

Story Tags – HYPER PUSSY, PUSSY EXPANSION, EXCESSIVE FEMALE EJACULATION, F/f,

New stories are available to early access on [Discord](#) by subscribing to [Patreon](#) or [DeviantArt](#)

Follow me on [Deviantart](#) & [Bluesky](#)

This story is part of the Stream of Consciousness series, meaning it was written in one sit down session and that the story comes with its own non-guarantee of quality. Please enjoy nonetheless! –Keliadom

A Matter of Excessive Blooming



A Matter of Excessive Blooming

Stream of Consciousness I

By Keliadom

[Welcome to a new type of series, called “Stream of Consciousness” (or SoC), which like the name implies, are stories that upon being placed in early access will have had very little if no revisions of any kind, and have been written in one go. The reason for this series is to allow more frequent writing of stories every month and to reward all of you who have been so generous in donating and supporting me throughout these harsh economic times. Know then that each story -will- eventually get revised before becoming public, and that as they are so text might be changed, removed, or added in order to upgrade the story into a more defined tale. Maybe some of you will also enjoy reading the differences between both versions ;) Keep an eye out for the version number below! If I can keep the beat for three months in a row, then this will be here to stay for a while. This particular story was written in a 2 hours sitdown. Enjoy. – Keliadom]

* * * * *

With a pang of anxiety, sitting on the bottom row of a double bed in L. University’s dorm room, Jenny flipped through the pages of a decidedly romantic fiction novel. The twenty-year-old woman caressed each page with the marked intent of someone in love with the tactile feeling of reading. She knew that today was to be the day when she would have to greet a new roommate, but still had not found the energy yet to dress appropriately. The blonde youth, fair of skin, wore only a short-sleeved top over a pair of panties, bare-legged and barefoot over the covers of her bed, her back comfortably laid against two large pillows.

And so, expecting a much later appearance from her upcoming guest, Jenny couldn’t help but be startled as she heard a key entering the lock of the bedroom. The door opened, revealing in its frame the lanky figure of a Middle Eastern looking woman, wearing overtly baggy boyish clothes from top to bottom, her shoulders and back completely covered in a mass of thick, lustrous hair that went down all the way to the top of her thighs. The woman entered, luggage in tow, with a strange look of worry over her facial features. Jenny’s eyes widened and her heart fluttered at the sight. Of all the looks she could have expected her new roommate to have, one that fell a hundred percent into her type was not it.

“Hi!” blurted out Jenny, slightly mortified at presenting herself dressed as she was to a new girl. The new woman closed the door and dropped her luggage

right at the entrance, then skipped in a hurry to the window of the bedroom with a view over the nearby parking lot.

“Hi.” She replied, not even glancing at Jenny’s direction. “Good. They’re gone,” she whispered, mostly to herself. Jenny noticed the woman’s legs kept pacing as she scrutinized the outside, almost as if repressing a need for bathroom relief.

“Is everything OK?” She asked her. “I’m Jenny, by the way.”

Finally, the newcomer turned to look at her new roommate. “I’m Amira.” In an instant, she was back to staring out the window. Her long, delicate fingers pried the window open, which allowed her to lean outside, looking left and right. “Finally.” Her voice had raised in excitement. “Finally alone!” Amira closed the window and paced through the room some more, her eyes in search of something. “I thought they’d never leave!”

“Who?” pondered Jenny.

Amira’s gaze lit up upon finding what she had been looking for: a simple chair. “My parents.” Jenny was concerned about the new woman that had shackled up with her. “Never could have a minute by myself.” Amira sat on the chair she had placed in the middle of the dorm room. Something about all of this did not feel right to Jenny. She stared at Amira as she leaned back on the chair, slipping her left hand up her shirt, a finger visibly circling a nipple. With no regard for anyone else, Amira plunged her right hand into her loose pants and played with her sex.

“Ah! What are you doing!” Jenny jumped out of bed, alarmed at the display.

“I can’t stand it anymore. Just so bottled up. Twenty-one years old and unable to have my own place and time.” In moments, the front of her pants became darkened, as if body liquids seeped through.

