

Dude, You Are WAY Too Into This! (Friend to Hot Girlfriend TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Life has gotten very strange for Oscar. He certainly didn't expect his best friend Nathan to turn into a very sexy woman due to a strange atmospheric effect, but even less expected was that his friend would be super into it, and desperate to form a relationship with him! Oscar is struggling with his mixed feelings on this subject, but the temptation is only rising as Nathan, now Natalie, dives deeper into her arousing new existence.

Dude, You are WAY Too Into This!

It's one thing to walk out of your room and see the most smoking hot woman in existence lounging naked on your couch, and another thing entirely to know that she's meant to be a man. Your best friend, in fact, one who just month ago had a penis and pair of balls, hairy chest, moderately deep voice, the works! And now, instead of an average-looking dude in his early twenties with rust-coloured hair and a slight gut, there's a ginger-haired supermodel with perfect breasts the size of her head and a pair of sexy glasses as her only article of clothing.

"Oh, hey Oscar," she said, her voice practically purring as she placed a hand on her wide hip and shifted a little, letting her boobs jiggle a bit. "I didn't think you'd be up this early."

"Dude, why are you naked!" I cried, covering my eyes. It was too late, of course: I'd seen everything, and that pinup pose of hers would be seared into my brain for life.

"I thought you might like it. I mean seriously, look at me? Check out how perky these big tits are even without a bra!"

I kept my eyes shut. "Can't you at least put on some pyjamas or something?"

"Ugh, you're such a prude, I swear. Here's a smoking hot redhead lying on the couch right in front of you, and you don't even want to enjoy the show?"

"Nathan, you're meant to be a guy, not a girl. It's way too weird!"

I heard her chuckle, then get up off the couch.

"Fiiiiine, I'll get dressed. I swear, you must have nerves of steel to not be looking at me right now. Okay, I'm dressed now, happy?"

I opened my eyes, only to see that she was not, in fact, dressed at all. She simply had her hands beneath her breasts, cupping them up like divine fruits and wobbling them asynchronously all while keeping a gorgeously cheeky smile on her face.

"Oh my God, Nathan," I uttered, jaw dropped.

"I know, right?" she replied, giggling. "You have no idea how sensitive these things are too. Want to feel them?"

“Yes,” I answered, my brain briefly short circuiting as the blood went elsewhere. “I mean, no! Ugh, just get changed and stop trying to mess with me.”

“I’m not trying to mess with you, sexy. I keep saying we should totally have some fun with this body. I don’t think I’m changing back anyway, and I’m seriously starting to get the horniness. I’m starting to want the real deal instead of that dildo I bought, fun as it is.”

“TMI, dude, TMI!”

She snorted, dropping her hands to place them on her hips and thrust out her chest. God, it was like looking at the damn sun, I swear.

“C’mon, don’t act like you aren’t turned on by this. I can see that hard dick you’ve got in your pants. I know what it’s like to bend forward and adjust your shirt to try and cover a hard on, dude, I’ve had to do it many times before - though I doubt I’ll have to do it again, ha!”

I could only sigh. I spotted her silky robe on the ground and grabbed it, throwing it to her. She caught it, and I tried to ignore the delightful wobble of her big tits as she did so.

“Aww, you ruin all the fun.”

“Get dressed,” I said. “Please. I’ll fix us some breakfast and we can, I don’t know, go to town or something. See a movie. Grab some pie. Something that makes this feel goddamn normal.”

She rolled her eyes, giving a long moan that was perhaps deliberately a little sexual, though who knew with Nathan now?

“Okay, that does sound fun. I’ll get dressed. But don’t expect me to cover up much. I’ve got the body of a century - hell, the millennium - and I’m going to enjoy showing it off. I want all eyes on me, and on you for being with me.”

I turned around as she reached for her panties, which she’d discarded on the floor, presumably when she heard me getting up in my room. She was always ‘accidentally’ arranging moments like this, at least over the last few days.

“Hey,” she said to me, even with my back turned. “How much cleavage can I show if I want to be slutty but not whorish?”

“Dude, you are WAY too into this.”

