

It's Just An Ordinary Day
- A weird smutty novella in two parts -
= Part 2 =
By Razmagurk

So, my best friend was controlling reality.

At least, that's what he's been saying. So far I hadn't seen anything that supported his claims.

And I mean, come on. It was Owen, he wasn't exactly subtle. If he could change things, they'd be big. Huge. Completely unmistakable, and frankly? Knowing him? Completely perverted.

I tugged absentmindedly at my top, my great big lusty tits, unarguably some of the hugest and horniest honkers on campus, heaved and hoed with every step.

Yes sir, anything Owen did would be absolutely unmissable.

I wriggled, trying to get them back in position before they bounced free entirely. Normally it wasn't too much of an issue, but this way-too-tight top I had borrowed kept riding up as they jumped and jiggled. Worse - I was either flashing way too much cleavage, or perfectly presenting my prodigious underboob.

But this was fine. I took a deep breath. I could manage. I'd be able to change soon enough.

What had I been saying?

Right. If Owen were up to something, it would really stand out.

I was just on my way over there now to talk to him. It was stupid, I know, but he seemed worked up about whatever was going on, and the least I could do was swing by after class.

And... besides. - and again, I know it was stupid - I just couldn't shake this feeling. Like maybe something really *was* wrong, you know? Like I was staring at something bizarre and it just wouldn't click. I'd been wrestling with the feeling all day but I just couldn't put my finger on it.

I stood aside as a pair of bicyclists rode past, bouncing their fat naked asses on their dildo-seats. The girl seemed to be riding more comfortably than the guy, who's puckering hole clearly wasn't used to the relentless high-gear pounding. That was the price of safety, I suppose.

That's when I heard the sound. Music?

I looked out across the lawn. Were the cheerleaders were having one of their outdoor practices?

I guess it made sense. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and everybody was prancing around in especially short clothing to take advantage. A perfect mid-winter day, just like they all were. What better time for a rally?

I smirked. Owen had never really liked the cheerleaders. Side effect of being a nerd, I guess. Or, well, as nerdy as you can get when you were unmistakably the hottest guy in high school and girls came just thinking about your dick.

And yet, there they were, jumping and tumbling from cock to cock like the free-use sluts they were, doing their acrobatic duty to keep up school morale as they spun and leapt, the whole crowd jacking off in rapt excitement.

See, if Owen was changing reality, he'd have them be doing something humiliating, but they grinned as they fucked from dick to dick, pussy to pussy, ass to ass. Nothing was humiliating to them.

And damn if they weren't on fire too. I let out a gasp as the head cheerleader dove from the top of the human-pyramid to land puckering-pussy-first on to the big meat pole of one of the fans, sliding to a stop as she slid down the girl's prodigious length. Damn, they were really going all out.

I fanned my cleavage. Okay, maybe it was getting a little... warm.

Fuck. No. No.

I turned away.

I didn't have time for this right now. God, I had already creamed my tits three times today, and that last one had been a real solid milking, how was I still horny?

What even was wrong with me today? It was like, everything I saw, everywhere I went, it was all getting me worked up into a frantic heat. Even the most perfectly innocent things were leaving my breath short and my pussy dripping.

Like... look. I turned my gaze to the bus stop up ahead. There was a lesbian three-way as this couple was getting sucked off by the driver for their bus fare while all the people inside looked on bored, rocking gently on the dicks of their seatmates.

Could you think of a more pedestrian scene?

And yet as the driver gargled the girl's dick while her girlfriend lapped eagerly at her pussy, somehow, this was getting me turned on!

I turned away and picked up the pace. I had to get out of here. But of course, just my luck, I ran immediately into something else.

Well, here, at least, was something weird. I almost did a double take.

A woman wearing a scandalously long-sleeve grey-knit sweater had just come out of a coffee shop. The barista, cream still dripping down from his milky tits followed, his face completely red at this woman's outrageously understated outfit. She was yelling something and he was yelling back, but seemed to realize she wasn't getting anywhere.

She looked around, unsure if she should run or if that would make things worse, but she had taken too long. Campus security was already pulling up.

A pair of perky girls stepped out of the car, wearing their body-paint security uniforms and brandishing a wide array of intimidating personal defense dildos strapped to their hips.

I pretended not to look on, to show some respect and decency, but how often did you get a chance to see something like this? Everybody was turning to watch.

She tried to run, but she didn't get far. The security girls were on her, one wrestling her down and cuffing her hands with pink fuzzy cuffs as the other did her up in ropey bondage. She struggled, but her face was now red for a very different reason.

They collared her and took her off with a leash in the back of the squad car.

Wow, okay. I guess that was something weird after all.

But what how could Owen have anything to do with that? And why? Why would he make some poor girl violate the school's dress code and decency regulations by wearing a scandalously large amount of clothing?

I let out a hot breath I didn't know I'd been holding.

Maybe... maybe it was my date tonight. Maybe what I was feeling was just nerves. My brain scanning for something going wrong because I wanted everything to go right.

Not to mention - I squirmed, pussy juices rubbing slickly against my thigh - not to mention that I could very well be getting laid tonight.

Well, if all went well.

I blushed as I thought about the dildo in my ass, left there after Octavia had finished with me. I gave it a playful, naughty squeeze. See, normally, the sensation of that fullness would have sent my tits just drizzling in bliss, but I'd already creamed so many times today there was barely even a drop leaking out of my long, fat nipples.

That, at least, was nice. I guess I really hadn't noticed how backed up I had been lately, but with all the milk now squeezed from my tits, I felt ten pounds lighter.

I laughed and bounced on my sky-high-heels, my gravity-defying melons bouncing happily along.

The afterglow was almost enough to distract me from the nagging sensation that something wasn't right. But what possibly couldn't be right with a guy like me enjoying swinging his salacious slammers around, huh?

I tugged my shirt back into position, then did the same for my little skirt.

I had to get this over with. I had to talk to Owen, I had to get home, I had to get ready.

One step at a time.

I strode through the gate to the Essex Hall men's dorm. With the week winding down, the lawn was festooned with guys getting ready for the upcoming night life. A lot of them were taking advantage of the nice day by relaxing in bikinis on the grass, rubbing oil into each other's nubile skin or working on their slutty tan lines.

