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Buff 'n' Up The Duff

Written & edited by Amnoartist

Chapter 1: The Girl With Something Extra

Her grunt was soft yet packed full with determination, reinforced with the slow but strong beating of her heart. The gentlest of smiles, watching her arms flare up and bulge into impressive peaks partnered both with a layer of soft vascularity and sweat matting her physique. Her workout was long and arduous, just the way she liked it, allowing her true sense of strength to be unleashed in the confines of her basement gym, not having to hide it from others in case they got scared. But driving people into a state of panic was sometimes what she wanted and drove towards. Their panic, fear and lack of understanding was what drove her.

Another grunt, this time more distinct, louder even, a single strand of spittle curving down her chin, a vein at the side of her head close to bursting like a blister highlighted her inner turmoil. They didn't understand her, and frankly, she didn't really care. It wasn't something she had much of a choice in, but accepted it regardless. The mocking taunts and repulsed shuddering stares didn't help either, but unwittingly acted as fuel for her fire. A fire she embraced like a mother's love. In a way she was thankful for their misgivings and lack of compassion, otherwise she wouldn't be who she is now. Everything in life has a hidden meaning or purpose. That she understood.

She turned to a side-chest pose, wincing softly as her biceps creaked into bulges most bodybuilders would lust after, watching as the light layer of veins became more apparent, darkening as they thickened and rose to the surface of her skin. Angling her leg, her calf shared in the distinctive rise in vascularity, smaller veins birthing from the larger ones. This was a moment she particularly enjoyed in her daily workout and pose

routine, obsessively fine-tuning her physique until it reached the pinnacle of perfection. She had to do **something** to hide away from the norms of society, a society that shunned her for whom she was. She had to do **something** to hide away from her parents and their judgmental opinions. One would think their family had accepted them for being different from the others. But not hers. Indeed, they had gotten used to it - to her - but that was where the grace ended, where the sympathy ended.

Likewise, she had gotten used to their merely tolerating her, but the comments always came and went. She had never managed to shut them out. What would be the point? It would just be another reason for them to berate her, equally repulsed by the fact she found solace in working out.

Why couldn't she just be normal? Why couldn't she be like June?

"Kate, dinner's ready." There was no indication of it in his tone, but Kate knew nausea clung to her brother Callum's voice. He had been brainwashed by his parents to consider his older sibling an abomination. She'd heard that word often enough. Kate pitied Callum. She pitied her family.

"I'll be there in a minute." The blonde shrugged, giving her body a final check-over before re-stacking the weight plates. Kate had to dive into her student fund to buy the workout equipment she wanted, her family cringing at the prospect of a 'manly' woman walking around in their home. Dinner wasn't exactly a positive moment with the family. But then, a positive family was something Kate was yet to know actually existed. At least to her. They treated Callum like a golden child because he was 'normal.' Kate at times hated him for that, but didn't explicitly let him know, not wanting to dig herself into a bigger hole.

Kate turned to the side, checking her triceps in the mirror; deeply cut and iron-

forged, matted with sweat to the point where it curved and dripped to her feet. At that moment, she noticed it; the unmistakable bulge in her shorts. An obvious erection had formed at some point during her workout or pose routine. An absolute monster of a cock threatening to bust out of its mesh confines. She looked at it equally with shock and arousal before noticing—

Callum saw it too. He had always been jealous of his older, bigger sibling because of the fact. She had bigger muscles and a larger manhood than he could ever hope to possess, and it drove him mad with envy at times knowing it, which was partly why he was inclined to side with their parents during most arguments regarding his sibling. She couldn't blame him for it either. It wasn't as if Kate had a choice when it came to boasting the thing between her legs.

“Callum! I told you to stop fucking staring! Get back upstairs before Mum sees you. I can't bear another argument with her right now.” Kate turned her back to Callum so he stopped gawking at her throbbing appendage. As she looked down at it with a deep longing, there was no mistaking her erection had doubled in its intensity; curving up higher and closer to her sweat-stained workout top, thicker in its circumference, throbbing earnestly...it was practically teasing her to relieve herself. As much as she wanted to though, that would just help nothing but ensure the hole she was in deepened.

Kate turned to find Callum had made himself scarce as ordered, leaving the blonde once again alone. Now that that fact had been made clear, perhaps it wasn't such a bad idea for Kate to relieve herself just a **little** bit. A stroke or two at most, just to get a feel for her thickness, maybe edge herself off and wait until the cover of night came to truly take advantage. Before long, Kate was blind to the fact she already had her hand down her shorts and was slowly tugging herself to the beating of her heart, to the muscular form staring back at her from the mirror. As each stroke came to an end

the other came faster, harder, more intense as if caught in a wave of lust she couldn't break out of. Eyes rolling back, she smiled. It was bliss. It was—

“Kate, are you coming up or not? Dinner's getting cold.” Contrasting Callum, the contempt in Kate's father's voice was noticeable, and, in a sense, measured. He hadn't yet grown tired of his daughter's antics today, but he was surely reaching his boiling point, still vexed by the argument they had only an hour earlier. He was insistent that June not show her face at their door during dinner time. Truthfully, he was as repulsed by her seeing a sense of beauty in Kate as he was in the girl herself. How could someone love Kate?

Kate pulled her hand out of her shorts in a panic and called up with simulated joy. “Yeah, Dad. I'll be there in a minute.” She clenched her fist tightly, knowing the impending moment with her family was going to be yet another frigid one.

Kate's mother Maria turned up her nose as her husband Vincent closed the basement door behind him. She had grown tired waiting on her eldest to finally show face at the dinner table, hadn't slaved around the kitchen making the delicious meal set out before them just to wait agonizingly for Kate. Maria already worked a full shift at the office before coming home to cook, while Kate done God knows what.

Maria quickly glanced at the basement door with evident revulsion, holding back her contempt and the barrage of choice words screaming to be released. But for Callum's sake she held them back and went for something different, reaching for the ladle dunked into the bowl of freshly cooked pasta. “Something has to be done about that thing in the basement. All she does is stay down there and work out, pose and who knows what else. The only time she shows face is when it's time to eat.”

Vincent nodded, reaching for a slice of garlic bread. He and Maria often

contended with one another on how was best to 'handle' Kate. She was a big girl and by extension could be seen as a threat to the family. But the truth was she loved them, even if they didn't respond in kind. Vincent on several occasions broached the notion of handing Kate to some sort of medical institution - any would do, so long as the family didn't have to suffer her again - but nothing came of it, forever staying an inkling in his mind.

"I'm serious, Vincent. Either she goes or I do." Maria had almost lost her appetite at the fact she was forced to bring Kate up as a topic of conversation, visibly repulsed. Why couldn't her family be perfect like she envisioned it? Or rather, why did Kate have to be the freak of nature that dwelled in the basement? "I can't stand the fact she's bigger than everyone in this house. A girl shouldn't look like that! And those, those... balls."

"This again." Vincent threw his fork against his plate in rage, startling Callum, who'd otherwise tried his utmost to shut out his parents' conversation. He may have shared their views on Kate, but hated the fact they argued almost constantly owing to that. The prospect of them divorcing on account of Kate and not handling her appropriately became increasingly likely as the months went by. "What **do** you want me to do, huh? Throw her out onto the street?"

"Anything! Just...I can't bear to—"

The basement door clicked open, forcing Maria to quickly snap her mouth shut as Kate's large form revealed itself from the top step. She had changed into fresh clothes; a white top rolled up at the bottom to expose her diamond-cut abs and obliques seeking to push themselves out from under her skin, a slit cutting horizontally at the chest to flaunt her deep cleavage and rippling pectorals, a pair of distressed jeans clung skintight to her legs to accommodate her bloated glutes and quads, especially

advantageous in housing the bulge between them.

Kate took her usual place at the table, sitting at the side that faced Callum and positioned between both her parents. That way, both of them saw her and she could reach most of the food without having to ask for it. Safer that way. Less hassle. Of course, it was trouble enough Kate was there at all.

“You can’t bear to what, Mum?” Kate looked at Maria knowingly with uncompromising eyes. The girl knew she’d taken her mother surprise, knew she didn’t suspect the wall between them was hollow enough for Kate to catch every word uttered before her arrival, having stood there for a moment to eavesdrop. But Maria didn’t rise to Kate’s query, at least not verbally. Instead, she looked on in disgust as usual. Yet Kate pressed on. “Come on, don’t stop now on account of me actually being here.”

“Kate!” Vincent glared at Kate with his usual visible, yet measured fury. They stared at one another for what felt like a full minute before Kate won out, watching her father’s eyes pull away, hard to tell whether in resentment or fear.

