

## The interesting lives of Amy and Alex: chapter 2

After that night, Amy had become more stressed, wound up tighter than the head of a drum. The first time she saw Alex again was in class the next day and her face had been flushed red. She stayed away from her, she didn't know what to say to Alex's face. She still had the thought of her body expanding larger than ever before, she had to take double the usual dose of hormone balancers to keep herself in check. Anytime she saw her from that point on, she did her best to stay away. Turning the opposite direction in hallways, making sure she was the last to enter class and the first to leave, she would even eat in the toilet and closets as to prevent Alex from talking with her. This continued on up to the day of the test. She had been sweating in the class from both the heat of the room and seeing Alex was only two tables from her, it took every ounce of will power for her to get through that test without a puddle forming underneath her. As she answered the questions she couldn't help but keep thinking about Alex and her large member, she even glanced a few sneaky times just to see if it was noticeable. When the test was over, Amy stood up quickly and walked fast to the desk to hand it off, she felt her boobs bounce as she quickly slipped out of the room and made a b line to her apartment. After she shut the door, she let out a sigh of relief. She dumped her bag next to the table and walked slowly to the couch. She slumped down, flipped on the TV and let herself decompress. It was a bit of a struggle when she pulled her hoodie off as the fabric stuck to her skin in an uncomfortable way. When she had managed to yank it off. She let out an involuntary sign of relief as the heat radiated from her body. She grabbed a box of tissues from the coffee table and yanked out a couple, she then jammed the bundle into her cleavage and moved it around.

"I swear, it's like having a third armpit."

After finishing, she threw it over to the bin but it landed short. She gave it a "fuck you" stare as she started taking off her bra. She could feel the weight of her boobs resting on her belly as she leant over for the milk pump machine and dragged it over. She had it on a small wooden table with wheels so it could be easily moved around. The table itself looked like something from an IKEA show room. She gave her boobs a quick check to see if they really needed it, they were a bit firm and there was a clear weight difference. She undid the rubber bands around her nipples and placed a flange on each. Than simply turned it on and let it do its work. She slowly felt the release of the pressure inside her breasts, like slowly letting out a breath held for too long. She sat there, listening to the TV as she scrolled through cute animal videos when a random thought popped into her head. She looked at the date.

"Man, only three years since."

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"It's called hyperfeminam-morbo," said the female doctor. "HFM, its a very rare genetic disorder that effects a very small number of women in the country."

Amy was sitting in a chair next to her mom, her ankle in a brace and a pare of crutches next two her. She had only been in for a dislocated ankle she got at gym practice. However, the doctor had run a small test just to rule out possible problems. The small test had become multiple over a few days and now Amy was in a specialist's office being told about something she had never even heard before.

"We were able to diagnose it early thanks to the tests I had run."

"So what is it?" Asked her mother. "How serious is it?"

"Well Mrs. Jackson. That's why I wanted to discuss this with both you and Amy. It's very important that you understand the changes that can happen." The doctor leaned over. "Mrs. Jackson, is it alright if I discuss things with Amy. Things that relate to her body."

Amy's mother looked at Amy. "You OK with this, honey." Amy nodded.

“OK.” The doctor sat back up and opened a cabinet under her desk, then pulled out a folder. “This goes over everything in detail, everything you need to know. I’ll explain things more simply to help you understand the main effects that HFM causes.” She handed it to them.

“Is there a cure?” Amy asked nervously.

“I’m afraid there isn’t, but there are medications and treatments that will help you cope with this.” The doctor looked to her mother. “Now, Amy’s body will go through some changes in the future. We don’t know exactly when this will happen but these changes will be rather drastic. There will be increased mass in areas around the body and she’ll experience hormonal changes that can effect her mood. I know a therapist that can help Amy deal with these emotions.”

“Will I still be able to be part of the gymnastics team?”

The doctor gave a short pause that was too long for Amy.

“Amy, I’m afraid I have to be honest with you. I don’t think that’s possible. What you’ll go through will effect you in your daily life, this needs to take your full attention from now on.”

Amy sat back in her chair from hearing that. A look of disbelief was on her face.

“What about her sisters, could they have it?” Her mother asked as she held her hand.

“We’d have to get them tested to find out Mrs. Jackson. I think it’s best now that you help Amy come to terms with this. It’s a lot to take in.”

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It had been a lot. The hormones going out of control, her body swelling out of her favourite clothes, and losing the thing she loved most. In time, with the help of therapy and treatment, she had come to terms with her condition. She had accepted it was her now, but at the cost to her personal life and future aspirations. Her family had been her biggest help to her, getting her through the hard times and getting her back on her feet when she needed it. Her sisters were clean thankful, and they had been her biggest supporters during it. Doing their best to cheer her up and making her feel like her old self. In the process, they had become rather protective of her. And that hadn't changed even with her in college.

A notification came up on her phone from her messages, it was her sister jade. It read;

Hey ams, what’s happening?

Great to hear  
How’d it go

Well, im actually taking a break from  
work for a few weeks  
I’m planning to come see u  
If your ok with that

Great 😊

Relaxing  
Finished the test today

Fine I guess  
wouldn't know till later how I did  
What about you?  
Anything interesting happen

Course im fine with it  
Loved to see you

How lunch sound

Sounds great  
I know a nice place near campus



How are u dealing with college  
Know last we talked u were nervous  
bout going some place new

Im fine now  
Used to it at this point  
Most people don't know I have HFM

Thats your chose not to tell  
If u find it easier no one knowing

Well  
There is one person  
That friend ive told you about  
Alex miller

And how she react?

Fine  
She didn't have any problems

Thats good to hear  
On HFM  
Have you been taking your meds

Course

Good  
And no flare ups

None

Good  
Don't forget to check your supply in case  
u run low

Yes mom  
I know

Just making sure  
What day you free for me to drop by

Im free saturday and sunday  
Next week

Awesome  
Ill be there on saturday  
That work



Great  
Well, I wouldn't bother you anymore  
I imagine you want to relax after the test

Yeah  
Might head to bed early

Alright  
Talk later



No way Amy could have told her about that night with Alex, she would have lost it. It was best for both of them if she didn't know. She sat there for a little while longer until the pump had finished. She removed the flanges and got up. Then grab the pump machine and walked over to the kitchen. She first got some paper towels to wipe away any milk around her nipples and areoles, than proceed to remove the large plastic milk jug and pore it down the drain. Than removed the plastic pieces and washed out the machine and parts with

warm soapy water to stop any remaining milk going off and smelling bad. She then placed the parts on a drying rack next to the sink. With that done, she decided that she would take a cooling shower to help get her body temperature down. She walked to her bedroom and glanced at the door. There was a slight dent in it from her enlarged butt pressing into it, it wasn't very deep but it had a large area to it. She was a bit annoyed at the seemingly little damage she had caused. She had never once had a problem with her body growing too big for doorways, and the first time she has sex, she leaves an imprint of her left ass cheek in a bedroom door. She had been so focused on the test, and avoiding Alex, that she hadn't really thought about it till now. She pressed her hand against it to feel how bad it was, it cracked a little but the door was still holding its shape.

"I hope campus has someone to fix this eye sore."

