

On Sprite

“Are you sure about this stuff?” I asked, looking down at the little golden shape in my palm. “This thing looks like a fish oil pill.”

“Well if it is then there’s no harm in taking it, Jamie. C’mon, have I ever steered you wrong?” answered my roommate, Ian.

“No, just... I mean...” I tried to think of how to answer without insulting him, but my friend Deanna didn’t hold back.

“What she’s trying to ask is how we know this isn’t GHB or some shit,” she said, eyeing him judgmentally.

“Deanna!” I exclaimed. She was the classic man-hating dyke (her word, not mine), and she *hated* that I’d decided to live with a male roommate. Like all men were out to bang every girl that walks! (Especially a mousy little thing like me.) She could be so paranoid where the hairier sex was concerned.

Still, I didn’t correct her accusation.

“Look, nobody’s forcing you. And Deanna will be here all night, so if you pass out, we’ll all call the cops on me together, OK? Yeesh.”

Deanna looked to me and shrugged, as much an endorsement of this experiment as I was likely to receive. I honestly wasn’t all that worried. Ian and I were both chemistry majors, and though he was two years ahead of me, we were birds of a feather where such matters were concerned. He was brilliant, though I’d never tell him that. The guy was already weighed down by an ego twice the size of his scrawny frame.

(Not that I should go judging a book by its cover; I was kind of a washboard myself, and I don’t mean the abs. My future was definitely hinged on my A grades and not my A cups.)

“So... how long before I, um, feel anything?” I asked. It was my first time experimenting with drugs; everyone was always ragging me to live a little, so here I was.

“It should kick in soon, then last a few hours. If you wind up liking it, I got plenty more.”

“One should be fine,” Deanna said firmly. Considering she was a smoker, borderline alcoholic, and the fact that she’d declared herself openly for the drug side of the war on drugs, she was awfully protective of me.

“You’re really not making my evil scheme to help her have a good time at this party, Deanna,” Ian said, rolling his eyes. “I’m gonna go get ready. Back in a bit.”

Once he was gone, I asked, “You think there’s really something sinister to this?”

Deanna snorted. “From Ian? I’m just keeping him honest. That little skidmark doesn’t have the balls to try anything. Now if it were me, you’d already be passed out and strapped to the table in my lez dungeon.”

I laughed. She was always flirting at me, secure that I wasn’t the least bit interested. “One of these days, you really will have to give me a tour of that place.”

She “Feh. You’d just go and ruin it by trying to escape.”

Unlike Ian, I was already suited up for the party. It was the first we'd hosted as roommates, and I was pretty nervous. I was a bigtime introvert (read: shy and plain), and the main reason I'd agreed to Ian's pill – "sprite" he called it – was to loosen up in the hopes of actually meeting a boy for once.

Maybe it was the pill and maybe it was just positive attitude, but by the time guests started arriving, I think I was starting to feel it. It wasn't transformative, quite, but everything just felt... happier. Smiles were brighter. Boys were cuter. That stupid lava lamp Ian had put in the living room tonight was simply delightful.

"What're you giggling at?" Deanna asked me some hours later, drink in hand. She had to yell to be heard; by now, the music was pounding.

"The lamp!" I said, pointing. "Don't you think it looks like... you know..."

She looked at it, then twisted her head to the side. "Like... goo in a jar?"

"No! I mean, it looks like... spoo." As Deanna's eyes widened at hearing her most proper friend use that word, I burst into giggles even harder. My giggles were like their own music in my head, and I didn't want the song to stop.

"Damn, you really are tripping, huh."

"Seriously, Dee, you have to try this stuff."

"The only sprite I put in my mouth is bubbly and lemon-lime flavored, thanks. You sure you're OK?"

"Totally OK!" I insisted. I had to promise a few more times, but she eventually chilled and let me go back to looking at the lamp. As the stuff splashed around, it looked like all kinds of funny things – boobs, penises, more boobs, even more penises... It was hilarious.

And weirdly? It was doing things to my imagination. Believe it or not, I was starting to get turned on from a lava lamp. I was standing close enough I could feel the heat from it, and the heat in my you-know-what was growing to match it. As Ian approached me there, for the first time in my life I actually thought – just for a second – that he was kinda cute, in a nerdy kind of way. Still, he was my roommate, and who needed those kinds of complications?

I liked to keep things simple.