“Well, it is about me, isn’t it?” Kate reached for the ladle dangling freely from the bowl of pasta and helped herself to nearly half its contents, leaving just enough for Callum, who had opted to leave his portion until later. Kate didn’t even have to glance at her mother to feel the boiling, seething hatred coming from her direction, but didn’t say anything to directly provoke her. “It’s always about me.”

Maria scoffed, watching Kate fall silent and chomp down on the small mountain of pasta she helped herself to. “Leave some for your brother!”

Kate rolled her eyes, waving the fork around with a flourish. There was more than enough there for Callum to take. Maria was just looking for yet another reason to argue.

But Kate picked up on something. “There’s that word again: leave.”

“I won’t have you talk to me like that, Kate. How can you live with yourself knowing you’re more of a man than your own father and brother?”

Placing her fork down gently, Kate suppressed her inner turmoil. She wanted to scream. Loud. In fact, she could even envision herself doing just that - screaming down at the plate so loud the veins in her neck would burst, her skin gone lobster red with rage. But she managed to suppress it, instead, opting to speak to her mother softly. “What would you have me do, Mum? What’s idealistic to your vision of a perfect family? One that doesn’t involve me I bet, am I right?”

Maria didn’t say a word. Frankly, she didn’t have to. Kate was right in that a family that didn’t involve her was a perfect one in her mother’s eyes. It hurt her to know she was right. But at least she knew and didn’t stumble aimlessly in the dark searching for the truth.

Kate hoped her mother would, even if suddenly, find a shred of compassion or pity for her. Yet, an uncomfortable, almost crippling silence followed; it clung to Kate’s heart like a talon. She knew what her mother wanted, in the back of her head, and like with the knowledge a life without her would be preferred, it hurt.

Without so much as a passing remark, Kate rose from the table and proceeded to head back upstairs to her room. Her last few steps were deliberately slower in the hope that Maria would have second thoughts. Instead, she flinched when Kate so much as looked at her, which only angered the girl further.

the inhospitable moment came to a close upon Kate slamming her bedroom door shut, consequently accentuated forming a deep vertical crack along the wood,

accentuating both her anger and strength. It was the third door that week, the fifteenth that month. But Kate didn't care. It wasn't as if her family did, so she reciprocated in turn.

After dinner came to an antagonistic yet predictable end, Maria in the living room by the fire. The colder months had now started to roll in. Maria loved it then. Used to. Past tense. As a child she eagerly waited for her parents to give the go-ahead to make snow angels in the front garden. In the later years she met Vincent, when they'd go ice-skating and see the Christmas lights be switched on in the city center. Then Kate was born, initially an unplanned pregnancy but they were loving all the same.

Maria practically **loathed** the darker months now, as it meant Kate would be in the house and around her even longer than during the warmer seasons. Granted, it wasn't **always** like that, not until Kate reached puberty when her breasts started growing. Then the cock. **That** was when the family's dynamic had skewered.

Maria flipped through the pages of an old photo album, the fire crackling softly in the background, smiling softly at the photo of Vincent proposing to her during a date, her pregnancy with Kate only just starting to show. Happier times. Turning the page again, the smile quickly dissipated when the next photo revealed itself: Kate dressed in sports gear holding up her first place medal in the High School sports day. It was a cherished moment for Kate, but Maria couldn't cope with the fact the obvious bulge in her daughter's pants stuck out like a sore thumb.

Maria was tempted to rip out the photo and toss it into the fire, squeezing the edge of the page until it creased in her grip. But she couldn't do it. As much as she

cripplingly disdained Kate, an unanticipated sense of self-hate won over. It was fleeting, but there all the same, enough for Maria to realize what she otherwise intended on doing. She closed the photo album and stashed it with the other books on the shelf.

Then the unmistakable cacophony from below was heard. On time, yet always, somehow, catching Maria off-guard. The clanging of steel on steel, grunts of low, mid and high pitch, occasionally **roars** bursting. This was Kate's symphony of raw power and lust, fueled by her parents' contempt and scorn. Maria trembled, filled with equal parts fear and anger over her daughter's undertaking, glancing once again at the album, tempted to do what she had just realized was wrong. But the grunts never ceased, only seemed to intensify, bear their way clean into the mother's bones.

The dumbbells slipped free from Kate's grip and dropped dully onto the concrete, greased with sweat and spittle, rolling for a moment before the '30KG' marking came into view in the dull basement light. A sigh of relief coupled with the unmistakable twitching of sinewy nerves under her thick chest. She watched the sweat roll down her cleavage, not even bothering to wipe herself down with the towel at her side. Instead, opting to stare at the damp glossed pectoral muscles pulse and throb in sync with **every** tender exhale.

She smiled at the computer screen in front of her. Or rather, at the cute dimpled face coming from it. Kate was always up for putting a show on for June. Her parents obviously didn't condone that particular behavior. But then, what **did** they allow?

"Your parents rile you again?" June's impassioned breaths could be heard even from Kate's computer. That said, she wasn't exactly trying to hide them. If anything, the redhead **wanted** Kate to know she was aroused by her display. That was the whole point. And it wouldn't have been the first time.

Kate turned her back to June, pulling her arms up into a double bicep pose, the wall-length mirror staring back at her to use as a correctional tool, but more often than not was it used just to marvel at herself. She could see her peaks in crystal-clear detail even from the slight distance, the light from her laptop bursting onto her lower glutes.

“My parents rile me every day, you know that.”

“I know, it’s just. . .you’d think they would’ve gotten used to you by now.”

“Oh, they’re used to me. They just don’t care.” Kate faced the screen, pulling into an abs and thighs pose, which June was particularly a fan of, eyes glossing over the blonde’s bulging muscle gut for what had to be at least a minute before peeling down to her equally impressive quads. Kate smiled as June wrote into the notepad at her side, remarkably adept at taking note of accurate measurements of the blonde’s size even from a computer. “So how big do you think I’ve grown since our last session?”

“A five-inch increase. No question.”

“And I’m only gonna get bigger!” Almost as if to stress the point, Kate flexed her right leg, wincing softly as the sheer force in doing so forced her quad to swell out more than it usually did, audibly squelching as the skin underneath pulled and tugged to keep the muscles contained within. A sigh. “And **bigger**.”

June gulped. “And what about. . .**it**? Has that grown too?”

“Oh my god, you’re such a freak!” Scoffing, Kate blushed before taking a curious glance at her crotch, biting her lip lustfully at the obvious erection that tented in her shorts. It was practically **begging** to be whipped out and stroked! It was a pity June wasn’t there. “But to answer your question: yes, it has. By about three inches. I

measured this morning. Mind you, that's **not** including the beast of an erection I have."

"You've a hard-on?"

"Why wouldn't I? I'm talking to you, aren't I?"

It was June's turn to blush, and apparently more so than Kate. "**Now** who's the freak?"

Kate chuckled. "Touche."

"Can I see it?"

"Maybe." Kate had suddenly opted to play Hard to Get, knowing it would serve to intensify the fire burning in June. Wordlessly she ran her hands across her chest, feeling in and around what remained of her womanly bust now mostly taken up by iron-forged pectoral meat. Of course, doing this only made Kate all the more aroused than she was already, thus strengthening her erection to the point where the tip of her cock threatened to quite literally burst from the confines of her shorts. "Or maybe I'll just end it here, leaving you to guess," she managed to add despite her bone-rattling arousal.

"Oh come on, don't be like that!" Desperation had filled June now, eager to do almost anything to catch even just glimpse of her lover's shaft. Her heart beating like a bass drum, the redhead shifted her weight forward in anticipation, blind to the fact a hand dug under the frills of her underwear.

Kate obliged, pulling her shorts down in a single swift jerk, making sure to hide her shaft behind her desk, so—

THUMP!

—she could literally throw her cock over the top.

Kate knew to smile proudly at the size of her tube, the length of it even without an erection sometimes enough to make herself blindly and shamelessly masturbate. She presented it to June with such delight that she threw her hands on her hips like a superhero, thrusting forward so the tip was merely inches from her laptop's keyboard.

June was lost for words, looking at Kate's member with such desperation she wished she could teleport over there and take advantage of the situation. Eyes flailing this and that way, the redhead couldn't tell what was most impressive: the thickness, length, the light layer of vascularity matching the rest of Kate's powerful form, or the fact it—

“It's throbbing.”

Kate looked down in curiosity. It had never done **that** before, but was unexpected enough an occasion to simply just...admire it, smile at the fact her Johnson pulsed with life like a separate entity from the rest of her, pulsing, throbbing, twitching, every ‘—ing’ under the sun to suggest a sense of movement. “Well. That's new.”

“God, I wish I was there” June admitted with an unquestionably lusty tone.

“Yeah, about that. Sorry my parents wouldn't let you come by.” Kate managed to maintain a sense of lucidity despite being overcome by mounting arousal, fingers twitching at the desire to stroke right there. “I really do want you to meet them. It's just —”

“Don’t worry about it. Seriously.”

