

Authors Notes:

This story is my attempt at injecting realism into two erotica fetishes: oral fixations, and unreasonably huge tits. I wanted to delve into what it might actually be like if these porn characters had to live real lives, where compulsive dick-sucking, and seventy-pound titties were treated as real disabilities that have to be accommodated in a university setting.

I hope I've succeeded.

As such, if you're a fan of breast expansion stories that focus entirely on growth, listing out impossible sizes, perfectly-rounded-weightless-tits, inflation, or a general disregard for human anatomy, this is not that kind of story. The boobs will start large, stay large, and will have a realistic burden on the one who carries them. Expansion will be a much smaller portion of the plot.

If you like this story, please check out my others, and consider supporting me on [SubscribeStar](#). Special Accommodations has taken a backseat to Chemical Control Lately, but I do intend to come back to it at some point, once I'm done with my more popular story.

I: The Assignment

Vic

Victor was abruptly woken by the blaring siren of his ringtone. Eyes barely open, he groped around blindly on his mattress for the bastard phone and accepted the call.

“Hello?”

“Hello! This is Valerie, from the Center for Accessible Education! I’m calling for Victor Li, is that who I'm speaking to?” Valerie's award-winning customer service voice washed right over Vic.

“This is he,” Victor half mumbled, half groaned.

“Excellent! Is this a good time then?”

“Yeah, sorry if I sound off, I just woke up.”

“Oh, sorry to have woken you, Victor.”

He tried to put on his best ‘dutiful student’ voice, “It’s alright, and thanks for getting back to me so quickly.”

“Well, to tell you the truth, we are pretty understaffed here, so it’s us who should be thankful that nice students like you volunteered to help out! We were impressed by your application, and we think you’re uniquely qualified to handle this one assignment in particular. But I have to tell you it’s... well, it’s a bit unorthodox...” Valerie trailed off, but Vic could hear papers being shuffled around on her end.

Huh. “Unusual how?” Vic sat up straight and tried to rub the sleep from his eyes. The intrigue was helping to wake him up.

“Well... where to start?” She mumbled to herself before addressing him directly, “You understand that I can’t share any confidential information until you’re hired?”

“Yeah, I understand. HIPAA, disclosure agreements, things of that nature.” He’d already attended more than his fair share of redundant lectures on the topic for his hospital volunteer jobs.

“Right, of course you would! Okay I guess I can start with the fact that this would be a double assignment.”

“Really? Two students?” Vic was surprised to hear that. This is a lot to put on a first-time student aid. He figured they’d ease him into it with something smaller.

“Yes, a freshman, and a junior, both females. They met each other on the seeking-roommate message boards and were adamant that they live together and that they both agreed on a single caretaker. I know it sounds like a lot, but you won’t have to travel around very much. They’re in the Hitch suites. It was the best option for meeting their needs for both privacy and care.”

“Right, makes sense.” Hitch was one of the luxury dorms. Everyone at Hitch had their own private room, with a shared bathroom, living room, and sometimes even a kitchen. No sharing your bathroom with sixty other students. They cost a lot more than the standard dorms, but if you wanted privacy and could afford it, they were the best option for on-campus housing. He just wasn’t sure he could afford it.

“There is a catch, though. You’ll be needed on hand in the mornings and evenings, so you’ll have to move into their three-bedroom unit. However, as compensation for your work, the university will waive your housing fees, give you a meal plan, a grocery stipend, and you’ll receive ten units for each quarter you volunteer instead of the usual five.”

Score! Finally, a volunteer job that pays!

Vic really needed the free housing bonus. Westwood rents were bleeding him dry. Hitch would definitely be an upgrade over his current shoebox studio apartment, and he could get back on the campus meal plan. Getting someone to take over his lease should be easy enough, and ten units a quarter meant he’d only have to take one four-unit class each quarter on top of his volunteering. If he played his cards right, he could have an easy senior year, have enough time to study for the MCAT, and could coast right off onto med school.

Vic was really excited now, but he did his best to keep his voice flat, trying not to sound too eager. “Okay, well, I guess it’s nice that they’re all in one location.” So far so good. “What kinds of assistance do they need?”

“Well one should be pretty simple for you. She has some mental disabilities and a few behavioral issues that require some attention, but she's fairly independent, not a lot of hard work on your part. She has a combination of ADHD and a kind of nervous tick: a really severe oral fixation. You’d just need to help her keep-” Valerie abruptly cut herself off, Vic could hear her frantically flipping through paper, “-unsafe things out of her mouth...” her tone lowered to a whisper “*Good lord...*”

“Something wrong?” asked Vic. He wasn't really sure what part of that seemed so concerning to Valerie. “Does she have a habit of chewing dangerous objects? Pica?”

“Ummm, yeah, you could say that.... I hope for your sake she doesn't chew...” she mumbled those last words, and he wasn’t sure he heard her correctly. Vic was about to ask for clarification, but she preempted him, “Never mind that! I'm sure you'll be fine; you'll get more details when you meet her.”

“So just keep her from chewing on toxic things, getting herself sick, that sort of thing?”

“Y-yes! Keep her from... poisoning herself... You may also need to help her structure her days, study, keep her on task, maybe come with her to privately proctored exams.”

That seemed pretty standard, he'd done enough tutoring to feel comfortable accepting that as part of his job. Private exams were common, but he didn't quite understand why she'd need him there for that. Usually a private exam was, well, private. Just a small number of test takers with increased test time, and a need for a quiet environment.

“She doesn’t really respond well to authority, but her therapist does note that she’ll only work with a male volunteer, so that's another point in your favor. Sorry, there's not a lot of specific information I'm allowed to share over the phone, but judging from your record, I think you’d be a *very good* influence on her.” That last sentence held a slight bit more trepidation than Vic would expect.

So this girl doesn’t play well with female caretakers, sounds simple enough.

He had a feeling there was something else off about this, but he’d heard of similar cases before. “Doesn’t sound so bad, I’m sure I can handle that. So, what about the second student?”

Valerie flipped through a few more pages before arriving on the second student’s file. “Well... she has severely limited mobility, to say the least. You’ll need to help her get out of bed, get dressed, showered, and help her move around the dorm, get to class, doctor's appointments, things like that. We have the van system for that, so you won't need to drive yourself, but you’ll need to help her get to where she needs to be. Basically, she will be your top priority.”

“How severely impacted is her mobility, exactly?” asked Vic. Some people had injuries or nervous disorders that impacted their mobility, but most of the time “limited. “Does she need a chair, can she walk?”

“No wheelchair needed. She can stand and get around with her walker, or her electric mobility scooter, but she'll need your help getting into and out of them. This is the main reason we think you may be best qualified for this assignment, since you seem to already have the strength and experience for assisting patients with limited mobility. Our last volunteer couldn't really handle her weight, so we thought it'd be best to send in someone stronger, and one of your references—a Doctor Singh, I believe—said you did very well working with obese and geriatric patients.”

So it was indeed her weight that impaired her. “Sounds good to me. I'll do what I can to help her have a normal and unhindered freshman year.” He meant it, honestly. While Victor wasn't exactly jumping for joy to help some overweight freshman girl shower, he kept a professional mind about it. She was still a person in need and deserved the same opportunity to study and take part in campus life as any able-bodied student.

“Is that all? Anything else I should know?” asked Vic.

Valerie seemed to hesitate a bit before answering, “There are a few other aspects to her care, but I can't reveal them without her permission... it may be best for you to find out for yourself.”

“I see.” Vic knew how important it was to protect patient health information, but he had yet to hear anything quite this cloak and dagger before. Usually, privacy meant hiding names and addresses, not important aspects of prospective employees' duties.

But his curiosity was more than piqued, and the benefits were too good to refuse. This would look amazing on his medical school applications, and he wouldn't need to chase down any more clinical hours. He also liked the idea of getting out of dreary inpatient facilities and just helping people with less dire conditions and helping them at home. The other perks were a nice bonus.

“Any more questions?” asked Valerie.

“Just one: when do I start?”

II: Jade, The Attention Deficit

Vic

There he stood, in front of Hitch 169 (*nice*), on the first floor (for accessibility reasons). His first day of volunteering.

Vic felt a little nervous, but excited. Not only was he making a major career milestone, but he was meeting his new roommates for the year and wanted to make a good first impression. He'd put on nicer clothes than he usually wore, but nothing too fancy to wear to class. He wanted to seem professional, but still more like a peer than a university employee: health conscious, but not a boring narc.

Even though the housing office had already given him room access via his student ID, Vic thought it would be best to just knock and wait for someone to answer rather than just intrude on a flat with two girls.

“Who is it?” asked a feminine voice behind the door.

“Victor Li, your new CAE assistant and roommate.” he said, casually, as if he hadn't rehearsed it.

“HEY TATIANA, HE'S HERE!” shouted the voice behind the door.

Vic heard locks being undone, and then the door swung open to reveal a surprisingly gorgeous Asian girl leaning back against the frame, arms crossed under her breasts.

Well, she's clearly not overweight, so she must be the student with ADHD, and the oral fixation. He tried not to think about her and the other kind of oral.

“Nice to meet you!” He held out his hand to shake hers, but she didn't return the gesture. She just kept blocking the entrance in that stereotypical cool girl pose, eyeing him up and down for a good moment like she was inspecting an amazon package for damages.

This was getting awkward, and her outfit was not helping the situation.

All she had on was a tank top, and panties. Nary a bra, nor pasties. Vic knew better than to let it show on his face, but he did not expect to be met with *all that* on display literally right out of the gate. It also didn't help that she was absolutely his type.

She looked about five-foot-five, hips a bit wider than her shoulders—slender but not too skinny—good medium-sized breasts. Her long black hair was tied back into a ponytail, and she wore dark mascara and eyeliner. Altogether, she seemed like the standard West Coast ABG (Asian Baby-Girl). Vic was very susceptible to that look, and he knew it. He'd already dated several

girls who could have fit right into her clothes and borrowed her makeup without any adjustments.

He took all this in a quick glance, being careful not to leer. Yet it seemed she didn't care to return the courtesy, as her eyes shamelessly wandered all over his body.

Wait, is she checking me out? He quickly dismissed the idea, chalking that up to unprofessional, wishful thinking. *Just because she's underdressed does not mean she's trying to fuck you! This is supposed to be her home, she's probably just comfortable like this.*

Finally, her eyes deigned to meet his, as if to say, 'you'll do' and she shook his hand. "Jade He. I know it's spelled Ho, but it's pronounced He."

A million jokes flashed through his head, but he knew better than to give voice to any. Her name was clearly a sore spot, and she seemed in no mood to joke around.

"I'm familiar, it's a Chinese name, right?"

That got Jade to raise her eyebrows. "Yeah. Wait, how'd you know that?"

Now it was Vic's turn to surprise her. "I'm actually half Chinese, on my dad's side." He could tell that really caught her off guard. Vic was very mixed, so people didn't really know what he was supposed to be, but the most common guess was some kind of Spanish speaker. Revealing his shared heritage had a predictably disarming effect on his fellow Chinese people, as it seemed to do with Jade. "Cantonese specifically, my dad is from Hong Kong, you?"

"Wow, never would have guessed that. Oh, yeah, my family's from Taiwan, and before that, Fujian. You know, you don't really look Chinese..."

"I get that a lot." Vic had experienced countless variations of this conversation since he'd enrolled here. It was as if he'd mastered a time loop; he could have this conversation in his sleep, and in English, French, Arabic, Chinese, and even a little Spanish. "My mom was half Tunisian, half French. I'm mixed enough that it tends to confuse people."

"Interesting. Not your average wasian, how exotic." That seemed disarming enough for Jade to finally beckon him inside. Vic was glad to oblige, and more than willing to ignore being called "exotic" for the third time in a week.

