

XVI : Cumdown

Alkim

Alkim felt good. Really damn good.

The feeling of warm lips on his cock was sublime, even better than he'd gotten used to, yet strangely off somehow. There was more buzzing, more noise, more lips, more tongues, as though there were two girls going down on him.

When he opened his eyes, that's exactly what he found.

Mikaella and Hannah together, working his dick in perfect unison. As one tongue ran up the left side of his shaft, the other slid down. When one mouth began to suck on the head of his cock, the other switched to massaging his balls.

He never would have thought to see the two of them working together on anything. These girls hated each other, bitterly, and yet here they were taking turns stimulating every square inch of his genitals, pampering him like a king, both seeming to care far more about his pleasure than their longstanding feud. It looked and felt like they'd rehearsed this routine, except there was not a hint of communication between them. No glances, no pointing, nor mumbling: they just effortlessly avoided getting in each other's way, while simultaneously lapping at his most sensitive spots with almost supernatural precision.

"Glad to see you're both getting along now." He ran his fingers through their scalps in appreciation, brushing their hair back. It was his way of showing his appreciation, one that didn't require him to reciprocate. Somehow, he doubted these cock-hungry girls cared about such trivialities.

Curious, Alkim took a firm grip of each girl's hair, and was met with neither resistance, nor any change in their rhythm. Emboldened, he began wrapping their long tresses tightly around his hands and started pulling them this way and that. The girls complied with his manipulations so precisely that they felt almost weightless in his grip.

He started working them up and down his shaft in sync. He pulled them apart and started jerking off with Hannah's face like a pocket pussy, before he pulled her off and repeated the exercise with Mikaella. He added a twisting motion to the face-fucking, then graduated to slamming their open mouths on and off his cock every second, like he was using their faces to play the drums. No matter what he did, somehow it was never too much for them to keep up with. There was no gagging, no recovery breathing, no hint of pain, and certainly not a single complaint from either girl.

After a while, he grew bored of moving them himself and untangled his hands from their hair. He lifted them up to his crown and mashed their faces together until they started making out around the head of his cock.

“Good girls, just like that. Keep it up. Oh, fuck yes...”

Alkim groaned in satisfaction, leaving them to worship his cock at their own pace. He moved his arms behind his head for support, leaned back against his soft, warm pillow, and watched his girls work him over.

Then his pillow moaned.

What the-?

Alkim turned his head to find his pillow was not a pillow at all, but a giant titty.

“Kate?”

His beautiful best friend was an absolute vision of gothic perfection. Her purple lipstick and eyeshadow were impeccable, precisely matching the shade of her dyed hair down to the nanometer, but makeup was still far from her biggest draw.

Her tits seemed so much more massive than he could ever recall them being, easily twice the size of her head, each. They filled her lap completely and spilled over her thighs.

“Holy shit, Kate!”

But just like Hannah and Mikaella, Kate didn't say a word. Instead, she just pushed him down, down, sliding his head along the curving slope of her breast until his gawking mouth ran right over her hardened, pink nipple.

Alkim didn't question her desires and began suckling instinctively. He was immediately rewarded with a squirt of warm, rich milk: so sweet, so creamy, so irresistibly delicious. He drank it down hungrily, and found her supply kept replenishing as quickly as he could swallow.

All the while her soft, warm bosoms pressed against him. Feeling a strong desire to honka-honka some giant titties, he spread his arms out and began carelessly fondling as much of her as he could get his hands around.

This was the height of luxury: a double-blowjob, breastfeeding, and unlimited intimacy, all in the comfort of his bed. He didn't even need to lift a finger.

What could possibly be better than this?

Alkim let his analytical mind go blank, freeing up his senses, allowing his body to get lost in the moment. He relaxed with Kate's nourishing teat in his mouth, relished the taste of her milk on

his tongue, and reveled in the sensations created by the twin mouths on his cock, carrying him ever closer to orgasm.

Yet the perfection of it all was undone by a shift in Kate's position. Her dense breasts fell over him, weighing heavily on his chest, and pinning his left arm. In his struggle to get free, her nipple fell from his mouth. Alkim opened his eyes and twisted himself upright to find the source of this disturbance.

Holy shit!

Impossibly, in only the time since he'd last opened his eyes, each of Kate's breasts had grown to the size of bean-bag chairs. Each must have weighed more than the woman they were joined to, rendering her completely immobile, and leaving her nipples far beyond the reach of her arms. The sheer scale of her bosoms left her distant areolas seeming like little more than birthmarks, or large freckles: tiny dark patches lost in a sea of pale titflesh.

Alkim couldn't help but marvel at the sight, at the sheer scale of those tits for a good while before his wits finally returned, and he called out to her.

"Kate!" he yelled.

No response.

He tried to reach out to his friend, but her tits were far, far too large, and her body was much too distant for him to get a hold of anything solid. Every attempt at reaching her ended with his hands slipping off her smooth skin, like a toddler failing to climb up a playground slide.

His struggles were made worse by the girls sucking him off. Lithe Mikaella sat on his left leg, while the thicker Hannah on his right. Alone, he could have shaken them off without issue; together they pinned his squirming legs in place, simultaneously grinding their slick pussies on his thighs and keeping up their relentless cock-worship.

"Okay, that's enough." He commanded, still to no effect.

The girls never acknowledged his voice, nor any portion of him above his waist. Their eyes were glazed over, insensate, dead to the world, and their already devoted cocksucking began to accelerate. The pleasure intensified until he could hardly focus on anything else, but the girl's bizarre behavior had taken him out of the mood for a double blowjob.