June smiled. That was enough to make Kate feel calm in spite of it all. But then that smile seemed to evolve into something a bit more...depraved. Kate could tell what was gonna happen and bit her lip in preparation, her cock arching even higher, veins pulsing eagerly. Then it happened almost as quick as Kate uncovered her member from her shorts. June had removed her top, revealing her perfect tits to the blonde.

Neither of the girls said anything. But Kate’s erection **did** intensify, swelling in thickness so quickly she could actually hear it happen, the throbbing becoming more distinct.

“Since I can’t be there, let’s do the next best thing.” June moaned as she pulled and tugged at her erect nipple with one hand and furiously masturbated to Kate with the other, caring not how much noise she made. That was rather the point. Kate watched, tugging with one hand and subconsciously clenching the fist of the other as though imagining fondling the redhead’s breast.

“Hnnghhh!” The girls shared their moans in sync, blinded with so much lust they couldn’t see past each other’s own actions. Kate’s balls pulsed and bulged, swelled as the cum held within even after just a few brief tugs started making its way up her phallus, readying to burst out of it like a hose.

And then—

SPLURT! SPLURT! SPLURT!

The ejaculation was so powerful it could be heard even behind the inches-thick concrete walls, torrent after torrent, splattering over them first, before separate shots

burst and seeped into the computer itself in dollops thick as toothpaste. Kate's laptop froze then, particularly on a shot of June presumably reaching her own climax.

When she came out of her blinded lust, vision returning to normal, Kate was met with a laptop that needed replacing - again - and a wall of white. Her breathing took some time to level out, but between the exhales she smiled. Cleaning up was going to be a problem, not to mention explaining why her laptop was filled right down to circuitry with cum. But with what just happened between her and June—

“Worth it!”

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Chapter 2: The Man in Her Relationship

As the first of night rain rushed down her jumper, soaking the material clean through, Kate stared at the automatic door leading into Sujesh's shop just a short stroll from where she lived. Everyone else would have no issue passing through the door, but Kate wasn't like 'everyone else' - in fact, she was a cut above them all. Just by glancing at it from side to side then sizing her shoulders up for comparison, Kate could tell an issue had arisen.

Sujesh watched from behind the counter. He wanted to help but knew it was beyond pointless. He'd already gotten her out of a tight spot once before - quite literally - and Kate was persistent in ensuring she couldn't keep asking him to do it, knowing she'd just get bigger...and bigger...and bigger. Even so, there she was, stood in front of the doors waiting for the precise moment to pounce, when either someone else was leaving or entering so the doors would remain open for longer. It was a smart move.

And there he was, a twenty-something-year-old guy Kate would use to her advantage. He'd already seen her stand there, rooted to the spot like a misplaced mannequin, but didn't say anything. Instead he just kept on with his goal, moving up to the doors and watched them draw open—

--Now!

Kate lunged forward quicker than a house cat pouncing on a stray mouse, feeling her calves instantaneously burn with each step closer to the doors before

narrowly turning sideways fast enough to bring the left side of her body into the shop, inhaling sharply so her waist sucked in drastically reducing her bulk. By mere luck alone she'd managed to slip the other half of her body in with the rest of it. Safely inside now. Good.

"You gotta do something about that door, Sujesh." Kate pointed behind her, drawing the youthful Asian man's attention. Of course, Sujesh already had his attention on Kate - she wasn't exactly hard to miss, like trying to find a black sheep in a flock of white ones.

"It's your nemesis, Kate. One can't live without the other." Sujesh laughed. Sujesh was born in India but raised in the cozy hamlet of Wombourne. Unlike his parents, he didn't have as much a predominantly Asian twang to his accent, mostly on account of him being good friends with Kate during the school years, learning more from her than his own family. "You here for the usual?" he added.

Kate burst into a blush, shifting her weight towards the counter to jokingly confront her childhood friend. She'd always known Sujesh to be forward but had often times been asked to retain a sense of modesty about such matters. "Yes," she answered softly, almost embarrassed.

"You know where they are. Back left corner."

Kate parted ways. There weren't a lot of customers in Sujesh's shop at this time of night, but from those who found themselves purchasing goods from the local, arguably lonesome store in the quiet English town, the blonde could practically feel their sentiment towards her as she moved past them. Wombourne was a small place, like an insignificant dot on the map compared to the larger blobs, so everyone knew about Kate and the goings-on between her legs. Some felt non-partisan about the issue, others

were surprisingly open-minded—though not enough to suggest they might approach her as a friend—but most felt the same as her mother Marie.

Kate stopped at the aisle dead in the corner and examined the options presented to her carefully, weighing them in succession. Some were ribbed, others flavoured, a select few were ‘best for her,’ and more in turn were ‘best for him.’ As important as these decisions were in themselves, Kate also had to take into considering the size of the condom she’d end up buying. The last pack she bought more than sufficed, but—

Kate instinctively gawked at her crotch, looking the bulge involuntarily flex in anticipation. It was as if her own cock knew. The unexpected straining of the material certainly didn’t look to give a good impression either.

—she’d grown quite a bit since then. What to do, what to do.

The unexpected groan of annoyance from the right took Kate by surprise. Looking at him, she realized the man who apparently had the same predicament as her was the same guy who saw her stand outside. Kate continued watching, finding a sense of amusement in him struggling to choose.

“Hard to choose, right?”

“Yeah, man. It’s like trying to pick out perfume for your girlfriend.” The guy set the pack back onto the shelf and swapped it for another, which Kate came to realize was bigger. Curiously, she glanced at his crotch to compare it with her own. The pack this nameless stranger had was bigger than he one he just had, but judging by the shape and size of his crotch, he was really just trying to boast. As if trying to rope Kate in. “You buying a pack for your man too?” he inquired curiously.

Kate smirked. “Not exactly. I like to imagine myself as the man in our relationship.”

And then he noticed it, curiosity taking over, glancing down just low and long enough to notice the obvious bulge between Kate’s thighs. A monstrous thing, like a growth jutting out threatening to burst. Or perhaps that was just the erection Kate didn’t know she was the hapless owner of, too focused on finding the right size of condoms to notice her cock itself had other ideas, a will of its own.

Freaked out beyond belief, the guy made a run for it, too focused on keep his dear life away from the ‘thing’s’ clutches to even notice he dropped the box of condoms. At first Kate was confused by the anonymous hunk’s actions, before noticing with the corner of her eye the tip of her monster cock keeking up at her.

Kate smirked again before vainly calling out in amusement, “Sorry about that! Girl likes to make herself known when she meets new people!” She chose the largest box Sujesh’s shop had on offer, which in spite of its dimensions was still too small to fulfill her needs. It would protect what mattered, but wouldn’t cover her full raging length.

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The rain had stopped, allowing Kate to travel to her destination at a much more leisurely pace, her beastly erection subsided. With the exception of weather, there was nothing for the people of Wombourne to worry about when traveling at night. There were no gangs comprised of young hooligans to speak of; no graffiti tarnished the walls of buildings, and crime itself was at an all-time low. Most people considered Kate’s formidable presence to be a deterrent, but she begged to differ.

She stopped just outside the front gate leading to a traditional village house, vines enveloping the outer brickwork and a small fountain dug into the front garden. This was where June lived, or more to the point, where June lived with her free-spirited mother Raven, herself the daughter of two hippies from the sixties. June inherited her mother's open-mindedness, which explained why she was comfortable with Kate having developed the circumstances between her legs. Open-mindedness led to curiosity, which itself led to—

The door opened with a creak, revealing Raven smiling at Kate the same way she would at June - like she was her daughter. Frankly, it was the first smile from a woman Kate had seen in weeks. It was brief, lasted only a few short seconds, but Raven had no idea just how much it meant.

A moment's silence came between the two women, Kate watching Raven do what most others did—sized her up from head to toe, shoulder to shoulder—though the large girl trusted the mother to do so in jest. Raven was always on a trip, one way or another, so rarely ever saw Kate grow gradually, always considerably larger each time they met. Today was no different. Raven saw the seams in Kate's trousers casually split vertically as she stood in silence, little by little revealing yet more of her musculature, quads screaming to be released from their fabric prison

“When June said you were big enough to take on a bull single-handedly I didn't trust her, had to see it to believe it. But my, my, are you just that!” Raven reached out and squeezed the blonde's arm that casually jutted out like a large growth even in its relaxed state, a faint pink veins throbbing. She was hard as a rock. “Whatever do you eat to stay so big?”

“Anything and everything,” Kate jested.