As soon as he stepped inside, Jade shut the door and wasted no time locking up behind him.

Victor looked around the place. He had been in Hitch before, so the layout wasn't confusing. He'd basically seen this same undecorated room many times with slight variations. Though, none of those rooms had handrails installed on the hallway leading into the bathroom.

"You know what, I think I had my first ever drink like ten doors over, during my freshman orientation."

“Fascinating stuff,” she said indifferently, “why don’t we talk in my room?” Jade didn’t wait for his assent; she just grabbed his hand and started pulling him towards the door on the far right.

Vic didn’t resist. He was not really in the habit of shaking off attractive women when they touched him or stopping them from moving him to a secondary location, but then he remembered why he was here. “Wait, what about your roommate? Shouldn’t I meet her too? I don’t even have her name yet.”

Jade’s lips curled into a slight smirk. “Her name is Tatiana, she’s very shy, not used to speaking up for herself. We already talked it out and she preferred that I meet you first and we hashed out this whole CAE thing. If I give you the all-clear, then you’ll talk with her one-on-one, and if she likes you, then the three of us will discuss the house rules, and then we can sign that roommate agreement. That all cool with you?”

He had planned on meeting them both together before talking one-on-one about their individual needs, but it wasn’t a huge deal. “If the two of you already talked this through and decided one-on-ones were more comfortable, then that’s fine by me.”

“Then c’mon in, *Mr. Li!*” She pulled him in and shut the door.

“You can just call me Vic.” He noted that she didn’t bother locking this time. *Guess she isn’t worried about her less-than-mobile roommate barging in.*

Compared to any other college girl, Jade’s room was not atypical. Standard twin bed, a desk, a mirror, a makeup kit, a laptop, two open suitcases next to her dresser, and some dirty clothes tossed haphazardly in the general direction of her hamper. As for personal touches, she had some of those glow-in-the-dark stars stuck here and there; a poster for some K-Pop group Vic thought went out of style in middle school; a periodic table; a calendar for the current year of the tiger, but with nothing written on it, and none of the dates crossed out, and not much else. There was a chaotic energy about her, but nothing he hadn’t seen before.

Executive dysfunction. Guess that’s something I can definitely help her manage. It was still dead week, so depending on when she moved in, it may or may not be that concerning that she hadn’t finished unpacking. *I should offer to help her unpack, finish decorating. Maybe once we’re done talking things through.*

“Well, *Vic*, consider this your first interview.” She sat down on the edge of her unmade bed and patted the spot to her right. Not wanting to be rude, Vic decided to accept her invitation, and sat down next to her, instead of using her desk chair. “Tell me a little about yourself. Why’d you volunteer for this?” she asked.

“I’m volunteering because I want to help people that need a little extra attention, and it just so happens that the only way to get better at helping people is through practice.”

“You do a lot of volunteering then?”

“Honestly, probably not any more than most, but I’ve done my share. Also, this is a lot less boring than working at Ronald Reagan Medical. Last quarter I ended up just folding towels for hours and hours on half my shifts, never learned a thing.” He left out the part about the free university housing, and that he needed volunteer clinical hours to apply to med school anyway.

“Shit, that does sound pretty lame. Oh, almost forgot to ask, are you straight?”

Hell of a thing to be asked when you're sitting on a pretty girl's bed. “Well, yes, I’m straight, but I can assure you that I won't be a problem. I’m just here to help out however you or Tatiana need me. I swear, there will be nothing sexual or improper while I’m here.”

She started lightly chewing on one finger, as if she didn’t believe Vic, or just didn’t know what to say for a moment.

“So, I’m guessing they didn't tell you very much about my condition?” Jade had gone from mildly warm back to mildly standoffish, but Vic was determined to get on friendly terms and didn't let that discourage him.

“They told me you might need some help managing your ADHD, your oral fixation, and to come with you to privately proctored exams. Is there anything else you need to explain?”

“You already signed off right on all that HIPAA shit, right? Meaning you can't tell anyone my secrets, or I get to sue your ass, yeah?”

“That’s correct. I take my job very seriously. If you entrust me with any kind of sensitive medical or psychological information, it will not reach anyone else. Legally, I couldn’t even say anything to your doctors or counselors without your explicit permission, and I’m only obligated to report something if your life is in immediate jeopardy, or if I have reason to suspect that you may try to harm yourself or others.”

“So, you legally can’t say anything to anyone, unless I’m going to commit suicide, or murder someone?”

“Or commit a murder-suicide, if you’re feeling ambitious.” He laughed, but she didn’t join in.

Apparently that wasn’t enough to satisfy Jade. She pulled up her phone and aimed the camera at him.

“Sorry, but I need that on the record. Now, say your full name for the and raise your hand.”

Vic shrugged and raised his hand. “Okay, if it’ll make you feel better. My name is Victor Li.”

“Repeat after me: I, Victor Li, a medical practitioner, swear to Jade Ho that I will not reveal any details of her mental health condition, or any other private information.”

Vic dutifully repeated the oath.

“Now, Jade, will you tell me what the issue is, so that I can really help you?” He was still curious about Valerie’s odd reaction to the hidden details of Jade’s file. “Does this have something to do with your oral fixation?”

Jade smiled at that, but it seemed a tense, and somewhat nervous smile.

“That’s putting it mildly. Therapist said I’m fucked in the head, not in so many words, but I could read between the lines. My old therapist, anyway, old fucking prude bitch. My parents won’t talk about these things; they don’t get mental health, and they never talk about it. Never gave me ‘the talk,’ you know? Classic Chinese parents, right?”

In truth, Victor’s parents were both very sex positive. If anything, his dad had given him way too many “talks,” covering all the basic advice about using protection, but also very specific and odd bits of information, like “*Never take a girl’s virginity, so she doesn’t become too attached.*” But he knew the stereotypes, and some of his extended family certainly fit into the same mold as Jade’s parents.

“Yeah. Never tell you what you should do, but they’re sure to tell you when you’ve disappointed them. And I’m guessing they also didn’t believe ADHD is real or let you get medicated.” Vic wasn’t sure what ‘the talk’ had to do with her mental health, but that seemed very important to her, and he wanted her to feel comfortable opening up to him.

“Damn, you really are a halfie. Wasn’t sure you’d get it, like, you don’t seem super white like most wasians.”

Maybe not the most racially sensitive comment she could have made, but Vic had ignored much worse.

Jade seemed to be growing increasingly anxious, evidenced by her chewing one nail. Eventually she got back on topic.

“You know that show ‘My Strange Addiction’?” asked Jade.

Vic nodded. He didn’t really watch reality TV, but he’d seen the memes and clips people have shared, like with that lady who kept eating paper, or that other woman who was addicted to plastic surgery. Once again, he thought back to that phone call with Valerie; she was cagey, but Vic got the impression that Jade had a history of putting dangerous objects in her mouth, maybe something like pica. He really wanted to know what she was leading up to, but this was clearly a very difficult subject for her to open up about, so he let her get to it at her own pace.

And pace she did, back and forth in front of her bed, like a circus tiger in a cramped cage. *Another classic ADHD symptom.* Already she had that finger back between her lips as she considered what to say next. That’s when he realized Jade wasn’t chewing her nails, she was sucking on her fingertip, like a child.

Jade followed his gaze back to her mouth, then self-consciously yanked her finger out of her mouth and swore. “Fuck! That’s just what I was talking about! I’m trying to say I like to... suck on things.”

“It’s alright, oral fixations are very common. Actually, you wouldn’t be the first roommate I had like that.” His last roommate, Matt, was a smoker, and also liked to chew on those disposable plastic toothpick-floss-things. Left the masticated remains lying all over the apartment. That was gross, a cute girl sucking on her thumb wasn’t really an issue, as far as he was concerned.

“No, no, no, you’re not getting it. I *need* to suck on things. Specific things. It’s the only way I can focus, get a handle on my ADHD, my anxiety.”

“I think I do get you, Jade. Everyone has their own ways of managing their symptoms. I understand you may have been judged for your learning disabilities, and your coping strategies in the past, but I’m not going to do that. You don’t have to feel ashamed for being who you are, not with me.”

“Heard that one before,” she mumbled.

“Look, I’m not in this line of work because I’m a perfectly normal human being who has never had problems, or been called weird at school, or even by my family, all right? I actually have ADHD myself, and I might be autistic—not sure, need to get checked for that one—but yeah. I can teach you some other coping strategies, talk about medication, help you stay on task when you need to. Honestly, Jade, I just want to help. If you ever need my help, don’t hesitate to ask.”

She stopped pacing and eyed him for a while before she moved to stand in front of him,

“Honesty then. Do you think I look hot in this?”

“What?” *Did she just ask if...*

“Are you,” she pointed to him, “attracted,” she pointed back to herself, “to me?” asked Jade.

Yes! Absolutely! One hundred percent! But he knew what a disgustingly unprofessional response that would have been. “That’s a very inappropriate question, Jade.”

“You have to answer.” She put her hands on her hips and cocked them to her right. The motion lifted her tank top, exposing her taut abs. *Thank you, Chinese body-shaming standards...* “It’s important for my care. I’ll go first, I think you’re very handsome, in a dork-who-works-out kind of way.”

“Well, thanks for that, but I don’t see how that’s important to your care.”

“It’s important that we’re both mutually attracted to each other.”

What? “And why’s that?”

“Well... where to start... So, there’s only certain things that I like to suck on that can help me focus, that can really help alleviate the stress, the anxiety. Used to be my thumb, but my parents tried to put a stop to that. It didn’t take, but the braces and the headgear at least stopped me from fucking up my front teeth.”

She grinned to show off her perfect smile, one any orthodontist would have proudly displayed on their waiting-room walls.

“I’d suck my fingers, bite my lips, but for some reason lollipops, gum, toothpicks, cigs, random shit like that never really did it for me, I could never get the edge off with that shit. Cold, lifeless things in my mouth just don’t relax me enough.”

She sat back down next to him, “It wasn’t until Junior year of high school that I figured out how to really control my symptoms, and lucky me, or I’d never have gotten my grades and test scores high enough to get into UCLA. Can you guess what that was, Vic?”

Vic was completely lost until he felt her hand slide up his inner thigh. *No fucking way*. He was too shocked to say anything or move her hand away.

“Dick, cock, wang, schlong, johnson, penis, penis, penis! I really, really, REALLY like giving blowjobs. It’s the only thing that can help me control my symptoms.” Her hand crept closer and closer to his crotch. “Now, do you understand? Still not going to judge me?”

Wow...

At least one part of him was starting to understand. Her touch, and the simple mention of the word dick, had caused Vic’s to harden rapidly. The rest of him was really freaking out about everything she’d just revealed, but was also too shocked, too curious, and way too horny to do anything but sit there like a deer in headlights.

Jade felt his boner and grinned deviously.

“Seem’s *Mr. Wang* here understands what I need.” She graduated from rubbing his inner thigh to directly rubbing his bulge. Her beautiful, smokey eyes locked on his, and she batted her long lashes. “Mine is a *very* serious condition, Vic. CAE has it all on file, you can check with them if you want, I can call them to give you permission. I know my rights; this is all part of the school’s legally mandated ADA compliance. I can give you my permission to read it if you want, but only if you agree to be my... *caretaker*.”

Vic was now unbelievably horny, but had gathered enough of his wits to say something. “How-” her hand squeezed his dick cutting him off, “-um, why not just get a boyfriend, or a fuckbuddy?”

