The unease passed quickly enough. It seemed almost impossible to be uncomfortable around Lila. It made Alex feel shallow, but her companion was just too pretty to feel anything but content. Well, that and a nagging itch between her legs. It was the worst kind too, where it made her panties feel overly full. Probably karma for putting her wet underwear back on instead of swallowing her pride and getting a fresh pair.

Alex was just glad no one noticed. There wasn’t much longer until they reached the last stop. Then it was just a short drive to the campus, where she could be her own person at long last. And she already had a friend in Lila.

Maybe more.

She had to stop thinking like that. Alex wasn’t gay, well, maybe a little bit. Growing up around beautiful girls, albeit those girls were her mom and sisters, she definitely had an appreciation for the female form. Especially a nice, round, almost egregiously fecund one.

“Yo, Alex? You in there?” Lila waved a hand in front of her, wafting some of that lovely perfume into her face.

Alex started, legs squeezing together with a small - near silent - squish. Her cheeks burned, though Lila didn’t have a reaction.

“Y-yeah, totally. Um, what were we talking about again?”

“Maybe you should try being an astronaut with how often you space out,” Lila said.

“I don’t space out that often. It’s just that you’re… uh, this train is super distracting.”

Lila nodded, “Yeah, never liked the way they move. Makes my gut feel all weird,” she pulled out a water bottle, “Here, try this. It’s my own smoothie blend, really helps.”

“Uh, sure. If you don’t mind, that is.”

“Wouldn’t have offered if I did,” the violet-haired girl smirked, flashing some of her teeth. She had an adorable little gap in her front teeth, Alex noticed, taking the bottle. How was it that wherever she looked, there was just another part of Lila that made her seem either cool, cute or outright hot? Or all three!

She almost missed the fact that she drank out of the bottle as Lila. It tasted great, with a subtly salty flavour and nice texture that was smooth on its way down. Some of it clung to her gums a little, but that wasn’t a bad thing. That was overshadowed by a simple fact, one that shouldn’t have meant anything; this was an indirect kiss. Such a thing was innocent as could be, if a little unhygienic, the sort of stuff a schoolgirl would get all flustered over. Or someone in an anime.

Yet she felt her cheeks boiling as she stared at the bottle, then glanced at Lila, who had turned her attention back to her phone. Enough time had passed for the sun to reach its apex, its glow directly behind the girl, and bathed her in its rays. The phone tilted just right, reflecting the light off Lila’s eye.

Alex trembled with a familiar urge.

“What’s up?” Lila asked when Alex stood up suddenly.

“Uh, bathroom. Think my bladder’s a little nervous,” Alex chuckled and sped off to the lavatory. What was happening?!

The nearest restroom was in use. Of course it was. Right when her body decided now, of all times, to be hyper sexual. She leaned on a wall opposite the toilet, legs crossed in case any moisture leaked out, though that only made her more keenly aware of how plump and wet her pussy felt. It wasn’t the only troublemaker, as her boobs seemed just as eager to have their presence known. Like being the size of her head wasn’t enough.

Even her tummy wasn’t being fair. She couldn’t tell if it was hungry, though she just ate a snack, or if she felt sick, or she was just anxious about, well, everything. Alex breathed deep to try and clear her head, only for a rancid odour to make itself known. Coming straight from the bathroom.

“Are you serious?” Alex hissed at the stranger on the other side. Whatever the problem with her was, it could wait. She wasn’t about to deal with that awful stink just to get off. It wasn’t *that* bad. She was a big girl, she could hold out. Just don’t pay attention to Lila and everything will be fine. Easy.

Real easy. She just had to avoid looking at her travelling companion. And not smell her. Or think about her. Or get caught in how effortlessly sexy that voice of hers was. Above all, Alex absolutely could not share another drink with her. She touched her lips, recalling the faint sweetness she tasted on the bottle. What did Lila’s lips taste of?

