed speech just spilled out of her, "Okay, so I was feeling bad so I took a point of molly to make me feel better—two points, actually—except I have no one else to talk to or cuddle with right now, and I really need someone to hold me and make-out with me! But you were asleep, so I had to wake you up, but yeah, that's it, so will you scooch over so I can lay down here with you???"

Somehow, Alkim had not kept up with her info-dumping.

"Wait, wait, wait! Back up! You did molly by yourself? We were supposed to wait two more months!"

"Yeah? Well, I really could use a little more comfort and a lot less judgy-ness right now, thank you very much!" Kate felt a bit indignant that Alkim had not already accepted her offer.

*How could he not want to make-out with all this?*

"Why'd you take it tonight?" he asked.

"I just wanted to feel good, man. It's not that deep."

“Fuck.” He pinched the bridge of his nose, then tried to rub the sleep from his eyes. “Well, I guess there’s no un-taking it. How much?”

“Huh?”

“What dosage? How many points did you take? And how long ago?”

“Oh, two.” She held up two fingers over his face, then impulsively tapped them on his nose. “Boop! Oh, and, like, a half hour ago.”

His eyes went wide. “Two points? Fuck! Kate, that’s an insane dose for someone your weight! That’s almost as much as I take, and you don’t have anywhere near that kind of tolerance!”

*Awww, he still doesn’t think I’m fat! Just my tits.*

He stopped for a moment, processing this information. Then his jaw dropped. “Wait, did you just say you want to cuddle and make-out?”

“I said so, didn’t I?”

“That’s why I asked—ugh, never mind.” He shut his eyes, and groaned, while his hands clenched into fists, as if he could squeeze out the tension from this situation. Then he sighed. “So, you really want to make-out?”

“Yes!”

“With me?”

“Yes!”

“Right now?”

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” She affirmed, bouncing impatiently atop him.

Alkim looked her up and down, considering his answer carefully. “Look, Kate, we both know you’re the hottest person I know...” *Awww!* “... and I obviously want to say yes... but I also don’t want to take advantage of you while you’re all fucked up. Friends shouldn’t do that.”

“Rude!” She gave him a little playful shove, which had the effect of squeezing her tits between her elbows. “I’m perfectly alert, and sound of mind.” Her mind was actually completely flooded with elevated levels of both dopamine, and serotonin, but that was beside the point.

“You say that now, but you’re also rolling absolute tits.” The mere mention of tits was enough to make him look, but he caught himself almost immediately and resumed eye contact. “When you sober up in a few hours you’re going to be pissed at me for saying yes.”

“I won’t be mad! I promise!” She meant it at that moment, but she also didn’t really care if she changed her mind later. Being upset with him was a problem for future-Kate. Right-fucking-now-Kate needed her fix, and she needed it bad.

“Riiight.” Alkim stared at her for a long moment, then shifted his gaze down to her tits, and back to her face again before sighing in resignation. “Okay, Kate: I just have to make something clear first: if we do this, things will happen to me. Blood will go places, and it will not leave those places until we are done.”

*Gross.* “I get it.” The last thing she wanted was a lesson in male reproductive anatomy.

“No, Kate, I’m not sure you do. I mean I’m going to get *really* hard. Diamond hard. It’s completely involuntary. If that’s going to make you uncomfortable, we shouldn’t do this.”

*Of course it makes me uncomfortable!* “It won’t. I know it’s normal for you, I can handle it,” she lied, “I don’t care if you get a boner.” *As long as it doesn’t fucking touch or cum on me!* She hoped he hadn’t noticed she sat a good half foot up his torso so that her ass wasn’t in contact with his groin. “I just really, really need someone to make-out with me, okay? C’mon, I don’t wanna be all alone like this. Pleeeeeeasse?” she pleaded, needily, clasping her hands together, causing her boobs to follow suit.

Alkim watched, evaluating her sincerity. “And you promise not to get mad at me later?”

*Too easy.* “I promise, I won’t get mad at you later.” *How could I get mad at someone who makes me feel so, soooooo fucking good?*

He considered that for too much time. “I feel like I should get this in writing.”

*Fuck no! I don’t want to leave any evidence of this night behind!*

Still straddling him, Kate leaned forward until her face hovered over his, and her massive breasts spilled over the sides of her tank top onto his bare chest.

*No way he’ll say no to these.*

“Ughhhh, never mind.”

*Ha! Tits-for-brains.*

He exhaled deeply, like he was psyching himself up. Kate just enjoyed the light breeze it sent over her rapidly warming skin. “Okay then. Should I do some molly too?” asked Alkim.

Kate shrugged, “If you want,” she didn’t care about such trivial details. It was time to get her fix.

He licked his lips nervously, considering. “No, better that one of us stays sober. I’ll be the trip-sitter, in case two points ends up being too much molly for you.”

“So you can make me drink water?”

“So I can drive you to the hospital.”

*Wow.* “Hey! Partyfoul! Can you drop the bad vibes now and just fucking kiss me already?”

She bent her elbows out, until her face hovered mere inches above his.

“Wait,” he stopped her with a hand on her collarbone, “why don’t we do this in your room, where there’s a working lock?”

“Oh.” *Shit, that’s a good idea. He has such good ideas.* “Yeah, alright. My mattress is way more comfortable anyway.” Kate swung her leg over Alkim’s face, and crawled to the edge of the bed, probably giving Alkim two eyefuls of her nearly bare ass in the process. She got up and walked to her room, hand on the wall for stability, and because the texture felt interesting. She flopped down on her incredibly comfortable mattress, and in the process nearly slapped herself in the chin with her own breasts.

She winced from the pain and began massaging her sore not-so-funbags. Only then did she realize he hadn’t followed her.

*Wait, where’d he go?*

Alkim entered a few moments later. He’d put on shorts and was carrying in two metal water bottles. He shook them, and they rattled in his grip.

“Ice water, for the molly. Remember to drink constantly and tell me when you get too hot.” He set one down on the nightstand, and set the other within reach, where the mattress met the wall.

*Hell yeah.* “Oh! I have a fan.” She pointed over to it, by her desk.

“Perfect.” He moved it over to the bedside and set it on high, with the rotation on.

The cool breeze was exactly what she needed, and she stretched her arms out to catch it.

“Do you want me to put on some music?” he asked.

“Oooo, fuck yeah!”

“Any preferences?”

“You decide. I trust you.” She really meant it. There was no one else on the planet she trusted more at that moment, and the ecstasy compelled her to tell him. “You’re a really good friend, Alkim.”

“You too, dude.”

He propped up his Bluetooth speaker on the nightstand, then put on some 2000s angst-rock. Her body immediately responded, shaking without coordination to the music.

“Fuck yeah! Who is this?”

“Paramore, felt like the right choice. Linkin Park can be a bit too sad for Molly, and My Chemical Romance seemed a little on-the-nose”

Somehow, this was precisely the vibe Kate wanted. Alkim was the only one who agreed with her about electric guitar being the perfect music to listen to on molly. *So much better than EDM!* She also appreciated that it was a woman singing. *She sounds sexy. I should look her up later.*

He sat down on the edge of the bed, uncapped the water bottle, and held it out for her to drink from.

She sat up, and did as he bade, enjoying the chilling sensation traveling down her surprisingly parched throat, and counteracting the increasing heat that had flushed over her skin.

*He knows what I need before I ask. The perfect trip-sitter.*

She handed him back the bottle and let herself fall back onto the mattress. “I’m soooo fucking glad we met.” She grabbed his hand and squeezed hard.

He squeezed back. “Me too. You really saved my ass by letting me stay here. I can’t thank you enough for that, you and Vicky. My family cut me off, so I’d probably be homeless right now if you hadn’t done that.”

She waved that off with her free hand. “You would’ve figured something out. You’re really smart. Like, really, really, *really* smart.” She grinded her back into the soft mattress, like a cat, enjoying the sensation of her fine-thread sheets on her skin. “I don’t tell you enough, but you’re one of the smartest people I’ve ever met, really. I still can’t believe you know all the things you know. Like, how you remember all that shit from school everyone forgets, all the names of... things, and how stuff works. All that... science. Like when we made that DMT!”

He grinned, always enjoying people praising his intelligence. “Thanks, but if I was really smart, I would have just bit the bullet and gone to med school.”

“Well, I’m glad you didn’t, or we wouldn’t be housemates. Or besties.” She squeezed his hand again.

He smiled back at her, warmly, and again squeezed back. “I feel the same way, dude. But seriously, letting me stay in the spare room, even when you barely knew who I was? I mean, I could have been crazy, or a rapist, or a crazed rapist, but you still gave me a key. That might be the nicest thing anyone’s ever done for me, seriously.”

Maybe it was crazy to let him into her life so quickly, but it felt right then, and it felt even more right now.

“You just had really, really good vibes. I knew you were a cool, smart-ass guy from day one. Plus, Vicky vouched for you, hard, and I believed her.”

Not for the first time, Kate found herself wishing she was bi, or that Alkim was a woman. There would have been no debate over getting involved if either were the case, but the second hypothetical was far more appealing to her imagination.

*A pretty, educated, muscular, half-Chinese girl, fresh out of university, with impeccable cooking skills, drug connections, who loved to party, and had nowhere else to stay? I’d have welcomed her into this bed for sure, no questions asked.*

Fem-Alkim would have been on the fast track to live-in-girlfriend. Either they’d be together by now, or would’ve explosively broken up after a few weeks, but there would have been an attempt.

Only, Kate wasn’t bi, and Alkim wasn’t a woman, yet she was still about to welcome him into her bed anyway.

Kate noticed her teeth grinding and forced herself to stop.

That was another side-effect of the molly. When people took it at raves, they often chewed on something to occupy themselves. Some people stuck to chewing gum, while others wore night guards, or Invisalign. The weirdest ones sucked on pacifiers, but most people just kissed each other.

“Lay down with me.” She grabbed his arm and pulled him down until he was on his back beside her. Then, she straddled him again, just above his waist, so there was no chance of touching his boner.

*Moment of truth, just gotta make it as good for him as it will be for me.*

Up until then, she’d told herself that it was just about her need for his unusual spit. But at this critical moment, she realized she wanted him to feel appreciated, to feel her gratitude, and to enjoy her presence.

She also just really wanted to kiss someone already.

Kate lowered herself onto Alkim, inch by inch, until, at last, their lips made contact.

Whatever compounds tied them together, she'd only ever taken minuscule quantities of them at any one time. A sip here, basic lip contact there. She knew that full-on open mouth kissing would entail a much more substantial dose, but even she couldn't have predicted the full strength of the effect.

The feeling was of a thousand lunar new-year fireworks crackling throughout her nervous system. Instantly, all her worries vanished, replaced by an incredible double-euphoria. A deep moan escaped her, as the satisfaction of finally getting her reward spread throughout her body, and soaked into her brain; a brain that was already stewing under an excess of serotonin.

Her hands gripped his temples, keeping his head secure as her tongue darted between his lips, like a hummingbird at a heroin feeder. Also like a hummingbird, her heart rate was climbing rapidly.

She instinctively attacked his mouth with a passion and hunger that would have shocked her, had she spared a single thought to shame, optics, or the norms of male-female friendships. But every part of her brain was singularly focused on chasing that high, of quenching the thirst that had built within her for the past two days.

Longer, even. Everything since that first DMT trip had built up to this moment, and she intended to make it last.

Alkim also began to give in to the sensations, to his lust for Kate. Not long after her tongue invaded his mouth, he started reciprocating her affections. His unsure hands moved from her shoulders, brushing past her sensitive breasts, and settling on her narrow waist. At first he merely held on, fighting against the current, but soon enough he was squeezing her hips, and cupping her perky ass. His strong hands ran over her smooth body, mapping out her every curve, and he clutched her assets as greedily as she held his face.

Simultaneously, the motions of his tongue began to match hers in enthusiasm. The one-sided tongue action escalated. They were sucking face and swapping spit like horny teenagers, and during this chemically induced French-kissing, his tongue shot into her mouth, further increasing her dosage.

Against her true nature, Kate's pussy was growing wetter, and she began grinding her ever darkening panty-clad mound into his abs. In this state of euphoric hedonism, she welcomed any and all pleasurable sensations and no longer fretted over the increasing heterosexuality of her actions. With none of her fellow lesbians around to witness her traitorous behavior, she felt free to do as she needed, and as she pleased.

Laying over his sweaty, hairy, masculine body should have been disgusting, but Kate didn't care. The feel of his hands on her hips made her feel close to him. Coarse, black body hairs that should have scratched at her like steel wool ceased to be annoying. Even the touch of his sweaty skin was appreciated every time the fan blew over her. His scent quickly grew from a background aroma to one that almost saturated her sinuses, yet she found it comforting, even relaxing.

*Why does he smell kinda... nice?*

After what felt like an hour (but turned out to be only fifteen minutes), Kate finally pulled away from Alkim's face, panting. The heat of their embrace left the pair a lot sweatier than when they started.

She leaned back down to smell his bare chest, running her hands through the slick hairs. Even with the fan on full blast, his torso was like a furnace. She imagined him glowing white hot in the infrared, like that movie, "*Predator*," he'd forced her to watch.

"How do you feel?" He asked, concern etched onto his face.

The moment his question registered in her mind, a powerful wave of heat crashed over her, and she felt it return in pulses, flashes of warmth. She wasn't sure how much was the molly, and how much was from Alkim, but the hot flashes were rapidly eroding her ability to think.

"Feel hot," she moaned, "really, really hot."

Her tank top had grown uncomfortably sticky from their combined sweat.

"Fuck," she panted, "it's too hot in here!"

Immediately, Alkim held up the water bottle for her. "Drink."

"In a second." She waved him off. "Need to take this off."

Kate sat up straight, back to straddling Alkim's stomach. Quickly, and unceremoniously, she pulled off her tank top and threw it far away from the bed, and nowhere near her hamper. Her huge tits plapped against her chest, free at last, but still sore from Dana's eager teething the previous night.

In her rush to get cooler, she hadn't even considered Alkim's reaction until she felt his shocked exhalation over her sensitive skin, and the brief sensation of falling as her seat dropped instantly when his diaphragm relaxed.

The spectacle, the weight, the power of the titty-drop had literally forced the air from his lungs.

Now, with only her pussy covered, she realized this was probably the most naked she'd ever been in his presence. Of course he'd seen her topless multiple times, but she had a lot less skin to show off, and this was certainly the first time he'd seen her newly expanded bust fully unleashed.

"Woow... " was all he could say. His arms were frozen stiff, still holding up the water bottle for her.

"Gimmie, gimmie."

She grabbed the bottle and gulped down several mouthfuls of freezing water. Afterwards, she still felt uncomfortably warm, so she impulsively splashed some of the cold water onto her chest. It quickly trickled down between her huge tits, down her abs, and onto Alkim's chest.

"Shit! Sorry, didn't mean to get you wet." She screwed the cap shut and threw the bottle aside.

Alkim just laid there, transfixed by her unintentional display, and gave no sign that he noticed the icy water that dripped onto him.

"No complaints here." He was no longer even attempting eye contact. "Wait," he pointed at her boobs, "what happened to your nipple piercings?"

She rubbed at the tender skin of her areolas. "Had to take them out. Girl I was seeing last night must have bitten them too hard."

*Did I remember to put them in my purse, or did I leave them at Dana's?*

"Damn," he murmured. For a moment, Alkim just stared up at her rack, committing the sight to memory, but he found his words quickly enough. "I see what you mean, though: it looks like she gave you a bunch of titty-hickeys. Tickeys?"

"Yeah, got to rein her in next time."

*He's for sure gonna jerk it to this later.*

Alkim was not-so-subtly chewing on his bottom lip, like he was working up the nerve to say something. Then, he nuttied-up enough to ask, "Feel free to slap me, but I have to ask... can I touch them?"

*If this is the toll I must pay.*

"Sure, go ahead." She spread her arms out to her sides, granting him unrestricted access to her breasts.

"Seriously?"

"Just be gentle with them, like a massage. They're still sore."

"... Okay then..."

He reached out, tentatively at first, just a basic touch on the sides. Emboldened, he gave each a good squeeze. Then he started palming them from below, lifting them, testing their weight, playing with them like they were his first pair of boobs, completely unable to hide his obvious delight.

He let out a low whistle. “Jesus, Kate. They’ve, uh, really grown in, huh?”

“Mhm.”

“What size are they now?”

She shrugged, sending waves of jiggling titflesh crashing into his hands. “Last time I measured they were K-cups, but I’m not sure anymore.”

She saw Alkim silently mouth “*Damn*,” before he went back to feeling her up. “Are you still worried about them? I mean, do you still want to go back to your old size?”

She shrugged again, causing her left tit to slip from his grasp. “Dunno. I mean, they’re suuuuch a pain, dude, like, you have no idea. They’re so heavy, and sensitive now. Plus, I’ve gotta buy a bunch of new tops and bras now, and I don’t know if I’m going to keep growing or not.”

“Damn, sorry to hear that.”

*Liar. I know you’re loving everything about this.*

Not that she minded right then, she knew he was trying to be supportive, beyond just physically supporting her heavy tits in his hands. In fact, knowing that Alkim liked them this way got her thinking about the positive sides of having giant, natural tits.

“But at the same time, everyone else seems to like them. Like, a looooooot. No one else at work got booked as much as me. Oh! Guess how much I made in one shift?”

“How much?”

“I said guess!”

“Uh, five-hundred bucks?”

She shook her head, throwing purple hairs out of place. “Fourteen-hundred dollars.”

“Holy shit!”

She felt his surprise through the sudden clenching of his fingers.

“Right? Like, a month’s rent, in one night! And no taxes.”

“That’s fucking crazy, dude.”

“Yeah, a girl could get used to that kinda money.” She pushed the stray hairs back behind her ears. “Oh, and remember that goth chick I told you about?”

“Uhhh, yeah. Real quick, what was her name again?”

“Dana.” She grabbed her phone and pulled up Dana’s profile for him.

“Ohhhh yeah, I remember her now. You asked me if I thought she was hot, and I told you she looked like your type.”

Kate put the phone down, and closed her eyes, focusing on the sensation of Alkim’s increasingly sweaty palms massaging her sore breasts. After a bit, she found herself relaxing under the attention, while her molly-brain felt the need to occupy the silence.

“Actually, I think you’d like her. She seemed kind of straight-edged at first,” *till I cured her of that*, “but she’s pretty down once you get her going.” His thumb rubbed at the edges of her areolas. “And she might be the only one more obsessed with big tits than you are.” *Maybe even more than actual babies.*

“I mean, can you really blame her? These,” he held them up together, reverently, as though presenting something truly precious, “are probably the most amazing tits she’s ever seen.”

*Damn, he really loves them.* “C’mon, stop exaggerating. They’re so saggy now, and veiny.”

“No way! They’re fucking perfect. I could do this all day.” He squeezed again for emphasis.

“If they were perfect like this, then women wouldn’t get breast reductions.”

Alkim frowned at the mere mention of a reduction. “Well, why don’t you ask Dana which she’d prefer: your perfect, veiny, natural wonders, or perky, spherical, fake bolt-ons?”

Just then, one of his thumbs pressed into her bruised skin, and Kate winced from the sudden, sharp pain.

“Ouch! Watch it!”

“Sorry!” He pulled his hands back apologetically, and dropped her tits. The sudden lack of support almost pulled her torso down with them.

“Just be careful,” she hissed, “they’re still tender.”

“Damn, the perils of hooking up, I guess. Want me to kiss them and make it better?” He puckered his lips and chuckled.

*Huh. Hadn’t thought of that.*

The coke she’d applied to her nipples yesterday had done nothing; it simply couldn’t get through normal skin. Until now, she’d assumed the same was true of Alkim’s saliva, but she was willing

to put that to the test. If sharing his water bottle at the gym could alleviate muscle pains, then perhaps letting him suck her tits would cure her of the pain and soreness caused by Dana.

And besides, she was already rolling tits, he might as well have some for himself. It was only fair.

“Okay,” she agreed.

Alkim’s eyes went wide. “What? Seriously?”

She hefted up her right boob from underneath, so her nipple was pointing right at him.

“Go ahead. I trust you. And I know you want to.”

Alkim looked like he was about to spout off some cliché about not wanting to take advantage of her, again. But not this time.

“Well, if you're sure about this... I’ll be gentle.”

He leaned up at once, causing her to slide down his body into his lap. Before she could object to this position, his mouth was hovering over her right nipple, and he looked up to her, as if asking her final permission.

Kate granted it, “Just start with the bruises, then my nips.”

That was all the encouragement he needed. He grabbed her right tit from below and started kissing her bruises. It started out a bit painful on her tender skin, but the little aches quickly faded away, replaced by a satisfying warmth. He moved her tits as needed, spreading apart her cleavage, searching for any remaining bruises, kissing them wetly, and quickly eliminated all her discomfort.

Once he’d gotten them all several times over, he stopped. “Is that better?” he asked.

*Soooooooo much better.*

Kate forgot all about avoiding the hard dick pulsing against her wet panties, her focus was on the distinct lack of his mouth on her boobs.

“More!” Kate wailed, palming the back of Alkim’s head, and pulling him to her nipple.

Alkim latched on, sealing his lips over her areola, and got right to work. His hungry tongue flicked at her nipple, which hardened fully, and instantly. His cheeks hollowed deeply, pulling more of her tit into his mouth, before he released the pressure with a loud “*pop*,” and repeated the sequence. True to his word, he was very careful not to apply any pressure with his teeth, and Kate had to admit he was very, *very* good at this.

Compared to Dana's rough titplay, Alkim proved much softer, and far more soothing. It was exactly the opposite of what she would have guessed from Dana's mousy, nervous conversation, and Alkim's strong, confident behavior.

But then again, Dana didn't share Alkim's gift for chemistry.

*So unfair. Had to be a guy who gets power to make everything feel good! Why couldn't it have been Vicky?*

The relief wasn't quite as immediate as it had been through mouth-to-mouth contact; it took longer for those sweet, sweet chemicals to be absorbed through the skin of her nipples and areolas, compared to the more permeable skin of her mouth and throat. But within a few minutes she could feel it seeping through, and as the titsucking went on, the sensation only grew stronger.

Kate hadn't really thought this part through. The make-out session had already given her an enormous dose of him, more than she'd ever taken at once. Now, his mouth had been locked onto the same nipple for a good long suckle, and there was no telling how much more had entered her system.

She began to relax into him completely, and soon enough he was the one holding her upright. After several minutes of this, she sagged into him so much that the spillover titflesh blocked his nose, and he was forced to unlatch.

"Mmmmmm," she hummed blissfully.

"Was that okay?"

"Yesss... thanks, it feels so much better now."

"Really?" He seemed surprised.

"Yeah, no more pain," she smiled her doped-up smile. "Can you try the other one now?"

Alkim grinned like an idiot, "No need to twist my arm." He started to lean in, but stopped himself at the last moment. "Actually, how about we try a different position? Something more relaxed." he suggested.

*Whatever you say, dude.*

"Okay, sounds good," she agreed. At this point, Kate was beyond high, and she would have gone along with any of his ideas, even ones that weren't guaranteed to involve copious amounts of pleasurable chemicals.

*Good thing he didn't ask for a titfuck, I might've said yes.* A thought that would have horrified her two hours ago now came and went without fanfare.

Still holding her on his lap, Alkim scooted back to where her mattress met the wall. As he moved them, she felt his boner pressing against her ass but made no objection. He propped up a couple of her pillows, and eased Kate backwards until she rested against the wall, with her back supported by the soft cushioning.

Then he got up and aimed the fan directly at her. She relaxed even further under the welcome combination of cool air over her skin and Alkim's reassuring scent in her face.

"Comfy? Fan's not too much?" he asked.

"Mhm. It's perfect." She wouldn't have to do anything to hold this position, and the fan would keep her from overheating.

*This was a great idea. Such a good trip sitter.*

Alkim grabbed a pillow, placed it in Kate's lap, and laid down on top of it. In this position, her nipples hovered right at the level of his face, perfect for effortless sucking. All he needed to do was open his mouth, scoot over a bit, let the weight of her tit force the nipple between his lips, and latch on.

Then, he started suckling.

The relief came much faster this time around, which Kate was grateful for. The feeling of his tongue flicking against her turgid nipple was sublime, as were the deep humming vibrations he made that traveled throughout her body.

As gentle as he was with her sensitive teats, she could still see the hunger in his eyes. She was certain this was a recurring fantasy of his. The thought should have repulsed her, like finding out he'd been sniffing her panties. Except, she couldn't see why that should be bad either.

*So what if he wants to suckle some titties, or sniff some panties? Doesn't everyone?*

Instead of outrage, she felt happy; happy for Alkim, that he was getting what he wanted, what he deserved for all his help; and happy for herself, that she got to do a good deed, and got to show him how much she valued their friendship.

So, Kate lay back, allowing her body to sink into the soft bedding, and allowing Alkim to do as he pleased. She encouraged him to do even more with a hand on the back of his head.

It all felt far too good to stop, anyway. It was so good that she hardly felt the heat and pressure within her rising without end.

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## Alkim

Sucking on Kate's tits was like a dream come true. Not only because the act had figured prominently in his dreams and jerkoff sessions, but also because the sequence of events leading up to this moment made no damn sense.

In less than an hour, Kate did a bunch of molly, woke him up, asked him to make-out with her, and then actually allowed him to fondle and suckle her huge, perfect tits.

*Oh god! It's like that time she took 2C-B at that fucking convention party, only a thousand times hotter!*

It was a good thing Mikaella got cold so easily, or there wouldn't have been any blankets over his lower half to conceal her sleeping mouth on his dick. Another stroke of luck came from Kate being too high to notice the human-sized lump below his waist. Luckier still, Mikaella didn't wake up from anything they said, nor when he pulled his dick out of her sleeping, suckling mouth to go make-out with Kate.

He wasn't sure how his new cumslut might have reacted to that, but jealousy seemed like a reasonable response upon finding out that "her man" left her mid-blowjob just for the chance to kiss his far bustier and all-around more beautiful crush.

*Better that I don't inflame her insecurities; better for the both of us. I'll make it up to her tomorrow.*

It was an easy promise for him to make when the only things Mikaella seemed to want from him were his cooking and his cock.

Still, he couldn't fucking believe what Kate had permitted him to do.

*Her tits grew the size of her head, then she let a girl suck on them so much that they became terribly sore, and her solution was to... let me suck on them too?*

He made one joke about kissing them and making it better, and she just agreed, instantly, as if his horny joking was a serious suggestion. But Alkim wasn't going to turn down such an opportunity, and he fulfilled the bizarre request. Somehow, it almost seemed to be working. She claimed to feel much better and then asked him to do more.

*Placebo effect, I guess?*

The same Kate that found casual displays of male/female desire utterly repulsive was encouraging him to dry-nurse at her massive chest, and was now sensuously running her fingers through his hair.

It was insane! It was absurd! It was nonsensical!

It was exactly what he wanted from the moment they met.

Before then, even, dating all the way back to the very first pornographic videos he'd ever seen. Like many teenage boys, he'd once thought looking at dicks was gay, and hadn't found the vagina itself to be the most appealing part of a woman either. So, he began with softcore videos of busty women fooling around, which quickly escalated to videos of women with gargantuan natural breasts, some bigger than their heads, and often lactating into the mouths of equally busty women.

Even after graduating to hardcore porn, and then onto actual sex, with actual women, Alkim never lost his fascination for big mommy-milkers. He'd sucked on a great many titties back in college, yet none could ever compare to those insanely top-heavy models. The heft, the size, the contrast with their slim torsos, and, of course, the milk; all were unattainable dreams.

The simple fact was that the vast majority of women were not built like that and could never become that. Even the most expensive surgeries couldn't replicate the look he'd always found most attractive. He'd long since accepted that reality and went about his adult life dating women with small to moderate busts, and got off just fine.

But now he had Kate: Kate, and her huge, perfect, natural tits, stuffed right into his thirsty mouth.

He'd never tell her, but he thought her nips looked much better without the piercings, and he never liked the feel of studs against his tongue anyway.

*They detracted from her natural perfection.*

Kate was more than goth enough without them. *Even her tits are goth!* That pale skin, the visible blue veins running beneath, and those dark, almost purplish areolas, they all fit her perfectly.

*Whatever happens, I have to talk her out of a reduction.*

Kate was indeed a mega-titty goth girl-friend. She just wasn't Alkim's girlfriend, but the distinction hardly mattered now.

*Fuck! This is the hottest thing that's ever happened in my life! Good thing Mikaella sucked me off to within an inch of my life an hour ago, or I might have exploded all over the bed. The only ways this could be any hotter were if Kate was lactating, or if she let me fuck her.*

The first was impossible, and the second was still too absurd for him to joke about, even if she had granted every request of his so far. The last thing he wanted was for her to get offended and kick him out of her room. He wasn't going to risk a night full of unlimited giant naturals just for another orgasm, especially when Mikaella already promised him an infinite supply.

Paradoxically, despite the rapid pounding of his heart, and the sheer horny madness that clouded his thinking, there was nothing he found more fulfilling or relaxing than sucking on a nice titty, and he was certain the titties would never be nicer than these.

Except, they might. Kate's bust grew to this size in just over a week, and she seemed to think they were still growing.

*They started out as way more than a handful. Now, they're bigger than her head! She doesn't even know her own bra size anymore! Just how fucking big will they get? Could they end up down at her bellybutton, or so huge they rest in her lap?!*

Alkim found all such possibilities of his gorgeous best friend's case of genuine breast expansion unbelievably hot. He could only hope that he would get the chance to see and feel the changes for himself.

*Assuming she doesn't kill me tomorrow, would she ever let me do this again, sober? No, no fucking way, this is all the molly.*

Regardless of her promises to not get mad at him, Alkim knew tomorrow's Kate would fully disavow any actions taken or promises she made in this state. Not that he could really blame her, but that meant he had to collect as many memories and extract much satisfaction out of this situation while he still could.

*I owe Vicky my fucking life for inviting me to hang out here that first weekend and vouching for me with Kate! I just can't believe it led to this moment, sucking the ultimate in big, natural, goth, Asian titties. I have to find some way to repay her when she gets back.*

Then he tasted something odd; something new; something sweet on his tongue. Instinctively, he suckled harder, deeper, seeking it out, and after a few seconds, he tasted more of it.

*What the...*

Reluctantly, Alkim popped his mouth off her nipple and brought his eyes up to the slick teat. Curious, he squeezed around her areola and watched with amazement as tiny white droplets began to form on the end of her nipple. He was fully entranced, unable to make sense of this development until the droplet enlarged and fell onto his tongue.

*Milk? Milk!?!*

In no time at all the droplet was replaced by another, and another, until a steady dribbling of milk began to drip into his dumbstruck mouth, like a leaky faucet.

*Oh my god! Kate's lactating!? Wait, is this why her tits are growing???*

The realization shocked him beyond his lust, at least for the moment. Alkim stared for a good long moment, breathing heavily. Then he realized he had to inform Kate of this unexpected medical development, especially as a potential answer to the mystery of her ever-bigger-naturals.

He never even got a chance to say a thing.

“Don’t stop! I need more!”

The lactating goth clutched his head to her fat tit, forcing her nipple back into his mouth.

Once again, instinct took over, and Alkim suckled away, hungrier than ever. His concerns were quickly overridden by the ecstasy of fulfilling his greatest fantasy.

*What if I tell her and she goes berserk and kicks me out?*

Nothing sounded more frightening than the possibility of being cut off from the tap. He promised himself that he'd tell her in a few minutes, then allowed himself to get lost in the moment, lost in the sweet, sweet taste of Kate's milk.

*It's sooo much better than cow's milk! Thinner, but far, far sweeter. Sweet like candy, sweet like the leftover milk from a bowl of Honey Nut Cheerios!*

He didn't eat cereal anymore, but he would start buying it again if he had this in the fridge. He never drank coffee either, but a splash of Kate's saccharine milk mixed in might change his mind on the beverage.

*If I mixed this with vodka, would it still create a White Russian, even if the milk is Chinese?*

Alkim's dick had long since hardened to its full size and had begun to dribble precum into his underwear. Yet he dared not jerk it, dare not interrupt this incredible, intimate, blissful moment with something that was sure to shock her out of it.

But apparently, Kate did not share his reservations. His head registered subtle, rhythmic movements coming from beneath the pillow that his head lay on. Then he noticed Kate's upper arms were perfectly synced up to that rhythm.

*Holy shit! She's fucking masturbating to me drinking from her tits! Mere inches from her pussy! This is so much crazier than the 2C-B hands-free orgasm!*

“Oh fuck! *Mhmmm!* How are you doing this to me?” Kate moaned.

Alkim couldn't respond, couldn't ask what she meant, not with her holding him in like this, and not when all he wanted was to suck on her giant, perfect, milkers.

But there was no need. Not when Kate kept filling the dead air with more questions.

“Oh my godddd,” She twitched, and shook above him. Her chest came down, and her huge tit plastered over his entire face, blocking out the light. “Why does this feel so goooooood? How are you—aaaah!—making me cum?!”

Despite the sudden plunge into darkness, the feeling of soft boob on his face, the partial restriction of his airways, and the knowledge that he was making her cum, Kate’s words cut right through the fog of his pleasure-addled brain.

Within moments, an entire week’s worth of scattered observations hit him all at once.

Kate’s increasingly affectionate behavior, and her willingness to shotgun drugs; his dick and balls growing like a second puberty; the sheer magnitude of his orgasms; the massive size of his cumshots; Mikaella’s eagerness to please him, to blow him whenever he wanted; Kate’s tits rapidly growing to their current size in under a week, now lactating right into his eager mouth, and simultaneously cumming her brains out...

*Oooooooooohhhh...*

This wasn’t the house’s doing, or the drugs, or the food they ate. These weren’t separate, bizarre occurrences that just happened to strike at himself and his two beautiful housemates.

He was the sole beneficiary of every change. He wanted to be closer to Kate, so she started wanting the same. He loved big tits, so Kate’s tits got bigger. Kate’s bigger tits made him too horny, so he got Mikaella to suck him dry. He needed to start making money, so Mikaella agreed to shoot porn with him.

*It’s me. Somehow I... I did this to us. I changed myself, and I changed the girls.*

He didn’t know how the hell he could have done this. The very idea was impossible, ludicrous, and unscientific in the extreme. Yet there was simply no other way to explain his lesbian best friend rapidly developing into his unrealistically-ideal woman, and stuffing her big mommy-milkers right into his mouth; no other way to explain the inhuman loads of cum he produced; no other way to explain Mikaella’s insatiable lust for his cum, nor what he now recognized as Kate’s identical lust for his kisses, and his mouth on her tits.

Unable, or unwilling to pull away from his greatest sexual fantasy, Alkim continued to nurse, even as he contemplated his next move.

*If that’s really what happened, then I need to get away from her and everyone else before I mess them up beyond repair!*

Except, he couldn’t do that, not right now. Kate still had a potentially dangerous amount of molly in her system. He had no choice but to watch her, and make sure she didn’t develop serotonin syndrome. If she had an episode while he was gone, the damage could be both severe, and lasting.

No, he had to stay here and wait until the drugs left her system.

But that could take hours.

*Maybe I should just take her to the hospital, tell the doctors about what happened.*

Yet, the more he thought about it, the more he knew that would never work either.

*“Doctor, it’s all my fault! She took too many drugs, and my spit made her tits double in size! Then, when I sucked on them she just started lactating! All because I wanted it! Also, every time I cum it’s enough to fill a soda can, and now my other housemate is totally addicted to blowing me! You gotta do something!”*

There was no version of that conversation that didn’t end with him in grippy socks.

And what if they did believe him? He might end up getting studied by the same labs he’d just sent resumes to.

Unexpectedly, his mind returned to his conversation with Mikaella, about Kate’s sudden growth, just a few days prior.

*“If someone made a real breast enhancement pill it would be instant multi-billion-dollar news. It would be the most popular drug among women overnight; you’d know about it.”*

Maybe Alkim’s perspective had been warped from reading too many Michael Crichton books, but he just couldn’t believe that HIPAA and the discretion of medical staff would be enough to protect him from becoming some pharmaceutical company’s goldmine.

No, he’d take Kate to the hospital if she was in danger and tell them about the 200mg of MDMA in her system, but nothing more.

Then he felt something soaking onto his chest. Kate’s other nipple must have felt left out, because it was now spraying him down. He watched as tiny streams of milk shot out, begging for his mouth to seal the leak.

Despite the temptation, Alkim felt the need to check if Kate was still okay. He swallowed one more gulp of milk, and reluctantly unlatched.

“Kate, how do you feel?” He asked, watching her face from the pillow in her lap.

After a moment she husked out, “Soooo, soooo goood... please don’t stop, it feels all wrong without your mouth on my tits.” It’d taken her a second to register his question, and she never opened her eyes, but it was an answer.

Alkim was more than willing to oblige.

He grabbed her tits, turned them so that both nipples pointed to his open mouth, and sucked in the pair of leaky teats. This way, neither one would be left out, and none of the busty Asian's precious milk would be wasted.

Yet, very quickly, Kate's flow increased, and he had to swallow more and more frequently.

As Alkim gulped down mouthful after mouthful of Kate's breastmilk, letting the sweet nectar wash over his sensitive tongue, he began to notice things. Slowly, subtly, his mind began to separate the sweet fluid into its component parts, and the flavors he tasted began to multiply.

Dozens of hours spent in sophomore year memorizing the three-dimensional forms of complex, organic chemicals all came back to him, multiplied thousands of times over. Alkim didn't know the mechanism by which he could tell apart all these chemicals, yet he was sure of what he tasted, and of the identities of each compound.

The most powerful component was sugary. *Lactose?* Also present were other sugars whose specific names he did not know but were partially recalled from his education on human anatomy as oligosaccharides.

There was the slight fatty taste, that his mind soon identified as long carbohydrate chains. *Fatty acids?*

He was sifting through the components faster, and faster. Various whey proteins, peptides, enzymes, all came and went.

Soon, he was down to the trace components, mineral salts, and vitamins.

And then Alkim noticed more, far more; an entire collection of trace chemicals that hadn't been on his radar, not because they were too faint, but because he was the one producing them. He traced them back, back to their source, back to his salivary glands. The output from these glands was impossibly varied, far beyond what was needed to produce ordinary human saliva. His mouth was now producing hormones like estrogen, prolactin, and other bioactive compounds like endorphins, anti-inflammatories, and others beyond count.

*Oh my god, my body is a walking pharmacy! No wonder Kate wants me to suck on her tits; she's getting high off my body chemistry! And the tits! That's why they kept growing, why they started lactating! It all must have started with the DMT trip!*

*I'm using chemistry to make my hallucinogenic vision into reality!*

This realization of the nature of his abilities should have been more than enough to occupy his mind. Yet, there was something else that nagged at him, something hidden under the sweet taste of milk sugars, proteins, fats, and salts. He detected a faint trace of it in Kate's milk: something bitter, and foreign, not a product of the human body.

As he continued to drink, the taste grew stronger, and the shape of the impurity began to form in his mind. Then, he knew what it was.

*Molly?*

The traces of it in her blood should be far, far too faint for him to detect them in her breastmilk. And yet, he was certain of not just the presence of the compound, but even its concentration. From there, Alkim's hyper-aware mind was able to calculate the amount in her bloodstream.

*Oh no.*

Kate had taken so much molly. Too much, and even worse: she wasn't drinking enough water to flush it from her system. He could feel her already-elevated pulse, blood pressure, and body temperature continuing to climb higher and higher by the minute.

Too late did he realize that the hand that had been stroking his hair now lay limp over his shoulder.

*Kate's showing all the symptoms of serotonin syndrome!*

Alkim unlatched from her leaking tits at once.

"Kate?" He sat up and shook her on the shoulders to get her attention. She never responded, not verbally. All she managed was a wordless moan.

At the same time, Kate's overactive mammarys continued their activities, and all his shaking managed to accomplish was to spray that delicious milk all over his face, chest, and Kate's bedding. Hot as that was, he didn't have time to enjoy the sight.

*I have to get her to the hospital!*

But just before he could finish gathering her limp body in his arms, a thought occurred to him.

Now that he knew that his salivary glands were making chemicals, chemicals that made Kate grow, that made her addicted to kissing him, he began to wonder if there was something else he could do with this power, something that could help Kate right now.

*What if I can do more besides grow tits? What if I intentionally produced something that would decrease the concentration of MDMA in her blood, or reduce the serotonin in her brain?*

He decided on the latter, and began to concentrate on the neurotransmitter: serotonin.

The image formed in his mind, and swiftly he began to sense it in his mouth.

*No! Not more serotonin!*

That was the wrong idea. He stopped producing more serotonin, but it was still present in his mouth. From there, his thoughts shifted back toward its removal.

The solution would have to be something that blocked the action of serotonin in Kate's brain, something that would either bind to the same receptors, or attack the compound directly. The answer came from the back of his mind, in the form of a page from his MCAT prep book.

*I need to make a serotonin receptor antagonist!*

He focused on the serotonin receptors in his own brain and was able to picture just such a compound that would bind to those receptors. Almost instantly, he sensed his body was producing the targeted chemical. He wasn't sure how much it would take to get her stable, but he didn't want to take any chances.

With no time to waste, Alkim palmed the back of Kate's limp head, and pulled her into another kiss. This, however, was not for pleasure; this was medicine, in its most improbable and impossible form.

He was orally administering medication, a medication generated through some unnatural power to reverse the effects of a drug overdose. And all the while, his friend's swollen tits continued to leak their payload of breastmilk onto his chest.

As he tongued her, his body continued to produce the antagonist, and all her mouth needed to do was absorb it into her bloodstream. To his relief, within minutes, Kate started kissing him back, and soon after that she seemed to have regained consciousness.

Once he felt her mouth actively responding to his tongue's presence, he pulled back and went straight for the water bottle.

"Kate! You need to drink water, right now!" He brought the bottle to her lips and made sure she drank several mouthfuls.

When she was done, he concentrated on stopping production of the chemical and checked to see if his friend was out of the danger zone.

"How do you feel?" He asked, checking her temperature with a hand on her forehead.

"Good. Hot. Wet."

Kate was indeed still hot, but thankfully, her temperature was coming down. It was still high, but not dangerously so anymore.

Alkim breathed a sigh of relief and laid her back down. "Please tell me if you get too hot again. I think you'll be fine here tonight, but we can't take any chances."

She nodded, closed her eyes again and relaxed onto the pillows.

He grabbed his phone and changed the music to something more sedate, more relaxing. That was the right vibe now.

When Alkim looked back to his friend, he couldn't help but notice that while her milk had slowed down, it hadn't stopped completely. Now that she wasn't in danger anymore, his lower brain began to assert itself once again, and he started to re-harden. More than anything, he really, really wanted to get his mouth back onto those fat milkers, yet what Kate said before passing out still nagged at him.

*I need to know how much Kate's figured out. Molly might help me out here. Everyone's so much more emotionally honest and feely on molly. Like they just can't help but babble away all their secrets.*

"Hey, Kate."

"Mhmm," she murmured in acknowledgement.

"Earlier, you asked how I was making things feel so good, what did you mean by that?"

"It's... you... I don't know dude, you just taste soooo goooood. You make me feel things that shouldn't be..."

"Shouldn't be what?"

"Normal. Possible."

"Like what?"

"Dude, you know I'm gay."

"No duh."

"I still am. Gay. Well, I guess your man-parts don't gross me out like they used to, but I'm still not attracted to you like that. But, like, somehow kissing you makes me feel... better. Like, way better than kissing should. Better than my meds, better than kissing hot girls." Kate rubbed the back of her head into the pillow. "And my boobs. You kissed them, and they aren't sore anymore. And the tit sucking felt so, insanely good, like I was getting my pussy licked."

*Whoa. No wonder she came.* That was a much more vivid admission than he expected.

"Really? Kissing and titsucking with me feels THAT good to you?"

"No duh," she returned, "It's high-key kind of addictive. Why do you think I took molly to kiss you?"

*That's why she took it?!* "I just thought you took it because you were sad or something, and then the molly made you want to kiss me."

"Nah, it happens when I'm sober too. I just knew you'd kiss me if I said the molly made me wanna do it." She smiled, though her eyes stayed closed. Kate was still enjoying the feeling of all the happy chemicals coursing through her system.

"Oh." *And I fell for it. Of course I did.* "Well, next time, please don't take dangerous amounts of drugs just to trick me. Just ask next time, okay? You know I'd do anything for you."