She grabbed her hoodie and bra then walked into her bedroom. Inside, she placed the clothes on the end of her bed then pulled down her dress, then her panties. Finally, with care, slowly removed her gloves and stockings. Grabbing them all into a ball, she dropped them into the Laundry basket in the corner. Her being completely naked helped cool her down as she looked at the mirror and did a check on herself. After Alex had left that night, Amy had spent half an hour milking herself to try and get her boobs back to their normal size, but there wasn't anything this could do for her enlarged backside. It had shrunk a bit over night, but was still bigger than usual in the morning, it had been a pain to get her dress on while not taring it. And an even bigger issue moving around campus trying to keep people from noticing. As of now, it seemed to be back at it's usual 57 inch size. She turned around to look at her butt properly and rubbed a hand over it. She swore it still was bigger than it usually was but the tape measure didn't lie. Letting out a sigh, she reached into the closet and pulled out her bathrobe. Finally, she grabbed her phone and went to the bathroom. She was planning to play relaxing music in the shower as she washed, along with lighting some scented candles to really help her unwind. With the robe on the towel rack and the sound of ambient synth playing in the back ground. Amy stepped into the lukewarm water of the shower and let out a sigh of relief.

Everyone has their own way of relaxing, some like watching TV, some game, some go for a walk in the park or beach, some even, like Alex, like to relax by working out. But for Amy, it was very simple, a long shower after a stressful, sweaty day with calming music and the sweet smell of shampoo and cherry scented candles. It was just the feeling of washing off that dirt of the day made her feel at peace. If the tub was a bit bigger, she would sit down and let the water rain on her, she had tried the day she arrived but her backside was just too big for it. It was simple heaven for her. First she washed her hair with a rose scented shampoo she really liked, simply rubbing it in and washing it out thoroughly. Then was the conditioner, an important part to prevent her hair from drying out. She massaged it in thoroughly into the roots and the rest of her hair. After a good rinse came the body wash, in her mind, the most complicated part. She didn't have any bars of soap, only the tube body wash. She dumped a load of it into her hand and proceeded to lather it on her chest. She used both hands to wash her boobs, making sure both the cleavage and undersides had the sweat cleaned away, it was easier since she had milked herself and her boobs were now soft and squishy like water balloons, after this was her mid-rift which wasn't a problem. Next was her butt, like her boobs, it was soft and squishy, but more like a stress ball. Getting into her crack was a little tricky as she had to bend backwards in order to reach down properly. And now the final part, her crotch and legs, her thighs wobbled as she rubbed the soap on them, she had to be careful to not tip over as the weight of her boobs would throw her off balance if she wasn't careful. After this was done, she gave herself a long rinse. When this was finished, she turned off the shower and stepped out. On the floor she had placed a few towels, she wrapped up her hair in a smaller towel and lowered herself onto the floor and lay flat on her back. What she was doing was air drying, instead of drying herself off with a towel, she'd let the water slowly dry away. She didn't do it often but did it this time as it was like meditation for her. In through the nose, out through the mouth. She thought of calming things, the sounds of birds in the distant trees. Puppies and kittens playing together. A nice juicy burger with tomatoes, lettuce, onions, cheese, and pickles with fries. Heaven in food form. After about 30 minutes of lying there, she got up. Now was time for her beauty maintenance. First was a simple trim of the hairs on her legs, next was the blow drying of her hair and coaming. Then was the body lotion to stop her skin from drying out. Rubbing it all over her body except her face. There was an arrangement of skin care products she rubbed carefully and calculated. Getting into the pores with circular gentle motions, moving her face and making weird faces to stretch out parts of the skin to more easily rub it. Finally, she removed the towel on her head and proceeded to blow dry her hair. And that was it, finished.

She walked out of the bathroom with her phone in her hands and the other towels to be thrown in the laundry hamper. She put back on a dressing gown and lay comfortably on her bed. She had planned to throw on a random book from audible and just stay there in peace. However, when she unlocked her phone, she saw she had received a message. From Alex. Her heart went up a few paces as she became a little bit scared of what it could say. Would it be Alex asking about Amy avoiding her, would she be upset, angry, hurt? She opened it expecting the worst, but what she got was totally different;

Hey Amy  
Its Alex  
Sorry we haven't talked in a bit  
Was focused on study  
Was just wondering how your doing

The text was about an hour old, during the time she was in the shower. And Amy couldn't have been more relieved. She had been feeling horrible lately with the way she thought she was avoiding her, but didn't have the courage to just go and talk. Now knowing Alex hadn't even noticed this was a welcome relieve, but Amy couldn't understand why this was.

With nothing else planned and the book not being that important, and maybe feeling a little curious, she decided to call Alex. It rang for a bit before it connected.

“YEAH!” Alex’s voice groaned from the speaker mixed in with metallic sounds. Amy was taken aback by the volume and force put behind the voice. “WHO THE FUCK IS IT?”

“Umm...this is Amy.” She replied in a soft, slightly scared voice.

“Oh shit!” There was the sound of a loud metal clunk. “Sorry Amy, I didn't know that was you. How are you doing?”

“I’m, fine. I’m not interrupting anything. Am I?”

“What, no! I’m just working out. Its not anything important. How’d you get along with the test.”

“Alright, there was a few tricky ones but a managed to get through it. How ‘bout you?”

“Oh, it went great. That study session we did actually help me. Thanks for that by the way.”

“No problem, happy to help.”

“I’m honestly surprised I was able to remember so much since we fucked each other after.”

“Ha, Yeah, funny isn’t it.” She felt her cheeks getting red.

“So, how’s your body doing, when I left you, you were really bloated up.”

“Oh, I’m fine now, the swelling was gone within a day.”

“So then nothing else, nothing wrong. Cause I swear your ass was still large for a bit.”

“No, no. I’m fine.” She didn't want Alex to know how bad it got.

“That’s a relief, it all just sort of... happened. You know. Like, it just got... crazy didn’t it.”

“Yeah, I guess it did. There wasn't anything... bad, was there?”

“Oh fuck no, it was awesome, best sex I’ve had, ever.”

“Really?”

“Course, I mean, your the first girl I met the was able to take all of me. You deserve a medal for that girl!”  
There was a pause. “What about you, was there anything wrong with it.”

“Well, I liked it, it was fun. But the mess after was a bit annoying.”

“Yeah, sorry about that. I should have stayed to help you clean up. Sorry if your place still smells like me.”

“Its fine, I mean, it was a bit much but I managed.”

“Cool, was there anything else, like, I tend to be a little rough in the bed without realising it.”

“No, you didn't hurt me. It was just, a bit extreme for me, with it being my first time.”

“Yeah, I still can't believe you were still a virgin before that night. I mean, you have a bombshell body.”

“Well it’s just something I didn't focus on, gymnastics was my focus over boys and after my diagnosis, my health was more important.”

“Oh, so your into boys and girls, nice. You and me, Bys unite.” Both laughed at Alex’s comment.

“Yeah, yeah. I’m bisexual. Not the crazies thing about me.”

“Well, you’ve got something over most people now.”

“Like what, my body?”

“No, the fact your first time was with a futa and it was brilliant.”

“Yeah, guess it was.”

“Trust me, with the partners I’ve had before, I know. This one time right...” Amy had no intention to listen to Alex talk about her previous sex life and quickly changed the subject.

“Umm hey, are you doing anything tomorrow?”

“Well, nothing really. It’s Saturday so everyones off. I was just planning on staying at my place.”

“You uh, you want to maybe, hangout. If your OK with that.”

“I mean, yeah sure. I’d be up for that. Any ideas?”

“Not really, you?”

“Nah, but it fine. We’ll think up something on the day. I’ll just come over to yours.”