"Having fun?" he asked, grinning knowingly.

"Oh my gosh, Ian, I can't believe I doubted you. This stuff... it's AMAZING. I want to cover the world in glitter and lick it clean." I laughed hysterically. "What did I just say?"

He shook his head. "Don't speak weirdo, sorry."

I got serious for a second. "So, um, do you think I could, like, have another one?"

My roommate paused and looked me over head to toe. It was a real close looking at, too; like, if I hadn't been high, I might've been offended, you know? Right now, though, it felt fun to be checked out by a boy – any boy, even a nerd like Ian – and I didn't mind indulging the thrill.

"Are you feeling any... physical side effects?" he asked cautiously.

"What, like how super good everything feels?"

He shook his head. “No, I mean, like... does anything feel like it’s, you know... swollen. Or anything.”

My bra felt really tight, actually, and my black skinny jeans – which I was wearing for the first ever time tonight – felt achingly clingy. Still, I wasn’t about to talk to Ian about bra stuff. Weirdsville! “Nope!”

He shrugged, then fished another pill out of the baggie in his pocket and placed it in my hand. “Here ya go then, Jamie. Enjoy.”

“Just one?” I said, then held up a hand as he offered another. “Just kidding. Geez, just ‘cause I’m a little high doesn’t mean I’m looking to OD on this stuff.”

“I was only going to say that you can hang onto it, and take it when you feel like it. That way you don’t have to hunt me down, just in case I get lucky tonight.” He made a little purring sound, and I rolled my eyes like usual. I took the pill, and he walked away to find some poor girl to hit on.

I guess he didn’t want to hit on me. Which was good. I guess.

I downed a second pill with the help of my bottled margarita, then threw myself out on the dance floor.

“Holy *shit*,” I groaned as I woke up the next morning. I hadn’t even opened my eyes for more than a half second; the light was murderous, and my head was throbbing. I vaguely remember Deanna cutting me off from booze at one point, then sneaking another two (or was it three? or four?) drinks after. My first ever hangover. Lovely. I wouldn’t have figured it’d hurt my back so bad. I sat up slowly, then stretched, during which...

“Holy shit!” I squeaked as I realized that I was standing in the middle of my living room with no pants on! Where the hell had they gone? Had I really slept all night on the couch without pants? Had Ian seen?

Oh my gosh, that last thought... I could just die of embarrassment. My geeky roommate was the last guy I wanted lusting after me. Not that having boys lust after me had ever been a problem, not with boobs like... like...

“Holy shit.” I said, glancing down at last. It took me a moment before I realized that I couldn’t actually see my toes. That had never happened before. What was wrong with my boobs? I pulled out my neckline, and there they were. Only... those weren’t my boobs. My chest had always been two tiny lumps barely noticeable aside from the nipples in the middle. These, while I guess not objectively big, were... actual. They were real, actual honest-to-god boobs!

I suddenly understood why my back hurt so bad. My bra was digging into my skin like it intended to suffocate me. I groaned in pain as I tried to dig it out of my tender skin enough to undo the hooks, then slipped it off under my shirt. Then...

Sue me, I wanted to see.

There I was standing in the hallway mirror, shirt pulled up to my neck, examining the two adorable little boobs on my chest, when Ian cleared his throat behind me.

“Afternoon, lazybones.”

“Holy SHIT!!!”

Ian explained everything. He went on and on about some of the chemical compounds; I hadn't taken a second semester of bio-chem yet so I only really followed the basics. (Plus, it was *really* boring when I had bigger things – literally – on my mind.) Basically, one of the side effects of his pill was a little extraneous swelling in certain areas. I hadn't noticed it right away, but my panties were actually tighter too, and I reasoned that was why I'd taken my pants off in the night: to let my swollen butt escape the death grip of the now too-tight jeans.

It definitely seemed a little convenient for the male gaze that the swelling was localized to my chest and legs and tush, and a bit to my hips, even. Ian conceded it too, but assured me it should only be temporary. Give myself a day or two to let the sprite work its way out of my system and I'd be right back to my good old boring body.

Which I swear is exactly what I was gonna do right up until that cute guy at the checkout counter gave me that come-hither look.

No boy had ever done that to me before. I mean, I'd been flirted with, sure, but only by Deanna and by total geeks who'd be too happy to get their hands on anything with a working pussy. Suddenly, here was this boy giving me that nod, wagging his eyebrows and giving me a once-, then twice-over.

