

Chemical Control

I : Leering

Alkim

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

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

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

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

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

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

He parked in the driveway, fumbled around for the right key, entered and hurriedly removed his shoes, discarding them by the front door. He rushed into his room, threw off his uniform, and began changing into something more relaxing. He selected some cheap, breathable shirt, and performance shorts, which was all he could comfortably wear in this late summer heatwave.

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

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

She laughed. "Tsk, tsk, Murder will cost you tips."

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

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

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

Fuck, it's like she's photoshopped.

In a way, she kinda was; tattoos, piercings, purple hair, nose job, and double-eyelid surgery were far from natural. None of that made her any less attractive to Alkim, and it definitely didn't detract from her natural assets, those being her huge, natural, F-cup tits. Big, round, perky, and all around photogenic. Her nipples were poking into the thin white fabric of her shirt, this one featuring a Japanese, cartoon drawing of a milk carton on it, because of course it did.

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

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

A self-conscious Kate might notice how often her nipples slipped out of her tops, or she might check that she was wearing panties underneath the long men's shirts she'd pilfered from Alkim's

wardrobe. Truthfully, it was hard to imagine Kate ever changing her wardrobe just because of his staring, but why take the risk?

Fucking hell, what a body.

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

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

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

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

Holy fucking shit.

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

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

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

Eye contact, eye contact, eye contact!

Never before had human eyes been so difficult to focus on. Kate broke Alkim's internal panic by offering to make him a drink, which he eagerly accepted, following her into the kitchen. The moment she turned around he couldn't help but notice the rest of her "outfit," if it could even be called that. The only clothes to grace her lower body were a pair of lacy purple panties wedged

between the perfect globes of her ass. No skirt, pants, shorts, or even indecently-short shorts. Just panties.

Alkim figured if this were a cartoon, this is when his eyes would have shot out of his face, and his mouth would have let out a steamboat whistle, or at least an “Awooga!” He was practically drooling. The rolling motions of her glutes were so hypnotic that he nearly crashed into her when she stopped at the kitchen table to make him that drink.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Still, his new home came with new challenges.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Underboob! For the Gym! At three am!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He had no idea how right he was.

II : Visions

Alkim

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

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

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

Kate was only into other goth chicks. *Red-dyed hair, nose piercing, tattoo of a tiger on her shoulder. Yup, she's definitely Kate's type.* Kate considered herself to be a transhumanist. The girl's body itself almost didn't seem to matter to Kate much. So long as the girl wasn't too fat (the Chinese tendency towards fat-shaming was nigh unbreakable), Kate seemed attracted to any kinds of body modification, as if the human body itself was just an uninteresting canvas for tattoos and piercings. It was a strange mix of extremely shallow and extremely forgiving criteria; despite putting so much effort into her own ten-out-of-ten body, Kate was attracted to almost any six-out-of-ten girl who met her standards of goth fashion and body modification, which Alkim had yet to begin deciphering.

"Amazing," said Alkim.

"What's amazing?" asked Kate.

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

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

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

They'd had variations of this conversation before, but each of them still seemed baffled by the other's stance. The goth stuff didn't turn Alkim off, but it definitely didn't do much for him. Like a lot of guys, Alkim was much more focused on a girl's face and body, and considered everything else mere background noise. He didn't really understand fashion, but he knew clothes and piercings could be easily changed.

Unfortunately, the human body wasn't so malleable.

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

It was a couple seconds after they stopped moving before Alkim noticed her smirking—her point clearly proven—that he realized she was waiting for some sort of reply. He quickly blurted one out. "Not true. I have several other equally shallow qualities that I care about."

Nailed it.

Out of habit, Alkim crossed his right leg over his left, hiding a growing boner from her sight. Hiding erections was a never ending battle around her.

She blew a raspberry at him, "You're such a dude."

Alkim couldn't disagree, but he could retort, "And you're like a confused peacock, only flashing your colorful feathers in the mirror, and ignoring every suitable female with fewer tats or piercings."

That got a laugh out of her, "Do you only think in animal facts?"

"... Maybe."

"OH!" her face lit up, "I just remembered, I finished mixing the new DMT into a vape fluid! Wanna try it out?" Kate's excitement was palpable.

"Fuck yes! Let's do it now!" Alkim was so down, the first batch they made after they met was ineffective, and they'd been meaning to try it again.

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

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

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

Mouth to mouth.

Lip locked.

Lip to lip with Kate.

Kissing.

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

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

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

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

Fuck!

Her lips were sooo soft. Contact was very light, not like a real kiss, but it was so much more than Alkim had ever hoped for. He still couldn’t believe this was actually happening. Alkim felt his chest filling with her gift of hallucinogenic vapors, and just like that she pulled back. Alkim held his breath for a moment, then slowly exhaled. Then Kate brought the vape up to his lips, and he inhaled strongly, trying to get as much of the vapor into his lung as possible. Not even for the high anymore, but just so he could have more time locking lips with her. Once again, Kate brought her face to meet Alkim's, and he gave her everything he had in his lungs. After a few rounds of this the two were finally starting to feel it and they laid down on the bed side by side.

Alkim was already on cloud nine from basically kissing Kate multiple times, and then he finally started to hallucinate. This was very different from anything he’d done before, more than just the popping colors and shifting patterns one gets from LSD or magic mushrooms. Surprisingly, this was more akin to how people hallucinate in cartoons. Alkim was actually seeing things that weren't there at all; a real pink elephant trip. As he stared up at the white ceiling, the texture of the material shifted into a carpet of stars, and when Alkim closed his eyes he could see even more vivid images; an entire cosmic backdrop that felt both exhilarating and strangely familiar.

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

First H₂O, then CO₂, and then they combined into ever more complicated organic compounds. He saw sugars, amino acids, nucleic acids, steroidal compounds, and the polymer forms that truly complicated biochemistry. Names for these came to his mind and vanished just as quickly. Relatively simple structures like glucose, lactose, testosterone, and estrogen, gave way to ever more complicated proteins that seemed familiar, and eventually nucleic acid chains far beyond his understanding.

Alkim felt his mind beginning to overload with all this chemistry, and when his will couldn't change the substance of the vision he panicked, opening his eyes and once again beholding the ceiling of Kate's room. Was it over? Had he seen the entire human genome in that time?

No way! Jurassic Park said it would take two years to read the entire DNA strand!

It was all so vivid, so much more intense than he could have ever imagined. Yet, he had imagined it all, hadn't he?

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

Alkim's vivid chemical dream was erased from his mind, replaced with the stupefying sight of his not-so-secret-crush. The first things he saw were her hard nipples poking right into the edges of the milk carton design on her shirt. Then he became aware of something else. In addition to the rhythmic expansion and contraction of her rib cage, he noticed the slightest of movements beneath her shirt. Kate's tits were growing. It was almost imperceptible at first, but before Alkim's very eyes, her nipples came an inch closer to him. Then another, and another.

She's fucking growing!

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

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

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

Holy shit holy shit holy shit!

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

RIIIIIIP!

The shirt just burst open like an old dam, freeing Kate's glorious milkers, and Alkim wished he was a salmon swimming up that waterfall. What a vision Kate was: back against the wall, tits completely eclipsing her thighs, blue veins visible just under the surface, thin jets of milk spraying out from her nipples, which had fully engorged, and darkened from pink to red. That proved to be too much for Alkim to just observe. All he could think about was wrapping his lips around those delicious, pink nipples and feeding himself with her divine lactation. What it would be like to taste her, drink from her, feel those incredible orbs in his hands, wrap his arms around as much of her tit-flesh as he could get. Alkim was salivating, his cock was throbbing with need for her, for this big-titty, milky, goth goddess.

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

"You okay?" he heard Kate ask.

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

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

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

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

"Sounds cool," she replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“That’d be nice.”

Alkim didn’t know if Kate was still hallucinating, but it looked like her gaze lingered on his lips for a bit before it met his eyes. *Keep dreaming, idiot.* Alkim decided he was definitely not all there yet. Still tired from work and now desperately horny, Alkim decided that was enough Kate for tonight.

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

“Night, Alkim.”

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

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

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

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

Fuck!

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

Alkim finally opened his eyes and took in his soiled bedding. Cum had rained down on the blankets in a three foot radius around his waist. It felt like a lot more than was normal for him, but in the dark he couldn't really tell how big the load was. Part of him knew he should clean up now, but Alkim was completely spent, still a little high, and way too tired to do anything but drift off into dreamless sleep.

III : Simmering

Alkim

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

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

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

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

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

The last thing Alkim expected was for her to instantly agree, take a long drag, and bring her lips to his before Alkim could say a word. Kate got close enough for Alkim to feel her tits pressing lightly into his pecs. *Holy shit!* She definitely wasn't wearing a bra. Alkim could almost feel the jabs from her nipple piercings through his thin tank top. He was caught completely off-guard, frozen stiff on the couch as she exhaled into his mouth. She finished exhaling, but her lips lingered for a couple seconds before she finally pulled back, settling back on the couch to his right. Alkim was so stunned that he didn't exhale the vapor for several moments, while Kate was already scrolling through Postmates and offered to order just a ton of food to share.

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

Fuck!

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

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

Fuck yes! Don't stop, Kate!

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

Take it all!

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

He hoped this wasn't going to become a regular thing. It would be very suspicious if he needed to shower three times a day. Yet a much deeper part of him wanted so much more. He wanted that vision to become reality. He wanted to be Kate's relief. He wanted Kate to need him like she needed that fucking vape.

IV : Discovery

Kate

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

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

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

Ooooh yeah... that's the stuff.

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

What the fuck?

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

Of course he used it. It was his mug from the La Brea Tar Pits, featuring a California flag with Saber-Toothed cat in place of a bear.

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

Kate was perplexed, but she didn't really have anything substantial to dwell on. Still clueless, she soon went about her day normally. She mostly just kind of hung out in the living room with Alkim. For some reason she felt better about the mystery cravings. Kate guessed it was the company, or the entertainment distracting her. She had never seen "*Avatar: The Last Airbender*" before, and when Alkim found out he insisted that they must watch the whole show.

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

The euphoric feelings came to her after she grabbed Alkim's water bottle and took a swig. Kate immediately recognized that sensation, lighting up her nerves. *The mystery drug!?* Kate took another gulp, but this time she barely felt anything. *Damn it!* It was completely maddening.

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

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

It's Alkim! His saliva is the drug!

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

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

Kate stayed in her room for the next few hours, not comfortable facing Alkim with this knowledge. *Alkim and his stupid lips. Fuck! Why am I thinking like that?* Kate couldn't deny the cravings were getting stronger with each hour. Worse still, she could remember that intense feeling of relief; how much better she felt after taking the edge off. But Kate knew she had to resist it, had to resist the temptation... had to resist Alkim.

At eleven p.m. Kate finally broke. She left her room to get a glass of water, feeling pretty solid about her decision to resist. Then she saw him. Alkim passed out on the couch with some nature documentary playing, and there was a line of drool running down his cheek. *Fuck!* It was so much more than she'd ever gotten before. This would be a real fucking hit. Kate just had to try it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yooo, thank you so much, Kate!"

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

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

Kate felt like such an idiot, she had to physically stop herself from facepalming. *Of course I never had to play any mind games with him!* Alkim wanted her, they both knew it, so of course he would take any opportunity to kiss her.

“Sure, why not?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

She just needed to maintain that control, and use it to get what she needed from him. Then they’d both get what they wanted. *But that dude really needs to get laid.*

Just then, her stomach grumbled, loudly. She had been a lot hungrier than normal lately, but she figured that was because she had been rationing her adderall doses. *Whatever, I’ll just workout more later to make up for it.*

Kate ordered Postmates.

V : Developments

Kate

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

Fucking quad-boob!

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

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

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

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

This was not good.

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

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

Alkim's reply came quickly, "Sure! Just give me a second to change!" That was barely an exaggeration, sometimes it only took him a few seconds to get ready. Kate had never lived with

guys before, and she still couldn't believe how little time it took him to shower or change clothes.

"I'm ready when you are!" He yelled ten seconds later.

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

"Wait, dude, I'm not ready. I need a few minutes to change!" Then she remembered her sports bras weren't gonna fit anymore. *Fuck me!*

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

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

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

"Kay, I'm ready!" Kate called out before stepping into the living room.

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

How predictable.

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

VI : Gym

Alkim

Holy fucking shit!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shit.

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

More like two grenades.

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

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

"What's not possible?" Said a voice from down the hall.

Oh shit, too loud.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Jesus, fuck dude! ” Kate exclaimed, clearly not ready for all this attention. Kate tried to cover her tits up with her arms, but that was never going to work. The move only pushed her tits down and to the sides, causing the excess tit-flesh to spill into her armpits. “I just gained some weight this weekend, okay! Back off!” She yelled and stamped her foot for emphasis, but the motion had the unintended effect of making her incredible milkers wobble in front of her housemates.

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

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

Wait, why did she grab mine?

Alkim thought that was weird, but he wasn’t going to risk upsetting her further. Everything in the last couple of minutes was weird, she probably just panicked under all the questions about her

tits. Tits that Alkim had an unobstructed view of, as she did her best to chug the contents of his water bottle.

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

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

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

Wonder what's gotten her so thirsty...

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

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

Oh, goddamnit!

Alkim hadn't accounted for the mirrors right behind them that gave him a full view of Kate and her tits. Gravity was pulling them down to her chin. And as if that wasn't enough, Kate had her hands around her ankles, and was pulling her torso closer to her legs. This had the effect of squishing her tits into her thighs.

Fuck me! What a vision.

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

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

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

No! Stop thinking about porn of Kate!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alkim's workout continued, and, after twenty-five minutes of cycling, Kate must have worn herself down, because she was suddenly hovering over Alkim at the bench press, with two dumbbells in her hands, and her amazing boobs dangling over his head. Alkim briefly imagined

her trying to spot him as he laid there, smothering him with her tits in the process. He had to quickly banish the thought to keep his form from slipping.

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

"How was the cycling?" he asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She fixed her form immediately, and continued her set. *Huh, expected her to at least grunt out a “shut up.”*

“That’s it! Just keep going!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What the hell is going on with her?

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

Kate

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

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

But damn it, she didn't want to think about how much Alkim was probably enjoying the sight. Even worse, he was far from the only one. She really didn't want to think about all the other male eyes watching her just trying to stretch, looking away when she scanned the room, and using the mirrors to watch her from angles she couldn't check.

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

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

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

A mystery for the ages.

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

Fuck you, perv! And fuck cycling!

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

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

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

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

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

"How was the cycling?"

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

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

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

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

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

She fixed her form immediately, and continued her set.

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

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

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

Ouch! Overworked it!

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

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

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

Come to think of it, she didn’t really mind when he stared at her tits. *It’s a normal reaction I guess. The rest can go fuck themselves, but it’s just Alkim, and he’s already helping her out so much more than he knows. Might as well just let him enjoy himself, watch some tits, not like it’s hurting me.*

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

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

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

Hook, line, and sinker.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He'd said it himself. "I can spot you."

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

VII : Aroma

Alkim

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

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

"Hey Alkim! Worked up quite a *thirst* there, huh?" The hint of mischief in her voice made it obvious that she wasn't talking about water.

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

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

“Yeah, well, I’m gonna grab a shower in a second.”

Just after Alkim said that, he heard a door shutting, and then the unmistakable sound of a shower being turned on. *Well, never mind then.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“... what’s up with Kate?” she asked.

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

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

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

“Holy shit!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yeah.”

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

He was definitely not a med student, but he didn’t bother to correct her. This is the second time Mikaella asked about a pill. “A pill? What are you talking about”

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

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

“Ugh, damnit, you’re probably right.” She sounded disappointed. “And I guess she would have told you right? Since you’re besties and shit now?” Alkim thought he’d detected a faint hint of jealousy there.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Does she really not care about the sweat?

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

Alkim looked down to see Mikaella's eyes were shut, and her nose was pressed against his right pec. *Wait, she's not sniffing, she's... sniffing?*

"Um... Mikaella?"

"Hm?" she mumbled back. Her face didn't budge.

"... What are you doing?"

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

"Thanks..." *Just take the compliment.* Everything today was so damn weird.

"No, thank you, you have no idea how much I needed that. Also, has anyone ever told you that you smell like man scented candles?"

"Uhhh," he wasn't really sure how to respond to that, "no, can't say they have." He heard the bathroom door open, and Kate's door shutting. "I guess that's my cue to take a shower." Alkim ducked out from this bizzarro encounter to finally clean himself off.

VIII : Bonding

Alkim

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

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

"Are you free? I need to do some shopping, and I don't have a car. Any chance you could drive me to goodwill and groceries? Pleeaaaaase?" Mikaella pleaded, actually batting her eyelashes at him.

Alkim liked to stay helpful, that way no one minded that he wasn't actually paying any rent. "Sure, I can drive." At least she didn't try to smell him again.

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

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

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

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

"Yeah, of course."

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

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

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

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

Guess she went to work. Karaoke nights could run really late, so he figured he wouldn't see her until tomorrow afternoon.

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

"Hey, Alkim," Mikaella called out from the kitchen, "I'm making a drink, you want one?"

I could definitely use a drink after today's awkwardness. "Sure, thanks!" he yelled back.

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

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

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

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

"I like your outfit, did you buy it today?" he asked.

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

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

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

"Comfy?"

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

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

"You feeling okay, Mikaella?" he asked.

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

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

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

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

"Yeah, him." She took another swig. "Well, we had a bit of a dispute..." Mikaella was being a lot more forthcoming about sugar-babying than usual.

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

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

Implants? Pediatric office!?

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

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

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

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

"Plus the recovery time on those surgeries can be pretty brutal," he added.

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

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

The pair clinked glasses together and finished off their drinks.

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

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

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

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

She sighed. “It’s fine. I really appreciate the thought, but I don’t think I wanna be a waitress either. I’ve been a maid once and that was bad enough without dealing with handsy drunk people and hot grills.” She took another swig of her drink. He wasn’t surprised that she’d had other shitty jobs before turning to sex work, but the image of her in a French maid outfit lodged in his brain. “But that’s a problem for tomorrow. Right now I just want to get fucked up and forget about that asshole. Now, are you going to help me with that, or what?”

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

“Cool. Want to do some shots?”

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

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

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

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

Fuck it.

Alkim decided to take a different kind of shot and see where this night took him. He wrapped an arm around Mikaella’s shoulder and pulled her slender body into his. Mikaella seemed to go

along with it, but she one-upped his advances by scooting onto his lap. Alkim felt the tight curve of her ass grinding against his crotch, and he started to stiffen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alkim realized he fucked up, betrayed by his own tit obsession. Here was Mikaella, a girl who’d just been betrayed by her sugar daddy who wanted her to have bigger boobs, sitting on his lap, and he had to fuck it up by getting hard at a picture of his best friend, Kate the titty monster. “Fuck, I’m sorry,” he groaned.