“Well, OK than.”

“Hey, before you go. I have a question, and its quite an important one.”

“What is it?”

“How’s max?”

“Max, who’s ma... oh, I get it. Yes, max is fine.”

“Is he relaxing like you, he came in clutch when we needed him.”

“Yes, he’s relaxing. Have him in a nice closet were no one will disturb him.”

“That’s good to hear, that dildo’s been through a lot.”

“OK Alex, I think its best we part before you want to give him a medal.”

“Alright, wouldn't bother you anymore. Enjoy the rest of your evening.”

“You too, bye.”

“Bye.”

“Bye bye.”

Amy ended the call and knowing Alex wouldn't hear it, with a grin on her face, she said, “Alex, your such a strange, funny person.”

She laid in bed for a good long while, mostly watching random videos that came up. Like a video about Cyprus history, 10 cute easy hairstyles, stuff like that. But after awhile she got bored of that, so she decided to do something else, a bit more interesting. She thought about it for a bit, taking into consideration how long it had been. “*Its been long enough.*” She thought. “*And it will help me get tired.*” So, she got up, grabbed the driest towel there was from the laundry, folded it twice and placed it on the bed. Than she lay down on the bed with the towel resting under her crotch. And with the lighting of her favourite cherry scented candle and some calming background music, she was all set.

Amy placed her index and middle finger on her pussy and slowly moved them in a circle. The feeling was nice as she focused on it. Than with her free hand, she pulled back her dressing gown, gently grabbed one of her boobs and started to massage her areole and nipple. Her breathing became more audible with her eyes closed as she squished and needed her breast and carefully inserted her fingers slightly into her pussy, it made little wet popping sounds as she moved them in and out. She was like this for a few minutes until she decided to go further. She took the index of her free hand placed it on her large nipple. Like her pussy, her nipples were very sensitive, making a placing feeling as she rubbed it than lightly pinched it. If she hadn't milked herself earlier, her nipple would've started oozing. Instead, she felt it getting hard between her fingers as her pleasure climbed. She started to move a bit faster as she felt her climax level climbing inside her. She began making little moaning sounds as she essentially grabbed her swollen pussy and both massaged it and squeezed it. She moaned more and more. Her boobs and butt slowly swelling as her body involuntary bucking her hips as if it was trying to get Amy to shove her whole hand in. Her mind was full of both the erotic feels she presently felt and the possible feeling she could have, the ones she had during sex with Alex. That moment had been true heaven to her, a moment she was now more appreciated of than just trying to avoid anything remotely connected to it. The feeling of Alex's big, hard, warm penis inside of her had been just, perfect. Her breaths became heavier as she thought about that penis, it being inside of her and it pumping her full of hot cum. Her body swelling up larger than ever before, and how much it turned her on. All of it, she wanted deep now, but also scared her, from what could possibly happen to her.

“Oh...fuck, oh fuck.” Her body gave one final buck as her back arched and she reached her peak. She let out a satisfactory groan as some clear liquid squirted from her pussy into her hand. She slouched back on the bed as she rode out the climax. After a few second of breathing, she removed her hand from her pussy with a comedic pop and wiped her hand on the towel. She gave herself I quick look over, her boobs had swelled about a cup and a half her lower half had grown about two inches. Practically pitiful compared to the size she had gotten to last time.

With the towel in the laundry with the rest of the clothes. Amy removed her dressing gown, wrapped a new pair of rubber bands around her nipples. Pulled her pyjamas over her lower half. And with that. She climbed

into bed, turned out the light and proceeded to watch more videos till she passed out and drifted out into the sometimes weird and sometimes horny dreamscape of her mind.

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Amy was walking down a street, there was no body else there. She was all alone. As she walked, she came across a fire hydrant. She fiddled with her hands as she could feel her pussy starting to ooze liquid.

“No one’s here, maybe a quickie.”

She pulled down her skirt and panties and stepped over the fire hydrant. She bit her lip as she lowered her crotch down to it. The cold steel sent a deep shock through her body but that didn't stop her. She forced her body down as her pussy stretched open to take all of the hydrant. She was moaning loudly as her pussy passed the dome and sled down the girthy shaft. Then, now squatting, she pushed herself up and down, the hydrant becoming wet as her juices oozed from her stretched out pussy. She groaned and growled with her hand on her belly, feeling the hydrant press up against her skin as it entered her over and over again. Her pussy now gushed a sticky substance with her screaming her pure pleasure and climax.

“Fuck yes! My pussy is on fire, I’m cumming everywhere.”

But with all the liquid she was gushing, a large puddle was forming under her and before she knew it. She slipped, and sent herself downwards and the hydrant upwards. When she hit the floor, she let out a furious groan of pleasure as her pussy squirted an eruption from underneath, than she heard a crack.

“Oh no, I broken it, it’s leaking!”

Amy watched as her belly became round as the water rushed in, it grew larger and larger. Than her breast started to grow. She watched as they tore right out of her hoodie and started spearing water from her nipples like a fountain. She fell back as she continued to grow bigger and bigger. Her enormous belly touching the other side of the street and her jiggling boobs starting to block out the sky. And all Amy could do was moan, groan and cry out in erotic pleasure.

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At around 12pm, Alex was still in bed. Arms and legs splayed out across her bed in pyjamas, snoring like a monster. The only thing louder than her was the sound of her phone ringing. Her eyes slowly opened as her mind barely registered that she was in her room and that god awful sound was her phone. Slowly, almost drunk like, she reached for her phone and grabbed something.

“Hello?” She said to a water bottle. She dropped it when she realised the ringing continued. She grabbed her phone, making sure to watch her hand while she did it and answered.

“Hello?”

“Hey Alex, it’s Amy.”

“Hey Aims,” She yawned. “What’s up.”

“I was just wondering when you’d drop by.”

“Oh, Yeah, we have that thing today.”

“I didn't wake you, did I?”

“What, no. I’ve been awake for hours.” She yawned again. “Just give me a bit and I’ll be right over.”

“OK, take your-.”

Alex ended the call before Amy could finish. She fell back to her splayed out figure and yawned. She lay there for a bit before begrudgingly pulling herself up. She squinted as her eyes met the sun shining through a crack in the blinds. She looked down at her crotch. Through the fabric of her pjs shorts was the faint outline of a penis.

“No morning wood, good. Less likely to get in my way.”

With an exhausted groan, she rolled out of bed. Planting her feet on the ground, she lifted herself off the oh so warm, ever so comfortable bed and stood up straight. Fixing her oversize sleeping t-shirt. The skull on the front had long faded away and there were a few holes dotted around it but Alex had no intention to get rid of it, it was just something about how the fabric was so soft and it felt so light wearing it that made her cherish it. She took ahold of a part of it and brought it to her nose, and she took in a good long sniff of it. The simple, plain smell reminding her of home. After that, she walked to her closet and opened it. A shirt fell out and Alex said “little shit” as she picked it up and threw it back in. Her clothes were as casual as you can get, basic t-shirts with random designs, several denim jeans in various states of wear, a cargo pants, some blue short shorts, a few jackets, with socks and underwear lazily folded on the bottom. With a few seconds of thinking, Alex grabbed a shirt with the number 89 on it, the blue short shorts, a plain bra, underwear and socks and shut the closet. With all that, she walked out of her bedroom. She passed her makeshift gym, complete with weights, powerlifting rack and bench, exercise bike and even yoga ball. It took up a decent part of the available floor space with the couch having to be pushed right next to the bathroom door and the coffee table resting up against a wall. Alex would go to the gym on campus but very rarely. It was mostly for cardio where she focus more on lifting, a simple inconvenience she had had to deal with.

