

CW: non-human; alien; lesbian; transformation; questionable consent; body modification; lactation

Love, Parasitic

Part 2

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7926 words

‘Now put it in *me*,’ Vi said, a glimmer in her eyes. She was still kneeling in front of me, looking up with those eyes of hers. She had perfected the fuck-me look years ago, and I’d never been able to resist it.

‘You’re sure?’ I asked. ‘You were just saying-’

‘It’s an alien,’ she said, nodding. ‘Yeah, I know. *Fuck*. I mean, I can’t believe that there’s an alien *inside* you right now, Ellie.’

That thought put a bit of a twist in my stomach, too, though I wasn’t sure if that was nerves or, you know, *it*.

‘Could you bring it back out? Make it, you know, into a *cock* again?’

I nodded as Vi stroked my thighs, her hands warm against me. I concentrated, and felt that movement again - it listened, though, and obeyed me. From me, it slid and moved, like a smooth, free-thinking muscle, until the alien creature was against my thigh. It shifted, moving as I wanted it to, inches from Vi’s face, and she watched it with wary eyes. It poked out from beneath the bottom of my sundress, making it tent a little as the head got caught.

‘It looks so different like that,’ Vi said, pulling the dress off it, It bounced a little, and it felt *good*.

‘Like what?’

‘Like, as what it *is*, instead of as-’ She watched it as I shaped in, in front of her eyes - the Flesh shifted and pulled into a shape, phallic and hanging from my pelvis. ‘As *that*.’

I shaped it the way I remembered Vi’s strap-ons being - smooth, with the head.

‘How’s that?’ I asked, looking down at it. It stuck out from me, pale as my own skin, and pointing out from me, in front of Vi’s face.

‘No offence,’ she said. ‘It looks like a toy. I mean, there’s no balls or anything.’

I nodded. ‘Yeah - I’m not exactly *experienced* with the real thing.’

Vi bit her lip, setting back a little. Her hands slid from my hips, moving in on it, until I felt her cool fingers close around the shaft.

‘Ooohh,’ I hummed; earlier, it had felt almost like my clit had been stroked directly, but now it was less like that. ‘Feels like it’s *mine*,’ I said. ‘It feels like it’s part of me.’

Vi just held it, her other hand stroking my skin softly. ‘It looks like part of you, too.’

‘So cool,’ I said with a little smile. ‘But, a little...’

‘Plastic,’ she said. Then, she let go, and sprung to her feet. ‘Right - I have an idea - come with me.’

She kissed me, one hand still around my cock, and she pulled me by it as she led me out of the living room. We went to her room, and it was delightfully clean after my whip-round cleaning session earlier today - the bed was perfectly made, and there was the tell-tale chest that stuck out a little from under the bed. Only this morning we’d woken up together here, limbs tangled before she slipped down my body, tasting me with that talented tongue of hers.

She pulled me by my plastic-looking cock, poking out from beneath my sundress, and pushed me against the frame of the bed so I had to sit. She was still in her black skinny jeans and

her work polo shirt, but somehow she made it look slutty. Maybe it was the way her pierced nipples poked against the material, or the way she shifted her weight on her hips, or maybe it was just the look in her eye as she dropped to her knees between my knees.

I sat up as she pushed the dress off my cock, and she pulled her phone out of her pocket. She stroked me, lightly and half-heartedly, as she went on her phone, and I couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed - until she passed me it.

On it was a video of a guy. Specifically, his cock.

Now, I was a lesbian, and I'd figured that out before I'd ever gotten close enough to a guy for me to see his dick, but Vi was proudly bisexual. She had her toys, and with me she was usually the top - it just worked out that way - but she'd told me up front that she'd been fucked before. The way she said it, she was usually a top with women, and a sub with guys. It's just how her libido worked.

The video in front of me was a cock, against a dark background; there was a little tummy, and thighs, and it looked like it was from the guys' perspective, and he was lying down, with his phone torch on.

Then, blue hair came into view, and I felt a twist of jealousy as Vi's face came into view, smiling that fuck-me smile; her mouth opened, and I watched with lustful envy as she put her tongue to the base of the head, licking him before taking the full head between her lips.

'That's... you,' I said.

'About six months ago,' she said, a smile on her face. 'What? We all have our depraved nights - this guy just happened to film this one.'

'That's kinda shitty,' I said.

'Nah - he filmed it on my phone, and because I asked him to. He was an idiot, and I knew I'd never see him again, but *look* at that cock, Ellie.'

I *was* looking at it. I couldn't not. Now, men had very little interest to me, but Vi knew better than most that I very much enjoyed, you know, *penetrative* sex. Some lesbians were against it, and there was a whole spectrum of attitudes about it, but ever since I'd taken my first strap a few years ago, I'd been hooked.