"Ooookay," she held out a thumb's up, "But you're the biologist here. How can kissing feel so good?"

Alkim shrugged, "I mean, it shouldn't. None of this makes any sense." He threw up his hands in resignation.

"Yeah, well, a lot of things in this house stopped making sense..." she mumbled.

*Huh?* "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You're too smart to play dumb, dude. I saw what you did with Mikaella."

*Oh, shit! Wait, which time was Kate present for? She's been out of the house for more than a day.*

"You'll have to be a bit more specific."

"Like, yesterday. I saw you cum all over her face, then in the jar, and I saw her drink it all. Fucking nasty."

"Oh. OH!" *So, Kate saw us after breakfast. Shit! But at least she never noticed what we were doing in my bed an hour ago...* "Yeah, it would seem I've also undergone some, uh, growth." He glanced down at his extremely conspicuous boner, and the growing dark patch on his shorts. "Sorry you had to see that. Wait, the door was closed! How did you see us?"

"There was a crack in the door, and I looked, alright?"

"Kind of a serious invasion of privacy, don't you think?"

"Sue me, it's my house."

Alkim pinched his nose. *Okay, mom.* "Please, don't do that again."

"Not like I want to see that shit anyway, it was so gross," she waved him off. "How much was it, anyway?"

*The cum???* “How much was what?” He didn’t really want to provide his lesbian friend the exact volume of his loads.

“How much did Mikaella charge for the blowjob? Kinda curious about her rates.” Kate chuckled at her extremely clever prostitution joke.

“Nothing. I was feeling backed up, and she offered to help. That’s all.” *Technically not a lie.*

“Well, see? There’s another impossible thing. Mikaella doesn’t do ‘free,’ she told me and Vicky herself. Plus, how could anyone ever get THAT backed up? That was an inhuman amount of cum, dude, even I could tell.”

Alkim had nothing to say to that. Kate wasn’t exactly wrong, but he wasn’t sure he wanted her to connect any more dots between herself, him, and Mikaella’s sudden eagerness to perform unpaid sexual favors.

*Unpaid in dollars, anyway, and not for long if our first livestream tomorrow goes well.*

After a while without his answer, Kate began to fill the silence. “Why did you stop sucking my tits anyway?” She grabbed at the sides of her tits but pulled her hands back after feeling unexpected moisture. Then, she looked down at her increasingly milky chest. “What the fuck?” One of her tits was dribbling milk, which trickled down the soft curve of her tit and onto her lap. The other was more productive, spraying thin streams of milk in several directions, like a tiny hose with a thumb jammed over the opening.

“Right, that. So, a few minutes after I started sucking your tits, you, um, started lactating.”

“What the fuck!?” She sat up straight, sending droplets of milk flying into Alkim. Her prior sedateness was gone, replaced by excited bewilderment, “When were you going to tell me?”

“I tried to tell you right after I tasted it! But you pulled my head back onto your tit and told me to keep sucking, so I thought you already knew what was happening. I just did what I thought you wanted, honestly. Then I came up a few minutes ago, and you weren’t responding. Really freaked me out there, thought you might have too much serotonin in your system, and I was just about to take you to the hospital...”

“Well? Why didn’t you? What happened?” Kate interrogated.

*How much to tell her? If she finds out I'm behind her sudden growth and the lactation, she'll probably demand I reverse the changes, but I don't know if that's even something I can do, not when my body only desires growth.*

Alkim sighed, “I remembered what you said, about me making you feel better. Then I thought about all the stuff that’s happened to me, and it got me wondering if there was something I could do. Like, some way I could help. So, I did. It was like an instinct, or something, I don’t know.”

“And your instinct was to kiss me?” She asked, flatly, but not quite accusingly.

“Well... yeah. Somehow, I knew my mouth had some kind of medicine for you, some... chemical that would keep your brain from cooking. I don’t know how, or why, but it seems like it worked. You were nonverbal for a bit there, and seriously overheated, and now you’re not.”

She looked at him, bit her lip, then exhaled deeply, before she spoke again, “So, you just saved me from ODing?”

“Yeah, I guess I did.”

“Damn.” Kate started rubbing her temples. “This is all so crazy.” she groaned.

“Can’t argue with that.” he agreed.

“Like, fucking nuts. Bonkerballs.” She took another deep breath. “But thanks. For saving me, I mean.” She put a hand on his knee and squeezed. “You’re a really good friend, dude. I could have died without you.”

Her praise hit his guilty conscience like a slap to the face.

“You know me, always ready to lend a hand.” *Or a mouth.* “And I mean it, if you ever need any help with your... cravings, I’m here for you.”

She smiled, “I’ll keep that in mind,” then looked back down at her chest, as if she only just remembered her leaking nipples. “But what the fuck am I supposed to do about these?”

She pushed up her huge tits, one in each arm, and the applied pressure resulted in an increase in the expression of milk.

The sight instinctively forced Alkim to suck in his breath so quickly that it hissed past his teeth. He knew instantly that he couldn’t keep his mouth shut.

“Do you want me to help you empty them?” he asked, fully expecting her to throw a pillow at him. “I can go buy a pump if you want. Well, once you’re sober, I mean. I can’t leave you alone yet.”

Instead, Kate looked back down at the milk spraying onto her bed sheets, then back to Alkim, and sighed.

“Okay, fine, just... get it all out, please.” She laid back down, resigning herself to his particular method of aid. “Suck away.” She gestured at her leaking nips.

*Fucking hell. I’m the worst fucking friend.*

Still, Alkim's guilt weighed less than his lust. He nodded and crawled back to Kate's swollen milkers. Even then, he could sense the glands in his mouth automatically restarting production of female growth hormones. He made no attempt to stop them.

"Please don't make me regret telling you how good this feels."

"Don't worry, I'll make it all better. I promise." he lied.

## XVI - Cumdown

### Alkim

Alkim felt good. Really damn good.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then his pillow moaned.

*What the-?*

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

"Kate?"

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

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

"Holy shit, Kate!"

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

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

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

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

*What could possibly be better than this?*

Alkim let his analytical mind go blank, freeing up his senses, allowing his body to get lost in the moment. He relaxed with Kate's nourishing teat in his mouth, relished the taste of her milk on his tongue, and reveled in the sensations created by the twin mouths on his cock, carrying him ever closer to orgasm.

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

*Holy shit!*

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

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

"Kate!" he yelled.

No response.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then a shadow came over him.

It was a woman's shadow, that much he was certain of. She had a big, fat ass, long legs, and toned abs, but the scale, sheer the scale of her was beyond anything he could have imagined. She

towered over them all, her face still cloaked in shadow, as though she were beyond the height of some unseen light source.

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

“Vicky?”

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

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

*Oh no.*

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

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

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

Then, his world went black.

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

*Ooooh, it was just a dream.*

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

*Or am I still dreaming?*

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

*Ah, Mikaella.*

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

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

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

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

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

Alkim was frozen, paralyzed.

*Sleep paralysis.*

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

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

He couldn't see all of her from the angle his head was stuck at, but he saw enough, and he could still feel her arms wrapped around his waist; feel her head rested lazily on his right thigh, while her neck continued to work itself back and forth. Her lips pulsed with suction, yet stayed vacuum

sealed to his shaft, while her tongue continuously lapped around his sensitive cockhead, probing his slit, and claiming every drop of precum as quickly as it could be released.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Finally, after another impossibly long orgasm, his balls and prostate were fully emptied, and Mikaella's head slid back over his thigh, slowly exposing more and more of his wet cock to the morning air. Alkim expected her to gasp for breath, like a freediver that couldn't wait to refill her lungs, yet she surprised him once again. She simply took long, deep inhales through her nose, and maintained her seal over the last few inches of his cock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So, why was she sucking his dick?

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

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

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

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

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

*Six-thirty? Fuck!*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alkim concentrated on the shape of the molecule.

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

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

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

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

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

*Not dealing then, but what?*

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

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

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

Mikaella was the next to wake up a couple hours later, practically skipping into the kitchen in one of Alkim's shirts, and nothing else. The men's large t-shirt swished around her petite frame like a dress, granting him fleeting yet tantalizing glimpses of her pert, panty-clad asscheeks. She

seemed much better rested than he was, presumably because she hadn't been kept up late for an insane night of kissing and breastfeeding by a crazy-high goth chick.

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

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

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

*Shit!*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It doesn’t have to be every night. I just like it when you hold me.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

She pouted a bit but accepted the delay.

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

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

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

“Oooh, yes please!”

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

Alkim always liked cooking. His parents started teaching him at age ten, including the chemistry involved in each step of the process, and he now had quite a few recipes in his repertoire. It also helped that the bar for men was lower than the Marianas Trench, meaning that pretty much every competent, balanced dish he made would be met with heaps of praise by his peers, especially

women. Case in point: this porridge made from chicken stock, leftover chicken, and leftover rice was more than enough to get Mikaella excited, even though it took no more effort or skill than oatmeal.

Now, cooking for the girls held a newfound significance. It'd only been a few days since the two first got physical, but he'd already noticed a significant increase in Mikaella's appetite. It was hard to imagine the old Mikaella eating more than eighteen-hundred Calories a day, nor asking for seconds in front of a guy she wanted to impress, and that was on top of all the cum she was drinking.

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

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

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

The changes being made according to his preferences might have explained why Kate grew even more busty, but not why Mikaella was still skinny. Alkim wanted a busty-petite Mikaella as much as he'd wanted anything in his life, which meant that desire alone wasn't enough. Other factors must be at play.

*Maybe Kate's tits were already big because they were naturally more sensitive to those hormones than an average woman's tits? That might explain why she'd grown so quickly, and why flat-chested Mikaella was still flat. Or, it could be that Mikaella just needs more time, that she just has to fill out a lot more before there's anything obvious?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He grinned and started on his own bowl. Mikaella's enthusiasm for his cooking always made him feel better, and it was harder still to not enjoy the knowledge that every spoonful of carbs might be making her into a thicker, sexier bedmate.

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

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

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

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

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

"Want me to drive you there?"

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

*Very thrifty.*

"She any good?"

Mikaella shrugged, “She’s family.”

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

“How far is it?” he asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mikaella just shook her head sheepishly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It wasn't hard to guess that "those girls" referred to Kate's ever-shifting dye-jobs, and Vicky's bleach-blonde tresses.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Well, not exactly...*

He laughed it off, “No, no, no. Sorry, I wasn't being clear. I just meant, like, hypothetically, if the salon could magically change your body—not just your hair and nails—what would you do? I think I'd go like an inch or two taller, so I'd be officially over six foot. Maybe shrink my nose a

little, like I don't think I need a nose job or anything, just think I would change that a bit. You?" If there was one thing the full-blooded Asians always harped on, it was the size of his nose.

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

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

"She wouldn't stand a chance." He agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

"Yup! Is that so much to ask for?"

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

She waved the compliment off. "Guys always say that when they think you're insecure."

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

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

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

"Thanks for the ride!"

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

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

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

*I wonder what she makes of all this?*

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

*What if she just thinks it’s love?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Shit! The landlords are selling?*

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

*Landlady, then.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ania was not half-bad looking herself. Black hair, sharp black eyebrows, dark brown eyes, a somewhat large nose, but still far from unattractive. Her looks and the slightest hints of her accent told him she was probably from somewhere in the Eastern Mediterranean, and he guessed her age at somewhere around late thirties, or early forties. It helped that her outfit screamed “Power-MILF.”

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

*Wonder if she has an ass to match?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes, mam.”

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

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

“Oh? May I ask who?”

*Pretty nose question.* “Mikaella.”

“Hmm. And how old are you?”

“Twenty-two.”

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

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

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

“Thank you.”

“What did you study there?”

“I majored in biology.”

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

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

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

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

“So, you like the beach, is that it?”

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

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

“No, not too bad.” *Can’t beat free.*

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

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

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

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

*Bitch!*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“A-L-K-I-M.”

“Last name, and your number?”

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

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

“Thank you, Mrs. Davtyan.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## XVII - Arousal

### Kate

Kate loved kissing girls.

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

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

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

They were dressed in matching lace corsets, though Kate's was much looser out of necessity. Those great, big boobs of hers spilled out over the top, creating tall bubbles of milky-white cleavage that made Dana seem flat chested in comparison.

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

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

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

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

Everything, except for the mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What up sluuuut?" she grinned.

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

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

The blond slapped Kate's butt.

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

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

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

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

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

Kate bit her lip involuntarily.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What the fuck!" Kate screamed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then he squeezed.

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

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

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

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

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

“Just stay right there.” He ordered.

Kate was confused, but her body obeyed despite her unease.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That was too much for Kate to endure.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Ella?*

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

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

*Ganymede?*

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

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

"Look who's bi after all!"

*What? Vicky?*

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

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

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

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

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

Then Kate felt hands clamping down on her waist.

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

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

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

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

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

It took only one savage thrust to break her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Please, please, no more...*

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

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

"WOOHOOO!!! GO ALKIM!"

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

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

"Damn! Look at those titties swinging!"

"We knew she wanted this all along!"

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

"They all deserve to feel this good!"

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

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

“Oh my god!”

“She looks so fertile!”

“He’s gonna knock her up for sure!”

“Imagine the milkers she’ll grow then!”

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

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

*NO!*

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

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

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

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

*Oh. Damn.*

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

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

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

*Fuck it.*

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

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

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

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

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

The time read twelve-thirty-four p.m.

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

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

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

*Mmmmmm. Alkim's cooking something good.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Of course I did.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Too easy.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Well, those were store-bought.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was a fucking breast-pump.

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

“Shit, you okay?” asked Alkim.

“What the fuck dude?” she yelled.

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

“I don’t remember that!?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What kind of problems?”

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

“Wait, what? Seriously?”

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

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

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

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

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

*Oh, right.* “Good point.”

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

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

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

Kate read it.

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

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

“Fuck!”

“I know.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Ugh, fine. Let’s set one up.”

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

“The hell is that supposed to mean?”

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

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

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

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

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

“Signals?”

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

“I don’t believe you.”

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

“Like what? Give me the deets.”

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

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

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

“You’re lying!”

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

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

“Okay, you win. I believe you.”

“Told you, she wants me.”

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

“Don’t be gross, Kate.”

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

*Magical dick, even.*

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

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

“Oh, is that all?”

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

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

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

“Thick?”

“Old,” he admitted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh, right.”

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

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

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

“Coom-what?”

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

“I don’t fucking speak Latin, dude.”

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

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

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

“But she’s only twenty-five?”

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

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

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

“I don’t believe it.”

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

“Seriously?”

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

“That’s fucking nuts.”

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

“Damn, the straights are not alright.”

“We are not,” he agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

“But what if you woke up her grandkids?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

He scratched his chin, considering, strategizing.

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

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

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

*Who does?*

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

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

Kate sighed. “You know what I meant.”

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

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

Alkim knocked on her door a few minutes later.

“What?” asked Kate.

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

*Not really.*

“Whatever, sure.”

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

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

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

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

“No thanks.” She tossed the manual back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Post-what?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What?”

“My point, dammit! Just look down.”

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

She was lactating again.

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

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

“But I don’t have a fucking baby!”

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

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

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

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

“Seriously? Pads?”

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

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

“It’ll wash out.”

*Dick.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What for?”

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

“Why?”

“Sterilization, helps the milk stay clean longer.”

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

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

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

“Whatever, just do it.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

*How nice of him to volunteer.*

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

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

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

“Good, now just hold the flanges there.”

*Flange?*

“The what?”

Alkim sighed, “The suction-cups.”

Kate held the suction cups to her leaking teats.

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

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

“Oooooohhhhh.”

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

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

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

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

"How long will this take?" asked Kate.

Alkim answered without making eye contact.

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

"Soooo, how long?"

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

"Thirty minutes?!"

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

*Ugh. How is this my fucking life?*

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

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

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

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

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

Alkim checked his phone again.

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

“What? You got plans or something?”

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

“Picking her up from what?”

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

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

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

“Not every girl, but Mikaella for sure. She needs some spice in her look.” *And some T&A.*

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

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

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

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

“Damn, yeah. That sounds awful.”

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

“Would you ever work in tech again?”

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

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

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

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

That was even more unexpected. “Explain.”

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

*What?!*

“You? Porn? Seriously?”

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

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

“No fucking way. She said yes?”

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

“Holy shit,” she murmured.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Damn, really?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alkim was a genuine freak of nature, yet he didn’t seem to understand that if he did porn with Mikaella, the primary draw would not be his dollar-store ABG, it would be the insane loads of cum he splattered onto her, and the unmistakable joy she took in feeding her cum addiction on camera.

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

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

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

“Want me to do it?” asked Alkim.

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

“Sure, knock yourself out.”

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

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

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

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

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

“Hey, Alkim.”

“Yeah?”

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

Alkim's eyebrows furrowed. “Seriously?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I know, right?”

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

He nodded. “Fucking raking it in.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What?”

He grinned. “Goth Milk.”

They laughed together.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Nah, normal amount.”

“You’re sure?”

“Positive. Good color too.”

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

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

“Fascinating.” said Kate, deadpan.

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

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

His lips pursed. “How sore?”

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

“It was only twenty minutes.”

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

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

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

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

“Like what?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alkim saved her from further introspection by agreeing.

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

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

“I do.”

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

“Why? I asked you to, didn’t I?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Just go until I tell you to stop.” she said, then closed her eyes and let him take the pain and soreness away.

A few seconds later, she felt his hot breath on her sensitive right nipple. His wet lips briefly nuzzled at the hardened nub before they enveloped the whole of her areola, and the weight of his head settled on her lap.

Then he began to suckle.

*Fuck. Fuck! Fuuuuuuuck...*

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

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

“Mmmmmm,” Kate hummed automatically.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Sure, Kate, whatever you want.”

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

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

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

*Oooooohhhh. Shit.*

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

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

“Hm?” he mumbled in acknowledgement, keeping his mouth on her nipple.

“Did you do this to me?” she asked.

His lips unsealed so he could speak. “Do what?”

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

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

“I think so.” He half-confessed.

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

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

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

She nodded. “Yeah.”

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

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

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

“Whatever your brain wants? So, just big, milky boobs?” She couldn’t help but laugh at the absurdity of it all; that he was such a boob-guy that his chemistry powers had transformed her boobs into overgrown milkers without his conscious mind ever pitching in.

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

“Eh, it’s not your fault.”

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

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

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

“True, I had no idea what I was doing. Well, actually this morning, I figured out how to do one thing.”

“What?”

“I made my own Adderall, internally.”

“Holy shit, really?”

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

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

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

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

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

Kat didn't take long to decide.

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

"I can deal with the side effects, if you promise to help get me through them." She squeezed her tits together between her elbows, and his eyes predictably locked right onto them.

*You broke them, you buy them.*

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

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

Kate leaned down and hugged him tightly, partially smothering him in the process, not that he minded. She let him go and breathed a sigh of relief, as though two huge weights were lifted from her shoulders.

*Whatever happens next, I won't have to deal with it alone.*

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

"Oh, right. Mouth, or tits?" Kate wasn't sure which would feel better right then. "I don't care, dealer's choice."

Of course, Alkim chose tits.

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

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

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

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

"Yup. I'm good, focused. Think I might get started on that website now."

"Perfect," he got out of her bed and stood up, "Because I've gotta go pick Mikaella up from the salon."

“Okay. Have fun.” *Have fun?*

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

“Count on it.”

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

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

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

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

*Fuck it.*

Kate: Hey

Kate: Guess what I can do now?

Dana: ???

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

Dana: OMG

Dana: MOMMY!

Dana: Sorry

Dana: MOMMY!

Dana: Sorry

Dana: MOMMY!

*Well, alright then. Dana likes milk.*

## XVIII - Star Power

### Mikaella

Mikaella was having a very productive day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She waited with bated breath for his approval.

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

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

*Oh, thank God!*

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

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

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

*God, he's so fucking sweet!*

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

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

Her reverie was interrupted by something Alkim said.

"Sorry, what was that?"

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

"My mom has six siblings, and they all have kids, and most of them have kids of their own now."

"Do you have any siblings?"

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

"Oh, sorry to hear that."

"It's fine."

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

"Oh, can you put the windows up, please?" she asked. "I don't want to mess up my hair." *Not yet anyway...*

"Sure."

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

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

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

"Oh? Is that what you bought today?"

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

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

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

“Really? No costume?” Her sugar daddies would have jumped at the chance to get her in either of these outfits, and it seemed like most of the internet agreed with them.

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

*Awww! That’s really sweet!* “If you say so!”

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

“Makes sense.” Mikaella agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Ta-da!” She did a spin and stopped facing him, hands on her hips. “What do you think?”

“Perfect, just like that.” Alkim lifted the camera to his eye and started taking pictures.

She followed his lead.

*Click.*

“Bend over for me.”

Mikaella bent over.

*Click, click.*

“Hands and knees.”

She got down on her hands and knees.

*Click, click, click.*

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

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

*Click, click, click, click.*

“Perfect! Have I ever told you what a pretty pussy you have?”

*Aw!*

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

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

*Click, click, click, click, click.*

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

*Can the camera see how wet he’s making me?*

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

*Oh, thank god!*

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

*Ugh! Just let me suck your dick already!* “Sure!” Mikaella agreed.

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

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

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

“Not really, it’s not hard to frame the perfect subject.”

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

The combination of praise and grinding was making him stiff, and soon the fabric of his shorts was poking the exposed portion of her ass.

*Time for the main event!*

Mikaella licked her lips.

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

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

“Oh! I was thinking about that,” *soooo muuuch*, “so I ended up watching some porn to see how the pros do it, and it gave me a few ideas.”

“Watching some porn” was underselling her research. Mikaella had sorted through the top blowjob videos on a half dozen websites and studied the most viewed ones carefully, taking much more detailed notes than she’d ever taken in school.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Wait, does he watch porn?*

“You watch porn, right?” she asked.

He scratched behind his head. “I did, yeah. Kind of a lot of porn, to be honest. And I started watching a lot more after I moved in here, for obvious reasons.”

*Of course, the titty monster. Wait-*

“Did? Does that mean you stopped?”

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

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

Her gaze drifted to the crotch of his shorts.

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

*God, he has such a sexy laugh... Agh! Focus!*

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

*This video needs to be good if we're gonna make next month's rent payment. Well, if I'm gonna make that payment...*

Then she had it.

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

"Come in," said Alkim.

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

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

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

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

Mikaella strutted towards him, nervously twirling her new pink highlights around her fingers.

"I, um, need to talk to you about... something."

"Ugh, what is it now?"

She bit her lip, put her hands behind her back, and thrust out her meager chest. "I can't make rent this month..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Really? Anything?” he asked.

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

“Anything,” she whispered.

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

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

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

“Yes.”

“Yes, who?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*That should play well on camera!*

“Well, either you’re gonna learn how, or I’m gonna get a new roommate. Your choice.”

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

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

*Men...*

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

That turned out to be much harder than it sounded.

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

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

It took all her focus to not immediately comply with his performative demands. Tentatively, she grabbed the shaft around the middle, like she was intimidated by its size; like she wasn’t already intimately familiar with every inch of this dick. She squeezed, making sure the camera would capture how big it looked in her little hand, then pulled his foreskin taut, displaying the fullness of his dick.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She’d completely forgotten to flinch for the first couple of hits and just stared at the dick with wide eyes, her pupils tracking the plump crown until it settled against her lips. Then, she remembered she was supposed to hate this. Mikaella glared up at the camera defiantly, slowly opened her mouth, and let him push the head of his cock inside.

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

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

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

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

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

*Good fuckdoll.*

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

*Yes... I'm a good fuckdoll...*

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

*I never suggested that name: he chose to call me that all on his own. That has to mean something, right? It means he thinks I'm cute, little thing he can move and pose and fuck however he likes...*

*I must be a good fuckdoll for real!*

Unthinkingly, her bobbing mouth had been getting progressively lower on each downstroke. Her lips were now halfway down his cock.

*Ooops! Got a bit carried away there. Gotta struggle more!*

She stopped bobbing her head and pretended to gag, averting her eyes like she was embarrassed, or scared of throwing up.

Another splash of precum hit her tongue.

Immediately, and as loudly as possibly, she sucked and slurped it down, lapping at every vein and fold of skin.

*Mmmmmm! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!*

"Ahhhhh," Alkim sighed, "that's it. Keep it up."

So, she did, in character, sucking and jerking Alkim's cock with not a word nor a single drop escaping her mouth.

Every minute or so she'd switch between focusing on the cock and staring up at the camera. She loved making eye contact with her mouth around him; it always made their connection feel so much more real, more emotional, and more intense for both mind and body.

That's why she was having such a hard time keeping her gaze fixed on the camera, and not Alkim's piercing, brown eyes.

*He really does have perfect lashes.*

To an outsider, it might have looked like Alkim was content to sit there and point the camera at the blowjob, yet after a few minutes of this, Mikaella started to notice that, while he kept the camera and his eyes pointed at her, it seemed more like he wasn't looking at her, but through her.

Sometimes guys did that when they wanted to keep from cumming too soon, but that usually meant closing their eyes completely to avoid overstimulation. Mikaella felt none of the signs of an impending orgasm from Alkim. If anything, her restrained enthusiasm meant he should take longer to finish.

For a moment, Mikaella worried she wasn't pleasing him, but then she tasted more of his precum, and her worries vanished. His dick wouldn't have rewarded her if her technique was off.

That pensive, thoughtful face of his meant something more, like there was something else distracting him.

She wanted to talk to him, ask him if everything was alright, but not enough to take her mouth off him. Once started, Mikaella found it almost impossible to stop until she'd gotten a load out of him.

*Maybe he's just concerned about the shot? We should probably learn sign language, or Morse code. That way, we could still talk to each other like this. I could tap out little messages on his leg asking if I'm doing a good job, if I should go lower, if I could start playing with myself...*

*I wonder, what's he thinking about?*

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## Alkim

Even before Alkim became aware of his abilities, it was clear to him that Mikaella was enjoying these blowjobs, his cum, and his precum, far more than was normal for any woman.

He hadn't the faintest clue why until he took note of some of the compounds his Cowper's gland was infusing his precum with. None were particularly exotic, just naturally occurring neurotransmitters, at very potent doses. Altogether, they would drastically increase the pleasure she felt, and the levels spiked every time she received a blast of precum.

Just then, as if to prove his point, he felt the rush of fluid up his urethra, and a moment later he felt her tongue curling around his cockhead, followed by renewed and powerful suction on his cock.

He groaned and let her please him.

The explanation for this phenomenon was clear enough to him. Alkim liked getting his dick sucked, so his body made sure Mikaella enjoyed it just as much as he did, and continuously at that. If it were just his orgasm that brought her pleasure, that would have trained Mikaella to just rush for the finish line to get her reward. Instead, the constant drip-feeding of precum encouraged her to edge him for as long as possible, which was always how he preferred to masturbate whenever time allowed.

Now, he had proof that her oral fixation was not merely some kink, nor a pathological need to be a people-pleaser: she was receiving a steady stream of mind-altering chemicals through his precum.

In fact, they'd probably been training each other. Over the last few days, marathon bouts of oral sex must have become very routine for the both of them, as evidenced by their mutual performances this morning. Both were now capable of completing this exchange of fluids without any need for conscious control over their bodies.

*Pavlov's friend with benefits? Damn, that's so... fucking hot!*

And that wasn't all his body was dosing her with. There was spilanthal to stimulate her salivary glands, and endorphins to give her energy and to keep her jaws from aching. There were also hormones present, but not the same mixture he'd given to Kate, and their names and functions were beyond him just then.

Alkim let himself get distracted by the sight of Mikaella's cheeks hollowing in and out as her head bobbed halfway down, paired with that twisting squeezing from her hands pumping the remainder of his shaft. It felt even better than it looked, and it looked absolutely perfect.

It took another minute before he regained focus. What he needed was the full picture, and to get that, he needed to sample Mikaella's internal chemistry.

Unfortunately for Alkim, his little blowjob-princess wasn't producing delicious breastmilk that he could analyze by simply tasting it and checking for any unexpected chemicals. This would require more imagination and experimentation than he'd expected.

He thought about various monitoring techniques he'd used at the hospital: EKG machines, thermometers, pulse oximeters, and various blood testing devices. Blood testing would be the most informative, but he didn't want to make her bleed.

*There must be some way to check her indirectly or diffusely: some method my body must already be employing to ensure Kate and Mikaella aren't given more than they can handle...*

Then it occurred to Alkim: he already had one highly sensitive, blood-filled organ in close contact with Mikaella's system. The skin in her mouth and throat was not completely open, but it was semi-permeable.

*Will that be enough?*

There was only one way to find out.

"Alright, slut. Time to prove yourself."

Alkim took a handful of Mikaella's new highlights, wrapped them around his right hand like boxing tape, and pressed her head down.

Mikaella stayed in character too. She whined with her mouth around the top third of his shaft, and looked up at him with pouty eyes, but submissively allowed him to plug her mouth completely. He loved the vibrations she sent up his shaft, that sulky face stretched around his dick, the constant flicking of the expert tongue around his crown.

It really was working for him.

But this wasn't just about his pleasure, or the video they were shooting. Kinky as it was, this was a crucial experiment, and even something of a health check.

He shifted and intensified his chemical awareness onto his receptive cockhead, now lodged in Mikaella's throat. He could sense the countless little capillaries just beneath the surface, and their proximity to her cells just beyond the reach of his power. He was almost there, but he needed more. Not just more stimulation, but more contact.

Every thirty seconds or so he pulled Mikaella up to his tip and slowly pushed her back down his shaft. At first, he did so gently, but after the third time when she didn't tap out or mumble her safe word, he started shoving her head down deeper. Eventually, he progressed to the point where her lips were sealed just above his balls, and his cockhead was lodged in her throat.

After holding still like this for some time, it almost felt to Alkim as if the thin layers of skin that separated them were fading away, dissolving to nothingness.

Then, his awareness exploded outwards, like he'd been wearing his binoculars backwards, and had only just flipped them around. He was an explorer navigating an undiscovered river, mapping the current of chemicals circulating throughout Mikaella's body.

He was able to sense the various electrolytes in her plasma, blood sugars, and everything else the human body needed to sustain itself. Every beat of her heart brought him a new stream of information, just over one per second, constantly refreshing and expanding his connection to her body.

*Ha! Elizabeth Holmes can suck my dick!*

He pumped his free fist in triumph.

Were this a probe or monitor he'd designed, it could have easily won a Nobel prize in medicine. Of course, he couldn't exactly replicate and publish his discoveries, but he refused to let that spoil this achievement.

In a way, this was the most intimate connection he'd ever shared with another human being. Yet, he still needed more information, and his newfound chemoreception technique seemed to work best when the contact between them was maximized.

Staying in character, Alkim said what he thought a scumbag douchebro would say in this situation.

“Pretty good job deepthroating, suckslut. But I wanna know how long you can hold your breath.” He shoved her head down, keeping his hand on her new highlights, and watched her eyes, ensuring he was ready to pull her free at the first signs of struggle. “Take. It. all.” he grunted between each word. When her lips had again taken him to the root, he called her a “good fuckdoll,” and went back to concentrating on the link between their systems.

It wasn't long before he noticed something truly odd.

After a minute like this, Mikaella's blood oxygen levels were still remarkably high. They only began to drop after ninety seconds, and slowly at that. When the second minute rolled around her oxygen saturation levels still hadn't dropped below ninety-five percent, while her eyes were still lively and perfectly focused on the camera, at least whenever she wasn't focused on Alkim himself.

Mikaella seemed eager to prove she was a good suckslut, and it became clear to him that she wasn't going to back out, nor would she take a single breath without his permission.

*How is she doing this? I've never seen her go swimming, jogging, or do cardio of any kind...*

Alkim concentrated once again on her bloodstream, but took a wider view this time, and noted with some confusion that the fluid itself was thicker than his own.

Only then did Alkim finally identify the main hormone his body was supplying her with.

*Erythropoietin?*

A hormone that increases red-blood-cell counts, and the cell's corresponding levels of hemoglobin, a molecule which carries oxygen.

*Holy shit! No wonder she can hold her breath for so long! All the cum and precum she's drunk must have added up to one intense blood-doping treatment. Mikaella could probably give Lance Armstrong a run for his money. Fuck, she might be able to rawdog Mount Everest, without bottled oxygen!*

Now it was all falling into place. Though he'd wanted to see Mikaella with more curves, whenever she was sucking him off, all his priorities must have become very blowjob-centric. That also explained what all the extra calories in her diet had gone into. While Kate's body had immediately prioritized breast growth, Mikaella's body had instead been conditioning itself to win a gold medal in fellatio.

*Wonder if her myoglobin levels are equally high. She'd probably kill it as a free diver. Maybe I should take her out to Catalina sometime...*

Then he checked his phone and was shocked to find it had been more than three minutes since her last breath. Any other woman might have passed out sixty seconds ago, yet Mikaella's tongue and lips remained active the entire time, and she was looking up at him with unshaken determination to please him.

Hot as that was for him to realize, they were still recording, and this deepthroating session had progressed from a sexual spectacle into the realm of medical intrigue. Alkim was not quite ready to draw that kind of attention to himself nor his cumslut just yet.

He pulled her up by her long hair. Mikaella gasped lightly, still connected to Alkim with strands of drool, yet she still didn't look nearly as rough as one might expect after nearly three minutes of continuous deepthroating.

"Holy shit-" he caught himself nearly using her name "-girl?! You a professional dicksucker or something?"

"Yes, sir." She nodded obediently and gave him one long lick from his balls up his shaft and to the head of his cock. Alkim's hand was still wrapped up in her hair, but the motion was all from Mikaella.

She hardly looked taxed by the experience and clearly wanted to start round two.

"Fucking hell. Keep that up, fuckdoll, and maybe I won't make you pay me back for this month."

He aimed his headcam at the thick, purplish ring of lipstick, a mark of her complete mastery over all things oral sex.

If anything, his hand in her hair was only reining in her full potential.

*Freestyle time.*

He let go of her hair, allowing Mikaella to make him cum at her own pace.

Immediately, she descended back onto the cock, slurping and bobbing away like a woman possessed. It was like she loved his dick more than the air she breathed. In fact, that might literally be true now that he's made her so much less dependent on continuous breathing.

*What if I did the same thing to my blood and muscles? It'd make me a lot better at everything from swimming, to running, to eating pussy... Hell, I've been thinking too small this whole time. This morning I'd been impressed by growing tits, and making amphetamines, but I could change my own body in countless tiny ways if I only taught myself how: antibodies for any disease, poison resistance, rapid healing, cancer prevention...*

He was starting to fathom the limitless potential of this power, a power that put him at the absolute cutting edge of human biochemical enhancement.

No one else could match what he'd achieved in mere days, operating on pure instinct, and without any need for needles, measurements, or a supplier of chemicals. Over a greater timescale, there was no limit to what he could learn about the human body, about his power of chemical control, and no limit to what he could change.

*And to think, a year ago I would have settled for something as trivial as a medical degree. Ha!*

This was exactly what he'd wanted to do with his knowledge, his degree: real experimental science. But to do that, he would need a test subject: someone to practice on, to help him hone his techniques.

And who better than Mikaella?

She was the perfect candidate for such an experiment. Mikaella had already confessed to an entire list of body image issues, issues he could remedy with ease, and without any changes in their routine. Instead of accidentally giving Kate tiny doses of laced saliva, he could introduce huge quantities of chemicals directly into Mikaella's mouth and stomach.

He could give her exactly the body they both wanted: busty, petite, one her cousins and former classmates would look at with envy. A body superior to anything her former sugar daddy could acquire with all the money and cosmetic surgeries at his disposal.

Still, while he hadn't exactly given that pass/fail bioethics class his full attention, his professor was pretty clear on the importance of getting informed consent from test subjects, and Alkim was about seventy percent sure not disclosing the experiment to Mikaella would violate the Geneva Convention.

Yet, despite their intimate physical proximity, and their new business relationship as co-pornstars, Mikaella hadn't been much more than an acquaintance until a few days ago. There was a lot he still didn't know about her, including how she might react, or how well she did with secrets.

*Even if she didn't mean to out me, accidents happen. The wrong ears at the wrong time, and I could wind up as the unfortunate lab rat. But it's way too late to stop the experiment or break off our new relationship. She's addicted to me now. I did that to her, but I don't have the faintest clue how to reverse that process. Not like I can send her to rehab for a blowjob addiction.*

*Then again, why would she want me to undo anything? Haven't I already improved her life for the better?*

*Thanks to me, she cums like crazy from blowjobs, she doesn't have to date disgusting old men, she can hold her breath like a champion diver, and she's a lot happier now than when I first met her. It's not like she won't enjoy the treatment and the results. She might just thank me for everything, then ask for seconds...*

*Fuck it!*

*If it doesn't work then we keep things as-is. If it does work, I'll tell her how I did it, and if she really wants, I can undo it.*

Alkim figured that her blood was probably about as oxygen carrying as it could get without thickening to the point of danger. Short of rearranging her airways to make choking impossible, she was about as physically gifted of a cocksucker as she would ever need to be. He didn't want to risk her forming any dangerous blood clots, so he halted further production of erythropoietin.

It was time to guide her transformation in a new and much more visually interesting direction.

He imagined that flat chest of hers filling out, growing, and growing, until those tits were big enough to completely smother his dick. Only the head would be able to escape her cleavage, and she'd bend over to suck on it while she bounced her huge tits over the rest of his cock, pausing only to combine his cum with her own breastmilk...

*Oooohhh fuuuuck! Yes! The blowjob-titfuck-lactation combo: that should be my first objective.*

Ever since he'd gotten hooked on big titty porn, Alkim had always wanted to try tittyfucking, but he'd never been with any woman that was chesty enough to pull it off. If he could grow Mikaella's tits to that size, and get her producing milk like Kate, he would have proof positive in his ability to consciously change the physiology of another human being.

Not exactly his loftiest goal, but it was just a start.

He concentrated on his balls, temporarily halting all testosterone production, instead directing them to function temporarily as supercharged ovaries. Soon they were producing levels of feminizing hormones far above Mikaella's natural baseline, especially estrogen, and prolactin.

*Mikaella said she wanted to be bustier than Hannah. It would be rude not to give her what she wanted, ungentlemanly, even.*

Bigger tits, wider hips, and a fatter ass to boot: that would be his gift to her, and to himself.

*Oh man, we could track her progress on our OnlyFans, get the people invested in her growing figure! Note to self, get all her measurements right after this, before she starts her second puberty.*

The mixture was almost perfected, yet Alkim felt there was something missing.

He couldn't quite shake his earlier paranoia over how Mikaella might react to these changes, or if she discovered he was the cause of them.

*Why had Kate not seemed the least bit upset with me over her recent transformation, even with all the assorted inconveniences those giant, lactating breasts had caused her?*

He wanted to believe it was just because they were good friends, or because his abilities had saved her life last night, but that couldn't be all of it. Kate may have come to that conclusion eventually, but that kind of acceptance usually came after the inevitable blowup.

He'd expected her to get mad at him, kick him out, and then apologize later and accept his help. But the predicted freakout never came.

*Why not?*

The answer came to him from an ethology lecture two years prior that dealt with reproductive behavior in animals.

*“Oxytocin: the love hormone. It's known to help with trust, and social bonding between partners, but especially between nursing mothers and their children...”*

*Holy shit.*

The physical act of titsucking, combined with his pleasure-inducing chemical output, must have caused his chesty bestie to feel closer to him than ever before. Kate, who trusted him with a key to her house after just three days, may have just trusted him with the keys to her body.

Now, for his own safety, he had to bring Mikaella up to that same level, and fast. If she responded like Kate, she would view everything he did through rose-tinted glasses, and value physical intimacy with him far too much to ever go against him.

*Combining oxytocin with serotonin and natural endorphins should amplify the euphoric effect on her emotional state.*

A quick scan of his chemical output revealed there were already elevated levels of such compounds present in his cum. His subconscious must have already worked out pieces of the same problem. That was a good start.

Alkim increased the concentrations of each by an order of magnitude.

*Leave nothing to chance.*

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## Mikaella

Mikaella remembered that guys liked when she had to struggle a bit, but no matter how long and how deeply she took him, it was like her brain never fogged up. She had to remind herself to make those choking and gagging sounds every now and then for the benefit of both Alkim and their future audience.

Never before had she taken to any sport or physical activity so quickly. She felt like she could hold him there forever, but he was too concerned with her safety to ever let her try for more than a few minutes.

At least, she thought it was a few minutes.

*How long have we been recording?*

Mikaella wasn't exactly tired, but her research showed that more than twenty minutes was probably a waste of time.

She tapped her wrist as though she had a watch, and Alkim turned his phone to show her the time.

*Thirty minutes? Time really does fly when you're having fun.*

This could be B-roll then, something to share with their higher tier subscribers. She trusted Alkim to decide that later. After all, he was both their editor, and their target audience.

"Is your jaw getting tired? Do you need a break" asked Alkim.

"NGGHH!"

Mikaella shook her head. Though, the fact that she kept blowing him with the same intensity as before was probably answer enough.

Sweet of him to ask, though.

"Good, you're doing great, but I should probably do more, yeah? Some more dirty talk?"

*Sounds hot.*

She gave him a thumbs up.

"Cool. Is it okay if I get rough again?"

*Please!*

Two thumbs up.

"Mmmm. Kay. I should probably move the other camera soon, get a video of your ass with you fingering yourself, sound good?"

*Oh fuck, yes! I need that!*

"Mmmmmhmmmm!" she hummed.

“Oh, are you cool with full nudity?”

*Whatever you want!*

“Whhabbbebernuwaan!” she gurgled.

He laughed, “Was that a yes?”

She nodded furiously, effectively face-fucking herself in the process.

He sighed in contentment, letting her keep up this pace for a while longer before he finally reined her in.

“Fuuuuuck. That feels so good, Mikaella, but I’m gonna need you to go slower again, for the video.”

*Oh, right, I’m the reluctant brat.*

Reluctantly, she slowed down her enthusiastic cocksucking.

Alkim breathed out slowly, “Okay, gonna cut back into the video in three, two, one, action.”

Then he grabbed a clump of hair and yanked her off his dick.

“Who owns this mouth?”

“You-agh-do!” she gasped theatrically.

He slammed her head back down, fucking her throat for a few seconds before lifting her head again.

“Are you my private slut?” he hissed.

That word would have sent her into screaming white hot rage if it came from any other person.

*YES! YES! YES!*

“MHM!” she moaned and nodded her consent.

“Until you start paying rent, you’re forbidden to see any other dicks, got it?”

*NEVER! Only this dick, I promise!*

She nodded again.

“This is all your fault, you know. Always traipsing around in those slutty outfits of yours.”

*Traipsing?*

He grunted and thrust up into her mouth. “Given me so many fucking hard-ons. It’s about fucking time that you started pulling your weight, fuckdoll, cumslut!”

Mikaella whined with her mouth full, then nodded in submission. She took one hand off his prick and slid it underneath her soaked panties.

Then, just when she started fingering herself, Alkim abruptly yanked his cock out of her mouth, again.

“The fuck are you doing?” he demanded.

“Huh?” She was momentarily dazed from the sudden loss of dick.

“Well?” He huffed, grabbing his cock by the base. “Did I give you permission to use only one hand?”

“N-no, sir!”

Alkim slapped her cheek with his hard dick, getting drool and precum all over her skin, even on her lips. She just barely resisted the impulse to lick it off immediately.

“Does sucking me off make you horny?”

He cockslapped her again.

*More than anything!*

“Yes, sir!”

“Do you need to play with yourself while you suck my dick?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Then beg me, slut.”

“Sir, can I play with myself?”

Another cockslap.

“Tut tut, say it right: ‘*May I?*’”

She was too horny to laugh at that.

*Only Alkim could correct my grammar and almost make me squirt at the same time!*

“Sir, MAY I play with myself?”

Another cockslap.

He wagged his finger at her. “Ah, ah, ah, you didn’t say the magic word.”

Mikaella was no longer feigning her desperation to touch her pussy.

“Please! Please! Please! May I play with myself?!?”

His cock hit her again.

“Sir!” she appended.

Alkim grinned. “You may, but first you have to show me what you’ve been hiding under this.” He grabbed a handful of her top with one hand and smacked her ass with the other.

Mikaella pouted but complied. She pulled her top off and threw it off the mattress. Then, she turned around and did the same with her skirt and panties, looking over her shoulder to ensure Alkim and the Camera were getting a decent view of her bits.