In the bathroom, Alex just dropped the clothes near the shower and proceeded to get undressed. Placing her shirt on the countertop and letting her pj shorts fall to the ground. She turned on the water and waited for it to get hot, thinking to herself.

*“Should I have a fap?”* She thought. She gave herself a quick look in the mirror, her balls were their normal size and her belly didn't show any signs of being bloated. *“Nah, it's fine, I'll have one tonight.”*

With the water hot enough, she stepped in. Alex's shower routine wasn't as advanced as Amy's, she wet her hair and grabbed some cheap shampoo and dumped some into her hand. She then rubbed it on her hair and on her face too. With a rinse, she grabbed a bar of soap and proceeded to wash all of her body with it. From her shoulders, arms, chest, belly, back, down to her legs. And with the same cheap shampoo, she washed her butt and crotch with it. And that was it, no conditioner or lotions, just a simple wash in under 15 minutes. It took even less for her to dry off and throw on her clothes, having to fix herself a bit to try and stop her penis from being visible in the shorts. She then proceeded to brush her teeth and with that, she was done. She grabbed her pj shorts & shirt and brought them to her bedroom, just throwing them on the bed. She then grabbed her phone from the dresser as she yawned again. She looked through it as she walked back out and to the kitchen, barely missing a bag of rubbish she was meaning to throw out. From her fridge, containing a good amount of food, she pulled out a soda bottle. Unscrewing it, she took a quick swig of it. She winced as she felt the horrible feeling of the soda mixing violently with the residual toothpaste in her mouth, it shocking her wide awake. When she swallowed, she let out a puff of breath like she had just taken a swig of moonshine.

“Fucking hell.” She coughed as she placed the soda back in the fridge.

She was fully awake now, the whole soda toothpaste thing she discovered was the fastest way to wake her up when she needed it. Like a minty-bitter slap to the face. While still dealing with the buzz, she jammed her phone, headphones, wallet and keys in her pockets, put on some low-top red sneakers and was out the door without having anything to eat.

It was a warm day today, when the sun wasn't obscured by the clouds, it would beat down its warm rays onto the ground and anyone walking. Alex enjoyed the feeling of warmth from the sun as she walked down the path, with her giving a nod or a wave to anyone she recognised on her walk. Amy's apartment wasn't really that far away from her's, a short walk that didn't take longer than 3 minutes, mostly since she was a fast walker.

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Amy was sitting at the table, she was wearing her normal outfit when there was a knock at the door.

"It's open." She called out.

The door opened and Alex walked in, having to lower her head.

"Of all the apartments, you get the one with the crappy door."

"It's not that bad, it works fine for me."

"Well, whoever built this place fucked up on this door, it's the only one I have to bend down for."

"Well, they are student apartments, I'm just happy we have running water."

"I know, but, how you fuck up on one door that badly. It's like, six two. Most are like, six six or six eight."

Alex closed the door and walked over to Amy, she was sorting pills into one of those plastic pill box organizers.

"What are you doing?" She pulled up a chair.

"Just sorting out my meds for the week, have to take them daily."

"This part of your HFM?"

"Yeah, painkillers, milk softeners, hormone balancers, plus vitamin pills and antibiotics when I need them. I'm like a walking pharmacy some days."

"Well, You had an injection of vitamin D very recently, so you should be fine." Alex bunched her eyebrows, but Amy looked confused.

"I... don't really get injections, I don't heal very well from them."

"No, not that kind... I'm talking about us fucking."

"OH!" Amy became flustered. "Well, yeah. Guess I did, lot of vitamin D, tons of it, so much."

There was an awkward silence for a bit before Amy thankfully broke it.

"Sorry, sexy talk... it's not my strong suit."

"Ah, it's fine, just trying to be funny." Alex gave herself a big stretch as she leaned back on the chair. "So, what are you thinking on doing today, stay here all day or find something better?"

"Well, I was thinking about getting some lunch. There's a café not far from here that does nice food. That sounds alright?"

“Course, sounds great. Haven’t had anything to eat today.” Alex stood up.

“Actually, would it be alright if you wait a bit, just need to finish with these pills other wise I’ll forget.”

“Alright, can I sit on the sofa?”

“Course, you can.”

“Thanks.” With her phone in hand, she lay on the couch facing Amy’s back. Alex could feel herself starting to sweat just by looking at Amy’s clothes. “You sure you want to wear that hoodie today? It’s rather warm.”

“Oh, it’s fine. Its a light hoodie, plus I don’t have a shirt on underneath.”

“Yeah, but still. Would it be more comfortable in like a shirt or dress or something like that.”

“Not really, I just, I just like wearing hoodies.” Amy didn’t really want to talk about changing clothes, she couldn’t bare the thought of wearing something that showed off her body that much, and with it being a light hoodie, her breast were already showing a bit.

“The skirt is very cool as well, I’ll be fine.”

“OK.” Alex went on her phone. Scrolling through instagram.

“You umm... You look nice today, Alex.”

“Thanks, wanted to show off my strong legs.”

“You have sun block on.”

“Nah, My legs need a bit of a tan anyways.”

“I have some if you need it.”

“Thanks, but I’m good.” Alex looked up from her phone. Now knowing what Amy was packing underneath, she was honestly impressed that she was able to hide it so well most days.

“Alright, all done.” She left the pill box on the table while she got up and stored away the rest of the medication in a cupboard in the kitchen. She than walked back to the table and grabbed her handbag. “Ready to go?”

“Yap.” Alex jammed her phone into her pocket and stood up. “Hey, look. We’re matching.”

“What you mean?”

“Our shoes.” She walked over to Amy and stood next to her. Amy herself had to bend over a bit in order to see properly and chuckled a bit when she saw the shoes together. While Amy’s pair were bright and new, Alex’s were a little more worn, with faded red and greying laces being stretched out over years of use. “And I can tell that yours are much newer than mine.”



“Well, I got mine at the start of the semester. Saw them on sale. Plus, these are slip-ons. Can’t really tie shoe laces any more.”

“I’ve had mine for ages, obviously. I just like wearing them, guess they suit my personality.”

Amy slung her handbags handle around her shoulder. “Well, they fit your outfit very well. Does big boots of yours you wear so much wouldn’t really work with it in my opinion.”

“Your starting to sound like my moms now.”

“I just think they look nice.” She walked to the door and opened it.

“If you start saying I need to start putting on make-up than we’re gonna have some problems.” Alex joked.

The two left the apartments and walked through the park than headed off campus, the place Amy was taking Alex too was only a block and a half away. It was a café that did lunches. Amy had started going there about 3 weeks ago, it had a real character to it. Flags of all the countries in the world, with the old filament bulbs giving it a warm, calming feeling and gorgeous vintage floor tiles straight out of the 60s. But for Amy, it was the small booths they had. Walled in like their own separate tiny rooms with stain glass windows, she found them perfect to be in, not being out in the open where people could stare. When they walked in, the place was rather busy with all sorts of people, mostly students. Amy pointed to the far back. “There should be a free one at the back.” She walked over to the till. “Can I have a number please, me and my friend will be sitting in a booth back there.”

“Of course, ma’am.” The attendee handed her a small stand with the number 7 on it. “I’ll be with you shortly.”