I remembered her - I'd been freshly nineteen, she was twenty-five; looking back, it was clear she was a little toxic, but at the time it was just *hot*. She knew a lot more than me, and had taken time to introduce me to the world of getting-your-shit-rocked.

Vi was younger than me, but pretty quickly into our relationship being stuck in this flat with just the two of us, we'd settled into our rhythm. She had a wide selection of toys, and at one point or another, she'd used all of them on me. Her straps, in particular, were good old friends by this point. I'd spent *hours* riding them, or being stretched by the monstrous ones, or sitting in Vi's lap with a vibrator inside me as she teased me to insanity.

And yet, I had *never* treated a toy the way Vi was treating the cock in this video.

She was rabid; feral. Her fingers held the pillar at the base, as her mouth *worshipped* the tip, luridly and sloppily licking, kissing, sucking the head; she delved deeper, taking half of it into her

mouth before struggling. A hand appeared, holding her head down on him, pushing *just* a little, before letting her come up. Vi, in the video, pulled herself off his cock, moaning through spittle and pre-cum that connected her lips to his glans in thick strands, dripping from her chin as they both groaned, panting heavily, as video-Vi moved beneath his cock, going back to those balls. The angle shifted, going side-on, giving me a *great* view of how big the cock was from that perspective, and letting me *see* the way she sucked his ball into her mouth, massaging it with her lips. They seemed to hang low, and his skin was slick with glistening lube/spittle/precum.

It was *hot as fuck*. And as I watched, I found myself understanding what Vi wanted of me. *I want THAT*, I thought.

Between my legs, the Flesh - if that was what I was calling it - answered. Before our eyes, the shaft became more veined and slightly thicker and longer. The plastic texture was replaced by a shiny-looking flesh texture. The head swelled more, becoming a darker shade of pink, as it grew more realistic glans. Beneath, I felt two warm masses grow, between my inner thighs as the Flesh shaped testicles on me.

I was breathing heavily, nearly panting as I looked at the impressive *cock* standing up from my body.

‘Wow,’ Vi said with a sigh. ‘That’s... incredible. It’s just like him.’

‘Really?’ I asked. ‘You like it?’

Vi was *very* capable of making me want to please her - of making me so happy to worship her pussy, eating her through orgasm after orgasm just as she did for me. She made herself the object of my desire, and I *loved* it. So, knowing that the way my body was physically changing the way she liked it, to serve for *her* sexual desires... it scratched an itch I didn’t know I had.

Vi’s hands closed around the shaft, and I sighed at the feeling of it.

‘Let me show you how much I *love* it,’ she said, before taking the head into her mouth.

‘Ho-ly *FUCK*,’ I moaned, propped up on my elbows as Vi took the top inch of me into her mouth. I knew how talented her tongue was, and I’d felt her hot breath on my sex before, but this was totally different.

Her hands twisted, and the tension was blissful, while her hot, warm mouth made a seal around the tip, beneath the glans; inside her mouth, I felt her tongue wrap around the head, sliding along me in ways that didn’t feel possible; her tongue piercing was like a white-cold spot of pleasure, like a bolt of lightning that slid against my new appendage, sending shockwaves up my body.

‘HO!’ I called, gripping the bedding as Vi milked my cock, her mouth around me. She moaned as she began to bob her head, blue hair falling to one side as her hands left me - letting her mouth go *deeper*. ‘Baby, *yes*,’ I moaned, my fingers sliding into her hair as she held my thighs apart, her head beginning to move on me - down, up, *down*, up, *dowwwwwn*, and back up - she wasn’t able to get too far, maybe about halfway, but it felt like fucking *heaven*. ‘Vi, baby, that’s so fucking *good!*’

She popped off the head, her hand quickly grabbing me and stroking as she took a breath. She was starting to look a little sloppy, like in the video - but not much. Not enough. Not yet.

'This is so fucking hot,' she said.

I nodded. 'I can't believe it - you're *sucking my cock!*' I squealed, and Vi laughed, before spitting on the head and going back to town without hesitation.

Glk-glk-glk-gllllllllllllguk-glk-glk - she fucked me with her mouth, the tip poking into her tight throat, these sensations so *new* and exciting for me. It wasn't long before I could feel it.

'Oh, *shit,*' I whined as it began - a different feeling to what I usually knew as an orgasm; usually it would be whole-body, and would roll and bounce like waves through me. This was so *specific*, building right there in the cock and balls, like a pressure.

On the bed, I saw the video, still playing on Vi's phone; as I watched, the guy came - thick strips of white spurting out, lines covering Vi's face from chin to eyebrow. I'd stayed away from straight porn, and while I knew through, like, *general osmosis* what cumming looked like, it was very different to see the woman you loved get a facial like that. And, seeing how much Vi was *grinning* in the video, eyes plastered shut, she seemed to like it.