It was, granted, a little old fashioned to have a 'mens dorm' in this day and age, but it balanced out the 'women's dorm' and that was an important feature for all those girls who needed comfort and safety and easy access to rampant lesbian sex-parties.

Besides, it gave the school a chance to put all their sexiest, most luscious dudes in one place. The men's dorms were home to only the biggest tits, the fattest asses, and the poutiest lips and pussies. No one got in without being a ragingly girly nymphomaniac and with the body to match.

Well, even more so than usual, that is. Sometimes I felt like that could described half the campus.

And then of course, there was Owen. Perfect and immaculate Owen, the unquestionably manliest guy in the world, chiselled and adonislike, with the biggest, fattest, hardest - No. No, no, no. I shook my head trying not to think too much about it. I'd be seeing it in person soon enough.

I looked around as I made my way towards the door.

Some of the more athletic guys were taking advantage of the weather. They had found a kiddie pool, filled it with lube, and now they were taking turns beating the heat with some strip-jello-wrestling. Lithe bodies jiggled and pressed as they took turns grappling and groping and trying to disrobe their opponents.

As I watched, two especially well-endowed guys seemed to be neck and neck, their taut, well-oiled flesh glistening in the sun as hands grasped and groped and tickled. Locked in a dead heat, their supple bodies pressing all the harder as they started to make out, even their tongues fighting for dominance. Finally, they fell into the pool with a splash, the winner holding up his opponent's bikini top in victory.

I pushed through the main doors to the building proper, waving hello to the dorm-master who kept an eye on everybody's comings and goings. The wave was more a formality than anything else - he couldn't see me over his massive tits - but it felt wrong to just ignore him.

My nose wrinkled at the all-too-familiar smell. Despite the almost industrial rate at which they cleaned, the many years of horny collegiates residing here had given the place the unmistakably manly stink of catgirl pussy. See, that was one of the problems with the men's dorms. In the co-ed dorms, at least, the smell was balanced out by all the catgirl cock.

I pushed forward into the main hall, working my way past the lunchroom and lounge. A bunch of the jocks were watching sports on the big screen. They were on the edge of their seat as a player broke away from the scrimmage and ran across the field, running, running, and finally bottoming out deep in his opponent's plump endzone, jizz spraying everywhere for the cameras. The guys went wild, hooting and hollering and kissing and groping in celebration, as jocks are wont to do.

I laughed. I wasn't really one for dorm life, but some people seemed really into it.

I stepped into the elevator, pressing the glowing golden button for Owen's floor. It whirred and hummed and started carrying me up to his penthouse.

I shifted my weight back and forth idly and gave the dildo in my ass another little squeeze - just enough to enjoy, but not so much that the sudden pleasure would cause my tits to leak. It was nice.

I guess I was trying not to think too much about what was about to happen. Why did this seem so momentous? I'd been weirdly off all day, but this time it was different. What was this feeling? Hesitation? No, more malicious. Trepidation? Anxiety? I gripped and ungripped my fists. Why was I so nervous about going to see my friend?

Whatever was going on - no matter how stupid all this was - it was time to get some answers.

The elevator door opened.

I looked out at the golden paradise of shining marble and luxurious cushions. In the center, a fountain of Monster energy drink fed into a small indoor garden full of dorito trees.

The smell of sex, never distant on campus, hit raw and hard as I stepped out. It was fresher here, somehow more potent, more primal, even as it mingled with the scent of good food and booze

Heaven.

That was the sight that greeted me. Right down to the angelic forms of Owen's cat-girl sex slaves - those guys lucky enough to be Owen's dorm neighbors. They had collected themselves into groups of two or three as they flittered or lounged about, masturbating, serving, or just basking. Each of them was wearing a little uniform, mostly variations on 'maid' but leaving no fetish unrepresented.

I stared politely at their tits as I waved hello and started to make my way towards Owen's room, past the Venus de Milo and her huge cock, past the Mona Lisa in all her cum-stained glory, past Michelangelo's Femboy David and his coquettishly arrayed lingerie that showed off his perfectly sculpted butt.

It was my intention, at least, to make my way smoothly through the hall. Maybe it was just the lighter heft of my milkless boulders throwing me off balance, maybe it was the dildo in my ass still shivering me with pleasure, maybe it was the pool of catgirl cum and saliva, but as I stumbled to avoid stepping on a pair of furiously scissoring swiss maids, smooth was not how things went. I fell forward, my great big swinging knockers coming crashing down into one of the big trophies lining the wall.

"Shit!" It took three steps to reclaim my balance, rubbing my bumped boob with one hand while I tried to manhandle the life sized "world's biggest cock" trophy back into position, glad I had not started a domino effect with the similarly sized "world's best cock" and "world's best lay" trophies. Owen was nothing if not humble.

I let out a hot breath as I pulled my hands away. I had to be careful, all this squishing and rubbing was just going to get me all worked up again. Well, even more so than I already was.

I proceeded to make my way through the rest of the hall, careful to watch my step. There was something about this place that was giving me a headache. It was like there was way too much room being shoved into way too small a place. Had he done something? Redecorated it somehow? Was that what he was going on about all day?

But no - I hazarded a glance - everything seemed the same as always. I made my way past the ornate champaign-and-lube water-features and their sex-slave decorations to the glittering sky-high throne room.

"Oh my god, dude!" I averted my eyes from the sight that awaited me.

"Oliver!" he practically jumped out of his throne. I'd caught him with both hands furiously pumping his monster cock. "I didn't hear you come in!"

"It's fine, dude, just... jesus christ," I made a deliberate show of not looking. "Do you have to do that right now?"

"Hold on, let me pass it off." He beckoned one of the attending catgirls forward, she fell to his knees in suppliant jubilation, eager to be near this sexual monstrosity, her abs twitching orgasmically just in anticipation.

She glanced up at him, eyes sparkling as though this were some kind of dream come true. He nodded down at her and her eyes misted over with happiness. She took a deep whiff, grateful for the opportunity, then pounced upon it, jumping in to take over her master's masturbatorial motions. Her eagerness and her skill were well on display even as she struggled through the body-shaking orgasms rocking through her from just the privilege of touching Owen's dick.