“I bet! Come on in.” Raven gestured for Kate to follow her in, taking a few steps back to give the large girl some space, although she hadn’t offered enough, watching as Kate’s left shoulder dragged against the door’s threshold, chipping away at the paneling in her struggled effort to pull herself free. When she eventually succeeded, between bated breaths and grunts of exertion, there wasn’t much of a panel left, leaving only a miserly strip of wood dangling in its place. Kate offered an expression that suggested panic. She never meant to do such damage and was more than willing to pay for it. But Raven—she laughed. “Don’t worry about it. It’s an old door anyway.”

“Are you sure? I’m more than willing to—” Kate was cut off by Raven raising her hand. That spoke for itself.

“You’re here to see June I presume?”

Kate held back the urge to wince. Her intention to ‘see’ June was subjective. Of course, Raven knew exactly what shenanigans Kate and her daughter got up to. Raven’s open-mindedness allowed her to see things as they were, unlike Kate’s parents.

Kate’s response was a simple nod, unsure if she should respond with otherwise. Raven could see Kate’s unease though. It was like looking into a mirror—staring back at her, obvious. And she pitied Kate for it. There was nothing to be worried about. At least not exactly.

“That’s fine. She’s upstairs. Just remember to enforce the one rule.”

Kate could feel the sensation of an erection forming, but fought to hide it, reaching into her pocket and pulled out a condom from the pack bought in Sujesh’s. “Wear protection.”

Raven gawked at the condom then couldn't resist the temptation to compare it with the obvious growing bulge in Kate's pants.

"You sure it'll be big enough?"

Kate smirked.

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Chapter 3: The Nympho

The thrusts came fast and hard, rocking the bed back and forth, side to side, bounding it upwards clean off the floor just enough to make an definitive thud every few seconds. It was through sheer luck alone the girls hadn't yet found themselves pulled through the floor from Kate's persistent, strong shoves. But they didn't abate June's most obvious moans of crippling pleasure, feeling the blonde's cockhead enter her for what had to be the three hundredth time. Not that any of the girls were keeping count or anything.

Time had slipped into a blur. They had to have been at it for at least two hours now. Kate had ejaculated at least four times, the condom she brought with her hastily discarded from having outlived its use long before then, yet June just seemed to beg for more. And so Kate offered more. Neither of them cared for whatever comments any neighbors or passers-by might offer about their incessant noise, though more so about June's piercing shrieks. Her mother Raven, who meanwhile sat downstairs watching TV, didn't seem to mind. 'Sex is life,' she often said.

Her man-shaming musculature matted with sweat, Kate's bicep casually bulged as she held June's leg up for easier penetration, her cockhead expertly teasing the brunette's overly sensitive clit. They stared into one another's eyes, the cute, perfect pairing that they were. June smiled as she held a hand to Kate's cheek, thumping her lip delicately. They shared a synchronous moan as Kate entered June again, her cock slick with cum.

June shuddered. Bliss — that was the only word fitting enough to describe what she felt as she saw Kate’s cock push deep into her pelvic bone, rewarding the blonde’s efforts by placing a hand to her pec. To June, Kate rivaled the most powerful of Greek gods, even Zeus himself, shuddering as her hand went to Kate’s bicep to firmly grip it, test its unyielding strength. Tracing the solitary thick vein across its length with her dainty finger, June bit her lip in knowing Kate’s strength was something she’d get to fawn over and worship for years to come.

Following a shared smile, they kissed passionately, Kate forcing her full weight atop the dainty brunette, making her giggle sweetly. Kate pulled her arms up into a flex afterwards, feeling her bicep climb to their impressive twenty-inch peaks. Her cum-smudged cock had slapped thickly onto June’s tight little belly, but the brunette had since moved onto other things, squeezing and groping Kate’s biceps. Hard as rock they were, matching the stiffness of her third leg no doubt.

“How do you do it? How can you be so perfect?” June queried in her bubbly mousy tone.

“Oh, hush you.” Kate moved in to kiss June again, slower this time so as to savor her strawberry-scented lips, teasing them with the softest of playful nibbles. They chuckled again, Kate lifting June up against the headboard so she could suckle on her breast and tease it with gentle licks. That was new.

“Oh, god” June keened.

As June buckled under the torrent of ecstasy from the blonde’s expertise in pleasure, Kate purred, going down on her lover.

Kate lay upright on the bed with an arm positioned behind her head. Voices from the TV sounded quietly in the background as June cleaned up in the shower after the couple's hours-long lovemaking session. Kate postulated, with the new college term just around the corner, the girls had to make the most of their intimacy. God knew it wouldn't come so often in the future. Kate, though, had an issue tailored uniquely to her physiology, massaging her shaft gently underneath the bedsheets.

"You know the college term's about to start next week," June's dulcet tones sounded from behind the bathroom door. While Kate chose to focus more on the intimate moment between the two, June couldn't help but think about the, admittedly, more pressing issue. Kate already knew, of course. "You know what that means, right?"

"There's nothing to worry about. You know that." Kate would always protect June.

Things just weren't that simple for June, however. She wished to all Heaven she had the same confidence Kate naturally exuded, which came from her strength. Kate was stronger, whilst June was the smarter of the couple.

The shower shut off.

The dilemma the young couple were facing was the college's continued negative perception of their relationship. One would think people would have grown out of bullying once they reached their twenties, but of course they'd be proved wrong, time and time again. Naturally, people would call Kate a she-male, while June was regularly harassed for being sexual attracted to such a 'thing,' as her. Kate had thicker skin than June.

Kate dropped into push-ups, desperate to perform some kind of physical activity

whilst waiting for June to return. Her thick cockhead pressed to the carpet with every rep. She may not have been erect at that particular moment, but the abnormal thickness of her cock could easily have given off the impression that she might've been. Kate's pecs trembled as she pulled up for her fifteenth rep, switching from two to one hand.

The bathroom door groaned open, revealing June in a cream bathrobe, her hair wrapped in a towel. Judging by her earlier comment, it was clear June had something to say to Kate. "I wish it were that easy. I'm not as thick-skinned as you."

"Well, with a clean diet and workout program, I'm sure you—"

"No. No, that's not what I mean." June pouted.

Kate realised. It filled her with guilt knowing she'd taken certain circumstances of her relationship with June for granted. Sat back on the bed's edge, Kate held her hand out to June, taking it gently. They looked at one another lovingly before the larger girl spoke.

"You know as well as I that I'm not one for speeches. But I'm sure you also know I'd do anything to protect you." Kate watched June blush. It was always an adorable moment between the two when that happened. June always looked prettier because of it. "*Anything*," she repeated.

"*Anything*?" June raised a brow in curiosity. "Even go down on me?"

"What, again? You just cleaned up!"

"Well, let's just say," June said in a sultry tone as her hands explored Kate's iron-forged torso, groping her shoulders and thumbing her biceps, "you have a very

particular effect on me.” June untied her bathrobe. It fell to the floor in a heap, revealing her tight, inviting pussy.

“Oh, you little minx!”

Kate couldn't resist of course, falling to her knees in front of June. They stared at one another for a moment, their eyes sparkling in the light. Kate smiled before she leaned in to taste June, the dainty brunette shuddering with ecstasy at simply the initial touch of Kate's tongue. Arching backwards, she grabbed the blonde's puffed shoulders for support. June moaned, her eyes rolling to the back of her head.

“Mmmmm!”

Then came Raven's voice, ruining the otherwise perfect moment between the couple.

“June, dinner's ready? Kate, you're perfectly welcome to stay if you'd like.”

“Muuuum!” June griped, feeling Kate's tongue pull free with a soft giggle. “We're kinda busy right now. Besides, Kate's already ate.”

“You can say that again,” the blonde joked. “But to tell you the truth, I am kinda hungry.”

“You're *always* hungry,” June told her gentle giant.

It was a good decision on Raven's part to empty the larder. It seemed all the

energy Kate put into pleasing June had left her practically starved, taking at least half of what was on offer just for herself — pasta and garlic bread, pizza, steak. It didn't matter to Kate that most of the food wasn't exactly part of her diet plan, given it would probably just melt off on account of her freakish metabolism and rigorous workouts anyway. What was left was more than enough to satisfy June and her mother, who each couldn't help but offer intermittent glances at the hulking blonde, each for different reasons. Raven, because she couldn't believe Kate could possibly pack away so much food. June, simply because why the hell not?

“So how have you been keeping, Kate?” Raven queried as she passed her the bowl of pasta for the fourth time. “I hear Thailand was good?”

Thailand was good, for what it was worth. But Kate couldn't help but think she was practically dragged along with her parents and brother because it would be someplace where she'd fit in, alongside the ladyboys. Right at home. It was exactly the type of thing her mother would do, if only out of pure spite. Kate, of course, was kidding herself. That was why she was brought along. She just didn't have the heart to admit it in front of June and her mother. “Yeah, it was good,” was all she said, reluctantly.