'Gonna cum,' I panted. 'Vi - gonna cum - oh, *GOD!*'

'Can you even-' Vi asked, backing off my cock for a moment, before the question was answered. From the tip surged a thick rope of cream-white cum, hitting Vi square in the eye.

'GAH!' she yelped, grabbing the shaft before the second rope came out; she was able to angle the cock a little, so the next stream spurted across her face. Followed by another, and another.

My *God*, it was hot. I got why there was a stereotype for guys wanting to do this, now.

But, as each surge went through me, I couldn't shake the feeling that it wasn't ending any time soon. It just kept *coming*.

'Holy *fuck*, Ellie,' Vi laughed, before a streak of cum filled her pretty mouth. At that point, my head sagged back, and my eyes closed as the sharp, intense pulses went through me, until they ended.

I felt Vi's mouth close around the head, as she sucked a little that was left in the cock itself - which felt *insane* - before she sat back. I looked down at her just in time to watch her swallow, her face painted white and cum in her hair, on her neck and chest... it was ridiculous.

'That was a *stupid* amount of cum,' Vi laughed.

'Sorry,' I offered.

But Vi shook her head. 'I mean... that wasn't even *you*. This is *alien cum*, Ellie... I should shower, right? Oh, shit, I swallowed some...'

'Don't panic,' I said. 'So far, it's been completely safe. And, you know, it's been *all* up inside me, too.'

Vi thought about it, looking a bit silly covered in cum as she was. She took a shaky breath. 'Good. Because I'm not done, you hear?'

I nodded. 'Okay.'

'I *am* going to shower, because, holy fuck, but when I get back, you're fucking me with that thing.'

I nodded, feeling oddly like I'd been told off, and watched her strip off her cum-soaked work shirt and head towards the bathroom. I wondered, oddly, if it would even be *good*. Like, as she said, it was an alien - would that make it weird? Maybe we'd start and she wouldn't even like it. Maybe this was as far as it was going to go.

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'*Oh fuck, Vi - FUCK!*

Vi was beneath me, naked and face-down in the bed, back arched as she gripped the pillows beneath her face, moaning into them with each of my strokes. She was moaning my name, too, muffling it into the softness. Since he shower, we'd barely stopped. It was... *magic*.

'*Ellie! Fmnf! - FfffuuuUCK! Yes - yes - ynnffff!*

It felt incredible. Indescribable. I refused to believe this was what guys felt when they had sex - though, it *did* make me understand why there was a stereotype for guys not lasting longer than a minute. We'd just started, and I already was starting to feel overwhelmed.

I wasn't used to being the Top, so to speak, though it wasn't *unheard of* - usually Vi took charge, but ever since she'd seen this *thing* attached to me, she'd made it clear I was going to fuck her with it.

'Cumming,' I heard her pant. 'Ellie - *ELLIE!*' Hearing her scream my name into the pillows as I stopped, slamming my 'cock' fully into her, was heaven. She writhed her arse back into my hips, moaning as she shuddered. 'Fuck,' she panted. 'Babe...'

'Good?' I asked.

She looked over her shoulder at me, her face red and her hair a mess. 'Did you finish?'

'Not yet,' I said. 'Close, though.'

'Cool,' she said, shifting on the bed. I slipped out of her, and it felt for all the world like my clit slid out of her hot, tight, *wet* channel.

I groaned, as Vi kneeled in front of me. She kissed me, her hand closing around the phallus that stuck out from my hips.

'Ahhh,' I whimpered into her mouth.

'That feel good, baby?' she asked.

I nodded. 'Yeah...'

'It's like it's *you*,' she said. 'Can you get rid of it? If I wanted to, I dunno, eat you until you cum, like, five times.'

My eyes popped out at her. 'Uhh-'

'You'd deserve it,' she said. 'I haven't cum on a cock like that *ever*. You know how to fuck.' She stroked my cock, which didn't seem to be going anywhere. 'So - do you wanna cum on my face again, or do you wanna fill me up?'

I swallowed. 'What a question,' I said, and we laughed.

'Or, you could always put it away, I'll get my strap, and return the favour?'

I thought about it for a moment. 'I think I wanna cum inside you,' I said.

Vi grinned. We were both cum-drunk and heavy in heat, so when she sprung up on her knees and pushed me back by the shoulders; her mouth met mine, and I could taste the salty, musky taste of my own alien pre-cum that had coated her mouth as she kissed me. She pushed me back, until my head was in the pillow, and I felt her straddle me; only once she'd had me wear the strap-on and rode me, *before*, so this wasn't what I was used to. All I could guess was that she liked to have a little power over me - and I was enjoying her taking that power back.

'Good girl,' she moaned into my mouth as she reached down, gripping my cock with one hand and holding it steady as her sex rubbed against the head.

