Danielle groaned as she adjusted her bra once again. The straps cut into her shoulders and the band bit into her breasts, which overflowed the cups. Her new shirts weren’t much better, several rode up and didn’t touch the tops of her hips anymore, and others failed to reach her navel. All they had in common was how they stretched taut around her bust. Pants weren’t an issue yet, though her underwear sank deep into her sides.

Tightness wasn’t the issue. She had dealt with undersized clothes for most of her life, but the speed at which she’d outgrown them was disconcerting. Almost everything in her current wardrobe was bought a week ago. If this growth spurt continued, even another day at this pace, and she’d be buying another set. The store wouldn’t let her return them after she’d already worn them several times.

“Honey, can’t you wear something… nicer?” Her mother asked in Swedish. They preferred it when in private, determined to keep hold of their homeland, and to hide how bad their English was compared to their daughter’s.

“This was the best I could find,” Danielle said and plopped down at the table. It was the first day of the school year. She was a senior in high school now, her final year before college. Her parents had made it clear that her appearance was crucial now. ‘You never know who’s watching’, they’d tell her. Surely a college dean or recruiter would appreciate it more if she didn’t appear as a shy girl, but as an outgoing woman who could speak her mind? They didn’t think so.

“Didn’t you buy new clothes?” Her dad asked, flustered as he scoured the kitchen before he had to leave for work.

“I did. They’re already too small.”

“Hmm,” he grumbled and fished out his wallet, then tossed her a pair of fifty dollar bills, “I expect the change back.”

“Thanks Dad,” Danielle said, relieved that her video game funds wouldn’t be exhausted on something as trivial as clothes. Maybe Bethany would be around again? She wondered and leaned into her hand, sighing at the memory. Such a strange game, but it was wonderful all the same. Even the mess was worthwhile. She just wished she knew what it was called. Perhaps Holly did?

A knock at the door launched Danielle to her feet. She grabbed a slice of jam slathered toast and her bag, “Bye Mom!” She called and exited the home into the outside world, and into the embrace of her closest friend, Holly Hemlock.

“Hiya Dani,” Holly said and separated, beaming as they started down the driveway, an umbrella in her hand, “How was your vacation?”

“Eh, so-so,” Danielle shrugged, reciprocating her friends striking smirk. Summer was an amazing time to observe Holly, whose ashen skin almost shone in the sunlight. It couldn’t last, though. She burned easily on duller days than this, as such the umbrella soon went up. Regardless, she was an amazing sight to behold.

Pink eyes shimmered beneath the portable shade, while her anaemic hair floated on the subtle breeze and framed her long lashes. Crimson lipstick juxtaposed her pallid complexion. If she put blush on, or had some black makeup and hair dye, she could pass for a Geisha. She’d had her own spurt during the holidays, her once loose clothes now tight around her body, though not uncomfortable like Danielle’s.

“I see you filled out a bunch,” Holly said with a nod to Danielle’s bust.

“Yeah,” she groaned and tugged on the straps yet again, “It’s such a pain.”

“Hey, you look great at least,” Holly said. She flung her free arm around Danielle’s waist, pulling her close, while her hand squeezed at the Swedish girl’s chest, “Still so soft. It’s amazing they don’t just pour out. How’s your other friend?”

“Casey?” Danielle frowned.

“No, your… you know?”

Danielle wracked her brain, searching for any friends she might’ve made recently that Holly wasn’t on a first name basis with. None came up. She didn’t consider many people her friends, most were just amicable to her. Holly and Casey were the sole exceptions for the time being.

“Jesus, your penis, Dani,” Holly eventually sighed, exasperated.

“Oh! It’s fine. I think it got a little bigger too though,” Danielle said, sparing a worrying glance for her pants. Aside from loose sweatpants and shorts, anything she wore presented a visible tube along the length of her thigh. Most people didn’t look that low, as if they were trapped by something further up. They rarely looked her in the eye, though.

“Damn,” Holly breathed and removed her arm. A slight flush was on her face now.

“Is the sun too much?” Danielle asked.

“Huh? Oh, no. No, it’s fine. It’s not as bad as it was in Miami. I thought I was going to melt there.”

Danielle giggled, “I’m glad you didn’t.”

“Me too. How’d you handle the heat? Still not used to it?”