Alex whimpered at the sudden burst of heat in her core. It escaped in a molten stream down her thigh, intent on going all the way if she hadn’t dabbed at it with her dress. Doing so pressed her boobs together and forced them forward, making her bra near worthless as her nipples poked through. They always took their sweet time getting erect, but once they were, it’d be hours before they went down. It was one of the few things she and boys had in common during high school.

Now what? There was no way Lila wouldn’t notice them sticking straight into her face. Even less chance of her not asking questions. But she had no solution. The toilet was in use, she didn’t have anything to pad out her bra and hide her nipples, and the smell was only getting worse.

“Just suck it up. You’re both going to college, so act like a grown woman and deal with it. So what if she asks something? Just say you got cold. Or that it just happens around cute girls. Ugh, no, don’t say that,” Alex groaned at herself, “Fuck it. Just go. If I can’t control myself now, then it’ll happen sooner or later. Gotta get it over with. Like taking off a pair of wet underwear. Or, you know, a band-aid. Fuck…”

Alex returned with her head low and reclaimed her seat beside Lila. The violet-haired girl glanced at her, but didn’t say anything. Well… it wasn’t the immediate interrogation Alex expected, but was somehow worse. She should probably just say something anyway. It was too obvious not to.

“So, I’ve been meaning to ask,” Lila said. Oh god, here it comes. Alex took a breath, running through every possible response she could offer, “What’d you think of my blend?”

“Huh?” Eloquent as always, she thought.

“The drink. It’s my own recipe.”

“Oh, uh… It was good. A little salty, but in a good way.”

Lila’s gaze widened and she looked away, “That’s good. Um, was it too thick?”

“Not really.”

Lila nodded, but wouldn’t look up. Her eyes skittered around and a faint blush crept into her cheeks. No way, was she embarrassed about getting feedback? Alex exhaled and slumped in her chair, glad that her nipples didn’t get her attention.

“Hey, sorry, I gotta use the restroom now,” Lila said. There wasn’t much space between them and the seats in front, meaning Alex had to stand.

“Oh, um, better go that way. I think the one back there is being destroyed right now.”

“Thanks,” Lila chuckled and got up, right as the train rocked. She lost her footing and fell into Alex, who tried catching her, but it wasn’t exactly a smooth save. Being so much taller, Lila knocked her down as well. It was about as cliché a fall as one could get, with Alex wincing from the impact on her butt, while Lila was frozen with her face between the staggering bosom. The dress was an older style, but her sister had it refitted to show a decent amount of cleavage.

Not that it needed to be altered. Alex had a big enough bust to show off regardless of her clothes. Which came back to bite her as Lila’s cheeks, nose, ears and lips all touched her naked skin. No, it wasn’t just any naked skin; it was her bare boobs! And holy crap, Lila’s face was just as smooth as her hands. Her hair too.

Alex reached up to touch it, but froze when Lila lifted her head. Now that they were so close, she noticed the violet-haired beauty had a constant glimmer to her grey eyes. Contacts? A shame really. She’d look so good with a pair of sleek glasses to match her sharp face. Then again, those might distract from those cute lips.

“Oh my god I’m so sorry I’ve gotta go and do the thing in the thing and bye!”

Alex watched her awkwardly walk away. It looked like Lila had a limp, but then that didn’t seem the case earlier. Probably an old injury that flared up with the fall. She’d ask about it later. For now, Alex climbed up and took her seat, only for her face to turn bright red at the awful squelching sound she made. And at the squishiness between her legs.

No, she just had to ignore it. No one but her noticed anything, and it was probably nothing. Just an over-active imagination. And sex drive. Because of someone she just met. A girl of all people too. Well, it was college. No shame in a little experimentation here and there. If Lila was open to it of course. She seemed to be. The way looked she looked at her and vice versa.

Alex clenched up a little and nearly moaned. Fuck, her thighs felt way too good rubbing against each other and against her pussy. She tugged on her bra straps, biting her lip at how it rubbed her nipples. She just had to ride out the rest of this journey, get into the dorms, and strip. Then a bit more.

