

You're an unlucky girl.

That might be an odd way to summarize a person's life, but it's something you've become convinced of in your twenty-one years of life.

There would probably be a few people who would disagree. They'd probably point to your E-cup breasts, or your shapely ass, or your narrow waist and say you're lucky in those departments. And they're sort of right, you have to concede. Except that you're constantly lugging around about four pounds on your chest, and you have to have bras tailor made and imported from Europe to live comfortably.

Not to mention the attention it gets you from guys. Since the moment you've hit puberty, you've been the target of so many love confessions and sleazy comments. "Maya! I love you! You're so sexy!" You can hear the words in your head, the faces of guys blurring in your head, every single one of them looking down at your tits as they speak.

Maybe it's your red hair. Maybe it's your freckles. Maybe it's your shy personality. Whatever it is, you just seem to attract the boldest and horniest guys. You're not sure that a week has gone by in your life without a guy cornering you and aggressively flirting with you. Classmates, guys on the street, a couple of rather sleazy teachers... Heck, even during a doctor's visit one time.

It always goes the same way. A guy corners you, flirts with you, asks you out. You feel obligated to accept his advances, and tell yourself that this guy's at least better looking than the last one. Maybe this time it will be different...

And then, you inevitably find yourself in bed, cum splattered across your boobs and your face, your belly full of a squirming guy who's jumped down your throat. And you have to spend all night digesting him, unable to get up and clean his nasty sperm off your body until morning. At which point, your ass turns into an upside-down volcano because of him. Spending a few hours on the toilet isn't your idea of fun, even if your ass is practically a cushion at this point.

Naturally, word about you sleeping with so many guys got around your university campus pretty quickly. You have a *reputation*. And you're keenly aware that you're the subject of plenty of gossip about who the newest guy bouncing on your chest is. Which didn't help matters, since every guy then saw you as an easy target. They weren't *wrong*, but still. Also, this means that you don't really have any female friends because of that too. You've had a couple during your life, but their boyfriends inevitably became attracted to you, and sleeping with your friend's boyfriend tends to ruin a friendship.

Honestly, a little bit of male attention isn't unwelcome from time to time. You're a normal, healthy girl and you're just as horny and hungry as the next girl. But you go through at least two guys a week! You *started* with C-cups and pretty normal ass! At this rate, you're going to have to start considering breast-reduction...

Of course, you try to be optimistic and open-minded. At least that classmate had been pretty handsome. At least your therapist had been nice enough to treat you to dinner before taking you back to that cheap hotel. At least you've avoided getting pregnant so far, despite determined efforts.

Bad luck isn't real, you always tell yourself. But that doesn't stop unlucky things from happening to you.

Like accidentally leaving your webcam on after one of your university classes. You'd thought that doing one of your courses online would mean you wouldn't have to get out of bed early, so you'd signed up. Just you being lazy, so of course the universe would punish you. Turns out that having a shower after class and drying your naked body in front of your laptop wasn't a great idea. You got as far as squeezing your boobs to see how much the latest guy had fattened them up by the time you realized that two dozen people were watching. You're pretty sure videos of the incident are being passed around by the guys at your university too.

You wish that was the worst webcam incident, but you'd managed to do the same thing again shortly afterward. Only this time it was you taking a rather vocal poop. One of your classmates had taken a real fancy to you after your first webcam accident, and practically leapt down your throat the first chance he got. Barely even finished the date he'd pressured you into agreeing to. You at least hadn't been blasting him out directly on camera, but your voice certainly made what you were doing quite clear. Worse, your professor suddenly started giving you better grades. Which... was a good thing, but not for the reason you would have wanted. You're pretty sure he's going to be fattening your tits pretty soon too.

Or what about any time you wear a skirt? You swear, every time you wear anything shorter than your knees, you end up falling over or sitting down in a way that gives everyone in your immediate vicinity an eyeful. It's gotten to the point where you worry about what panties you wear when you put on a skirt, since you know people are likely to be seeing them anyway.

And it's not like your tops are any better. What about the time you wore a button-up shirt, and the buttons broke in the middle of class? You'd tried to pretend nothing was wrong, but you know that everyone was getting an eyeful of your bra for the rest of the class. Especially the lecturer, judging by the way he kept losing his train of thought whenever he looked at you...

"Maya!"

The voice shakes you out of your depressed thoughts. You flinch and sit up in your chair, realizing that the lecture is over. Around you, other students are filing out of the lecture hall. Some of them are stealing looks at your chest, but you're more than used to that at this point.

