**His Dream Girl**

**Warning**: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion, butt expansion*, and other minor fetishes. You know why you’re here, so don’t complain to me if it’s not your thing.

* *Madam Materia*

“Would you look at this junk?” Gavin chucked as he and his girlfriend Tina, clinging tightly to his arm, walked through the strange shop.

It was like this strange place had just popped in out of nowhere overnight, next to the stairwell in the mall's food court. Not the best place for some weird holistic knickknack store claiming to sell magic crap, especially without any windows, but hey; the couple figured it worth a quick checkout before lunch.

“Hey lovebirds,” the voice of a woman behind the counter nearly had them both jump out of their shoes. It was like they hadn’t noticed the redhead sitting there, elbows on the counter and her chin resting on her bridges fingers. With how she was dressed, a purple witch hat perched atop her pretty head, it was a wonder how they'd missed her.

With a small giggle at their reaction the redhead adjusted her pose, resting her heavy tits on the counter and drawing the boy's green eyes, “Welcome to Madam Materia's Magical Menagerie. I’m Madam Materia herself,” she announced with a small wink as she rested a black nailed hand over the cleavage showing through her sheer top, “though Matty is just fine for customers. How can I help you today?” she inquired of the cute pair.

Tina was quiet, holding onto her boyfriend's arm, brown eyes looking up to gauge his reaction. It didn’t take any supernatural power to see she sought his approval, the timid girl feeling like she was walking on eggshells to keep a guy like Gavin. Coifed dark brown hair, those green eyes, the athletic track team build he didn’t need to work a day to maintain. In the looks department he certainly seemed to be a catch.

Compared to her though; with her mousy brown hair, constantly a little frizzy and hanging to her mid back. She felt plain, barely more than a twig in the body department to the point many of the other girls in school had given her the nickname “Tiny Tina”. She was convinced the only thing at this point the boy saw in her was loyalty, though she worried even that might be waning.

The prior night Gavin had come to her with a request, saying there was a girl he was into and was down for a threesome. To his dismay, Tina refused. She just wasn’t interested in other women that way, and the thought of someone else he was attracted to being that close to him set off too many red flags for her. He'd said not to worry, to relax, that she’d like it, but in the end she still refused. The night ended with him telling her they'd talk about it later. It had been the first time she'd put her foot down on something he wanted, and the disappointed look was still haunting her.

A small smirk crossed Matty's lips, as her golden eyes moved over to the boy, waiting for his reply. “Just browsing,” he answered, though she could tell there was more to it. The cogs in his head turning as he pondered how to further his goals.

The witchy redhead gave a small shrug, “Well let me know,” she told them shifting in her seat, “we’ve quite a few things that spice up the bedroom.”

Gavin perked up a bit at that, “What makes you think I need something like that?” he questioned as Tina clung tighter to his arm.

Her smirk turned to a small grin as Matty giggled, “Aren’t lovebirds like you always trying to spice thing up?” she asked counting things on her fingers, “Bondage, anal play,” she put a deliberate pause before her next one, golden eyes throwing a knowing look at the pair, “threesomes.”

Tina flinched at that, her slender fingers digging into her boyfriend’s sleeve nervously.

Her boyfriend though just scoffed, “Look lady-“

“Madam,” Matty corrected him, completely unfazed by his pride swollen tone.

He rolled his eyes, “Whatever, *Madam*,” he changed sarcastically, “what makes you think I'd need your help with any of that?” he hissed.

An opportunity to strike at his ego. With her devilish grin Matty replied, “Well, considering the young lady told you no last night, I'd say if you’re going to land the three way without sharing little Tina with another dude you'll need a little magical aid.”

How did she know her name? Tina tightened her grip on Gavin's arm again, creeped out enough she was ready to leave. At the same time though her curiosity was peaking. Maybe there was some magic that could boost her up? Make her better for him so that he wouldn’t leave. Finally she piped up, “M-maybe we could just see what she has Gavin?” she suggested.

He wanted to lash out at her for the remark, barely thinking about how she could possibly know something like that. Tina did calm him though, got him to think a bit more rationally. After all if what the woman was peddling was true, and could change his girlfriend’s mind on the threesome, then it was a win for him. “Alright,” he conceded, taking them both to the counter, “what have you got Madam Materia?”

Matty’s smirk returned, “Glad you asked,” she said as she rose to her feet, her bouncing breasts hypnotically catching the boy's eye. Her heels clicked on the floor as she walked over in long strokes, pulling a pink choker with a heart shaped from the shelf and twirling it around her finger, “This should do the job, crack your girlfriend’s shell a bit, help her realize herself,” she said, tossing it over to them.

The boy caught it in his free hand with an incredulous look, “Seriously?”

“It has instructions,” the redhead told him.

Tina was peeking in, seeing what the witchy woman was talking about, “It looks like there’s a website,” she offered, reaching out to point it out on the inside band of the item.

Pulling out his phone the boy went to look it up, only to have the device read back, “There’s no signal in here?” It didn’t seem possible, normally the mall at least had a Wi-Fi network to connect to.

With a giggle Matty offered a wink, “We’re a pinch off the grid,” she told him, “Besides, this little toy would be better enjoyed at home.”

There was so much potentially sketchy here, but it couldn’t hurt. Plus Tina seemed adamant on it, the was she was looking up at him. If this got him what he wanted one way or the other it was worth it. “Alright, how much?” he asked as he fished for his wallet.

The witch dressed woman held up her well manicured hand, “Money means nothing here, so in your mortal terms, it's *free*,” she explained with a grin that spoke louder than her words.

His skepticism over whether this would work spiked again, as he held the choker in his hand. Again though, he really had nothing to lose, as Tina held him tight. “Well, thank you then,” he said as the pair departed the store with their new accessory.

“Have fun!” Matty called out behind them with a chuckle and a wave.

Compared to that weirdness, the rest of their shopping trip was uneventful. The pair had lunch, Tina pestering a little about when they would be home to try out their acquisition. For as much as the green eyed boy loved the enthusiasm though, he'd wished she'd had it last night. Thankfully he hadn’t told the other girl anything yet, so if this worked out perhaps the bridge wasn’t burnt. By late afternoon they arrived at his place, slipping into the bedroom to check things out.

“Alright,” Gavin mused, pulling out his phone and punching in the web address from the collar. It was definitely not a standard address, with strange paths that suggested it was some sort of local file. Sure enough though it opened so some sort of app. “Huh, this thing doesn’t look digital,” he said, turning it over to look for any hint of a microchip, or light, or anything.

Tina shrugged, “It’s supposed to be magic right?” she suggested to him.

That was what they were told. Looking his way through the app there was a simple question, *“Are you the wearer?”* and a little yes or no box for your answer. He poked the yes, feeling the feedback of vibration from his phone before a prompt popped up. *“Please put on collar.”*

“Says to put it on,” he told his girlfriend who gave a nod. She took the little choker from him, adjusting it so the heart was in the front before doing up the buckle in the back.

Once done she felt the metal clasp disappear, making her yelp from the start. “I can’t take it off,” she told him as she fumbled around in hopes maybe she’d just misplaced it. Alas no, it was gone, the neckpiece having become a clean loop of leather around her neck.

Gavin didn’t seem horribly concerned, as his phone popped up with a new message. *“You are not the wearer, please select no,”*

“How could it possibly know?” the boy wondered, dropping his phone to the bed.

Tina resigned to the answer of both these revelations, “Magic?” she answered, fishing out her phone, “Let me try.”

She had to borrow his search history to get to the page, since she could no longer just read it. When she got their though she received the same prompt as her boyfriend, *“Are you the wearer?”*

She hit yes. There was a small pause where nothing happened before the screen flashed a *“Confirmed,”* she let out a startled gasp as the choker tightened on her, threatening to strangle her. Shen she reached up to tug it though she felt it fused to her skin. Slowly the accessory sank into her flesh, leaving nothing behind save a new pop-up on her phone saying *“Welcome Tina,”* before fading into a menu and a list of registered users.