Alkim tried to push himself back with his feet to get free of them all, but there was too much weighing him down, and he was still pressed up against Kate's mega-milkers. He tried to push off against the Great Wall of Boobs, but his hands just sank in, and he found no leverage. Worse still, as much as her tits had grown in size, they had also grown in sensitivity, and his forceful shoving and slapping hands managed to draw out deep, heady moans from the woman on the other end of these giant knockers.

That was the closest thing to words he'd heard from any of them, and he turned to try and get ahold of her again, but what he saw was not encouraging.

Kate was shaking, convulsing from his every touch. Her eyes were rolled back, lids fluttered madly, chest trembled, while her enormous tits jiggled and shook with the force of a 9.7 earthquake. Too late did he realize his mistake: without his mouth to empty them, the pressure in those tits had continued to build, until they couldn't hold back the tide any longer. Suddenly, Kate's other nipple activated, bursting with innumerable streams of milk sent in every direction. Those streams arced high into the air, separated into droplets, and rained down on Alkim as a drizzle of white sweetness. Soon, the streams grew in width and flow beyond all reason and human capacity. He could hear her nipples hissing like a broken sprinkler, and her milk splattered against his skin like rain on a windshield.

Alkim called out to her once more. "Kate!"

His best friend didn't respond though, not with her words. Instead, her purple lips curled into a permanent O-face, and she let out a strange sound that was somewhere between moaning and mooing. All the while, her flow of milk increased, and the white streams arced higher and faster, showering not just him, but also the girls on his thighs in her creamy goodness.

He tried calling her again, even more desperately, "Kate! Kate! Kate!" Then he went back to slapping and pressing down on those huge tits, trying to get her attention more directly

Still, Kate wouldn't speak, couldn't speak. The pleasure became too much for her to even think. She twitched in place for a minute, cumming what was left of her brains out before finally slumping down bonelessly onto her overgrown boobs.

The movement caused a ripple that traveled down those mountainous mammaries, a wave of motion which somehow sent one sputtering teat straight into Alkim's mouth.

He tried to spit it out, but he was still trapped against her, and the flow of milk was so intense that he had no choice but to suckle or risk drowning—drowning at the tits of his breast friend.

Then a shadow came over him.

It was a woman's shadow, that much he was certain of. She had a big, fat ass, long legs, and toned abs, but the scale, sheer the scale of her was beyond anything he could have imagined. She towered over them all, her face still cloaked in shadow, as though she were beyond the height of some unseen light source.

Then, the shade began to dissipate, slowly illuminating the statuesque figure from the legs up. Her skin was tanned, and smooth, not a single hair present. The muscles of her legs contracted, rippling powerfully beneath perfect, unblemished skin, as she shifted her stance above him. Those legs joined at an equally perfect, bald pussy. Her lower lips seemed to part on their own, opening like a flower, and already dripping with anticipation. Wide, strong hips tapered into an

hourglass waist. Hard abs gave way to huge, swinging tits, sharp collarbones, and ultimately revealed the face of...

“Vicky?”

She was amazonian in form now, larger than he'd remembered her seeming back when he was a high school freshman, and she a senior. Alkim watched, awestruck, as the now-giant Vicky twirled with surprising grace, revealing the most spectacular, most enormous ass he could have possibly imagined. Each cheek as wide as his torso, far beyond the scale of any woman produced by nature. Their every twitch implied her incredible musculature.

A goddess, for all intents and purposes. He stared on as her long, powerful legs stepped to either side of him, leaving her perfectly positioned to sit on his face.

Oh no.

She looked over her shoulder at him, and though her gray, lifeless eyes did not see him any more than the others had, she sought out her pleasure all the same. This goddess was not about to wait her turn to be worshiped.

Slowly, but surely, Vicky's legs began to bend.

Alkim's mouth was still plugged with Kate's milky nipple, and he couldn't call to the amazon; couldn't say a thing, as Vicky's huge, perfect ass and glistening pussy descended onto his face.

Then, his world went black.

Alkim's eyes snapped open to behold darkness. He lay there, confused, until his eyes and mind adjusted, and he realized he was staring up at the white plaster of his ceiling.

Ooooh, it was just a dream.

Then he felt it again; a jolt of pleasure shot up his morning wood, emanating from something hot and wet. There was still a mouth on his cockhead.

Or am I still dreaming?

No. He could tell there was just one tongue, not the two from his dream. It took him a moment to make sense of the signals his body was sending him, as the temperature of the mouth matched that of his member so perfectly, but Alkim had become intimately familiar with that tongue, and its owner.

Ah, Mikaella.

The recognition helped ground Alkim in the moment. He was in his own bed, getting woken up by Mikaella. A little morning head for his morning wood, nothing wrong with that. On the contrary, it felt like just the right way to start his day.

Maybe we should do this every morning. So much better than an alarm clock.

He reached out to stroke his adoring housemate's adorable, suckling face, yet his arm was locked down. He tried to speak up, tell her how nice it was for her to wake him up this way, but his mouth didn't move. He tried rocking back and forth on his sides, again to no avail. No matter what parts he fought to mobilize, his body would not respond.

Alkim began to panic under the near crushing weight of his chest, yet panic too was beyond his reach. His diaphragm would not react to his mental distress, and his breathing continued at a sleeper's pace.

The only parts of his body that still responded to stimuli were his eyes, darting about frantically, and his dick, flexing and twitching in Mikaella's sloppy maw. Every so often he felt his cockhead shoot jets of precum into Mikaella's mouth, which stimulated her to lick and suck with renewed fervor. Yet his cock reacted autonomically and would not respond to his mental commands to either wilt or stiffen.

Alkim was frozen, paralyzed.

Sleep paralysis.

He remembered then what he was dealing with. This had happened to him only one other time, which he vaguely recalled had lasted for some number of minutes. He tried to calm down, to reassure himself that this would pass, that he was merely stuck between phases of sleep, and would wake up with full control in no time at all. Yet the discomfort still weighed on him, and each heartbeat seemed to last minutes.