We decided to simply go to town and try to be a bit normal. At least, that was MY plan. Hard to be normal with your best friend when she’s now literally a goddess in appearance, and increasingly knowing how to work it. Despite my request that we go ‘casual,’ she was walking in heels and letting her hips sway, a view made all the better because she was wearing a short skirt that left her thighs entirely bare. Her midriff was also exposed due to

the crop top she was wearing, a kind with buttons so that she could show off a heap of cleavage by undoing the top ones. It left part of her bra very obviously displayed - she *had* to be deliberate in wearing a black bra beneath a white top, right? With every step, her breasts wobbled heavily in her top, and she seemed to revel in it.

"You don't have to walk that way, you know," I reminded her. We had just passed a group of teenage boys, all of whom were whispering about her. I was pretty sure one had just creamed his pants at the sight of her, and the fact that she had done a sexy adjustment of her hair with one hand only made matters worse for him. I couldn't even blame him.

"What way?" she asked innocently.

"You know what I'm talking about. The swaying hips, the bouncing boobs, all of it!"

She snickered. "Oh, *that*. I don't *have* to, I know, but I *want* to. Admit it, you'd do the same with such a hot body."

"I'd be living in a bunker, Nathan."

She suddenly grabbed my arm and pulled herself against me as we walked, as if she really were my girlfriend. It took a will of steel not to look at her prominent breasts from above.

"I guess I'm just more built for this kind of life. Ooh, there's that pie place we love! Let's eat together! We can order the Lover's Pie! Remember that one?"

I groaned. "You're not going to give me a choice over this, are you?"

"It's either that or you just hurry up and accept that we should totally be dating for real."

"Pie it is."

We ordered, the server a woman who was clearly very judgemental over Nathan's looks, not that she cared. When we sat down, she sat her best to place her elbows on the table and lean forward, deliberately making her look at her big, ripe puppies.

"So, what do you think?"

"The pie hasn't arrived yet."

Another laugh. She had a real cute snicker now; damn her for that.

"Not the pie, silly, I mean me!"

"Well, I think you've gone certifiably insane, Nathan. A guy who gets turned into a woman by some freak meteorological event shouldn't be acting like this. I mean, did your mind get scrambled? Are there compulsions? Personality changes?"

She sighed, resting her breasts on the table. If this were an anime, I'm pretty sure my nose would be bleeding heavily by this point.

"Okay, first of all, you can call me Natalie now."

"Natalie?"

"It's on all my ID. It's close to Nathan, and I like it; it's sexy. Meow."

“Did you seriously just say Meow?”

“I’m not *that* good at being sexy yet, I’m still learning. But I’m not crazy, Oscar, I’m just really, really into this.”

I parted my hands in a gesture of confusion. “But why? Dude, you’ve been a man for twenty three years of your life! You wanted to be a wrestler when we were kids.”

“I could still totally be a wrestler. A *mud* wrestler.”

“Stop it,” I said. “And stop putting your boobs on the table.”

“Well, they *are* heavy.”

“I have to imagine. They’re huge.”

“Which is why you should totally feel them!”

I put my head in my hands. The pie arrived, and the server congratulated us on being such a “cute couple.” ‘Natalie’ put her hand quickly on mine and grinned.

“Thanks,” she said. “We’re childhood best friends. It was meant to be.”

“Why did you say that?” asked as the server left.

She took a bite from the pie and moaned, closing her eyes. I was getting damn erect by this point, damn her, so I simply had to enjoy the pie too.

“Well, it’s basically true, right?” she asked. “I mean, think about it, Oscar. We grow up as best friends in the same neighbourhood, playing Power Rangers and riding our bikes and getting into all sorts of fun scrapes. Then we go to college together, and you get a job, but I don’t quite know what to do. I’m in a deadend job at a gas station trying to figure out what a damn arts degree will get me, and you’re finding solid corporate work. But hey, you were always there for me, man. Always helping me out with the bills and stuff, even though you didn’t have to do that.”

“Because you’re my best friend. You helped me out when Mom was sick, and when Bianca broke up with me you helped me get back on my feet. Plus, you’re a mean Street Fighter player.”

She grinned after swallowing another bite. “And don’t you forget it! You get your ass beaten up by a girl these days.”

Finally, she got a laugh out of me.

“How does any of that mean we’re meant to be together?” I asked.

She leaned back in her seat and gestured to her fine form. Her big boobs were practically straining to blow open her buttoned crop top. I was having trouble meeting her eyes.

“Look away dude!” she said, as if reading my mind. “Seriously, look at me! This is evidence one. You find me mega hot, and as I keep saying, I find you super hot as well.”

“Because your sexuality got changed. You find male models hot too.”