Once she was alone, she could rub at her folds all she liked. There was one trick she loved, where she stroked them top to bottom, then spread her fingers on the downward stroke to really open herself. After that, she could graze her clit with a fingertip. That’d get her juices flowing nicely and get her ready to push a pair of fingers in nice and deep, curl them so the nails scratched just the right spot. The squelching would fill her ears and incite her other hand to grab a breast, probably pinch a nipple too.

But what she wouldn’t give try all that with Lila. She couldn’t even guess what another woman’s touch would be like. Weird. Sure, at first, but they’d warm up quickly enough. It wouldn’t just be Lila touching her though, she’d be reciprocating. Her new friend wasn’t nearly as busty as her, but she wasn’t lacking. Alex already knew she enjoyed toying with someone else’s boobs from helping her various pregnant sisters into their bras.

They were just so soft and squishy, unless they were lactating. Then the skin became tight and smooth, covered in little veins that all pointed to their often damp nipples. She usually ended up rubbing them on accident, getting a drop of milk on her fingers. Her sisters always apologised for that, but she didn’t need it. She loved it.

Perverted as it sounded, she loved the taste. There were some days where if her sisters asked her to, she’d have suckled from them. Whether or not their pumps were working. But, really, did they have to be lactating? It’d still be plenty fun to bite into a nice fat nipple, lick around the areolae and kiss it when she was done. Were Lila’s big? Her boobs weren’t that large, but that could be deceiving. Even if they weren’t, small nipples were cute too.

And all the while, Lila could rub Alex’s pussy in reciprocation. Her plump, extra juicy snatch. What was Lila’s like? A cool girl like her probably had a nice one, something neat and tidy, the kind that hid the real treasure. That being the flavour. Alex had no idea what another woman tasted like, but she had to imagine Lila was nice and tangy, with just a hint of sweetness to balance it. Much like the smoothie.

What if that was full of Lila’s cum?

Alex bucked in her chair, kicking out as her body thrummed with release. Her ears burned with a splash of fluids from between her legs, then with the squelch as her butt sank into it. Before she had a chance to think, another, stronger explosion shook her entire body, one that erupted from her and collided with the seat in front. Fortunately, those were the only powerful ones. Tremors rocked her body as the last of her ecstasy seeped out.

Then she opened eyes and reality surged back in. Did she just… on the train… in public…? She didn’t let out a single breath as she looked around, only releasing it when she saw no sign of life. Then what she did fell upon her.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Alex hissed, then jumped when she heard a drop and stared at the splash of fluids on the chair before her, “Shit. Let me have some tissues or something in here,” she whispered and rummaged through her bag, finding nothing. Of course she didn’t have anything.

Whatever. She’d just get something out of her suitcase. It was a nuisance, but better than to leave that mess for someone else to discover. Alex stood to retrieve something, then saw Lila come back through the other end. She immediately sank back down - another squelch - and tried not to let her panic take over. Lila could *not* see this. It’d be the end of whatever budding friendship they had.

And whatever else that might, maybe, possibly turn into.

Alex clawed at her dress, uncertain of what to do. No wait, that was the answer!

“Hey, sorry about that. I was embarrassed as hell and *really* needed to go. Uh, you alright?” Lila asked, as Alex didn’t stand to let her past.

“Yep! Just fine. Nothing wrong here. Glad you’re feeling better.”

“So much better,” Lila sighed as she took her seat, nose crinkling a little, “Did you eat something while I was gone?”

“Nope! Just sat here. With my phone. Doing nothing.” Alex glanced at the chair she’d dirtied, then down at her dress, the hem of which was damp with her own juices. The seat was wet too. She only hoped that whoever cleaned these things assumed she spilled something.

“Okay. Hey, let me show you something.”