Mikaella proved to be just as unrelenting and unresponsive as his own body. His bedmate just continued to suck him off, like an autonomous blowjob-machine, never speaking, and hardly even moaning.

He couldn't see all of her from the angle his head was stuck at, but he saw enough, and he could still feel her arms wrapped around his waist; feel her head rested lazily on his right thigh, while her neck continued to work itself back and forth. Her lips pulsed with suction, yet stayed vacuum sealed to his shaft, while her tongue continuously lapped around his sensitive cockhead, probing his slit, and claiming every drop of precum as quickly as it could be released.

He couldn't help but wonder how this felt for her. *Is she still blowing me in her dreams?* While her dreaming mind was beyond his understanding, her sleeping body seemed to be enjoying this just as much as her waking self.

Eventually, the wet, sloppy, slurping sounds of her mouth took on an almost metronomic regularity. That combined with the relaxing pleasure should have been enough to help him to fall back into sleep, were it not for his severe discomfort from paralysis.

He wondered what time it was, but lacked the ability to simply grab his phone and check. It still seemed pretty dark outside. Alkim tried to think of anything else, tried to stave off his release that Mikaella mindlessly edged him towards, but he had no control over any part of this.

The pressure in his balls continued to build, and he began to grow concerned. Every other time he'd cum in Mikaella's mouth she wasn't able to take the full blast of it in one go. He'd needed to pull out, pull back, paint her face, give her time to swallow. But this time he couldn't move, and he couldn't warn her.

Alkim felt like a rider with one leg caught in his stirrup, helpless to stop his horse from carrying him over a cliff.

He had a mouth, yet he could not scream: only cum.

Except, to his surprise, Mikealla's slumbering brain seemed to have worked the procedure out on its own. Alkim observed intently as her head sank down on his pulsing member until it was buried deeply in her throat. Then she started swallowing repeatedly, sending waves of smooth muscles tightening around his shaft in perfect mimicry of a cumming pussy. It was like an open invitation for his balls to empty everything they had right there and then.

Even had he been in control, it would have all been far too pleasant to resist. Powerless as he was, the sleeping fellatrix had no trouble convincing his body to let it all go. His cock twitched one last time before it hardened completely and began shooting its payload of cum right down Mikealla's esophagus like a feeding tube; safely beyond the reach of whatever remained of her gag reflex.

Involuntary or not, Alkim lost himself in the pleasure of his explosive release. His hips shivered, his mind went blank, and his cock pulsed with each squirt of his massive load into his cumslut's tight, squeezing throat.

His vision blurred for a time, but he kept his eyes locked on the depthroating girl. Her lips were clamped just as tightly around him as her throat, and not a single drop of drool or cum managed to escape her.

She hummed lightly around his shaft, but was otherwise silent, and never once gagged. Simultaneously, he could feel her body below the neck start to shudder and cum sympathetically. Her grip on his hips tightened, scratching him lightly with her nails, while her gushing pussy humped his leg, smearing her juices all over his unresponsive shin.

Finally, after another impossibly long orgasm, his balls and prostate were fully emptied, and Mikaella's head slid back over his thigh, slowly exposing more and more of his wet cock to the morning air. Alkim expected her to gasp for breath, like a freediver that couldn't wait to refill her

lungs, yet she surprised him once again. She simply took long, deep inhales through her nose, and maintained her seal over the last few inches of his cock.

Alkim realized belatedly that her breathing had never once risen during the buildup to his orgasm, and despite having held her breath for the entire duration of said orgasm, she gave no sign of having built up an oxygen debt.

That was very strange, but so was everything else about this experience. He was still paralyzed, but now that Mikaella's oral activities had reduced to occasional licks, his mind was able to drift back to more important thoughts, like whatever the hell happened last night.

Alkim remembered that, after her recovery from serotonin syndrome, he'd suckled at Kate's tits for a good while before they were finally emptied of milk. Afterwards, they'd alternated between kissing and dry nursing just for the sheer pleasure of it, until, finally, Kate sobered up enough to fall asleep.

Despite never actually dipping his wick, and the part where he'd almost taken Kate to the hospital, it was still in the running for the hottest night of his life.

Hotter than the seventh circle of hell. That hungry make-out session, Kate's obscene horniness, the sheer size of those tits, the taste of her milk...

No matter what else happened in this house, how many beautiful (straight) women he fucked, Alkim was certain those memories would follow him for the rest of his life.

Plus, he'd figured out how to make organic chemicals with his mind, like in Dune. That was also fairly memorable, if less sexy.

Those were the bulk of his memories for last night, but he also distinctly remembered getting back to his own bed. Mikaella had stirred briefly when he climbed back onto the mattress, but her eyes stayed closed, and she'd given no sign of awareness that he'd been gone for hours. He was pretty sure she'd never fully awakened: all she'd done was roll over so that her head rested on his chest, and her arm draped over his shoulder.

Despite his lingering boner from everything he'd done with Kate, he'd needed rest more than he needed to empty his balls, and soon enough he'd joined Mikaella in sleep. At no point in his memories did he recall sticking his dick into Mikaella's slumbering maw.

So, why was she sucking his dick?

Did she do that herself, while we were both asleep? Crawled down to my groin and started sucking me off, just like that?

It seemed crazy, and quite an escalation from standard somnambulism, but Mikaella had more than proven her ability to suck him off to completion in her sleep, so merely initiating seemed well within her capabilities.

Even then, while her mouth had stopped actively sucking, and licking, she'd never completely released him. He still felt her hot breath exhaling over his balls, and every few moments she would give his cockhead a light suckle before going still again.

Alkim grumbled in frustration, then realized that he was able to grumble now. His sleep-paralysis spell had passed!