“Stop, stop stop!” Jenny moved to her new roommate, grabbing her by the shoulders, only to have Amira use her free hand to pull Jenny towards her and ravishing a kiss. Jenny closed her eyes and responded in kind, a small muffled moan escaping her lips. “This isn’t proper, what...” she said as she took a breath. For Jenny, Amira was a stranger. Someone who was in effect a blank slate. They had no intimacy nor history together. Jenny gave into the sin, tasting this newcomer’s delicious tongue, feeling her lips slide over hers. For Jenny, all care vacated her mind.

Amira's masturbatory hand increased its tempo until a barely contained scream of joy escaped her lips, her front pants exploding with wetness, the threads unable to keep the liquid in. "Help me get those off, please."

Jenny kneeled, overtaken by a strange instinct of passion, the type you get when your heart beats almost visibly through your ribcage, your mind yelling at you to stop doing this forbidden act. She removed Amira's shoes and socks and pulled the pants away in one motion, revealing beautiful, long and smooth skinny legs. Atop them was Amira's hand, deeply plunged into an impossible amount of pubic hair, much like the mass that hung off her head. Amidst this mass, Jenny saw one of the biggest pair of lips on a labia she had ever witnessed, to a point where she pondered if one hand would be enough to grab it all. Instantly at the sight, Jenny could feel her clitoris tighten.

"DAMN!" Jenny was beside herself. Jenny grabbed one of Amira's long legs, kissing up her smooth skin until she was kissing up inside her lean thighs.

"I can't hold it anymore. I'm so sorry. Months now without privacy at home." Amira's hand increased its tempo again, creating loud smacks as she pumped her inner sex from the lubricant it was producing in overabundance. "Help me. I need..." her breathing became ragged. Jenny, still kneeled between Amira's legs, now almost face to face with the monstrously-sized hairy labia, taking in the intoxicating smell of sex that permeated the air the closer she got to Amira's loins. Jenny felt a hand on the back of her neck for a second, with Amira's legs locking behind her back, her heels digging into her back before being pushed with tremendous strength, face first, into Amira's yawning labia. "I need... to.... UNGH!" Amira screamed. A spray of her ejaculate was blocked by Jenny's face, liquid exploding out the sides between the labia and the face pressed against it, not unlike a water hose covered with a thumb.

Jenny felt her sex expel its juices, a first for her. She grabbed Amira's behind, pushing her head as deep in as she could. She did not care much for her senses anymore, nor did she pay much mind when she could feel Amira's labia increasing the area it governed over her face, or that her lower jaw could feel Amira's pubic hair as it crept up towards the top of her neck. All Jenny cared about at this point, is creating orgasm number three. She adored when women showcased an excess of lubricant juice, and by hell, she would get it.

"Yes. Yes! Deeper!" Amira moaned as Jenny dug in as much as she could with her tongue and mouth, circling the inside of the vaginal opening and then back up to a rigid, oversized clitoris begging for stimulation. The blonde pulled back and witnessed the now overgrown, massive labia as it contracted open and shut with pleasure. Amira palmed the clitoris at its top, its size rivaling a small fruit, and squeezed it deeply. It was almost instant: the massive lips opened up to sizable

flesh walls of velvety red, with the vaginal hole opening to a flood of ejaculate, expelled with enough pressure to push Jenny slightly backward, half from its strength, half from her being surprised by it.

“Fuck yeah!” Exclaimed the blonde. “You’re so much WOMAN!” Jenny, still grabbing her roommate’s behind, felt the mass of pubic hair grow over her arms, her right one soon covered by a labial lip that was slightly longer than its counted part, its growth continuous. Amira, though, barely paid heed to her roommate’s praises, focused as she was to relieve herself from a bottled pleasure that would not dissipate. She slapped both feet into the rapidly spreading puddle of juices on the floor and hoisted herself up, the chair now straddled.