“W-what now?” she panicked a little, looking to Gavin for support who was just staring at the weirdness.

He leaned over to see her phone, peeking at her available options, “Well let's see,” he said, reaching down to explore.

When his finger touched the screen he got a small jolt, making him withdraw as the messages *“Not the wearer,”* and *“Not registered user, please register your device,”* flashed onto the screen.

“Son of a-“ he nearly cussed, shaking the numbness from his hand. His own phone had already popped up the option to register as a user. “Fine,” he grumbled, picking up his device and starting through the process, “we’ll play your game.”

It took a few minutes to get him set up, including a one time use password Tina had to give him from her phone, but eventually it was done. Tina's device listed Gavin as a registered user, and on his own he had the same menu, minus a few administrative options.

With an annoyed breath he pulled up his phone, “Finally,” he mumbled, giving things a peek. There was a lot to sift through, it was like an in depth biography of Tina with everything from her parents and life thus far, to her statistics and aspects of her personality. All of it with a little *“Edit”* option to the right.

The whole thing seemed more like a social media profile than any sort of supposed magic. How was this supposed to help anything? Browsing through Gavin came across his girlfriend’s sexuality, boldly filled in as *“Straight”*. Well it was as good a place to start as any to get his threesome. He tapped the prompt to edit and there were a series of display options; sliders, text edit, and a few other grayed out fields he figured didn’t really apply to this option. Text entry seemed like the best choice, as he erased her old orientation and filled in a new one. *“Bisexual”*, he typed, then his the save button.

There was a flash of light from Tina that drew his attention. A pink glow shaped like the choker, the heart in front with the thin strip around her throat, emanating from beneath her skin. After a moment it faded, leaving Tina blinking at her boyfriend, “Did it work?” she asked.

Gavin paused, there was only one way to find out. “Dunno, how do you feel about that threesome with Grace?” he countered.

Where last night rejection was the first thing in her mind, today she found her mind wandering a little. She’d never done anything with a girl before, but the interest was there. “Can I see a picture of her?” she asked curiously. A huge departure from last night.

A small grin crested his face. Popping out of the app he flicked through his messages with the girl, pulling one up and showing her. It wasn’t a plain picture either, obviously sent to provoke him as the dark haired girl was on her knees, arms behind her head to push out her bust for him, wearing only a bra and panties. She had a bit of weight to her, some might have considered her chubby with the lightest pudge poking over the waistband of her panties. Definitely pear shaped with wide hips and a full booty, and definitely not doing as badly as Tina in the chest department. Her little handfuls hugged tightly by her bra and pushed to make a nice line of cleavage.

Despite the implications, Tina was squirming a bit, enjoying the girl’s healthy look. She was still a bit nervous. Even if she did think the girl cute, there was still the chance Gavin might take more interest in her. “I dunno,” she muttered, unwilling to share her true thoughts.

That certainly wouldn’t do as an answer. Shuffling closer Gavin placed an arm over Tina's shoulders, “What is it babe?” he pressed her, brushing his locks from his face with his free hand.

A small blush tinted her cheeks. She saw his green eyes bearing down on her and it melted her resistance just that little bit. She turned away, wrapping her arm around her slight frame, “What if you think she’s prettier than me?” she questioned him.

He just chuckled at her worry, “Not gonna happen Teen, you know you’re my girl,” he tried to assure her, rubbing up and down her arm.

She wasn’t convinced, turning her head away from him with a rosy tint in her cheeks.

Another wall. How could he convince her? His mind scrambled for words before he realized he had another option now. “Well what if we made you the prettier one?” he offered pulling up his phone.

Her blush deepened. Was she alright with that? She barely registered what he'd changed before, then again it was only something minor. He'd just made her more open minded. She bit her lip, thinking it over before answering, “If… it's what you wanted,” she finally replied.

Gavin just smiled, flashing that perfect grin of his, “I want you to be happy babe,” he told her, rubbing her arm once more.

That brought a little smile to her face, “Alright,” she said, taking his hand and squeezing, “then we can do it,” she gave him the go ahead.

He leaned in to plant a kiss on her forehead, “That’s my girl,” he said, wasting no time. Looking at his home screen the link had apparently downloaded an app, so it was a breeze to get back in. Pulling his arm from around her he browsed through everything, finding a bit for her physical traits.

What to change though? It wasn’t so easy as a beauty slider he could just turn her up, such a thing was subjective. Plus he had to try and guess what Tina thought about Grace was prettier in order to change her mind.

Wait, why did he care? He could just make her more like the kind of girls he jacked off to. Give her what he liked from Grace to put her at ease. Plus on Tina's small frame the best parts of Grace would look even better.

Settled he popped into her appearance, this time an additional field for what looked like photo editing was highlighted. Much easier than trying to guess numbers and risk scaring her with something crazy. He touched in, an image of Tina nude popping up with a number of options. Humming he bit his lip, scrolling through things to find what he was looking for.

His first act was to select the eraser. Looked like Tina hadn’t shaved since her last shower and had some dark pubes growing above her mound. As a test he gave a little swipe, and like sensing his intent her body hairs along the path of his touch disappeared. With a little smirk he wiped the rest away, moving up and down her legs until everything was smooth. “And save,” he mused at his little test turning to Tina.

She looked at him, the pink light around her neck coming to life once more. She felt the sensation, looking down at herself as she suddenly felt her panties flush with her skin. She couldn’t help but check, reaching a hand into her pants and gasping as just how smooth everything was. She wondered if she even had follicles to grow hair down there anymore. “Wow,” was all she managed.

He smiled at his work, “We’re not done yet babe,” he assured her, scrolling through for another tool, the aptly named transform. The second he selected it a dozen little prompts appeared all over her body for him to manipulate.

With two fingers he hovered over her breasts, taking the little corners and stretching them wide. Her boobs inflated instantly in the image, her flat chest pumping up a number of cup sizes into something a bit healthier on her lithe frame. It was tempting to go further, but for now some restraint was in order. He moved on to the next part, shifting his pinched digits down to her hips and giving them a little boost, and touch up to round out her rear into a perky little heart shaped ass. A subtle hourglass to ease her mind.

“And save,” Gavin finished, tapping the button and turning to see the results.

The pink light flared once more. Immediately Tina's eyes were drawn down to her body, as her nipples hardened and poked through her top. She let out a moan as her chest swelled, her top rising from the growing flesh beneath and dragging it across her sensitive buds. Tilting her gaze she peeked behind her, where her rear was rapidly filling her jeans, making the previously slack bottoms look like a pair of skinnies. They practically looked painted on as her butt took shape in them, the waistband cinched tightly to her thin waist.

When it was over she looked at herself. Nothing out of this world, but definitely above the average. “Holy cow,” she giggled, reaching up and cupping her breasts. There was just enough to overflow her slender fingers, and make her feel just that bit sexy as she peeked down her top.

With a smile he leaned over, “Well, how you feeling now?” he asked her, “Shall I tell Grace we're good?”

Despite the newfound swell of self value, among the swell of certain other things, the mousy haired girl still blushed. “I-I’m still not sure,” she told him.

He was getting a little annoyed now. Twice now he'd upgraded her and still she was tiptoeing around letting him have this. He didn’t have all night to spend tweaking her until she was good, so instead hopped back to the app, bringing up her personality traits. There was a small list, but he instinctively knew what he was going for when he spotted her *“Nervous”* nature. He hit the edit, not even bothering to fill in anything new and hitting save.

The collar flashed, though she hardly seemed to notice as he was already on her again, “You’re positive?” he pressed.

Thinking about it wasn’t as hard this time, as she bit her lip. “Can I see her picture again?” she asked.

With a few taps he pulled it up, holding it out for her again. She gave a wiggle, rubbing her new thighs together as she mentally played out the idea of the three of them. Nibbling her lip once more she turned her brown eyes up at him, a naughty little smile crossing her face. “Alright. For you,” she teased.