'Fuck,' I moaned, and her other hand found my neck. Ever so softly, she squeezed, holding me with the ghost of a chokehold making me sink deeper into submission.

Then, she sat, slowly taking my length into her. It still felt unreal - completely, and understandably - *alien*.

'*Fuck, Ellie,*' she moaned into my ear as she began to ride me, slowly, indulging in it as I lay beneath her. One hand on my throat, her other went to my tit, tweaking my nipple *just* a little, as she kissed the nape of my neck. 'Your cock is so *fucking good*. So *thick*, and *hot*... fuck, I could ride you forever.'

I just moaned, my mind too lost in the sea of pleasure to form words; she sped up, using my chest and my throat to steady herself as she began to fuck me properly. On her face was a journal of her pleasure - her eyes closed, mouth open before biting her lip, swearing and hanging open again. When she did open her eyes, they rolled, before locking onto mine. Her blue hair was a *total* mess, still wet from the shower, so when my hand found her neck to pull her into a kiss, it soaked my hand.

She felt like heaven as she rode me.

'I love you,' I mumbled into her mouth, and she paused, just staring down at me.

'I love you too,' she said, getting back into the rhythm of it. Her body was pressed against mine, hips working overtime as her chest pressed into mine; I began to move back, fucking her from beneath as we made love.

Until it was all too much.

'Gonna cum,' I whimpered into her ear.

'In me,' she ordered. 'Fill me the *fuck* up, Ellie.' She was so hot, so desperate for it, it was somewhere between a demand and a beg. 'Fill with that alien *fucking* cum - get me pregnant baby, come on, cum in me, *cum in ME!*'

She yelled out as it happened - just as before, thick ropes spilled from me, hot and fast, filing her channel as she mewled and rolled her hips. We kissed, and fell into a sleepy hug, my cock still inside her, thick cum leaking out from around my shaft, dripping down our thighs in warm globules.

'Love you,' she repeated.

'You too,' I said, panting. Worn out.

It was dark outside, and the night was calling for us to sleep. We didn't fight it.

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'Still gotta pay rent,' Vi said as she peppered me with a kiss; I was awake, but only barely just, and I'd enjoyed the view from the messy sheets as Vi had gotten dressed this morning. She, as always, skipped on wearing a bra, and the polo that was cum-soaked had been left in the washing machine this morning. Instead, she'd worn her back-up plain black polo, her nipple piercing *just* as visible, and had selected a pair of needlessly enticing red, lacy underwear before heading off.

She was teasing me. Or, maybe rewarding me for yesterday. Either way, I liked it.

Vi plonked down a coffee next to me that she'd started drinking but given up on, on the bedside table next to me.

'I'll see you after my shift - it's just the morning, but Ashley said she needs me, *again*. Fucking car's still dead, so-'

'Walking's a bitch,' I mumbled.

She kissed my hair and stood up. There was a slip of red poking out from beneath her jeans as she grabbed her coat on the way out, before pausing at the door way.

'When I'm back, we're gonna figure more of *that* out.' She pointed to my hips, as I shifted beneath the sheets, and gave me a wink. I gave her a lame finger-point back, and then she was gone. A moment later, I heard the front door slam shut, and I was left alone.

A moment passed, as I lay in the bed; soft sunlight filtered in through the gaps in the curtains. It was just past 7am, and while I *knew* I should have been exhausted - and I could tell Vi was limping a little on her way out - I honestly felt great.

With a flourish, I pulled the covers off myself, and was almost disappointed to see the lack of a flaccid cock between my legs; I was back to being good ol' Ellie. The bed was warm, and the room was warm *enough* for me to stretch out like that, naked on the bed, in the afterglow of a *great* night of sex, before I decided to get myself up.

I pulled on Vi's favourite dressing gown - black and *fluffy as fuck* - and stepped into some slippers before grabbing that coffee and going through to the livingroom. It didn't take long before I felt the rumblings of arousal within me, which I figured were aftershocks of the night before; I'd had a *cock!* It was so silly and impossible that the memories almost felt like jokes.

Vi had given me a blowjob.

I'd fucked her doggy-style, and she'd ridden me. Like a dude.

I sipped at the coffee, and looked down at myself; the dressing gown was open enough for me to see the slip of soft pubic hair on my mons.

No penis, I thought.

Then, I focused, conjuring in my head images of the video Vi had shown me, and willing it into place. It was hard to explain, but I was able to *push* the idea that I had a cock.

I looked down again, and watched as the fleshy creature seemed to coagulate through my skin, developing into a shape where my vulva had been. Balls, heavy and sensitive, plopped into place as the shaft, soft and lying against my thigh, was tickled by the fluff of the dressing gown.