Thanks to Lila, the rest of the journey was relaxing as it could be. Whether or not she knew it, she kept Alex distracted from the awful, squishy heat between her legs and what she’d done while daydreaming. She almost forgot about it when the train pulled in at their final stop.

“Wanna split an Uber to the campus? Be a shame to split up now,” Lila said once they were away from the tracks.

“Sure, just let me use the toilet, yeah?” It wasn’t some lewd emergency this time, thankfully.

“I should probably go too actually,” Lila said and they headed to the bathrooms together. Almost like they were going for a secret rendezvous. Luckily, Lila was busy looking for signs to notice Alex’s blush.

The bathroom was small, with only two stalls tucked together. Alex didn’t know why that made her nervous. It was just peeing. Not like Lila would be listening or anything, unless she was a total pervert. And Alex wouldn’t be paying attention to her either of course! She let out a long sigh and pulled her dress up. As she went to tug her panties down, the near-forgotten issue of her swollen pussy returned.

She’d meant to check it earlier, but never found the right time. And her masturbation was done in such a daze, she didn’t remember all the tactile details. Alex gulped, glancing to the thin wall that separated her and Lila. There was no way her friend would know what she was doing, and it needed to be done. Heart hammering in her chest, she brought her phone out and turned on the selfie camera.

“Oh my god.”

“Everything alright?” Lila asked.

“Oh, uh, y-yeah. Just thought I saw a little spotting, but it’s nothing! All good. H-how, uh, how’re you?”

“I’m good,” Lila chuckled, a sound rich with mirth at Alex’s reaction.

Shit, shit, shit! Alex had never seen anything like it, on her body or otherwise. Her pussy was massive! It practically devoured her panties whole, leaving only a thin strip visible between her meaty labia. At least her folds were puffed up too bad, though that just made it look more insane. She looked as though she’d glued quarters of a grapefruit to herself. Only the colour was definitely her own skin, and her folds did peek out just slightly.

Gingerly, she pulled the underwear down, watching through her phone. A thick, glossy string connected the fabric to her vagina, thinning as she pulled further, but it didn’t break until she was past her knees. Even then, the remnant of it hung halfway down her thighs. Curiosity compelled her hand back up, catching it between fingers.

It felt exactly as it looked; thick and sticky. She pulled her digits apart and created a web. It broke when she pulled, snapping against her right hand. Alex wasn’t a sheltered girl, she’d seen plenty of porn and knew what cum looked like. If the fluid wasn’t translucent, and if it hadn’t come from *her*, then she’d almost think it was semen. How the hell did her juices get so thick?

That question stumped her long enough for Lila to finish next door. The flush was enough to break her out of it and Alex finally sat down, letting her body do what it needed. She stared at her underwear between her ankles. Was it even worth putting on anymore? They were completely drenched, to the point she wasn’t sure a hundred washes would clean them, and it wasn’t like they offered much protection when she was so… big.

But it wasn’t like she could just pocket or leave them lying around either.

“I’m turning into a freak,” Alex groaned and started wiping herself clean, only to nearly let out a very distinct, very sexual moan. Holy fuck, she was sensitive! In the best worst way possible. Just the cheap toilet paper grazing her lips felt incredible. Like she’d spent the last five minutes warming up. She bit her lip to keep the noises in as she cleaned up, the sensations worsening with each touch, and yanked her panties up.

Her eyes nearly popped at the soft, but very noticeable squelch. She froze, waiting for Lila to say something. When no other sound came, Alex almost collapsed on the floor. She couldn’t keep this up. Every time her body decided to be weird today, her nerves became more and more frayed. Even walking felt daunting as she exited, too anxious to remember to wash her hands. Particularly the one with her juices drying on it.

“Everything alright?” Lila asked again.

“Yeah, just extra excited to see the dorms,” Alex said, faking as much pep as her frazzled mind could manage.