I rolled my eyes. Owen always had that effect on girls.

With his dick properly stowed, I stepped forward. I wasn't a girl, but - my pussy twitched - it was still dangerous to be around that thing in its full glory.

"Alright, Owen, I'm here." I put my hands on my hips, not sitting down or settling or giving any indication that I was staying. I had a date to get ready for. "What was so important you just had to show me in person?"

"Wait, hold on," he snickered, "what's with that shirt?"

"I - " I glanced away. I had forgotten I was still wearing Octavia's super girly 'monster cock' shirt. The image of a massive phallus was jutting proudly from between my tits. I sighed and cocked my hips. "Look, it's been a weird day, okay? Just tell me what you wanted to see me about"

Owen smirked, then threw his head back and laughed in a manner I'm sure he thought was dramatic.

"Behold!" He stood up, gesturing all around him, his body the central feature of the sweeping arches, statues and columns. His throne room was a temple to his greatness and his form was a centerpiece well deserving of one. His masculine bulk and heaving muscles went beyond merely athletic and into the realm of demigoddery.

The girl - professional that she was - remained dutifully attached to this dick.

I tried not to stare at the object of her devotion, tried not to glance down at that mighty beast sheathed down the girl's distended throat, but everybody knew how impossible that was. No one in the world could resist Owen's dick, that was just science. Mm... I licked my lips. Maybe if I asked nice he'd let me join in later? It wasn't cheating - or gay - if it was Owen. Obviously. Everybody knew that.

"Oliver?" he glanced back down.

"Wait, sorry what?" my eyes dragged away from his cock to meet his.

"Oh come on, I said," - he made the gesture again - "Behold!"

I blinked and looked around sheepishly. There was an awkward silence broke only by blissful slurping.

"Did I - did I miss something? Behold what?"

His rugged jaw gawked in disbelief.

"This!" he gestured once again at the world around him. "All of... all of this! Oh, come on!"

"You..." I looked around harder, trying to figure out what he was talking about. "You got new pillars?"

"Oh my god." He fell back into his chair. "You really haven't noticed have you?"

"Sorry man," My tits jiggled as I shrugged and shook my head. "I kept an eye out, but I think whatever big thing you think you've got going on is a total bust."

"You really..." his voice was quiet, disappointed. "You haven't found *anything*?"

I gave him another shrug.

"Okay... okay..." he said, wheels turning in his head. "You know what, that's fine! You're here now. I can show you. I can make this easy for you!"

He reached out to clutch at a fist-sized rock set just off to the side of his throne, next to the tv remote and a bottle of licorice pepsi.

"You ready?"

"Ready for what?"

He held the rock in front of him and squeezed. A grin crossed his face and he started laughing so hard he almost slid right out of his thrown.

"What's so funny?" I glanced around again. Nothing was happening.

"Dude, Look down!"

"What?" I raised a leg daintily behind me, twisting my boobs out of the way so I could see if there was something beneath them. "What am I looking for?"

"You have tits, dude!" he laughed some more. "Holy shit! Look at them!"

"Uh, yeah?" I looked back up. "I've always had tits?"

"Oh my god, right! That's what makes it so fun. See, that's what you think! But the truth is that I just gave them to you now. You were perfectly normal when you walked in a minute ago. Well," he smirked. "Mostly normal."

"I... I don't know what to tell you, dude." I looked down at my heavy breasts, then back up at him incredulously. "I think I'd have noticed if I hadn't had boobs? They've been an especially prominent feature this morning."

I was still trying to work out his 'mostly normal' comment. The only one acting weird here was him.

"Oh, come on, you still don't believe me?"

I glanced away surreptitiously.

"Okay, fine. Let's try this again. Watch carefully. I'm going to make them absolutely ridiculous. You think you've always had those boobs?"

I nodded.

"But were they always... I don't know..." he rubbed the rock contemplatively. "Were they always enormous boulders? Big, heavy, round tits, that jiggle and sway with every step? Oh, oh, and milky! So stuffed up with milk that they're constantly dripping!" he giggled. "How about uh, were they always the most sexually sensitive part of your body?"

I raised an eyebrow.

That last idea seemed to especially amuse him because he kept going. "Big, milky hooters so full and tender that you get off just by walking! Big, horny, aching melons, so huge and weighty and present it's impossible not to get distracted by them, not to give into the need to have them milked and squeezed and fucked at least three times a day or else you just start squirting out all over the place!"

His dick pulsed inside the girl's throat.

"Uh." This was starting to get a bit awkward. "Yes?"

“Oh come on!”

“I mean, dude, have you seen these things?” I hoisted them and leaned forward to demonstrate, blushing at the persistent horny tingle and the appreciative gaze in his eyes. “That’s literally what took me so long to get here. My tits have been so damn horny today I creamed myself in class and had to - hey wait, is that what this about? Did you steal my milker?”

Owen’s laugh intensified; he was rolling in his throne.

Between his apparent sudden fascination with my heaving honkers and all the rolling around, it was finally too much for the girl dutifully sucking him off. She fell off with a loud pop and fell back quivering to the floor, writhing in bliss.

I tried not to stare too jealously. Luckily another catgirl, identical save for the pink hair, dove in to cover the gap. She was all too eager to have her turn with Owen’s hypnotic catnip-laced ubercock, even as he continued in his hysterics.

“I don’t see what’s so funny.” I crossed my arms over my chest, or, well, as close as I could with these tits in the way.

“No, no!” He waved a hand dismissively “I guess –” he struggled to suppress his grin. “I guess that’s the problem, isn’t it? You really don’t. don’t do you? Well don’t get your big milky titties in a twist, dude. Holy shit.” He swallowed his remaining laughter and wiped a tear from his eye. “Okay, okay. I’m fine. Where was I?”

“I’m leaving.”

“No wait!”

“Then will you stop acting crazy for two goddamn seconds and give me some answers. What the hell is going on?”