“Thank you.” Both of the girls walk to the back and picked a booth in the corner. In there was a menu standing on the table waiting for them as they slid in.

“It’s a nice place, can’t believe I’ve never been here before.”

“Yeah, I really like it. Foods nice here too, they do sandwiches, roasts, stuff like that.”

Alex picked up the menu. “Better be none of that vegan shit, I want actual food.”

“Think you have to ask for it here.”

“Good, I’ve been burnt before in this town. Ordered a burger in a place once and it was that plant based crap. Ugh, made me sick.” She when to hand the menu to Amy. “Sorry, you didn’t see the menu did you?”

“It’s fine, I know what I’m ordering.”

“OK.” Alex went back to looking. About a minute later, the attendee came over to the booth with a notepad in hand.

“So, want can I get for you two?”

“I’ll just have a BLT please, and some water.” Asked Amy.

“No problem, and for you.”

“Yeah.” Alex placed down the menu. “I’ll have a BLT as well, I’ll also have the club sandwich and the grilled cheese with some fries and a coke.”

The attendee took a bit to write it all down. “And are the fries just for you or both?”

“Aims.” Alex pointed.

“No, no. I’m fine. The BLT is enough for me.”

“OK, It’ll all be ready in a bit.”

“Thank you.” Amy said as the attendee walked off. “Wow, your hungry today.”

“That’s the joys of being a futa my friend, have to eat twice as much calories as a normal person’s daily count.”

“And how much is that?”

“Bout 16,00 calories per day, got to eat that much to maintain muscle mass.”

“Jesus, that’s insane.”

“Yap, that’s why meat and bread are my best friends when it comes to food. Being a futa isn't just having the best of both genders.”

The attendee returned with their drinks with both the girls saying thank you and waiting for her to be out of ear shot so they could continue.

“I never thought about futas needing to eat so much, than again, there isn't really much I know about them in general.”

“Not a lot of people do,” Alex took a sip of her drink. “Most people just know the basics, like the whole two gender thing, being stronger than normal people, that sort of thing.”

“So what kind of stuff isn't common knowledge.” Amy leaned in.

“Well, for starters, my metabolism is faster. Food just rockets through me. And I have a higher body temperature but not by much, it’s like 42 degrees celsius.”

“So the heat doesn’t really effect you that much.”

“Not really, its the winters that really get me. I’d be shaking like crazy in autumn like I’m in the Artic.”

“I’m guessing your fully wrapped up in winter gear the second August ticks over to September.”

“Oh, 100%. I hate the cold, hate winter, hate snow. None of that is for me.” Alex took another drink. She was going to ask her about Amy’s HFM but remembered how she had gotten when Alex had found out, so she just decided to change the subject.

“So, you watch anything good recently.”

“I have actually, this show called the crown.”

“I’ve watched it as well, you think it good.”

“Yeah it is, only on season one at the moment. But I am enjoying it. I needed something cozy and dramatic to watch that isn't so, murder-y like game of thrones.”

“Okay, so? What you think of it?”

“Honestly? It’s better than I thought. The actress that plays Elizabeth is... intense. She doesn’t yell, she just stares and everyone folds.”

“Bet she could win a fistfight with just her eyes.”

“Yeah, she could.” Amy took a sip of water. “So, what do you like to watch?”

“I’m ok with anything really, drama, crime, fantasy. All that kind of stuff. But I haven’t really been watching much lately. Just random vids on YouTube and working out.”

“You work out everyday?”

“Oh of course, I might have an odd day where I decided to take a break but besides that, yeah everyday. I find its a nice way to decompress after class.”

Alex stopped talking as the food arrived, the attendee placed a large tray on the table with some effort and carefully positioned each plate in front of the girls.

“Alright, thats everything. If you need anything else just come to the till.”

Both of the girls said thanks as they were left alone to eat. The food itself was nice, with the two barely talking. When Amy was finished, she moved her empty plate to the side and slumped back on her seat.

“Mmm, this stuff is good aims.” Said Alex as she was half way through her second sandwich. “You picked a great place.”

Amy giggled a little. “Thanks.” She took a swig of her drink. “I find it funny you call me aims.”

“Why?”

“Its just what my sisters call me, and its been a while since I heard it.”

“You don’t mind it, do you?”

“Course not, its fine.”

“Cool, just don’t want to upset you.” Alex took a large bite.

Amy waited for her to finish. “Have you had any nicknames?”

“Umm... Yeah. A few. When I was little, my moms called me carrot top when I was a kid.”

“Aww, that sounds really sweet.”

“I hated it, and they knew I hated it. But they still called me that to get a rille out of me. After that was Buckie, had buck teeth for a while. Like full on sticking out of my mouth even when it was closed. And than in high school, I got given the name bruiser after I kept getting into fights.”

“And I assume you won them.”

“Obviously! Those annoying little twinks learned the hard way not to pick fights with futas.” She finished off her sandwich and moved onto the final one. “Can’t imagine you got into fights.”

“No, I didn’t. I was best described as the teacher’s pet back then. Good attendance and all that.”

“Don’t tell me you reminded the teacher about homework did you?”

“I...umm.”

“Oh my god you did! You little rat.”

“It was only one time, and I immediately regretted it.”

“I imagine you got some killer death stares after that.”

“I did. If looks could kill I wouldn't be here today.”

Alex laughed as she took a bite. With the pause in talking, Amy decided to ask a question.

“So, hey. After this, you want to do anything else. Or will we just head back to my apartment.”

“Probably back to yours.” Alex muffled with food in her mouth. “I kind of just wanted to relax today.”

“Honestly, same.”

Amy finished off her drink as she waited for Alex to put away the last of her meal and wipe her face. The two shuffled out of the booth together as Alex gave an audible burp.

“Excuse you!” Amy said in a shocked tone.

“Aw man, nothing like a good burp after a great lunch.”

“It would help if you said excuse me.”

“OK, fine. I'll say it next time.” The two made their way through the cafe towards the till to pay, Amy looked back to continue talking.

“It's a bit rude not to, you don't want people thinking your a pig.”

“Oh please, its one burp. It's not like I fully sent out a foghorn across the-Amy watch out!”

Alex went to grab her but wasn't quick enough. Amy plowed right into the attendee as they were bringing out a tray of food. Both the tray and attendee went crashing to the ground as Amy recoiled backward, Alex caught her but the momentum kept her going and right into the table of a couple, spilling their drinks.

“Fucking hell, Amy. You OK?” She wasn't.

When her body collided with the attendee, she had felt her boobs squish into her body. Send an unwanted shock through her body. And with the scene she had created, she felt every eye in the cafe staring daggers right into her. She felt the rush of heat that accompanies the feeling of embarrassment and anxiety as she fixed herself, Alex went over to the attendee as Amy desperately tried to fix the drinks on the table.

“I-I-I'm so sorry, I didn't mean...” She stopped when she noticed that the man was staring right at the place she absolutely didn't want anyone looking. She instinctively wrapped her arms around her chest in a feeble attempt to hide them. She stepped back a bit and bumped into the attendee again, sending her to the floor again. “Sorry, I didn't, I didn't mean, I didn't see...” She shot her arms down to her side like a soldier.

