ONE PINK
Little Pill

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Epilogue

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Only **ADULTS** beyond this point.

All characters are consenting adults at least eighteen years old.

1



Me and my massive hard-on were anxiously waiting when the dorm room door opened. In stepped Bobby—my best friend and roommate, back from class and already in the process of slinging off his heavy backpack. He didn't really give a shit about the clothes he wore, but those high-rising denim shorts over his fat hips made me rabidly horny. His braless tits bounced under his COLLEGE T-shirt, making it seem like his erect nipples were waving hello.

"Sup," he said.

"Hey," I said.

Just another day. Just another afternoon.

He toed off his shoes, stretched his arms high for a moment, and then flopped back onto his bed with a sigh that stretched into a low, soft moan. "Fuck," he muttered, shifting his hips and already unbuttoning his shorts. "I about redlined in Stats. Couldn't pay attention to the last ten minutes of the lecture, because I was grinding in the seat. Hope he isn't late to putting the class notes on the student portal."

I swallowed.

And then my best friend wiggled out of his shorts, his big hips jiggling incessantly as he struggled momentarily, until his white panties—a very basic style—were revealed, *completely drenched* across his crotch. I swallowed again, nearly choking on my own tongue, even though this same scene must've happened a *hundred* times by now.

Bobby still preferred the male pronouns, and he was registered as a male student in the college database. But the incident two years ago had sure made our relationship a bit confusing. His dad, Russell, had been some out-of-work chemist obsessed with trying to manufacture a new libido-boosting pill, like Viagra or Blue Chew. I never really knew why. But some mishap in his basement lab had caused an explosion, and the whole house got flooded with pink vapor. Russell had been changed by his own concoction—and Bobby too, who'd been upstairs playing video games at the time, completely oblivious to what the hell his dad was doing. The changes had happened instantly.

Russell hadn't been a crackpot, because Bobby *was* proof of his own father's work. Bobby was insatiably horny, needing at least one orgasm per day to think straight—which was where I came in. Only, Bobby had a pussy now instead of a dick. And while he shaved his head to present himself as more masculine and didn't wear bras because they were too girly, he did moan like a chick.

He wanted his normal body back, but that was unlikely. His dad was locked up.

So, this was our routine now.

I provided a favor so he could keep a clear mind, because he'd rather have me do it than some stranger. And my erections were…reliable.

Because it was *hot*.

My best friend becoming a chick, his cock being replaced with a constantly wet pussy. And yes, I was definitely hard because it was free sex. But also, I couldn't help but wonder what he felt in his position, with those soaked panties riding up into his slit and his masculinity crumbling under the intense desire of *needing to be fucked*.

He rubbed himself in front of me, some moist pubic hair peeking out beside the white cotton. His index finger pressed *hard*, grinding right into his folds.

"You gonna wait all day?" he said impatiently.

"N-no," I stammered.

"Then get over here."

His legs opened as I crawled over him. I tugged the panties aside as I'd done countless times before, and yet the *smell*—warm, sweaty, and definitely feminine—made me dizzy. His body was always so ready around this time of day, *needing* sex whether he was in the mood or not, although he usually was.

I let my palm rest against the slick mound for a second, feeling how hot and swollen he was. Then I slid my hand up, two fingers sort of *scooping* between his fat, dripping folds, pushing out gobs of juice. He rarely ever shaved, so his womanhood was hairier than any other I'd seen in real life. But I didn't mind. I gently pushed those twin fingers into his wet depths, his walls clenching hard enough to pull me in farther as I curled my fingers, knuckles rubbing the spongy spot deep inside until he gasped. His hips jerked, the wetness already running down onto my wrist. I worked him slow—pressing, pumping, twisting, and my thumb angrily flicking that sweet, bulbous clit—until his pussy was *pulsing* and undulating as his groin muscles kept flexing. Only then did I dip my head in, licking around my fingers, tasting the tangy-sweet slickness of his arousal.

"*Fuck* yeah," he whimpered through clenched teeth. "You don't have to eat me out, but—*oh*—damn that tongue is so good. You've gotten better, dude."

Plenty of experience, I thought.

We didn't *have* to draw it out. I could've whipped my dick out and completed my mission within five minutes or less. But over time, we'd added a little variety. It was my fault. Because I just couldn't stop thinking about my best friend's pussy, and any reason to rub my face in it was worth the effort.

He had a feminine voice, but it was kind of husky. He sounded like a guy getting head.

I moaned into him, letting my tongue flatten and drag slowly up and down. He grabbed the headboard and groaned.

"I hate how good this feels," he said, whipping his head back while his hips jerked from my stimulation.

"Sounds like you need a boyfriend," I said.

"*No*. I—*ahh*—just shut up and stop being weird about it."

Weird, I thought. As if it wasn't already!

Bobby bucked. "Get your tongue in there."

I obeyed without hesitation, gripping his thighs as I pushed in, pressing my face harder and French-kissing that dripping-wet hole. He was moaning now, growling, hissing and cursing. Meanwhile, my hand was down my own shorts, jerking off fiercely.

Things ramped up fast. Bobby arched his back, yanking his own shirt up over his chest, letting his heavy tits spill free, nipples rock-hard and shiny with sweat. Like a kid seeing free candy, I couldn't resist. I reached up with both hands and squeezed them, kneading that soft flesh while my tongue kept working below, my nose buried in his pubic hair while the dorm bed began to squeak beneath us.

"*Yeah*," Bobby moaned.

I flicked his nipples as his groin ground against my face. Like him, I was practically humping the mattress, jacking myself off. But then I did something stupid. Caught up in the moment, I lifted my face from between his thighs, licking my lips, and crawled over him in order to *kiss* him.

"*Dude*—gross," Bobby barked, shoving his palm against my face and pushing me away. "You were just licking my pussy. Don't get weird."

"Right. Shit. Sorry."

"We're not dating."

"I know."

"I'm not a *girl*, Glenn. Everything you see is because of my fucking dad. But…just *fuck* me already, man. I got homework, and I need this itch gone."

Order coming up.

My hands couldn't get my shorts down fast enough. Even after all this time, even after *years* of boning my best friend, it was never boring to me, even though Bobby was pretty vocal about hating his ravenous libido. I lined up and pushed inside without ceremony, both of us grunting as my cock parted those slick folds and buried deep into his hole. His pussy was absolutely fucking *soaked*, fitting my erection like a glove.

"Goddamn," I muttered, holding his hips tight.

"Yeah, yeah, it's tight, I know," Bobby said, already adjusting beneath me, one leg hooked around my waist.

I started to thrust. He groaned some more, arms above his head, letting his tits jiggle freely with every impact while I drilled him. I was extremely glad he couldn't get pregnant.

"So," he said breathlessly, "you do that reading for Comp Lit yet?"

I blinked through the haze of pleasure. "What?"

"Comp Lit. You know, the one with that weird-ass French novel."

I slammed into him a little harder. "Bobby, maybe not when I'm balls-deep in—"

"Man, stop talking about your balls."

"Dude, we're having sex."

"Whatever, dickhead. Just don't go too hard. Last week, I swear you sprained a muscle in my groin or something. Oh…*God*. I think you're hitting my G-spot."

"You've been a chick for two years and you still don't know where it's at?"

He laughed through gritted teeth as I pounded faster. The bed was fully squeaking, our bodies slick with sweat. I felt the finish creeping up fast. My abs were tensing, balls tightening, and my thrusts started getting sloppy and hard, my hips crashing against Bobby's groin in rapid bursts. I could've managed it and stretched it out longer—maybe even convinced Bobby to do it doggy-style for once—but I knew he'd be pissed.

"Shit—*fuck*—just a little more," I grunted, slamming in to the hilt, before I finally exploded inside him, groaning like some animal as I pumped him full. Pulse after pulse shot out of me, thick ropes of cum spilling into that soppy, twitching hole. His pussy milked me through it, those slick walls squeezing and clenching my shaft. I kept

thrusting as I finished, shuddering from the overstimulation while my balls were completely drained.