What the hell. When I got home, I popped the second pill Ian had given me the night before. As the light in the room went from steady to soothing to chill to omg-is-it-sparkly-in-here, I wriggled out of my panties and let my fingers do their work as my mind returned to that boy, that look. Soon my other hand was joining in the fun on Jamie-Boobs 2.0. Fuck they felt incredible. I know it was just the pill, but I couldn't help giggling as I got closer and closer to coming. When I crossed the line, I positively howled.

When Ian opened the door to my room – “is everything OK... in... here...?” – and saw me spread eagle, knuckle-deep in my pussy, I couldn't help grinning. Why shouldn't he get to enjoy the sight while it lasted? He was the one who'd made this possible. I just lie there playing with myself, giggling and cooing and sighing and marveling at the joys of living in a world with cocks in it, talking to my stuffed unicorn Nanners about what the best fuck she'd ever had was, while my roommate stood back and watched.

“It's totally cool, Ian. I bet your cock is almost as happy as Miss Puss.” (Somewhere along the line, I had named my pussy Miss Puss.)

With my blessing, he started playing with himself too. That was even cooler.

“What happened last night definitely cannot happen again,” I insisted the next morning at breakfast.

“Definitely. We were both out of line,” Ian agreed immediately.

Both? How had I been... well, OK, yes, I'd been masturbating too. But I'd been high. Shouldn't that count for something? It was hard to consider it fully; I'd been feeling kind of light-headed all morning. Not dizzy, just sort of like my head was packed with cotton. If that makes sense.

“Good,” I said.

“It's bad science, too,” Ian went on. “See, I'm going to be publishing a preliminary study on the early trials of sprite, and it's obviously out of line to... you know. Indulge. Or whatever.”

“You're doing a study? Oh my gosh, that's totally awesome!” I said gleefully. “I don't suppose I could, ya know, help? I know I don't have your bio-chem background, but...” Why was my brain having a hard time coming up with my assets? Was it because I kept catching Ian glancing towards my chest? They'd grown again overnight, and it's not my fault I didn't have any bras that fit, and that my t-shirts was tight enough that my protruding nipples were obvious.

I guess maybe my boobs were one of my assets now. Until I quit taking sprite. Which I totally was.

“But...?” he prompted.

At first, I literally thought he was talking about my butt. Then I remembered I'd been talking. “But... think how helpful the perspective could be! Having someone who's not only a chemist, but has also experienced sprite's effects firsthand!”

“So you're saying you want to keep taking it?” Ian asked, and before I could say *hell no, this stuff is fogging my brain and doing crazy shit to my body*, he went on. “Because if you did, you'd be invaluable to the research. Think of it, our names, side by side, on a new drug that could sweep the country by storm!”

“You, uh, really think so?”

“Oh hell yes. Wouldn't you say you had a ton of fun at that party, and that sprite should get the credit?”

“Yeah, but like—”

“And while I know you're not superficial enough to rely on your looks, you have to admit, a lot of women would love to see their bodies change like yours has. Temporarily, of course.”

“Temporarily, right. But like... Do you, um, think it's safe?”

“Sure, Jamie. I mean, what are the side effects so far?”

I listed as many as I could. “Well, it makes you really happy, and makes everything glitter-pretty, and there's bigger boobs, cuter butt, fuller thighs, better skin, better hair – well, most of it – and...”

“Wait, what’s that? About the hair?”

I scruffed up my hair with my fingers to give it a little extra volume. I’d stared at it for quite some time this morning; I’d always had kind of a dirty blonde mop of stringy hair, but it was actually shining a bit this morning, and had even grown a little lighter in coloration. I think. “See? It’s totally better, right?”

He ran his fingers through my hair. I didn’t like him touching me, especially after how far across the line we’d gone last night, but then he admitted it was a significant improvement. And it felt kinda nice, sort of like a hair massage. “But you said ‘most of it.’ What’s the other?”

I looked down, cheeks coloring. “It’s... embarrassing.”

Ian folded his arms across his chest. “This is science, Jamie. If you want to get published, we have to observe and record data.”

After a moment, I nodded. He was right of course. “It’s... well, my other hair. You know, like, *other*.”

“Be specific. Come on.”

I took a deep breath. “Under my arms. And on my legs, and... my, um, pubic hair. It... it’s... gone.”

