



BUCK'S BIMBOS

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This story has been edited and formatted from the original Tumblr publication.

SEPTEMBER 5

I did a pretty bad thing, but it made me real hard.

My birthday was not long ago. I asked for and I got a video game from my wife, Candace. She got me a single birthday cupcake. I cooked dinner which was fine – I liked cooking dinner.

Last year she had given me a birthday blowjob.

I can close my eyes and still remember that blowjob, because it was the only one I got all year. She stripped down to light blue boy shorts – she knew I love boy shorts. She did it as an awkward little striptease, which was so out of character, that it became extra hot. Then she settled onto her knees, and blew me. I finished onto her hand. That, also, was fine. It probably took her five minutes. I hadn't asked for a blowie the entire rest of the year. I knew she disliked them. The subservience, how one-sided they were.

But it was my birthday.

When Candace went on the rag right before my b-day I got even more excited. I had been downright worried that she'd just want a casual fuck. And how could I turn that down? No, honey, I don't want mutually enjoyable sex, I want you to go down on me. Get on your knees and suck. I couldn't do it.

I've always considered myself a feminist.

So, it's my birthday. Dinner was over. It was dark out. I finally pushed the issue – I pushed out my chair, I opened my legs, I winked.

She sighed at me.

"Trevor, I gotta be honest, I think my mouth is still sore from last time," she said. A year ago! She tried on a smile. "Handjob?"

Handjob. Birthday handjob. Birthday fucking handjob. And I had to say yes. And then I had to cum! I should've turned her down. Or at least said something. Yes, it would've been sad and pathetic to say "but it's my birthday." But it was my birthday. What she was saying was: no more blowjobs for the rest of my life. Until she or I died.

I couldn't accept that, it turned out.

So, I went and got a pill to fix it.

SEPTEMBER 6

Big argument today. My marriage, everyone!

I hate that it's so cliché that I want to have sex more than she does. I don't think I'm looking for a slut or a bimbo or anything. Just a girl that is occasionally like – hey, let's screw. Hey, I like getting you horny. Hey, look how fucking sexy I am in this skirt.

Ughhhh.

And I hate that she's so mature about it when we have relationship issues. It was clear I was unhappy. So, she sat us both down and said, let's talk about it. At least Candace got right to the point. "This is about the handjob," she said.

"It's the loaner you get after a car accident," I said. She was wearing jeans, and still crossed her legs and crossed her arms. Candace nodded. She adjusted her glasses.

"I mean, it's just that I'm on my period," she said. And what do you say to that? But I had to try.

"Last year," I said, wagging my eyebrows.

"Yeah," and I realized this was a sort of a trap.

"You came," she said, "in my EYE."

I cringed. "I came EVERYWHERE," I said, going for the 'it was that great' tack.

She uncrossed and re-crossed her legs, and put her hand on her cheek. "It was like getting a salt stick in the eye. It was red for a week. Look, Trevor, I'm sorry, but it's hard."

She didn't see any humor in that.

"It's hard on my jaw, it's tough on my neck, and then I get a salt bath. So, no. I'm sorry I didn't communicate that in advance. I didn't think it was that important to you. You never ask about it."



I think here's the thing with Candace. I think she sees sex as a sort of ceremonial celebration of our relationship. And that is it. And that means it's even more special when she doesn't dress cheeky, or get me off with her mouth. What could be a purer expression of love than me wanting her sans-makeup, in old blue jeans, fucking quaintly in missionary style until we both explode in mutually agreeable orgasms? It's so BOURGEOIS.

So, I am taking the pill. Already took it. I don't want to get into where I got it, why I believe it. And I'm not totally sure I believe it. I'm not sure what's supposed to even happen. Maybe it's just a placebo, so I'm more sexually aggressive, who knows. But I downed it.

I beat off in the bathroom not long ago. When I came, it flew like, five feet. It hit the shower curtain.

Blowjobs are the best. End of story.

Look, handjobs are the taking-the-bus of sex. Anal... I've never done anal and I probably will die without doing butt sex. It feels like a lot of the joy is how transgressive it is to put it up the pooper. I'm just not that kind of guy. Maybe I'm wrong.

So, that leaves sex v. hummers. I'm not saying anything's wrong with sex. Sex is great. When Candace is turned on, bouncing on top of me, eyes closed, squeezing as hard as she can, tits bouncing, it's really good. Trevor says: I have nothing against sex.

But blowies. Good god. It's like art. Slowly falling onto her knees, or even hotter, quickly falling onto her knees. Fishing it out, stroking you hard. That first, tentative lick, then slowly sliding it between her lips. Watching her head bob up and down, cleavage somewhere beneath it all. The fact that there's a tongue involved.

I don't want to hear anything bad about blowjobs, end of story. I want them and I will resort to mystery pharmaceuticals to get them.

I've got reason to believe in these pills. I don't want to go into where I got them from. Just, you know, a source.

I'm sure if they don't work I'll just be out the money I put into them. I don't think a scam artist is going to bother poisoning me when they can just rebrand some Tylenol.

But I've got a good feeling. Just one more BJ would mean my blowjob rate going up infinite percent. And maybe there'll be a placebo effect even if they don't work!

SEPTEMBER 8

Well, nothing different so far. It is a weekday. We did watch a movie together, so that's good. I'm not expecting her to suddenly strip and declare "take me!" halfway through a spy flick. Although, eventually...

So, let's talk about Candace.

She's 28, same as me. She's actually about three months older than I am. Brown hair, shoulder length – she uses the same shampoo as I do, which I've always thought kind of weird? Aren't girls supposed to use tons of special stuff? No makeup. Jeans, loves jeans. Can't get enough jeans. Blue jeans, tank top in the summer, zip-up fleece in the winter. A few old skirts in the absolute heat of the summer. Big glasses. Really thick glasses.

Nerdy but girl-nerdy, does that make sense? Like, mid-tier girl books where women have mild and vaguely literary adventures. Usually they're librarians or archivists. And yes, she does want to be a librarian! The bachelor's degree in Art History led to a bunch of bad internships, and now she's in year two of getting her librarian degree.

It's a sedate career path. I wonder what I'd be doing if she would wear a pencil skirt from time to time, and a glossy shirt, and picked up books in front of me. That she had dropped. Probably not resorting to questionable pills for sexual release.

I'm an accountant. Of course. I work in a small office that handles some pretty big clients, but all individuals. Well, more about the office later.

I can see my whole life stretched out in front of me. I picked a safe, safe life. I picked a safe wife. She's good with money, she will never cheat. We share the same politics. We visit gardens. In three years we'll have a kid and a half, in ten years I'll have a goatee and a mid-40s interest in homebrewing beer, and in forty years we'll die within two weeks of another, surrounded by loved ones. And in all that time, I'll never have gotten another fucking blowjob.

Fuck that!

The best sex I've ever had? Ah man, that's easy. Let's get the sad part out of the way first. It was a long time ago when Candace and I were both dating in college. My god, that's a long time ago.

Anyway, for whatever reason, Candace had decided that she was going to seduce me. She didn't get that all she had to do was whisper in my ear "I'm horny" and I would be successfully seduced. Especially at that age. Actually, I think all she had to do was wink really slowly. It would've been super easy, is what I'm saying.

Instead, Candace decided she had to go the whole nine yards on it. She went bimbo on me. But she had no real idea how to do it. It was like she had read about bimbos in some sort of textbook. So, she found her tightest t-shirt, which was a bright green one from when she was maybe fifteen. And then some sort of orange mini that I have no idea where it came from. I have never seen it again. Also, red heels. She looked like some sort of colorblind hooker. BRIGHT red lipstick. Her hair up in a very prim ponytail, naturally.

Then she met me in the dining hall! With all her friends! Candace, who lived in jeans, suddenly turned up be-sluttened and tarted at the DC. She might as well have told the entire dorm that she was in the mood to fuck.

Lord knows I was. We had been dating for pretty long, and all of a sudden my GF sprouted curves and was giving me sultry looks while we ate spaghetti. Her lipstick got smeared, and it was great.

She saved the best for last. On the way back to my room, she whispered in my ear, casually, "I forgot to wear underwear tonight."

Oh, god. In the dining hall, no less. I practically rushed her up to my room. She was so wet. To my credit, I lasted long enough to be a decent lover.

That was the only time I've seen that side of her. It's not even a side. It was like, a proof of concept, the brief but beautiful flowering of her hypersexual side. After that it was back to jeans. But I treasure the memory.

The best part is that she did the walk of shame, the next morning, no underwear, on an entire campus full of college football fans.

SEPTEMBER 10

Well, the pill has done something. I'm really ill. I have rarely been this sick, ever.

I say it's the pill. I guess I don't really know. Maybe I just got the flu. I've had chills, I've been horking things up all over the place. I managed to keep down a little chicken broth, I guess.

It's my fever that's been the most concerning. Nothing less than 102. And I am sweating and sweating. The sheets are soaked. It's like I'm lying in a kiddie pool. I just keep going through water bottles.

So why do I think it's maybe the pill?

I have a hard-on. It's ridiculous that I have a hard-on. I'm half-dead. But I have this raging boner that just strains for the sky all the time. I've been keeping it under the covers to hide it from Candace, which is practically torture, since I'm burning up. And I'm strangely horny. If Candace bent over in front of me, and whispered, "come on, big guy, fight through it," I would clamber out of this sick bed and fuck her senseless.

So THAT is different.

Anyway, Candace has been really nice about me being sick. Really nice. Hovering over me, getting me water, even rinsing out the barf bucket. So that's nice.

I really, really hope I don't have to go to the ER and report taking unlicensed sex aids.

SEPTEMBER 11

Still sick as anything, but I did manage to walk over to the toilet and violently purge my entire being, so that's something.

I've been reading my prior entries and I think I kind of come off like a jerk. I guess that's sort of inevitable.

Look, what I want is for Candace to WANT me. I feel like the both of us are furniture in each other's lives. For her it's career, husband, house, eventually some kids. I feel like a part of her life that has to be managed, like the finances. Like some video game character with depleting meters. Oh, Trevor's horniness bar is on full, I'll pick [HANDJOB] to level that one off.

I want her to be horny for me. Full, unabashed, leg-grinding, straightforward desire. I want her to see me and get wet, achingly wet. I want her to wake up and look at me and want me between her legs. I want her to finger herself on the couch waiting for me to get home. I want her to plan how she's going to get fucked. I want to drive her to so many orgasms we have to do special laundry. That's what I want.

I want her to sit in class and have her mouth water because she's thinking about putting a cock in it.

SEPTEMBER 12

Still sick. Still really sick. But... something happened.

I'm not even super sure it happened. I've been feverish. Not quite hallucinating but not exactly all there. I had a long period where I was confident I was flying on an airplane, secretly.

Anyway, Candace found out that I've had one hell of a straining erection.

She's been hanging out in the bedroom, keeping an eye on me, just sitting with her legs up in a chair. And that wasn't helping the erection situation since she was wearing shorts for the first time I can remember. And had her legs up on the bed. Nice long thighs. Legs uncrossed. I could tell from my sick bed that she was having a hard time concentrating on her book.



“You need anything?” she said, getting up. “Are you sure you want this blanket on you? You’re still way too hot.” She tugged at the sheet, and there was my dick, struggling to get out of my boxer shorts.

She paused and pursed her lips.

“Trevor, what’s this about?” she said, pointing at it, like it was a kind of snake.

I tried to shrug on the bed, unsuccessfully. “Could be anyone’s erection,” I said, weakly.

“Uh-HUH,” Candace said. She looked at it, unblinking. It got even harder. “Alright,” she said, reaching some sort of decision. “Let’s have a look at the affected organ, patient Trevor.” And she loosed it from my boxer shorts. It stood straight up.

She inhaled, and licked her lips. I was watching her so closely. I wished there was a way I could be sure I wasn’t having some sort of fucked up fever dream. “I think we need to get the infection out,” she told me, sternly, and raised one eyebrow. I nodded. Then my wife slowly put her hand on my dick and began to jack it.

I groaned. The feeling of relief was immediate, intense. Like I had dropped two degrees. I dribbled precum almost immediately. It made my cock slippery, hot. Being sick made the entire experience that much more intense, like my body couldn’t quite process what it was

feeling. Candace was into it, too, sliding her hand all the way up and down the shaft. She sat on the bed next to me and stroked me fast.

It didn't take long. I came. I've never cum that hard. A wad of jizz spat up and hit Candace in the chin.

She startled backwards and lost her grip. I continued to spray wildly, like a loose hose. I was growling, unable to be quiet. It was just too much. When I finally came to rest, I had spattered jizz all over my wife.

"You pollock'd me," she said, mock sad. I was relieved.

"That was great," I told her. I felt immensely better.

"Maybe you did need that," she conceded, and left.

Fever dream just last night.

It was hot, if, in retrospect, disturbing. It was... visceral. For all my experimentation with drugs when I picture my possible future it's mostly the same as now except Candace is rocking my cock pretty often.

This was like – geez. I've never been into big full-frontal photos of big pink pussies but that's what I imagined. Raw, dripping wet gashes, attached to big-titted bimbos, none of whom particularly looked like my wife, all of them desperate to be impaled by a truly large dick. It was like the scene of a drug-fueled porno, a cheap one, with strung-out sluts and their implants impatiently waiting their turn to be fucked.

And then they looked cheap. Real cheap. Plastic minis, hooker shirts. I don't even know the right name for them. Stuff you see in pornos in the first ten minutes, and nowhere else. Spandex or something.

I was the star. The inexhaustible god-king, my prong red and long, fucking girls into screaming orgasms. Doggy-style, blowjobs, anal, everything. Just a big mad pit of pussy.

When I woke up I had jizzed into the sheets.

SEPTEMBER 14

Good news: feeling better. Bad news: Candace has shown 0 signs of still wanting to rock my junk. Part of me wonders if it really was a fever dream.

Well, that's not totally true, because she did acknowledge it.

CANDACE: "How about before, huh? "

ME: "Uh, yeah."

CANDACE: "I didn't know boys could build up that kind of pressure. That was like a bomb went off. You nearly nailed the ceiling. You certainly nailed me."

ME: "If you want nailing, just let me know."

CANDACE: *giggling* "I gotta go to work. But just wanted to let you know, I was impressed. I didn't know you had such a gun in your pants."

So far, the pill has resulted in one handjob and one slightly naughty breakfast conversation, which was mostly about my pent-up sperm. I should ask for a refund.

Except... I kind of feel like my dick is... different. Bigger. I really should've measured it beforehand or something. Not like a lot bigger, anyway. It just feels longer, maybe even slightly thicker? I just have this strange sense that it grew. Could obviously be my imagination. I'm definitely still horny as hell.

Candace was back in jeans today.

GRRRRR.

SEPTEMBER 15

So, let's talk about work.

I work in a really small accounting firm. It's actually a branch office of a bigger firm from a small town that wanted to put a big city office on its website. It's me, an older guy named Douglas who is sort of my boss, our shared secretary Elizabeth, and Stephanie. Steph.

Steph is younger than me, Asian, and a little bit gross. Actually, a lot gross. Her desk is littered with plastic wrappers, she barely ever washes her hair, and she's totally open about her own personal hygiene. It's appalling.

Today she came in to my office to shoot the shit.

STEPH: "Hey, don't let me get fired today."

ME: "Why would you possibly get fired?"

STEPH: "I think there's a sixty percent chance I'm going to yell at Doug. He's gonna yell at me, and I'm gonna yell back, and then I'll end up getting fired."

The two yell at each other about once a month. Heated. Usually I leave the office peacemaking role to the secretary.

STEPH: "It's because I'm on the —"

ME: "Don't say it."

STEPH: "R-A-"

ME: "Steph, this is a place of business. Do not tell me you're PMSing."

STEPH: "G."

ME: :O

STEPH: "I've been trying to stave it off with chocolate but I'm already like, half-chocolate."

Steph's weight is her number one topic of conversation. She pines for the way she looked for her first semester of college, when she was apparently some waifish sex goddess, before gaining a good 30 pounds.

Anyway, of course later they were, in fact, arguing. Loudly. Over some bullshit. And usually I just let it wash over me. And today... I don't know... I had been looking for the opportunity to yell, and this was just too good to pass up. I burst in on both of them jawing at each other, Doug with his back to the wall inside her office, Steph with her feet up on her desk.

ME: "I want both of you to shut the fuck up, and act like fucking ADULTS. I'm TRYING to WORK."



And then I stormed out. It worked. I didn't hear a peep out of either of them.

The lesson here is, roaring demands works.

SEPTEMBER 16

Sex!

God I love sex.

I'm so happy.

We were on the couch watching – actually, I have no idea what we were watching. I was recovering from jogging. She was next to me on the couch.

Before I knew exactly what was going on she was rubbing at my crotch. I could not have been more shocked.

ME: "Whoa, what's going on over there."

CANDACE: "Let me see. Oh, wow."

ME: "Yeah, your hand."

CANDACE: "I know, right on top of your penis! That's so crazy."

Pause while I get extremely erect.

CANDACE: "This okay?"

ME: "Oh, yeah! Of course!"

Here I thought about probing, but I thought "explain your horniness level" would be a little suspicious.

I pulled her over on top of me. Candace tossed her shirt off. I got my hands on her boobs. I like her boobs. They're better than you'd think, hidden underneath a bunch of t-shirts. They have a little heft, and they got more nipple than you'd expect. Meanwhile I humped the hell out the crotch of her jeans. I was hard.

CANDACE: "Wow, I can already feel you."

ME: "You should get your pants off if you don't want a big hole in them."

It was a better line in my head.

Anyway, the good news about her loose-fitting jeans is that Candace can shuck jeans off. And her sad decrepit underpants. She's got a big brown bush that I am not wild about, although tonight, I was totally fine with it.

ME: "You want me to get undressed? Or anything?"

CANDACE: "Nah. I'll get a condom." *pause* "Don't bother with lube."

And that was the second big surprise. Jesus Christ, was she wet. Candace has never been that wet. Not BAD wet, I want to make that totally clear. Hot and wet, into-it-wet. She rode me top and I banged her like a screen door. It was incredibly great, her boobs swinging, her hair flinging around, me rocking her hips. She came HARD.