Bobby gave a satisfied sigh with today's session of fucking now concluded.

"All right, that helped," he said flatly, rubbing his belly where my cum surely was. "You know, I hope we don't have to do this forever. I'm still hoping that whatever I absorbed wears off. But, it's been so long…"

I kind of hope it doesn't, I thought, but I didn't share my opinion.

He was pretty open about this being a burden. He hated his female body. He hated having to wear women's clothing and being addressed as a ma'am. Only during sex did his male persona sometimes crack, when his eyes rolled back while I filled him with semen.

It made me increasingly envious.

In his position, I'd be squeezing my tits and fingering myself constantly. I'd be wearing *thongs*. Miniskirts. I'd be such a goddamn slut. And it was strange, because I didn't think of myself as having gender dysphoria. I didn't want to *live* as a woman and deal with all the baggage that came with it, like having periods and shit.

Rather, I was just a pervert. Bobby could explain his new desires all he wanted, but words were nothing compared to fantasizing about my wetness, my emptiness, or my big, heavy tits bouncing and a tight pair of panties grinding against my clit while I walked.

I couldn't stop watching him. When he came out of the shower, water dripping from his shaved head, steam rolling off his naked tits and the soft swell of his hips, I'd pretend to be focused on my laptop, but my cock would be growing under the desk, pulsing at the sight of those thighs jiggling as he dried himself off. He was still such a guy, in fact, that he wore the towel around his waist. It wasn't like I hadn't *seen* his bare tits a million times, but each time was as exciting as the first. At night, he slept in oversized T-shirts with no pants, unaware of the views he'd give me when he bent over and I saw his panties splitting that big, beautiful ass of his.

Uncharacteristically, I was *super* horny that night. I got up slowly, tiptoed to the hamper, and dug down. I found a balled-up pair of white cotton panties—knowing that, like all of them, he'd leaked profusely into the gusset, and I was basically holding a dried-up sponge containing twenty-four hours of his pussy juices. When I returned to my bed, I sat down and buried my face in them for one deep, perverted inhale, and pulled my cock out. I stroked fast and quietly, wrapping the soaked panties around my shaft and jizzing into them within minutes.

Even afterward, I was spinning, the climax not killing my desires one bit.

Russell had never gotten to the production stage of his compound, or so I'd read in the aftermath. Due to the illegal possession of drugs and manufacturing in his home basement, he was serving time in Westview Correctional Facility, in the female-only wing.

Two years had passed. Two whole fucking years.

And now I suddenly wanted more information on what he was making and if it hadn't been all locked up as police evidence…

2



I didn't know what I was expecting from a women's correctional facility—perhaps communal gardening and knitting rooms?—but the place looked like every other gray-bricked, government-run prison I'd ever seen. Fluorescent lights hummed, the security guards scanned me twice, and I had to sign a mountain of forms just to get some time with Russell, Bobby's old man. Or, *old woman*?

As only a friend, not family, it took three days before they let me see him.

When I was finally ushered through the corridor into the visitation wing, my nerves were already shot. The booths were divided by thick glass, each with two phones dangling from metal cords, like what I'd seen in countless movies. I took my seat and waited, palms sweating. A minute later, Russell appeared on the other side of the glass, escorted by a guard. Like Bobby, his father had been wholly feminized, and the orange jumpsuit wasn't fully flat against his curves. He had shoulder-length blonde hair, which could have been styled into a neat bob if he had bothered. I recognized the vague profile of his jaw and the gray eyes, but not much else.

He picked up his receiver. I picked up mine.

"Glenn," he said, with that similar soft huskiness of my roommate. "It's been a while. How's school?"

I cleared my throat. "School's okay."

"What about Bobby?"

"Managing as best someone in his position could manage, I guess."

"You helping him?"

To that, I only nodded. No reason for more details. But Russell was aware of his son's situation and the consequences of creating an unstable libido-enhancement compound. And I had my suspicions that it ran in the family.

Russell threw his head back and sighed. "*God*. I'm still raging inside."

"What's going on?" I asked.

"The ladies wanted to watch fucking *Oprah* on the tube. We're all supposed to have our turns choosing what to watch, but the officers have favorites, and…*gah*. My small little world, huh? That's what I'm dealing with now. Out there, a revolution's happening in the tech and biochemical sectors, and I'm lobbying just to have more clean pairs of underwear."

I fidgeted. I thought of Bobby again, his hazy nude form behind the shower's frosted glass, all that water cascading over his curves, and the urge he must've had to finger himself while cleaning. I thought of his panties, stretched so tight over his sensitive

mound that anything that trickled out had no choice but to be absorbed. Having a pussy like that, he must've leaked all day. He probably only pretended to hate it while, secretly, he couldn't keep his hands off himself when I wasn't around. Sometimes, he spent an eternity at the library, claiming he was studying, but I knew better.

I struggled to find my voice as my dick hardened. "Did you…have any more?"

Russell stared at me. "More what?"

"I assume the police took everything. For, you know, evidence. But—" I hushed as a guard walked past, then resumed. "But there must've been some left. Like a secret stash."

He blinked, then leaned in closer. "Are you hard, Glenn?"

I shook my head while feeling my cock about to burst out of my pants.

"You want to know, don't you? You've seen what it's done to my son, and you want the same. It's the only reason you're here."

"N-no, I—"

"Put the phone closer."

I brought the receiver to my mouth, pulse hammering in my ears as I hunched over, imagining the weight of breasts on my chest, hard nipples, a deliciously empty slit torturing my mind with desires of big, hard cocks. His eyes locked with mine.

"You're gonna talk to me while I touch myself," he said. "And you're not gonna hang up."

My throat went dry. "You serious?"

"Two years of this body, Glenn. Even with the number of lesbians in this joint, no one's allowed to hook up. I take what I can get. And you've been with Bobby, so you know."

I nervously nodded as his free hand disappeared underneath the booth counter. I could hear faint movements, but nothing distinct. Fabric moving, maybe. I didn't know how my cock stiffened more, but it did. I squeezed it through my pants furtively, hoping no security camera had line of sight—and mostly not caring if it did anyway.

"Describe us," he said. "If we were together, how would you get me off?"

"I'd bend you over," I said.

"How? Doggy style?"

"But not right away. First, I'd finger you. Your pussy's already soaked, and it's clenching around my fingers because of how much it wants something…something *bigger*. And you're begging for it, but I make you suffer a little first because I'm only teasing you."

Russell's breath hitched through the line. "Fuck. Talk dirtier. I wish you were over here seeing how wet I am. You could drown in this bitch."

I shifted, pressing harder against my jeans. "I spit on my dick, then drill you. I spread you wide and fuck you face down until your legs start shaking. I yank your hair and slap your ass, and your pussy just gets wetter."

Russell slumped into the chair. And although his hand wasn't visible, most of his arm was, and its motions were very quick and rhythmic, jerking side to side as he was probably working his clit. A glob of pre-cum oozed into my underwear. He had been a family man, and now he was just a *slut*. In here. In prison! I didn't even know how long his sentence was, but it had surely ruined his life, his career, his marriage. And yet…

I wanted to be so horny that nothing else mattered.

So horny that I needed someone to satisfy me every day.

So horny that I needed orgasms like a *drug*.

Russell gritted his teeth. "How do you finish me?"

"I stuff you full of cum. I don't pull out. You're twitching, babbling, shaking when I finish, leaking everywhere, while *every single drop* shoots inside you."

A moan filled the line. "Don't," he panted. "Don't stop. Don't—"

"And then I make you suck me off to clean up the mess."

His words dissolved into a sharp gasp, then a stifled cry. I watched as he trembled on the other side of the glass, his head snapping forward, breath fogging the divider, eyes squeezed shut as his whole body jolted in the seat. Meanwhile, I barely pulled myself back from the edge. Someone needed their medicine later, and I didn't want to lose it yet.