It was notable, though, that there was a *big* difference from last night; previously, it was like the Flesh had been inside me, and had to slide out of a... *hole* before being able to shape itself. This time, if it slid out of me, I hadn't noticed - but it felt rather more like it had pulled itself out through my flesh. Coming out of me, but not through any hole - through *me*.

'Huh,' I said, unsure what that meant, exactly.

I willed it away, and watched it melt into me - not slipping into me, mind - it *melted*, breaking down into that fleshy material that had been stuck to me yesterday, before sinking into my skin and being gone.

I touched my fingertips to my sex, and felt no different. It was weird.

But it was also... kinda cool. And it made me think of something. A couple of weeks ago, while Vi was out at work and I'd been home, bored and horny, my phone had died. My usual influx of porn was gone, so instead I used Vi's laptop - she'd given me the password for watching Netflix in bed. What I found when I started looking were folders - *FOLDERS* - full of links and images and videos.

This girl was a hentai fiend.

There were pages of erotica, too - some of which I'd read; demons taking women as their thralls, vampires making women cum as they drink from them, and werewolves breeding unsuspecting village women. It was supernatural-blended and horny as *fuck*. There were 3D videos of characters from games I'd never played getting fucked by tentacles and aliens, and cartoon porn of women being turned into sex slaves and be put into frankly *painful*-looking contraptions, head over heels as they were used by their companies, or their friends, or whoever else.

It was a cesspool. I knew this about her, of course - she was a horny fucker. But *now*, I wondered if there wasn't something I could do to... fulfil some of these fantasies.

I opened her laptop, and navigated the volumes of filth before I found an image I'd seen last time. A demoness, red-skinned, clad in a leather jumpsuit; she had yellow eyes and red horns that poked out from under her black hair, a forked, long tongue poking out from within her grin. A arrow-tip tail whips around her, and from the hole in her crotch hangs a thick, flared, flat-tipped cock, the end hanging as low as her knees.

It was... indulgent. A little juvenile, as far as fantasies went. But I knew Vi was into it. And, while I knew I wouldn't be able to match *all* of those things, I wondered if I couldn't do a couple of them.

There was a mirror on the wall across the room, amidst the pieces of art Vi had kept here from last year, so I picked up the laptop and carried it over.

I had to admit, as I stood there before my reflection, that I looked *good*. I hadn't showered, so there was kind of an expectation that last night's activities would have left me a bit ripe. But, instead, I felt fresh - and I looked it too. My skin was clear, my hair falling nicely, and the black gown hanging open made me look sultry and sexy. It covered my nipples, but showed the curves of my tits, leading my own eye all the way down to where my legs met.

On the laptop, I had the picture of the dominatrix-demon, and I looked at her horns.

Horns, I thought. I pushed that will into them, and watched my reflection closely. I looked for where they would be, how they should poke out from my head, between locks of my hair.

A shimmer went up my neck, movement. The Flesh.

I watched, as I held my concentration and will - *horns, horns, horns* - as the impossible happened.

There, on each side of my forehead, they began to poke through; tiny nubbins that appeared to grow from me, hard and dark, with the softest of ribbing-like lines on them. They stopped after a moment, a nervous flutter in my stomach as I began to think about what this *meant*.

I reached up and touched one of them - and I *felt* it. This was different from the cock; I had no real frame of reference to how these should feel, whereas I knew at the very least that, you know, a cock is an organ of pleasure. For whatever reason, though, as my fingers contacted the two-inch long horn, I felt a trickle of pleasure surge through me.

It was like it had a direct line to the pleasure centres of my brain, straight through my skull. Not expecting it, it felt akin to the softest touch of my clit, making my knees buckle a little as I gasped.

'Oh, wow,' I murmured. It occurred to me that whatever the Flesh made on me, it always seemed to be sensitive in that very specific, pleasurable way. 'Oh, *wow*.'

I hesitated, before touching it again; this time, I took it in my grasp, just holding it. It was hard, and felt like it was fixed to me *beneath* my skin, despite logic telling me that that doesn't make sense, and as my hand closed around it I felt the soft *hum* of pleasure start to bleed through, like a hand on the inner thigh. It was strange, and nice, and I had to make a point to let go.

For a moment I just stared at them, on my head in the mirror. They weren't quite black - more a rusty brown, but they looked cute. Like a halloween costume, almost, but with the dirtier knowledge that they were *real*.

A brainwave hit me, and excitedly I plopped the laptop on the sofa and ran to my room, getting my phone from my bedside table, before going back to the mirror. I took a moment to appreciate the look of them, poking out from beneath my hair, before lining up possibly the most elicited selfie I'd ever sent to Vi.

I made sure the dressing gown was open, covering my nipples again but showing the deep cleavage. I *did* tie it at my waist, and kept those lower areas out-of-frame, but the real show was my head.