She continued rubbing away at his hardening cock. “I need someone who I can depend on. Someone who I can count on to stay clean. Someone who will be there when I wake up, and

when I get back from class. Someone who won't get emotionally needy and try to control me. Someone who legally can't tell anyone at this school that I'm a cock-sucking slut and fuck up my reputation." She snaked her hand under his shorts, touching him just outside his underwear. "And I choose you, stud. All I need from you is your presence, and your discretion... but mostly your dick, whenever, and wherever I want it, free for my use."

She squeezed him again for emphasis.

"Can," *squeeze* "you," *squeeze*, "give," *squeeze* "me," *squeeze* "that," *squeeze*, "Victor?"

This might have been the most wanton, seductive display of feminine desire Vic had ever seen. His brain lost too much blood for him to think clearly, and it was all he could do to nod his consent.

"Perfect! Then consider this your final test. Lay back" She pushed on his chest until Vic leaned back, propping himself up with his elbows. She knelt down between his spread legs and started to pull down the zipper on his shorts. "In the future, maybe stick to elastic gym shorts around here. Easier access that way."

Jesus, girl.

Her hand snaked beneath his underwear, closed on his rock-hard dick, and pulled him out.

She inspected it thoroughly, feeling around the base and the shaft, swinging it around, looking at it from every angle, not a hint of coyness. "Very good size. Certainly not small, a bit above average, but not too big to manage. Trimmed pubes. You must be very popular with the ladies, only dudes that get laid do any manscaping."

He'd had girls really check out his dick before, but Jade was giving her full unboxing-review. *Geez, she's seriously motor-mouthing. Definitely ADHD.* Vic was surprised to find that despite the impending blowjob, he was still analyzing her behavior, checking for symptoms, and finding plenty.

She pumped it up and down, drawing up a dollop of precum that quickly lubricated the top half of his shaft.

"Oooooohhh. Uncircumcised too, my favorite. Guess you're not really religious either, huh? That's good."

Before Vic could reply, she took him into her mouth.

"Oh, fuck!" he groaned.

Jade didn't seem to care about testing the waters, she wanted to dive into the deep end. The moment her plush lips sealed around his length, she began to work him good. He watched as her cheeks hollowed in and out as she sucked with effort, really putting her lungs to use. She purred,

hummed, and moaned around him, like she'd just tasted her favorite ice cream flavor, sending soothing vibrations down his shaft. All the while, her tongue explored every fold, licked every vein. She was like a cartographer, mapping out the new frontier of his penis.

Since freshman year (when he'd started getting laid), Vic had gotten head from a decent number of women, and found their talents, techniques, and enthusiasm for oral sex quite varied. His first blowjob had been rushed, sloppy, and mostly just licking to warm him up for regular sex, like it was a chore to get through. His longest-term friend-with-benefits would blow him enthusiastically, but her mouth tired out quickly, and she never quite applied the right amount of suction to get him to finish.

Vic couldn't find a single fault in Jade's technique; excellent tongue use, varying motions, perfect suction, perfect wetness, sexy sounds that vibrated up his shaft, and not a hint of teeth. There wasn't a damn thing he would have changed about her methods.

She really wasn't lying. There's no way she could have gotten this good at blowjobs without practice. A lot of practice.

The obvious delight Jade took in blowing him only made the whole thing even hotter than he could have imagined. It was a level of enthusiasm that couldn't be faked by even the most accomplished pornstars. She went down on him like she was thirsty for him, like she was deficient in some essential vitamin that could only be found in his balls.

Probably the last thing Vic expected was for Jade to plop her phone down on his right leg. He stared back down at her, confused, until she rolled her eyes and nodded toward the phone, never ceasing her suckling motions nor breaking eye contact.

Fuck, it's so hot when they look you in the eyes. He watched as she pulled back his foreskin and started licking around his sensitive frenulum, all the while batting her eyelashes up at him. Vic couldn't stop the satisfied groan from leaving his throat.

Eventually, he remembered the phone, and saw it was opened on an empty contact card. *Jeez, we're really doing everything out of order here. Usually phone numbers are exchanged before, or even after a blowjob, not right in the middle.*

He quickly entered his contact info and passed it back to her.

Jade took that moment to reposition herself. She stopped pumping with her hands, but her lips never released him. Without interrupting her cock-sucking, she just propped up her phone on his abs and started typing away.

He felt his own phone vibrate in his pocket, but he ignored it. Whoever it was could wait, he wanted to enjoy Jade's slow languid tongue bath. Then his phone vibrated again, and again, and again.

Fuckin hell! What is so fucking important!

Vic pulled his phone out and saw several unread texts from an unknown number. He was about to silence it and throw it out of reach until he accidentally read one of them.

Unknown Number: *Heyyyy youuuu*

Unknown Number: *Hey!*

Unknown Number: *Hey man meat!*

Unknown Number: *!!!!*

Unknown Number: *Answer me!*

Unknown Number: *I'm going to keep doing this until you pick up*

Unknown Number: *!!!!*

Unknown Number: *Don't be fucking rude*

He looked away from his phone to the girl currently sucking out his soul and saw her glaring up at him. Finally, he understood.

Ooooooh... that was her. Apparently Jade would rather text him than take her mouth off his cock for even a moment. *Why is that so fucking hot?* “My bad,” he apologized to the texting fellatrix, and added her to his contacts.

His phone vibrated again.

Jade Ho: *There we are*

Jade Ho: *Enjoying yourself?*

He looked back down at her, and she winked up at him.

“Definitely not how I saw this day going, but I can’t complain.”

Jade Ho: *That makes two of us. ;)*

Jade Ho: *Why don't you take a picture, it'll last longer*

“Really?”

Jade Ho: *No! Didn't we just talk about privacy?*

“I swear, I wouldn’t do anything like that without your permission.”

Jade Ho: *Mhm*

Jade Ho: *Heard that one before*

Jade Ho: *Show me ur phone*

Jade Ho: *I wanna see what you chose for my contact name*

This was a novel an awkward way to have a conversation, constantly looking between the pretty girl working his cock like it owed her money, and his fucking cell phone. But that was a small

price to pay for a fantastic blowjob. He held his phone upright where she could see it, right in front of his cock.

Jade Ho: *Wow, what a gentleman*

Jade Ho: *Using my full name and not something like “cockgobbler” or “blowjob queen”*

Jade Ho: *Or just 🍆💧😘*

Vic decided it was better to pretend he wasn't the kind of guy who'd named his long-term FWB “Chokemi,” after she'd asked him to choke her on their first date.

“I don't slut shame. Only a total dick would demean a girl for giving head.”

Jade Ho: *Mmmmmm total dick*

Jade Ho: *Sounds yummy*

He had to laugh at that. *This girl, has such a one-track mind.*

Vic was pretty sure she was also giggling, but it was hard to tell since she never took her lips off his dick. All he had to go off of were her eyes, the vibration of her throat against his thigh, and the choppy streams of hot air she exhaled against his waist. Something about that only made it hotter.

Fuuuuck, she sure is committed.

Jade Ho: *But I would have accepted succubus*

“That'd be a fitting nickname, if anyone could suck out my soul it'd be you.”

Jade Ho: *lol*

Jade Ho: *BTW I'm putting u down as Man-Meat*

Jade Ho: *How long can u usually last?*

He hesitated for a second before realizing how irrational it was to hold back intimate details of his sexual history from the girl that was blowing him nonstop. “Oh, um, I guess like, twenty minutes, or something. Sometimes longer, but usually I'd switch off and go down on the girl.”

Jade Ho: *Wowowow*

Jade Ho: *How chivalrous*

Jade Ho: *Ur better than dj Khaled*

Jade Ho: *Appreciate the thought but that won't be necessary here*

Jade Ho: *I can take care of my own pussy*

Jade Ho: *What's ur record?*

“Not sure, maybe an hour-ish.”

She took her left hand off her phone and wrapped it around the lower portion of his shaft—now thoroughly slick from their combined fluids—and began to jerk him up and down.

Jade Ho: *How many times a day*

Jade Ho: *Can u jerk off*

“Usually limit myself to one, but honestly, I would do two or maybe three if I’m not busy or seeing someone.”

Jade Ho: *Not bad*

Jade Ho: *Stud*

Jade Ho: *I can work with that*

Starting point? “What do you mean?”

Jade Ho: *Well this is how I’m gonna need to study*

Jade Ho: *Write my essays*

Jade Ho: *Take my exams*

Jade Ho: *Sooooo I’m gonna need you to get those numbers up*

Jade chose that moment to slurp powerfully up to the head of his cock, hollowing her cheeks in until he could practically see himself outlined beneath the skin.

Oh fuck!

Jade Ho: *Ur gonna need more practice*

Jade Ho: *But that’s half the fun for me*

Jade Ho: *I promise you’ll enjoy it*

She added a twisting motion to her pumping and sucking. They both moaned together.

Jade Ho: *Almost as much as I will*

She smiled up at him, though it was more in her eyes than with her mouth, which stayed affixed to his dick.

Jade Ho: *I’ll set a stopwatch*

Jade Ho: *And ur gonna go a little further*

Jade Ho: *A little longer*

Jade Ho: *Every time*

Jade Ho: *I’ll push you to the limit*

Jade Ho: *And beyond*

The surrealness of the situation was only just starting to set in. Vic had just met this girl and already he’d agreed to let her blow him whenever she wanted to. *No, whenever SHE needed to.* This girl needed to suck him off for her mental health. Vic had a hard time committing to go

exclusive with most girls, but he'd just consented to be this girl's dildo for the entire academic year! This wasn't a hookup. Every day was going to be this girl locked onto his dick, texting, reading off her phone, him holding her textbooks up so she could read and take notes while she blew him to orgasm after orgasm.

We haven't even kissed yet! And she's already promising marathon blowjob sessions!

He was full on panting now from the heat of her promises. Her exact words, "I'll push you to the limit," rattled around in his mind. Her words, the sight of her suckling mouth, and his racing imagination combined into some sports-movie-esque training montage of her blowing him in various positions set to inspirational music; the couch, the shower, the breakfast table; her blowing him while she typed up an essay, her in the library with her books on his chest and his dick in her mouth.

It was getting to be too much for him.

Jade Ho: *Come on man meat!*

Jade Ho: *You can do it*

Jade Ho: *Try and ignore the blowjob*

Jade Ho: *Just look at your phone*

The idea that any straight man could ignore such a beautiful Asian woman eating him alive was absurd, but Vic did as she bid. He stopped propping himself up with his elbows and laid back until he was facing the ceiling, phone in hand. That took care of the intense visual stimulation, but it did nothing to shield him from the sensations brought on by the expert fellatrix.

His phone buzzed in his hand, but it took him a moment before he remembered to check it.

Jade Ho: *Fucking ask me something*

She's fucking relentless.

"Ugh, fuck, where'd you grow up."

Jade Ho: *Pretty much here*

Jade Ho: *The 626*

Jade Ho: *U?*

One particularly forceful slurp, and Vic could have sworn his vision fuzzed up too much to read her text for a few seconds. When he saw it, he finally managed to groan out "Bay area, Mountain View."

Jade Ho: *ooooooo*

Jade Ho: *Norcal*

Jade Ho: *Guessing someone didn't get into Berkeley*

“Rude. But, yes.”

Jade Ho: *Me too tbh*

Her tongue lapped at his slit, making his thighs twitch. Vic couldn't help but be impressed with her multitasking abilities. Vic could just barely text and walk without bumping into people, meanwhile this girl was giving him the best blowjob of his life while texting a lot faster than he could talk.

Oh, right, talking. “Um, what are you majoring in?”

Jade Ho: *Biochem*

“OoOOoHh, biochem. That sounds-oooh fuck!” She just started taking him even deeper, down to the entrance of her throat, and Vic was having an increasingly hard time keeping up his half of the conversation, “That sounds t-tough. I kinda suck at chemistry.”