“Gone?”

“All gone,” I repeated. “I noticed it in the shower this morning while I was... well, nevermind. But it’s all baby smooth.” I didn’t mention how I’d gotten so turned on touching my bald patch that I’d stayed in the shower until I was pruned over.

“Show me,” he said, stroking his chin.

“Ian! I can’t just... show you my... you know!”

“This is how science works, Jamie. You know that. You think people are going to believe our results if we don’t document them?”

That was true, I supposed. Maybe I hadn’t thought this through enough. “I don’t think I can... do that,” I said, cheeks coloring.

“Who would ever know? We’ll sterilize the results, so nobody who sees your photos knows it’s you.”

“Well what about you?” I demanded.

“What about me? I just saw it last night for crying out loud. Besides, you can’t tell me it’s not a little hot, thinking about a bunch of guys seeing your sexy new bod and getting all worked up over you. Right?”

He was *so* right. It was actually the first thing I’d thought when he told me to show him my pussy. But still, it was... I dunno. Wrong? Or something? Then I thought about my name on that study, the money we could make if I could convince him to let me help out in the lab, the super cute outfits I could buy with it...

I stood up and lowered my PJ bottoms.

“No panties? Nice,” Ian said.

“Yeah, my butt’s, like... bigger. I think. They don’t quite fit right.”

“Wow, you weren’t kidding,” he said, looking at me. I tried not to fidget. Not because I was nervous, but like, having a guy look at me... I know it was science and all, but it felt a lot like he was ogling me. I’d never been ogled before. It was actually kind of a turn-on.

“Mind if I...?” Ian asked, turning on the camera on his phone.

“Go ahead,” I said. For a sec, I totally started posing, turning side to side to give him multiple angles. When I turned around so he could see my new badonkadonk, I realized these were supposed to be sciency – but before I could get too flustered, my roomie said he actually needed footage of all affected areas. I breathed a sigh of relief and let him keep filming my ass while I worked at the buttons on my top. He must’ve gotten like a hundred pics of my boobs.

It was good to know he was taking this seriously.

Ian decided we should celebrate our new partnership and took me out for drinks at this super adorbz little bar downtown. I totes don’t know what I was thinking – was I thinking? – but I figured I was out, I was partying, I was feeling good, my boobs looked crazy hawt, so...

I took another pill. (Then another pill before bed, so I could have more of those amazeballs steamy dreams I’d had the night before.)

I woke up Monday morning feeling... spinny. Is that a thing? I mean, I was kind of light-headed, but I think it was as much that as it was the other stuff. For serious, I didn’t recognize myself in the mirror – I was halfway through demanding to know who that slutty-looking blonde bitch was and what she was doing in my bathroom before I realized it was me. I was the slutty-looking blonde bitch. (Not that I’m actually a bitch though. Tee!)

I was fucking *hot*. Like, I didn’t even notice my face at first, with the rest, but my skin was perfect, my freckles nearly invisible, even my smile looked brighter. And smile I did, because holy *shit*, yo, the rest... I don’t even know what cup size my tits are (‘cause boobs this big are officially tits you know). I don’t think I *will* know, unless Ian makes me wear a bra, ‘cause like, they like look at gravity and go *haha neener neener* and stuff, just sticking right out. Miss Puss was pretty and pink and pouty-perfect, and my ass... my god, I was well on my way to becoming the third Kardashian. (Fourth? How many Kardashians are there, anyways? I should do some research.)

After taking my morning pill – Ian should totally hide those thingies better – I was taking my time in the shower (would you believe everything felt at least as good as it looked!) when Ian started banging on the door. We share a bathroom, and it’s always kind of a pain. “Come on in!”

“You’ve been taking forever in h-WHOA!” Ian said, whirling a 180 or 360 or whatever backwards was in numbers.

“Sorry, just doing a little, mmm, sprite research,” I said, licking my fingers after pulling them out of my snatch. I dunno why. I just felt like it. “C’mere, you gotta check this out!”

Ian quickly forgot his gentlemanly manners and came to where I'd opened the shower door. I gave him a long minute to admire my bod. I giggled as I saw his cock getting all big and hard in his boxers, and took it in a wet hand and gave it a couple quick strokes. "This doesn't look very scientific!" I laughed.

"Neither does this," he said, taking a grope of one of my tits. My eyes squeezed shut at how good it felt, but he stopped almost right away. Boo.