The horns, short and dark, were in centre frame, a smirk on my face. I added a quick line to it - *See anything you like?*

Sent.

As I waited to see what her response would be, I poked one horn again, feeling the rush that went through me. With a focused thought, I willed for them to shift colour - where they were once rusty-brown, I made them lighten almost to an ivory colour, browned at the tip.

Ping! I opened my phone to see Vi's response - a single word.

V: Shit

Then, soon afterwards, more.

V: They're adorable

V: This is freaky

V: I kinda love it

E: Anything else I can try?

My response was just *asking* for trouble, but I didn't care. I was horny, and the fact that I had made horns made me wonder what *else* I could do.

V: Don't take this the wrong way but they kinda look like

V: Cow horns?

V: Like a bull?

I looked at myself, seeing the colouration I'd changed them to. I sent a new photo, and Vi saw it immediately.

V: That's hot

V: That's a hot cowgirl right there

V: But you don't look like you'd make a lot of milk

I laughed at that, knowing she was taking the piss, but *also* knowing what she was fishing for.

E: You're supposed to be at work

V: Shut up

V: You don't get to send me photos like that when I only have five-min breaks

V: Just use your alien thingy, and be a sexy cowgirl for your amazing gf, yeah?

I could just *see* the smirk on her face as she wrote it, hurrying to get back to work. Knowing I could be just as annoying, I waited until it'd been exactly five minutes since her first message - meaning she'd be back at work - before getting started.

This time, I went to the floor-length mirror in my bedroom, attached to the wardrobe. It was less aesthetic than the one on the living room wall, but it would be necessary for... size reasons. I took a shaky breath, and thought about what I wanted to change.

Make my breasts... I thought for the best word, then shrugged. *Bigger.*

I focused on the idea, conjuring up some of the images from Vi's collection of lewd art. I dropped the dressing gown to the floor, and looked at myself. Me and Vi were both C-cups, which made sharing underwear a *dream*, and while I knew how amazing her tits looked on her,

I'd always had a hint of self-consciousness about mine. They weren't quite as *impressive* as some of the women I'd been with, and it was hard not to compare. Not that Vi had ever complained - hell, she was quite enthusiastic about them, in fact. But, now that I had the Flesh on my side, a realisation came in that maybe I didn't have to *only* make massive body alterations. I could just change myself in *small* ways. Like a healthier form of plastic surgery.

Though, I had to remember that none of it was permanent. Which meant that, I might as well have *fun* with it.

And, in the name of fun, phone-in-hand and mirror reflecting the golden morning light back to me as I stood there, nude, I watched myself change.

Well, a specific part of me anyway.

First, I just watched them swell and fill - in a moment, I looked the way I did in my teenage fantasies, my bust pert but big enough to fill a D-cup. I liked it. I looked like one of the actresses in a movie my brother would have put on that he was *far* too young to watch, like *Boat Trip* or something like that.

But this wasn't a moment for hesitating. I pushed further, *willing* them larger. The Flesh responded. Suddenly, like some internal pump was being pushed, they bounced a little larger. Not sagging, but also not like they'd been through photoshop, nor a bad boob job. The weight was noticeable, and as they grew and grew I struggled to believe it.

Suddenly, they were bigger than any I'd seen in person. And, frankly, after a puberty of discovering lesbian porn and going *crazy* on the internet to explore as many facets of girl-on-girl there was, I'd seen a fair few sets of tits.

Massive naturals had a certain shape about them - large, tear-drop shaping that could sometimes look unwieldy, and sometimes *luscious*. The Flesh had, somehow, managed to ensure they were the latter.

Now, while my spat of porn-scrolling internet addiction had ended a few years ago, and Vi's had *clearly* stuck with her a bit longer, I wasn't a complete stranger to what Vi was getting at. Online, it was so eloquently described as being a *hucow*, and I'd seen more than one video of women inducing lactation, pumping and moaning, and generally being *gorgeous* voluptuous women.

And now, I kind of was one.

They stopped growing once they near-enough reached my waist, and I drank in the visage of myself in the mirror. They completely reshaped me; where once my bust was, you know, *shapely*, now they were my defining feature. I knew if I went outside like it, it would be the *only* thing about me people would notice.

It was... kinda hot.

Really hot.

Tentatively, I brushed my hand against the side of one of them, and felt the soft glow of pleasure go through me. It was as sensitive as the inside of a thigh, and brought a breath from

me I didn't expect. Softly, *slowly*, I came round to cup the nipple, and the moment I felt my palm drag against the small pink, hard nub, it cracked through me like electricity.

'Hoh, *fuck*,' I whimpered, letting go.

I took a moment before moving to get my phone, and the sway of weight that came with bending to grab it almost took me over. It was insane - they were *heavy*, and even the act of feeling them swing beneath me sent waves through me that swam around my body.

