The sensation returned to my body slowly. First my neck muscles came back, and I was very glad to finally be able to turn my head again; staring at the ceiling had been getting a little tiresome, despite the full-service media package routed into the TV screen mounted up there, one I had control over with a barely-there remote attached to the inside of my teeth. My head was poking through a hole in a thin wall that snugly cut off the top part of the operating bed from the bottom. The part my head was in was a nice cozy little waiting room, tastefully decorated and with a couple of chairs if people wanted to visit patients.

The other half of the room, the half I couldn’t see because of the wall, the half my body was in, was one of the most advanced operating rooms in the world. I remembered from when I first laid down on the bed thirty-six hours ago that it was a stark, clean white, filled with tools and containers that I had never seen on any medical drama, and couldn’t begin to fathom the purpose of.

After my neck, the feeling in my torso returned. I lifted my arms up and waved them around lamely. I felt more powerful than I had before, more in control of my motion. Well, they had said they might throw in some holistic enhancements. I certainly wasn’t going to complain about more muscle mass, lower body fat, a faster metabolism, and better neurological connection with my muscles, which Dr. Dixon later told me were the changes they’d made.

As the lower half of my body woke up, I peeled my legs up off the table and did a few bicycle motions in midair. Much stronger and more in control there, too, I noted. But the strangest sensation was coming from my groin area. My nerves and my memory were disagreeing about how big my dick and balls were. My memory kept trying to tell me that I was about four inches flaccid, with balls no larger than average. But my nerves were telling me that the head of my cock was resting almost at my belly button, and that my testicles were the size of golf balls.

I gathered my bodily composure and felt down my torso. My pecs were chiseled to lean perfection, as were my abs – I was missing my body hair now, I noticed. And as I felt for my cock…

Yup. My nerves were right. My memory was wrong. Holy shit, they’d actually done it. They’d actually given me a bigger cock.

At that instant, the wall separating Head Room and Body Room receded with a fwoosh up into the ceiling. I sat up, my back peeling from the operating table I’d been laying on for a day and a half, and finally confirmed it with my own eyes; my dick was fucking huge. It looked as big as it had been when I was erect before the surgery – I’d measured it one time, seven inches long and five around – but right now it was *flaccid*.

Not for long, though. The very sight of the huge piece of meat hanging from crotch was turning me on something fierce. I played with it gleefully, pulling it around to either side, stretching it down my leg, testing the foreskin – they’d grown the foreskin along with the rest of the dick, and from the feel of it they’d added in a few more nerve endings that it had already had just for kicks. I stood up and spun it around, doing the famous ‘helicopter dick’. And before long it was standing at attention, rock hard and stiff as a board.

I took a moment just to admire it. Ten inches of veiny man meat, a throbbing head the size of a large plum, a shaft nearly too thick for my fingers to meet around its girth. And it was all mine.

I did what anyone would do in that situation: I jerked off more vigorously than I ever have in my life. I stroked up and down my shaft, thankful each moment for the forethought they’d put into my foreskin – it would have taken forever to get things going using lube. With my other hand I fondled my now enormous balls, feeling my sack stuffed with newly manufactured seed. Up and down, left hand or right hand, two-hands or bed-humping, fondling or stroking, no matter which way I jerked it my new cock felt glorious. I reached heights of sexual pleasure I’d never reached before, felt so much stimulation that I would have cummed in an instant with my old equipment, and still kept right on going. After five minutes I felt an orgasm coming on; my hips thrusted involuntarily, I felt the muscles up and down my penis spasming, a wave of chemical pleasure washed over my brain, and I was incapacitated for thirty seconds of sheer heaven.

When I came to, I found that I hadn’t even ejaculated. This brought things to a whole new level of greatness: I was now multiorgasmic.

On the counter there was a note and a washcloth I hadn’t noticed before. Maybe they’d been put there while I was cumming. Did that mean someone was watching me masturbate? Eh, probably – it felt way too good for me to care. I read the note.

“We thought you’d enjoy the ability to withhold ejaculation, since it will now be a significantly messier event than before. There is a nerve trigger between the pointer and middle fingers on your left hand; pinch this area to allow ejaculation when aroused. – Dr. Dixon”

“Awesome” I said out loud as I pinched the specified area. My voice was raspy from thirty-six hours of disuse. After the pinch I felt almost another mini orgasm as whatever biological trickery they put into me sprang into action, allowing the testicles to do their thing. My dick got even harder, if possible. I grabbed the washcloth and started jerking myself off with redoubled vigor.

After another couple minutes I almost felt myself flagging – bedrest is way more tiring than you would think. So far I’d been maintaining erection on how hot I found my own increased endowment, but now that I was getting used to my fantastic new tool I needed something else to arouse me. I looked around, hoping for a helpful porno mag or laptop to appear like the note and washcloth had, but there was nothing. They’d even taken the remote out of my teeth, no dialing up ceiling porn. Was there anyone else in this building who…

I cut myself off mid thought, and almost smacked myself in the forehead. All I had to do was think about my wife and *her* modifications!

The very thought of what she was going to look like took my pecker from rock solid to diamond hard in an instant. Just imagining her new look – I finished in record time. I felt the floodgates bursting within me, and reached for the washcloth just in time. The semen pumped out of my overstuffed ballsack at an insane rate, shooting up through my dick and ejecting into thick white ropes that I could barely contain with the washcloth. As the ejaculation continued I stumbled back onto the bed in pure ecstasy. Burst after burst of pearly semen came flying out of my cock as waves of pleasure radiated from my groin, overwhelming me totally. Ten squirts – twenty squirts – thirty squirts – it all blended together in one euphoric moment. It was without a doubt the best I had ever felt.

Nearly a full minute later I came out of my blissful stupor and started wiping the sticky fluid off of myself and the bed. It didn’t smell like it used to - out of interest I tasted a bit of it and found a delightful sweet flavor, hard to place but almost creamy and milkshake-like. As I sat up I noticed another towel on the counter, with another note.

“We altered the composition of your semen to make it more palatable and easier for your body to produce in greater quantities. It’s actually quite healthy now. For now it is sterile; if you ever decide that you want kids, all you have to do is take a pill and the natural spermicide that makes it so tasty now will be eliminated from your system for a month. – Dr. Dixon”

“You guys thought of everything,” I said, amazed, to the room at large.

“Thank you” came back Dr. Dixon’s voice over the loudspeaker. “Just so you know, I wasn’t watching you; those materials were injected into the room at predetermined intervals.”

“Thanks. Hey, doc, thanks for *all* of this. I’m the luckiest guy on the planet right now!” I said as I toweled myself off. My ballsack drooped low now, as if exhausted by its titanic output a moment ago, and my dick hung lower still.

“Just wait until you see your wife!” Doc Dixon said enthusiastically. “We did an even better job with her! She’ll be done in a half hour – until then, take a look at your new wardrobe.”

“My what?”

Instead of answering, the doc remotely turned around a section of the wall in the cozy, waiting-room area my head had been in. It housed a full-body mirror and a closet full of new pants and underwear.

“Enjoy,” said Dixon.

I took a moment to admire my new body in the mirror. I had been no schlub before – unless you’re Ron Jeremy, that’s kind of a no-no in the line of work my wife and I have pursued. But now I looked way, way better. The improvements they made had been tasteful, nothing exaggerated. Nobody would mistake me for a body builder. But they’d taken away the ghost of a paunch around my waist, toned up my neck to emphasize my chin, made my six-pack and pecs far more prominent, removed the thin layer of fat from my arms and legs to emphasize my preexisting muscles… and of course, there was a little bit of biological machinery in and around the groin area that hadn’t been there before.

God that dick looked good. It just felt right, somehow, having a bigger cock. I almost… almost!... wanted more. But what the hell was I thinking, ten inches is enough for anybody. Enough for two anybodies, almost.

I pulled on one of the pairs of underwear, some very nicely tailored boxer briefs. They fit perfectly – up to and including the extra bits of fabric sewn in to hold my flaccid cock, perfectly running it down my leg. I tried another pair that just kept everything up and curled; my bulge looked *ridiculously* large. It was enough to almost get me hot and bothered again. The pants were of all different styles – different color jeans, khakis, shorts, suit pants – each with the ‘down-the –leg’ or the ‘enormous-bulge’ penile storage area sewn in. I looked smokin’ in all of them, if I do say so myself. But I knew that all the clotheshorse modeling I was doing for myself was just a distraction until the next time the intercom came on.