“It's fine, it's fine.” They said as Alex helped them up again. However, when she planted her feet on the ground, one of them stepped into a puddle of sauce which caused her to slip. She fell forwards, right into Amy, and right into her boobs. There was a pause while Amy looked at her with horror, she saw the attendee turn red as both her hands sank into the boob flesh. Amy feeling a rush of pleasure from the hand palms pressing into her now hard nipples. Suddenly, Amy violently shoved the attendee away from her and into the arms of Alex. Without saying anything, Amy march passed both of them and straight to the door.

“I'm sorry.” Said Alex, helping the attendee to her feet for the fourth time. “She has... bad anxiety problems. Excuse me.” She jammed three 20s into their hand and walked after Amy as the attendee stood there, next to the mess and thinking, “*though were some big ass titties.*”

Amy was walking in quick pace as Alex came up beside her. "Aims, what's wrong?" She placed a hand on her shoulder but Amy immediately slapped it away.

"Don't touch me!"

"Amy, slow down." She walked in front of her and Amy stopped. She was severely fidgeting with her gloves, to the point she was about to rip them apart. Her face was red and sweat was starting to form on her forehead.

"Why wasn't I looking, so stupid!" She stomped her foot hard.

"Amy please, tell me what's wrong?"

"She touched me. She touched my breast. And, and, and everyone was staring. Staring at them. And now my hormones have gone up, and I'm trying not to get a flare up in public. I think, I think I'm having a panic attack." Her breathing was laboured as she was trying to hold back tears.

"Is there anything I can do?" Alex said in a concerned voice.

"Just... don't touch me. It's all sensitive." She pulled her hoodie over her head.

"Should I call someone, like an ambulance?"

"No, No ambulance! No doctors!" She snapped angry. "I just... I need to get back."

"Back to the apartment?"

"Yes."

"Ok, we can do that." Amy started speed walking again with Alex close behind. It was a nightmare for her, she could feel every inch of fabric rubbing up against her skin, the sweat making it cling to her on every side. Like her clothes were starting to squeeze around her, making her feel like she was locked inside a furnace stacked full with coal and blazing away. She felt queasy as a rush of unfiltered emotions flooded her brain, she was thinking of everything all at once and couldn't focus. She was on auto pilot as she march to the apartment. Alex had tried to talk to her but she wasn't responding, she was dead set on getting to her safe place.

When they arrived, Amy barged through the door and b lined it to the kitchen. She pulled out a box of pills from the cabinet and then grabbed a glass from the rack. Alex could only watch as Amy let the glass fill up from the tap as she started to moan and twitch while she was setting three large pills on the counter.

"Umm...Amy. Whats..."

"Just wait!" She didn't even look at her. She grabbed the glass as she carefully placed a pill in her mouth and took a large swing of water, she did this two more times. She then walked over to the couch and gently sat down. She closed her eyes and twitched, her moans started to get higher, her parts on the verge of swelling up violently. Than there was a pause, followed a large outlet of air from Amy's mouth as she began to relax. "It's ok, it's going down."

"So, you good?"

"Yeah, I'm fine now." She placed her head back as Alex walked over to her.

"Is it ok if I sit?"

"Of course."

She made sure there was a good distance between them. “So, what was all that?” There was concern in her voice.

Amy lifted her head up as she pulled down her hood. “Best way to describe it is like a rush of emotions and feelings, sort of like a panic attack. When I get stressed, my body reacts to it, and if I don't get it under control fast enough, I expand like crazy. And seeing all those people staring at me just set me off. And when that worker landed on my breasts, it freaked me out. The feelings just overwhelmed me. I'm sorry about being rude.”

“There's no need to apologise. I understand.”

“Thanks.”

“Is there anything else you need.”

“Nah, the meds I took have helped. I just need to relax for a bit.” She thought for a moment. “Alex, I hope you don't mind. But could you stay here for a bit, I don't like being alone after an episode.”

“Of course, I wasn't even planning on leaving.”

For the rest of the afternoon, the two remained in the apartment. Barely doing anything except random chatting and brewing more coffee, with the tv on for some background noise. Amy was the one doing most of the talk while Alex just listened, letting her friend go on about stuff like parts of the course she didn't much like, the food on campus not really being that great, or tiny hints of drama happening with students and eventually to the topic of past relationships.

“I wasn't really the type of person who did relationships in high school.” Said Amy. “I was more focused on other stuff.”

“Like what? Being a star pupil.” Joked Alex.

“Not really, well sort of. I was more focused on gymnastics, that was my real passion. And when I joined the state team. That became my main priority. Won a few medals even.”

“Oh cool, you should show me sometime.”

“There all at my parents house, maybe when I head back for thanksgiving I'll bring some back.”

“Honestly, do.” She took a sip of coffee. “I'd like to see how good you were.”

“Oh, I was quite good. Course, being flexible really helped. I still am.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, its a side effect of the HFM. I can still do stuff like the splits if I wanted to.”

“You should do one now for the hell of it.” Alex giggled.

“Ok, sure.” Amy put her mug on the table and got up.

“Wait Amy, I was joking.”

She walked into the middle of the room. She kicked her shoes off and placed her hands on her hips. Then, with very little effort, she slid her right leg forward and her left back while keeping her body centred, lowering herself easily to the ground.

“Ta-da.” She said when she was fully lowered. “Easy as pie.”

Alex's eyes were widened in honest surprise. "That's insane. You just dropped into it like gravity owed you a favour."

"It's really not that impressive." She lowered herself to one side and straightened her legs, then got up and walked back to the couch.

"No, it is! If I tried that, I'd pop something. And does it hurt at all?"

"Nope, all I feel is a little tightness in my muscles but that's it."

"Could you do that thing, like, when people touch the back of their head with their feet?"

"Yeah, I guess I could."

"Don't do it now, I don't want you to actually hurt yourself."

"Doing that wouldn't, I'd be in more danger just walking. Because my muscles are loose, I'm more prone at rolling my ankles."

"Oooo, nasty."

"Well, the added weight I gained doesn't really help the matter." She motioned to her body.

"And that's a result of the HFM?"

"Yap, can't really help it. It's just how my body works." There was a pause as both girls wondered what to say next. Alex was the one who broke it with a cough.

"So, Amy. I know this might be a little off topic and out of nowhere. But I wanted to ask you something?"

"Ok, shoot."

"Well, it's about that night we had together. I know we sort of talked about a bit before but... would it be alright if we talk about it properly?"

Amy was taken back a bit. "I mean, yeah we can. I'm OK with it."

"OK than..." She straightened herself up. "So, well... what's the best way to say this... I just wanted to know how you feel about the whole thing. Like, you swelled up a bit from it."

"Oh, the swelling wasn't a problem. It's not like it hadn't happened before."

"Are you sure, I mean, I think your doctor may say otherwise." She looked passed Amy towards her bedroom.

"Well, I will admit, being that size was a bit of a... problem. And it was hard to try and hide it. I didn't really focus on it, I was more worried about the test."

"Yeah but, I mean what you went through was rather extreme. And I didn't really help with matters. I more or less caused it. I should've at least checked on you instead of focusing on that damned test. I guess what I'm trying to say is, after seeing how you reacted in the café, I realised I probably caused you even worse anxiety as a result of us fooling around."

Amy was silent for a few seconds as she try to formulate a response in her head. She didn't want to lie to Alex, she hated when people did that to her. But she also didn't want to make her feel bad for what happened. So, doing her best on to sound horrible, she decided to let Alex hear the truth.