'This is... *mental*,' I said, taking the phone and standing, feeling a little hazy with arousal as I pulled the phone up and lined up the *perfect*, hu-cow selfie.

Horns and all.

Sent.

I sat on the sofa, black dressing gown soft beneath me, and waited for Vi's reply. I knew she'd be busy, and that she wouldn't see it for a bit, so I thought I'd send a couple more.

Sent.

Sent.

As I did, I looked back at that message she'd sent - *But you don't look like you'd make a lot of milk*. Was that what she wanted?

Her cowgirl to make some milk?

The thought thrummed through me, and I felt the Flesh as it did something to me; something that made me *ache*. Specifically, my tits - they felt almost painful all of a sudden, nearly similar to a full bladder but also completely different.

'What the...?' I sighed, leaning back on the sofa as I looked down at myself. My body was almost overwhelmed by those *things* on my chest, heavy and shifting across me as I moved. I hadn't expected the way they would limit my movement, making me a little sluggish and feel like my whole body was beholden to them. It was making my head fuzzy. Only then, however, did I see what had happened since the last photo I took - all of a sudden, my nipples weren't just erect they were *erect*. They looked larger, too - large enough to properly get your mouth around.

Oh, now *that* thought did something to me. In bed, Vi had discovered early on that my nipples were a serious erogenous zone for me. Hell, I'd even been made to cum once just through nipple stimulation alone, though that was after four days of orgasm denial and edging to make me utterly desperate.

Still, I thought as I reached up to touch one of them. *These look... amazing*. Then, as I made contact, the pleasure cracked through me; the sensitivity the Flesh had given me had peaked, and I let out a startled yelp of pleasure like I'd been stuck with a cattle prod, only the lightning that cracked through my tits wasn't *painful*, it was pure pleasure.

I couldn't help it - a moan escaped me as my hand cupped the soft tissue of my breast, my nipple poking into my hand, hard and stubborn against my palm. My back arched, and I felt the surge of pressure running through me, before something... *strange* happened.

My hand felt wet.

I looked down as I pulled my hand away and, sure enough, my palm was wet. Fluid dripped from my nipple, tiny droplets of watery milk, running down the mass of my breast like a teardrop.

With my other hand, I grabbed my phone, and started to video myself, as I took a guess and squeezed my breast with the other - just a little, near the nipple. This time, it was no dribble - from the dark pink nub, two thin streams of breastmilk began to stream out, jetting a good few inches across me, landing on my own thigh.

‘Oh, *fuck*,’ I moaned, the release of pressure feeling almost as good as the squeeze itself. ‘This is intense, Vi - like everything I feel is ramped up to a hundred... *shit*...’

After a moment, I let go, blew a kiss to the camera, and clicked.

Sent.

I was breathing heavily, trying to calm myself down, but there was no stopping it. I could feel the way my body wanted to be treated - the way *this* body was making me feel. It wasn’t just sex, it was something more... primal.

My phone *pinged*.

V: Good God woman

I laughed at that, as another picture came through - a selfie of her, pulling her work top up over her gorgeous tits, pierced nipples looking positively tasty. She was in her work bathroom, and I knew she was being sneaky.

V: I want to taste it

With a smirk, I had an idea.

E: Would you like to watch me try?

V: FUCK yes

I put the phone on the side of the sofa, propping it up a little, and made sure the camera was on me; I could see myself, huge bust just so large the sides of the screen couldn’t quite fit me in. I hit record, and gave Vi a smile as I sat cross-legged on the sofa cushion, before lifting one of them up towards my face.

It was actually rather intimidating, looking at the engorged nipple; I’d never been able to actually *lift* my tits like this, nevermind sort-of *bend* them upwards, but here we were. It weeped a little droplet of white as I looked at it, before doing what I knew Vi wanted to do.

Sensually, and slowly, I licked the soft skin of the areola, feeling my own tongue like a lover’s. I brought a moan from me I didn’t expect, and quickly I was moving in. I held the breast with both hands, up to my face, and took the nipple into my mouth.

‘*Hrmmmm*,’ I groaned as pleasure coursed through me, my lips around the engorged nubbin. After a beat, I took a breath in through the nose, breathed out again slowly, then began to *suck*.

The first two sucks felt so good it was almost painful, and I held in a squeak only by sucking again - milk squirted into my mouth, warm and sweet and surprisingly tasty.

I wanted more.

So, I kept going, and after a few of them, I found my mouth full, and had to swallow. I gulped down my own breastmilk, just as the flow seemed to become more steady, more regular, filling my mouth in thin streams.

All the while, it was like heaven was streaming through my chest; it was a burning need and an impossible pleasure, but also so soft and intimate - even with myself.

On the screen, I saw the horns from my head - I'd almost forgotten - and had to admit that I looked *all* too much like a cow-girl. A *hucow*.

