

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, “Niiiiicceeee, 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. “Yeahhhhh... 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, becyaase 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, “Waaaaiiiit, 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 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.

“*Mmm*, yes please,” he said between bites.

She grabbed a bottle in each hand and held them up for inspection. “Red or white?”

Is this a test? “That would depend on the varieties of red and white.”

Ania seemed somewhat bemused at his reply. “Oooh, a connoisseur? Well, 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.”

“Ah, so you’ve sampled the good stuff then. 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, school’s not just for book learning. In fact, that aunt I mentioned took a wine tasting class at UC Davis.” *Not to mention all the liquor we drank outside of class.*

“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.

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 as 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 has to be a story there.”

It certainly was a series of unlikely events, events Alkim loved recounting to his friends, or to strangers he met at parties. 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 Mikaela. 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 tittered, “You hate labels, but you’ve already moved in together? That sure sounds like a boyfriend 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, drank more wine, and 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.

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.

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. “Mmmmmmm... 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, “Pleeeeeeaaase, 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 Mikaela'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 goooooo!"

"*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.

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 dicking 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 dicking?”

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 pusSSYYYYY!”

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, reeeeeaaallyyy 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.”

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 of 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.

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, waaaaay 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 situationship 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: Oh yeah

Alkim: Vicky

Alkim: Can you pick me up?

Vicky: OMW

Vicky grabbed her keys.