He grinned at her response, “That’s my girl,” he assured her, leaning in and taking her lips in a kiss that had her give a fluttery little moan.

His hand crept up her side, exploring her new curves before making its way down her arm. Taking hold of her wrist he pushed her back, lifting it over her head as he pinned her to the bed. “How about we celebrate?” he grinned, reaching down and undoing his pants.

Tina's response was a small blush, and a grin of her own. Normally before she was a little timid about sex, playing up a little hard to get, but with her nerves deleted she was rearing to go at his offer. Especially after those provocative picks of Grace. “Sure,” she replied with a sultry purr, reaching her free hand down to pop the button of her too tight jeans.

It was a struggle to get her out of her bottoms, more so with Gavin constantly dipping in to kiss her. His free hand, after tossing his pants aside and letting his turgid eight incher free, slipped into her top. He traced his thumb over her waist, feeling the perfect smoothness he'd given her, as he move up to take one of those new tits in his hands. She gave a gasp in reply, her nipple poking hard into his hand as he kneaded her soft flesh.

When finally she managed to get free of her restrictive pants she kicked them away, already hot and ready as her boyfriend had his way with her. She let out a small whimper, bucking her hips up to get his attention and feeling the new weight of her ass as it fell back down into the sheets.

“Someone’s eager,” the green eyed cutie teased, pulling her top up and letting her new boobs free. He couldn’t help watching as they bounced into place, standing proud on her chest and rising full with each hot breath she took.

No point in wasting more time to get what they both wanted. Reaching down he took one of her legs and hoisted it over his shoulder, lining everything up as she squirmed beneath him. Slowly he pressed his hips forward, the head of his cock splitting her lower lips and making her gasp. She needed a little work, forcing him to take it slow. He kept things shallow, each thrust wetting another half inch of his member and letting it penetrate her warm box.

The deeper he got the more her fingers curled. Her free and wrapped around, digging into his back as she felt him hilt her. He pulled out for a deep thrust that had her cry out, the new feeling of his balls slapping against her fatty cheeks a fresh surprise. Each pound jostled her body, making her tits pull against her chest as they bounced up towards her chin, barely having time to settle before he was hilting her again.

As her pleasure reached a crescendo she was clawing at him, leaving red scratch lines across his back even through his top as her free leg kicked wildly. Tossing her head back she moaned, feeling her folds pulsing around his intruding dick.

Gavin wasn’t quite done though, barely slowing as his breaths were coming heavier. Sweat was cresting his brow, and pasting his shirt to his toned chest. He paused only to brush a lock of his dark hair from his eyes, watching her breasts move with each of his unrelenting thrusts. He managed another minute before his grip on her wrist tightened, making her whimper a bit, and he exploded within her.

She bit her lip, savouring the warm feeling of his finish inside her while trying to ignore the mild pain of his hold on her. Eventually as his climax passed though he relented with a satisfied sigh, releasing her and coming in for a kiss.

They were both hot in the face, and she longed for that loving kiss to last forever. Like all nice things though it ended, as they both fell to the bedsheets panting for air. “Fuck,” Gavin cussed, reaching out and toying with her breasts, “that was great.”

Her face flushed, and she gasped at his tender touch. She was happy he enjoyed, curling up and resting her head on his chest as she closed her eyes.

“And tomorrow night, we get to have a little fun with a third,” he teased her, planting a kiss on her cheek.

That was a bit of a mood killer. Tina just smiled though, “Yeah,” she agreed, slipping deeper into a content sleep.

The dark haired boy didn’t fade just yet, reaching out and doing his best not to disturb her as he fetched his phone. He pulled up the app once more, giving it a quick browse to see just what all he could do.

For Tina it had been a fairly boring Sunday. Upon first waking Gavin was up and getting ready to say his goodbyes. He'd tossed Grace a text and after getting the go ahead was going to pick her up, leaving Tina to herself for the day.

She’d spent the time exploring herself a bit, noticing that in her drawer of things she kept at Gavin’s she had a number of appropriately sized bras. Even though she knew she only got these boobs last night, according to the rest of the world she'd basically always had them. Even so she was still called “Tiny Tina” in a lot of the bullying messages from her social media inboxes. Some things just didn’t change she supposed.

As the day went on her nerves were starting to frazzle, coming back to the surface after her boyfriend’s temporary deletion. He'd spent all afternoon with this other girl now, what if he liked her better?

The text she got from him as the evening started settling in had her anxiously worrying every second until she opened it. *“We’re on our way babe, slip into something sexy!”*

With a nod and a quick text reply of *“Okay,”* Tina disappeared back into his room. Something sexy could only mean one thing, what he always liked her wearing most. She fished out the lacy pink corset from her drawer, the nice new bra cups on top a nice touch to highlight her new shape, and the matching thong that now pulled high into her crack. Where this outfit used to make what little nothing she had stand out, now it was positively provocative with how much it emphasized her new assets. Her breasts squished together to make an unfamiliar line of cleavage, and her ass stuck out under the corset like a small shelf.

She was admiring herself in the mirror when she heard the door to the apartment, Gavin and Grace chuckling at whatever their prior conversation ended on. “Teen babe?” the dark haired boy called out.

“Bedroom,” she called back to him, feeling the swell of nerves filling her chest. He wanted her sexy, so she hopped herself onto the bed, doing her best to lay out and show herself off.

The sounds of their footsteps drew closer until her green eyes boyfriend peeked his head in with a smile. He clearly approved, with how he was looking at his laid out girlfriend.

Slipping into the room he was guiding the dark haired Grace by the hand, something that had Tina's nervous stomach turning a bit. “Holy shit,” the bigger girl commented seeing the prettied up cutie, “I figured you were hiding something under those tops. Tiny Tina,” she scoffed, “you’re bigger than me.”

The mousy haired girl blushed a bit, sensitive to the name. She sat up, pulling the blanket up around her.

Gavin was quick to act, “Hey, hey,” he soothed her coming to the bed, “she didn’t mean anything by it,” he tried to reassure her.

Sensing her faux pas Grace backpedaled, “Yeah,” she said, “I just meant it you’re way hotter than you get credit for.”

Her boyfriend was rubbing up and down her back, she supposed though he was right. It was a compliment. She let the blanket down, a light blush tinting her cheeks.

“That’s my girl,” the boy purred, leaning in and planting a kiss of her cheek, “We’re here to have fun after all,” he reminded her.

Tina gave a nod, “Yeah,” she agreed with him, looking Grace over.

She was fully dressed, so there wasn’t the same kind of provocation as the pictures of her. She was wearing a touch of makeup, bright colours that highlighted her eyes, and a low cut tank top under a jacket that showed off some impressive cleavage. It was strange Tina had never noticed just how hot other women could be before.

Grace herself was a little trepidatious as well, pulling her jacket off and hanging it over the end of the bed. She has only really talked to Gavin about things, and while the boy talked a big game, she didn’t quite know Tina that well to have this go smoothly. The girl was cute yeah, or she wouldn’t have agreed to a threesome, but she didn’t know her.

The dark haired girl pulled herself onto the bed, opposite side of the nervous girl. “We don’t have to do anything if you’re not comfortable,” she told her.

“She’s fine,” Gavin interjected, rubbing her back as his other hand fetched his phone from his pocket. He popped into the app, flipping through quickly to get what he wanted. Her current mood.

Erasing her nerves he replaced them with something simple, the fastest way to his goal, *“Super Horny”*.

The pink light around Tina's neck flared to life, Grace seemingly unable to see it as she took no heed. The mousy haired girl let out a small whimper, pressing her thighs together as the heat between her legs soared to impossible heights. A dark spot appeared on her thong from her own moisture as her breaths started coming in hot gasps, she needed relief.

Her boyfriend wasn’t done though, flipping back into her personal traits and to her sexuality. Tapping into it he went for the slider, edging it from the bisexual middle ground the lightest bit closer to a feminine preference.