"You doze off or something?" The girl standing next to you asks. You think her name is... Jenny? "Having a bad dream?" She's blonde, her hair in a long ponytail. Pretty tall and athletic, from the looks of it too.

“S-something like that...” You say, feeling your cheeks flush. Talking to people has never been your strong point. “Ah... You’re... Jenny, right?” Where do you know her from again?

Jenny gives you a slightly confused look. “What, you don’t remember me? We worked on that project together the other week!” She grins at you. “Come on, I know you remember me! I remember the *heck* outta you, Maya Brown!”

Oh, right! Yes, she’d eagerly paired up with you for that class presentation, which you’d been a little thankful for. You’d expected to end up paired with a guy who you’d end up sleeping with... “Uh... Yeah! Sorry...” You say, trying to smile at Jenny. “I’ve had a pretty busy semester, been doing a lot of things...” Yeah, things like Derek, James, Henry, Kendrick, Dave, that guy with the abs, Jack, Tyrell...

“Eh, I’ll let it slide.” Jenny rolls her eyes, smirking at you. “So, what are you doing after class today, Maya?”

Huh? Odd question from a girl. You’re more used to getting that question from a guy. “Oh, er... Nothing, I guess?” You say as you stand up, gathering your things. “Why do you ask?” Maybe she wants to hang out? It would be nice to finally make a friend...

Jenny smirks almost triumphantly. “Oh, awesome! You can go on a date with me then!” She asks, her voice raised so that the people around you can hear.

In the middle of pulling your jacket on, you freeze. Fuck! You just walked into a trap. If a guy had asked you that, you would have been more careful, but you hadn’t expected a girl to...

“Y-you’re gay?” Now that you look at her, Jenny is pretty obviously a lesbian. She wears tight jeans and a leather jacket, along with an upside-down cross around her neck.

Jenny shrugs, clearly amused by the question. “Oh, no. I’m straight. Why would you think I’m gay?”

Oh. “N-no reason!” You try to look her in the eyes, but you fail, nervously looking away from her penetrating stare. You’ve always been a shrinking violet, and that’s never going to change.

“Heh...” The blonde sneers at you. “But still, I’ll be honest... I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you since we worked together, y’know?” And of course, her eyes immediately drop to your tits. You suddenly wish you’d worn a top with less cleavage. Or a bra, since you were in a rush this morning.

“Oh...” You feel a bit overwhelmed. You’ve never been particularly charismatic, and Jenny’s dominant energy is making it hard to speak. “Um... I’m not... g-gay...” You stammer, feeling your cheeks burning a red that almost matches your hair.

The blonde raises an eyebrow at you. "So what?" Jenny asks, sounding a little annoyed. "That's not stopping *me*. Come on, Maya, we're both hot girls. You'll adapt pretty quickly." She shrugs and folds her arms. "So, that's a 'yes' on the date, right?"

You gulp nervously. "Uh..." You're really not sure how to respond to that. "I mean, I'm not sure if that's a good idea..."

Jenny rolls her eyes. "Maya, this is *college*. We're supposed to experiment! How can we be sure we're straight if we never try anything new?" Her mouth is practically watering as she stares down at your boobs.

You're pretty certain you're straight, but you can't think of a way to refute her logic. "Ah... I mean... I guess that makes sense..." Suddenly, you wish you'd taken that debate class when you'd had the chance. "B-but maybe we could start as friends?"

"Nah. That's lame." Jenny dismisses your compromise easily. "So, I'm thinking you and I can go for a drive in my convertible? I know a nice cafe near campus, you'll love it."

You could say 'no'. You really could just say that, right? "Um..." You gulp again, trying to think of how to decline politely. "Um..." Nothing comes to mind. And you can feel at least a dozen people watching the two of you, which doesn't help you at all.

"I mean, you just said you weren't busy, right? Surely going on a date with me is better than doing *nothing*." She rolls her eyes, her voice a little mocking, as if you've insulted her somewhat.

Uh oh... She's kinda got you there. "W-well, yes, I'm not doing anything..." You begin, stumbling over your words.

"Great!" Jenny smirks at you. "It's a date, then! I'll pick you up when class ends today!" Her voice is loud, and it's clear that she enjoys how *public* this is. You can feel plenty of smiles and delighted eyes on the two of you. "Oh, this is awesome... I had no idea how easy you'd be to pick up! Damn, I should have asked you out sooner!"

"E-easy?!" You're more than a little surprised by that. You're not *easy*! Well, you might end up sleeping with a lot of guys, but that's just because... you don't like to say 'no'... Wait, *are you easy?*

"Yeah!" She winks at you. "Honestly, I'm just lucky I made a move before any of the guys did. Guess I'll go ahead and tell them you're going on a date with me while you're in class!" And with that, she turns around, giving you a wave.