He sat up immediately, spilling sheets over his sleeping partner as he grabbed his phone and checked the time.

Six-thirty? Fuck!

For him, that was still early, and, thanks to Kate, he wasn't anywhere near his preferred eight hours. Knowing he would not be able to go back to sleep after all this, he elected to start his day early.

He gently lifted Mikaella's hands from his hips and delicately extracted his cockhead from her suckling mouth. Breaking the seal between them created a surprisingly loud "POP!" and he winced from the sound. Her vacant mouth continued to open and close, like a Moray eel's, while he gently lowered her head onto the mattress. She mumbled and turned in her sleep, but after a moment her mouth shut completely, and that was that.

Relieved, Alkim snuck out of bed, and left his oral-obsessed lover to wake on her own time.

He grabbed his morning Adderall dose of twenty milligrams and headed to the kitchen for some breakfast. He made himself a rotisserie chicken sandwich and gulped down an entire bottle of Powerade.

The food would allow the prescription amphetamine salts time to enter his bloodstream without losing too much to his stomach acid, while the drink would help replenish the fluids and electrolytes he'd given up to Mikaella. He'd begun stocking up on sports drinks soon after his orgasms had become ridiculous, and they seemed to help him stay hydrated.

It was only after the alertness and focus from the meds kicked in when it occurred to Alkim that he might not need his prescription anymore.

What if I just made my own dextroamphetamine internally? That would save me the need for psych visits, fucking schedule II bullshit.

Compared to what he'd created last night, this was not a complicated molecule. It just so happened that the first time he'd gotten a prescription for ADHD was also when he'd started taking classes on organic chemistry, and one of the first things he'd done was memorize the name and structure of the very chemical that helped him study so much more effectively.

(2S)-1-phenylpropan-2-amine.

Alkim concentrated on the shape of the molecule.

A benzene ring here, an anime there...

Very quickly he felt his heart rate increasing, and he realized that this was probably not a good experiment to run after already taking his prescribed dose. He stopped producing more but was still so jazzed that his plan had worked: he could literally self-medicate.

Alkim had been so focused on Kate's near overdose (and her growing milkers), that he hadn't thought about the day-to-day applications of his power until now.

Could really get back into dealing with this. Who needs connections and suppliers when you have superpowers?

Then again, there was quite a difference between generating singular doses of drugs internally and having an actual product to sell. He'd made enough of a serotonin receptor antagonist to save Kate, but that was one person, and he had to administer it via kissing. That was a ways away from the pills and powders that people would buy. Plus, selling drugs after college had turned out to be a huge pain in the ass, and the last thing he wanted was to get tangled up in street trades.

Not dealing then, but what?

There had to be some way to leverage the power to internally manufacture chemicals into money. Some kind of biotech application, for sure.

What about that lab job? Alyssa still hasn't gotten back to me; I should call her. Wait, no, it's only seven, way too early to call.

He settled for a text asking if his application was still being considered, then killed some time on his laptop refreshing his lessons about the biology of human lactation and learning a bit more about breast pumps in the process.

Mikaella was the next to wake up a couple hours later, practically skipping into the kitchen in one of Alkim's shirts, and nothing else. The men's large t-shirt swished around her petite frame like a dress, granting him fleeting yet tantalizing glimpses of her pert, panty-clad asscheeks. She seemed much better rested than he was, presumably because she hadn't been kept up late for an insane night of kissing and breastfeeding by a crazy-high goth chick.

"Morning!" She glided up to Alkim, hugged around his waist, and kissed him fully on the lips, with tongue.

After a good ten seconds of this, he pulled back, "Good morning." He gave her a light spank on the ass, which made her giggle, and they let go of each other.

It was only after they'd broken contact that Alkim realized what he'd just done: his mouth had dosed Mikaella with the same hormones and other addictive chemicals that had turned Kate into a gothic fertility idol.

Shit!

He'd been so distracted by Kate that he hadn't considered the issue of Mikaella, if there even was an issue with her. Yesterday, he couldn't have described the girl as anything less than an angel.

No, she's better. Angels don't give out blowjobs like Halloween candy.

Though, now that Alkim knew he was not just the beneficiary of her sudden cocklust, but also its cause, he felt a bit guilty, and more than a bit unnerved by the way she'd robotically sucked him off in her sleep. Plus, if locking lips with Kate a few times had been enough to send her spiraling like last night, what might the dual combination of kissing and twice-daily blowjobs have been doing to Mikaella?

"How do you feel?" he asked, pushing her hair back behind her ears. She nestled into his hand until he was cradling the back of her head, and stared up at him, dreamily.

He scanned Mikaella's eyes, checking for dilated pupils, and any other potential side effects. They seemed perfectly fine, though the skin of her upper eyelid did appear somewhat darker than the rest of her face. Otherwise, her skin both looked and felt remarkably smooth, but he found no traces of makeup.

Are her lips fuller? That would be odd, but not so severe as giant milky tits...

She giggled. "I feel good! I had a really nice dream last night." Alkim didn't need to guess what happened in her dream. She pressed against him and took slow deep breaths with her face on his chest. "Can we share a bed every night?" she asked, batting her eyelashes at him.

He was certainly tempted. Falling asleep with his dick in her mouth had been pretty nice, at least until Kate woke him up. Waking up to an orgasm might also have been very nice if he'd had any control over his body. Still, he didn't want to overpromise, and, thanks to her, he wasn't quite horny enough to agree instantly.

"Maybe not every night, but we can do that again, for sure."

"It doesn't have to be every night. I just like it when you hold me."

He obliged, hugging her tightly, using the opportunity to check if the itty-bitty titties pressing into him seemed any larger, and covertly peeked over her shoulder to check out the size of her ass.