“Sir? Your wife is waking up,” it said. I was glad that I was wearing ‘enormous-bulge’ style pants when the announcement came, because I popped an anticipatory boner so powerful it peeked out of the waistband.

Like I mentioned before, my wife and I are in the porn business. We shoot movies together without condoms, we’re married so the state law is fine with it, our professionally-produced condomless porn (with authentic, loving sex between a committed couple, no less) does better than the amateur stuff of the same nature, and we make our boss and ourselves money just by having passionate sex three times a day, which, let’s face it, we’d be doing anyway with or without the cameras.

Even before we decided to go in for the surgery, Denise was a knockout. Only a couple inches shorter than me, with flawless lily-white skin, the most beautiful face I’ve ever seen, and fiery red hair up top and down below. Her legs were jean-creamingly long and curvy, her hips womanly, and her chest was a respectable C-cup. She had been perhaps a bit on the heavy side, but never more than ten or fifteen pounds over her ideal weight. The overall effect had always been a curvy, fiery bombshell.

The changes we’d requested would turn her from a bombshell into a nuclear device.

“Somebody’s excited,” said the pretty young nurse who walked into the room to guide me to my wife’s chamber, staring at the massive head of my penis, sticking out of my waistband. I was a little embarrassed, but then she smiled. “Don’t worry, it’s justified” she said, leading me out of the room.

I tried to get my raging boner under control as we wended our way through the warm, wood-floored halls of the Experimental Deep Surgery Clinic. I had just managed to get things situated back in my pants when we turned a corner and I found myself in a room with an angel.

The nurse left me to stare, mouth agape, as the divider wall finished its ascent into the ceiling. Denise’s room was exactly the same as mine had been, except for the person lying on the bed.

Her fiery red hair was fanned out beneath her head and torso beautifully; they’d left her perfect face untouched, but it was now framed in even greater beauty by a thinner, more graceful neck. Her slight weight loss also threw her cheekbones into sharp relief. Her face looked too perfect to be real.

In fact, that effect continued to the rest of her body. Her arms, her legs, graceful and elegant before, had been tightened and toned to new heights of slender perfection; her thighs the perfect mixture of meaty and dainty. The extra flab at her midsection had been mostly eliminated, leaving a tight, feminine hourglass center to her figure; her new waist was twenty-four inches at most.

There were two striking exceptions to this overall slimming trend, two areas where the excess material had been transferred. Her ass, luxurious before, was now a thing of beauty. Her feminine hips swelled into it perfectly as it rested firmly, tautly on the table, looking ready to jiggle at the slightest touch. Her back curved up and away from it and then back down into her shoulder blades in a way that got me indescribably horny.

And of course, the coup de grace, her tits. Her glorious, glorious tits. Handfuls before, now they were huge – grapefruits, at least, but almost bigger than that! They rose proudly from her chest, defying gravity, sticking pertly straight into the air. Her nipples had remained the same size, bubblegum pink half-dollar areolae with pinky-joint-sized nipples. As she lay on her back her enormous mounds cascaded up her chest and almost reached her collarbone. They looked unbelievably soft, yet firm, enormous, yet pert. They looked like no chest the world had ever known.

I had been so busy ogling my wife’s new body that I hadn’t even noticed she was getting used to it and moving, just as I had. She was so taken with her new assets that she didn’t even notice me. In fact, she didn’t even sit up – she raised her head, looked at the wall of tit flesh before her eyes, felt herself up with her hands, moaned, and then instantly started fingering herself.

As she pushed her finger in and out of her sopping pussy, her tits and ass jiggled hypnotically, appearing to confound all known biophysics with their balance of firm and soft. I watched the sexiest thing I had ever seen unfold before me as my wife explored every inch of her new body, each bit of hit getting her hornier and hornier until her pussy was absolutely gushing. She trailed her juices across her taut abdomen with one finger, then two, then three. By the time she started trying to stuff four fingers into herself I decided it was time to make my presence known.

“Hey honey,” I said huskily. She stopped her moaning and squelching for a moment and turned around. “You look great.”

She looked me up and down, her eyes lingering particularly on my new package. “So do you,” she said simply. “Are you gonna help me or not?” she asked, gesturing to her jilling-off-in-progress.

In response I tore off my jeans and underwear and hopped onto the operating table with her.

“My god, Tiger!” she said, inspecting my unit. “It’s enormous! It’s phenomenal!”

“I could say the same about these,” I said, finally fondling those perfect tits. They felt like the world’s best pillows.

“This is the best decision we ever made, isn’t it?” she said dreamily.

“Let’s find out,” I said, and we locked lips in the most passionate kiss we’d had since our honeymoon. After thirty seconds of lip-locked dry-humping, during which the feeling of her tits pushing against my chest got me even hotter, I pulled back. “Are you ready for me to come in?” I asked.

She peered over her enormous chest, down to her sopping pussy. “Have you ever seen anyone readier?” she moaned.

“Yup,” I said, positioning the massive head of my cock by her gushing pussy lips.

“Where?” she asked, perplexed.

“There’s a mirror right there,” I said, and as she started to laugh I plunged into her. Her laugh caught in her throat and turned into a scream, a shriek, a howl of primal pleasure. I pushed inch after inch of my manhood into her gushing cunt, and with each inch her sensation and mine seemed to double. Her pussy walls felt so tight, but they were so thoroughly lubricated that my massive rod was barely slowed. I passed through her cervix with relative ease, experiencing those same feelings that would have resulted in orgasm a dozen times over with my old cock, and pushed deep into her vagina. Once I was all the way in, I pulled back out until my head was nearly out, and then plunged all the way back in in a single stroke.

Denise had the single most explosive orgasm I’d ever seen. Her hips buckled, her fists clenched, she screamed at the top of her lungs in sheer ecstasy as my massive prong probed every inch of her dripping pussy. Her tits bounced up nearly to her chin as her pleasurable spasms continued. I waited just a couple seconds and then thrusted the same way again, getting turned on merely by the sheer amount of sexual power I had to give her that much pleasure. She had another orgasm, cascading over the first, and her pussy convulsed against my cock with so much vigor that *I* came, though without ejaculating. My cock stayed hard as a steel rod as I drew back and thrust forward again, giving my beloved yet another orgasm.

Seven hundred thrusts and at least forty combined orgasms later, I remembered that if I really wanted to finish, I had to pinch the activation area.

“Baby, pinch…ungh… pinch the spot between my middle and pointer… oooOOoohhh fingers,” I said. Denise was too worn out from dozens of times cumming to ask why; she pinched without question, and I felt the combined ejaculatory buildup of *my* ten orgasms well up from the depths of my once again overpacked ballsack. “Oh god honey I’m cumming! I’m cumming HARD!” I shouted before my seed burst forth from my cock like a firehose. Denise found the energy for one more orgasmic scream as my semen rocketed all the way back into her uterus, quickly filling what little available space my cock and left and overflowing her pussy, spilling out of her slick lips and onto the operating table.

My cock finally emerged fully from her whitewashed cunt as I lost motor control on the downstroke from the sheer ejaculatory bliss once again washing over me. My cum rained over Denise like a hurricane, showering her taut stomach, her beautiful tits, her perfect face – she tasted its sweetness and sprang to life, wanting more of its saccharine taste. She hefted her left tit and began licking my cum off of it with her perfect mouth – the sight was too much for me to bear, and I collapsed into an orgasmic stupor. I felt the warm wetness of Denise’s mouth as she scrambled up and began sucking on my enormous, still fountaining cock, trying to get every last drop of my delicious cum.

After my orgasm ended – and I have no idea how long that took – she stopped sucking me off, gave me a chance to soften. My dick was sore in the happiest way possible. Denise licked my jizz off of both our bodies, and we both settled down to sleep, more exhausted and more satisfied than we’d ever been before in our lives.

“It’s natural for the stored-up stimulation of surgery to result in greatly heightened arousal, pleasure, and ejaculatory abilities after waking up. Sadly, your next bouts of intercourse will not share the intensity of the one you just completed,” Dr. Dixon told us. Denise and I sat on his office couch getting our post-surgery debriefing. She had also been given a new wardrobe, though at my request she was wearing the old t-shirt she had been wearing when we first came to the clinic two days ago. It was insanely tight on her new chest, and as we sat I couldn’t resist feeling her phenomenal tits through the stretched-out fabric. They created such a bulge that the bottom of the shirt was pulled up from her waist, revealing her tiny midsection. Below that she wore one of the most scandalous offerings of the new wardrobe, a tight pair of jean shorts that absolutely stuck to her hips and was so short and low slung that her ass peeked out both the top and the bottom of it. As I copped repeated feels, she responded in kind by fondling my dick, slung down my leg in one of my tight new pairs of jeans.