And when I came – I roared. Deep, guttural roar. I couldn't stop myself. It was loud. We were both moaning and making animal noises. Finally, we both stopped, and she started giggling uncontrollably.

Then she slid off and we kept watching the whatever it was. When I started to get up, to clean up and whatever, she stopped me.

STATUS: Encouraged.

SEPTEMBER 17

No immediate repeats of our impromptu congress.

I've been checking on it. I really do think that my penis is bigger. I'm sure there are veins that weren't there before. And it FEELS different when I cum. Better. And I'm jizzing like... more. Like, a lot more. Like a pint of jizz. I wonder if my balls are bigger. I get THIRSTY after I jizz out.

I've also been horny as hell. I was at the supermarket with Candace, doing boring couple shopping, and this girl walked by in yoga pants and a sports bra. 100% workout gear, with a trucker hat on. Good tan. In the past I feel like I would've given her maybe an admiring glance. Now I quickly grew a big python in my pants, and I'm still thinking about banging her raw while Candace fingers herself on the bed.

SEPTEMBER 18

You're probably wondering what it's like to have a bigger cock. And the answer is, it's great. I'm so pleased.

It's definitely bigger. I don't want to be so coarse as to give measurements but it's bigger. Thicker, longer. I put my hand around it and it's like, wow.

I'm sure some guys have looked themselves in the mirror and thought, well, it is what it is, and I'm not such a sad person that I measure myself by cock size. Well, guess what, having a bigger dick is great, and measuring yourself by having a thick dick makes a ton of sense. I can feel it swing around when I walk, like I'm some sort of horse.

I feel CONFIDENT. I see girls walking around and I don't think, wow, there's some blonde that would have no interest in an accountant. I think, there's a blonde who would be interested to know that I am rocking a dick.

I have been looking at better underwear, online. I've never needed underwear that actually supports before. Ahh, it's a rush to think "hmm, how well will this brand nestle my BIG JUNK?"

All I need to do now is get it some exercise.

SEPTEMBER 19

Things have been kind of quiet at work. Doug has been avoiding me ever since I yelled at him. Steph, on the other hand, has been a huge fan, and keeps telling me about her dating app experiences.

STEPH: "I show up, and he's on his phone, that's fine. We get three minutes into the conversation, and he excuses himself. I see him get up, walk over across the street, CATCH A POKEMON, and come back to the table."

ME: "Uh huh."

STEPH: "I order the fried chicken, and he is absolutely silent. And I know, I KNOW, he's thinking – she's a big Asian girl and here she is ordering fried stuff on our date. He says NOTHING. And this is a place known for one thing! Fried chicken!"

ME: "Uh huh."

STEPH: "And after all this – by the way, we split the check – he tries to get into my apartment. I was like, no, I'm gonna go be fat, and Pikachu-less, by myself."

ME: "Harsh."

STEPH: [pause]. "What?"

ME: "Oh. Well, seems like you could've gotten something out of it."

Whoops. I'm gonna be honest, I was barely listening. I have heard one hundred Steph dating stories. I was admiring her lips. They are big, excellent lips, and she is religious about wearing lip gloss. My inexhaustible hard-on was thinking, hmm.

STEPH: "Seriously?"

ME: [Uncomfortable laugh] "I mean, you could've stolen his wallet."

STEPH: "Oh! Right. I like that!"

Wanting to bang coworkers could be a real problem.

Let me send a message to all those teenagers out there.

When you're 13 or so, you've hit puberty, you're on the internet. And all you can think is "oh my god, I want one of these cock-thirsty sluts that can deepthroat."

Then you get a little older. The world starts in on you. Tells you that you don't want THAT. You want a PARTNER. You want someone who can make some money, who can chat with you, who can do something more than give you a tit fuck. A HELPMEEET.

Teenagers of the world. DON'T LISTEN. Go for the cum guzzler! Learn from my mistake!

SEPTEMBER 20

I pushed my luck and asked for a blowjob. Didn't go great.

My balls have been boiling. If nothing else, this pill has been a real aphrodisiac. I've been cataloging girl asses all week, nearly running into other cars when someone runs by in an inadequate running bra.

Speaking of which, if this pill ever turns into anything, I want Candace in lulu all the damn time. What a gift, that girls these days voluntarily wear spandex and walk around in public in form-fitting gear. I can't believe people complain about how women dress in the year 2016. What more do you want? Nudity and six inch heels?

Anyway...

I had a rough day at work. Doug has been giving me the silent treatment ever since I yelled at him, and I didn't want to hear Steph's love life stories, so I had to work all day by myself on a difficult client who liked to call every few hours to say he had found more files, and was faxing them over. Frustrating. Very, very frustrating. Then I got home and made dinner, which was like, you can't cook even a little bit? When it's nearly 7:00?

CANDACE: "You have a rough day?"

ME: "Something like that. I can't believe someone still has a fax machine in their home. It's like getting messages from the 1980s."

CANDACE: "You want something to feel a little better?"

ME: [Heart suddenly pounding]. "Couldn't hurt."

CANDACE: "Alright, here goes."

And suddenly I'm receiving the most painful backrub there has ever been. It was like she was grinding wool into my nerves.

ME: "Oh man. Okay, that wasn't what I thought you meant."

CANDACE: "What?"

ME: "'feel a little better' is like the universal symbol for blowjobs."

CANDACE: [Suddenly frosty] "Not liking this?"

ME: "Honestly Candace, it's like you're pushing pain buttons."

Then we didn't talk the rest of the night! Great!

SEPTEMBER 21

Oh, man.

So, I came home early today. Finished off fax-client and his mystical portal into the Michael Jackson era, treated myself to a 4:30 knockoff. Get home. Total silence. And then a – squeak? Grunt? Not totally sure what it was.

I call out Hello, and at least a few minutes later, Candace comes out of the bathroom.

And I swear she smells like sex. Which is weird. She has flushed cheeks, says hi really chirpily.



I wait a few minutes, digesting this. Eventually I get into the bathroom myself. Even though she's left the fan on – I can smell something. Like flowers and strawberries. Horny girl. I am pretty sure she didn't sneak a boy out through a tiny window, which means she's been jacking off.

And THEN I find it, stuffed behind the bathroom door.

It's the shirt I was wearing when we fucked on the couch. I pick it up. It's just a workout shirt. She hasn't washed it even though I know I threw it in the hamper.

Awareness dawns.

Scent. It has to have something to do with SCENT. I've got to get sweaty and see what happens.

SEPTEMBER 22

I went running during work. Kind of as a, you know, test run. Ha ha. I didn't want to toss a big pile of laundry in Candace's face and say "So, NOW do you wanna fuck?"

Wasn't hard to have Steph over in my office. I just had to express mild interest in her day. I have a tiny, tiny office with a great view of a different office, and enough room for one chair. It was definitely murky in there. It's hot out. And I ran and ran. It felt great independently of any pheromone-generating effects.

Anyway, of course Steph had been on a piece of shit date that she was really happy to tell me about.

I didn't notice her COOING or anything. But you know what? I felt really good. Really good. Blood was racing, confident, cool.

STEPH: "So, then he starts texting, and I see the word MOM on his iPhone screen. He's texting his Mother. He's texting his Mother on our date. I am thinking, this is the lowest possible moment for me."

ME: "What were you wearing?"

STEPH: [Flustered] "What?"

ME: "Just wondering."

STEPH: "Uhhhhhh pants. Black pants. These pants. These exact pants."

I motioned for her to twirl.

It was a hell of a test. I thought there was a good chance I was about to be slapped in the face.

She stood up and twirled.



I like Steph's butt. I am pretty sure she hates it, because all she sees in the world are rinky-dink little Asian butts, but I am here for it. It is thick, and surprising, and I was and am horny for it.

She sat back down. I don't think she was super sure what had just happened.

ME: "Do you dress up more if you like the guy?"

STEPH: "I mean... I don't know. Sometimes."

ME: "Like, a pencil skirt?"

STEPH: "I don't own a pencil skirt."

ME: [mock shock]

STEPH: "I'm not gonna show my ass off to Mom-text!"

ME: "Well EVENTUALLY you'll show it to someone, right?"

STEPH: "I... guess."

[mental note, learn more about girl clothes, should this work]

I dropped it there. She eventually stumbled out. I basically told her to go buy something sexier. I haven't been fired yet so... success?

My dick seems to have stopped growing. Man, it's big. I don't want to say inches but quite a few.

But honestly I'm almost more weirded out by the change to my cum. I cum buckets now. Like, so much jizz. It used to be one alright-sized jet and then some dribbling. Now it's like, spurt spurt spurt. And the cum itself is different – almost cream white, and not as sticky/gummy. You could think it was, I don't know, rice pudding if it was in a cup.

I haven't measured my balls [how does one measure balls] but I am pretty sure they're bigger too.

Bottom line, I need to buy bigger condoms.

The sad truth is that Candace is allergic to the pill. So, it's a rubber life for me. Yes, I'm aware that that has probably contributed to the blowjob fixation.

SEPTEMBER 23

Okay, I just did something controversial. I have Candace's password to her computer. She gave it to me a while ago when I needed to get a tax thing from her. I think she forgot that I have it. And I know she keeps a journal. Or diary? Diaries for girls, journals for guys? Diary.

Anyway, I am desperate for clues. So, I waited for her to take a shower and quickly popped on. This is the entry for yesterday:

"In a way it's a relief to acquire a fetishization, even one with poorly understood psychosexual implications. I've read so many essays about women with interesting sexual interests that I was starting to feel left out. Sure, it was easy to say that a healthy sex life alone is no reason for complaint. I've never had any trouble hitting climax. But it lacked a little spice. Trevor's recent attempts to cadge blowjobs were just sort of meh. Transactional sex."

"So yes, this is sort of new, and potentially enriching. And it was naughty, mildly forbidden, in the right kind of way. And I'm glad to have reawakened an interest in solo play – it's a sign of independence."

"On the other hand, I'm mildly perturbed to be the sort of girl who gets off huffing old sperm from a dirty shirt."

"What does this say about ME? Am I fetishizing that handjob? Am I fetishizing Trevor's seed? Is this a sign that I want to get pregnant? Is it the dirtiness that appeals to me? The primal,

earthiness of it, in a sex life that is encased in latex? I am unsure. However, I did get off something fierce.”

SEPTEMBER 24

I am approaching this like a movie heist film. Operation Blowjob is in full effect. I would make a spreadsheet if I thought it would do any good. I would make two spreadsheets.

I've been jogging so hard my thighs are sore and my feet hurt. I've even been wearing an extra shirt to sop up the sweat. I also found the shirt that Candace had and tossed it into the washing machine. Any more pheromones are going to come out of me.

I've been researching pheromones. Wikipedia has a huge article on them. “The first from 1998, by Cutler, had 38 male volunteers apply either a “male pheromone” or control odor and record six different socio-sexual behaviors over two weeks. This study found an increase in sexual behavior in the pheromone users compared to the control group.”

Neat. The highest effect is apparently during ovulation, though. Something to think about. But not totally relevant to a blowjob.

I've been thinking about starting weight work. All this cardio is fine, and I'm seeing plenty of yoga pants butts on my route, but I kind of feel like some muscles would be appropriate. I look in the mirror and don't want to see some skinny fat guy.

PS: Steph wore a pencil skirt to work yesterday and made sure I saw.

SEPTEMBER 25

Candace's journal:

“Well, my sperm shirt disappeared. It's on me for failing to hide it. I had left it in the bathroom. Maybe deliberately, to heighten its associations? Was that seminal fluid what I wanted?”

“I've been trying to be honest about my biological clock. I sort of want to have kids. Distantly. They exist in the future, in potentia, at a point when I am out of the program and established in a career. Certainly, they post-date career.”

“But sex and fertility are intertwined, and I can't deny that sex has been on my mind. I live with a man, after all, one who has a penis. The last time we had intercourse it was unusually

good – unusually spontaneous – with a quality I can only describe as animal. And part of me wanted to grab a rag and mop up afterwards, to create a new fetish made out of our shared fluids. The implication is clear – what is our commingling but a baby?”

“I’m probably just ovulating. Lord knows I’ve been a little bit of a catholic schoolgirl around Trevor.”

SEPTEMBER 26

Success at last.

I went running after dinner and nearly threw up. Too excited. Too soon after dinner. My guess is that barf would not act as a chemo-sexual attractant. It was an agony run – legs burning, chest tight, cramping. The only good news is that it’s been hot as hell, and I was sweating freely.

I got back and suggested a movie. Candace was happy to agree. She climbed in next to me and leaned right up against me. I wondered for the first time – does she suspect something? What was she thinking while sniffing my old t-shirts, her fingers dancing?

Well, she didn’t say anything. Just started rubbing her leg against mine, and then, eventually, rubbing gently on the outside of my workout pants. Of course, I was like an iron bar.



CANDACE: "Want to have another round of movie-sex?"

ME: "Ehhh"

CANDACE: [Surprised]. "Ehh? What do you mean, eh?"

ME: "Long day. I don't feel like moving."

CANDACE: "Oh."

Two minutes of neither of us really watching the movie.

CANDACE: "I mean, I'll do most of the work."

She grabbed my cock. My resolve was so weak. But I had to be strong.

ME: "Ehh."

CANDACE: "Oh come on, Trevor. Really?"

I don't think I've ever turned her down before. She was pissed, horny, confused. I knew this moment was coming. I took off my first shirt. The one underneath it was pure sweat. I could see her about to get up, then hesitate, sink back.

CANDACE: "I know you're hard. Just lie back."

ME: "Why don't you get me started?"

CANDACE: "Oh, so THAT'S what this is!"

ME: "C'mon, Candace. Humor me. Just a few licks."

This was the critical moment. But she wanted me. She needed me. She was flushed, horny, her legs up against me, feeling me pulse in her palm. You could see her digesting it, staring at my dick. What would a few licks hurt? She wanted this penis, after all. She wanted it really bad, all of a sudden.

CANDACE: "Okay, a few licks."

ME: "That's all I ask."

She knelt very carefully between my legs. Behind us, Mad Max rambled on, unceasing. She took a long lick up the underside. I fought to keep from cumming.

ME: "Wow."

CANDACE: "Yeah?"

She kept licking and winked at me. I wanted to explode, all over her face. I had years of frustration. But I couldn't. I just couldn't. I had a plan. I had a spreadsheet, in my head.

ME: "Better hurry aboard."

Her enthusiasm jumping on my dick was almost as hot. She was practically fingering herself by the time I got a condom on. When she lowered herself, Candace made a deep, satisfied noise in the very back of her throat, like she was finally finding water in the desert. She clenched hard on my cock. And... I came.

I had to pretend I hadn't. Luckily, I'm really sure I'm bigger, these days. So, I had to grit my teeth and weakly thrust with my oversensitive penis as she rode me to a very, very loud orgasm. Luckily she didn't take too long. I kept myself up, semi-hard, by thinking of the next time.

I was determined there be a next time.

SEPTEMBER 27

I have made it my mission in life to make Candace horny.

Scent is apparently the key. So I am going to mark my territory. As gross as it kind of sounds, I am embarking on a campaign of leaving my manly musk all over the apartment. Sweaty shirts, rags, what have you, littered around the place. A barrage of Trevor. Wherever Candace goes, I want her to be getting pheromones.

That means I need more sweat. So I've joined a gym, and I'm going to start lifting. I've been thinking about it anyway, getting more jacked. I've been seeing guys with more definition around, and I've been thinking... why not me? Plus, I've got to work all this energy out somehow. I've been so amped up, throwing some weights around would probably do me some

good. Plus sweat! And I am staying hydrated and watching the weather report like a hawk. Super excited for this heat wave apparently coming through next week. I'm going outside in the sun and it is going to be totally great.

I've already scored a victory by managing to sneak a shirt inside of Candace's car when she asked me to take some stuff out of it. Candace, I hope you enjoy your commute.

I've noticed that she's more, I don't know, flirty? Smiling, giggling at the dumb things I say. Last night I kissed her goodnight right before bed and it practically turned into a make out session. She put her arms around me, and we just necked for a few minutes. Afterwards I could hear her breathing hard in bed. And I'm pretty sure another one of my shirts disappeared from the hamper. I should make an inventory.

Oh my god, I hurt so bad. How the hell do people who work out do this? I feel like I don't have knees anymore.

SEPTEMBER 28

Checked in on Candace's journal.

"I'm thinking it has something to do with mind-body dichotomy. I've been super cerebral, looking back. For maybe a year. Two years. I've had all these classes and exams and I've been thinking about doing a thesis statement, and all these papers about identity issues and stuff. I've been really in my head about all of it, and my body is telling me that I need to let a little balance back into my life. And it's telling me that by being wet."

"I think the important thing to do is not reject the feminine. If my body is turned on, I need to respect that. I need to be open to it. It means that my body wants something I'm not giving it, that my self is not properly balanced between my intellectual and physical selves. Horniness is a meter that helps you adjust. I'm married, my body is to be enjoyed."

"The truth is, Trevor has been kind of doofy lately. In a way that I apparently find hot. He's suddenly turned into this fitness guru and has been swaggering around in workout gear half the time we're home. I caught him checking his muscles in a mirror – not a lot of muscles – and honestly, it was sort of hot. If Trevor wants to be a big hunk of man, I am not the one complaining. And our sex life is important."

"Basically I need to get out of my own head and start enjoying things a little more. Classes can take a back seat."

SEPTEMBER 29

I've gotten really good at telling when Candace is horny.

And she is horny. She's really feeling it. I wanted a wet, willing wife – and I think I have one. There's the way she bites her lip. The way she squirms next to me, on the couch, crossing and uncrossing her legs. The way she hugs her arms tight right underneath her boobs.

I think – I may be imagining things – that I can sort of... smell it? Like my senses are heightened? I swear to god, I can tell. I just sniff and my dick starts to get hard. It's like a dowsing rod. And when I look up, there's Candace with red cheeks and semi-glassy eyes.

Today I pulled out the stops. First thing in the morning, I went running. Nice, long run. Candace was waiting for me when I got back, in one of her few skirts, watching her sweating husband bound into the living room. She sat deliberately on a chair and kept her legs uncrossed. She licked her lips.

