

So I'm having a bit of a personal crisis. There's a woman I like, I'm alone on a work trip with her, and we're sharing a room overnight. Like, I'm literally lying in one of the hotel room's two queen beds while she showers—and I can't stop thinking about her. At all. I want to be in the shower with her. I want to be kissing her neck. I want to be lathering up her body. God, I'm so fucking turned *on* that it's almost irresponsible.

I've never felt like this about a coworker, either. Heck, I've never been close friends with one. Going on a date with one? Fucking them? Pretty much out of the question. So why now? Why Tami? Why am I thinking about dating her? I don't do dating.

Okay, sure, Tami is, like, one-hundred-and-ten-percent my type, so I'm sure that has something to do with it. See, I'm into women who have a bit of thickness the same way I do and she's definitely got that going on. She's also fashionable as fuck, she's amazing at styling her hair, and her makeup is always damn near perfect. Her nails last week were so good, too!

She isn't taller than me, at least. I don't know if I could handle her being six-three. She is, however, somehow even more stacked than I am. Which is saying something considering I'm, like, a 40H or something similar. I've been this big for years—because it was definitely before I finished undergrad when I bought a bra that size—but it still boggles my mind that there's a damn near a foot of tit between my chest and where they end.

I love the way they settle on my chest, by the way. Lying here, on my back, they're flowing out of my tank top on both sides of the straps. They're being corralled, so there's a good bit of cleavage as they're pushed together, but they plateau into puddles of jiggles. They're so big that I don't come close to covering the metaphorical surface, even with my hands spread wide. Then there are my palm-sized areola and my big ol'nipples. Those sit right in the middle of each

figurative puddle like two dark-pink lily pads. When I'm on like this, they're so fucking sensitive. I want to touch them. I shouldn't, but I can't help it.

Despite my mental resistance, when my fingers brush my nipples through my top, an involuntary gasp escapes my lips. That only spurs me on. I try to stop, I really do, but I continue to tease myself by pressing fingers into my flesh and stroking along the wobbly surface with more and more hungry force.

In my mind, I've gotten in the shower with her. I can feel her goth-pale skin slip against mine—which only has a bit more color—as I press into her. She turns and kisses me. Her left hand slides down under my shoulder-length hair to rest on the back of my neck. Her right strokes my cheek. She closes her eyes and her tongue enters my mouth. She puts her knee forward and up between my legs.

“Yes,” I whisper. “Just like that...” The next thing I know I'm kneading my tits, groaning, and just about to stick a hand between my legs. There's a loud splatter of water as Tami turns and it jerks me out of the fantasy. It takes every scrap of mental fortitude I have to bring myself to stop. Hopefully, between the air conditioner and the shower Tami didn't hear anything.

Ahem. Anyway, whatever 'this' *thing* between us is, it started when we swapped numbers. I can't recall why. Oh! She wanted to send me directions to this bakery downtown. She did that, and then we kept texting after that. Next thing I knew, she was asking me to come work out with her.

Thinking about it, I really shouldn't have gone to the gym with her that handful of times over the last month. Not because it made me feel bad about my body or anything, I do a lot of Yoga and Tai Chi already so some aerobics and weights aren't really *that* much of a challenge.

No, the reason I shouldn't've gone is then I wouldn't know what she looks like topless and I likely wouldn't view her as a sexual partner.

Like, had I never seen her topless, I wouldn't be able to picture her standing in the steamy shower as water runs down her body. Fuck me, I can't stop thinking about being in there with her. I put a pillow between my legs and hope that's enough to take the edge off.