“Are you two listening?” Dr. Dixon asked, noticing our blatant foreplay. His white pencil-thin mustache bristled.

“Of course we are, doc. It’s just you did such a good job we can’t keep our hands off each other,” Denise explained.

“I suppose. Anyway, before waking you up we verified that the modified cancer cells have been 100% eliminated. If you experience any further growth, please contact us immediately, as such things can lead to nasty complications. If it does turn out that the ‘stop’ telomerase wasn’t completely effective, don’t get any bright ideas about letting your penis or breasts grow out of control. Remember, any follow-up surgeries you wish to pursue are on the house provided you honor our agreement.”

“Remind me of the terms of the agreement again?” I said, looking up from my wife’s titanic chest.

“It’s quite simple, really. You use your new endowments to create pornographic videos, with which you spread knowledge about the existence and efficacy of our sexual enhancement services – we don’t offer anything as extreme as what we’ve given you to general consumers of course, but it’s still valuable advertising – and you additionally agree to give us a five percent royalty on all videos you make for the first five years, with that period being reset every time you undergo an additional surgery.”

“Still sounds fair!” Denise said, offering Dr. Dixon her hand. “It’s been a pleasure, Doc. Maybe we’ll see you again.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised. But for now, get to work, you crazy kids,” he said, patting me on the back.

I watched Denise’s ass jiggle all the way through the parking lot. Her tits were so big that I could see them from behind if she even turned slightly. Ensconced in its pants-cocoon, my dick stirred lightly. This was going to be *fun*.

It was a four hour drive from the clinic to our house; by the time we got home we were ready to fuck each others brains out. Luckily we weren’t scheduled to come into work until the next day. My dick led the way through the front door and into our bedroom, where I picked up Denise and tossed her lightly onto the bed. She probably still weighed exactly the same, just with the weight moved around; my new muscles, however, made her feel much lighter. She had somehow worked her way out of the booty shorts just while following me through the hallway; she hadn’t been wearing panties in the first place. Her pussy was already dripping with lubrication. She reached down and began to finger herself while I fumbled with my belt and taking off my shoes and pants. She arched her back as she brought herself to orgasm, pushing her tits even harder into the straining fabric of her t-shirt. The sound of a single stitch popping pushed me over the edge – I came where I stood, though luckily I hadn’t pressed the nerve trigger yet, so I didn’t shoot my load. My dick was nearly as hard as it had gotten when I first tried it out. Finally free of my clothes, I hopped into bed, spread Denise’s legs roughly, and while she gasped, I drove into her sopping pussy once again. She came. Her back arched up, and another stitch of her shirt popped. I thrusted. She came again. Another few stitches popped. Even I was a little overwhelmed by the sheer power my massive prong had over her convulsing pussy; I could only imagine what Denise was feeling.

I tapered off a little and allowed her to relax somewhat. Her screams of pleasure turned into moans. Then I suddenly ramped up my thrusts, pushing deeper and deeper into her, building and building until…

“Oh my GooooOOOODD!” she screamed as she burst into her biggest orgasm yet. Her whole body was taken up in convulsions. Her back arched further than ever before, and as it did so, I got my reward; the old t-shirt split right down the middle, her massive mammaries bursting it at the seams. Her enormous tits exploded out of the tight confines of the shirt. They seemed to fly up towards my chest, then toppled away from me, cascading up nearly to her chin, before finally settling into a bouncing rhythm as I continued pounding Denise’s soaked pussy. I leaned down and began licking and sucking on her left nipple. She leaned her head forward and did the same on her right one. It was unbelievably arousing for both of us.

I tired a little faster this time – Denise only got to twenty orgasms, poor thing. And when I came it wasn’t with quite the torrential explosion that had characterized the first two times, the ejaculation only lasting fifty seconds or so. Still, it was the second best sex I’d ever had. Probably the second best sex *anyone* had ever had, I realized. We were the very first ones to get Dr. Dixon’s experimental pleasure treatment.

After we were done cleaning up – my lessened ejaculation had still been more than enough to cover Denise’s body and much of the bed – we decided to go to bed early and rest up for tomorrow.

“After all, Tiger, we’ll have to do that again on camera *who knows* how many times,” Denise cooed as she rolled over to spoon with me, pressing her massive tits into my side. I smiled at the thought.

Everyone at work was amazed by our changes; the boss instantly moved up our billing and paygrade to correspond with our new headliner status. We recorded one vanilla intercourse session in the morning, replicating the shirt-busting antics of the previous night. By the time we were done with the more exotic positions in the afternoon, it had already gained our website hundreds of subscribers and thousands of dollars in revenue.

The success of our videos continued for months; we did every position we could manage, recorded on every set, donned every costume, posed for dozens of sexy photoshoots, all to keep a flood of new content on the website. And it worked. Hundreds of thousands of people subscribed to see me and my perfect-looking wife fucking each other to our hearts’ content. We banked hundreds of thousands of dollars in revenue, setting up trust funds and stock portfolios so we could live off the interest; we could quit at any time and live comfortably for the rest of our lives without ever working again. But why would we want to?

A year after our first surgery we got the first sales report that showed a *decrease* in new subscribers. Our boss told us that it was no fault of our own, and that we were doing a great job and didn’t need to change a thing, but I felt differently. That night, Denise and I sat down in the luxuriant living room of our new house. She was wearing a robe that displayed her massive cleavage, and I was in boxers that let the head of my pecker hang loose out the bottom of the leg.

We looked at each other. Goddamn, she was still the hottest woman I’d ever seen. But lately I’d seen her looking at herself in the mirror like she was getting used to her new body too much for it to still be exciting, and I felt the same way. Ten inches of cock was great, but two thousand fucks later and it was feeling mundane. And there were those subscriber figures to worry about… I could tell that similar thoughts were going through Denise’s head at the same time. We opened our mouths simultaneously.

“Baby,” we each said, “I want another round of surgery.”

“You read my mind,” I said.

“I’ll call Dr. Dixon right away,” Denise said, pulling out her phone. She made the appointment for the next day.

We celebrated our synchronicity with – what else? – a round of used-to-be-mind-blowing-but-was-now-less-so sex. The last round. Or so we thought.

“While I’m delighted that you came back – and with the royalty and stream of new customers we’ve been receiving from you - we do have some decisions to make before going into the surgery. For example, how long do you want your new penis to be?” Dr. Dixon asked, readying his computer.

“The longest,” I replied surefootedly.

“Pardon?”

“The longest. And the thickest. And the hardest. I want the biggest, baddest, best dick a human being has ever had. I want horses to tell other horses they’re hung like *me*. I want a battering ram hanging between my legs.” Beside me on the couch, Denise almost came on the spot fantasizing.

“Cursory research indicates that the largest penis currently on record belongs to Jonah Falcon, whose endowment measures 13.5 inches,” Dr. Dixon said, tapping away at his keyboard.

“Can you do 14.5 inches?” I asked.

“Certainly,” the doc said, “though the modifications to your body will have to be more extensive than before. I will have to remove your spleen and appendix and replace them with secondary blood-storage organs that pump additional blood into the penis when you are aroused. Your balls will no longer be able to act like normal human testicles; in order to keep their own heat without being able to retract inside your body, they will have to be made slightly larger than a proportional increase would suggest. The muscles at the base of your penile column and your heart will have to be strengthened in order to maintain erection. I’ll also change up your muscle composition to allow you greater stamina, because that seems to be in both of our best interest. Oh, and the standard increase in nerve sensitivity in the erogenous zones will be coupled with a decrease in pain sensitivity in your new testicles. Sound good?”

“Sounds perfect.”

“Which brings me to you, Denise. You realize that we will have to make some changes to your vagina?”

“Just make sure you leave it at least a little tight,” she replied coyly.

“Oh it will be better than that. You’ll have complete muscular control over your entire vaginal cavity, which will be lengthened such that the very back wall of your uterus is fourteen inches from the entrance.”

“Oh. OH!” Denise said, as she grasped the implication.

“Of course, this could extend even further with… repeated application of pressure. Everything will be structured so that the sensation is nothing but pleasurable, of course. In order to accommodate these changes some of your internal organs will have to be moved around, but it’s really nothing serious. You’ll just have to carry a card with this clinic’s contact information on it in case you require invasive surgery at another facility. Now what about the other aspects of your anatomy?”