Russell pushed a hand through his sweaty hair. "Fuck…sorry. I needed that. Haven't had a decent release in weeks. I was chasing the money so hard. First, it was crypto. Then I tried options trading. Lost a shitload. That's when I started looking into the supplement market. Libido enhancement is a goddamn goldmine, with Viagra, Cialis, Blue Chew, all of them raking it in. And I thought: why not me? It was gonna be called Velocita."

My cock twitched, craving my hand.

"It wasn't just another dick pill. It was designed to stimulate the anterior hypothalamus and override sexual regulation in both men and women. It was literally addictive to the point where it would rewrite the brain to prioritize sexual pleasure above all else. But of course the FDA had objections to this. And one night, I just wasn't paying attention while mixing a new compound. The whole thing exploded in my face, and now…"

"You need an orgasm every day."

He nodded. "Which is actually pretty cool. Who wouldn't want to get fucked daily? You distribute this across a college campus, and even the ugly chicks are getting laid. And having regular sexual release is *beneficial*. It's better than most forms of exercise. Unfortunately, the batch I was working on—despite nearly blowing up my house—had some side effects." He tapped his fingers on the counter. "And yet, you want this."

"More than anything."

"It'll control your life."

"I'm a college guy," I chuckled. "Sex already controls my life."

Some guard yelled that the time was up. But before Russell could be taken away and returned to his new life behind bars, he said: "The police never found a storage unit. Bluebird Storage, unit 402. The key's under the bunny in the flowerbed of the house."

And then he was taken away.

Bobby's old house looked like a war zone. Boards covered the windows, yellow caution tape flapped lazily in the breeze, and the flowerbeds had long since withered to dust and weeds. A real estate sign leaned sideways in the front lawn, weather-beaten and unreadable. No one had bought it. No one wanted it. And after two years, it was still standing.

After glancing around to make sure no neighbors were spying on me, I stepped over the rotting porch boards and into the dead garden, kneeling in front of the empty flowerbed where Russell said to look. Sure enough, there was a cracked ceramic bunny figurine. I dug my fingers into the soil beneath it, dirt crumbling away until my fingertips held something solid and metallic: a tiny, tarnished key.

From there, I didn't wait. I drove straight to Bluebird Storage, doing ten over the speed limit with one hand on the wheel and another down the front of my pants, jerking my cock endlessly—and even more aggressively at every stop sign and stoplight. And my imagination was *out of control*. I pictured myself waking up every morning, hand between my legs, rubbing my new hole. I'd wear the tiniest panties possible, stretched up my fattened thighs and snug against my new slit. They'd be soaked before I even made it to class, and I'd struggle to concentrate from how horny I was, flicking my clitty as my pencil trembled more recklessly across the paper.

Even walking would be hard. Every step would make my tits jiggle, my pussy pulse. I'd catch guys staring and find myself hoping they were, secretly wanting them to say something crude, to offer me relief. I wouldn't need to beg.

I'd be controlled by sex. I'd have to schedule my day around it.

Bobby would help me.

We'd be like lesbians, scissoring and sixty-nining, unable to think until we creamed ourselves, the repeated orgasms keeping our sluttiness subdued.

At Bluebird Storage, I found unit 402. I jammed the key into the lock, turned it, and was surprised when I was able to yank the door upward, the metal screeching. It was a tiny unit, nothing but boxes, cobwebs, and old Christmas decorations—except for a silver case near the front, right at waist height.

The case clicked open with a satisfying snap, and there they were: a neat row of small glass pill bottles, each one labeled simply V-1. Velocita. No instructions. No warnings. But I was already well aware of their usage. Not waiting until I could second guess, I unscrewed the cap of one of the bottles with trembling hands, heart hammering, dick pulsing. A sweet chemical scent rose up, like artificial fruit. I popped a single pink pill and swallowed it dry, ready for my dick to shrivel away into a wet opening that hungered for fingers, toys, and cocks.

For thirty seconds, my mind swirled with anticipation.

Nothing happened.

Those thirty seconds turned into five minutes.

I stared down at the bottle in my hand. There was no date, but I knew they were two years old, at least. Like any medicine, they'd probably degraded over time, losing their potency. They did nothing now. They were fucking worthless. Even if I swallowed more—which I gave serious consideration to doing, even at the risk of poisoning myself.

"Fuck," I muttered with an ongoing erection. "There goes that."

I shoved the bottle back in the case, snapping it shut with a loud metallic clang. Then I shut the door, figuring I'd just hold onto the key for now.

Checking the time on my phone, I recognized that my presence was needed at the dorm.

Bobby would be horny and antsy.

3



Thankfully, I wasn't late for my daily appointment. Bobby stumbled in, actually panting, his shirt and body damp from the drizzle outside. "*Glenn*," he said, exhaling my name like I was his savior. "It's unbelievable! A fucking funeral procession was going down the road. I had to wait ten minutes before I could cross." He kicked the door closed with the heel of his foot, already squirming while unbuttoning his shorts, and those deliciously plump legs and soaked panties were revealed. "I need it. Fifteen more minutes, and I might've started humping my professor, and he's like seventy, so don't make me."

I laughed. "Sure thing, buddy."

Our bodies were conditioned to this routine even more than our brains were, because I was fully hard and he was completely wet even before our clothes came off. But once they did, I crossed over to him—and he was legitimately *whimpering* softly as I sank to my knees right there on the rug, sticking my tongue out and making contact. That same musky, sweaty female scent plugged my nostrils, and my brain was buzzing with pleasure from how often I got to eat pussy. Before this arrangement, I hadn't really *loved* eating pussy, but now I saw what a good tongue-job did to my best friend, and it made me eager to stick my face into his snatch if only to see his reaction and imagine what he was feeling from *his* side.

I slid my hands up his thighs, fingers sinking into those pliable, womanly curves that tricked my monkey-brain into thinking he was extremely fertile. He writhed, his thighs closing around my head, squeezing against my cheeks. As my tongue worked him, I could feel every tremor in his core. He leaked like no girl I'd ever been with. He was probably so *desperate* to get fucked, probably *addicted* to cock at this stage of his cycle, but he always did his best to keep his desires subdued, except for what was necessary to fix his itch.

My fingertips parted him and found that pulsing nub, the one that made him gasp every time I touched it. I leaned in and pressed my tongue to his engorged clit, tasting him and flicking every which way.

"God," he growled, head falling back. "You know, I *do* want my dick back, but you've made this shit *almost* as good as getting a blowjob…"

"Thanks," I said.

"*Mm*, don't stop, dude."

"Why would I stop? We've been doing this every—"

"It's what chicks say in porn. I know you won't stop. Shush."

"Okay, okay."

We stumbled over to the bed, where I continued my feasting as Bobby reclined on the mattress, getting himself into the missionary position. I wished he would change things up once and a while. Clearly, he enjoyed it! But it was the same thing every day. Like eating macaroni and cheese for supper two years straight.

When I finally pulled my mouth away, his juices were dripping off my chin. I pushed his legs wider and climbed up over him, fishing out my hard cock as I put my hands and knees in the usual places. He was so wet I didn't even need to aim; my tip found him and slid right into his creamy center with the gentlest push, and his pussy goddamn *swallowed* me.

He groaned, low and throaty. "*Fuck*, you're hard. *Nnggh*—ow, my kidney." He shifted slightly. "Okay. There. *Mm*."

The familiar rhythm returned: the slap of our bodies, the squeak of the well-used mattress springs, the sound of his husky moans turning more girly the more I pumped into him. I popped his titties out and kissed them. Sometimes he wasn't in the mood, but today he didn't mind. I gave those fat nipples of his a flick while my hips moved on autopilot.

And then I felt weird.

My skin burned. Each thrust sent a wave of tingling warmth up my spine. My vision blurred around the edges, the room seeming to warp around me as Bobby's head stretched farther and farther away.

I shook my head and tried to focus, to push on, but the sensations worsened. The base of my cock buzzed, like static crawling through my veins.