“Right! Right. Oh man, you’re going to love this. I’ve been wanting for the chance to show you this thing all day. Its... its so good. You see this rock?” He opened his palm to reveal the stone he’d picked up a minute ago. “This rock lets me control all of reality.”

“Okay, seriously, I’m leaving.” I threw my hands and turned to leave. I didn’t have time for this.

“No, wait, come back! It’s true, look!” He gestured down at the artistic perfection of his body. “I used it to make myself the sexiest man alive.”

“Dude, are you even listening to yourself?” I turned back to look at him. Normally Owen’s flights of fancy weren’t quite so... insistent. “You’ve been the sexiest man alive since you were 18. This rock or whatever had nothing to do with it.”

“Sure, /now/ I’ve been the sexiest man alive since I was 18! That’s how it works, it changes the past! Everything falls into place to make things-”

"Why a rock?"

"Huh?"

"If its so powerful, why is it a rock. You could have picked that up anywhere."

"What's wrong with a magic rock? I mean," he looked down at it and adjusted his glasses. "I guess it doesn't have to be a rock does it? I could make it a grail? Or a scepter. Oh, or a lamp! See?" he held the rock up as though it were just that. "But at the end of the day I think I prefer it like this. It's good, handheld, even a bit primal. Plus, lets face it, its way more inconspicuous."

"Okay, fine." I rubbed the bridge of his nose. I really didn't have time for this, but sometimes the only way out was through. "I'll play along. You have a magic rock that can change reality. Why show me this?"

Owen grinned and adjusted his glasses dramatically. He'd been waiting for just such a question.

"What would you do with unlimited power?"

"Uh..." I tilted my head. What kind of a question was that? "I don't know? World peace? End hunger?"

Owen looked down sheepishly at his mightiest of dicks.

"I don't know man," I sighed. "I honestly never gave it much thought. I guess I'd be worried about using it responsibly, you know?"

"Responsibly?"

Yeah like, okay, with you," I laughed. "You'd probably make all the girls walking around on campus into your little fantasies, huh?"

"Oooh, good idea!" he squeezed the rock in his hands.

"And you'd probably try to get back at all those professors you kept arguing with all summer, not to mention all those guys who kept giving you a hard time, your neighbors, the cheerleading team, all those girls who wouldn't go on a date with you..."

"Yes! Exactly!" he rolled the rock from hand to hand.

Wait, I furrowed my brow. that wasn't quite right, who on earth wouldn't go out with Owen?

"Plus" - I looked around at all his gathered catgirl sex-slaves - "I'm sure you have some kind of weird harem fantasy you'd want to bring to life."

"Brilliant!" he squeezed the rock again, then looked down at the girl sucking his cock as though he was seeing her for the first time - "Oh fuck, oh god. That's so good!"

Her eyes lit up. She purred at her master's approval.

"But see, no, that's what I'm saying," I tried and failed to cross my arms back over my chest. "That's all wrong. I mean, yeah its fine to fantasize about, sure, but it would be grossly unethical."

"Unethical?" he scoffed. "We're talking about unlimited power and you're talking about ethics?"

"That's exactly when you should be talking about ethics!"

"No, but see, no one else realizes any of the changes you made. You don't have to worry about anything like that."

"What? Dude, that just makes it worse. Then they don't even know what they lost."

"No," he rubbed at the bridge of his nose. "You're not understanding me." They haven't lost anything because they never had it. It makes it so that their whole life has always been like that. It's normal for them. Everything leads up to and makes sense in context. It doesn't hurt them at all, no matter what happens."

"Just because someone isn't aware of something, just because they fit into their new past or whatever, doesn't mean you aren't changing them. Are you seriously saying even if you wished someone's legs off, that's not hurting them because they'd have always been like that?"

"I would never!"

"Fine, but even if you make someone super happy, if you change them enough are they even themselves anymore? Are you not harming that person?"

"No that's not - look, I don't want to argue about this any more, okay?"

"Alright fine," I put up my hands. "You were the one who asked."

"Ethics aside. Hypothetically, then, if you had everybody's permission and everybody was on board, what would you do? What would you wish?"

"No, but see, how far does it go? If it changes the past, doesn't it change everybody else's past too? Even if you did - I don't know - make a girl's dick really big, -" I paused as Owen snickered - "If it changes the past, does that make her mom's dick really big too? Her sisters? Sure you have the girl's permission but what about them? What about all the boys who have suddenly had to take her big fat log? How much of a person's past can they truly claim agency over?"

"Oh my god, Oliver, how are you making 'magic wishing rock' sound so boring and complicated!?"

"Hey, you're the one asking!"

"Okay, fine, you want to argue? What about the other side of that? What about the fact that the person they are afterwards is totally happy with it? What if they love it. They wouldn't have it any other way. Are they not a person, Oliver? Does their opinion matter less than the original?"

“Yeah, but they wouldn’t have existed otherwise.”

“All the more reason for them to be happy about it! I mean, hell, I don’t think you could use the thing evilly if you tried. You could punish someone by giving them a shitty life, sure, but look. If I gave you a pussy, a real fat juicy one –” he held out the rock and squeezed “ – and then told you I was going to change you back to having a dick. What would you say?”

“First off, I already have a pussy.” Oh boy did I ever. Owen snickered again. “Second off, yeah I’d be upset if you tried to give me a dick just randomly out of nowhere. You can’t just go around changing people. That’s the whole point!”

I tried not to dwell too long on the idea that he’d just roundabout offered me the dick.

“You see? Now that you’re changed, you fight for it! Its just as real to you, just as important. This is who you are! And I can make everybody so much happier! I can make the world a better place. It doesn’t have to be boring or vanilla any more!” he rolled the rock back and forth between his fingers “I can bring all kinds of fantasies to life!”

“Your losing it.” I shook my head.

“I’m not! Damnit Olliver, I’m trying to help. I’m trying to give you anything you could ever want. So tell me, ethics aside. What would you do with all this power?”

“Man, I don’t know!” I threw up my hands again. “Like I said, probably try to help people?”

“Besides that!” He wasn’t happy with my answer, wasn’t happy that I wasn’t playing along. I sighed. I guess he wanted to me to go off about some wild crazy fantasy or whatever. I wasn’t that sort of person. I had enough crazy sexy adventures in my life as is.