A raw moan left her mouth. By this point, her labial lips hung down halfway to the top of her knees, her pubic hair adding to the mass so as to caress the top of said knees. “Finally loose. Finally free.” Her mind was in an almost delirious state, her right hand still pleasuring her body towards a fourth orgasm. “Months without cumming.” Amira’s labia pulsed lower, fatter, ejecting a bit of overflow. Her pubic hair grew denser, longer, covering her thighs and calves, hiding them from view as the hair grew outward from the labial mound rapidly overtaking the space between her legs.

Jenny laughed. Her voice, tinged with a sort of maniac-like tendency, was becoming raptured by the impossible sight in front of her: a gorgeous middle-eastern woman that she met ten minutes ago was cumming her life out while her entire sex apparatus bloated gruesomely larger. Her body then fully wet from the previous discharge, she removed all her clothes, almost screaming as her nipples, hard as anything, brushed against the fabrics, craving stimulations.

She took another step back, taking in sight of the entire situation. Amira spread her legs as wide as she could, using both hands to pull on each side of the massive labia, each width of a lip now almost filling her palms, and pulled it open, strings of ejaculate stuck between them, not unlike a slurry. She moved back her body slightly, so as to be just over the back of the chair and let go. The two sides of skin slapped over the object hard, almost cracking it from the pressure. Amira screamed in joy, before lowering her body bit by bit.

“Are you...” Jenny said, putting a hand over her mouth, “Are you fucking the goddamn *chair* right now?” Amira but smiled at her for an answer, before her head was thrown back in *ectasis*, her fourth orgasm seizing her, releasing an absolute torrent to the floor. Jenny, still on the floor, endured the full onslaught of the ejaculate, pinching her nipples with one hand and fucking her vagina with the other hand’s free fingers. The moment Amira’s vagina grew to overtake the chair, her pubic hair sprawled over the fully damp floor, its mass surrounding the blonde,

the pubic hair reaching to the edges of the room, pushing Jenny into another orgasm. The room was full of the moans and screams of both girls.

Knocks at the door indicated that others had noticed something was happening inside the room, but the lock was on. Jenny crawled over the mass of black, twisting hair, her feet and hands becoming stuck for a few moments. She grabbed a fold of growing labia and rubbed her own against it, feeling insignificant next to the growing mass of sex beside her. Amira looked fully lost to lust. Her feet were about to lift from the ground as her sex continued its growth. Another orgasm, another surge of growth. This time, the level of the ejaculate in the room increases by a significant amount, accompanied by a deep rumble of moving liquid, filling the entire floor and lifting objects from their buoyancy, a forearm in depth. Jenny, on all fours, splashed it over her face, arms, and back, wanting to feel Amira's body juices overtake her; she even attempted to place her hands in a cup to sip Amira's sweet water.

"What's going on in there? Open up!" Voices came from the outside, now the door banged as someone rammed against it. But their effort would be in vain: the rising level of ejaculate provided too much pressure against it, even before the mass of hair and pussy spread to cover the entirety of the floor itself, pushing Jenny away as the mound of fold created a steep slope with the Middle Eastern woman at its center. Amira's upper body had reached the ceiling. She came down for a minute from a high, finally regaining her senses. Jenny, now back on her bed, was fingering herself furiously, trying to achieve a second orgasm, all the while Amira did her best to contain an immense, incoming seventh one.

"Hey you, the blonde; sorry I forget your name, come up here. Come and fucking kiss me." To punctuate the request, folds of the labia pushed the bed from its position, the metal legs screeching upon the floor, before encroaching upon the mattress; Jenny climbed up, her entire body covered in ejaculate from the waves crashing about the place. She mistakenly placed a foot on Amira's nearby mega clitoris.

Amira's eyes opened wide as she screamed. In less than ten seconds, the two were pushed up against the ceiling, their body covered in the soft pubic hair taking up the upper half of the room, while the bottom half was now Amira's growing labia. The outside window cracked.

"I think there's another orgasm coming...." whispered Amira, out of breath.

"It's OK: we can make some more room!" Jenny looked at the window, barely holding onto its frame. She leaned into the ear of her panting roommate, kissing her ear before whispering: "Give in, blow us out of here." Amira's pupil dilated as her labial flesh overtook all.