Tami looked amazing with her top and bra off. She has this tattoo of two crossed feathers on her right shoulder. Since her hair is just past her jawline, I got a good look at some epic side boob. Then she slid off her pants and I discovered something, well, shocking. She had something big and bulging in several directions between her thighs. I couldn't quite make out the details, but I was sure her two balls would fill either hand and her stiff dick would prevent my fist from closing around it if I tried to grab hold. At the time, I wasn't sure what to think—and I've been with trans girls before, so that's not what I'm saying if you think I'm some sort of transphobe—but I'd never noticed anything around the office

As for my trans partners, none of them have ever been so, uh, seemingly masculine, if you get my point. I mean, I'm a top anyway, so I tend to be the one doing the fucking, and what they have going on is—and I'll admit this is terrible of me—but what they have going on is sort of an afterthought when I'm busy reducing their brains to mush. At the same time, I can't stop thinking about the damned thing. The mystery is too much for me. She always skipped out on a shower after our workouts, so I have no idea what her actual, ah, dimensions are, but I think I know how thick it is. And, like, it's hard to sort out how I feel about it, really.

I mean, a dick that big is hot, right? No question. At the same time, I get the whole "appealing because extreme" thing, I do. A lot of internet randoms are into me cause I have tits

that outsize their heads. So I'm trying not to fixate on that aspect of Tami's body—but, man, what must it be like to be so well endowed on both ends of the spectrum?

Anyway, that's how I got here. With us sharing a room, me horny and wishing I could do something about it, and no idea how to read the situation. Is this her way of coming on to me? Is this her rooming with someone she trusts? Someone who knows her secret? Or maybe it isn't a secret after all and I'm the one being weird? Gah! Maybe I should just ask her...

The shower squeaks off and I roll over so my back is to the bathroom. I hear her moving around for a moment before the door opens, the light clicks off, and she steps out. I'm torn between wishing she was in something sexy and something casual or comfy.

"Ah, that hit the spot after all that time in the car," she says, probably to me. As always, her voice is the perfect balance of darkness and flowers. She sounds kind of like a professor who has an adventurous side that's hard to hide. I feel like she could sound super sultry if she wanted to. Oh, man, if she would talk dirty to me in that voice, I don't know how I'd react. Top or not, I'd probably do whatever she asked of me, not gonna lie.

"You okay, Hannah?" She took a few steps towards me.

"Oh! Yeah. Why?"

"You were groaning just now." I can almost feel her reaching out in concern. My face is heating up for real now.

"Oh, uh, just sore from driving," I say, hoping to keep her from actually touching me.

"Ah, okay." She sits down on my bed and my heart starts thudding against my ribs. I start getting wet like I'm teasing myself.

"Hannah," she said after a moment. "Do you know why I invited you?"

The question makes me jump. Well, no sense in avoiding it. I roll over to face her and my breath catches. She's facing me, one leg on the bed, one off. Her loose gym shorts, plus her bent leg, make her crotch seem unremarkable. Not that I'm focusing there long. Tami has on a soft black t-shirt, one that would be long enough for a woman with a less stupendous bustline, but is three inches short in the front. Her tits are wobbling with every breath and her nipples are really hard to miss. So there's all that and then the way her exposed belly button stretches out to either side, with the pair of little mounds of fat at the bottom, it makes me want to just...

"I was, um..." I look up at her face and realize she's staring at my cleavage, her amber eyes just a little unfocused. Maybe I'm not the only thirsty one here. "I've been wondering that since you called me with the invite."

She has a moment of panic that is, honestly, a little painful to bear. Her fists are clenched in her lap. The way she keeps looking up at me and then down again is giving *me* anxiety. Finally, though, she speaks.

"Well, the truth is I wanted to talk to you, alone, and asking to go out somewhere or to your house might have—"

"—Given others the wrong idea. Yeah, I understand." I really did. It took me a good long while to even indicate I was into women in a public space. This was probably about how she could trust me, then, and not a set-up for a one-nighter—even if she was trying G hard not to stare at me. "So, uh, what did you want to talk about?"

"Um, and this is really embarrassing to say, but you're the first person who's ever made me..." I see her mouth move but don't hear the last words. Her face turns red and she won't look in my direction at all. I can't help but find it all so adorable.

After a moment she tries again. "You're the first person to make me feel things... Sex things."

This was not the turn I expected. Not at all. "When was the first time? What was I doing?"

"You were just bent over a little, that's all."