“It’s alright. I’m getting better with it.”

“Good, good.”

“You mentioned some auditions before. How’d they go?” Danielle asked. Her friend was a fantastic dancer, able to flow from move to move with a grace she couldn’t hope to possess, and put her voluptuous hips to excellent work through the art.

“Horrible,” Holly lowered her head, brow creviced and lips tight against each other, “I’ve got another one after school, but… I’m not sure about it.”

“Want some support?” Danielle offered.

“I guess so. Thanks,” Holly forced a smile.

“Not a problem. I love watching you dance,” Danielle said and made a clumsy effort at a waltz, almost tripping in the process.

Holly laughed and steadied her, “I look like a pro next you.”

“Way to spare my feelings,” Danielle chuckled, unconcerned that she had made a fool of herself. It put Holly back at ease, which in turn soothed her own worries. She had enough of those from her parents and the threat of the upcoming exams, anything more was excessive.

“It starts at four, in the gym.”

“So it’s a school show?”

“Yeah. Nothing major. Really, I should be able to ace the audition,” Holly said, though her tone belied her words.

“Just do what you always do and wow them,” Danielle said, took her hand and gripped it, “I can always try out before you. It’ll make you look awesome by comparison.”

Holly squeezed her hand in return, “Don’t do that. You’re so hot they might take you anyway.”

“Why does everyone say that? I’m not any warmer than normal, I think,” Danielle checked her forehead. Stable temperature, and her palm wasn’t any different.

“No, I keep telling you, it means you’ve got a great figure. See? Huge boobs, cute waist and a butt to die for.”

“Please don’t die for my butt,” Danielle said.

Holly couldn’t restrain her laughter, “It’s a figure of speech.”

“I thought speech didn’t have a figure.”

“You’re really clueless, you know? How’re are you top of the class again? That’s a rhetorical question,” Holly quickly added.

“Don’t blame me. English is so confusing. You Americans have weird words that mean so many things,” Danielle complained.

“Hey, try living in England for a bit. You’ll go insane.”

“Thank goodness Dad doesn’t like the British,” Danielle chuckled.

School was a short walk away. It was a private girl’s school, Margaret’s School for Gifted Ladies, though its reputation had dwindled as of late, with its students either becoming complacent or forsaking their usual passions in favour of popularity. Now, the school only laid claim to high test scores and college successes, and a large number of extracurricular activities. Theatre, sports, mathletes, literature, beauticians and many others, it gave all its students the best that it could. Whether they used these facilities was up to them.

Danielle didn’t. Nothing seemed to fit her. She liked to read, but her parents were selective about her material, only permitting her books that they had read and approved of, and sports were nigh impossible with her body as is. Mathematics, while not her weakness, were a nightmare better left in the classroom. So she settled for being an above average student with nothing all that extraordinary about her.

Though Holly begged to differ. Any chance she got, from the moment they met in middle school, she would complement or hug Danielle, often squishing her chests together. Some people had asked what their relationship was and, though Holly’s snowy skin would turn a deep red, Danielle was certain they were friends. How no one else understood that was a mystery.

*Then again*, Danielle thought as they separated for that morning’s classes, *what did it mean to be more than friends?* She cared for Holly like her own family, or was it something else? No one had talked to her about relationships, aside from the general meaning, but she recognised her parents’. They loved each other, so they slept in the same bed, smiled and talked together at all hours, even made sacrifices for one another. But she wondered if there was something missing from her knowledge.

People are confusing. Danielle put the thoughts aside and settled into the first class of the semester, ready and eager to learn. She made idle chatter with those around her before the teacher arrived. Ever since she was young, few people held animosity toward her. It made life a far nicer experience than what she sometimes heard about on the news.

Lunch came and she met up with Holly, who used the chance for a hug. It was tighter than normal, and her hands came dangerously close to Danielle’s bottom, as if she wanted to touch the cheeks. They parted before she did so. Why anyone would want to touch a butt was anyone’s guess. It was just globes of fat after all, nothing remotely interesting about them. Just like breasts, though they served a greater purpose in adulthood. Did people mistake the gluteus maximus for breasts? Is that why they often talked about how nice they were?