“To be honest, it was a bit tricky after. Like, I was nervous with the idea of people looking at me. And the test didn't help. But, genuinely, the most I was nervous about, actually what I was scared of the most was running into you. You see, Alex, this might sound mean, but I was avoiding you. Not cause I was angry at you or anything. I wasn't sure how it would go. I was terrified of the worst possible thing happening and I didn't even know what that was. I just, looking back at it now, what I did wasn't cool. I should have at least tried talking to you or even text but I was just too... scared.”

“I see.”

“Don't take it the wrong way please, I think your a great person. Its just...”

“No, no. I get it. I know how it can get, you avoiding me isn't a problem. I understand that you need your space from things as to not give you a panic attack. I'm just happy you told me about it.”

“Ok, cool.” She felt a large weight lift from her shoulders. She had braced herself for the worst to come out of Alex's mouth, and was so incredibly thankful it had been something simple and comforting. “Glad its not an issue.”

“Why would it be, and listen, you ever have another one of those panic attacks again. Just tell me and I'll help out the best I can.”

“Thanks.”

Alex took a sip. “Sorry again for the whole, swelling thing. If I'd a known that would've happened, you'd still be a virgin.”

“Well, sure the aftermath was a bit of a pain to deal with but the before, you know the sex, it was actually really nice. Like super nice.”

“Oh, I could tell. You were having the time of your life.”

“I was honestly, I mean I've of course pleased myself before, who hasn't. But it was all so different with another person. All those amazing feelings from inside me, it was just... ahh. And the way I felt when I swelled, it was so much better than anytime it happened before. So electric and natural rather than forced like most times. Perfect is the best way I can describe it. All of it, right up to the point you...”

Alex was looking at her with a cheeky grin as she tapped her mug. “When I pumped you up with so much cum you looked 8 months pregnant.”

Amy blushed. “Yeah, even that too.”

“Well I'm very glad I was able to satisfy you.” She giggled at herself as she turned to the TV to watch some cheesy action going on.

While she was looking, Amy herself was looking but not at the TV. She was peeking at Alex's crotch as a number of curious and lustful thoughts whirled around inside her head. Talking about how she had felt made her body call out to her for the same amazing feelings again. Maybe it was because it was the weekend, maybe it was because of last nights sections and subsequently wet dream, maybe it was a result of the emotional rollacoaster she had been on, or maybe cause it seem like there was nothing else to do. She told herself internally with confidence, fuck it.

“Hey Alex, you have anything planned for the rest of the day?”

“Umm, no not really. Why?”

“Well, I hope you don't mind but I was thinking if it's not too much of an issue.”

Alex turned back to see a coy look of Amy's face which she immediately interpreted. "Oh, so you want to have some fun together."

"I was... Yes, Yes can we"

"I mean, are you sure. Could you really handle another swelling like last time."

"The meds I took should keep my size gain to a minimum."

"You sure, or just guessing?"

"Positive." She lied.

"OK, I'm down so long as you are." Alex put her mug on the table and got up. She then started to pull her top off.

"I hope you don't mind," Amy said as she too got up and pulled down her skirt and panties. "But could we like, do it here instead of my room."

Alex turned to her as she unclipped her bra. "Let me guess, you want to be close to the shower for afterwards."

"Actually, its just because I have new sheets on my bed and I don't want them ruined." She said as she finished pulling off her stockings and went to grab her hoodie.

"But there'll be a mess on the couch I assume."

"It's fine, I need to clean that couch anyway."

"OK, fine by me." She unzipped her shorts and pulled them down, she revealed her already erect penis. She saw Amy pull her hoodie up over her braless boobs. "So, you go braless often."

"Not really, just decided today."

Of course, Alex took this as an opportunity to have some fun of her own.

"You weren't planning on us having sex today, were you?"

"Well, not really."

"Than why no bra?"

"I just, just thought..." She stumbled over her words, Alex gave her a cheeky grin as Amy turned away to hide her own grin.

“I’m just messing with you.” She dropped her shorts and kicked off her shoes, then sat back down on the couch with her penis standing loud and proud. “So, want to get right into it like last time.”

Amy fully removed her hoodie and fixed her hair, leaving on her gloves. “Actually, can we do some stuff before that.”

“OK, foreplay. I know the best kind for you. Sit next to me.” Amy did as she was asked and sat right next to her, Alex then placed her hands on Amy’s shoulders. “Just lay yourself against me.” Amy could feel Alex’s boobs against her bare back as she was pulled in close. Then, Alex reach down to Amy’s chest and took hold of both breasts. “How does a boob massage sound?”

“Sexy... and nice.”

Alex carefully began to rub the two large mounts of flesh before her. The feeling of them was warm and soft as she worked her fingers around them. Amy closed her eyes as she silently enjoyed the pleasurable feeling her sensitive skin gave off. This lasted for about two minutes before Alex moved her hands to the nipples.

“Can I?” She said as she pinched the rubber band.

“Please.” Amy whispered back.



She unwrapped the bands from Amy's nipples and left them fall. Then with the tips of her fingers, she sensually rubbed Amy's nipples in a circular motion. Amy started to breathe through her mouth as she felt a pleasurable feeling growing in the tips of her breasts. Alex toyed with her, first making circles around the nipples ever so slowly, then she gently pinched them. Milk started to ooze out as she squeezed and twisted them. Amy moaned quietly through her teeth with her eyes still shut, turning her head towards Alex. Now with milk dripping down the underside of her breasts and on to her thighs, Alex released her grip from the now hard nipples and, with her index fingers, carefully flick them as she squeezed the boobs together with her warm hands. Milk now squirted in small arches onto the coffee table while Alex turned her head to Amy's and started kissing her, the moans being replaced with the soft smacks of lips meeting. As they did so, Alex stopped playing with Amy's nipples and just simply pressed her boobs together. Amy moved her hand down to her crotch but Alex grabbed it.

"Not yet." She said in a sedentary tone. "Don't want you to spoil yourself before we get to the best part."

Amy moved her hand away as Alex leaned over her shoulders, she pulled a nipple upwards and with great care, she lowered her mouth around it. With her lips and tongue, she sucked out the warm milk from its teat for only a half minute before she let it go with a small wet smack from her lips. She then looked at Amy's who's cheeks were bright crimson.

"Would you like a taste?" She said.

"No, I... don't like the taste."

“Aw, that’s unfortunate. Really missing out.” She let go of both breasts. With Amy making a face of disappointment.

“Why’d you stop, I really liked that.”

“I know you did, but that was just the foreplay. We made other plans remember.”

“I guess.”

“Don’t worry, next time I’ll give you a full on professional massage to make up for it.”

“Next time?”

“Oh, we’ll be having a few more next times.” She gave her a little kiss on the cheek than slumped away from her onto the couch. “So, you gonna help me drain my balls or do I have to do it myself.”

Without saying a word, Amy got up to reposition herself and immediately whacked her leg into the coffee table.

“Ow, dammit!” She blurted out.

“Goddamn Aims, slow down. My dick isn’t going anywhere.” She sat up to check on her.

“Stupid table.” She said as she pushed it out of the way.

“That table’s out to get you, that’s twice you’ve hit it now.” Alex reached out and took hold of Amy’s hand. She then slowly pulled the girl closer to her. “Want me to kiss it better, or will we just fuck already?”

“Umm...the. The second part.”

With a sexy smile, Alex slowly turned Amy’s hips so her butt was at her eye level. Now looking at it properly, she was honestly impressed by the sheer size of it. She couldn’t help herself and grabbed handfuls of each cheek.