As he went to go back to the sink and start his morning ritual, I grabbed his hand. "Wait! That's not what I wanted to show you!"

He arched an eyebrow. "What, is the shower drain clogged again?"

I laughed. Boys could be so dopey. Here I was all hot and naked and wet and fucking horny, and he was joking about stuff. "No, just... look, taste."

I held out the two fingers that had been frigging my snatch. He looked surprised, but after a sniff, sucked them into his mouth. O to the MG I could've come right then and there. I super needed a boyfriend. Maybe Ian knew somebody he could set me up with?

"Tastes like... I dunno. Tastes like nothing," he said after licking at my digits.

"What! No, hang on." I slipped them back inside me and gave myself a quick feel. Mm, that was good. I'd never really played with myself without my vibrator before, and even then only once in a while, but I was realizing how much better it felt to have *someone* in there as opposed to *something*. I really ought to do this more. Or find someone to do it to me. With these tits, I bet I could—

"Jamie?"

I opened my eyes; Ian was watching me expectantly. "Oh, sorry – got carried away." I giggled. "Now here."

Ian sucked on my fingers once more, and this time I was careful not to let them get rinsed off first. Then he was grabbing my wrist so I couldn't pull back and sucking more, tongue moving faster, then working my pussy himself with his other hand, fireworks exploding everywhere until the whole world was a fire and burning the brightest smiles since girls were given clits and—

"I still don't really taste anything," he said, and I realized somewhere along the line I'd fallen on my butt and he'd followed down, fingering me to one long mind-blowing orgasm.

"Really? It doesn't taste like pussy candy?" I said, frowning, then took another taste. Yep, definitely like sugary sweet wonder-puss.

"Like... pussy candy," he repeated incredulously. "C'mon, Tits McGee, we got class in less than an hour."

I accepted his help getting back on my feet, and if I rubbed my body on him a little as I exited the shower, so what? The guy had just given me a free orgasm no questions asked. I was just being nice in return.

I remembered wearing this dress one other time, when I was briefly dating this guy Allen my senior year in high school. It was semi-cas, just a black dress that wasn't especially tight or revealing or anything. Hung down to the knees, showed just a smidge of cleavage, and with a sweater around the shoulder didn't send any messages that I would be ashamed to have my mom find out about. Just a cute normal dress.

It fit rather differently now. It was skin-tight across the hips, and my expanded butt meant it was now only down to mid-thigh. The middle was actually looser, but a belt took care of that. Whereas before it had mostly been a decorate showing of collarbone, now I had tits bursting out of the neckline, having been smushed in very much against their will. I almost had Ian help stuff them in, but I didn't want to keep looking for excuses to get a boy's hands on my tits.

After all, I wasn't some slut, even if I had the body of one. See? I even wore the open sweater around my shoulders. It didn't cover anything, really, but sweaters were totes unslutty. I was going to still be a good girl, and even if my big tits might get all the cocks around me rock hard and ready to pound my sweet little candy snatch, I wasn't going to act on it. Just sit back and fantasize about how awesome sauce it would be.

At least, that had been the plan. Then Ian proposed our first experiment.

"Are you sure that's, like, a good idea? I thought sprite was supposed to be a party drug," I said hesitantly, smiling only a little at the cute gold pill he'd placed in my palm.

"You don't think anybody at this school ever goes to class high? C'mon, it's basically a rite of passage. And you'll have me there to be focused and switched on, not only as a control group for the experiment, but also to give you notes on anything that doesn't stick." He put a hand on my thigh and squeezed reassuringly.

I swallowed the pill. How lucky was I to have a smart nerdy roommate to do my thinking for me?

"So now, let's check out whether you can control yourself for the duration of class. Nothing strenuous – just see if the pill makes you, you know..."

"Fuck somebody?" I suggested. Not that I thought it would, but it was the thing I wanted to do right then, so it was the thing I said.

"Sure, that."

Thanks to my shower antics, Ian and I were among the last students there, and we wound up taking a seat in the very back corner of the lecture hall. I was relieved, really. The sprite did make me insanely horny, and way back here there was nobody to hit on me or look at my big tits or put his face between them and go *brglbrglbrglbrglbrgl* or anything.