Danielle stood behind Holly in the que and spent the time observing her albino friend’s rear. A subtle frown and pout creased her features as she tried to understand what others saw. It wasn’t an unappealing sight, nor did it entice her. The fat had distributed evenly around Holly’s muscle, giving a full, firm curve to her lower body that rested on her thighs and bled gracefully into the rest of her legs.

“What’re you getting?” Holly asked.

“I dunno. Probably just a burger and fries,” Danielle shrugged, returning her gaze to elsewhere.

“Seriously? I wish I had your metabolism,” Holly said with a despairing glance to her bowl of salad with minimal dressing, “Gotta watch my figure and all that.”

“But you exercise plenty,” Danielle said as she took her fast food option from the nice lunch ladies. They always gave her an extra helping without her asking for it. Good thing too, since Danielle’s body processed food faster than most.

“That doesn’t always help. You gotta eat right, drink right, sleep right to be a dancer. One mistake to your form and you’re out. At least that’s what it looks like. Never had anyone tell me they didn’t like me putting on a few extra pounds, at least where it counts.”

“Doesn’t it always count, it’s just fat?”

Holly giggled, “I missed you, Dani.”

“Me too,” Danielle said and smiled, though she wished Holly had answered her question.

Lunch and the subsequent classes closed out the day. Danielle’s parents had enforced a study regime on her during the summer. She’d long since covered several of the key topics the teachers had divulged would be appearing throughout the year, so her attention was allowed to shift between the lesson and her own wants, such as the new indie horror game she wanted. Few things titillated her better than suspense or gore of those games.

The final class left her with a new thought; what did she want out of life? What would her profession be after she graduated high school and college? It was an open discussion so others had freely announced their plans. One said they wanted to be a ‘pawn star’, though why they’d want to be a shellfish made no sense. Danielle had kept quiet during the class, uncertain of her future.

Holly had hers already set. She would a performer, entertaining people with the grace and ferocity of her movements. Their other friend, Casey, had said she wanted to be a model. Both were in high demand, more so in the past decade. That left Danielle undecided.

“Hiya,” Holly said when they met outside the main building. Most of the other students had filed out already, leaving the school occupied by the clubs and teachers, “You alright?”

“Yeah, just thinking. What about you?”

“Nervous.”

“You’ll do great,” Danielle smirked and pulled her in for a hug. Maybe a bit too tight, as Holly’s breath caught in her throat, “Sorry. Thought you’d like one.”

“It’s okay,” Holly said, though her gaze met nothing but the ground, “Let’s go. Don’t want to be late.”

Minutes later and they were sat in the school gymnasium on the bleachers, overlooking the other auditions. A table with three smart-dressed people sat at it judged them all, each jotting down notes as students twirled, flipped and kicked they way around. Some were no better than Danielle, others were captivating to observe. One of them was a contortionist, able to bend her legs all the way around her back to her head. She knew how to incorporate into her routine as well. She was popular.

“Holly Hemlock?!”

“Wish me luck,” Holly said and made her way down, an anxious quiver in her steps.

“Blow them away,” Danielle said, hoping to infuse all her confidence in Holly’s ability into the girl herself. Still, Holly glanced about when she came to a stop and the judges interviewed her, unable to meet their eyes or steady her hands. They eventually fell silent and told her to start.

It was a disaster. All her grace had fallen, leaving her making awkward moves that otherwise would have mesmerised everyone present. She jerked to and fro, as if pulled by invisible ropes in a tug of war, her short hair whipped across her stressed face and her legs shook with the easiest step. People on the bleachers groaned in pity.

“Excuse me?” Danielle said as she hurried to the table, grimacing as her breasts bounced and threatened to escape her bra, “Sorry, could you do Holly last? I just remembered something really, really important we need to do. It won’t take long.”

The judges looked her over, their eyes lingering on her torso, and shrugged. They raised a hand for Holly to stop. She panted where she stood, gorgeous skin alight in the sunlight that streamed from above, though her eyes screamed distress. Danielle grinned and walked over to her.

“You have twenty minutes, any later and we can promise anything,” a judge said.

“That’s plenty, thank you,” Danielle said and beamed at them. Several looked away with flushed cheeks. Strange, since none of them were dancing. She led Holly into the nearby locker room. It went underused on most days, this being one of them, as the school was originally a co-ed institution. This was reserved for visiting sport teams.

Holly sat on a bench and slumped, head in her hands, “I fucked up.”