“Yeah, I’m nervous as hell too,” Lila took her right hand and led the way out of the station, “It’s alright. Long as we’re together, we’ll get through this somehow.” She smiled at Alex. Despite all the changes the day had brought, both good and bad and abjectly weird, she couldn’t help but smile back.

“It’d be crazy if we’re on the same floor, huh?” Alex said as they got out of the mercifully short Uber ride.

“It’s not that crazy. What’d be crazy if we were neighbours.”

“I’d like that,” Alex said, though she doubted it. While the chances weren’t zero, with how many freshman occupied the campus around them, they may as well have been. They joined the throng leading to the dormitory, a large building that curved around the main building. From a satellite view, the college almost resembled a pregnant woman.

Very fitting since it was founded by Kelly Cross, a pioneer in maternity science and medical care. She was also one hell of a mother, having well over a dozen children of her own, many of which came in triplets. They’d expanded recently to be more well rounded, offering courses in various paths, but the focus remained on maternity and medicine.

Lila and Alex got their room assignments and headed up the elevators. Unfortunately, with so many students around, also looking to get on, they got separated. With the violet-haired beauty gone, Alex’s mind returned to the bulbous presence between her legs. In such a tight space, with so many people, she just knew one of them would smell her panties. One girl took several sniffs when the doors opened and she stepped off, allowing someone else in. They had a potent perfume, one that masked all over odours. Alex relaxed and waited to arrive at floor five.

When she stepped off, her lips quirked up as a familiar mop of purple hair appeared beside her.

“Well, well, look who it is,” Lila said, and hugged her like they’d been apart for a day, “What’re you? My stalker?”

“Pfft, like you’re one to talk. I got on the elevator first.”

“By like two seconds. Come on creep, let’s get settled in and…” Lila paused and her nose crinkled, a faint blush appeared in her cheeks, then she shook her head, “Sorry, thought was I gonna sneeze. Let’s get settled and have a look around.”

“Sure.” Alex followed the girl she almost definitely had a crush on, trying - and failing - not to look at her butt along the way. Just a few steps in, she noticed Lila take on that weird gait from before. And did her thighs always look that big?

Don’t be so rude, Alex snapped at herself and forced herself to look up. Lila looked back, eyes immediately flitting away when she noticed Alex was looking too, then brought them up with a smile. Maybe she was more nervous than she let on? It probably didn’t help that Alex had acted so weird on the train.

The dorm was nice, if a bit simple. A black carpeted hall with doors evenly spaced on both sides. The walls were painted a plain blue, with beige doors, some of which had little personalisations already on them. A single window faced them, letting in the fresh air and what remained of daylight as time crept on.

“Well, this is me,” Lila said, standing at door number 508, “What’s your number?”

“You’re not gonna believe this,” Alex snickered and smacked a hand on 506.

Lila’s eyes widened and the brightest smile Alex had yet seen illuminated the hall, “No way! Holy shit, we’re neighbours? That’s so cool.” She raised a hand for a high-five and, while Alex wasn’t normally one to celebrate so openly, she wasn’t about to leave her hanging.

That was when the winds of fate decided to stir up something strange and almost cruel. The weather had been hit and miss the whole day. One minute, they had a gentle breeze and sunlight, the next it was dull and blustery enough to send traffic cones flying. Well, the sun disappeared and a gust followed, one strong enough to force the window open further. Like some perverted ghost in an anime, it rushed straight to Alex and forced her dress up.

Though not before it carried a mysterious scent to her nose. One that warmed her face the instant it registered. The best way she could describe it was hot. Like a spice, but different. She breathed deep, trying to decipher, which only brought the warmth down into her chest. Not a second later and her nipples stretched out through her bra and dress, leaving nothing to the imagination. Her eyes went to Lila, wondering if she smelled it too, but noticed the girl’s eyes were fixed lower.

Alex wanted to melt into a puddle and be absorbed into the carpet and cleaned with bleach. The wind had blown her skirt up, and not by a little either. She’d laugh it off if she was only showing her shins or knees, or even her thighs. But no, it was lifted up to her hips and left one crucial part of her body on full display.