Damn, I caught some bug going around, I thought.

Or maybe consuming a two-year-old pill wasn't a good idea.

I slowed and sat back, my cock still incredibly hard but hurting. And heat—swirling and bubbling—continued to flood my entire groin area. My balls ached, then began to rise, drawn up tight against my body. I finally slipped out of Bobby entirely. What I saw had me thinking I needed a doctor. *Immediately*. My cockhead flushed darker, with glistening pre-cum oozing out in endless, sticky threads. Then the glans began to *shrink*. Like a balloon losing air or some shit. I felt a pull inside my groin, and then my entire shaft was retreating and withering, imploding into my body with slick *squelching* noises. My breath caught. The skin surrounding my groin rippled, a seam splitting open across my scrotum that then included my cock as it shrank to the size of a noodle and vanished into a tight, fleshy *recess*. Wrinkles merged into sensitive lips. My cock's hollow stretched deeper, and it felt like I was being *penetrated* by it. I clawed at my thighs, eyes rolling as I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

My fingers brushed against a puffy, *wet* entrance.

There was no pain anymore—only unbearable, ecstatic release. I convulsed like I was having an orgasm.

"Oh my *God*," I breathed, voice cracking. "It's happening…"

Bobby sat up, eyes wide. "Dude, what the *fuck*, your dick—"

"I know!" I said, writhing on the spot as my hips bucked, involuntarily thrusting my new genitals against the mattress and reaping serious ecstasy from it. The lips were swollen and juicy. I rubbed two fingers across myself, and they were instantly *soaked* with…

Juice.

Not pre-cum. Not anymore.

My chest itched and stretched, and my pectoral muscles felt like they were suddenly cramping. The flesh there swelled rapidly, pressing outward into *bulging*, quivering mounds. I clawed at my shirt and threw it up, moaning as two round, perky breasts bounced free and surged into my squeezing hands. Nipples jutted upward, dark and glossy, so sensitive they hurt and thick enough to be suckable.

"Fuck, *fuck,* look at these!" I hollered, rolling the puffy peaks between my slick fingers. "I could feed someone."

Bobby looked disgusted. "Glenn, what the fuck did you do?"

"I talked to your dad," I gasped, biting my lip. My fingers sank back between my legs, slipping into my new pussy as my waist cracked. "I took one of the pills. I thought—*God* that's wet—I thought it didn't work, but it *is*…"

"You idiot! You wanted this? You watched me hate it and *still* wanted it?"

But I was hardly listening. Every time I touched myself, more changes happened. My ass began to spread beneath me, inflating with pillowy curves. My thighs thickened, widening to cradle my slick mound. My waist finished cinching in, bones rearranging with twitches and pops. Even my skin changed—smoother, tighter, flushed with dewy heat.

My face tingled next, and I could only imagine I was starting to really look like a girl as I plunged two fingers in and felt my walls tighten for the first time, my new muscles *savoring* the penetration and *squeezing* back. "*Ohhh*, fuck yes!" I shrieked, drooling onto my tits. My clit throbbed like a tiny cock, swollen and begging, and while it was way too small to stroke, flicking it was just as satisfying as jerking off. My thumb went apeshit across it until my vision turned white.

"You're crazy," Bobby muttered. "You don't know what it's like to need it all the time, to lose control, to *depend* on another man to make you feel better…"

"That's exactly what I want!" I cackled.

My best friend got his clothes and stormed out.

But we didn't finish, I thought, barely understanding the ramifications of what I'd done.

The door slammed, but it might as well have been a car honking five blocks away. I didn't hear it. Not with the roar in my head. Not with my *needs*.

I wanted to fuck myself!

And I felt delirious with desire.

"Fucking, *fuck*, I'm a girl, I'm a real fucking girl," I whimpered in my new high-pitched voice, already sounding like a slut as I thrust my fingers into myself like I'd done to Bobby so many times. "It's fucking real!"

I spread my lips wide, feeling the hot gush of fresh juice spill over my palm. I was sobbing now, laughing and moaning and writhing. My hips refused to stay still. I turned on my side, on my stomach, flipped onto all fours, and fucked myself in so many different ways, because it was actually a little awkward to masturbate—not as simple as that big, rigid pole jutting out straight. My fingers pounded in and out until my wrist ached. I couldn't stop. I didn't *want* to stop. I pinched my nipples until they were raw. I rubbed my clit until I drew blood from the friction. I stuffed a pillow between my legs and humped it until it was soaked through, then threw it aside and shoved my hand in again, practically punching myself from the inside. My pussy clenched hard, then *harder*. My thighs locked.

When relief came, I fucking *screamed*.

It wasn't like a male orgasm. It was volcanic. My whole pelvis locked, and I felt this syrupy explosion deep in my core, my pussy spasming and ejecting wave after wave of hot, translucent gush. I gurgled something unintelligible as I thrashed on the mattress, spraying the sheets beneath me, smearing my thighs. My whole body thrashed with aftershocks like I was possessed by some horny, bed-humping demon.

And then I felt happy.

And insane.

And sad that Bobby had left.

"Unreal," I panted, barely able to keep my hand away from my new pussy even as sore as I was.

Eventually, I peeled my sticky, sweaty body off the bed, my legs weak and shaky. Thanks to the mess I'd made, my plump thighs stuck together as they rubbed right below my new female mound. I couldn't stop smiling. My hands cupped the weight of my new tits again, just to feel the bounce and *squishiness*. My hips swayed when I walked, which was totally hot even if unintentional. I didn't have to make my ass bounce. It just did that on its own!

I looked at my clothes on the floor, knowing my boxers, pants, and shirt wouldn't even fit now. I didn't even try. Instead, I strutted my excitedly jiggly rump toward Bobby's hamper, the top layer still filled with damp, balled-up clothes from yesterday. I dug down and found a pair of white cotton panties, disappointingly basic but suitable. They smelled like Bobby's pussy. And I moaned softly as I slid them up my legs, stretching the cotton snugly against *my* pussy. The gusset cupped my slit perfectly, the tight fabric giving me a slight wedgie feeling. I rubbed once, and my knees buckled.

Next came a pair of his denim shorts. They barely cleared my wide hips, but with some bouncing and struggling, I yanked them up and zipped them. They *clung* like they were hugging me, and the seam splitting my ass was a sensation I had never desired but now craved. I pulled the shorts up even higher to make it dig into my crack *deeper*.

I grabbed one of his thin tank tops and pulled it over my head. It stretched tightly across my chest, barely containing the swell of my new tits. My nipples poked through the fabric easily, like twin bullets.

And then I checked myself out in the mirror.

The girl staring back had a figure just like Bobby's. Curvy, flushed, hips wide, tits jutting forth—and just the right size. But the face was mostly mine. My jawline had receded a little, and my eyes were a little wider. I supposed I looked *related* to myself. Like a twin or something. My hair hadn't changed at all; it was still short and slightly messy in my boyish style. However, on my sweaty, smelly body, it made me look like a chick who'd just had her brains fucked out. And I fucking *blushed* from the impression.

I'd *have* to get fucked now. Daily.

That was the consequence of swallowing that pill.

I hoped Bobby would understand my decision. But until then, I reckoned I'd be making *several* new friends…

4



Going to class was probably one of the worst decisions of my life, but post-orgasmic clarity was always misleading.

Along with Bobby's clothes, I had thrown on one of my hoodies and convinced myself I could act totally normal. I didn't have friends in my Sociology course anyway. But by the time I sat down, every seam and every press of fabric against my skin was pure, erotic agony, as if I were in *bondage*. The denim rubbed between my thighs, grinding against my clit no matter how I positioned my plump booty in the seat. My nipples, still tender from earlier, scraped against the shirt, and it was as irritable as being massaged by razor blades.

Ten minutes in, I was a goner.