Danielle didn’t recognise the word, only that it was a negative one, “No, you’re fine. Just nerves.”

“If I can’t dance in front of thirty people, what am I gonna do about a hundred? Or a thousand?”

“Hey, hey,” Danielle cooed and pulled her hands away, “You’re great, you just have to let that show.”

“I tried,” Holly said and looked up, eyes wet, “When I get in front of that many people, I just… I start to sweat and I forget everything. It’s just me, alone in a suffocating darkness.”

“Could always try for poetry?” Danielle offered.

“Yeah, right.”

“Look,” Danielle pulled her up, easier than should be possible with Holly acting as dead weight, “You just need to relax. Here,” the blonde assumed a waltz pose, “How about I lead you a bit?”

“You can’t dance.”

“I can do a few steps,” Danielle defended, “Earlier was just a fluke.”

Holly snickered and assumed the role of follower, “Lead on, Maestro.”

Danielle did. The space was cramped, but they made it work. Step, step, step, a cautious twirl, back to step, step, step. They swayed together, fluid as gentle waves at the beach. Holly relaxed and leaned into Danielle, breathing softly. Her hands left their hold and came to rest upon Danielle’s hips, then slid around to cup her butt. Strangely, it was a pleasant feeling that she reciprocated.

Holly leaned in closer, head coming to rest above Danielle’s bust, as if to listen to her heartbeat. A sigh escaped the albino. She sank her fingers deeper and pulled Danielle closer, the softness of their bodies mashing together. They circled the lockers, side-stepping down the alleys the metal containers crafted and twirled around the corners, until they came to a stop. Both were flushed, Holly a stark red compared to her usual tone. Danielle ran a hand through her friend’s alabaster hair.

Something warm built within her. It spread from her core to the rest of her being and turned electric, buzzing along her limbs and centring in her groin. Her own fingers gripped Holly’s derriere tighter. The shock rose in response, sending a faint shudder up her spine. Was this how her parents’ felt when they embraced so closely? She didn’t want to let go.

“Dani, I…” Holly pulled her head up and lurched forward, catching Danielle’s lips. She jerked back and stared at their feet in shock, “Oh god, I shouldn’t have done. I’m sorry…”

“It’s alright,” Danielle hugged her tighter, grinning at the spark doing so provided, “Close friends do that a lot, don’t they?”

“Yeah,” Holly nodded and returned the hug, “But usually only when they’re more than friends.”

“Like husband and wife?”

“There’s a few more steps before that,” Holly chuckled, the reverbs transitioned into Danielle’s breasts, causing them to quiver against her body, “Like being girlfriends. Then getting engaged.”

“Then marriage?”

“Yep. But I don’t know how your folks would react to, well… you and me.”

“You want to be my girlfriend?” Danielle asked.

“S-sort of… maybe… yes.”

“What do we do?”

“You’re so clueless,” Holly giggled, “Not that I don’t love that about you. Um… we’d do a lot of stuff. Like this, or, uh… kissing and the stuff that comes after.”

Danielle frowned, “What comes after?”

Holly stepped back at the query, “You know? Sex.” The frown remained, “How haven’t you heard of it?”

“I know that’s the general term for penises and vaginas,” Danielle said, “Don’t tell me it’s another word with another meaning?”

Holly shook her head, unable to restrain her laughter, “It also means to procreate, to create a child. Intercourse. Wow, your parents didn’t tell you anything. H-how about a demonstration?” Holly blurted.

“Actions do speak louder than words. And a portrait speaks a thousand words. So it makes sense,” Danielle said.

“Yeah,” Holly breathed, “Yeah, it does. So, just sit down and I’ll walk you through some of it. Can’t believe I’m doing this.” She added under her breath, then sank to her knees in a familiar sight from a week ago. Danielle tilted her head in curiosity, a slight grin dimpling her cheeks. Was this like Bethany?

“Do you… do you mind if I undress you?” Holly asked, clear so as to avoid any misunderstanding on Danielle’s part.

“Sure,” Danielle shrugged, though she wondered why Holly asked to do it. Was that part of ‘intercourse’? She looked up at the ceiling, hiding the cloud of worry that drifted into her mind. How much were her parents keeping from her?