“I’d love to be even thinner in the waist. The hourglass figure is *such* a turn-on.”

“Agreed,” I chimed in.

“We could probably go down to twenty inches,” Dr. Dixon said.

“I think my ass is fine…”

“You bet it is,” I said.

“Shut up,” she said, playfully slapping me, “Of course it’s fine, but I think it’s *fine* to leave alone, too. Maybe just… just a *little* more jiggly and big, but only if you can keep it as tight and taut as it is.”

“I can do that,” Dixon confirmed.

“Great! Okay, and the last order of business is my tits. How big can you go and keep me from getting back pain?”

“With a twenty inch waist?” Dixon inquired while inputting some formulas to his body physics simulator.

“Yeah,” Denise said eagerly.

“If we augment your back muscles and make the flesh our least dense option throughout, then… roughly speaking, spheres two feet in diameter.”

My eyes and Denise’s popped out of our heads. “Looks like the sky’s the limit, honey,” I said.

“Okay, wow, um… how big are Denise Milani’s tits?”

“Do you want a precise number?”

“No, I just want to be bigger than hers. I want to be bigger than Wendy Fiore. Hell, I want to be bigger than Wendy Whoppers!”

“Do you want breasts bigger than your head?” Dr. Dixon asked, sensing that more general questions would work better than brass-tacks specifics.

“God yes,” Denise sighed.

“Do you want them to be larger than a standard twelve-inch diameter globe?”

This gave Denise pause. “Not larger than. Same size as, *maybe*, but not larger than.”

“All right, that at least gives us some size constraints. I’ll have the girls do up some renders and while you’re asleep we’ll flash them by your unconscious mind and see which one provokes the most favorable ‘gut reaction’ from you, and grow to that standard. Sound good?”

“Delightful!” Denise said eagerly.

“Good. Now get to your rooms, you two. You have a lot of growing to do.”

The room was just as I had remembered it, but with even more weird doodads and gels in the surgery half that I had seen last time. Obviously the deep surgery clinic was burgeoning, helped partially by the royalties from our films.

A particularly busty Latina nurse had guided me to my room, and now she watched eagerly as I disrobed and hopped onto the table. She had almost as big a chest as Denise. As I got myself adjusted she leaned over me, gratuitously displaying her cleavage as she put the tv remote control in my mouth.

“I’ve always wondered what a cock that big feels like,” she whispered.

“Sorry… Isobel,” I said, reading her nametag. “Denise and I have a strict no-cheating… unless it’s on camera and you’re getting paid for it policy.”

Isobel stood up poutily, lowered the partition so that it fit snugly over my neck, and bounced out of the room. The drugs kicked in and I lost all sensation from my neck down. It felt less weird now that I knew what to expect.

I watched ceiling TV for a few hours, but everything went in one ear and out the other. I was too excited! It was like being a kid on Christmas, except instead of waking up and having great toys I was going to wake up and have the world’s biggest dick and the world’s hottest wife to put it in. Hey, I didn’t say it was a perfect metaphor.

After a while I began to feel hungry – the hunger signal originates in the brain, not the stomach, I remembered Dr. Dixon telling me. Lo and behold, the same nurse, along with a gaggle of other hot young attendants, came in with trays of cheese, grapes, apple slices, cold cuts, and chocolates. They fed me while standing around and trying to swish their untucked shirts over my eyes, giving me sporadic glimpses of some pretty great underboob. I hope I wasn’t popping a boner and screwing things up on the other side of the wall. At times it seemed like the nurses were in a competition to see who could feed me the most sensually.

Eventually I decided to put a stop to it. “Listen, ladies, this has been great. Really! But if you want to ride my cock, we’ll have to do it on camera. Tell you what, just look up my name on the internet and you’ll see Denise’s and my porn studio. Contact them and they can set you up for a one-time shoot where I’ll fuck all of you to your hearts’ content. But only once, you got it? And not right now, schedule it like a month from now.”

The nurses nodded solemnly at my words, a couple of them bouncing excitedly. Well, what girl wouldn’t be excited? I’d just told them they’d get to ride the biggest dick in the world!

I drifted into a daze and fell asleep for a while. Eventually Isobel and the girls came back and fed me again, though with a little less pageantry this time. I dialed up a few movies, played some solitaire, and when my tongue got tired, I went back to sleep again. It certainly seemed like this time was taking longer than last time.

Finally a nurse came and removed the remote from my teeth. I felt the sensation come back to my neck. Holy shit, this was really it. I twisted my head back and forth, and waved my arms around as soon as they came back online. I felt myself up again. My torso was even more chiseled and cut than before, but still not gross and body-builderish. Just powerful and sexy, like a Greek God. But as I was feeling along my six-pack I ran into my truly god-like aspect.

As the wall once again rose up, I once again sat up, and beheld the thing of beauty at my groin. Once again, the transformation had made my flaccid dick now as big as it had been erect before; ten inches long, six inches in diameter. It sat precariously balanced on the tiny groove between my left and right abs. As I sat up it flopped off to the left, draping over my hip like a floppy summer sausage.

My balls were gargantuan – at least the size of baseballs. The feel of them between my thighs was fantastic, though it would take a little getting used to. I remembered what the doc had said about pain, and lightly tapped my sack; it didn’t hurt a bit. It didn’t feel any different than the same impact would on my hand or foot.

But that dick! That glorious dick! I remembered what the doc had said about requiring a nerve trigger now just to get erect. I squeezed the area between my left middle and ring fingers and felt the instant inrush of blood. My dick pulsed and moved like a living thing all its own as my blood rushed into it. As it stiffened it dragged itself slowly along my thigh, every inch of movement sending more pleasurable nerve data than an entire orgasm had brought my dick two years ago through my foreskin – surely the largest foreskin in history, now, on the largest dick in history – Goddamn! How great it was to say that!

My dick continued its inexorable rise to greatness; with every heartbeat it grew, and with every bit of growth I became more aroused. It grew thicker and thicker – as thick as a soda can now, now even girthier than that – and longer and longer, until it was almost as long as my thigh. It hoisted itself up into the air on the power of my arousal, a mighty cantilever of flesh. The doc was as good as his word: it was fourteen and a half inches long, and nearly ten inches in circumference, with a head as big as an apple.

Now that it had reached its full erection, I finally stopped resisting the urge and grabbed it with both hands, and stroked. The massive tool dwarfed my hands, making them look ridiculously small in comparison. Each hand had three inches of steaming cock skin between the thumb and middle finger – that’s how thick it was.

The pleasure was overpowering. I squeezed the ejaculatory nerve trigger, wanting to experience and orgasm as great as I could as fast as I could, but even so it took nearly ten minutes to get the damn thing ready, it was so big. I experienced pleasure that would have gotten me cumming in an instant with a normal cock, experienced it a hundred times over. I humped the bed, I moved my hands in opposite directions, I stroked with unity – eventually I leaned over and started sucking myself off, though the head was a bit too big for me to manage at that angle. I gave up on that and went back to just regular masturbation.

And when I finally came, I came *hugely*. My entire body seized up in paroxysms of pleasure. I experienced spasms from head to toe as my overstuffed ballsack, with its two tennis-ball-sized balls, erupted. A stream of hot, juicy jizz pushed like a fire hose through my titanic, my unbelievable, my *literally superhuman* cock. I felt the stream of cum pass like a solid object under my hands as it rocketed up through my urethra and shot like fireworks all over the lab, all over me, all over everything. Twenty squirts, fifty squirts, a hundred squirts, who knows how many – the orgasm lasted three solid minutes, and when I emerged from it everything was covered with my spunk, and the room smelled delicious.

And as I looked up, I saw my dick was still hard, still bucking like a wild stallion. It was irresistible; I grabbed it and masturbated again. Two minutes later I came again, not as intensely, but still with more power than I had ever come even with my ten-inch cock. Five minutes later I came yet again, and my dick finally gave up and began to soften.

Now I was *doubly* multiorgasmic. I could choose to orgasm without cumming, and when I did cum I could cum again right after. I could fuck all day long. Why, the very thought was almost enough to get me going again.

After eating up a lot of leftover jizz – it was still as delicious as ever – I tried on the new new wardrobe. This time the ‘down-the-leg’ models took my flaccid cock almost to my knees, and the ‘massive bulge’ ones were just ridiculous. I looked like I had shoved a football in my pants. Holy fuck was this hot. There was a new option too, ‘around the hip’, which wrapped my cock around at waist level, leaving the head nearly at my hip.