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

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

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

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

“I bet it must be pure torture.”

“Honestly? You have no fucking idea.”

She smirked back at him. “Enlighten me.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“No, I don’t. What?”

“A U-Haul!”

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

Alkim topped them both off with more vodka and mixer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You’re right, maybe the next time I get a boner I should just ask my lesbian friend to stop being so selfish, and just let me jerk me off onto her massive jugs! I’m sure that’ll go over great.”

Alkim considered Mikaella for a moment. *Is this really how she flirts? Is this what she responds to?* “And isn’t all that just a bit hypocritical coming from you, little Ms. Cocktease?”

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

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

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

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

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

Shit! "What's wrong?" he called out. Alkim was afraid he'd gone too far, even though she seemed extremely into it. He started drafting out apologies in his mind *'I'm sorry! Forget I said anything! It must have been the alcohol! Won't ever happen again!'*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alkim was more than a little shocked himself. He didn't remember ever being this hard or this long before. What's more, he'd never emitted this much precum before. The head of his prick was glazed over with it, and more was pumping out right before their eyes. Yet he decided not to say

anything that might get in the way of getting his dick sucked, so he peeled off his underwear and tossed it to the floor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"MMMMMHMMMM!" she groaned, sending delightful vibrations up Alkim's shaft. Mikaella seemed to relish the taste of him, as her groan shifted into that satisfied hum one makes around a spoonful of their favorite dessert.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She really is a professional.

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

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

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

Alkim wondered if Mikaella knew how to deepthroat.

Just how far down can she mark me with that lipstick?

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

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

After all, she's the expert.

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

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

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

Fuck, she's really choking herself.

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

Very impressive.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

”Ooooooh fuuuuck! I’m cumming!”

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

Fuck! That’s so fucking hot!

“Take it all!” Alkim felt the load surging up his shaft. There was so much pressure behind it, as if he hadn’t jerked off in years.

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

His body obliged; the cum just kept on cumming.

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

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

She’s cumming just from blowing me!

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

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

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

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

“Mikaella?”

No response, just languid slow licks around his softened cock. Alkim sat up to see the little ABG’s smokey eyes were shut, partially covered in his seed. Judging from her non-responsiveness, and her long and quiet breaths, Mikaella seemed to have passed out. And yet, she continued to lap up his ejaculate.

Would Mikealla really blow me in her sleep? Continuously sucking me off like her pacifier for the next eight hours... It was a blazing hot image, and though his cock was still very sensitive from his last orgasm, it began to harden again. He wondered what she might dream about through the night with his dick in her mouth.

IX : Experimental Design

Alkim

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

Shit!

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

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

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

Shit! shit!

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

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

Now, out of immediate danger, Alkim gently laid Mikaella down onto his sheets, and thought about what to do next. Should he get dressed, go back to the living room and clean up the mess they'd left behind? Or was it better to not risk upsetting Hannah at all, and just hope she retreated back into her room without seeing the state of the couch, then clean it once she'd left?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What are you up to now?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well, for your information, I was just drinking with Mikaella, and, as a matter of fact, I do pay Kate for that spare room." he lied. Unless Kate was deducting the cost of groceries, eight-balls, and spare adderall from everyone's rent charges, Alkim was definitely not paying his fair share. But he'd be damned before he admitted that to Hannah.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That was a very flattering thought, but Alkim knew that humans never completely outgrew the instinctive ability to suckle, and it was normal for both babies and adults to suck on an object

placed between their lips. He wasn't sure if Mikaella's unconscious behavior was any different from the norm, but he had a hunch, and a (willing) test subject.

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

I love ethology.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fucking hell, she's crazy for the stuff.

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

This experiment was over, Alkim had all the data he needed from a sleeping subject. It was time to put her to bed, in her own room. They could talk about what just happened tomorrow. Alkim would make sure they had that conversation, and that she stayed awake and alert for his next experiment.

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

X : Cumming To

Mikaella

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

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

Mmmmm... Symbiosis.

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

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

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

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

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

God, how I love the way he fills me.

Alkim reached down to cup her sunken cheeks. Mikaella looked up, met his eyes, and felt the love pass between them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then she remembered.

Oh my god, I actually blew Alkim last night!

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

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

No, it couldn't be possible.

And yet, she could feel it there, right on her face. She couldn't begin to guess how much dried cum this was.

Did I pass out like this?

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

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

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

Even though Mikaella was in her own home, and woke up in her own bed, her walk to the bathroom still felt like a walk of shame. She didn't want anyone to see her face like this.

Luckily, no one blocked her way to the bathroom.

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

Jesus fucking Christ!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whatever, nothing a hot shower shouldn't fix.

XI : Rapture

Mikaella

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

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

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

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

Mikaella's stomach growled again.

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

Fuuuuuck, that's just what I need.

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

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

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

"That's it! Knew it had the word 'spam' in it."

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

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

"Right. Um, about last night-"

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

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

Big man, big appetite.

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

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

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

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

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

"How is it?" he asked, watching her reaction.

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

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

Goddamn am I hungry this morning.

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

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

Mikaella finished off her portion, grabbing seconds without hesitation.

"That's alright. I can look them up online. Next time you're craving some homemade Filipino food I'll try out a new recipe." She was definitely planning on taking him up on that, testing the limits of his culinary skills.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mikaella’s mind and body lit up with phantom sensations of the most energetic fellatio. She felt the indentation of his slit, tasted his delicious precum on the tip of her tongue, felt the ache in her cheeks from sucking his cock with all her strength. Where Mikaella touched her cheek she felt an almost feverish heat radiating through her palm.

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

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

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

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

“Did... did I pass out trying to deepthroat you?”

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

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

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

Holy shit! Symbiosis!

So it wasn’t all just in her dream. She felt a tremor run through her.

“Do you ever get spasms or anything when you cum?”

“No?” She still couldn’t remember ever cumming as hard as Alkim was describing, but it sounded amazing.

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

“Ugh, that bitch!” Mikaella already fucking hated that blonde bitch for being so relentlessly mean, condescending, and being a lying-bitch-thief that stole her hairbrush. Now, she could add cockblocking to Hannah’s ledger. *I’ll have to pay her back, some day.* If only Hannah had something worth stealing back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh my goooooood!

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

“You okay?” He asked.

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

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

“No.” *But I’d sure like to.*

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

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

Poor guy! I should cheer him up.

Mikaella bit her lip.

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

His eyes went wide at her suggestion.

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

“Never mind, forget I said anything!”

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

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

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

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

Mikaella had only been dating middle-aged men as a means of survival for the last two years. Ever since she’d graduated high school, she’d followed her mother’s advice. “*It’s better to be the toy of an old man than the slave of a young man.*”

What a load of bullshit!

Mikaella forgot what it felt like to have butterflies in her stomach, forgot how good it felt to be held by someone she was actually attracted to. When was the last time she'd actually kissed a man because she'd wanted to? When was the last time she'd had such tight, strong hands and her waist? When was the last time she'd gotten wet from hands that weren't hers?

Two years of sterile, contractual sex with sad, old geezers. Sure those old fuckers paid her, but did they ever make her fucking spam and eggs in the morning. This wasn't a transaction, it was mutual attraction.

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

Jesus, I'm fucking losing it here.

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

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

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

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

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

Mikaella sighed in frustration and fell back against the bed. Once again her nose was assaulted by that heady Alkim smell, but even more powerfully this time. She inhaled slowly, taking it all in. She felt so relaxed, and no longer saw the point in being jealous of her lesbian housemate. *Well, at least she'll have him hard for me when he gets back.*

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

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

He could charge whatever he wanted so long as I got to feel like this. She wondered why he bothered with antiperspirants when his perspirants smelled this damn good, and resolved to get him to stop.

Mikaella realized that she should get herself ready for him. She tied her hair back, both to keep her face clear, and in case Alkim wanted something to hold onto. Then, she used her phone camera to check her appearance, and, despite her lack of preparation, she looked pretty good. An

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

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

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

"What did Kate want?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At some point she must have climbed onto his lap and straddled him. She could feel his hard dick in his shorts poking her ass. Suddenly remembering the state of her clothes this morning, Mikaella decided to be proactive in avoiding additional cum stains. She quickly shed everything but her panties, and flung clothes away from the bed in every direction, hopefully out of the potential splash zone.

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

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

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

And then the balls. *Fuck, they're huge!* She'd never seen anything like them up close. Like two jumbo eggs that promised her an amazing surplus of cum. She caressed them, gently, and kissed each one. Alkim twitched above her.

Now for the main event. Mikaella gripped that magnificent dick with both hands. It throbbed powerfully, enough that she could feel his pulse speeding up in response to her touch. He was rock hard, yet his uncut, pristine skin was so, soooo soft, and she delighted at the feeling of his many veins that mapped out over the surface. She jerked his dick slowly, reverently, and watched with rapt attention as the head came free from his foreskin, and a single drop of precum welled up for her.

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

That was as much foreplay as she could endure.

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

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

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

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

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

So sweet! So generous of him!

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

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

"Oh, fuuuuck... Mikaella..."

He moaned from her efforts, and she did the same. Their flimsy pretext about her helping him figure out a medical problem long since forgotten. Mikaella felt like one of those ravers rolling absolute tits, sucking on a pacifier while EDM blasted from oversized concert speakers through her entire body, except this was so much hotter, and infinitely more fulfilling.

Mikaella couldn't stop blowing him. She didn't want to stop, but when he called her name all she could do was mumble around his cock, and then her mouth would keep on sucking. Could she stop? Her jaw felt a bit sore, and she tried to make her mouth close just a little more, but the muscles wouldn't comply. Another spray of delicious precum, and she forgot all about the soreness. Her jaws stayed wide open for him, and the blowjob continued. It almost felt like she was blowing him on autopilot, like her body knew what it had to do, and her brain was just along for the ride.

And what a fucking ride it was.

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

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

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

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

Another of Alkim's moans snapped her back to the moment. How long had it been since she started? *Five minutes? An hour?* Mikaella didn't really care. If she had a watch right now she didn't think she would have checked, it would have distracted from her cocksucking. Somehow the soreness in her cheeks had faded, despite her never taking a break from hollowing them in and out with each bob of her head.

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

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

"Oh, fuck, don't stop! I'm getting close!"

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

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

She welcomed it. *Anything to help him cum!*

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

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

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

The second shot coated her tongue.

Holyfuckingshitsofuckinggoodohmygodohmygodohmygooooood!

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

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

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

A week prior, if someone asked Mikaella for her opinion on blowjobs, she would have said they were a bit degrading, but very easy money. Now, she would have definitely paid money just to blow Alkim. She felt like an oil baron who'd just struck a massive well. *I'm cum rich!* It was an incredible feeling.

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

Alkim must have either noticed her struggling, or finally remembered his plan to get the volume of his ejaculation. His hand left Mikaella's hair, and reappeared right beside her mouth, holding that mason jar. With his other hand, he pulled his still-cumming cock out of her suckling mouth. Now freed, she swallowed one more load, and gasped for air. One more huge cumshot managed to hit Mikaella's cheek, adding to the cum spilling out over her chin, before he got the jar's mouth over his spurting cockhead.

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

Holy fucking shit!

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

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

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

"How did I- oh wow..." he lost focus once her mouth wrapped once more around his cockhead. She hummed, happily. The feelings it stirred in her were not as nearly powerful as they were from a full blast of the stuff, but it still felt far too good to pass up. After a few moments licking all over his cock, and swallowing repeatedly, the taste of it finally thinned out, rinsed away by her own saliva. Only once she was satisfied that she'd gotten every last drop did she finally release him from her mouth.

"All clean!" She giggled, opening her mouth to show him she'd swallowed everything he'd given her.

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

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

100mL! His cum passed the 100mL line! She could hardly believe it. Then, she remembered that was only the amount that managed to reach the jar. She wiped her cheek with one hand, and it came away completely coated in the stuff. *All this was just one shot? Soooo much deliciousness...* She'd already licked all of it from her fingers and palm before remembering that she'd meant to wipe it off on the rim of the jar and combine it with the rest. *Fuck! How much cum did I fucking swallow?!*

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Two-hundred... last night I knew I must have came a lot, but, fucking hell, Mikaella, this is... that's not normal."

Yeah, way better than normal!

"You're definitely not normal, but that's okay!" She tried to reassure him.

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

He dangled the jar in front of her. She almost grabbed for it, but thought better of it at the last second.

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

"Don't you see? It's like...it's like your superpower, ya know?"

He frowned. "Right, so, my superpower is cumming a lot?"

Not just cum, dummy! Perfect cum! Perfect cock! Perfect to suck on!

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

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

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

“It felt really, really, really good for me too. Also, um, your cum tastes fucking incredible... it’s... indescribable.” She grasped the jar in both hands. “Do you mind if I...” He let her have it. “Thank you!” She put her lips to the edge of the jar, and tipped it back.

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

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

“MHHHMMM!” she squealed in delight.

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

She wasn’t sure how long it all lasted, but she eventually drank the full load. A few seconds later she finished convulsing, and her pussy finally released her fingers. Panting heavily, she held up her glistening hand for Alkim’s inspection. “I don’t think it’s normal for a girl to cum twice from drinking your cum either, but I’m not complaining.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She liked alcohol, she liked weed, and she liked coke. She fucking loved this dick. It was better than all other drugs blended together into a chemical smoothie of pure doped-up happiness, and it didn't cause drowsiness, dizziness, or even dry-mouth. No, she felt very, very much aware of everything, and she was going to stay glued to this dick for as long as it could make her feel like this. Whatever it took. Mikaella knew it would be worth it.

"You made me feel soooo good. What could be so bad about that?"

"Well, it's just... how do I know this isn't a serious medical problem?"

"I don't know?" She shrugged. "Maybe see a doctor then, if you think you need to. But, I think you're fine. Better than fine! And I want you to know that I, um, I really like you the way you are..." *Got to secure my supply.* "... and I'm down to help out... whenever you need me, really."

His eyes widened, clearly enticed by her offer of infinite future blowjobs. "You'd really do that, for me?"

"Mhm! Anything you want! I want to help you cum like crazy, as many times as you can! I want to taste you again, and again, and again!"

Alkim slumped back against the wall, seeming genuinely stunned by both her admission, and her ravenous enthusiasm. He looked like he was thinking really hard. Mikaella didn't want to overwhelm him, so she just waited for him to catch up.

"Actually, Mikaella... you just gave me an idea."

"What kind of idea?" *I hope the idea involves more blowjobs.*

"A way for us to both get everything we want."

Ooooooh, I like the sound of that. "I'm listening."

"Okay, so, you know how neither of us have jobs now."

Rude! But, true. "Mhm."

"We both need to start making some money, and soon. You like giving me head, and I like getting head."

Yes.

"I was thinking, what if we kill two birds with one stone?"

“How?” She asked.

“Vicky told me her friend tried camgirling and ended up making a ton of money, and that was just by doing solo stuff, like masturbating into a cheap webcam. People will pay a lot more for two people doing things together. I promise, I’m not just saying this as a way to get my dick sucked, but I think we could really make some good money here, just doing what we both already want to do, but for a live audience.”

Oh. My. God.

“This would be during your own hours, on your terms.”

Yes!

“No more old men telling you what to do.”

YES!

“Just recording blowjobs from the comfort of our own home.”

YES! YES! YES!

“You’re hot, a lot smaller than me, and my loads are ridiculous... so, maybe that could be our gimmick?”

YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES!

Alkim just kept going, not understanding that he’d had her at “You like giving me head.”

“I could handle all the technical stuff. I’ve actually got some camera equipment we could use...” He rummaged around under his bed until he pulled out a camera bag. “...a Nikon D3500 I got from my uncle, and a GoPro with a head strap that we could rig for point-of-view shots.”

No start up costs! She’d have to remind him later to keep them somewhere that thieving bitch Hannah couldn’t find them.

And his sales pitch continued. “Plus, I already have some video editing experience from my time on YouTube, before Google bought it, back in the ancient days of Dragon Ball Z AMVs...”

Every single word out of his mouth made her so hot that she just couldn’t take anymore. Mikaella jumped up onto his lap and started kissing him furiously, no regard for just how much of his own load she was inadvertently returning.

“Mwah!” She pulled back, hearts in her eyes. “Alkim! You’re a fucking genius!” Mikaella had never imagined she could feel so much for someone after so little time together. *Maybe that’s*

why Kate let him move in here after just a weekend. Except, she wasn't even getting free cum out of him. Idiot.

He put the camera away and smiled back at her, "Sooo, I take it you're in?"

"Yes! Yes! A thousand times yes! I'm all in, all the way, baby!" She kissed him again, and he kissed her back,

"Okay then. That's settled. I guess now all we need is a name for our page."

"Like, a name just for me, or a name for both of us?"

"Huh." He tapped under his chin, visibly puzzled. "I'm not actually sure. Probably you? I can think of a few porn couples, but they're all under the girl's name."

Couple! She was so happy to hear him say that word that she forgot about the "porn" qualifier. The newly minted couple spent the next few minutes brainstorming together, and eventually came up with the perfect name, one that was both catchy and perfect for a tiny, Asian girl that gave amazing head. And when it turned out that was already taken, they went with the next best name they could think of.

"Oral-Bae! I love it!" She hugged him around his waist, nuzzling her head into his crotch while he soothingly stroked her hair.

Fuck you mom! I'm no one's employee, no one's toy, and no one's slave! I'm gonna be a star, AND a fucking business partner!

In fact, Mikaella had partnered herself with Alkim in more ways than one. When she drank his cum and fingered herself silly, she'd done so impulsively, and instinctively, with not a thought spared for the cum slathered onto her fingers, and the millions upon millions of errant sperm cells shoved up her pussy.

XII : Through the Looking-Glass

Kate

After the gym, and her shower, Kate busied herself with online clothes shopping. She bought some new bras in her current size—32K!—then, just to be safe, a couple in larger sizes, which she hoped to never need.

It was a work night, so she had to spend a while getting her makeup on, putting on her sluttiest dress. It didn't quite fit properly over her expanded bust, but she didn't think any of her customers would mind the excess titty bulging out.

She was not wrong.

At the Karaoke bar, men couldn't keep their eyes off her chest. When the girls had lined up to be hired for the private rooms, Kate had been the immediate stand-out pick, with her boobs projecting a good several inches ahead of the rest of the lineup, and was chosen three separate times one shift. Hannah was also on call for part of the night, and was clearly pissed to have been skipped over by the high rollers for Kate every single time.