“Holy fuck!” Holly gasped when she pulled down the baggy jeans Danielle favoured for the day. They had hid the bulge of her penis admirably, drawing only a few eyes that she had expected from the freshmen. Few people seemed capable of just glancing at her, usually her friends and family, such as it had been since middle school. Not long after she met Holly in fact.

“’Fuck’?”

“It’s a curse word. A big one… like this thing,” Holly explained, “It also means sex.”

“Another one?” Danielle pinched the bridge of her nose, ill concerned that she was half-naked in front of her friend. They’d had sleepovers dozens of times, often in the summer when it was too hot for either to bother with night clothes. But Danielle hadn’t reacted in such a way since the first time they were nude together. In fact, she’d never responded in such a fashion; eyes wide, lips parted and flushed. It shared too many similarities with Bethany for Danielle not to get excited.

Holly did know the game. She must do. If so, then that meant the same sensations from before.

“Yeah, another one,” Holly chuckled and leaned in closer, until her breaths streamed around the bulk of Danielle’s shaft, which responded by lifting toward her. It had changed since Holly last saw it, back when they were still freshmen. New veins riddled its surface, the thicker ones were wide as pencils and the smaller still traced a lurid pattern from the base to the sheathed head. As she watched, the skin peeled back to reveal a deep purple crown befitting a king.

Which meant it should be worshipped by those beneath its standing. What was Holly if not a commoner compared to this monster? Spit pooled in her mouth and spilled over. She caught it on her hand and wiped it away. The majestic phallus rose and rose, until it hovered above Holly’s head and gave her a clear view of its throne; a magnificent pair of testicles contained in a sack of strained skin. They too had a web of veins across the surface, all leading to the penis.

“You’re going to kiss it, aren’t you?” Danielle inquired, uncertain if she had figured the game out from a single encounter. To Holly, however, the question seemed to be a command. Perhaps her mind construed it as such, or maybe it was something in Danielle’s tone, regardless, she puckered her lips and pressed them to the head. A gasp mixed with a sigh left the hermaphrodite’s mouth. No, she wasn’t a hermaphrodite, or she was, but futanari sounded better. Though that sounded like a plural. Futa? She was a futa, singular.

“It’s incredible,” Holly said and inhaled through her nose, “Oh fuck, it smells just as good.”

“I don’t smell anything,” Danielle said and sniffed. That was a lie. She caught a mysterious odour in the air, not unpleasant but unfamiliar. Vague tones of spice registered, then there was a scent akin to her own. Floral and citrus, yet something enigmatic hung beneath it all. Even so, she enjoyed the aroma. Was it also part of the game?

“S-so, um… this part’s called a b-blowjob,” Danielle snickered in response, deepening the crimson in Holly’s cheeks, “It sounds weird, I know. It’s where I, or anyone really, puts your cock, uh, your penis in their mouths.”

“There’s a lot to this game,” Danielle noted.

“Game? Wait, you’ve done this before?”

“Sort of. I met a really nice bimbo last week and she started doing all this as well,” Danielle said, “She didn’t tell me a lot about it though. Why’re you stopping?”

“Oh, sorry,” Holly returned to her endeavour of educating her naïve, sexy friend, “Um, well… it’s kind of like a game.”

“What’s the goal?”

“To… to make the other person cum. Orgasm. Uh, feel really, really good until something explodes out of them.”

“Oh, okay. So ‘cum’ is good?”

“I certainly think so,” Holly said, “When you came last week, it felt amazing, right?”

“Yeah,” Danielle sighed and her cock swelled at the memory, “I never felt anything like it.”

“Well, if you’re my girlfriend, we’ll, um, be making each other cum a lot.”

“You shoot that white stuff as well?”

“What? No,” Holly stifled a laugh, “I’ve got a lot to tell you about, Dani. For now, though, how about I just show you. We don’t have a lot of time left.”

“Okay,” Danielle said and fell into silence as she observed the blowjob. Such a weird word, if it even was one. She hadn’t found it in the dictionary. Then again, her parents always picked the dictionaries they bought her, English or otherwise.

Suspicion was an uncommon emotion for Danielle. She had experienced of course, when she was young and a toy disappeared – she assumed her neighbour at the time had done so – but on rare occasions since. Sometimes she might think someone cheated on a test, though that was often based on reputation, or that someone perhaps lied about an excuse. It wasn’t in her nature to mistrust those without reason to be. Who could she trust if not her parents?