Letting out a hot breath Tina's eyes turned to Grace, seeing how her body was hugged by her tank top, outlining every curve of the other girl's torso. She leaned closer, unimpeded by her worries and whined to the other girl, “Yeah. I need it,” and pressed her lips to the dark haired girl's.

They were soft, more so than Gavin’s, and delicious to taste. A hint of strawberries, maybe chap stick? The mousy haired girl moaned softly, letting her tongue out to delve the other girl’s mouth as she draped am arm over Grace's shoulder.

It was hard not to return the enthusiasm, the dark haired girl closing her eyes to savour the moment. Her thicker digits ran up the smaller girl’s legs, surprised by just how smooth she was and unable to stop as they crept towards her hot sex.

Her giggle interrupted their kiss, “You weren't kidding,” she teased as she felt the heat radiating from the horny girl.

Tina bucked her hips towards her touch in response with a whine, fighting the unearthly need coursing through her. Gavin was just left watching with a smirk, tending to getting out of his bottoms as he watched them.

As Grace caught him he had to push Tina away, her needy kisses trailing down the dark haired girl’s neck. “Hey,” she interrupted, unwilling to let things get too steamy and impede her judgement, “we set ground rules, remember?” she warned him.

Ground rules? Tina had no memory of such a thing. She was too lust addled to care though, curling up against Grace's body, her breasts rubbing the girl’s side as she continued to shower kisses on the dark haired girl.

He had hoped the girl would forget about that bit, giving a small annoyed groan under his breath. “Right,” he said putting on his best smile.

The chubby girl obviously had more of a brain about her, “No penetration without protection,” she reminded him.

It was obvious what we was going to say, as he sat there in just his shirt, cock already hard and waiting.

Grace didn’t let him say it though, “I went over this. I don’t care if you’re clean or whatever. No pen,” she warned him, “I’m not doing that with anyone that isn’t a regular thing.”

He let out a defeated sigh, “Fine,” he conceded, leaning back, “Then how about you put that pretty mouth of yours to work and get me ready for Teen then?” he suggested. “And my girl can see that you’re tended to in the meantime.”

As much as she didn’t appreciate his choice of words, it was what she had come here for. With a little grin she started at her top, “Alright, we can do that,” she agreed, pulling her tank over her head and tossing it away, showing her breasts off in their tight fit push up bra.

Tina was left to whine as their contact was interrupted, put aside as Grace worked on kicking her way out of her pants. “You okay with that?” the dark haired girl asked the poor horny mess, “Me getting your boy ready while you give me some love.”

The mousy haired Tina bit her lip with a small whine. She’d never done this kind of thing before, but she knew it wouldn’t do much to sate her. It was just temporary though until her boyfriend would be pounding away at her needs, “Yeah,” she answered curtly.

“Cool,” if everyone was on the same page Grace was down for it, slipping her bottoms off to reveal her shaven mound as Gavin was pulling his top off.

The chubby girl got on her hands and knees, bottom high in the air as she moved into position. She wasn’t about to start anything without the curvy Tina though. “That comfortable for you cutie?” she asked.

Tina just looked at he dark haired girl’s inviting sex. She’d never felt this way before for something that wasn’t a dick, she probably even liked it more than dick. Licking her lips she tried to wonder how exactly to tend to this newfound love.

Grace was in her knees so… it would be easier on her back? Awkwardly she rolled over, tits in the air and threatening to fall out of her top, the quarter sized disks of her areola peeking out. Then carefully she slipped herself between the dark haired girls thick thighs.

She couldn’t help giggling a little at the display, “Have you ever done anything like this before?” the chubby girl asked the eager one between her legs.

Tine shook her head, taking in the strong scent of the other girl. It was strangely pleasant.

Giggling Grace spread her legs a little, giving the mousy haired girl some more room and lowering herself for her. “Take your time, careful with the teeth, and just think about what you like,” she instructed.

Gavin was still waiting impatiently. Cock out as he watched the two girls. They were hot for sure, but this wasn’t turning out as he'd hoped. “She’ll do fine,” he assured Grace, reaching to curl a hand behind her head and point her to what she should be paying attention to.

With a roll of her eyes Grace adjusted her position on her elbows, “Calm down cowboy,” she chastised him, “We’ll get there. Just making sure we’re all on the same page.”

She was interrupted as Tina got to work. The novice cunt muncher let out her tongue, running it through Grace's folds and making the chubby girl gasp. Just do what she liked. Tina liked a nice deep penetration, so the mousy haired girl straightened her tongue. With little cranes of her neck she used her short little muscle to dive deep as she could, pumping in and out of her first pussy.

“There we go,” Grace told the boy, shifting on her knees to get comfortable.

To his delight she finally took his dick in hand, moving it to between her plump lips and taking the tip into her mouth. He let out a sigh at the warmth of her mouth wrapping over his head, and she took a moment to get into a better position on him. Brushing a lock of black hair over her ear and out of the way she dipped down, slurping lightly as she took the first few inches into her mouth.

She started a rhythm, bobbing on his cock in time with Tina's awkward thrusting behind her. His hand once again moved to cradle her head and take control, only to be swatted away by her free hand. She turned an accusatory look up at him through her bangs, pumping him with her hand as she continued to drool over his member.

With a lewd pop she disengaged, stroking his full length to give it a sheen from her spit. “I’m just prepping you remem-*ber*,” Tina hit a sweet spot that forced a gasp from the chubby girl, “And I think the little miss needs some guidance,” she chuckled.

“Fine,” Gavin conceded with a small grumble. In his mind he'd had visions of both of them teaming up to go down on him, this had been a disappointment thus far. At least he was about to get a show while he took Tina.

Grace sat up, rising up off Tina's face in the process as the poor mousy girl tried her best to stay in her, afraid to disappoint. “Here girl,” the dark haired one offered, tapping the curvy girl's shoulder, “let’s swap out, get that hot box tended to.”

With a whimper the horny girl gave a nod, rolling out as Grace gave her an exit. She sat up, her lips still moist with drool and the bigger girl's juices.

At this point the more experienced dark haired girl was the orchestrator of their ménage à trois. “Alright, hands and knees cutie, your boy's going to slip those panties off and give it to you deep,” she instructed.

The horny Tina gave a nod, getting on her hands and knees, breasts falling out of her top and hanging down below her. Grace gave a little hand signal for Gavin to go ahead and get in place, all the while scooting herself in front of the girl with her legs wide.

The dark haired boy got on his knees, taking his girlfriend’s new hips in his hands and lining the his head up. He could feel the heat simmering off her as he peeled her panties away, her pussy drooling worse than the girl that had just given him a blowjob. He slipped into her without resistance, making her cry out with a lewd moan as her deepest itch was being tended to.

The chubbier girl still needed her attention though, giving her a tap on the shoulder. “Hey cutie, don’t lose me,” she teased as the mousy girl's hazy brown eyes found her. “Try some fingers this time, and lick up into my hood,” she instructed.

Tina just gave a nod, her mind exploding as she was finally pierced, and looking up at this radiant beauty she'd never realized before. Taking two fingers she dipped them into Grace's folds, made ready by her prior work, and let her tongue out once more to lap where she was told like an obedient pup.

“That’s it,” Grace cooed with a moan, reaching up and toying with one of her breasts while the girl worked her over.

Thrusting away and strengthening Tina's efforts was Gavin watching, “How about you lose the bra?” he prodded the girl to get the most of the show.

With a chuckle Grace figured she could oblige, reaching her free hand back and pinching the hooks open. Her bra fell away without and fanfare, her natural breasts hanging into teardrop shapes and capped with wide areolae, nipples barely visible they were so subtle among the dark fields.

He'd hoped for better, shifting his focus to his girlfriend. Tina was a babbling mess, her focus on Grace's box as her boyfriend’s thrusts had her breasts jumping up and down on her chest. She ended up coming fast, tensing through the haze as her body was flooded with raw pleasure.