“Damn, girl, looks like you’ve been holding out on me.” He spanked her ass hard, drawing a quick yelp from her. “I should have been tapping that months ago.”

She did not disagree.

Now, fully nude, Mikaella turned back to face him, bent over and started going to town on her pussy. She was just about to take Alkim’s dick back into her mouth when he scooted back and stole it away from her.

She whined involuntarily at the loss, eying the dribbling cock as its owner got out of bed.

“Just hold that position while I move the other camera, so we can cut between your face and your pussy.”

*Ooooooh, right...*

Mikaella got a hold of herself, slowing but not stopping her masturbation while she waited for him to get everything set up correctly.

“Haaaang onnnn... got it. Can you bend forward a little more?”

Mikaella bent forward.

“Looks great! I’m gonna check the other angle, and then we can go back to filming, okay?”

“Yes, sir.”

*Sir?*

Mikaella felt a flash of embarrassment at calling him “sir” while they were between shots, like she’d just called her teacher “mom” in the middle of class. She was probably taking their roleplaying too seriously, but Alkim didn’t seem to notice.

*Or maybe he did notice, and he liked it...*

She started rubbing her needy clit faster. That helped to tide her over until the dick returned.

“Okay, looks great from here. I’m coming back now.”

Alkim got back to the head of her bed, just in front of her. Her eyes were laser focused on that hard dick. It bobbed and swayed at the base, but the shaft was still rigid, like it was on hold for her. There was magenta smeared all over the shaft, forming a ring around the base, and she wondered if there was any lipstick left on her face.

As it moved little droplets of precum and saliva were shed all over her bedding.

Mikaella swallowed her drool and clenched her teeth. That was the only way she could think to keep her mouth closed with that dripping dick so close.

“Okay, can you bend forward a little more? Now raise your hips, shake your ass.”

Mikaella did as instructed, shaking her ass for Alkim like a bitch in heat.

“Looks great.” He smiled down at her. “Just wanted to make sure I could see your ass from this angle. Oh, your makeup.”

“What? Is there something wrong with it?”

“No, that’s what I meant. It still looks great, but there probably should be something wrong, right? Like, some mascara running down your face would really sell the whole ‘reluctant’ look.”

“Oh yeah!”

That was clever of him. If her eyes weren’t going to tear up naturally, they could always fake it.

He helped her along even more by holding his phone up to her face so she could mess herself up correctly. Mikaella licked her thumb and began debasing the makeup job her cousin had spent an hour perfecting.

Satisfied with her handiwork, she looked up at Alkim with her cuntiest expression for evaluation.

“Perfect. Alright, we can cut around that interruption. Now I guess you can just do whatever you want for the next few minutes, and I’ll tell you when I’m about to finish.”

The moment those wonderful words registered in Mikaella’s brain, her jaw fell open, her body lunged forward, and her mouth was once again fastened to the tip of his cock.

This was the final stretch: time for her to go all out and get real messy.

She moved her hand up and down in perfect sync with her face, lips stretched wide by his girthy shaft, spittle and precum escaping through the corners of her mouth. While one worked his shaft, the other worked her clit.

The most wonderful thing about blowing Alkim was that it never felt like a blowjob, but a blowjob. Sucking him off always brought her more pleasure than she could ever get alone, or with any of her previous partners. His orgasms were always repaid to her body, and with interest.

“Oh, fuuuuck!” He moaned. “I’m getting close!”

*He’s close! Yay!*

“Don’t stop, slut!”

*Never!*

He started thrusting into her; not too much, just a little facefucking to help himself finish.

She watched his face for tells, so that the camera could catch her reaction when he finally came.

Alkim grunted, stiffened, and gritted his teeth. His cock grew more rigid and pulsed between her fingers.

*This is it! The moneyshot!*

Mikaella rubbed her clit a few more times, then shifted that hand to his huge balls, cradling them from underneath, doing everything she could to coax out as big of a load as possible.

She pulled back so that he was no longer in her throat. Lately, she’d started letting the first half of it shoot down her throat. It was easier that way. less risk of choking or spillage. But she wanted them to see her taste it, she wanted them to see her choke, to see just how much cum there was.

Everyone should see how perfect this dick was.

She felt a pulse in her hand, one powerful enough to widen her grip.

Then she tasted it; that incredible, literally orgasmic flavor coated her tongue in one long stream.

Her eyes widened reflexively, and her tongue lashed about until every square inch of her mouth was saturated in the stuff.

*Ohmygodifuckinglovethiscumsofuckingmuch!*

Mikaella began to cum with him. She stopped thinking about her reluctant character, about restraining herself. Instead, she allowed herself to get carried away by the overwhelming power of his orgasm, and to get lost in their shared bliss.

Instead of a bratty grumble she moaned hungrily, whorishly. There would be no mistaking the sounds she made for anything less than pure, sexual euphoria.

A few more pumps had filled her mouth completely. She swallowed, relishing in the pleasant warmth that traveled the length of her throat. The only comparison she could make was to that first sip of coffee in the morning, but if the coffee also made her orgasm.

A moment later her mouth was filled again, and she swallowed again. Every time she sucked and hollowed in her cheeks, Alkim did his best to get her cheeks bulging out again like a chipmunk's. She was sure every mouthful had to be the last, and every time she was glad to be proven wrong.

Now that the dam was broken, his cock no longer required any more manual stimulation from her. She shifted her hands back down to her pussy, simultaneously rubbing at her clit and stuffing two fingers into her sopping wet vagina.

With each swallow, Mikaella felt the peak of her orgasm rising higher and higher. When he finally slowed, she had no idea how long it'd been going on for, or how much cum she'd swallowed. She was twitching, convulsing, vibrating in total bliss.

Then, to her dismay, Alkim pried his still-fountaining dick from her mouth.

She tried to say "Noooo!" but her mouth was still full, so all that came out was unintelligible gurgling and little cum bubbles that spilled from her lips.

With her hands occupied she couldn't put it back where it belonged.

Then she felt it splashing against her face.

*Ooohhhh fuuuuuuuuck!*

The scent entered her sinuses and Mikaella was instantaneously becalmed. The soothing cream was rapidly coating her face, which meant she could collect it all later.

Instead, she stayed still, swilling that last load in her mouth, as she let him cover her in his essence.

Within seconds, her face and chest were completely coated in the stuff. Mikaella was sure some must have gotten in her eye, yet, somehow, it did not sting.

When she sensed he was finally down, she swallowed the remaining cum in her mouth and took a deep breath. The moment she spread her lips, several more globs fell into her open mouth, and she moaned in renewed bliss.

*Am I crazy, or was that even better than usual?*

“Not bad, fuckdoll,” said Alkim, still in character.

*Oh, right, my character!*

She was so blissed out from all the cum that it took her a moment before she remembered that most girls did not consume Alkim’s impossible loads as part of a balanced breakfast.

“Oh! My! God!” She touched her face, gooping up her hands. “How is there soooo much cum?!” She waved her cum-slathered hands around in confused circles.

“Is that gonna be a problem?”

“N-no, sir.”

“Good, because there’s always more where that came from.”

She licked her cum-stained lips at that promise.

“Now, get yourself cleaned up, cumslut.”

*Mmmmm. Cumslut, I think I like that one best.*

“Yes, sir.”

Alkim stopped, removed his headcam, and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

“Wheeew!” He sighed, grabbed a bottle of Powerade, and quickly chugged it down. “Ahhhh. That was insanely hot! Great job, Mikaella.”

“Thanks!”

Mikaella was not at all certain about her acting chops, but a cumshot from Alkim spoke for itself. She could hardly imagine a more inspiring sight for all the normal dicks out there to cum to.

*Maybe if a hundred of them worked together, they might have a chance at matching half of Alkim's output.*

Mikaella started to sit up straight, keeping her hands under her face to catch any stray droplets of cum before they hit her sheets.

“Wait! Can you hold that position until I get some ‘after’ pics of your face?”

His reminder came just seconds before she started lapping up all the excess.

“Oh, sure!”

“Hold still, please.”

Alkim brought the big Nikon to his face and started snapping more pictures.

*Click, click, click.*

Mercifully, he didn’t take long, and the moment he finished she was free to swallow the rest.

He started checking through the camera’s memory to make sure the recordings worked.

“Did it come out right?” she asked, looking over his shoulder at a video of her pretending to gag on his perfect cock.

“Yep! Everything looks great!”

Mikaella sucked some more cum off her fingers.

“Mmmmm. I think I know what we should title this one: *‘Bratty Asian teen pays her rent in blowjobs! Takes INSANELY HUGE LOAD all over her face!’*”

“That sounds perfect. I’m gonna transfer it over to my laptop now and make sure it’s ready for posting, then I can get started on dinner. You like hotpot, right?”

“I love it! I’m just gonna take a quick shower, kay?”

“Perfect, I’ll have it all ready when you are.”

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After licking herself clean like a cat, plus a quick shower to get the rest, Mikaella joined Alkim in the living room, where he’d set up his electric hotpot and a wide selection of foods to dunk into it: lamb, beef, pork, fish balls, seaweed, onions, cabbage, noodles.

It was probably too much for just the two of them, but she was gonna do her best.

“I don’t know how you have an appetite after all that.” Alkim grinned.

Mikaella blushed, “I don’t know, it’s like starting with dessert, or something. It’s really yummy but it doesn’t fill you up the same way.”

*Come to think of it, I usually feel hungrier after I swallow one of his gigantic loads.*

He raised an eyebrow at her. “Don’t get me wrong, I’d never complain about your appreciation for my you-know-what. I’m just curious; would you say it all gets absorbed really fast?”

“Yeah, I guess so. It’s, like, mostly water, right?”

He paused for a moment, then nodded. “Yeah, mostly. Probably around ninety percent or something.”

Then Alkim put on some kung fu show about old-timey San Francisco, “*Warrior*.” They watched most of an episode before they were interrupted by the titty monster materializing right next to the couch.

“Fuuuck, that smells good,” Kate turned to Alkim, “Mind if I have some?”

Mikaella had been so lost in thought that she hadn’t even heard Kate’s door open. Before she could attempt some sort of girl-to-girl signal that she wanted to be alone with her man, Alkim cut her off.

“Go for it, no way we’re finishing this ourselves.”

*Ugh. There goes date number two, I guess.*

“Cool, thanks dude.” Kate ducked into the kitchen and returned with a bowl and took her seat on Alkim’s right. Those obscene udders of hers didn’t get the memo to sit down and kept jiggling on their own. Kate sniffed the spicy steam more closely. “Ahhhh, zhè shì sìchuān tāng ma?”

“Dùì,” said Alkim.

“What?” asked Mikaella. “What were you saying?”

She hated when they just spoke to each other in Chinese like no one else was around. It was rude.

Alkim slurped up a bit of soup before he answered. “Oh, sorry, she just asked if this was Sichuan soup mix, and I said yes.”

Kate nodded, “I love the spices. Oh, were you guys doing shots?”

“Yup,” said Alkim.

He poured another shot into his and Mikaella’s glasses. Obviously, they hadn’t already set one out for Kate, but instead of getting her own from the kitchen, Kate just grabbed Alkim’s used glass and drank his soju shot.

*Ugh. Gross. What’s wrong with her?*

She was about to whisper to Alkim and point out Kate’s lapsed manners, but, just then, Alkim’s phone shattered ringing, blasting out some kind of house music.

“Oh, I’ve gotta take this. Be back in a few.”

Then he was gone, leaving Mikaella alone with the titty monster.

Mikaella didn’t really want to talk to Kate just then, and apparently Kate didn’t have much to say to Mikaella either. So, the two women went back to eating and watched TV in relative silence for a while.

The petite girl took occasional glances at Kate’s ridiculous cleavage. It was kind of hard to ignore, especially in that undersized tank top of hers. Somehow, those tits seemed even bigger than Mikaella remembered them being mere days ago. A couple inches lower, and they’d be resting in Kate’s lap.

*Guess I’m no better than a man. No wonder Alkim loves them so much.*

The huge-titty goth caught Mikaella looking but didn’t stop her. Worse: she tried to start a conversation.

“So,” Kate began, “how was your... shoot?”

For the first time today, Mikaella almost choked on her meat.

“What are you talking about?”

“Oh, sorry, I didn’t know it was supposed to be a secret. Alkim told me what you two were doing together.”

“He what?” she hissed.

“Hey, don’t get mad at him. I already knew you guys were hooking up, heard you going at it days ago...”

Mikaella just glared at her purple-haired cow of a housemate.

“Relax, girl, I’m not shaming. Alkim only told me because he wanted me to make a website for you guys.”

“Oh? Really?”

Kate nodded, “Yeah, I started it today. Should be done next week.”

That took the rage out of Mikaella’s sails. She didn’t exactly want everyone in the house knowing she was shooting porn with Alkim, but she had to admit to herself, if not to Kate, that it was a smart way of keeping costs down.

“Cool. Thanks, I guess.”

“No problem.” Kate stopped to slurp up a bunch of noodles. “Actually, I’m glad you found something better than being a sugar baby.”

Mikaella had no desire to justify her lifestyle to someone whose advice always boiled down to staying away from men and giving rug munching a chance. She kept her answers curt.

“Thanks.”

“There’s just something I wanted to ask you about,” said Kate.

“What?”

“You and Alkim: are you guys dating, or what?”

*No, I’m his fuckdoll-slash-cumslut.*

Mikaella really didn’t want to talk about this with Kate, especially not with Alkim in the next room, but part of her had to vent to someone, and she didn’t have a lot of options. Plus, if she said nothing, Kate would just assume that meant yes.

She shrugged. “I’m not sure. We haven’t really talked about it yet. I mean, I like him. A lot, I think. But it’s mostly just physical stuff right now. Like... ” *Really, really, intensely physical stuff that makes me cum like never before.* “...ugh, never mind. You wouldn’t get it.”

Mikaella stirred the boiling soup in silence.

“It’s cool, you can tell me.” Kate placed a hand on Mikaella’s shoulder.

Mikaella sighed and took another shot of soju.

“Please don’t be mad at me, but I thought this was gonna be a date. Just the two of us, celebrating our first shoot. Then he invites you in, and it’s like... like there’s never anything that’s just us. Except for...”

Kate leaned in and whispered, “Except the blowjobs?”

“No!” she lied.

“Is it really that good?”

*Like she’d ever understand!*

Mikaella groaned and buried her face in her hands.

“Do you want me to go?” asked Kate.

Mikaella shook her head. “No, it’s fine. Forget I said anything.”

Kate moved closer to pat her on the back, inadvertently squishing her stupid, fat tits against Mikaella’s side.

“Look, I’m not exactly the one to ask about guy problems.”

“No duh.” Mikaella rolled her eyes.

“But I think I know Alkim pretty well by now, and I think I have an idea what the real problem is: you’re worried that you like him a lot more than he likes you.”

*Shit.*

“You’re right; you’re definitely not the one to ask about guy problems.” Mikaella pouted and shrugged off the titty monster’s hand.

“Hey, not saying it’s your fault or anything. He told me once that he’s never had a serious girlfriend.”

Mikaella audibly gasped, “Never?”

“Never. Think about that: four years of high school, no dating, four years of valedictorian pussy at UCLA, and never one serious girlfriend. I just don’t think he’s really the romantic, boyfriend type of guy.”

*I’m such an idiot! No wonder Vicky always calls him slut! Ugh!*

Kate went on, oblivious to Mikaella’s distress. “Like, he did mention this one girl he was with for a couple years in college, but he said they were just friends with benefits.”

Mikaella perked up at that.

“Wait, he had a friend with benefits for two years?! Who was she? What did she look like? Do you know who she was? Do you have her Insta?” Mikaella was loosing questions faster than Kate could answer them.

Kate looked at her strangely. “I don’t remember her name, but he did show me some pics of her. She was supposed to meet us at a party once, but she flaked out. Don’t think I ever got to meet her.”

Mikaella pulled out her phone and went straight to Alkim’s Instagram page. He’d never uploaded more than a few pictures himself—*Ugh, men*—but he was tagged in a lot of pictures with other college students.

She began scrolling through them, disregarding group pics, searching for ones with just Alkim and a girl. Just like Kate said, there was one girl who showed up more than any other. She showed Kate her phone.

“Is this her?”

Kate got closer and enlarged the photo.

"Yeah, I think so."

“You sure?”

“Positive. I remember now: her name was Alyssa, and she looked a lot like-”

“Like me?”

Kate nodded.

She scrolled through the rest of Alyssa’s pics. The physical similarities between them were obvious enough: they were about the same height, both had long black hair, used similar makeup, and both liked to show off a lot of skin around Alkim. Alyssa was paler, with double-eyelids, and slightly bigger boobs, but Mikaella felt confident Alkim would rate them similarly.

“Do you know if they’re still fucking?” asked Mikaella.

“Don’t think so. I’m not one-hundred percent sure, but I think she cut him off or something after graduation.”

The newly minted pornstar breathed a sigh of relief. Alkim never getting into relationships would have been the worst possible outcome for her. But now she knew he did have two years of constant sex with a girl that looked an awful lot like her, and it sounded like he still wanted more.

If Alyssa could keep his interest for that long, then so could Mikaella.

*Maybe I'm not his girlfriend, but I could be anything else: his business partner, his friend with benefits, his fuckdoll, his suckslut. Whatever he wants to call me, I can make it work. I don't need the labels, just his company... heh, company.*

“Thanks, Kate. I feel better now.”

She hugged the older woman around her shoulders and found herself ensnared by the sight of an entire foot of cleavage spilling out of Kate's inadequate tank top.

“Sure. Glad I could help.” Kate patted her back awkwardly, and Mikaella let go, tearing her ears away from those bewitching tits.

“So how much are we paying you for the website?” asked Mikaella.

“Nothing, not money anyway.” Kate threw some more lamb slices into the hotpot. “I was actually thinking about getting into porn too, have Alkim shoot it. That'll be my fee.”

“Seriously? You don't want to have a girl do it?”

Kate shrugged, “I don't care if he sees. Honestly, I kinda need his opinion on how to make it all appealing to straight guys.”

“Ha!” Mikaella giggled. She'd told Kate as much about Karaoke: guys could tell she wasn't into men and wouldn't tip her as much. Now she'd finally admitted she needed help.

*Good for her. Shooting softcore porn would be way easier than dealing with clients in person. Kate never really was cut out for that kind of sex work.*

Mikaella wasn't particularly jealous at the idea of Alkim photographing the admittedly super-hot, mega-busty lesbian in the nude. After all, Kate was no rival for Alkim's cock, and if they all shared one website, her big, fat tits would draw extra attention to all three of them.

*Something, something, rising tides... Alkim probably knows that saying...*

Just then, Alkim returned.

“Oh!” Alkim clapped his hands together, “I forgot to tell you about Friday!”

“Tell me what? What's happening Friday?”

“Vicky's coming back! I'm picking her up from LAX.”

“Oh! Yay!”

*Oh. Fuck.*

“Yay for you maybe, you’ve never had to drive to LAX. It’s a fucking nightmare.”

Mikaella didn’t respond, she was too busy thinking about what this meant for the house.

Kate may be no rival for the contents of Alkim’s balls, but Vicky was another story entirely. Vicky was everything Mikaella wasn’t: experienced, mature, tall, curvy, confident, outgoing, blonde. Plus, she had history with Alkim.

If Vicky decided she wanted Alkim, there wasn’t much Mikaella could do to stop her. And if Alkim needed a girl to shoot porn with, and Vicky said yes, he wouldn’t have any need for Mikaella.

Mikaella was under no illusions about her place on the pretty girl pecking order. If she wanted to keep her position as Alkim’s private fuckdoll, she’d need to step up her game.

*How long did they say before I can get that IUD?*

## XIX - Homecoming Queen

### Alkim

Like every human that has ever had the misfortune of flying into Los Angeles, Alkim fucking hated LAX. It was perhaps the unluckiest horseshoe ever conceived of by mankind. He wished everyone involved in its creation would be cursed to spend their afterlife driving these multiple miserable lanes; forced into Sisyphean torment of dropping off a passenger at the upper Southwest terminal, then picking up another from the ground-level United terminal and then repeating this task for all eternity.

But just this time, he could ignore the gridlock, the honking, and even the people loading or unloading in the red zone. It was a beautiful, sunny day, and in mere minutes he would have picked up Vicky and they would be getting the fuck out of here. He could shoulder the traffic if it meant Vicky didn’t have to walk a mile and a half to the damn rideshare lot and pay seventy bucks just to get home.

*Friends don’t pick each other up from LAX. Best friends do.*

Sure enough, Alkim found his friend right where she said she would be, and wearing what she said she would be wearing; black leggings, and a sweater zipped almost all the way open. Her bright, blonde hair, exposed cleavage, and wolf tattoo were as good as any lighthouse beacon.

He waved and pulled up in front of her.

“WHAT UP SLUUUUUT?!?” He greeted her.

“WHAT UP SLUUUUUUUUUT!?!?” She returned. The second “slut” was always longer and slightly deeper in tone.

“Well, get in ho, so we can get the fuck out of here.”

“On it!”

With the convertible top down, Vicky was able to quickly toss her bags into the back and hopped over the door into the front seat.

“Thanks so much for picking me up! It’s so good to see you! I really missed you out there.”

She hugged him around his chest, Alkim reciprocated with his right hand while keeping his left on the wheel.

“It’s good to see you too! I wouldn’t have come to the worst place in the city if I didn’t miss you too.”

“Right?! The vibes here are awful.”

“Don’t need to tell me twice. Just gonna put the top up and we’re out of here.”

He waited for the mechanical roof to click into place, found an opening in the flow of traffic, and gunned it into the only open lane. In short order, they were back on the highway heading home, and he was finally able to refocus on their conversation.

“So, how was your flight?” he asked.

“Good! No delays for once. I slept the whole way back though, completely fucked up my sleep cycle.”

“Oh yeah? You know what that means?”

“What?” She smiled.

“It means we can party all night long!”

“Yessss! God, I missed you so fucking much, dude. You’re, like, the most down-ass bitch I know.”

“Saaaame, ho. The house just hasn’t been the same without you.”

“Oh, how is everyone? What’s been going on since I’ve been gone?”

*Where to start? I got drug-based superpowers, I gave Kate giant, lactating honkers, my orgasms can fill coffee mugs now, Mikaella became addicted to my dick, then we started recording porn together... Oh, and we all might lose our house in three months.*

“Not much!” he lied, “Quit that Benihana job, good fucking riddance.”

“Hell yeah! Fuck that restaurant.” Even though Vicky was the one who had gotten Alkim his job there, she probably hated it the most, on account of one particularly handsy manager. “So what are you doing now?”

“I sent out a bunch of apps for lab jobs and this TA position, but for now I’m making some side cash on this photography thing. I started using that two-thousand-dollar Nikon I got from my uncle to shoot some, uh, modeling stuff for Mikaella and Kate. Hope you don’t mind, but we used your ring lights.”

“Ooooooh siiiiick! Maybe I should pay you to take some new Insta photos later!”

“For you? Free, always.”

“Awww, thanks bitch.”

“Anytime, hoe.” Alkim smiled. It was good to have her back.

Out of everyone in the house, Vicky went the farthest towards making him feel like one of the girls, and their friendship was perhaps the most unlikely one of his life, even more so than his friendship with Kate.

They’d first met more than eight years ago, in their high school’s Chinese class. Vicky was a senior, and a decently popular one at that. She was always surrounded by hotties, while Alkim was just a lowly, nerdy freshman, barely a year into puberty. They had a decent rapport in class, and Vicky had even invited him to his first ever high school party, hosted at her house as part of the Asian American Student’s Association.

But she graduated, and Alkim rarely thought of her again, while Vicky probably thought of him even less.

Then, years later, for Alkim’s twenty-first birthday, a friend from his old school paid him a visit and really pushed for them to visit a strip club in North Hollywood. And there she was, perhaps the last person Alkim ever expected to see again, especially behind the bar of a strip club.

But he couldn’t deny that she more than looked the part.

Vicky was a proper bombshell; Korean, five-foot-eight, and very curvy, with bleached blonde hair, pretty sizeable tits (though nothing like Kate’s), a half dozen tattoos, long legs, and thick thighs that united into what one could call an Instagram booty, as her twenty thousand followers would confirm.

Vicky was equally shocked to find one of her little brother's classmates had grown into a strong and handsome man, moved to the West Coast, and could now legally drink.

When Alkim tried to hand her a tip, she laughed and told him he could tip her like everyone else. Ninth-grade Alkim could never have imagined that, eight years hence, he'd be on the other side of the country stuffing dollar bills into Vicky's cleavage.

That interaction set the tone for their friendship.

After that, he spent the rest of the night doing his best to overwrite any memories she still had of his shy, little ninth-grade self. He wanted her to see only a tall, outgoing college boy with a bright future and a powerful liver, who would never say no to a night out.

He succeeded in leaving a positive impression on her, but she never went farther than flirting and occasional grinding at the clubs. Still, Alkim never thought of Vicky as having "friend-zoned" him. It would be much more accurate to say she had "little-brother-zoned" him, so long as one didn't count the flirting, grinding, stuffing bills into her cleavage, and the handful of times he'd woken up after some very drunken night spooning her on some stranger's couch. He'd assumed that had more to do with safety from strange drunken hands than actual attraction.

Regardless of the occasional confused signal, Alkim was happy to stay in Vicky's bro-zone, especially since he'd been fully cut off from his real family. He'd never had an older sister, but he figured he could do a lot worse than Vicky. Especially since older sisters weren't generally known for bringing their brothers along to party with their hot friends.

It was one of those nights when Vicky introduced Alkim to Kate, and that was that.

Still, while Vicky was not romantically interested in Alkim, that didn't mean she never took an interest in his romances. Their very first night out she'd asked him if he'd ever been in love, and whenever he mentioned some college girl, she always demanded pictures, or social media handles.

"Sooo, you started seeing anyone yet?" asked Vicky.

"Oh, nah, nothing serious. Still playing the field a bit."

"Oh yeah? This field got a name?"

*Mikaella.*

Alkim shook his head. "Not one I'm gonna share right now."

"Booo, you whore."

“Pssshh, I wish. Not been doing nearly enough whoring since you’ve been gone. I think Kate and I have only gone clubbing twice since you left.”

Vicky’s long absence made it all too clear for Alkim that, besides his college friends, all of his new relations and acquaintances were really hers. Without her inviting him to parties, or inviting people to the house, he rarely met anyone new. Likewise, he could not name any male friends he still talked to, discounting those former classmates that still hit him up for drugs.

Vicky was appalled by the admission.

“Twice? Damn, we gotta get those numbers up! Gotta get you out and find you a girlfriend! Like, a slutty doctor, or a nurse, or something.”

“A slutty doctor? Why not one of your slutty friends?”

“Boyyyyy, how many times do I have to say it? Michelle is not right for you!”

“You sure about that? She looked very right to me... almost as good as Soo-Yeon.”

“Bruuuuh, shut up about that homophobic bitch.”

“Sorry, shutting up.”

*Fuck, forgot I wasn't the only one that crushed on her hot friend back in school. Must have been one hell of a bisexual awakening...*

He tried not to picture Vicky and Soo-Yeon making out and did not succeed.

Vicky continued, “Look, I like Michelle, but she’s shallow, and kind of a mess.”

“I know, I know. I’m too young for her.”

Vicky laughed, “I mean yeah, but she only dates white guys.”

“Oh shit, really? Damn, wouldn’t have wasted my time on her at your birthday party if I knew that.”

“I told you not to hit on her! What’d you think I meant?”

Alkim shrugged, “I just thought it was one of those women rules I’ll never understand, like ‘don’t have sex with my roommate.’” *Oh. Shit.* “So, which of your hot friends should I hit on next time?”

She shook her head.

“Just give it up with them. You need to find someone on your level, some chick who can party but still likes science and stuff.”

Alkim grinned, “Science and stuff?”

“Yeah, someone smart, like you.”

“Hey, pop quiz: what’s my degree in?”

“Uhhh, it was either medicine or dinosaurs.”

“You sure?”

“Positive.”

“EHHH! Wrong.”

“Whaaat? You didn’t take any dinosaur classes?”

“Not one.”

“Then how do you know so much about dinosaurs?”

“Books, research papers, youtube.”

“Was medicine closer?”

“Nope, that’s not a major. When I said I was premed, that just meant I was going to apply to med school. You could be an English major and still be premed.”

“Shit, sorry, I swear I’ll remember this time.”

“No, you won’t.” He laughed. “It’s fine, though. I’m not saying you’re wrong, that I should go for smarter girls. Buuut smart girls like guys with prospects, guys who actually follow through and go to med school and have bank account balances with at least five digits.” *Or even four...*  
“I’m not exactly in a great place to get serious about that yet.”

“C’mon, don’t be so hard on yourself. You have your degree, and you don’t have any student loans, right?”

“Nope. No debt.” *No money either...*

“See? You’ll be fine. Not like you’d ever have to start stripping! Hahaha!”

That was too close to the truth for comfort. Alkim had been dancing around the issue for some time, but right then seemed like a good time to change the subject from his love life to hers.

“So, what happened in Hawaii with Kai? You never said why you were in the hospital, or why you wanted to move back so soon.”

Vicky’s jubilant mood dimmed instantly.

Alkim continued, “Did something happen?”

Vicky sighed. “I’ll tell you, but can we get some food first? I’m fucking starving here.”

“Yeah, of course.”

They stopped at a taco place and brought their loot back to the car for Vicky’s private confidential. They ate in relative silence before she began.

“Ugh, I’m too sober for this.” she groaned.

“Oh! I have just the thing in the glove compartment. Call it a homecoming present.”

Alkim was not very good at personalized gifts, but he knew Vicky, and she was not hard to shop for.

Vicky opened the glove compartment and burst into laughter.

“HAHAHAHA! Oh my goooood! Duuuude!”

It was an eight-ball.

“Merry Christmas! This time I brought the snow to you.”

“Ahahaha! Thanks, dude!”

She hugged him again. Alkim could feel her large, firm tits pressing into his side. Admittedly, it didn’t bring the same thrill as it used to, probably due to his overexposure to Kate’s ever-growing sweater-stuffers.

“You always get the best shit. I think I’ll do some right now. Here, you should have the first bump.”

“Thanks. Just a little though, I’m already on Adderall.”

“Kay.”

She scooped up a little bit of powder with her elongated coke nail, on the ring finger of her right hand. The rest were kept trim enough for fingering pussy.

Alkim let her lift her nail to his nose and inhaled. It was too little for him to really feel anything, but that was probably for the best. Combining stimulants wasn't exactly healthy. Half of the time, he only accepted coke from Vicky out of politeness.

She followed up with a much larger bump. Then another.

Now that she'd gotten a bit coked up, it seemed like the right time to get some answers. People were always so much chattier on coke, so much more open to sharing.

"So, what happened out there? You made it sound like he was the perfect guy."

"I thought so for a while. We had so much in common, and he seemed really chill. But once I moved in with him, he got so much more controlling, and he started getting mad at random shit."

"Like what?"

"So, like, he was scrolling through my socials and asked me all accusingly if I ever kissed Kate, or Hannah. I said yeah, and then he chugged two bottles, but he was so much stronger than me and I couldn't take the bottle from him. Then he broke a glass in his hand."

"What the fuck?"

"Yeah, there was blood EVERYWHERE! And he rubbed it on the walls and shit, so fucked up. I should have gotten the fuck out right then, but I didn't because I still liked him. Then last week he kept talking about how he was gonna kill himself if I left, and I don't fucking play around with that, so I was gonna leave, and he just started beating the shit out of me."

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry! Is that when you called me from the hospital?"

"No, that was, like, two days later. You know the really fucked up thing is that I almost went back, but like, fuck that."

"Good call, I'm really glad you left his ass. Did you press charges too?"

"I didn't have to. Neighbors called the cops, and they said I looked soooo bad that I don't need to testify. They have enough evidence against him"

"Damn, Vicky. I'm so sorry you had to go through all that."

"It's okay. I'm just glad it's over."

She hugged Alkim tightly, almost spilling salsa on his gearshift.

"Thanks for listening. You're the first person I've told, besides my mom."

“Anytime. Honestly, Vicky, as far as I’m concerned, you and Kate saved my life. I’ve got your back. Whatever you need, I’m here for you. I know there was nothing I could have done when you were in Hawaii, but if you’re ever in another situation like that, please, just tell me. I’d rather get my head kicked in helping you out than help discharge you from the hospital.”

“Thanks. But the next time I say I wanna move in with someone I met at a music festival, just shoot me in the face.”

“Seems a bit drastic. How about I just tie you to the bed or something and make you watch breakup movies until you give it up?”

“Hmmmm. Yeah, that sounds better. I should probably take a break from relationships for a while, huh?”

“Yeah, that’s probably for the best.” *Until you can learn to spot red flags.* “You’re a very trusting person, Vicky, and I love that about you, but take it from me: moving in with randos is not always the smartest idea. Unless, of course, the rando is me, in which case it’s a great fucking idea.”

She smiled but did not laugh. “Yeah. Like, after Kai, and Desiree, I think I’ll just be free and slutty for a while. Let my good luck build back up before I waste it all again.”

*Smartest thing she’s said in months.*

“Whew! Cheers to that! No more attachments! We can all cruise for bitches together. Be each other’s wingman, or wingwoman.”

“Yassss bitchhh! We gotta go dancing, I wanna see those fast-fucking feet of yours move.”

Alkim grinned.

“I thought you might say that, which is why Kate and I got you another present, something to go with the blow.”

“Oh? Something that goes with coke...” She looked confused, like she was still trying to puzzle it out. “Is it... Xan?”

“Nooooo, not xan. We bought tickets for Avalon tomorrow night! You, me, Kate, and Mikaella.”

Avalon was one of Vicky’s favorite clubs, over in Hollywood. The place had a huge capacity, and with live music playing, it was more like an indoor concert venue than a typical nightclub.

“Ooooo yaaay! What’s the vibe? Who’s playing?”

“No idea, but Kate said the lineup seemed like your thing. They have the artists on their website, if you want to check who’s playing Saturday night. Also, please never do Xanax and coke together; you could die.”

Vicky quickly checked the lineup on her phone and let out an excited high-pitched scree.

“YEEAAAAH BOYYYYY! My third favorite DJ is playing tomorrow!” She pumped her fists up into the cloth top.

“Oh, lit. Who is it?”

“No, like his name is Yeah Boi, with an I, hahahaha.”

“Ooooooh, I get it now.” *What a stupid fucking name.* “Anything else you wanna get while we’re out?” asked Alkim.

“Nope! I’m ready to go home and relax for a bit.”

So, they drove back. When they pulled up in front of the house, Alkim helped Vicky carry her bags to the front door, and they went inside before she could notice the “FOR SALE” sign.

“What up sluuuuuut?”

“Kate!”

Vicky dropped her bags instantly, and the next moment she had both arms wrapped around the busty goth.

“It’s good to have you back,” said Kate.

“Good to be back! Waaaiiit, giiirl, did your boobs get even bigger?”

“Why? Is it noticable?” Kate smirked knowingly.

It sure was noticeable from where Alkim stood. Kate’s excess titty was even visible from behind, so Vicky must be getting one hell of a view from the front. Vicky pulled back a bit to take them in fully.

Kate just stood with her hands on her hips, allowing Vicky to appraise her expanded bustline.

“Like, I saw your Insta posts but I didn’t really believe it until now.”

“Do you believe it now?”

“Fuck yeah. Mind if I cop a feel?”

Kate shrugged. "Sure."

So, Vicky respectfully honka-honkaed those amazing boobs.

Alkim wished it had been that simple for himself. Then again, it was still crazy that Kate let him get away with as many liberties as he took, especially when he wasn't a beautiful woman, like Vicky.

*If I had huge tits, I'd let Vicky feel them up.*

"Daaaamn, they're soooo soft. These've gotta be, like, THE biggest naturals I've ever seen on a girl your size! What cup size are you now, like a J-cup or something?"

"Bigger, at least a K, but I'm not sure how much bigger. They started growing a few weeks ago and they haven't stopped yet."

Kate raised an eyebrow towards Alkim.

He chose not to acknowledge it, and thankfully Vicky wasn't watching Kate's face.

"Wow, really? They just started growing again, just like that?" She snapped her fingers for emphasis.

"Just like that."

"Did you start eating anything new, or something? New meds?"

"Nope, seemed pretty random."

"Damn, that's crazy." Vicky lifted them up from below again, bouncing them in her palms. "Wouldn't mind a second visit from the titty fairy." She seemed to lose focus playing with Kate's world class funbags, before suddenly remembering Alkim was right behind her, still holding her luggage. "Oh my god! Boyyyy! How long have you been standing there?!"

"Perv's been watching the whole time," Kate smirked.

"Avert your eyes, child! We're having women-talk!"

"Alright, alright. You guys catch up; I'll just take these to your room."

*Not like I haven't seen it all before.*

It took Alkim a few more trips before he'd put away all of Vicky's luggage. The moment he rejoined Kate and Vicky in the living room, Mikaella's door swung open, and she was joining in the reunion.

“Vicky!”

“Mikaella!”

They hugged. Vicky, being at least a head taller, completely enveloped the much smaller, thinner girl in her embrace.

“It’s so good to see you!” said Mikaella, freeing herself from the bigger girl’s grasp. “How was Hawaii? You look a lot tanner now.”

Most Korean girls would take that as a grievous insult, including one of Alkim’s exes who might have responded to being called tan by immediately scheduling a skin bleaching session. But not Vicky; she’d long since embraced that tanned, LA bimbo look. It suited her so well that Alkim could hardly recall how she’d looked in high school with paler skin and her natural black hair.

“Thanks! It was fun for a bit, but I’m glad to be back home. Ooooh!” She grabbed one of Mikaella’s new pink locks. “When’d you get highlights?”

“A couple days ago. Just thought I should try something new for my hair and stuff.”

“Well, I looove this new look! Your face looks really, really smooth too... I can’t even see your pores, they’re like, microscopic now. Did you start using a new product?”

Mikaella grinned, “Nope! Just being more regular I guess.”

“I can tell you’re lying! C’mon! You’ve gotta share the product!”

“Hey! Do you wanna take a shoooooot?” suggested Alkim, mimicking the tone Vicky usually asked in.

“Oh hell yeah! Let’s get lit!”

So, they all started drinking and catching up, without anyone divulging any of the multiple physiological changes they’d undergone that Alkim had caused.

Soon enough, Vicky decided they should either switch to a drinking game, or drink while playing Nintendo Switch games.

In the end, drunk driving in Mario Kart won out.

Kate, Alkim, and Vicky all loved video games, but Vicky was by far the bigger gamer of them all, as would be expected for a girl with a Legend of Zelda tattoo. She never stopped trying to get Alkim back into World of Warcraft with her, but that was one addictive pastime he was never touching again.

Still, there was no stopping Vicky from crushing them all like insects.

“Move, bitch! Get out the way! Get out the way, bitch, get out the way!”

Then Vicky expertly boosted past Alkim, drifted into the turn, and shoved Kate off the side.

“Shit! I fucking hate rainbow road!” yelled Kate, as her car was cast into the cold vacuum of space.

“In space, no one can hear you eat shit,” mocked Alkim.

Then his phone buzzed.

He handed his controller off to Mikaella, who’d just been curled up next to him, spectating.

“Can you take over for me?”

“Oh, fuck. I’ll try.” She would do her best, but there was no way she could hold her own against the far more experienced gamer girls.

“I’ll be back in a bit, just need to start cooking that duck I bought.” said Alkim.

“OOohhh! Yes pleaseeee! I really missed your cooking!” said Vicky.

Alkim went into the kitchen and opened his texts.

Ania: Hello young man

Ania: I hope you’re enjoying this fine Friday evening

Ania: I’m hosting an open house on Sunday

Ania: At this property, from 12- 4:30pm

She sent him a Zillow listing for a place just a mile away.

Ania: Why don’t you come around 5?

Ania: If you’re not too busy that is

Alkim was not too busy.

Alkim: Sure

Alkim: I’ll be there at 5

Ania: Perfect. I’ll save you some hors d’oeuvres 😊

*Welp. So those are my weekend plans then. Tomorrow night: Avalon with the girls. Sunday: seducing the landlady.*

That could be a lot of high-stakes social interactions back-to-back. He just hoped he was up to the task.

## XX - Dancing Queen

### Alkim

Alkim was ready for his first real night on the town in over a month.

He'd started and finished in the last fifteen minutes: a quick shower, shave, and outfit selection.

Never the most fashionable of guys, he stuck to the basics: a navy blue dress shirt with short sleeves that showed off his decent arms, black dress pants that showed off his more impressive lower body, and black dress shoes that created little friction on the dance floor. His sole accessory was some fancy timepiece some relative gifted him ages ago, one he only wore when he was trying to get laid.

All in all, he felt it was perfect dancing attire, if only it wouldn't cause him to sweat like a racehorse. Not that there was anything he could do about that; shorts were not the right look for this club.

He popped open a couple more buttons to give himself a deeper V-neck, and a bit more breathing room. Not enough to keep cool, but every bit helped.

Satisfied, he knocked on Vicky's door to check on the girls.

"You ladies almost done?" Kate and Vicky had spent the last hour together doing each other's makeup.

"Almost! We'll be out in a second! Someone here has too much titty for half her tops." Vicky yelled through the door, "Can you get some shots ready for when we come out."

"On it."

"Thanks! Now, hold still you..."

Alkim returned to the living room, poured out four shots, took one himself, then poured another.

He sat there on the couch for a bit, killing time on his phone until Mikaella emerged from her room.

"Ready!" She called out, strutting before Alkim in a red tube top, black denim shorts, thigh-high suede boots, and classic ABG makeup: mascara, eyeliner, the works.

Though she'd forgone the fake lashes, Alkim didn't think she needed them anymore. He wasn't sure if that was because she'd gotten better at doing them up herself, or if his cum had enhanced that particular feature as well. Boobs also seemed to be a bit fuller than he remembered, though that could just be the top.

Alkim approved. It was the kind of outfit Alyssa (his college friend-with-benefits), would wear to parties. The Pavlovian association between that style and raw, collegiate sex already had him at half-mast.

"Looking goooood." He closed the distance between them. "Twirl for me."

She beamed and twirled for him, and Alkim took the opportunity to slap her ass.

Mikaella let out a girlish giggle at the affectionate and possessive gesture and gave him a long, hard kiss on the mouth.

"*Mwah!* Thanks! I was hoping you'd like this outfit. I like yours too! It's very handsome." She ran her hands up the sleeve of his shirt, feeling out his muscles.

"It's the watch, isn't it? Do girls still like watches?"

"We do, we do, but I really like you in pants, and a button up. It's just, like, I'm just so used to seeing you in basketball shorts and tank tops—not that you aren't sexy like that! I mean, like, I don't know if this makes any sense but, the pants make you look taller?"

"Really? Taller?"

"Yeah, like your legs look even longer, and you look more mature. I think you should wear it more often."

"I wear this on nights out, but this city is almost always too hot for me to wear pants."

"It's pretty cool out tonight."

"Not for me, not for East Coast people. I run hot. Vicky can tell you: I used to wear shorts in winter, real winter, when it snowed."

"Shorts? In the snow?"

"Yep. A little cold in the morning was worth it, since the school was always too damn warm to compensate for the outside temps."

She plainly did not see the logic, but Mikaella was a Los Angeles provincial. Even though the nearby mountains get a little snow almost every year, her family was not exactly in the tax bracket for winter sports. Alkim doubted she'd ever experienced freezing weather.

“Okay, Ready! Coming out now,” said Vicky. “Close your eyes!”

“Why?”

“Just do it,” said Kate.

“Alright.”

Alkim and Mikaella sat on the couch with their eyes closed while the girls got into position; their heels clip-clopping over the living room floor.

“Okay. Now you can look,” said Vicky.

“Whoa.” Mikaella and Alkim were both equally impressed.

Vicky was eminently fashionable in her red halter dress, with cut-outs for both her prominent cleavage and well-toned midriff. It was laced from the neck—just below a black choker—leaving her broad shoulders and defined collarbones bare. All her tattoos would be on display tonight, assuming she didn’t have any in hidden places that Alkim had not yet been granted access to. The dress only went a few inches past her bountiful ass, with a slit down her right thigh, with the benefit of displaying her strong thighs and long legs, made all the longer by her ankle-strap heels. Her makeup was bright, glittery, and made the shine of her eyes all the more brilliant.