Yet now, after her encounter with Bethany, and now hearing these explanations from Holly, she wasn’t so sure about them. Overprotective parents weren’t uncommon, less so in modern society, where freedom of speech has essentially become the foundation of humanity, but still frequent. Few people monitored what they said anymore. Except maybe for Danielle’s parents.

Her thoughts shrank into the void as warmth enclosed the glans of her penis. Like Bethany’s, Holly’s mouth was moist and embracing. Her cheeks turned convex as she suckled, drawing out strange, pleasant sensations Danielle had begun to recognise. A hard draw on her shaft, and a steep descent on Holly’s part, made Danielle’s testicles clench and her breaths deepen. Why anyone would withhold this pleasure from her?

It was incredible. Truly. She couldn’t say how to describe the sensations as they played across her nerves like a rampant violinist, only that they were amazing and improving with every inch that slid past Holly’s lips and teeth, but she had no such dilemma with the visuals. Holly portrayed a haunting mix of filth and beauty.

Fresh saliva spilled from her as she gagged and took the head into her throat. Such sublime tightness. Holly’s pink eyes were affixed to Danielle’s, determined to take it further. It wasn’t necessary, even naïve as she was Danielle saw the discomfort. Tears streaked down Holly’s reddened face, her makeup was a mess, gaze wide and bloodshot, and her jaw was stretched to its limit. But Danielle kept quiet; she wasn’t ready for the demonstration to end.

Another gag coerced fresh saliva to escape. The spit that overflowed thickened into a lurid froth, which clung to Holly’s flesh as it oozed down her chin and fell to the floor. A viscous rope lurched forward as she crammed another inch inside. It was too much for her to handle, and yet Danielle still had a multitude of dry inches. Holly retched one last time before she retreated, gulping down hoarse breaths.

“Fuck! That’s… it’s way too big,” Holly laughed. She grabbed the shaft with her hands and stoked it from base to tip, as if the throat slime that coated it was perfectly natural, “I can’t fit it all in. Not yet. But that’s fine.” She leaned in close and pressed her nose into the underbelly of Danielle’s penis, then kissed it down to the testicles, which she lathered in her affections as well. Before long, every inch was coated in saliva.

“That should do it.”

“What do you mean?” Danielle asked.

In lieu of an answer, Holly instead stood up and removed her yoga pants, then her shirt and bra. There was a distinct wet patch on the front that Danielle hadn’t seen before, though her swift removal revealed the culprit and its many companions. It was her vagina, except it was at once the strangest and most tantalising sight Danielle had seen.

She’d observed several diagrams before, however none of them made her penis ache as she took it in. Holly had a strip of well-groomed hair leading down to her clitoris, which was the size of a pea. Her labia was tucked within her engorged vulva, offering a hint at the pink inner folds. Every square inch glistened, a sheen that spread to her thighs and the slimy, semi-opaque strands extending from her sex. Holly approached until her legs were on either side of Danielle, that startling sight so close that she could kiss it.

She remained still, though. The game was sex and, though Bethany had clearly not explained everything about it, she hadn’t been reprimanded for her non-contributions before. Danielle waited and stared as Holly held her penis with one hand, raising it upwards to point towards her vagina, before she sank lower. The tip touched her outer folds.

“Hmm, it’s so thick,” Holly panted and wrapped her arms around Danielle’s shoulders. She slid a bit lower, grunting as she was spread wide. She whimpered, “Oh god, oh god, oh god…”

“Are you alright?” Danielle asked, worry subsuming her desire.

“Y-yeah, just… it’s my first time. And, well, you’re a lot bigger than anyone I’ve seen,” Holly chuckled, “But, uh… if you want to help, kissing usually works. And maybe touching my, um, sensitive parts.”

“Like your breasts?”

“Precisely,” Holly trailed off as she sank down, groaning from the strain. Then something inside her seemed to break, as she plummeted another three inches. Her crotch bulged from the enormity of the penetration, while her throat bulged and her arms went rigid. Pain was blatant on her face, yet she didn’t cry or scream. Danielle swallowed the sounds as she kissed her, recreating the style she had once glimpsed when she first came to America.

“You… you’re really gonna need to work on your kissing,” Danielle gasped once she recovered. She’d slid down several more inches, before hitting a decisive stop, despite there being half a foot left untaken, “Way too big.”