“Sure, and you find other girls hot. But I find *you* the most hot, just like I definitely know you fine *me* the most hot. So that’s evidence one.”

“And evidence two?”

“Evidence two is what actually happened. I mean, c’mon, how many people were on the golf course that day? A few dozen? And I was the only one that got hit when that freak storm appeared suddenly out of nowhere? I thought I was dead when I got hit by that bolt of weird purple lightning, but you took me straight to the hospital, and you cared so fucking much, man. I never doubted I’d be okay with you there. And then I was fine, and they discharged me, and then *voila*, my body begins changing into the red-haired goddess you see before you.”

I couldn’t deny that she *was* a goddess, but I failed to see how this made for good evidence of us getting together. I told her as much.

“Dude, you’re not listening. We’re childhood friends, and then I’m the only one hit by lightning. You had a bad breakup that I helped you through, and I’ve sucked at relationships for over a year, and now we’re living together *and* a compatible match who are super into each other? Total act of God!”

I bit my lip. “Maybe. I don’t know. I mean, I’m not really a believer.”

“Aliens then. Some greater power that’s not God, whatever you want it to be. But now, of the first time, I’ve got a body that turns heads, and it makes me feel confident and sexy, and you’re right there in front of me, no longer just my best friend but the guy I totally want to fuck. Fuck your brains right out of you.”

I took my last bite. My erection was now raging. “Okay, that’s enough for now! Back to the golfing course for us! That’ll be fun!”

She groaned, pressing her head against the table. “Golfing, again? You’re not gonna change me back, dude. The other times didn’t work.”

“One last attempt!”

“Whatever. Cover your pants while we get to the car then. You’ve got one big hard-on there.”

As I blushed deep red, she stood up, stretched in a manner that was clearly intended to entice me, then whispered in my ear using her most sensual voice.

“I could always take care of that, you know.”

The worst part was, I really wanted her to. God, I wanted her to.

Golfing didn’t work, of course. The weird purple-violet storm didn’t magically reappear, and all that came out of it was that somehow, despite losing a lot of strength to her new female

body, my friend still kicked my ass at golf and looked fine doing it. Those big swings set her big assets swinging too, and she smiled each time I couldn't help but stare. The whole time she kept close to me, occasionally using an excuse to touch my forearm, put a hand on my shoulder or slip it around my waist. At one point, laughing at a bad swing of mine, she held me in such a way that her boob poked against my side. She laughed again when I had to go to the toilets just to wait for my erection to subside.

"Dude, this wouldn't be such an issue if you would just have some fun with me!"

One thing was for sure, Nathan-Natalie's mind hadn't changed *that* much. Okay, so she was definitely a lot more flirtatious and willing to show off her body, but I was willing to buy that Nathan really was just mega confident over being a hot lady now. And while she was dressing really slutty, I got the distinct impression that this was also a deliberate effort to entice me, though who knew if she'd ever give it up, given how much fun she had with it. But she still loved video-games, still loved to stir me up (only about sexual matters, now), and she shared all the same passions for golf and basketball, for our favourite TV shows and all that. It was just that she was adding in the component of wanting to be *with* me, and that was a hard pill to swallow. I mean, she was meant to be a guy! How could I sleep with a woman - even a busty bombshell like her - knowing who she used to be? Who could blame me for being hesitant, even when she was practically shoving her breasts in my face, or getting me to 'check her swing' on the golf course by making me scooch right up behind her. She was clearly rubbing her ass against my crotch, that devious minx.

The only reprieve I had was masturbating in private to her. Again, who could blame me? I was having to share an apartment with a sex kitten who was constantly throwing herself at me, and a man only has so much willpower. I could imagine cupping this big tits and sucking on her nipples, gripping her ass as I thrust into her. God, I wanted her so badly, and seeing her dress up in those short dresses and tight denim shorts and all the other sexy wear only made me want her all the more.

But I had to stay strong. This was my best buddy. She may be trapped in a woman's form, perhaps even enjoying it, but I had to stay loyal to the man I'd grown up with. I simply had to.

She just wasn't going to make it easy for me.

"Natalie?" I asked. "What are you doing?"

"Mhmm?" came the reply, as a hand snaked over my chest, softly playing with my hairs. "Something the matter?"

“It’s just that, as I recall, we had *two* deck chairs on this beach. But suddenly, we are sharing *one*. Any notion of what happened there?”