Jade Ho: *Hey, I'm the only one who sucks around here*

Jade Ho: *Except at biochem*

Jade Ho: *I'm very good at it*

“H-hey, maybe you could actually help me with Chem fourteen deee-!?” The speech centers of his brain once again proved no match for Jade's talents. Even without looking at her, the sounds she produced were so lewd, like she was trying to suck up a two-liter bottle of coke through a straw. At this point, Vic wouldn't be surprised to find out she could.

Jesus, she's fucking incredible!

Jade Ho: *Duh*

Jade Ho: 🙄🙄🙄

Jade Ho: *You can't see but I'm rolling my eyes*

Jade Ho: *Of course I can*

Jade Ho: *That's the baby chem series*

Jade Ho: *For premeds*

Jade Ho: *I already finished the Chem 30 series*

Jade Ho: *Actual chemistry*

Jade Ho: *For actual chemists*

Jade Ho: *WBU?*

Jade Ho: *Whats ur major?*

“You got me, I am pre-med, majoring in public health.”

Jade Ho: *More like pubic health*

Jade Ho: *lmaoooo*

Once again he felt that change in her breathing that seemed like laughter.

Jade Ho: *But fr congrats on maintaining a healthy pubic area*

Jade Ho: *I appreciate it*

“Thanks, I’ll keep up the manscaping then.”

Jade Ho: *If you’d be so kind*

“Ohhh fuck!”

Jade Ho: *Lol sounds like someone’s about to explode like mt vesuvius*

Jade Ho: *Just try and last as long as u can*

Jade Ho: *Don’t tell me when ur about to cum*

Jade Ho: *I like to try and feel it out myself*

Jade Ho: *Plus I’ll need to practice that if I’m gonna edge u properly*

Nope, nope, nope!

Even her words were too sexually charged for him to keep it up. Vic put his phone down, closed his eyes, and tried to think about anything else, as she edged him closer and closer to the finish line.

Jade

Jade could tell from the twitching and moaning that Vic was near to bursting, as if his waning banter wasn't proof enough. She'd need to work on that with, but this was a good starting point.

As far as Jade was concerned, this was a damn good cock, and as a bonus it was attached to a very nice bod. Tall, strong arms, thick muscular thighs, well-defined abs, and even an adonis belt that pointed right down to her favorite piece of the male anatomy. She traced the lines of it with her fingers, earning another twitch that traveled from his abs down to his legs.

Oh yeah, I can make this work.

Even his moans were sexier than most, thanks to that hella deep voice of his. Compared to her previous boyfriends and boytoys, Vic seemed to more potential than any of them. All she would need to do is edge him, constantly, and once his sensitivity went down, her suck time would go up.

While Vic was laying back, trying to outlast Jade's jaws—*As if!*—she took the opportunity to covertly take a selfie with his cock. The first one turned out great.

That's going in the scrapbook.

Her makeup was on-point today, sans lipstick, which she decided would be a pain in the ass to keep reapplying every time she needed to suck him off.

She'd reached her verdict, so she decided to send it off her review to her roomie.

Jade Ho: *I think I like him*

Tatas (. Y .): *Is he nice?*

Jade Ho: *Almost too nice*

Jade Ho: *If u ask me*

Tatas (. Y .): *Too nice?*

Tatas (. Y .): *How can someone be too nice?*

Jade Ho: *Respectful*

Jade Ho: *Couldn't get him to say anything judgy*

Jade Ho: *So that's a pretty good sign*

Tatas (. Y .): *Do you really think he's strong enough?*

Jade Ho: *Well he's a lot taller and stronger than me for sure*

Jade Ho: *Cute too*

Tatas (. Y .): *When can I talk to him?*

Tatas (. Y .): *Is he with you right now?*

Jade Ho: *U b the judge*

Jade Ho: *Also yes*

Jade pushed his shirt up and exposed his abs, which were surprisingly well-defined, she traced a nail up and down his midline and managed to get a few little twitches out of him.

Niceee, looks like someone does his crunches.

She took another selfie, this time angled downward to get his body and hers in frame. Satisfied, she sent it to Tatiana.

Jade Ho: *Can we keep him?*

Jade Ho: *Pic unrelated*

Tatas (. Y .): *OMG*

Tatas (. Y .): *!!!!!!*

Tatas (. Y .): *He already let you take a pic of his penis???*

Penis? Jade rolled her eyes. *God, she's such a virgin.*

Jade Ho: *I didn't exactly ask permission*

Tatas (. Y .): *OMG!!!!!!!!!!!!*

Tatas (. Y .): *You're unbelievable!!!!*

Jade Ho : *Gurrrrrl*

Jade Ho: *Chillaxxx*

Tatas (. Y .): *I can't believe you sent that to me!*

Tatas (. Y .): *Isn't that a crime?!?!?!*

Tatas (. Y .): *Sharing nude pics without his consent???*

Tatas (. Y .): *You're going to get me in trouble!*

Jade Ho: *Looooooool*

Jade Ho: *U have a lot to learn about boys*

Jade Ho: *Like, everything tbh*

Jade Ho: *K lesson #1*

Jade Ho: *I'm sucking him off rn*

Jade Ho: *So I can do whatever the fuck I want*

Jade Ho: *Besides I thought you'd want to know if the dick was any good*

Tatas (. Y .): *It's still a violation of his privacy!*

Jade Ho: *Just don't tell him I sent the pic*

Jade Ho: *We talked about this*

Jade Ho: *U said u wanted to finally get laid*

Jade Ho: *And u said you'd listen to my expertise*

Jade Ho: *Well here's my expert opinion*

She sent the first selfie to Tatiana, since it had a much better closeup of most of his shaft, with only the head obscured by her lips.

Jade Ho: *This is a quality dick*

Jade Ho: *Good enough for porn*

Jade Ho: *The best starter dick u could ask for*
Jade Ho: *Like getting a BMW for ur first car*
Jade Ho: *Said he eats pussy too*
Jade Ho: *That's more than most tbh*
Jade Ho: *He's really fit*
Jade Ho: *Nice abs too*
Jade Ho: *Pretty sure he's strong enough*
Jade Ho: *Want me to ask what kinds of girls he likes?*
Jade Ho: *If he likes girls with huuuuge tits?*
Jade Ho: *Ooor if he's lactose tolerant?*
Jade Ho: *He's like half Chinese so 50/50 on that one*
Tatas (. Y .): *NOOOOOOO!!!!*
Tatas (. Y .): *DON'T TELL HIM ANYTHING!!!!*
Jade Ho: *LOL*
Tatas (. Y .): *I'm serious!!!!*
Jade Ho: *Alriiiight*
Jade Ho: *Calm ur tits*
Jade Ho: *Ur secret's safe with me*
Jade Ho: *I'm almost done with him anyway*
Jade Ho: *I don't think he can last much longer*

As if to prove her point, Vic moaned an, "Oh fuck!" and bucked his hips ever so slightly into Jade's throat. That wasn't ideal, but her gag reflex had long since been tamed, and she ignored it.

He's been good enough, might as well let him go.

She sent him one last text.

Jade Ho: *Go ahead and cum big boy*

Then she threw her phone on the bed, drew her mouth up to the crown of his cock, and used both hands to start pumping the rest of the shaft with a twisting motion while she loudly slurped away.

And go ahead he did, right on cue, only a few heartbeats after reading her text. Jade felt his cock stiffen and could almost feel her hands being pushed out as his seed traveled up and up to meet her. Then, thick ropes of cum shot up from his cockhead and washed over her suckling maw. It quickly coated the roof of her mouth and began to pool on her tongue.

She swished it around like she was wine-tasting, saturating every taste-bud, taking that manly aroma up into her sinuses.

Wow, impressive volume. Tastes pretty good too. Don't even think he needs to eat more pineapple. Guess he really is that health conscious.

"Mmmmm," she purred as the last few ropes slowed to a trickle, then she greedily sucked the rest out of his dick, like getting the last sip of coke from under the ice cubes.

Once Jade had collected every last drop, she looked up from his groin to find him staring down at her, wide-eyed, like she was his first. Of course, she had been the first for a good number of boys, and she'd come to really enjoy that look. It made her feel powerful; the gratitude they always felt for giving her exactly what she wanted. On Vic's handsome and ethnically ambiguous face (the face of a non-virgin), that look was even more endearing. Without saying a word, he'd basically told her that hers was the best mouth he'd ever felt on his cock, and he was buff and handsome enough to have known quite a few.

Wanting to give Vic one last show, she opened her mouth wide, showing her new man-meat all the cum she'd just wrung out of him, and swallowed it all down in one big gulp.

Yummy, the first of many. So fucking glad I finally filed for accommodations. If he can keep it up, I might even get to delete the numbers for Emergency Dick #1-4.

She grabbed her phone and sent one last text to Tatiana.

Jade Ho: *Sending him over*

Tatas (. Y .): *What if he doesn't like me?*

Jade Ho: *Remember what we talked about last night*

Jade Ho: *Face your fears*

Jade Ho: *Like jumping into the ocean*

Jade Ho: *Once you get the exposure over with*

Jade Ho: *Then it won't seem so cold*

Tatas (. Y .): *What if he stares?*

Jade Ho: *Let him!*

Jade Ho: *It means he likes your boobs!*

Jade Ho: *Embrace it*

That girl may be nervous, naive, and completely inexperienced with men that weren't her father, but Jade was certain her new roommate was way hornier than she let on. The girl was a pressure cooker full of hormones that seemed ready to explode at any moment.

No one breaks faster than a homeschooled college freshman.

Getting that girl to embrace her sexuality would make for an excellent project. Embracing those jugs might be too much, but not if Jade could show her what they could get her. Who knows, maybe Tatiana might be willing to do a little bisexual experimentation.

Would it be so wrong to suck on titties of such magnitude? I think we'd both enjoy the experience.

All she'd need to start was a little downhill push, and the girl would snowball into her true form. Tall, muscular, helpful Vic seemed like the perfect tool to help Jade make that first push.

This was going to be a great junior year. She just knew it.

III: Tatiana: The Over-Encumbered

Vic

“Ah! Careful, please, it’s sensitive after cumming.”

Jade Ho: *OFC I know that man-meat*

Jade Ho: *Not my first rodeo*

Jade Ho: *But remember what I said*

Jade Ho: *U gotta decrease ur sensitivity*

Jade Ho: *This is all part of the training*

As absurd as it sounded, he couldn’t exactly argue with her logic. So, while Jade gave every inch of his genitals a thorough tongue bath, Vic tried his best to ignore the sensation and replayed the events of the last half hour over, and over in his mind.

Yet it seemed no amount of post-nut clarity could help him make sense of his situation. The sheer insanity of what he'd just agreed to do in the name of medicine hadn’t completely sunken in.

This had to be a serious ethical violation. If it got out that Vic volunteered for this, and had repeated oral sex with... another student? *Well, that’s not exactly illegal... Wait a minute, is that why they assigned me, and not someone with an actual university salary?*

Part of him wanted to call up Valerie immediately and demand to know what the hell kind of treatment plan this was. But a much larger part of him had absolutely no intention of looking this gift mouth in the mouth. To say he felt conflicted was putting it mildly.

Vic wanted to help disabled students live more normal college lives; this wasn't supposed to be pleasurable, not like that.

I’m really going to let this girl blow me several times a day for the rest of the year... to help her focus? What if she’s lying? What if she just gets off on blowjobs and cooked up this insane scheme to get a live-in pacifier?

Then again, so what if she does?

The feel of her tongue against his over-sensitive cock pulled him back from the guilt. He was still a man, a man with an above-average libido who just received a school-sanctioned golden ticket, redeemable for infinite blowjobs. And he didn’t even need to pay rent. What kind of idiot would turn that down?