The professor's voice droned on a mile away. Just white noise behind the rush of blood pounding through my head and the throbbing in my ears. I tried crossing my legs; *that* made my spine nearly collapse in on itself. My eyes fluttered. I bit my lip. My pussy clenched around nothing, constant dribbles of wetness leaking into my roommate's panties while big, hard, juicy cocks invaded my imagination like torpedoes ramming through my skull.

Where was he now? Some PowerPoint slide? I could only see about five feet in front of me.

I squirmed, one hand resting casually on my notebook while the other made the dive downward. The room was packed—forty students, most half-asleep at least—but I couldn't stop myself. My fingers slipped underneath, brushing through my pubic hair and slipping through the folds of my new reward, the heat surging along underneath my vulva where my fingertips touched.

I just needed to take the edge off.

An epilogue.

It wasn't enough.

I chewed on my pen, muffling whimpers while I penetrated myself right there in class, my brain—still in male mode—nearly exploding from the realization of the *depth* of this *hole* where my cock had once been.

My pen—

Long, smooth, rounded at the tip.

My large buns scooted down farther into the seat, and I was already unzipping my shorts completely as I tried to conceal myself from glancing eyes. Slowly, I slipped the

writing utensil under the desk, hovering it close to my exposed snatch. I pushed it inside, inch by trembling inch. My spine arched, and my butt jerked in the seat.

There better not be an exam anytime soon, I thought, my eyes rolling back.

One hand fucked my cunt with a pen. The other twisted my nipples.

I was toast—completely enslaved by my own lust. And it made me laugh. This was *so* much better than having a dick! Like, I'd creamed myself pretty thoroughly not that long ago, and here I was again, back to finding anything remotely phallic to fuck myself with.

Bobby was out of his mind for not liking this.

What a loser! Seriously.

Two fucking years, and he was still acting like a giant baby, saying he was some victim for being a chick, acting like women were the lesser sex. No, they were the *superior* sex. This was a fucking upgrade. My arousal switch was on, and it was never turning off again. And maybe a small part of me mourned the loss of my manhood, but at this rate, I'd be completely over it by this evening and stocking my dresser with the cutest panties possible.

Somehow, I survived my Sociology lecture without giving in to my fantasies and dancing on my desk for all the guys to see. I didn't think I retained a single word of anything my professor had said. After being dismissed, I ducked into the restroom and braced myself for the plumbing alterations while I picked a stall.

I peeled down my shorts and panties, letting them drop to my ankles, and stared between my legs. The soft lips of my pussy were glistening, puffy from the constant abuse, and my pubic hair was a sweaty, matted mess. I sat down, legs spread, letting the muscles in my bladder relax as I faced this new limitation to my bathroom routine.

It wasn't the worst thing.

The hardest part was keeping my hands down and not masturbating for the time it took to relieve myself. And I almost did afterward, before remembering a hygienic application of toilet paper, as women were supposed to do.

Then my phone buzzed. It was Bobby.

I answered, voice low and giddy. "Sup."

There was a pause on the other end. "Hey," he muttered. "I guess that's you, Glenn. You sound like a chick."

"Guess that goes for both of us now."

Bobby sighed. "I just…wanted to say sorry. For earlier. We're roommates, so I didn't want to let this shit hang over our heads. I gotta live with you, and I still need your help. I think. I'm not sure if being a lesbian works as good as what we were doing before."

"Yeah?" I said, grabbing another wad of TP to press between my legs. "It's college, dude. You could find a guy in five minutes to sleep with. In fact, you haven't slept with anyone else at all, have you?"

"Yeah, because being a girl sucks, man."

"No, *you* suck at being a girl."

"What?"

"No offense," I said, stifling a giggle. "But you've had this for years, and you still wear those plain-ass panties. You dress like someone's mom. Like, just *get over it*, already. Your dick ain't coming back. Meanwhile, I can barely think straight because of how much I want to get fucked right now, and it's *awesome*. Once I get some money, I'm definitely overhauling my wardrobe. Skirts. Thongs. Tube tops. I can easily get fucked

three or four times a day, and I'm *so* eager to feel a cock inside me. Just…*erupting*, you know?"

"You're insane," Bobby said. "It's excruciating, having to rub one out just to think straight. It's like an illness, and you're my medicine."

"No, it's *awesome*. It's like a superpower."

"Definitely not."

"Yes, it is!" I dropped the last wad of TP into the bowl. "Bobby, if you need some motivation right now, I can help. Is your pussy feeling itchy? Do you need to stick your fingers down there? I'll rub mine while you rub yours. We can moan and get each other off."

The line went dead.

What a turd, I thought. Just an absolute wimp.

I didn't make it to the flushing part.

The mere thought of my bare pussy sent my fingers back between my thighs, my hand curved like a spoon as it went underneath. My clit was throbbing like crazy. I leaned back against the cold tiles of the stall and sighed, fingertips pressing against that swollen bundle of nerves that was rapidly becoming the center of my entire existence.

My daily schedule no longer depended on the solar cycle. It depended on my pussy.

It would let me sleep when it was tired, which was definitely not now.

"Ohhh…*fuck*," I whispered, rubbing tight, fast circles into myself. The pleasure hit instantly, a hot surge that made my legs shake and my feet bounce on the floor. I spread my legs all the way open, my knees banging against the walls. I moaned, moaned, *moaned*. Everything just felt ten times more amazing if I did, like I was announcing myself as some huge slut.

And then someone heard me.

"Uh…hello?" came a voice from outside. A *male* voice. "Is…is there a girl in here?"

Fuck.

I'd gone into the men's room! It hadn't even clicked.

I stifled a laugh. My whole body was just shaking now. "Yeah," I said, breathless. "There is. You caught me."

His footsteps approached. I saw his feet stop right outside. "Are you okay in there?"

"Oh. Definitely."

"Sometimes, it sounded like someone strangling a cat."

"I did *not* sound like that."

"Yeah? What were you doing?"

I wanted him. I didn't even care what he looked like, what race he was, if he was fat or skinny, *whatever*. That voice indicated to me that he had a *cock*. And while some people needed their pills to survive a single day, I needed my own medicine.

Carefully and nervously, I unlocked the door and pushed it open.

He had my attention—mostly because my eyes were level with his crotch. But also he was athletic with a nice jawline. Typical college bro. And only a day ago, I would've seen him and never remembered him. But *now*…

My panties and shorts were still around my ankles. "You gonna just stare or are you gonna join in?"

"Huh?" he said.

Oh God, he's stupid, I thought.

No, he was just a guy.

I just smiled and leaned forward on the toilet seat, tugging my hoodie up over my tits to show him my nipples poking through my shirt. As a guy, I had always thought the braless look was hot, and I knew I wasn't alone. But quickly my eyes locked on the outline in his jeans—a *growing* outline, snaking down the side of the zipper and inching against the inside of his thigh.

God, it was incredible. *Seeing* him get aroused in real-time.

His fingers fumbled around the general region. I helped with much more precision, unsnapping the button and operating the zipper. My wrist brushed against his bulge, and I legitimately almost passed out.

"I'm Shane, by the way," he said hoarsely.

"Oh. Uh. Glenn..da? Glenda?"

"Are you asking me if your name is Glenda?"

"Whatever, it's not important. I'm your quickie in the bathroom."

Once I got into his briefs, the prize came out. My mouth had never watered from seeing another man's cock, but it did this time. I was still nervous enough that my shaking hands made it seem like I was wrangling a snake. I didn't dive in right away. I admired it. I *savored* it. He was hard for *me*, and it was like the best thing a girl could have. Better than new jewelry. Better than a new car. A guy was fucking *erect* because he wanted to *fuck me*.

I stroked him slowly, reverently, letting my thumb glide over the glans as he gasped. It brought as much joy to me as it did him, like I was touching my own dick. I traced the veins, feeling it pulse, my body shivering every time it twitched.

"God, it's perfect," I whispered.

It probably wasn't.

But in that moment...