Within a few minutes he was joining her, fingers digging into her hips as he came deep in her, filling her with his hot climax and making her shudder. Sensing the end Grace let out a little sigh, giving Tina a little tap to draw her attention, “That’s enough cutie,” she chuckled as the girl looked up from between her legs.

She hadn’t felt Grace finish, had she done poorly? She was still stuck down from Gavin still filling her, the chubby girl pulled herself away though and settled to the bed. “Did I do okay?” the mousy girl asked as she started to come down from her horny high.

“You did great cutie,” she replied, ruffling the girl’s hair, “Can’t reach the O all the time, but that didn’t mean this wasn’t fun,” she assured her.

Gavin had been less fun though, it would take some doing if this was going to work out long term. The dark haired girl looked over to the clock, seeing the time. “I should get going,” she said, barely letting them enjoy the afterglow, “Fun as this was,” she leaned down to plant a kiss on Tina’s cheek, “I’ve got classes tomorrow, so I've gotta fly.”

Catching his breath Gavin finally pulled out of his girl, giving their chubby third a little wave, “Alright, see you around,” he offered as she was getting dressed.

She showed herself out, leaving the couple to bask a little as Tina crawled up to her boyfriend. “Can we do this again?” she asked him, excited at the idea of having Grace back in their bedroom.

He offered a shrug, pulling out his phone, “I don’t think so,” he told her, deleting Grace’s contact. She wasn’t worth the trouble for half assed oral, he could get that from Tina.

“Oh…” the mousy haired girl mused, her excitement deflating a little. If he didn’t like it though, she supposed that was okay. She had him after all. “Okay then.”

Pulling the sheets up he settled into bed, browsing through his phone, “Why don’t you go to bed?” he told her flatly.

With a frown she adjusted her only piece of clothing, “Okay,” she trailed off, sinking into the pillow and letting her exhaustion settle in.

Tina was first up Monday morning, pulling her clothes on and getting ready. Much like Grace, she had morning classes to start the week, and didn’t want to be late if she could help it. For the life of her she couldn’t find her textbooks though. She was sure that she'd brought them over but they weren’t in their usual spot. She didn’t want to wake her boyfriend but she was starting to get desperate.

“Gavin,” she called as she came back into his room.

Hearing her voice the boy stirred, rubbing his eyes and catching her dressed. “What is it babe?” he asked, the blanket falling off his body as he moved.

She took him in, blushing a bit from the sight of him already hard under the covers. “Have you seen my books?” she asked him, “I’m gonna be late if I don’t find them.”

“Oh?” he seemed legitimately confounded like she was looking for them, “I figured you’d know,” he threw his legs off the side of the bed, showing off his stiff rod pointing in the air accusingly. “I did some edits. I had different plans for today and wanted you home, so I made it you never went to college,” he explained to her, picking up his phone from the nightstand.

Tina felt pale at the thought, he changed her to have never gotten into her course? “Why would you do that?” she asked, struggling with her feelings.

He gave a shrug, “Like I said, I wanted you here,” he told her, getting up and coming over to her.

She was at a loss for words, “But, what am I going to do about a job? What about my apartment on campus?”

“Hey, don’t worry about it babe,” Gavin assured her, cupping her cheek, “you know I'll take care of you.”

She swallowed, lost in him a bit as he tilted her up to look into his green eyes. “I-I guess,” she stammered a little.

With her resolve breaking he pressed on, “Besides, you were always telling me how much you hated those courses. Now you don’t have to worry anymore about getting into something you won’t like,” he explained.

Tina just listened. It was true, she had worried a little bit that she might not be right for the job she wanted. “Th-that’s true,” she agreed with him.

He just smiled to her, disarming her completely, “See, no worries,” he told her, leaning in and taking her into a kiss that had her fluttering.

As he broke the kiss she gave a small nod, her cheeks tinted rose. That brought up another question though, “So… what did you want me for today?” she asked him.

His smile became a grin, as he walked back to the bed, “I was figuring we'd have a little fun,” he said, sitting on the bed and patting between his legs invitingly.

Her blush deepened. It felt a little dirty doing it first thing in the morning, but his desire for her was a reassurance that drove her forward. She stepped up, only to be stopped by his upheld hand.

“On your knees,” he ordered, pointing to the floor.

Hanging her head for not understanding his original invitation she dropped to the floor, crawling over to him and looking up at him for further instructions.

Gavin pulled up his phone, opening the app up and popping into her physical appearance. Zooming his way in to her face he took hold of her lips, giving them a transform and a save before turning down to his plaything.

The ring around Tina’s throat flared, and she looked down. She wasn’t sure what to expect, and couldn’t even properly see what was happening, but she felt it. Her lips swelled up, inviting her to touch one of the puffed up bits of flesh. They were soft as pillows, and at least the lower one felt as thick as her pinky. Her brown eyes turned back up to him, a little drool slipping between her inflated kissers.

He just smiled, reaching down and petting her head, “There we go,” he praised her, “Those look good on you.”

She blushed a little at that. Well if he liked them, she liked them.

“Now then, let's put them to use,” he said as he guided her head onto himself.

She opened her mouth for him, letting him slip between her soft new cocksuckers. She could only back so far with his hand holding her, more and more of his dick being pushed into her mouth until he hit the back.

She couldn’t keep from gagging a little, peeking up at him with tears in the corners of her eyes. Seeing her plight he let her go, the mousy girl then working to please him, taking his cock in one hand and dragging her smooth lips along what she could get in her mouth. He wasn’t doing it for her though, breezing through the app to her skills to add a new one. *“Can Deep Throat”* he typed in and hit the save.

Her collar lit up, and she felt her gag reflex disappear. No sooner did it finish than his hand was back in her hair, forcing himself deeper into her. She felt her throat widen, blocked by his turgid meat as he took over. She could feel his thick head sliding up and down her esophagus as she fruitlessly tried to swallow him whole. From his quickening breaths he was loving it though.

As she expected him to finish face fucking her, slowly he started to pull out. She couldn’t help coughing a little, sputtering fresh drool over her bee stung lip and down her chin.

“Take off your shirt,” he ordered her.

She looked up at him, seeing his smile as reassurance. She untucked her top from her pants, pulling it up over her head and putting it aside.

He just looked down at her, “Bra too,” he added patiently.

She gave a nod, biting her lip, afraid to disappoint him. She reached behind her back, unclipping her bra and letting it fall off in front of her, her perky little tits standing out on display, nipples hardening from the cool air.

Gavin was hardly paying attention, pulling his phone back up and popping into her history to make a change, like he had last night. *“Sixteenth Birthday,”* he jumped to, hitting the edit to add a new line, *“My parents got me a boob job for my birthday,”* he typed in, *“They’re so big now, must have been really expensive,”* he finished, hitting the save and setting the device aside to watch.

Once again pink light enveloped her neck. There was a strange sensation in her chest, drawing her attention down. It wasn’t like last time, it was like something was growing in her, beneath her skin. She couldn’t help taking her breasts in her hands, feeling them start to inflate. They overflowed her fingers, her little quarter nipples staying the same size, as her tits ballooned out into perfect spheres.

Their growing weight pulled her forward, making her tumble forward and have to catch herself on the bed as they continued to enlarge. They were already putting strippers to shame as they continued their unrelenting growth. The hand still holding her insane boob hefted it. It was heavier than it looked, and squishy in a way her old breasts weren’t. When her growth finally settled each jutted out inches from her chest, and could rival her face in size.

“Perfect,” Gavin grinned, lifting his girlfriend’s chin away from her titanic tits, “now no one can call you 'Tiny' anymore babe,” he told her.

She blushed at that. He was right, he was always right. “Y-yeah,” she replied with a smile.

With a smirk he let her go, “What say we celebrate with a tit fuck babe?” he suggested as he leaned back to let her at his dick once more.