You blink. "Huh? Tell them what?" You blink again. "Wait, what *guys*?!"

But she's already gone, walking away with an obvious spring in her step. You're left standing there, surrounded by a large crowd of students poorly pretending not to have witnessed you... Accepting a date? Is that what just happened? Had you said 'yes' during any point of that conversation? You must have, apparently, since you're now going on a date with your classmate?

Blushing, you zip up your jacket, trying to cover your chest. Naturally, the fabric shields your cleavage, but it does nothing to make the shape of your boobs any less visible. You can still feel a dozen eyes on your chest as you leave the lecture hall, keenly aware that a lot of your classmates just witnessed you agreeing to a lesbian date. You're certain that everyone on campus will be talking about this before class ends today.

And of course, it's only then that you realize that your skirt had ridden up while you were distracted, and those dozen eyes had gotten an eyeful of your black panties on the way out. Fixing your skirt, you sigh in irritation, wondering how you get into these situations so quickly.

Well... It's just a date, right? Just hanging out. You've never gone on a date with a girl before, but if it's just Jenny wanting to explore dating a girl, you probably won't end up doing *that* with her, right?

Yeah, maybe if you're going on a date with a *girl*, this time will be different...

"Ugh, Maya... Fuck, your tits are so *tasty!*"

Nope. Turns out, guy or girl, they only want *one* thing from you.

"Ugh... Fuck!" You can't help but moan out loud as you feel the horny girl grappling with your naked body. The two of you are in a seedy hotel, embracing on a cheap mattress. The blonde is on top of you, her tanned body just as naked as yours. Her hands seem to be everywhere, squeezing your tits, groping your thighs, pinching your ass... God, how many hands does she *have?*

"Feels good, right?" Jenny's voice is infuriatingly smug as she talks directly into your ear. Her hot breath is on your neck, raising goosebumps as she continues to grope you. "Fuck... If I'd known lesbian sex was this good, I woulda gone gay ages ago..." Then, with a lecherous grin, the blonde girl grabs your tits and leans down to suckle.

"Ah! Oh *fuck!*" You feel an explosion of sensitivity as your nipple is slurped into Jenny's hungry mouth. It's your weak spot, after all. You can feel a hot wetness dripping down your left breast as Jenny slobbers all over your nipple, greedily suckling on your tit so hard that it feels like she thinks milk might come out. Her own tits are rubbing against your arm, her nipples so hard that they're pressing into your soft skin.

Ugh... How did you get here? Jenny had taken you out to a cafe after class, and then casually driven the two of you into a hotel after that. There hadn't even been a *discussion*. By the time you'd realized what was happening, she'd already paid for the room. And if you'd said 'no' after that, you figure that she would probably have demanded the money from you, and you're far too broke. So, letting her strip you and getting into bed with her had just felt like the easier option. Sex was always the easier option than saying 'no', wasn't it?

"Mmm... Maya..." Jenny moans, her mouth making a wet popping sound as she spits out your left nipple. A torrent of saliva flows down the curve of your breast, and you know you're going to need a shower after this for certain. "Can I touch your pussy?" She asks.

Naturally, the blonde is already reaching for your vagina. Before you can answer, you feel her fingers dipping into your pubic hair, eagerly pressing against your womanhood. As she touches you, a shock of pleasure ripples through your body, making your muscles shiver. "Ah... Y-yeah, okay..." You respond softly, as if she's not already exploring your pussy.

This is your first time having sex with a woman, but it's clearly Jenny's first time too. But the blonde has some *serious* talent. As she moves to suckle on your right tit, you can tell that she knows exactly how to make you shudder in pleasure.

Well, at least your partner's trying to make *you* feel good for once. Most guys you end up sleeping with don't even bother with foreplay, they just shove it right in and try to bust as quickly as they can. You often end up with cum all over your face or breasts, and have to finish your orgasm by hand as your partner snores beside you.

Jenny, on the other hand, seems to be enjoying the involuntary shudders she's forcing you to experience. "Uh huh? You like that, don't you?" She says in a smug voice, her lips almost pressed against your right breast. "Ugh... This is already so much better than any guy I've ever had sex with. Girls' bodies are just so much nicer... You feel the same way, don't you? Come on, admit it!"

