

BIM-FEVER

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Story by Jessie Star

PART 1

It had all started with a drunken confession at their backyard barbecue. Stuart's girlfriend still had a double-ended dildo. They had been together for three years, and though he knew Jennie was bi, they had agreed to stay monogamous. Who the hell was the other end of the dildo for? He sure wasn't taking it in the ass. So he followed her inside when she stormed off from his reaction, but his anger melted the minute he saw her leaning against the wall, flush and covered in sweat.

She claimed it must just be an allergic reaction from something that bit her lip, which was now swelling up to collagen overload proportions. "Should I call an ambulance?" Stuart's voice cracked with anxiety. The way Jennie was moaning, she had to be in pain, right? It just sounded so... erotic.

Jennie arched her back as another deep throaty moan left her glossy puffy lips. "Like, maybe?" She whimpered, "the swelling is like, totally spreading." Her shirt now looked a size or two too small, her already large D cups pushing out against her bra, and top like someone hooked them up to a hose. Stuart itched his abs anxiously, trying to take it all in.

"Oh god, Jennie!" Stuart whined. He had to clear his throat; it felt tight, causing his vocal pitch to rise, "It's spreading all over you!"

"Like, not me, silly. It's spreading to you!" Caught between breathy sighs and a giggle, Jen sounding like a drunk horny college girl amid a building orgasm.

"Me? Like what do you-" he stopped mid-sentence, looking down at his nipples, hard, erect, and pushing out against his tight soccer jersey. He could barely touch them. They radiated so much pleasure it was painful. And that wasn't all. Underneath his pecs were swelling into firm rising hills. Stuart whipped his head towards the windows at the end of the hall to see his reflection, but his lengthening hair blocked his view. He tugged his shirt upwards, shrieking in ecstasy as the material dragged over his sweaty, fleshy domes and electrified nipples. The sound was so horny, so erotic, and so very, very feminine. But the sound echoed in his mind, for it matched how he was feeling perfectly. His entire body was an inferno of sexual heat and need. Seeing it in the window's reflection, however, it didn't look like his body at all. He had shrunk in mass some places and swelled up in others, giving him the body of an entry-level porn star. Stuart's heavy, firm tits rivaled his girlfriend's old size. Even his face was reshaping, nose small and sharp, eyes larger and filled with desire. The bombshell in the reflection would have been enough to tent his pants in a second, and if it wasn't for the fact that his genitalia was shrinking

and pulling inward, opening into a new empty void that desperately needed to be filled. "Like, I'm a hot chick and stuff." He sputtered, feeling every inch of flesh turn into an erogenous zone. He wanted to cry and giggle at the same time.



Stuart turned back to find Jennie collapsed against the wall. Where he had become a curvy woman, his girlfriend's tits and ass had become mountain ranges. Her breast sat firm and full the size of watermelons, and as Stuart helped Jennie up, they both gagged from the amount of pleasure pressing their slick, stuffed breasts together caused. He tried to walk her to the bedroom, ignoring the sway of his new curved hips and jiggle of his ass and breast. Ignoring the building hunger and need for sexual culmination that was becoming debilitating to his thought process—ignoring the fact that for a moment, he asked her how to spell 911 when he grabbed his phone.

“Please, baby, I need to cum! Help me!” Jennie screamed and clawed at the bedsheets. Maybe if they came, they would change back, or slow the changing, or at least clear their minds enough to figure this whole erotic dream of a night out.

He gulped as soon as the idea entered his mind, pushing away the doubt and misgivings about it for the greater good. “Like babe, while I try to call for help, maybe you could um.. you know, get that toy ready.” He wasn't sure if this was the right call or if he was ready to put a fake dick inside of him, but as the feminine plea left his pouty lips, they locked eyes and knew it was definitely going to happen.