Still, as hot as Vicky looked, Alkim knew that no amount of fashion excellence could overtop Kate’s bodacious body.

Gothic as always, Kate wore black leather zip-up boots, a high-waisted skirt with lace cutouts up each thigh, a red leather jacket, and the pièce de résistance: a corset top, currently overflowing with what looked like a dozen pounds of pale titty.

The corset laces were stretched more than half a foot across and looked as tense as the cables of the Golden Gate Bridge. Strained as they were, it was all they could do to hold the fabric together just enough to cover the inner edges of Kate’s areolas.

Her makeup was also quite striking: dark red lipstick, matched with blood red eyeshadow, creating an almost vampiric look.

*Like if a vampire stored her victim’s blood in her tits...*

Alkim’s gaze was irresistibly drawn to her heaving chest, not unlike how a compass needle can’t just decide to point East. His half-chub hardened fully, while the redirected blood sapped his capacity to act cool and aloof.

“What do you think?” Vicky grinned.

“Oh my god! I love that dress! And that corset is crazyyyy.” said Mikaella.

It took Alkim entirely too long to register the question. Mikaella elbowed him.

“Hm? Oh, it’s a good look.”

There was simply too much titty on display, and not enough blood left in his brain for Alkim to articulate any better praise. Plus, he knew his real thoughts were best left unsaid in front of the girls, as he considered grabbing that jar of milk from the fridge.

Vicky laughed, “Well, I’m glad *someone* appreciates all my hard work! Took me and Kate, like, half an hour to get the length of those laces just right so she could fit her tits into that corset.”

Kate sighed, “I wanted this outfit to be all lace, but we had to cannibalize the laces from my favorite boots. That’s why I’m going with the zipper ones tonight.”

“Uh huh.” Alkim nodded stupidly.

“Hey, my vagina’s up here,” said Kate.

Vicky giggled. “Okay, c’mon!” She grabbed Alkim’s hand and pulled him off the couch. “Your turn!”

“My turn for what?”

“Show us the outfit! Give us a twirl! Let us objectify that ass!”

Alkim grinned, “Alright, alright. Just try not to wet your panties too soon.” He turned away from the group and spun around for them, coming to an abrupt stop and giving the group his best Zoolander impression.

“Niceeee. Looking *sharp*,” said Vicky.

“You don’t think he could use more color?” asked Kate.

“Nah, it’s perfect. He looks really dashing in black and blue, it goes with his hair, and his shoes.”

“Yeah! He looks super handsome!” Mikaella added.

“Thanks.” Alkim beamed. There was no greater confidence booster than a compliment from Vicky.

Kate shrugged. “Hmm, if you say so. I don’t know straight guy fashion.”

Just then, Hannah appeared, dressed in sweats, but still hot. “Oh, where are you guys going?”

“Avalon!” Vicky beamed, “Do you want to come with? There’s probably still time to get you a ticket.”

Hannah tapped her chin, considering, then shook her head.

“Nah, I had a late night yesterday. Think I might go to bed soonish.”

*Whew, bullet dodged.*

“Bummer! But that’s okay, we can all do something together next weekend.”

Alkim gave his watch a good long look and gasped theatrically, “Oh, good heavens! Would you look at the time?”

“Why? What’s the time?” asked Mikaella.

“It’s pregaming tiiiiiiiime!”

“Yes! Shots! Shots! Shots!” Vicky cheered.

Which got them all chanting, “Shots! Shots! Shots!” until everyone had grabbed theirs.

“Are you at least down to pregame?” Vicky asked Hannah.

“Sure, why not.”

Alkim nodded and poured out another glass for Hannah, and they all began clinking glasses together.

“Geonbae!” Vicky toasted in Korean.

“Gān bēi!” said Kate and Alkim in Chinese.

Mikaella just let out a “Wooooo!”

Hannah just raised her glass.

They all downed their shots, and not two seconds passed before Vicky held up her empty glass and asked, “Again?”

Grinning, Alkim poured everyone a second round, which they immediately pounded.

“Wait, do I have to be twenty-one for this club, or do I just get a wristband that says I can’t drink?” asked Mikaella.

*Shit.*

“Oh, shit. Sorry, I forgot to check,” said Kate. She checked their website and grimaced at the result, “Yeaaaaah, it’s twenty-one plus.”

“Nooooo!” Mikaella whined.

Hannah snickered for a moment, but stopped before Mikaella could glare at her.

“You don’t have a fake?” asked Alkim.

“Nooooo! I don’t even know where to get one!”

*Fuck, that’s right. She never went to college, so where was she gonna get a guy for that?*

Alkim couldn’t be sure how much of the redness in her cheeks was due to her emotional state and how much was from the alcohol flush reaction, or “Asian glow.” Either way, she was not happy.

“What if she just used someone else’s ID?” suggested Kate, “American bouncers can never tell Asian girls apart, even when they don’t look that similar.”

That was true enough, but they didn’t have a spare ID to use, nor did they have time to ask a friend from outside the house. Plus, that trick could only work with girls of similar builds and hair colors. Vicky was too busty, and way too tall; Kate was too tall, and way too busty; Hannah was too tall, too busty, and a blonde-haired, blue-eyed white girl.

Everyone seemed to realize how ridiculous the idea was the second they heard it. Mikaella’s thousand-yard stare shifted to Kate, and she didn’t push the idea any further.

“Fuck! I already did my makeup and everything!” Mikaella looked close to tears.

“Oh nooooo!” Vicky hugged the upset nineteen-year-old. “I’m really sorry, Mikaella! I don’t know how else to get you in, but I promise we’ll help you get a fake for the next time we go out.”

“Promise?”

“Yeah,” Alkim nodded, “I know a guy from college who has a connection at the DMV: makes completely foolproof fakes. If I send him your picture tomorrow, he should probably be able to make you one within a week.”

“Really?” She perked up a bit.

“Yeah, no trouble. You’ll just have to memorize a fake birthday, and an address in Oakland, that’s all.”

“Thanks, Alkim!” She hugged him tightly.

“You’re welcome,” he said, then leaned in to whisper in her ear, “why don't you take some pictures in that outfit, for the fans, and maybe we can record something when I get back, yeah?”

“Deal! I’ll leave my room unlocked.” She whispered back, then let him go with a giggle. The promise of a late-night blowjob had placated her completely.

*Whew, another bullet dodged. Glad we don't have to cancel to stay back with her. Almost ruined our whole night there.*

“Did you guys already buy the tickets?” asked Hannah.

“Yeah. Do you wanna come?” asked Vicky.

*Fuck.*

“Well, if it’s going to go to waste otherwise... sure, why not? I’ll buy Mikaella’s ticket. Just give me a few minutes to change and do my makeup.”

Alkim groaned internally. There was no telling how much longer this would delay them.

In his experience, when women said “give me a few minutes to get ready for a night out” that meant thirty minutes, minimum, and usually twice that.

To his surprise, Hannah was ready in less than ten.

*Huh. Maybe that Karaoke job taught her to be efficient?*

She rejoined their pregaming circle dressed in a blue sequined bodycon dress that didn’t show a ton of skin like the others but hugged her ample curves tightly. The sequins were excellently sewn together, like iridescent fish scales, guaranteed to catch both light and attention on the dance floor.

Vicky let out a wolf-whistle.

“Dammmnnnn gurl, I loooove that dress.”

“What, this old thing?” Hannah tossed her blonde hair back over her shoulder, “I’ve been looking for an excuse to wear it, might as well be tonight.”

Mikaella tapped her chin critically, “Hmmm, do you think it still fits?”

“If we’re all ready then I’ll call an Uber,” said Kate.

“So, anyone else down for bootlegging?” asked Alkim.

“The hell does that mean?” asked Hannah. “Sounds like gross frat boy slang.”

“Okay, first: I’ve never been in a fraternity. Second: it’s just Prohibition Era slang for sneaking in our own alcohol.”

“Oh.”

“Ooooh! Yes! I have just the thing! Hang on!”

Vicky went into her room and quickly returned with several collapsible water bottles: basically, plastic bags with screw caps.

“Oh shit, forgot I bought you those!” Alkim had given them to Vicky for their second night out together, when they snuck their own drinks into a concert. “Great idea! But how should we hide them? They check purses, and pat down all the men’s pockets.”

Vicky raised an eyebrow and nodded towards Kate.

Alkim laughed. “Perfect! The one place they’ll never check...”

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And so, thanks to the incredible storage capacity of Kate’s cleavage, they were able to smuggle two collapsible flasks of vodka, a bag of coke, and a weed pen right into the club.

*And that’s not even counting her milk supply...*

They tried stuffing in a third flask, but that was too much for Kate, so they drank it in the Uber on their way over. It was a miracle their male driver managed to keep his eyes on the road with acres of jostling cleavage in his rear-view mirror.

Kate was a pretty good sport about it, but she still had to get some complaints in.

“Just don’t expect me to mule like this every time.”

“Aww, c’mon, Kate! It’s like a utility pouch! Embrace the power!”

“Easy for you to say when you’re not lugging *these* around.”

“I can hold them up for you, if you think that’ll help.” Alkim joked.

“Ha, ha, ha.”

“I’d split the load with you if I had the room, but this isn’t the right dress for that.”

Vicky wasn't wrong. She probably could hide the eightball, but none of them wanted to risk it falling out the bottom, whereas Kate's tits and corset made that a non-issue.

"We'll take that load off your chest as soon as we get something at the bar to mix the vodka with," said Alkim.

The line wasn't too long. In a few minutes they'd gotten past the bouncer checks. All that was left was exchanging their tickets for wristbands from a cute ticket counter girl with a pixie cut and a lot of facial piercings.

"Are you all together?" asked Pixie cut.

"Yes!" answered Vicky, "Oh, I love your hair! And those piercings!"

"Oh, thank you." Pixie cut was starting to blush. "I really like your outfits. You guys are a *really* hot group."

"Thanks! I wanted to look my best for Yeah Boi! He's, like, my favorite DJ, haha."

Alkim couldn't help but notice which of the group members were getting the majority of Pixie cut's attention. That was not so surprising, given her haircut and accessories. She took their tickets, but Vicky spoke up before they received their wristbands.

"Hey, do you mind if I ask, how do you like working here?"

"I like it. It's a cool club, management's not too bad, and ticket counting is pretty chill. I also do some tech work occasionally, lights and stuff."

"Cool! I'm asking because I just moved back to LA and this is, like, exactly the kind of place I'd loooooove to work as, like a promoter or bartender or anything. Do you know if there's any openings?"

"I think we might, yeah. Could always use another bartender to keep full coverage, I can ask my manager if you want."

"That'd be SO nice of you! I'm taking online classes on music production because I really want to be a producer, and I think this place could be a great place to get my start DJing, ya know?"

"Oh, totally. If you want we can exchange numbers, chat about openings, and I could forward your resume to my manager."

"Perfect!" Vicky pulled out her phone and had Pixie cut's number in no time. "I gave you my SoundCloud account too! You're the best!"

"Leah."

Vicky extended her hand, “Nice to meet you, Leah! I’m Vicky, and this is Kate, Hannah, and Alkim.”

“Nice to meet you.”

“Hi.”

“Sup.”

Leah bit her lip, considering.

“So, I don’t usually do this, but we didn’t sell that many VIP tickets tonight, and we need some more people up there for the promotional photos. Would you guys be interested in a free upgrade?”

Vicky literally jumped for joy. “Ooooh! That sounds amazing! We’d love that!”

So, Leah gave them all VIP wristbands, despite the fact that none of them were important persons.

“Enjoy the show!” said Leah.

“Thank you! Text me, okay! Or find us on the floor if you find the time!”

“I’ll try!”

Vicky blew a final kiss to Pixie cut, and they were in.

Vicky turned around and spread her arms out in triumph, “And what do we say to free VIP access?”

“Thanks, Vicky!” said Kate.

“Thanks.” Hannah.

“You’re the fuckin best,” said Alkim, “Genuinely can’t believe that worked.”

Vicky winked at him knowingly.

This was just one of the many reasons Alkim loved partying with a mostly female group, and especially Vicky: she was his gateway to entire worlds of backroom shit he could never have accessed on his own. A group of guys couldn’t get anywhere like this without paying an arm and a leg, and giving a girl your SoundCloud account should have been a guaranteed panty-drier. Yet Vicky had coasted them through on nothing but her looks and sheer “we’re just girls here” charisma.

It was like microdosing the lifestyle of a hot girl in her twenties; exactly what he'd been missing in Vicky's absence. He knew he'd be riding that high all night, though there was always room for a couple more.

"So, drinks?" Alkim suggested.

"Yes! Oh, but does anyone else want to powder their nose first?" asked Vicky.

They all did.

The foursome entered the women's room together, keeping Alkim in the middle in case anyone was checking.

No one was, so they bunched up in the handicapped stall. Kate removed the two flasks, handing one to Vicky, and the other to Alkim, along with his weed pen.

"Here's to getting fucked up!" toasted Vicky.

"Here, here!" said Alkim.

They each took a swig, with Kate sharing Alkim's flask, and Hannah sharing with Vicky.

"Bleghh, warm vodka," bitched Hannah.

Alkim ignored her, followed up with a hit from his weed pen, stashed the flask in his pocket, and started passing the bag of coke around. Everyone took a bump or two, but when the bag reached Hannah, she hesitated.

"Wait, is this cocaine vegan?"

They all just looked at her dumbfounded, not sure how to respond. Alkim honestly couldn't tell if she was joking or not but decided to answer anyway.

"Well, it's made from coca leaves, but in a very environmentally destructive way, so, no. Definitely not."

Hannah's cheeks flushed red, and Alkim knew it wasn't from Asian glow. "You know, you don't have to be such a fucking know-it-all, all the fucking time. We get it, you went to UCLA."

She gummed a pinch of the stuff anyway, then handed the bag to Vicky.

"And you don't have to get pissed every time I answer a question with words they didn't teach you on Sesame Street."

"Typical Scorpio man; always needs to control the conversation."

*Ugh. Again with the fucking birthday racism.*

“Wait, how are you even vegan? I’ve seen you eat a sushi burrito.”

Hannah rolled her eyes. “Fish isn’t meat. They aren’t animals, so they don’t feel pain.”

Alkim decided he didn’t want to continue this conversation.

“Okay, time for drinks! Meet you at the bar!” Vicky took the coke, her vodka, and dragged Alkim and Kate out of the bathroom by hand before Hannah could say anything.

Alkim breathed a sigh of relief once they were out of the women’s room.

“Whew. Perfect timing, thanks for getting me out of there. I don’t think I could take any more of her ignorance.”

“*Is this coke vegan?*” Kate mimicked.

Alkim laughed, “I deserve a fucking Oscar for answering with a straight face. That has to be the most LA blonde bullshit I’ve ever heard. Do you think she doesn’t swallow because the cum isn’t vegan, or does she swallow because she thinks it’s a fish and therefore has no soul?”

“Hey! Blonde here!” said Vicky.

Kate laughed, “Oh, come on. Blonde jokes only apply to, like, natural blondes. White girls.”

“Yeah,” Alkim agreed, “Pretty sure they weren’t made with blonde Koreans in mind.”

“C’mon guys, can we stop hating tonight?” asked Vicky.

“I don’t know, she’s kind of put me in a hating mood,” said Alkim.

“Look, I know she’s not the nicest, but she’s not as bad as you guys think, okay?”

“I doubt that.”

“Just be nice to her, and she’ll be nice back. Please? Can you do that tonight, for me?”

Alkim sighed. “Fine. I’ll try to be nicer. But just cuz you asked so nicely.”

*Even though Hannah’s never once allowed me to do her any kindness.*

Vicky kissed his cheek, “*Mwah!* Good boy! And not that it matters, but I’m pretty sure she does swallow.”

They made it to the bar, though the bartender was presently occupied, chatting with a lone and pretty woman on the far end of the bar from the trio.

“Now, seeing as I’m completely invisible to bartenders next to you guys, can one of you with the tits flag him down?”

Vicky laughed, “True, true. Alright, Kate, let’s see who can get their drink first. Ready, set, go!” She leaned over the counter and called out like a siren at a bachelorette party, “Yooo hooooo! Excuse me! Sir!” All while waving her arms overhead, and bouncing up and down quite conspicuously.

Kate was completely caught off guard by the impromptu contest of hotness and ended up just copying Vicky’s moves.

One month ago, Alkim was sure this would have been an instant Vicky victory, but a lot had changed since then. Indeed, the bartender’s eyes practically jumped from their sockets at the sight of Kate’s acres of pale cleavage resting on the countertop, jiggling in long waves down each giant titty.

Almost instantaneously he dropped his conversation with the merely pretty patron and was speed walking over to the dynamic duo.

“Hi there, what can I get for you ladies?” He was leaning forward intently, as if getting a few inches closer was required to hear their drink orders.

“I’ll have an old fashioned,” said Vicky.

“Long Island,” Kate.

Alkim leaned over in front of Kate’s boobs. “Screwdriver for me.”

“Coming right up.”

Vicky ribbed him, “Such a college boy pick.”

She wasn’t wrong, but Alkim was still on a budget, and oranges were his favorite fruit anyway. He didn’t get to have them as often as he liked, since the citric acid interfered with the uptake of Adderall. But that wasn’t a problem for him anymore.

As predicted, the bartender began making Kate’s drink first.

*Can’t say I blame him.*

But Vicky wasn’t done yet.

“So, I was talking to Leah at the front, and she was saying you guys might be looking for another bartender?”

His head snapped up immediately. “Oh yeah. We could always use another pair of hands. Do you have any bartending experience?”

“Sure do! I just got back from working the bar at this hotel in Hawaii, and before that Benihana, and lots of other titty bars and strip clubs before that.”

“Excellent.” He’d already finished making Kate’s drink but had not yet deposited it on the bar within her reach. “Good enough for me. If you can email a copy of your resume to our manager, I’m sure we can get you an interview soon.”

“Perfect!” Vicky already had her phone out, “What’s his email?”

The bartender gave it to her while he made her drink.

“Thank you so much!”

“No problem, happy to help.” He grabbed Vicky’s old fashioned and set it down in front of her, followed by Kate’s Long Island. “Sorry, I almost forgot to ask: what’s your name? So I can tell my manager to keep an eye out for your email.”

“Vicky.”

“Nice to meet you, Vicky. I’m Brian.” He held out his hand, and Vicky shook it enthusiastically.

“Nice to meet you too, Brian.”

Belatedly, Brian the bartender realized his lapse and turned back to Alkim.

“Sorry my man, what did you order again?”

“Just a screwdriver.”

“Gotcha. One screwdriver, coming right up.”

Alkim couldn’t even be mad. *Not like I would have done any better.*

Vicky leaned in between Kate and Alkim to whisper, “I win.”

She most definitely had won, handedly, and possibly gotten herself a job at the same time.

*You could drop Vicky anywhere on the planet, and she’d find her way in days. Not even Kate’s boobs could top Vicky’s natural glamour.*

Brian handed Alkim his screwdriver, and Vicky generously covered all three drinks. Her way of thanking them for a fun night out.

Now, drinks in hand, they made their way to a corner table, not-so stealthily pulled the flask from Kate's tits and topped off everyone's drinks.

Vicky lifted her glass. "A toast to my besties! I'm so glad we're living and partying together again!"

"And we're all so glad to have you back!" Alkim raised his glass

"We missed you, bitch," Kate added.

"To the Homecoming Queen!" Alkim cheered.

They all let out various whoops and woos, clinked their glasses together, and drank.

"Blah, now it's way too strong," said Kate.

"Speak for yourself," said Alkim, "I still need more alcohol."

"Then let's swap," said Kate.

Alkim let her take his. He didn't really like Long Island Iced Tea, but he knew it had more alcohol than his screwdriver.

*Fuck, the pregaming and smuggled booze aren't going to be enough to get me buzzed tonight. My metabolism is working like crazy today.*

Alkim recalled that one time an MD/PhD at a UCLA party had once called his sky-high alcohol tolerance "medically interesting," and had invited him to join a study on alcoholism in college students. He'd declined, since he knew he would have graduated before the study ended, and he'd expected to be far beyond that zip code soon after.

Now that Alkim knew his strange physiology went far beyond a merely elevated tolerance to drugs and alcohol, that conversation took on a new significance. He wondered if those tests would have picked up any anomalies in his enzymatic activity.

Then the lightbulb went off.

*Oh, duh! I can try cutting my production of alcohol dehydrogenase! If I do that, then I should be able to get drunk off way less alcohol, like a normal person!*

Alkim had so far only used his powers to create chemicals. This would be his first time intentionally preventing his body from performing its natural detoxification functions.

He decided it was worth a shot, and focused on his liver, cutting further production of ADH by more than half. Now, he shouldn't process alcohol as quickly.

*This should be a fun experiment.*

The process had taken up his focus for the last few seconds, and so he hadn't paid attention to anything the others had said.

"Mmmm, yeah, Alkim's is better," said Kate.

"Can I try?" asked Vicky.

Kate gave her the glass without thinking about it, realized what she'd done, and stared directly at Alkim.

Too late. Vicky had already sipped from the same glass as Alkim.

*Oh fuck, I didn't talk with Kate about not exposing Vicky to... me.*

In fact, he hadn't given the subject much thought at all. He'd been happy enough just to have her back, and with his balls being drained so regularly, his low-level infatuation with Vicky hadn't occupied his mind the way it had when he'd first reconnected with her.

*One sip is probably nothing, barely perceptible.*

"Mhmmmm! Damnnnn, that is good! Basic, but still good!"

*Or maybe not.*

Before Alkim and Kate could do more than exchange glances, Vicky abruptly stood up and waved.

"Yoo, Hannah!"

"Hey." Hannah set her purse down on the table and took her seat next to Vicky. "I was looking all over for you guys."

"And you found us! Should we toast again?" Vicky suggested.

Alkim looked at Kate, shrugged, and picked up his drink, "What are we drinking to this time?"

"To the best housemates a girl could ask for."

Judging by Hannah's face, she did not see their relationship the same way, but she toasted with them all the same.

“Geonbae!” cheered Vicky. Kate, and Alkim.

“Cheers,” cheered Hannah, just not so cheerfully.

They all drank again. Alkim’s eyes stayed on Vicky. Thankfully Kate did not share her contaminated drink again.

“Ahhh,” Vicky’s gaze met Alkim’s “Ready to dance?”

“Always.”

The two downed the rest of their drinks and stood up from the booth.

“You coming?” Vicky asked Kate and Hannah.

“Actually, I’m gonna go find a nice guy to buy me a drink, I’ll catch you later,” said Hannah.

“Okay, have fun.”

“Same. Wait no, I mean I’m gonna find a girl to dance with,” said Kate.

“If you find someone, bring her here! I want us all to dance together!” Vicky called out.

Kate gave a thumbs up. “Will do.” And with that, she was gone, off in search of lesbians.

Alkim sighed, “I asked her not to invite her newest soon-to-be ex-girlfriend so we could all stick together, but clearly she didn’t agree with that part of the plan.”

“Ugh, I know right. Shame Kate’s such an incurable pussy hound, I really wanted to see those huuuuge titties bounce.”

“Oh my god, right? Talk about a milkshake.”

“Damn, right, it’s better than yours!”

They laughed heartily.

“Fuck, ho, you should have seen us trying to get them into that corset, they’re sooo crazy huge. Almost gave me a nosebleed.”

“I can imagine.”

“Have you seen all of them yet? Does she still walk around topless?” asked Vicky.

“Can a tiger lose its stripes?”

“Huh?”

“I mean, yeah, of course she still doesn’t cover her tits. Probably even less now that they’re a lot harder to cover up. She started stealing my old shirts, but I don’t think even a man’s large tee is enough for those melons.”

“I bet! And yours are always so tight.” She palmed the line between Alkim’s pecs.

He nodded. “Gotta keep it tight, for the bitches.”

“Oh yeah? You trying to go home with a stranger tonight?” Vicky asked with a grin and a raised eyebrow.

Alkim turned his palms up and shrugged noncommittally, “I wouldn’t be opposed.”

“Well, keep an eye out. If they see you dancing with a hottie, they’ll be more into you.”

“Won’t they just think I’m taken?”

“Just let me know if you see someone you want to dance with, and I’ll give you some space.”

“Thanks, but I think I’d rather just dance with the best tonight.”

“Awww!” Vicky took Alkim’s hand and guided him past scores of less beautiful women.

The main event hadn’t started yet, and the dance floor was not yet near capacity. This meant they had a lot of room to work with.

Electronic sounds and club lights of every wavelength cut through the fog around them, vaguely reminding Alkim of his childhood laser tag arena that couldn’t stop playing Darude’s “*Sandstorm*.”

It wasn’t really his thing, and this wasn’t really his crowd, with one gorgeous exception.

Vicky was absolutely in her element, moving and grooving with feline grace (despite her wolf tattoo). As the disco lights shifted and changed, Alkim watched her pale-blonde hair light up with every color, like some Electronic-Dance-Medusa.

*See her dance, and part of you turns to stone.*

Of course, Alkim was dancing way too intensely to maintain a boner, for which he was thankful. Potential embarrassment aside, he needed every ounce of blood in his legs to keep up with this insanely rapid beat.

Where she was graceful, deliberate, practiced, Alkim was agile, and chaotic. He twisted his hips, he stepped, shuffled his feet, shook his legs, all the while having no clue what to do with his

hands. He just kept thinking of tropical birds, with their silly little dances to impress females. It was all improv, and he was so sure everyone could tell he had no idea what he was doing.

Far from it, as it turned out. What he lacked in artistry, he made up for in athleticism.

He never really thought of himself as a good dancer before he started clubbing with Vicky, but he always got the most compliments on nights when they danced together.

She wasn't wrong about the effects of dancing with a hottie like her. He'd already clocked at least three or four women on the dance floor making very deliberate eye contact, and one who'd been bold enough to crook a finger in his direction.

But he had no intention of trading down, not when he had the Dancing Queen on his arm. Her energy was infectious. Every second he spent with her made him less of a snob, less of a killjoy.

Alkim knew he was never going to come around to Vicky's love of EDM, or her love for DJs—*They don't even make their own music!*—but he didn't go clubbing with Vicky because he loved her music; he went because she could make him love dancing to music he hated.

That's why Alkim loved dancing with Vicky.

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## Vicky

Vicky loved dancing with Alkim. She'd handed him the aux enough times to know this wasn't exactly his kind of music, but you'd never be able to tell from the way he danced to it.

She watched through dazzled eyes, as he shuffled those black shoes with speed and grace that belied his normally loud, thumping steps that could be heard from anywhere in the house.

He had a rare talent for keeping up with any beat. Whatever the genre, whatever the speed, he could sync up his hips and legs to the tune like some gender-bent Shakira. Steps, shuffles, hip twirls, drops. His pace was frantic, but so was this song.

She had to shout over the music to make herself heard.

"I still can't believe you've never taken lessons!"

But Alkim just smirked, rolled his shoulders, and continued dancing like a maniac. They'd had this conversation before, and he'd sworn up and down that he'd never even tried dancing before he started clubbing at twenty with a fake ID.

Sometimes Alkim reminded Vicky of her brother, Joshua, but that was mostly just because he'd literally been in her brother's class. They were both nerdy in their own ways, but the

resemblances went no further. Where her brother was quiet and conservative, Alkim was loud and irreverent. Where her brother was closed-minded, Alkim was curious and loved trying new things. Where her brother had judged Vicky and sided with her parents, Alkim had never once looked down on her for bartending, stripping, or even escorting.

He was clearly smart as hell, but he didn't condescend; he never made her feel like a dumb bimbo, or a burnout. When she'd admitted that after moving here she'd resorted to stripping, Alkim never judged her, just smiled and cheerfully admitted that he was selling drugs out of his university apartment.

With Alkim, none of the anti-women words carried even a hint of malice; bitch, hoe, whore, and slut were as soft and endearing as air-blown kisses, especially slut. None of the boys she'd grown up with would have ever let Vicky call them sluts, even ironically. Alkim hadn't just embraced the nickname, he'd turned it into their mutual greeting.

*"What up sluuuuut?"*

She loved the timbre of it, the depth, the bass.

*He has such a sexy voice...*

College had changed him, for sure. At first she'd been shocked to discover that nerdy, awkward boy from her high school had grown into one of the biggest party animals she'd ever met.

But after spending some time together, she came to understand that Alkim was the kind of person that, if he was going to do something, he wanted to do it well. It only made sense that he would treat doing and selling drugs like just another class to study for. Now, he knew all the best and worst drug combos, how long they lasted, and, most importantly, where to get the good stuff.

And it seemed to Vicky like dancing was another thing he refused to do badly.

Right then, he was the picture of the perfect gentleman, the perfect dance partner. Where she led, he followed. When she grabbed his hand, he always knew exactly what she wanted: a twirl, a pull, a dip. He was always ready, always composed, and, despite his speed, he never stepped on her toes.

Slowly, space had cleared up around them. Couples and mingling singles alike had stepped back to give the dynamic duo some extra room to move, and Vicky intended to make use of every inch.

The song changed from fast house music to something a tad more subdued, something they could dance to more slowly, and they drew closer together.

Vicky grabbed Alkim's damp hand, and spun away from him, letting her momentum roll her out like a carpet. At her zenith, she could see that all his energetic dancing had left his entire body coated in a thin sheen of sweat, yet Vicky found she didn't mind. Alkim was getting a real

workout in, and he looked nice with a little shine, a nice polish, like an ethnically ambiguous Bruce Lee, fresh from the fight. They circled each other like that; him smiling with those perfect teeth of his, and a second later she was gliding into his embrace.

Her ass was backed into his crotch, and his arms wrapped around her bare abs. She felt his strong hands shift to her waist and instinctively leaned into it. Then he squeezed; lightly at first, then with just enough possessiveness that Vicky felt a tiny bit of her breath being stolen.

She scented him then; a fragrant mix of aftershave and his own sweaty, testosterone-rich musk. There were no individual components that she could say smelled better than any other guy's body odor, yet she still found the sweat, and the scent, every bit as comforting as his touch.

Vicky instinctively began moving again, grinding the firm curves of her ass into his groin.

That was one of the things she loved most about their friendship. There was no danger with Alkim, no risk of misunderstandings, or hurt feelings. They flirted, they teased, but he never expected anything more serious, and never got frustrated when she didn't take things further.

Tonight was far from the first time she'd grinded on him at the club. Still, that bulge in his pants felt more... substantial than she remembered.

*Mmmm, quite the piece. Did he mean it when he said he wasn't trying to get laid tonight? No, that doesn't mean anything. It's totally normal for grinding to give him a boner.*

They stayed like that for a while, just another vivacious couple out of the dozens that turned out and turned up for the evening. Then the music picked back up, and once again, Vicky and Alkim got back to it.

Alkim gave Vicky some space, if only so that they could keep from tripping over each other's moves, but Vicky found her hands kept seeking him out anyway.

Suddenly, everything got brighter, and that sheen on Alkim took on an almost golden glow. It took her a moment before she realized they were literally under the spotlight. Whoever was running the club lights had seen them dancing together and must have thought, *"Yes! That's the perfect couple to spotlight! Everyone needs to see them dance!"*

Vicky imagined how they looked in the eyes of other clubgoers: in her heels they were exactly of a height, eye to eye, with her bare thighs weaving in and out of his space: him with his strong, deliberate movements and confident smile. *We're a fucking perfectly matched set tonight.* A cursory glance confirmed her suspicions. No one of the other couples could match their energy, their synergy, their raw magnetism. She mentally tallied all the staring eyes, the approving nods, the envious lip bites from both sexes.

In fact, now that she was really watching, she finally noticed the club photographer hovering at the edge of the dance floor, maintaining a clear line of sight with her and Alkim.

*Fuck yes! God, if only Kate stuck with us...*

If there was one thing photographers could not resist, it's big tits in motion. Yet, Vicky was no slouch in that department, either. She added some extra bounce to her chest, and the photographer snapped at the bait.

*It was just like Leah said, they want promotional photos.*

The idea that she and Alkim were good enough to advertise the VIP experience was another hit of blow to her ego. Vicky was more than happy to provide.

*Showtime!*

She turned around, wrapped her arms around his neck, and tried to whisper her request into his ear.

"What?" he yelled.

She pointed over at the photographer, and yelled back, "Just follow my lead!"

Vicky moved his hands to her waist, lifted her right leg (the one with the thigh slit), and wrapped it around his back. Then, she arched her back, putting her body on display with Alkim as her improvised stripper pole, supporting and spinning her around.

She was satisfied to see they still had the photographer's full attention, but she wasn't done yet.

After a few rotations, Vicky stood back upright, grabbed Alkim's hands from her waist, and, on the strangest impulse, placed them around her neck. His masculine fingers wrapped over her choker, but his grip was tentative, like he wasn't sure what she wanted him to do.

She smiled at his naivete, his shyness, his reluctance to hurt her. It was sweet, and it should have been the perfect antidote to her weeks of living with an abusive, insecure asswipe that beat her for nothing. Yet a gentle touch is not what Vicky found herself craving.

With her hands around his, she pushed them together, tighter, and tighter still, until his fingers were nearly touching. She encouraged him to squeeze from the sides, constricting the vessels in her neck, but not her airways: she didn't want to stop breathing, to stop smelling him.

*Yesss...*

She felt it within seconds. It was that same heady, endorphin-rich high that she'd come to love over the years; yet, somehow, Alkim's hands magnified the effect. She loved it, allowing him to hold her steady as she threw her hands in the air, and indulged in some sensual dance-choking, gyrating and twerking for the camera.

Eventually, the song came to a close, the spotlight moved on to another couple, and Alkim loosened his grip around her neck.

But she needed more.

Vicky got even closer to Alkim and squeezed her hands around his, telling him not to let go. Once again, she wrapped her leg around his waist, only this time she plastered her upper body against his and instinctively began grinding her pussy against the waistline of his pants.

*Mmmmm... just like that...*

“Oh, wow...” said Alkim.

Vicky barely heard him, she was too focused on the throbbing between her legs.

“Please... don’t stop... don’t stop... I need this... I need this...”

Alkim raised his eyebrows, but made no move to separate.

This wasn't much of a dance anymore. In fact, from the outside, it probably looked like they were fucking standing up, but Vicky didn't care. She was hardly thinking at all, and moved only to satisfy her body's urges.

*It's not weird to do this with Alkim; he would never take advantage...*

She didn't recall moving her face to meet his, but the next thing she knew she was kissing him on the cheek. Then, she kissed the other one, and not a moment later, she was kissing him on the lips.

*Ooohhhh woowooow...*

That one kiss was almost supernaturally intense. A flood of positivity swept over her mind and body, like everything good in her world was magnified tenfold, including the sensitivity of her clit.

Vicky came: she came right there on the dance floor with Alkim's hands around her neck, her pussy on his bulge, their lips mashed together. They were too closely entwined to disguise her moans of pleasure from him, or anyone else within a few feet. But disguising her feelings wasn't her intent; all she wanted was to prolong this moment.

Yet just before she could slip her tongue into his, Alkim pulled back, breaking their lip contact, and shifting his hands from her neck down to her waist.

He whistled lightly, “Wow. That was, uh...”

“Hmmm?”

She dropped the leg from his waist and stood on her own two feet. It took a few seconds for the fog of lust to clear from Vicky's mind.

*Oh my god! I can't believe I just did that!*

"I'm sorry! I should have asked first! I just wanted to thank you for everything, and for being the perfect dance partner... I don't know what came over me..."

"Never said I didn't enjoy it, just caught me off guard, is all."

She laid her head down on his shoulder and took a long deep breath.

Even though so many of their interactions and conversations were about sex, he was never really the object of her desire. This was just supposed to be two friends sharing a very special dance. Cheek kissing? Totally normal. Lip kissing, choking, and frontal grinding? That seemed a bit much for even her.

Yet now that it was over, she felt remarkably calm, calmer than she'd felt in weeks, and she wondered if maybe her old (admittedly minimal) boundaries were no longer necessary with Alkim.

She hugged him tightly. "Thank you, Alkim. Really. This is the best homecoming present I could have asked for."

He squeezed back around her waist, "You're so fucking welcome, Vicky." Then he broke off the hug and started fanning his chest with his shirt. "Whew, now I could really go for an ice-cold drink."

She slid a hand down his chest, finding the fabric of his shirt was damp from collarbone to abdomen.

"I'll say! You're sweating like a pig."

Alkim laughed, "Pigs can't sweat! That's why they like mud. Humans are by far the sweatiest animals, that's why we can-"

She shut him up with a finger to his lips. "Uh-uh, drinks before animal facts. C'mon."

He blushed just a little. "Right, yeah."

She looped her arm around his and escorted him to the bar. They sat down together and ordered some frozen margaritas to help them cool off, staying within sight of the dance floor, but far enough away that they could hear each other talk.

There were a lot of other changes to the house that Alkim had deliberately left out, and Vicky was keen to get to the full scoop.

“So, when did you and Mikaella start hooking up?”

Alkim’s eyes bugged out, like a deer in headlights.

“Me and Mikaella? No waaaay, we’re just friends. Housemates.”

Vicky rolled her eyes.

“Come on, bish, no more lies: I can read the signs. Last night she could barely keep her hands off you, and before we left she looked like she was about to cry until you whispered something in her ear. After that, she was practically glowing. What else am I supposed to think?”

Alkim opened his mouth to lie, then sighed and held up his hands in surrender.

“Alright, yeah, you got me. We’ve been messing around.”

Vicky propped up her chin with the palm of her hand.

“How long?”

He gasped theatrically, “Vicky! It’s not polite to ask for a gentleman’s length!”

She cuffed him on the shoulder. “You know what I meant!”

He laughed, “We only started, like, a week or two ago.”

“So, not that long then. And how do you feel about dating a sugar baby? Are you really okay sharing her with another man?”

“Well, that’s the thing. She’s not a sugar baby anymore.”

“Really? Mikaella got a new job? Good for her! What’s she doing now?”

Alkim grimaced, like he’d said too much.

“I’m not sure she’d want me to tell everyone...”

“C’mon, ho, you’re not telling everyone; you’re telling me.”

She slid a hand over his and interlocked their fingers. Alkim considered that for a moment, then nodded.

“Alright, might as well tell you. Kate already knows, and she wanted to cut you in at some point.”

“Cutting me in on what?” *Oh, shit.* “Please, *please* tell me you’re not using Mikaella to sell drugs out of the house!”

“What? No! I’d never drag her into that.”

“Good, good. Just had to be sure.”

“Well, now I don’t feel as bad telling you the real thing.”

“So, tell me already.”

Alkim took another sip of his drink, like he needed to build up courage before confessing.

“When I said I shot some modeling stuff for Mikaella, that wasn’t exactly a lie, but it wasn’t the whole truth. Her sugar daddy wanted her to get a boobjob before he renewed her contract”

“Oh, nooooo. That’s so scummy.”

“Yeah, so she quit, and then we started fucking around. It got pretty hot and heavy, she seemed to enjoy herself a lot, and I thought ‘Hey, we could both use some money, and she already does sex work: why don’t I just ask her if she’d be down to record a blowjob video together?’”

“And she said yes?”

“On the spot. She was immediately down.” Alkim grinned. “Like, she went down on me immediately.”

“Woooooow.” Vicky took a long swill of her drink.

“Seriously, you would not believe how much Mikaella loves giving head.”

“You’re right, I don’t think I would.”

“I’m dead serious. Like, she volunteers to blow me constantly, even gets all pouty if I’m too busy to say yes. It’s crazy.”

That did sound crazy, and nothing like the Mikaella she’d known just a few months ago. From what Mikaella had told Vicky, the girl sounded almost asexual, which made her sugar-babying all the more tragic.

While the two youngest members of the household were far from the picture of innocence, she certainly hadn’t expected either of them to do something so drastic, especially Alkim. He was always so protective of his future as a professional, saying he couldn’t have party pics on

Facebook, or get a tattoo before medical school, and here he was talking about becoming an amateur pornstar.

“You don’t approve?” asked Alkim.

Vicky wasn’t sure how she felt about this news.

It wasn’t her place to lecture him. After all, he wasn’t her brother, even if she sometimes wished he was. And if Mikaella really was enjoying the sex... then, good for her. Vicky was just surprised it had been with Alkim, and after she’d been sexually active for years. Before last night, she’d never seen them really connect at all, and she couldn’t think of anything major they had in common.

Then again, Vicky had gotten a hint of that bulge mere minutes ago, when she was grinding on him.

*Damn, is the dick really that good? Maybe that’s all Mikaella had been missing: the right dick, attached to the right guy. Someone safe, thoughtful, who didn’t have to pay for her services. There are way worse guys to get attached to than Alkim. Like, almost all of them.*

In fact, the more Vicky thought about it, the better it sounded for the both of them.

“Well, you’re both consenting adults, with your own choices to make.”

“Not just us, Kate too. She’s making the website, and I’m gonna record her doing some softcore stuff.”

*Fucking what?*

“Seriously? Kate? She’s letting you record her? Naked?”

Alkim nodded. “Yup, she does not give a single fuck anymore. I mean, she already didn’t care if I saw her tits, or even her pussy every once in a while, but now she really, really does not give a fuck about what I see.”

He was grinning, no doubt replaying his memories of Kate’s nude body. Vicky couldn’t exactly blame him. She’d seen it all before, of course; Kate changing in front of her, strip poker with the girls, topless hot tub nights. Sometimes it got to be a bit too much, like that time Kate sat down on Vicky’s bed without any panties. Not that Kate didn’t have a pretty pussy, but that didn’t mean Vicky wanted it touching her clean sheets.

*So gross.*

Vicky had initially hoped that inviting a guy into the house would mean Kate might start covering up a bit more, but that had been completely off base. After that, she’d gotten worried

that Alkim might start hopelessly crushing on Kate. It was hard to imagine so much regular exposure to so much unfiltered booba wouldn't have some effect on him.

Maybe it wasn't a full-blown crush, but Alkim had once admitted to Vicky that sometimes he had to go jerk off after Kate's antics got him a bit too hot and bothered. Now, apparently, exposure to him must have also eroded what was left of Kate's modesty. Still, blasé as she was about wearing clothes around Alkim, letting any guy photograph her nude seemed like a huge leap for the gold-star lesbian.

"Daaamn, bish. That's fucking wiiild. Wait, does this mean you've given up on being a scientist?"

"No, not completely."

"Okay good."

"I just don't think I'll be taking the traditional career path for a while."

"What's that mean?" Vicky still had no idea what a normal career path was for... whatever kind of scientist he was.

"Just that I might finish out this gap year before I get back to applying to serious science jobs, running some... experiments, that sort of thing."

"Good."

Vicky was glad to hear he hadn't given up on that. No matter how much she loved partying with him, she didn't want to see him throw away all his potential. A brain like his was too good to waste on a career in porn, especially since he clearly loved science stuff.

Though she wouldn't have admitted so aloud, she just didn't share the same concern for Mikaella's career trajectory. Really, anything that kept her from becoming a teen mom would be a win; that girl didn't really have any scientific genius to squander, and shooting homemade porn was way safer than being a sugar baby.

*Safer for me too... Wait, no. Regular job first. Only do porn if everything else fails.*

*But that doesn't mean I can't check out those videos...*

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Alkim

Alkim wasn't really expecting his dancing routine with Vicky to include what he could only describe as "platonic choking," nor grinding of that intensity, nor that it would end with such a drawn out kiss on the lips. It'd taken most of their conversation for his boner to fully subside.

*Well, that was interesting... Leave it to her to turn normal behavior sexual, and sexual behavior normal. hopefully I didn't dose her with too much of anything...*

Hot as that was, dancing with Vicky always got heated, and she'd been through a lot in the last couple of months. Anyway, Vicky's flirtatiousness was vastly preferable to Kate's insistence on maintaining distance in public so people wouldn't assume she was straight. Alkim had too much else on his mind to linger on a little over-the-pants stuff with Vicky, like the fact that she now knew that he, Mikaella, and Kate had all jumped into making amateur porn.

He hadn't really expected Vicky to judge him for that. After all, how could she judge him for shooting porn when they both knew she charged interested johns a grand a night for her pussy? Still, he'd expected more pushback about getting involved with Mikaella, especially with how young and emotional she was.

*Then again, I'm still closer to Mikaella's age than Vicky's, and three years isn't much of a gap anyway. She might have more to say about the whole landlady incident...*

His reverie was interrupted when Vicky abruptly stood up and waved to someone behind him.