CANDACE: "Good run?"

ME: "Yeah. Went an extra mile."

CANDACE: "I should start going out there with you."

ME: "Yeah?"

CANDACE: "Maybe get some workout clothes. You'd like that?"

ME: "You're gonna give in and join the spandex revolution?"

CANDACE: "Y-yeah."

ME: "I'd make you run in front of me."

I took my shirt off and tossed it at her, playfully. Well, not really playfully. She caught it and held it in a death grip.

ME: "Hey, we should—"

CANDACE: "Yeah?"

ME: "Go to the grocery store."

CANDACE: "Oh."

I had my hands all over her ass at the store. I don't know, being sexual just generically is part of this, right? And it was nice. I like her ass just fine. I like putting my hand on it. Candace had no problem playing her part – bending over to pick things off the bottom shelf, making no complaint whatsoever as I toyed with her rear end. She put a little extra waggle in it too.

When we got to the car she straight up grabbed my cock.

CANDACE: "Whoops. This isn't the shifter."

And THEN I cleaned up the kitchen, in just shorts, with the windows closed. Candace just sat and watched me, eventually abandoning her book while I puttered around in shorts and rubber gloves. I feel like the weights are already doing me some good.

Yeah, it was overkill. We were both at a fever pitch – desperate to fuck each other.



CANDACE: “You done yet?”

ME: “I was going to hit the bathroom next.”

CANDACE: “Anything else you want to hit?”

ME: “Well...”

CANDACE: “Honey, I can see your erection from here.”

She got onto her knees and waddled over to it. I was ready to blow, but I think my control has improved. I waited, patiently, as she lovingly tugged down my shorts and unleashed my cock.

CANDACE: “Ummm. Is it... Bigger?”

ME: “I think that’s on you.”

CANDACE: “Really?”

ME: “Well, you don’t see it from there very often.”

CANDACE: “Are you going to ask me for a blowjob?”

She gave me a look. She wanted me to ask.

ME: “No.”

CANDACE: “Oh. Do you, uh, want a blowjob?”

ME: “Candace, do you want to blow me?”

A key moment. A whispered “yes” would’ve been best. But I was more than happy when she just clamped her lips around my cock.

She took me deep. Deeper than I would’ve expected. I’ve suspected that there’s pheromones or whatever down there, and I can confirm that this wasn’t a few licks and then moving on – Candace was getting into it, in that little world of pubic hairs and thrusting cock. She was breathing hard through her nose, her mouth occupied totally.

I had to decide if I wanted to cum in her mouth.

This was a tough decision. Not rushing things has paid off well. A huge load of jizz – and it was definitely going to be a HUGE load – would be pushing it. This was the first real hummer, and I knew I should probably pull her off, fuck her senseless–

And then I came in her mouth.

It was buckets, for sure. And yeah, she gagged. Pulled off and coughed, as I kept spurting onto her. I couldn’t stop. I couldn’t even aim elsewhere.

CANDACE: “Oh my god, it’s everywhere!”

ME: “.....sorry!”

[More jizz lands on her shirt].

I grabbed some paper towels, still leaking, and handed them over. Candace wiped herself off, still guzzling sperm, and the two of us came to an embarrassed halt.

CANDACE: “Trevor, come ON.”

ME: “I did!”

And we both started giggling. My cock was still stiff. Impossibly so. Candace noticed.

CANDACE: “Are you seriously still hard?”

ME: “Yeah.”

CANDACE: “Can you get a condom on?”

ME: “I guess so.”

And then we had a nice, long, slow, satisfying fuck, on a proper bed.

So that was good. But the best part – the BEST part – the part that had me jacking off in the bathroom just a few hours later – is that while we were having a long, lazy bang, I saw Candace notice a little bit of jism on her shoulder. And she picked it up with two fingers, while I fucked her, and licked it clean.

CANDACE: “Do my boobs look bigger to you?”!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

SEPTEMBER 30

Is Candace getting hotter or is this just my overheated imagination? A lot of girls are looking fuckable to me, right now. Hell, just about all girls are looking extremely fuckable.

And Candace HAS been dressing better, sort of. I heard her cursing in the bathroom a few days ago, and it turned out she actually shaved her legs. And then today, a skirt I didn't even know she owned. Maybe even a hint of makeup.

So, I don't know. Maybe it's just that I'm seeing and appreciating and definitely violating her body more? It's not like hips can get wider, facial features can actually change, right? We're not talking magic potions here.

But then my dick is bigger. It's definitely bigger. That's a real, physical change and I guess I didn't deal with it. I just figured, I don't know, that there was more blood in it? But it's BIGGER, there's more skin there and there must be more, I don't know, tissue and stuff. I've been hungry all the time, but I figured that was about me fucking and working out, not actually growing more penis.

Man, I don't know. I'm freaking out about this. I took one pill. Now my wife has bigger tits. Big, wonderful, fuckable tits.

Where is all this going?

OCTOBER 1

Candace was late to her classes this morning. We had fucked the night before – in bed. Just kind of our toes touched and then moments later we were going at it. She was so wet, it was almost scary. Like, does she get wet FAST or is she ALWAYS wet?

Anyway, she woke up late and took her time getting ready – makeup, even. Some giggling entendres about us having to do the sheets today. When she came out of the bathroom she was wearing a really nice green shirt that highlighted what I'm increasingly thinking of as “titties,” and a denim skirt that was really much shorter than anything she's worn in years.

CANDACE: “I'm off, see you later.”

I was sitting in a chair, in a bathrobe. And when she walked by I just – casually snagged her. Picked her up – it was effortless – and put her on my lap. Where I already had an erection.

I don't know QUITE what I expected. I would've been satisfied, I think, with a kiss and a smirk, like a ‘wait until tonight, randy.’ Anything better than “ugh, let go, I'm running late” would've been fine.

I did NOT expect her to practically purr, and start to grind into my lap. Holy shit. And when I grabbed nervously and roughly at her boobs she started to MOAN.

Candace never moans. Well, she moans if I've got her halfway to orgasm with my dick buried in her. Not when I simply grab her teats.

We just kind of humped mindlessly, me in my underpants, her in denim, while I fondled her tits. Eventually I had the wherewithal to toss her on to the table, her tits down, her ass in the air. And again, I expected her to at least ROLL OVER or move to the bedroom.

Oh no. This Candace steadied herself and tensed her ass. The only thing she said that was old school was "be careful".

I rolled down her panties, strapped on a condom, and fucked the hell out of her. Then we ended up making out on the couch waiting for my – brief – refractory period to end.

She never even mentioned going to class.

OCTOBER 2

I'm not sure what to do about the Steph situation. Stephuation.

Today I spent a lot of time at work googling girl clothes. The truth is I know nothing about girl clothes. I can sort of tell you what I like, which is "short" and "tight". Beyond that it is completely beyond me. I am still struggling with halter tops v. crop tops v. bandage tops v. sleeve top. There's all kinds of skirts. It turns out that dressing sexy in a way that doesn't come across as weird is hard.

The reason I bring this up is that Steph has been definitely dressing up, and she wants my opinion.

ME: "It's good. It works."

STEPH: "No, Trevor, you don't get it."

I thought she looked good! Pink pencil skirt with a sort of dark black blouse.

ME: "What's the problem?"

STEPH: "Ughhh. Okay, I will just have to show you."

She stood up and turned around. Then she put her hands on her knees.



STEPH: "See?"

ME: "Yeah?"

STEPH: "My ass, Trevor! My ass!"

ME: "I see it!"

STEPH: "Oh my god! Look, I will spell it out. You are such a guy. I have to draw attention away from the butt and upwards. That means dark bottoms, bright tops. Big earrings. This is basic stuff!"

ME: "Candace wears jeans every day. How am I supposed to know these things?"

STEPH: "Spend five minutes on google!"

So, I am.

But let's get real about the actual issue here, which is that Steph is dressing to impress... me. I can't tell if this is my smell or if I'm just being more confident. I think I look better – I've put on some muscle, I've lost some useless jowl fat. God knows I feel more confident. I feel like a guy who just squirted a load on his wife's face. Apparently that guy is attractive to other girls too.

Steph has clearly lost some weight too. She looks good. And she's been wearing heels, big heels. Four to five inch heels, red or pink and only sometimes black. Ever since I said the words "pencil skirt" she's exploded in them, her thighs bouncing back and forth as she walks.

I don't think she's even talked to Doug in a week. She looks at him with disdain. I've barely seen the man. He basically hides in his office.

I've been seeing quite a bit of Steph's tits. I think she's so insecure about her butt that she has no room back to worry about showing the girls off. Yesterday she wore a bright white choker top – god, I am struggling to describe these things – with a sort of halter. Her tits were practically spilling out of each side. She got into the office and nearly ran into my chair.

STEPH: "Does this look okay?"

ME: "Sure. Hot."

STEPH: "Hot? Really?"

I looked her right in the eyes.

ME: "Hot."

A very slow smile crept across her face, and she swaggered back to her office.

ME: "And your ass looks good too."

STEPH: "No it doesn't!"

Now back to studying the intricacies of spandex.

OCTOBER 3

I got beat up a bit.

It's on me. I've been working out for just a few weeks, I've read some stuff about bench pressing. And yes, I've made physical progress, because when you start at 0 you see immediate gains. My body wants to have muscles, but I'm still just lightly built at best. A lightly built guy who has been swaggering around like a sex god. Big dick, adoring wife, strong.

So I should not have yelled at that guy for cutting me off. Although he DID. Big ugly pickup truck, smashed across two lanes to get in front of me and then JAMMED on his brakes. I very nearly rear-ended him. And I started jawing immediately, honking the horn. He got out of his car right away. Shirt tight around his torso, jaw with muscles on it. Hulking.

To my credit, I guess, I wasn't scared. In the past I would've been scared. I just got out and walked right up to him. No idea what I was planning on doing.

The guy didn't say anything. He sized me up, sneered, and then kicked me in the balls.

It hurt.

I just gaped at him and then keeled over on the side of the road. I don't know if my balls hurt this much before – I rarely got kicked in them. They certainly hurt now. The guy just got in his truck and drove off.

I just laid in the grass on the median for a while.

I think what really bothers me is his look of contempt. I was nothing to him. I was still that little accountant. I wasn't worth wasting his time.

That's not going to happen again.

Happily, my boys seem to have made a full recovery. I didn't mention this incident to Candace or Steph. I wonder what I'll do if I see the guy again.

Oh, Candace's breasts are bigger and they are fantastic. If there's anything hotter than your wife hefting her noticeably bigger tits with a puzzled expression, I don't know what it is.

She got home from a study thing and immediately whipped her shirt off.

CANDACE: "Oh my god, my bra is killing me."

I examined the area critically. Tit was spilling out of every side. Her bra was practically strapped to two much larger boobs. I had to help her with the straining clasp.

CANDACE: "Ohhhh thank god. I couldn't concentrate at all. It's like my cycle times a hundred."

ME: "Here, this will help."

I put my hands on them. Another thing – her nipples just seem to zap her brain. One tweak and her legs spread. Magic.

CANDACE: "Ohhh that's so much better than study group. Can you come next time and fondle me? The others won't mind."

ME: "Yes. Yes, I can."

OCTOBER 4

We had a little house party. Three other couples. Some board games, some drinking.

Things have definitely changed in my life. Things have gotten a little weird.

First of all, the vibe was different. Honestly, I tried to air out the apartment once Candace reminded me that we had a bunch of people coming over. But I've spent the last several days trying to de-funkify it and I don't think I was totally successful. About halfway through the party I realized that I had running shirts stuffed underneath the couch cushions. I had a sudden image of a party-goer rummaging underneath, pulling out a shirt, and saying, clearly and distinctly, "Why is your laundry underneath the cushions?"

I had half-wondered if the other party-goers would be affected in some way. Some sort of crazy orgy breaking out. But no. Similar couples to us, lots of wine glasses, drinking of seasonal beers, nothing at all different. If the girls were flirtier I didn't pick up on it.

One of the couples is a duo of lesbians. I had no idea what sort of effect I might have on them, and, honestly, I was a little scared to find out.

Second, Candace was awful at Settlers of Catan. Just terrible. She is usually the most ruthless Sheep Queen in the entire island, or Baroness of Wood. When she isn't stockpiling resources she's making cutting remarks. And tonight, she was the easiest lay in the land – placidly agreeing to any and all trades. It was like playing with a newcomer. Even the other players commented on it. "Candace, where's that edge? You sure you're okay just giving over this sheep?"

I started to get annoyed. Those sheep were MINE by common law marriage rights! I dominated the game, to be honest. Stared the other couple's wife right in the eyes and said "I think my offer is more than fair."

After I had won, Candace nodded me into our bedroom, and that's where things got different.

CANDACE: "Hey, sorry about the game."

She licked her lips even.

CANDACE: "I've been soooo distracted."

ME: "You were like an open door."

CANDACE: "I can be your open door."

And then she pressed right up against me.

We're in the middle of hosting a party, and Candace wants to fuck me. She knows how loud she is. She doesn't even care.

Things really have changed.

Maybe I should've been scared? This wasn't RATIONAL behavior, and whatever Candace was, it was rational. So this is new Candace.

I was hard. Really hard. I put my hand on her, spun her around, whispered in her ear while I dry-humped her. I don't know, it just seemed like the right thing to do.

ME: "You want to fuck me in the middle of a party?"

CANDACE: "Y-yes...."

ME: "You're that horny?"

CANDACE: "Come on.."

I put my hand down her pants, wriggled around. She was wet. Very wet. I was impressed. She moaned on me.

ME: "Alright Candace, here's what's going to happen. You're going to blow me, right now. And then you're going to go out there like nothing has happened, and if you're a very good girl, I'll fuck you once everyone is gone."

CANDACE: "Oh, Trevor, come on..."

ME: "That's the deal, and not only that, you're going to swallow this time."

I could feel her shudder at that. I thought I was upping the bargain. Turned out I was playing into her hands. Baroness Sheep for one last power play. She wanted my cum in her mouth, I'm sure of it.

Candace sunk to her knees. She must've been reading something because she gave a great blowjob. I jizzed into her open mouth almost immediately. She swallowed it efficiently, went into the bathroom to get cleaned up, and then went back out into the party. It was maybe two, three minutes, while the guests probably figured we were arguing.



No. Everything has changed.

You know what's different is how hungry and thirsty I've been.

I'm losing a lot of fluids. I mean, I cannot imagine how much cum I'm pumping out in a day now. You'd think my balls would be emptied out. But no, I can cum, cum, cum all day and still have enough to completely paint Candace's face white. Always thick, always copious. But that does mean I am guzzling water. Just jugs of water. Sometimes I'll just put my head under the tap and suck it down. And I'm barely peeing. I mean, I know a lot or most of it is me running and sweat but I swear to god I could meet Candace's hydration needs from cock sucking alone.

And I am hungry. So hungry. I eat and I eat. Huge meals, lots of protein, as many carbs as I can stand. I don't even want sweet stuff, I just want big mounds of carby things. I ate an entire loaf of bread yesterday and I'll probably do another one today.

I. Am. Fucking. The Shit. Out of Candace.

OCTOBER 5

I straight up sent Steph home to change.

She came to work wearing this dark black pantsuit. Godawful thing. Terrible. And she really has lost a little weight so it's just baggy and sad on her. Like she's wearing her mom's clothes.

ME: "Steph, come here for a sec, okay?"

STEPH: "What?"

ME: "You can do better."

STEPH: "Better than WHAT?"

ME: "Steph, come on. You look like a mom. Go show some respect."

She looked at me, surprised. Then she stood up, walked off, and disappeared for three hours. When she got back, she wore a pink blouse with a blue scarf, a pleated black skirt, and heels. She walked into my office.

STEPH: "Still look like a mom?"

ME: "Better, Steph. Much better."

STEPH: "Thanks, sir."

ME: "What?"

STEPH: "Trevor. Thanks, Trevor. You sexist pig."

ME: "Hey."

STEPH: "I'm not going to go change for you again."

ME: "You look hot, Steph."

She paused. There was definitely some internal battle going on. I won.

STEPH: "Really?"

And then she walked off, wagging that tail.

With all the carbs I've been eating and how thirsty I am despite the amount of water I drink, the thought of being diabetic popped up. Well, that got me scared.

I checked and apparently a good way to tell is if your spit and other bodily fluids are sweet. So, I figured I'd ask the person swallowing a lot of my bodily fluids.

It's funny but we didn't really talk about Candace swallowing my cum. It just sort of started happening. I came in her mouth accidentally, and ever since, she has made no complaint whatsoever when I jizz between her lips no matter how much it is. When it's clear I'm about to blow she even clamps her lips together and gets this adorable look of concentration. I wasn't about to question it.

ME: "Hey, Candace?"

She was watching some dumb celebrity show. I can't remember the last time she watched something half-decent, to be honest.

CANDACE: "Yo."

ME: "Personal question. What does my cum taste like?"

CANDACE: "Oh, geez."

ME: "Just curious. Because... you know. I was wondering."

She blushed.

CANDACE: "Well. I guess it tastes... good."

ME: "Okay, but like, sweet-good?"

CANDACE: "Umm. Not really sweet. No."

ME: "So, what?"

CANDACE: "Oh, god. This is really embarrassing."

ME: "Why?"

CANDACE: "It's not supposed to be the sort of thing that you like! But it's... good. Really good."

ME: "Oh."

CANDACE: "It's salty and yeah a little slimy but more like kind of a thick cream. Like a cake batter maybe. Yeah, that's good. And there's a hint of nuttiness in there."

ME: "Haha."

CANDACE: "Huh? I wasn't joking."

She got a faraway look.

CANDACE: "Hey, do you want a blowjob???"

OCTOBER 6

Ugh I'm really getting into Candace's diaries. When I hear her start to type I get hard immediately.

"Diary,

"OMG not sure what to say."

"The honest truth is that it has been super fun to cut loose a little bit! I've never been a wifey before and it is really relaxing and cool! I feel really special. Trevor has been a ton of fun and I can tell he loves having a horny wife to play around with. :) So, I am going to keep going with this vacation and see where it goes! So far it has led to orgasms."