At last, the nurse came through the door. “Sir, your wife is almost ready to wake up,” she said, her eyes firmly locked on my pecker. “Just follow me.”

She once again led me through the corridors to another surgery room. Denise’s head sat serenely on the table, the partition still down. As I watched she awoke – by having an orgasm. Apparently this surgery had left her even hornier than the last one. The wall rose up, and I couldn’t help but gasp as Denise 3.0 was revealed. Her tits, massive before, were now positively cartoonish. Nearly the size of basketballs, they defied all possible conception of tit physics, perched proudly on her chest with barely a droop as if held in an invisible bra. As the wall rose up they toppled back up towards her collarbone, actually reaching her chin; then as she sat up, they toppled back down and bounced into the lowest position they were willing to go, which was *still* high enough that despite their gargantuan size, they left Denise’s cute little belly button visible. They were almost perfect spheres of light, jiggly flesh, ten or eleven inches in diameter, so firm that they pressed up against each other to form a massive crevasse of cleavage without even having to be confined to a bra. Her nipples had grown slightly too, now the size of the top joint of a thumb with three-inch-diameter areolae.

Denise’ face, now in a constant ‘O’ face above her unbelievable tits, was as perfect and beautiful as ever, it was just that now the rest of her body had finally, fully caught up with it. Her waist was unbelievably tiny – the doc had managed twenty inches easily, and it looked unbelievably hot, her waist barely bigger around than her head – and much smaller around than even a single one of those gargantuan, superhuman tits.

As my eyes moved down I realized just how much hornier this surgery had made her than the last one – at the end of her perfectly slender arm, Denise’ fist had disappeared inside her pussy. She was straight-up fisting herself! Each movement sent waves of jiggles through her tits and her fantastic ass, even more luxurious than before, leading into legs that were even more tapered and perfect. Every single aspect of her, from her feet to her face, was such a perfect, even exaggerated portrait of feminine perfection that a guy could get off just looking at that one part. And I had *all of it*.

She fell back again onto the bed, her upper arms squeezing her tits up even higher as she tried to insert more fingers into her gushing cunt, in addition to her fist. Eager to give her help, I tore my pants off and squeezed my nerve trigger. My erection rose up almost instantly, almost as long and thick as my forearm and fist. I strode over to Denise and let the monolithic warmth of my cock brush against her face. She opened her eyes, took in the dimensions of my new endowment, and came on the spot. When she looked at it again, she came again, and then leaned up and took the whole head into her mouth. I was amazed! It looked like the doc had done a little work on her jaw, as well. She licked and sucked the head and even got in a couple inches of the shaft, fisting herself all the while, before she pulled back and let my cock fall out of her mouth with a wet schluuuk. “What the hell am I doing? Go fuck my cunt, you idiot!” she demanded, removing her hands from it with some reluctance. I hopped up on the operating table eagerly.

As I straddled her hips, I laid my cock down on her abdomen, just as an experiment. With my balls perched outside her pussy lips, it reached to the bottom of her rib cage, the head ensconced within the bottom regions of her cleavage. “You think it’s gonna fit?” I asked.

“Just fuck me!” she shouted. I pulled back and obliged. The head of my cock brushed against her wet lips for a moment before I pushed forward again, the massive head pushing her pussy even wider than her fist had been able to. I pushed in, inch after inch, and despite the puddle of juices that she had left – and was still leaving – on the table, I was still met with hugely tight resistance. With each inch, with each heartbeat that sent a spasm through my cock, she came.

At ten inches in, I noticed something – my cock had nearly one third the cross-sectional area of Denise’s waist. It was so big and her waist so small that it was creating a bulge in her torso as it travelled down her soaking canal. I watched, fascinated, as I thrust in further and the bulge travelled further up inside of her. It was the hottest thing I’d ever seen.

Of course, Denise having serial orgasms while suckling from one of her massive tits and tweaking the nipple of the other, which I saw when I looked up, was a close second.

When I finally bottomed out, my dick almost completely inside of Denise’s distended pussy, I began suckling her other tit, sending her into further paroxysms of pleasure. After a minute I came, though without ejaculating.

“Honey,” I said as I recovered. “I thought they said you had complete muscular control over your pussy.”

“I do,” she moaned.

“Then why is it so tight I can barely pull back out?”

“I can’t open it any farther, darling. You cock is just that goddamn big. When I close it, it feels like this,” she said, and then she sent ripples through the walls of her vagina, caressing and milking my cock with her insides, squeezing it and stroking it. It was so goddamn hot that I came again. She kept going. A couple minutes later, I came *again*.

Finally, I decided to return the favor. Pushing myself up, I pulled my cock out until only the head remained inside, watching as the bulge disappeared and Denise’s waist returned to its normal, ultra-tiny dimensions. Then I plunged back inside. It was like dropping a skyscraper down a mineshaft. Denise exploded with pleasure. I did it again. And again. And again. Hundreds of strokes rocked her body with hundreds of orgasms.

“Okay, lover,” she panted. “You’ve done enough for me. You can cum now if you want.”

“All right,” I said, pinching the nerve trigger. A hundred more strokes later and I finally came. I could *see* as my massive load pumped into Denise’s uterus – it had so much pressure that it made the bulge expand! As I pulled slowly out of her I kept on whitewashing her cunt as she screamed with pleasure, each inch that I removed my dick from filling with my cum. When I finally pulled all the way out I was still cumming, spraying all over her stomach and tits. She sat up quickly, my cum pouring out of her overstuffed pussy even as it continued to spray from my cock in great ropey delicious strands. Some got in her hair, some all over the tops of her tits, some on her face – she leaned forward and took my cock head into her mouth, my unbelievably thick python making a bridge between her perfect face and my groin. Her head looked unbelievably tiny compared to my cock. She hefted her massive tits and used them to stimulate my shaft – they fit perfectly between her lips and my balls. With heroic effort she swallowed burst after burst of my delicious cum, and I laid back and let the magic happen. Eventually she began to deep-throat me. I have no idea how she managed it, but my cock plunged into her throat. She managed to get in everything except the bottom couple inches of the shaft. I was in heaven.

A couple minutes later I was awaked from my blissful stupor by Denise’s voice in my ear. “Tiger, it’s still hard. Is it supposed to still be hard?”

I sat up and saw that my dick was indeed still hard. “Yup,” I said. “I’m multiorgasmic in more ways than one,” I said.

“Thank God,” she moaned. “Because I’m still horny as hell. Do me again, Tiger. Fuck me again!”

I did. For hours on end. By the time we were done I had orgasmed fifty times, ejaculating five times – Denise had lost count of her orgasms, but they had to number in the thousands. My dick finally softened and the emptiness inside her was finally sated. We each drank almost a gallon of water and went to sleep.

“According to the sensors in the room you had two thousand, two hundred and seventeen orgasms over the course of four hours. A world record, and wholly medically unprecedented,” Doctor Dixon said as we sat on the couch once again. I was wearing some ‘around the hip’ model pants so that my massive cock head pushed into Denise’s sexy hip. She was once again wearing an old T-shirt, and despite the fact that this one was meant to accommodate her previously enhanced endowments, it was even more overtaxed than the first one had been. She also wore the equivalent jean-shorts, which with her new more luscious butt only got even more scandalous. Her bare midriff was unbelievably tight and sexy between the two.

“What can I say, Doc? You did your work well,” Denise said.

“I just urge you to remember that, like last time, this initial burst of arousal and intensity will wear off. Because your surgery is so unprecedented I don’t know how long the process will take, but you can’t expect to keep having intercourse like that forever.”

“That’s okay, doc. As long as it settles down to being even a tenth that good we’ll be the happiest couple on the planet,” I said.

“I hope so. I also hope that you’re prepared to deal with the consequences of your new bodies on a business level. I’ve already been in contact with your boss, and he says that he’s not going to let the two of you go to waste only filming with each other. The man with the largest penis in the world is going to have to have sex with every porn star he’s willing to, and the ‘hotter Denise’ as he puts it will have to create photoshoots more prodigiously – and hopefully more explicitly – than other big-breast internet pinup models.”

“We’ve already discussed it,” Denise said. “We’re fine with splitting up and having sex with other people as long as we’re getting paid for it and it’s on camera.”

“Excellent. I get the feeling you’ll be doing a lot of that,” Dr. Dixon said, beginning to compose a relieved e-mail to our boss. “Now get back home and start fucking, you crazy kids,” he said, in an uncharacteristic breach of professional conduct.