Alkim was both relieved and disappointed to find no changes to her proportions, but his reverie was interrupted by the sound of her stomach growling. With her pressed against him, he actually felt it as much as he heard it.

“Ooops.” She laughed it off. “So, what’s a girl gotta do to get some breakfast around here? Hmmm?” She placed one hand on his abs and teasingly slid it down to his bulge. “Would you pleeeeeease feed me?” she begged, adorably, staring up at him with those smokey, puppydog eyes.

Of course, Alkim wanted another blowjob. It would be easy, too. All he’d need to do was provide the lightest downward push on her head, and she’d be sucking him off under the kitchen table in no time at all.

Except she’d already sucked him off in her sleep just two hours ago, and he was worried letting her double up so soon could be excessively addictive. That should be more than enough to tide her over until their scheduled recording session.

He grabbed her hand in his, before she could bring him to full harness and start sucking him off right there at the table. “Breakfast, yes, but we should save *that* for the stream, don’t you think?”

She pouted a bit but accepted the delay.

“What do you want to eat?” She opened her mouth to reply, but he sensed where she was going. “You know what I mean: what *regular* breakfast food do you want?”

She pretended to pout again, then considered for a moment, “Is there any milk for cereal?”

“Nope, sorry.” *But we should have some soon enough, once I buy Kate that pump...* “How about some congee? I think we still have some left from yesterday.”

“Oooh, yes please!”

He poured a sizable portion into a pot and set it to reheat on the stove while he sliced up some spring onions.

Alkim always liked cooking. His parents started teaching him at age ten, including the chemistry involved in each step of the process, and he now had quite a few recipes in his repertoire. It also helped that the bar for men was lower than the Marianas Trench, meaning that pretty much every competent, balanced dish he made would be met with heaps of praise by his peers, especially women. Case in point: this porridge made from chicken stock, leftover chicken, and leftover rice was more than enough to get Mikaella excited, even though it took no more effort or skill than oatmeal.

Now, cooking for the girls held a newfound significance. It’d only been a few days since the two first got physical, but he’d already noticed a significant increase in Mikaella’s appetite. It was hard to imagine the old Mikaella eating more than eighteen-hundred Calories a day, nor asking

for seconds in front of a guy she wanted to impress, and that was on top of all the cum she was drinking.

Wonder how many calories are in one of my huge loads now?

It wasn't that Alkim was worried about Mikaella putting on weight (far from it), he was more confused as to why the two women hadn't responded to his powers in the same way.

Last night he'd managed to feel himself plumping Kate up with maternal hormones, but he had no such insight as to what his cum had been doing to Mikaella, and what kind of physical changes it might have caused. Before last night, he'd been unaware of his powers, and this morning he hadn't been able to access them consciously whilst paralyzed.

The changes being made according to his preferences might have explained why Kate grew even more busty, but not why Mikaella was still skinny. Alkim wanted a busty-petite Mikaella as much as he'd wanted anything in his life, which meant that desire alone wasn't enough. Other factors had to be at play here. He wondered if Kate's tits were already big because they were naturally more sensitive to those hormones than the average woman's tits. That might explain why she'd grown so quickly, and why flat-chested Mikaella was still flat.

Could it just be that Mikaella needs more time, that she just has to fill out a lot more before there's anything obvious?

What Alkim had were two subjects, each receiving wildly different treatments, at wildly different doses, and over different lengths of time. Scientifically speaking, that was what one would call "shit experimental design." He couldn't conclude anything from them, not yet anyway.

It would take a lot more experimentation before he could understand all these physical changes, much less before he could make controlled changes to other human beings. If he wanted to learn how to do that, he would need more girls, more time, and more practice.

Neither of those sounded like good ideas, practically or ethically. Two afflicted girls were probably two too many.

Still, while Alkim didn't feel great about turning Mikaella into his cum-junkie, he also knew he didn't want to give up their new friends-with-benefits relationship, especially when the benefits included unlimited in-house blowjobs, and when cutting her off could prove even more disastrous. A junkie without her fix was a lot more trouble than he wanted. Keeping her happy would be best for the both of them.

At the same time, he couldn't just tell Mikaella what his cum was doing to her body, especially when he didn't know either. Plus, there was no telling how she might react to that information, or if she'd even believe him in the first place.

He'd never wanted to tell Kate either, but last night's chaos hadn't left him with much of a choice. Still, Alkim figured it would be only a matter of time before Mikaella grew to the point where his influence on her physique could not be denied, and then he'd have to confess.

Alkim was snapped out of his head by the sound of bubbling liquid: his congee had begun to simmer. He grabbed two bowls, poured them each a serving, and sprinkled in some of the chopped spring onions.

"Careful, it's hot," he placed a bowl in front of Mikaella, and took his seat across from her.

She brought a spoonful to her mouth then blew on it until it was cool enough to eat. "Mmmm, it's really good! Thanks, Alkim!"

He grinned and started on his own bowl. Mikaella's enthusiasm for his cooking did always make him feel better, and it was harder still to not enjoy the knowledge that every spoonful of carbs might still be making her just that much thicker than she'd been the week before.

Mikaella also had no trouble picking up on the visual similarities between the white porridge, and her favorite treat. She moaned and hummed with exaggerated gusto, licking and sucking the thick, viscous liquid off her wide soup spoon.

It was not a particularly subtle performance, but the sight was more than enough to revive his boner, and Alkim was forced to distract himself from her attempt at breakfast seduction.

"So, what do you want to do before the shoot?" he asked.

"Mmmm," she mumbled, then swallowed. "Don't you remember? I've gotta get my hair and nails done first!"

Of course, he'd forgotten that appointment entirely, but it should still work out in his favor. It would give him more time to delay, run some much-needed errands, and fulfill his promise to Kate.