Kate made some really good money that night, fourteen-hundred bucks; a personal record. It probably helped that every time she suggested they buy more shots she added a little bouncing, jiggling titquake that must have made spending more money seem like a really good idea. Maybe they were hoping to get her drunk enough that her defenses would fall, and then they could cop a feel.

Dumb marks.

Kate was prepared for that. She'd already scored a lot of free coke over the course of the evening, almost an entire eightball. A bump here, a line there, just enough to keep her awake, and alert. She kept it in her cleavage for easy access. Her tits pushed against each other and the bag so thoroughly that there was zero chance of spillage, and she didn't even need to bother tying it off.

Maybe these huge tits weren't a problem to be solved. Maybe.

Then again, she'd had to slap away a lot more drunken hands than usual, and the standard tipping practice of stuffing dollar bills into her cleavage had become a lot more unnerving. Men that weren't Alkim still gave her the creeps, and it took all her self control not to squirm when their gross hands made contact with her increasingly sensitive titflesh. She shuddered just thinking about it. Plus, what if they nicked her stash?

The moment the clock struck two a.m. she practically bolted out of the bar, and got a ride home alone, completely forgetting to wait for Hannah to finish up.

When she got back, everyone else was asleep, so she just laid down on her bed, swiped through Tinder, got bored, then swiped through bumble, and kept at it until the inevitable cokecrash that would allow her to finally get some sleep.

She woke up very late the next morning, feeling like hammered shit. When she looked at the time, she realized it'd been twenty hours since she'd last had any contact with Alkim. Neither drink nor nicotine—her usual vices—had taken the edge off. Plus, she was totally out of adderall, and when she called her psychiatrist she couldn't get an appointment sooner than three weeks out.

Fucking schedule II bullshit! Fuck you, Nixon!

There was the coke she'd gotten yesterday, but the headache made her think better of starting her day like that. Kate knew her only remaining source of relief would have to come from Alkim, one way or another. Either from the stash of stimulants he kept locked away in his room, or, better still, from the saliva that he so generously left behind for her.

She saw the breakfast Alkim had laid out on the kitchen table, and knocked on his door to ask if she could finish it off.

"Yo, what's up?" He shut the door behind him.

"Yo, I feel like shit, don't wanna cook. Can I finish that spam and eggs?" She asked.

"Go for it." He grabbed a mason jar from the cabinet, and slipped back into his room.

So, Kate went for it, and licked his plate and glass clean for good measure. That was definitely the right way to start off her day. She felt fresh, energized, and even her headache cleared. It was like snorting eight hours of sleep. She even cleaned the rest of the dishes, just for the hell of it.

Yet, while that dose might hold her over for a few hours, she knew it wouldn't be enough to get her through the day, not without her other meds to take over when that wore off.

Only Alkim could do that, so Kate was about to just barge into his room to ask if he wanted to hang out today, so she could keep him close. Yet, standing right outside his door she heard something odd, and stopped to listen closer. It sounded like squelching, and moaning.

Oh, gross. Is he jerking off right now?

She was disgusted.

Mostly.

Maybe that wasn't fair of her, it was his room, his right to jerk off. Plus, something about the sounds and smells emanating from the other side of the door intrigued her more than they probably should.

Fuck it. Good thing I never got this lock fixed.

Kate opened the door just a crack and peaked inside, feeling uncomfortably like her own mother. She fully expected to find Alkim lying in bed, jerking it to something on his laptop.

She didn't expect to see a topless girl between his legs, furiously gagging herself on his dick.

Holy shit!

Kate didn't exactly have a lot of experience with blowjobs. Any experience, really, but somehow she was sure they weren't usually this... enthusiastic. The little slut was putting her whole upper

body into it, and Kate had to admit that she had a decent body. No curves, no tats, but at least she wasn't fat. Black hair too. She was pretty sure Alkim had told her that was his favorite hair color.

Part of her was happy that her friend was finally getting laid again, she could tell this long dry spell had been a wound in his pride, a mark against his self-proclaimed slutiness. She also remembered giving him the green light to have guests over, and said he could fuck whoever he wanted in that room, though he'd never taken advantage of that policy before. Until now, apparently.

Good for him, dude really needed to get laid. The girl looks pretty basic, but so was every girl in his pics. Kate couldn't see any sign of real boobs on this girl, so that was one criterion he hadn't been able to satisfy. *Wait a second...*

Short girl, black hair, tan skin, no tats, flat chest. Something about her seemed really familiar.

Then, Kate heard Alkim moan out, "Oh, fuuuuck... Mikaella..."

Holy shit! Mikaella!?!

Kate was certain that out of all the girls in the house—herself excluded—Mikaella was maybe the least likely to suck Alkim's dick. Vicky swore she didn't see him like that, that he was too young, too much like her brother, but it always seemed to Kate like Vicky was just ten drinks and one coked-up evening away from fucking his brains out. Even Hannah admitted she thought he was cute, at least before he'd moved in, and might have still hatefucked him if her stupid horoscopes said the stars wanted her to bang a scorpion or whatever.

But Mikaella was definitively not a slut, not in the way Vicky, Hannah, and Alkim were; she was a whore. A slut fucks because she likes sex, while a whore fucks for money. The girl admitted to Vicky once that she had basically no sex drive of her own, that she never jilled off, that she had to fake her attraction to gross, older men. That was her life, her only source of income. She never kissed for free, while he was way too broke and far too proud to ever pay for sex.

So, why the fuck was Mikaella blowing Alkim like she couldn't get enough of him? The little whore was gagging on it crazy-style, moaning like a bitch in heat. From her angle at the door, Kate could even see the girl was frantically fingering herself the entire time.

The sight was objectively disgusting, but Kate found she couldn't look away.

Kate and Alkim had seen each other in various states of undress before. More often than not, Kate was the undressed one, but she'd still seen him shirtless, and even down to just his boxers a few times here and there. Of course, Kate had no desire to see man-parts, and Alkim wasn't much of a flasher, so that final curtain had never been opened in her presence.

Yet here he was, getting his dick sucked not ten feet away, and the only barriers between Kate and that dick of his were the slightly-open door, and Mikaella's cocksucking lips.

Is... is Alkim hung? Her rational mind did not want to know the answer, but it didn't really have the final say in that moment, and she found herself puzzling out her best-friend's dick size.

It was hard to tell the length when Mikaella's mouth never left him, not even to breathe. Kate was far from an expert on dicks, but with what she could see, and by judging the vertical distance the little cocksucker's head traveled up, and down, over, and over, there had to be a lot of dick in that little mouth.

To Kate, the whole thing seemed so much more... violent than eating pussy. Painful, even. The endless headbobbing had to be hard on her neck, she gagged like she could barely breathe, and it looked like she was constantly on the verge of tears.

Yet Mikaella never slowed, never wavered. The girl was an absolute dicksucking machine, set to fifth-gear. She just kept at it, relentlessly bobbing, sucking, moaning her lungs out, and it seemed to be working for Alkim.

"Oh, fuck, don't stop! I'm getting close!"

He was sweating a lot, red-faced, veins bulging out against his neck, his legs twitching around Mikaella's kneeling body.

Huh, so that's what the male orgasm looks like? So fucking tense.

That turned out not to be the case.

Mikaella started rapidly jerking him off with both hands. Then Alkim grabbed her ponytail and started bucking his hips into her, literally fucking her face like he was trying to choke her to death.

And then he actually orgasmed. Even Kate could tell this was the part where he finished inside the girl's mouth.

Ew! Ew! Ew! Gross!!!

Except, there was no finishing, it just kept going. Mikaella was shaking, spasming between his legs. It looked like she was being electrocuted, except there was no mistaking the meaning of those moans. Somehow, she was getting off on this too. Despite her seeming loss of muscular control, her mouth stayed focused on sucking, and gulping, like she was doing a fucking keg stand.

Alkim made some deep groan, grumble, and pulled his dick out of Mikaella's mouth, releasing a waterfall of cum down her chin, and shot even more onto her face.

Oh, that's fucking nasty!

And it just kept on cumming, endlessly. Unbelievably, Alkim grabbed that fucking mason jar, of all things, and stuck his still-spouting cock into it. Kate watched, horrified, as that dick kept pumping out ever more gross, off-white ball juice into the jar, again, and again, until the glass turned opaque, and a thick layer of fluid had collected at the bottom.

Finally, the grotesque show came to a stop.

“Holy fucking- I mean, Jesus... I didn’t know it was possible to cum that much.” Her friend started rubbing his temples like he had a migraine. “Goddamn, I think I need... some water... replace those fluids.”

Holy shit! He came so hard that he’s dehydrated himself?!?!

Alkim sat back down on the bed, and Kate watched, stupefied, as the throbbing organ twitched and swung around, still glistening from some combination of cum and Mikaella’s spit. Gross as it was, she couldn’t help but think it was more impressive than her dildos.

Mikaella must have had a similar thought, because she suddenly lunged forward.

“How did I- oh wow...” Alkim trailed off, unable to speak over Mikaella’s enthusiasm.

The girl obsessively licked, and polished every square inch of that dick, like she was trying to get whatever traces of cum hadn’t made it into her mouth, or the jar.

Kate stood there stunned, not hearing a single word they said, still reeling from the vulgar display of heterosexuality. Her friend's absurd cumshot replayed over and over in her mind, like a broken projection.

It was too much, way too fucking much! How is it even possible to cum for a whole minute like that?

Then Mikaella started chugging the entire mason jar of cum.

That proved too much for the peeping lesbian. Kate felt dizzy, like she was gonna throw up her breakfast right onto his door.

She started backing away from the door, as slowly and quietly as possible, though her nausea made her question every footfall. Mikaella’s frenzied moaning was probably enough to mask Kate’s steps, but she couldn’t risk getting caught.

How could she possibly explain herself peeping in on them? How could she acknowledge what they’d all seen?

Mikaella, full-time sugarbaby, guzzling down an impossible amount of her housemate’s cum. She drank like it was top shelf booze, liquid ambrosia, or the fucking cure to aging. It made no sense.

Vicky had once described the taste of cum to her: salty, with a hint of chlorine, unless the guy ate a lot of pineapple.

She knew Alkim never ate any fucking pineapple. There was no way even a straight girl could have stomached that much of the vile male goo.

Then Kate remembered why she came to his door in the first place: to secure a supply of her housemate's chemically-laced saliva. The same fluid she'd been ingesting daily, constantly, as frequently as she could.

Suddenly, Mikaella's obvious lust for the contents of his balls didn't seem quite so illogical. *If there were already powerful drugs in his spit, what did that mean for his cum? What if I was taking the adderall, and Mikaella just jumped straight to heroin?*

It was a chilling thought, one that she couldn't dislodge from her brain, no matter how much she desperately wanted to.

Was this Kate's fate? Was she looking at her own future if she didn't stop consuming Alkim's saliva? Would she become so addicted to him that she'd start graduating to stronger and stronger bodily fluids, until she was down on her knees, blowing her best friend like his private lesbian whore?

No. No! No way! Never!

She couldn't let that happen.

Kate had to get out of the fucking house.

She just grabbed her car keys and fucking sped the hell out of the house, out of K-Town, and out of the city.

To where, she did not care.

XIII : Call of the Wild

Alkim

Alkim had to get out of the fucking house.

One time, his college ex that didn't understand ADHD dragged him off to a mediation class. That had been a disaster. The last thing he needed for peace was sitting still and trying not to think. He would rather drive a nail through his hand than endure a full hour of that mental torture again.

No, mediation did not work for him. He couldn't relax until he'd burned off excess energy. In his twenty-two years, he'd figured out just five reliable ways of blowing off steam: martial arts, running, hiking, sex, and going to the zoo.

He wasn't currently enrolled in any martial arts classes, and he'd cancelled his zoo membership a few months ago to save money. Sex was exactly the thing he needed to clear from his mind for a few hours, so that wasn't likely to help.

That left hiking and running. So, he figured he might as well do both, and go trail running.

People in LA said they liked hiking, but if that were really true the trails would be packed, and they wouldn't become totally vacant after the first hour from the parking lot. For most Angelinos, hiking usually just meant walking for less than an hour, on a trail with zero slope, and usually stopping every ten minutes to take pictures of their asses in overpriced athleisure. That wasn't Alkim's style.

Right then, he wanted to run so high up a mountain that his chances of running into another person might actually be zero.

Mikaella offered to go with him, but he wanted some alone time. Not wanting to hurt her feelings, he just said something about how the trail wasn't for beginners, and how he liked to be out there for hours and hours. He distracted her by asking her to shop for some costumes they could use in their upcoming shoots. Then he promised that she could suck his dick once he got back. That worked a lot better.

City girl that she was, and with her new favorite activity on offer, Mikaella was more than willing to let him go it alone.

Kate was his best friend, but she hated the outdoors most of all, so he didn't even bother telling her where he was going. One time he'd taken her on the most basic hike in all of LA county, just an hour out and back to the fucking Hollywood sign, and she'd gotten so freaked out by every single bug just living its outdoor life that he swore to never take her hiking again.

Shame though, car camping and drugs would have been a great idea if she weren't phobic of, like, eighty-percent of all species.

Alkim was much more of a bird-watcher than a bug collector, but all that fear and loathing for living things was a real mood-killer, and Kate screaming at every little fly would not help him unwind.

But hiking alone suited him well enough. He was used to it by now; all his best hiking buddies had moved away from LA after graduation, and he'd yet to find anyone else on his level since.

Alkim chose a trail from his to-do list, one that supposedly had active tar pits every few miles. It sounded novel. He filled up his three-liter camelbak with iced water, made two oversized

sandwiches, got in his car, put down the convertible top, and finally remembered that he should apply sunscreen before driving topless on a hundred-degree day.

While he did that, he noticed Kate's car was still gone. *Did she not come home last night?*

He figured that she was probably hooking up with some goth lesbian, and almost certainly one way less hot than herself.

Good for her. Girl really needed to get laid.

Truly, getting laid wasn't all that hard for Kate. He'd been there when she got her pussy eaten by a stranger in a gay bar in WeHo. The big-titty goth definitely didn't lack for prospects, especially not now, with her even-bigger tits. What she couldn't seem to manage was holding onto these girls for more than a few weeks, and he doubted the size of her chest was going to change that.

Whatever, let her tell me about it when she gets back.

Sunscreen applied, he drove off to the hiking trail, blasting a mix of metal and 2000s angst-rock along the way. Once there, he put the top back up, grabbed his binoculars, his "Sibley Guide to Birds," and started running up the mountain.

Running was good for not thinking. Once he got up to speed, it was almost impossible for him to focus on anything else beyond the pounding of his heart, the feel of hard ground under his feet, and the beautiful mountain vistas. Most of the time he didn't even need music out here.

Yet once he'd reached the top of the mountain, and the bottom of his lungs, there was nothing left for him to do but think about the last couple weeks.

First, Kate's tits had grown from big to huge in record time. That was certainly the first thing he really noticed. First two things, technically. They'd be impossible to miss, even if he weren't already such a fiend for huge tits. He'd heard of very rapid breast growth before, yet never quite so rapid as he'd seen with Kate. Plus, she was well past puberty, not any medication that he knew of, and she was definitely not pregnant.

What size is she, anyway? Kate used to be 32F, but she's clearly way, waaay past that. Does she even know how big they are?

All Alkim knew for certain is that none of them knew how big she was going to get.

Physical developments weren't the only changes he'd noticed with Kate; she'd also started behaving a lot more affectionately. Most recently, back at the gym, she'd been more than willing to just let him openly stare at her huge tits. Sure, she'd let him look before, but never so brazenly, and especially in public. She never wanted strangers to think they were a couple; so long as there was a one-percent chance of another lesbian seeing her, she wanted to be seen for what she was, and definitely not as his girlfriend. Yet, at the gym, that's exactly what she was acting like, shimmying her boobs for his benefit, hanging over him, touching his sweaty arms.

Then there was all the shotgunning. When they'd made DMT, she'd suggested they shotgun the stuff so as to not waste any of it. That'd made perfect sense to him: the raw materials were kind of expensive, and were a huge pain in the ass to process.

The same could not be true for weed, which was both cheap and abundant. Odder still, Kate didn't even really like weed. It made her paranoid, and she was much more of a nicotine person anyway. Yet every time she saw him with his weed vape, she asked if they could shotgun it. Obviously, Alkim wasn't going to refuse lip contact with her, especially when she was the one offering, but that hardly made it a normal way to share drugs with your bestie. Plus, she always seemed perfectly calm after each hit, never displaying the usual high-strung paranoia that had kept her off the stuff before.

Then there were the random instances of helpfulness.

He liked Kate, sure, and it's not like she hadn't helped out immensely by giving him a place to stay, but she wasn't exactly the cleanest person around. She never did dishes, and certainly never cleaned her room. Hell the only reason he even knew her (old) bra size, was because she left her used bras literally all over the place. They were impossible to miss. The same was true for her underwear. Were Alkim so inclined, he could have started an entire online store selling just the panties she constantly lost around her room to perverts. Even the living room couch wasn't completely safe.

Hannah may be rude and hateful, but she wasn't wrong about how gross it was to just leave used panties around the house. And who takes off their underwear in the living room anyway?

Yet, lately, Kate had not been leaving random underwear around the house. Whenever he'd seen her room recently it looked (by Kate's standards) unnaturally clean and orderly. Plus, she'd been voluntarily cleaning his dirty cups, fetching him drinks, and even did the dishes yesterday after he cooked Mikaella's breakfast, while he was busy getting the blowjob of his life.

Perhaps the most strange and random thing was that she hadn't lost her vapes in more than a week. He'd noticed that a bit ago, but the thought came back to him just now and wouldn't leave him. Kate always lost her vapes, sometimes several times a day, and he'd gotten way too used to this Sisyphean task to not notice its absence.

Did she just finally get a tracker for it? Or is it possible that she actually just remembers where she put it now?

Both were seemingly simple explanations, yet the second option seemed almost too absurd for him to even consider. It shouldn't have bothered him so much, yet it did. He couldn't shake it. It was such a complete reversal of her behavior, her personality. This girl that knew where her vape was, who never left stray underwear around, she just couldn't be the same Kate he'd lived with for the last three months.

Meanwhile, Mikaella had become even more affectionate than Kate had ever been. After three months of never hanging out, one day had been enough to have her practically glued to his side, or rather, his groin. In just one day she'd come onto him like never before, told him that he smelled good, hung out with him, opened up to him about deeply personal sugar-baby drama, and finally sucked his dick. Then, the next morning, she sucked it again, and promised she would blow him whenever he wanted, no questions asked.