“Not sure what is UP with me and blowjobs. I know I was thinking that I should hold off on the blowies. They’re just not great for relationships. And they’re hard to do and it’s not like they’re part of a mutually supportive sexual relationship. They’re like, subservient. Totally and unarguable. They should be like special occasion stuff at most.”

“But I don’t know now! I am enjoying them! Is that because Trevor enjoys them so much? Am I just having a belated honeymoon? Was I being cold, withholding? The idea scares me now. What if I was giving him blue balls all this time, making sex a never ever thing? Why would I even do that??? If it makes Trevor happy and that makes ME happy maybe that’s enough of a reason! I know that’s retrograde but I got married for a reason, right? I didn’t HAVE to marry Trevor.”

“And I’m liking them! There! I said it! Is that weird?? They’re fun! They’re hot! The look on Trevor’s face, the way he moves his hips, how close I get to his body, to his dick, I like it! And it turns out that if you have a thing for sperm, and I do, there’s no better way to get up close and personal with the stuff! Which Trevor has in freaking BUCKETS.”

“I need to read more about how to give blowjobs.”

OCTOBER 7

Okay, I have to do something about this birth control issue. It’s getting ridiculous.

We are fucking a lot more. It’s gotten very casual and very common. Just kind of like – we’re near each other, one of us smiles or winks, we’re married, and then pretty soon someone is getting something licked or something is getting put in a hole.

It makes for some surreal moments. At Candace’s insistence, she made dinner the other night. Frozen ravioli and boiled broccoli, in one pot. She didn’t think to put salt or butter or anything on it. But she DID think to kneel in front of me once I was done and pull my cock out, and give me a low and slow post-dinner blowjob. I didn’t ask for one, she just did it.

ME: “What’re you having for dinner?”

CANDACE: “I just did.”

ME: “Candace, sperm is like, twenty calories, at most.”

CANDACE: “Twenty DELICIOUS calories.”

Anyway, back to protection. Candace is allergic to birth control pills. I know there’s IUDs but I can’t exactly bring her to the ob-gyn right now. They’d ask questions like “why is there jism on your shirt?” I’m going through an enormous amount of condoms. And yes, I’m buying the big ones.

I am increasingly sure she’d let me raw dog but, ehbbb.

#fuckingwifeconstantlyproblems

I'm getting a little, uh, concerned. I can't remember the last time I saw Candace studying, now that I think about it. Or reading a novel. Actually, thinking about it, I haven't really even seen CANDACE for the most part, I've seen the top of her head or her ass or her tits. Like, I haven't had a conversation with her about stuff since all this got going. There's an election going on, for god's sake, and we haven't talked about it once.

ME: "Hey, babe, don't you have a quiz or something in a few days?"

CANDACE: *watching Total Bellas* "eh."

ME: "I think you need to study at some point?"

CANDACE: "I could, I could, or I could doooooo THIS!"

pantomimes having a dick in her mouth, giggles at me

ME: "Yeah, okay, but..."

CANDACE: "Or I could do... this!"

stands up, drops a pen, ostentatiously picks it up without bending her knees while pointing her ass at me.

ME: "Okay, that's hot as hell, but..."

CANDACE: "Trevor, I'm going to waddle over there, literally on my knees, and if you want me to look at boring-ass book shit instead of your penis, you just have to cross your legs. Okay, here I go."

Waddle waddle waddle. Take out cock. Put it in her mouth. Blow me with enthusiasm.

CANDACE: "There, see?"

ME: "My knees were sore. Made crossing them hard."

CANDACE: "Oh, for SURE!"

Clearly this is going to be an issue.

OCTOBER 8

STEPH: "It was an okay date."

ME: "Oh, come on, Steph. You never have OK dates. Every date you have is a disaster. They're ALL disasters. You've had dates where it's a disaster before you've parked the car."

She was in a dress. A knit thing with a low, plunging neckline. Deep brown lipstick, plenty of makeup. I feel like she's lost weight – she's made reference to some kind of diet/exercise regime that's "working for once."



STEPH: "Oh, come on. They're not all bad. I just only tell you about the bad ones."

ME: "You had a date where he brought a friend."

STEPH: "Yeah... yeah I did. The friend that wore a jean jacket."

ME: "So, what happened."

STEPH: "It was just a date. Went to see a movie... dinner."

ME: "And?"

STEPH: "You know. He... came over."

Oh-ho.

ME: "Did you wear that outfit I picked out?"

She had me examine clothes with her the previous day. Looking over my shoulder, breathing hard. I'm not stupid. I put her in a white number with little sequins. It was a very classy fuck-me dress.

STEPH: "I hated that dress every moment I wore it."

ME: "You looked great, I'm sure."

STEPH: "You picked it because it showed off my legs, didn't you?"

ME: "Steph, please, it showed off all of you. That's what date dresses are for. Display."

STEPH: "Well... ok.. Okay... I guess he liked it."

ME: "So what, did you invite him in?"

STEPH: "Y-yeah. Like you told me."

ME: "Okay."

STEPH: "And then we went upstairs, and you know, stuff happened, and it was fine."

ME: "What kind of stuff?"

STEPH: "Ohhhhhh. God, Trevor, please."

I put my hand on her ass. It wasn't the first time. She wore a blue, flared dress, with little panels that kept it away from her butt.

STEPH: "We had a few drinks and started making out. And then he said, do you want to go to the other room, and I said, we can start here."

ME: "Okay."

I slid my hand up. She shivered. I liked it.

STEPH: "And I unbuckled his belt, and yeah, sort of... sucked him a bit."

ME: "Just a little, right?"

STEPH: "Yeah, just a little."

ME: "Good girl. And then?"

STEPH: "Well, he warned me he was getting close, so he picked me up and carried me to the bedroom, and we fucked."

ME: "Did he want to do it doggy?"

STEPH: "Y-yeah. Like you said he would."

ME: "I told you, men like your ass just fine. Did you cum?"

STEPH: ".....yeah."

ME: "Good girl."

You know, I think if you had asked me if I wished Candace was different at all physically, a while ago I would've said, no, she's fine, it's her sex drive that's the problem. Slender, cute face, good body. No problem.

But now she's gone and grown big fat fucking tits and I wouldn't trade them for anything. Holy shit do I love those tits. They are thick and heavy and wonderful, and they have big slutty nipples to boot. I LOVE HER TITS!

OCTOBER 9

A hell of a day. I came... how many times today? I'm not sure. A lot.

I made the decision that I was going to fuck all day. Today was going to be all about fucking my wife in every part of the house, wherever I wanted, whenever I wanted.

8 AM:

Me, totally naked, looking in the mirror and feeling good about it.

ME: "Hey Candace."

CANDACE: "Hey there naked."

ME: "I've been lifting heavy things and putting them back down."

CANDACE: "I can see that. Hey... I've been wondering."

ME: "What?"

CANDACE: "Is your dick... the same size? As usual?"

I wasn't totally sure how to answer. I had no intention of telling her about the pills. But how could I lie? It's bigger.

ME: "Yeah, it's a little bigger."

CANDACE: "Yeah... yeah, it sure is."

She knelt in front of it, checking it over. I pointed it at her face. She lost interest in anything other than what it meant for sexual purposes.

CANDACE: "How much bigger?"

Remember when I said I could tell if Candace was horny? Candace was so horny.

ME: "Just find out for yourself."

CANDACE: "I just... Is something... different?"

ME: "Candace, I want you to stick my penis in your mouth as far as it will go."

CANDACE: "I'm just worried..."

ME: "Right now."

And it worked. She even closed her eyes, licked her lips. It felt good to tell her what to do. Really good. And then she puckered up and started to suck me.

She's gotten better. Uses her free hand. Uses her tongue. Not a hint of teeth. I wonder if she's been learning somewhere.

ME: "That's good, babe. Really good."

I put my hand on her head, and that's when she really went wild. It didn't take me that much longer after that. I came in her mouth, and she sucked me dry. Didn't spill a drop.

And then she went in for a kiss, and, like a goof, I went for it. My wife snowballed me. Whatever it tastes like to her, it's just salt and water to me. I think we both realized what had happened at the exact same time.

CANDACE: "Oh, sorry! Sorry!"

ME: *Trying not to gag*

And from that the great fuck day of 2016 began.

I fucked Candace from behind in the shower. I fucked her when she had the temerity to talk about going outside at some point that day. We fucked while watching television, just absent-minded fucking, watching mindless TV with my dick in her pussy. We even fucked in the bed, if you can believe that, missionary style. It was like a nostalgia fuck. She came loud, hard, long. After a while we even stopped talking about, stopped joking about it. We would just reach for each other, for each other's private parts. Wordlessly start to fondle something. Worked every time. I spent the day in boxer shorts and a pair of underwear when I wasn't fucking, and she wore a pair of loose pants and a tank top, no bra.

So, Trevor, you've got what you want. You've got a wife who will happily suck, who wants nothing more than to spend the day nuzzling you. You can unload your dick anywhere on her. Are you happy?

You know what? I'm not. I want more. I'm writing this with my cock hard. It's hard to believe I have an erection. I want more. I want to fuck more. I want Candace to be more. I'm not done. It's insane, I know it's insane, but I'm not done.

Candace's tits have already grown huge! And I fuck her so much! What else could I want?

Well, there is one thing. I want her to dress better. She's finding all these old outfits from like, college, that are kind of skimpy, but that's about it. It's kind of disconcerting to have her in her old clothes honestly, like it just doesn't make sense when she's giving me the come-fuck-me look and she's dressed in beat-up jeans. Although bigger boobs look pretty good in everything. Money is tight but there has to be a way to get inexpensive slutty crap. They use less fabric, right?

Other than that, uhhhhh I guess I don't know. I need to fix the birth control problem but I have no idea how to. At the moment, my solution is: blowjobs.

I am open to ideas!

I honestly had not even considered anal before. I've been really psyched to have regular access to, this sounds kind of sexist, the other two holes. Could be an issue with my cock being horse-sque these days though?

If she has stopped caring about school, then maybe I should just have Candace drop out. It's a waste of money. She could be using that money on new slutty clothes. Heels, makeup, anything she'd think I'd like! That might be my best bet when it comes to getting money for changing her some more. Other than that, go to goodwill? Walmart? Get creative with her clothes? Tear some of them up? Make them sluttier?

No no no no no. Candace needs to go to school. Look, accountants, or at least accountants who are me, don't make a ton of money. We're on a really strict budget which we still regularly go over. Lots of spaghetti dinners, lots of cheap wine. This needs to be a two-earner household, and that means Candace gets her degree and joins the workforce. She can slut it up with me after business hours.

I like the tailoring idea.

OCTOBER 10

Okay, getting a little scared.

Candace is smart. I know she's smart. Candace has political opinions, Candace reads books that not only win prizes, she reads them BEFORE they win prizes. She knows a ton about literary theory.

Candace failed an exam.

She was upset about it. There's that. Came home worked up. Apparently, she had completely forgotten about this big test in her class, and instead of studying for it, spent all her time fucking and sucking me.

CANDACE: "I tried to study last minute but I just could not concentrate! I was just like, I cannot deal with it. I couldn't get more than a few pages in. And I couldn't even WORRY about it. I was just like, oh, whatever, who cares."

ME: "Hey, it'll be alright." *internally freaking out.*

She was dressed differently, too. Candace went to class in her first ever pair of shorts, as far as I can tell. And it was breezy out. She had her hair braided carefully and wore a pretty short pair of turquoise shorts. Her new boobs bobbed nicely in a tank top. She looked really good.

CANDACE: "I'm just gonna have a drink and forget about today."

So, she poured herself a big thing of gin on ice and walked over to the TV.



She turned on something with the Kardashians in it. They're buying clothes.

I think she's breathing hard.

Candace's dad died a long time ago so it's just her and her mom and her incredibly stuck-up sister.

AND NO DON'T EVEN THINK OF IT INTERNET, I'M NOT GONNA FUCK HER MOM!!!

As far as what the family will think when seeing how different Candace has become, I guess I'll worry about Christmas at Christmas.

Yeah, I kind of accidentally ... trained... Candace. By accident.

I got home late after a bad day, a long day of getting crapped on at work. The first thing I notice is that Candace clearly hasn't touched her schoolbooks, again. They're practically getting dusty. The second thing I notice is that Candace is taking a nap with just one of my shirts on, and nonetheless, has her hands between her thighs while sleeping. The THIRD thing I notice is that the trash is full.

This pisses me off. She's been home all day. Take out the trash. The trash is really gross because all our used sex stuff goes in it. Used condoms are not hot.

Candace woke up. She brightens when she sees me. The post-work suck has gotten to be a high point of her day.

CANDACE: "Hey there tiger! How were all the numbers today?"

ME: "They were alright."

CANDACE: "Uh-HUH! MMMmmm I had a dream about you. Except there were FOUR of you, and you know what you were doing to me?"

ME: "Candace, when I'm gone all day, can you take out the trash?"

She paused.

CANDACE: "Right now?"

ME: "That's right."

CANDACE: "Buuuuut you're home, and you're sitting in that chair, and I know you've got a nice big dick for your honey."

ME: "Nope."

CANDACE: "That's your blowjob chair!"

ME: "True. But no."

She frowned.

CANDACE: "So, if I lick my lips like THIS, and wink at you like THIS, you're gonna say no?"

ME: "Yep."

CANDACE: "To a nice long blowie, delivered by me?"

ME: "That's exactly right."

CANDACE: "Even if I tell you that I'm really, really horny and I've been waiting for you all day so you can put that nice big cock in my mouth? And I want to swallow all your yummy-yummy-cummy?"

I looked over at the trash.

She looked baffled, discouraged.

CANDACE: "C'mon Trevor. Let me suck your dick. Pllleeeeeeease."

That almost did it. God, she needed it so bad. Just sheer, naked need on her face. She needed to suck my dick like it was air. I was hard. But I was tired, cranky.

ME: "Trash."

She stood up and took out the trash. In just my shirt. Gotta wonder if the neighbors saw her flash pussy. Then she came back inside and knelt in front of me. Waiting. Her eyes had a puppy-dog look. I felt a bit bad.

ME: "Go ahead."

She's never sucked so hard.

Anyway, when I got home from work today, the trash was 100% cleaned out, throughout the entire house.

OCTOBER 11

Diary entry.

"Can't believe I failed. Can't believe it. I'm having so many thoughts right now."

"Is it weird that I'm having trouble caring? I'm just having real trouble caring! I mean I think about all the stuff that's important and oh my god some boring dumb exam about how to properly manage stupid-ass books is so low on my list it turns out! Like I know I should care and make money and all that but ughhhhh. It's like so far down the list that it's not even funny."

"I mean yeah it's a little weird how much more interested I am in stuff but it's like, these are all things that are fun and feel good. Like when it comes to you know TREVOR'S AWESOME COCK and library management how can there be a comparison??? Why would I want to study when I can look at it and touch it and stuff?"

"But yeah, I'm a little weirded out by it. I've got to go bra shopping because the girls are all big. I think it's some sort of psychosomatic thing??? Like when you get a bunch of cum on them they get to be more slutty titties? IDK."

"I feel good though. I'm being a good wife. For like, the first time. A good wife does a lot of stuff, I've been reading on it. She takes care of her husband, and makes sure he's sexually satisfied, and he HAS to be satisfied with how many times I've been swallowing his jizz."

"Gosh, so horny again."

OCTOBER 12

Okay, Candace is clearly being, uh, affected by this. Mentally.

Here's the honest truth. I think she's becoming a bit of a... blah, I don't even want to say the word.

I don't mean SLUT. I thought I was going for slut. Sexually available, horny. I took the pill thinking: slut at the most. Wet and willing. And she is definitely that.

But it's more than that. Today Candace was sitting on the couch, reading a magazine. Not Mother Jones, or a literary magazine, or Harper's. She was reading Cosmo. She must've gone out and bought a Cosmo. And I could occasionally see her lips move as she read. AND she occasionally would knit her brows together and pretend she was sucking a cock. Because she was reading an article about sucking a cock.

ME: "What are you up to?"

CANDACE: "Huh? Oh. Honey, can I ask you a big question?"

ME: "Uh, sure."

CANDACE: "Do you think you'd like me to eat a donut off your penis?"

ME: "Uhhhhhh."

CANDACE: "No, right? I was thinking maybe you'd like it, the magazine said so, but that seems like a lot of teeth and stuff. And you could just eat a donut and then get a blowjob."

ME: "Uh."

CANDACE: "It's okay, there's like a hundred tips in here."

And the TV thing. She's watching fucking garbage. Reality shows, all day long. Hollywood crap. She deleted an entire season of Mr. Robot to make way for some sort of show about wearing sexy clothes and fucking minor sports stars.

I should stop. I should do a ton of laundry, stop working out, and wear sweaters. Where do I think this is going? But then stuff like this happens:

CANDACE: "Hey, Trevor?"

ME: "Yeah?"

CANDACE: "Do you want to fuck?"

ME: [already rock-hard]

ME: "Sure?"

CANDACE: "Can we do it doggy so I can keep watching this? Is that okay?"

And then I fucked her doggy-style. In front of the television, pounding her senseless, her tits [bigger tits] swinging and I came so hard I think it came out her nose. She comes so HARD, too. It can't be good for her brain to come that hard.

How can I stop this when I'm not sure I want to stop this?

I had not even thought about getting snipped as an alternative. Maybe the pill is affecting me mentally? It's just... it feels wrong in some weird way to stop this gushing firehose I've developed. I'm so proud of it, in a weird way. It's this liquid ambrosia, nectar for girls.

I guess intellectually I know that I'd still be able to cum but part of me is also a little worried about putting a kink in the hose. My balls are BIG. What would they do if they couldn't jizz out? It just makes me anxious.

I can't do it. I just enjoy cumming too much. If you saw Candace grinning underneath a flood of spooage, licking her lips, you'd understand.

I don't think my pheromones are affecting other men. Or if they are, it's really subtle.

I had to spend a lot of time working with Doug recently and can confirm he was still his usual Doug-ly self. Boring, anal-retentive.

