A Gift and a Test Part 3

XIX.

The movies show Las Vegas as nothing but the Strip, and there’s a reason for that – aside from that collection of monumental hotels, there’s absolutely nothing worth looking at. The rest of the city spreads out in a giant beige grey sprawl that never rises above two stories in height, like bread mold growing across the flat desert. Even the Strip is grimy and flat at either end, and in between all the big buildings– as full of ratty strip malls and syphilitic nightclubs as it is of majestic casinos.

In fact, there was precisely one building outside the Strip that was worth looking at at all. As the hyperloop blasted in towards the transportation terminal that had been built just outside the airport, I got a good look at it. South of the MGM Grand, north of the airport, separated from the strip by a block containing the much larger Tropicana Casino, it was somehow one of the most striking buildings in the city despite its relatively small size and conventional design. Bright chrome accents reflected the sun in a hundred different directions, while the rest of the building was done up in glossy black, unfaded by the harsh sun. The main tower was fifteen stories tall, with a shorter tower off to the side taking responsibility for the main entrance area. The entire complex was completely unmarked, no name, no signs, except for one – a sixty-foot tall capital X, coated entirely in bright chrome, on top of the tallest tower. It was all anyone needed to know.

I disembarked the hyperloop, heading through the baking heat towards the terminal autocabs. I had saved up quite a bit of money from the monthly cash my parents had sent my way, and had already resolved not to be too stingy with it here. After all, I would soon be rolling in dough if my plan panned out.

As soon as I’d gotten off the cruise ship, I had started doing research, and it was only a couple weeks before what had been a vague notion of what I wanted to do became a solid reality. I had put down a deposit on a small vacant office in the largest medical park near the strip, a place mainly devoted to various forms of plastic surgery. I had also nabbed a cheap apartment not too far away from the center of action in the city. But there would be plenty of time to visit those later. For now, I was too intrigued to go anywhere else but towards that giant X.

I opened the door on one of the autocabs, a black sedan, and it chirruped to let me know it had read my credit card. “Where would you like to go?” it asked in an androgynous voice that reminded me of Sam, the school’s AI.

“Take me to the X,” I said as I settled into the comfy seat.

“I’m sorry, are you asking to be taken to the nearest source of the drug Ecstasy, or do you wish to visit the X Hotel, Casino, and Brothel?” the car asked.

“What? The second one, geez,” I said.

“Duly noted. Traffic is currently bad. Do you wish to watch the X-Class Hotel, Casino, and Brothel’s holographic presentation during the drive?”

“Sure, why not?” I said.

Instantly, the car’s lights dimmed to nothingness as the windows tinted completely matte black. I could hear the hum of the electric motor behind me, feel the smooth acceleration as it pulled out into traffic, but other than that I might as well have been in the deepest, darkest cave.

Then, sight returned to my eyes. I knew what was happening – the projector was aiming a 3D presentation straight into my retinas, keeping track of my eye movements and head movements in perfect time to correct for them. It was a gimmick used mainly by theme parks and such, but it was disorienting all the same.

I saw the X building in 3D, hovering before my eyes like a three-foot-tall model. Tiny old cars drove around the entrance, vintage Kia Souls and Priuses. The building was barely recognizable – it was a dingy grey, the X was missing, and signs everywhere marked it as belonging to an old, forgotten restaurant chain called “Hooters”.

A sultry female voiceover began. “The year is twenty seventeen. The building that would become the X Hotel is flagging, floundering. It is owned by a dying brand of restaurants called ‘Hooters’. Its chief investors are ready to call it quits. Suffering huge losses, the Hooters Casino Hotel closes only a couple years later.” The view shifted – it was one of the few cloudy days in Vegas, and now there were no cars in the parking lot. The signs were faded and collapsing. “The building sat dormant for many years. Nobody was sure what to do with it, and there was talk of demolition. Of course, that was before Gift-Test Day, when everything changed…” And suddenly it was nighttime, the building was its iconic self again, the X gleaming with a hundred different colors above a raucous rooftop party as the Perseids’ green comet streaked by overhead. The view shifted, flying upwards, ascending into the heavens until it focused on a detailed rendering of that iconic green space rock.

“As soon as the government issued its power classification system in ‘28, it was clear that society, and sex, was going to be very different. The prevalence of Class X powers could not be ignored, no matter how many puritans wanted to. The more sexually liberated age we enjoy today is the direct result of the social upheaval caused by Class X powers. The world’s oldest pastime changed overnight.” Montage time.