“Fine! I guess... fuck, I dunno.” I shook my head. “It would be nice if my date tonight went well?”

“See? There we go! That’s a start!” His grin grew huge. “I can help! Where are you taking her?”

“Help? What? Dude, I do not need your help putting a date together. We’re giong to Chez Coq. Then maybe dancing or, well, we’ll see how the night goes.”

“Right. Right! And the two of you are going to have a tender romantic evening,” he rubbed the rock “and the service is going to be exceptional and the food is going to be great, and the mood is going to be just right.”

“I mean, I can hope?”

“And then afterwards?” he raised an eyebrow.

“Afterwards? Well,” I blushed, “like I said we’ll see where the night takes us.”

“Don’t worry Oliver,” He giggled. “It’ll all end on a high note. Afterwards she’s going to take you home and bang that tender pussy of yours senseless with her big fat dick!” He laughed and giggled as he rubbed the rock again.

“I mean, hopefully?” I blushed. “If all goes well?” I didn’t want to brag but Ophelia did have the best dick. Well, second best. My eyes once again made contact with Owen’s monster.

“Look,” I sighed and turned for the exit. “This is fun, really, but I if you’re just going to get mad about hypotheticals and make fun of my love life, I don’t have time to stick around, I really need to go get ready.”

“What, that’s it? You just want to have a good date?”

“I mean, yeah?”

“Oh my god, you’re serious, aren’t you?”

“What? What’s wrong with that?”

He tensed his eyes, looking back and forth between me and the rock.

“All the power in the world, Oliver! Come on!”

“Look, I just don’t want to hurt anybody.”

Owen looked down at the catgirl sucking his cock. He looked around almost embarrassed at his grand palace and his perfect body. He opened and closed his mouth as though trying to find the right words.

“No.” His tone had changed. Quiet. Small. All of his earlier exuberance had faded away.

“What’s wrong?”

“I refuse to believe that anybody could get their hands on this and not use it for *some* selfish purpose! The stuff that I’ve done...”

“You haven’t done anything!”

“Exactly! I haven’t done anything that anybody else wouldn’t have done.”

“Whatever you say, dude.” I rubbed at the bridge of my nose.

“And I can prove it.” his eyes went wide. “God help me, I can prove it.”

“Prove what?”

“Here.” He swallowed tightly. He was trying to present a cocky grin, but his emotions had other plans. “Take the rock.”

“Oh my god, Owen.” I sighed. “I don’t care about your dumb hypothetical rock.”

“I’m serious! Take it. See that you don’t use it then, huh? See that you don’t make the world your personal playground too!”

“What, like some kind of weird test?”

“Yes!”

“Fine.” I rolled my eyes, cocked a hand on my hip, and held out my hand. “Let’s get this over with. I have to get going.”

Owen’s own hand shook as he clenched the thing. His breathing had become intense in a way that had nothing to do with the blowjob he was getting. He held it out slowly, above my waiting palm.

“Well?” I raised an impatient eyebrow.

He looked me in the eyes. Regret. Sorrow. Fear. I’d never seen him so worked up. For a second, I almost believed that maybe he was telling the truth.

And then his grip tightened, and he pulled away.

“I can’t!” he cried. “God help me I can’t.”

“Holy shit, dude.” I sighed in anticlimax.

“I’m sorry...” There were legitimate tears in his eyes. “I’m sorry... I can’t. Even for you, I can’t.”

“Look, Owen,” I crossed my arms under my tits. “I really don’t have time for this kind of game right now. I’ve still got to get cleaned up and showered and changed. It’s been a hell of a day and I need to get ready.”

“It’s not a game!”

“We’ll hang out this weekend, okay?”

I turned and I started walking towards the exit, hand waving goodbye.

“Stop!”

“Later, dude!”

“Damnit, Oliver, stop!” His voice was powerful, authoritative, desperate. His sex slaves came in droves at it’s commanding presence. Hell, it even sent my knees trembling. “I swear to god! I swear to god... if you so much as take another step, you’re going to regret it!”

“What are you going to do, Owen?” I took another step. He could do his worse.

“I’ll... I’ll... I’ll make your tits so big you’ll need a wheelbarrow to carry them around!”

I laughed. As though they didn’t feel just as big as that some days.

“Fine? You don’t think I’ll do it? See how you like these!”

Nothing happened.

“Don’t - don’t make me make them even bigger!”

“Dude, I keep telling you,” I sighed. I tried to take another step, but it was a struggle. It was like everything that had happened today was all suddenly catching up with me all at once, weighing me down. “My tits have always been this big!”

“Gah! Fine!” he exclaimed, squeezing the rock again. “Then I’ll turn you into a horny slut! Constantly hungry for cock! With a big fat dick up your ass! You’ll be so busy cumming that you won’t even be able to leave!”

Owen really was a pervert to the end, wasn’t he? Did he - did he know about the milking dildo up my ass? I mean, I guess he must have with the way it bulged out from between my juicy cheeks and the way my little skirt hung up over my prodigious ass.

And I mean, there was nothing wrong with a guy like me walking around with something like this in, but uhg - my face went flush - now I was aware of it. Like thinking about your tongue, now I was vividly thinking about the cock in my ass and how that great big black milker was rubbing oh so sweetly at all my boy-prostates, at how it was filling me up so damn good that my whole body was singing out, mouth salivating, nipples hardening and moistening.

Great. There was that fucking horniness again. Sharp and potent and totally inappropriate. I wiggled, trying to focus, but once again my aching nipples had begun to rub against the fabric of my shirt, and damn if every little movement wasn’t like dragging a match along the concrete.

“What -” I swallowed. “What are you even saying, dude?”

“You’ll be a bimbo! A whore! A hyper-exaggerated sex-puppet who’s every thought and action are - are - damnit, Oliver, I mean it!” He held up the rock, hand shaking. “One more step and I’ll... and I’ll...”

I turned back to look at him and – shit, he had his dick out. Oh god, and I was eye level with it. I stared at it as it pulsed and throbbed, its impossible virility sent me drooling, bringing me to the brink of orgasm just thinking about it.