Honestly... She's not wrong. Jenny's not as strong or powerful as a man, but her whole body is so much softer. Her lips are soft and eager, and her fingers are nimble. "Ah! It... It feels amazing, Jenny..." You moan obediently, deciding that the path of least resistance is best. It *does* feel good, but you want this embarrassing situation over with as quickly as possible.

"Oh, *fuck yes*..." Jenny seems to like your submissive attitude. "God, I can't believe I'm going gay! Six months ago, I was a fucking *Catholic*!" Her other hand gets a firm grip on your ass, squeezing your thick cheeks almost painfully. "Oh God... You're so *fucking hot*, Maya... You fucking turned me gay..."

“Oh geez...” You groan out loud. It’s hard to speak properly with someone violently sucking on your nipples. Even harder with a pair of fingers trying to worm their way inside your slit. “Jenny... I’m pretty sure if you’re enjoying this so much, you were gay to begin with...”

The blonde plants another incredibly sloppy kiss on your tit, leaving your pale skin glistening in the cheap hotel light. God, she is *not* shy about saliva, is she? “No way!” She sneers up at you, a stream of spittle dribbling down her chin. “I was straight, and your sexy-ass body turned me gay! The night after I met you, I was already fingering myself to the idea of kissing you, Maya. You’re such a fucking *succubus*. I bet I’m not the first straight bitch you’ve turned, and I’m deadass that I’m not the last!”

Well... Okay. Whatever she wants to believe. “W-well, if this is your first time, maybe we should take it slow... Ah!” You try to say, but the feeling of Jenny’s fingers slipping into your pussy sends a wave of pleasure through your groin.

“Oh God... You’re so *tight* and *warm*...” Jenny is literally salivating now, her teeth glistening as she stares directly into your vagina. “Look at it! Such a fucking *obscene* bitch! You are just the lewdest, *sexiest* whore in the world, Maya!”

Is that meant to be a compliment? “Uh... W-wait, Jenny...!” You splutter, as you feel her fingers driving deeper and deeper into your sex. “S-slow down, I’m not...!” You want to say you’re not ready, but that’s not really true, is it? After having your weak spots suckled on so violently, you’re dripping wet. You can’t control your vagina, which is eagerly sucking down Jenny’s fingers in a way that suggests that you might be a bit *less* straight than you’d thought you were. “Jenny... MMH!”

Her lips close over yours as you try to speak, her soft lips sloppily claiming yours as she fingers you. It’s not clear if Jenny isn’t skilled at kissing, or whether she’s just trying to get as much saliva on your face as possible. Almost certainly the latter.

“Ugh...” Jenny pulls back, your lips coming apart with a wet *pop*. “Your lips taste so fucking good, Maya! Oh God, I can *feel* myself turning gay! Can you feel it?!”

You can feel *something*, that’s for sure. Well, Jenny’s knuckles against your entrance, of course. But you’re not quite sure she’s failing to actually make you just a little bit homosexual. Honestly, as sloppy and vulgar as this is, Jenny’s actually doing a really good job of making you feel good. Your tits are practically *singing* from the suckling they just endured, and her fingers are probing against your... deepest...

“F-fuck!” You feel your back arch as a wave of pleasure floods your body. As you groan out loud, you feel Jenny kissing your neck, making soft sounds of joy as she tastes your nape. It would almost be romantic, if it weren’t for the fact that her other hand is poking your asshole.

“Ah... Doesn't this just feel so much better with two girls? Doing it with a guy is so... vulgar!” Jenny chuckles to herself as she probes even deeper into you. You can feel her pussy rubbing against your thigh, the fine blonde hair creating rather a lot of friction. “When it's two girls like this, it just feels... Oh, I don't know. Perfect? Natural? *Beautiful?*” She giggles softly.

You don't know about that. As good as this feels, it's plenty vulgar. “Oh, fuck... Jenny...” You realize that you're not really pulling your weight here. Regardless of whether you wanted to be in this situation or not, you *are* in it, and Jenny's doing 99% of the work. It seems only fair that you do *something*, right? Reaching around her, you gingerly grab the blonde's butt. “Uh... Is this goo-”

“Ahn!” Jenny actually lets out a rather subby moan of pleasure as you touch her behind. “Oh, *Maya*... You fucking perv!” She seems far more excited by your touch than you'd expected. “Oh, that felt *so good!*”

“O-oh! G-good!” You stammer, your voice catching both from embarrassment and from pleasure. “Um... I don't mind doing things like that, so...”

“Oh! Lick my face, *Maya!*” Jenny moans, laying her head next to yours.

Excuse you? What did she just...? “Lick your what?” You ask, confused.

