I... may have gone overboard. Or not too far? It’s hard to tell lately. Part of me thinks I’ll settle down if I just keep going until I can’t go any longer, but that’s kind of all I’ve been doing and it hasn’t affected me in the slightest. Rather it *has,* just not in that way.

The plant was eventually stopped after a couple weeks of non-stop sex of the most depraved varieties I’d experienced. That said, the damage was already done. With how much that first plant affected me and Vivi, it was nothing now that we were both far more hormonal, our bodies eager to take on every new effect presented to it. Given what happened to us, it’s no secret that the effects are extremely sexual.

Beyond any obvious change was the libido enhancements. I’m not horny all the time, at least I’m not visibly horny I guess, but it’s constant. I could be engrossed in a fascinating chapter on xeno-biology, and it’ll mention breeding or mating and I need someone wrapped around a cock. Ideally both of them, though one usually suffices until Vivi and I reunite.

Even my dreams are exclusively lewd now. It, uh, made for quite a mess the first week back in the dorms. Thankfully, Vivi’s smart, and lustful, enough to figure out a solution. One that I had zero objections to. Now, when I go to bed, she and Califer will slip one of my cocks into themselves and sleep atop me. While their bodies are usually bloated to the point they need me to carry them around, it’s better than waking up with my cum flooding the room. And usually the hallway too.

And that’s if I don’t repress myself. I tried that for a while, mostly because of the warnings we received of how potent my seed is, however I don’t think they understood just how much I want sex now. It’s part of me, ingrained into my very soul. The few days I tried waiting until I got back to Vivi were… how to put this without it sounding exaggerated? Hell. They were hell. My balls ached for hours, swelling against my legs and forcing me to walk in an awkward waddle, and I was constantly leaking. From where? The answer is ‘yes’.

On the fourth day, I just couldn’t do it anymore. All the girls in my classes had been fawning over me ever since I got back, waiting on my every whim - I admit, I took advantage of those a bit when I couldn’t be bothered to carry my stuff around - and even I knew they wanted me like *that*. That’s why, when I got hard during one class and a pair of girls in front of me touched my shafts, I didn’t stop them. Even when their mouths got involved. Then their neighbours joined in, others flocking to my lengths. It was a domino effect; the more they pleasured me, the more people wanted to do so.

It didn’t take long for our professor to succumb as well. That was my first orgy without a plant involved. Of course, Vivi got jealous when I came home, reeking of so many different people and with a big, dopey grin on my face. According to her, it was just so hot she had to pounce on me. I’m just as beholden to her body.

The second I duck through our door and see her there, whether it’s lounging on the bed in her underwear, or hunched over her breasts reading something intently, I just have to bury every inch inside her. It’s so damned hot seeing her stretch around a pair of dicks longer than she is tall. And watching her boobs and butt jiggle so violently while I pound her from every possible angle. It doesn’t really matter though, because I can see her curves no matter our position.

She is incredible. Beautiful. Magnificent. Wonderful. Every word I try to use to describe to someone, even in my own head, just don’t do her justice. She embodies and redefines them time and again. I told her that once while we were snuggling and she nearly choked on my cum from the laughing fit I caused.

“You’re such a helpless romantic, you know that?” She said, turning my face so she could lick up some of the spat-up semen from my cheek, “I bet you’d make a great poet.”

“Don’t tease me,” I pouted.

“Oh that face,” she chortled and swung a massive thigh over me to straddle one of my slowly hardening shafts, “You know I can’t resist it.”

“Flattery will get you bent over.”

“Really?” Vivi quirked her eyebrow and slid her thick pussy along my length, steadying herself by holding onto my breasts. Her arms sank to the elbows before meeting anything solid, “How about this? Your huge titties are so awesome that they make me jealous. And your nipples,” she dove in to take a quick drag on one, coming away with a mouthful of thick milk, “I could just suck them all day. So long as I got to see you’re beautiful face.”