My tongue darted out to taste the salty bead at the tip before I kissed the head gently, smearing spit across the pee-hole as my tongue flicked. *Mmm*. So good. I wrapped my lips around the head and sank forward, slowly, *hungrily*. My mouth stretched wide as the thick shaft pushed past my tongue and toward my throat. I didn't feel graceful. My jaw ached instantly. But fuck, it was *great*. The taste, the smell, the intensity of all that thickness and firmness and *manliness*—it was heaven. I moaned around him, loving the way his cock throbbed with every little suck and swirl of my tongue, and he only got *bigger* inside my mouth.

I pulled back, then went down again, faster. Drool spilled from the corners of my lips, running down my chin. I let it. Because blowjobs weren't pretty. They were messy. They were *slutty*. And, while my new cocksucking existence wasn't even a few hours old, I felt like the sluttiest slut to ever slut, with my slutty hands furiously rubbing my slutty pussy as I bobbed on his cock, every thrust of my face met with an appreciative moan from above. He grabbed my head, and I was *so* into it.

It started with me in control.

Then he was *using* me.

The rhythm built between us, wet and loud and fierce. Shane began to fully take over, his hips pumping in time with my head, *yanking* my face against his crotch like I was just a fucking toy. Each thrust forced more of him into my mouth until he was nudging at the back of my throat, testing how much I could take. I gagged, coughed, silently begging him to *choke me* with that goddamn thing as saliva and pre-cum began splattering onto my lap. The taste of him was thick and dizzying, filling my senses. My

fingers abandoned my slit and grabbed his thighs, assisting in his attempts to jam that beast down my food-hole while we both sounded like animals.

He grunted and held my head still, the muscles in his stomach tightening as he started to thrust in short, quick-firing bursts.

I went completely lightheaded.

I swore I felt my brain rattling around.

His hand tightened in my hair, nearly pulling my scalp off my skull. "Oh—*fuck*—just like that…" One last time, he slammed into me. And then a hot, gooey pulse erupted deep in my throat, followed by another, then another: his seed squirting out. I swallowed because I wanted to and also I had no choice, my lips continuing to milk him and my cheeks hollowing as I sucked. The cum was salty, heavy, coating the back of my throat as I gulped again and again until nothing was left, completing the transference of his nut-juice into my belly.

And *that* was a blowjob!

There was so much more involved from this perspective. I loved it!

When he finally let go, I pulled back slowly, gasping for air, jizz hanging off my lip and tears running out of my eyes. I vaguely knew I had another class soon, but I wasn't even sure I was on planet Earth currently.

I clumsily brushed a lock of hair away from my eyes. "Do I look okay?"

5



After my first day as a chick, I woke up sticky, sore, and hornier than ever.

My T-shirt had ridden up in the night, and my stretched-out panties—the same pair—were clinging to my soaked slit like they had been glued there. It actually *hurt* to peel the fabric away, all my pussy juices dried into a crusty adhesive between skin and cotton. I rubbed my thighs together and whimpered softly even before I was fully awake, faintly recalling all the cocks that had been in and around my holes in my dreams. No surprise, it felt like I was lying in a puddle.

God, I wanted *it* again.

Anyone. *Any* cock. I wanted twelve men to barge through the dorm room door and line up like a breakfast buffet of dick-sucking, as if my body could only function and derive nutrients from semen. Maybe not nutrients in the literal sense, but definitely *energy*.

The shower was running, which caused me to perk up. That meant Bobby was awake. Bobby: my best friend, roommate, and total loser. Nonetheless, I started to tingle as I pictured those rivulets of water running down his curves. With a grunt, I rolled out of bed, tugged the shirt off over my head, then peeled the panties down my legs, sticky strings of juice clinging to the gusset before snapping free. I admired the way my boobs bounced as I moved—big, soft, jiggly toys—and gave each nipple a long, simultaneous pinch as I clumsily steered my swinging, bottom-heavy body in the general direction of the bathroom.

I just stepped right in, not even regarding his hazy body through the frosted glass. I yanked the shower door open, and there he was—short hair, fat tits, wide womanly hips, and a scowl like he hated being alive the moment he saw me. He stood under the spray, one hand lazily lathering some shampoo into his scalp while his tits wobbled.

"Morning," I chirped, eyeing him from head to toe.

He didn't have a cock, but he'd do.

A salad rather than a steak dinner.

He flinched. "Jesus, Glenn—what the fuck?"

I smiled innocently and nudged him over. "Just sharing water. Gotta conserve and all that."

He didn't believe me. I didn't care. I was more interested in how our bodies looked so identical: same hips, same bush, same secret treasure buried between our legs. I'd never considered myself an *ass man*, but the two of us were tantalizing in that department. He stepped away from me while I began scrubbing myself with my body

wash, pretending like it even mattered—when, within a few hours from now, I'd just smell like girl-cum and sweat again. I hummed to myself while giving extra, hygienic attention to my big, fat titties and my big ass, my fingers sliding deep into my crack repeatedly and jolting me with pleasure as I more than once brushed my asshole.

"You're such a perv," Bobby muttered.

"Yeah? And?"

"And nothing. It's…degrading. To want a woman's body just so you can, like, just play with yourself constantly."

I giggled and considered squirting soap in his face. "Bobby, you're jealous."

"I am *not*."

"Yes, you are. You don't like that I enjoy my new body, because you want to be proven right. You want me to realize how awful and *painful* it is to not have a dick, to have to suffer men staring at me constantly, to have to"—my eyelids fluttered—"get fucked by a *huge cock* in order to keep my sanity. Well, guess what? That all sounds *amazing*, and you can pout and be a little whiny crybaby, but in reality? Your dad gave you *gifts*, man."

Bobby crossed his arms, not even bothering to wash himself.

I grabbed the body wash, squirted a generous dollop into my hand, and stepped behind him. And then I was lathering up his back. My slippery hands slid over his shoulder blades, down his sides, then over the curve of his hips. I pressed against him, my tits squishing against his back, fighting the urge to just finger the shit out of him on the spot and make him squeal. But, *responsibly*, I knew I had to warm him up.

"Each day," I said, spreading the soapy suds along his generous curves, "you return after class needing to get fucked. You've convinced yourself it's a one-time thing, that it builds up, like starvation. But it's with you all the time." I put my mouth against his ear. "You *always* want to get fucked, Bobby. But you fight it. Because you're a coward who still thinks that losing his manhood is some kind of punishment."

"It is…" he grunted.

"Does *this* feel like punishment?"

I slid my hand lower. Beneath the lather of soap and the spray of water, I found the place he hated. My fingers brushed the junction between his thighs, through the patch of hair he refused to trim. His pussy was flushed, hot, and soft—just like mine had been all morning. Despite his grumbling, his inner folds were wet, and not from the shower. It was the *slimy* wetness, typical of horny girls like us. I rubbed him gently, soap making everything glide effortlessly. Two fingers pressed upward, massaging his folds. His hips twitched.

"Go on," I murmured. "Keep hating it. Keep hating that you can't stop looking at guys' crotches. Keep hating that you dream of getting railed."

"Shut up," he grunted.

I circled his clit slowly, coaxing it out from hiding. His knees bent slightly. I slipped around to his front, licking my lips and staring into his eyes. I wasn't *holding* him in any capacity, and he could've escaped and jumped out of the shower without any effort at all. But I was tired of this shit from him. I was tired of him resisting, when I knew there was a better version of my best friend not far underneath the surface.

"It's okay," I said. "What your father did was an accident, but you're allowed to enjoy it. Being a chick isn't a downgrade, dude. We can have multiple orgasms. We have *tits*. And when you suck a cock, you start questioning why you didn't do it sooner."

His eyes widened. “Have you…?”

I nodded. “It was amazing.”

My other hand joined the first. I slid a finger into him, feeling the silky squeeze of his inner muscles clench. His mouth parted in a silent gasp, and I thought about sticking my tongue down his throat like a total lesbian, but still I resisted. Despite the wildfire raging between my legs.

“God, you’re tight,” I whispered. “You can be a girl and still be you. You can be a horny little slut and not lose yourself. You can want cock and still be strong.”