“My face!” Her eyes are wide and excited, clearly waiting for you to obey. “Just stick out your tongue and get a *big* taste of me!”

“Er...” You feel her fingers slow down, and you realize that you have no choice in the matter. Not that you're being *forced*, but she's gotten you this far toward an orgasm that you can't really *stop* now, right? Obediently, you stick out your tongue, blushing deeply in embarrassment. “Like this?” You say, though it comes out more as a pair of grunts.

Jenny's eyes almost seem to melt as she stares down your throat. “Oh... God, your mouth is so big and dark...” She shudders, her nipples rubbing against your arm. “Ugh... You're such a fucking *pred*, *Maya!*”

Well, you *are*, technically. You've lost count of how many people have slid down your throat by now. Easily in the dozens, or perhaps hundreds by now. Of course, how many people you've *chosen* to eat is quite a different number. And one that's likely to rise, given the look on Jenny's face.

“What are you waiting for, *Maya?*” The blonde moans, sounding horny and impatient. “Lick me! I'm so dry and cold, I need your hot spit all over my face!”

Yeah... You're not really buying the idea that Jenny was straight before meeting you. But if it made her happy to think that you'd 'turned her gay'... Mentally steeling yourself, you lean over

and give Jenny's face a big slather with your tongue, going from her lips, up the side of her nose and across her eyelids. She tastes of sweat, face cream and some kind of sweet chemical that you assume is her soap flavor.

As you lick her face, Jenny shudders violently, actually letting out a gleeful moan. As you pull away, you feel a hot stickiness on your thigh from where she's furiously rubbing her cunt against your leg.

"Ugh... Did I taste good?!" The blonde seems deeply satisfied from being licked. "Oh God... I'm so gay..."

"Y-yeah..." You answer. It's the answer she clearly wants to hear, but it's also not a lie. You've eaten your fair share of guys, but to be quite honest, your first taste of girl isn't half bad. Actually, you might prefer the soft taste of Jenny's skin already. "Y-you're gonna jump down my throat when we're done, aren't you?" You ask, already realizing that it's inevitable.

"Oh *god* yes!" Jenny moans, her fingers thrusting into you even harder now. "You think I'm gonna miss the chance to get eaten by Maya Brown?! Jesus, I'm not even a vore whore, but no-one *that* much of a pill to not want to try it with *you!*" The blonde chuckles to herself as she watches you shudder in pleasure. "Not only did you make me *gay*, you turned me into a gutslut! God, you're fucking *amazing!*"

Are you? Had you really *done* anything? "T-that's not..." You begin, but you can feel your groin beginning to heat up. "Oh *fuck...*" You can feel the orgasm coming, hard and fast. "Jenny, slow down! I'm gonna cum if you don't slow down...!"

"Oh yeah!" The blonde's eyes light up, and her fingers speed up, thrusting even deeper into you. She's clearly sensed weakness, and she's eager to make you cum. "Cum for me, Maya Brown! Jenny Santangelo's gonna make you fucking *cum!*" Her other hand moves from your ass to snake around your body, seizing your left tit.

Well... Might as well, right? Straight as you are, an orgasm's an orgasm. Giving up, you open yourself to pleasure. "Oh! Oh! Jenny! Jen- FUCK!"

Like a beautiful flower opening its petals, your orgasm blossoms, spreading through your groin. Surging from the tips of Jenny's fingers, the pleasure shoots through your nerves, making your muscles dance. It could have been a lovely, romantic moment... If not for Jenny's mouth hungrily suckling on your face, her tongue slobbering all over your right cheek. Your mind goes blank as you shake violently in Jenny's grip, your nipples hardening against her palm.

Throughout it all, Jenny's fingers don't slow down, continuing to draw every drop of pleasure from your convulsing pussy that they can. Finally, your orgasm begins to ebb. Your involuntary shudders begin to subside as your brain comes back online.

You're left with a blonde girl on top of you, happily sucking on your neck with her knuckles still deep in your womanhood. She's rather heavy, and it doesn't feel like she's going to move anytime soon. For a moment, you lay there and wonder how you managed to go from sitting in class to having your first lesbian experience. But you're not really that surprised. It might be a different flavor than usual, but you've tasted this kind of situation before since you hit puberty.

Honestly, it's not the worst situation you've found yourself in. Heavy as she is, Jenny's still far lighter than most of the men who've ended up fucking you. And at least she got you to orgasm...

"So, it's my turn now, right?" Jenny asks softly, grinding her vagina against your thigh.

Huh?

Turns out you're quite wrong about the blonde not moving any time soon. A few moments later, you find yourself in quite a new situation indeed.