“Stop…” I liked the words, but that didn’t make it any less embarrassing.

She trailed a hand along my cock, “And your penises… what can I say about them? They’re so huge I can’t even feel my hand inside of me anymore. I can smell them from the moment you walk into the building. Honestly, if they were attached to someone else, you’d be sharing me. Then your balls.” Her feet came up to squeeze my quartet of sperm tanks, “Just feeling them makes my ovaries shake. You can feel that right?”

She placed my hand against the distinct bump on the side of her plump gut. It quivered under my touch, and again when I squeezed it. Vivi pressed her folds hard against my member, as if to force me in regardless of our positions, while her musical moans coaxed more blood into my shaft. It lifted up, forcing us apart, but it was just a delay before she stood above me, my cock bent at an angle and her pussy dripping all over the bed.

“It felt so good to push those seeds out. Imagine how good it’ll be when it’s our babies? If they take after you too, then they’ll be huge. Just think; I’ll be enormous!”

That was about all I could take before thrusting into her. She fell onto me with a resounding smack, her ass cheeks snug around my other member, then used her powerful thighs to push up, just to fall again. Our breasts clapped together, making one another bounce and ripple seemingly forever. I let her set the pace for a moment, then craned my hips to meet her partway. She knew what that meant and leaned over to brace herself on my tits.

Since the plant, or even before that really, I got impatient faster. Whenever we made love now, I just had to breed her properly, and that meant using my incredible body to pound into her. Vivi wasn’t slow, not compared to the numerous other girls that screamed while riding me, but I was faster. What sounded like applause filled our cosy room as I rammed into her. She timed her movements to mine, though it was more of a lazy rolling as I battered her pussy. Pre-cum rained onto us from my leftover shaft.

I watched her face the whole time. Seeing it go through so many stages of pleasure over and over again never got old for me. After so many viewings, I knew her stages by heart. There was the lull, when her eye lids lowered and her lips halfway pouted, as I pulled back. Then her pupils dilated as I pushed in, before her eyes rolled back as I drove through her cervix and smashed our bodies together. Strings of spit connected her lips as she howled and moaned. But that wasn’t the best part.

Whenever I flexed and poured a dense litre of pre straight into her uterus, she made this look. Like a cross between horror and ultimate ecstasy, the way I imagine one would look when meeting God. Her tongue stuck out far, dripping her delicious spit all over the place, with the biggest smile on her face. Waves of sparks coursed through her hair and lifted it high, bathing my other member in the glow. My own follicles lit up when I saw that look.

Eventually, it became a permanent fixture as we both neared our climax. Neither of us were subtle about it. Even if we were bound and gagged, it was obvious from our sexes. Vivi’s fluttered rapidly, like a hummingbirds heartbeat, while her hips seemed to bear down on me with a hundred times our gravity and she got so fucking wet. It honestly felt like I was bathing in her juices sometimes.

I wasn’t entirely aware of my own tells, but she was.

“I feel you,” her voice slurred thickly, both from her stuck out tongue and the lust drunk state I put her in, “Your veins are getting so big. They’re pushing on my walls. Stretching me further. Ooh, and the head! It’s catching on my cervix! I can feel it throbbing, *dominating* my womb. So close to cumming in me…”

That was just from my cock. My balls were the biggest tell, and the only one I was keenly aware of, though she only got to feel them for half a second each time. They were always huge now. I couldn’t wear pants, at least ones without a huge holster, and it didn’t matter what dress I tried. Unless it had optical camouflage, everyone knew just how big and heavy and virile my testes were.

When I got close, they only got bigger. I felt them sliding against my legs as I thrust, sweat cascading over the huge orbs, as a sweet, arousing scent lifted the pleasant reek of our love making. Another gift from the plant.