As we left the office I was blown away by how hot Denise looked from behind. Her tits were clearly visible even beyond her arms; they were also apparent below her rib cage. The rear view made it clear just how stretched the t-shirt really was, as it pulled skin-tight into her curvaceous back. Her waist was so fucking tiny – she was like a Disney princess or something, and then it absolutely flared out into her luscious ass, which jiggled above and below the shorts every time she took a step with her long, perfect legs. I was in heaven just looking at her.

We couldn’t even make it through the ride home without having to pull over at a hotel to fuck each other. Two hours in we decided to stop at a classy place along the highway – we could afford it, after all – and we rented a room for the night, though we hoped to only stay for a few hours.

Everyone in the lobby stared at our new assets as we walked in. It was clear that at least a few couples were subscribers themselves, as they looked at us and blushed and whispered. After getting our room key we managed to get in an elevator alone and started passionately making out, Denise slamming her beautiful chest against mine so vigorously that the seams on her shirt gave way. It popped into nothing more than a collection of rags. Denise pulled back, startled, as the entire back of her shirt fell to the floor – she crossed her arms quickly over her chest, which was no easy feat, to keep the front scrap clutched over her excited nips as the elevator doors opened. A guy walked in and looked appreciatively at Denise displaying more sideboob than anyone else had regular boob in total.

We hurried out of the elevator and to our room, where Denise flung the scrap on the floor, letting her titties bounce free. Her pussy was sopping already, beginning to stain even through the thick denim. I had been smart enough to wear sandals and skip the belt, so I was out of my clothes in no time and we were on the bed, kissing and groping and fucking to our hearts’ content. Seeing the massive bulge of my dick working its way through her pussy was even more erotic than the first time. After her pussy got sore from hundreds more orgasms and another whitewashing – not just whitewashing, but utter and complete stuffing with my cum - I pulled out and began to titty-fuck her while she sucked on my cockhead. Her tits felt amazing, her mouth felt amazing – I came again. And again. And then I fucked her cunt some more, because even that brief respite had been enough to get her horny down there again. Our libidos were both unstoppable forces, unfillable pails. We felt like we could fuck forever. It took the room service maid knocking three hours later to remind us that we were supposed to be driving home. We told her to come back a little later, got dressed again, and left a generous tip – I doubted whether the room service people had ever had to deal with a room as cum-soaked as the one we were leaving behind.

“The scientifically verified biggest dick in the world. Do you know how big a draw that is?”

“My guess is 14.5 inches big,” I joked.

“It’s huge, my boy, huge!” said our boss, patting me on the back. “We need to do a huge publicity blitz. You’ve got to fuck every girl in our stable of actresses – every one who’s a nine out of ten, STD-free, and willing to take on such a challenge, of course,” he said. “At least fifty girls. And I’ll call up the other studio heads and see if they want to do any crossover shoots.”

“I’ve also probably got some amateurs from the hospital lined up,” I said, remembering the promise I had made Isobel and her nubile coworkers.

“Yep, I told ‘em to start prepping with dildos if they want to have any fun at all. Oh, also, I need you to sign off on this new dildo design.”

“It’s… it’s my cock.”

“In tan vulcanized rubber, yesirree. A little smaller than the real thing, but still one of the largest ‘realistic’ models commercially available.”

“Sure, I guess. Whatever.”

“Great. And you, Denise. We want you to pose in *everything*. And shove a ton of stuff up your pussy, too, while you’re at it. We want you to be Denise Milani, but if she was prettier, hotter, and took massive dildos like a champ.”

“Sounds like exactly my skillset,” she said.

“Good. Let’s get started!”

Word spread quickly among the actresses that getting fucked by my dick was not for the faint of heart. The boss’s figure of fifty quickly dropped to twenty after Candi reported that not even my head alone could fit inside any of her holes. Still, the twenty size queens who did show up did amazingly well. None of them could take as much as Denise, of course, but there were a few standouts.

Sarah not only managed to get my head in, but got in five inches of my shaft, too, and I was able to fuck her repeatedly as long as I didn’t push too hard against her uterine wall. She said she’d been training with dildos all her life just to be able to ride the world’s biggest cock, and doing so was a dream come true.

Hailee offered similar sentiments – in between dozens of orgasms – along with an added wrinkle. As I was allowing myself to ejaculate all over her, soaking her from head to toe in jizz, she realized how much she liked the taste, scrambled up, and put her mouth over my cockhead, swallowing spurt after spurt of cum. And after I was done coming, but still hard, she looked up and me, and then tilted her neck, opened as wide as possible, and began to deepthroat me. I had no idea how the hell she opened her throat that wide. She got half my shaft in her distended mouth, and went up and down several times, bobbing enthusiastically on my massive shaft, taking seemingly impossible amounts into her mouth. After a couple minutes she gave up and pulled back until it was once again just the top half of my head absolutely filling her mouth. I rewarded her by coming inside her mouth again. The jizz dripped from her stretched out lips and flowed down her stretched out throat. It became one of our most viewed videos. She enjoyed the experience so much that we repeated it weekly, with her in different outfits.

Not as many outfits as Denise was put into, of course. She became a nurse, a secretary, a military woman, a firefighter, a police officer. She wore bikinis of every shape and color, most of them looking insanely tiny even if they would have fit completely normally on any other woman. She eventually began wearing a specially made black latex suit that she and I just loved. It was vacuformed to her perfect curves, its shine and tightness emphasizing every amazing feature.

Of course, no other guy could compete with my mighty endowment, so she could hardly film with the other male stars. The videos simply wouldn’t sell compared to our shared films, which we made at least one a day. Instead, Denise got her ‘fill’ of penetration with enormous dildos nearly the size of my cock. She filmed herself taking them in all different costumes, in all different positions. The subscribers were very pleased, and so was she.

About a month after the surgery, I came on set and was surprised to find a half dozen early-twenty-something girls in skimpy nurse uniforms lounging around on the bed. A couple were fingering each other already – another had her big, E-cup tits out and was sucking on her own nipple.

“They told us to start warming up,” said Isobel. She was wearing a tiny white miniskirt and a tied-off top that stopped just short of revealing her nipples, along with a white nurse’s hat.

“Oh!” I said, remembering. “You decided to follow up on my offer?”

“You’re damn right I did,” she said lustily. “Now let me see that world’s biggest dick in person.”

The other girls stopped what they were doing and looked on anticipatorily.

“Are the cameras rolling?” I asked. I got a thumbs-up from the camera guy. “Okay, are you girls ready?”

“We’ve been training with dildos for weeks. I think we’re ready,” Isobel said. A couple of the girls looked a little more worried though.

I stripped out of my jeans, letting my unit flop free. I hardly ever wore underwear anymore; I was never more than a couple hours from having sex, so why bother? The nurses watched in amazement as my head hung pendulously between my knees. They started masturbating furiously in unison as I pinched the nerve trigger and my monolithic flesh wand began to rise, lengthening and thickening. One eager girl, with cute perky C-cups and long coltish legs scampered off the bed and over to me. She began to lick my cock head, then opened wide and fit the whole thing in her mouth. She pushed forward intently once she got the head in, her mouth wide open and her cheeks bulging out. I pushed the nerve trigger – my cock would stay at a chub until I pushed it again. It was like a pause button.

With my cock less than hard, she was able to fit more of it in her mouth. She suppressed her gag reflex and, as it bent slightly, forced my cock down her throat. She looked up at me triumphantly, her young eyes lighting up with well-deserved pride. She had deepthroated the world’s biggest cock, something only two other women had managed!

“Well,” I said, “are any of you going to help her?” I picked the girl up lightly, my cock still lodged firmly in her mouth, and pulled her over so I could sit down on the edge of the bed. Once I was there the four other young nurses flocked around my cock, flitting around it and forming a giggling, moaning, constantly orgasmic orgy. The first girl kept pulling my cock in an out of her mouth as the others licked and rubbed their tits on and even briefly humped the exposed part of the shaft, fondled my balls, fingered and fisted each other, licked each other’s nipples, the works. Everyone had orgasms, even Isobel, who was watching and masturbating with a huge dildo she’d brought, and waiting her turn. Eventually I pulled the first girl off my cock, leaving only the head in her mouth, and let myself harden up all the way. Then I came into her throat. She was delighted by the reward, swallowing and swallowing until she was full; when she gave up, the other girls took over, sucking and lapping at my cockhead like it was a particularly forceful and delicious drinking fountain. When that was done I lined them up on the bed and let each one of them see how my cock felt in their tight, shaved pussies. A couple girls chickened out once they saw my head at their lips; three others went for a few strokes, came harder than they ever had in their lives, and went off to recover in the corner, often by making out with each other.