“What?”

“Don’t worry,” Holly said and kissed her, “I’ll handle it.”

The following was a stark reminder of the changing room, but also a monumental difference. It was better somehow. Danielle recalled her time with Bethany in precise clarity, from the mysterious beginning to the ecstatic end, yet this trumped even that. All manner of reasons were plausible, this was her second time; therefore she was better prepared for the sensations, or that she had grown since before. Though she believed the cause laid with Holly.

The albino moaned and grunted and whined as she moved atop Danielle. She pushed up and down, rolling her hips as if she were dancing. Each circuit was more confident than the last, growing faster and harder. Her ascent almost freed Danielle’s penis, before she plunged back down. The barrier between her and Danielle’s crotch softened with each blow, while the extravagant fluids poured free. A hint of crimson tainted the translucent slop at first, but that faded as the pain did.

“I’ve dreamt of this,” Holly said, pausing her bounces to grind. The wall slowly gave way, opening around the blunt spear, until she squeaked and plopped down to the base, “It’s so much better in real life.”

“I’m glad,” Danielle said, uncertain how to process everything going on around her. She’d almost fallen into a trance watching and feeling her friend’s exuberant motions, almost to the point that she ignored the adorable yet lurid sounds ringing in her ears. There was the vocals from Holly, a mix of pleasure and discomfort that tilted toward pleasure, and the distinct squelch from where their bodies joined. On each rise, Holly’s sex slurped around Danielle’s penis, then, with her falls, it squished in tandem with a pleasant tremor in her voice.

That said nothing of the sight. What was it that made such a view so enticing so suddenly? Danielle had seen naked women throughout her life, from her own mother, to her friends and the occasional model brought in for art class. Nudity held no sway over her. She didn’t think much of walking through her home in the buff unless her parents said otherwise.

So why did Holly’s bare form, one she had seen time and again, captivate her? It was a trial to look her in the eye, both because of her constant bouncing and the way her breasts jumped with her. They were ‘globes of fat’ as her mother stated, nothing that a man or woman should get so excited by. It wasn’t excitement that they inspired, but admiration. The nipples stood to attention at the precipice of each breast, bounding with the motions as ripples distorted the plush surface. She’d overheard someone compare boobs and marshmallows and understood the description, though perhaps bowls of jelly was more precise.

When she wrenched her gaze from them, Danielle was caught in the hypnotic rhythm of her friend’s hips. They sashayed and swept about in great, languid waves that sang to her. Holly’s thighs framed the futa’s on either side, thick and luscious and tense as they repeatedly propelled her skyward. Without thought, Danielle cupped her albino friend’s rotund rear as she had earlier.

“Ahh, god!” Holly exclaimed and clenched around Danielle as her already prolific juices exploded from her stuffed sex.

“What happened?” Danielle asked, certain that it was pleasurable but she wasn’t about to pass up a chance to learn more.

“I came. Had an orgasm.”

“And it feels really good, right?” Danielle clarified. It was difficult to remember everything when she was bombarded by theses sensations.

“It’s the best,” Holly moaned, her hips resuming their harsh rhythm of lift and drop.

“I think I’m about to as well,” Danielle said. The pressure in her belly and pulsations of her genitals was familiar, a signal for an ‘orgasm’ she assumed. Holly smirked at the words and moved harder and faster, practically leaping into the air before she gave into gravity. On a powerful jump, her vagina slid clean off, revealing Danielle’s member in its entirety. The head had darkened to a violent purple, the shaft was red and riddled with veins, and every monumental inch glimmered with juices. Thick slime poured from the tip.

Holly was caught in her inane lust and didn’t think as she dropped once more. The blunt crown met the space between vagina and anus, then slid along to the taut star held between her cheeks. A gush of fluid escaped Danielle’s peak, and with it she found herself sliding inside. Every muscle seized in Holly’s body, she threw her back and ground her teeth together as she took every inch once more. But it wasn’t the correct hole, or at least not the one Danielle was accustomed to.

This one was no less fantastic. Different, yes, however it was tighter and offered a new sense of touch. Velvet walls clung to her length like a vice, they rippled against her, adding friction as they leeched off the lubricant that covered her penis. It was hotter, too, like a sauna without any moisture.