"Want me to drive you there?"

"Yes please!" She smiled. "One of my cousins owns the salon, so I got a big fat discount."

Very thrifty.

"She any good?"

Mikaella shrugged, "She's family."

Fair enough. Not like I've ever scheduled a dentist's appointment outside dad's clinic.

"How far is it?" he asked.

“Not too far, just a couple miles.” She gave him the address, and he plugged it into Google maps.

“That’s not too bad. When do you need to be there, and when do you need me to pick you up?”

“Appointment’s at ten...” she checked her phone, “can you pick me back up around one? I might wanna do some last-minute shopping, too.”

“Sure, just call me when you want me to head over.” He finished his bowl and soaked it in the sink. “Oh, did you want anything from H-Mart? If you’d like, I could make us something special, something to celebrate our first shoot.”

“You choose! You know way more dishes than me anyway.”

“Alright, I’ll pick something when I get there.” Meaning he’d see if there were any good sales and then make the best possible meal from the cheapest possible ingredients.

Alkim killed some time on his laptop, and took a shower solo, so that Mikaella couldn’t rope him into another blowjob. Mikaella took hers next. After her hair had finished drying out, they got in his car and headed off to her cousin’s salon.

“Thanks again for driving!” Mikaella ran her hands over the leather upholstery. “God, this is such a nice car. I love driving with the top down! And have I ever mentioned how much I loooove BMWs?”

Alkim wasn’t sure if this was her just trying to flatter him, or if this was her genuine admiration for the trappings of upper-middle-class life.

“Thanks. I like the convertible top too, but this thing just eats up repair money like crazy.”

If I was in med school, father dearest would have no problem paying for engine maintenance...

“We won’t have to worry about that soon enough! I just know it! Oh!” She clapped her hands together, excitedly. “Maybe I could actually get my own car! Wouldn’t that be cool?”

“Sure, I can ask around if you want, check Craigslist. Got anything particular in mind?”

“Nope! I know nothing about cars. Don’t have a license either, but I’ve always wanted to get one.”

That threw him off. “Seriously? You don’t have a driver’s license?”

Mikaella just shook her head sheepishly.

Of course, city girl can’t drive. Except, this is the worst city in the country to navigate without a car, or even just a license. I can’t believe her mom or her cousins never taught her.

“Well, if you do buy a car, I promise I’ll teach you how to drive, deal?”

“Deal!” She grabbed his free hand in hers and squeezed.

Alkim usually hated when women did that while he was driving, but he let Mikaella have this one. Her relentless optimism this morning was actually making him feel like a good person for once.

“So what are you getting done at the salon?” he asked.

“Just my hair and nails, makeup, just for the shoot today, nothing too major.” She smiled. “Oh, what’s your favorite hair color?”

“Black. Like yours, or mine. Definitely.”

“Really? I thought you were into other colors, like those girls on your Insta?”

It wasn’t hard to guess that “those girls” referred to Kate’s ever-shifting dye-jobs, and Vicky’s bleach-blonde tresses.

He shrugged. “Girls dye their hair all the time, but they don’t exactly consult me about it, and neither should you. You need to choose your own look.”

She considered that for a moment, “What about highlights?”

He smiled, “I’m sure you’d look great with highlights.”

Then it hit him: the solution to his chemical dilemma.

Duh! Why don't I just ask her what she wants for her body? This is the perfect moment to broach the subject.

“Hey, if you could change anything about your body what would you do?”

Her smile dropped a little. “Please don’t tell me you want me to get a boob job too?”

Well, not exactly...

He laughed it off, “No, no, no. Sorry, I wasn’t being clear. I just meant, like, hypothetically, if the salon could magically change your body—not just your hair and nails—what would you do? I think I’d go like an inch or two taller, so I’d be officially over six foot. Maybe shrink my nose a little, like I don’t think I need a nose job or anything, just think I would change that a bit. You?” If there was one thing the full-blooded Asians always harped on, it was the size of his nose.

Mikaella relaxed a bit, since it was all just hypothetical. “Well, I don’t think there’s anything wrong with your nose. But, like, I guess I’d make myself curvier, get that hourglass body that everyone likes. At least bigger tits than Hannah,” she cupped her hands a good half foot in front of her chest, “and a bigger butt. That way I wouldn’t be the flattest one in the house, and I could rub it in her dumb-blonde-bitch cow-face!”

Well, that’s a relief. Sorta. Her motives aren’t exactly the purest, but who am I to judge?

“She wouldn’t stand a chance.” He agreed.

But Mikaella wasn’t done. “And I would get those makeup tattoos, like, eyeliner, and eyeshadow, so I’d never have to do that again. Ooh, longer eyelashes, like yours! You have, like, the best eyelashes, it’s so unfair.”

Alkim smirked. “You’re not the first woman to tell me that.” She really wasn’t. The eyelash compliments had followed him throughout childhood, and they only stopped being annoying once they started coming from women that wanted to sleep with him.

“I’d get rid of this mole on my neck, too, and all the hair below my eyes, so I’d never have to shave again...”

“So, to recap: huge tits, bubble butt, permanently made-up, smooth skin, and no body hair?”

Glad she didn’t mention eyelid surgery. That would have been a bummer.

“Pretty much! Is that so much to ask for?”

“Nah, definitely not. But I still think you look very pretty just as you are.”

She waved the compliment off. “Guys always say that when they think you’re insecure.”

“Well, it’s true for me,” he lied, “and if I didn’t think you were pretty, I probably wouldn’t cum like a firehose every time we’re together.”

That got a genuine smile out of her, and another lip bite.

Finally, they pulled up in front of her cousin’s salon.

“Thanks for the ride!”