Which left Isobel. She tossed her dildo aside, pulled her miniskirt up around her waist, and lay spread-eagled on the bed, her tits bunched up around her collarbone. Her pussy was still gaping open from the dildo. “Take me,” she moaned. “Put the world’s largest cock inside of me. I want to feel it.”

I obliged. She screamed when it first went in, but was soon demanding more, more! I pushed against the tightness of her walls, fighting for every inch of shaft I managed to get in. When I finally bottomed out, she had come dozens of times, and accommodated even more than Sarah had managed.

“Now fuck me!” she moaned, massaging her big tits. I stroked slowly, causing her to come again.

“Faster!” she demanded. “Faster! Faster!” For five minutes I fucked her as hard as I could without ripping her apart, and she loved every second of it. Finally she gave up. “Please, just come inside me. I beg you. Cum! That’s all I want in the world, is for you and your giant dick to come inside me! Please!” I couldn’t say no. I squeezed the nerve trigger and let loose a torrent of come that made her scream with pleasure/pain. When I pulled my dick out of her stretched out hole it was followed by a wave of excess jizz dripping out of her pussy.

Isobel lay there on the bed for a while moaning, recovering. The other girls looked on in awe. Finally she sat up. “That was the single greatest experience of my life,” she said. “I have now been fucked by the world’s biggest dick!”

Wouldn’t you know it? That video was a success too.

Of course, all the nubile nurses in the world couldn’t compete with Denise. We fucked doggy-style all the time, her huge tits swinging below her ribcage, brushing against her forearms. If she bent down a little her nipples brushed against the bed, making her even hornier. I tittyfucked her, her massive breasts large enough to fully reach around my girth. And I was long enough that she could suck on my head at the same time I was thrusting the shaft between her tits. She practically lived on my cum – it was so tasty and nutritious that other foods couldn’t compare. She sucked me off at every opportunity. We fucked in every position we could manage. And every part of our lovemaking, from her O-faces to the bulge that formed in her stomach when I was inside of her, attracted subscribers and fans. We were undoubtedly the most popular porn stars in history. We banked millions.

After a couple months the post-surgery boost that had disappeared in only a couple days the first time finally went away. We still fucked more each week than most couples did in a year, though. The first time I got fully balls-deep we realized that we had fucked so much I had actually extended her vaginal canal. She could accommodate 14.5 full inches now instead of just 14. We celebrated by fucking some more. Day in and day out we fucked, our lives and careers a nearly endless bacchanal. I railed hundreds of writhing women on my indefatigable cock; I made Denise cum millions of times, and sucked gallons of milk from her tits even as she sucked gallons of cum from my cock. We elevated sex beyond what it had been before, our unprecedented libidos and superhuman equipment allowing us to bring the very idea of intercourse to the next level. Nobody could compete with us sexually. The world was in love with our lovemaking, and our pile of cash only grew. We bought a mansion, we bought sports cars, we threw lavish orgiastic parties where Denise stunned everyone and I fucked everyone and even so, eventually, without that post-surgery boost we felt empty.

As it turned out, five years had passed while we were living the high life of celebrity porn stars/sex gods. One day I got an e-mail from Doctor Dixon.

“The investment we made in you has paid off immeasurably more than we could have hoped. Now that the five years are up, you are no longer obligated to divert any more of your revenue to us here at the Deep Surgery Clinic. As a thank you for getting us off the ground in our time of need, I would like to invite you to come in for a final session of complimentary surgery. If I know you two at all – and from the psych profiles I think I do – you hunger for intercourse even more outrageous than what you experience now. I can offer you that, thanks to new techniques we’ve developed with the funds that you gave us. Isn’t that beautiful? Best of all, the sexual ‘high’ you experienced after both of your previous surgeries – that wouldn’t go away. Not for years and years, at least. You would have to quit filming porn, except perhaps for niche fetish films, though I would imagine that your produces have a backlog of footage that will last them for years to come. You would also largely give up on daily life. Though it would not be impossible for you to continue living normally, there would be many inconveniences. However, I would imagine that you would be too busy with your activities in the bedroom for years to come to want to bother going outside often anyway. If you are interested, just show up at the Clinic. We’ll welcome you any time.

Yours in Gratitude,

Doctor Dixon”

I kept the e-mail secret for a while. The first night that Denise and I had sex I would describe as routine (and, coincidentally, the night our net worth reached $100 million) I showed it to her. We deliberated for a while, and then decided to take the plunge. This time we flew our private jet out to the clinic.

The Clinic had great expanded its size and scope over the past five years, thanks almost entirely to the advertising and the direct revenue stream we had provided. We were given the red-carpet treatment, a warm welcome by Dr. Dixon, a small orgy with Isobel and the nurses (for old times’ sake), and deluxe rooms with robot attendants for our disembodied heads. Doctor Dixon made us sign forms saying that we recognized that he would grow us to the point where a critical sexual mass would be reached and our euphoric state of ultra-horny ultra-orgasmic mind-blowing sex would continue indefinitely. We could get the surgery reversed at any time for free in a matter of days – just in case we decided to give up the lives of being living avatars of sex.

The surgery this time took almost a week. I could barely sleep in anticipation. Dr. Dixon had basically promised us heaven on earth in his e-mail.

While I drifted in and out of sleep, I heard Dr. Dixon’s voice explaining the surgeries to us. “In order to allow your penis to become erect, you need much more blood, and therefore much more vascular tissue than before. We are increasing your height by six inches and your muscle mass by quite a bit, though you will retain the physique of an Olympic athlete or a superhero, not a bodybuilder. We have installed another nerve trigger that makes sure that you can only become erect and ejaculate when you are properly hydrated, since either could be hazardous to your health if you lack enough water. Be sure to keep a lot on tap in the bedroom.

“Your wife’s surgery is even more extensive than yours. We shuffled all her organs around, in order to make her waist even tinier, at her request. When your penis is inside of her it will be the only thing in her lower abdomen other than her vaginal walls and the structural support of her muscles and spine, along with the end of her digestive tract – the rest was moved up or shortened. In order to compensate, her diet must now consist largely of your semen. I made her aware of this restriction before signing off on the design, but she was fine with the idea, and in fact seemed enamored of it. Her exact words were ‘make me a perfect fucktoy. Make me an orgasm *machine*. The only purpose of this body is pleasure, mine and his. I’ll suck his cock all day and all night’” For that speech he played Denise’s own voice as she practically moaned her desire for her new purpose in life. “As you may have guessed, I have also changed her mouth and throat. While they look exactly the same and move exactly the same for talking, she can now open them wider in order to accommodate your penis. As for her breasts… I’ll let you see for yourself.”

Finally the day arrived. The wall opened up. My body came back online. And I was the very essence of masculinity. My body looked like Superman’s or Thor’s, a lean, tailored, chiseled sculpture of virility. Male sexuality dripped off of my every well-defined muscle. Six inches taller – I was now six foot seven. I was an enormous god of maleness.

But even my hyper-masculine body was put to shame by my own dick, my massive cock, my unbelievably huge monster of a dong. Flaccid it was as big as my old world-record-holding schlong had been. When I squeezed the nerve trigger it rushed to become even bigger. Its girth ballooned out until at the middle it was nearly as thick as a two-liter bottle of soda, and it was far longer than that, almost twenty inches. It rose up in all of its majestic veiny glory, eclipsing my 8-pack abs, reaching all the way up to my pecs. It tapered slightly near the end, topped off by a slightly smaller than proportional head, just so Denise could conceivably fit it in her mouth.

I tried to measure its girth with my fingers. At the very base of the shaft my two thumbs and two index fingers could reach all the way around it with about an inch to spare. At the veiny center of the shaft, where it was thickest, my fingers couldn’t even fit all the way around, with a nearly half-inch gap between them. At the top it was about as thick as at the base, with perhaps a little more overlap of the fingers. No matter what way you looked at it, it was fucking huge. It was probably the biggest fucking cock on the planet, not including whales and elephants. It even put my old endowment to shame. And it was all mine and Denise’s to share.

My balls were even more ridiculously massive now, bigger than softballs. I could almost feel them producing ready and waiting cum at a ridiculous rate. Well, I just had to do something about that!

I grasped my cock firmly with both hands and stroked it. I felt nothing. I stroked it a few more times, humped the bed, licked the head, and stroked some more. Still nothing. A note had appeared.