The bikini-clad woman pressed herself against me, her big boobs squashing slightly upon my left side. One left was starting to drape over mine, and I had to really focus on the beach and the sky and not the fact that her blue bikini was showing off a lot of her body, or how big the cups had to be to contain her (big cups, and yet her tits were still spilling out the sides of them).

“I was getting cold,” she replied, adjusting her sunglasses and looking at me. I hated how much her body slotted perfectly against mine. She was really upping the submissiveness of her body language.

“Cold? On a hot summer’s day? At the beach? With not even a hint of a wind up?”

“Is that so unbelievable?”

“It’s not exactly grounded logic.”

“Well, you were also looking so damn yummy next to me, and I caught you peeking at my cleavage as I sunbathed, like, eighty times or something, dude.”

“How do you know? I’m wearing sunglasses too.”

She pressed herself against me even further, lifting herself just a little so that her boobs hung like ripe fruit before me, tantalising and ready to be plucked. Or *squeezed*.

“A woman can just tell,” Natalie replied, biting her lips. “Have you thought anymore about my offer?”

“I keep telling you, Natalie. Nathan. Whatever. I just . . . I need more time. You’re meant to be a man.”

She adjusted her position, and to my shock actually sat upon my lap, adjusting her hair as her huge rack stood out from her chest. She blocked out the sun, her body dominating my vision. Then, she gestured to herself.

“Does any part of me look like a man right now, Oscar?”

I gulped. How could I not? No doubt she could feel my erection, but apart from shifting a little to tease it, she didn’t do anything more.

“Obviously not. But it’s all too weird. Sleeping with my best friend, even with you like this, being way too into it and all, it’s just . . . just . . .”

My reasons died away. It was way too hard to think with that huge rack right in my face, or those wide hips before me. I raised my hands, gently touching them, only to realise what I was doing and pulling them away.”

She huffed. “You’re literally the only person that remembers me as a man. Everyone remembers me as Natalie. Hell, I’m pretty sure our parents are rooting for us together, and half of our friend group is sending not-so-subtle indicators that they want to fuck me.”

“Then why don’t you?” I asked. “Why me?”

For a moment, she showed some vulnerability. Hell, she actually seemed to get a little choked up, wiping away some stray tears.

“Stupid female hormones,” she mumbled, getting off of me. “One thing I definitely still suck at getting used to. Them and periods.”

“Dude, are you alright?”

“F-fine. I’ll go back to my deck chair. Need more sunscreen on my body.”

“I can do some on your back if you-”

“No, it’s fine. I’ll manage. Just keep the creeps away from me. I like it when you look, but I don’t like it when they *stare*. Subject of the male gaze here, right?”

She laughed awkwardly, as if trying to change the subject. I let her be, but felt bad. I couldn’t even quite figure out why.

Natalie kept dressing sexy, even around the apartment. It wasn’t unusual for her to be in a tight club dress that emphasised all her best features, or in swimwear even on a rainy day, or just wearing hot black lingerie with garters and stockings and everything. It was a sight I obviously took reluctant pleasure in, but for once it wasn’t for me.

“Gotta pay the bills somehow!” she joked, setting up her camera. “Seriously, I’ve already got a fuckton of follows.”

“Can’t blame them, when you’re posing like that,” I said.

“Oh, shut up, you. I’m not posing naked or anything, just taking teasy images and placing them online. They can pay for the sexier stuff, though I still doubt I’ll do full nudes.”

“Well, so long as you’re happy to do it.”

She shrugged. “It feels pretty damn hot, and it’s easy money, right?”

“I mean, you could always chase after a Russian billionaire or something and-”

“Don’t joke about that.”

I paused, regarding my friend. She wasn’t looking at me, just fiddling with the camera to try and get a hot selfie, but her face was serious.

“Sorry, Natalie. I didn’t mean it. I was just teasing.”

“Yeah,” she said, turning off the camera, having failed to even get a shot. “I know. I’m just . . . forget it.”

“Is this about me not being with you?”

She paused at the entrance to her room. Her lingerie was quite distracting to me, but for once my focus was entirely on my friend’s emotional state.

“Dude, it’s not about that,” she said. Natalie turned around, running her hands through her hair. “I went way too flirty on you. I mean, I’m pretty sure I made more comments about giving tittyfucks and blowjobs than I ever did as a guy.”

“You did lay it on pretty thick, yeah. I mean, I doubted you were actually going to do that anyway.”