Thanks to her, he'd discovered that he could cum inhumanly massive loads. That seemed odd and concerning enough, and somehow that wasn't the strangest part. Mikaella was adamant that simply tasting his cum was enough to make her cum like crazy. That didn't seem possible, and yet he'd seen it with his own eyes multiple times. She'd tremble, shake, and yet never take her lips off his dick until her mouth was literally overflowing with ejaculate, or if he withdrew by himself. The first time she came until she passed out, and he'd been forced to carry her back to bed.

Then, he'd impulsively offered to start doing porn with this girl, despite having first kissed her less than twenty-four-hours ago. Stranger still, she'd enthusiastically agreed. There weren't even any real negotiations; she was immediately all in on the idea of sucking his dick on camera, posting the videos all over the internet, and taking a fifty-fifty split, despite her doing all the actual work and taking all the risk by showing her face online. All Alkim needed to do was set up the cameras, let this girl go to town on his cock, do a little video editing, and post it online.

So why hadn't they done it yet?

In part, her sudden eagerness to get started filming their first video had somehow made him feel bad, like he was exploiting her. Intellectually, he knew they both needed the money, and he had no reason to think the girl didn't enjoy every second of the blowjobs she'd already given him. Yet there was some corner of his mind that was unnerved by her rapid personality shift, and wanted to resist this move to digital pimping (even though Mikaella had been pimping herself out for more than a year). Perhaps it was the same part of him that still wanted to go to med school, and leave that crazy house far, far behind.

Plus, the giant loads still seemed like something he should have a doctor to look at. He made a note on his phone to make an appointment for that. He'd call around for open appointment slots after he got home. After Mikaella sucked him off.

He still wondered what could have caused all these changes.

Was it something in the house?

Maybe not. Hannah seemed normal enough. Well, normal for Hannah, as far as I can tell. Not like I have much of her to go on, only recent conversation of ours involved her calling me a creep and a tweaker.

Not exactly a positive interaction, but at least she isn't inexplicably into me.

Was it the drugs?

Kate and I vaped that DMT... but Mikaella didn't.

Two hours of walking, thinking, jogging, and thinking had gotten him no closer to answering a single question.

Then his phone rang.

He didn't bother reading the name. The contact photo of the two of them dancing under club lighting, and the custom ringtone of trashy house-EDM were more than sufficient caller ID.

Oh shit, Vicky?

He answered without hesitation, all concerns about the mysterious changes immediately dropped from his mind.

“WHAT UP SLUUUUUUUUUT?!?!?”

“WHAT UP SLUUUUUUUUUT?!?!?”

They yelled their unique greeting in well-practiced, perfect synchrony.

“Hahahaha! Fuuuuuck, dude, I missed that deep-ass voice of yours.”

Alkim grinned like a schoolboy, despite himself. Vicky had once drunkenly said to him “You know, Alkim, you have a really *sexy* voice!” It was the sort of load-bearing compliment from a pretty girl that sticks in the male brain, and every reminder of those words never failed to make him feel better.

“Missed you too! House just hasn't been the same without you. Don't think any of us have been getting out half as much without our EDM-Queen!” Alkim actually hated EDM, but he loved hitting the clubs and dancing with Vicky.

“Awww... Soooo, what'cha doing right now?” she asked.

“Just hiking down a mountain. You caught me at a good spot, probably five minutes back I would never have gotten your signal.”

“Ooooo nice, nice. Is it a good hike? Glad you haven't let yourself go.”

“Yeah, good incline, nice plants, and not a single person in sight. Just needed to get away, get out of the house, you know? Shit's been crazy lately.”

“I feel that, I feel that.”

“So what are you doing, how's Hawaii been with Kai?” Alkim was only eighty-percent sure he'd remembered that guy's name correctly.

“Not great, dude. Not great. We actually broke up. Oh, yeah also I'm calling from the hospital.”

The hospital? “Oh shit! Are you alright? What happened?!”

“Yeeeeaaaaah I'm all good now, they gave me just a liiiiiiitle teensy bit of oxy and I'm feeling goooooooooood!” She sang that as a long, operatic note.

Great, she's high. “How did you end up in the hospital?”

“Hurt my face. Details not important, we don't have to talk about that now. The important thing is my face is all good, didn't even need stitches.”

“Stitches?!”

“I'm fiiiine dude, look, I'll send you a selfie to prove it.”

A few seconds later Alkim received that selfie. Vicky was lying in a hospital bed, making a peace sign with her blood-oxygen monitor on her index finger, duck faced, with a faded black eye, cut lips, and yellow-bruised skin on her cheeks. It looked to him like someone beat the shit out of her.

“Vicky, please, I'm kinda freaking out here. Just tell me, what the hell happened? Were you attacked?”

“We can talk about that when I get back, I think I'm gonna nap for a bit.”

“Wait, you're coming back?”

“Yeeeaahhhh,” she yawned. “Didn't I say that already?”

“Uh, no.”

“Oh, whoopsie! Yeah, I got a flight next... sorry, I forgot, hang on...”

He waited about thirty seconds for his doped-up friend to find her flight confirmation.

“Got it! Next Friday! 12:45pm! Think you could pick me up from the airport then?”

Alkim thought about that local saying, “Friends don't make each other pick them up at LAX.” The airport was a swirling Charybdis of traffic and human misery. But there was no way he was going to make Vicky take a fucking Uber.

“Hell yeah! I'll be there.”

“Great, you can catch me up then, and after we can hit the fucking club! I want to see those fast fucking feet of yours on the move.”

“Fuck yes! Can’t wait to see you then. Guess I’ll have to get you a homecoming gift!” He had just over a week to think of something.

“Yes!!! See you later, bye, slut!”

“Bye, slut!”

The call ended.

Alkim felt a rollercoaster of emotions as he thought through the implications of everything. *Vicky’s in the hospital? Someone hurt Vicky?! Vicky’s coming back!* Vicky coming home was objectively great news for both his social life and general happiness. But whatever happened in Hawaii can’t have been good for her, and she might need someone to lean on when she returns.

And then there were the strange changes to everyone in the house (except Hannah?). After Vicky came back, would she stay the same Vicky he knew? He liked Vicky as she was, flaws and all, and had no desire to see her change.

Except, when Alkim imagined his friend Vicky with Mikaella's enthusiasm for blowjobs, or with huge, ever-growing tits, like Kate's, he wondered if change was really all that bad.

I suppose an even more affectionate and busty Vicky might not be the worst thing in the world...

XIV : Fiends

Kate

Over the last few months, Kate had steadily become more and more dependent on Alkim than she should have been comfortable with. He’d cooked succulent Chinese meals, did the dishes, opened tight jars, warded off stray dudes on the streets and at the clubs, scored primo drugs, and even helped her get through several terrible breakups. He was a good friend to depend on, and she felt better for having him around.

This new dependency of hers was something else entirely.

Ever since they took DMT together she’d been hanging out with him more and more, getting high off his bizarrely-euphoric saliva. Steadily, she’d become accustomed to having it in her system, become dependent on him to stay relaxed, and level-headed. It was like some kind of all-in-one psych medication, one that required neither appointments nor copays.

On an intellectual level, it was absolutely bizarre, she couldn't deny that. Every second apart made the strangeness of it all unavoidable. And yet, it didn't feel so weird when she was with him. She'd felt even more relaxed and focused in his presence, and that was despite knowing he was somehow the unwitting cause of this.

Kate also knew Alkim wasn't aware of his effect on her, otherwise he would have started offering to just make out with her all the time, and she probably would have let him. The effects were just too good, too useful for her to risk jeopardizing her supply. Ultimately, it didn't matter as much why, so long as the benefits never ran out.

That had all changed after she watched him cum like a goddamn firehose into Mikaella's mouth, all over her face, and into a fucking mason jar. She bore witness as the volume of his ejaculation grew from impressive to impossible, and almost threw up at the sight of Mikaella eagerly gulping down the remains of that insane load.

What had been an odd new drug for her over the last week had instantly taken on a much grosser, and more sinister aspect. Now Kate knew that her tits weren't the only things growing in that house. Alkim had also grown into some kind of mutant superstud, and his semen had somehow turned the formerly-asexual prostitute into his eager, little cumslut.

Disgusted, horrified, aroused, and also disgusted and horrified that she was aroused, Kate needed to do something really gay to overwrite the grossly hetero sights that kept replaying in her brain. So she drove straight to West Hollywood, picked out some local tattooed girl named Dana from her Tinder DMs, and agreed to a date that very hour at a nearby In-N-Out Burger.

To kill some time, Kate tried shopping for something more presentable to replace the oversized t-shirt she just happened to be wearing when she fled the house in a panic. *Something basic, cheap*. She wasn't going to waste money on a top she might still outgrow within the week. Yet she failed to find something sexy in her new size, and had to drive over to her lunch date dressed like someone who'd just gotten out of bed.

As she pulled into the parking lot, she noticed Dana waiting for her by the restaurant's entrance, alternating between checking her phone and scanning the parking lot for someone matching Kate's profile pic.

Kate parked her car and took the opportunity to evaluate Dana's appearance before making herself known. She thought Dana looked pretty good, considering the short notice, and that they were at a fast food restaurant. Nice makeup, red hair, (short) red nails, piercings on her ear, nose, and lips, plus a nice variety of tattoos. She noticed a flower just below her collarbone, a watercolor of a tiger on her shoulder, and her right arm had some anime character even Kate didn't recognize.

Weeb.

But Kate liked her style: black fishnet top, purple pleated skirt, and tall platform boots. The red hair was definitely a dye job, but someone with purple hair probably shouldn't judge. Her body

was also pretty decent, maybe a couple inches taller than her, though it was hard to say with those boots boosting her height. Dana's tits and ass weren't quite eye-catching, but she wasn't fat, definitely slimmer than Kate by this point. As far as Kate was concerned, that made Dana way better than most American girls. Kate still wasn't very good at telling the difference between white girls and very light hispanics, and Dana looked like she could be either. Kate just hoped she wasn't one of those weirdly religious lesbians with a ton of internalized homophobia and guilt.

Satisfied that she'd chosen well enough in a pinch, Kate got out of her car, and called out to the anxious lookout.

"Dana?"

The girl nearly dropped her phone in surprise, and looked up just in time for her eyes to catch on Kate's huge rack getting nearer.

"K-Kate?"

"In the flesh." *Plus several more pounds that weren't in my Tinder pics...*

That didn't seem to be a problem for Dana, who was having the rare experience of getting reverse-catfished: finding her big-titty goth date was actually her huge-titty goth date.

"Nice to meet you! God, you look, um wow."

"Thanks. Now c'mon, I'm starving." Kate pushed through the door and beckoned Dana to follow.

"Right! Me too!"

They each ordered, sat down together near the back, and went through the usual first-date motions.

Dana was kind, respectful, dressed-to-impress, and totally smitten with Kate's new tits. Her date tried not to say anything at first, but her glances weren't subtle, and Kate was more than aware that all her pics were from before her growth. Even though she wore nothing but an oversized shirt and booty shorts, the promise of the body underneath was more than enough to keep Dana on the hook.

But her mind just wasn't there. The dose she'd gotten from Alkim earlier today had already started to wear off, and sobriety was the last thing she needed right then. As the date dragged on, Kate grew increasingly irritable, missed things her date said, gave curt replies to Dana's nervous smalltalk, and couldn't stop shaking her legs under the table. Kate was starting to annoy herself.

Yet, despite Kate's admittedly bitchy behavior, Dana still seemed over the moon with gratitude, and offered to pay for everything. Her enthusiasm never wavered, even after Kate stress-ate two burgers, fries, and a shake.

Fuck, that's definitely going right to my boobs. Despite her hard line against getting fat, Kate was unable to resist her body's recent cravings for fat and protein. It was yet another change that frustrated her.

After forty-five minutes of irritably fielding first-date questions, Kate couldn't stand it anymore.

"How about we take this to your place?" Kate asked, watching Dana's eyes widen at the suggestion.

"Really? Oh wow, I mean, yes! Of course!"

Probably can't believe her luck. Ugh, girl's as tit-obsessed as Alkim.

Kate got Dana's address and followed her to her admittedly nice apartment.

They parked out front. Dana brought Kate to the front door, and hurriedly flipped through keys, like she was worried the big-titty goth might leave if she didn't let her inside immediately.

Dana's fumbling fingers finally managed to get the door open, and she beckoned Kate inside.

Kate entered, and Dana shut the door behind her. They left their shoes by the door and walked to where the kitchen met the living room.

"Sorry about the mess! I thought this was just going to be a lunch date, so I didn't clean up..."

Kate scanned around the apartment, but failed to find the mess. Dana's place looked like an Ikea display, as if she'd just moved in. *Shoes orderly arranged by the door, no used dishes in the sink, no piles of unopened mail...* Then Kate realized Dana was still talking, nervously trying to explain away the state of her apartment.

"... I didn't think you'd be coming here for our first date—not that I think you're a slut or anything!"

Fuck it.

Kate grabbed the other girl by the face and shut her up with a kiss on the lips.

Dana was surprised at first, but quickly recovered and began reciprocating, pulling Kate into a full embrace. Kate felt her tits mashing against the other girl's chest, with extra boobage spilling out on either side.

It was a nice change of pace, but after a minute or so, Kate got bored of this borderline-virginal make out session and actually opened her eyes. Dana's expression seemed lusty enough, and her moans seemed to confirm that she was thoroughly seduced, yet Kate was barely even aroused.

Dana had to feel all that boob pressing into her, but she was still too nervous to grab anything between Kate's shoulders and waist. Kate had to move each of Dana's hands to her tits and ass on her own before wrapping her own arms around the other girl. Dana finally got the hint, and started squeezing Kate's tits and cheeks.

Still, she felt something was missing from this moment, beyond Dana's nervous hands pawing at her without force or skill. That rush, that feeling of excitement from kissing someone for the first time just never kicked in, not like it should have.

Kate's mind had already made the unwelcome comparison between making out with this pretty goth girl, and making chaste lip contact with Alkim. Dana did not come out ahead. Somehow, even the most minor exposure to that chemical cocktail of his was enough to eclipse the pleasure of seducing a new woman.

These were not proper lesbian thoughts, and the realization of how far she'd gone renewed Kate's disgust in herself. She pulled away, and watched as her purple hairs reluctantly separated from Dana's red ones. There was literal (static) electricity between them, but insufficient chemistry.

Kate decided her overwhelming sobriety had to be dealt with.

"Can you give me a second? I need to powder my nose."

"Sure," panted Dana, "the bathroom's down the hall."

"Not what I asked."

Kate opened her purse and grabbed the eightball from last night. There was still half left, about two grams. She poured out less than half a gram, cut two lines onto Dana's counter with a credit card, then snorted one directly from the countertop.

She kept her head tilted back to ensure it all dissolved. The dopamine rush that followed immediately improved Kate's mood, turning all her bad feelings into good ones. She felt alert, focused, and energized.

Fuck yeah, I really needed that.

Kate only wished she'd done that before their date, but hindsight was twenty-twenty.

Dana seemed more than a little shocked at the sudden presence of hard drugs, but Kate was past caring what this thirsty girl thought of her.

Actually, a little pick-me-up would do us both some good.

“You want one?” she offered, pointing to the dusted countertop.

The girl nervously shook her head. “Ummm... I don’t really do, umm... white drugs. Just weed, sorry.”

Wanna bet?

“I respect that,” Kate lied, and began lifting her shirt.

It caught under her tits, dragging them up and up, gradually exposing more and more pale underboob. Then, all at once, they dropped, slapping against her chest with a loud “*plap!*” and settling not far above her navel. The titty-drop kind of hurt, but Kate was committed to the show.

She threw the shirt off completely, and watched as Dana’s eyes bugged out from the sight of the uncontained tits and liberated nipples. Thanks to her piercings, her nipples were already erect. Looking at them now, Kate thought they seemed darker than normal, almost purple, while the rest of the skin appeared weirdly pale, contrasting strongly against the many blue veins that ran beneath the skin. They’d changed so much, and so quickly. Kate wasn’t sure she liked the look of these overgrown hangers, but Dana looked ready to get on her knees and pray.

“Oh my god... they’re so...”

She’s literally speechless. “Big?” Yeah, I fucking know.

Dana nodded, awed by Kate’s big-fucking-naturals.

“Can you believe they’re still growing?”

“R-really?” Dana seemed genuinely awed by the admission. Kate didn’t even want to know what size Dana was imagining if these weren’t too much for her.

“Yeah, hormones or something. I used to be an F-cup. Now, I can do *this*.”

Kate lifted one huge tit to her face, locked eyes with Dana, and sucked the nipple into her mouth. It was all too easy now, she didn’t even need to bend her neck down to reach them. After a few licks she let go with her hands, suspending her heavy tit with suction alone. Kate watched Dana lick her lips, clearly wishing it was her mouth on Kate’s nipple. Then, Kate opened her mouth, letting the tit fall and slap against her chest, then repeated this display with the other one.

“Oh, wow...”

This is too fucking easy.

Once her nipples, piercings, and areolas were thoroughly slavered, Kate grabbed one boob in each hand, leaned over the counter, and plopped her nipples right into the remaining coke. Dana watched, dumbstruck, as Kate rubbed her heavy boobs into the schedule II mess. When Kate stood back up, her nipples were completely coated in white powder.

Kate didn't need to say another word, she just crooked a finger at the stunned lesbian.

Dana didn't even bother picking up her slacked jaw, she just walked over to Kate, hefted one massive tit in both hands, and locked her mouth onto the powdered areola.

Suddenly, Dana seemed fine with harder drugs. She suckled at Kate's tits rapaciously, despite having probably lost most of the feeling in her lips, gums, and tongue. It was about as much local anesthetic as a 1930's dentist would have applied to Dana's mouth before pulling out all of her wisdom teeth. And still she continued to lick and suck it all off Kate's überboobs, switching from nipple to nipple, latching herself onto as much of Kate as she could fit into her mouth or squeeze between her hands.

Not so shy now, huh? Guess she just needed to get out of her shell.

The bitter, numbing alkaloid was clearly no deterrent for the girl's boob-lust, and might as well have been powdered sugar. Kate wasn't sure how much of Dana's newfound boldness was the coke, or just her baseline desire to have boobs in her mouth, but she didn't really care. This was already much better than the kissing.

She vaguely remembered Alkim once said something about mucus membranes being why you either snort or gum cocaine, and can't just rub it into your skin. Applying coke to her nipples did not result in any numbness, and Kate's sensitivity had been enhanced beyond mere growth.

I don't need Alkim to feel good things!

Kate felt the wetness from Dana's drooling mouth, felt the stretching of her skin as her nipples were drawn in, felt the fine bumps on the tongue raking over her delicate skin, felt the torque on her metal studs getting batted around. Even the girl's rapid breathing was enough to get Kate's nerves firing away. Kate started to get used to Dana's hungry rhythm: suck, lick, exhale, repeat. The titplay felt amazing, but Kate needed more; more feeling, more sensation, more everything.