“In case you ever want to go out in public, we put in one last nerve trigger – you have to squeeze between your left ring and pinky fingers to activate any pleasurable sensations from your primary erogenous zones.”

“Could have told me that beforehand,” I muttered, dutifully pinching the ‘pleasure’ and the ‘ejaculation’ nerve triggers.

The wave of sensation nearly knocked me over. It felt like every air molecule bouncing against my raging boner was activating its own individual nerve. I stroked it no more than a few times, each stroke the most pleasurable experience I’d ever had in my life up to that point, and came. And came. And came. In the interest of conserving liquid, I put my lips to my own cockhead and swallowed the thick ropes of semen erupting from it. If anything, my pleasure increased. The flood of euphoria drenching my brain was indescribable. After five minutes, when my balls had pumped out and I had chugged down nearly a gallon of cum, the orgasm finally stopped.

I chugged a water bottle to clear my throat and mouth, squeezed the ejaculation nerve trigger, and went to town again. Every few strokes I orgasmed without ejaculating, and powered through the almost immobilizing pleasure to keep stroking and engender another orgasm, and another, and another, cascading on top of each other until I was writhing on the bed in paroxysms of pleasure, unable to do anything but enjoy. Was this how Denise had felt while I fucked her and made her cum so many times? Because it was fucking heavenly.

I don’t know how long I lost masturbating in that room. Water and food appeared periodically, but I consumed and recycled so much of my own cum that I barely needed it. Sometimes I just stared at myself and my cock in the mirror – it was the hottest thing I’d ever seen, the biggest cock in the world by a margin bigger than the average cock, and attached to me and my perfect body. I tried on some of the clothes. My bulge was comically evident no matter which way they tried to put it, and I loved that.

After what might have been hours or days, a nurse finally came in. I turned to her with my erect cock pointing straight at her face. She stopped mid-word and stared at it and me for a solid minute, taking in the majesty. She absentmindedly pulled up her skirt a little – a stain of pussy juice had appeared on her panties.

“Can I… Can I touch it?” she asked timidly.

“Sorry,” I said. “I want to save the first woman’s touch for Denise.” As I spoke I pushed the nerve triggers to make it become flaccid and unresponsive, and stuffed the huge thing as best I could into my pants.

“Oh, yes, of course, Denise. That’s why I came here. She’s ready to wake up now.”

I had never followed anyone to a room more eagerly in my life. If they had done this to me, what had they done to my wife? It had to be the sexiest thing that had ever happened on planet earth.

The wall was already rising up when I walked in. Denise was screaming in the most intense orgasm I’d ever seen her have. As the wall rose it revealed a solid wall of titflesh, jiggling and bouncing. Her tits were enormous, nearly the whole two feet in diameter; they drooped off to the sides, resting on top of her slender, perfectly formed arms, which were currently moving violently up and down, causing the agitation. Her nipples, now two inches long and three quarters of an inch around, and rising from six-inch-diameter areolae, made hypnotic rhythmic circles as she jiggled. Below these enormous tits, these mountainous mammaries which, despite their gravity-defying sphericality, still flowed down and out to cover everything from Denise’s collarbone to her belly button, was her torso; lengthened slightly, and tightening down into the narrowest, sexiest wasp waist I’ve ever seen. Seventeen inches around. Her waist was tinier around than her head, tinier around than her thighs, almost tinier than her calves! Almost tinier than my fucking cock! From that narrowest point it sloped and then flared outwards into her untouched luxuriant ass and lengthened, unbelievably sexy legs.

Above these, though, was her pussy – her lips were larger than before, and the overall motion of her body was currently surround the focal point of her two fists, driving side-by-side into her cunt, which was pouring juices out onto the table/bed as she came again and again. She sat up, her tits following her tiny torso in a seemingly impossible move of biological primacy. They were clearly extremely light and fluffy, though still satisfyingly firm and jiggly. And fucking huge! She tried to drive her fists even further into her pussy, but the angle was wrong.

Desperate for more stimulation, she began to hump the nearest thing available; her own massive right tit. She spread her legs and began humping the huge ball of flesh. Her tiny waist arched over her enormous breast, her luxuriant legs rubbing sensually against her own creamy white skin, her pussy dripping juices all over the surface of that gargantuan orb. Her massive nipples began to spray milk as she came more and more and more intensely. And even then, the emptiness inside her went unfilled. She slumped back on the bed crying, her fists back in her pussy, her massive tits jiggling like made.

“It’s not enough… I need it inside me… I *need* it!” she sobbed. I couldn’t bear it any longer. I ripped off my pants, squeezed all my nerve triggers, and hopped up on the bed as my cock grew to its new gargantuan size. I pulled her soaked fists out of her pussy, pushed down her tits so she could see me over them, and said “I’m here, baby.”

She couldn’t even talk, just smile in gratitude. Her aching pussy was already gaping open. It was the readiest thing I’d ever seen. I drew back, noting how close my cock was in size to her miniscule waist, and entered her. She howled, she screamed with more pleasure than all the other women in the world could muster if they tried as I entered her. No longer did she have serial orgasms – it was just one long, continuous, ever-building wave of pleasure as my titanic length slid into her slick, yielding tunnel. I watched as my cock pushed through her extravagantly tiny waist – I could *feel* on my cock if I touched the outside of her waist. I watched as the bulge travelled up until it was lost behind her massive tits, which I proceeded to suck on one of. I was utterly inside her, joined by hundreds of mutual orgasms and the largest cock the world had ever known. We became a single entity of sexual pleasure, as she came, and her spasms caused me to cum, and my spasms caused her to cum, in a beautiful cycle of infinite pleasure. She was nothing but a vessel to contain my mighty cock; I was nothing but a plaything to sate her mighty needs. We were people built only for fucking, for glorious, incomprehensible fucking.

We fucked for hours, both of us in a near-constant state of orgasm. When she got hungry, I came inside of her. Her genital systems were now hooked up so that she could draw nourishment from my semen whether it was blasted into her uterus or her mouth. I came with such force that it pushed its way through her entire body, and a stream of cum came dripping out of her mouth as I continued to blast it into her distended pussy. I filled her body completely and utterly.

Eventually it came time to leave. With my cock still inside of her, I picked Denise up off the table, my new musculature managing her tiny form and fluffly light tits easily. She bounced up and down on my cock as we walked through a special door and boarded our jet. We joined the mile-high club hundreds of times over on the way home, and when we landed I walked us to our mansion bedroom the same way.

Our bedroom was already outfitted to allow for endless fucking. Easily accessible water, automated cleaning service once every hour, a huge bed, every manner of toy we could think of. When we got there Denise said she was hungry again and wanted to try oral; I pulled my cock out of her and watched in amazement as her waist shrunk back down to its impossibly tiny original dimension. She walked over to the bed, tits and ass jiggling phenomenally, and said “stuff the biggest dildo you can find into my pussy in the meantime”. I pulled a dildo nearly as big as my cock off the wall, attached it to a mechanical fucking machine from the closet, set it on ‘high’, and told Denise to get down on all fours on the bed. She did; I positioned the machine and watched as the dildo drove into her pussy like a pile driver. It distended her stomach almost as much as my cock had as the machine pulled it back and forth, back and forth. She took her hands of the bed to play with her clit, and her tits were so big that they supported her as the machine fucked her doggy-style. I got up on the bed and angle my cock down at her mouth. She opened wide, very very wide, and I managed to get my cockhead into her mouth. I got into a rhythm in tandem with the machine as she was fucked and filled from both ends, nothing but a conduit for two massive prongs and thousands of orgasms. She somehow opened her mouth and throat even wider, accommodating almost half of my unbelievable dick; she took her hands away from her clit and began to stroke the remaining ten inches of my shaft and fondle my balls as she rocked back and forth, supported almost entirely by her massive tits. The bed was stained with her milk and dripping pussy juices. Finally, as her beautiful pleading eyes looked up at me piteously, I came inside of her mouth, the delicious semen flowing down her throat, filling her stomach, filling her mouth, filling whatever was left inside her that wasn’t already filled by my cock or the dildo. I came and came until she was completely and utterly full; she used her foot to turn off the dildo machine and leaned forward so that it was removed from her tired, sopping pussy. She extricated her mouth from my throbbing cock and closed her jaws gratefully as some of my excess cum dribbled out of them. She drooped over her massive boobs, letting them support her body, satisfied beyond all possible comprehension. We napped.

An hour later she was as horny as if the past day had never happened. And so was I.