When they were so huge I was locked into a near 180 degree splits, I finally yanked Vivi flush against me. We both held our breath, the only sounds being our heartbeats and her pussy slurping on me, before an ominous rumble flattened them. A second of lucidity let me realise the mess we were about to make.

If not for the cavalry. Licia, Califer and Kaylee all ran into the room like they were possessed. Maybe they were. Whenever I was on the cusp of release, they claimed my scent just took complete hold of them. It wasn’t a want for them. They *needed* to give me pleasure.

Califer used her gelatinous body to get ahead. The other two were weighed down by their much thicker forms, which they both adored and cursed in equal measures, mostly for that reason. The Limuta slid down my whole length with some difficulty, her body forced to stretch to its limits, until she was little more than a condom with arms and legs attached to my length. With her like that, it was easy for Licia and Kaylee to wrap their beach ball sized tits around me from either side and jerk me off like that.

I barely acknowledged them before I lurched up and delivered yet another load into my girlfriend. And… I guess Califer also counted. So did Licia and Kaylee. Since we were all together more often than not those days. Vivi used another word though; concubines. It did fit, though it felt, I dunno, crude. I didn’t want to think I was just using them for sex. And I didn’t! We hung out, talked, helped each other with notes and so on.

But, in that moment, it didn’t matter what they meant to me. All I cared about was unleashing all the pent-up cum and feeling Vivi spraying around me with a similar ferocity. Califer wailed as her body spilled out, the rich, translucent yellow turned to an opaque white. Vivi kissed me hard before her belly pushed her up and away from me. It rapidly expanded to engulf my tits, pushing her own set up until her voice was muffled. My moans settled as I focused on kissing her growing belly, enjoying the ripples of her pussy from how sensitive it was. Her whole body turned into one big erogenous zone when I came inside her.

The same was true for Califer. She shook all over as the other two kissed at her cum-infused body, licking up the excess leaking through her membrane. It couldn’t be helped; she could barely handle me before this recent growth spurt, and I only got more productive with every orgasm.

When I was satisfied, both girls were shackled by their own bodies. All they could do as I pumped into Licia and Kaylee was grope at whoever was in reach, usually one another. When two enormous bellies became four, I kissed Vivi deep as the first of many other girls reached me. Everyone that went off planet with us had been moved into the dorm.

The researchers claimed it was a safety measure, to reduce other people’s exposure to us. I wasn’t concerned with that. All that mattered to me was that everyone here was specially augmented to fit me, even after I grew several inches more since then. It did mean our studies suffered as a result, but the consequence could’ve been withdrawal, and who knew how that might manifest. Apparently they were working on something to help with the effects, but I don’t know if anyone here really cared anymore.

Even me. I loved learning about other lifeforms, their cultures and how they developed, however it was impossible to pick between that and sex. I doubt I could give it up anymore than most species could give up on food.

Not to say I’d given up on my studies. Whenever my libido gave me a break, I was working. So was Vivi. I don’t know about everyone else, given they were usually insensate by the time I left them. The professors were understanding, giving me some leniency with assignments. It still frustrated me when I couldn’t get something done by the usual deadline, but it couldn’t be helped. I can’t concentrate when I’m horny.

That’s partly why I was surprised to be included in a special presentation. Everyone filed into the atrium, murmuring about what it could be. Everyone’s eyes naturally turned me, sat at the back, where I could beat a hasty retreat if I couldn’t hold it together. Of course, they weren’t looking at me because of that. It was my height and the fact I took up two chairs on my own. Vivi was beside me, equally noticeable with her ass lifting her higher than her torso would imply. It also didn’t help that we needed a huge gap between us and the next row because of our enormous bosoms.

Silence fell over the crowd as a line of people took to the stage. I recognised a couple of them as explorers, famous for venturing further than was considered safe, but they always came back with results. Today must be no exception.