"What about when? I'm just dying to know."

"Uh," Tami looked away, bit her lip, and rubbed the back of her neck. Her face was getting redder. "So, um, remember that time I pretty much slammed into you? It was right before that big staff meeting I had to present at, end of last quarter."

"Yeah, I was lucky enough to be leaning on a counter already. You were in such a hurry I almost went flying. Presentation was pretty good though."

She smiles at that and then goes back to looking nervous and embarrassed. "Truth is, I figured my... parts would always just be—I don't know, vestigial or something—but all that changed after that encounter."

"That's about when you started interacting with me so much. You've been trying to tell me I turn you on for three months now?"

"Y-yeah, that's... that's right. I was hoping that I could just happen to catch you at the bakery, have a talk over coffee, but that never worked out. I was always too timid to get your attention."

I draw circles on the bedspread while I'm processing that. We're both shooting glances at each other's bodies. I try to find the right words, but I can feel the tension building. I need to say something! Anything! So I settle on confirming that her feelings are reciprocated. "Well, I happen to be into you, too. So that's all good, really."

“Oh, thank goodness.” Tami exhales as she put a hand to her chest. A good two inches of her first three fingers sink into her tit. When she opens her golden-brown eyes again, they seem to be sparkling. “I was worried that you weren’t into girls—or guys for that matter. You never seem to take interest in people around the office.”

“I’ve, uh, never been one to date coworkers—not really one for dating at all, really.”

“Ah,” the excitement that had been growing in her eyes flickers. “That... That makes sense, then.”

I’m reaching out before I even think about it. I fold my hand over hers. “There’s something about you that makes me willing to try, though.”

Why did I just say that? Was I that desperate for some action with Tami? Maybe. I *am* sweating quite a bit, and my heart rate still hasn’t calmed down. I can tell she’s feeling something, too. Her formerly pale chest and face are both flush.

“So, um,” she starts before halting again. She takes a deep breath that ends up showing off more of her tummy. “Do you want to... you know... do it?”

Oh, fuck me. Literally. Still, as much as I want to be making out at this point, I have to remember her boundaries are fragile at the moment. She’s stepping into a new world. I’m here to guide as much as I am to participate.

“Only if you’re really up to it,” I say. I’ve got a different relationship to sex than you do. I’m fairly comfortable fucking the moment they say go.”

She blushes even more when I say fucking and starts stammering. Geez, this girl is too much. No one person should be this cute!

"Look, Tami." I grab her other hand with mine. "We've got the whole trip to get there—and plenty of time after."

"I do want to show you. I've wanted to since the first time I invited you to the gym with me."

"But it was the exact same thing as the bakery, wasn't it?"

"Yeah... I just... People called me all sorts of nasty things growing up, and I..." *Sniffle*
"And I didn't want to deal with all of that again."

I don't even know why, but I pull her in for a hug. It's a little awkward, sure, but I think she appreciates me petting her hair and making soothing sounds. She says my name and I look down, then, all of a sudden, she's kissing me. It's not a long kiss or a deep one, but it's enough to convey a sense of want that she is still not used to expressing.

After a while, she sits back. "Okay, I'm gonna show you."

She gets up and stands with her back to me. She hooks her thumbs into either side and works the shorts down her thighs. At her knees, the shorts fall to the floor. She shifts her weight left and right as she thinks about turning around.

"It's okay," I say. "I'm not going to judge you."

Tami turns around and I try to keep a look of shock off my face. First off, she was trimmed up and not at all shaggy like I figured she might be. I had also expected a normal, if larger than average, penis and balls. Instead, her labia and pubic mound are swollen to a surprising size. Her clit, too, is much larger than average, but it looks correct considering. Huh. I had it all wrong.

“Before that day, in all my life, my body never had never done something like this. It's worse when you're around me, too. I've never been swollen to this extent, and I'm sure it's from being in the car with you all day.”

She puts both hands on her mound, squishing her stomach up a little bit. I bite my lip. As much as I'm trying to be a good girl, it's getting real hard to resist jumping her and having my way with her. As I stare, I could swear her clit twitches hard a few times and then seems bigger.