“And so did the world’s oldest profession. It didn’t take long for various people, both scrupulous and odious, to catch on to the potential of Class X prostitution. But only one woman emerged on top of the mad scuffle of that descended on Las Vegas, through clear-eyed business practices, proper treatment of her girls, and a handy Class N/X power that let her detect and nurture every other Class X power she could find – me.”

The montage disappeared, and in its place was the interior of the car, exactly as I remembered it, but with one exception – a stunning woman sitting in the seat across from me. Slender, tall, brunette, vaguely foreign facial features, cheekbones sharp as knives. I couldn’t tell her age from her face, and would have thought it was the result of post-production blurring on the hologram if I hadn’t seen other pictures of her online where she looked just as ageless. She wore a black dress that, while it went down to her knees, had a slit along the side that went allll the way up. The plunging neckline left a lot of cleavage out in the open, too. She crossed one leg over the other, stiletto heel vanishing into the inside of the car door – she was only a hologram, after all.

“My name is Diane Westwick, and today they call me The Madam. When I came to Vegas fifteen years ago I was thinking bigger than any of the small-time pimps that tried to exploit Class-X girls, and I had the money to back up my vision. I purchased and renovated the defunct Hooters Casino, and began collecting girls left and right thanks to generous contracts and above-board business practices. I soon had over ninety percent of active class-X escorts in the Vegas area in my employ. Nobody had any reason to work with anyone else. The X Hotel, Casino, and Brothel was profitable within a year.”

“Now, over a decade later, we remain the world’s leading destination for boutique Class-X adult services. Employing over three hundred girls representing the broadest array of Class-X powers, we can fulfill any fantasy you’ve ever had… and perhaps some you never knew you wanted.” The hologram Madam rose lithely from her chair and leaned over towards me, giving an interesting view down the front of her dress in the process. Her face came very close to mine, her eyes heavy-lidded, and she practically moaned “We hope you enjoy your stay.” She leaned in for a kiss, but the instant our lips would have touched, the hologram program had her dissolve into a weightless mist that quickly vanished.

She was replaced by a spinning, dim model of the X hotel, which served as background to a text menu that appeared to float a couple feet in front of my face. It offered additional information – about the casino games, about the restaurants, about the shows, about available rooms… and about the girls. I gestured towards that option, and began browsing through the list of powers they offered. Just about every Class-X power I’d ever heard of was on offer. I sought out one that I had instantly thought about acquiring once I started thinking through the implications of my powers, and silently noted the price. I had to get my business up and running fast if I was going to make a habit of acquiring new powers here. But I had enough cash on hand to pay for this one up front. I made a reservation, and kept browsing – I was going to have a *lot* of fun here in the future.

The autocab pulled up into the front loop of the X after only a couple more minutes, and opened its door for me. “Thank you for riding with us,” it said, and drove off to wait for anyone seeking to leave the X for elsewhere.

The main tower of the X towered above me to the right as I walked towards the main entrance hall. Doors opened automatically and let out a huge roiling waft of cool air. I strode in confidently, looking around at the black-and-chrome opulence of the lobby, accented by a warm, dark wood-paneled floor. I could see my reflection in a lot of different shiny surfaces, and I had to admit, I looked good – Thanks to my recent preoccupation with horizontal athletics, I was trimmer and fitter than I’d ever been, and I wore the tailored suit that had come as a perk with the Ultra Suite on the cruise (seriously, that place had everything). I ran a hand through my dark hair as I approached the main desk, which was staffed by a half dozen perky girls wearing variations of the semi-professional black dress that the holographic Madame had worn. A couple other guys, paunchy businessmen in their forties, were talking to some of the girls, but one on the end waved me through.

“Hello, how may we be of service?” she asked brightly, but with just enough of a seductive edge to let you know this wasn’t a typical hotel. She had beautiful pan-Asian features – Korean, maybe? – and her name tag read “Irene”. The company dress was a little less intriguing on her than on many of the other girls, though, since she was severely lacking in the bust department. It made it easier to make eye contact with her, though, so I can’t complain.

“Hi, Irene. My name is Jack Sanders. I recently made a reservation on the autocab…” Irene was already typing furiously into her computer.

“Found it! You’ve booked an hour with Cassandra, I see. She’s in room 947. She’ll be waiting for you. Have fun!” Irene winked at me as she gave me a business card-sized smartmap. It directed me towards the elevators of to the right. I winked back at her, and followed the smartmap’s instructions.