She wrapped her other hand around the back of Dana's head, and pulled the suckling girl closer, nearly blocking off her nose with spillover titflesh, and her other tit resting on the girl's shoulder. With the weight of her boobs supported by Dana, Kate was able to shimmy her shorts down her legs without falling forward, kicked them away, and slipped a hand under her panties. Thankfully, she'd already started to get wet.

Dana, however, was too busy fondling Kate's knockers, and would not spare a hand for her own pussy. Dana only ever unlatched from one of Kate's nipples so she could switch to the other, like she needed to know if they tasted different.

Kate had to admit, it was pretty hot seeing how much this girl hungered for her. Between the fingers working her clit, and the worshipping mouth on her tits, Kate was enjoying herself, but she wanted more. Plus, standing bent over against Dana's countertop wasn't the most comfortable position to get fucked in.

Kate pulled her boob out of Dana's sucking mouth with some effort. It exited with a loud pop, and Dana whimpered like a dog that couldn't comprehend giving up her ball in order to play fetch.

Kate backed up, pulled down her wet panties, and threw them at Dana's face. She didn't react in time, and they hit her right in the nose while she fumbled to catch them. Kate gave her a little spin, showing off the rest of her bountiful curves that Dana had rudely ignored thus far. "Why don't we take this to the bedroom?" Kate suggested.

"Oh, right! This way!" Dana moved for her room, throwing off her clothes like they were on fire. The panties were gone before Kate even had time to appreciate the style or color. Kate enjoyed watching the desperate girl jumping at her every suggestion, and Dana's slim legs looked pretty good dancing to her tune.

Already naked, Kate followed at her own pace, holding her tits in a hand bra to keep them from bouncing around too much. Dana had really gone to town on them, and Kate's palms came away slick.

Dana's bedroom was a lot more interesting than her living room. Still pretty much immaculate, with light purple bed sheets, some tropical houseplants on her windowsill, and three anime posters on the wall: Princess Mononoke, Attack on Titan, and Evangelion.

Weeb.

Also on Dana's desk was an expensive gaming PC, which Kate would have asked about if she wasn't beyond sick of smalltalk. There was also a poster of some big-titty model in a bikini, right next to the bed, like one might imagine a teenage boy hanging up in his room. *So she keeps her jerkoff fuel close.* Kate found that to be the most honest decoration in this whole place, and she couldn't help but notice her own pair had outgrown the tits on that poster by a sizable margin.

Dana was already wet between her thighs, and all that just from touching and sucking tits. Kate decided it was well past time she cut to the chase, and got what she needed out of this hookup.

She sashayed over to Dana's bed, twirled around, laid back, cradled her huge tits between her elbows, spread her thighs, and pointed down at her wetness.

Dana was practically twitching, fiending to get back to her new favorite toys. She got down on all fours on the mattress, and began crawling over towards Kate's chest.

Ugh, do I have to fucking spell it out for her?

Kate halted the girl with a foot on her forehead.

“No more boobs until you’ve finished your pussy.” Kate swung her leg back into a more leisurely position: knees bent, legs spread, and pussy on full display. She slapped her inner thigh with one hand, and parted her slick labia with the other.

Dana got the message, clearly eager to please the one with the tits. She allowed Kate to push her head down those perfect thighs, and got to work.

She wet two fingers in her mouth, then began lapping at Kate’s clit with gusto, while simultaneously working her index finger into Kate.

Luckily, Dana’s mouth had not gotten too sore from all the tit-sucking. It’d taken a few minutes for the coke to enter her system through the gums, it had blessed her with limitless stores of energy, and a singular focus on Kate’s pleasure.

Yet another win for cocaine, the Los Angeles cure-all.

Kate might have said a prayer to whatever Peruvian god or goddess was supposed to be in charge of it, except she knew nothing about Peru, and didn’t believe in any gods. Mere weeks ago, she’d been obsessed with finding the perfect girlfriend, but at that moment, Kate didn’t believe in romance, or love, or anything else beyond getting off.

Now, Dana was finally doing her part to make that happen.

Oh, fuck! Yes!

She was surprisingly talented with that tongue of hers, working around the hood of Kate’s clit with a precision, and delicacy that she had not employed on Kate’s sensitive nipples. Soon she inserted a second finger, and she curled them inside at just the right angle, and adjusted her pumping in time with Kate’s twitching. After a few minutes, she managed to find the perfect rhythm.

“Yes! Yes! Just like that!” Kate moaned. Her hips lifted off the bed, taking Dana with her. She palmed the back of the girl’s head, barely holding her to her pussy with the bucking of her hips. Kate’s tight walls clenched around Dana’s fingers.

Even Dana’s excited breath running over Kate’s sensitive clit was helping to push her over the edge.

She gripped Dana’s sheets tightly. A tremor ran through Kate, causing her to arch her back, and sending her breasts tumbling out to each side of her torso. Apparently Dana just couldn’t resist the sight, moving her free hand from Kate’s thigh up to her left breast, and tugging the whole thing around by the nipple piercing.

That was a flagrant violation of the “no more boobs” agreement, but Kate had no desire to stop the obsessed girl, not when she was so close to cumming.

The sensation of being worshiped like this from so many different points of interest was unlike anything else.

She ground her mound into the other girl’s face, and squeezed her other tit with one hand, while the other clutched a handful of sheets. She came like that, under the combined assault of penetration, clitoral stimulation, and some powerful burst of feeling from her nipples that she’d never experienced before.

Holy shiiiiit!!!

But there was no comedown, not from this. Without being given the signal to stop, Dana just kept lapping away like a good girl.

Once Kate managed to cum a couple of times from Dana’s tireless tongue, she allowed the boobhound to get back to sucking on her tits, while she took her turn fingering Dana, and rubbing at her clit. After a bit, they switched to tribbing, adjusting their positions so that Dana could keep her mouth fastened to one of Kate’s nipples.

Kate couldn’t be sure, but it seemed that between the two of them, Dana was cumming a lot more often, and easily. She was almost jealous, but was pleased enough that it made her job a lot easier. She barely had to do anything more than let Dana worship her breasts, and add the most minor stimulation on top of that.

After a couple hours, and several more orgasms, they finally called a timeout.

“Oh my...” Dana husked from down on Kate’s chest, nuzzling between tits nearly the size of her head.

Jesus, she really can’t get enough of them. Should have gotten a tattoo of a suckling kitten instead of a tiger. Kate had never met another woman this obsessed with her boobs before, and she found this side of Dana both somewhat annoying, and also incredibly flattering.

“Enjoy yourself?” asked Kate.

“Are you kidding me?” Dana grinned, “That was the best sex of my life! And *these*,” Dana grabbed the sides of Kate’s boobs, pushed them together for a quick motorboating session, then rested her head on the right, “are the best pillows I’ve ever felt.” She squeezed tightly around Kate’s nipple.

Kate hummed from the rough play, but then Dana let out a surprised yelp.

“What? What’s wrong?” asked Kate.

“I, uh, I’m not sure...” Dana just stared at Kate's nipple again, but not reverently, like before. She looked puzzled.

Curious, Kate looked down to see a pale, yellowish fluid seeping out of her nipple.

“What the fuck?!” Kate roughly shoved Dana off her chest, and ran to the bathroom down the hall, locking the door behind her.

She inspected her nipple in front of the mirror, and then hefted her tit up to her face to get a closer look.

The stuff was pooling around her piercing.

Ugh, nasty!

Dana knocked on the door a moment later. “You okay?”

“I’m fine!” Kate yelled, clearly not fine.

“D-do you want me to take a look?”

“No! I think you’ve done enough!”

Kate returned her attention to the mysterious liquid. She worried this must be a sign of some infection, and uncapped the barbell of her nipple piercing, removed the bar, then repeated the process with the other.

She wasn’t exactly an expert on these things, but she’d had infected piercings before. Once they were both out she sniffed the metal in her hands, yet detected nothing that indicated an infection.

That was odd, but she decided to keep her piercings out for the time being, just to be safe.

Maybe rubbing my nipples in cocaine wasn’t such a great idea... that’s probably it. I’ll be fine after a bit.

She washed her boobs off under hot water, and left the bathroom.

Dana was standing right outside with a concerned and anxious look on her face. Kate pushed past her, grabbing the eightball from the kitchen and rubbing a pinch of powder into her gums.

“Did I do something wrong?” Dana squeaked. “Or, is it because you’re still growing?”

Shit! Maybe it is, hadn’t even thought of that. But the reminder of her growing burdens was even more upsetting, and she lashed out with an accusatory tone at the boob-hound. “No, it’s fine. I just think spontaneously leaking something probably means my boobs have been through enough for one day, don’t you think?”

Dana's puppydog eyes were downcast in shame, for once, too abashed to stare at Kate's chest.

Ugh, guess I should go easier on her. She doesn't deserve the blame.

"But that doesn't mean we can't do other things..." Kate grinned, and pushed Dana back onto the bed. "I'm not through with you yet."

XV: Ecstasy

Kate

They fucked each other to the point of dehydration, drank water, did a little more cocaine, fucked again, then finally called a quits. For some reason, neither had much of an appetite, so they skipped dinner and just talked, and talked. They finished out the night cuddled up on Dana's living room couch, watching anime, and only fell asleep just before the sunrise.

Pretty good for a first date.

When Kate finally woke up, it was nearly five pm, and despite the almost nonstop pleasure of the evening, she felt worse than ever. Worse than even the most intense hangovers after much crazier nights out with Alkim, Vicky, and Vicky's craziest friends. Her head throbbed, her nipples ached, and her stomach was growling. The hunger made sense—it was a normal consequence of suppressing one's appetite for eighteen hours—and the nipple pain was all on Dana, but the headache was severe. This couldn't have been a normal hangover, especially since she and Dana hadn't even drunk anything alcoholic, just did a lot of coke.

Fucking ow! She pressed both hands to her temples, as if more pressure would fix it. Apparently, several hours of coked-up sex with a pretty girl, not eating, and barely drinking, was not the healthiest way to spend the evening. Nor was it an effective way of preventing withdrawals from whatever it was that Alkim produced and that Kate had come to depend on.

Kate untangled herself from Dana's limp embrace to get some water. Yet, when she stood up, her naked tits slapped against her chest, sending a shockwave through the sensitive mammary tissue that was acutely painful. Beyond a general soreness from Dana's overhandling, it felt like pinpricks and needles stabbing through her nipples, like really bad acupuncture.

When she looked down at her chest, she saw the skin around her nipples was even darker than before, and there were light bruises all over her pale skin from where Dana had gone a bit too feral with the sucking.

Tit hickeys? Tickeys? Ugh.

Kate grumbled to herself. Last night Dana made her feel like a goddess just for having these huge tits, but said tits never missed an opportunity to inconvenience the rest of her.

She held the pendulous jugs to her chest as she walked over to the kitchen sink, drank two glasses of water, then started searching around Dana's cabinets for something to deal with this headache. She found nothing of the sort.

Damnit, not only does she not do "white drugs," she doesn't even keep basic medications around her apartment!

Kate had gotten used to Alkim always having drugs and medicines on him. Besides the adderall, the coke, the acid, and the weed, he also kept little dime-bags on him with things like ibuprofen, tylenol, or caffeine, just in case. When they first met, she thought it was ridiculous, but over the weeks she'd dipped into his stores more than enough times to admit their usefulness. Whenever she needed something he didn't have, like tums, he always made sure to add it to his stocks of meds.

Kate knew Alkim was the root cause of her problems, but she also knew he was the only one who could provide some kind of solution, and that he would help treat her symptoms without hesitation.

Last night's coke-up hedonism had masked her need for him, but waking up to painful, painful sobriety forced her to confront the truth. It had been more than a day since her last exposure, and the cravings were stronger than ever.

Damnit, now I'm starting to fiend for him, like a fucking addict. How can I be addicted to a man?!?

Worse still, she knew that Alkim was the only person she could have turned to for some explanation for all this bizarre addiction and growth. Dude really knew his biology, and to a degree that seemed absurd for someone his age, with only his bachelor's degree.

More than once she'd peaked over his shoulder while he used his laptop, expecting to snoop on whatever kind of porn he liked, only to find he was reading some scientific journal article, like he'd assigned himself homework.

Truly his lamest of hobbies.

Kate rarely read any books in English, and definitely never read scientific papers for fun. But that made Alkim's familiarity with the literature even more important. It meant he might be able to find something that could help them figure out what made his fluids so irresistible, or what caused her boobs to grow.

He has to know someone in the city who works in a lab, maybe back at UCLA. Someone who can run tests on us.

Except, there was no way of knowing how he'd react to the information.

Kate was gay, Alkim knew she was gay, and she couldn't just tell him that she was addicted to his saliva. She knew he wanted to fuck her, that was never a secret, but she'd never had a problem trusting him before. Ever since they first met she'd always trusted him, trusted him to keep his hands to himself, and to not push any boundaries. She always maintained control, and he always respected her, and the other girls in the house.

But after seeing Mikaella suck him off with such... enthusiasm, Kate wasn't so certain that her boundaries would stay in place, even if Alkim wasn't the one who would cross them.

He has to know cumming like that isn't normal, and neither was the way Mikaella seemed to thirst for it. Soon enough, he'll put two and two together, and figure out that I'm almost as thirsty for him as that little Filipina prostitute of his.

She'd been emotionally vulnerable with him more times than she could count, and he'd always been kind to her. But this was a very different kind of vulnerability. This was handing him the keys to her body's chemistry, a body she knew he wanted. He would hold all the cards, and all the strings needed to puppet her around. If Alkim wanted, Kate could find herself kneeling right next to Mikaella, kissing around his dick, competing to get him off first thing in the morning for their daily dose of happiness. Worst of all, he could even make her like it, and she'd probably thank him for the privilege.

The image made Kate want to tear out her own hair.

Fortunately, her scalp was saved from her agonizing ruminations by a warm presence against her back, and a gentle kiss on her neck. Then a pair of hands wrapped around her waist, and quickly began slithering up to her boobs.

Of fucking course that's the first thing she does.

"Sleep alright?" asked Kate.

Dana yawned like the dead. "Ahhhh... what time is it?"

"After five."

"Holy shit." She yawned again. "How long did we sleep?"

"Dunno, not sure when we crashed."

"I still can't believe you got me to try cocaine. Felt like I was having sex with the wolf of wall street—I mean, his wife, in the movie. You know, Margot Robbie?"

Dork. "I don't, actually. But you had fun, right?" *Like how I'm gonna have fun ruining you.*

“Mhmm. Soooo much fun.” Dana contented herself with laying her chin on Kate’s shoulder, and fondling Kate’s tits from below. So long as she didn’t squeeze too hard, Kate didn’t really mind right then. The feel of Dana’s hands grounded her in the moment, and kept her from thinking about what she had to do.

Kate’s stomach chose that moment to growl, ruining the moment. “Got any food?”

“Yeah. Eggs, bacon, bread, and... ummmm, cereal?”

“Yes please.” *Fuck, I think I’m out of coke too.* “Oh yeah, coffee?”

“Good idea, I’ll make a pot.” She took several more seconds to palm Kate’s boobs before she got started on breakfast.

Kate offered to help, but Dana insisted that her guest shouldn’t have to do anything, serving up coffee, bacon, eggs, and toast. Kate ate gratefully, and felt better for it. But still, not enough to settle her mind, and her deeper cravings. She felt bad though, that she was leaving this pretty girl to do something nasty.

She deserves better. And I’ll be better, once I get through this.

But first, I have to go home.

Once she finished her five pm breakfast, Kate made some excuse about having to get some work done at home. She kissed Dana, told her she’d call, and started driving home.

Had she been thinking more clearly, she might have stuck around a bit longer to wait for rush hour to die down. But she hadn’t, and what had been thirty minutes yesterday morning turned into nearly three hours of stop-and-go traffic, moving with the same average speed as a very shitty jogger.

Unable to kill enemy drivers with her mind, she simply endured the repetitive, endless motions of gear-shifting: first, neutral, back to first, and repeat. Occasionally, for brief, blissful moments, she got to break the monotony with a few seconds at second gear before being forced to downshift and stop.

Fuuuck thiiiiis ciuuuuityyyy!

By the time she got home, right in the heart of the most sprawling metropolitan area in the United States, the sun had gone down, and so had Kate’s tolerance for humanity.

Luckily, Kate arrived at the house to find Alkim’s car in the driveway. She knew Hannah was at work, but couldn’t find any sign of Mikaella. She opened Alkim’s door a hair, just to check if they were in there together, but she only saw one shape on the bed. *It’s just him.* She supposed that was probably for the best, she didn’t want any of the other girls to see what she was going to do, and she definitely did not want any interruptions.

Despite her objectives, what she needed more than anything else in that moment was a long, hot shower. Something to wash away the smell of tire rubber, and any residual pussyjuices from her and Dana. Plus, she still didn't have a plan.

But first, she checked the kitchen for used cups, or Alkim's water bottle, just to be sure. She found nothing; that was disappointing, but not much of a setback. Kate wasn't even sure cleaning his glasses or drinking his water bottle right now would have been enough anyway. She was almost two days behind on her accustomed dosage, and would need more than she'd ever taken at once just to get herself steady.

She started her shower. As the hot water cleansed her of the last two days, Kate began scheming.

She couldn't just ask him to spit in her mouth, and she couldn't risk doing something to him in his sleep. What she needed was some excuse to make out with Alkim, and get his saliva. But she also had to make sure he wouldn't get too suspicious of her desires, or question her sexual orientation. Above all else, she had to stay away from his cum.

This proved more difficult than she imagined. *Clubbing, maybe?* They could go dancing, and she could just start kissing him on the floor, tell him it was to make him look better. Except, that would be a lot of effort and time before she got any payoff. Plus what if someone saw her there making out with a dude, or what if Mikaella wanted to go with them and took all his attention? *Plus, he probably wouldn't want to be woken up just to go out. Maybe I should just wake him up just to get drunk here?* Both of these plans ran the risk of him just saying no and going back to sleep. Plus, drinking wouldn't explain why she'd actually want to make out with him. She had to think of something he was guaranteed to consent to.

It wasn't until she'd finished shaving her legs that the answer finally came to her.

Molly!

Molly, ecstasy, MDMA. That was the answer. *It's not weird for friends to kiss each other on molly! It'll be like that time with the 2C-B, only better!* Kate could ask Alkim to cuddle, and make out with her without suspicion. This way, she could get everything she needed for at least a couple days, maybe even more. Even one day would be a reprieve.