Their hands were already mid-motion and wouldn’t stop just because of their shared shock. The clap signalled an end of the terrible gust, Alex’s dress falling back into place, but that scent remained. No, it was even stronger now. Like whatever had blown in now saturated the entire hall. But that wasn’t important! She’d flashed Lila the most mortifying thing she possibly could’ve. If it was just her nipples, then sure, whatever. This was her pussy! Her extremely puffed up, panty-eating pussy!

“Lila, I…” Alex had nothing. What did one say after that?

“Alex…” Lila said and looked up with something in her eyes. It was like the smell, hot and intense, with the same effect on her, yet somehow stronger. Her lips looked so soft, just like her hand. Alex turned her head to their still joined palms and gulped. Maybe this was how it happened? Her first lesbian experience before she even had her first class.

If it had to be now, then she’d be more than happy to share it with Lila. Such a cool beauty seemed like the only possible cure for that awful heat building in her stomach.

“See you tomorrow!” Lila blurted and rushed into her room, abandoning her suitcase. Alex, confused by what happened, knocked. She heard fumbling on the other side, before the door opened again and Lila snatched her belongings, shutting it once more. That time it blasted that same aroma into Alex’s face, except on a far grander scale than before.

“What… what was…” Alex tried breathing, yet she couldn’t calm down. Every inhale burned in her throat, fuelling the flame as it spread down into her loins. She put a hand over her mouth to try and stifle it. That brought another scent to her attention, that of her own body. It was her right hand. The same hand Lila grabbed earlier. The same one they just high-fived with. The same one that she’d forgotten to wash after it got covered in her juices.

And yet, rather than die of unfathomable embarrassment, Alex let out a moan and squeezed her legs together. She silenced herself with that same hand and glanced around; no one around. Fumbling with her keycard, she all but ran into her own room. No sooner was she inside, had she fallen against the door and hiked her dress up.

This wasn’t even close to what happened on the train. Back then, she’d at least been hesitant, in some modicum of control of herself, now she couldn’t help but pull on her panties so they bit even deeper into her pussy. A decadent moan slipped out as she slid them down.

She had a flash of clarity when she lifted the underwear away from her legs. What had at least somewhat dried, had turned into a dripping wet garment not fit for anything but the wash. Even then… she wasn’t sure it was worth trying to save. The *smell* of them, of her pussy, swirled in a vortex around her. She normally had to stoke her lusts to an inferno before her own scent turned her on like that.

Alex set them aside and ran her fingertips along her legs, catching the errant streak of juices. She hissed at the feel of them, thick and sticky and oh so warm. Just like at the station. Sensation hiked when her nails brushed her thighs, creeping higher until she was just inches from her pussy. It was a muggy heat, already seeming to perspire on her skin and drip down her leg, like a sauna on her crotch. The urge to pull away, jump in a cold shower or something was intense, almost enough to succeed.

If not for the sudden, muffled moan beside her. She jerked in shock, but found only a wall, one that separated her and Lila. Alex held still, fingers trembling, as she listened for another moan. It hadn’t sounded pained, but surely Lila wouldn’t be doing *that* as well. Then the sound came, louder than before, and definitively sensual.

Holy fuck, they were both masturbating! Crazy as it was, she couldn’t resist picturing her first college friend doing the same things as herself. Sliding fingers up her thighs, drawing teasingly close to her lips, then moving higher to brush along her shaved labia. Definitely shaved. Lila was too fashionable to let herself get unkempt in that way. Unless, she kept a small tuft and dyed it to match her hair? Alex bit her lip and touched her bald crotch.