"Oh yeah! How do you like my fucking cunt in your face, Maya?! You fucking love it, don't you?!"

You're not sure if having a mouthful of pubic hair is any better than having a mouthful of cock. At least cock is familiar to you. The hot, wet slit that's being shoved against your mouth isn't something you're familiar with at all. You've got one between your legs, obviously, but you've never eaten yourself out or anything. So you're really not quite sure what to do now that Jenny's cunt is directly on top of your face.

Not that Jenny herself seems bothered by your lack of experience. "Mmm! Yeah! Like that, Maya! Stick your fucking tongue out and taste me!" You feel Jenny's hand tangled in your red hair, pushing your face into her vagina. You've always thought of girls as the fairer sex, more delicate and gentle. A faceful of hot, sticky blonde pubic hair and a slobbering pussy are rapidly making you quite a bit more egalitarian in your perception. "Taste me, Maya!"

She sounds desperately eager. And she's grinding her pussy on your face so hard that you're concerned that you might slip inside if she gets any wetter. Oh well... When in Rome, right?

Bracing yourself, you reach up and grab her thighs to position yourself. Then, you stick your tongue out.

Porn has always made you think of lesbian sex as an elegant affair, with a girl gracefully licking her partner's slit. But there's nothing elegant about Jenny's cunt. As your tongue extends, it pushes through a forest of pubic hair, and slips right inside the hungry pussy, the wet folds of flesh parting easily.

You're not sure how to describe the taste, save that it's *strong*. It's not a *good* taste, to your surprise. You hadn't given much thought to how another girl's cunt might taste, but you'd

assumed it would taste pleasant. Maybe even sweet. But it's quite a shocking flavor. But as soon as you experience it, you can sense that there's something primal in your brain that wants to taste that strong flavor again.

"Oooh, *FUCK!*" Jenny's thighs shudder as she groans, squeezing your skull between her legs. You can *feel* her vagina twitching on your tongue as she moans, her hands seizing your red hair almost painfully. "Oh shit... Oh shit... I'm sensitive down there, Maya... Oh God, I'm not gonna last! You're too good!"

Yeah... If you ever end up sleeping with another woman, you're gonna insist that they shave first. Jenny's groin could be reasonably described as a glittering jungle of golden hair. In the last minute, you think you've accidentally swallowed at least three of her pubes. You're pretty sure you can digest them, but still.

That being said, you're not hating this! The taste of pussy was strong and almost repellant at first, but you actually quite like it! It's quite a surprise to you that another girl's sex could taste so good. Delving even deeper into the hot cavern, the flavor only becomes stronger. You can feel Jenny's juices on your face, dripping down your chin...

"Ugh! Oh God!" The blonde sitting on your face is having *serious* trouble staying still. "Oh *Christ*, I'm getting eaten out by Maya Brown... I could die after this and be satisfied!" As you drive your tongue deeper into her, Jenny flinches violently. Her breathing is loud and ragged now, and she's clearly not far from an orgasm.

You *really* hate to admit it... But you actually quite like this. It truly galls you to admit that Jenny might be right, but you're not going to be able to call yourself 'straight' anymore. Not when you've fucked another woman and *enjoyed* it. You'd just hoped to go with the flow so it would be over quicker, but it turns out that you've learned something new about yourself.

"Maya!" Jenny presses her vagina into your face and starts grinding *hard*. "Maya, Maya, Maya, Maya, OOOH...!" Her whole body begins to convulse on top of you, shaking hard until she's almost in danger of falling off the bed. "Oh God, not another...! Fuck, I'm cumming *again..!*"

You'd already pulled your tongue back into your mouth, along with quite a few pubes. For the next half a minute or so, you get to experience Jenny's pussy twitching violently against your face, hot juices drooling out to run down your cheeks and chin. You have to hold your breath, because if you try to breathe in, you're just going to get a mouthful of vaginal fluids and blonde pubes.

Finally, Jenny's orgasms seem to subside, and the girl lifts her still-twitching vagina off your face. You take a deep breath of 'fresh' air. The hotel room is thick with the scent of both your and Jenny's sweat and orgasmic juices, but it's better for your lungs than a wall of hair and pussy.

“Oh, Maya...” Jenny is breathing hard as she rolls off you, plopping her ass down onto the bed next to you. “That was *amazing!* I know I was the one who talked you into coming here, but damn! You really showed me who’s boss when it comes to lesbian sex!”

“Uh...” Is all you can manage for the moment. You lay face up on the bed, juices still dripping down your face as you stare up at the cheap hotel lightbulb above you. What the *fuck* just happened?