“Sure,” she replied, eager to be the girl he wanted. She took her heavy breasts in her hands, straining a bit to lift them and rest them on his thighs. She’d never been able to do anything like this before, so it took her time to adjust.

She scooted right up, resting his cock in the canyon of her new bust and giving his swollen tip a kiss from her soft lips. Her hands pressed her breasts together for him, gripping his rod as she did her best to bounce for him.

He looked down at her with a grin, hips bucking lightly as he enjoyed this moment. She was still missing a bit though, as he went to his phone once more. She looked a bit too plain for her new assets. He popped to her physical once more, tapping into the photo edit and the colour option. Finding a nice auburn he coloured her hair in with his fingertip before hitting the save.

She had his tip between her lips as the pink light started up. She turned her brown eyes up at him, not slowing down, as the roots of her hair tinted red. Rapidly the colour spread down her locks, leaving her a cute little picture of beauty.

He let out a small grunt, “Coming,” he declared, taking her head in his hand and holding her on him.

She couldn’t escape she his cock head swelled, the rim locking behind her fat lips as he filled her mouth with his salty load. “Swallow,” he told her, keeping her there.

Tina did her best, the tip of her tongue tickling his slit as she drank back his load. Content he let her go, stroking her new hair with a smile, “That’s my girl,” he praised.

She couldn’t help but smile up at him, glad she could make him happy. Finally released she fell back on her heels, nearly falling again when her tits dropped, pulling down on her with their dense weight. Reflexively the auburn haired beauty hefted them, exploring them to try and adjust to such a drastic change.

Gavin was on his phone, browsing through the app once more. “So, what do you think about porn?” he asked her flatly.

That brought a blush to Tina's cheeks. “Porn?” she asked, looking up at him, “What do you mean?”

He paused on her personality page, hovering a few options. “I told you I'd take care of you babe,” he told her calmly, “With your new look, you'd be perfect for the industry,” he explained.

Her blush deepened at that, “I-I could never-“ she started to stammer.

The green eyed boy expected as much. He slipped into her confidence, boosting it a few points on the scale. “Come on babe,” he coerced, leaning down as the pink light lit up around her neck and taking her chin in his fingers, “I’ve always wanted to fuck a porn star,” he teased, getting close enough she could feel the heat of his breath on her full lips.

Her own breath came in hot gasps. If he wanted it, then maybe… She was still hesitant, not giving an answer just begging to have his lips on hers.

The dark haired Gavin pulled back as she leaned in, denying her what she craved of him. “You wanted another three some, right?” he reminded her, “Think of the girl’s you'd get to be with for me. You could make a friend and we could share her together,” he painted the picture for her.

She moaned softly at the thought. She did want to experience another woman again, one like Grace. The thought of a porn actress for that though wasn’t as nice, as she withdrew a little, “I-I dunno,” she stammered.

Time to turn up the heat again. Slipping into her sexuality he dialed her further towards a feminine preference, *“Bisexual”* turning into *“Homoflexible”* as he passed the three quarter mark. “Come on, you’re my girl, and I want the best for my girl,” he goaded.

The pink light about her neck flared, the thoughts in her head shifting to the idea of the pumped up plastic queens from the porn she'd stumbled on as a younger girl. She could have one of them with her boyfriend. Her face was beet red, and her loins were moist after everything this morning. With a hot sigh she gave a hesitant nod, “O-okay,” she agreed.

With a grin he gave her the kiss she desired, slipping his tongue between her lips as she moaned softly, “That’s my girl,” he told her, sitting up on the bed, “I’ll set up the appointment for you tomorrow then to meet with an agent,” he said as he flipped through the app, adjusting her history and simply adding it in without effort.

She smiled up at him, glad she could make him happy. “Thank you,” she offered enthusiastically. She was so glad he was looking out for her.

The over pumped Tina sat quietly, her lips painted a whorish red to match with her auburn locks. She was wiggling her toes in her high heels nervously as she waited with Gavin to meet with the casting agent. Her boyfriend had promised everything would go smoothly, but still she couldn’t help but be uncomfortable. The whole of yesterday had been spent trying to find her center of balance, and still she felt like her massive tits were going to topple her onto her face.

And what tits they were, squeezed into a custom strapless bra and a tube top from her wardrobe. Everything she owned was at her boyfriend’s, and it was like it was all bought to show off her huge chest. The way Gavin smiled when he saw her though settled her a little. She was happy to have him look at her like that, with love in his green eyes. Or at least she thought it was love.

Her hands were firmly between her thick thighs, feeling the nylon of her stockings against her skin. She didn’t even need to say anything as her boyfriend's arm came over her shoulders, “It’s okay babe,” he assured her, tapping the phone in his pocket with his free hand, “everything’s gonna be fine.”

She managed a small smile at his words, feeling her heartbeat in her throat as the older woman at the desk called out, “Tina?”

Tina swallowed nervously, looking to Gavin who simply nodded, giving her a pat on the shoulder to go up. The curvy redhead got up, heels clacking on the tile as she walked to stand before the agent.

With a purse of her lips the girl looked over her glasses. “Pint sized aren’t you?” she mused at the younger girl.

Gavin already had his phone out, popping into her appearance and stretching her up. He added a few inches to her height, giving her the model height of a girl in her twenties before hitting save.

The busty girl blushed as she sensed the pink light around her neck flare to life. Slowly her eye level crept up, making her a little dizzy as she stumbled on her heels to keep her sense of balance. When it stopped she guessed she had to be a little taller than her boyfriend.

It was like the woman behind the desk didn’t notice the growth spurt, but her tone changed as she went on reading Tina's application. “Only nineteen with a body like yours?” she whistled, “Blessed with good genes,” she said, spotting the tits squeezed into the girl’s borderline undersized top, “and deep pockets.”

Her blush deepened at that, and she brushed a lock of her auburn hair over her ear, “A-actually my boyfriend gave me them,” she explained.

The woman gave an incredulous look to the boy sitting across the room on his phone. He didn’t seem like a pimp at least, “If he's got that kinda cash why are you here?” she questioned.

Tina bit her lip, unable to really explain that it was magic that had given her looks. “Well,” she mused shyly, as images of girls swam through her head, “I was kind of hoping to have a little fun with other girls. A-and pay my bills doing it,” she added quickly to the end to not sound so much like a total slut.

“Ah,” the woman replied, “Well that explains why you've only expressed interest in girl on girl,” she said looking at the page, “You’re sure though? With those tits you'd go far doing girl on guy, it'll be easier to find you work.”

Tina blushed a little, playing with her hair. She really preferred girls, but if it would pay more, “I see,” she muttered, mulling it over.

That caught Gavin’s attention. Not going to happen. He flicked into her sexuality, dialing it even further toward the lesbian side to ensure she wouldn’t have interest. He couldn’t let her be talked into it either, popping back to her confidence and dialing her up so this bitch wouldn’t talk her into anything they hadn’t come out here for.

The light flared to life around Tina’s neck, and she shifted her posture a bit. The idea of being with another guy was positively revolting. She shook her head, “No,” she answered, “I’ve got Gavin, he's the only guy I'm interested in. If you can’t work with me strictly in lesbian stuff then I can go elsewhere,” she told the agent.

The response was just disappointment from the older woman. Little she could do though, Tina had the look even solo she could probably go pretty far. “Alright,” the agent conceded, “we’ll sign you on.”

She drew up a stamp, slamming it onto the girl’s form and slipping it into a folder. “We’ll give you a call when something comes up,” she explained.

The curvy girl grinned, “Awesome, look forward to it,” she chirped, turning on her heel with a confident sway to her hips, “Come on boo, let's head home,” she called for Gavin.

The boy wasted no time, getting up and wrapping his arm around her waist to walk her out.

It didn’t take long for offers to come in. In a week “Titanic Tina” had vids available on a number of sites, with a few different co-stars. Frequently she'd arrive home after a shoot to find Gavin cock in hand watching one of her shoots, and it made her happy to know he liked her so much even when she was away with other girls.