“Fuck, Girl. Your ass is just beautiful.”

“Thanks.” Amy’s said sheepishly.

Alex repositioned herself so her hips were in line with Amy’s, then took hold of the base of her penis. “Now, lower yourself, carefully.”

With Alex’s free hand on her hip. She started to squat down towards the awaiting penis. As she did so, Alex watched as it looked like her butt was starting to swell in front of her, but it was only a result of Amy bending down. She stopped when she felt the lips of her pussy meet the tip of Alex’s member, her pussy juice dripping onto it.

“O-ok, here I go.” With that, Amy pushed herself down. She felt her lips part as Alex’s dick slide in. She took in gasps of air as she lowered herself to a point she felt the head of the penis touch her cervix, then slowly moved her pelvis up and down. Alex watched as the large backside in front bounced hypnotically, the cheeks rising up and spreading apart on the way up than crashing down against each other in beautiful ripples. She couldn’t help taking both hands a grabbing whole palms fulls of ass cheek, feeling the shockwaves on each descent. She was lost in the moment. Then taken out of it again when Amy suddenly stopped. Before Alex could say anything, Amy placed her hands on Alex’s knees and felt her push down on her rock hard dick. The seconds of resistance gave way to the large butt slamming onto Alex’s pelvis as her dick slid past the cervix and both girls letting out grunts of pleasure. Amy lifted her butt up again then once more brought it back down with her stopping for a split second halfway down. This continued to the point the half-way pause ceased and Amy was bouncing up and down while making slapping sounds when her rear met

Alex's body, with Amy watching the shape of the penis slide up and down her belly. The rider making all manner of noises from moans to grunts, from gasps to squeaks. And the receiver simply taking strong breaths, biting the side of an index finger and a hand rubbing her gradually swelling belly. She could feel the gurgles with the feeling of her lower half slowly getting bloated and tighter. This whole thing went on for 15 minutes till suddenly Amy stopped again. She let out moans of sexual passion as a warm clear liquid flowed from her pussy, down Alex's swollen balls and onto the cushion. She was breathing heavily after she stopped.

"Fuck, I just came." She said between laboured breaths.

"You sure sound like you did."

"Can we...Can we take a little break. Please?"

"Of course."

Amy slowly started to rise from the erect rod.

"Careful now, watch you down fall over." Alex said.

With a little wet pop and a small grunt from Amy, Alex's penis emerge, slick and shiny. Alex made sure to hold her arms out incase Amy lost her balance. She took little steps to the other side of the couch and drop herself with a creek from the furniture's frame.

"You need a drink of something, water, soda, coffee?" Alex asked. Amy looked lazily towards her to say something back but completely forgot when she saw the size of her lower torso.

"Woah, your really big!" She said surprised

"Oh come on, this is nothing compared to the size you got. Mind you, I'm feeling your gonna be bigger this time. I'm cooking up a large batch of batter in here and it won't be ready for another few minutes." She rubbed it, her abs looking strange on a belly that bloated. "So, you don't want anything?"

"Actually, can I have some water please if your getting it?"

"Sure thing." She got up and walked towards the kitchen, Amy watching as that sparkling member waved from side to side with each step. "You want it from the tape?"

Amy didn't answer, just stared as it swung.

"Hey, Amy Jackson."

"Huh, what?"

"You want tape or bottle."

"Bottle please, there's a large one in the fridge."

Alex took to cups from the drying rack and reached for the fridge, she had to be careful when both open and closing it so she didn't get pussy juice on it from her still erect penis. When she returned with both cups filled to the top, she handed one off to the waiting hands of Amy and both girls took long swigs, the water tasting of coolness and relief. Amy finished much quicker than Alex, gulping it all down in just a few seconds while Alex took her time. Amy's eyes once again fell of her sex partners rather routined tummy.

"So, is that really all cum?" She asked.

"Pretty much. Listen" Alex shook her body very quickly from side to side and from her abdomen came the muffled sound of sloshing. "It's a bit weird isn't it."

“You sure I’ll be bigger this time, I mean, you sort of look like half of what I was.”

“Well, when I finally climax, my body make a huge amount of sperm very quickly. Like a surge of cum from my body. It’s a side effect of the hyperspermia I have. In normal guys, it just increases the volume, but for me, my body is making it all the time and rather quickly. That’s why I have to ejaculate almost everyday to stop getting bloated and swollen balls, plus my penis gaining inches can be a bit of an inconvenience.”

“Wait, you’re say it can get bigger? Bigger than that!”

“Probably, I’ve just never seen how big I can get. And speaking of getting bigger, looks like someone has had her own growth spurt.” She point to Amy’s chest which had swelled up a bit along with her lower half.

“Well, I’m not as big as last time and probably would get that much bigger thanks to the meds.”

“Well, we’ll just have to see how big you get this time.” She finished off her drink. “So, we keep going?”

“Oh fuck yes, ride me like crazy.”

With a smile, Alex walked over to her, she took a knee on the couch and beacons her over with a finger. Amy awkwardly scooted over to her which made her giggle a little. Alex giggled as well before slowly pulling her back on the couch. She gently pushed Amy’s legs open than took only of her penis and lightly taped it on Amy’s dilated pussy in a teasing way. Then, with little effort this time, she slid it in again. Amy’s breaths harmonised with the smacking sounds coming from underneath her, with her feeling even more sensitive than before. Her hair fell over her face while biting her lip, her ardour charge pussy was firing off whole volleys of pleasure through her body like a power station on high demand. This was more than last time, this was better. They had stopped when she peaked last time but now, she’d gone passed the peak and was thundering down the mountain riding a dick the whole way right to the bottom. And that bottom was getting close. Alex could feel it inside her, her balls were swollen to their maximum size, her sperm banks were at capacity and her prostate was screaming for sweet release. After about nearly ten minutes of holding it back as long as she could, so Amy could enjoy herself as long as possible, Alex closed her eyes as she could feel the orgasm ready to pounce.

“Ai-Aims, I’m... gonna cum. Hard!”

“Yes, cum inside me, Please, fill me up!” Amy moved even faster, like she was trying to make Alex ejaculate.

Finally, after about 30 complete minutes of pure erotic sex from start to the edge of ending, Alex gave one last hard thrust with an almighty smack, every muscle within her clenched hard as her cum rocketed from her penis and straight into Amy’s body. The two moaned loudly with one throwing her head back while the other watch it delight as Amy’s belly swelled with her breast splayed out. As soon as the cum had left its place in Alex, more quickly rushed in to replace it. Her body making it as fast as she expelled it. Another gush of clear liquid came from Amy’s pussy as her belly stretched larger and larger, it’s weight starting to push both her down into the couch.



When it was all finally over, the once smooth belly had ballooned to a lustful size. With the event now over, they remained there for a bit breathing heavily, sweating, and spent. Alex was the first to croak out a few words.

“Aims. You...Good?”

“I...think...so...you?”

“Empty...completely.” She looked to her belly, shrunken and with some cum splatter on it. “Shit...Your bigger...than last time, I think.”

Amy too pulled her head up. “Woah...I am.” Her head fell back. “How...is that...possible.”

“I didn't jerk...myself off today...so that might be the...cause.”

“Could...be.”

They sat in silence for a little while with it only being interrupt by the occasional loud gargle from Amy's large belly.

“Aims, can I just say...I’m so happy we met each other.”

“Me too, me too.” She pushed her head up again. “Now, how do we get to the shower this time?”