Plus, the idea of combining ecstasy with Alkim's mystery chemicals was irresistibly enticing. Both drugs already made her feel beyond amazing, and she was dying to know how they might interact with each other.

There was no way Alkim would refuse her offer. He'd already been so hot for her, and he had to be even more into her now that her tits had grown ridiculously huge. He would just assume it was the molly made her horny, and it would have no reflection on her "normal" behavior hereafter. Then, she could just go back to the new status quo of covertly licking his glasses, sharing his water bottle, and occasionally shotgunning vapors. Once she was steady, that's all she would need to do.

She dug around in her room for a bit until she finally found her stash hidden in her desk drawers.

It was pure MDMA, in its natural crystalline form: nearly transparent, with a purple tint, but white around the edges. Alkim had gotten it in bulk last month for a rave that Vicky had dragged them all to. He convinced their favorite rave girl that the pressed pills she'd gotten from her musical friends were shit, and full of impurities. As a replacement, and upgrade, he got the primo stuff from his college connections mailed right to their door, weighed it all out to the milligram with his "jewelry" scale, and packaged the individual doses into transparent gelatin pill casings, so they wouldn't have to taste any of the bitter, acrid chemicals.

Once again, he'd come through for her more than he could ever know.

No holding back. This has to work.

She was about to take one of the measured pills before she considered the issue of dosage. Lately, this was another thing she'd trusted in Alkim to figure out, and she tried to recall his reasoning behind higher or lower quantities of the drug.

One point (100mg) was enough for her to roll before, but she'd already done a bunch of coke the past few days. She didn't really care about potential health consequences of following up two days of heavy cocaine usage with an even more powerful stimulant and more dangerous stimulant, she was much more concerned about potentially ruining her next high. Kate wasn't sure about the chemistry of it all, but she remembered something about recent adderall use making molly less effective, and worried that coke might also inhibit it in the same way.

She couldn't quite remember what the safe time to go between using molly was, just that it was bad to do it more than once in the same weekend. She figured a month was probably enough. She did specifically remember Alkim explaining that the high from molly required a certain threshold dosage. Below a certain level, you wouldn't feel anything, but if you took enough to hit that threshold, you would *really* feel it.

Kate took two points, just to be safe. She needed to go all in, really roll absolute tits, like some lovestruck raver, or else she'd risk letting her disgust for men ruin the plan.

She recorded the start time on her phone, so she would have a running time for how long the high should last—roughly six hours after taking it. While she waited, she put on some light clothes: just a nice, soft, white tank top, and a pair of black panties. It was an extremely basic look, but Alkim always went for basic girls and exposed skin. The translucent cloth made her nipples obvious, and left her bountiful curves both extremely visible, and completely irresistible.

Also, molly made her feel physically hot, so minimal clothing would be preferred once she got high. Bare legs would keep her cool, while they were guaranteed to make Alkim hot.

She considered a bikini top, but decided that might be laying it on a bit thick.

Kate took a few pictures of the outfit from a low angle, and pulled the top down slightly, making the line of her cleavage seem miles long, then texted them to Dana.

Let her chew on that.

She didn't chew for long. A minute later Dana sent back several thirsty emoji's, and tried to schedule another date for tomorrow. Kate gave a tentative maybe, but left things open to meet here, in K-Town, on a later date. She'd rather not be stranded so far away from her supplies of addictive substances if she could help it. Plus, after today, she was sick of driving.

She killed the remaining time catching up on social media. All the while the MDMA dissolved in her stomach, and got to work at releasing all the serotonin in her brain.

It didn't take long to kick in. Thirty minutes, tops, and it did not set in gradually.

A multitude of feelings hit her all at once, like a euphoric car crash: the affection, the heat, the strong desire to blab, kiss, suck, and bite.

Fuuuck, why can't people be like this all the time?

Before she knew it, Kate found herself standing in front of Alkim's room, tightly clenching her teeth, trying to work up the courage to enter. She felt like some kind of doped-up vampire, unable to enter his domicile without permission.

This is fucking insane!

Ironically, the thought that she might be crazy didn't make Kate call off her half-baked plan, it only made her feel lonely, and even more desperate for her friend's validation.

Fuck it!

Kate opened his door without knocking and strode right in. Alkim was on his bed, seemingly fast asleep, with a blanket over his legs. *Why is he sleeping? It's only nine pm!* She got up on his bed and shook him by his shoulders. "Alkim? Alkim, wake up!"

He grumbled something unintelligible and didn't rise. Kate was getting impatient. She crawled over to straddle Alkim's midsection and shook him by his shoulders some more as she called his name.

"C'mon, Alkim! Dude, get up, I need to talk to you! Please?"

Her hands came away sweaty. Her friend rarely used blankets, on account of the heat, and his self-proclaimed high metabolism. It should have been odd to see him using one at these temperatures, but Kate didn't really find any of it odd or interesting enough to think about.

"Uggghhhh," he groaned, "Mikaella? Again already?"

Mikaella? Was he having a sex dream? “Fuck no, dude! It’s me, Kate! Wake up already!”

Alkim finally opened his eyes, and was greeted with the sight of Kate’s enormous hangers overflowing her tank top.

“Kate?!” His eyes widened to the size of dinner plates.

Of course THAT woke him up. Tits-for-brains.

He pulled the blanket up to his waist, rubbed his eyes and stared at her boobs again. “What—ugh, shit!—are you doing? Here, I mean, in my bed.” he asked, squirming under her, apparently confused by this wake up call. His gaze flicked between her face, chest, and her bare legs kneeling on either side of his abdomen.

The molly had made Kate even more impatient and much less coherent. Once she opened her mouth, the poorly constructed speech just spilled out of her, “Okay, so I was feeling bad so I took a point of molly to make me feel better—two points, actually—except I have no one else to talk to or cuddle with right now, and I really need someone to hold me and make out with me! But you were asleep, so I had to wake you up, but yeah, that’s it, so will you scootch over so I can lay down here with you???”

Somehow, Alkim had not kept up with that infodump.

“Wait, wait, wait! Back up! You did molly by yourself? We were supposed to wait two more months!”

“Yeah? Well, I really could use a little more comfort and a lot less judgy-ness right now, thank you very much!” Kate felt a bit indignant that Alkim had not already accepted her offer.

How could he not want to make out with all this?

“Why’d you take it tonight?” he asked.

“I just wanted to feel good, man. It’s not that deep.” *Half true.*

“Fuck.” He pinched the bridge of his nose, then tried to rub the sleep from his eyes. “Well, I guess there’s no un-taking it. How much?”

“Huh?”

“What dosage? How many points? And how long ago?”

“Oh, two.” She held up two fingers over his face, then impulsively tapped them on his nose. “Boop! Oh, and, like, a half hour ago.”

His eyes went wide. “Two points? Fuck! Kate, that’s an insane dose for someone your weight! That’s almost as much as I take, and you don’t have anywhere near that kind of tolerance!”

Awww, he still doesn’t think I’m fat! Just my tits.

He stopped for a moment, processing this information. Then his jaw dropped. “Wait, did you just say you want to cuddle and make out?”

“I said so, didn’t I?”

“That’s why I asked—ugh, never mind.” He shut his eyes, and groaned, while his hands clenched into fists, as if he could squeeze out the tension from this situation. Then he sighed. “So, you really want to make out?”

“Yes!”

“With me?”

“Yes!”

“Right now?”

“Yes! Yes! Yes!”

Alkim looked her up and down, considering his answer carefully. “Look, Kate, we both know you’re the hottest person I know...” *Awww!* “... and I definitely want to say yes... but I also don’t want to take advantage of you while you’re all fucked up. Friends shouldn’t do that.”

“Rude!” She gave him a little playful shove, which had the effect of squeezing her tits between her elbows. “I’m perfectly alert, and sound of mind.” Her mind was actually completely flooded with elevated levels of dopamine, and serotonin, but that was beside the point.

“You say that now, but you’re also rolling absolute tits.” The mere mention of tits was enough to make him look, but he caught himself almost immediately, and resumed eye contact. “When you sober up in a few hours you’re going to be pissed at me for saying yes.”

“I won’t be mad! I promise!” She meant it at that moment, but she also didn’t really care if she changed her mind later. Being upset with him was a problem for future-Kate. Right-fucking-now-Kate needed her fix, and she needed it bad.

“Riiiiight.” Alkim stared at her for a long moment, then shifted his gaze down to her tits, and back to her face again before sighing in resignation. “Okay, Kate. I just have to make something clear first: if we do this, things will happen to me. Blood will go places, and it will not leave those places until we are done.”

Gross. “I get it.” The last thing she needed was a lesson in male reproductive anatomy.

“No, Kate, I’m not sure you do. I mean I’m going to get *really* hard. Diamond hard. It’s completely involuntary. If that’s going to make you uncomfortable, we shouldn’t do this.”

Of course it makes me uncomfortable! “It won’t. I know it’s normal for you, I can handle it,” she lied, “I don’t care if you get a boner.” *As long as it doesn’t fucking touch or cum on me!* She hoped he hadn’t noticed she sat a good half foot up his torso so that her ass wasn’t in contact with his groin. “I just really, really need someone to make out with me, okay? C’mon, I don’t wanna be all alone like this. Pleeaaase?” she pleaded, needily, clasping her hands together, causing her boobs to follow suit.

Alkim watched, evaluating her sincerity. “And you promise not to get mad at me later?”

Too easy. “I promise, I won’t get mad at you later.” *How could I get mad at someone who makes me feel so, sooooo fucking good?*

He considered that for too much time. “I feel like I should get this in writing.”

Fuck no! I don’t want to leave any evidence of this night behind!

Still straddling him, Kate leaned forward until her face hovered over his, and her massive breasts spilled over the sides of her tank top onto his bare chest.

No way he’ll say no to these.

“Ughhhh, never mind.”

Ha! Tits-for-brains.

He exhaled deeply, like he was psyching himself up. Kate just enjoyed the light breeze it sent over her rapidly-warming skin. “Okay then. Should I do some molly too?” asked Alkim.

Kate shrugged, “If you want,” she didn’t care about such trivial details. It was time to get her fix.

He licked his lips nervously, considering. “No, better that one of us stays sober. I’ll be the trip-sitter, in case two points ends up being too much molly for you.”

“So you can make me drink water?”

“So I can drive you to the hospital.”

Wow. “Hey! Partyfoul! Can you drop the bad vibes now and just fucking kiss me already?”

She bent her elbows out, until her face hovered mere inches above his.

“Wait,” he stopped her with a hand on her collarbone, “why don’t we do this in your room, where there’s a working lock?”

“Oh.” *Shit, that’s a good idea. He has such good ideas.* “Yeah, alright. My mattress is way more comfortable anyway.” Kate swung her leg over Alkim’s face, and crawled to the edge of the bed, probably giving Alkim two eyefuls of her bare ass in the process. She got up and walked to her room, hand on the wall for stability, and because the texture felt interesting. She flopped down on her incredibly comfortable mattress, and in the process nearly slapped herself in the chin with her own breasts.

She winced from the pain, and began massaging her sore not-so-funbags. Only then did she realize he hadn’t followed her.

Wait, where’d he go?

Alkim entered a few moments later. He’d put on shorts, and was carrying in two metal water bottles. He shook them, and they rattled in his grip.

“Ice water, for the molly. Remember to drink constantly, and tell me when you get too hot.” He set one down on the nightstand, and set the other within reach, where the mattress met the wall.

Hell yeah. “Oh! I have a fan.” She pointed over to it, by her desk.

“Perfect.” He moved it over to the bedside and set it on high, with the rotation on.

The cool breeze was exactly what she needed, and she stretched her arms out to catch it.

“Do you want me to put on some music?” he asked.

“Oooo, fuck yeah!”

“Any preferences?”

“You decide. I trust you.” She really meant it. There was no one else on the planet she trusted more at that moment, and the ecstasy compelled her to tell him. “You’re a really good friend, Alkim.”

“You too, dude.”

He propped up his Bluetooth speaker on the nightstand, then put on some 2000s angst-rock. Her body immediately responded, shaking without coordination to the music.

“Fuck yeah! Who is this?”

“Paramore, felt like the right choice. Linkin Park can be a bit too sad for Molly, and My Chemical Romance seemed a little on-the-nose”

Somehow, this was precisely the vibe Kate wanted. Alkim was the only one who agreed with her about electric guitar being the perfect music to listen to on molly. *So much better than EDM!* She also appreciated that it was a woman singing. *She sounds sexy. I should look her up later.*

He sat down on the edge of the bed, uncapped the water bottle, and held it out for her to drink from.

She sat up, and did as he bade, enjoying the chilling sensation traveling down her surprisingly parched throat, and counteracting the increasing heat that had flushed over her skin.

He knows what I need before I ask. The perfect trip-sitter.

She handed him back the bottle, and let herself fall back onto the mattress. "I'm so glad we met, dude." She grabbed his hand and squeezed hard.

He squeezed back. "Me too. You really saved my ass by letting me stay here. I can't thank you enough for that, you and Vicky. My family cut me off, so I'd probably be homeless right now if you hadn't done that."

She waved that off with her free hand. "You would've figured something out. You're really smart. Like, really, really, really smart." She ground her back into the soft mattress, like a cat, enjoying the sensation of her fine-thread sheets on her skin. "I don't tell you enough, but you're one of the smartest people I've ever met, really. I still can't believe you know all the things you know. Like, how you remember all that shit from school everyone forgets, all the names of... things, and how stuff works. All that... science. Like when we made that DMT!"

He grinned, always enjoying people praising his intelligence. "Thanks, but if I was really smart, I would have just bit the bullet and gone to med school."

"Well I'm glad you didn't, or we wouldn't be housemates, or besties." She squeezed his hand again.

He smiled back at her, warmly, and again squeezed back. "I feel the same way, dude. But seriously, letting me stay in the spare room, even when you barely knew who I was? I mean, I could have been crazy, or a rapist, but you still gave me a key. That might be the nicest thing anyone's ever done for me, seriously."

Maybe it was crazy to let him into her life so quickly, but it felt right then, and it felt right now. She'd never vibed so well with a man before, and that wasn't something she was keen to ignore.

"You just had really, really good vibes. I knew you were a cool, smart-ass guy from day one. Plus, Vicky vouched for you, hard, and I believed her."

Not for the first time, Kate found herself wishing she was bi, or that Alkim was a woman. There would have been no debate over getting involved if either were the case, but the second

hypothetical was far more appealing to her imagination. If fem-Alkim was half as slutty as the real deal, they might have fucked that very first night. Definitely by the end of the weekend. *A pretty, educated, muscular, half-Chinese girl, fresh out of university, with impeccable cooking skills, drug connections, who loved to party, and had nowhere else to stay? I'd have welcomed her into this bed for sure, no questions asked.* Vicky's young friend would have been on the fast track to live-in-girlfriend. Either they'd be together by now, or would've explosively broken up after a few weeks, but there would have been an attempt.

Only, Kate wasn't bi, and Alkim wasn't a woman, yet she was still about to welcome him into her bed anyway.

Kate noticed her teeth were grinding, and forced herself to stop.

That was another side-effect of the molly. When people took it at raves, they often chewed on something to occupy themselves. Some people stuck to chewing gum, while others wore night guards, or Invisalign. The weirdest ones sucked on infant pacifiers, but most people just kissed each other.

Meanwhile, the speaker blared on.

♪♪ *"I'm in the business of misery, let's take it from the top
She's got a body like an hourglass, it's ticking like a clock
It's a matter of time before we all run out
When I thought he was mine, she caught him by the mouth"* ♪♪

That was her reminder to get something else to occupy her mouth.

"Lay down with me." She grabbed his arm and pulled him down until he was on his back beside her. Then, she straddled him, just above his waist, so there was no chance of touching his boner.

Moment of truth, just gotta make it as good for him as it will be for me.

Up until then, she'd told herself that it was just about her need for his unusual spit. But at this critical moment, she realized she wanted him to feel appreciated, to feel her gratitude, and to enjoy her presence.

She also really wanted to kiss someone already.

♪♪ *"Well, there's a million other girls who do it just like you
Looking as innocent as possible to get to who
They want and what they like, it's easy if you do it right
Well, I refuse, I refuse, I refuse"* ♪♪

Kate lowered herself onto Alkim, inch by inch, until, at last, their lips made contact.

Whatever compounds tied them together, she'd only ever taken minuscule quantities of them at any one time. A sip here, basic lip contact there. She knew that full-on open mouth kissing would entail a much more substantial dose, but even she couldn't have predicted the full strength of the effect.

The feeling was of a thousand lunar new-year fireworks crackling throughout her nervous system. Instantly, all her worries vanished, replaced by an incredible double-euphoria. A deep moan escaped her, as the satisfaction of finally getting her reward spread throughout her body, and soaked into her brain—a brain that was already stewing under an excess of serotonin.

♪♪“Whoa, I never meant to brag
But I got him where I want him now”♪♪

Her hands gripped his temples, keeping his head secure as her tongue darted between his lips, like a hummingbird at a heroin feeder. Also like a hummingbird, her heart rate was climbing rapidly.

♪♪“But God, does it feel so good
'Cause I got him where I want him now
And if you could, then you know you would
'Cause God, it just feels so
It just feels so good”♪♪

She instinctively attacked his mouth with a passion and hunger that would have shocked her, had she spared a single thought to shame, optics, or the norms of male-female friendships. But every part of her brain was singularly focused on chasing that high, of quenching the thirst that had built within her for the past two days.

Longer, even. Everything since that first DMT trip had built up to this moment, and she intended to make it last.

Alkim also began to give in to the sensations, to his lust for Kate. Not long after her tongue invaded his mouth, he started reciprocating her affections. His unsure hands moved from her shoulders, brushing past her sensitive breasts, and settling on her narrow waist. At first he merely held on, fighting against the current, but soon enough he was squeezing her hips, and cupping her perky ass. His strong hands ran over her smooth body, mapping out her every curve, and he clutched her assets as greedily as she held his face.

Simultaneously, the motions of his tongue began to match hers in enthusiasm. The one-sided tongue action escalated. They were sucking face and swapping spit like horny teenagers, and during this chemically-induced french-kissing, his tongue shot into her mouth, further increasing her dosage.

Against her true nature, Kate's pussy was growing wetter, and she began grinding her ever darkening panty-clad mound into his abs. In this state of euphoric hedonism, she welcomed any and all pleasurable sensations, and no longer fretted over the increasing heterosexuality of her

actions. With none of her fellow lesbians around to witness her traitorous behavior, she felt free to do as she needed, and as she pleased.

Laying over his sweaty, hairy, masculine body should have been disgusting, but Kate didn't care. The feel of his hands on her hips made her feel close to him. Coarse, black body hairs that should have scratched at her like steel wool ceased to be annoying. Even the touch of his sweaty skin was appreciated every time the fan blew over her. His scent quickly grew from a background aroma to one that almost saturated her sinuses, yet she found it comforting, even relaxing.