No matter how potent puberty was on her curves, she just didn’t develop much body hair, especially around her legs. She was grateful, since it made touching herself much easier and a lot less messy. In that moment, however, it proved her downfall. All the juices left her slippery, fingers gliding across the outer lips. She moaned, right as a thud went off beside her, starling her enough for a finger to slip. It barely touched her clit, not even a brush. And yet…

Alex squeaked and curled into herself, which pressed her fingers into her folds with a thick squelch. She barely kept herself from shouting, both from the sudden burst of pleasure that brought, and the fact her fingers were enveloped in her pussy lips on all sides. What did it look like? She yanked her dress over her head one-handed, the other seemingly glued to her snatch, and looked at herself.

Even among her family, Alex was well-endowed. She came out a good two cup sizes ahead of most of her sisters, the ones that had yet to get pregnant anyway, and nowhere were they more prevalent than in one of their old bras. With how fast they went through sizes, it was in remarkably good condition. That said, this one had always been a little tight, her boobs spilling over the cups slightly. More importantly, it did nothing to hide her nipples.

Biting her lip, Alex undid the hooks and let out a soft moan as she was freed. The pleasure of that freedom echoed in her pussy, which throbbed around her fingers. If there was one thing she was proud of, one thing she had to stand out among her sisters beyond her simple breast size, it was her nipples. Finally naked, Alex let her body do as it wanted since that afternoon.

It wasn’t anything special, but sweet fuck it felt good. Just sliding her fingers through her fat folds was amazing after denying it for what felt like her whole life, but all she had to do was press her palm down into her clit to double that pleasure. Alex bit her lip to try and keep her moans down, as much so no one knew what she was doing, as to also listen to her neighbour’s building voice.

Lila was probably way more elegant than her. Two fingers, the ring and middle, gliding into her pussy, the other hand groping a plush breast and playing with its nipple, while her lips were parted with those sweet moans.

Nothing like Alex as her inhibitions were washed away in her fem-cum. She didn’t grope a breast so much as maul it, sometimes even lifting the breast and letting it fall against her ribs with a heavy slap, only to catch the teat as her flesh rippled, then tugged on it. The most important thing was that she held it to the side. That way she got to see her crotch, where her pussy protruded a good few inches. Something had to be wrong with to not freak out about it.

Well, she knew exactly what was wrong. She was horny. It thumped through her veins, drowning out all reason so she could only focus on feeling good. Alex preened as she pressed on her clit, the little bead poking into her hand and pumping hundreds of volts into her nerves. There was only one other path to greater pleasure.

She pulled her fingers away with the loudest, stickiest slurp thus far. Goosepumps pimpled across her entire body, areolae breaking out in pebbles that felt so fucking good to rub. Alex jerked her hips up, staring slack-jawed and wide-eyed at the thick ropes between her fingers and cunt. What would it sound like when she pushed in? What did it feel like?

“Need to know,” Alex panted. Saying it aloud was better than thinking it. That way she could pretend it was another influence. A lustful devil on her shoulder with its counterpart bound and gagged. She could indulge and blame it all on the little succubus.

Her palm smacked into her labia, fingers curled and ready to strike once she got over how lewd it sounded. No, she couldn’t wait that long. Alex pinched a nipple and entered herself. Veins bulged across her neck as she banged her head on the door, briefly forgetting the world, as she felt her nails and fingers squelching into her depths. Every nerve-ending was front and centre, just like her clit, but they were everywhere.

Not only was her pussy hyper sensitive, but its insides had swollen too. Alex had always been tight, but she chalked that up to rarely using toys. Now, however, it was like pushing into a glove that was a size too small, with just enough stretch to fit her. Slick, sticky flesh pulsed all around, adhering to the shape of her fingers. She twitched, the tips curling up so her nails struck a slight crevice. In which rested her g-spot.

“Oh! Fffffuuuuuu…” Alex barely kept herself from yelling. Pleasure throbbed across her entire body, heating every square inch. Sweat gathered on her face and between her breasts, adding another layer of sensation as she groped one. Her nipples ached for more, craving something more than her touch.