Jade finished vacuuming up the remainder of his load, smirked up at him, and showed him all the cum pooled onto her tongue. *Jesus, I didn't know I could cum that much.* He watched her dramatically throw back her head, swallow, moan, and open wide to show off her empty mouth.

Then, in one final display of cocklust, she popped each finger into her mouth, and licked them clean, one by one, like his cum was vanilla frosting. *It's Finger Lickin' Good?* Then she patted his thighs and used them to push herself back onto her feet.

“Thanks, dude. I feel a looooot better now.”

“I guess that makes two of us... glad I could help?”

For the first time, she smiled with genuine warmth, no sarcasm; actual gratitude from getting to suck him off. “I know that was kind of a lot to throw at you all at once, but I'm glad you're cool with all this.”

Uh huh. Sure was cool of me to let a beautiful girl suck my dick, and I'm even gracious enough to let her swallow. “Uh, sure. Anytime.”

“I'll definitely hold you to that.” She smiled back at him, wiped her hands off on a random dirty shirt from her hamper, and cleaned herself off with some hand sanitizer.

Now that he wasn't being distracted by the greatest blowjob of his life, his attention returned to all the unhung decorations, and unloaded boxes of her stuff. “Oh, right, do you want me to help you unpack, or something? Maybe hang up those posters?”

“Thanks, but I'm good. I was actually going to start on that now that I got my medication.” She winked at him and started grabbing her loose clothes and actually depositing them inside her hamper. “The medication is your dick.”

“I got it.”

“Vitamin D!”

“Sure.”

“Just making sure I didn't suck out your brains too.” She smirked at him over her shoulder and went back to the business of tidying up.

Actually, now that she mentioned it...

He had been too caught up in the moment to notice before, but during and after the blowjob, she did seem a lot more focused. She stayed on topic more, her speech didn't wander, or jump to random unrelated topics, and she mostly waited for him to speak before starting her next thought. Maybe she wasn't bullshitting him about blowjobs helping her focus.

“Well, if you’re all good in here-”

“I am, thanks, man-meat.”

“Then I guess I should go speak with Tatiana.”

“Okay, just be gentle with her; she's very self-conscious, hasn't had a lot of time around boys. I don't want you to freak out and make her feel ugly, or like she's a freak.” Jade’s tone carried an implied ‘or else.’

“I'd never do that,” said Vic, “I know how to keep a professional head about this.” He certainly didn't feel very professional right then, pulling up his shorts after getting head from his new patient/roommate, and it made him a bit defensive.

“Just... just don't stare too much.”

“What? Why would I stare?”

What does she take me for? Just because I broke every ethical guideline with her doesn't mean I don't know how to stay professional... and objective... Shit. Never mind that, don't let her get to you. You're a good person. You help people.

Vic stepped out of Jade’s room and knocked on Tatiana's door.

“Who is it?” She was quiet, like she wasn't near the door, and he could detect more than a hint of anxiety in her voice.

“It's Victor Li, your new CAE caretaker! May I come in?” He did his best to announce himself in as non-threatening a way as possible.

“Okay.” Tatiana said, almost too softly for them to hear through the door.

“Do you want me to come in too?” asked Jade.

“No... Just him. I'll be okay, thanks Jade.”

“Okay, I'm coming in now.”

He opened the door and shut it behind him before turning to look at his new patient and roommate.

The first thing he noticed were the pull-up ropes suspended from the ceiling around her bed. *Good to see that the school had already done that much, so she'll be able to sit up and get to the edge of the bed without my assistance.*

Indeed, Tatiana was sitting upright on her bed with her back against the wall, hiding her body under a blanket drawn up over her shoulders, leaving only her neck and face visible. She looked like a lump that was still getting over a cold.

Yet her face was surprisingly thin, far from that of the fat girl he'd imagined. Actually, the more Vic looked, the more he found himself liking what he saw. She had big light brown eyes, sharp eyebrows, and a thin nose that was smaller than Vic's. Surprisingly prominent cheekbones, too. Her hair was auburn, wavy, and fell a foot past her shoulders. Her skin was very pale, meaning she probably wasn't getting enough sun with her condition, but the effect made for a very striking contrast between her red hair and bright red, pouty lips.

Definitely wasn't expecting her to be so... pretty. Is that all Jade thought it'd take to make me lose my cool? Pfft.

He maintained a friendly smile and kept his eyes trained on that pretty face as he walked over to her.

“Hiya! I’m Victor Li, but you can call me Vic. I'm your new CAE assistant, and roommate!” he greeted warmly, holding out his hand for her to shake. She seemed reluctant to take it, or to even move at all. He stood there, awkwardly holding his hand out for a while before she nervously snaked an arm out from under the blanket and shook his hand.

“I’m Tatiana. Um, Tatiana Korova.” Vic noticed her hand was a bit clammy, and her grip was very delicate. *She's nervous, probably doesn't meet a lot of new people.* Her fingers were also surprisingly thin. From what he'd been told about her weight-impacted mobility, he expected to find some serious flab. Yet between her face and her hands, there was no evidence of any weight-related problems. It was baffling, but he tried not to let his confusion show.

“Nice to meet you, Tatiana Korova! Is that by any chance a Slavic name?”

Her pale skin made it extremely obvious when she was blushing, “Yes, it’s Russian. How’d you know?”

He smiled back at her. “I try to acquaint myself with as many cultures as I can around campus. We’re in the right school for that, very international, cosmopolitan and all that.”

Vic figured he was better off not explaining that he'd gotten acquainted with her culture back in his own freshman orientation, when he lost his virginity to a Russian girl named Milena. With Milena, “Netflix and chill” was often code for “depressing Soviet film, and hand stuff,” and he'd probably learned a lot more about the Eastern bloc from those sessions than from the California public school system.

“Are there a lot of Russian people on campus?” asked Tatiana.

“I’ve met a few, but there’s also a lot of people from other countries in Eastern Europe, and down here in LA there’s a lot of ethnic Russians, like a few hundred thousand that moved here in the nineties.”

Hope she doesn’t ask me to introduce her to the ones I know... probably not a great matchup.

His thoughts wandered from Milena to his most recent encounter with Jade, and he decided it might be best if he did not sit on Tatiana’s bed.

“Mind if I use your chair? Oh, and where’d you grow up?” he asked.

“I don’t mind, and I’m from Stockton.”

Ah, no wonder she left. “Oh, cool, my dad grew up there. Well, Tracy, but they had a little grocery store in Stockton.”

He grabbed the desk chair and moved it over by her bed, right next to what he had to assume was her walker. It had an odd shape, not a model he was familiar with; very long, with several bands that looked almost like the straps of seatbelts making a sort of hammock in front of the handholds and the space where the patient would stand. There was also the electric scooter with similarly odd modifications. He would have to ask her about those later, after their introductions.

“So, Tatiana, what are you majoring in?”

“Oh, um, biology. Right now, I’m just a biology major, but I think I might want to specialize in developmental bio.”

“Bio or developmental bio, very cool! I’m also a biology major, so between you, me, and Jade, we’re all South campus majors here, hahaha.”

Tatiana seemed confused by that. “South campus? I’m sorry, I... don’t know what that means?”

“Oh, sorry, have you had orientation yet?”

She shook her head. “I booked the last one, so I could move in first and not have to fly back and forth.”

Hmmm, not the normal order of operations, but it made sense for someone with difficulty traveling. I should show her around campus tomorrow.

“I gotcha, just stop me at any point if you have questions. So, here at UCLA, depending on your major, most of your classes are going to be in either North or South campus. Most of the social sciences, language classes, law, business, stuff like that, those classes are over in the North campus area. Math, physics, chem, engineering, bio, medicine, all that stuff is mostly in South campus, which is where you’ll be, mostly.”

“Oooh, I see... I haven’t been there yet.”

Damn, no college tour either, not even a basic one with her parents? Her parents must not have let her get out enough in high school.

“No problem! I can take you on your own private orientation whenever you’d like, show you all your lecture and discussion halls. Would be good to know where all your classes are before instruction starts next week.”

“Thank you, that would be helpful.” She said in a very flat, almost practiced tone.

“Anytime! And since I’m also majoring in bio, I should have taken most of the same classes you’re probably enrolled in. Though, maybe some differences, since I’m really just on the premed track. That’s one of the reasons why I’m volunteering with CAE to help out students like yourself and get some more experience in patient care.”

“That’s very nice of you.”

“Thank you, that means a lot. Well, now that I’ve put you through the first ten sentences of every college greeting, why don’t you tell me a little more about yourself? What do you like to do for fun?”

“Well... um, I don’t... I mean, not much, I guess. I don’t really get out much... This is the first time I’ve been without my parents in six years.”

Vic supposed that wasn’t too unusual for someone that couldn’t take care of herself, but he still found the idea of Tatiana cooped up in her room without any chance to be a normal teenager heartbreaking.

“Correction: you didn’t get out much, because you didn’t have me, but now you do. That’s why I’m here: to help you be more mobile, get you around campus, do any household tasks that you can’t, or that you might need help with. Literally, whatever you need, wherever you need to go. Kitchen, living room, bathroom, classes, dining hall, restaurants, anywhere in the city, even camping, if you want.”

“You’d really do that for me?”

“Of course! I believe that you deserve the same chance at a normal college experience, and that includes getting to explore both the campus and the city.”

“That sounds nice. I haven’t gotten to travel a lot before, because of... my condition.”

“Right, I’ve been meaning to ask you about that. CAE was kind of cagey on the details, but I should probably know everything you may need assistance with. Why don’t you start by telling me about your condition, and specifically, what sort of things you need help with. No task is too small or too big for me, I promise.”

At that she cast her eyes down onto her blanket-shrouded form. “*Nothing’s too big, sure.*” She muttered under her breath. Vic just barely managed to hear her. He felt stupid now for not watching his choice of words around an overweight eighteen-year-old. “*Face your fears.*”

Fears?

Before he could apologize, Tatiana threw off her blanket.

He had been told Tatiana’s mobility was impaired due to her weight. That was true enough, she looked to be carrying at least a hundred extra pounds.

What they failed to tell him was that she carried all that weight in her tits. All of it. It looked like she was fifty-percent boob by mass, like there was enough tit there to make an entire second woman.

Vic was genuinely stunned. He’d always been more of a boob guy, but he’d never imagined boobs like this before, and certainly never thought he’d see something so incredible in the flesh.

Tatiana wore nothing underneath that blanket: no shirt, no tank, no bra. Of course, he doubted anyone would have made bras in her size—there simply weren’t enough letters in the alphabet. Each breast was so large that the only proper volumetric comparisons he could make were to aquarium sizes.

Ten gallons? Fifteen gallons?

Her areolas stood out like bright pink dinner plates, staring right at him, yet her nipples appeared to be only slightly above average size, and seemed positively tiny compared to the rest of her giant breasts. He could make out crisscrossing networks of blue veins that stood out from her pale skin, skin that may not have felt the sun’s rays in years.

If it hadn’t been for Jade thoroughly vacuuming out his balls, it would have been much harder to hide his growing stiffness. Thankfully, Vic’s refractory period wasn’t quite that short, and his clinical mind was able to catch up. Finally, he remembered the term for her condition.

Gigantomastia: literally, giant breasts.

Tits were guaranteed to grab Vic’s attention, especially big tits, and Tatiana’s also introduced an element of medical intrigue, one of his other main interests. His brain rapidly sorted through all the information he’d ever learned about medically significant breast growth.

As he could recall, gigantomastia was an extremely rare condition, but he’d seen some pictures of the afflicted. Usually the skin was very stretched out, sometimes to the point of forming ulcers, or tears, and the growth was very irregular, usually leading to severe asymmetry.