“Ah... This is awesome! I can’t believe *I’m* the one who finally conquered Maya Brown! After you and me spent years riding the cock carousel, *I’m* the one who finally got you to try pussy!” Jenny smirks with her eyes closed, her left hand gently rubbing her still glistening vagina. “I was straight as an arrow a few months ago, and look at me now. Not only did I *fuck* the hottest girl on campus, I just won about ten bets! So many of my guy friends who didn’t think I’d turn for you! And now they’ve lost like five grand *and* the biggest slut on campus to me!” She chuckles and folds her arms behind her head, reclining luxuriously beside your still twitching body. “Heh... I’m five grand richer, and they’re two pussies poorer now that we’ve turned.”

You’re still quite shell-shocked, but you managed to turn your head and stare up at Jenny. “T-turned?” You ask, confused about what she means by that.

“Yeah! Turned gay!” The blonde rolls her eyes mockingly at you, reaching out to slap you on the ass. “Oh my god, Maya, your tongue was better than any cock I’ve ever taken! I’m gonna just straight up say that I’m full gay for you now. I mean, now that I’m your girlfriend, I’ll be tasting your pussy every day. You won’t need those nasty guys anymore now that I’m your girl!”

Huh?! When had you agreed to be her girlfriend?

“We’re... dating?” You ask, more confused than reluctant.

“Yup!” Jenny doesn’t even seem to consider that you might disagree. In fact, she seems to assume that it’s already a done deal. “Don’t worry, I’ve got plenty of ideas for our next dates. And I’ll be the one to tell everyone on campus. I’ll be looking forward to seeing the looks on all the guy’s faces...”

Ugh... It’s easier just to go with the flow, isn’t it?

“...Could you at least shave next time?” You ask, defeated. You can still feel a few of her pubes in your mouth.

“Nope! I prefer all-natural, babe.” Jenny winks at you. “Don’t worry, you’ll get used to that too. And if you wanna make your girlfriend happy, you’ll ditch the shaving kit yourself!” She cracks her knuckles. “Alright! Time for the main course!”

Oh God...

“Hey... Maybe we can just cuddle tonight?” You suggest, as she turns to grin at you. “I’m... I’m not super hungry...”

“No way!” Despite all the sex the two of you just had, Jenny looks just as horny as she did when she’d stripped you. “After fucking me so good, a big predator likes you needs a sex meal! So, your cute girlfriend’s gonna slip down your sexy throat and fill that sexy tummy of yours!”

As she leans over your exhausted body, you can only sigh in defeat. Just once, you’d like to cuddle with the person who’s just fucked you. But, as usual... Resigned, you open your mouth wide.

Jenny wastes no time. Immediately, she shoves her hands right into your mouth, sliding them down your throat. You’d lost your gag reflex long ago, so it bothers you not at all to feel something so big inside your throat. After all, the rest of her is going to be much thicker.

“Oh... So warm and *tight!*” The blonde groans in pleasure. “Oh, I’m going to be such a good meal! I’m gonna make you so *fat!*” She giggles to herself as her elbows slide into your throat. “Mmm... I’m tasty, right?”

She tastes fine, but it’s hard to judge a person based on flavor. That much *meat* isn’t going to taste like much but sweat and *mass*. But her being a girl might make what comes after a *little* easier, you hope. Oh God, she’s not wrong about making you fat, is she?

“Here goes!” Jenny’s face is flushed as her head begins to slip into your mouth. “This will be my first time dying, but I’m go hyped to become part of Maya fucking Brown! When I reform, I’m gonna feel your plumped up tits and ass so hard!” She takes a deep breath. “Here goes! Enjoy your meal, babe!” And with that, she shoves her entire head inside your mouth.

Like almost everyone who jumps down your throat, Jenny does about 95% percent of the work. The blonde eagerly wriggles down your throat so hard that you suspect that humanity’s survival instinct might be extinct. Obediently, you reach out and grab her waist, helping her in her quest to reach your stomach.

A few minutes later, you lay on the bed, deeply uncomfortable. Your belly is now horribly distended, the shape of your new girlfriend silhouetted against your flesh. She’s having the time of her life in there, it would seem, judging by the way she’s clearly masturbating inside you. You, on the other hand...

Having a thick steak might leave a person feeling uncomfortably full. Having almost two-hundred pounds of meat inside your belly makes feeling *uncomfortably full* a distant dream. You’re more in the vicinity of *nightmarishly full*. And while you know that your guts will eventually digest the meal you hadn’t expected to have tonight, it’s going to take a *long* time.