Alkim turned to meet Kate, her huge tits, and the girl she'd selected for tonight.

"Yooooo!" Kate slapped him on the shoulder, "We saw you guys dancing, looked like it got real steamy out there, can't believe they didn't kick you out."

*I'll say.*

The new girl seemed very impressed too. "Oh my god! You guys were incredible out there! Are you in a dance troupe or something together? Oh, I'm Emory by the way!"

"Hi, I'm Vicky! That's Alkim! And no, we're not in a troupe."

"Wow! That's amazing! I was so sure you guys had to have rehearsed all that. You two could be professionals, seriously!"

"Thanks! I don't know about 'professional,' but I did some stripping for a while, picked up some skills." Vicky pointed at Alkim. "Not sure about him, though."

"I don't actually know how to dance, this was my very first time."

Alkim enjoyed lying to drunk people in clubs; it made for good sport. In fact, the last time he'd been to Avalon, he'd told a girl that he was a penguin biologist, and that he spent most of the year in Antarctica, just to see if he could pull off the lie. It was more about keeping the small talk

spicy than trying to look cool; a mental exercise forced him to think on his feet. But, mostly, he just thought it was funny.

He continued, “Honestly, I just tried random shit I saw in music videos.” That at least was closer to the truth.

“Wow! You’re a real natural!” Emory was either buying it completely, or just didn’t care about the truth.

“Thanks! It’s the liquor; loosens up the joints. That’s a real martial-arts tip.”

Vicky slapped his shoulder lightly and raised one eyebrow, her signal to cool it on the bullshitting.

Kate leaned in to whisper in his ear “Dude, you trying to work your magic on Vicky tonight?”

Alkim whispered back, “What magic? No.”

Kate pulled him aside for more privacy, while Vicky and Emory kept chatting behind them.

“I fucking saw you choking her. She was fucking grinding her clit on you, dude.”

“I didn’t ask to do that, she just kind of... put my hands there and did the rest all on her own.”

“Seriously? Dude, I think she came.”

“What?”

“Trust me, I know the female orgasm.”

The “better than you ever could” was implied, but Alkim could not dispute Kate’s expertise in this arena.

“Shit, really?”

“Duh, why else would she want to be choked?”

“Huh.” That made way too much sense to ignore.

“And then she kissed you.”

“Hell yeah she did.” Alkim found himself grinning despite it all.

“Dude, you know what that does to me, and I’m gay. Just imagine how it made her feel.”

“Oh. Fuck.”

It had been so long since Alkim had first tried and failed to sleep with Vicky that he hadn't seriously considered that possibility since her return.

*First the drink, then the kiss... Could I really make her cum with just that?*

There was something missing from that turn of events. The drink had been quite a bit earlier, and she had no way of connecting that to his lips.

*Something else has to be at work, but what?*

Alkim tried to concentrate on the chemicals he was producing, but his focus was too clouded by alcohol for him to parse everything out. He couldn't separate what his body was creating naturally from what his talents had produced according to his whims.

Of course, chasing a good buzz was exactly why he'd dialed down his liver's activity, and it was far too late for him to reverse the effect. His body produced small quantities of drugs and other chemicals in milligram quantities. There was almost a full liter of alcohol in his system by now: orders of magnitude more than he could process in such a short space of time.

Plus, Kate was still talking.

"Sorry, what? I didn't catch that."

"Soooo, are you trying to fuck her?"

Alkim was conflicted; his platonic friendship with Vicky was the last pillar of his old life left to him. It'd taken him some weeks to stop seeing Vicky as a potential fuck, and that conditioning wasn't going to be undone in one night.

He decided he was too drunk and too high to make that kind of decision right there and then.

"Uh, no. I think I'll just keep things normal, you know?"

"I think we're all past normal." All she needed to prove her point was to cross her arms under her chest, drawing Alkim's eyes back to her chemically-enhanced cleavage. "But it's your call. I just think we could all have a lot of fun together, if that's what you really wanted." She tilted her head over at Vicky and Emory.

Kate obviously knew the suggestion would force him to picture a foursome between all of them, but knowing her scheme didn't make it any less effective.

His porn-saturated brain conjured up images of Kate stuffing her perfect nips into the mouths of Vicky and Emory, himself railing Vicky from behind, a triple blowjob, then all of them teaming up to pleasure every inch of Vicky's body...

Alkim shook the scenes from his mind before his dick could cloud his judgment any further.

“Not tonight, Kate. I already promised Mikaella I’d see her after we got back. Plus, even if I wanted to, I still don’t think Vicky would go for it. She’s never once called me “*oppa*,” I’m one hundred percent in the little brother zone.”

“If you say so.” Kate walked back to their table and hugged her new date tightly, while her gratuitous cleavage swallowed half the skinnier girl’s arm. “We’re gonna, uh, powder our noses, you guys coming?” asked Kate.

“I’m good,” said Alkim.

“I’m good too, but you have fun! Nice meeting you, Emory!” Vicky waved them off. Once they were out of earshot she turned to Alkim and said, “She’s definitely gonna try and get her pussy licked in the bathroom.”

“Oh, no doubt. Sorry that team K-Town isn’t really partying together tonight.”

“That’s alright,” she took his hand again, “This has been a great night so far. God, I can’t wait until Yeah Boi’s set starts! Oh, there’s Hannah, we should join her.”

Before Alkim could suggest they do literally anything else, Vicky was pulling him to his feet and onward to the other side of the bar, where Hannah was busy chatting up some tallish white guy, with brown hair, and ripped skinny jeans.

“Heyyyy,” said Vicky, “What’s going onnnnn?”

“Hey, Vicky. Just chatting with Liam here. Liam, this is Vicky.”

“Hi! And this is Alkim,” said Vicky.

“Hey,” Alkim said apathetically.

Liam nodded in acknowledgement, “Nice to meet you both. So, Hannah, what do you do?”

“I’m an actress.”

“Oh, what kinds of parts have you played?”

“Well, I once got a part on this little show. Maybe you’ve heard of it? It’s called ‘*Law and Order*.’”

Alkim almost spit up his drink.

Liam nodded, “Oh! I’ve heard of that! That’s really cool.”

*Fuck, this dude's eating it up.*

Hannah started twirling a loose strand of hair around her index finger, "Thanks, I've had a few smaller parts here and there, just gotta keep working my way up, you know?"

He nodded slowly, like she'd just said something sagely. "Don't we all? Don't we all? Hey, can I refresh your drink?"

"Sure, I'll have a Cosmo."

Liam turned to the bartender, "One Stella and one Cosmo, please." He slapped two twenties down on the counter, but Alkim saw that, after getting his change, Liam did not leave a tip.

*Wow, biiiiig spender over here.*

Following Vicky's request to "stop hating tonight," left Alkim with remarkably little to say around Hannah, so he just sipped his drink in silence.

Vicky ended up being the one to put this slow-motion trainwreck on hold. "Oh, I need to use the lady's room. Hannah, can you come with?"

"Sure." Hannah turned to Liam, "I'll be right back."

"And I'll be here," said Liam, raising his glass like a salute.

Alkim wasn't really in the mood for small talk with a small mind. He pulled out his phone and noticed several new texts from Mikaella.

Unfortunately, Liam was apparently hoping to score some information while the girls were either peeing or doing more coke.

"Yo, bro, I saw you dancing with that smoking hot Asian chick. That was fucking crazy bro. You got some serious moves bro."

"Thanks, *bro*."

"You tapping that?"

*Sure, why not?*

"Hell yeah I am," he lied.

"Nice! Up top!"

They high fived.

“So, you’re friends with Hannah, right?”

“Sure. We all live in the same house.”

“Nice, nice. I just wanted to ask you something, man to man, you know?”

Alkim took another sip of his drink.

“Ask away.”

*This better be good.*

“Do I have a shot with Hannah tonight? Like, does she put out? Know what I mean?”

*Classy. And how the fuck could I not know what that means?*

Alkim found himself missing the way these drunken conversations sounded back at university: they seemed less pathetic somehow, perhaps because the guys trading information on women were at least a little cleverer than this dolt, or maybe it just felt more acceptable at that age.

He shrugged, “I don’t know exactly how slutty she is, but I’m pretty sure she doesn’t have a boyfriend or anything.”

“Cool, cool. I can work with that. Thanks for the tip, bro.”

“You’re welcome.”

*And good luck melting that ice, douche.*

Freed from the burden of speaking with Liam, Alkim started responding to Mikaella’s texts.

Mikaella: Having fun?

Mikaella: How is it????

Mikaella: Wish I could be there :(((

Alkim: It’s just okay lol

Alkim: You’re not missing much

Mikaella: What abt the music?

Alkim: IDK

Alkim: Vicky likes it, but it’s not really my thing

Alkim: Also lmao

Alkim: Hannah just grabbed the dumbest motherfucker to hook up with

Mikaella: OOO

Mikaella: I wanna seeeeeee!

Mikaella: SHOW ME!

Alkim: Looooo

Alkim: Alright

Alkim opened his camera app and covertly pointed it at Liam, pretending as if he was still reading and responding to texts. That's when he saw Liam dump something into Hannah's drink.

*Holy shit.*

Unfortunately, he was too shocked at the blatant sex crime to hit the record button in time. He'd sat through numerous PSAs about this exact situation, but in four years of hard drinking, partying, and going out with groups of beautiful women, he'd never actually seen it done, nor had any of his friends gotten roofied when he was around.

Alkim didn't exactly consider Hannah a friend, but that didn't mean he was going to stand by and let her get date raped. At the same time though, he wasn't sure what was the best way to go about this.

*Should I get a bouncer involved, try and get him kicked out, or arrested? Do I confront him directly and get him to leave? Or do I just tell Hannah what I saw?*

But before he could decide what to do, the girls came back. He intercepted them just before they reached the bar and pulled them into a semi-discreet huddle.

"Hannah, you're not gonna like this, but I saw that guy put something in your drink."

"Oh, fuck. Are you sure?" asked Vicky.

"Positive," Alkim tilted his head toward Liam, "I saw him spike it."

Hannah crossed her arms. "Fuck off. There's no way he spiked my drink."

"Hannah, I saw it with my own eyes, and it sure as hell wasn't sugar."

"I'm an empath, I can sense negative intentions, and the only source of negativity I'm picking up is you."

It took Herculean strength for Alkim to keep his eyes from rolling out of their sockets.

"Hannah, please, enough with the woowoo shit, alright? He started asking me if you put out-"

Hannah interrupted, "-Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! I'm not listening to any more of your bullshit!"

"Uhhh," Liam had apparently caught on to their secret conversation and moved right next to Hannah, "Everything okay here?"

Alkim wasn't sure how much of it he'd heard.

"We're great, thanks," Hannah said with a strained smile.

“Oh, well in that case, why don’t we go somewhere more… private?” asked Liam.

“That sounds like a great idea,” said Hannah, “Why don’t we try the VIP lounge?”

Vicky stopped her with a hand on her arm, “Waiiiit, Hannah, maybe that’s not such a good idea…”

*Ahhh, fuck it.*

Alkim was done with diplomacy. Without warning, he grabbed Hannah’s drink and downed it in one go.

“Shit.” Liam cursed under his breath.

Alkim immediately detected dissolved benzo compounds and felt thoroughly vindicated.

“Mmhhmm, yeah, he definitely tried to drug you.”

“Asshole! He wouldnt-” she looked over her shoulder for him, “-Liam?”

As expected, Liam was nowhere to be found.

“Asshole!” Hannah hissed. “You scared him off!”

“I sure hope so. Fucker’s probably booking it down the block, so he doesn’t get arrested.”

“I can’t believe you’d do this to me! Can you really not stand to see a woman talking to a man that isn’t you for like, ten seconds without trying to mark your territory?”

Vicky tried to get between them, “Hang on, Hannah, I don’t think that’s fair-”

But Alkim cut her off, “Hey, I’m not the bad guy here, alright? And I’m not going to apologize for stopping a date-rapist. I’d do it again, and proudly. Fuck that guy.”

“ARRGH!” Hannah grabbed Vicky’s drink off the counter and splashed it in his face.

“What the hell?” yelled Alkim.

“Hey! Party foul!” yelled Vicky.

Hannah stormed off before anyone could stop her, muttering to herself as she left, “Fucking twaker-ass, creepy fucking son-of-a…”

Vicky gathered napkins and began dabbing around his face and shirt. “You okay, Alkim?”

“Hmm? Oh, yeah I’m fine. It’ll wash out.”

“Yeah, I wasn't really worried about her staining your fifteen-dollar shirt.” She looked down at Hannah’s empty glass, “I mean, are you gonna be okay, since you just drank a fucking date-rape drug?”

“Oh. That. Yeah, I shouldn’t be in any danger or anything.”

“You sure? Like, you don’t want to try throwing it up or something?”

*Who needs to purge? All I need to do is focus on the Rohypnol and neutralize it...*

He began the process but stopped after a moment.

*Wait, no. If I do that, then it’ll look like I faked it, and that would just prove Hannah right, obliterating what little credibility I have left... Shit! No choice then, gotta let this happen. Oh, well. I’ve never really tried benzos before, maybe this could be a learning experience.*

“Alkim!” Vicky yelled to get his attention.

“Hmm? Nah, I’ll be fine, probably just pass out early or something. No big deal.”

Vicky didn’t seem fully convinced that this wasn’t a big deal, but she respected Alkim’s drug knowledge.

“... Okay, then maybe we should just get a ride home now, yeah? Before you pass out here.”

“What? No way! I can’t let you waste these VIP tickets! If I start to go out, just put me in a booth or something and finish the show.”

“Seriously? Are you sure that’s a good idea?”

“Yeah! I’ll be fine. Really! Who knows, I might even sober up a bit with the extra time.”

Except, Alkim hadn’t accounted for all the other drugs in his system, nor the fact that he’d severely handicapped his liver’s capacity to process alcohol.

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## Kate

Kate was having a great time clubbing.

“Oh yeah, right there.” She braced herself against the walls of the handicapped stall.

“Oooooooooohhhh, fuuuuuuuuck...”

Kate took one hand off the wall and began lightly palming her sensitive tits. She squeezed them just hard enough to be pleasurable, but not so hard that she would soak through her corset top in a place like this. They were now far too large for her to see what was going on down there, but she didn't mind; it just made everything seem more spontaneous.

Emory was giving it her all, lapping at Kate's clit with the perfect intensity and frequency, all the while moaning hungrily, like Kate's was the best pussy she'd ever tasted. Kate appreciated the extra effort. Emory was so desperate for the top-heavy goth that she'd agreed to go down on Kate in record time, and without any promise of reciprocation. Kate hadn't even needed to take her top off; the sheer presence of her colossal bust was apparently more than enough to rope in whichever queer girls she chose. It was an intoxicating feeling; each stroke of Kate's ego was added to strokes of the fingers and tongue at her pussy, bringing her ever closer to a well-deserved climax.

Then her phone just had to vibrate.

*Fuck! What now?*

Kate had to dig around in her cleavage for the goddamn clit-blocking device.

*Vicky?*

"Ugh. Sorry, I've got to take this call."

"Hmmm?" Emory had to scoot back from between Kate's legs for them to make eye contact over the goth's enormous bust.

"I didn't say stop." Kate's left hand pulled Emory's face back to her pussy, while the right held her phone to her ear. "Vicky? Is everything okay?"

Club music droned on in the background, but Vicky was just able to make herself heard. "Ugh, you're not going to believe this, but Alkim's been roofied."

"What? H-how?" *Who would roofy him? Is that even possible with him?* She was having a hard time making sense of it past Emory's work.

"I'll explain later, can you just meet me by the booths and help me with him? He's *really* heavy."

Kate sighed in frustration, "Oookay, I'll be right there." She hung up. "Fuck! There goes my night!"

Kate's words and tone must have concerned Emory enough that she stopped going down on Kate and got back to her feet.

Emory wiped her mouth with her wrist. "Did I hear that right? Someone roofied your friend?"

“Apparently.”

“Oh my god! Does she need help?”

“Actually, it was my guy friend who got roofied, and yeah, I’ve gotta go help Vicky move him somewhere safer.”

“Oh? Well, do you want me to help? I don’t mind.”

Kate looked the hundred-pound girl up and down and decided there wasn’t much point in recruiting her for the task.

“Thanks, but I think we’ll be okay.”

“Alright...” Emory deflated and grabbed a paper towel to wipe Kate’s juices from her face. “Can I still get your number?”

Kate smirked. “Of course.”

*At least I got something out of this botched evening.*

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## Vicky

Together, Vicky and Kate just barely managed to get Alkim’s wasted ass to the VIP lounge before he turned into a leaden sack of muscles, and finally laid him down on a well-cushioned booth.

“Fuck, should we just take him home now?” asked Vicky.

“Nooo,” Alkim moaned, “still hab time. Juss let me sober up a bit.”

“Jesus, I’ve never seen him this fucked up before.”

“Probably because he’s never been roofied before,” said Kate.

Alkim nodded and managed to slur out his agreement, “Never liked downerssss. Nooo funnn.”

Kate sighed. “It’s okay. I’ll watch him.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah, it’s okay. Go have fun. I know how much you want to see that DJ’s set.”

“I don’t know... I’d feel bad about leaving you guys here.”

“It’s fine. Emory wasn’t that cute anyway, and I don’t feel like dancing right now. I think Alkim just wanted to get fucked up tonight, so mission accomplished!”

“True. Alright, I’ll be back after this set.” *Once I’ve given Hannah a piece of my mind.* “Call me if he throws up or something.”

Kate nodded.

Vicky found Hannah in the crowd, watching Yeah Boi work his magic. All Vicky really wanted tonight was to be part of that crowd, jumping and cheering, and vibing with her best friends.

Then Hannah had to go and fuck it all up.

She grabbed her housemate by the arm and dragged her away from the main floor until they could hear each other speak.

“What the hell, Vicky? I thought you wanted to see this DJ play?”

“Do you have any idea what Alkim just did for you?”

“Yeah! He scared away a nicer, more mature guy, all because he can’t stand the sight of another man getting something he can’t have.”

“That guy wasn’t nice! He tried to roofie you! And he might have gotten away with it if Alkim hadn’t caught him trying!”

“Bullshit. I know he just faked it for attention.”

“He’s passing out right now from the drugs! There’s no faking that! I had to call Kate over to watch him, which, honestly, should be your job since he just saved your stubborn ass.”

“Pssssh, as if. Not my fault he can’t hold his liquor.”

“Don’t fucking go there. Alkim can hold more booze than all of us combined, I’ve seen him do it before, but that doesn’t mean he’s immune to drugs! If you’d just listened to him about that guy-”

“Why should I believe a liar? We both know that Scorpio men can’t be trusted!”

Vicky was starting to understand why Alkim didn’t think astrology was just harmless fun.

“Girl, I don’t fucking care what his sign says, okay? I’ve known him since he was thirteen! He’s not a liar!”

“No, you knew him *when* he was thirteen. That was a loooooong fuckin time ago. You don’t know who the hell he really is anymore.”

“I never said he’s an angel, but he’s still a good guy!”

“He’s a mooch! A drifter! An addict! He’s just using you, you and Kate; he pretends to be broke but he obviously comes from money!”

“No more than me!”

“Come on, Vicky; you invited him over to spend one night. One. Night. Three fucking months ago, and he never left. How can you just let him get away with that?”

“His family cut him off! Where else was he supposed to go? He didn’t even have enough money to pay for a hostel.”

“Oh my fucking god! Vicky! He’s not your brother! He’s not your problem! And he has a fucking BMW for Christ’s sake! He can figure his own shit out!”

“I’m not going to apologize for helping him! Like, fine, he doesn’t pay rent, but he cooks, he cleans, he does his best, okay? I thought you of all people could relate to that.”

“Please, spare me the sob story. ‘*Oh, I don’t wanna be a doctor! I just wanna be a bum and never work or pay for myself!*’ I can’t believe you fell for that straight up psychopath. He literally said he doesn’t want to save people for a living! How is that not the biggest red flag in the universe?!”

“The fuck do you know about being a doctor? He just needs a little more time to get his life together, that’s all. I’m not turning my back on him now”

“Seriously? You just left us for over a month for some man you met at EDC! But you won’t turn your back on HIM?! Are you fucking kidding me?!?”

“Hey! I left for true love!”

“Oh? That random fucking guy at EDC was your true love, huh? Just like Alkim is your best friend? Yeah, you really know how to pick em.”

*Bitch!*

“Look, Hannah, I know you’ve had a rough time, probably a lot rougher than Alkim. Fine, you win at sob stories. But what has he actually done to make you distrustful? Has he ever done anything creepy? No! Did he try to push any boundaries? No! Did he spike your drink? No! He fucking saved you, even when you’re always mean to him. You could be in Liam’s car right now with his fucking rapist dick in your cunt if it wasn’t for Alkim watching our drinks in case this exact thing happened.”

“I didn’t ask for his ‘help,’ and I wouldn’t accept it even if I needed it. In fact, from now on, just keep him the hell away from me.”

“Fine. After this set, I’m getting us an Uber and we’re taking him home.”

“Whatever. You and Kate can go with that asshole if you want. I’m gonna stay here and get my money’s worth out of these VIP tickets.”

“Fine!”

“Fine!”

Hannah turned back to the stage and started jumping and waving her hands in the air like she just didn’t care.

Somehow, that infuriated Vicky even more than Hannah’s cunt words. She just rejoined the crowd on the other side of the dance floor, as far away from her bitch housemate as possible, and did her best to enjoy the remainder of the show dancing alone.

After that set, she pulled out her phone and found Hannah’s Instagram story, where she’d posted a selfie of herself and Liam just before everything blew up. Vicky took a screenshot of his face, and sent it off to Leah, with a message to pass his face on to security and that he was a date rapist.

*A ban’s better than nothing, but nowhere near what the bastard deserves for attempted rape, and especially for poisoning Alkim. I hope security finds him next time and knocks out all his teeth.*

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## Kate

Kate and Vicky called for an Uber. When it arrived, the driver first noted Alkim’s state of drunkenness and tried to refuse him entry, saying he was too wasted. Then he got an eyeful of Kate’s knockers, and politely informed them of a three-hundred dollar fee if Alkim vomited in the back. They agreed to those terms, and were allowed in.

Once they got Alkim to his feet, it wasn’t too much trouble getting him into the backseat. Kate took the seat behind the driver, and rested Alkim’s head on her thighs, leaving his left cheek pressed up against her tits, while Vicky took his feet in her lap.

Despite blacking out and behaving more drunkenly than either woman had ever seen him get, Alkim never seemed to completely lose consciousness. Kate supposed she shouldn’t be too shocked that the guy who’d celebrated his twenty-first birthday with twenty-one drinks (and to

hear Vicky tell it, overshot that goal by five) was handling the date-rape drugs a lot better than expected. The fact that he could hold onto even a shred of consciousness at all was borderline superhuman.

*Damn. He really wasn't lying about his liver. Or is this another of his strange powers? I'll have to ask him about that tomorrow...*

"We'll get you home soon, bro." She patted his shoulder reassuringly.

And he wasn't the only one who needed to get home. Just being near him was affecting Kate on a biological level, and she could feel the tightness in her chest growing by the minute. Unfortunately, she'd been too busy, and too lacking for privacy to milk herself today.

Now, it was a little too late to ask for Alkim's help, but apparently not too late for him to ask her.

"Kaaate?" Alkim called for her.

"I'm here, dude. Do you need something?"

"Wǒ kě le." *I'm thirsty.*

While his speech wasn't as slurred as before, he was still way beyond that level of wasted where some bilinguals unknowingly switched languages. Thankfully, Kate knew both of his, plus several more.

"Wǒ gěi nǐ bīng shuǐ." *I'll get you some ice water.*

He shook his head, rubbing his face against her stuffed corset.

"Bùyàaaaaooo! Wǒ yào hē nǚnǎi..." *Noooo! I want to drink women's milk...*

*Shit.*

Then he finally passed out for real.

"Damn, he went all the way to drunken Mandarin?" asked Vicky.

"Yuup. His tones were actually pretty good, though, all things considered."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, he's just thirsty."

The Uber dropped them back at the house. Together, they were able to get Alkim to his room and finally laid him out on his bed.

Vicky took off his shoes, then undid his belt and pulled down his pants. Kate took off his watch, unbuttoned his shirt, and with some difficulty managed to pull the sleeves off his limp arms, until he was down to just his underwear.

Kate had to admit, he seemed to be in even better shape than when they'd first met. Not by a lot, just a little leaner here, maybe more toned there. The ingrown hairs on his neck from shaving had vanished and his face was now completely free of acne.

Vicky must have noticed too, as the thicc Korean examined his uncovered body a lot longer than was strictly necessary.

Kate spoke up, "I should probably stay with him tonight; make sure he doesn't throw up or anything in his sleep."

"You sure?" Vicky threw Alkim's sweaty clothes into the hamper, and began running her fingers through his hair, "I could do that for him."

Kate nodded. "Yeah, he'd do the same for me."

Vicky laughed, "Well, yeah, of course *he* would sleep in *your* bed for any reason."

"True, but I kind of owe him anyway, for last week."

"Hmm? What happened last week?"

"Oh, I took a bunch of molly and almost passed out. Alkim helped me through it, made sure I drank enough water, sweated it out. "

"Awww, that's sweeeeet. I tried to tell Hannah that he's really sweet when he needs to be, but she just wouldn't listen."

"Especially with drug stuff, he doesn't fuck around with that. So, yeah, I should return the favor."

"Really? You're not gonna get grossed out if he gets a boner or something?"

Kate noticed that Vicky had never taken her hand off Alkim's body and was now rubbing her hand over his sweaty forehead.

"Ehhhh, wasn't really planning on cuddling with him, just wanted to make sure he didn't choke or anything. Why? Are you volunteering to take my place?"

Vicky looked down and went back to idly running her hands through his hair. "Yeah. I just feel really bad about everything. I vouched for Hannah with him, and then he did this, and she still didn't believe him. I should have just tossed the drink out myself."

“It’s not your fault,” Kate began to undress herself, “I can handle it.”

“No, no, really.” Vicky was insistent. “You can go to bed, I’ll take care of him. We’ve done this before at other parties.”

Vicky pulled her dress straps off her shoulders, and Kate couldn’t help but pay attention to that tanned, tight, muscular frame.

“Wait, what do you mean you’ve done this before?”

“Well, okay, Alkim wasn’t roofied those times. He just fell asleep at a couple parties, and I joined him on the couch there, for safety, creep repellent. Seriously, it’s no big deal for me.” By the end of her explanation, Vicky was down to her bra and panties and was in the process of taking off her heels, stabilizing herself with one hand on Alkim’s chest.

*Oh yeah, she’s feeling it for sure. She just has no idea what it is she’s feeling, or where it’s coming from.*

Kate was a bit torn on how to proceed, and kept working at the laces of her corset while she thought it through. While this was far from the threesome (or foursome) she’d had in mind with Vicky and Alkim (and maybe an extra girl for herself), this could be a step in the right direction to normalizing hot, multiple-girl scenarios with Vicky.

But with Vicky sharing the bed, getting Alkim to discreetly drain her of milk would be a lot more difficult, and Kate needed to relieve tightness in her overstuffed mammarys. She could just use the pump in her room, but that wouldn’t be nearly as comfortable, and it was a pain to hold the pumps all by herself. Bizarre as it was, the pumps just couldn’t hold a candle to the sheer bliss that Alkim’s mouth brought.

*Fuck it.*

“Why don’t we both just stay with him then?” Kate suggested. “Double the coverage, double the safety checks. Plus, I’m too wired to fall asleep for another couple of hours anyway, so I’ll notice if anything happens. Just help me roll him onto his side, in case he vomits.”

“Ooooooh, good idea,” Vicky agreed, easily pushing him onto his side before Kate could even assist her. “I’ll be the big spoon.” Vicky slipped under the sheets and wrapped her right arm over Alkim’s body.

“Okay then. I’ll just face him this way.”

Kate pulled off her corset and threw it along with the rest of her clothes into a pile in the corner. Though, she was careful not to remove the absorbent pads on her nipples just yet. She rubbed at the sides of her breasts that had been chafing a bit in the overstuffed top, especially where her skin had tried to push out the laces and gotten hints of rope burns. She kept her kneading light to avoid expressing her milk prematurely.

“Damn, girl,” said Vicky, “I don’t know if I’ll ever get used to how insanely huge your tits are now. It’s so hard not to stare sometimes.”

Kate turned to face Vicky and lifted one huge breast in each arm, “I don’t mind when you guys look. They took some adjusting to, but I think they’re starting to grow on me.”

Vicky laughed. “Oh my god, can you imagine how nuts he would go if he woke up with those fucking milk cannons in his face? Hahaha!”

*Oh, he’d know what to do.*

Kate smiled and played along, “Probably get an anime nosebleed, or something.”

“I mean, could you really blame him for that?”

“Nah, like, I get it.”

“Low key, I’m kinda jealous. Like, I bet I could double my bartending tips if I went up just a couple more sizes.”

*That could be arranged.*

Kate wondered how long it would be before Alkim’s presence enhanced Vicky’s figure, intentionally or otherwise. She began to picture her thicc Korean friend with some heaving tits to balance out her gym booty and slim-thick waist.

*Hmmm, maybe Alkim was onto something after all...*

Kate turned off the lights, and slipped into bed facing Alkim, but with her head resting a good half foot further up the mattress. That way, she could move her tits into position when the time came without having to move her body or risk rocking the bed.

“Night, Kate.”

“Night, Vicky.”

Kate wasn’t lying about being too wired for sleep. She killed some time catching up on her socials and waited for Vicky’s breathing to normalize before she made her move.

First, she finally removed the absorbent pad from one nipple, finding it had already absorbed its limit. Evidently, her body had wasted no time preparing to feed him.

*Oh, Alkim. The things you do to me...*

Next, she pulled the sheet up until it concealed Alkim and herself completely, just in case Vicky woke up unexpectedly. Finally, all she had to do was scootch just a bit closer until her tits were fully in his face. She couldn't risk turning on a light, so she had to pinch her nipple with one hand and rub it around his face until she found his mouth.

While those hands should have been eagerly massaging her tender tits instead lay limp at his side, the instant Kate slipped that nipple between his lips, Alkim began suckling, like he'd been waiting for her just as much as her over-productive tits had been waiting for his lips. Her milk let down instantly, and relief soon followed.

"Ahhhhhhh," Kate sighed in quiet contentment.

As usual, everything his tongue touched was revitalized. That roofie may have severely affected Alkim's brain, but as far as Kate could tell, he didn't need his brain to nurse, and the chemicals he produced felt just as amazing as ever.

Within minutes, her normal cravings for Alkim were satisfied. Everything that followed was just a bonus, and one she was happy to collect. She could still feel the milk pressure, but the sensation of tightness was dulled from a constant ache into something infinitely more tolerable; just enough feeling so that she would know when it was time to switch to her other breast.

Kate felt there was just one thing missing from this moment: a lack of stimulation of her pussy. Emory's expert tongue had worked Kate into a frenzy back at the club, but they'd been interrupted before Kate could finish, and that needy feeling between her legs returned with a vengeance. Her panties, already wet from the club, were now completely soaked through.

*Mmmmm... I think I'm due some replacement orgasms for all my help...*

She stopped for a moment, listening for any changes in Vicky's breathing. Detecting none, she decided it was safe enough for her to slip a hand between her legs.

*Yes, right there, yesss...*

Alkim's mouth on her nipple had ramped up the sensitivity of her entire body to impossible extremes. Her clit throbbed from the lightest touch, her pussy clenched around emptiness, and her other breast began to express milk without any direct stimulation, soaking the remaining pad through. Kate impulsively removed the milk-drenched pad and was forced to stymie the light spray of milk by suckling it herself. She found her milk unexpectedly sweet, delicious even, and suckled her own tit even harder.

*Fuuuuuck, why haven't I done this before now? No wonder Alkim loves it so much... I'm fucking gourmet.*

The triple sensations at her tits and her pussy were incredible. There was just so much *more* to feel, as though she had three clits to pleasure instead of one. The risk of getting caught and the blatantly taboo nature of the moment only amped her up even higher.

She came very quickly in that position: one hand working her pussy, the other holding her huge breast up to her mouth, with her other breast in the thirsty mouth of her unconscious guy friend, and all the while her best female friend was cuddling him in her sleep.

Kate shook and spasmed with pleasure, and almost lost control. Thankfully, the enormous boob in her mouth muffled her orgasmic screams. No one woke up. Just as she came, her knees folded up towards her chest, and accidentally brushed past Alkim's boner, sending it wagging back and forth against her leg like a rogue doorstopper.

Eventually she stopped cumming, and the cock stopped slapping against her, but it neither withdrew nor softened.

*Ew! Ew! Ew!*

Alkim was beyond speaking for the time being; too busy dreaming and drinking his fill. But his body managed to communicate in its own way.

*Fuck, does he really want me to... No.*

Kate tried her best to put it out of her mind, but while he was still suckling at her tit, pleasuring her with his lips and tongue, she couldn't really ignore him, or his dick. Even in the dark, she found her attention kept returning to it, like a moth to a lamp.

Too curious and drunk with pleasure for her usual dick-revulsion, Kate extended a hand to the base of his cloth-covered boner, finding it even more rigid than expected. She started squeezing it between thumb and forefinger as she inched her way up the shaft.

The moment her hand touched wetness, a flash of disgust overpowered her curiosity, and she pulled her damp hands back, and, in doing so, accidentally inhaled the aroma of his precum.

For reasons unknown to her, she found the scent unusually intriguing. Kate just couldn't stop sniffing her fingers, taking increasingly longer inhalations, as if her mind needed to sort through every individual component.

It didn't smell like anything she was familiar with, certainly not sex. To Kate, sex meant pussy smells. This was different: unique, powerful, distinctly of Alkim, and like all things Alkim, it held the promise of something truly special...

She licked her fingers.

*Ooohhhh fuuuck...*

Suddenly she had both digits knuckle-deep in her mouth. Dopamine flooded her mind, while the hand at her pussy went into overdrive, rapidly bringing herself to another climax so soon after

the first. She'd dropped her other tit in her frenzied finger-sucking, which began fountaining milk up and down into her face, but she hardly noticed.

The amount of Alkim's precum Kate had collected on her fingers was minimal, and once she'd consumed it all she stopped cumming. After some time to cool down, finally unclouded by arousal, she was able to think and feel more clearly.

*Holy shit! This stuff is insanely potent. Dangerous, even...*

Alkim hadn't even done anything but lie still and get hard, yet Kate had almost been ensnared into pleasuring his unconscious body. Now, she was more certain than ever that she had to keep his cum away from her. She refused to allow herself to end up like Mikaella, sucking dick for drugs, even if the dick was full of drugs, and the drugs were so, *so* good...

No, Kate was a lesbian: a lesbian is what she was. Anything more than his mouth on her tit still disgusted her sense of self. If she wanted to maintain her connection with Alkim—the kissing and the breastfeeding—without having to go down on him, then he would need more: someone way hotter than Mikaella to keep his balls safe and drained.

*Who could be better than Vicky? They both want each other, even if they won't admit it. Vicky just needs to get over her eldest daughter shit and let this happen. Besides, she can't fucking pick a dick to save her life. This way, there won't be any shitty rave guys assaulting her; no restaurant managers trying to extort her; no outside guys at all, just good friends, good times, and good chemicals.*

One last time, Kate slipped her hand to Alkim's slick prick—*Ew!Ew!Ew!*—reached past Alkim's nursing face and rubbed her slimy fingers over Vicky's parted lips. Within seconds, the sleeping girl sucked them clean and hummed contentedly.

*Sweet dreams, Vicky. And you too, Alkim.*

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## Mikaella

Mikaella woke up at three a.m. with an inexplicable desire to suck Alkim's dick.

She didn't know why, or how her body knew it was the promised time, but she knew what she wanted all the same. She checked her phone: there were no new messages or missed calls. But it was three a.m., and the club closed at two.

*They should all be back by now! Alkim promised! Why hasn't he texted back?*

He was supposed to wake her up when the time came so she could suck him to sleep.

Confused, irritated, and jonesing for a fucking, Mikaella put on some clothes and stalked out into the hallway. Vicky and Kate's rooms were dark and quiet.

*Maybe they're still out? Getting food?*

That would be fine, she could just wait until they got back. Then she could get her dick.

Yet, when Mikaella got to Alkim's room, she heard the unmistakable rhythm of breathing.

*So, Alkim did come back? By himself? Without telling me?*

Curious, she opened his door a crack—thankfully, Kate still hadn't gotten the lock fixed—and whispered his name.

“Alkiiiiim?”

No response.

*He must be asleep.*

Mikaella entered, tiptoed over to his bed, and froze. There seemed to be more than one person in the bed but it was too dark for her to tell for sure. She took out her phone and used the light from her screen to see what the fuck was going on.

The first thing to catch the light was Vicky's bright, blonde hair spread out over Alkim's pillow, while the rest of her cuddled him from behind as the big spoon. Her head was nuzzled up against his neck, while her arms possessively wrapped around his chest, and her big, bra-clad tits were smushed tightly into his back.

Mikaella's stomach dropped, and she let go of her phone. Her worst fear had been realized within just two days of Vicky's arrival: Alkim had traded up. He didn't bother waking her up because she was redundant; no longer his number one fuckdoll. Vicky was number one now.

She began to tear up uncontrollably but maintained the presence of mind to cover her mouth and nose so that no one would wake from her crying. Only when she wiped her eyes clear did she catch sight of another person in the bed, and her anxieties were overwhelmed with sheer confusion. There was no mistaking that purple dye-job: Kate was also sharing Alkim's bed, and by the looks of her bare shoulders sticking out from the sheets, she wasn't even wearing a bra.

*What the fuck?! Why would Kate do that???*

Vicky sleeping with Alkim made all too much sense to Mikaella: they matched up, they had a lot in common, and Vicky could get whatever she wanted. Obviously that included Alkim.

*But Vicky AND Kate sleeping with Alkim? In the same night??? Her befuddlement was multiplied by the fact that Alkim was in the middle: Kate should have been trying to lez-out with Vicky, not lay there with her naked tits in her man's face.*

She had to do something now. This was too weird to just leave them alone. "*Alkim?*" she whispered again, poking where she assumed his shoulders were.

Still no response.

Alkim was almost completely obscured by the dark bedsheet, but Mikaella could tell his head was somewhere in the vicinity of Katie cow's giant fucking udders. Curiosity got the better of her, and she began to peel the sheet down over Alkim's sleeping head. First his dark hair came into view, then his eyes, and then the rest of his face was revealed.

This time, Mikaella couldn't suppress her gasp: Alkim was sucking Kate's titty.

*WHAT THE FUCK? WHAT THE FUCK?! WHAT THE FUUUCK?!?!?!?*

She was frozen in place, unable to look away from the bizarre spectacle. Now that there was nothing in the way, the wet suckling sounds seemed the loudest thing in the world. Mikaella saw a trickle of drool escape Alkim's lips, noticed its strange, opaque color, and realized that it could only be one thing.

*Oh my god! No wonder her tits got so fucking fat! Fucking cow! How am I ever supposed to compete with fucking Stripperella AND the titty monster's fat fucking milkers at the same time?!*

Mikaella was starting to hyperventilate, when Vicky suddenly shifted in place and Mikaella remembered that while her man's mouth was on another woman's breast, she was technically the intruder here.

Before Vicky or Kate could awaken and ask what the hell she was doing spying on them, she hustled out the door, shut it behind her, ran back to her room, and promptly wrapped herself in a ton of blankets.

*What the hell happened at that fucking club?!?!?!?*

## XXI - Lease Agreement

Alkim

Alkim woke up to a blaring alarm from his phone.

*Fuuuuck, when did I get back here? And what time is it?*

He grabbed his phone off the nightstand and silenced it: the time read four-fifteen p.m.

He checked his notifications: there were lots of irrelevant notifications on pictures Vicky and Kate had tagged him in last night, some texts from Mikaella he'd read later. Only after clearing everything did he remember to check what that alarm was for.

The alarm was titled "MILF Appointment - 5pm."

*Oh shit! I gotta meet the landlady in forty-five minutes!*

Alkim sprung out of bed, went to the working shower, turned on the water, and checked his appearance in the mirror. He'd shaved last night, and the regrown stubble was minor enough that he didn't need to bother with that again.

He was still tired, so, while the water warmed, he jumpstarted his mind by internally generating a large dose of dextroamphetamine. Before the mirrors began to fog up, the synthesis was completed, the dopamine was released, his heart rate accelerated, and his focus sharpened to a knife's edge.

*Damn, I'm getting pretty good at this.*

After a long piss and a quick shower, he went back to his room and picked out some clothes. Not feeling very creative, he assembled a similar outfit to last night's: a button up Hawaiian shirt adorned with images of reef fishes, black dress pants, black dress shoes, and his watch. Once he was fully dressed, he performed another mirror check.

*Do I look like I could buy a house?*

Then came a knock on his unlockable door.

"Alkim?" It was just Kate. "You awake yet? Was that you in the shower?"

"Yeah, I'm about to head out."

"Heading out? Where?" She entered without waiting for his answer, though her tits completed the journey a full second before the rest of her. They jiggled obscenely in her heroically strained tank top and were mirrored below by her bubble butt in her lacy purple panties. She closed the door behind her and eyed him up and down, "Wow, I don't think I've ever seen you get dressed up two days in a row."

"It's for a good cause: I'm taking care of our MILF problem."

"Our MILF problem? Oh! The landlady?"

"Yup."

“Are you really up for that right now?”

“Sure, woke up a little tired, but I fixed that all by myself.” He tapped his temples. “No headache either, must have stayed well hydrated last night. So, yeah, I'm driving over to meet her now.”

She grinned knowingly, “Niiicceeeee, gonna rock her world?”

Alkim smiled back, “That’s the plan. Well, one of the plans.” He pulled his hygiene travel bag out from under the bed and dug around for loose condoms, found three, and set them down on his nightstand.

Kate stopped him with a hand on his shoulder. “Wait, before you go I’m trying to finish up that website today.”

“Lit, you’re the best.”

“Yeah, but to do that I’m gonna need my meds.”

“Oh, duh,” Alkim turned and kissed Kate on the lips. His eager tongue pushed into her mouth, while his arms wrapped around her waist and pulled her close. While he reveled in the pillowy titflesh pressed against his abs, and the energetic flicking of her tongue in his mouth, he tried not to get distracted by her charms. It took some serious effort, but he managed to concentrate just enough on mixing a hefty dose of amphetamines into his normal concoction to assist Kate with her work.

After a few seconds of passing drugs mouth-to-mouth, he pulled back, heard the sharp intake of breath, and looked down to see Kate’s eyelids still fluttering dreamily, while her tongue continued to lick around her lips, ensuring she got every precious milligram.

Alkim wasn’t sure he would ever get used to the sight of such a beauty experiencing such intense bliss from such limited contact, especially when the beauty in question was his enormously chesty friend. It was such an insane ego trip: kissing him was now an indispensable part of Kate’s morning routine. And as a bonus, he was free to admire the sight of those monumental, heaving tits of hers in that tank top while she took the next few seconds to regain her composure.

“You good to go?” asked Alkim, but only after getting a good long eyeful of those incredible knockers.

Kate exhaled deeply. “Yeahhhh... much better...”

Alkim checked his phone: there was another alarm telling him to get going in the next few minutes, but the sight of those tits kept him from leaving just yet. “How about your tits? Is the pressure okay? Do you need another milking?”

If Kate was bothered by his cavalier questions about her milkers, she kept it to herself.

“Hmmm. I fed-I mean, I pumped them last night...” She hefted one in each hand, checking their weight, considering. and Alkim stared shamelessly as each heavy tit spilled well beyond the flats of her dainty, feminine hands. Kate pinched one nipple, and a dark spot quickly formed around the erect nub, deciding the matter. She shrugged, “I guess a little draining couldn’t hurt.”

Alkim licked his lips. “Alright. I need to be there at five, so we’ve gotta make this quick.”

She turned to check the door was fully closed, “Kay, Vicky should be out for a bit longer...”

Alkim was about to ask where Vicky was, but Kate started peeling up her tank top and the question died on his lips.

The fabric caught on the jutting shelf of underboob, lifting those enormous tits until they reached the inflection point and tumbled out, audibly slapping against her flat tummy where they continued to shake and ripple enticingly as she worked the top over her shoulders and threw it aside.