The elevators were insanely quick, and soon the doors silently trundled open onto a long, mood-lit hallway. The modernist black-and-chrome was gone here, replaced by mahogany paneling, crown molding, and a rich burgundy carpet that muffled footfalls. Classy.

I padded down the hall towards 947, running my dick out to sexy-times baseline size as I did. It began to strain against the pants of my suit as it passed 12 inches, and I reached down to undo my belt and button to accommodate it. I also ran a mental checklist to make sure that every other power except for the growth was turned off – I didn’t want anyone here cottoning to the fact that I would be copying the powers of whoever I slept with. They might charge me extra.

Finally, after what seemed like way too long a walk, I reached the indicated room. The smartmap turned solid green, and I heard the click of the door unlocking.

Every chamber in the top half of the X has a few of the same things – a massive bed with a smart mattress that adjusts to support whatever’s happening on it is the centerpiece. There’s also a faux fireplace, burning low to create a mood. Through a discreet door to the left of the entrance, there’s a small room with a shower (but no toilet) for clients to freshen up, and a similar room to the right for the girl who occupies the room.

But girls with A-list powers like Cassandra also got certain other accoutrements, displayed somewhere in the room, and in this case, those accoutrements were a large collection of the largest dildos I’d ever seen. Realistic ones, stylized ones, rubber ones, plastic ones, not one of them smaller than 12 inches in length. The largest ones boggled my imagination – a couple were clearly larger than 2-liter bottles of soda. They were spread across the room, on soft, upholstered ottomans and chairs. I was almost afraid to find out what might lie inside a chest of drawers beyond the bed.

And in the middle of the dildo forest, lounging on the bed in her lingerie, Cassandra. She was a tight little thing, barely five three by my estimate. Bright red lace barely covered her tight, round ass and perky b-cup tits, contrasting nicely with her brown skin. Her ethnicity was hard to place – she could have been anything from Filipino to Middle-Eastern to Brazilian. The ass said Colombian, though.

“Come on in,” she said, in a voice honed towards perfect seduction. I obeyed, and it was only then that the information that had greeted me when I entered integrated in my mind. The gigantic dildos on the back wall and the tiny girl in front of me were related somehow. *She* put *those* inside of her. The thought alone nearly bowled me over. I was going to have to work extra hard to even begin to satisfy her.

I love a challenge. I pulled my shoes off and readied my mental effort to lengthen and thicken my already gargantuan cock even more.

“I’m Jack. Nice to… er… meet you,” I said. This was my first time with a prostitute. How exactly did social niceties work in this sort of situation?

“Likewise,” she purred, arching her back as she got up off the bed. I fumbled with my socks. “Since you chose me, I take it you’re a fan of large insertions?”

“Yeah, you could say that,” I said, hopping on one foot. What happened to suave me that had entered the building? Cassandra didn’t seem to mind though.

“Would you like to see a show, then?” she asked.

“God, would I!” I responded enthusiastically as I finally got my sock off. I then remembered to remove my jacket and hang it up.

“We’ve got plenty of time, Jack. You go ahead and get yourself ready, while I show off what I can do,” she murmured, absentmindedly stroking her pussy through her panties.

I walked over and sat down on one of the dildo-free pieces of furniture near the fireplace while Cassandra removed her panties – why had she put them on in the first place? Probably so that she could jiggle her ass at me while she took them off – and walked over to the wall o’ dildos.

“Which one do you want to see first?” she asked. I pointed to one of the less insane ones, a tan, realistic-looking model about fourteen inches long and three in diameter. It looked an awful lot like the pecker I had sported recently whenever I was in a particularly aggressive mood – just about the largest I had ever practically been able to use for sex.

Cassandra smirked and picked it up – her small hand couldn’t even come close to going all the way around its girth. She sauntered back over to the bed, and laid back on it, her pussy towards me. It looked normal – clean, pink, shaved, maybe a slightly longer slit than usual.

I expected some rubbing, some foreplay to get her opened up. Nope. She shoved that sucker right up in there. All. The. Way. Her gash seemed to open a little wider, elastically, as it reached the thickest point, but I couldn’t be sure. She pushed smoothly and steadily until the big rubber balls hit her in the ass. Then she pulled it back out as far as her arms could reach, and pushed it back in again.