“Hey babe,” he called to her as she was packing her bag for the day's shoot.

Tina smiled at his call, “Yeah?” she responded, barely looking up.

He rolled on his side, “How are things going?” he asked, “Any prospects for our bedroom?”

Her smile faded a bit at that. It hadn’t been the first time he asked since she'd started. “Not yet,” she answered him as she slung her purse over her shoulder.

It wasn’t completely true. There was one girl she was shooting with frequently, Chance, that she was really interested in. A punky girl, with undercut black hair and tattoos from basically the neck down. She’d asked Chance about coming back home with her after a shoot, only to be turned down cause the dark haired girl didn’t play that way. She’d see her today though, maybe she could ask again?

To his dismay he'd tried to alter her history, make a girl come home with his girlfriend, but it hadn’t worked. His ability to alter things seemed exclusive to Tina, so if she failed there was nothing he could do but try and make her more bold in asking. “Well, keep trying babe,” he told her, rolling over to get some more rest before the day.

“Sure,” she replied, “I love you,” she called to him as she opened the door.

He didn’t reciprocate it, giving her a lackluster wave as she left.

With the first few paycheques she'd managed to get herself a nice car to go to work with, so that Gavin didn’t need to drive her and get shooed off set by the director. Slipping into the driver’s seat she let out a sigh, starting everything up and getting on her way. She was at the set within ten minutes and stepping out on her whorish heels.

Inside the cameraman was adjusting things, setting up the angles around the bed and making sure the lighting was good. The first voice to greet her though was Chance's.

“Hey Teen,” the dark haired girl called out from her seat on the bed with a wave.

Her sight brought a smile to Tina's face. The undercut girl rose, wearing just a modesty robe and her thin rimmed glasses, as she came over to Tina, giving her a friendly hug. She was a pinch shorter than the auburn haired girl, a nice modest pair of breasts and subtle hips gave her a lithe hourglass figure. The real sight though of course was the ink. Everywhere her skin showed you could make out part of a larger tattoo. Little snippets of who the girl was from a bleeding rose on her wrist, to the silhouette of a much curvier girl peeking out from under her robe on her thigh.

Their time on the set together told Chance something was up with the normally excited Tina. The dark haired girl took her co-star's chin, bringing those chocolate eyes down to look into her own violet wonders, “Hey what’s wrong?” she asked.

It was hard to find the words, the auburn haired beauty shaking her head. She needed to feel good for a hot minute, “I’ll tell you after the shoot?” she promised her.

With a smile Chance leaned up, planting a kiss on the taller girl’s lips; a gesture that wasn’t easy with her huge fake tits pushing the shorter girl away. “I’ll hold you to that,” she warned with a cat-like grin as Tina blushed at the affection.

“Alright girls,” their director called out, settling into his chair, “we’re ready for you.”

With her cat-like grin Chance took her robe, dropping it to the floor and showing off her tight fitting black bra and panties, “I’ll be waiting sexy,” she teased with a wink, walking over to the bed and hoping her tight little rear into the sheets.

Smiling back Tina disappeared into her dressing room, stripping out of her things, her heavy breasts a familiar feeling now as they dropped on her chest. She looked through today’s wardrobe. They so rarely had her size of bra, and today seemed to be no exception as she was left to wrap a strip of teal fabric around her torso to hold her colossal boobs in. As per the usual she pulled up a pair of matching panties and stepped out to start the day.

As soon as Titanic Tina entered the room the camera lit up. As much as Chance was in character her words were genuine as she saw the top heavy girl saunter in, “Hey sexy,” she teased, patting the bed next to her.

A smile lit the auburn haired beauty's face as she walked to the bed, settling her full rear down and making Chance fall towards her. With a giggle the dark haired girl leaned in, stealing a kiss from those full lips that had their owner sighing happily under her breath. “Hey,” she finally replied with a haze in her voice.

Fixing her this glasses Chance gave an excited little bounce, “What’s a nicely wrapped gift like you doing in my bed?” she asked, violet eyes scanning up and down the stacked girl and giving a lick of her darkly painted lips for the camera.

Tina put on a blush, something she'd gotten pretty good at doing on cue just by picturing some of the more fun scenes she'd been in over the week. Most of them with her current co-star. She gave a small tut, looking around the room innocently, “You like it?” she asked looking down at her breasts and giving them a little bounce that had them threatening to pop out of their restraint. Her tiny nipples were hard underneath, clearly showing off her arousal.

The smile that made its way to Chance's face was genuine, as were her following words, “You know I do,” she said, coming in to share another kiss with her partner. She gave a small wiggle though, returning to the character she was meant to play and reaching up behind her co-star, “I like unwrapped gifts even more though,” she stated as she gave a swift tug to on the bow that kept Tina's little strip on.

She gave a startled gasp, obviously fake, and quickly reached up to cover her nipples with her arm.

Scooting up closer Chance placed a kiss on the girl’s neck, “Awe come on,” she purred, “Lemme see those big titties Tina. You know how much I like them,” she pouted.

Tina gave a pouty whine, scooting back on the bed to where she needed to be for the scene. “Well,” she mused thoughtfully, her arm creeping away and turning a little smile to the dark haired girl, “Okay Chance, just a bit,” she offered as she took her arm away. Her heavy breasts bounced as they fell, round and full as they came to rest.

With a moan the tatted up actress swooped in, taking the spherical wonders in her hands and kneading them playfully. The camera zoomed for the show as Chance played with them, letting her pierced tongue out and lapping over the girl’s little buds.

The auburn girl’s toes curled in pleasure as Chance tended to her. It was always so different than how Gavin played with her. So much better as even for the camera, making porn for horny men, the tatted woman did her best to make into a pleasurable experience for both of them.

Just as Tina started to break, her gasps turning to soft moans and her fingers curling into the bedspread, the punky girl let up. She kissed her way up the beauty's chest and gave her thick lip a playful nibble. “Someone’s excited,” she teased with a whisper, too quiet for the mic to catch, before taking a kiss.

Her partner moaned, pressing her chest forward at the words. She wanted her, badly. Regardless of the camera.

Biting her lip Chance slipped her two first fingers into her co-star’s panties, “How about I finish unwrapping you?” she teased with a wiggle.

She was supposed to whine, defend herself and play hard to get. It was so hard though. She was a professional though, and liked her job enough to delay a little longer. With a whimper she reached her hand down, covering her little panties from the camera, “I-I dunno,” she whined.

“Mmm, I think you do,” the dark haired girl replied, peeling Tina's panties from her drooling sex despite the girl’s staged resistance.

With a shy gasp the auburn haired girl squirmed, keeping herself barely modest with her hand. Meanwhile Chance plucked the teal undergarment from her co-star’s toes, giving them a twirl over her fingers before bringing them to her mouth and taking them in her teeth. She gave shake of her head that had her bangs flipping about until they came to rest messy across her face.

“Tastes good,” she growled as she dropped them from her mouth, getting on all fours like a predator as the camera rotated around for a better view.

Tina let out a gasp as the animalistic actress pushed her legs open, again for the show, as she eagerly awaited the next scene. In the second of blind spot Chance stuck out her tongue, twisting the cap of her tongue piercing and starting it buzzing away. As the camera got into place the tatted star was giving a long lick over the auburn beauty’s perfectly smooth sex and making her cry out in needy ecstasy.

The dark haired girl had quite a length to her, as her buzzing tongue dipped into her folds. Her violet eyes fluttered, rolling back in feigned satisfaction. Not that she didn’t enjoy eating the auburn cutie out, but for the camera she knew it was more about the show then actually getting Tina off. She made her motions erratic, hungry as she lapped away at her co-star.

Even sloppy the busty girl still loved it, reaching an arm behind her to hold the headboard and make sure her breasts were on proper display for the shot. She bucked her hips eagerly, extending every moment of that little buzzing nub against her most sensitive spots like Chance had taught her. To get the most of it and, of course, make her heavy boobs bounce for the shot.