*The fucking jiggle physics on this woman...*

Alkim laid back on his bed, mouth watering, cock hardening, watching with bated breath as Kate climbed onto the mattress and crawled towards him on her hands and knees. All the while those engorged mams swayed pendulously beneath her, clapping against each other with her every movement, dripping nipples scraping over his bunched-up comforter, trailing little dark spots in her wake. She dragged those swollen tits over his face, smearing a thin trail of milk over his skin, then unceremoniously dropped the left nipple into his open mouth.

Alkim latched on tightly, and Kate’s mammary glands began to let go of their milky payload, while Alkim’s salivary glands released their own mixture of pleasure and lactation-inducing chemicals. Those first few droplets of milk quickly grew into a delicious, steady trickle. Yet, as much as Alkim wanted to savor each and every moment with Kate’s tit in his mouth, he still had a schedule to keep.

Without asking permission, Alkim grabbed around the base of that giant boob with both hands and began massaging down Kate’s breast to her darkened areolas. Her flow quickly increased to the point where only a few seconds without swallowing would overflow the sides of his mouth.

*This is the fucking life: breakfast in bed. Mmmmm... Thank you, hospital lactation consultant, your tips have been shockingly useful lately...*

Kate didn’t just permit his handsyness, she moaned her approval of the extra stimulation. He wasn’t sure if she understood why he was massaging her swollen tits, or if she thought he just wanted to grope some big fucking titties. . Either way, the sensation was too pleasurable for her to resist, and those tits were his to fool around with for however many minutes remained in his schedule.

After a bit, he switched to the other nipple and repeated his downward massaging motions, while the first tit continued leaking milk onto his pillow. He stared up at her over the curves of her massive chest, watching her lips take on an “O” as she relaxed into their new favorite ritual.

They continued like that until Alkim’s final alarm rang, and he abruptly unlatched from his lactating friend. Kate’s tits didn’t get the memo and kept expressing milk onto his face.

“Shit, sorry,” he apologized, rolling her off, “that’s all the time I have.”

Kate sagged onto her side and tried to cover her nipples with her hands, though milk continued to leak through her fingers.

Tempting as that was, Alkim had somewhere to be. He got out of bed, ran to the bathroom sink, rinsed the remaining milk from his face, adjusted his hair in the mirror, and straightened out his shirt. Finally satisfied with his appearance, he put on his shoes, grabbed his wallet, keys, his most expensive sunglasses, and those three condoms.

He turned back to Kate, “Alright, gotta go now, or I’ll be late.”

“Okay,” Kate mumbled, still collecting herself and leaking into his bedding.

*Hmm, I might have overdone it a bit...* “Maybe this week we can try and experiment with spacing the kissing and milking over the day?”

“Sure... Sounds good...”

“Great, I’ll let you know how it goes with Ania.”

He left the room before Kate could finish recovering, and rushed out the front door, deadbolting it behind him. In his haste to get laid, he jumped down the steps without looking, and in doing so he very nearly collided with some woman in a sports bra and running shorts.

“Whoa!” They both yelped in surprise, then the recognition came.

“Vicky?”

“Alkim? You scared the shit out of me!” Slapped him on the forearm, then hugged him tightly. “I checked on you an hour ago, but you still looked like you were in a coma! I wasn’t sure when you’d wake up, so I went on a quick jog.” That explained her clothes, and why she was damp to the touch. She pulled back to inspect his face, her hands grasping at his shoulders. “How are you even standing and walking around after last night?”

Alkim shrugged off her probing hands. “I don’t get hangovers, you know that.”

“Oh, duh!” She palmed her temple. “You probably don’t remember anything, huh?”

“No, why? Did I mix too many drugs or something? Did I hit my head? Did I lose a fight?”

“No, bitch, you were roofied!”

Alkim’s stomach dropped. He’d considered a dozen potential explanations for his black out, but date rape was not one of them.

“What? How? Who the fuck would roofie me?”

“You did.”

“I did what?!”

“Some guy tried to roofie Hannah, and you tried to tell her, but she wouldn’t believe you, so you drank it before she could.”

“Oh.”

That sure sounded like something he would try. It also explained why he wouldn’t remember most of the night, and why he’d slept four hours past noon.

“Seriously, boy, how are you even standing right now?”

Alkim shrugged, “I’m very hard to poison.”

“Jesus Christ. I know you have, like, a crazy high tolerance to drugs, but I thought the roofie would keep you down for like a day at least.”

Alkim began counting off substances, “Alcohol, caffeine, amphetamine, cocaine, weed,” he had to continue the count with his other hand, “LSD, mushrooms, chloroform that one time... would be weird if I couldn’t tolerate one little roofie, don’t you think?”

“Daaaamn, your liver’s insane.” She looked him up and down, finally noticing his clothes. “Wait, why are you all dressed up at four p.m. on a Sunday?”

“I’m going out.”

“Seriously? After everything I just told you? Don’t you think you should stay in, take it easy?”

“Well, I was already dressed before you told me anything. Besides, I feel sober enough, and I can’t exactly skip this.”

“Why not?”

“It’s kind of a date...”

“Oh?” Vicky perked up instantly. “Wait, I thought you said you weren’t dating anyone?”

“I wasn’t then, she just asked me out the other night.”

“At the club?”

“No, Friday night. She texted me, asked if I could meet at her place and I said yes.”

“Well, if it’s short notice then just text her that you got too fucked up last night, she’ll understand.”

“I don’t know if she would. Besides, no-showing on a first date? Everyone hates people who do that, becayse they’re the fucking worst.”

“Alright, yeah. Good point.” Vicky crossed her arms under her chest. “But you’re not driving, are you?”

“Well yeah, why wouldn’t I?”

He tried to walk around her to his car, but Vicky stopped him with a firm hand around his wrist.

“Dude, no. I can’t let you drive after last night.”

“Relaaax, Vicky. I’m totally sober now, and it’s not that far anyway; just a mile or two.”

“If it’s not that far then let me drive you.”

His head tilted. “You sure?”

“Dead serious. I’m gonna get my glasses and my hoodie, and I’ll be right back. Don’t. Go. Anywhere.”

Alkim held up his hands in surrender and pocketed his car keys. “Alright, alright.” He saw no point in fighting her over this, especially when he was running out of time to argue. He took the moment to admire her well-toned ass as she slipped into the house, then used his phone to check the route to Ania’s.

Vicky returned a moment later wearing glasses and her hoodie, and they got into her two-seater Mazda Miata convertible. She opted for contacts so often that Alkim sometimes forgot she even needed corrective lenses at all. Not that she wasn’t still hot in glasses, but the reminder was always a little jarring, and they made her look a lot more mature than she really was.

“Thanks for the ride.”

“Safety first!! Besides, I already owed you one for picking me up on Friday.”

“Oh, yeah. So, walk me through exactly what happened last night. The last thing I remember was us dancing under the spotlight, just absolutely crushing it.”

Vicky smiled at the mention, then proceeded to recount everything that occurred at Avalon, from Alkim drinking the roofie to her confrontation with Hannah and giving security that rapist’s picture. “I think that was really brave of you, standing up for Hannah like that, even when she wouldn’t believe you.”

“Thanks.”

“But next time, maybe don’t drink the drugs. Or, if you do, we should just go straight home, yeah? Like, I appreciate that you didn’t want to ruin my night, but you had me really worried.”

“Yeah, I’m still a little curious how the benzos felt, but I can’t see myself doing that a second time. Was it hard getting me back to the house?”

“Boy, are you for real? Hell yeah it was hard! What are you, like, two-hundred pounds?”

“One-eighty-five, I think.”

“Damn, your body’s dense...” she mumbled, “I needed Kate’s help to get you in the Uber, and to your room.”

“Oh, shit.”

Usually, whenever a member of Alkim’s party passed out, he was more than capable of Samwise-carrying them home, but he’d failed to consider that the girls couldn’t do the same when he was the dead weight.

“Yeah, that was a fucking workout. Kate probably suffered double carrying your ass AND those giant tits of hers! Then Kate said we should both spend the night in your room to make sure you don’t choke to death in your sleep. Scared the bejesus out of me.”

“Really? Huh. That’s actually a very good call from her.” *Too bad we can’t all sleep together when we’re sober, and naked...*

“*Mhm*. Was she still there when you woke up?”

“No, but she checked on me right after I got out of bed. Said she’s gonna work on that porn site of ours. Oh, did I throw up last night?”

“No, never, that’s the craziest part. And you had, like, a ton of drinks too.”

“Oh right, the extra flasks we hid in Kate’s boobs.”

“And the coke, and your weed pen.”

Alkim suddenly remembered his little experiment on producing less alcohol dehydrogenase. Technically speaking, it worked as intended, though perhaps a little too well. He scratched behind his head in a partial admission of responsibility, “In my defense, it was just supposed to be those three drugs. I was ready for all that, just not benzos.”

They pulled up in front of the house, with the signs “FOR SALE,” and “OPEN HOUSE” marking the spot.

Vicky’s eyebrows furrowed. “Wait, are you meeting someone at an open house? Does she live there?”

“Uh, no, she’s just selling it.”

Vicky adjusted her glasses and read the signs, “Waaaaaiiit, Ania Davtyan? That’s our landlady! You’re going out with the landlady?!”

*Damn, maybe I’m not as sober as I thought, or I would have remembered to lie.*

“Not exactly going out with her. I ran into her the other week; she gave me her card and told me I should come here.”

“What? Why?”

“I’m guessing you never noticed the sign in our yard?”

“No? What sign?”

“The ‘for sale’ sign. She’s selling our house too.”

“No way!”

“Way. She’s not letting Kate renew the lease.”

“No! How much time do we have left?”

“Less than three months.”

“Shit!” She slapped both hands down on the steering wheel.

“I know, that’s kind of why I’m here. I’m trying to get us a better deal or see if she’ll let us lease another house.”

“What? Bitch, are you on crack? There’s no fucking way we can afford this place!”

“No, not a chance. At least, not at the market rate. But I think this is more of a quid-pro-quo situation.”

“What? I don’t know what that means.”

“Well, she also offered to give me a ‘private tour’ and said that if I can’t afford any of them we could ‘work something out.’” He paired that last phrase with air quotes, then pulled the card out of his wallet and handed it to Vicky. “So, I figured I should see what she’s offering.”

Vicky read the card and presumably noted the little hearts around Ania’s phone number.

“Oh my god. *Please* tell me you’re kidding.”

“Nope.”

He checked his hair in the mirror, and began to get up, but Vicky stopped him with a hand on his arm.

“Wait! Slow down a second! Shouldn’t we talk about this first?”

“Why? What’s there to say?”

“You don’t have to do this. I know we call each other whore, and slut, and whatever, but that doesn’t mean you have to whore yourself out for real. Seriously, we can figure out something else. Like, we could try another house or just get a big apartment together. Three months is more than enough time to find a new place.”

Alkim waved off her concerns. “Vicky, you know she’s super hot, right? That long black hair, snatched waist, that huuuge ass...” He traced an exaggerated hourglass figure with his hands. “I’d fuck her for free.”

She slapped his shoulder, “That’s not the point! Sex shouldn’t be an obligation! She’s using you! Don’t you see how fucked up that is?”

“Well, yeah, but I have to do something. I can’t let middle-class morals get in the way of doing the right thing. Please, don’t take this the wrong way, I know you’ve had to do stuff like this before-”

“Don’t say that! Please!”

“What?”

“I’d feel so fucking terrible if I got you into a situation like this.”

“Why would you think this is your fault?”

“Because I’m the one who invited you over to hang out at fucking slut house, and now you’re talking about sleeping with someone for money!”

“And that invite saved my ass, so will you just let me return the favor?”

Her head drooped. “I just don’t want to see you get taken advantage of like this.”

“I’ll be fine, Vicky, really. No one’s taking advantage of me.” *Not anymore.*

“What if it doesn’t stop at just one time, huh? What if she makes you do this over and over again, and you’re stuck on the hook?”

*Right idea, wrong victim.*

“Way ahead of you. If it ever comes to that, then we can just move out.” He checked his watch.

“Shit, it’s five-o’clock. Gotta go now, thanks for the ride.”

“Okay... Just promise me you’ll call if you need me to come get you.”

“I promise I’ll call if I need you,” *Fuck, what was the Korean word for big sis...* “noona.”

“Awww!” She cooed and hugged him.

He patted her back and broke off the hug. “Welp, first time banging a MILF. Wish me luck.”

“Good luck...” she mumbled.

He got out of the car and walked to the front door, taking in the property as he did. It was a very nice house: two stories, two-car garage, nice bit of garden space.

Alkim turned around and saw Vicky was still parked there, waiting. He silently mouthed “*Go home!*” and waved her off. She caved and U-turned back towards home.

It was odd, having someone so concerned with his moral wellbeing. Part of him wanted to just explain to Vicky why he was so confident the negotiations would go his way, but that would have been far too much to dump on her now, or ever, really. Besides, if Vicky wanted to play the big sis, he saw no reason to take that from her.

He knocked on the door, and heard the characteristic click-clacking of high heeled shoes approaching from the other side. Then, the door swung open to reveal the very image of a business-MILF.

Ania wore a teal blazer with the top three buttons undone, revealing just a hint of cleavage, black leggings that perfectly contoured her curves, and tall, black heels to complete the set. She tossed her thick, wavy, jet-black hair over her shoulders, drawing his eye to her necklace of opalescent pearls. His gaze finally settled on her face, with its subtlety done makeup, excepting her

plum-purple lipstick. Her perfume hit him a second later: a fragrant collection of aromatic hydrocarbons, chosen to overpower men's senses and lodge into their brains. He had to admit, it was working.

Ania was no more subtle in her appraisal of Alkim, as she scanned him from top to bottom before checking her gold watch. "Mmm, five p.m. on the dot." She smiled wryly. "How punctual."

"I always keep my appointments," he lied—forgetting appointments was another common symptom of ADHD, which was why he'd set multiple redundant alarms on his phone—"and I believe you mentioned a private tour of the house?"

Ania's smile widened. "Why yes, I did. But before we begin, would you mind bringing me that open house sign on the lawn? Wouldn't want anyone to interrupt the tour, now would we?"

*What is this? Some canned negotiating tactic she read about in a shitty airport bookstore? "The Art of War for Business Executive Asshats. Lesson one: make the opposing party perform some petty favor to establish dominance and throw them off balance."*

Still, he couldn't think of a good reason to refuse such a simple task, and he was still her guest.

"Sure," he agreed, went back to grab the sign, and trotted back to the front door.

"Thank you." She took the liberty of tickling her manicured nails down his wrist before she grabbed the sign from his hands, stood to the side, ushered him in, and closed the door. She set the sign down by the door in a manner that just so happened to show off her ass in those leggings, turned back to her guest, and clasped her hands together. "Well, why don't we start with the living room?"

The interior was nice and spacious, though it was painted in the same tacky white that landlords everywhere seemed to favor. Though, Ania's contractors were at least competent enough to not paint over the power outlets. Simple model furniture filled out the living room.

*Probably IKEA.*

Alkim nodded his approval and followed her into the kitchen. She moved from room to room with the same fluid grace and regal confidence she'd displayed on the day they met. He couldn't help but admire the sway of her hips and the undulations of her fat ass in those tight leggings. His admiration was so great that he almost missed her first words about the kitchen.

"Full kitchen island, dishwasher, fridge, four powerful burners, and solid oak cupboards. I just had them redone."

It was as she said, and he found it far more impressive than the generic living room. There was plenty of space for cutting boards, pots, pans, and fresh produce. The spice racks were within easy reach of the stove; the fridge was huge and dispensed filtered water and ice. Alkim loved to

cook, and this was about as ideal a kitchen as he could hope for. Really, the working dishwasher alone put it well above Kate's house, or any of Alkim's previous apartments. For far too long he'd been stuck washing everything by hand, forced to treat the faulty dishwasher as a mere drying rack.

The sink was partially filled with glasses and tiny plates used by the previous open-house guests, while the kitchen island was still stocked with assorted charcuterie boards, finger foods, and several unopened bottles of red wine. Alkim found the spread nearly as appetizing as his host's figure, and his rumbling stomach reminded him that he hadn't gotten a proper meal since last night's dinner.

His gaze was not very discrete, and Ania caught him admiring the food, "Hungry?"

"Famished. I had to skip breakfast. And lunch."

"*Mmm*, I guess all those muscles must need a lot of protein." She waved over at the stocked kitchen island. "Please, help yourself. We can just put a pause on the tour."

"Don't mind if I do, thank you."

"My pleasure."

He quickly assembled two platefuls and got to eating. While Kate's milk was delightfully sweet, very rich in sugars, it still contained nowhere near enough calories to satisfy a large, adult man, especially one with his unnaturally accelerated metabolism. Alkim was still far from fully understanding his powers, but he was clearly beholden to the same four laws of thermodynamics that bound everything else in existence. To break and form chemical bonds, he had to supply the necessary amount of chemical energy, and that meant food; lots and lots of food.

"I think I'll have a glass of wine myself. Care to join me?"

After last night, he probably should have laid off drinking. But Alkim felt fine, and he liked wine.

"*Mhmm*, yes please," he said between bites.

"Red or white?"

*Is this a test?* "That would depend on the varieties of red and white."

Ania seemed somewhat amused at that. "Oh, a connoisseur?" She grabbed a bottle of white from the fridge, a red from the counter and held them up for inspection. "The red's a Pinot noir, the white's a Sauvignon Blanc."

"Sauvignon Blanc."

She grinned. “*Mmm*, excellent choice.” She uncorked the bottle and poured them each a glass, making a big show of leaning far over the counter to hand Alkim his wine so that he could see her tits behind the open buttons of her blazer. “Did your parents teach you about the different types of wine?”

Alkim took the proffered glass and performatively swirled it around and checked the aroma, though he forgot what he was supposed to smell for. “My aunt. She took me to a tasting in Napa.”

“*Ooooooh*, so you’ve sampled the *really* good stuff. I like that; so rare to find men your age that can taste quality.” She took a long swallow of her wine. “I suppose that’s not something they can teach you at school.”

“Well, I don’t know about that. College isn’t all book learning; there’s actually quite a lot of drinking involved. Mostly extracurriculars, but that aunt I mentioned took a wine tasting class at UC Davis.”

“Oh? That sounds fun, I think I would have enjoyed that class.”

He took a sip. *Fuck, that is some damn fine wine.* “This is a good vintage.”

“Thank you.” She took another sip herself.

Alkim finished his first plate and pushed it aside. “If I may ask, where did you go to school?”

Her face tightened for a fraction of a second before she answered. “I did a year at Glendale Community College, but I never graduated.” She held up her right hand, flirting with a broken finger from the way the massive, dazzling diamond weighed it down. “Got married at nineteen.”

*Happily, I’m sure.* “Any children?”

She shook her head and took a longer swallow.

*So, not a real MILF.* He thought better of prying further.

“Well, it’s never too late to go back to school, learn a new subject. You could always enroll as a part-time student, take a few classes in your spare time.”

“That’s very kind of you to say, but I think that ship has sailed. But I’m glad you like the wine.”

She finished hers and poured another glass.

Alkim followed her lead, swallowing the rest of his wine and sliding the glass back to her for a refill.

“What would you have studied then, if you had the choice?” he asked while she poured.

Ania looked down at the wine pensively before she returned his glass and answered, “Probably business administration. Money was on my mind a lot more than academics.”

“That’s understandable.”

She shrugged mid sip. “Either that or whatever class you’re teaching. I bet you’re popular with the co-eds.”

*Less than I wanted, but more than I should admit...*

“I did alright. Though I was always more focused on my studies than relationships.” That was half true. Alkim had cared too much about his grades to try juggling a committed relationship, but he made more than enough time for casual flings and long-term friends-with-benefits.

She smiled wryly and took another sip of wine. “So, how did you come to stay in that house of mine? One man living with four women is a pretty uncommon arrangement. There’s gotta be a story there.”

It certainly was a series of unlikely events, events Alkim loved recounting to both friends and strangers alike. But there were far too many Schedule I and II drugs involved to ever tell the homeowner. Instead, he gave Ania an incredibly sanitized and stripped-down tale about already knowing Vicky, befriending Kate, and then getting involved with Mikaella. She seemed especially interested in that last part.

“How serious are you two?”

“We haven’t really put a label on it yet.”

“My, oh my! So, it’s true what they say about your generation!” Ania giggled, “You don’t like labels, but you’ve already moved in together? That sure sounds like boyfriend and girlfriend to me. I guess those girls must really like you.”

Alkim shrugged, “I’m easy to like, once you get to know me.”

She smirked and drank more wine, while Alkim matched her sip for sip.

“So, after I sell the place, are you planning on moving by yourself, with just Mikaella, or with all the others?”

“We haven’t had that conversation yet, but I don’t see any reason to break up the band.” *Minus Hannah.* “I think we all prefer splitting the rent on a house rather than getting individual apartments. More space, lower costs and all.”

She nodded. “Smart. Well, to tell you the truth, you’ve been staying in one of my most dilapidated homes. After that place I’m sure anything roach-free would be an upgrade. Like this place for example. Would you like to see the backyard? It comes with a pool.”

“I would.” He finished his remaining food, grabbed his wine, and followed her through the sliding doors to the backyard. It was kept very green (perhaps too green for LA) with a trim lawn, a garden, and several fruit trees providing ample shade. Already he was imagining how much better it might look with some more native plants, less manicured grasses, maybe a nice pond.

Ania led him to the shallow end of the pool. “Do you like to swim?”

“Love to.”

“Good to know. The pool is heated, nine feet at the deep end, with a built-in jacuzzi.”

It was a decently sized pool, and the jacuzzi was set a couple feet higher, with a little slot for spillover water to enter the main pool. He followed her around the fenced-in yard as she pointed out the various fruit trees—orange, lemon, avocado—the herb garden, the patio, the awning, and a very fancy grill with a built-in connection to the gas line.

“No propane or charcoal needed!” she boasted, turning the flame on and off as proof.

*Damn, we could host some insane parties here...*

They made their way back inside. It was when she took him to the garage and laundry room that Alkim started to wonder if she was giving him an authentic house tour after all.

That confusion didn’t survive the journey to the bedrooms upstairs.

Alkim followed exactly four steps behind, keeping his face level with her hypnotically huge rear as it flexed and bounced before his eyes. That sway to her hips was as excessive as it was captivating, each step in those fuck-me heels perfectly calculated to sap as much of his intellect as possible, while those tight leggings somehow left nothing and everything to the imagination.

“Four bedrooms.” They started at the smallest and worked their way up. “And this is the master bedroom.” It was indeed very roomy, with a walk-in closet, and an attached bathroom. She held out her arms and did a sexy little spin before she reached the bedside and patted the mattress.

“Come on, give it a try.”

Alkim did as instructed, falling back onto the soft mattress, though he had the good sense to keep his shoes off the bedding.

“Well, what do you think?” She ran her hand on the high-thread-count sheets near his face. “How does it feel? Doesn’t it seem *juuuust* right?”

Alkim made a little snow angel in the sheets, enjoying the feel of fine fabric against his skin. "It's all very nice." He sat up straight. "I just don't think any of this is in my price range."

She waved off his concerns, "Now, come on. I haven't even mentioned a price yet."

"You didn't have to; I can make my own estimates." Alkim stood back up, leaving very little space between himself and Ania. "Now, I believe you said that if I couldn't afford the home, you and I could work something out."

"Did I?" Her head tilted in feigned ignorance.

"You did, and I'd like to know what sort of arrangement you had in mind."

Ania grinned up at him. "Oh? Are you saying you didn't learn these things at school?"

She ran a hand up his thigh, only stopping just short of his groin. Then, she pushed Alkim onto the bed and began unbuttoning her top. Any lingering doubts as to her intentions were tossed aside with that blazer. What he thought were leggings turned out to be merely the bottom half of a sexy, black jumpsuit, one with a sizable boob window. She turned conspicuously as she threw the blazer to the floor, revealing the jumpsuit was also backless.

Somehow, the contrast made her already spectacular ass even more eye-catching.

*Bet if she bent over just right, I could balance this wine glass on that shelf of hers...*

Alkim saw she was drinking in his reaction over her shoulder, gauging his interest. She must have noticed the growing tent in his pants, and the spreading of his legs, but she stopped him from getting too comfortable.

"Ah, ah, ah." She wagged her finger at him. "Shoes off, mister."

Alkim complied, taking off his shoes as coolly as possible under the circumstances, and rested his hands behind his head. In turn, Ania slipped off her heels, deposited them carefully by the door, then sauntered back to the bed.

She ramped up the heat considerably, straddling his waist, resting her fat ass on his rapidly hardening cock. Her hand traced a line up from his belt to his chest and began drumming those manicured nails against his chest.

Alkim ignored her teasing hands and made a mask of his face, trying to downplay his own desire to tap that huge ass of hers. In truth, while the bottomless head from Mikaella was fantastic, it had been months since he'd gotten any pussy, and he was dying to find out what the rich adulteress had to offer.

Moreover, there was the scientific potential to consider. Alkim had seen how Kate responded to his saliva on her mouth and breasts, and how Mikaella reacted to both kisses and blowjobs.

Unfortunately, his first enhanced contact with either woman occurred before he'd become aware of said enhancements. There was so much that he hadn't known to watch for, both with his chemical output and in his housemate's initial reactions to those chemicals. Now, all he had were two subjects in later stages of exposure, and both addicted to separate delivery mechanisms.

Ania had unknowingly offered herself up as a fresh test subject, and Alkim wasn't going to waste this opportunity. He intended to make very thorough observations of every novel chemical he produced for her, the quantities of each delivered, which parts of her body absorbed them, and how she behaved afterwards. While it wouldn't exactly pass peer review, it was exactly the data he would need going forward.

If he was being honest with himself, the rental situation had become a distant tertiary concern, though he had to try and get some guarantees from her. His eyes locked onto hers. "So, I play along and you lower the rent. Is that the deal?"

"Hmmm... something like that."

"And just how low are you willing to go?"

She felt up his pecs, biceps, pressed her fingers into the taut skin above his collarbone, testing the firmness of every muscle, as if inspecting an expensive cut of meat at the market.

"You're an impressive young man. Impress me, and I'll see what I can do."

*As you wish.* He had an idea of where to start.

Without waiting for permission, Alkim brought both hands crashing down on her ass, spanking those cheeks with enough force to make Ania yelp in shock. He pulled her body tightly against his and rolled them over until he was firmly on top.

Before she could object, he kissed her passionately, worming his tongue into her mouth. He brought forth all the pleasurable chemicals in his arsenal; a life-changing intensity of dopamine, serotonin, oxytocin, endorphins, and other molecules beyond count.

Ania could never have prepared for such an immediate sensory overload, and she lost control within seconds. The bottom-heavy woman kissed him back, clutching his face in her hands, moaning and whining like a bitch in heat.

*All that just from first base.*

Confident in his power, Alkim slipped aside what little fabric covered her chest, and set those pink nipples free. He admired the shape of them, appreciating the contrast provided by those stark tan lines, then began fondling those fine, perky tits of hers with impunity. She gasped into his mouth at the sudden escalation to second base but made no move to slow him down.

He kept this heat up for minutes, until he was confident that she'd been completely overwhelmed with arousal. He intertwined their hands, and pushed himself up, finally parting his lips from hers. She gasped, tried to follow him, but his hold was complete, and all she could do was whine at the sudden withdrawal of his chemically laced lips.

"Are you impressed yet?" He asked the panting, bewildered woman beneath him.

"Oh my God... that was... wow..."

*First observation: it worked.*

Alkim grinned, "Why don't we get these out of the way?" He let go of her hands, moved off the bed, and began undoing the buttons of his Hawaiian shirt, one by one, before he threw the whole thing off in a flourish of fabric.

"Mmmm," Ania purred in approval. Following his lead, she got off the bed, pushed the jumpsuit's straps off her shoulders, turned around, and pushed the fabric down the outstanding curves of her ass.

Now it was Alkim's turn to be impressed. He almost missed her lacy panties smothered between those massive cheeks. *Hot damn, guess everything's a thong on her...* He stared for a good long while before he noticed her smug face watching his own.

"You like?"

Alkim nodded in appreciation.

"Good, I was worried you were more of a breast man."

"Oh, I am, but you've made a very convincing argument for legs and thighs."

That earned him a closed-mouth giggle. She turned around to face him, tits out, nearly nude, and soon to be fully nude, judging her fingers idly slipping under her waistband.

Alkim decided to show some initiative. He knelt in front of Ania, and she watched, intrigued, as he kissed right on her damp mound. She let out a hum of satisfaction, and her fingers started playing with his hair. Seeing the green light, he slid his hands up her legs, hooked his fingers under her panties, and pulled them down in one smooth motion.

She kicked them off to the side, and his eyes traced their way up to the junction between her legs where he was greeted by a trim square of black bush framing her bright, glistening, pink folds. It was plain to see that his talent had already gotten her wet enough for third base, but Kate's advice tumbled out from his memory.

*"Older women know what they want. You'll have to figure out what that is and give it to her."*

Foreplay was no longer necessary, but it could be informative. This was Alkim's chance to really experiment with his powers, unburdened by morality that had held him back from his friends and housemates. There was no friendship to risk here, no household peace to break, and no feelings to hurt: this was a simple affair with a married woman, one with questionable morals of her own.

He guided her down onto the bed, using her wide hips as handles, and from there it was a simple matter to pry her thick thighs apart. "Does your husband ever do this for you?" he asked, grinning, then dove right in.

Ania didn't answer with words or even moans, she *howled* with unrestrained ecstasy. Her hips thrust upwards, while her legs squeezed around his head, locking him in place.

It didn't really matter if her husband or any of her prior affairs had eaten her out three times a day, every day, for twenty years: Alkim wasn't playing fair. All those stimulating chemicals he'd used while kissing and titsucking were unleashed against Ania's most sensitive parts in a tidal wave of ultra-potent saliva. As he probed and explored her folds, each flick of his tongue activated thousands of nerve endings in an explosion of electrochemical activity.

*I'll give her everything she could want. Then, more than she can take.*

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## Ania

Ania knew she had to have this young man.

It wasn't just that he was handsome, tall, muscular, exotic, well-spoken, and spoken for; that he smelled like sex on legs; that he was everything she'd never gotten to try at his age. He was all that and more, but while his confident talk said one thing, the discount Korean groceries in his hands, tarnished three-series BMW, and crowded living situation said something else. She saw him for what he really was: a young man living well beneath his accustomed station, schmoozing his way around with nothing but his charms, practically *begging* her to take pity on him.

That unique combination had gotten her truly hot and bothered, and there was no way she would allow this opportunity to slip through her fingers.

Ania used every trick in the book to maintain control of this rendezvous: she selected the time and location of their meeting, she took the upper hand immediately with that sign trick, she dressed to the nines, and she even wined and dined him. With one hand she dangled a very expensive prize before him, while the other held the threat of eviction over his head like a guillotine.

Ania should have had all the power, all the authority.

But she'd underestimated him.

That first kiss had robbed her of all propriety, all dignity, all sense of self-control. The taste of those lips had driven her feral, delirious with need, while his tongue attracted hers with an almost magnetic pull. She returned his kisses with more lust than she'd felt for any man, and every second they spent locked together only grew the fire within.

While she grabbed at his face like a lovesick teenager, Alkim slipped his nimble fingers under her clothes, pulled out her breasts, and felt her up at his leisure. Ania didn't mind one bit: he was welcome to play for as long as he kissed her like this.

But he did stop.

Ania wasn't prepared for that. She tried to get back to him, but he held her still, making her look foolish. She had to regain control of the situation. She regained some of her composure, she flirted, she performed a little striptease, she got him to kneel at the foot of her bed and kiss her right over her panties. Only then did she deign to take off her panties.

She set the pace and the order of the evening. Before she ever touched his cock, he was going to eat her out to completion. Only once she was satisfied would he be allowed to penetrate her.

It was all so clear in her head.

Then, he maneuvered her back onto the bed, forcefully spread out her legs, and, with his extraordinary tongue, ripped the first scream out of her.

It was like his kiss magnified a hundredfold. Everywhere it touched seemed to glow white hot, buzzing with feeling, and every flick of his tongue kept her on edge. She screamed again, and again, until her screams blended into one high-pitched whine, broken up only when she periodically gasped for breath.

Her heart pounded against her ribcage, while her pussy seemed to pulse in sync with his licking. Her thick, muscular thighs clenched tightly around his head, locking him in, not willing to let him stop, while her hips sought out even more pleasure, bucking up from the mattress, grinding her pussy against his face.

Unperturbed by her vivacity, the stud held her down with one strong arm, while his free hand slithered around to her pussy, spread out her folds, and exposed her clit

Each lick that followed was like a lightning bolt to her brain, and the strikes never weakened. Ania couldn't speak, couldn't think. Her muscles seized up, her thighs squeezed his head like a nutcracker, while her hands clutched at the sheets with whitened knuckles, nails almost tearing through the high-thread cotton.

It took only a minute before she came in an explosion of pleasure, by far the most powerful orgasm of her entire life. It took a minute more before the pleasure dampened enough for her to

think. When that incredible orgasm finally subsided, so did all the tension in her muscles, leaving her body as limp as a deboned fish.

Yet Alkim never relented, and all she could do was moan and twitch and beg for more. She couldn't find the words to slow him down, and even if she could, she didn't know that she would. She just lay there, legs propped up on his shoulders, arms flat at her sides, her control surrendered to his relentless, merciless tonguing. It was unfair, it was inhumane, it was like overdosing on orgasms. The human body was never meant to take this much pleasure, and Ania found herself on the edge of consciousness, riding a roller coaster without end.

Ania was her pussy now. Nothing else mattered.

She hardly even noticed when one of his hands went back to pawing at her breast, as though her nervous system had chosen to de-prioritize everything unrelated to getting eaten out. She lost all sense of time, and of how many times she'd cum from his mind-blowing, pussy-melting tongue work.

Then, without warning, Alkim's tongue disappeared. He stood up at the edge of her bed, letting her legs fall limply from his shoulders to the mattress.

It was too abrupt an ending. Ania had no time to process it, her body couldn't adjust so easily to the sudden absence of pleasure, and her hands instinctively shot between her thighs, flicking at her clit, rubbing what remained of his wonderful mouth into her pussy. That was better than nothing, yet it was hardly a fraction of what he'd made her feel just seconds before.

"Nooooo... p-please... .. don't stop..." she pleaded pitifully, thrusting her hips into the air, begging for him to come back. She'd forgotten the concept of dignity somewhere around her tenth orgasm.

He moved closer to the bed, and Ania's hopes returned, but the young stud had something else in mind.

*Oh my...*

Two defined pecs and six strong abs greeted her boldly. A thin line of black hair ran from a patch on his chest down his midline, yet compared to her husband's apish fur coat, this ethnically ambiguous young man seemed smooth as a dolphin. Alkim was every bit as cut and trim as she'd imagined, completely unlike the pot-bellied geezer she was shackled to. Ania welcomed the contrast and continued touching herself as she watched him.

The stud's hands grabbed at his belt buckle. Ania's gaze followed, tracing down the lines of his adonis belt, then snagged on the tenting fabric just below. He undid the belt and dropped his pants without ceremony, now down to just his underwear.

Ania could tell this was going to be a big cock, much bigger than her husband's. Her self-pleasuring intensified. All that pussy-eating had melted her mind so completely that she'd

almost forgotten the goal of penetration altogether. Now, she couldn't wait to see that hard cock, to feel it inside her.

“Yesss! Whip it ooooouuut!”

His thumbs hooked under the elastic band of his underwear, tugged down, and finally freed his cock.

*Oh my!*

It was uncut, dark, and easily twice the size of her pathetic husband's prick in both length and thickness. Hell, even her contractor's cock couldn't compare to this stud's bitchbreaker. All dicks were made for sex, but this one was purpose-built for fucking.

Alkim's hand closed around the base and began jerking himself to full hardness. It didn't grow much larger—mercifully, Ania wasn't sure she could handle another inch—but now it was completely erect, with the crown hovering impressively above ninety degrees.

*Now this is a real man's dick! Hardens on demand, no Viagra required!*

“Mmmm. Do you have protection?” she husked.

“Later.” He strode over to her head, pumping up and down with one hand. “First, I want you to return the favor.”

Ania frowned. She did not appreciate delays with either business, or pleasure, and this was supposed to be both; business for him, pleasure for her. Reciprocation was simply not part of the transaction, and she was not accustomed to giving out blowjobs.

*The balls on this young man... my, oh my, those fucking BALLS!*

Ania hadn't noticed them at first, not with that monument to manhood in the way, but a set like his couldn't stay hidden for long. As big as his cock was, those nuts still seemed disproportionately monstrous. They were in a league of their own, like two tennis balls stretching his sack to the limit, hardly any wrinkles to be found. The huge orbs kept getting jostled by the constant pumping from his hands, dangling and swinging with jaw-dropping momentum before they plapped back against his muscular thighs.

She couldn't contain her amazement any longer. One hand started fingering her cunt faster, while the other reached out to cup those giant fucking bull's balls. She felt the thin fuzz, the heat radiating into her palm. She gave them a little bounce with hand and was shocked at the density of these seed factories, and the way they overshadowed her wedding ring. She could feel his sack vibrating with masculine power, unlimited testosterone, and more than enough sperm to knock up the entire city twice over.

*Jesus Christ! No wonder he's sooooo... manly... so fucking cocky. It's a wonder he isn't already a father...*

Alkim hummed his approval. "You like?"

"So... so big..." Ania was fully entranced by the sight, by the weight of them in her hands.

The stud chuckled at her amazement. "Yes they are. Very big, and very, *very* active. Now, don't you want to see what they can do?"

"Oh god, yes..."

"Then why don't you just give that dick a little suck? All the K-town girls love the way it tastes; they just can't seem to get enough of it."

Ania doubted that very much; it sounded like a cheesy, arrogant line from a self-important womanizer. Yet the longer he kept jerking off in her face, the more of that enticing scent filled Ania's airways, and the more she smelled him, the more her mouth started to water. Only when she found herself swallowing excess drool did she decide to put his boasting to the test.

"Fine, have it your way." She moved over until her body was parallel to the edge of the mattress, her head just a few inches below that towering, dribbling cock. "But only because you did such an outstanding job eating me out..."

Alkim smirked and stopped jacking off. Ania moved in and inhaled deeply, finding the musky scent even more alluring up close.

*Fuuuuck me, he could make candles out of this...*

She kissed the head of his cock, getting that thick precum smeared all over her lipstick. She did that for a while, keeping her mouth shut as she laid little kisses around his glans, sniffing him the entire time.

He grunted above her, "Oh c'mon, that's not the right way to taste it..." Without warning, the impatient stud rudely grabbed her hair.

She opened her mouth to complain, but he just exploited that opening and pulled her mouth over his shaft, slipping the first few inches past her lips in one sudden motion.

"Ahhhhhh," he sighed in relief, "That's much better. Thank you, Mrs. Davtyan."

*Prick!*

Ania scowled up at him and was about to give the arrogant young man a piece of her mind when her tongue brushed past his slick cockhead.

Impossibly, every taste bud on Ania's tongue activated at once, as if she'd just discovered a sixth kind of taste. She instinctively opened wider, taking more of the shaft into her mouth, licking his cockhead with increased hunger, and was immediately rewarded with a spray of fluid.

She could detect salt, sweetness, umami, and so much more beyond understanding. It was like the very essence of sex, purified, distilled, concentrated into a syrupy goodness. Ania didn't know how anything produced by the human body could be so delectable, but her curiosity was overshadowed by lust. She eagerly swished the transparent fluid around, rinsing her entire mouth and coating every tastebud with his stuff before greedily swallowing it down.

At first she thought he'd already finished in her mouth after mere seconds; that all his bravado was a lie to cover for being a disappointing quick shot. Indeed, she might have been quite disappointed, if the taste alone weren't enough to make her pussy drip and tingle all by itself. Then, miraculously, she tasted more of the miracle liquid. Every few moments, his cock twitched and spurted another batch of precum into her mouth, and she drank it all down, humming and moaning as she begged for more. Each miniature load was the equivalent of a full day's output from her husband or any of her prior affairs, but he never seemed to run out.

"Tastes good, doesn't it?"

Understatement of the century. "Heavenly" would have been more fitting, but Ania couldn't bring herself to unlatch long enough to say it. It was all she could do to moan her answer around that shaft.

The stud must have sensed she no longer required handling and relaxed his grip on her hair.

She'd only intended to suck him a little, just some necessary foreplay before she got properly dicked down. Now, she never wanted to stop polishing that knob. She slurped shamelessly and continuously, like she could spend the rest of her life blowing this big, studly, *perfect* dick. Her head moved of its own accord, up and down, battering the back of her own mouth while her tongue lapped and lashed all around it. The hand she'd used to fondle his massive balls kept at its work, while the hand she'd used to play with herself had moved over to jerk the base of his cock.

She'd already stuffed more cock into her mouth than ever before, yet her mind wasn't content to let that new record stand. Every bob of her head was a challenge to see how much deeper she could sink. But her enthusiasm for sword-swallowing quickly outpaced her skill level, and when the head punched into her throat, she almost retched with her lips just an inch from kissing his groin. Then, more of his precum shot into her throat, and the nausea vanished instantaneously, like she'd just mainlined Dramamine.

Only when the glint caught her eye did she notice that she'd never even taken off her wedding ring. That's when Ania realized she wasn't just giving Alkim a blowjob: she was engaged in pure, single-minded cock-worship.

The act of worship was itself an indescribable combination of intoxicating, refreshing, and focusing. Just as before, Ania lost her ability to hold time. She might have been blowing him for

as little as five minutes or as long as an hour. Still, while she couldn't count the minutes, she was certain more than enough time must have passed for her to grow tired of this, tired from relentless oral action. Yet, miraculously, her jaw never got sore, her lips never chafed, her salivary glands never ran dry. Every mini-gasm of his seemed to rejuvenate her, as though his extraordinary cock wouldn't allow her to slow down or succumb to fatigue and discomfort.

Spit and precum bubbled out past the corner of Ania's lips. Every breath she took was saturated in his musk, every thought in her brain turned towards maximizing pleasure, hers and his.

Alkim must have felt the same. No longer content to just stand there getting his dick sucked, he leaned over and started squeezing and slapping her ass. He seemed to enjoy the way it moved, and she loved whatever he did. But he wasn't done playing with her.

Ania watched through half-lidded eyes as he wetted two fingers between his lips. She felt them slip between her thighs before both digits plunged into her exposed, gushing pussy.

"MMPPPHHH!" she tried to scream with her mouth full but only succeeded in sputtering around his thickness.

He pulled at her cunt with hooked fingers, and Ania's body curled up, not to protect itself, but to bring both of her holes closer to Alkim, so he could penetrate her more easily from both ends. The blowjob hadn't brought her quite as much pleasure as the pussy eating, but the combination blowjob and finger-fucking were more than enough to take her over the edge in short order.

Ania came twice in that awkward, double-stuffed position: pussy clenching wildly around his fingers, while her mouth kept working the shaft, begging for his cum.

*No wonder those girls let him move in! I bet he's got them all on their knees drooling for him!*

That "anyone" included herself didn't seem to bother her anymore. She was dying to taste his climax and would stay locked in for as long as it took to get what she wanted.

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## Alkim

Alkim was very close to cumming.

Spoiled as he was by Mikaella's enhanced oral techniques, he hadn't really expected to cum in Ania's mouth, but the older woman was giving it her all. He wondered if her performance could be attributed to his powers incentivizing her, or if she was just a lot sluttier than expected.

*Probably a bit of both.*

He might have asked her if she did this often, and how frequently, but comprehensive data collection wasn't compatible with mood-appropriate dirty talking. Anyway, she wouldn't have answered. Much like Mikaella, once she got going, Ania seemed either unwilling or unable to take her mouth away from his dick.

That might have been his favorite thing about Mikaella's blowjobs: the sheer unbreaking devotion she displayed in getting his loads, and it seemed even hotter coming from the formerly composed socialite, now reduced to a slurping, moaning mess.

An hour ago, she was the queen of her castle, ready to take advantage of a younger man she'd clocked as too desperate and too powerless to turn down her advances. Alkim might have been more galled by the ugliness of her soul if only her body weren't so distractingly shapely. Luckily for himself and his housemates, Ania had chosen the one tenant who could exploit her desires so deeply.

Now, Alkim held the advantage, and he made sure Ania knew it.