He was breathing harder now. His head leaned against the tile. “This isn’t fair.”

“It’s not fair that most guys don’t get this chance.”

“I’m…lucky…”

“Yes.”

The rhythm built, his hips rocking in time with mine. Our thighs bumped. My pussy throbbed just watching him melt. And I knew my job wasn’t finished yet, so I dropped to my knees, licking a trail down his tummy, then replaced my hand with my mouth. His initial moan was reluctant, like he didn’t want to give me the satisfaction that I was changing his mind. But it came all the same. And while I feasted, I slid my hand down to rub my own aching, swollen clit.

I buried my face deeper into his slit, letting the shower water cascade over both of us as my tongue danced between his folds. He tasted clean, of course, but also slightly musky with that undeniable heat of a pussy aching to be fucked. My tongue flattened against his clit and gave it a long, slow drag, and his legs nearly buckled hard enough for him to fall on top of me. He braced himself against the tile wall, letting out a hiss as my lips wrapped around his swollen nub and sucked gently, like a little blowjob.

Bobby groaned—now louder and uncontrolled. My own hand stayed busy between my legs, two fingers sliding easily through my slit. I was just *drenched*, ropes of juices running out of me like I had some kind of leak, and hearing Bobby not just moan louder but sound increasingly like a *girl* was getting me off almost as quickly as dudes with giant cocks.

His thighs started to squeeze my head, but I kept attacking. I tongued him deeper, then sucked his clit again, my nose buried in his pubic hair. He trembled and whimpered, one hand going to my hair and clutching hard. I let him guide me, let him grind against my face, like Shane using me as a fuck-hole. God, I *loved* being used. It made me feel like more than just a person. I was a source of *pleasure*.

“Fuck, Glenn…”

Then he spasmed, body jerking wildly as his thighs clamped tight. A cry burst out of him—high-pitched, sharp, completely *girly*—and I felt his pussy convulse against my mouth, gushing a fresh wave of juices onto my tongue. My mouth stayed attached, riding him as I came, too, my fingers rubbing frantically as my clit fired off like a rocket. I muffled my scream against his pussy, body writhing in unison as we orgasmed together in the steamy haze.

When it finally passed, Bobby sagged against the wall, panting.

I licked the breakfast off my face. “See?” I said. “Stop fighting it. We could be total sluts together, fingering ourselves in class and wearing the tiniest fucking thongs as we leak everywhere. It’s like winning the Powerball and refusing the money. You’d have to be *insane*.”

He looked at me with glossy eyes and a limp mouth.

I think I'm finally making progress on this project, I thought.

We finally shut off the water. I grabbed a towel and draped it over Bobby's shoulders before snatching one for myself. We stood in the narrow bathroom space, silently drying each other off, our fingers lingering a little longer than they needed to on the softest, roundest parts. Bobby still looked stunned, like his soul was short-circuiting.

Then he blurted: "Damn, I got class. I'm gonna be late. Thanks a lot."

"Oh no," I cooed mockingly. "The campus police are gonna arrest you."

"No, but my mom might. She doesn't want my GPA below a three."

Before he could get dressed and potentially reach the lecture hall without being more than ten minutes late, there was a sharp knock at the dorm room door.

Oh yeah, I remembered. I'd made reservations last night and invited someone over, assuming my roommate would be gone and I could satisfy my new cravings. But now I supposed that Bobby being here made it *better*. Without even bothering with my own clothes—minus the panties—I happily sauntered toward the door and opened it, despite Bobby's curses while he was still going through his wardrobe. My newest friend was waiting outside.

Shane stood there, broad-shouldered, wearing joggers and a tee tight enough to outline his chest and the thick bulge nestled beneath his waistband. I'd promised him I'd let him use me any way he saw fit, and he had clearly come prepared. Certainly his visible hard-on made me weak in the knees, but that jawline and blonde hair flicked some switches too.

Bobby whined, "Glenn—"

"I thought you'd be in class by now," I said. "Don't blame me."

"Who's Glenn?" Shane asked.

"Don't worry about it."

"You girls live in the male dorm?"

"They ran out of space."

I grabbed the stud's shirt and pulled him inside, my recent orgasm already seeming like it was hours ago as new cream began to soak into my panties. Velocita was truly amazing. There was just no downtime, and the right stimulation made me *instantly* ready for another round. It was probably good that the drug hadn't been manufactured on a large scale—regardless of the sex-changing side effect—and it made me feel so fortunate to have tried it.

I dropped to my knees before Shane could even finish closing the door. This was just proper etiquette now. Not hellos. Not handshakes. Getting down *crotch-level*. Within seconds, my hands were on him—one tugging down his joggers and briefs, the other fishing inside and gripping the thick length of his cock. I tugged it out so energetically that he had to brace himself against the doorframe as I leaned in, gave it a kiss, and licked the pre-cum off the tip.

"Jesus," Shane muttered while I stroked. "You're the wildest chick I've been with."

"You have no idea."

From then on, I was participating in my new favorite hobby. I let my lips part around his head and sank forward, taking him deep. My throat relaxed on instinct, molded from hours of obsession and a new desire for *worshiping* cock. Choking on him wasn't a fear; it was a *dream*. Drool spilled immediately. My fingers jerked what didn't fit in my mouth while my other hand dove down between my legs, rubbing the damp impression of my mound.

Sure, I was sore. But it didn't matter.

Orgasms cured pain. They cured *everything*.

Bobby hovered close by, stunned. He'd gotten his shorts on, but not a shirt. I took delight in seeing that his nipples were plainly erect.

"You're not gonna join in?" I said between gurgles, spit strings connecting my lips to Shane's member. "C'mon."

"I don't—"

"You'll be eighty one day, and then you'll look back on your life thinking, '*man*, I sure wished I tried sucking cock once,' between playing Scrabble at the old folks' home and using your walker to the bathroom."

I cupped Shane's balls with one hand while jerking him harder. Then I stuffed him back into my mouth with a hungry moan. He hissed above me, hands now in my hair as he started to fuck my face, my lips stretching to accommodate his full, twitching girth. I sloppily tongued under the head every time he pulled out, my jaw aching but my clit buzzing from how fucking right this all felt.

Men stood. Sluts *bowed*.

When I glanced up, Bobby's hand was in his shorts. And there was *motion*.

"That's right," I said. "Give in. Just fucking give in. No one's going to care. It'll be incredibly hot, and once you've swallowed a huge load, you'll never get your fill. You don't need men as a once-a-day fix. You need men every hour. Every *minute*. Because it's not torture. It's *bliss*."

Bobby's hand froze for a second—then resumed with more purpose. I saw the shift in his eyes, that flicker of hunger he'd spent so long pretending didn't exist as his body and shoulders sagged. I didn't say anything else. Just kept eye contact and sucked Shane one last time before letting his cock slide out of my mouth with a wet pop.

I wiped my lips with the back of my hand. "Your turn," I said softly, scooting aside.

And he shuffled over.

He actually *did*. With the smallest little baby steps.

Then he dropped to his knees.

My heart swelled with pride as my best friend leaned forward and nuzzled a cock for the first time. Shane groaned above him, his hips twitching. Bobby flinched from a curious lick but didn't stop. He opened wider and took the head into his mouth, clumsily at first, but with no shortage of enthusiasm. He swung his head in a circle, sucking like it was a fat lollipop.

It was beautiful. He was finally free. Finally *honest*.

The guy had finally accepted the money from the Powerball, and he was spending it wisely.

And my pussy was soaking all over again.

"Good," I whispered, fingering myself through my panties while I watched Bobby get his first mouthful of man. It made me dizzy. The happiness, the pleasure, everything. I felt like I was changing molecular states or some shit, melting into a fluid version of myself as my loins bubbled and churned and roiled.

Shane didn't hold back either. He cradled Bobby's head and began to thrust, slowly at first, then deeper and faster, giving my roommate his first face-slapping, cock-gagging experience.