Tatiana's condition seemed different in several ways. For one, assuming he remembered correctly, gigantomastia started at something like five pounds of breast tissue. *Or was it five percent of your body mass?* Either way, Tatiana was waaaay overqualified and probably passed both of those milestones by ninth grade. There were stretch marks, but her skin didn't really have that scarred, swollen look to it, and they seemed much more symmetrical, and well-formed than most. They were shaped like huge, swollen teardrops that flared out wider than her shoulders, and hung down far enough to fill her lap and even spill out over her thighs. They started just below her collarbone and only stopped just behind her ankles, even with her legs out straight in front of her, leaving no part of her hips or torso visible from head on.

She was so far beyond any other case of Gigantomastia he could recall. Yet, despite their enormity, they otherwise looked like healthy breasts.

What else could it be?

His mind was racing through all the images and videos of huge boobs he'd seen over the years, but even the bustiest "macromastia" models weren't even close to Tatiana's size, probably not even a tenth her size. The only things that even remotely compared to the sight before him were drawings, cartoons, and obvious prosthetics used in very strange porn shoots. But these were real, these gigantic, colossal, prodigious tits belonged to a real person... who was right in front of him.

Shit, am I staring?

Unsure how much time he'd spent lost in boob-related thoughts, Vic tore his eyes away from her tits and back to her face. To his shame, he saw tears beginning to well up in her eyes.

Jesus, she's about to cry! Damage control!

He fake coughed into his hand. "I apologize for my reaction, I didn't mean to stare, it's just... I had no idea what to expect, and, well... They only told me your mobility was impaired; they didn't tell me why."

"It's okay... everyone stares." Her eyes dropped back down to the extensive line of cleavage that must have constantly filled her vision.

Shit, that only made her even more self-conscious.

"No! No, it's not okay. That wasn't a professional response on my part. I have to admit, I've never seen a case quite like yours before, and you kind of surprised me—really wasn't expecting to get flashed like that—but that's no excuse for my reaction. I know it must be scary, meeting new people like this, and if we're going to be spending a lot of time together, I don't want you to feel self-conscious about your body, especially not around a caretaker. Can you please forgive me?"

“Oh? Yes, of course.” She wiped the unformed tears away from her eyes and rested her hands on the massive shelf of her tits.

“I actually think it was very brave of you, opening up like that, and I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable.”

“That’s... that’s kind of you to say.”

No, girl, that was the bare minimum of human decency. He was trying to give her the control, but she was so mousy that she deferred to him instantly. Well, I guess this is better than her screaming and calling me a creep. Just keep her talking, don’t let her feel like a freak.

Increasing her self-esteem would have to come later, first, he had serious questions about those tits of hers that demanded answers.

“Now, am I correct in guessing that you’ve been diagnosed with gigantomastia?”

She nodded. “Yeah, my breasts started to grow in when I was twelve, like most girls, I guess. Except, mine never actually stopped...”

“So, they’re still growing?”

She nodded.

Wow, six years of continuous breast growth, and she’s still not done. “Do you know the cause?”

“Not really, they say it’s idiopathic.”

He nodded. “Meaning, they have no idea what the root cause is.” *That figures.*

“Yeah. Might be a glandular problem, but according to the doctors, my estrogen, progesterone, and prolactin levels were all very high, especially prolactin, but apparently that’s not enough to explain all this...” She brought her hands back to rest on the tops of her breasts, creating ripples of titflesh that disrupted the otherwise smooth skin, like a stone thrown into a pond. Out of respect, he only watched through his peripheral vision. “They think my breasts might be extra sensitive to the hormones, but not the rest of my body, which is why I didn’t just get fat, like a normal person.”

Interesting. There must be something to that. I can’t imagine a standard hormonal imbalance would make for a figure like hers. Though, these giant boobs probably can’t be the only symptoms she’s experiencing. Definitely something to look into later.

“That must have been very tough. And how much can you move on your own? Can you walk?”

“A little, but it's very hard for me. They're, um, really heavy, and it messes with my center of gravity. Plus, they slap against my legs, which can really hurt. The doctors said I shouldn't go very far without support if I don't want to put too much strain on my back.”

Wow. “I can only imagine.” So, she's gonna need me to lift her tits for her, pretty much any time she needs to do anything. Suddenly the shape of her walker made perfect sense: it was essentially just a mobile shelf for her to rest her tits on. Vic knew this would be a hands-on kind of job, but he wasn't expecting second base multiple times a day, and with the biggest tits on Earth. “How did you manage your condition before coming here?”

“They weren't really big enough to stop me from moving around until a couple years ago. My parents started helping. Well, then they got divorced, and it was just my mom after that.”

God, I really hope she doesn't tell me her father walked out because his daughter became disabled... Mercifully, she didn't bring up any further trauma that he needed to address at this moment, so Vic got back to the practical concerns that he was much more comfortable dealing with.

He clapped his hands together. “Okay, then why don't you outline a typical day for yourself? Tell me the kinds of things your parents would help you with, that way I can get an idea of where to start.”

“Well, my mom used to wake me up each morning. I used to have my own alarm, but one time I knocked it off my nightstand and couldn't reach it by myself, so she started doing that for me.” *Damn.* “She'd help me into my walker, then the shower, and she'd wash any parts I couldn't reach myself...” She trailed off, blushing feverishly at the idea of Vic washing her off.

“It's alright, you wouldn't be the first patient I've helped bathe.” That was true, but none of those instances involved soaping off a hundred pounds of titty.

“Okay...” she smiled nervously before continuing, “then she'd help me put on some clothes.”

Oh duh. Of course, she must have some way to cover those things besides a blanket, but he couldn't imagine any sized bra would still be useful. It just didn't seem like a logical plan when there was no way to realistically support those tits from her back.

“What did she use?”

“This fabric we'd wrap around them, and she'd pin it in place on my back. I can walk you through it, I have some pictures of how it's supposed to look... but we don't have to do it now.”

Would have thought this girl might want to cover up if she's so embarrassed. Maybe she just doesn't want to bother with that before her shower?

“Sure, we can try that later,” Vic agreed, “then what?”

“Then mom helped me to the kitchen table, I’d eat, and after that my tutor would come teach me for the school day.”

Ah, a Tutor. “So, I take it, you were homeschooled?”

“...Yeah.” She seemed embarrassed to admit it.

“It’s alright,” he reassured her, “that’s not something you should be ashamed of. Just means there’s probably a lot about college life I’ll need to explain before classes start.” *Like everything about having a social life.* “Were you always homeschooled, or did your parents switch to homeschooling after you received your diagnosis?”

“Yeah,” she huffed, “you could say that. I went to public school until eighth grade, spent all of high school at home...” Her lips twitched at the mention of eighth grade.

So, if her breasts started growing at twelve, then that means about two years of accelerated growth before finishing the eighth grade. Damn. Most people didn’t have a great time in eighth grade, but it wasn’t hard to imagine Tatiana being bullied and harassed much worse than the average preteen girl with boobs that probably far exceeded the size of her head. *There truly is no end to the cruelty of middle-schoolers.* Clearly, there were some issues there that might need addressing, later, once they were more comfortable together.

“Well, middle school’s far behind us, now you’re in college, congratulations! I think you’ll find that most people have a way better time here than they ever did in grade school. But that does mean you’ll have to do some things outside of this room, like get to those South campus classes, and if I’m gonna help you with that I’ll need to be sure that I can actually move you from your bed to the walker, yeah?”

“Um, yes. That would be a good start.”

“So, how would your mom do this?”

“She had a pulley set up with a big sling,” Tatiana pointed to the ceiling, “that she’d slide underneath, and then she’d lift them up a bit up off the bed, I’d scoot to the edge, and she would wrangle them into the walker.”

Wow, sounds very involved.

He looked around the bed yet found none of the equipment she was describing. “But we don’t have a pulley?”

She shook her head, “No, the university installed the pull-up-ropes, but forgot about the pulley.”

He sighed. *Brute strength it is.* “I’ll call them later today and see to it that they install one. In the meantime, I guess we’ll have to do this manually. Now, do I have your consent to touch your

breasts?” Not a sentence he ever expected to say outside of a mammogram, or a really, really awkward date. He wasn’t sure which of them this had to be more awkward for.

Probably her: until now the only people who’ve touched her breasts have been her parents, doctors, and nurses, not strange college guys.

She bit her lip, then nodded, “Yes... I consent.”

Then again, maybe she’s used to them being handled. Hope I can do this right.

“Thank you, Tatiana, for trusting me, even though we just met.” He checked the walker first, making sure the brakes were on. They were.

Moment of truth.

“Alright, I’m gonna start by trying to lift just one from underneath, test the weight. Is that okay?”

She nodded.

“Okay, I’ll start with the right. Err-sorry , my right, so your left.”

“Okay.”

He knelt on the bed, right next to her colossal left breast, then looked to her for confirmation. She nodded, so he went for it.

Vic slid both hands under the enormous boob and tried to gain purchase before attempting to lift it. It belatedly occurred to him that he was literally feeling her up, but there was no getting around this critical step. He had to know how pliable they were if he was going to be moving them around.

Just remember: this is for medicine. You’re a good person, not a pervert.

The first things he noticed about Tatiana’s incredible breast were its warmth and softness. There was quite a lot of give to it, his hands sunk quite deeply into the bulging mass, and still portions of it spilled over his arms. He’d worked with obese patients before, like helping nurses move them, and helping said patients stand up so they could walk to the bathroom and around the hospital. Tatiana's breast felt very different. The lack of wrinkles or folds made it so unlike the fat or flab on a normal obese patient, and the sheer size of the thing ensured it felt nothing like squeezing a normal breast. Those he’d always been able to fit between his fingers and were much firmer than the semi-fluid bulk that overflowed both arms.

There wasn’t really anything he could compare it to, yet it was far from an unpleasant feeling. The act of squeezing a giant titty with both arms was undoubtedly titillating, but Vic tried his best to think only clinical thoughts about moving the huge things.

It was a lot more pliant, more yielding than he'd expected, and the faint slipperiness from underboob-sweat made it even harder for him to maintain purchase. He managed to lift the distal end of one boob off the bed, and estimated its weight at about fifty pounds, but that still left a lot of its mass unaccounted for, much closer to Tatiana's torso. When he tried to spread his arms out and grab the rest, the middle bowed down, and he lost his hold. It fell back onto the bed, where it continued to rock and jiggle for who knows how long.

He winced. "Sorry! I hope that didn't hurt!"

"It's okay," she reassured him, "they're hard to hold onto."

No kidding.

"Okay, I'm going to try again, and when I lift it up, I want you to slide towards my side of the bed."

With his second attempt, he was able to pick up her entire left breast, but she couldn't make a lot of progress with the other one weighing her down. When it came down to it, each was about the same as a huge sack of rice—maybe seventy pounds—except much less dense, and they were a lot harder to hold onto. The weight of one breast by itself wasn't the issue, he could easily lift seventy pounds. The real problems were that there were two of them, that they were so voluminous, so amorphous, and, critically, they were attached to a person, one who could feel both physical pain and embarrassment.

It didn't help that all this boob-wrangling was making him a bit flustered himself. *I feel like a virgin fumbling around with his girlfriend's bra straps for the first time, only she needs me to pull through before she can go to the bathroom.*

Vic decided to go with a more total approach. *Hope she isn't offended, but I can't think of any easy way without engineering something out of those pullup ropes.*

"Okay, Tatiana, new plan: I want you to just kneel normally and hold as much of the base of your breasts as you can. I'm going to get my legs underneath them, so I'm taking the weight there, and I'll hold them together with my arms, and we'll scoot back together until I reach the edge of the bed, then I'll get out and slide them into the walker? I know it's going to mean a lot of contact, but I think it'll work. Would you be okay with trying that?"