He kept her mouth plugged, never once allowing her to speak. He fucked her face deeply, and forcefully, without pausing to let her breathe. He soon found himself acting more and more dominant, spanking her at his own whims, fingering her dripping pussy as he wished.

And Ania loved every second of it. She sucked and jerked and moaned with such glee, such dedication to his pleasure, that Alkim wasn't sure a nine-point-eight earthquake could have shaken her loose.

Sensing his own orgasm approaching, Alkim shifted his focus from the blowjob to his internal chemistry. He decided to keep this load simple: just the same mix of addictive and feminizing chemicals that he'd been feeding Mikaella lately. Though, unlike the little Filipina, Ania came to him already sporting an excellent pear shape.

*Let's see how she does with some more estrogen and prolactin. I wanna see how fat those tits can get, maybe even her out a little. Then again, that could just make her grow more of everything...*

The image of this deliciously thicc woman with Kate-sized tits combined with the fantastic blowjob proved to be too much. He felt himself crossing that final threshold.

"Oh fuck," he grunted, pulling his fingers out of her spasming pussy. He squeezed her fat ass with one hand like a stress ball, while the other grabbed her hair and held her steady for a quick face-fucking. Her hands left his shaft and pressed lightly against his thighs, but that did little to slow him down. "Ah! I'm cumming! Get ready toO-AGH! SWALLOW! IT! ALL!"

It was not a request, but Ania seemed to moan her consent all the same.

His cock lurched in her mouth, sending the first few sprays into the back of her mouth. Of course, Alkim didn't stop there. He yanked her in with her thick, black hair, pulling her mouth over more of his shaft. Though he knew she lacked Mikaella's breath-holding enhancements,

Alkim didn't really care about her comfort just then: he needed to unload down her throat, and that's precisely what he did.

At first, Ania gurgled and choked while he blocked her airways. Her makeup ran down her face, and her nails clawed at his thighs, but within seconds even this token resistance faded. With the head of his cock brushing past her uvula, he spent the next minute painting this woman's esophagus with his beautifying, mind-altering cum.

She shook and trembled orgasmically while the flood of pearlescent semen overtook her mouth and spilled past her lips. Alkim was delighted to see that Ania, too, could orgasm from just the taste of his own.

*Fuuuuuck yeah... hope that reaction is universal.*

After about a minute, his orgasm finally began to wane, and he pulled his stiff cock out of his landlady's gagging, gasping mouth. He was immensely pleased to see purple lipstick smeared over the bottom third of his shaft. Though, it would seem he withdrew a bit too soon, as his last few shots were sufficient to plaster her chin, give her pearl necklace its own pearl necklace, while still getting a decent amount on her chest.

All those fluids expended left Alkim a bit lightheaded, but Ania was still cumming, and he wanted to see how long it took for her to regain her composure. He helped her along—or rather delayed her recovery—by palming those perky tits of hers and rubbing her pussy. In any case, the extra attention certainly didn't make her pussy any drier. After a minute, her eyelids finally shut, and her erratic shaking smoothed out till she was merely trembling.

*Mikaella was the same that first time: swallowed my load, then came so hard she fucking passed out.*

Operant conditioning was certainly an effective way to incentivize blowjobs: if going down on him came with a guarantee of powerful orgasms, then any woman who tasted him once would be all but guaranteed to try again.

Alkim continued observing her for a couple more minutes. Eventually, Ania's trembling ended, and her breathing slowed. Figuring that she wasn't going anywhere in the next few minutes, he decided to take a quick intermission to rehydrate and replenish his stores of energy.

"I'll be right back," he said to the semi-conscious woman before giving her ass a few reassuring pats, and went back downstairs to the kitchen, not even bothering to put his boxers on. There, he made himself a little sandwich, ate it in a few bites, and washed it down with a glass of water. He felt much better for it, already sensing his balls and prostate were working overtime to replenish his supply of chemical-rich semen.

Alkim grabbed the bottle of wine, their glasses, took them back upstairs, and set them down on the nightstand. He took this opportunity to circle around the bed, snapping a dozen pictures of

her naked body to use as blackmail. Though he hoped they wouldn't be necessary, he still wanted some sort of backup in case today's negotiations failed.

The photos told one hell of a story. Ania looked exhausted, completely tapped out. Excess cum dripped from her mouth into a growing, white puddle that was starting to soak into the cover sheet.

*Doesn't look like just an affair; more like she just finished a ten-man blowbang. Hope she bought a good washing machine for this place.*

Inspired by his first time with Mikaella, Alkim scraped Ania's empty glass through the pooling cum, and added the remainder from her face to the total. Soon, he'd collected a few tablespoons of his spunk in the glass.

"Oh my god..." Ania moaned. She moved one hand to her head and started working her jaw, while the other cupped her bare, slick pussy. "Mmmmm... what just happened?"

Alkim smirked, "You came your fucking brains out after getting a bellyful of this." He held the glass to her lips.

She stared for a moment, bit her lip, then opened wide.

"Good girl." He poured right onto her tongue.

She moaned hungrily, swallowing everything in one gulp.

On impulse, Alkim took the glass away, and added in a spritz of wine. He swirled it around to rinse the cum from the sides, then handed it to her.

Ania drank that too, and just as greedily, purring like the cat that got the cream. Yet, once it was gone, the absurdity of what she'd just done seemed to sink in, and she stared down at the empty glass.

"Jesus..." she whispered, "Why... did I just do that?" She set the glass down on the nightstand, slowly, as if she no longer trusted her hands to follow her brain's instructions.

Alkim put his hands on his hips, drawing her eyes back to his dangling cock. "Same reason those girls let me move in: I'm goddamn irresistible."

She regarded him again with renewed lust. "Mmmm, yes you are..."

As if to prove his boast, Ania simply rolled onto her back, opened her legs for him, and began slipping off her wedding ring. It was as clear an invitation as any, but he stopped her there.

"Wait, leave it on. I've never taken a married woman before."

“I’m glad to be your first.” She grinned devilishly and kept the ring on.

He grabbed all three condoms from the pocket of his discarded pants and slapped them down on the nightstand. Normally, he would have given his dick a twenty-minute break before starting round two, but his physiology had advanced well beyond that limitation. All he needed to do was add a simple vasodilator to his bloodstream—*DIY Viagra*—and watch as Ania’s hungry gaze tracked his rehardening cock. Once he’d stiffened completely, he unwrapped a condom and rolled it over his eager dick. He didn’t love the feeling of latex, but safe sex was still sex.

Alkim climbed onto the bed, grabbed one of Ania’s shapely legs, and maneuvered the head of his cock to her drooling pussy. The inner portions of her thighs had been polished to a fine, reflective sheen by her juices, but that was nothing next to that messy, wet cunt in the middle.

*Fuuck, if she gets any wetter, she could faint from dehydration.*

“Please...” Ania whined, bucking her hips up to meet him, “Pleeeeeease, just fuck me already.” She was impatiently trying to force the head of his shaft inside.

Alkim found her intense lust incredibly hot but was struck by a passing fancy. “Flip over, I want to see that ass shake.”

Ania complied instantly, forcing her legs closed with a loud clap, and turned over onto her hands and knees, doggy style. She started bouncing her huge ass for his approval, peering over her shoulder to gauge his reaction.

He certainly approved of the desperation in her eyes.

“As you wish.” *No more foreplay.*

Alkim lined himself up between those dripping folds and thrust in.

“Fuuuck!” Ania moaned from the force of him.

He grunted, pulled back, and slammed into her cushiony ass with even greater momentum.

Ania yelped, her voice wavering with each thrust. “Ss-sOoo biiiG!”

Soon, Alkim found his rhythm, and the clapping of those fat cheeks echoed through the room like a sexy metronome. Ania’s back slowly arched down, further exaggerating the curve of her huge ass. He felt her pussy contract tightly, rhythmically around his cock but found both the sensation and the satisfaction of fucking a new woman disappointingly muted.

*God, I hate condoms!*

Alkim had already been spoiled by raw sex with his college FWBs, with their IUDs, and more recently by Mikaella’s constant blowjobs.

To his eyes, Ania was one of the finest lays of his life, yet it'd only taken a few millimeters of latex to spoil his fun. It was even worse now that he knew that latex barrier was preventing his chemically enhanced precum from pleasuring her insides.

He kept going, mechanically pistoning into her, trying to enjoy the sex as best he could, when he was suddenly struck by an explosion of sensitivity.

Ania felt it too, immediately thrusting her hips back to meet him, to exploit this increase in pleasure.

The force and frequency of their fucking had almost doubled before Alkim's rational mind finally understood what happened.

"Shit!" He hissed. "The condom broke!" Frustrated, he pushed her off his unprotected cock, and the seal between them broke with a loud, wet sucking sound. She whined at his withdrawal and fell flat onto her stomach.

He pulled off the broken condom and quickly replaced it. She started to get onto her hands and knees, but Alkim pushed her back down into a pronebone position that made her ass stand out even higher above the flat of her back.

"Don't move, I wanna fuck you like this."

"Then do it!" she begged, wiggling her hips as best as she could with his hand pressing down on the small of her back. "Fuck me like this!"

Alkim complied, shoving his hard cock back inside with a grunt.

*Hot damn, her ass is amazing.*

As he fucked her, Alkim kneaded and spanked those huge, globular glutes like they owed him money, playing her ass like a set of bongos. He couldn't stop squeezing them, too in love with the feeling between his fingers.

That ass was all that truly separated Ania from the other rich, plastic, rail thin white women that traipsed around this city like they owned the place. Any doubts as to its authenticity had been well and truly fucked out of his mind. Ania's ass jiggled naturally, the way only real muscle and fat could. What she brought to this bed just couldn't be bought, not with all the money in the world. Cellulite and stretch marks were an acceptable price to pay for the sight of her homegrown body reverberating with each press of his hips: waves of soft, feminine skin rippling like water disturbed by a thrown stone.

The term "child-bearing hips" kept rattling through Alkim's mind, and he had little doubt as to why her rich husband had chosen her out of the lineup of college-age gold diggers. Why he hadn't knocked her up was anyone's guess.

Unfortunately, after less than a minute of furious prone-boning and continuously pounding Ania's padded ass, the second condom ripped.

"*Argh!* Damnit!" This time, Alkim felt the difference instantly, as did Ania's pussy. It tried to hold onto him, squeezing tightly as he pulled out.

"Whyyyyy?" she moaned, lifting her head just enough to stare back at him with needy eyes. "Why nowww? It was just getting goooooood!"

"*Shhh!*" He spanked her vulnerable cheeks, drawing out a whimper. "Give me a minute here."

She pouted, but he ignored her. He peeled the condom off but stopped to inspect it more closely before throwing on another. Of course, he'd had condoms break on him before, that was always a risk of putting it on too quickly, of keeping it in his wallet for too long, or of using an "ultra-thin" variety that simply could not hold up to the stress of hard fucking.

He found the hole at the tip, yet when he tried to fit the torn ends together they couldn't meet without stretching. That was odd. Still, Alkim was too horny to waste any more time on a broken condom.

He unwrapped and applied the third and final condom, but this one didn't last more than a few seconds of jerking before it too burst open, loosing a sizable jet of precum that splattered onto Ania's massive ass.

"What the fuck?" he mumbled to himself as Ania mewled with impatience.

*Once is coincidence, twice is happenstance... three times is a pattern.*

Understanding hit him like a runaway train.

*Shit! The condoms didn't just rip, they fucking dissolved!*

Alkim concentrated on his Cowper's gland, and quickly identified the problem solvent: glycerol, a fatty compound that can easily dissolve latex, not a normal component of human cum. Apparently his hatred of condoms was strong enough for his body to instinctively neutralize the one barrier to his pleasure.

*Fuck me, guess all that cum doesn't like to be contained...*

He threw away the worthless protection and fell back onto the mattress, hands on his temples. "Fucking hell, we're out of condoms."

Ania got up into a kneeling position and turned to face him, or rather to face his dribbling cock. She crawled to his groin, lust in her eyes, and started jerking him off with both hands. "I'm clean... I promise..."

Though he shouldn't have just taken her at her word, Alkim believed her; serious diseases couldn't stay hidden from a spouse, at least not for long. Besides, infectious diseases couldn't hurt him, not when he could make novel antibodies on demand.

"Are you on birth control?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I can't have any, my husband is infertile. He'd lose it if he found me with anything."

*Well, that explains why she's never been knocked up...*

"But I can take the morning after pill!" She volunteered.

He said nothing, and Ania wasn't coping well with this delay. She clasped her hands together around his shaft in a lewd parody of prayer, "Pleeease?" she begged and jerked him needily.

Normally Alkim would never take that kind of risk, especially with a proven cheater. But this wasn't a normal lay; he was here to make a deal, to gather information, while Ania was clearly desperate to get back to fucking. Stopping now would be the ultimate cold shower; no way she would reward him for leaving her high and dry like that.

*Fuck it, plan B then.*

"Alright, morning after pill it is." Alkim patted his thighs welcomingly, "Now, get up here. I wanna see you bounce on it."

For Alkim, that was more mere dirty talk, but an important part of his experiment. He meant to test if his precum in Ania's pussy would trigger the same ravenous, cum-hunger as an oral delivery.

Ania pounced on him before he could change his mind, climbed into a cowgirl position, grabbed his shaft, and guided his precum-coated cock into her drooling pussy. Her wet folds parted around the head of his cock as she began to descend. Slowly, she worked her way down until she was fully impaled, letting out a long, deep moan, like she'd been punched in the gut. The walls of her pussy clenched and hugged Alkim more tightly than any women he'd ever fucked, as if his dick had just returned from the war, and her cunt couldn't bear to let go of him. She sat like that for a moment, pussy locked onto his cock, face melted in an unmatched display of lust.

Just as she began to relax, Alkim felt his prick flex, shooting a jet of precum right into her unguarded cunt.

"AAAAHHHH!" Ania wailed like a banshee, immediately confirming Alkim's hypothesis. Those quivering smooth muscles of her pussy squeezed every square inch of his shaft like a velvet vice, while rivulets of juices flowed down his length, coating his oversized balls.

Alkim held her wasp-waist steady as she orgasmed from the mere act of penetration, moaning and grinding in his lap as she rode that high for a long and lusty moment.

Her lips curled into an “O”, and she sighed out a long, “Fuuuuuck...” as her climax finally subsided. Yet Ania was nowhere near finished with him. Her hips lifted slowly, rolling up and forward, until she slammed back down. She bounced and grinded on him like this for a couple minutes, but that quickly proved insufficient.

Each time he spurted inside, her bouncing sped up and up until she was smacking her beautiful, bubble butt against his thighs with manic, almost violent need, causing the unprepared bed frame to creak with the force of her movements.

*Holy shit!*

Alkim just held onto that fat ass tightly and prepared for the ride of his life.

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## Ania

Ania couldn't have been more grateful that Alkim ran out of condoms. He was a good enough lay with the wrapper on, and that he was even capable of a second round after painting her entire face and torso in his seed was a testament to his incredible virility.

But his performance in latex felt little better than riding a warm dildo, and it couldn't compare at all with the mind-numbing pleasure she'd received from his unreasonably talented tongue. Even the (normally) one-sided act of blowing him had brought her more pleasure.

When the first condom broke, she experienced a sudden rush of energy, something even greater than his tongue in her pussy. Then the second condom broke, and she felt it again, but he cruelly stopped her from getting any more.

Ania never intended to go this far, but every fiber of her being was screaming at her to take him raw, untamed, uncut. Of course, God must have seen the sins she'd committed, and the sins she wanted to commit. Yet, instead of punishing her for infidelity, the Lord saw fit to reward her.

*Once is coincidence... twice is happenstance... thrice is providence... God wants me to fuck this young man!*

That third condom breaking was the surest sign she'd ever received in all her thirty-nine years. Once Alkim agreed to forgo additional protection, Ania leapt at the chance.

Her choice had been validated the instant she'd sheathed his full, uncovered prick into her cunt.

It wasn't just the size that got her—impressive as it was—but some inexplicable quality that instantly set her to screaming, that made her feel more than she'd thought humanly possible.

His cock pulsed with life, with indescribable power. Every inch of that cock; every fold, every wrinkle, every vein; Ania felt them all being permanently imprinted into the walls of her pussy, molded by the shape of Alkim's otherworldly dick into his ideal love-tunnel.

He was fucking her so deeply, more than half again as far inside as her worthless old husband, exploring as-yet untouched parts of her pussy. It went far beyond mere pleasure. Ania felt as though she was losing her virginity all over again, only this second go around was infinitely more fulfilling than the first.

Ania moaned, deeply, and shamelessly from both the sensation of fullness, and the dull pain of having her cervix punched so savagely. Then his cock twitched, and she received a strange burst of energy. It seeped in through her overstimulated pussy, like a balm that both soothed and excited her inner walls. All the pain evaporated in an instant, leaving only pleasure. Her body responded instinctively, bouncing on the stud ever faster, ever higher, maximizing her pleasure from each rebound on that wondrous cock.

Ania never imagined sex could be like this; not even her wildest, peak-ovulation, horned-up dreams could she have imagined feeling even ten percent of this, imagined the depths to which her body craved him, imagined how totally he could occupy her mind and body.

Alkim wasn't just inside her, underneath her, between her legs, or clutching at her waist: he was everywhere, he became everything. Her mouth still tasted like his cum, her skin still vibrated where he'd spanked her, even the very air she breathed was thick with his scent. Every motion, every flick of her tongue, every breath she took only grew her lust and infatuation for this remarkable young man.

She came repeatedly as she rode him, yet her body never slowed, and neither did her mind. She just kept on fucking him through orgasm after orgasm, experiencing more pleasure in two minutes than she'd gotten in two decades.

This stud was ravishing her better than any other man, all without even lifting a finger. But Alkim seemed eager to prove he wasn't a passive lover.

"Faster!" He ordered, smacking her ass with both hands.

"Ah!" Ania wasn't sure she had it in her to move any quicker, yet her body had no such doubts. Her legs obeyed Alkim, even while her mind was still too overwhelmed with pleasure to keep up, crashing down on that cock just as he bucked up to meet her halfway.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" she cried out between gasps.

"Are you impressed now?" he asked with a knowing smirk as he pushed up into her.

“YEE-EESSSS!” she admitted, voice quavering as she bounced atop him. Her mind reeled with every buck of his hips: Ania was beyond impressed.

“You like this dick?”

“I looOOOve iiitT!” she wailed.

“Is this the best fucking of your life?”

“YES! It’s perfect! You’re perfect!”

“You want more?”

“OH GOD! YES! YES! YES!” Ania nodded furiously until she was blinded by her own hair.

Alkim just laughed, brushed the loose strands out her face, gathered them into a makeshift ponytail, and pulled her head back until she was screaming up at the ceiling. His off hand cracked against her left glute, and he leaned up to whisper in her ear “How badly do you want it?”

“SoOoO badlyYYEE!” Before she could finish answering, his mouth clamped down on her right nipple. The surprise attack on her tit threw her over the edge once again, and she came immediately around his thrusting cock.

Suddenly, Alkim grabbed a hold of her waist, pulled her down, and rolled over her until they were face to face, breast to pec, with him firmly on top, his limbs holding hers tightly together. She tried to move, to get some friction going, but his muscular body locked her down completely.

“Ugh! What? Are you doingggg?” Ania whined, grinding her pussy against him in horny futility.

“Exchanging goods and services,” he answered smugly, then spanked her right ass cheek, proving he could still freely handle her body. “Now, what are you willing to trade for the rest of this fucking?”

He’d taken advantage of her pleasure-addled mind to gain the upper hand over her, literally, using his hands and weight to pin her down. At the same time, his cock was still filling her up, ratcheting her libido up like crazy. Without room to move, she couldn’t get off.

Ania should have been beyond furious, demanded to know who the fuck he thought he was denying her anything. Instead, Ania found that combination of sheer audacity and ruthlessness unbelievably sexy. She loved seeing an expert negotiator exploiting the perfect weakness. The fact that it was her weakness he was exploiting did little to dampen her respect for the craft.

*God, it’s like I’m getting fucked on Shark Tank...*

“What do you want from me?” she asked, rocking her body as much as she could manage in this position, subtly grinding her clit against the base of his cock.

Alkim tapped a finger against his chin, as though he hadn’t already known what to ask for. “Well, to start, I want this pussy.”

“Oh yes!” She agreed eagerly, attempting to grind out another orgasm. “Just let me give it to you now!”

“But I already have it now.” He flexed his rock-hard shaft inside her, causing Ania’s breath to hitch. “I want exclusive rights-” He pulled back a couple inches and savagely thrust back into her, smacking his pendulous balls against her thighs while her pussy clamped down for dear life, not wanting to let him back out again. “-in perpetuity.”

Ania gasped at the sudden spike of pleasure, then caved, “Yes! It’s yours!” She slammed the back of her head on the soft mattress, repeating her new mantra, “Only yours! Your pussy! Your pussy! Your pusSSYYYY!”

He raised an eyebrow. “And you won’t fuck anyone else?”

She shook her head. “Never! I don’t want anyone else! I only want youuuu!”

Her first capitulation earned her another spank, another jet of precum against her cervix, and another burst of dopamine in her brain. Though her mind was practically numb with pleasure, she still listened attentively to his voice. Every word of his seemed to hang in the air, to play on loop, before it was engraved into her brain.

*“I want this pussy!”*

“Good girl.” He crooned while brushing her hair. “I want this house too.”

“OooOH! So greedy... Ngh! H-how much can you pay?”

Alkim flashed a smug grin, “In dollars? Not much,” he admitted, then pulled halfway out of her tight cunt, “but I can pay with this.” Then, he impaled her again, and again, until Ania screamed and shook in tightly restrained bliss. The powerful stud waited for her eyes to refocus on his face before he asked, “How much is that worth to you?”

Ania took a moment to regain her breath before throwing out the first figure that came to mind. “I’ll take two thousand a month off the rent.”

His forehead wrinkled, “Seriously? That’s all? You just signed over your fucking cunt, how can you be so much stingier with the rent?”

“Hey! This listing is worth at least seven thousand a month! Five thousand is a steal!”

He rolled his eyes, "Please, be serious. I know girls who charge that much for just two nights in a hotel room, and none of them can deliver a fraction of what I just gave to you for free."

Ania was about to ask just how exactly he knew the going rates for high-end prostitutes, but he cut her off with another burst of mind-numbing thrusts that left Ania panting with need, thus proving his point quite definitively.

"Now, try again... unless you want me to find a new landlady?"

*Fuuuck... how is this even hotter than the sex?* "Three thousand?"

This time he captured her lips and forced his tongue into her mouth while simultaneously forcing his cock into her pussy. Locked together like this, Ania's moans had nowhere to go but straight to this stud's ears, leaving no doubt as to how little negotiating power she had left.

Still, Ania wasn't ready for this dance to end.

"Four thousand!" she mumbled, batting at his talented tongue. "Five thousand!"

He shook his head and pulled out. Ania couldn't wait any longer, couldn't bear to lose out on this dicking.

"FINE! YOU WIN! NO RENT!!!"

She folded and was rewarded with a full minute of Olympian-grade pistoning that made her eyes water and left her drooling like an imbecile. When that finally slowed, Ania registered him watching her blissed-out expression fade. She was mildly embarrassed at the drool on her chin, but much more embarrassed to have given up the house without much of a fight.

*God, what would my realtors think? I must get some concessions from him before my window closes...*

She wiped her mouth with her fist, and played her last, desperate card.

"Final offer: I'll eat all the rent payments, but you still pay utilities."

Alkim slowly eased himself off Ania's body, freeing up her arms and legs, but he kept her effectively pinned in place with two strong hands around her waist and his cock in her pussy.

Finally, he smiled and nodded. "I can work with that."

"Mmmmm..." Ania began rolling her hips up and down, relishing what little motion he permitted. "I have another condition."

Alkim idly traced a finger up her abdomen, and between her breasts, "Name it."

*Here it goes...*

“No more condoms! I want it like this! I want it raw! Once-No! Twice a week!”

She had to try. With the condom on he was a good fuck. Without that barrier, he was incomparable, invaluable, the very definition of priceless.

He considered that agonizingly long moment. Judging by the pulsing of the stiff cock inside her, he seemed to like his idea. But then, the young man let go of her waist, and pulled out of her with a loud, wet “*pop!*” leaving a whimpering Ania sprawled out on the mattress.

She was near to tears from his sudden exit, but instead of getting dressed and leaving, he just repositioned further up the bed, settling with his back against the headboard, and one open hand extended towards her.

“Deal?”

Ania crawled over and shook that hand without hesitation, “Deal!” She even loved the feeling of his damp, warm, strong fingers squeezing her hand. He smiled, keeping his powerful grip over her hand as he pulled her into a hot, wet kiss that sent waves of pleasure down her spine, and Ania knew she’d made the right choice.

*I could have given him ten houses and still come out ahead!*

He stopped kissing her and switched to casually pawing at her shapely rear. “Well, now that we have an agreement, why don’t you get back on top? I wanna see your face when I meet that condition of yours.”

“Deal!”

Unable to contain her excitement any longer, Ania hurriedly climbed over him, squatted over his cock, and lowered herself onto that towering bitch-tamer. She shuddered with each inch taken, each squeeze from her pussy like a lover’s kiss, welcoming him home.

She savored the return of that perfect dick for a good, long moment, before Alkim’s hands took a possessive hold over her hips and began guiding her up and down. She bounced on it exactly as instructed, ignoring the sweat trickling into her eyes, the growing aches in her thighs, and the tender skin where he’d spanked her ass one too many times.

Ania was chasing her creamy reward and would accept no delays. She felt his breathing quicken and his cock twitching inside her, while his skin took on an almost feverish heat, glistening with beads of fresh sweat. She took it all to mean he was nearing the end and tried bouncing on that cock even faster.

Her instincts proved correct.

“Oh, fuck! Here it comes!” Alkim clenched his teeth, pulled Ania all the way down, and held her still while his cock twitched and pulsed and unloaded his molten, white-hot cum into Ania’s unguarded cunt.

“YESSSSS!”

Her pussy clutched that erupting cock like it wanted to permanently fuse the pair into a beast with two backs. Every fiber of her being yearned for each and every drop to stay within, yet his load was far too voluminous for her to contain. Within seconds, he’d packed so much seed into her pussy that the excess began pouring out of her with each pulse of his rock-hard cock.

*Dear God! It’s like a hose!*

This raw seeding had filled her with more pleasure than any other single act in her entire life. Ania’s experience was utterly transcendent, pure ecstasy, and Alkim was still firing away inside her.

*Oooooohhh myyyy! How long can he keep this up?*

She had no way of telling. Time slowed down, and all her senses shifted, subtly at first, and then dramatically into new patterns of detection. Lights flickered, the air turned thick and hazy, while tiny shapes in the headboard’s woodgrain began to warp and fold before her eyes. Then her vision went white, and she fell forward into the arms of her impossibly virile stud.

He held her steady, bracing her against his chest as his hips kept bucking into her, depositing even more of that heavenly seed into her pussy. The thump-thumping of his heart bounced through her like she was hugging a concert speaker, while his orgasmic grunts touched her more deeply than any love song.

Though the eyes on Ania’s face were shut, her mind’s eye was wide open. Through it, she saw her entire life playing out before her, like some depressing home video shown at her funeral. She saw her childhood in Glendale, her first year of college tragically cut short, her arranged marriage to Petros Davtyan, and all the loveless years that followed in a boring blur.

*We were supposed to build a life together, but all Petros can build is houses.*

The money had been some consolation, but Ania still resented being shackled to him, whittling away the days while her ovaries withered away.

But Ania didn’t have to accept that fate any longer: Alkim’s cock had opened her mind and body to new possibilities. Now, armed with the knowledge and experience of just how incredible life could be, Ania felt the years melting away, and her eyes finally opened to find the stud staring back at her through those piercing, brown eyes.

His skin had taken on a faint glow, and what little light streamed in from the outside became a halo framing his head, like a saint’s in a church icon.

Her hands went to his shoulders, and she found *her* stud was warmer to the touch than a man had any right to be. Ania felt the unnatural heat coursing between them, and she realized with a shudder that Alkim wasn't just cumming inside her: he was planting his flag, marking his territory.

*"I want this pussy!" Those were his exact words!*

Every pulse of his cock, every jet of seed in her cunt was another claim, every drop added was further proof of his ownership. Ania couldn't imagine allowing another man into "his pussy" ever again. Not even her husband, Petros.

*Especially not Petros! I was made for this! Made for Alkim! Made to take his seed!*

*Why else would God have broken all three condoms if he didn't want me to get pregnant?  
Pleasure so divine must have been divinely ordained!*

Two hours ago, she would have been horrified at the thought of getting fucked raw on an unsafe day. Now, that was all she could think about.

Her vision clouded over again, but Ania could see it all, clear as crystal: her lonely egg sitting in her fallopian tube, never touched by a real man's sperm, then suddenly inundated by an absolute tidal wave of Alkim's excessive seed. She tried to mentally cheer those swimmers on and ended up shouting at the top of her lungs.

"YESSSSSSS! COME TO MEEEEEE!"

Her hands clutched at her belly, and she felt little waves of tingles emanating from the press of each finger. There was warmth inside her, a kind of fuzziness that was both strange and satisfying. It hit her in waves, like an earthquake. She welcomed that presence within her, humming in utter bliss as her womb pulsed and thrummed with new life.

*I can't believe it, after so many years of failed attempts...*

They remained conjoined like that for some time, and she couldn't say if it had been minutes or hours since he began filling her up.

When Alkim eventually pulled out with a wet "*shlorp*," Ania had to grit her teeth to keep from crying out. Now unplugged, some of his seed began to trickle out of her, and she cupped her pussy with one hand, trying in vain to dam the white river between her legs.

Alkim spooned her from behind. She felt his breath blowing through her hair, and his slick cock finally softening against the crack of her ass, spent at last. Even with his balls emptied, the young stud's lust never fully subsided, and he began casually massaging everything from her breasts to her thighs. Ania idly wondered how many times he could seed her in one day.

Finally, he kissed her cheek and asked, “How do you feel?”

Ania didn’t have the words to describe all that she’d just experienced; all the orgasms that wracked her body, all the emotions she’d run through, and all the life-altering visions she’d seen.

So, she settled for, “Really, reeeeeaaaallyyy goooooood. *Mmmmmmmmm...*” That hardly covered the breadth of ecstasy and triumph she felt, but it was the truth. Seven thousand dollars a month in lost income was a small price to pay for what she’d secured in this bed.

His left hand idly played with her hair. “Yeah? Better than swallowing? Or getting your pussy eaten?”

“*Mhmmm,*” she hummed, “Sooooo much better...”

“And you’ll take care of it, right?” he asked, rubbing his hand over her stuffed abdomen.

“W-wha?” Ania mumbled, still dazed.

“I mean *this*.”

His fingers slid under her hand, dipped into her pussy, and came out coated in his thick, white seed. She shivered at his touch, and tried not to bemoan the relatively minor loss of that priceless cum. That deep, sensual voice sent shivers down her spine, while his words echoed through her mind, taking on deeper meanings.

“*You’ll take care of it, right?*”

“Uh huh,” Ania moaned, too cockdrunk to use full sentences, but absolutely convinced that she would *take care of it*.

“Good.” Alkim looked down at the mess of cum on his fingers. Ania’s jaw dropped, tongue lolling out like a dog begging for a treat.

Alkim got the message and thrust his slick fingers into her mouth so she could suck them clean. It didn’t feel quite as good in her mouth as it did in her pussy, but her pussy was already stuffed past capacity, and it would be a crime to waste even a single drop.

Ania’s hand came away from her gushing pussy: her diamond wedding ring dazzled no more under the thick coat of stud cum. She licked that up too, then proceeded to gather up all the stray droplets she could find between her legs, noisily slurping every last morsel into her mouth while Alkim watched on. Finally, she licked every fold and vein of his cock twice, then sucked the head into her mouth, just in case there was any left over.

Once they were both clean, she crawled onto him, resting her head just below his collarbone. One of his arms wrapped around her back, while the other palmed her ass.

Ania rested atop her new baby-daddy and let out a sigh of deep and total contentment. She could still recall the sheer ecstasy from before, but it had faded into more of an ambient warmth between her legs and a pleasant buzzing in her head. Her anxieties, her sorrows, her self-pity, all vanished, all thanks to *him*. All that left was her curiosity, all of it directed at *him*.

“What... what are you?” asked Ania.

“My father’s Chinese, my mother’s half English and half Arab.”

“Nooo!” Well, that question had also nagged at her, but Ania was trying to ask something else, something deeper. She drummed her nails against his chest while she tried to find the right words. “Y-you’re... different. Your touch feels so... it’s like magic... and your cum, there was sooooo much of it... H-how did you do... all that?” It’d come out more stilted and slurred than she’d intended, but now it was finally out in the open, and he had nothing left to distract her.

“Ah, that.” He just shrugged, “I guess it’s a gift.”

She lifted her head from his chest and looked him in the eyes, “A gift from God?”

“What?” That took him aback; his hands stopped groping her. “I don’t know about all that... No, I don’t think it’s from God.”

“Then... What are you? Really?”

Her divine and modest stud cupped his chin with one hand as he thought his answer out. Finally, he returned Ania’s gaze, smiling radiantly.

“I’m an Alchemist.”

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## Kate

Kate was just about finished working on their new porn site when she got a text in the group chat, “❤️Sluts❤�,” that was just Alkim, Kate, and Vicky.

Alkim sent in a picture his hand holding a key captioned, “Mission Accomplished.”

*I’ll be damned, he really did it: Alkim’s finally paying his rent...*

Kate: Already?

Kate: Damn dude

Kate: That was fast

Vicky: What the fuck!

Vicky: How???

Alkim: We came to an arrangement  
Alkim: She lets us live there  
Alkim: Rent free  
Alkim: And I fuck her twice a week

*Wow. Scratch that, he's paying everyone's rent.*

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## Vicky

Vicky could hardly believe what she was reading.

Vicky: WHAT?????????  
Vicky: ARE YOU BEING FR RN?????  
Alkim: No wait  
Alkim: We still pay utilities  
Alkim: Yes on everything else

*No more rent!?!*

She'd tried to stop Alkim from going through with this, but he did it anyway, and it fucking worked. She felt an immense weight being lifted from her shoulders.

*Holy shit! Thank God he didn't listen to me! Now I won't have to work full time anymore! I can put more time into my music career!*

*Only... why would our landlady agree to that?*

Vicky could have believed the reverse; an older guy with a young hottie blowing him for rent. Hell, she'd lived that herself, but this thing with Alkim went against everything she thought she knew about sex for pay.

*Ania's a certified hottie; if she just wanted to get fucked by a cut twenty-something she could have done that whenever she wanted. Sure, he's cute, but dicks are soooo cheap, waaaay cheaper than a whole-ass house!*

And yet, she'd made the trade. Alkim had the key to prove it.

Alkim: Just don't tell Mikaella  
Alkim: I want to surprise her myself

*Oh fuck, that's right. Mikaella's in this too...*

After everything that happened last night, Vicky had almost forgotten about that whole situation between those two. It seemed rather tame next to this most recent development, but Vicky couldn't let it go either.

*What the fuck is happening here? First Mikaella starts blowing him for free, and now Ania's fucking giving him a fancy new house? No dick can be worth all that... Can it?*

Her mind snapped back last night: she'd lost control, kissed him, and subsequently creamed her fucking panties right there on the dance floor. She'd played it off afterwards, but there was no forgetting the taste of his lips, the feel of those hands around her neck, the heat and ecstasy of that moment...


Her phone dinged once more, dragging her back to the conversation at hand.

Alkim: But don't tell Hannah

Vicky: HAAAA

Vicky: Yeeee defo

Vicky: Bitch can find her own place!

Alkim: 

Alkim: Oh yeah

Alkim: Vicky

Alkim: Can you pick me up?

Vicky: OMW

Vicky grabbed her keys.

## XXII - Family Matters

### Mikaella

Mikaella really needed to get out of the house after the social catastrophe that was Saturday night. Luckily for her, the perfect excuse dropped right into her lap: a Russian nesting doll of family emergencies.

Tita (Auntie) Mia fell ill and needed someone to look after her, so Mia's daughter, Kristine, got called in to help. But then Kristine needed someone to watch her baby boy, Daniel, and her husband was currently deployed with the navy, working inside a nuclear submarine that was submerged somewhere in the Pacific. So, Kristine called in her cousin to babysit for a couple days.

Mikaella practically jumped at the chance. She'd always liked babies, but growing up without any siblings left her very few chances to babysit until her older cousins started having their own kids. This was her favorite thing about having a large extended family: she got to play with the

cute babies for a while and give them back to their moms before the responsibility could exhaust her.

Sunday went by like a breeze: just a full day of playing, tickling, reading those little baby books, feeding and changing. It was all very routine stuff for Mikaella, but she delighted in every little moment.

*Is it just my cycle, or is little Daniel even cuter than I remember?*

The way his eyes lit up when Mikaella entered the room, how he didn't even cry when his mommy walked out the door. He held her attention effortlessly. Every moment she spent with him was a welcome vacation from the absurd drama of K-Town. She hardly looked at her phone for hours at a time, except to take pictures for Kristine when Daniel did something extra cute.

Unfortunately, Monday proved much more difficult. She woke up after just a few hours, but couldn't go back to sleep. Her breakfast and coffee tasted unusually bland, but she choked them down anyway. Whenever she lost focus, her teeth started to grind. She couldn't escape the feeling that something was missing from her morning routine, and she had a pretty good idea what that was.

Yet the sound of Daniel yawning through the baby monitor was a shot of espresso right into her veins. It helped distract from her ever-growing irritability, and she was able to muster up the energy to change, feed, and play with him until it was time for his afternoon nap.

The moment he fell asleep, that rush of maternal energy left her, and she slumped onto the living room couch like a puppet with her strings cut. Thankfully, all Mikaella had to do was keep the baby monitor close while she watched trash TV and, for once in her life, ignored all incoming texts. Unfortunately, her favorite reality trash, *The Bachelor*, did not improve her mood. Something about a harem of girls competing for the affections of one man seemed sadder now. Mikaella's other favorite show was this K-drama Vicky had gotten her into, but she'd gotten more than her fill of Korean drama the other night. The last thing she wanted to see was another beautiful Korean woman living her best life with some handsome, rich guy.

In lieu of something light and romantic, she put on a true crime documentary, letting it fade into the background while she scrolled through her socials.

Mikaella's peace and quiet was interrupted by increasingly loud footsteps descending the stairs: an unwelcome reminder that she wasn't the only adult in the house.

"Daammmmn, Mikaella, Kristine mentioned she did your highlights but didn't mention the rest of you. It's like you're looking finer and finer every time I see you."

"Gee, thanks." She made sure not to look up from her phone, putting on her best disaffected-teen-face.

This was her least favorite thing about having a large extended family: creepy uncles. Though technically not her uncle by blood (or maybe precisely because of that fact), Ezekiel was the worst of them all. Too irresponsible to watch his own grandson, and too dumb to take a fucking hint. She'd been fortunate enough to not cross paths with him yesterday, but it seemed her luck had run out.

“Seriously, girl, you used to look so skinny, like a little boy. But you’ve grown into a real woman, more like your mom.” He cupped his hands over his chest, in case that was too subtle for her. Amateur creepy uncles might make an inappropriate comment here, or they might stare a little too long there, but not Tito Ezekiel. It took a real pro to creep on both his daughter’s cousin and his former sister-in-law in the same sentence.

*Gross. Of fucking course, he noticed me going up one fucking bra size, ugh. fucking perv. Should have brought pasties.*

Mikaella hadn’t packed a bra either; yesterday she’d tried on two and found both uncomfortably tight. That should have been something worth celebrating, but Ezekiel had ruined that too. She pulled her knees up to cover her chest, only then to realize most of her legs were completely bared for his pervy gaze. Her suspicions were confirmed when she looked up to find him staring at the point where her shorts barely covered her ass. “Can you not?”

“What? I’m just trying to give you a compliment, damn. Don’t dress like that if you don’t want men to notice.”

*God, if this is how he leers at me in a t-shirt and shorts, he wouldn’t fucking last a day in that house. One look at Vicky in her karaoke dress, or god forbid Kate in an overstuffed tank top and he’d probably die of a heart attack. If only...*

But wishing didn’t make it so, and Ezekiel refused to take her non-response as a hint. “What’d you get all dolled up for anyway? Does your mom approve of you wearing that kind of makeup?”

*My mom doesn’t give a fuck about anything, asshole.* “I’m not wearing any makeup.” She wiped under her eyes and held up her unstained fingers as proof.

His eyes grew wide with disbelief. “You tattooed that on?”

Mikaella actually had no idea why her makeup stained her face like this, but that was far from the strangest thing she’s seen the human body do recently, and she had no desire to discuss her appearance with Tito Creepito of all people.

“What’s it to you, anyway?” she snapped.

“Geeeeeez, girly. Just curious is all. Don’t gotta get all pissy about everything.”

She decided that the silent treatment was her best chance at getting him to shut the fuck up. She turned the TV up, and he just shrugged, abandoned whatever PMS joke he was probably trying to come up with, and went into the kitchen to microwave some of the food that Kristine prepared before she left. Because, of course, Ezekiel was useless when it came to “women’s work,” which basically meant anything he didn’t feel like doing around the house. The ceasefire only lasted the few minutes it took him to plunder Kristine’s kitchen. He walked back into the living room with a plate of reheated spaghetti and resumed his petty, pervy interrogation between noisy bites.

“So, you a working girl now?”

She rolled her eyes. “Yes, I have a job,” *If Vicky hasn’t already stolen it...*

“Well, it’s nine a.m. on a Monday, and you’re here watching TV.”

“So? What’s your fucking point? It’s not that kind of job.”

“Oh yeah? Then what kind of job is it? You know, I heard some rumors about you. Nasty rumors. Maria thinks you’re stripping, but Angela says you’re out there whoring. And now here you are, tattooing that whore makeup onto your face... Doesn’t look like a normal nine-to-five to me.”

*Tita Maria and Tita Angela should keep their puta mouths shut.*

“So what if it isn’t? I’m paying my own way. And I’m here babysitting *your grandson*, because Kristine doesn’t trust *you* to take care of him by yourself.”

“Hey! You better watch that mouth of yours, little girl. This is my house! You can’t talk to me like that when you’re sitting on my couch.”

“I’ll watch my mouth when you watch your grandson.”

“Why you little...” His face scrunched up.

Mikaella wasn’t about to back down, “Why do you care so much about how I make my money?”

His tightened lips stretched into the creepiest, toothiest grin.

“Just askin’ if you’re really in business is all.”

*Ewww...* Mikaella decided she preferred him angry.

“Even if I was that kind of girl,”—and she was—“there’s no way you could afford me.”

“Try me.”

“Yeah? You think Kristine would be happy if she heard the shit you’re spewing? Huh?”

Ezekiel's face turned beet red at the mention of his daughter. His eyes narrowed to daggers. "Why would she believe you, huh? You better not say shit!"

She crossed her arms over her chest. "Or what?"

"I'll tell your mom what you've been up to!"

"I'm fucking shaking. Go ahead. Tell her something she already knows."

"Christ, the mouth on you..."

"Wouldn't you like to know, banyak!" *Perv!*

His face went from red to purple. "That's it! Gagang puta!" *Dumb slut!* He stomped towards her with tense shoulders and clenched fists.

Thankfully, before Ezekiel could do something they'd both regret, the baby monitor went off. Daniel's cries stopped his grandfather cold. Mikaella took that as her excuse to get the fuck out of this room, practically flying up those stairs to the nursery.

"Heyyyyyy, don't cry! I'm here!" She picked up the crying boy and bounced him up and down in her arms. "Thanks for the save, little guy. Just promise me you won't be like your grandpa when you're all grown up."

Thankfully, it was only a few minutes before she heard the front door slam shut. Ezekiel had left the building.

*Thank god. I hope someone flattens his dick with a tire iron.*

Mikaella had spent so much time living with the girls (and Alkim). She'd almost forgotten how stressful and dangerous things could get when you had to interact with the vast majority of men; how gross and violent they could get out of nowhere. Just the idea of touching that creepy old bastard made her flesh crawl. Given the choice again, she still would have picked the beating. Even her last sugar daddy had the decency to solicit sex from a random karaoke girl instead of his daughter's nineteen-year-old cousin.