She kept rising in tone, her moans overpowering everything as she forced herself to a climax. Chance winced, getting a face full of Tina's squirting orgasm. She gave a playful giggle, taking some onto her fingers and licking them clean. A subtle act to turn off her tongue vibe and let her speak again.

“Delith-“ Chance stopped, laughing at her flub.

Tina did too, her breasts jumping with her hearty chuckling. “Alright girls, take five to shake off the numbness,” the director told them, shutting the camera off, “That’ll be one for the blooper reel,” he said as he pat the cameraman.

They took a few more takes, doing a few more positions and eventually ending their recording day. It was probably enough for the short vid they were going for today, but still quite a bit of hard work. In their after robes the two girls sat on the couch, enjoying a bottle of water to rehydrate before either of them would bother to get dressed again.

Chance turned to Tina, the taller girl laying across her lap as she rode things out. “So,” the dark haired punk piped up, “I believe you promised me an explanation to your morning sads cutie,” she reminded the auburn beauty.

After such a good time with the other girl, Tina was hesitant to speak up. She trusted Chance though, maybe even more. And she was concerned, maybe she should share.

With a sigh Tina pushed herself up, sad to leave the tatted girl's lap. “It’s my boyfriend,” she answered.

“The one you’re always pestering me and the other girls for a threesome with?” her co-star asked.

Frowning Tina nodded, “Yeah,” she confirmed, playing with the water bottle in her hands, picking at the label with a painted nail.

Getting comfortable and leaning closer to the taller girl to listen, “What up with him?” she continued to inquire.

Tina bit her lip at that, “I-I dunno what it is,” she said, the first inch of her label peeling away. She had to try and word it though, “He just seems distant. I’m worried that with none of the other girls wanting to be with us he's getting…” she tried to think, “bored with me.”

Shaking her head Chance rubbed up and down the poor girl's back, “Girl, anyone who'd get bored with you is insane,” she told her.

By now she'd torn the label full off, and was toying with it between her fingers, “That’s only cause of all he's done for me,” she explained, “I wasn’t anyone before.”

Chance shook her head, getting right up to her co-star, their thighs touching, and wrapping her arm around her. “Hey, that’s not true,” she told her, pulling the girl close, “he the one who made you get those then?” she gestured to Tina's titanic bust.

With another nod Tina let out an affirmative, “Yeah.”

The mood was dropping. Chance leaned in, planting a kiss on the auburn haired girl’s neck. “Girl,” she told her, “you’re better than that. A strong, beautiful woman. You don’t need him.”

“But, I love him though,” she protested, though it lacked any truth. Like a reflex to excuse herself to stay, “I mean, he loves me,” she added, hanging her head.

Shaking her head the dark haired girl wrapped her arms around the woman, holding her to her chest, “Look, anyone who would do something like this to you. Change you for his own benefit, isn’t worth your time,” she whispered, rubbing her hand up and down the girl’s back.

It was the most honest thing she'd heard in a long time. It hurt, a little bit, her chocolate eyes welling up with tears at everything she'd done for him. Everything she'd let him do.

But was it all bad? Through it, she met Chance. And now she had a job where she was making good money, and got to be herself with other women. Women who respected her, or like Chance… She looked up into Chance's violet eyes, behind the girl’s thin glasses and seeing a sparkle there that reassured her. A girl like Chance that really loved her.

She leaned up, pressing her full lips to the punky girl's softly. Nothing was forced, they met softly and the way their bodies interacted. They were like pieces to the same puzzle, that fit together like no others would.

As they embraced an inked hand came up, brushing a lock of Tina’s auburn hair from her face. “Why don’t you come home with me tonight?” the dark haired girl offered.

The busty girl smiled warmly, nodding and stealing one last kiss from her partner. “Okay,” she said softly, nuzzling into her neck, “Just let me do one thing,” she said, reluctantly getting up and fetching her phone from her purse.

It was getting late, Gavin sitting in his computer chair impatiently. “Where the hell are you?” he grumbled as he waited for the door.

The sound of his phone going off drew his attention. His text tone? He snapped it up, opening it to see it was from his currently missing girlfriend. “Better be good,” he grumbled.

Opening it his jaw nearly dropped. *“Look Gavin… it’s over. I’m not coming home tonight,”* it started, going on for a paragraph. *“I’m just not into you the way I used to be. I've learned about myself that… I just love girls more. It’s not your fault. Well… it's kind of your fault with everything you did to me.”*

His hand was trembling with rage as he kept going, *“I’ve met a girl. You probably know her from my shoots, Chance. We just announced on our social feeds that we're seeing each other, making it official. I guess I need to thank you for what you've done, cause if you didn’t, I never would have met her. I think she might really be the one I thought you were,”* he was gritting his teeth by now, *“Anyway, it was fun while it lasted. I’m sending over a friend to get my stuff from your place. He'll be there in the morning. I wish you the best, Tina.”*

“Fucking bitch,” the green eyed boy swore, leaving his text messages to get to the collar's app, “You’re not leaving me,” he pressed it only to receive a shock that made him recoil.

*“Not registered user,”* it flashed across his screen, *“No device detected, deleting application.”*

He didn’t even get a choice as the icon disappeared from the screen. “What? No,” he screamed, tapping where it was and shaking the device. In his anger he tossed his worthless phone, the device smashing against the wall into a handful of pieces, “Fuck.”

Gavin was furious, turning to his computer and opening up social media. The top post of her feed was her and Chance, the pair posing for a selfie in the punky girl’s apartment. Both in their underwear with what looked like celebratory drinks in hand.

Clicking into direct messages he wrote her, angrily going off on a tirade of his own with comments like *“I made you,”* and *“You’d be nothing without me.”*

In a flash he was blocked, unable to contact her that way. In a rage he went to her porn page, going to open the first video only to receive a message that his membership had been revoked. His free one that she’d given him to watch her stuff.

“Fuck,” he shouted again at the top of his lungs, kicking his desk so hard his chair toppled, tumbling him to the floor on his back.

Rubbing his head he looked at the ceiling, starting to at least calm down a little at his broken phone. This wouldn’t get him anywhere. He was cut off, and no matter which way he sliced it; whether from making her gay, boosting her confidence, or pushing her to become a porn star, it was his own damned fault he'd lost his plaything.

“Hmhmhm,” Materia chuckled, swirling her new story in her inhuman claws, “looks like your dream girl didn’t quite want you, now did she?” she teased, despite the fact he couldn’t hear her.

She rose from her seat at the counter, slipping into the back room to file this one away with her others. Wall to wall were her stories. Those punished for their decisions, with their lives destroyed for the fox eared witch's entertainment.

She wasn’t alone though, as the heavy footfall of boots filled the air. “You did a good thing with that one you know,” a female voice chimed.

The owner's pale vulpine ear twitched, and she turned to her punk-dressed employee Kasumi. “Oh?” she inquired of the dark haired rocker.

She gave a nod, her red shocked hair bobbing, “Yeah,” Kasumi told her with a smile, her lip ring tapping her tooth as she did, “you got her away from that scumbag. You actually gave her a good life, with a happy ending.”

Materia’s fluffy tails bristled at that, standing upright behind her, “No, I showed him the cost of his selfish desires,” she countered.

“Those two things aren’t mutually exclusive,” the rocker said, stepping away to leave her boss with her thoughts.

The redhead pouted, looking back at her orb and seeing Tina and Chance. The pair were inn bed together, cuddling after their first proper night of love making for themselves, not the camera.

The eastern woman was right, making the witchy woman grumble. She wandering deeper into the archives, to an out of the way corner of the room. “Damn,” Materia huffed, giving it an unceremonious toss onto a nearly barren shelf, “I liked that one.”

Turning on her spated heel she stormed off, Tina snuggling into Chance’s loving arms before they drifted to sleep.