"Mhm!" She looked like she was biting back something.

"And you'll tell me if it hurts, right?"

"Yes." She nodded.

Vic had no choice but to trust that she wasn't just putting on a show to avoid seeming difficult. He managed to slide his legs under both breasts, and crossed them into a sort of lotus position, while he used his arms to grab the loose titflesh and hold it to his sides, like holding together two

medicine balls filled with water. This left only his head not in contact with some portion of her expansive breasts.

Incredibly, despite it being merely ten minutes since Jade emptied his balls, he could already feel himself beginning to get hard again. Still, there was no way he could let go of all this boobage and discreetly adjust his crotch. All he could do was hope she didn't notice. Assuming she'd never touched a boy before, he was betting she might just think it was his phone.

"Okay, I think I have it, are you ready to move?" He asked.

"Yes."

"Okay, let's do this."

He pushed back with his feet, while simultaneously doing his best to keep the giant tits resting in his lap. Holding the upper hemispheres together required the full span of his arms, and he still only managed to get about half the circumference in his grip. The motion sent waves of jiggling titflesh rubbing and bouncing into his crotch. He tried not to think about it, lest he worsen the swelling.

Thankfully, Tatiana followed his lead, grunting with real effort to move just the portion closest to her body. But working together, with him pulling, and her pushing, they managed to get those huge tits to the edge of the bed, parallel to the walker.

"Whew, you doing alright back there, Tatiana?"

"Mhm... I mean, yes! All good!" She looked a bit red in the face but didn't appear to have over-exerted herself too much.

"Great, then we're almost through. I'm gonna let go now, so I can stand back up, you just yell if you feel yourself losing control of the weight. I won't let you fall."

"Okay."

Vic slid his legs out from under the huge boobs, then let go with his hands. Since there was no way she could see his waist behind all that tit, he took the opportunity to pretend to smooth out his shirt while he discreetly tucked his boner down his shorts.

"Okay, I guess I'll slide the left over onto the walker."

Now, all he had to do was get around to her left side, lean over, and pull the giant left boob onto the curved bed of the walker. It settled in after a moment and appeared stable. Tatiana took the chance to extend her right leg to the ground, though she kept her weight on the bed, and both hands holding her massive right tit in place.

“Okay, I’m gonna need to unlock the brakes and move this a bit so I’ll have room to stand.” He adjusted its position and locked the walker in place again.

“Okay, I’m going to slide my legs underneath, and together we’ll push into the walker, sound good?”

“Yes.”

He repeated the motion, letting the huge mass settle onto his lap, holding it in place with his hands.

“Okay, together now.”

They moved in sync, and once Vic’s legs reached the end of the bed, he straightened out and let her breast down gently into the walker. It crashed into its twin with a loud plapping sound, and an insane amount of jiggling. Yet now that her tits were finally supported, Tatiana was able to stretch her legs off the bed, and, with a sigh of relief, she finally stood up to her full height.

Somehow he hadn’t noticed before (what with the hundred-plus pounds of boob obscuring her body), but this mousy, mega-chesty freshman was also several inches taller than him. Combined with her strikingly pretty face, she could have been mistaken for a runway model, if only one could look past the enormous funbags that completely dominated her frame.

Is her height another consequence of her hormonal imbalance, or would she have grown so tall no matter what? He estimated her at maybe six-foot-three-inches. That was very tall for a woman, and three inches taller than himself, but not quite outside the range of normal height. *Still, being huge in more ways than one is probably not a coincidence.*

“Thank you so much Vic!” She smiled down at him. “It feels so good to stand up without anything weighing me down!” She expressed her newfound weightlessness by literally jumping for joy, sending her head even higher above him, and lifting the base of her breasts up with her bouncing torso.

Vic watched as the twin masses jiggled and ricocheted off each other with the loud smack of skin-against-skin. The sight was so mesmerizing that he almost forgot to respond.

“Uh-yeah! Anytime! Really, I’m always happy to help.”

The oversized girl stopped bouncing and began to stretch her arms out behind her back.

“I can’t believe you did all that without the pulleys! You’re a lot stronger than my mom, for sure!”

He beamed under her praise. “Thanks, but I couldn’t have done it by myself. That’s the power of teamwork.”

They both just smiled at each other for a moment, waiting for the other to speak. When neither did, Vic once again took the lead.

“So, what do you need me for next?”

Tatiana bit her lip nervously. “Ummm, well...” she trailed off.

She’s still embarrassed to ask for help.

“There’s no need to be coy, I’ll help in any way you need, It’s literally my job. No task too big or too small, remember?”

She blushed, and despite her full-body enormity, he still found the gesture obscenely cute.

“Okay, so, I was in bed for kind of a while, so...”

He could guess where this was going, but he wanted her to verbalize her needs. She’d have to get used to it; if they were going to do this every day, Vic would rather not have to play guessing games.

Tatiana must have realized he wasn’t going to finish her sentence. She exhaled deeply, mumbled something to herself, and blurted out “I NEED TO TAKE A SHOWER CAN YOU PLEASE HELP ME?!”

Tatiana

Oh god! Why did I just yell at him like that! Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!

She wanted breathlessly for him to... she wasn’t actually sure how he would react to that.

“Of course I will, c’mon.” Vic said with a smile, like it was no big deal, and waved over his shoulder for her to follow. After a moment she started after him. “Oh, right,” he stopped, “do you need any help with the walker?”

“No, I can handle it!” There wasn’t much she could do by herself, but Tatiana took every chance she could get to stretch her legs out.

He nodded and opened the doors to her room and the bathroom, allowing Tatiana to push her walker ahead uninterrupted.

The first few steps were always the hardest; it took a lot of energy to get her body and her equally massive breasts moving, but once started she could keep everything rolling just fine. It was just like pushing an overloaded shopping cart, except the groceries were all melons.

Once inside, he closed the bathroom door behind her.

The shower was so much better than the one in her mom's house: no tub, just flat tile with a non-slip mat, and a long drain to collect excess water, ensuring the half with the actual toilet didn't get slippery, for which she was extremely grateful. Wrangling her huge teats in and out of a bathtub onto a shelf every morning would have been exhausting. This way, they just had to wheel her in, tits-first, and get her under the shower.

Tatiana rolled to a stop in front of the showerhead and locked her walker in place. She was too scared to make any further moves.

Now I just need to get naked... in front of a boy... a really, really cute, muscular boy. Oh god! He's gonna see everything! And he's gonna be soaping up my boobs!

Before her online chats with Jade, Tatiana had always imagined her first time bathing with a boy she liked would be a little more romantic, and a lot less clinical. She'd dreamed of herself with some guy she'd had several dates with, that they'd clean up together after he'd taken her virginity, that there'd be candles, rose pedals, maybe some music.

This vast, sterile shower wasn't exactly the ideal setting for her romantic, pining, hormonal, teenage fantasies.

Still, the feeling of his strong hands squeezing into her sensitive tits was still locked into the front of her mind. The sensation of her entire bosom being supported by a hot, muscular guy: his strong arms wrapping around her, his hard thighs pushing against the heavy masses of her bosoms. Tatiana had to bite back desperate squeals and hoped the pressure wouldn't make her leak. Now, all she could think about was the picture Jade sent her, and their secret conversations preparing her for this moment.

"Feel for it," Jade had told her, "If the guy likes boobs at all, there's no way he won't get hard handing yours."

When Tatiana uncovered herself and Vic stared at her boobs (for like ten seconds!), she was so sure that he was filled with disgust at the sight of her deformed body. Then, his kind words disarmed her, and she started to worry he really was just being a nice, helpful guy. But when he was helping her into the walker, she thought she felt "it."

"He'll say it's not sexual, it's just his job. Don't let that stop you from enjoying it, making it sexual. Just gotta get him where you want him."

Tatiana had to admit; Jade was right. Romantic or not, his hands felt incredible on her exposed skin, and Tatiana was more than willing to overlook some professional detachment on his part if it meant an even more sensual repeat performance, and under hot water.

Her mind kept replaying the moment when he was holding her boobs over, and over again, trying to convince herself about what she'd seen on his face, and what she'd felt in his pants.

Oh God! Does that mean he really likes me too?!

She was so lost in thought that she was a bit startled when Vic finally spoke up.

“Would you like me to give you some privacy while you disrobe?” he asked.

Vic didn't need any help figuring out she was anxious, though there was no way he could know her nerves were less a simple reluctance to take off her clothes, and much more about how she couldn't stop picturing his big penis in Jade's mouth!

“No, it's okay.” At that moment, her boobs were already uncovered, so all she had on were a pair of pink pajama pants, and some incredibly plain panties that happened to be completely soaked through.

Paranoid about being caught red-horny, she shed everything as quickly as possible, balled it up, and threw the incriminating evidence of her arousal to the far side of the bathroom.

Luckily, Vic was still in front of her breasts, so there was no way he'd seen how wet she'd gotten.

“So,” he began, “what exactly do you want me to do here?”

“Ummmm, well...” she trailed off. *How can I say it without sounding... dirty?* “... I can't really reach everywhere... I mean, uh, I can't reach my uhhh...” He made no move to make this easier on her, so she continued, “I can't reach my nipples... or the undersides of my... breasts... and most of my cleavage.” Tatiana bit her lip so hard she might have drawn blood.

Vic's face stayed neutral, considering. “So you just need me to clean everything beyond your arm span?”

She nodded wordlessly.

“Hey, it's alright, Tatiana. This part I've done before. Well, you know, not in these exact circumstances, but it's all part of the job.”

Once again, Jade's words proved prescient. *“He'll say it's just his job.”*

“Oh right,” Vic smacked his forehead and laughed, “forgot I'm still in my regular clothes. Be right back, just gonna change into some quick-dry shorts.”

He stepped out of the bathroom, and in a few seconds returned with towels, and without his shirt.

Tatiana didn't have the mental bandwidth to contain her lustful sigh at the sight of his sculpted upper body. His strong, powerful shoulders, and big biceps were unlike anything she'd seen before. She watched, awe-struck, as those muscles flexed, tightened, and relaxed from something as simple as him hanging the towels up on the wall. For the inexperienced girl, Vic's basic movements were as hot as any burlesque show, and her hands reflexively drifted to her pussy.

He turned around, and her eyes locked on those chiseled abs that Jade had laid on and secretly photographed for them both to drool over. Tatiana wasn't sure if she saw six or eight abs, but she didn't really care. *Oh my god, you could grate cheese on that.* She couldn't imagine how much work had gone into forming them. Meanwhile, Tatiana hadn't seen her own soft abdomen in years, and she could only feel it by sliding a hand between her belly and oversized tits.

Most of all, she admired those solid, firm pecs of his. They moved up and down with the swinging of his strong arms. She stared at his tiny, dark nipples, with practically no areolae to speak of. They stood in stark contrast to her own pink dinner-plates and the bullseye teats at their centers.

The little patches of body hair really cemented how manly he was, how unlike her in every way. She wondered what it might feel like to touch someone so... solid, so much harder than her doughy, fatty self. Even though he was a bit shorter than her, she had no doubt that he was far, far stronger. She rubbed her clit at the thought.

No wonder he was able to move me into the walker so fast!

Before she knew it, Vic was standing right in front of her again, and she yanked her hands away from her pussy, thankful for once that her stupid boobs hid everything down there.

"I'm gonna turn on the water now," said Vic, oblivious to her prior masturbation, "and test the temperature." He started the water, pointing the spout away from her, letting the cold-water splash against his feet. "Oh yeah, are those shampoo, conditioner and bodywash yours, or Jade's?" He pointed behind her, but she just kept looking at him.