What followed was a marathon. Shane switched between us, taking turns with our mouth-holes. Bobby gagged and slurped with desperate moans, fully transformed in

spirit now, bobbing his head like a true slut. I kissed Bobby between turns, our tongues tangling, both of us tasting cock on each other's lips as we sucked down spit and pre-cum endlessly in a display that could've been straight out of a porn video.

Then our visitor flipped the script and dragged us over to Bobby's bed—we crawled like the guy's slaves. First, he had his face in Bobby's snatch, and Bobby arched and screamed with the most girlish sounds I'd ever heard out of his throat. His thighs clamped around Shane's ears, and he was sobbing from how good it felt. From head to toe, he was just *quivering* like Jell-O from having his fuck-hole rimmed and licked.

Then it was my turn.

Shane dove into my pussy with a hunger for seconds. He tongued me hard, lapping at my folds while my legs kicked and my tits bounced. I gripped his hair with both hands and ground my slit against his face, screaming in delight as he cleaned me out. *God*, I loved a guy who could return the favor! And my pussy was out of control, leaking like crazy for him as his face and lips smeared around, and he sucked on my clit, never once letting me rest.

Afterward, Bobby and I sucked him in tandem. Bobby took the shaft. I licked the balls. Then we switched. I deep-throated him until I gagged, then drooled down the base and let Bobby suck up the spit. We were such slutty twins—licking together, moaning together, sharing this awesome cock like it was communion, tasting every inch and begging to have our tonsils removed by blunt-force face-fucking. Shane slapped his dick against our faces, and we blabbered like we'd forgotten how to speak.

I would've traded my understanding of language for an even bigger desire for cock.

I hoped Bobby would too!

And as for my best friend, he was *so* much more likable when his eyes were rolling back and he was begging to have his throat bruised.

We collapsed into each other, tangled and sweaty, sprawled out across Bobby's bed with our limbs locked like squealing, lesbian lovers. I was on top of him, our tits squished together, lips hungry as we kissed like we'd never stop. Bobby clutched my waist, his hands shaking as they slid along my hips.

"Fuck," he breathed between kisses. "I didn't know it would be this good."

"See?" I said, sucking his titty. "I was right."

"Don't gloat."

"I'm not, dude. I'm just happy for you."

Behind us, Shane stroked himself lazily, watching our double-stacked pussies like a man trying to decide which dessert to eat first. Then he came behind us, and it was a complete mystery up until the final moment, because neither Bobby nor I could see back between our legs. I didn't move. I stayed right on top of him, our chests pressed together, both of us panting and yet nowhere near finished.

I felt Bobby's body jolt beneath mine. His eyes widened.

"Holy shit…oh *fuck*—"

It's only appropriate that I watch his first time with someone else other than me, I thought, disappointed that my pussy was still empty but happy for my best friend.

He trembled. His hands grabbed at my waist, clutching me like he needed an anchor. I stroked his hair, watching his expression shift—pain and pleasure battling across his face as his bottom lip trembled and his eyes made the turn back. I could feel the way his hips jerked under mine as Shane sank in deeper.

"Oh my God…"

"Better than me?" I asked.

"*Bigger*," he gasped.

Then I kissed him hard, sucking the moans straight from his mouth as Shane started to move, each thrust jostling our stacked bodies together like one filthy, moaning sandwich.

Bobby's moans got louder as Shane thrust into him with heavy, slick slaps that bounced the whole bed beneath us. His hands clawed at my back. Our tits rubbed together, our hard nipples sliding and poking. Soon, Bobby was jerking his hips upward to meet every thrust, going full slut mode in a way I'd never seen. He *wanted* it. He'd repressed his true desires for so long, and now he couldn't get enough. After today, he'd be fully cock-dependent.

Shane pulled out of my best friend and took me next. His cock—slick from Bobby—slammed into my soaked pussy, and he grabbed my ass. Even though I'd been more focused on Bobby, it was actually *my* first time having penetrative sex, and I screamed as my brain completely overloaded with new pleasures as his dick poked into a new orifice that wasn't even a day old, his veiny girth stretching me wide open. My body bent in half as he fucked me hard, fast, deep. My hands gripped the bedsheets, then Bobby's hand, as I shrieked and creamed around Shane's cock. He held my legs wide open, hips pistoning into my slutty little hole while Bobby kissed me back.

Girls had it best.

We both knew that now. And if there was ever a cure, we were never going back.

Bobby and I sucked cock now. That was college for us. And if we weren't sucking cock, we were getting fucked.

As the positions changed, Bobby was sprawled out beside us, groaning and fingering himself, and I reached over, pulled his hips toward me, and dove face-first into his cum-leaking pussy while I got railed from behind. Then we reversed: Shane fucking Bobby, Bobby scooping out my girly juices, which turned out to be nearly enough to hydrate himself.

I lost track of the time.

Time didn't matter. Because we had plenty of time.

And when Bobby and I were sitting beneath Shane as he painted our faces with the biggest load I'd ever seen—certainly bigger than mine had been—I knew we had the rest of college and beyond to enjoy cocks.

Together. As best friends.

Epilogue

The lingerie store dressing room was barely big enough for one person, which made it perfect for two cock-crazed sluts like us. Bobby had just bent over in front of the mirror, tugging a bright pink thong up between his cheeks and moaning about the way the fabric nestled his juicy pussy. I had a matching one on in lime green, twisted tightly against my own slit and already showing signs of extensive saturation.

In our old lives, we might've been playing video games.

Now his sexy ass was doing something more appropriate, and so was mine.

Our nudity and tiny underwear were just more reasons for us to make out: tongues locked, our mouths nibbling, our hands pulling at the floss-thin straps. We pancaked our tits together and spun around the room, banging into walls and the mirror, spinning like we were on an orgasmic carousel ride. His fingers slid under the gusset of my thong, and mine went into his.

It was the third time today.

That was less than usual.

A knock pounded on the door. "Excuse me!" came a man's voice. "You've been in the dressing room for thirty minutes! You need to leave!"

I giggled, but didn't stop grinding against Bobby.

"Is that moaning I hear?"

The door burst open, and there was the store manager, red-faced, eyes going wide at the sight of us flushed and panting, our panties practically washrags from how soaked they were. His gaze dropped to the pile of ruined thongs on the bench, each one glistening from what we'd leaked into them. We couldn't help it. Wearing tiny underwear and modeling for each other was, like, *so* fucking awesome. And the multiple mirrors surrounded us with perspectives of our sexy asses wearing the flimsiest lace and silk.

"You two need to leave. Right now. And you're paying for those!"

"Paying?" I asked sweetly. "We're college students. We're broke."

"But we'd be happy to work something out," Bobby added, already reaching for the guy's waistband. "We want them all."

"For free."

The manager stammered. "I-I…what are you—"

My partner pulled out a half-hard cock. It was older than our favorite college meat, but it was still a cock.

We dropped to our knees in sync.

A moment later, his voice was reduced to ragged gasps and shaky moans as our mouths worked like professionals, our tongues tracing the length of his shaft, our lips sucking up the taste of his leaking fluids.

Bobby and I were going to grow our hair out.

Because we didn't want to look like *boys* anymore. And we didn't want to dress like boys. The local Goodwill probably wouldn't mind a few sacks of clothes for young men, because we were going to replace them with skirts, tube tops, and high heels. We were going to get fucked daily. We were going to have to maintain a fucking spreadsheet of all the guys we fucked, because not only did we need it, but we *wanted* it.

We wanted cum oozing down our faces. We wanted our pussies stretched wide open. And we wanted the guys to line up at our fucking door and take turns with us—or just pile on top of us and have an orgy.

Because being a girl was the *fucking best thing ever*.

The changes don't stop here! Check out the massive Gregor Daniels catalog and indulge in your wildest fantasies, whether it's transformations, boys becoming sexy girls, or totally-unorthodox-but-completely-safe pregnancies caused by untested phone apps.

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