“Ah, that's nice. June I'm sure missed you dearly all that time.”

June blushed.

“Well, sure, there was the night I found that high-powered vibrator under your be
—”

“Mum!!”

“Sorry, was I not supposed to say that?” Raven smiled shrewdly. She knew

exactly what she was doing and it was paying off rather well, seeing Kate rub the nape of her neck in awkwardness before offering a soft nervous chuckle in return. “It’s true though. I think it had like six, maybe seven motor settings.”

June dropped her fork onto the plate, burying her head in her hands in sheer embarrassment, muttering and cursing under her breath. Again, Raven knew exactly what she was doing. It may have been embarrassing for June, but the point of all this for Kate to realise just how much she was missed by her.

“I don’t mind telling you this, but she was particularly loud one night. Probably had the thing going at full pelt, if I’m honest.”

“MUM!!”

“I can’t help it, dear. You know I’m a deeply sexual individual. No secrets from me in that department.” Raven knew if walls or dogs could talk, they’d have quite a few tales to tell regarding her sexual escapades over the years. Using a vibrator at its highest setting was nothing compared to them. Though there was one story Raven couldn’t help but tell. “You know, there was time when my boyfriend and I were having sex. He decided he wanted me to sit on his face. I was a call girl at the time, so saying ‘boyfriend’ was perhaps a bit generous.”

With an exasperated groan June put her hands to her face again. She knew where this story was going, having been told and heard it several times before. She wished Kate could be spared the discomfiture.

“He grabbed my butt to pull me closer but misjudged just how close to climaxing he was at the time and came all up my back. From collarbone to waistline I was covered in his load.”

Kate predictably cringed.

“I always feel it was fated though. We ended up falling in love and marrying,” Raven explained. “”He’s Raven’s father.”

June had since before her mother’s explanation pressed her head to the table in shame, wanting the embarrassment to finally end. It never was how she pictured her mother and father meeting for the first time. She always imagined them bumping into one another at a band concert or something, not a hotel for what was known in the call girl business as an ‘outcall.’

Still. At least Kate now knew whom June got her intense nympho sexuality from. And of course, the blonde was now especially more enlightened in regards to how open Raven could be about, well, pretty much anything, if her tale was anything to go by. Kate already knew about June’s father, of course. But her mother previously working as a call girl professionally? That was definitely news. Kate always had this idea Raven was a hippie of some sort. But she got that all wrong.

“Can we get back to eating now?” June queried with slight annoyance.

“What, each other?” Raven joked. “I thought did that already?”

“God, you’re unbelievable sometimes,” June quipped.

Kate chuckled.

Kate’s parents Maria and Vincent’s marriage wasn’t what it once was. Neither of

them were willing to admit what kept them at odds, but that didn't stop the otherwise conservative couple from trying to mend the fence. Or rather, spice things up between them. But even then, it didn't seem as if that helped either.

“Jesus Christ, Vince, I've been tugging this thing for five minutes and it still hasn't gotten hard.” Maria endeavored to up the pacing of her tugging Vincent's cock, listening to his breaths as he held a hand to the back of her head. “Are you sure you're still—”

“Yes!” Vincent always had a sense of performance anxiety, so to be called out the way he was on account of his dick not getting hard was sure to rile him.

“Maybe if I...” Maria positioned her husband's cock between her breasts and massaged it. The feeling was good. Vincent couldn't deny that. But that's all it was - a feeling. Same as before, he couldn't feel himself getting hard at the prospect of his wife giving him a titjob. No luck there, either. And Maria was getting annoyed by his obvious lack in performance. “Fucking hell!”

“I'm sorry, Maria. Really. I'm just—”

“Tired?” Maria stepped away from Vincent and moved to the dressing table to sit at it. Crossing one smooth leg over the other, she pulled out a cigarette from the pack near the lip balm. “You said that the last time. The time before that? Well, you know as well as I there was no dog barking.”

Vincent looked away guiltily. Maria saw it, offering a scornful glare in return.

“Oh, don't give me that look. You know the pills are there.” She gestured to the cylindrical pill box near her rose lipstick. “Take a couple of them and we can at least *try* getting back at it.”

“No. No, I’m not taking those pills.” Vincent was absolutely sure he didn’t need the Viagra. Taking them would be admitting defeat. Taking them would show his age. “I’m not that desperate.”

Maria scoffed. “Don’t get all sanctimonious with me. You *are* that desperate. Trust me.” She offered her husband the pill box, the contents shaking around inside invitingly. “Take them.”

It was at this point Vincent found himself presented with a moral quandary. One part of him was still unwilling to admit defeat, while another wanted to please his wife for the betterment of their marriage. Vincent was, of course, also aware of his wife’s sharpness. No doubt if Vincent didn’t take the pills, Maria would sue for divorce on the grounds of their marriage obviously coming apart at the seams. That would be the truth, of course, but Maria would blame on Vincent’s poor performance out of spite.

So he took the box and was just about to take a couple of pills — one was the recommended dose, but two were taken for good measure — but he was saved by the sudden boom of heavy metal music, grunting and heavy steel clanging from Kate’s bedroom. Of all people, Kate saved Vincent. But of course, Maria wasn’t particularly happy. She’d spread her legs across the bed when Vincent wasn’t looking, too busy being thankful for Kate’s timely intervention to notice.

“Ignore her! Take me, I’m desperate for a fuck, Vinnie.” Maria rubbed her clit in an effort to entice him, moaning sensually. Maria wasn’t going to let that *thing* of a daughter get in the way of the weeks-long harboring she had for a decent fuck, running her hands across her breasts.

But then the came the knocks from the door, followed closely by the irked tones

of Kate's younger brother Callum. "You gonna tell her to turn that down? I'm trying to fucking study here."

"Can't you do it?" Maria called back, hoping she wouldn't lose this rare moment with her husband. "We're kinda busy here."

A moment's pause. "You want me to go into the basement...with her?"

Vincent grumbled. He knew moving away from Maria now would just make things worse between them, but something had to be done about the noise. "I'll be right back."

"No! Leave the freak alone! Get back me and fuck me!"

Vincent left, leaving Maria to grumble exasperatedly, blaming Kate for ruining yet another intimate moment between the couple. A pillow was thrown across the room, knocking a framed picture of Maria and Vincent off the mantle in its trajectory, shattering and ripping into pieces. Maria picked it up but didn't see much reason in repairing it, she thought. To her, it acted as a manifest echo of her marriage to Vincent — broken, shattered, ripped apart.

All of which she blamed Kate for.

Buff 'n' Up The Duff

Written & edited by Annoartist

Chapter 4: Bills, Boob Jobs & Booty Calls

Weeks had passed. Given the start of the new college term and the influx of homework to go through, Kate's interaction with her family was at its all-time lowest. This was in spite of the fact her mother Maria had before then caught onto the fact Vincent was more sympathetic towards his daughter than initially let on. That said, it wasn't enough to suggest Kate might have an ally in the family after all. Far from it, actually.

Maria's disappointment in not having sex with Vincent so often as she'd hoped spurred the woman into action. Regardless of his inability to 'get it up,' and refusal to take the Viagra, Maria was determined to entice her husband. Anything to ensure he stayed in line. That was to say, make sure he didn't sympathize with Kate.

So Maria took it upon herself to get a boob job. She'd always wanted one, yet never found much of a reason to actually get it — until now. It seemed, then, that Vincent's impotency played a vital part in that. Doctor Bennett Dresner was regarded the best cosmetic surgeon in the industry, on the Harmony Review magazine at the age of twenty-five. Now forty-six, he was at the top of his game, the king with the crown.

Maria faced the mirror, scrutinizing every perceivable detail her new boobs boasted. Gone was that annoying little freckle near her areola, leaving in its wake nothing but smooth breast fat. Throwing her hand at the breast, she fondled her nipple. Tender. Perfect. More than worth the two grand it set Maria back to pay, going from her natural C-cups to Gs. More than double their previous size. That ought to be big enough to

interest Vincent. “Wonderful job, Bennett.”

Maria squeezed her breasts like a pornstar, the doctor sat on his stool watching though the mirror. He’d already insisted Maria’s enhancements were his best job yet. But of course, perhaps he just said things like that to make the women feel better about themselves. Then again, Bennett wouldn’t be the industry’s top dog for nothing.

Maria turned sideways and looked down at her ass. That always never looked perky enough to her. Even when she tried toning up through working out, it just didn’t work well enough to suit her. She cupped her hands over her butt and frowned. “I was thinking about getting my ass done next.”

Bennett chuckled. He knew what Maria was aiming for. “I see. Something for Vincent to look at, at the front and back.”

“Exactly.”

“What were you thinking?”