Damnit, focus, now really wasn’t the time.

But - fuck - I bit my lip. How could I not? How could I hold back in it’s presence? How could I resist the perfect mind-blanking virility it represented? I couldn’t. Owen’s perfect dick? In that moment? Irresistible. That was just a scientific fact.

My starving pussy assumed direct control of my body. I lunged towards it, but fell, the weight of my tits somehow pulling me down to the ground. It did little however, to stop me. Hands, body, tongue, my every inch was desperately reaching through the air, unable to concentrate on anything but his amazing member.

Owen's eyes went wide, like he was seeing me for the first time. As though he'd never seen me frothing at the mouth for his dick before. Was he imagining me as he had been describing me? Some bloated bimbo slut? Some pathetic pornographic pastiche of a person? As if.

"Oh my god, Oliver." He ran forward to meet me. "Oh my god, what have I done?"

He hadn't done anything, damnit, but at least now he was bringing his dick closer.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Oh my god! I'll change you back! I'm changing you back!" he squeezed the rock. "You're not a bimbo, you're not a whore or a sex puppet. Oh god, I'm sorry. Your tits aren't so big you can't even move!"

I stumbled forward, trying to rise up from all fours, the motion causing me to break eye contact with his member. I blushed. Had I really been about to do that? God, I was still horny just being in its unsheathed presence, but I was feeling at least more in control of myself.

I mean, there was nothing wrong with fucking Owen, obviously. Everybody knew that. But I had places to be.

I was therefore only a little disappointed when, instead of shoving his miracle dick into my hot quivering pussy, he just fell to his knees.

"I'm sorry." He was almost sobbing. "I didn't mean to - I almost... oh my god. I'm sorry! I'm sorry."

Shit. I shook the arousal from my head. What the hell was I thinking? This was not the time.

"Dude, it's fine." I stepped forward, leaning down, and pulled him into a manly hug. He blinked in surprise. "Everything's going to be okay. I forgive you."

"Huh?"

"You're upset. I get it. And you said a lot of angry things. Listen," I looked him deep in his handsome, steely eyes, "I don't know what this is all about, but something big is clearly bothering you. Whatever it is, you know you can talk to me about it, right?"

"What?"

"You don't have to go around acting like some kind of petulant demigod. You don't have to make up some crazy nonsense about magic rocks and weird tests of character. We're not in high school anymore. We're not kids. You know you can always just come to me, you can always just talk to me. I'll be there for you, I'll understand. No pretense. You know that right?"

"But I-"

"Okay, you */are/* a horny demigod, obviously. But you've been that way since, what? Third grade? The rock has nothing to do with it. Why bring me here, why tell me all this? Why the game?"

"I just... " he looked up at me, eyes watering, then looked down at the rock in his hand. It looked so small and ordinary. "I just wanted to share all of this with my best friend." he gestured vaguely.

I had intended to look around at what he was gesturing at, but looking at the rock had gotten me sidetracked by that cock of his.

"The first thing I thought of when I found this thing was how much fun we could have with it." he sighed. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to... you were saying those things. Talking about doing the right thing and I..." he looked down at my tits "- I may have gotten a little carried away."

"You think?"

"And I think... I think I needed to know that I wasn't being selfish. That it was justified. That it was all what anybody would do. Shit, I really do wish I knew what you'd do with it."

His eyes went wide.

"Owen, come on, it's me, you've always known."

"Ha!" He pulled away and looked down at the rock still in his hand, a small grin of surprise on his face. "I guess you're right. You really wouldn't change a thing, would you?"

"What would I change?" I laughed.

"I wish —" he paused, then laughed. He set down the stone. "I wish I had that kind of morality."

Tears were welling in his eyes. "Damn, I really needed your back on this one. Oh my god." He leaned back and let out a breath, half sobbing, half laughing. "I'm a monster!"

"What? You're not a monster. Just because of this hypothetical? Come on, you mean well, you just don't think things through sometimes."

"I don't even remember half the changes I made! I don't know how I'd even begin to fix things. Hell, look at you!"

"What about me?"

"Nothing." He shook his head. "You look good, Oliver. Being a big-titted milk slut suits you."

"Damn straight." I beamed at the compliment.

"And god help me," he sighed. "I don't know if I have the strength to turn things back, even if I did know."

“Bullshit.” I clapped him on the shoulder. “Owen, you’re always doing this. You’re stronger than you give yourself credit for. If this means so much to you, you will. You’re a good person, deep down where it counts. At the end of the day, you just want people to be happy.”

He blinked through the tears.

“You’ve clearly done something you regret, and if you don’t want to tell me what it is that’s fine. But I am here for you. You’re not a bad person, and you regretting is proof of that.”

“Thanks, man.”

“But if you want to make amends, if you want to make things right? Then you go do that! It doesn’t matter what I’d do, it doesn’t matter what anybody else would do. Because its what you do that matters, okay?”

“Oh my god.” He looked down at the stone, revelation crossing his face. “Your right. I’m the one in charge here aren’t I?” His chuckle started out dark, then brightened like the dawn. “I can do anything I want!”

I wasn’t quite sure what he was on about, but I smiled along.

“Thank you, Oliver! I’m glad we spoke. Before I went off and did something crazy that changed the whole world forever.”

“You really aren’t going to tell me, are you?” I laughed. “What this is really all about?”

“Bro, I’ve been trying.”

“Well, whatever.” I shook my head and held out a hand to pull him up. “Are you feeling better?”

He nodded, though the remnants of tears still haunted his eyes.

We hugged again, my tits pressing into his firm, impossibly muscular chest. This time, his dick got between us. I tried not to cum my fucking brains out, but no one could hold off long when touching Owen’s dick.

He blushed and pulled away.

“Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have a hot date to go get ready for.”

He gave me a look.

“But I’ll move some plans around so we can hang out this weekend?”

“Sure,” he laughed. “Sounds good. Hey, Oliver?”

“Yeah?”

"I'm going to do the right thing. Just you wait and see!"

-

"And then what happened?" Ophelia leaned in across the table.

"I left." I gave a shrug. "I had to get home and get ready."