"Uh, we're sharing!" Tatiana had arrived with a whole suite of soaps, and lotions that her mother had bought for her. Jade simply did not care what products she used, so long as it wasn't "cheap shit, or shampoo-conditioner combo."

"Gotcha." Vic stepped behind her and returned with a shower caddy holding everything. He looked around confused for a moment, "Uh, not sure where I can put these where you can still reach them."

Oh, duh! She was too busy thinking about him soaping up her boobs that she never explained how she normally took showers.

“I usually just keep the bottles in my cleavage, that way I can do this part by myself.”

Vic raised an eyebrow, but he followed her instructions, wedging each bottle in the section of cleavage that was closest to her chest.

Then he noticed the rising steam, grabbed the shower head, pointed it back at his hand and checked the temperature. “Is this good?” he asked, motioning for her to extend her hand. She did, allowing him to spray her hand with warm water.

“Perfect.” she said, never taking her eyes off his body.

“Okay, I’ll set it up here. Let me know if it gets too hot or cold, and I’ll shut it off.”

“Thank you!”

He re-racked the shower head, allowing warm water to rain down over her. Tatiana enjoyed the heat for a moment, allowing her hair to get thoroughly soaked before she pulled the bottle of shampoo out of her cleavage and began shampooing herself.

Vic continued to stay there by her side, waiting for her to tell him what to do.

“Can you use the shower on the rest of me while I do my hair?” She asked.

“Sure.” He took the shower head off the mount and started spraying down the rest of her boobs.

After a moment, she was ready to rinse “Can you rinse out my hair?” This time she held her head down to make it easier for him.

He quickly rinsed out her hair, then re-directed the flow to her body.

“Thank you, now... can you...” He didn’t take the initiative, just waited for her to make a specific request. “Can you clean my boobs for me?”

He smiled, “Gladly.”

Oh my god! She beamed. He’s glad to touch my boobs! Jade was right!

Vic squirted some body wash into the washcloth, stuck the bottle back into her cleavage, and began lathering up her sensitive breasts.

The way he’d handled her boobs to get them into the walker had felt great. But that had been rough handling, squeezing, and he’d had a lot of clothes on in the way. This, however, was on another level entirely. She loved the way he gently rubbed the smooth, wet cloth over her delicate skin, how he lifted under portions of her breasts with one hand and used the other to clean her. Tatiana barely kept herself from moaning and tried to only watch through the corners

of her eyes while she busied herself putting on conditioner. If her hands weren't already in use, she may not have been able to keep them above her waist.

“Mhmmm.”

Vic perked up. “Everything all right over there?”

Oh no! Was that out loud?

“Y-yeah! All good back here!”

“I'm not hurting you, am I?”

“Nope!” *He really has no idea how good this feels!*

She continued to lather up her hair, as if she couldn't feel every single one of his fingers through the soapy cloth. *Just like Jade said, get him where I want him.* “Actually, could you get my cleavage, please?”

“Sure,” Vic obliged, sinking his whole arm between her boobs, and sliding that washcloth over every available inch. This was the best massage of her life. She loved the way his bare skin rubbed against her, as he leaned over to reach into her hidden valley; loved the feeling of his nipples dragging against her sides, and his strong arms being squeezed between her giant boobs. Years of watching porn alone in her room, hiding her probing hands beneath her prodigious tits, had not prepared her to receive this kind of attention from an actual boy. Yet porn had primed her to imagine the arm in her cleavage was actually the same big cock that Jade sucked and photographed.

She wondered what it might be like to feel the real thing, to have him fuck her tits until they both came, to let him use her for his pleasure. *If he wanted to tittyfuck me I wouldn't be able to stop him...* Not that she'd ever want to, but the very idea of it was so hot she couldn't think straight.

“Thank y-youu,” she husked, “can you rinse off my hair now?” He stopped his cleaning and moved the shower head back over her so she could get the conditioner out, then his attention went back to scrubbing between the long line of her cleavage.

Part of her wished they could switch places; that she could lather his muscles, rub her tits all over his body. The rest of her never wanted this to stop and wanted even more directly sensual treatment. The washcloth was now an unnecessary barrier to her pleasure.

He said no task is too big or small... Against her better Judgement, Tatiana allowed the horny part of her brain to take over.

“Um, Vic, they do feel a bit sore. Can you massage them please, check for lumps while I wash the rest of my body” Manually checking for lumps was a fool's errand with breasts her size,

which is why she got her boobs individually CT scanned every few months. Tatiana was counting on the fact that he couldn't know that yet.

“Uh, sure.” Vic handed her the washcloth and set the showerhead so that hot water was raining down over Tatiana. Any particular way you'd prefer it?”

“Just use your hands, please. Gently.”

She felt like such a disgusting pervert for asking. Then his hands sunk deep into her flesh, and instantly washed away all her regrets.

Oh mY goOodDd!

“YES! Just like that. Mmmhhmm... get all the... tension oUT!” Wanting to hide her o-face, she pulled the bottles of hair products out of her cleavage and let herself lean forward until most of her weight was being supported by her boobs.

“Tatiana?” he asked, concerned.

“Mmmhmm...”

“You okay?”

“Ugh, yeah, just massaging myself too.” She spread her arms out and began kneading whatever parts of her boobs were within reach. The two of them working together on her tender mams quickly ratcheted up Tatiana's libido to new heights.

She wondered if there was some way to frame popping her cherry as being medically necessary. *Jade gets to touch his penis all she wants, why not me?* If she'd thought of the right words to convince him, she might have tried right then and there.

Yet, as Vic massaged her, Tatiana felt increasing pressure from within, and the need for a massage she'd just invented on a horny whim became suddenly real.

“You can be firmer with them now. Really squeeze them...”

“Like this?” He put his weight into it, pressing down on the far side of her breast. The soft mammary tissue instantly yielded before his hard, powerful muscles, while the little hairs on his arms raked over her smooth skin.

“OoOoO yes, just like that..” She couldn't stop herself from snaking one arm back down between her legs, stuffing the washcloth between her thighs while she worked her aching pussy. Her requests became even more overtly lewd, but she didn't really care. The anxious portion of her brain wasn't the one in control anymore, and Jade's advice replayed on a loop. “*Just gotta get him where you want him.*”

Tatiana wasn't sure which end of her wanted his fingers more, but she could reach her pussy, while she wasn't sure when she'd last touched her own nipples.

"Don't forget my... areolas... check for swelling, and, uh, redness." *I can't believe I just said that! There's no way he'll just...*

He did. She felt his strong fingers first at the edges of her huge pink targets, one hand on each. She marveled at how far he had to spread his arms out to reach both at once. The skin there was by far her most sensitive; Tatiana felt as though she could tell his digits apart by the microscopic ridges of skin that gave each its unique fingerprints. His delicate touch over her skin was heavenly. She barely suppressed a moan as his fingers ran over the tiny bumps of her Montgomery tubercles.

"Is that good?" He asked, completely ignorant of his effect on her, not knowing that he could have just taken her right then. She would have thanked him for it, then asked for seconds.

"Don't stop!" she pleaded, squeezing her boobs with one hand, while the other was busy working two-fingers deep into her slit.

Vic didn't stop. Instead, his electric touch got closer and closer to her nipples. Despite being unable to keep his eyes on both at once, he managed to work around both teats in perfect unison.

How does he keep his hands in sync!

She felt a real heat behind them, rising, building to crescendo.

"Right there! Squeeze them!" It was an objectively insane thing to ask her caretaker, but she was so far gone into her lustful fantasies that she wasn't even sure she'd said it out loud.

Then, incredibly, amazingly, Vic actually squeezed her nipples.

Oh god! I'm gonna... gonna! "HRRNG!" Tatiana plunged her face deep into her own cleavage so as to muffle the sounds of her cumming, and the shower was enough to cover the squelching from her fingers.

But there was no way for her to hide the results of Vic's handling on her tits.

All that fondling, teasing, stroking, and finally pinching had set her massive mammary glands into overdrive. The pressure had been steadily building ever since he'd first lifted her boobs into the walker and accelerated with his decadent massaging.

Now, Vic had just pinched the exit valve.

Against Tatiana's will, her oversized and overactive tits performed their only true function: squirting milk directly into Vic's hands.

She felt her explosive letdown, and a moment later, she felt his fingers fly off her sensitive teats, clearly shocked by the sudden lactation. Her head snapped up, and she watched, horrified at this sudden betrayal by her nipples, completely helpless to stop the flood. The dam had burst, and without his hands blocking the many streams of milk, she sprayed him down, unimpeded.

Jets of milk continued to splatter against Vic's hard body. He just stood there, stunned, staring like a deer in headlights as her stupid, giant boobs emptied out all over him. Little white droplets caught on the hairs of his chest, combined with each other, and ran down his muscles in milky rivulets. Her milk mixed with the shower water, making it cloudier, and cloudier, until it looked like he'd just showered under a milk jug.

Tatiana whimpered in shame and arousal. This had to be the most embarrassing moment of her entire life, but she couldn't turn off her nipples any more than she could stop her fingers from plugging away into her pussy.

Nononononono! How? How is it still going?! There's never been this much before!?!?!

And still, the milk kept flowing.

Vic finally tore his eyes away from her spouting nipples and looked directly into Tatiana's eyes.

"I'M SOOORRY!" she wailed, then shut her eyes, unable to bear direct eye contact.

She heard the slapping of Vic's footsteps on the shower floor, getting out of the splash zone, getting closer to her, but Tatiana refused to open her eyes.

He stopped beside her, and she felt his hand rest gently on her shoulder—mercifully, not the one she was still using to masturbate—and he said to her, gently, "Do you want me to keep going?"

What?

Her eyes shot open. In this position, slumped against her boobs, his head stood above hers, magnanimous, radiant, powerful, and he asked again, "Do you want me to milk you?"

She couldn't believe her ears, couldn't believe how forgiving he was being. She'd just squirted milk all over him, with no warning, and still all he cared about were her needs.

"Just gotta get him where you want him." Tatiana vowed to herself that she would never doubt the older girl's advice ever again.

Yes! Yes! Yes! I need you, Vic! Her pussy and her tits were screaming at her, but she was so flushed with heat that she barely managed to squeak out a simple, "Yes, please."

But that was all Vic needed to hear.

She watched as he walked back around to her leaking nipples and grabbed one in each hand. He looked her in the eyes, then he said, “Stop me if I do something wrong.”

She nodded her consent.

Then Vic milked Tatiana like a cow.

He tugged on her nipples firmly, powerfully, extracting long squirts of milk with each pull. The streams splashed against him, yet he showed no sign of disgust, nor trepidation, as he continued to milk her dry.

Each squeeze sent waves of pleasure and relief through her. All the while, Tatiana continued fingering herself.

Nothing had ever felt so good. In mere minutes she'd gone from the most embarrassing moment of her life to the hottest by far. No porn could have matched the sight of this hunky guy soaking himself with her milk, much less the feeling of real, manly hands pulling on her nipples, while she simultaneously worked her pussy.

Would he suck on them, drink directly from the tap? Would he fuck me too if I asked? If I told him I needed it?

For now though, Tatiana was content to bask in the glow of this perfect moment. She'd let her stupid, giant boobs think they were producing milk for some stupid baby for as long as they could if it meant she got to keep his hands on her nipples.

If college meant four more years of this, then she was all in. She just hoped Jade had more slutty wisdom in store for her.

Authors Notes:

If you liked this story, please check out my others, and consider supporting me on [SubscribeStar](#). Special Accommodations has taken a backseat to Chemical Control Lately, but I do intend to come back to it at some point, once I'm done with my more popular story.