“So big,” she mumbled, pushing it up as she slid her fingers back through her cramped channel. Her nipple came up to her chin, “Like I could… but that’s… so lewd…” Alex licked her lips and angled the tit toward her, then leaned forward.

Her lips closed around her oversized nipple, brushing against her areolae, and her tongue tasted her skin. It didn’t have much flavour, not like she imagined her pregnant sisters did, but that was beside the point. She was sucking on her own boob. It was something few women could do so easily. Alex wrapped her arm under it, holding the tit in place as she suckled, and went about groping the other. A circuit formed between her nipples and pussy, pleasure racing between the three with increasing fervour.

Alex had no more control of herself. Her hips bucked of their own accord, pussy fucking itself on her fingers, while her lips and tongue massaged the two-inch teat and her hand busied itself with bullying the other breast. Then she switched. With all that spit, she practically jerked her oversized nipple, squeezing as she approached the tip. One day milk would erupt as she did that. There was no way she wouldn’t get pregnant. Not with her mom’s genes.

But even without them, she’d get herself knocked up. That was the only curve missing from her already curvaceous body; a nice, round belly. A tight sphere of her flesh that housed the next generation, capped by a big, popped-out belly button that just begged to be kissed or rubbed by strangers as they paid tribute to her fertility. All while it bulged with the life inside. Not just one-baby, absolutely not. Her body was made for multiples. Twins was better, but maybe too small. She had a family legacy to live up to.

Alex bucked into her hand, now thrusting rapidly as she hummed in bliss around her fat nipple. She could see it so clearly, the fecund mountain of a belly she would undoubtedly get knocked up with after one passionate night. Five babies at the least, but eight was better. Ten might be perfect.

More if they were somehow Lila’s babies. Her mind sparked at the idea, imagining the beautiful woman rubbing lotion into her tight belly, soothing the usual aches of pregnancy, while also passionately making out with a milky teat to make sure she had plenty of energy to make Alex cum. And cum. And… CUM!

Alex bit and wailed into her breast as her pussy clenched up and exploded in a tide of fem-cum. It pushed her hand out, leaving the way clear for her to squirt all over the floor. She was like a penis, ejaculating with every twitch of her body.

In the same vein, her ecstasy quelled shortly after that peak. Her hips fell back to the carpet, now utterly soaked in her fluids, and her breast flopped free of her mouth. As Alex caught her breath, barely able to think, she heard the moans from past the wall increase in their ferocity as well.

“Fuck, Alex!”

She started at her name, thinking someone had seen her, but realised it was also from her neighbour. No way… that meant Lila was thinking of her. That confirmed it, right? That Alex wasn’t the only one feeling an attraction.

Then her fantasies maybe weren’t complete bullshit.

Alex slid her fingers out, trembling at the viscous noises, then lifted them to her eyes. At least her fluids were consistent, clinging to her hand like globs of glue, slowly trickling lower as she stared. They were almost completely opaque, not unlike semen, and had a lurid fragrance to them as well. One that coaxed her face closer, pulled her tongue out, and made her lick them up.

“Oooh, fuck,” she moaned. She couldn’t describe it, just that it was, well… it tasted like sex. That was the best way she could describe, even without actually having done the deed herself. It was enough, even, for her to go back for another round with herself. All while listening to the faint sounds of another woman unwinding next door.

Lila, meanwhile, heard the sounds start up once again on the other side. Her stalled hands went back into motion, memories of what she saw under Alex’s dress, and the scent that came from her flooding back. She looked at the pile she’d already made opposite her; a small mound of white sludge that slowly filled the dorm room with its own vapours. She’d hoped things would be different at college, that she’d finally get a room that didn’t reek of her… expulsions.

“Lila…”

The sound of her own voice wiped all such concerns as she imagined Alex with her, bouncing in her lap, moaning her name and other obscenities as they came in unison together. As Lila unloaded into her.

As she knocked Alex up with her babies.