*Blech!*

The sad thing was, he was probably right about her not telling. Mikaella had already inherited her mom's reputation; one slip up could mean inheriting her mother's banishment as well. If Ezekiel could get Kristine to believe him about Mikaella stealing jewelry, or being on drugs, that might be the end of it. Then no one would invite her over for Christmas or let her play with the babies ever again. She decided it wasn't worth the risk.

She spent the next hour soothing Daniel back to sleep. Once he was down, she reheated a huge lunch for herself—what used to be a full day's allotment of food—and restarted her show.

Unfortunately, her mind was back in K-Town, back in that room. Before she knew it, the little guy's nap was over, saving Mikaella from further self-pitying introspection. She fed him a bottle of formula in front of the TV, letting the true crime program continue to drown out her thoughts, until she heard the key jingle in the lock and shut off the TV.

A few seconds later, the door opened, and Kristine walked inside.

"Hi Mikaella! Hi baby!"

"Hey."

"Wait, wait, wait! Don't move, I wanna get a picture of you holding him like that!"

Kristine set down her bags by the door and walked over to the couch where Mikaella sat with Daniel in her lap. Mikaella forced a smile, and Kristine took their picture.

"Aw, you look so cuuute together!" She turned her phone around so Mikaella could see.

*Awww, it actually is a really cute pic...*

Daniel was squirming and giggling with excitement from his mom's return, and his adorable smile came through perfectly. Mikaella was almost reluctant to hand him back to his mother.

"Hi babyyyy! How are you?" cooed Kristine. She picked up her son, kissed his forehead, and started bouncing him in her arms. "Thank you soooo much for babysitting on such short notice! Did my dad help with him at all?"

Mikaella shook her head.

"*Pfft*. Figures. Did he at least behave himself?"

"... He mostly stayed out of my way."

Kristine rolled her eyes. "Figures. But little Daniel wasn't too much trouble for you? Did you give your aunty a hard time?"

"No, he was good."

"You sure? You look a little tired."

"Um, yeah, a little. Wasn't his fault, he didn't wake me up or anything, I just didn't sleep very well..."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Well, you're more than welcome to take a nap and stay for dinner, or you could spend the night if you'd like."

“It’s okay, you don’t have to do all that.”

“Oh yes I do! I never get to see you anymore, and I was too busy with customers the other day to catch up with you.” Kristine sat down on the couch, baby in her lap, and patted the space next to her. “How’s everything been? Are you still living with those karaoke girls in K-Town?”

Reluctantly, Mikaella sat down next to Kristine. “Uh, yeah. Same house, same girls.”

“Do people still have house parties in K-Town? Or do you all just go clubbing together?”

Mikaella tried to keep her tone neutral. “*They* went Saturday night, but I couldn’t go with them because I’m not twenty-one.”

“You don’t have a fake?”

Mikaella shook her head.

“Well, maybe next time you could swing by and borrow my I.D for the night?”

*Maybe ten years and twenty pounds ago...* “I’m okay, thanks. They promised to make one for me soon.”

“Nice, nice. Soooo, meet any cute guys lately?”

“Nope.”

“Aw come on, Mikaella! You gotta give me more than that! Please? I never get to go out anymore,” Kristine nodded down at the baby boy in her arms currently grabbing at his mother’s hair, “It’s all diapers and Mickey Mouse’s clubhouse over here. I’m dyyyyying for some real drama.”

Mikaella sighed and gave in. “Fiiiine, you win. There’s a guy.”

“Ha! I knew it! I knew there was a guy when you asked for highlights and a makeover! Did it work? Did he like them?”

“He did, yeah.”

“Pictures! Come on, whip ‘em out!” Kristine slapped her hand on the couch between each word.

Daniel had no idea what they were talking about, but he added his little arms and baby babbling to the chant anyway.

Mikaella groaned internally until she remembered how bare Alkim’s social media was. *Fuck it. Kristine could cyber stalk him all day and come up empty handed.* So, she scooted closer to her nosy cousin anyway and pulled up Alkim’s Instagram page.

“Oh wow, he is cute. Nice body. Wow, even his teeth look perfect. He looks kinda... huh...” Kristine’s brow furrowed, “... actually, what is he? He doesn’t look Filipino.”

“He isn’t.”

“Oh. Is he... Mexican? I honestly can’t tell. What’d you say his name was again?”

*I didn’t.* “Alkim Wong. He’s really mixed. I thought he was just Wasian or something for a while but apparently he’s half Chinese and half Muslim or something, I think that’s what his first name is supposed to be. He might be part white too, but I’m not really sure about that. I’d have to ask him again.”

“Oh wow, I didn’t know they made ‘em like that.”

“Yeah, Kristine, it’s the twenty-first century.”

Kristine’s head tilted in confusion, “Wait, did you say he’s not Christian?”

*Jesus, almost forgot who I was talking to here...* “Uhhhhh, no, he’s not.” *Hard to see god when he can’t suck his own dick. Fuck, if Kristine knew even ten percent of what we did in that house she’d probably call in an exorcism for the whole place...*

“Who’s that girl with him? Why aren’t you in any of these pictures?”

Mikaella shrugged. “Those are all his college pics; he doesn’t really post much.” *Unless you count our sex tapes.* “See, there’s him and his friends in their, uh...”

“Caps and gowns.”

“Right, yeah. He just graduated a few months ago.”

“Ohhhh, he went to UCLA?”

“Mhm.”

“Was on a scholarship, or could his family actually afford that?”

“Uh, I think his parents paid his tuition. Out of state, actually.”

“Wooooow! So you’re dating a nice rich boy, huh? Is he trying to be a doctor or a businessman?”

*Does being a rich doctor cancel out being a heathen?* “Doctor or scientist or whatever. I don’t know. It doesn’t really matter anymore.” Mikaella sighed and laid back against the couch cushions, “I’m not sure if it’s really gonna work out between us.”

“Why not? Did something happen? Did he cheat on you?”

Mikaella sat back up and crossed her arms. “No. Well, not exactly—it's complicated.”

“What's that supposed to mean? Either he cheated on you or he didn't, what's complicated about that?”

*Oh, Kristine, where to begin? He went partying without me, came back without telling me, and I found him in bed drinking milk from my supposedly lesbian housemate's giant cowtits, while my other definitely-not-a-lesbian housemate was spooning him.*

The image was still burned onto Mikaella's retinas. “He didn't exactly cheat on me because I'm not really his girlfriend. Like, we never went exclusive.”

“He sleeps around?! Girl, how is that not a dealbreaker for you?”

Mikaella shook her head. “I don't really want to talk about it anymore, you wouldn't understand.”

Kristine placed her hand over Mikaella's. “Then help me understand. Tell me what you like about him so much that you'd let him walk all over you like that. What's stopping you from committing to each other?”

*Pro: he's got a great body, a deep voice, he's educated, he cooks for me, he has all these great ideas like starting a porn site together, his dick tastes like pure perfection, he makes me cum so hard I go fucking cross-eyed from swallowing, and whenever he calls me his fuckdoll or cumslut I get butterflies in my stomach...*

*Con: I don't know if he even believes in romance, I'm literally glued to his dick whenever he wants but it's still not enough for him, he was always more into my other housemates, and now one of them is literally feeding him with her gargantuan titties...*

Before Mikaella could think of a toned-down version of events to give Kristine, her phone rang. “Hang on a sec.” It was an unknown number, but she picked it up anyway—*anything to get out of this conversation*—and to her relief it wasn't a scammer, but the free clinic calling with her blood test results.

She got off the couch and said to Kristine, “Sorry, I gotta take this.”

Kristine nodded and turned her full attention back to Daniel.

Mikaella ran upstairs to the guest room, shut the door, and confirmed her identity to the nurse. Once that was done, the nurse informed Mikaella that she was STD free.

*Yes! We can do it raw! I may not be Vicky hot, but I can do this for him!*

“When can I schedule the appointment for my IUD?”

“Well, unfortunately, we can’t insert an IUD at this time. There was a complication with your test results...” the nurse trailed off.

“Huh? But you just said I was clean?”

“Yes, you are not carrying any sexually transmitted diseases.”

“Then what’s the complication? Please, I just wanna get this done now.”

There was a short pause from the other end. “Can you remember when you last menstruated?”

“My last period? Uhhhhhh, like five weeks ago. Why?” Understanding crushed her like a pallet of bricks. *OH! Shit!* “Wait, you think I’m pregnant! But I can’t be pregnant?! We haven’t even had sex yet?!”

“Are you saying you’ve had no sexual contact recently?”

“No sex! Just blowjobs! And fingering! I swear, that's all we did!”

“Mhm. And at any time during these sessions did your or your partner’s fingers come into contact with any ejaculate before insertion?”

“Just precum!” *It just felt soooooo goooood in my pussy!* “There was no real sex! He never actually came inside me, so I can’t be pregnant!”

There was a long pause from the other end, “Miss, are you aware that precum contains sperm?”

“WHAT? YOU CAN GET PREGNANT FROM PRECUM?!?!?”

“... Yes, precum contains sperm, and can still lead to pregnancy.”

“SHIT! SHIT! FUCK!”

The nurse waited for a lull in Mikaella’s frantic swearing before she spoke again, “Miss, would you be interested in a referral for counseling and family planning services? There would be no charge for you, and you’d be able to discuss your options with trained professionals.”

“I-I don’t know...”

“We can circle back to that. There were some other anomalies with your blood test I would like to go over. Are you participating in college sports or anything of that nature?”

“What? No!” Mikaella’s ears glazed over as the doctor went on and on about “blood doping,” or whatever. The whole pregnancy thing was a bit more pressing than something about weird

hormones. She declined to schedule another test and hung up the phone. Within seconds she got an automated text that was basically a brochure for what the nurse had already mentioned: family planning, adoption, and abortion talks. Then, a couple seconds later, she got yet another text asking if she was satisfied with the service she'd received and if she could just fill out a survey about it.

Mikaella started to cry, torn up with the unfairness of it all, mourning the life she could have had, rage at her mother for not signing the sex-ed permission slip, and regret over not just fucking Alkim's magical cock if she was going to get pregnant anyway.

Her only consolation was that she'd lasted two years longer than her mother as a free woman before she was knocked up by the first guy she'd ever even liked.

*Fuck! What the hell do I do now?!*

The only thing she knew for certain was that she couldn't stay here. If she stayed she would want to ask Kristine for advice, and that would mean confessing that she was pregnant out of wedlock. *Just like mom.*

Besides, she had a good idea what Kristine would want her to do, and Mikaella wasn't ready to make that call yet. Plus, there was no way anyone in her family could keep a secret like that.

*If the family knew I was pregnant, and then I didn't keep it...*

Mikaella didn't even want to think about how they might react. She couldn't take that risk, she had to act like there was absolutely nothing wrong. She grabbed a pillow off the bed and screamed into it until her lungs were empty and burning. When she threw it down, she saw the wet spots where her eyes and lips had met the pillow formed a crude face, like her screams were locked into the fabric. She slowed her breathing, stifled her tears, blew her nose, washed her face in the adjoining bathroom sink, and checked her appearance in the bathroom mirror. Thankfully, since she wasn't wearing makeup, there was no real evidence that she'd been crying besides some redness to her eyes, which she covered up with sunglasses.

She grabbed her overnight bag and went back downstairs.

"Everything okay? I thought I heard yelling." Kristine stopped fussing with Daniel's hair, looked over to Mikaella and noticed her bag. "Oh, heading out already?"

"Yeah, gotta get going. There's some stuff I have to do. Like, right now."

Kristine pouted theatrically and dangled her son at eye level, "Awwww, you hear that, Daniel? Your auntie's a very busy girl, yes she is!" She looked back to Mikaella, "Some other time then. Want me to give you a ride back?"

Mikaella shook her head, "I'm good, thanks. See you later."

“Alright. Next time then. Say ‘bye Mikaella!’”

Daniel just giggled adorably while Kristine waved his arm for him.

It was unbearably cute, cuter than Mikaella could stand for another second. She gave Kristine a curt “Bye,” and was out the door before she could be slowed down by any more polite small talk or adorable baby babbling. By the time Mikaella’s shoes touched the sidewalk, her mind was already a million miles away.

*What if the doctors fucked up the test? They probably fuck up all the time! I need to get a second opinion.*

She marched straight into the nearest drugstore and bought a box of pregnancy tests, but had to check four more stores before she found a public restroom. She ripped the box open, skimmed the instructions, hiked down her shorts, and tried one of the tests.

Positive.

She tried another one.

Also positive.

*Come one, third time’s the charm...*

Still positive.

“Fuck!”

Mikaella chucked the rest of the box into the trash and ran outside. Halfway down the block, she saw a boba shop and went in to order a large drink just so she could get one of those big, fat straws to suck on. It was a poor substitute for Alkim’s magic dick, but she was willing to try anything that might help clear her mind.

Sucking a straw did jack shit. She was almost to the point of tears all over again when her phone vibrated.

*If it’s about that fucking survey again I’m gonna kill them!*

It wasn’t the survey: Alkim had finally texted back.

Mikaella’s heart skipped a beat.

Alkim: Hey!

Alkim: Just finished a run

Alkim: Sorry I didn’t reply Saturday night

Alkim: I passed out like right after my last message

Alkim: Didn't wake up until 4pm yesterday  
Alkim: And I had to rush straight into something else  
Alkim: loool  
Alkim: It's a crazy story  
Alkim: To crazy to text it all  
Alkim: Where are you btw?  
Alkim: Can I come pick you up?

This was her water in the desert, her relief from torment, her Hail Mary. Still, she hesitated.

*What the hell do you even say to your man after you saw him sucking breastmilk from your housemate's massive udders in his sleep, AND you just found out you're carrying his child?! What would Dr. Phil say???*

She had no idea, yet even the mere suggestion of getting back to Alkim was enough to set her off. Her skin flushed with heat, her thighs squeezed together, while her mouth and pussy wetted for a dick that wasn't even present. Her mind was already clouded, her emotions cranked up to eleven, and now she was maddeningly horny on top of everything else.

She needed answers; she needed comfort; she needed that magic dick in her mouth.

Without further debate, she texted Alkim her location, and he immediately replied that he would be there in a few minutes. So, she waited in front of the boba shop, sucked on her straw and tried not to cry.

Six and a half minutes later, as promised, Alkim's convertible pulled up in front of Mikaella's table. Without wiping her face, she hurriedly opened the passenger side, slid into the low seat, and slammed the door behind her.

"Maaaaan, you're not going to believe wha—hey, is something wrong?"

The moment she locked eyes with him, two days of mounting cock lust, and one thousand years' worth of relationship drama spilled out like water from a broken dam.

"IS SOMETHING WRONG?! You said we would record something when you got back! You said you would text me back! You promised I could blow you! Then I find you sleeping with Vicky AND Kate! Oh yeah! KATE WAS BREASTFEEDING YOU! WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!?"

For the first time in weeks, Mikaella found herself short of breath.

Alkim just sat there with raised eyebrows, processing her tirade for several seconds before letting out a simple, "Wow."

"Wow? That's all you have to say? WOW?!"

“Okay, damn! I’m sorry! I just didn’t know Kate did that... while I was sleeping.”

“Seriously?! The hell you didn’t know!” *Oh my god! He said she asked him for sperm before! Shit!* “Wait! Is that why Kate’s tits got so fucking fat! Did you seriously knock her up! I’ve been-MMFH!”

Before Mikaella could fire off an artillery barrage of questions, Alkim wrapped his strong, sweaty forearms around her back and pulled her body tightly against his own. The sudden, jerking motion caught her off-guard, and her hands instinctively tried to push against his chest. Yet she was instantly sapped of all resistance the instant their lips made contact.

His tongue slipped past her defenses with ease, while his hands wiped her face clean of any remaining tears, simultaneously mixing his scent into every breath she took.

Mikaella’s surprised yelp cooled into affectionate purring. She tried to hold onto her emotions, to her righteous anger, but the fury, confusion, jealousy, and sadness all fell from her mind, replaced by the usual mixture of calm and lust that Alkim always seemed to bring.

Her body sagged against his muscular frame. She started to reciprocate, kissing him back with feverish need, leaning into him, groping the skin under his sweaty tank top. They stayed locked together swapping spit for what seemed like hours before Alkim abruptly pulled away, releasing the dumbstruck Filipina with a wet “*pop*” before casually wiping his lips clean on the back of his hand. Without his support, Mikaella sagged back into her seat.

“Feel better now?” Alkim asked while paying more attention to his side view mirrors.

“*Mhm*,” she sighed, flying high as a kite. Alkim had smothered all her feelings and questions oh so easily. Even the weight of the baby she carried faded away like a dream.

“Good. Seatbelt, please.”

She didn’t put on her seatbelt, but Alkim started driving home anyway, filling the silence with his recounting of last Saturday night.

“I’m really sorry you walked in on that last night without any context. That must have been pretty... shocking. And I’m sorry I didn’t text you back until today: I probably did that ADHD thing where I accidentally clear all my notifications without reading the messages, then forget about them. Or I was just too wasted.” He raised his fingers as if to say “whoops” without taking his palms off the wheel. “Either way, my bad. Things got so crazy that night, you wouldn’t believe it. I’m not even sure where to begin...”

*He just... forgot?*

Alkim’s carelessness should have been infuriating... but Mikaella just couldn’t seem to get mad at him. The pressure was all gone, that valve couldn’t blow again. Still, the absence of anger left

room for other feelings. The kiss had helped to calm her down, but like eating a snack after a long fast, it only reminded her of how hungry she was.

The calm that washed over her had also washed away any concerns she may have once held about public indecency laws. Without ever deciding to, her body began to lean down over the center console, lowering her head to his crotch. Her well-practiced hands reached for the half-hard cock in his shorts, as if it already expected this move.

Alkim twitched in surprise, but caught on almost as quickly as his dick. “Really? Right now? Can you just wait a few minutes?”

She didn’t say anything, just tugged his elastic shorts and underwear down to free her prize. Once she pulled them partway down his dick slipped up and out, waving back and forth like it was saying “hello.”

*I missed you too!*

“Uh, Mikaella?” He waved a hand in front of her face. “Hello? Seriously, are you okay?”

She heard him but replying was not a priority for her, not with his dick occupying her entire field of vision, the tip already glistening with her favorite and apparently-sperm-filled fluid. Two days of abstinence had been pure agony, an agony she resolved to never endure again. But now it was here, and it was all hers.

She opened her mouth wide, dropped her head, and inhaled the upper third of that dick in one fluid motion. Her lips sealed shut, while her tongue coiled around his girth like a snake.

“Oooohhh, goddaamn, girl... You know I love this enthusiasm, but could you give me more of a warning next time?”

She continued to ignore his words, sliding her mouth further down, past the halfway point, and brought her right hand around to jerk him off from the base.

The dual stimulation was almost too much for Alkim. “Oh, fuck! Mikael-AH!” He bucked up into her mouth, bashing his cockhead into the opening of her throat. “Do you want us to get caught?”

Still, Mikaella did not relent. The cock appreciated her efforts, and granted her a powerful spritzing of precum, enough to coat her mouth. She hummed in gratitude and hollowed out her cheeks to slurp up even more. There were so, so many things she loved about Alkim’s dick: the taste, the size, the way it made her cum, and the way it got her high. But her favorite thing about sucking this dick had to be the way it immediately rewarded her efforts to please it. She could literally taste his satisfaction in every drop.

“Ah! You know, if this was a manual, you could have gotten us killed... blocking the stick like that... mmm...”

*Then I would have died happy... mmmm...*

Whatever Alkim's feelings may have been about the inherent dangers of road-head, he couldn't hold her back with his hands on the wheel and his feet on the pedals.

"Can't you wait until we get to the house?"

*HELL NO!* She shook her head and growled around his boner. *Like I'm gonna let Vicky or Kate steal one drop of this load?*

He seemed to take her meaning. "Fuck! Ooooooh! Alright... you win, just keep it slow until I can pull over. I promise, if you just let me take us a couple more miles first, then you can suck it as hard as you want."

*Ugh, fiiiine.* Reluctantly, she slowed her cock worship so that he wouldn't cum until they got back to the house.

"Ahhhh, good girl, just like that..." He gave her hair a nice long pet.

*Oh my god, yessss. I loooove being his good girl...*

Mikaella hadn't realized just how much she'd been waiting to hear those two words until she literally vibrated with glee. That sudden injection of dopamine was almost enough to ramp her back up again, until she remembered that specific "good girl" was her reward for slowing down and not trying to get him to cum in the middle of traffic. His good girl had to hold his approved pace, and so she did.

As it turned out, the additional mental bandwidth was just enough for Alkim to drive and talk despite his suckslut's expert edging.

"Oh yeah, I never told you what happened the other night. Literally, right when I was going to text you a picture of that guy Hannah was flirting with, I saw him spike her drink with something."

"Frglrllr?" *For real?*

"I tried to warn her about this guy, but she wouldn't believe me. Trusted me less than some random asshole at the club."

*Ugh, fucking Hannah!*

Mikaella did her best to growl in anger, but even her baseline hatred of the blonde thief was temporarily muted. All she managed to do was Alkim's dick a nice little hummer that resulted in yet another spurt of calming precum.

“I know, right? Didn’t think Hannah hated me *that* much.” He petted her hair for a second before putting his hand back on the wheel. “Ahhhhh, just like that. Anyway, I was pretty wasted by that point, and I figured, ‘Fuck it! Hannah doesn’t believe me? Fine, I’ll prove he spiked it!’ So, I drank it. I drank the whole fucking roofie.”

“Glargh?” *What?*

Alkim sighed. “I know, I know. Not exactly my smartest moment, but I was crossed enough to think one roofie wouldn’t be that big a deal for me. I mean, I’m me: I don’t vomit, and I don’t black out. Ever. But that was pretty much the last thing I remember. Vicky and Kate had to fill me in on the rest: they took me home and stayed with me to make sure I didn’t throw up in my sleep and choke to death, pretty good thinking on their part. That’s why you found us all together.”

*Ooooooh, so that’s why they were sleeping with him... God, I can’t believe Hannah made him do that to himself! Fucking bitch ruined everyone’s night and I was mad at Alkim? Stupid! I should have known he wouldn’t break his promise without a good reason. Guess I should thank Kate and Vicky for keeping him safe... Wait, no, what about the milk?*

Vicky finding some flimsy excuse to get a little handsy or grindy with Alkim was old news; that happened almost every time they got drunk together. But Kate’s lactation wasn’t so easily explained away. Mikaella tried to ask about it, but all that came out were more sputtering, cock gargling sounds.

Thankfully, Alkim guessed where her mind was.

“Right, the breast milk. I can see why that must have come as a surprise.” The car stopped temporarily, and he rubbed her back affectionately until they started rolling again. “To answer your question from earlier, no Kate isn’t pregnant, she just has some hormonal imbalance that caused her to start lactating the other week. I know there’s a medical name for it, just can’t remember right now... *Mmmm*. I’ve been helping her deal with it, showed her how to use a breast pump.”

*No fucking way... Hormones? Could it really be that simple?*

Mikaella tried to puzzle it out without ever stopping her increasingly sloppy blowjob, but she was missing a lot of critical information, and she couldn’t exactly ask him anything while her mouth was occupied. She’d never heard of a girl just spontaneously lactating on her own. But then again, it’s not like there was ever anything normal about Kate, or those huge fucking tits of hers. Besides, she had no reason to doubt him about science stuff.

*I guess if anyone could start lactating out of nowhere, it would have to be Katie-cow.*

For his part, Alkim just kept on talking and driving, completely oblivious to her internal turmoil.

“So far she’s been pumping them once or twice a day, but I’ve sucked the milk out of her a few times. No lies, it’s fucking delicious. *Mmm mmm*. I’m getting thirsty just thinking about it.” True to his words, Alkim reached over Mikaella to grab his protein shake from the cupholder and took a long swig.

*Ugh! Seriously? He actually likes the titty monster’s milk? Blech!*

Even the girl that drank Alkim’s cum by the mouthful still found the idea of drinking Kate’s breastmilk too bizarre and taboo (though, not bizarre enough for her to even consider ending the blowjob early).

“So we’ve been doing that for a bit, but I honestly didn’t know she did that the other night until you just brought it up. If I had to guess, Kate must have needed to milk herself, but she had to make sure I didn’t vomit in the night. I’ll have to ask her later. Huh, I guess that explains why I woke up without a headache: Kate kept me hydrated all through the night.” He shrugged nonchalantly, like none of this was even that big a deal. “You can ask her if you want.”

*Better believe I’m asking her...*

“But maybe don’t tell anyone else without Kate’s permission, okay? You know how she is about her image.”

Mikaella rolled her eyes.

*There’s no way she’s a real lesbian. Letting a guy suck the milk from your tits has to put her somewhere in the middle of that... K-something scale. She’s gotta be secretly bi. That, or that’s his mouth just feels that good on her nips... oh. Oooooohhh... Damn, maybe Kate’s not as crazy as I thought.*

“So yeah. That’s what happened Saturday night. I didn’t wake up until four in the afternoon on Sunday, and I had to go meet with someone about... something.”

*Someone? Something? Who is she?*

“HUUH?” She gargled while trying to ask for clarification.

Those weren’t really words, but he seemed to get her anyway. “Can you keep another secret?” He asked.

She nodded.

Alkim grunted and shook his head, “I can’t tell the difference between you nodding for yes and you bobbing your head because you’re sucking my dick. Can’t do that whole ‘blink once for yes, twice for no’ thing either while I’m driving. Hmmm... Okay, how about you tap my leg once for yes, twice for no.”

*Fuck, that's sooooo smart of him...*

She tapped his leg once.

Alkim smiled and briefly caressed her cheek with his right hand without looking down. "Okay then. For now, just keep what I'm about to say between us. I'll tell everyone in the house when the time is right."

Mikaella felt the car turn and come to a halt.

Alkim had to reach under her chest for the stick to put the car in park before he could turn off the engine. He took the moment to squeeze her slightly enlarged tits, then pulled his keys from the ignition.

"If it's all the same to you, I'd rather not get any cum in my car."

Then he grabbed a fistful of Mikaella's hair and began pulling her up and off his dick.

*NOOOOO!!!*

Torn between compliance and her desire for more cock, cocklust won out. She whined and tried to stay locked down, but he was so much stronger than her. It also probably didn't help that this show of strength made her weak in the knees and wet in her panties. All she could do was keep on sucking up his shaft as she went, and hope that she didn't spill any precum.

"Damn, Mikaella, would you please just relax? I promise, we can finish this inside."

Even with his promise, she still couldn't let go of his dick on her own, though she was able to stop resisting the tugging on her hair. Only when the seal was broken and every drop of precum was swallowed could Mikaella finally use her words.

"Hurry uuuuupppp! Pleeeeease! I've waited sooo loonggg!" She whined like a puppy with her bone taken away.

"Alright, alright, just stay calm." He pulled up his shorts, grabbed the shake bottle from the cupholder, and got out of the car.

Mikaella followed him like a thirsty shadow. It was only after he unlocked the door that she noticed the porch they were standing on was both unfamiliar and far more expensive than theirs. She looked around in befuddlement, and realized they were in a much nicer neighborhood altogether.

"Wait, where are we? How do you have a key to this place? Oh! Is this an Airbnb? Did you rent us an Airbnb?"

Alkim grinned, “All part of the surprise.” He turned his hand, the lock clicked, and the door pushed open.

More cum-hungry than curious, Mikaella rushed inside and began throwing off her shoes before the door even closed. By the time he’d locked it, her shirt and shorts were already on the floor, while her sodden panties were halfway down her legs. While she waited for Alkim to shed his minimal clothing, she took in the living room, with its white walls and plain, yet moderately pricey, furniture, bouncing in place all the while.

*Nice couch too... a perfect dick-sucking couch. Ugh! Fuck!*

She hugged his side and rubbed his hard cock through his shorts. “Please, please, pleeeeeease! Don’t make me wait anymore! Just let me suck it alreadyyyyy!”

Alkim shook his head, as if *she* was the one being unreasonable. “Alright, alright.” He set his bottle down on the coffee table, emptied his pockets, threw off his shorts, settled onto the black leather couch, and spread his thighs. “You can-OH!”

Mikaella did not need to hear the rest of that sentence: she’d been patient for far too long, and now she was going to get what had been denied to her for what was now two days and *several* agonizing minutes. She dropped to her knees on the carpeted floor, right between his legs, and picked up right where she’d left off. Her lips slid down, and down until her mouth had enveloped more than half of his dick. She savored that feeling of fullness for a few seconds before she began bobbing her head with near dizzying speed.

“GLUCK! GLUCK!”

Her work was not unappreciated: Alkim sank deeper into the couch, slid his legs forward, and released another hit of precum for her to gulp down greedily.

“MMMHHMM!” *More! More!*

“*Aaahhh*... I know it’s only been two days, but damn if I didn’t miss that mouth of yours... *Mmmmm*... Fucking hell, where was I? I finished Saturday, right? Oh yeah. Have you ever met Ania, the landlady?”

She was so absorbed in her task, so taken by her cravings, that she didn’t register his question for several seconds.

*Ania?*

Mikaella remembered meeting her a few months ago, just before Alkim moved in, when she came by the house to inspect a broken shower. Mostly, she remembered the older woman's insanely expensive jewelry and her massive ass, which Mikaella assumed was surgically enhanced.

She tapped once.

“Well, she wants to put our house up for sale, and last week she gave us a three-month eviction notice.”

*Three months??? Why the fuck did I not know about that? Why the fuck didn't he tell me sooner?!*

They hadn't agreed on the number of slaps for “What the hell?!” meaning Mikaella was limited to gargling and whining around his shaft in surprise.

“I know, right? The bare minimum legal notice. What a fucking bitch...” Alkim started petting her hair while she worked. “But yeah, she offered to show me some other property of hers that we could rent. This place.”

*Wait, this isn't an Airbnb?*

He laid back into the cushions while Mikaella continued to blow him with almost mechanical efficiency, utilizing every technique in her ball-draining arsenal to get him off as quickly as possible. She noisily slurped up and down his length while her hands jerked him off with that twisting motion he loved so much. After a minute of this, she shifted to massaging his giant cum factories with one hand, while she swallowed his shaft down to the root. Thankfully, her gag reflex had been eliminated weeks ago, and the clenching spasms brought her no real discomfort.

Every time she took him to the base, her chin pressed into those fucking balls of his. So huge, so warm. All the cum she could ever want, just beneath the surface. But she had to please the cock first. Thankfully, the cock loved it, showing its approval by regularly basting her throat in dense precum, and Mikaella hummed in delight with each miniature release, each one larger than a lesser man's entire load.

“Oh fuck, yeah, just like that. *Mmmm*, good suckslut...” He pet her hair lazily, lightly, so as not to get in the way of her cock worship. “Anyway, Ania suggested the tour with a lot of innuendo. I'm honestly not sure if her offer for this place was ever serious, or if she only intended to coerce me into sex and then quote me a price I'd never be able to pay. But I wasn't going to let her take advantage of me—of us. So, yesterday, we met up here, and she gave me that tour. One thing led to another, and I fucked her brains out.”

*WHAT??? “GLAHAT?”*

“Yup.” He tucked away some stray hairs and stroked her cheeks again. “Does that bother you? Me fucking her, right here, in this very house?”

*Are you fucking kidding me? Asshole!*

This time she slapped his thigh. Though probably nowhere near hard enough to cause him any real pain, it was all the rebellion she could muster with his dick in her mouth.

“I guess that’s fair enough, but we never really talked about exclusivity. Still, I think once you hear my reasoning you’ll agree it was worth it.”

*Why the fuck does he think I’d be okay with that? Do all guys think “technically not cheating” means “fuck all the sluts you want”? Ugh!*

“Can you taste her on me?”

Mikaella shouldn’t have taken that as an instruction to look for residual pussy juices, but her tongue immediately began lashing against every square inch of that cock, seeking out any imperfections in the taste, the aroma, the mouthfeel, and came up empty.

*Mmmmm... no... tastes as perfect as ever...*

Mikaella tapped his thigh twice.

Alkim grinned down at her. “I was just kidding about tasting her on me, I showered after.”

*Dick! Mmmm, dick...* She swallowed his full length again.

“There’s nothing I could say or do that would make you want to stop blowing me, is there?”

*Fuck, he’s right...*

Once Mikaella got a taste of him, stopping became completely unthinkable. Her mouth was only hers so long as it wasn’t occupied in service of that fucking cock. It just felt too good to stop, and now they both knew it.

Two more taps. That earned her some affectionate hair petting from Alkim. “Good. I’m glad we both get to enjoy this.”

Mikaella still didn’t know if she should be angry that Alkim fucked someone else, jealous that yet another much curvier woman had jumped ahead, or if she should be turned on by his studliness. She settled for feeling all of them at once, which only made her want Alkim’s load even more, which caused her to intensify her oral activities.

“Do you remember—*ahhhh*—the second time you blew me? When you said cumming a lot was my superpower? That you could have it every day and never get sick of the taste?”

*Of course, I’ll always remember.*

She tapped once.

“I didn’t really believe you at first. I mean, I knew it wasn’t normal cum just by the amount, but superpowers? That just didn’t seem possible. I just thought that you had a serious cum fetish or something.”

Just the word “cum” from his deep voice spurred Mikaella into higher gear, and she started fucking her own face on his stationary cock, letting his cock punch in and out of her throat once a second.

“Oooooohhhh goddamn... I understand why now: it's not just a fetish for you, it's a *need*. An addiction. You're addicted to my dick.”

It wasn’t a question, but she tapped yes all the same.

“I’ll bet that even if a fucking cop pulled us over, you would have kept sucking.”

Tap.

Alkim grabbed a handful of her hair, even when he didn’t need to control her movements. The attention sent waves of pleasure down Mikaella’s spine that made her shudder in place. Maybe she was addicted to that too.

“Ahhhhhhh! Fuck, you’ve gotten so fucking good at this! *Mmmmm!* Ania’s not half as good as you.”

*Yesss! Fuck you, old cunt! I’m still the best suckslut!*

“Yesssss, just like that... I owe it all to you, Mikaella, Truly.” He rubbed his knuckles down her sunken right cheek as she sucked and sucked and sucked away. “Well, you and Kate; the two of you opened my eyes, showed me my real potential, taught me that my body is... special.”

*I knew it! He really is magic!*

Mikaella squealed and slapped yes in agreement, sucking down another shot of that special precum.

“*Mmmm*, good girl. And now, thanks to Ania, I learned that even first timers love the taste like nothing else.”

*Fuck! The secret's out! Now I'll have to shaaaaare! Ugh!*

Mikaella slurped even harder, determined to at least have this load all to herself.

“Jealous, are we?” He chuckled. “Well, Ania went fucking crazy for it, begged me to fuck her. One evening, that’s all it took: one time, and I got her to agree to rent us this much better house at a very, *very* steep discount. All she wanted in exchange was a couple of hard dickings every week.”

*Wait, what? He used his dick to get us this bigass house?!?*

“Oh, fuck! I’m so close! Keep going! Don’t slow down!!”

While Mikaella’s mind was reeling with that information, her body didn’t miss a thing. She sucked even harder, faster, until her tongue thrummed from that telltale twitching, while her hands felt his enormous seed factories lift. Without an audience to please, she was free to consume this load in the most efficient way possible. She swallowed down more and more dick, until the fat cockhead was pulsing against the opening of her throat, then sealed her lips tightly around the base of his shaft. Her long nails dug into his thighs for traction.

“Oooohhhhhh yesss, here it comes... come and get your cum, slut... *Ahhhh!*” Alkim groaned one last time before loosing his monstrous load down his suckslut’s throat.

Mikaella felt the first sprays splatter against her throat and instinctively held her breath while a nearly continuous stream of pure energy poured into her, soothing and coating her esophagus the whole way down.

There was no drug on Earth that could compare with the taste of pure, undiluted Alkim. Its effect was overwhelming, and it kicked in almost instantaneously, more like a snorted line or an IV than a drink. Her vision went cloudy, her brain turned fuzzy, her pussy flooded, and her clit twitched sympathetically, even though nothing was touching it. Her inner walls clenching madly for a cock that was plugging up an entirely different hole.

*YES!YES!YES!YES!YES!YES!YES!*

As he came, so did she: a moaning, mewling, twitching, messy orgasm that was equally incomparable to anything she’d experienced from anyone or anything else. Love and lust became indistinguishable within her cumdrunk mind, and that love and lust was directed at the only one who could ever make her feel this good.

Each throatful of seed felt better than the last. Two days of cravings were satisfied in less than two minutes. When his cock finally stopped twitching, Mikaella pulled up with continuous suction whilst simultaneously massaging the shaft with her hands, like she was squeezing out the final globs from a tube of toothpaste. For her devotion, she was rewarded with one final spoonful of cum right on her tongue.

“*Mmmmmmmmm*,” she hummed with unambiguous delight, swishing it around until it coated every tastebud. It was a wonderful gift, but far too wonderful to savor for long. She swallowed that last morsel almost immediately, and only after her tongue had licked the entirety of her mouth clean did she finally unseal her lips from the head of Alkim’s cock.

There were no leftovers in the corners of her lips, and not a strand connecting her mouth to Alkim's cock. There wasn't even any drool on her chin. She had cleanly and completely sucked down his entire load; not a single drop had escaped her.

“Feeling better now?” asked Alkim.

“Yessssss,” Mikaella purred. She climbed up from the floor onto his lap and rested against his strong, hard body, his cock slowly softening against her ass. She felt like a new woman again; happy, balanced, sated, like she could finally relax in peace without her brain screaming at her to acquire some cum.

Alkim smiled and leaned over to kiss her forehead. “I’m sorry I kept you waiting for so long. I should have known missing a day would be really uncomfortable for you. I promise I won’t let that happen again.” Then he reached past her to grab his protein shake off the coffee table and started chugging it down.

“I forgive you,” she whispered under her breath.

He finished the shake with a satisfied “*ahh*,” set the bottle on the table, then swept his arms up towards the high ceiling. “So, what do you think?”

“Huh?”

“This place? Pretty swanky, huh? Hell of an upgrade over our current space.”

“Oh.” Now that her vision wasn’t occupied with her lover’s dick and balls, Mikaella was able to take in the living room of this two-story place and had to admit it was indeed one hell of an upgrade. “Woooooow. Yeah, it’s, like, twice the size of my cousin’s house. I’ve never lived in a place like this before.”

“And now you can.”

“Can we really afford it?”

“I said so, didn’t I? Got Ania to give us a discount.”

“How big?”

Alkim grinned, “Guess.”

She looked around the living room and tried to estimate the regular monthly rent of this place. Only, this whole neighborhood was so far out of her experience, she had no idea how much it would have to be discounted before she could consider living here.

“Thirty percent?”

Alkim shook his head, “More.”

“Fifty?”

“More.”

*Oh, wow.* “Uhhh, seventy-five?”

“Even more.”

*No fucking way it’s...* “Free?”

“Ding, ding, ding!” He drummed his hands on her ass with each ding. “We have a winner!”

Mikaella was stunned. Of course, it should have been hard to believe that any sex could really be worth that much, especially for someone that made her money renting out property. Yet after all she’d seen and tasted of Alkim, it really wasn’t that much of a stretch.

*Would’ve been the easiest decision of my life... if I had a whole extra house to burn.*

“But what if she changes her mind?” asked Mikaella.

She didn’t know if that was even possible after tasting Alkim, but she did know that rich landlords didn’t just give up on easy money without a fight. This was an awful lot to rest on one dick, even on a dick as perfect and magical and super addictive as Alkim’s.

“I thought about that too. But while we were talking, she let slip that her husband was really the one with the money, and that she was still scared of what would happen if he found out about us. So, just in case Ania ever decided to go back on our arrangement, I took some blackmail pictures while she wasn’t looking.”

*Oh fuck. Wooow. That’s... actually really fucking smart of him... damn, why didn’t I ever think of that?*

“Wanna see?” he asked, excitement and pride written all over his face.

*YES! YES! YES! SHOW ME THAT FUCKING SKANK!* “Sure.”

Alkim smirked and turned his phone towards her. The sight took Mikaella’s breath away: it was for sure their landlady, only the rich bitch was almost unrecognizable with so much of that precious cum splattered all over her face, neck, breasts, spilling out of her mouth. The experienced cumslut had no trouble recognizing the look of unrestrained ecstasy on Ania’s face, though it still hurt to think of so much cum going to waste like that.

*Bitch better not have washed it off!*

Mikaella felt her thirst returning already and barely choked down a throaty moan. But that wasn’t all; Alkim swiped further on, and she saw even more pictures of their landlady lying senseless on the bed, only this time her pussy was exposed and overflowing with pure, white gold.

This time her lusty moan slipped free despite all attempts at keeping her cool. *Gooooo, why can't that be meeee!*

"So, where were you these last two days?" asked Alkim, apparently bored with the topic of mind-blowing, house-buying sex.

Mikaella was still lost amidst thoughts of intense, sweaty, raw sex, and didn't even register his words for several seconds.

"Huh? Oh, I was babysitting for my cousin, Kristine. Y'know, uh, the one who did my highlights."

"Oh cool. I love babies. How old?"

"He's about eight months—" Suddenly, the fact of her own pregnancy and the words from his mouth crashed into her like a truck. A sudden vertigo took her, while her hands instinctively clutched her belly. Yet, beneath it all, hope blossomed. "Wait, you do?"

"Hmm? Do I what?"

"Love babies? Do you really?"

"Oh yeah, love them. Probably more than adults sometimes. That's probably what I miss most about home; babysitting, playing with all my little cousins, answering their endless questions about dinosaurs." He smiled at the memories and kept rambling while she was stuck processing this revelation. "Actually, when I was volunteering in that hospital last year, the first rotation I signed up for was the post-partum, I mean, the maternity ward. I mostly watched over crack babies, since the healthy ones would just be with their mothers. Some jaundice babies too. Got to hold them, feed them, sing to them, that sort of thing. Just wish I could've done more."

*Oh my god!*

As desirable as this information was, it was hard to reconcile with his drug-dealing party boy reputation. Mikaella had to know for certain.

"Would you ever want to have kids of your own?" *Ugh, stupid! That made me sound like a baby-crazy ho!*

Thankfully, Alkim suspected nothing, "Oh yeah, definitely, kids have always been part of my life plan. At least two or three."

Mikaella melted with relief.

*Wow, he'd want me to keep it? Huh... maybe having Alkim's baby wouldn't be so bad? He's got good genes for sure. REALLY good genes... We could make a beautiful, mixed, smart... special*

*baby, who could grow up into a very, VERY, special person. And Alkim's already provided a home for us. Hell, he's already done more for me than my deadbeat dad and all my sugar daddies put together, and he did all that with nothing but his dick! What more could I want in a baby daddy? Or maybe even a husband?*

It was a better deal than any woman in her family had gotten, and that wasn't even counting the dick that made her see God. Mikaella's mother always spoke of her missing father in dismissive, venomous tones. Pure hatred, that's all she'd ever felt for her own baby daddy. Mikaella didn't think it was possible for her to ever hate Alkim like that, to hate someone that made her so happy, so safe, whose cock was so perfect she couldn't help but drop to her knees every time she saw it. This was a totally different situation. For sure. Still, Mikaella knew she couldn't keep him to herself with just her mouth to pleasure him. He had Ania's pussy on speed dial, and Kate's giant, milky tits on tap.

*Wait... She cupped her hands around her swollen breasts. If I keep the baby, they'll get a lot bigger than this. Is that what he wants? Would he want to fuck me more if my tits were big and milky like Kates's? If my ass was fat like Ania's?*

Decades of internalized fat shaming were flipped in an instant. After all, what was the point in counting calories and skipping meals when the only man that mattered liked his women thicker. All her concerns about being a nineteen-year-old mother were sidelined in favor of more important things.

*Oh gawwwwd, I NEEDED to feel that dick in my pussyyyy! I need to keep up! I can't let that fatass-rich-bitch cut to the front of the line! I deserve my own magical creampie!*

“Oh! Speaking of babies!”

Alkim just stared at her quizzically.

*Wait, no! Fuck! What am I saying?!* Mikaella slapped her forehead. “Ugh! That's not what I meant! Not babies! The opposite!” Mikaella stopped and took a deep breath to right herself before she embarrassed herself further. “I meant to say that after babysitting, I got an IUD today!”

Alkim's eyes and smile widened. “Oh, shit! Really?”

“Yes!” she lied. “So will you just fuck me already!”

*Not like I can get a double-pregnant!*