Maria couldn’t resist looking down at her cleavage again. God, just how big a dick could she fit in there now? The thought alone was enough to send the woman into a flurry of deeply sexual, perverted thoughts. She could probably start doing porn if she wanted. And not just with Vincent.

She flashed a glance at Bennett.

“Was thinking of a cross between bubble butt and tight glutes like those CrossFit chicks you see on YouTube.”

Bennett noted that down on his notepad. Something like Maria's request could be done easily by a guy of his skill. Then again, he was the *only* guy with that. He watched Maria intently as she gathered her things, his mind already picturing her enhanced buttocks. "Well, the door is always open to you, Maria."

Maria parted with a wave, closing Bennett's office door behind her. Straightening up, she opened her handbag and pulled out a stick of rose lipstick and applied it evenly. Smacking her lips, she set off.

Vincent was happy. This was the first time in a while where he was off work and had the house to himself for a few hours, so hopefully nobody would blame him for having a couple of beers, a few snacks and watching football. Manchester United were up against Arsenal, their arses being handed to them four-nil. Vincent was neither a Manchester United or Arsenal fan at heart. It was just a match to watch while time passed, really.

And time did pass. Before he knew it, night had crept in, the sun replaced by a bright full moon. Vincent realized then how Maria hadn't yet announced her return from her weekend shopping spree with her sister. Vincent wasn't one to usually panic, or worry for that matter, but there was indeed a first time for everything. And for him, tonight was time.

Vincent fumbled panickily for his phone, texting Maria for her whereabouts. He didn't even give the text a few seconds to be sent before rushing to phone her. Yet then the call just rang out, which didn't do much to pacify Vincent's fear.

But then the knob on the front door rattled, coming hand in hand with an odd

scratching sound from beyond. Driven by fear, Vincent grabbed the empty bottle near the tea tray and aimed it worthlessly at the door with a whimper.

“Who is it?” he called out, his heart racing.

“Who the hell do you think it is,” Maria called out from behind the door, her voice clearly wrought with exasperation. “Come open this door for me. I can’t do it with all these bags.”

Vincent’s relief was like a powerful drug. He had wondered what kept Maria so long. The clock had just struck seven but she was usually home by five. Vincent unlocked the door and performed his husbandly duty of helping Maria with the bags, taking them into the kitchen and started unloading the contents into their respective cupboards and drawers.

Maria took off her jacket and shoes, slipping into a pair of candy-floss pink slippers and deliberately passed the mirror on the wall so she could check her new implants. Of course she felt better about herself - that was partly the point of it all. She just needed a second opinion now.

Vincent returned from the kitchen and of course the first thing he saw was Maria checking herself out, cupping her breasts in her hands and biting her lip suggestively. The slight change in lighting was the ‘tell’ Maria sought that she was being observed.

“You like ‘em?” She turned to face her husband with a smile, keeping her hands cupped around her mammaries. Judging by his expression, Vincent was obviously shocked by the sudden changes in his better half. “GGs. More than double their previous size.”

Vincent's reaction wasn't what Maria expected. What she hoped would happen was for her husband to blindly faun over her new enhancements. Instead, for better or worse, he dared to question. "When did you get these? How?"

"Are they not big enough?" Maria tried enticing her husband, squeezing her breasts and tweaking her nipples in the hope that would be enough for his train of thought to derail. But nothing. If anything, it just made Vincent more curious. "They were made with the latest expansion technology. If they're not big enough, all you gotta do so is say and I'll make them bigger. All I have to do is think."

The fact Maria completely ignored his initial question aside, the offhand mention of 'the latest expansion technology' only strengthened Vincent's desire to know the truth. It sounded expensive, this technology. Although he had to admit it sounded intriguing. Not enough for him to completely abandon his morals and let Maria do as she wished, however.

"Maria, level with me here. How did you pay for all this?"

Maria knew the answer she'd offer Vincent would sting. But considering she was so quick to make her decision in the first place, it was clear she didn't really care. Usually, Maria would tell Vincent to sit down someplace when she was going to give him a heavy-hitter, but this time she just broke it to him. "I used all our savings. Every last penny."

Vincent's heart sank. Every penny? There was easily fifteen grand stashed in their savings account, most of which was going towards an extension later in the year. They had planned it right down to every minuscule detail. Now that plan had been snuffed away by Maria's self-centeredness.

Maria herself had noted Vincent's silence. He hadn't yet said a word since he broke the news. Was it that hard to process and bear? She decided to break the silence. "I did this for us. For you. God knows you've been trying to get it up for the past few months. I keep telling you the Viagra will help, but I think these new breasts of mine will do an even better job."

Vincent watched, the soft sound of creaking flesh teasing his ears as Maria's breasts began their slow and subtle expansion. Fabric tore as it gave way, button after button popping free from her blouse, allowing her mammaries to breathe freely, defying gravity itself.

"I need to warn you. Bennett did say the expansion technology is still in the experimental phase, but I think it's doing just fine. Wouldn't you agree?"

Vincent finally managed to will himself into responding. And he did so in a way that didn't particularly please Maria. "No, enough! I can't believe you did this. How could you have been so selfish as to give yourself a boobjob? What made you think I was going to be okay with you squandering our savings? And don't think for a second I fell for your 'I did this for us' bullshit. You're only trying to get me on your side because you know I pity Kate."

Maria's eyes narrowed. The mere mention of Kate was enough to blacken her attitude. Kate. The freak. Maria knew there was no point in trying to convince Vincent of otherwise. He was right. Maria was, indeed, trying to corrupt him. Vincent though, was incorruptible it seemed.

But in spite of that, Maria wasn't going to let her changes go unused. She put her shoes and jacket back on and headed to the door.

“Where you going?” Vincent called angrily.

“Out. Somewhere I know the new me can be most appreciated.”

Maria slammed the door behind her. She wasn't sure when she'd be back. If she even wanted to be.

Maria hadn't been to the Melting Pot in months. It was where she and Vincent first dated and where he proposed all those years back. Life now seemed so different. They had a daughter who could just as easily be mistaken for being male, a son whom Maria was convinced was gay, and a husband now starting to show his age. So to her, both her children and her husband turned out to be disappointments, one way or another.

Melting Pot was a middle-class restaurant, so to see a high-profile limousine stopped at the curb just outside the establishment threw Maria off. Was there some sort of celebrity dining there for publicity, acting like 'one of the people'? Maria wasn't particularly a nosy person but just had to know. This was likely one of those rare moments where if one didn't take charge of it, they'd never get a chance again in their lifetime.

The familiar scent of rich madras filled Maria's nostrils, bringing back in full detail the memories she first thought of: Vincent sat at the window booth as he waited for Maria on their first date together. He was so handsome then. Still was now, in a way, she supposed.

The bartender eyeballed Maria's breasts first when she approached. The large, gravity-defying things jutted outwards, threatening to pop that last button that dearly

clung on for dear life. Maria positioned herself on the stool directly facing the bartender and smiled at him.

“At least someone’s gotten a reaction from seeing me. Bourbon on the rocks. And make it snappish.”

A deep chuckle came from Maria’s side. She couldn’t quite tell if it was one of derision or suggesting the person was familiar with her plight. All the same, she took the glass of bourbon in one swig, clicked her fingers to get the bartender’s attention and ordered another. But then another chuckle came, this time annoying Maria.

“Something funny, buddy?” She didn’t bother looking at the stranger. That would’ve just validated his existence at a time when Maria would’ve preferred being alone. She swigged the other glass of bourbon, took a handful of peanuts from the complimentary bowl to eat in silence, and sighed dejectedly at her reflection. “Suppose you think my tits are too big, is that it?”

The stranger looked at Maria’s breasts. Yes, he thought Maria’s breasts were big. But too big? Far from it. He shuffled his weight over to turn and face Maria. Through the mirror behind the bartender she saw his reflection. A youthful black man in a sharply pressed suit with matching oxford shoes. This man, whomever he was, definitely knew style. It got her attention, so she turned to face him in turn.

“On the contrary, madam, I find them to be exquisite,” the well turned out stranger said, his vocal tone emanating. How did someone so youthful as he have such a powerful voice, she wondered.

Maria’s bones rattled at this stranger’s mention of her breasts apparently being exquisite. Was he coming on at her so soon? The bartender filled his glass free of

charge. Curious.

“Forgive me. Where are my manners around such a beautiful woman?” The stranger, in a most gentlemanly manner, took Maria’s hand gently and kissed it. “My is Darius. Darius Merriweather.”

Maria postulated silently. The name did ring a bell but couldn’t quite place this Darius as someone she should know. She looked at him contently, deep into his eyes. Then remembered, her own eyes lighting up in realization. The limousine.

“The philanthropist? What are you doing all the way out here in a dump like this? Well, Melting Pot is far from a dump, but for someone like yourself this is like— I’m sorry. Let me start over. My name’s Maria.”