Mikaella leaned over to kiss him goodbye, but, lately, kissing had stopped being a brief affair for Alkim, and the light peck on the lips quickly escalated into a full-on make-out. With his left arm, Alkim pushed open the passenger side door, and pulled away, breaking the connection between them.

“Just call me before you’re ready and I’ll be right over, kay?”

“Kay!” He couldn’t help but notice the dopey grin plastered over Mikaella’s face.

I wonder what she makes of all this?

Kate had figured out his kisses were some kind of drug more quickly than he had, but Mikaella never really struck him as an intellectual.

What if she just thinks it’s love?

That was not something he wished to dwell on further. The moment she was up on the sidewalk, Alkim was off to run a much more unusual errand.

True to his word, Alkim went shopping for Kate’s breast pump. Not wanting to wait for Amazon free shipping (he’d already cancelled his Prime membership to save money), he just looked up stores that sold pumps and other maternal supplies and decided to check them out himself.

He hadn’t done a lot of research online, but he’d volunteered for a few months in the postpartum ward of a hospital and learned a thing or two from the resident lactation consultant. *Crazy how many babies can’t figure out breastfeeding, literally the only thing they’re required to know instinctively.* Alkim figured a manual pump would be too inconvenient for her, especially with Kate’s size and general laziness. Electric was the way to go, but beyond that he was a bit stumped.

Alkim ruled out most for being too expensive and settled for what he thought Kate might prefer based on her habits: a pair of motorized pumps that came with a rechargeable battery, so she wouldn’t always need to pump by an outlet. He wasn’t sure if she would need to hold them on or stay seated while she pumped, but it seemed like they could work hands-free if she had a nursing bra or something to help keep them attached. She could work that part out for herself if she wanted to keep up her phone addiction while she milked herself.

The only problems he could really foresee were the little glass vessels the pumps emptied into. Though they seemed adequate for most women, he hadn’t exactly gotten an accurate measurement of Kate’s production last night, since almost all of it had gone straight into his mouth, but it wasn’t a small amount, and that was only her starting production. Last night was her first time expressing, and—thanks to Alkim—her tits were still growing, which meant the peak of her production lay far ahead.

Soon enough, these baby bottles may have to be emptied out several times a session. That could be a major inconvenience for Kate. She might get annoyed having to switch out the bottles too many times, find the pumping irritates her skin, and end up opting for a more personal touch...

Alkim bought that pump, plus some absorbent pads, and other miscellaneous objects he thought might come in handy. He kept hair ties and tampons in his car for the girls, so he might as well include some pads for Kate’s milkers.

Then he hit up the H-Mart for some Korean groceries: noodles, sliced meat, vegetables, soup mix, and soju. After his and Mikaella's debut shoot, they could celebrate with some homemade hotpot.

Just before he was about to go, he remembered to grab something for Vicky's homecoming dinner. He decided to make her a roast duck. That way, he could marinate it for several days in the fridge, and it would be ready for the oven once Vicky was back.

Satisfied with his next several days' worth of meals, he drove home. The day's shopping had left his bank account balance in the lower four digits, but he was confident that his fortunes would be reversing soon enough.

His prediction was swiftly proven correct, just not in the way he'd hoped.

When he pulled back into the driveway, he found a middle-aged woman overseeing a worker hammering a sign into their front yard that read "FOR SALE."

Shit! So, the landlords are selling.

He got out of the car and tried to grab as many bags of groceries as possible in one go, but it was far too late to hide. The worker ignored Alkim, but the woman made a beeline straight for him.

Landlady, then.

She certainly walked like a lady, confident and secure within her little fiefdom.

"Excuse me, young man, are you renting here?" She took off her sunglasses. "I don't believe we've met."

Of course not, I'm not on the lease.

Alkim felt like a humble shopkeeper about to get his ass kicked over protection money. He dreaded answering but figured he didn't have much of a choice.

"No, I don't believe we have." He set down his grocery bags and extended his hand. "I'm Alkim."

She hesitated for half a second before placing her well-manicured hand into his calloused palm. "Charmed. Ania Davtyan, I own this property." With her left hand she lifted her white, wide-brimmed hat to get a better look at him, while her right hand lingered for some time in his. "Oh my, that's a strong grip."

Ania was not half-bad looking herself. Black hair, sharp black eyebrows, dark brown eyes, a somewhat large nose, but still far from unattractive. Her looks and the slightest hints of her accent told him she was probably from somewhere in the Eastern Mediterranean, and he guessed

her age at somewhere around late thirties, or early forties. It helped that her outfit screamed “Power-MILF.”

She wore wedge heels, and a backless, floral-print summer dress: dark blue fabric, covered in green and teal leaves. The dress highlighted both her slender torso, and moderate bust, while the belt around her waspish waist accentuated her hourglass build and very, *very* wide, matronly hips.

Wonder if she has an ass to match?

Alkim didn’t know anything about fashion, as every girl he’d dated could attest, but he knew enough to understand that this lady had serious money; her white purse alone probably cost more than his used three-series BMW, while her pearl necklace, gold watch, and diamond earrings together could have paid for all four years of his tuition.

Nice perfume too. Though the scent’s identity was far beyond him, it was warm, elegant, and didn’t burn his nose like cheaper aromatics. He wondered if the bottle was expensive enough to put a dollar value on each application.

Ania Davtyan... is she Armenian? If I guess right, she might be less inclined to enforce the fine print of Kate’s lease agreement. Fuck it. Worth a shot.

“Nice to meet you. Davtyan, is that by chance an Armenian name?”

Her eyes widened in mild surprise, “Why yes, it is. How did you know? Are you Armenian?” She looked him up and down, squinting in confusion. “Part Armenian?”

“No, I just know a lot of Armenians.” *And I’m good at disarming my elders.* “My mother’s Arab, but my father’s Chinese.”