DOUG: "Can we switch this date to European?"

ME: "What?"

DOUG: "The date. We have it written as 12-3-16. I'm going to write 3-12-16."

ME: "Why in the world are you doing that?"

DOUG: "The American system makes no sense. It goes month - day - year. So, you go medium to small to large, in a sense. The European system is day - month - year, which makes much more sense. It works like a clock."

ME: "Jesus Christ, Doug."

So yeah don't think there's any changes there.

OCTOBER 13

STEPH: "We've got to stop this."

At first I didn't take it seriously. She was dressed in her sluttiest outfit yet. A dark black dress with silver slashes across the bodice. It was pulled tight across her tits, plunged at the cleavage line, and had a hemline so short she just needed to bend slightly for me to see her panties.

ME: "Stop what?"

STEPH: "Oh, COME ON, Trevor! Something is going... on! I mean yeah, first I thought we were just joking around, and I was playing dress up, and it was fun to have a guy's approval, and... um..."

She trailed off for a minute, twirling her hair, lost in thought. It had been happening more and more often.

STEPH: "UH. But now I'm like, going clothes-shopping all the time, thinking about whether you'd like it. I can't even wear pants without them feeling so itchy and gross. I'm dressed up like a little sex toy all the time. When I'm not dressing up I'm jogging, I've lost all this weight but my boobs are feeling bigger. Something is UP, Trevor!"

ME: "Whoa, whoa, take it easy, Steph."

I kept an eye on the door. We've had a Doug-tente going for some time, but Steph was really raising her voice.

STEPH: "I can't even work because I'm so horny all the time, I just... I need to go to a doctor or a psychologist or something."

Oh, geez.

I've been so preoccupied with Candace's changes that I have not been paying much attention to Steph. Frankly, I was using her for flirting practice. And now here she is, horny and wet, and so confused, and threatening to blow the whole scheme.

I panicked.

I stood up and gave her a long, tongue-included, kiss. It was the only thing I could think of. She melted against me. So there goes my marital fidelity. Oh well.

Then I reached underneath her dress and start to rub her pussy. I stripped her panties off. She was achingly wet. Steph didn't resist at all. Her legs spread apart. I put her up on my desk and kept fingering her. One, two, five fingers.

ME: "Steph, listen to me."

STEPH: [extremely heavy breathing]

ME: "You're a sexy girl, you know that?"

STEPH: "No... no."

ME: "You're a sexy, fuckable girl. You deserve to have men looking at you, wanting to fuck you. You're so horny because you've finally got the attention you deserve."

STEPH: "I'm not..."

ME: "Yeah you are."

I spun her over and shucked up her dress. I kept my fingers in her pussy. I felt a little reluctant to fuck her still, although at this point I might as well. My wedding ring was in her vagina, for god's sake.

ME: "You like being sexy and hot and fuckable. You love it. I want you to go home and masturbate. Then go clothes shopping."

I was just buying time. But it worked. She came, wet and hard, against my fingers.

She walked out, unsteady, her dress still up too high.

ME: "Steph? No more underwear. Okay? None."

STEPH: "Okay... Trevor..."

Oh man.

So it feels sort of shitty to give Candace like, chores or whatever, to get cock access. First of all, this is something I did. Second of all, I want her to have cock access.

But what I have been doing is coming up with like, sex challenges so she has something to do during the day. It's kind of stupid but what the hell. She's been really into them so I'm cool with it.

A bit ago, I told her she had to get me hard without saying anything or touching me. She turned that into an obvious ploy for a striptease. Candace being Candace, she got too enthusiastic putting on the clothes, so she shuffled out in like, ten pairs of shirts and practically mummified in pants and jackets. But it worked – it took her so long to shuck off so many layers that by the time she was halfway done I was rock hard and ready to go. I took things into my own hands by pulling or downright tearing off what she had left, until she was stark naked and giggling.

After that, I told her she couldn't even let me see her. So, when I got home she had used up basically all our printer ink on extremely large pictures of her posing for me, including like a dozen of just her spread-eagled pussy, which she had pinned up in the bathroom where I'd have no choice but to look at them. Big pink pussy shots with streaks where the printer cartridge was dying. Up close you can see her clit. It's like, gumball sized. I wonder if it's actually bigger. Anyway, when I came out of the bathroom she was under the covers except for a very strategic hole, which I promptly put my dick into.

But the best one of all was when I simply asked her to talk dirty to me. She insisted on getting on top, which was a bit unusual, and then she started up while she bounced up and down on me.

CANDACE: “You like this? You like when I squeeze? Mmm I think you do. I think you like when I squeeze your big cock, you big guy. I think you like when your slut wife milks you dry of – uhh – just a second, okay?”

Then she got up, mid-fuck, and walked over to the computer. I just sat there, puzzled. She came back, climbed back aboard.

CANDACE: “Sorry about that. You want to suck on these nipples? I bet you do. Big ‘ol titties for you to nuzzle, mmmm, feels so good when you grope, uh... when you grope... just a second.”

She climbed off again!

ME: “Candace, what in the world are you doing?”

CANDACE: “Oh, I looked up dirty talk on the internet but it’s so hard to remember!”

I walked over. Yes, she had, in fact, looked up some phrases and was reciting them until her memory ran out.

CANDACE: “Oh my gosh, I have a great idea! You fuck me from behind and I can just stay here and look them up!”

ME: “Uh, okay.”

And yeah. She started to just read what was on the screen, even when it started to get into shit we weren’t even doing – handcuffs, ass-fucking – with real excitement and verve, while I rammed her from behind. And yeah, when she started to lose her place, as her orgasm took over, that was hot too. Plus, when she recovered and briefly struggled with reading.

CANDACE: “Okay... where... was... I... umm. Fu.... ck. My? My. Twat? Is that a word? Fuck my twat, Trevor!”

ME: “Okay!”

OCTOBER 14

I checked in on Steph's work product. Lord.

There's barely any. What there IS is terrible. Basic arithmetic mistakes. Conclusions that don't track. Work that is simply half-finished. It's just... not there.

I copied it over to my desktop and I'm fixing it. I'm going to be here pretty late. Candace is going to be pretty disappointed. I need to get her a vibrator or something or she's going to start fucking the mailman.

Actually, that raises a sort of alarming question. Are my girls horny generically or are they horny for me? I should figure this out before my wife goes out there without underpants. I need to get her on the pill. WHY DID I START DOING THIS WITHOUT HAVING HER ON THE PILL!

I've got a huge headache.

Fuck it. I'm going to go work out. I'll tackle this mountain of accounting after I've lifted some massive heavy things into the air.

I kind of like hearing about Steph's dates these days. Yesterday:

ME: "C'mon Steph."

STEPH: "No! They're mine!"

ME: "Give them over."

There was no real reluctance. She was up on my desk, already shucking off her soggy panties. These were bright yellow. I put them away and put my fingers in her while she spread her legs. That's just how Steph and I chat, lately.

ME: "So, how was it?"

STEPH: "Terrible."

ME: "Uh huh. And how long did you go before you guys did it?"

STEPH: "That's the thing, we didn't do it! He didn't even touch me."

ME: "Really?"

STEPH: "It was awful."

ME: "I feel like I'm missing something. How long did it take before you sucked him off?"

STEPH: "Oh... once I got in his car."

ME: "You gave him a blowjob a minute after meeting him?"

STEPH: "I was worried he had a small dick and I didn't want to waste a night. Ohhhh. Put your fingers right there. Yeahhhh. I want my undies back after this."

ME: "No. So, what happens after you hop into his car and lower your mouth."

STEPH: "Ugh, I figured it'd be such a great icebreaker! Like, we're here, I'm sucking your cock, clearly we're gonna have fun! But he was so goofy about it! Blah blah blah relationship, blah blah not what he expected."

ME: "But he didn't turn it down."

STEPH: "Right??? Like if you want to turn down a blowie go ahead, but don't like, be shitty about it afterwards. Oh... OH!"

I waited for her to come down.

ME: "So then what?"

STEPH: "Ahhh we just saw a dumb movie and went to dinner and stuff. He kept wanting to talk politics and like, books and stuff. Blah blah boring-ass shit. And then we got back, and he REFUSES to come upstairs."

ME: "Huh. Steph, did you blow him again in the car?"

STEPH: "Well yeah."

ME: "Why?"

STEPH: "It turned out to be a really big dick. And it was nice in my mouth."

ME: "Uh-huh."

STEPH: "And then I'm like, come on upstairs. And he's like, NO! OH MY GOD! I have blown this fucker twice, he has come in my mouth, again, twice, and he's like, nah. I'm good. He even says, I quote, you tired me out!"

ME: "Men!"

STEPH: "MEN! I told him he could at least go down on me and he looked like I asked him to lick a skunk. Oh god, I'm gonna cum again. Ohhhhhh god."

Pause.

ME: "So, what'd you learn from that?"

STEPH: "If I really want two blowies I'm gonna have to start giving the second one sooner. Like, movie theater. Can I have my panties back now?"

ME: "No."

OCTOBER 15

I really need to go clothes shopping, as does Candace.

I don't know if it's clear how much is weight lifting and how much is the still-unfolding work of one single pill. I'm just thicker, stronger, full of muscle. I break dinner plates because I grip them too tightly. My cock is still just as big but it looks a little more in-proportion now.

As many problems as I have self-created, I really like the speculative looks I get at the gym from girls. And on the street. I've never been eye fucked before in my life and it's amazing.

Meanwhile, Candace's, uh, bimbo-ification continues. Is that the word? There's probably some bizarre gross fetish already dedicated to it. She's started to go running with me, and in

the sluttiest way possible. Pink lulu pants, white tight shirt, inadequate sports bra. Headphones blaring teeny-bop pop, which is her new anthem. So much for musicals. Taylor Swift is as erudite as it gets. And yes, a pink sweatband.

We hustle through the neighborhood, a hot couple, her ass bouncing up and down to the tune of Katy Perry. We basically take turns staring at each other's asses, and then we get back home and fuck as soon as the door is closed, sweat-drenched, music still blasting, California Girls forming the soundtrack to a rut session. Then I nut in her mouth and she swallows it all, face dotted with my sweat.

She has to lose a bunch of IQ points every time.

Regarding Steph, I know it seems ridiculous at this point but I'm still sort of trying to stay faithful to Candace. :/ She's my devoted fuck toy and I cheat on her? That seems crappy.

I'm a little worried about Candace's libido. It seems to be growing at an exponential rate. With all the time I spend at the office, how long will it be before Candace's fingers stop being enough to keep her busy while I'm at work? What am I going to do when I come home to find a line of strange men outside my bedroom door?

This is a real concern and I would appreciate some vibrator/dildo/what-have-you recommendations. Think: heavy-duty. Think: industrial.

Look, I just cannot believe that this is like, PERMANENT. As everyone keeps reminding me, it was ONE PILL. I think my sweat glands are pouring out some sort of hormone that drives girls to horny distraction and activates some sort of weird second puberty. Sooner or later, apparently later, it'll wear off and we'll all go back to normal. The trick is to keep the plates spinning until then so we don't wake up from this big horny fuck dream broke and homeless. And Candace literally is one test away from her degree.

I know what you're going to say. "Trevor how do you know this isn't permanent? You think Candace's tits are going to get smaller again? You think she's going to suddenly want to read Booker Prize winners again? You think your penis is going to SHRINK? And is that what you even want?"

OCTOBER 16

We went clothes shopping.

CANDACE: "What do you think?"

ME: "Holy shit."

I hadn't realized how much Candace's body had changed until we were alone in a changing room. Hah – changing room. I had to whip out my phone and check. Yeah, her tits are bigger. That's hardly shocking anymore. Her freaking FACE is different. Subtle differences. Just – hotter. Cheek bones a little bigger, lips a little puffier, eyes a bit sultrier, hair thicker. How is that even possible? Is there some chemical change that can make your fully-formed adult face go "oh, right, sluttier."?

That's not to discount the rest of her body. Thicker waist – that's impossible. Longer legs? Why not? We're already through the looking glass.

CANDACE: "No?"

ME: "No, I just meant.... Holy shit. You look fantastic."

CANDACE: "Mmmm. I like the way they feel. I gotta get rid of all my old shit. It's like...
 grandma shit. For grandmas."

ME: "Sure, babe."

She made a little show of it. Short shorts and tight tops and lacy bras and boy shorts. She knows I adore boy shorts. A bunch of skirts made out of plastic material, a few fuck-me dresses. Luckily I've learned enough about clothes to stay engaged.



I was too distracted by her body to buy more for myself than a few loose shorts and tank tops. I've got a muscle-guy look now. I spent a lot of time flexing in the mirror. I look incredible. And I carried like, six bags out to the car like it was nothing.

CANDACE: "How about some head before we go, sexy thing?"

ME: "Huh? Oh, sure, fine."

She went down on me in the car. Her technique these days is exceptional. It should be, Candace spends a ton of time reading how to give good blowjobs. She's certainly not studying. She has a huge exam in the near future and I have no idea how she's going to pass it. She has no reluctance at all anymore about blowing me. She'll blow me whenever. She'll blow me if I raise an eyebrow. She'll blow me at 5 p.m. if I call it the blowjob hour. And she swallows without being told.

ME: "CANDACE YOU JUST SPENT TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

This was with my dick in her mouth. I had fished out the receipt.

CANDACE: "Mmmm mmm.."

ME: "Jesus!"

I almost fought loose, but she's just so good. So good. I just stared at the receipt while she fucked me, my increasingly dim cocksucker, who had just dropped two thousand at the mall on sexy shit. We don't have that kind of money to burn.

I must've worried her, because she gave really exceptional head. Really great head. When I finished, she wiped her mouth and looked at me with a worried expression.

CANDACE: "Everything okay?"

ME: "Uhh. Yes. Everything is okay."

Ughhh. I created this problem. I can hardly blame her. How am I going to get more money?

If I'm not going to use Steph for myself, maybe there is a way I can benefit from her dates?

Thank you brain for thinking I should turn my coworker into a cash-earning whore.

First of all, it's illegal. I've already done some illegal shit and I would like to keep it to a minimum.

Second of all, I don't have any idea whatsoever how you go about being a pimp. It seems really hard. You need to advertise the girl – covertly. She needs to be on board with it, which we haven't really talked about, and which seems like a difficult conversation. Steph would need to get the money from the guys, which I don't exactly trust her to do. And then I would have to, what, be hanging around while she bangs him? Clearly physical security would be my responsibility, I couldn't just send her out into the wild and say 'bring back cash.' And what's even the going rate for these things?

Plus, then I'd need to worry about STDs. I'm not all that worried with these dating site guys, but the prostitute-frequenting crowd seems like another story.

Also, do pimps REALLY make that much money? It seems like a hard way to make a buck, especially when you have a stable of ONE girl. And I'm not exactly going to start farming out 10 girls, that's way too exhausting.

One final thing. I don't think Steph can do it. She can barely get fucked by these dating site guys when she's throwing pussy at them. I have no idea what she's doing, but she seems to be a magnet for every doofy nerd in the world. She's got some sort of curse.

So, no!

I started with Rippetoe's Starting Strength routine and have built it up from there. Squat, Bench, Deadlift and then Squad, Overhead, Deadlift on alternate days. Then I added Power

Cleans. I'm supposed to be maintaining that routine for a while, but it got too straightforward. So now I'm doing pullups, back extensions, the whole set. I'm not feeling any particular muscle fatigue anymore so I'm just gaining and gaining. I add another 10 pounds practically every day. I've kind of lost interest in the scientific lifting because it doesn't seem to fucking matter. I just gain. Total about 45 minutes to an hour lifting. No arm pain anymore. Yeah. I guess I recommend weird fuck pills for arm pain.

I know I'm supposed to limit cardio during this time but I just can't. So I'm running at least a half-hour every day too. 5 to 10 miles depending on if Candace is out with me. She usually drops out after about 2. I've been thinking about having her blow me out in public but I'm just concerned about the risks.

I'm sure everyone else in the gym thinks I'm using supplements. Well, I guess I am. Just not in the way they think.

OCTOBER 17

I tried to find the person I bought the pill from just to get some idea what's going on.

No luck. They've disappeared. I'm not SURPRISED. But I am increasingly DESPERATE.

Yes, I'm enjoying it. I love it. I have never been more entranced by my wife. All I want to do is fuck her all day long. I even love her dumbled-down, sluttened-up, fuckable attitude. I didn't think I would, but I do. I can't resist it. But I also have a practical side, and I need her to make some money. I just can't have a horny sex toy. I just can't. Unless she's earning.

God, I love that she's been such a bimbo. I never thought I was like this. I thought I just wanted blowjobs. But when she's sitting on the couch, eyes unfocused, sucking on a lollipop, twirling her hair, just waiting for her next fuck... I get so hard. When she loses track of what day of the week it is, I get so hard. When she searches for a word in her dumbled-down fuck-focused vocabulary, lips moving, I get so, so hard.

Yesterday she watched sports with me, softly stroking my cock, and wondered out loud why the baseball players didn't simply throw themselves in front of the ball to get hit by a pitch. I stopped right there and turned her onto her back.

If I don't stop now I'm not sure I'll be able to.

So here's the plan. I get Candace through this upcoming exam. She just needs to pass. There has to be sufficient non-sexed-up fuck soup brain cells in there to pass. Passing is a D. Just like her new tits. Then I wean her off. Go cold turkey. That'll reverse what is going on, I have to imagine. THEN I just live with old Candace and her sexless attitude for the remainder of my life and treasure the few weeks she was a fuck doll.

Good plan.

OCTOBER 18

Steph is clearly aware of being – ugh, I hate this word but there's no way around it – BIMBOIZED in a way that Candace is not. Candace has basically gone from uptight girl to willing cocksucker without a single complaint. Like, she's clearly had to rationalize it, but has had no major issues doing so. Maybe this means she wasn't really happy with her life pre-bimbo? Or more likely, she's just getting huge doses of whatever chemicals my body is putting out and there is no resistance to the major hormones coursing through her body.

Steph on the other hand, is getting the bigger tits and the slimmer waist and is horny as heck but is not regularly getting fucked by me.