“Charmed, Maria.”

Maria couldn’t place why, but every time Darius spoke she felt warm and fuzzy and even just so slightly tingly down below. Her first genuine smile in months crept along her lips.

“To answer your question: I’m having a hard time at work right now and even a man such as myself needs to unwind a bit.” Darius downed his whiskey and ordered replacements for him and Maria. He looked into her eyes and could see her pain. He hadn’t experienced it himself but was inadvertently familiar with it. “But I would argue you have bigger problems than mine. Marital problems, I assume.”

Maria scoffed. Obviously Darius got it in one. But she was surprised someone as young as him, arguably only a couple of years older than Kate, was so observant.

“Perhaps your husband was unappreciative of the goddess in his home?” Darius spoke smoothly. “You wanted to pique his interest with your enhancements.”

“Got that right.” Maria downed her fourth glass of bourbon. “The prick.”

Darius had exposed a nerve slightly it seemed. He understood Maria just wanted to be appreciated. It wasn't much, nor would it take much. He had the smooth attitude at least. “Now, why would a man not want to appreciate his woman? Does he fail to please her when night falls and the curtains are pulled together?”

Maria merely nodded, shedding the slightest tear that she allowed to roll down her cheek. Drunkenness had set in, so surely the actions that succeeded now weren't of her own making? She felt Darius's hand clasp her thigh gently.

They smiled at one another before locking lips. Maria didn't care if she'd only just met Darius only a few minutes ago. It wasn't as if Vincent felt any different towards her.

Before they knew it, they'd left as a convincing couple, climbing into the back of Darius's limousine.

Maria knew exactly what she'd gotten herself into. Cheating. Whoring. Selling one's self. It didn't matter what you called it, it was still the same thing. Maria's morals had evaporated, laid flat on the hotel bed, naked, her legs spread to present her pussy to Darius.

Darius had paid Maria handsomely for the sex. Protected, of course. Ten grand to spend the night with her, give her his prized Johnson, which he clearly wasn't afraid to

show. Veins ran across his shaft in a distinctive zig-zag motion, pumped full of blood. A proper monster.

He smiled. "I wonder if you've ever seen a cock so big."

Maria pulled her head up to look, gazing drunkenly. Darius' manhood was, without question, quite large. More so than Vincent's for sure. But Maria couldn't help but reflect on the fact she'd seen a cock far larger, gazing upon Kate's purely by accident on occasion. Why did the bigger cock have to belong to the one person she hated most? It didn't put Maria off sex though. She curled her finger back suggestively with a smile, urging Darius on.

He entered her. She shuddered, arching upwards as his tip pushed deep into her. This was the moment Maria realized cheating sex was better sex. Taking hold of Darius's arms, she urged him forwards, deeper. She longed to live, to feel again. And what could possibly be better than a rich Mandingo plowing her? The bed rocked rhythmically in sync with Darius's conquering thrusts, Maria offering impassioned moans and screams, caring not if she woke the other hotel guests.

This was the best sex of her life.

Buff 'n' Up The Duff

Written & edited by Amnoartist

Chapter 5: The Cuck, The Quads and the Mandingo

Six Weeks Later...

As much as he tried to hide it for publicity's sake, Darius loved being in front of the camera, dressed in a stylish suit with swept back hair, the stage lighting accentuating his flawlessly mocha skin. He was in the middle of a ten-week tour discussing his ambitions to branch out a bit as an entrepreneur. Already the richest male under the age of thirty, raking in tens of billions every fiscal quarter, with his new goals he was set to make even more money.

"Branching out into the sports industry," the presenter Delia Burton said with a soft tone, her hair in beautiful blonde curls and striking lipstick accentuating her smooth lips. As she understood it, her guest already had his hands deep in every major industry market: pharmaceutical, technology, construction and retail — even the porn industry, which he was especially part of by writing, directing and starring in his own porno. And now he had his eyes set on the sports industry. "I'm sure we're all curious to know why you chose that."

"Money," he jested, offering a glance at the audience — a swarm of laughing women of various shapes, sizes, ages, creeds, colours — and smiled. Simply doing that was enough to make them all gasp profusely. No doubt those watching at home would be doing the same. There was no questioning Darius was a ladies' man. "But seriously, I wanted to do my part in developing the industry. I competed as a bodybuilder for a time, but felt the craft had stagnated in recent years."

“So you decided to open up your own gym company? To rival the biggest names in the industry?”

Darius chuckled softly. “Merriweather Gyms. But no, I really do mean what I say. I’m using the money from my own pockets to fund the construction of my entire gym chain, which themselves will be using the latest and greatest machines built from the technologies I’ve helped fund over the years. I feel using them will help push the industry out of the stagnation I mentioned.”

Delia nodded. “Yes. But this will no doubt keep the other big names in the industry on their toes. In fact, over the last three months alone, nine separate prominent companies across the board have had to shut down or merge with Merriweather Corp. Some would even say you’re monopolizing.”

On that Darius couldn’t help but agree. He wanted to avoid making his views on the subject being known, but it couldn’t be helped. Even if he said nothing, the money the gyms would inevitably make wouldn’t lie. “Look, competition’s healthy. Nobody gets anywhere by sitting twiddling their thumbs. I made use of my talents. Wouldn’t be sitting here today if I didn’t.”

“Of course.” Delia wanted to speak differently on the matter, but had already veered away from the script — something Darius wasn’t ever keen on. “Now we’ll take some questions from the audience.”

One of the women stood up as she was handed the mic. She was clearly nervous, sweating at the brow and smacking her lips. Darius looked, smiling. “Hi Mr Merriweather, big fan. Uh, quick question. Are you single?”

Darius shared a chuckle with his throng of thirsty fans. He was asked that question almost every time he was interviewed, yet the answer never seemed to stick. “Yes, I’m single. To add to that, I don’t have any plans to settle down just yet. Too many ideas in my head.”

“You said you were a bodybuilder a time,” another woman said. “How much can you lift?”

“Can probably lift you,” Darius winked. He knew his fans would love an answer like that, which they did, gasping and shrieking like schoolgirls. They probably would’ve loved to see something like that happen. “Arms are a bit sore today though, so maybe some other time.”

The next woman with a fatty paunch had a sly smile on her face. “Mister Merriweather, is it true about what they say how ‘big’ you are?”

It went without saying the crowd of women ‘oo’d’ and ‘ahhh’d’ at the prospect of finding out. One would’ve thought Darius would’ve been made uncomfortable by the question’s nature, but he was ever confident in himself. His response was just as sly.

“I’m sure if my fans are as big as they say, they’d be equally curious enough to go looking.”

The crowd burst into a fit of laughter, sharing in the fact that, unquestionably, they were all equally curious enough to have gone looking at some point.

“Can we see it?” the woman queried, her face still exhibiting the sly expression.

Darius looked at Delia, who only looked at him in return. It was clear he looked at

the presenter for approval, yet didn't realize it wasn't her decision to make, but his. Truthfully, Delia was just as curious. She watched as Darius stood up from the chair, his bulge already visible, swiping her hair back in an attempt to reset her composure as her guest gripped the zip of his trousers and swiftly pulled it down. Reaching in, he gripped his shaft and grinned confidently as his cock was casually whipped out, a massive, monstrous thing. It dangled freely at his knees, veins bulging, the shaft as thick as an erect cock, even though his was flaccid. One would dare to think just how much larger he was when stood at attention.

The crowd of women cheered, shrieked, screamed, even moaned as the thing that was Darius' cock flailed to and fro with his exhibitionist movements.

He laughed.

The air within the Rankin household had changed, stagnated over the past few weeks. Vincent had quietly become increasingly suspicious of his wife Maria's activities and now spent most of his time away from her, working at the construction site — even taking on shifts when he was, in fact, supposed to be off — working on the latest project with his mate, lest his suspicion would only fester. The monolithic task had been ongoing for the past year and now nearing completion in time for the autumn break.

When Vincent eventually decided to return home, things truly came to a head. He removed his Hi-Vis jacket, boots and gloves, then headed into the living room, taking a seat at the couch to watch the TV. Maria was in the kitchen, chopping ingredients into the soup pot.

“That you, baby?”

“Yeah,” Vincent responded half-heartedly, catching his favorite football team score a goal. Any other time he would respond with a cheer, but didn’t react even remotely positive on this occasion, just kept watching the screen, staring at it, deadpan.

Maria came in holding a sandwich on a plate, likely something for Vincent to chow on while he watched the game, dressed in a gown as if she hadn’t bothered to change at all during the day. Vincent was happy enough to have received the small snack, but didn’t expect his wife to sit next to him, not to mention take his hand. She wasn’t typically this ‘soft’ with him after returning from work.