It went normally at first. They talked about their latest venture, how they almost got stranded on an alien planet because of a malfunction, and had to stop on a distant planet to make repairs. It was nothing but wasteland, no sign of civilisation that they could see. Except for a crude machine. It didn’t approach them, nor did it seem to have any real sentience like many robots they knew. It also ran on tracks attached to wheels instead of legs. Observing it from afar, they found where it landed.

A desolate planet with a crude machine that would’ve been considered ancient by our standards?

From there, it was simple for them to retrace its origins. Where they found another planet. My eyes widened, my hands went limp, and all the breath left my lungs. On the massive display, so huge it could’ve been a 1-1 scale, was what resembled a blue marble, decorated with bits of land and cloud. A second image appeared, this one zoomed in several million times, and showed…

Of all the trillions of things that planet held, it could’ve been anything but the face that seemed to look straight at me. Unfiltered disgust shone through the eyes, the same colour mine used to be, with a matching brown fringe, and a sharp nose. If I hadn’t died, I might have grown up to look exactly like her. Just another clone of my mom.

Would I have looked at myself that same way too?

*“Look at you…”* I heard her, clear as day. The image didn’t move, yet I easily recalled the deriding sneer usually reserved for others. Not me. At least when I was human.

*“Surrounded by sinful creatures. But you’re no better. That hideous body will be your only comfort as you’re bathed in hell-fire for all eternity.”*

I shook my head. I’d left this all behind. Yet it was no less visceral, the flames that licked at my flesh, peeling it from my body. Every ounce of sinful pride I took in this form would be my own undoing.

*“That’s right. Your body is sin itself. There is no place in His kingdom for an abomination like you. He would take one look and cast you out, curse you to live forever in the greatest pain possible. That is your reward for living like a heathen.”*

No. No, He wouldn’t. I’m a good person. Sure, I’ve indulged in what some might see as unsavoury behaviour, but everyone was fine with it. They loved it even. But did that just mean they were equally as damned? Had I failed some test by giving into my urges?

*“Of course you have! You’re a monster. A demon given flesh! You are no daughter of mine. I’d never raise such a creature. You even defied His will by living again. You could’ve been raised into his embrace if you’d just accepted your fate.”*

She’s right. In that life, I’d have been accepted into Heaven without question. Now I’m tainted. Only a pit of torture awaits me now. Unless… maybe if I stop now I still have a chance? Yes, surely He would understand my devotion if I did that. But my body won’t let me. Satan already has my physical form. I need to free my soul from him. I need to…

“Hey…”

I jumped. Almost kicked the people in front of us. Looking down, my neon pink flesh - the corruptive cage I’d put myself in - was juxtaposed by a honey-coloured hand. It squeezed and I followed the arm back up. Past the shoulder, where sharp violet locks hung. A little further up and I found the eyes, yellow pools of warmth, promising only comfort and love. Vivi…

*“She will burn too. Your life with her is just another chain that will pull you down.”*

Could I save her? Surely I could. She was too nice a person to be condemned to eternal fire. She just had to come with me. End the sin and we’ll be welcomed.

“Lola,” Vivi said and her hand was on my cheek. I froze. It felt so nice, like I wasn’t alone, “You okay?” She was so warm. Or was I cold?

*“She’ll corrupt you further. Do not be lured by that succubus.”*

That voice… it’s the reason I’m so cold. Her hand moved up my arm. Everywhere it touched, feeling came back. Without her, I’m numb. I need her.

*“You’ll sentence yourself and her to an afterlife of misery.”*

No, that’s not what we’ll do. Whatever gods are watching us, they don’t care who we love, or even how we do it. All that matters is living the best way possible. With all the mistakes therein. The only reason I was granted a second chance…

*“Is because of you!”* I looked to the screen, my mother’s face now a stranger. Eighteen years of my life were spent under her thumb, every action ordained by her, but not anymore.

“Come on, let’s go,” Vivi said, pulling me up. My body did nothing to resist her, happy to be led away. The atrium doors shut behind me, hopefully closing that awful woman from my life forever.