Today she stomped into my office in full sex-kitten apparel. Pink fuzzy sweater, black skirt so brief any slight swish made me see her ass. I heard Doug's coffee cup crash to the ground outside.



STEPH: "Trevor... are you... like... doing stuff to me?"

ME: "Uh, I've encouraged you to dress better, if that's what you mean? And we've fooled around a little?"

STEPH: "No, I mean... ugh... it's so hard to talk about this stuff. I mean, just look at me. I look like a wet dream; my bras don't fit..."

ME: "Are you wearing underwear?"

STEPH: "Trevor, come on....."

ME: "Give it to me."

I've made taking her panties into sort of a ritual. It's pretty fun. She stripped them off and gave them to me.

She put her nice long legs on the top of my desk and parted her thighs. She had shaved for me. I hope Candace doesn't sniff my fingers because they have been doused in Steph these past few days.

ME: "You look great."

STEPH: [Frustrated] "You keep saying that and it makes me so fucking horny and it's ridiculous, Trevor! Come on!"

ME: "I got you something."

I showed a little bit of initiative, for once. I went to a shop and got a bunch of vibrators. Some for Candace, a few for Steph. I need the help keeping them satisfied. Steph stared at it like it was the Grail. It was a little button version.

ME: "Here, I'll get it going for you."

STEPH: "Ugh. Noooooooo. I'm supposed to be... accusing you or something...."

She kept her legs apart. I put the vibrator inside her, put her hand on top of it, and patted it.

ME: "And if you get horny, just buzz away, okay? Now try and get some work done."

I figure that'll buy me a few days. I just need to get Candace through this upcoming exam. Then I'll turn to the Steph problem.

OCTOBER 19

I really, really tried to help Candace pass her big test tomorrow.

It started early this morning. I had a plan.

ME: "Hey, you know what would be hot?"

CANDACE: [instantly interested] "What?"

ME: "You put on some 'ol jeans and an old t-shirt. YEAH. That would be hot as heck. And some underpants."

CANDACE: "Really? I've got these jean shorts and I was gonna wear this halter top... underpants? You want me to wear underpants?"

I gritted my teeth. I really wanted to see her in those jean shorts.

ME: "Hell yes, I'm sure!"

It's funny how seeing her in her old clothes dramatized the changes. It's like you stuffed a model into frumpy shit. And it was a failure – her waist is smaller; her hips are bigger. She had to shove her ass into jeans that were previously downright loose. When she bent over in them, winking, I could feel my balls boil.

Part two of my plan was to fuck her totally senseless.

It's funny, but I'm not getting blowjobs as often as you might think. I mean, yeah, there's the good-morning wakeup blowjob, the mid-day stress reliever, and the good night blowie. But that's just three. I'm fucking her a lot more. Casual, constant sex. I go through a dozen condoms a day, all full to the brim with jizz.

We fuck on the couch, we fuck in bed, we fuck quite a bit on the kitchen table. The table is a particular favorite of mine because Candace has been cooking more and it's just handy and easy to toss her up there and insert my cock.

Sheesh, as I type this I realize how much things have changed.

Anyway, I spent an hour on her. Didn't let myself cum once. Fucked her totally senseless. Up against the wall, kitchen, just rubbing her absolutely raw. I can't imagine what the neighbors think. Candace screams every single time. Then one last long, leisurely fuck in the shower, followed by some protein and energy shakes.

And then down to STUDY.

I opened up every window, plugged in an air freshener, and turned on a fan. I situated myself downwind. Tried to waft out weeks of fuck-fug. Place needed freshening up.

I tried to help. But it was dispiriting. Candace is pretty much a bimbo now. Sucked on her pen as we poured over the textbook then started licking it.

CANDACE: "What's this word?"

ME: "Shelve."

CANDACE: "Oh, like, shelf."

ME: "Yeah, it's the verb form."

CANDACE: "Right... right."

ME: "Pretty important for a librarian, shelving."

CANDACE: "I know, right? I'm so glad you're here helping me!"

ME: "No problem."

CANDACE: "So how does that related to the Dewey Doit system?"

ME: "Decimal. Decimal system."

She kept trying to grab my dick under the table.

ME: "Candace, c'mon."

CANDACE: "But I'm horrrrrnnnyyyyyy."

ME: "We can fuck after you pass this fucking test!"

I got angry.

Yeah, it just made her hornier. She likes me aggressive.

I eventually just straight up left. Told her to finish two chapters. I just drove to the gym and lifted. Couldn't think of any other way to deal with the stress. Beat my best bench by a ton of weight.

When I got back, my wife was watching E! True Hollywood Stories and masturbating on the couch. The textbook was untouched.

I couldn't get mad at her. How could I? She was so perfect, so sexy, so fuckable. Sitting there with her jeans shucked down, her tits out, one hand beneath her legs, the other mauling her nipples. I pulled down my shorts. My dick was aching. I put it up to her lips and she started to suck, eyes still glued to the television. I came right away, and she swallowed greedily, hand still flashing between her thighs, eyes on the dumb sluts on TV.

I was proud of her, weirdly enough. Who wouldn't be?

I wonder if anyone at my gym is being affected by my sweaty weight lifting sessions. I'm not sure. Maybe? I'm not really standing around talking to girls or spending a lot of time sweating near one, and whatever this is, it obviously takes a reasonable amount of exposure.

BUT. There is a redhead who works the front desk, and the looks she gives me as she hands me back my membership card have been increasingly earnest. And her shirts increasingly low-cut. I think she bit her lip the last time she saw me approaching.

Could be that I'm just getting hotter! Let me toot my own horn for a bit. Actually, I'll let Candace toot it, since that's her job. I'm sexier! I'm more confident! I can bench well over my body weight!

Maybe Doug has noticed the changes to Steph. They're KIND of subtle. I mean, if I'm Doug, I don't look at Steph and think – oh yeah, she's definitely been exposed to some kind of bimboizing super pheromone. I think — she's probably working out and at MOST got a boob job. Or maybe she always had a nice pair in there!

Look, let me tell you a secret. There are hot girls everywhere. And a lot of them routinely dress sexy as anything. I've been actively bimboizing Candace for two months now, and nonetheless, when I go out, there is always – ALWAYS – a girl or two dressed in a low-cut halter and jean shorts with the pockets splayed out, or yoga shorts that are basically lingerie, or SOMETHING, that is drop-dead sexy and sluttier than what Candace is wearing. Strange but true.

So yeah, Steph's dressing hot. Girls do that! So, I doubt Doug is doing more than thinking that Steph finally got her act together and wants to show off.

Unless he catches her without her underwear or something.

OCTOBER 20

Well, Candace failed out of her program.

She got home from school in an outfit I had never seen her in before. It was easily the sluttiest thing she had ever worn. Bright blue neon plastic dress. A black choker, which was way hotter than I expected it to be. Hair swept back. Four-inch fuck me heels with black lacing.

She walked over to me, flipped up her dress, just to show that she had shaved her pussy bald. She'd been taking increasing swipes at it, but this was all the way.



Candace knelt between my legs, pulled out my cock, and started to suck in one smooth motion. Her technique is so good. She has several of them really, depending on her mood and

the time of day. This one is where she wants to just kneel and let me enjoy it while she quietly slurps away. I can last as long or as short as I want. I made this one last for a while since the inning had just started on TV.

When I came, she made a point of swallowing every single drop. Usually even she has trouble keeping up with the volume.

Then she sat next to me.

CANDACE: "I skipped the test."

ME: "Yeah, I figured that when you left without your backpack."

CANDACE: "I got a surprise for you."

She stood up, bent over, and showed me the heart she had tattooed on her butt. Part of me loved it, part of me wondered how much it had cost.

CANDACE: "I feel so much better lately, lover. Just... happy."

Dumber... sluttier...

CANDACE: "Is it okay if I just kind of hang out here and do dishes and cooking and stuff while I figure out what to do next?"

She smiled at me. She really did seem happy. Who knows if she had any choice, if I had smacked her with so many chemicals and hormones that happy and horny was all that she could feel. Oh well.

ME: "Sure, baby."

THE PILL

Everyone will want to know about how I got the Pill and why I was so sure it would work.

First of all, I drove nearly a hundred and fifty miles. I just can't get into how the meeting was set up. All I can say is, a college friend knew a guy who knew THE guy. I gather there are lots of rumors and whispers of this bespoke industry, and if someone is horny enough, and desperate enough, they will be found.

We met at a little coffee shop near the coast. Very cute town. Nice main street. I showed up about twenty minutes early and waited outside. My instructions were precise: I could only go into this kitschy-looking nothing coffee shop at 11:30 on the dot.

At 11:29 a guy stumbled out, with really haunted eyes, thick goatee. He ran his hands over his face, blew out a deep breath. Then he noticed me.

GUY: "He's ready for you."

In I went.

There was only one man in the whole place. Maybe looking good for his 50s, maybe tired in his 40s. He had a lot of wrinkles and was dressed in a very sharp, very severe black suit with a slender blue tie. It was a weird look. I took my seat when he gestured. A brunette with enormous tits immediately put a big cup of coffee to my right.

The man nodded to it.

MAN: "It's very good. Take a sip."

I did. It was very good. Extremely good.

The man shook my hand, very firm.

MAN: "Why are you here? Trevor, isn't it? My calendar says Trevor, 11:30."

ME: "Uhhh. Well. I think we both know?"

MAN: "I can't know what you really want. You have to tell me."

ME: "I want..."

MAN: "Your wife or someone else's wife?"

ME: "What?"

MAN: "I have an 11:45. Trevor. Just tell me what you want. I know how far you drove for this."

ME: "I want my wife to be horny for me."

MAN: "HOW horny?"

I should've, maybe, thought about my answer more.

ME: "Very. Very, very horny."

MAN: "Let's be clear, Trevor. You want her to be horny or you want her to be attracted to you?"

ME: "Oh, uh. Is there a difference? Attracted to me I guess?"

MAN: "Mm. Some men want to be sex gods, some just want their girl. Which is it?"

Again, maybe I should've thought this one through more. It all went very fast.

ME: "God is an option?"

MAN: "Yes."

He put a small box on the table and opened it up. Inside was a single red and white pill. It looked like a Tylenol.

ME: "It looks like a Tylenol."

MAN: "It does, yes. It's twenty-thousand dollars."

I blanched. I had been warned, of course, what these types of... services... would cost me. But twenty-thousand dollars was essentially all my savings. One of the major reasons I'm so money-concerned now.

I opened my mouth, sipped some coffee. It was incredible. Big-tits refilled my cup. The Man waited patiently.

MAN: "You're going to ask how you know it will work."

ME: "Well, yes."

MAN: "Fair. Pick a girl."

ME: "What?"

MAN: "Pick a girl. Any girl."

I looked around. I hadn't really paid that much attention, but the coffee shop was girl. All girl. Nubile girls talking on phones, reading, looking at computer screens, drinking coffee. All of them attractive, with plump tits straining against tank tops or tight t-shirts.

ME: "I'm not gonna—"

MAN: "It's a demonstration. PICK a GIRL."

There was a brunette wearing glasses in a corner, reading a book. I nodded in her direction.

MAN: "Keep your eyes on her."

ME: "Why?"

MAN: "Watch her hands."

I did, beneath my coffee cup. She didn't seem to notice me staring. As I watched, she slowly slid her hands into her lap where she had on a slight yellow skirt that had slipped well up her thighs. Her knees slid apart and a hand quietly made its way in. Then the girl closed her eyes, put her book down to partially cover what was going on, and licked her lips. A very pleased smile crossed her face.

ME: "Oh geez."

MAN: "Oh, goodness me. Now, you're wondering, is she some sort of actress in this show? Look around."

I did. The girls, all of them, were quietly, happily, very surreptitiously masturbating. Some of them stroking their tits, some of them slumped in their chairs, and my coffee girl was behind the counter, her legs spread, fingering herself while she stood.

I nearly bolted out of there. I had stumbled into something not totally real. I don't believe in magic. It was, in retrospect, some kind of timed pheromone thing or I don't know what. But there were ten girls in that coffee shop, and all of them were feeling themselves up.

I sipped my coffee, and, just then, a chorus of satisfied moans rippled across the room.

MAN: "I'll just need your bank account number."

ME: "I just..."

MAN: "Of course. You need a moment. Go take a leak, think about it, and come back. You have another few minutes."

I went where he gestured. I did have to pee actually. I walked into the bathroom where there was a urinal and two stalls. And it took me a bit, scattered and scared as I was, to realize that there was a small circular hole in the side of the stall closest to me. And in that hole was a mouth.

I finished up, washed my hands, and then walked over to the stall. The door was open. Inside was a Chinese girl in a black leather halter, crouched near the hole. She was fingering herself with one hand.

HER: "Hi, I'm Amy."

ME: "Amy. Hi."

AMY: "Do you want to use the hole?"

ME: "Uh. I'm good. Thanks, Amy."

I quietly shut the door.

Then I went back out to the man at his little table and wrote down my bank account information. All the other girls were back to normal, or semi-normal. Ignoring us, hands occupied with books or tablets or phones.

MAN: "Drink it with some coffee."

I did. I took the pill right there.

MAN: "Pleasure doing business. Can you send in my 11:45?"

ME: "Sure. Sure."

And I walked out. There was a man there. I recognized a certain type now. My type. Age 28-45. This one wore a dark black jacket and had his hands bunched in fists in the pockets.

ME: "Go ahead, he's waiting for you."

OCTOBER 21

I came clean with Steph.

STEPH: "What the... ugh... fuck are you talking about?"

ME: "I took a pill. It made me... sexy-stinky. Some kind of pheromone thing."

STEPH: "Are you... oh god... are you fucking kidding me?"

I should mention I had my hand up her pussy again.

In my defense, I was feeling sort of down. I was now the sole breadwinner for probably the rest of my life. I can't even imagine trying to detox Candace. I'm just too deep in. Turning her down for sex, however briefly, was insanely hard. I was working two jobs, in that Steph was spending all her time doodling pictures of penises and trying on increasingly outré outfits. Today's was a faux-leather black A-line with small black heels, plus a white choker. I don't know what's up with the chokers but I do like them. I'm not requesting them.

She had hopped on my desk to complain about her slutty outfit and I just put my fingers in her. Steph didn't even say anything. She had even pre-removed her panties so she could hand them to me. Very considerate.

STEPH: "Look at this. If I bend over, my pussy will be shown to the whole world. It cost me two – ahh, god – hundred dollars and I couldn't even resist. I left my old clothes at the store."

Anyway, I came clean. It seemed only fair.

STEPH: "So all my – how horny I've been, my tits getting bigger, how horny I've SERIOUSLY been, fucking all those dating site dates, that's because of YOU?"

ME: "Really, really sorry."

STEPH: "I'm calling the cops. And then marching to – ummm – what's a really good hospital?"

ME: "Mayo clinic?"

STEPH: "MAYONNAISE clinic? What the HELL?"

She didn't move, just let me thrust my fingers in and out.

ME: "Look, I'm sorry. It hasn't been easy for me, either. Candace is basically a big drippy bimbo, I'm working two jobs to keep you employed, and if I get an erection my pants nearly break."

STEPH: "Wait, what?"

ME: "Pants."

STEPH: "Trevor, what was that about your penis."

ME: "It's... bigger?"

STEPH: "Are you telling me...that you have a big dick?"

She stopped me, pulled my wet fingers out.

STEPH: "Are you telling me that you have a really huge, suckable penis that's like, extremely big?"

ME: "...Yes."

STEPH: "And has a lot of cum in it?"

ME: "It does, yes."

STEPH: "And you haven't let me touch it in any way?"

ME: "I'm MARRIED."

STEPH: "Even though for WEEKS now all I've wanted – every single dream I have – is to suck on a really, really big cock. And then I go and practice on a cucumber?"

She had a really weird look in her eyes.

STEPH: "Trevor, the very least you can do, if you're going to make me super cock hungry, is GIVE ME A COCK."

And just like that she was on me. She pulled out my dick with real reverence, licked the shaft, and then took all of it into her mouth.

Confession. This is the first person I've fucked – well, let's just call it sex – besides my wife. And it was superb. Steph's technique wasn't as good as Candace, but those lips, the way she stared daggers at me while swallowing inch after inch... it was nice.

ME: "Oh, god. Steph, seriously. I kind of feel like you can beat this if you ... ungh... if you stop sucking my dick and go off to rehab or something."

STEPH: "mmhhpph."

ME: "Like, you've been clearly resisting it. And Candace isn't resisting it at all. My guess is that getting loaded up with my spunk and breathing in pubic fumes is like, super-intense."

STEPH: "mmhhhpphhh."

ME: "Jesus. Steph, really. I'm super close. Just gently pull my cock out of your mouth and..."

STEPH: "mmm."

I'm just a horny moron.

I spurted powerful transformative juices all over my coworker's mouth, down her throat, on her face. At least her dress is wipe-clean. I must've dumped a pint in her.

Afterwards she just laid on the floor, fingering herself, while I fretted. So now I have two girls that are my responsibility.

STEPH: "Trevor?"

ME: "What?"

STEPH: "You didn't make me cum, you dumped jizz over me, I'm horny as hell, and that was still better than all my online dating experiences."

Same old Steph, sort of.

OCTOBER 22

Candace's journal. She's typing by hunt and peck now. It's disconcerting but oh-so-hot. I guess that does mean she can't be a secretary now.

"Wow sorry dear diary I have been neglecting you! I have been super busy failing out of school and stuff LOL. Yeah I'm done with fuckin school. It was boring, it was DUMMMBBBB and I am way happier now."

"I have been thinking a TON. Like super-clearly thinking. It's weird to me I was so stupid about all this stuff before. I am a feminist and that means I'm a girl. And if I'm a girl I need to be A GIRL. That means having holes that I use, that means blowjobs, and doing my hair correctly, and makeup, and all that other stuff including blowjobs! It was super-dumb I was being a feminist and saying what a good girl I was and I was not doing any things that girls do! I barely even wore girl clothes! And I NEVER SWALLOWED."