He actually smells kinda... nice?

After what felt like an hour (but turned out to be only fifteen minutes), Kate finally pulled away from Alkim's face, panting. The heat of their embrace left the pair a lot sweatier than when they started.

She leaned back down to smell his bare chest, running her hands through the slick hairs. Even with the fan on full blast, his torso was like a furnace. She imagined him glowing white hot in the infrared, like that movie, "*Predator*," he'd forced her to watch.

"How do you feel?" He asked, concern etched onto his face.

The moment his question registered in her mind, a powerful wave of heat crashed over her, and she felt it return in pulses, flashes of warmth. She wasn't sure how much was the molly, and how much was from Alkim, but the hot flashes were rapidly eroding her ability to think.

"Feel hot," she moaned, "really, really hot."

Her tank top had grown uncomfortably sticky from their combined sweat.

"Fuck," she panted, "it's too hot in here!"

Immediately, Alkim held up the water bottle for her. "Drink."

"In a second." She waved him off. "Need to take this off."

Kate sat up straight, back to straddling Alkim's stomach. Quickly, and unceremoniously, she pulled off her tank top and threw it far away from the bed, and nowhere near her hamper. Her huge tits plapped against her chest, free at last, but still sore from Dana's eager teething the previous night.

In her rush to get cooler, she hadn't even considered Alkim's reaction until she felt his shocked exhalation over her sensitive skin, and the brief sensation of falling as her seat dropped instantly when his diaphragm relaxed.

The spectacle, the weight, the power of the titty-drop had literally forced the air from his lungs.

Now, with only her pussy covered, she realized this was probably the most naked she'd ever been in his presence, and it was certainly the first time he'd seen her newly-expanded bust fully unleashed.

"Wooooow..." was all he managed to say in response. His arms were frozen in place, still holding up the water bottle for her.

"Gimmie, gimmie."

She grabbed the bottle and gulped down several mouthfuls of freezing water. Afterwards, she still felt uncomfortably warm, so she impulsively splashed some of the cold water onto her chest. It quickly trickled down between her huge tits, down her abs, and onto Alkim's chest.

"Shit! Sorry, didn't mean to get you wet." She screwed the cap shut, and threw the bottle aside.

Alkim just laid there, transfixed by her unintentional display, and gave no sign that he noticed the icy water that dripped onto him.

"No complaints here." He was no longer even attempting eye contact. "Wait," he pointed at her boobs, "what happened to your nipple piercings?"

She rubbed at the tender skin of her areolas. "Had to take them out. Girl I was seeing last night must have bitten them too hard."

Did I remember to put them in my purse, or did I leave them at Dana's?

"Damn," he murmured. For a moment, Alkim just stared up at her rack, committing the sight to memory, but he found his words quickly enough. "I see what you mean, though: it looks like she gave you a bunch of titty-hickeys. Tickeys?"

"Yeah, got to rein her in next time."

He's definitely gonna jerk it to this later.

He was not-so-subtly chewing on his bottom lip, like he was working up the nerve to say something. Then, he manned up enough to ask, "Feel free to slap me, but I have to ask... can I touch them?"

If this is the toll I must pay.

"Sure, go ahead." She spread her arms out to her sides, granting him unrestricted access to her breasts.

"Seriously?"

"Just be gentle with them, like a massage. They're still sore."

“... Okay then...”

He reached out, tentatively at first, just a basic touch on the sides. Emboldened, he gave each a good squeeze. Then he started palming them from below, lifting them, testing their weight, playing with them like they were his first pair of boobs, unable to hide his obvious delight.

He let out a silent whistle. “Jesus, Kate. They’ve, ugh, really grown in, huh.”

“Mhm.”

“What size are they now?”

She shrugged, sending waves of jiggling titflesh crashing into his hands. “Last time I measured they were K-cups, but I’m not sure anymore.”

She saw Alkim silently mouth “*Damn*,” before he went back to feeling her up. “Are you still worried about them? I mean, do you still want to go back to your old size?”

She shrugged again, causing her left tit to slip from his grasp. “Dunno. I mean, they’re suuuuch a pain, dude, like, you have no idea. They’re so heavy, and sensitive now. Plus, I’ve gotta buy a bunch of new tops and bras now, and I don’t know if I’m going to keep growing or not.”

“Damn, sorry to hear that.”

Liar. I know you’re loving everything about this.

Not that she minded right then, she knew he was trying to be supportive, beyond just physically supporting her heavy tits in his hands. In fact, knowing that Alkim liked them this way got her thinking about the positive sides of having giant, natural tits.

“But at the same time, everyone else seems to like them. Like, a looooooot. No one else at work came close to getting booked as much as me. Guess how much I made in one shift?”

“How much?”

“Guess.”

“Uh, five-hundred bucks?”

She shook her head, sending purple hairs out of place. “Fourteen-hundred dollars.”

“Holy shit!” She felt his surprise through the sudden clenching of his fingers.

“Right? Like, a month’s rent, in one night! And no taxes.”

“That’s fucking crazy, dude.”

“Yeah, a girl could get used to that kinda money.” She pushed the stray hairs back behind her ears. “Oh, and remember that goth chick I told you about?”

“Uhhh, yeah. Real quick, what was her name again?”

“Dana.” She grabbed her phone and pulled up Dana’s profile for him.

“Ohhhh, yeah I remember her now. You asked me if I thought she was hot, and I told you she looked like your type.”

Kate put the phone down, and closed her eyes, focusing on the sensation of Alkim’s increasingly sweaty palms massaging her sore breasts. After a bit, she found herself relaxing under the attention, while her molly-brain felt the need to occupy the silence.

“Actually, I think you’d like her. She seemed kind of straight-edged at first,” *till I cured her of that*, “but she’s actually pretty down, once you get her going.” His thumb rubbed at the edges of her areolas. “And she might be the only one more obsessed with big tits than you are.” *Maybe even more than actual babies.*

“I mean, can you really blame her? These,” he held them up together, reverently, as though presenting something truly precious, “are probably the most amazing tits she’s ever seen.”

Damn, he really loves them. “C’mon, stop exaggerating. They’re so saggy now, and veiny.”

“No way dude! They’re perfect, like, I could do this all day.” He squeezed again for emphasis.

“If they were perfect like this, then women wouldn’t get breast reductions.”

Alkim frowned at the mere mention of a reduction. “Well, why don’t you ask Dana which she’d prefer: your perfect, veiny, natural boobs, or perky, spherical, fake bolt-ons?”

Just then, one of his thumbs pressed into her bruised skin, and Kate winced from the sudden, sharp pain. “Ouch! Watch it!”

“Sorry!” He pulled his hands back, apologetically.

“Just be careful,” she hissed, “they’re still tender.”

“Damn, the perils of hooking up, I guess. Want me to kiss them and make it better?” He puckered his lips and chuckled.

Actually, with him, that might just work.

The coke she'd applied to her nipples yesterday had done nothing; it simply couldn't get through normal skin. Until now, she'd assumed the same was true of Alkim's saliva, but she was willing to put that to the test. If sharing his water bottle at the gym could alleviate muscle pains, then perhaps letting him suck her tits would cure her of the pain and soreness caused by Dana.

And besides, she was already rolling tits, he might as well have some for himself.

"Okay," she agreed.

Alkim's eyes went wide. "Wha-really?"

She hefted up her right boob from underneath, so her nipple was pointing right at him.

"Go ahead. I trust you, and I know you want to."

Alkim looked like he was about to spout off some cliché about not wanting to take advantage of her, again. But not this time.

"Well, if you're sure about this... I'll be gentle." he promised.

He leaned up at once, causing her to slide down his body into his lap. Before she could object to this position, his mouth was hovering over her right nipple, and he looked up to her, as if asking her final permission.

Kate granted it, "Just start with the bruises, then my nips."

That was all the encouragement he needed. He grabbed her right tit from below, and started kissing her bruises. It started out a bit painful on her tender skin, but the little aches quickly faded away, replaced by a satisfying warmth. He moved her tits as needed, spreading apart her cleavage, searching for any remaining bruises, kissing them wetly, and quickly eliminated all her discomfort.

Once he'd gotten them all several times over, he stopped. "Is that better?" he asked.

Soooooooo much better.

Kate forgot all about avoiding the hard dick pulsing against her wet panties, her focus was drawn to the distinct lack of his mouth on her boobs.

"More!" Kate wailed, palming the back of Alkim's head, and pulling him to her nipple.

Alkim latched on, sealing his lips over her areola, and got right to work. His hungry tongue flicked at her nipple, which hardened fully, and instantly. His cheeks hollowed deeply, pulling more of her tit into his mouth, before he released the pressure with a loud "*Pop!*" and repeated the sequence. True to his word, he was very careful not to apply any pressure with his teeth, and Kate had to admit he was really, *really* good at this.

Compared to Dana's rough titplay, Alkim proved much softer, and far more soothing. It was exactly the opposite of what she would have guessed from Dana's mousy, nervous conversation, and Alkim's strong, confident behavior.

But then again, Dana didn't share Alkim's gift for chemistry.

So unfair. Had to be a guy who gets power to make everything feel good! Why couldn't it have been Vicky?

The relief wasn't quite as immediate as it had been through mouth-to-mouth contact; it took longer for those sweet, sweet chemicals to be absorbed through the skin of her nipples and areolas, compared to the more permeable skin of her mouth and throat. But within a few minutes she could feel it seeping through, and as the titsucking went on, the sensation only grew stronger.

Kate hadn't really thought this through. The make out session had already given her an enormous dose of him, more than she'd ever taken at once. Now, his mouth had been locked onto the same nipple for a good long suckle, and there was no telling how much more had entered her system.

She began to relax into him completely, and soon enough he was the one holding her upright. After several minutes of this, she sagged into him so much that the spillover titflesh blocked his nose, and he was forced to unlatch.

"Mmmmmm," she hummed blissfully.

"Was that okay?"

"Yesss... thanks, it feels so much better now."

"Really?" He was surprised.

"Yeah, no more pain," she smiled her doped-up smile. "Can you try the other one now?"

Alkim grinned like an idiot, "No need to twist my arm." He started to lean in, but stopped himself at the last moment. "Actually, how about we try a different position? Something more relaxed." he suggested.

Whatever you say, dude.

"Okay, sounds good," she agreed. At this point, Kate was beyond high, and she would have gone along with any of his ideas, even ones that weren't guaranteed to involve copious amounts of pleasurable chemicals.

Good thing he didn't ask for a titfuck, I might've said yes. A thought that would have horrified her two hours ago now came and went without fanfare.

Still holding her on his lap, Alkim scooted back to where her mattress met the wall. As he moved them, she felt his boner pressing against her ass, but made no objection. He propped up a couple of her pillows, and eased Kate backwards until she rested against the wall, with her back supported by the soft cushioning.

Then he got up, and aimed the fan directly at her. She relaxed even further under the welcome combination of cool air over her skin and Alkim's reassuring scent in her face.

"Comfy? Fan's not too much?" he asked.

"Mhm. It's perfect." *This was a great idea.* She wouldn't have to do anything to hold this position, and the fan would keep her from overheating. *Such a good trip sitter.*

Alkim grabbed a pillow, placed it in Kate's lap, and laid down on top of it. In this position, her nipples hovered right at the level of his face, perfect for effortless sucking. All he needed to do was open his mouth, scoot over a bit, let the weight of her tit force the nipple between his lips, and latch on.

Then, he started suckling.

The relief came much faster this time around, which Kate was grateful for. The feeling of his tongue flicking against her turgid nipple was sublime, as were the deep humming vibrations he made that traveled throughout her body.

As gentle as he was with her sensitive teats, she could still see the hunger in his eyes. She was certain this had to be a recurring fantasy of his. The thought should have repulsed her, like finding out he'd been sniffing her panties. Except, she couldn't exactly see why that should be bad either.

So what if he wants to suckle some titties, or sniff some panties? Doesn't everyone?

Instead of outrage, she felt happy; happy for Alkim, that he was getting what he wanted, what he deserved for all his help; and happy for herself, that she got to do a good deed, and got to show him how much she valued their friendship.

So, Kate laid back, allowing her body to sink into the soft bedding, and allowing Alkim to do as he pleased. She encouraged him to do even more with a hand on the back of his head

It all felt far too good to stop, anyway. It was so good that she hardly felt the heat and pressure within her rising without end.

Alkim

Sucking on Kate's tits was like a dream come true. Not only because the act had figured prominently in his dreams and jerkoff sessions, but also because the sequence of events leading up to this moment made no damn sense.

In less than an hour, Kate did a bunch of molly, woke him up, asked him to make out with her, and then actually allowed him to fondle and suckle her huge, perfect tits.

Oh god! It's like that time she took 2C-B at that fucking convention party, only a thousand times hotter!

It was a good thing Mikaella got cold so easily, or there wouldn't have been any blankets over his lower half to conceal her sleeping mouth on his dick. Another stroke of luck came from Kate being too high to notice the human-sized lump below his waist. Luckier still, Mikaella didn't wake up from anything they said, nor when he pulled his dick out of her sleeping, suckling mouth to go make out with Kate.

He wasn't sure how his new cumslut might have reacted to that, but jealousy seemed like a reasonable response upon finding out that "her man" left her mid-blowjob just for the chance to kiss his far bustier and all-around more beautiful crush.

Better that I don't inflame her insecurities. Definitely, much better for the both of us. I'll make it up to her tomorrow.

It was an easy promise for him to make when the only things Mikaella seemed to want from him were his cooking and his cock.

Still, he couldn't fucking believe what Kate had permitted in the past hour.

Her tits had grown to the size of her head, then she let a girl suck on them so much that they became terribly sore, and her solution was to... let me suck on them too?

He made one joke about kissing them and making it better, and she just agreed, instantly, as if his kisses could actually heal bruises. But Alkim wasn't going to turn down such an opportunity, and he fulfilled the bizarre request. Somehow, it almost seemed to be working. She claimed to feel much better, and then asked him to do more.

The same Kate that found casual displays of male/female desire utterly repulsive was encouraging him to dry-nurse at her massive chest, and was now sensuously running her fingers through his hair.

It was insane! It was absurd! It was nonsensical!

It was exactly what he wanted from the moment they met.

Before then, even, dating all the way back to the very first pornographic videos he'd ever seen. Like many teenage boys, he thought looking at dicks was gay, and also didn't find the vagina itself to be the most appealing part of a woman either. So, he began with softcore videos of busty women fooling around, which quickly escalated to videos of women with gargantuan natural breasts, some bigger than their heads, and often lactating into the mouths of equally busty women.

Even after graduating to hardcore porn, and then onto actual sex, with actual women, Alkim never lost his fascination for big mommy-milkers. He'd sucked on a great many titties back in college, yet none could ever compare to those insanely top-heavy models. The heft, the size, the contrast with their slim torsos, and, of course, the milk; all were unobtainable dreams.

The simple fact was that the vast majority of women were not built like that, and could never become that. Even the most expensive surgeries couldn't replicate the look he'd always found most attractive. He'd long since accepted that reality, and went about his adult life dating women with small to moderate busts, and got off just fine.

But now he had Kate: Kate, and her huge, perfect, natural tits, stuffed right into his thirsty mouth.

He'd never tell her, but he thought her nips looked much better without the piercings, and he never liked the feel of studs against his tongue anyway.

They detracted from her natural perfection.

Kate was more than goth enough without them. *Even her tits are goth!* That pale skin, the visible blue veins running beneath, and those dark, almost purplish areolas, they all fit her perfectly.

Whatever happens, I have to talk her out of a reduction.

Kate was indeed a mega-titty goth girl-friend. She just wasn't Alkim's girlfriend, but the distinction hardly mattered at the moment.

Fuck! This is the hottest thing that's ever happened in my life! Good thing Mikaella sucked me off to within an inch of my life an hour ago, or I might have exploded all over the bed. The only ways this could be any hotter were if Kate was lactating, or if she let me fuck her.

The first was impossible, and the second was still too absurd for him to joke about, even if she had granted every request of his so far. The last thing he wanted was for her to get offended and kick him out of her room. He wasn't going to risk a night full of unlimited giant naturals just for another orgasm, not when Mikaella promised him an infinite supply.

Paradoxically, despite the rapid pounding of his heart, and the sheer horny madness that clouded his thinking, there was nothing he found more fulfilling or relaxing than sucking on a nice titty, and he was certain the titties would never be nicer than these.

Except, they actually might. Kate's bust grew to this size in just over a week, and she seemed to think they were still growing.

They started out as way more than a handful. Now, they're bigger than her head! She doesn't even know her own bra size anymore! Just how fucking big will they get? Could they end up down at her bellybutton, or so huge they rest in her lap?!

Alkim found all such possibilities of his gorgeous best friend's case of genuine breast expansion unbelievably hot. He could only hope that he would get the chance to see and feel the changes for himself.

Assuming she doesn't kill me tomorrow, would she ever let me do this again, sober? No, no fucking way, this is all the molly.

Regardless of her promises to not get mad at him, Alkim knew tomorrow's Kate would fully disavow any actions taken or promises she made in this state. Not that he could really blame her, but that meant he had to get as many memories and as much satisfaction out of this situation while he still could.

I owe Vicky my fucking life for inviting me to hang out here that first weekend, and vouching for me with Kate! I just can't believe it led to this moment, sucking the ultimate in big, natural, goth, Asian titties. I have to find some way to repay her when she gets back.

Then he tasted something odd; something new; something sweet on his tongue. Instinctively, he suckled harder, deeper, seeking it out, and after a few seconds, he tasted more of it.

What the...

Reluctantly, Alkim popped his mouth off her nipple and brought his eyes up to the slick teat. Curious, he squeezed around her areola, and watched with amazement as tiny white droplets began to form on the end of her nipple. He was fully entranced, unable to make sense of this development until the droplet enlarged and fell onto his tongue.

Milk? Milk!?!

In no time at all the droplet was replaced by another, and another, until a steady dribbling of milk was falling into his dumbstruck mouth, like a leaky faucet.

Oh my god! Kate's lactating!? Wait, is this why her tits are growing???

The realization shocked him beyond his lust, at least for the moment. Alkim stared for a good long moment, breathing heavily. Then he realized he had to inform Kate of this unexpected medical development, especially as a potential answer to the mystery of her ever-bigger-naturals.

He never even got a chance to say a thing.

“Don’t stop! I need more!”

The lactating goth clutched his head to her fat tit, forcing her nipple back into his mouth.

Once again, instinct took over, and Alkim sucked away, hungrier than ever. His concerns were quickly overridden by the ecstasy of fulfilling his greatest fantasy.