It was kinky. Dirty.

Vi was going to love it.

All I could think about, though, was if *this* felt so good, what *else* could I do?

I kept sucking, one arm holding my breast up as I reached down, touching myself - I couldn't resist any more. It took seconds to bring myself to orgasm, the pleasure making me moan and writhe and grip the sofa as it cracked through me.

My mouth dropped the nipple, and milk drooled over me as I moaned, cumming on camera like some fucked-up porn Vi had downloaded.

She was *really* going to love it.

After I'd calmed down, I picked up the phone, leaning forwards to feel how those tits hung beneath me - and seeing how *lewd* it looked on the screen - and stopped the recording.

Sent.

At that, I thought I needed a change of pace, and began the process of... reconstituting myself. I brought my chest down to its normal size, and sensitivity, and had the horns disappear into my head once again.

I was me again.

The mirror proved it - I was *me*. No lasting damage, no problems. I was just myself.

Ping.

I checked my phone, sat on the sofa naked but for Vi's black dressing gown, and saw the message.

V: Called in sick

V: Home in 10

V: Running

V: Fucking dead car

Ten minutes until V got back... it sent a thrill through me. But, I needed to kill the time, and not watch the clock - that would take forever. So, almost absent-mindedly, I grabbed the remote and switched on the TV.

It was the news - the same as the one that had talked about that meteor shower.

The one that brought the Flesh to me. There was still a small hole in the window, covered now with some duct tape by Vi at some point. It was the same news show now, George and Delilah. They were proper shmulty, non-offensive types that did these crappy sorts of mid-morning shows, though they were wearing serious expressions.

‘Now, we have one of them here with us today,’ George said, as the camera panned out a little. They were sat on a long sofa, George and Delilah at one end, and some guest on the other. The guest, a forty-something man, looked uncomfortable under the studio lights, and had a sort-of squint about him. ‘Welcome to the show, Harold.’

‘Nice to be here,’ Harold answered, cautious smile beneath his soft Scottish accent.

‘Tell us what you told the police, Harold, because it’s quite the story,’ Delilah said, her wide smile as fake as the windows behind them.

‘Well, it’s all a little *weird*, to be honest. People have already been calling me the internet-version of a UFO truther, you know those people who used to claim to be abducted, or whatever?’

‘We’ve had a few of them on the show!’ George laughed. Harold didn’t laugh, but gave a polite grimace.

‘Aye, well. That meteor shower, I saw *one* of them - and I swear to you, there were rocks, or something flying through the air - *one* of them went right through my neighbour’s window. They were out, but their son, a young man, Ali, he was home. I thought nothing of it, but posted it on my local Facebook, as you do. Someone on there messaged me, a randomer, no mutual friends or nothing, asking me about who and what and how, all that. I didn’t say much, but... but two hours later, a black van rolled up, and out they came. Men in hazmat suits! They went in, dragged poor Ali away, all before his parents were back from work to check on him.’

I sat, frozen to the spot. My stomach dropped, and it was as though my heartbeat was in my face.

Oh God, I thought. There’s more people like me.

And someone’s after them.

The hosts, George and Delilah, did their best to humour him while *clearly* not believing him at all. ‘And, Harold, do we think this is some government agency, or...?’

Harold then, of course, went into a long tirade about the UK government and shadow operations that made him sound like a lunatic. And maybe he *was* a lunatic. But, if he’d seen what he had seen, then maybe I was in real trouble.

Like, *real* trouble.

A sound at the front door made me jump, startled, and I wrapped the dressing gown tightly around me, shrinking into the corner of the sofa a little bit as the handle turned, and it opened inwards.

Vi, almost dance-walking into the flat, kicked off her shoes and dropped her keys into the little dish by the door, before turning and pointing at me, a grin on her face.

But, as she looked at me, the grin faded.

‘What’s happened?’

I pointed at the screen.

'I'm telling you!' Harold was near-shouting now, as George and Delilah tried to calm him down politely. 'Something came *down* in that storm, and whatever it was, *someone* knows about it, and doesn't want it getting out!'

Vi watched, quietly, before coming and sitting next to me. Her hand found my thigh, and I shuffled to lean on her shoulder.

'Is that my dressing gown?' she asked, managing to get a smile out of me.

'Can you delete those videos?' I asked, looking up at her.

'You might have to pry them from my cold, dead hands,' she answered, before softening. 'Yeah, of course.'

I kissed her cheek. 'Thank you.'

Vi pulled her phone out, deleting each photo, one by one. Not before, of course, taking a *nice* long look at each one. 'Fuck,' she whispered before playing the video one last time.

'Don't worry,' I told her, squeezing her arm. 'You'll get to see it in person.'

Vi swallowed, and nodded, playing her excitement *right* down. 'Understood.'

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