“My ass,” Holly groaned.

“What?” Danielle frowned. Did Holly own a donkey?

“You’re in my butt.” Danielle’s eyes widened and she went to push Holly off, but pale hands stopped her.

“Don’t… it feels so fucking good,” Holly said and rolled her hips, moaned and kissed her, “Don’t worry, I’m very clean down there.”

“But…”

“Shh, this is called ‘anal’, Dani. It’s what girls do when they’re kinky sluts or don’t want to give up their virginity. This, or blowjobs. And I’ve got plenty of experience. You just focus on cumming inside me.”

Danielle inhaled to respond, but Holly clenched unseen muscles deep within and wrenched a startled moan from her instead. Then she picked up her familiar motion, except now Danielle was privy to a myriad of unfathomed pleasures. The wet squelches were replaced by visceral smacks of flesh on flesh, her friend moaned louder than before, and her phallus was wreathed in superb tightness. Holly removed an arm from around Danielle’s neck and put it to her vacated genitalia.

“Oh gosh, this…” Danielle moaned. Her own hips moved with Holly’s, their bodies working with perfect synergy as they built toward an orgasm, “Wow, this is amazing!”

“Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!” Holly screamed as she succumbed to her second climax. The earlier clench was a playful grip compared to the chokehold now placed around Danielle’s member. Even so, her climax wouldn’t be denied. She jerked up and pushed down hard on Holly, locking their bodies together as the glorious burn traversed her monumental length and exploded from the tip. Each glob of white was so thick it forced her urethra to widen for its release.

“Oh my god! You’re cumming inside me! So much! It’s… ahhh! It’s in my stomach!” Holly’s cries resurged as a third orgasm collided with the second, igniting the waning pleasure into a neutron star. Between their convulsing bodies, her stomach bloated into a visible semi-circle. If anyone wasn’t privy to Danielle’s monstrous production, they might believe Holly was pregnant.

When it was over, they remained locked together until Danielle softened. Holly hurried on shaking legs into the shower area as a tide of viscous goo poured from her abused hole, which gaped from the sheer enormity of its penetration. When the flow subsided, she sported a hint of pudge to her trim waist. Drops continued to leak out, though not enough to catch anyone’s eyes. She quickly tugged her underwear on.

“Won’t they get dirty?”

“They already are,” Holly sighed, “Don’t worry, I’ll change when I get home. For now, though, I wanna dance with your cum in my panties.”

“Are you sure you can?” Danielle asked, glancing to her friend’s quivering legs.

“Yeah, this’ll pass in a moment. And we’ve still got a couple of minutes,” Holly said and returned to her position atop Danielle, straddling her naked legs, “So, uh… how was it? Compared to that Bimbo?”

“Amazing,” Danielle said.

“So, you’ll want to do this again?” Holly beamed.

“I guess,” Danielle shrugged. It had been amazing, though she doubted she would seek it out of her own volition. If someone, like Holly or Bethany, initiated the game then she had no reason to refuse them. Despite how incredible it was, she still preferred horror games to this one. Those didn’t require so much physical effort on her part.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to. Remember, you can always say no,” Holly said and kissed her, “I’m fine with just being your girlfriend.”

“But don’t girlfriends do this often?”

“We’ll be different. All I ask is a few kisses every now and then,” Holly said, “And, when you feel like it, we’ll do this again. I still have so much I can teach you.”

“I’d like that,” Danielle said and kissed her lips, softly as she had seen her parents do every morning, “I think it’s time we head back.”

The audition went perfectly. Holly’s movements were free of her nerves, allowed to flow from one to the next like a stream, which became a purposeful storm, then simmered down into a calm ocean. Each of her movements held new meaning to Danielle, though. What had appeared elegant and graceful before, now reminded her of sex. What a versatile game! People could even use it in dances.

When the chance came up, where she was outside school and her parent’s over-watchful shadows, she would research this game. Everything about it. Origins, reasons, any little thing that would explain why her parents would hide it from her. Holly claimed to have plenty of experience and, though she was a year older than Danielle, that meant most people were playing the game at around eighteen. She should probably ask her parents about this, however that meant revealing what she knew to them.

How would they react? Danielle wasn’t about to test it. Perhaps in the future, when she was more independent. For now, though, she was happy enough to let fate bring exploration to her.