“F-f-fuck,” she gapes. “I've never had someone look at me with such... such hunger.”

“Hunger is right,” I reply. “I could eat you up right now.”

“Th-then... Then do it!” She says, her eyes squeezed closed from the effort of asking. “Please! I need to know what your touch feels like...”

I'm on my knees before her in an instant. I dip my tongue between her inflated pussy. Her whole mound is throbbing around and against me. I lick from back to front, ending with a flick of her clit with the tip of my tongue.

Ahh! The sound of Tami's reaction sends a thrill down my spine. I can't keep from touching myself anymore and a hand slides down my body into my panties. I moan into her and she puts a hand on my head.

I do it again, deeper this time and her moan has more body as it continues for a few seconds. It doesn't take me long to get into a rhythm as I pleasure her. Each time I loop, I can feel that her clit is growing. I change track to focus on it.

I cup her pulsating nub in the curve between my thumb and pointer finger and take in the sense of it throbbing against me. The longer I touch it, the more I can feel it pulsing and

stiffening. It's getting larger and larger more and more often. I tuck my hair behind my ear and lick the tip.

If Tami's first moans had been powerful, this one is even stronger as the sound fills my ears and vibrates the pleasure center of my mind. She's got her other hand sunk into one of her tits. Her hips are twitching. Fuck, this is good. I could get addicted to her reactions. I mean, I'm already fingering myself like my life depends on it. So maybe I'm there already.

"Fucking Fuck! What're you doing to me? I've never... I've never felt this way before!"

This time, her growth is extensive. The best comparison to the way her clit is changing is the unique way that those long balloons inflate. You know, the ones they use to make animals. She was getting wider faster than she was longer, and that thickness wasn't uniform either. About two-thirds of the way from where it emerged, her clit, like, doubled in girth. It tapered down from that point back to her body, but anything past that point was the same size. It kind of reminds me of a baseball bat.

"I didn't—*Ah, Hah!*—I didn't know my body would do this. I hope... I hope you don't think I'm a freak."

"Not a freak," I say, pausing my tongue-based assault on her body. "You're perfect. I want more of you. Now."

I switch from licking the broad end of her peculiar clit to sucking on it. It's not usual for me to be in this position, but Tami's thing feels good in my mouth. It's not too big and it's springy. More like a nipple than any cock I've had in my mouth before.

Ah... Hah... "That feels so good." Tami staggers back into the bed and sits down. There is a surge of pressure in my mouth as she suddenly gets even bigger. Then both her hands are in my hair and she's pulling on me. "Hannah! Oh please, Hannah!"

The unexpected role reversal hits me hard and I lose it as I relax and do as I'm being instructed. My lips slide down, closer and closer to her swollen mound. At the same time, I'm gushing into my hand, to the point I can feel it dripping off the backs of my fingers.

"Something... Something's happening!"

She tugs harder and thrusts at the same time, bottoming out in my throat as my lips press into her flesh. I forget this is Tami's first time. Everything, taken all together, convinces my body that this is the status quo of our relationship—whatever form that takes. Regardless, I'm not being throat fucked by a virgin, I'm being expertly used for Tami's pleasure since it was her turn to be on top.

"Hannah, I—"

She pulls back. There's a burst of something that tastes like cum, but the volume's not like the normal shot of a masculine orgasm. It almost feels like she's explosively lactating into my mouth. There's another cluster-like burst and I slip free of her grasp as I'm pushed back by the volume. Once free of my mouth, I realize what Tami's unique endowment is doing. In some places, cum just bubbles. In others, it dribbles. There are, however, plenty of streams going every which way as she showers me and the room with her spunk.

"That was— I can't— Sorry for—" Eventually, though, she finds a train of thought. Her swelling has gone down, but her clit is still stiff. The new contrast made it look even bigger.

"I had no idea it did that... It felt so good. Can we... Can we go again, in a bit? I want to feel your body around mine."