She licked her lips.

“Wait, really?”

She nodded. “Dude, I wasn’t exaggerating one bit. I really wanted to suck your cock, preferably while you fuck my lubed up tits at the same time. But you choosing not to take advantage of that is not why I’m feeling . . . off. I mean, I was probably having the opposite effect anyway, dressing up so hot and flirting with you and showing my boobs in your face and all that. I knew what I wanted, and thought I could kind of seduce you into being my boyfriend. I thought you might want it too. I should have respected your boundaries, and not come on so strong. I’m not angry you rejected me at the beach the other day.”

“Then what?”

She stepped back into the main room and collapsed into the nearest sofa. Her tits jiggled even in her bra, and she had to hold them to steady them. She gave me a brief look of amusement before becoming serious again; serious, and a little emotional once more.

“I’m upset because you asked why I didn’t just fuck one of our other friends, instead of you? You said ‘why me?’, as if I just wanted to get laid with anyone, and you were the nearest warm body.”

“I - I wasn’t it?”

She stood up suddenly, and again had to settle the girls.

“Of course not! Dude, if I wanted to have sex, I could do it with literally any straight guy on the planet and half the female population as well, given how they look at me. But I wanted you! I wanted you because . . . because you’re my best friend in the whole world. Because you lift me up, and you make me laugh, and I have so much fun teasing you, and we play video games together and live together and tell dumb jokes together and play sports together and we’re always just *together* together, like we’ve always fit. I didn’t want anyone else, no matter how hot other guys or girls were. I wanted *you*, and I still do. And I respect you not getting together with me - it’s gotta be damn weird from your perspective too - but I was just so damn fucked up emotionally when you thought it was all about sex to me. I mean, I really, really want the sex part, of course. This body is horny as fuuuuuck. But sex is also desire, and I desire you, dude. Fuck, I’m getting teary-eyed again. Damn estrogen.”

Tears sprung up in her eyes again, and something in my heart just melted.

“Natalie, I had no idea. I’m so sorry.”

“It’s okay. I just . . . God, I just felt so stupid.”

“You’re not stupid. I mean, you’re obviously really horny, but not stupid.”

That got a laugh from her. “Super horny. Seriously, this new body is so sensitive, it’s crazy.”

I stepped closer, seeing her in a new light. Slowly, I reached out a hand and caressed her back, enjoying the feel of her. She paused, wiping her eyes again, and looked to me. My face was very close to hers, and everything about her looked tantalising.

“Does that feel sensitive?” I asked, continuing to caress her.

“It - it does, yeah. Mhm, it feels good, though.”

“And what about this?”

I slid a hand over her bra, squeezing her breast just slightly. She cooed, her breath catching.

“God, yess. Fuck, that’s so fucking hot.”

“And what about this?”

I cupped her cheek, and placed my lips against hers. I kissed her, as I’d been dreaming about for weeks now, and the result did not disappoint: she moaned as I kissed her, her tongue entering my mouth, passion already stirring. In moments she was pressing her body against mine, undoing the clasp of her bra and flinging it to the side so her glorious, head-sized tits were rubbing naked against my chest. I gripped her ass, fondling it, and this too produced a series of lovely gasps and groans from her.

“Fucking *finally!*” she declared. “You want this? You want this, don’t you?”

“I want *you*,” I told her. “I want *you*, Natalie.”

And fuck me if that wasn’t the truth, especially as she pulled my shirt off and threw it to the side, then worked on unbuckling my belt and tearing down my pants. In turn tugged down her lingerie, and our naked bodies came together, the pair of us knocking frames off the wall as we banged against it, still making out hardcore. I cupped her breasts, feeling the magnificent weight of them.

“Holy shit, you’re fucking stacked.”

“I told you, dude! These things are awesome! Now start sucking on them already!”

I did so, eliciting the most sensual cries from her. We didn’t even make it to the bedroom: we tipped over onto the thick long-hair rug on the living room floor, still making out. She stroked my penis with her hands, pressing her arms together to form a fucking *canyon* of cleavage.

“Like what you see?” she said, grinning mischievously.

“Holy shit I do,” I said. “And I hope you like *this*.”

With her help, I entered my member between her thighs, sliding into her entrance, deep into her vagina. She shuddered, gripping me, pressing her chest against me.

“Yes!” she cried. “It’s finally, finally happening! F-fuck me, Oscar! I want you more than anything!”