I'd be fibbing if I said I got anything out of the lecture. Chemistry was just so blah, ya know? The only reactions I was interested in that morning was how cocks would react to seeing my huge tits. I could almost feel them growing, I swear. I asked Ian at one point if he could see them blowing up like balloons and he said no, and then I said we should call them balloobies and he barely laughed. I giggled so hard I got shushed from someone down in the front row.

Fine, shush me. See if I suck your cock, loser.

I whispered to Ian later, as I was enjoying the way the sprite made it feel like the whole world was spinning around my cunt, that I'd made up a new word, and I wrote it down. *Heeliocuntrick*. He drew a question mark, and I wrote, *a modle of the universe where my cunt is the middle of EVERYTHING!!!!!!*

My smarty-pants roommate whispered to me that I'd misspelled the roots of heliocentric, and that my word really meant something more like a universe where the sun is a cunt, but I was barely listening any more. He was right about one thing though – my cunt was on fire! I was squirming in my seat, trying to rub my thighs together to get at my clitty, but with the thigh gap I'd developed, I couldn't do anything!

“Jamie, you're whimpering,” Ian whispered urgently.

“Sorry,” I whined, “but candy puss needs more boom-boom!”

I think the boy four rows in front of us, the closest student in the hall, heard me, because he definitely looked back for a sec with big shocked eyes. I winked at him, and he turned around like I'd flipped him off. Boys are so confusing, right?

Ian smiled at me. “Well, I guess we came here to experiment. So... try to keep it down, OK?”

And he started fingering me. He put my notebook over it, but I don't really know why. To muffle the *slish* sounds of his fingers in the wetness? Or maybe as a splash guard? I don't know. Really, I didn't want to know. I didn't want to know anything but how it felt to be touched. Having a boy's fingers on my clit and up my snatch were like being hooked up to one of those electrithingies (oh yeah, a battery), just waves of energy hitting me everywhere. Why wasn't Mrs. Dr. Professor Lady teaching about *this*?

Was this more of a physics thing. Duh.

The whole room went fuzzy – fuzzier, I guess – as he drove me from one seemingly endless orgasm to the next. It took nothing. I don't even know if he was *good* at fingering me, or if I was just the easiest-to-make-come-girl in the world now. The lights were like little smiley cartoon suns winking at me, the only ones who knew my roomie was finger-banging my brains out in the back of the lecture hall. I looked up and tried to wink back, but my eyes were squeezed so tight I couldn't.

And Ian totes gave me the notes after, so that was nice of him, too.

“What the fuck did that freak did to you!” Deanna exclaimed when she stopped over two nights later. Two-ish, I should say, because I forgot how many days Thursday was after whenever the first day was.

“If you think about it?” I said, only half-aware that by now basically everything I said sounded like it ended in a question mark. Sprite had done a big number on my voice. “Like, *I'm*

the freak? Only like, I kind of look perfect, so like...!" I just giggled. I wasn't sure what my point was.

"Holy fucking shit, Jamers, this is... I mean, have you seen yourself?"

I nodded. "My titties peaked, like, yesterday," I said. Then I giggled and lifted up my shirt. It had once been totally loose, but now I had to peel it up over my whopping balloobies. "Peekabooby!" I laughed. "Get it? Booby?"

(And they really did stop growing yesterday, we think. More or less. I found some porno girls online that looked like about the same size, but I always got so distracted diddling Miss Puss that I never remember to find out those sizes.)

Deanna didn't seem to get the joke, but she was still obviously impressed by my titties. Oh yeah! She was a lezzie, so like, no wonder. "And you just let him? Just listen to yourself – you're... you're..."

"Kinda dumb?" I suggested. That was true. I'd had to point this out to Ian; he said he hadn't noticed a difference. But then when I was trying to, like, read and stuff, I found out it was actually like super hard now. All the letters kept bending into happy emojis and little pictures of people fucking – which made reading, like, *way* more fun, but I wasn't getting as much info out of it.

"Yeah, kinda. Damn, hon. You're gonna come with me—"

"OK!"

"–and..." she paused, arching an eyebrow at how quickly I'd agreed, "get you detoxed. Before that creep turns you into his personal whore."

I giggled. "I'm not a whore, Dee."

"Not yet."

"No, 'cause like, whores have sex for, like, money? And I just, like, do it 'cause I like it. Which if you think, makes me like kind of a slut? But like, I haven't gone and fucked a bunch of guys yet, so like maybe I'm not a slut?"