Taking a bite from the sandwich, Vincent could tell Maria wanted to say something, but the words were lost to her, caught in the gears of her mind. She was visibly distant, as if thinking deeply about the words...or perhaps something else. Vincent offered a smile, the first of which in weeks, hoping perhaps it would inspire Maria to find the words. She supposed it was good Vincent was already sitting down.

In time, Maria shared the smile and found the words. But they weren’t what Vincent expected. “I’m pregnant,” she casually revealed, holding the smile in the hopes that, as with her, Vincent would reflect it. He did, if only for a few moments before a realization dawned on him.

Excluding the odd fruitless handjob here and there, Vincent and Maria hadn’t made intimate contact with one another for quite some time. Maria had made advances on Vincent, and of course suggested he start taking Viagra to help prop him up, but was ever against taking pills for things when they’d naturally run their course. So with all of that taken into account—

Maria put a hand to her belly, rubbing it softly, tenderly, motherly. “Though I think you’ve had your suspicions about me cheating on you for a while now, no?”

Vincent snickered, a response Maria wasn't quite expecting, a blend of emotions all amalgamated into one, twisted and contorted into a visage that concerned her: pain, anger, disbelief, hatred, confusion. He knew his wife was actively cheating on him behind his back, but to have it confirmed by his supposed better half felt like he'd been stabbed in the heart. He much less had the heart to act on his suspicions.

In time, though, in the moment of silence that followed the revelation, Vincent's expression faded into deadpan, as if all possible emotion had escaped him.

"I just thought I'd tell you now because it's getting harder to hide it." Maria pulled back the gown to reveal her pregnancy, a large belly. Too large for her to be carrying only one baby inside it. "Doctor Pearson confirmed it this morning. I'm having four."

That was when Vincent snapped. He was ballistic, though luckily didn't physically lash out at Maria in spite of the news. "FOUR! Who the fuck put *four* in you?"

"You probably don't know him." Maria's response was casual, arguably cold-hearted as if she cared little for what her husband had to say or think on the matter. Considering the circumstances, she cared little for Vincent a long time ago. "His name's Darius Merriweather."

"The philanthropist and entrepreneur?"

Maria's brow curved with curiosity. "Wait, you *do* know him?"

"He's our contractor for that new high-tech gym we've been working on for the past year!" Hearing the words roll back in Vincent's head made his heart sink. It basically meant, in a sense, his wife had been impregnated by his boss. "Maria, he's

half my age!”

“And hung like a bull,” she responded. “Twice as big too, even when he’s flaccid. Shot six huge loads into me when we fucked just last night.”

There was no denying Vincent felt dead inside by now. Not only were his fears confirmed, by his own wife no less, but she was pregnant too, and actively admitting to liking the fact she was carrying another man’s children in her belly. He couldn’t help but feel this swelling ire within him, watching Maria thumb her belly with a smile. “Does Darius know?”

“No, not yet. I wanted you to be the first to know. Callum deserves to know as well.”

“And Kate?” Vincent noticed his wife’s face contorted and her breath quavered at the mention of their daughter and he wasn’t particularly happy about it. Why did Callum deserve to know and not Kate? What good would it do to let one know and purposefully leave the other in the dark? “Doesn’t she deserve to know?”

“You keep calling that...thing a ‘she.’ Why?” The mood had obviously changed at that point. It wasn’t about Maria being pregnant by Darius anymore. It was about Maria thinking what sins had she committed earlier in life to have deserved the freak her husband was so insistent they call their daughter. She gripped the couch’s arm tightly, reminded of the fact.

Vincent shook his head. He knew there was little point trying to reason with Maria over Kate. But even then, he still couldn’t believe she was callous. Or perhaps he could and just chose to ignore it. It was easier that way, after all. Vincent retracted his train of thought, focusing on the matter at hand. “Suppose you’ll be wanting a divorce next.”

The expression Maria offered suggested that, honestly, she hadn't thought that far ahead yet. A part of her was still processing the reality that she was pregnant, and even more of her was fighting the strengthening arousal from the fact she was cucking her husband with a younger man. Divorce would've been the next natural step forward, wouldn't it? But honestly, Maria quite liked the idea of Vincent watching her belly swell over time. And, of course, there was the fact he was actively pitching a tent in his trousers as he sat next to her. Maria was quick to note it was the hardest he'd been in God knows how long. She wondered what brought it on — and it didn't take long.

“Huh. Don't tell me you actually like the idea of me being pregnant by another man.”

Vincent didn't say anything, but his blushing like a lovestruck teen getting a kiss from their crush betrayed him.

“Oh my god, you do! If I'd known after all these years what gets you hard, I'd have gotten pregnant by someone sooner.” Maria slowly unzipped Vincent's trousers and whipped out his cock, gasping profusely at his shaft, the way it seemed to visibly bulge and throb in her grip. It truly was the hardest Vincent had been in years. “You understand I can't service this though — right? It defeats the point of you being the cuck that you are.”

Of course, being branded a cuckold by his wife only served to make Vincent harder. Perhaps that was the point, if only for Maria to tease him, which she did by cupping her breasts. “Naturally, these doesn't belong to you anymore. They're for Darius to play with; flick, squeeze, cum and suck on. Whatever tickles his fancy. Isn't that right?”

“Yes,” Vincent agreed, with a tone that suggested commitment.

“Good, good.” Maria tucked Vincent’s cock back into his underwear and zipped his jeans back up, then finishing with a kiss to his head. “I’m glad we’ve come to an understanding, darling. It’ll be better for us all. Even Kate.”

Kate had been staring at the college bulletin board for a while now, considering the various extra-curricular activities on offer at the day’s end. So many options. Standing there any longer, she’d have the other students think she’d either stopped dead or was stuck to the floor. Home Economics? No, wasn’t that just cooking? She already knew how to do that anyway. A science fiction writing club? Choir?

Kate rolled her eyes. All the clubs on offer sounded so boring. She needed something that felt like an extension of herself. As much as she liked science fiction, she couldn’t write worth a damn. And if only her lungs were as big as the rest of her, then she could take advantage of the choir. Everything else though? A sigh escaped as she moved from the board and peered into the main hall where all the students were seen signing up for the clubs on offer. June was near the back. It was a mystery to Kate what she was choosing.

Kate scratched the back of her neck in wait, overhearing the usual derogatory comments from students fearful of her. They just didn’t understand. It seemed nobody did, except for June. But it didn’t stop Kate from regularly clenching her fist and feeling the desire to throw a punch swell within, if only to suddenly catch herself and think differently. She was better than them. She had to be.

June flashed a piece of paper as she came up to Kate’s side, a smile beaming

from ear to ear, her cleavage on boastful display — as ever. “Photography,” she said.

Kate was surprised. “Really? Thought something like swimming would’ve been more your taste.” The blonde couldn’t help but offer a quick and cheeky glance at June’s ass. In the same way that her cleavage was always on display, her ass was always equally exhibited in tight clothing. Before long, Kate was pitching a tent in her underwear. “I mean, an ass like yours all wet?”

“Oh stop it, you!” June blushed, playfully slapping Kate’s boulder shoulder. “Besides, there can be only one sporty person in this relationship. You’ve got that down to a T.”

“If you say so.”

“So what’d you choose?”

Kate grumbled, reminded that the options were all so terrible. But she didn’t have the heart to tell June that. The agreement was that if one of them chose something, the other would too. “I dunno. Crochet?”

Kate should’ve expected June to burst out laughing, her breasts jingling in such a way that it was as if they shared in the amusement. All the same, it stung her to know the options were so dire that her girlfriend laughed at her desperation. “Crochet?” June queried with a slight chuckle. “A big thing like you? Isn’t there something similar to bodybuilding you can do?”

“Surprisingly not. Honestly thought Mr Dawkins would’ve put something like that together.” Disappointment hung over Kate like a cloud. She would’ve loved an extra-curricular bodybuilding class. It would’ve given her the time she sought to work out

without her mother getting in the way. It was the extension of herself she needed. “Too risky, I suppose.”

June knew bodybuilding was Kate’s passion. She lived for it. The brunette just as much hated seeing her hulk girlfriend so down. “Take it up with Principal Haynes. See what she has to say?”

“Huh?”

“Yeah, see if she’ll agree to having a bodybuilding club set up after-hours. She’s always had a soft spot for you, so even if she says no, I imagine she’ll at least listen to what you have to say.”

Kate rolled her eyes at the suggestion of Haynes’ supposed soft spot towards her. ‘Soft spot’ was just an alternative for ‘pity’ — something Kate hated. June noted her stance on the subject: she was cold and apprehensive.

“You know what I mean, Kate. If you don’t ask, you don’t get.”

Kate grumbled. June was right, after all.