“I want you t-too, Natalie,” I grunted, beginning to thrust into her. “I want to fuck your perfect body. I never want to stop.”

We moved beyond words pretty quickly, because in moments we were fucking like animals. It was the best damn experience of my life.

Why the hell had I avoided this? Natalie was *divine*.

“Why the hell did you avoid *that*?” Natalie asked me as the pair of us panted, her having just rolled off me after giving me the ride of my life. Her heavy breasts rose and fell with every breath, a hypnotic sight if there ever was one.

“I have no fucking idea,” I said, turning my gaze back to the ceiling. “I mean, you were a dude. You were my best friend. I thought it would be weird instead of . . .”

“The best fucking time of your life?” she said. I could practically *hear* her grin.

“Yeah,” I replied, exhaling. “That was . . . that was incredible. Jesus, man, your tits.”

“Not to mention my pussy. God, I felt like I was milking you for all you were worth.”

“You were!” I replied. I shifted on my side to face her, and she did the same. Her lovely breasts hung with gravity, providing another chasm of cleavage to grab my attention. “Natalie, I’ve never had sex like that. You were a goddamn pro.”

She raised and lowered her eyebrows several times before giggling. “Nice to know this body knows how to work its stuff in the bedroom. And you weren’t bad yourself, lover boy.” She moved her hand to rub my junk, and I shivered in response. “And this was a lot bigger than I thought it would be. Seriously, you’ve got a *spear* there, dude. You were inside me and I was fucking *into it*. Plus I swear I came just from you sucking on my tits. Goddamn I love this body so much.”

“Yeah,” I replied, still sounding starstruck, probably because I was. “I really love it too.”

At that, she leaned forward, and the pair of us kissed again. My friend was so warm, her flesh so damn comfortable as she pressed herself against me. Something about the way her chest squashed up upon my own was already making me hard again, and with a slow moan from her I realised she recognised it too.

“Someone’s already up for some more action,” Natalie teased.

“We don’t have to. You just - your body doesn’t quite, Nat!”

But instead, she lowered herself away from me, moving her face right down to my member and then licking it with her tongue.

“Holy shit, dude! Oh my God, you’re actually - ahhh . . .”

She pulled back, smiling up at me. “I’m more than happy to give you the best damn blowjob in your life, dude. I mean, if I’m going to be your super sexy perfect girlfriend, then it would be remiss of me not to suck your cock and swallow all your tasty cum, right?”

I could barely believe what I was hearing.

“Dude, are you serious? I mean, you are way too into this!”

“Yeah, put me on trial if it’s an issue, sexy. Do you want me to suck your big hard cock until you cum down my throat or not?”

I swallowed. “I mean, obviously I want that, but-”

“But the catch is, you have to be my hot boyfriend and let me be your sexy girlfriend. You have to have me on your arm when we go out and enjoy all the very sexy outfits I wear, all of which will let everyone know you’ve got a hot, big-titted beauty for a GF. You’re gonna be a proud man with a girl with my kind of cleavage showing off her bod out in public. Bikinis, short dresses, tight tops, all the things that let my good bits jiggle, you know how it is. Oh, and we’ll obviously share a bed, so we can make my room into a gaming room. I’m not gonna be some tradwife or anything, dude - we still share cooking duties and cleaning, but when it comes to the bedroom, you best believe I’m going to rock your world. This body is too damn horny not to fuck your brains out three times a day.”

“Uhhh . . .”

I absorbed all that she was saying. Everything was moving so fast, but she grabbed onto my wrists and helped pull me up, motioning for me to sit on the end of a sofa.

“Think on that for a moment, I’ll be back in a moment.”

She walked to her room, hips swaying, and returned, still naked, with some lube. Then she went down on her knees before me and rubbed some of the lubricant all up in her cleavage.

“Holy shit,” I replied.

“I figure I might as well give you a tittyfuck at the same time as I suck you off. How about it, best friend? Ready to move this relationship further, or was this just a one off?”

I couldn’t help it, I chuckled in disbelief. “Dude, let’s do it.”

“I knew it, You are WAY into this. And for good reason too, as you’re about to find out.”

Her lips descended on my cock even as she cupped my breasts to hug and massage my penis. Soon, I was in nirvana.

I could only curse myself; I could have been enjoying this weeks ago!

At least it meant we had a lot of catching up to do.

The End