Inside your belly, you feel Jenny shuddering violently. It seems that she's nearing the end of her masturbation session. You feel her shake for a long few seconds... And then your new girlfriend falls limp. She'd clung on until she could cum, and then succumbed to the brutal tightness of your belly.

"Lucky..." You groan, feeling short of breath. Unlike you, she gets to rest tonight. All you're going to be doing is laying there with a painful weight in your belly, feeling your stomach churn...

The next morning finds you on the toilet, *shitting your mind out*. After getting a grand total of about twenty minutes of sleep last night, you feel exhausted and hungover.

"Oh, fuuuuck...!" You groan, feeling another wave of diarrhea slam into you. Your asshole is gaping, and Jenny spills out of you without even needing to squeeze your bowels. Frankly, you're not sure you're *ever* going to stop shitting her out at this point.

Spending almost eight hours digesting a girl instead of sleeping means that you're horribly tired, and the dull ache in your eyes and the ringing in your ears makes you feel as if you've just been flashbanged. Naturally, just like everything else in your life, digesting Jenny didn't go well. After the blonde jumped down your throat, your guts had a hell of a time turning her into food. You swear that there's still bones poking into your belly flesh at the bottom of your stomach.

"Dammit Jenny..." You groan, feeling another spurt of the blonde splatter into the toilet below. There's an awful splashing sound as the newly-minted lesbian exits your ass. "Ugh... Why'd you have to give me the runs?!" Had it been something you'd eaten? Something *she'd* eaten? You don't get this kind of ass-destruction with guys. How had a *girl* wreaked such havoc on her way out?

Shitting your ass out was bad. Shitting your ass out with an *almost entirely digested person inside your intestines* was something akin to *hell*.

Outside the toilet, you can hear the hotel phone ringing. A moment later, the answering machine picks up. "Excuse me... This is a courtesy call to say that you were supposed to leave the room by 10AM. Please be aware that, in accordance with our hotel's policy, you'll be charged for a full day of booking the room unless you leave right now." There is a moment's pause.

Well, *fuck*. "Dammit, Jenny..." You moan, fully aware that there's no way you're going to be able to stand up anytime soon, let alone leave the hotel room. "I don't have enough for a hotel room!" Groaning, you realize that even if you did have that much money spare, you don't even have your wallet. Jenny had insisted that she would pay for your date...

The answering machine beeps again. "You have been charged for another full day, as well as incurring a two-hundred dollar fine for not leaving on time. We expect you to leave as soon as possible, and pay the full cost on your way out, or we will call the police. Thank you!"

Oh God, you don't know how you're going to talk your way out of this one... Wait, did they just say you had to leave *by* 10AM? So, it's past then?!

"Wait... *Fuck!*" You groan, as you realize that you're now also missing your morning class. And as you swear, you feel *another* fucking hair in your mouth. Reaching in, you pluck out a blonde pube that's apparently been buried in your teeth for the better part of eight hours. "Dammit, Jenny!" As if responding to her name, another heavy log slides out of your ass. Despite the mass of Jenny splashing into the toilet, you feel no less full than before. You're still going to be here for *hours*.

Your bra no longer fits either. You managed to put your underwear back on before your bowels started to rumble, and you were appalled to discover that your cup size has increased so much that your bra is now painfully tight. Not to mention that your shirt will almost certainly pop open if you try to put it on. At least you can wear Jenny's leather jacket when you leave. So, that's a new wardrobe *and* a few dozen gym sessions you're going to need.

And you're going to have to pay for her reforming fee too! God, at least boyfriends tended to pay for themselves. Your new girlfriend has already lost you half a grand and counting. And you don't even *have* half a grand to spend!

In the other room, you can hear your mobile vibrating too. No doubt word of Jenny 'turning' you has already spread around campus like a wildfire. And you're sure Jenny herself will be telling everyone she meets about it once she reforms.

"Oh *fuck*... Could this get any *worse*?" You groan to yourself. You should have known better to tempt fate at this point.

Snap!

All of a sudden, your long-suffering bra finally decides to end it all. The metal ring holding the cups together gives out, the elasticity making your bra burst open as you let out a squeal of shock. Your tits spill out, bouncing on your chest violently. With a loud *ping*, the broken metal ring from your bra rings off the tile floor like a spent bullet. Of course, just in time for another wave of 'new girlfriend' to rush out of your unfortunate behind.

And as humiliating as this whole affair has been, you're sure that something even more unlucky will happen to you next week.

Just another unlucky day in the life of Maya Brown, the girl who can't say 'no'.