I looked around the restaurant. It had been smooth sailing from there on out. No weird feelings, nothing even remotely out of the ordinary. I'd been so concerned with tonight being perfect that I hadn't even given it a second thought.

I watched as the waiters went from table to table, as people laughed and dined and shared the night. The place was just fancy enough to be special without it being exclusive. A romantic gesture, even if not a grand one. We'd heard nothing but good things.

"Well good on you for keeping your head" she took a sip of her water. "I'd have left with a few choice words the moment he started throwing around insults. The nerve of that guy."

I laughed. She'd have shoved that rock so far up his ass the only thing he'd be wishing for was a hospital.

"He means well, he can just be a little overwhelming sometimes. He's not... well..." I corrected myself. "He's *usually* not that bad."

"He's lucky to have a friend like you." She winked. "Do you think he'll be okay? "

"I..." I put the salad fork down. "I mean, as okay as he gets? It's not like this is the first time something like this has happened. Everything will be back to normal before you know it. Hell, I half-expect he'll have some other crazy scheme up his sleeve this time next week."

Back to normal.

What a wonderful notion.

After all the chaos today, it was nice to just relax and enjoy my time with the girl I loved.

"I gotta say though," she smirked as she chewed a bite of cheesebread. "You're a better person than I am."

"Hmm?" I raised an eyebrow.

"I can think of some very fun things I'd do with a rock like that. Get rid of some blemishes, maybe? Make some things bigger perhaps?" She rubbed a foot along my leg.

"I don't know baby," I blushed. "I think I like you just the way you are."

"Yeah, but you're biased." she stuck out her tongue.

“God,” I laughed. “Could you imagine? If it was real?” I shook my head. “What kind of crazy perverted bullshit he’d pull?”

“And we’d have absolutely no idea.”

Before we could discuss it any further, however, the waitress arrived, holding our plates and a bottle of wine.

“Ooh, looks good!”

We gazed hungrily at the girl as she set her drinks down. I wasn’t a huge fan of wine but they had the fancy stuff, and what fun is going to a place like this if you don’t indulge a little?

“You ordered the extra meat, right?” The waitress confirmed.

I nodded.

She set my plate down before me, then whipped her beefy dick and heavy balls out and slapped it onto the dish.

I looked up at the waitress, who was now pulling the flimsy fabric of her blouse away to reveal her enormous tits and cowbell nipple piercings. She gave me a professional smile.

This...

this...

“This looks amazing!” I gave the girl a great big grin before leaning down to take in the aroma of the meal before me. It smelt amazing too. I ran a tongue along its meaty length, sampling its juicy flavor.

“Right?” Olivia drooled lustily at the girl’s tits.

“Enjoy your meal.” The waitress gasped, already groaning at my ministrations.

Her cock pulsed and twitched in my hand as I pumped the thick clear cream from her throbbing shaft, catching it with my tongue as I swirled it around the spongy rigidity of her throbbing cockhead. Her extra-heavy balls churned to keep up with my appetite, delivering load after load of oven-fresh precum drooling down my lips and splattering on the plate as I suckled my way to the main course.

It was a little uncouth for such a fancy restaurant, sure, but I pulled more of that wonderful beef into my mouth with a slurp, sucking down as much as I could, exploring the phallus with my circling tongue and really taking the opportunity to savor the mouthfeel. The waitress gasped and groaned, and I was rewarded with an especially large dollop of pungent salty gravy.

“Oh damn.” I came up with a wet shlorp, cum dribbling down my chin and onto my table-bound-tits.

“It’s so juicy!”

“Ooh yeah?” Ophelia pulled off the waitress’s milky boob. “This cream is amazing, you’ve got to try it.”

I ran my hand gingerly up and down the length of my meal, pumping and squeezing more from that delicious rod. Precum had given way now to the full thing, a constant dribble of thick white savory cum, sticky and aromatic, running down her dick into my hand and the plate beneath. I rolled it around in my fingers, letting it accumulate on my hand so I could lick it up, careful not to spill a single drop.

"I'm glad we finally got a chance to check this place out." Ophelia did one final pull off of the girl's tits, milk spraying and dribbling messily down the girl's big heavy milkers as she rubbed and squeezed. She took a big sip of wine to go with it, then another. I laughed. She didn't often get the chance to indulge - if she wasn't careful the alcohol would leave her too horny to drive - but we had walked tonight for just such an eventuality. She drank deep.

Curious, I leaned in to lick the milk dribbling from the waitress's heaving bust, careful to run my tongue up her underboob and swirl it around one of her hard sensitive nipples. As someone who also had enormous, super-sensitive, nymphomaniacal milkers, I knew all the little tricks to get as much out of a girl like this as possible. Or, well - I smirked at my girlfriend - at least I liked to think so. Ophelia was always finding ways to surprise me.

Oh, damn. I pulled away from the tit and regarded it fondly. This was good! It was sweet and milky and wonderfully complimented the savory salty custard of her Dick juice, which still lingered on my lips.

"Mm!" Ophelia pulled off of the spurting cockhead, also clearly enjoying the sultry combination of flavors. We both pulled off of each other's food and laughed. Our eyes locked. We smiled.

We pressed in closer, her gentle lips pressing against my own, slow and soft and tender and deep. Our lips danced as we leaned over the tabletop, fondling our dinner. Flavors mingled between our tongues as we passed cum and cream back and forth, as our hearts beat aflame in each other's time.

Her half-drunk lips were aggressive and hungry, but she was restraining herself. She wanted to make this moment of shared intimacy last. I blushed. I could feel that same heat, that same passion, echoing through my own soul. And so, lips pressed tighter, I obliged her wants. I accepted her hunger. Inviting her with a little tug at her lip, to take things firmer and deeper and harder.

What can I say? I was horny too.

And so one kiss led to another, and as our passions rose, the whole of the world turned around us.

Waiters and waitresses waved their dicks from table to table, serving the night's specials and various appetizers and drinks. People chit-chatted and moaned, over soft music and softer lighting. A pleasant romantic little break from the world and - mmm, the flavours still swirling in our mouths - some of the best food in town. I couldn't ask for a better night or a better person to share it with.