Jamie let me babble on for a minute; I honestly don't even know what all I said. I was actually focusing on how the ceiling fan looked like it was kinda waving at me real fast all friendly and stuff, and the words just kind of go. "So you're saying you haven't let Ian fuck you yet," she said when I finally trailed off, playing with my titties.

"Let Ian...?" I broke giggle-fits. "Deanna, don't be a silly-puss!"

She rolled her eyes. "I'll try."

"Letting Ian fuck me means I had to give him permission, ya goof! He was the one who had to give it to *me*!" Then I giggled even harder. Boy had Ian ever given it to me. I was still working on being a good girl, and I knew good girls didn't go out and fuck tons of boys, all the boys they could find, cock after cock after cock until they were gushing beautiful silvery cum out of every hole. (Though they should, don't ya think? I bet a lot of people would think girls who did that were *super* good.)

So instead, I figured if I could just, like, get the hornies out of my system, I wouldn't go slutting around campus! (Smart, right?) And with Ian right there, and with us working on the sprite experiments, I figured he could, like, think of a scientific way to fuck me. He'd said he would come up with something, then threw his clothes off and bent me over the couch and reamed my cunt but good!

(I popped another pill first, just to make the most of the experience.)

Since then we'd fucked like a dozen times (though don't ask me because I am super bad at counting now). He'd give me a pill, or sometimes I'd still be ready from my last pill, and every time I'd suck his cock, or I'd fuck him, or he'd fucked my ass, and he asked if he could fuck my titties too and I was all nuh uh because like why would I want that and he was like it's for science 'cause blah-blah and I like didn't wanna seem like a dummy so I said yeah.

So he fucked my titties for science. Which was fucking hot science if you ask me.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Jamie," Deanna was saying. Then I realized I'd been explaining that out loud. I did that sometimes now – I guess I thought better with my mouth than with my brain?

"I know, right? I'm, like, crazy sexy stupid now, and stuff? And I'm still hiiiiigh... Srsly, you should totes try some! It's like my titties can feel everything but themselves." I pulled them apart, and it was like the whole room and everything in it was licking them. Then I let them go, and you know what? They *did* touch themselves! I giggled at how funny that was.

"You're coming with me," she said, snatching my hand – heehee, snatches! – and dragging me behind her. As we were going through the living room and toward the front door, we saw Ian sitting there eating a bowl of cereal, looking at us.

"If you're going to take her with you, you may wanna cover her boobs first." He shoved a spoonful of raisin bran into his mouth, then pointed at my exposed boobies. I liked having them out so they could feel the universe shining at them. But if Deanna wanted to cover 'em, I guess she could. For now.

"You're the devil, you know," Deanna said darkly. "You took this girl and turned her into a moron. A slut. A sex toy than can thank you for cumming in it."

"Mmm," I moaned. "Call me a sex toy again."

They ignored me. "Sure did. It's all temporary, I keep telling her. Just a bit of hormones with a little quirk of chemistry. You can have some yourself if you like."

Deanna looked to where he had a baggie with half a dozen pills lying on the couch beside him. My mouth watered. I could be so hot and slutty and stupid with those. My heart sang – literally, sang my fav pop song! – as Deanna stormed over and snatched them up. "You don't even feel bad, do you."

He shrugged as he took a long drink of milk from the side of his bowl. He had a milk mustache when he was done, and I had to giggle at that. (He'd teased me about my cum mustache this morning – Senior Jizzuardo, he'd called me.) Then Ian said, "And you won't either."

“Um, like, feel bad about what?” I asked.

My friend turned to look at me, and after a moment took one of my tits in each hand. I totes wasn't into girls, but I guess her hands felt just as good as a boys, so whatevs, right? She felt me up as Ian watch, slowly working at his cereal, then finally tugged my shirt down.

“Aww, but my boobies...”

She pushed a finger to my lips, and I instinctively started licking at it. “Shut that pretty little mouth of yours. I'll find a better way to keep it quiet back at my place,” she said, then guided me out the door with a hand on my ass.

“She means sitting on your face,” Ian called behind us.

I giggled at that. “Oh, like, are you gonna show me your lezzie dungeon?” I asked, clapping my hands. “Is it scary?”

Jamie just shoved a pill in my mouth, then, after a moment of looking at it, swallowed one herself. “Don't worry, hon. You'll have me there to take care of you.”