“Really?” She lifted her hat again to appraise his features even more closely.

“Yes, mam.”

“Well, how... *exotic.*” She smiled brightly. “I don’t think I’ve ever met an Alkim before. When did you move in here? I don’t recall Kate subleasing to any men, and I wasn’t informed of any changes in tenants.”

“Ah, my apologies Ms-” *Oh shit, almost overlooked that big, fat diamond ring!*—“Mrs. Davtyan, no one told me about that. I just moved here a couple months ago.” *Fuck, what’s the least bad answer for breaking the lease agreement?* “I’m dating one of your tenants.” *That’s probably better than revealing that Kate invited a near stranger to move into the spare room without authorization.*

“Oh? May I ask who?”

Pretty nose question. “Mikaella.”

“Hmm. And how old are you?”

“Twenty-two.”

“My, my, so young. And do you go to school in the area?”

“No, mam, I just graduated from UCLA in June.”

“Oh? Smart boy, that’s a very good school.”

“Thank you.”

“What did you study there?”

“I majored in biology.”

“And what kind of work can you get with that degree?”

Very little, and I quit my restaurant job to start a porn site with your tenant. “I work for one of my professors as a teacher’s assistant.” he lied.

“Oh, really? Summer classes?” She smiled bemusedly. “What do you teach?”

“It’s always biology, but the exact subject changes every quarter. Right now, it’s marine biology.”

“So, you like the beach, is that it?”

“Something like that, yeah.” He suddenly realized that even his cover lie made him sound like a total loser, but it was far too late to pick a better story.

She smirked up at him from the shade of her fancy hat, “Well, it’s comforting to know there are still people in this fame-obsessed city following their passions and not just chasing after money or status. And you’re sure the rent here in K-Town is not too much for you?”

“No, not too bad.” *Can’t beat free.*

“Well, good to know that the public sector hasn’t let you down completely.”

Alkim had to admit it, Mrs. Davtyan was very good at her job. Here she was, building a rapport with someone she was planning to kick off her property, and he’d gotten so caught up in making polite small talk that he’d yet to ask her about the sale.

“Now, about that sign...” he began, but she cut him off.

“Yes, I’m putting this property up for sale, as well as the neighboring houses. The notice is already up on the door.” Alkim turned to see she was telling the truth. “And if I recall correctly, Kate’s lease will be up in,” she checked her phone, “three months.”

Bitch!

A spike of rage welled up within Alkim. He wanted to yell, curse her, call her a rent-seeker, a parasite on the working class. Fortunately, good manners, and kissing-ass to authority figures had been drilled into him much too deeply for that kind of talk to escape his lips. Especially not when there were so many ways she could worsen his situation, not to mention that of his housemates.

Not like I have money for a tenant lawyer right now. Need to google California's eviction laws.

He took a deep breath and put on what he hoped was his most conciliatory face.

“I don’t suppose there’s anything we could do to change your mind about selling? We really like the house, and the area, and we’d hate to have to move again so soon.” It was a long shot, but he had to at least attempt an appeal to decency.

“Afraid not, business decision. Now, if Kate wants to buy the place outright, then she can make an offer like everyone else.” She eyed him up and down again, bit her lower lip, and considered. “However, I have plenty of other properties in the area. All over the county, as a matter of fact. I’d be happy to help a polite, educated, *handsome* young man like yourself find another place to stay...”

She stepped right up to him, filling the air with her scent, and dug around in her purse for what turned out to be a card and a Montblanc pen.

“Here’s my card.” She mumbled, writing something on it first. When she held it out for Alkim to take, the glint from her fancy watch almost blinded him.

“Thanks,” He took the card with a fake smile, and pocketed it without looking.

She put away the pen and pulled out her phone, “Now, how did you spell your name again?”

“A-L-K-I-M.”

“Last name, and your number?”

He gave them to her, and she immediately texted him her full name, and the listings for several properties.

“Take a look at these listings when you get a chance and give me a call or a text on the number I texted to you. Those are all in or around K-Town, and downtown LA, but if you’re looking to

move further out, I can send you some other ones. Houses, apartments, whatever you're looking for, just let me know which ones interest you, and we can set up a *private* tour."

"Thank you, Mrs. Davtyan."

She waved off the formal address. "Oh, please, call me Ania."

"Ania then. I'll make sure to call in the next few days."

"I look forward to hearing from you, Alkim. Please, feel free to send me any questions you might have about the listings, the neighborhoods, prices. And don't worry, if they're all out of your price range," she ran two fingers down her pearl necklace and smiled slyly, "I'm sure we can work something out..."

Ania turned away from him and sauntered off in her fancy heels, presumably to deliver more eviction notices. She was clearly putting a lot of extra sway into her hips, much more she had on the approach, and proved that she did, in fact, have an ass to match. On a less callipygian woman, that dress would have smoothed over her legs and rear, but Ania's globular cheeks were so impressive that they forced the poor fabric to contour over and between them, granting Alkim a spectacular view of those glutes jiggling enticingly with her every step. She had the kind of ass that Victorian women needed crinoline underwire just to mimic, and surprisingly long legs to complete the set.

Alkim was so entranced by the sight that the gravity of their conversation didn't fully sink in until she got into her oversized Mercedes SUV and broke the spell. He looked down the street and found that Ania's worker had already placed down three more signs in the time they'd spent chatting.

Fuck! Just when we're getting Vicky back, the whole house gets sold out from under us.

He had no idea how he was going to break this to the girls.

I've got good news and bad news. The bad news is that the landlady's selling our house, and we'll be evicted in ninety days. But the good news is that she wants to fuck me, so, that's cool, right?

Not seeing anything to do about it now, Alkim sighed, grabbed his groceries, grabbed the three-month eviction notice, and went inside.

Author's Notes:

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