Outside, boys jiggled past in high heels, a pregnant man followed a catgirl on a leash, a bicyclist fucked closely onto her safety dildo to avoid falling off on a sharp stop, and an older gentleman - in his pink bimbo best - took a detour into an alleyway to get some more cum-filled condoms for his bed, tying the six he'd gotten already around his naked belt like a skirt.

All - In other words - was right with the world.

-

"Okay," Ophelia giggled. "That was amazing." Two more glasses of wine each, we were walking down the street, leaning unsteadily on each other. I pulled my skirt back up above my ass, trying carefully to keep some semblance of formality. "That jizz-cream cake was fantastic." She licked her creamy lips, still glossy from our meal.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it baby." I squeezed her hand. "I just wish the portions had been a bit bigger."

"Aw," she nibbled on my ears. "Is my little size-queen still hungry?"

"Mm, maybe a little?" I blushed at the cutesy pet name.

"Me too." she giggled. "Come on! I've got an idea." She grabbed my hand and dragged me to the park. A jogger ran by, tits heaving in her athletic bikini, athletic dildo harnessed into her ass. We found a quiet bench under a streetlamp.

"Come here, baby," she patted her lap in invitation, the heft of her beautiful dick lifting up her skirt. "I'll fill you up good."

"Aw, thank you baby."

"God, you've got me so fucking hot." she tugged at her skirt. "Look at me." She gestured to her throbbingly hard dick. "I jacked off like six times while getting ready and I'm still ramrod hard."

"Sure, sure," I stuck out my tongue. "And how much of that is the wine?"

"The wine just has me appreciating how much I love you." Her eyes traced a path along my body.

"Uh huh." I turned around and gave my booty a little shake, the motion also sending my tits waving lewdly in the evening air. "And it has nothing to do with my massive tits, or my big jiggly fuckable butt?"

"How romantic," she laughed. "Well," she bit her lip, "I wouldn't say it has nothing to do with that." She was hypnotized by the sway. "God, you do have the best fucking ass. Of all the butts in the world, yours always gets me the hardest."

"Aw," I stuck out my tongue again, "now who's being the romantic?"

"Come on, baby," she beckoned. "Why don't you sit that fat ass of yours on my lap and give me a taste of those sweet horny tits of yours? I want to pound you so hard you won't even be able to see straight. I want to fill you so full of my dick you'll be tasting me from the other end. I want to leave you walking funny for days!"

Mmm, I swooned at the poetry of her words. What a perfect way to end the night.

I positioned my drenched pussy delicately over her dick. Gasping as the plump pressure sent me shaking. Ophelia's cock was... it was hard to describe. Through some quirk of fate, it was like her cock was perfectly shaped to give me maximum pleasure. I really was lucky to have her.

I leaned my hips down, gasping as I lowered into her lap, enveloping her cock with the my hot, dripping folds. As fun as it was to get my ass fucked, this girl was the only one in the world I wanted in my pussy. This was a special tenderness reserved just for her.

My own verbalizations, which were as soft and mewling as the shivers of pleasure rocking through my body, were drowned out by her much more immediate, much more focused screams of carnal ecstasy. "Oh fuck!" Her cock throbbed in the velvet glove of my pussy as I squeezed and kneaded it with my finely-trained yawnic muscles. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!"

My vocal volume escalated, as did my intensity. I shivered, trembling, breathless with need. I fell forward into her, my arms wrapping around her and squeezing oh-so-tight. Our tits - our horny raunchy tits - pressed and rubbed together as we writhed, the perfect compliment to the needy tingling stretch as my manly passage pulsed around her womanly member.

I wanted to tell her how much I loved her. I wanted to tell her how much I cared about her. I wanted to tell her how fucking good she filled me up, how she made me complete. But all that came out was a wash of whorish moans and babbling affirmations, spilling eagerly from my lips as she bottomed out.

I gripped her hand tight. This was everything I wanted this night to be. Our hearts pounded. In my chest, in my eyes, in my soul - if there was a greater happiness, a greater closeness than this, I didn't know it.

And that perfect moment seemed to stretch into eternity, me trembling in her arms as she flexed and wiggled her dick and rolled her hips, a gentle massage that kept my sopping clit and labia grinding explosively against her as our hips pressed and thrust to their own uncontrollable rhythm.

Her arms tightened around me, holding me close, holding me tight, warmth and heat and love against the cold. She blew gently and sweetly into the nape of my neck as the tongue lolled from my mouth and my eyes rolled up in my head. Her own naked nipples - when had she taken her top off? - slid against my milky own like the trigger of a gun, sparks of bliss mingling hormonally in every chemical, every animal inch of me.

And there, trembling on the edge of something great, a stray thought hit me.

Something... something wasn't right.

I whimpered.

But as the bliss percolated in my brain, it was true. Something was wrong.

What if... what if none of this was real?

What if Owen was right?

Oh god.

What if I didn't normally fuck my girlfriend's monster dick while she pounded milk out of my hypersexual boy-tits? What if I didn't have this - mmf - ultra nymphomaniacal body? What if lovers never fucked in parks or shared cum in a fancy restaurant or... or... all of this happiness.

What if none of it was real?

By Owens own argument, I would never know. I'd be just as happy. Is this what he meant? Was this not better than... than... whatever else there could be? Even if it wasn't real, did that reduce the significance - the sublime perfect beauty - of this moment?

But then she screamed out and bucked her hips, her own passion boiling over as she could take no more. My cunt smashed down hard against her lap and the sensation drove all conscious thought from my mind, taking the last vestiges of my restraint with it."

"Oh fuck!" I cried out as well.

Warmth against warmth, the two of us shared our heat in the night, the flames of our souls and of our lusts guiding us on a journey of mutual bliss, two hearts working as one, pumping and grinding, flush and alive and screaming out our euphoria into the starlight.

The truth was, even if Owen was right, if all his craziness was real - I wouldn't have this any other way.

All day long I'd been weighed down by the thought that something wasn't right. But now? Now I cast it away. I screamed out in horny raunchy bliss. I screamed out in love.

As if anything could be wrong with a moment like this.

The End.