What if I tell her and she goes berserk and kicks me out?

Nothing sounded more frightening than the possibility of being cut off from the tap. He promised to himself that he'd tell her in a few minutes, then allowed himself to get lost in the moment, lost in the sweet, sweet taste of Kate's milk.

It's sooo much better than cow's milk! Thinner, but far, far sweeter. Sweet like candy, sweet like the leftover milk from a bowl of Honey Nut Cheerios!

He didn't eat cereal anymore, but he would if he had this in the fridge. He never drank coffee, but he could imagine that mixing in a splash of Kate's saccharine milk could change his mind.

If I mixed this with vodka, would it still create a White Russian, even if the milk is Chinese?

Alkim's dick had long since hardened to its full size, and had begun to dribble precum into his underwear. Yet he dare not jerk it, dare not interrupt this incredible, intimate, blissful moment with something that was sure to shock her out of it.

But apparently, Kate did not share his reservations. His head registered movement coming from beneath the pillow that his head lay on. Subtle, rhythmic movements. Then he saw Kate's upper arms were perfectly synced up to that rhythm.

Holy shit! She's fucking masturbating to me drinking from her tits! Mere inches from her pussy! This is so much crazier than the 2C-B hands-free orgasm!

“Oh fuck! Mhmmm! How are you doing this to me?” Kate moaned.

Alkim couldn't respond, couldn't ask what she meant, not with her holding him in like this, and not when all he wanted was to suck on her giant, perfect, milkers.

But there was no need. Not when Kate kept filling the dead air with more questions.

“Oh my godddd,” She twitched, and shook above him. Her chest came down, and her huge tit plastered over his entire face, blocking out the light. “Why does this feel so goooooood? How are you—aaaah!—making me cum?!”

Despite the sudden plunge into darkness, the feeling of soft boob on his face, the partial restriction of his airways, and the knowledge that he was making her cum, Kate's words cut right through the fog of his pleasure-addled brain.

Within moments, an entire week's worth of scattered observations hit him all at once.

Kate's increasingly affectionate behavior, and her willingness to shotgun drugs; his dick and balls growing like a second puberty; the sheer magnitude of his orgasms; the massive size of his cumshots; Mikaella's eagerness to please him, to blow him whenever he wanted; Kate's tits rapidly growing to their current size in under a week, now lactating right into his eager mouth, and simultaneously cumming her brains out..

Oooooooooohhhhh...

This wasn't the house's doing, or the drugs, or the food they ate. These weren't separate, bizarre occurrences that just happened to strike at himself and his two beautiful housemates.

He was the sole beneficiary of every change. He wanted to be closer to Kate, so she started wanting the same. He loved big tits, so Kate's tits got bigger. Kate's bigger tits made him too horny, so he got Mikaella to suck him dry. He needed to start making money, so Mikaella agreed to shoot porn with him.

It's me. Somehow I... I did this to us? I changed myself, and I changed the girls.

He didn't know how exactly he could have done this, especially without full awareness. It sounded impossible, ludicrous, and unscientific. Yet there was simply no other way to explain his lesbian best friend rapidly developing into his unrealistically ideal woman, and stuffing her big mommy-milkers right into his mouth; no other way to explain the inhuman loads of cum he produced; no other way to explain Mikaella's insatiable lust for his cum, nor what he now recognized as Kate's identical lust for his saliva.

Unable, or unwilling to pull away from his greatest sexual fantasy, Alkim continued to nurse from her, even as he contemplated his next move.

If that's really what happened, then I need to get away from her and everyone else before I mess them up beyond repair!

Except, he couldn't do that, not right now. Kate still had a potentially dangerous amount of molly in her system. He had no choice but to watch her, and make sure she didn't develop serotonin syndrome. If she had an episode while he was gone, the damage could be severe, and lasting. No, he had to stay here and wait until the drugs left her system.

But that could take hours.

Maybe I should just take her to the hospital, tell the doctors about what happened?

Yet, the more he thought about it, the more he knew that would never work either.

“Doctor, it’s all my fault! She took too many drugs, and my spit made her tits double in size! Then, when I sucked on them she just started lactating! All because I wanted it! Also, every time I cum it’s enough to fill a soda can, and now my other housemate is totally addicted to blowing me! You gotta do something!”

There was no version of that conversation that didn’t end with him in grippy socks.

And what if they did believe him? He might end up getting studied by the same labs he’d just applied to work in.

Unexpectedly, his mind returned to his conversation with Mikaella, about Kate’s sudden growth, just a few days prior.

“If someone made a real breast enhancement pill it would be instant multi-billion dollar news. It would be the most popular drug among women overnight, you’d know about it.”

Maybe Alkim’s perspective had been warped from reading too many Michael Crichton books, but he just couldn’t believe that HIPAA and the discretion of medical staff would be enough to protect him from becoming some pharmaceutical company’s goldmine.

No, he’d take Kate to the hospital if she was in danger, tell them about the two-points of MDMA in her system, but nothing more.

Then he felt something soaking onto his chest. Kate’s other nipple must have felt left out, because it was now spraying him down. He watched as tiny streams of milk shot out, begging for his mouth to seal the leak.

Despite the temptation, Alkim felt the need to check if Kate was still okay. He swallowed one more gulp of milk, and reluctantly unlatched.

“Kate, how do you feel?” He asked, watching her face from the pillow in her lap.

After a moment she husked out, “Soooo, soooo goood... please don’t stop, it feels all wrong without your mouth on my tits.” It’d taken her a second to register his question, and she never opened her eyes, but it was an answer.

Alkim was more than willing to oblige.

He grabbed her tits, turned them so that both nipples pointed to his open mouth, and sucked in the pair or leaky teats. This way, neither teat would be left out, and none of the busty Asian’s precious milk would be wasted.

Yet, very quickly, Kate’s flow increased, and he had to swallow more and more frequently.

As Alkim gulped down mouthful after mouthful of Kate's breastmilk, letting the sweet nectar wash over his sensitive tongue, he began to notice things. Slowly, subtly, his mind began to separate the sweet fluid into its component parts, and the flavors he tasted began to multiply.

Dozens of hours in sophomore year spent memorizing the three-dimensional forms of complex, organic chemicals all came back to him, multiplied thousands of times over. Alkim didn't know the mechanism by which he could tell apart all these chemicals, yet he was sure of what he tasted, and of the identities of each compound.

The most powerful component was sugary. *Lactose?* Also present were other sugars whose specific names he did not know, but were partially recalled from his education on human anatomy as oligosaccharides.

There was the slight fatty taste, that his mind soon identified as long carbohydrate chains. *Fatty acids?*

He was sifting through the components faster, and faster. Various whey proteins, peptides, enzymes, all came and went.

Soon, he was down to the trace components; mineral salts, and vitamins.

And then Alkim noticed more, far more; an entire collection of trace chemicals that hadn't been on his radar, not because they were too faint, but because he was the one producing them. He traced them back, back to their source, back to his salivary glands. The output from these glands was impossibly varied, far beyond what was needed to produce ordinary human saliva. His mouth was now producing hormones like estrogen, and prolactin, and other bioactive compounds like endorphins, anti-inflammatories, and others beyond count.

Oh my god, my body is a walking pharmacy! No wonder Kate wants me to suck on her tits, she's getting high off my body chemistry! And the tits! That's why they kept growing, why they started lactating!

This realization of the nature of his abilities should have been more than enough to occupy his mind. Yet, there was something else that nagged at him, something hidden under the sweet taste of milk sugars, proteins, fats, and salts. He detected a faint trace of it in Kate's milk: bitter, and foreign, not something produced by the human body.

As he continued to drink, the taste grew stronger, and the shape of the impurity began to form in his mind. Then, he knew what it was.

Molly?

The traces of it in her blood should be far, far too faint for him to detect them in her breastmilk. And yet, he was certain of not just the presence of the compound, but even its concentration. From there, Alkim's hyper-aware mind was able to calculate the amount in her bloodstream.

Oh no.

Kate had taken so much molly. Too much, and even worse, she wasn't drinking enough water to flush it from her system. He could feel her already elevated pulse, blood pressure, and body temperature continuing to rise by the minute.

Then he realized that the hand that had been stroking his hair now lay limp on his shoulder.

Kate's showing all the symptoms of serotonin syndrome!

Alkim unlatched from the leaking tits at once.

"Kate?" He sat up, and shook her by the shoulder trying to get her attention. She never responded, not verbally. All she managed was a wordless moan.

At the same time, Kate's overactive mammarys continued their activities, and all his shaking managed to accomplish was to spray delicious milk all over his face, chest, and Kate's bedding. Hot as that was, he didn't have time to enjoy the sight.

He put a hand to her forehead and confirmed that she was burning up.

I have to get her to the hospital!

But just before he could finish gathering her limp body into his arms, a thought occurred to him.

Now that he knew that his salivary glands were making chemicals, chemicals that made Kate grow, that made her addicted to kissing him, he began to wonder if there was something else he could do with this power, something that could help Kate right now.

What if I can do more besides grow tits? What if I intentionally produced something that would decrease the concentration of MDMA in her blood, or reduced the serotonin in her brain?

He decided on the latter, and began to concentrate on the neurotransmitter, serotonin.

The image formed in his mind, and swiftly he began to sense it in his mouth.

No! Not more serotonin!

That was the wrong idea. He stopped producing more serotonin, but it was still present in his mouth. From there, his thoughts shifted back toward its removal.

The solution would have to be something that blocked the action of serotonin in Kate's brain, something that would either bind to the same receptors, or attack the compound directly. The answer came from the back of his mind, in the form of a page from his MCAT prep book.

I need to make a serotonin receptor antagonist!

He focused on the serotonin receptors in his own brain, and was able to picture just such a compound that would bind to those receptors. Almost instantly, he sensed his body was producing the targeted chemical. He wasn't sure how much it would take to get her stable, but he didn't want to take any chances.

With no time to waste, Alkim palmed the back of Kate's limp head, and pulled her into another kiss. This, however, was not for pleasure; this was medicine, in its most improbable and impossible form.

He was orally administering medication, a medication generated through some unnatural power, in order to reverse the effects of a drug overdose. And all the while, his friend's swollen tits continued to leak their payload of breastmilk onto his chest.

As he tongued her, his body continued to produce the antagonist, and all her mouth needed to do was absorb it into her bloodstream. To his relief, within minutes, Kate started kissing him back, and soon after that she regained full consciousness.

Once he felt her mouth actively responding, he pulled back, and went straight for the water bottle.

"Kate! You need to drink water, right now!" He brought the bottle to her lips, and made sure she drank several mouthfuls.

When she was done, he concentrated on stopping production of the chemical, and checked to see if his friend was out of the danger zone.

"How do you feel?" He asked, checking her temperature with a hand on her forehead.

"Good. Hot. Wet."

She was indeed still hot, but thankfully, her temperature was coming down.

She's still high, but not dangerously so anymore.

Alkim breathed a sigh of relief, and laid her back down. "Please tell me if you get too hot again. I think you'll be fine here tonight, but we can't take any chances."

She nodded, closed her eyes again and relaxed onto the pillows.

He grabbed his phone and changed the music to something more sedate, more relaxing. That was the right vibe now.

Alkim couldn't help but notice that while her milk had slowed down, it hadn't stopped completely. Now that she wasn't in danger anymore, his lower brain began to assert itself once

again. More than anything else, he really, really wanted to get his mouth back onto those fat milkers, yet what Kate said before passing out still nagged at him.

I need to know how much Kate's figured out. Molly might help me out here. Everyone's so much more emotionally honest and feely on molly. Like they just can't help but babble away all their secrets.

"Hey, Kate."

"Mhmm," she murmured in acknowledgement.

"Earlier, you asked how I was making things feel so good, what did you mean by that?"

"It's... you... I don't know dude, you just taste soooo goood. You make me feel things that shouldn't be..."

"Shouldn't be what?"

"Normal. Possible."

"Like what?"

"Dude, you know I'm gay."

"No duh."

"I still am. Gay. Well, I guess your man-parts don't gross me out like they used to, but I'm still not attracted to you like that. But, like, somehow kissing you makes me feel... better. Like, way better than kissing should. Better than my meds, better than kissing hot girls." Kate rubbed the back of her head into the pillow. "And my boobs. You kissed them, and they aren't sore anymore. And the tit sucking felt so, insanely good, like I was getting my pussy licked."

Whoa. No wonder she came. That was a much more vivid admission than he expected.

"Really? Kissing and titsucking with me feels THAT good to you?"

"No duh," she returned, "It's highkey kind of addictive. Why do you think I took molly to kiss you?"

That's why she took it?! "I just thought you took it because you were sad or something, and then the molly made you want to kiss me."

"Nah, it happens when I'm sober too. I just knew you'd kiss me if I said the molly made me wanna do it." She smiled, though her eyes stayed closed. Kate was still enjoying the feeling of all the happy chemicals coursing through her system.

“Oh.” *And I fell for it. Of course I did.* “Well, next time, please don’t take dangerous amounts of drugs just to trick me. Just ask next time, okay? You know I’d do anything for you.”

“Ooookay,” she held out a thumb’s up, “But you’re the biologist here. How can kissing feel so good?”

Alkim shrugged, “I mean, it shouldn’t. None of this makes any sense.” He threw up his hands in resignation.

“Yeah, well, a lot of things in this house stopped making sense...” she mumbled.

Huh? “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You’re too smart to play dumb, dude. I saw what you did with Mikaella.”

Oh, shit! Wait, which time was Kate present for? She’s been out of the house for more than a day.

“You’ll have to be a bit more specific.”

“Like, yesterday. I saw you cum all over her face, then in the jar, and I saw her drink it all. Fucking nasty.”

“Oh. OH!” *So, Kate saw us after breakfast. Shit! But at least she never noticed what we were doing in my bed an hour ago...* “Yeah, it would seem I’ve also undergone some, uh, growth.” He glanced down at his extremely conspicuous boner, and the growing dark patch on his shorts. “Sorry you had to see that. Wait, the door was closed! How did you see us?”

“There was a crack in the door, and I looked, alright?”

“Kind of a serious invasion of privacy, don’t you think?”

“Sue me, it’s my house.”

Alkim pinched his nose. *Okay, mom.* “Please, don’t do that again.”

“Not like I want to see that shit anyway, it was so gross,” she waved him off. “How much was it, anyway?”

The cum??? “How much was what?” He didn’t really want to provide his lesbian friend the exact volume of his loads.

“How much did Mikaella charge for the blowjob? Kinda curious about her rates.” Kate chuckled at her extremely clever prostitution joke.

“Nothing. I was feeling backed up, and she offered to help. That was all.” *Technically not a lie.*

“Well, see? There’s another impossible thing. Mikaella doesn’t do ‘free,’ she told me and Vicky herself.”

Alkim had nothing to say to that. Kate wasn’t exactly wrong, but he wasn’t sure he wanted her to connect any more dots between herself, him, and Mikaella’s sudden willingness to perform unpaid sexual favors.

Unpaid in dollars, anyway, and not for long if our first live stream tomorrow goes well.

After a while without his answer, Kate began to fill the silence. “Why did you stop sucking my tits anyway?” She grabbed at the sides of her tits, but pulled her hands back after feeling unexpected moisture. Then, she looked down at her increasingly milky chest. “What the fuck?” One of her tits was dribbling milk, which trickled down the soft curve of her tit and onto her lap. The other was more productive, spraying thin streams of milk in several directions, like a tiny hose with a thumb jammed over the opening.

“Right, that. So, a few minutes after I started sucking your tits, you, um, started lactating.”

“What the fuck!?” She sat up straight, sending droplets of milk flying into Alkim. Her prior sedateness was gone, replaced by excited bewilderment, “When were you going to tell me?”

“I tried to tell you right after I tasted it! But you pulled my head back onto your tit and told me to keep sucking, so I thought you already knew what was happening. I just did what I thought you wanted, honestly. Then I came up a few minutes ago, and you weren’t responding. Really freaked me out there, thought you might have too much serotonin in your system, and I was just about to take you to the hospital...”

“Well? Why didn’t you? What happened?” Kate interrogated.

How much to tell her? If she finds out I’m behind her sudden growth and the lactation, she’ll probably demand I reverse the changes, but I don’t know if that’s even something I can do, not when my body only desires growth.

Alkim sighed. “I remembered what you said, about me making you feel better. Then I thought about all the stuff that’s happened to me, and it got me wondering if there was something I could do. Like, some way I could help. So, I did. It was like an instinct, or something, I don’t know.”

“And your instinct was to kiss me?” She asked, flatly, but not quite accusingly.

“Well... yeah. Somehow, I knew my mouth had some kind of medicine for you, some... chemical that would keep your brain from cooking. I don’t know how, or why, but it seems like it worked. You were nonverbal for a bit there, and seriously overheated, and now you’re not.”

She looked at him, bit her lip, then exhaled deeply, before she spoke again, “So, you just saved me from ODing?”

“Yeah, I guess I did.”

“Damn.” Kate grabbed at her head, and started rubbing her temples. “This is all so crazy.” she groaned.

“Can’t argue with that.” He agreed.

“Like, fucking nuts. Bonkerballs.” She took another deep breath. “But, thanks. For saving me, I mean.” She put a hand on his knee and squeezed. “You’re a really good friend, dude. I could have died without you.”

Her praise hit his guilty conscience like a slap to the face.

“You know me, always ready to lend a hand.” *Or a mouth.* “And I mean it, if you ever need any help with your... cravings, I’m here for you.”

She smiled, “I’ll keep that in mind,” then looked back down at her chest, as if she only just remembered her leaking nipples. “But what the fuck am I supposed to about these?”

She pushed up her huge tits, one in each arm, and the applied pressure resulted in an increase in the expression of milk.

The sight instinctively forced Alkim to suck in his breath so quickly that it hissed past his teeth. He knew instantly that he couldn’t keep his mouth shut.

“Do you want me to help you empty them?” he asked, fully expecting her to throw a pillow at him. “I can go buy a pump if you want. Well, once you’re sober, I mean. I can’t leave you alone yet.”

Instead, Kate looked back down at the milk spraying onto her bed sheets, then back to Alkim, and sighed.

“Okay, fine, just... get it all out, please.” She laid back down, resigning herself to his particular method of aid. “Suck away.” She gestured at her leaking nips.

Fucking hell. I’m the worst fucking friend.

Still, Alkim’s guilt weighed less than his lust. He nodded, and crawled back to Kate’s swollen milkers. Even then, he could sense the glands in his mouth automatically restarting production of female growth hormones. He made no attempt to stop them.

“Please don’t make me regret telling you how good this feels.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll make it all better. I promise.” He lied.