"I feel so lucky that Trevor has been soooo supportive of all this. I've been cooking and stuff and trying to clean up around the house although dusting is kind of boring. Maybe if I had a special outfit???"

"Anyway, the way I know this is all working is first of all I am getting tons of great sex, so that's like, some sort of sign from the heavens that I'm on the right path. Second of all I feel super good like all the time. I mean YEAH when I have a cock in my pussy :) :) but also I can just be lazing around on the couch watching my big man do pushups and I'm just so wet and happy. I've tossed all the negativity out of my life like books and stuff."

"WOW THIS TOOK ME AN HOUR TO TYPE writing is kind of boring too. TIME FOR A BEDTIME SUCK PEACE OUT!!!"

Candace bought all these fancy, expensive underpants and now she's not even wearing them. I know she likes the feeling of access but I am worried about her getting a UTI and having to go to the doctor.

I should just put them up on eBay.

OCTOBER 23

Candace really has gotten into the role of being a wife. Sort of a porn-version of a wife, but nonetheless a wife.

It's really kind of touching, although it doesn't address the core issue of our bank account. I seem totally unable to stop her from buying stuff that makes her sexier. She dropped like six hundred dollars on makeup recently, my condom purchasing is a noticeable drain also, and she came home with a bunch of glossy suburban housewife magazines as well as a few porn mags. Lord knows what the magazine guy was thinking.

So while I'm doing two jobs, Candace has been sweeping the house, dusting, mopping, doing dishes, cooking, doing laundry. It's generally been an enormous turn-on. Especially doing dishes – she likes to wear short dresses, no underwear, so I can come up behind her for a long and relaxing fuck. Although we're running out of non-broken plates. Laundry also – she tosses the clothes in – we have a LOT of dirty clothes – hops on the vibrating machine, and we bang on there. It's great. She cums immediately.

Cooking has been the problem. Candace is... distractible. The recipes are involved. She didn't know how to cook anyway and mid-transformation is not an easy time to learn. So we're talking barely cooked chicken, shrimp boiled for a half-hour. Last night she put some pasta in, wandered off to blow me, and then added the rest of the box when she wandered back, some ten minutes later. Cum has gotten into dishes. Yeah.



I've tried to do the cooking myself but it makes her really disappointed. I get it – she's bored. There's only so much trashy television someone can watch in day, although lord knows she's trying. She can't go shopping for clothes EVERY DAY. I'm working long hours [and getting blowjobs on the side...]. That's a lot of daylight to fill. She needs more to do.

Maybe I should just have her fuck the mailman, god.

Candace is still keeping a diary. She's calling it 'word time'.

OCTOBER 24

So, this is what my day is like these days.

Wake up to my good morning blowjob. It's gotten ritualized. Candace wakes up very quietly before I do, puts on something cute, and very gently wakes me up by putting my cock in her mouth. Her goal is to see how much she can mouthfuck me before I really wake up and put my hand on her head. She's gotten pretty good, or maybe I've just gotten used to it, but it's pretty great to wake up to a bobbing brunette head slurping away.

I go running first thing after that. I know cardio is kind of worthless when you're trying to gain but it helps me burn energy. I don't time myself, but I am fast.

When I get home, Candace has breakfast ready and I either fuck her and have breakfast, or have breakfast and then fuck her. It kind of depends on breakfast. She can manage sausage – she's good with wieners – but any sort of egg-based thing is inevitably a disaster. Either way, I'm dripping with sweat and she's dripping with anticipation and we have a nice kitchen fuck. Then shower, fuck again, off to work.

Steph knows she only gets to blow me if I like her outfit. I've gotten pretty cavalier about sending her home, after all I've already blown 3-4 loads that day. Wearing underwear is an automatic go-back but she keeps trying. But today she was in downright red latex with thigh-highs. I assume Douglas was jacking off after seeing it. Then she got underneath the desk and gave me her best effort. She's always more desperate, more hungry for it, than Candace is. Candace's blowjobs are – I don't know – lazy? Thoughtful? Like she's trying something new all the time. Steph needs cum in her mouth ASAP.

So, I know that this sounds really idyllic, and it is, but now it's 9:00 a.m. and I actually need to get to work. Steph goes to her office and I don't know, masturbates or whatever she does. I work my ass off until noon.

Noon is a judgment call. A few times I've had Candace take transit in, meet me at my car, and blow me. But I don't like the idea of her walking around by herself in the city unescorted. So I'm phasing that out. I'd love to just fuck Steph but it's hard to actually fuck at work since Douglas shows up around 9:30. Usually I have her very quietly blow me, just as a stress reliever. I feel sort of bad about it. I need to find time to fuck her, but I have no idea when – I'm taking phone calls from her neglected clients while she sucks me off.

Out of the office no earlier than 6. I go to the gym first. I've got a little bit of a fan crowd – a few girls that like to eye-fuck me. It's not a big gym and I sweat a lot, and I think they're starting to pick up on it. It's a good incentive to push. I've really increased my bench and have ramped up my leg work. It feels really good. I've got nice, thick muscles all over. I'm probably about twenty or thirty pounds heavier since I took the pill, all lean.

Home. Candace is rabid. The house is spotless and clean and she's dripping and wet, practically desperate. I feel bad but again – I'm out of time. We fuck immediately. And again, and again. Then I shovel down whatever burnt thing she made for dinner is. Luckily, at this point I'm starving for lots of protein.

8 p.m. Back to work. I try to get another two hours in. I have tons of energy these days but it's still exhausting, working two jobs, going from sex god for two horny girls to accountant. Candace usually blows me casually at some point while I'm at my desk.

I usually take a quick break to check in with her. She's so slutty and horny these days, more so every day. She'll just masturbate openly while watching some total garbage on TV, soap operas with no real plot. She'll leaf through fashion mags and make notes. I doubt she reads a word. It gets me so hard, so hot, to watch her just soak in her own growing bimbohood.

10. One last round. And then I collapse, fucked temporarily dry, mind blank, muscles burnt, and sleep totally soundly until I wake up with a mouth on my dick, yet again.

It's great. It's insane. I don't know how much longer I can do it.

OCTOBER 25

I'm fired. Steph is also fired.

I think I pushed my luck too hard on Steph's outfits. They were business-flirty, then flirty, then evening-flirty, and now they're just slutty. I think she's getting them at fetish gear websites. Today she was once again encased in latex, a black thing that highlighted how big her tits are, how awesome her ass looked.

It's sad because I had booked time to fuck her today. I was going to ream her all through our lunch hour. I had even booked a hotel room, like we were having a real affair instead of this bizarre transformative fuck-fest.

And then Douglas walked into my office while I was getting my morning blowjob.

I haven't mentioned Douglas much. Frankly, I didn't give two fucks about him. He spends all day in his office. I barely saw him. I didn't think he cared, I figured he'd just eye-fuck Steph and leave well enough alone. The work was getting done.

But no, he had a hard-on producing Asian fuck goddess in his office and he decided to blow that up. He was clearly trying to interrupt us. He barged in, looked around in mock shock at me with my pants down, Steph bobbing away, and even pointed a fucking accusatory finger.

DOUGLAS: "Is this what you two have been up to???"

Douglas, you prick.

I did the only thing I could think of. Hell, I didn't think. I got mad. I sprang up, Steph forgotten. I pulled up my pants with one hand. Douglas belatedly realized I was strong as shit and backed away. I walked over to him and simply socked him in the face.

I barely felt it. It was like hitting a balloon

He crumpled, either knocked out or pretending to be. I looked over at Steph. She was upset.

ME: "Let's go."

STEPH: "Oh my GOD."

ME: "Yeah. Let's get out of here. Do you need to grab anything from your office?"

STEPH: "Just.. umm.. A few things."

Our secretary was waiting out in the hall. I hadn't really paid much attention to her. Late 40s, married. And I've been distracted. Only now did I pick up that Elizabeth was dressed in a tight white turtleneck that showed off her chest, and was looking at me with quivering eyes.

ELIZABETH: "Everything okay... sir?"

ME: "Oh, Christ. Elizabeth, Douglas swung at me. He accused me of having an affair."

ELIZABETH: "Oh my god."

ME: "Yeah, so, make sure you tell the police that. We're leaving. We quit."

ELIZABETH: "Oh god. Wait."

She wrote on a notepad and handed it to me. It was her phone number.

ME: "Uh, thanks."

Steph came out of her former office. She was still dressed like someone interrupted halfway through giving a blowjob, her hair askew, her dress hiked up. You could see most of her ass when she took a step. I put a hand on her rear and took a last look around the office. She carried a plastic bag full of work vibrators and another one full of scanty clothes.

Too late, it occurred to me that Doug probably just wanted me to throw Steph at him for a conciliatory blowjob. Oh well.

ME: "Let's go."

We ended up in my car, in the parking garage. I raged a bit, and Steph calmed me down by stroking my dick. I had serious blue balls, and with my new junk it's not a laughing matter. Jizz flowed freely out of me. The car smelled like spunk. I took a minute to appreciate the insanity of it all – my co-worker automatically giving me a hand job to make us CALMER.

Eventually I had to think about what to do next. I'm jobless. I'm not bringing in any money. I can't imagine getting another accounting job, having hit a man at the last one. I'll be lucky if the cops don't come by. And hell, I don't want to sit at a fucking desk. I want to get blowjobs, I want to fuck my bimbos. If I wanted to be a worthless number-crunching loser I'd be DOUG.

But back to the car.

Steph hadn't said much the whole time. Going from secondhand scent to getting liters of my spunk poured into her has done kind of a number on her. Like you can practically see her tits

plumping out as she works her tongue. And there's been some light drooling. I guess I warned her she might get a little dim from close proximity to my cock. I checked her notepad recently and it was just doodles of my penis.

ME: "Alright, Steph, I'm going to drop you off at your apartment while I figure out what to do."

STEPH: [Upset] "What?"

ME: "I'm going. To drop. You –"

STEPH: "No I got that! You're dropping me?"

ME: "No, I –"

STEPH: "You made me into this big sucky-fucking THING and now you're DUMPING ME? I suck your cock like it's candy, I dress like a whore, I've got BIG-ASS TITS and you're still DUMPING ME!"

She still kept jacking me off. Steph is a pro at relationship drama, even now.

ME: "I am not dumping you! God! I just need to – alright. I just need to talk to Candace."

STEPH: [Tears] "How do I believe you?"

What else could I do? I had to fuck her, right?

It was a dirty fuck, which I appreciated. The parking garage was mostly deserted. I fingered her while I found a distant spot, pulled over, and then had her stand with her ass exposed while I bent her over the dusty hood.



I took a moment to admire her ass before I fucked it. It was a great ass. It's always been big, now it's perfect – spherical, thick but not heavy. It was a challenge to get her dress over it. I took my time putting my cock in between her cheeks, finding her slit, and then pushing in.

I was three strokes deep before I remembered that I wasn't wearing protection.

ME: "Oh, Jesus this is good."

I've never had sex without a condom, and now I was suddenly raw-fucking my co-worker. I felt a little guilty. But it was so tight, so wet, so hot. She had to be using protection, right? Like the pill or something?

ME: "Are you on the – oh Jesus –"

And then I dumped a huge load of cum into her. Well, I had already gotten a blowjob and was getting my first taste of real pussy. These things happen. She came too, hard and fast, hands dirty and black from my dusty car.

After that, she was a bit too fucked up to answer questions about pregnancy. I drove her to her apartment, got her inside.

I've got all these new problems, and all I can think of is: I've got to fuck Candace without a god damn condom on.

OCTOBER 26

Well, Candace made a touching gesture, I guess.

She's selling her stuff. Turned out she already had an account on eBay. She fired that up and has been putting basically her old life up for sale to help with the family finances. Took pictures of virtually all her old clothes and tossed them up for sale. Every book she owned that doesn't have fashion tips, or a penis tip. Every movie with an award on the jacket. She got a little carried away and is auctioning off one of our lamps. Everything must go!

ME: "You sure about this?"

CANDACE: "Oh, hell yah. Especially all the old stupid clothes. Oh my god, look at these pants."

She could barely touch them. There was pure horror. She pinched them between her fingers like they were toxic. These were just blue jeans. She was wearing her lazy-day jogging shorts that practically disappear into her ass crack.



Sometimes I probe on how she feels about all this.

ME: "The Magus? You loved this book?"

CANDACE: “Yah I guess. But I dunno. Have you ever thought about what, like, reading really is? It’s like someone else comes into your brain and makes you think all sorts of weird stuff and you have no control over it. Like WHOA suddenly you’re in a DINOSAUR PARK. I can’t let someone control me like that!”

ME: [Iron erection].

Should I not enjoy this kind of stuff? Should I fight it? Every time she shrugs at a book or flips past the news as ‘boring-ass shit’ I just thrill. Like every part of her not designed to fuck is getting burned away.

She’s started to talk dirty to me. I didn’t even ask. I didn’t even THINK of it. But then one day she was in bed, put her legs up in the air, and said

CANDACE: “Are you gonna fuck your horny lil’ bitch?”

And yeah, I did.

Anyway, back to the garage sale. There’s one problem, which is that she put all the prices more or less at random, and neglected to make the buyer pay for shipping. So now we’re on the hook for a huge amount of postal fees plus I’m selling a lamp for a dollar. I liked that lamp.

BUT. It turned out one item was getting bid on and bid on. You probably won’t be surprised that it was underwear. In the description she had written “I FUCKED IN THESE SORRY. NO WARRANTY!!”

Maybe I need to monetize her assets.

Candace took the news of me losing my job pretty well. She paused briefly but then kept sucking.

OCTOBER 27

So, I need to get Steph into the apartment. I think it’s the moral thing to do, and also so hot. I can hardly ditch Steph after, you know, making her a cum guzzler, and also that box is so tight. I’ve been having all these images of three-ways in my head. And there’s the financial factor. It’s an easy decision, except, I sort of have to get my wife to buy into it.

I’ve been having trouble with that.

ME: “So hey, idea, what if we get a roommate? To help with the rent?”

CANDACE: "What? Why?"

ME: "You know. Three-way expenses. Three-way... other things."

CANDACE: "We only have one bedroom, right? Hold on."

She went through the apartment and counted.

CANDACE: "Yeah we only have one bedroom silly."

ME: "We can have her cook."

CANDACE: "Oh wait... her? A girl?"

ME: "Yeah, my, uh, co-worker? Steph? Do you remember me talking about Steph?"

CANDACE: "I think so. The fat one who couldn't keep a guy?"

ME: "Yeah... yeah. That one."

There's another problem here which is that I never mentioned that I'm sort of cheating on her with another woman, who I also made over into a big-titted slut. I'm not sure how to have that conversation.

But eventually I realized that I'm going about this all wrong. I'm thinking like sad accountant Trevor with frigid wife Candace. I need to think like big-dick Trevor with extremely horny wife Candace. So, I fired up a threesome porno, sat Candace on my lap, which is where she normally sits anyway, and we watched.



CANDACE: "Ooh."

ME: "Damn, that's hot. Look at that, the blonde is getting her pussy licked too. AND her titties stroked. Wow, what a lucky girl, to have a wet and willing other girl around. And the other girl is Asian! What are the odds."

CANDACE: "Damn."

I started to fuck her slowly.

ME: "Damn, I only wish I could also play with your ass and titties at the same time, but I only have these two hands."

CANDACE: "Uh... huh..."

ME: "Damn damn damn."

Candace got a sly look.

CANDACE: "Hey... your birthday is coming up. Maybe we could have a girl over."

ME: "Uh, sure! Hey, I have someone in mind!"

CANDACE: [Eyes slightly narrow]. "Who?"

ME: "Steph."

CANDACE: "Oh. Is she still a little fat?"

ME: "In, uh, parts."

A long pause.

CANDACE: "Okay."

Then she slipped down to between my legs. I had just cum but was still sort of hard, and she started to stroke me back to full-mast.

CANDACE: "While we're... like... talking with our mouths and stuff."

ME: "Yeah?"

CANDACE: "I've been thinking how I'm getting soooo bored with condoms... and it's not like I'm doing school or work or anything."

ME: Ahhhhh. "Yeah?"

CANDACE: "So maybe you might as well start cumming in me, honey. Over and over and over. I'll take care of the rest."

Crap. I'm sure she noticed how my dick surged at the thought.

ME: "I'll think about it?"

CANDACE: "Okay cool, and I'll think about threesomes and stuff."

Then she started to suck me off.

So there it is. It's like she's got a kind of... bimbo-craftiness. She wants me to cum in her. That's what my little Asian mistress is going to cost me.

OCTOBER 28

I went to visit Steph. She has this little apartment downtown.

It was immediately clear that she has kind of a, uh, dick thing going on. I had sort of been surprised when she was so quick to pump up and down on my cock. Not anymore. The apartment was kind of like a... shrine to my cock. Drawings of it. Pictures that I did not know she had taken, including one that is her desktop wallpaper, of my dick. Vibrators and dildos are just generally around everywhere. I opened the refrigerator and there were a dozen cucumbers. I closed the refrigerator.

I did this while Steph was recovering. She had decided to be a really hot, willing thing and was kneeling in front of the door when I came in, dressed in a layered white dress, her makeup immaculate and angelic, except for a bright red coat of lipstick.

I opened the door and smacked her in the face. Luckily I didn't break her nose.

STEPH: *SIGH.*

ME: "I'm arranging things with Candace. I just need some time."

STEPH: "But I'm horrrnnnyyyyyy, Trevor."

ME: "You've got two and a half hours of my cock. Do whatever you want with it."

What she wanted was for me to fuck her in the ass.

This was my first time doing anal. It worried me. I'm big, and as large and wonderful as Steph's butt is, I was concerned. I lubed up, but then she bent over, one hand holding an ice bag on her nose, and I slid her dress up, and it was like all my worry melted away. All I wanted to do was ravage her rear.

I didn't spend two and a half hours plumbing it but I got pretty close. Just a totally different experience. After a quick mutual shower, she gave me a good-bye suck.

It's funny how little we talked. It used to be that Steph and I would shoot the breeze over all sorts of things. Sports, entertainment, TV, politics. Now I just fucked her body and she occasionally moaned and squirted.

I'm not complaining.

STEPH: "Umm... before you go..."

ME: "Yeah?"

STEPH: "I'm having... rent problems."

She led me to her closet. It was... dramatic. Empty packages littered the floor. There were sexy things littered everywhere, a huge number of pencil skirts, cute shorts, plastic and lycra and spandex and nylon. Bras that clearly didn't fit anymore – she's got big titties now.

ME: "Is the building manager here?"

STEPH: "Ummmm. I think so."

ME: "Is he a guy?"

STEPH: "Yeah?"

We went downstairs, I had Steph in a little white pencil skirt and a blouse that was way too tight, no bra. Big wobbly heels – I had to guide her down. And white thigh-highs. We knocked on the door, and this 40ish something guy, balding, answered it.

GUY: "What?"

ME: "Yeah, hi. Here's the thing. Steph here is in 244. Either you can let her fuck you for the rent or I can beat the shit out of you."

GUY: "Excuse me?"

STEPH: "Hi."

He looked at both of us. I folded my arms. I've got big forearms, nice and hairy. Steph licked her lips.

GUY: "I'll take the beating."

ME: "Fine."

GUY: "Christ! I was joking. Bring her in. What are you, her pimp? Is that what this is? You know she can't stay here then."

ME: "Oh, she won't be here much longer."

I waited outside. Steph sucked him dry in three minutes. Problem solved. I'm so proud of her. Very proud of my girl.



OCTOBER 29

I went to a coffee shop to do a half-assed job search. I spent most of the time looking at the girls. Redheads, brunettes, blondes, all kinds. A few days with me, basking in my sweat, and they'd be willing and dim little sluts, their tits expanding, their libido soaring. Made it hard to concentrate on filling out applications for pointless jobs.

Anyway, when I got back there was a nightmare there.

Candace's sister, Jessica.

They look a lot alike. Jessica is older. Imagine Candace, old Candace, but without that core where she legitimately cared about me and about people in general. Jessica doesn't have that. What she does have is sarcastic understatements. Oh boy.

And she was over for dinner.

JESSICA: "Oh, hi, Trevor. Candace was just telling me how you lost your job."

ME: "Hi... Jessica."

Candace gave me a cheerful smile. She was relatively dressed up in a blue crop top, although her tits were spilling out the sides. I was relieved to see she had a denim skirt on. She looked sort of normal.

JESSICA: "AND Candace says she's not in her program anymore. Says she's taking some time off to work on being a good wife! I didn't know she wasn't one!"

She slowly and pointedly looked down. Candace was serving her sister hot dogs and potato chips. I actually thought she did a pretty good job.

The conversation went from there. The good news, sort of, is that Jessica was too self-absorbed to pick up that Candace was sort of... not quite the same mental giantess as before.

JESSICA: "What do you think about the election?"

CANDACE: "What election?"

JESSICA: "EXACTLY! Totally how I feel."

Beneath the table, Candace kept trying to sneak her hand into my lap. Eventually she grabbed MY hand and pulled it into HER lap just so I knew that she wasn't wearing any panties. I snatched my hand away. Well, after a quick rub. God, she's a wet one.

Eventually I excused myself, picturing Jessica stumbling upon a big pile of fuck-stuff. Cum-splattered clothes, a bunch of porno mags, vibrators. Luckily, Candace really had cleaned up, although if Jessica looked into our shower, she'd see a neat pile of rubber penises.

I was just starting to think we'd get through this when Jessica got up to clear her plate. A cold sweat hit me.

The trash.

We throw the used condoms in the trash.

There's like four gallons of jizz in the trash, and god knows how many condoms.

Jessica opened it up. She stared at the pile of rubbers. So many rubbers. She looked back. Her eyes widened. Me, her slutty sister, our hot dogs. Her mouth opened.

JESSICA: "How OFTEN are you two FUCKING?"

Candace, dear Candace, saved the day.

CANDACE: "We're throwing them out!" *tears* "We're gonna try to get preggers!"

And then a big waft of jizz-scent came up and smacked Jessica in the nose.

After that, everything went just fine.

It helped that an unsteady Jessica accepted a huge thing of gin and polished it off. That helped her relax, and she really was so pleased that Candace and I are going to try to get pregnant. So pleased that by the end of the night she was sitting in my lap, feeling my hard-on press on her ass, and purring.

JESSICA: "I bet you guys won't have any trouble at ALL!"

By the time she left she gave me a big, long wink as I was shutting the door. Sheesh. I can't make another one of these girls into a bimbo. It's already going to be challenging at Christmas.

So yeah, I fucked Candace raw. I fucked her and fucked her. I filled her with so much cum it oozed out of her, ran down both legs. I covered her tits and her face for good measure. It was glorious. I've got so much jizz, Candace is such a great hole, we fuck so much, I can't help but let biology take its course.

Candace was so happy.

OCTOBER 30

ME: "Okay, Steph, we have to be really gentle about this."

STEPH: "Okay."

ME: "As far as Candace knows, you're a work friend."

STEPH: "Okay."

ME: "She has no idea you've been sucking my cock."

STEPH: "Right."

ME: "And fucking you."

STEPH: "In my butt."

ME: "In your butt. Right."

STEPH: "And my pussy."

ME: "Okay. Okay. So, she thinks you're considering being a roommate, and maybe we'll think about a three-some. And it's going to be a big surprise for you, right? Oh my, a threesome!"

STEPH: "Gotcha."

ME: "Then you'll let yourself be persuaded into bed, and we'll go from there. No problem."

STEPH: "Right."

It didn't go EXACTLY according to plan.

It was hot right away, seeing my bimbos together. Candace, with just a hint of librarian left, her body all taut curves. Steph, plush and thick, with an ass I could bang until the sun rises. I brought Steph and made some dumb comment about her checking out the apartment.

I don't know why I bothered. Each girl had her own agenda, and neither cared at all about my little roommate ruse. Bimbo knew bimbo. They eyed each other, measured tits, lips, ass.

Candace stalked around the new girl entering her domain. They weren't even saying anything. Eventually Candace prodded Steph's ass, then hefted her own for comparison.



It only slowly dawned on me – Candace thought I was getting her a present. That this was a big doll for her to fuck since I would be at some job. A personal pussy-licker for the wife. No wonder she had loved the porn so much – she thought this was a big talking vibrator just like in a movie. Finally, my wife straight-up reached underneath Steph's typically short dress, felt Steph's completely smooth pussy, and thoughtfully licked her finger clean.

Candace turned to me, and gave me a big broad smile.

CANDACE: "She can stay."

But Steph had her own plans.

STEPH: "Hey Candace? Just one thing?"

Candace looked a little surprised she was talking.

STEPH: "Ummm. Just so you know. I've been fucking the hell out of Trevor and I'm pretty sure he knocked me up."

I wanted to die. My hard-on withered and died.

Candace looked at her, then me, then me and her. Tears welled up.

Then she hugged Steph and started bawling.

CANDACE: “OH MY GOD, ME TOO!!!”

Candace is great.

Did she know all this time? Was I forgetting to clean lipstick stains off my cock? Did she find the pictures Steph was sending me, by the end, of her in some slutty outfit for my pre-work approval? Was it just the smell of some other pussy on my dick? I’ll never ask.

After that, Steph got the full tour of the apartment. Candace showed her the refrigerator, the shower, the closet, the TV, the computer, all her porno mags, which are neatly shelved – Candace is still very neat, even bimbo-fied. The last remaining book, which is a copy of *Gravity’s Rainbow* I didn’t know we owned, which Candace has “in case she feels booky someday.”

Now they’re in the bedroom, getting dressed. I’m pretty sure that the plan is to come back in here, sink to their mutual knees, and suck my cock.

I’m looking forward to it.

OCTOBER 31

Okay, this is a little harder than I thought it would be.

Sex with two people is easy. You line up your dick and you go. Pick a hole, thrust into it, maybe grab some titties or an ass. It’s not rocket science.

Three people is like directing a fucking movie. And I only have one dick to go around, with two girls that both want the hell out of it. And how exactly do people get blowjobs from two girls at once? If one has it in my mouth – and they should – what is the girl supposed to do? Tease my balls? Just sit there and masturbate? Geez. I guess I need to watch more porn. Eventually, I just had Candace suck me off, then recovered and let Steph go, but that’s not a threesome. That’s back-to-back sex.

I thought the bedroom would be easier but not really. It’s like directing traffic. Steph, go over here. Suck that. Do something with Candace’s tits. Candace, you turn over and let me fuck you while you, I don’t know, massage your own boobs. It’s exhausting. These girls need to take a little initiative.

Making matters worse is that while Candace has been a real sport over me coming home with a pregnant mistress, she still clearly expects to be #1 in the bedroom. She comes first, that sort of thing. The last thing I need is bimbos fighting.

And then when Candace started cooking, and Steph just casually gave me a hand job while I watched sports – daggers. Hell if I know what to do. I need a handbook or something on managing multiple girls. Polygamy 101.

Man, I'm going to have to figure out two pregnancies and making money for both of them, and I can't even figure out how to fuck them properly.

CANDACE: "Okay, so what is Steph exactly?"

STEPH: "Steph. It's short for Stephanie."

CANDACE: "Yeah, I know that slut-butt, I'm not some dumbo geez. I mean, like, okay. I'm the wife."

ME: "Right."

CANDACE: "I got the ring and stuff. Here's the ring."

STEPH: "It's nice."

CANDACE: "Yeah. So, okay we got that down. I'm wifey. What is Steph. Coworker?"

STEPH: "No, we got fired and stuff when we got caught fucking."

CANDACE: "Oh, is that what it was?"

STEPH: "Why did you think Trevor got fired?"

CANDACE: "I dunno, I guess I figured it had something to do with penis but I hadn't really thought about it! Gosh stop distracting me!"

ME: "Candace, you've got your fingers up her pussy, if anything you're distracting her."

CANDACE: "Whatever. Okay, wife. She's not your girlfriend. You can't have a girlfriend when you've got a wife, that's like, the law or something."

ME: "I was thinking, mistress."

STEPH: "Ooh. I like that. Mistress Steph. Or wait, Mistress Stephanie? Which one is my name again?"

CANDACE: "Oh, what?"

ME: "No?"

CANDACE: "Well that's so much cooler than wife!"

ME: "I don't think it is."

CANDACE: "Oh commmmeeee onnnnn. There's tons of wives up there but mistress is HOT as HELL. That's like saying your job is to fuck."

STEPH: "Ooh I like that a LOT."

CANDACE: "Shush or you're gonna get on licking duty, MISTRESS STEPH."

ME: "It's just a title, Candace."

CANDACE: "Hey, I put a lot of work into this relationship! I have sucked a LOT of COCK and I'm not gonna be just wife while someone else gets to be sexy-cool mistress!"

ME: "Candace, you get first dibs, that's what being wife is all about."

STEPH: "Hey!"

ME: "Oh, c'mon Steph."

STEPH: "You DRAGGED me into this relationship, how come I have to be number two fuck?"

ME: "You two can be equal fucks! Equal!"

STEPH: "I'm just like an innocent bystander until you get your fuck fumes all over me and...
ugh... oh godd... oh GAWWDDDD..."

ME: "Thank you, Candace."

CANDACE: "Gosh she is such a SQUIRTER. Hold on, okay, while she's groggy I'm gonna switch with her. There. She has the ring on. Now you're married to Steph."

ME: "It doesn't work that way. You can't just switch rings."

CANDACE: "Well then marry both of us, GOD."

ME: "It doesn't work that way either."

CANDACE: "Trevor... do you want to fuck your mistress... mmm I'm such a horny lil non-wife. All I do is fuck and suck and steal men from their wives."

STEPH: "Oh my god, that was so good."

CANDACE: "Steph, you're married now."

STEPH: "Oh what? OH MY GOD! I'M MARRIED! OH MY GOD!!!"

ME: "Steph, hold on."

STEPH: "Oh my god, I'm so happy, my mom said I'd never get married and I did it! I did it!!!
I'm married and knocked up and it just took like, a few weeks of blowjobs!"

CANDACE: "Wait, hold on. I want that ring back."

STEPH: "No."

CANDACE: "Alright, fingers going back in."

STEPH: "Nooooooooo"

CANDACE: "You can hand the ring over or you can wait until you cum, and then I'll take the ring back."

STEPH: "Ummm. Okay. Make me cum."

ME: [finally losing patience]. "Alright. WIFE suck my cock, MISTRESS go make dinner."

And that's how I got both of them to give me the most competitive dual blowjob of all time.

NOVEMBER 1

It turns out to be hard to sleep three in a bed meant for two. I had kind of assumed that we'd all be a tangle of sexy body parts, but Steph ended up snoring in my face last night, and then I got a full face of tit at 1 in the morning.

Eventually I gave up and went to sleep on the couch.

There I was, feeling sorry for myself. I dozed a bit.

Then I went running. It was 5:30 a.m., but whatever. That's when I had time to go. In the morning, I had two bimbo mouths to feed.

I went hard. HARD. I was flying. I haven't talked a huge amount about my body but it is strong and it is fast. I know that usually you're either a cardio guy or a muscle guy unless you're some sort of physical freak. Well, I am both. I think I might even be taller.

I got to the corner when I saw it.

The pickup truck. The guy. That kicked me in the balls. I recognized his ugly-ass truck with its stupid fire design stickers in the back window. He was pumping gas and shivering in the cold. Remember when I called him hulking? Muscled up? I don't know what I was thinking. Maybe I was just pathetic back then. He was alright-sized, but aging, with a gut. Shivering in the morning cold.

I stepped up to him.

ME: "Hey."

HIM: "What?"

ME: "Don't remember me? What if I grabbed at my testicles?"

He sized me up, took a step back. Behind him, his gas pump clicked off. I think I was streaming steam in the morning cool. His face drained of color.

HIM: "Uhhhhh."

ME: "Yeah. Good to see you too. They're fine."

HIM: "What?"

ME: "The boys are fine."

He looked around. No one there. I could see him nerve up. I had an idea.

ME: "Listen, I'm gonna make a deal with you."

HIM: "What are you talking about?"

ME: "Give me \$100 and I'll only kick you in the nuts. One time."

HIM: "Are you fucking serious?"

ME: "Tick tick. Limited time offer."

HIM: "I don't have that kind of cash on me."

ME: "That's a shame."

He gave me another look. He took out his wallet. His hands were shaking.

HIM: "\$150 and you just go away."

ME: "No."

HIM: "\$200. I've got it right here."

I could really use \$200.

ME: "Give me \$100."

He hesitated. I could see he was wondering if he could take me. I stepped forwards – Christ, I was fast – and I kneed him in the junk. He collapsed. I took the hundred out of his wallet. It was fresh and new.

ME: "Pleasure doing business."

And I walked away.

On the way back, I realized something.

I got mad. Mad at myself.

Mad for being a little bitch. For thinking like a sad little accountant boy who can't get his wife to suck his dick once a year. For thinking like a loser. Wah wah look at my problems.

I was a MAN and I needed to ACT like it.

First of all, no more accounting. I've got two valuable assets in the bedroom and another one between my legs. I've got two incredibly sexy girls who will do anything, and I've been complaining that they're not going to make any money. Well, that's because I was being a god damn idiot. I'm getting them on the internet, tomorrow. Cams are going up ASAP, for both of them. Those panties they sold? That's going to be an industry. Pictures? Why the hell not? My bimbos are going to be WORKING bimbos.

And as for me, I can make any girl in the world melt into a big pile of bimbo just by sniffing my jock. I am my own asset. Hell, I'll bottle sweat if I need to. And why not just start getting girlfriends of any number of boys to feel that tingle? Send them to my gym, I'll be their personal trainer, send 'em back horny and wet.

I've been given a gift, and it dangles between my legs, and it's given me two wet, loyal girls. I am through complaining. I am going to make shit happen.

I thought this around 6 in the morning.

Came home, dripping with sweat. Went into the bedroom where Steph and Candace were locked in a passionate 69 session, licking away.

ME: "Asses up!"



It was going to be a good day.

SOME TIME LATER...

Candace's Diary

"OMG so much is going on!!"

"I had suspicions that my hubby-wubby was getting a lil' side-tail lol. He thinks he's soooo smart sometimes but a while ago he started bringing home panties every day in his briefcase. Duh. I was a little upset at first but gosh he needs relief with those big 'ol balls. It's cool."

"And then he brought home Steph!! Steph is so cool! We've been doing so much fun stuff and she's been teaching me things like how to have sex up the butt! And she knows so much about clothes! She has a bigger butt than me (which she still doesn't really like) but I've got bigger titties :) :) ."

"I've been making money! Trevor got a camera and said I was a camgirl now and holy heck do I have an audience! Some of them are even like giving me advice like Candy you should be holding back you can't give it away like that! Like, you need more tokens to do a vibe session! But lol I can't do that I love my boys, they should get to watch me masturbate. I don't pay too much attention to the money stuff but Trevor says he's gonna buy like a mansion or something."

"I'm going by Candy now! It's such a fun name! I told Trevor that the boys were calling me that and he was like, I'm such an idiot I have a candace bimbo and didn't even think to name her candy. Haha he's so funny."

"Oh whoops he wants me to call him Sir. If I forget it's chores and penalty blowjobs. But penalty blowjobs are kinda fun so sometimes I 'forget'. But idk calling him sir kinda gets me horny too. Choices choices."

"Steph is on camera too but she's still such a shy thing! Well she was lol. She didn't want to show her butt because she's shy but then Trevor fucked her butt on camera and on my god the money the money. It makes a noise when you get a donation and it was like a waterfall. Now she's like the butt queen haha. She's got a finger up there right now while I'm taking a water break. No wait it's a fist. Haha wow."

"OH MY GOD I almost forgot!! Trevor says he's thinking of getting a new girl for his lil' 'stable'. I get to help him pick! There's this girl at his gym that is super cute and she's a redhead and I'm like, HER HER HER."

"Oh I forgot he's not going by Trevor like at all anymore. We all have sex names for when we're on camera and he wants me to use it all the time. I'm Candy and Steph wanted to be Sucky but that's super-racist so no. So she's Mei."



“Anyway, Trevor is calling himself Buck.”