Seemingly unprompted, the bed began to spin, slowly, deforming its corners so as not to run into the walls. It showed her off from every angle, pounding the giant cock deep inside her pussy. When she got around in the other direction, stomach facing me, I could see the absolutely enormous bulge that the dildo created in her midsection, travelling up her taut stomach and a good deal of the way towards her ribcage. Her power apparently was capable of ignoring (or rearranging) her internal organs. Each time the dildo came up, it was a little slicker with her juices, and each time it slid back in a little easier. She made little whimpering sounds of pleasure, but I got the feeling that this was something like a light fingering for her.

Once the bed had rotated her around a couple times, it came to a stop, and she slowed her pounding to a halt. “What would you like to see next?” she asked, cheeks flushed.

“How about that purple one?” I said, pointing to an even bigger monstrosity. Sixteen inches long, four inches across, covered in textures and bumps.

Cassandra only grinned, removing the tan cock from her pussy, and lithely rose from the bed to pull down the purple dildo from its position on the shelf. When she got to the bed, it rose up to provide a backrest for her, and she sat facing me, legs spread wide apart, as she manhandled the huge phallus into position. She pulled mightily on its rear, and moved herself as much as she moved it, moaning a bit as it clearly stretched her pussy lips elastically. The bulge that appeared this time was even harder to ignore, distending her midsection with the clear outline of the giant dildo inside her. She began to pull it in and out with great effort, but once again her own lubrication made the task easier. Her entire body was soon covered in the light, glistening sheen of sweat that comes from such pleasurable full-body activities, and she stopped oscillating the dildo as her hips started bucking.

“Now,” she panted, “would you like me to do one more?”

I grinned a little wickedly, suspecting she knew what was coming. “I want you to finish using that blue one,” I said, pointing.

It was fucking enormous. The one that had caught my eye when I came in. Thick around as a two-liter bottle, eighteen inches long. It would have made a decent-sized thigh for a person somewhat taller than Cassandra. She had to pick it up with both hands, and heave it over to the bed, which firmed up around it. It stood proudly, like the Washington Monument or something. “How did I guess?” she grinned. Then she hopped up on the bed, standing with her legs spread above the massive head of the giant dong, and squatted.

This one, at least, went in a little slower. She moaned and panted through every second of it as the enormous head pushed her pussy lips apart farther… and farther… and farther. It almost seemed like her pelvis was rearranging to fit. The distension of her midsection was so pronounced that I could see every detail of the geometrically simplified penis inside her. It was unbelievable that a girl so small could take anything so big inside of her and not burst from the pressure, but she didn’t seem to be in pain at all. In fact, as her heels touched her buttocks and the distension reached up almost to her sternum, she began to buck her hips against the inertia of Mount Donglympus, and let out a moaning, screaming cry of ecstasy as she reached orgasm just from having such a huge thing inside her. I wondered if customers were scared off or made to feel inadequate by the biggest dildos – she might not often get to use them in front of an audience.

And I doubted she’d ever had an audience like me. As she rose slowly from the behemoth, panting and sweating, I too rose – almost the exact same length, in fact. I had been working while she had showed off, parlaying my extreme arousal at her display into one of the biggest growth spurts I had yet managed. My cock extended in front of me, heavy, hot, and undeniably erect. It was at least as big as the dildo Cassandra had just gotten off on, and with a couple more efforts of will I pushed it outward to get no longer, but slightly thicker. It was so big around that my two hands together couldn’t encircle it – thicker than my neck, then. I could hardly believe how big I had managed to make it; it almost seemed like an out of body experience. My balls drooped down around my knees, somewhere between grapefruit and cantaloupe size. Cassandra finished putting Big Blue back where it belonged, turned to face me, and gasped. Her mouth continued to hang open as she stared at my gargantuan dick.

“I’m Class X too,” I grinned. “So now that the shows over, can the real entertainment begin?”

She looked up at my face, managed to close her mouth, then nodded and grinned wickedly. I was going to like it here.

XX.

Fucking someone with a dick the size of your thigh is a really different experience from anything resembling normal sex. I pushed it in slowly, carefully, relishing the feeling of Cassandra’s sopping pussy closing elastically around it as it opened as wide as it needed and not a millimeter more. Her power, of course, was similar to Ms. Young’s stretchy mouth and esophagus power – just slightly lower down, and somewhat more potent. As I pushed my way in, Cassandra moaned and vocalized, speaking almost under her breath.

“GodyesohjesusfuckthisisamazingyoumagnificentstudholyfuckIneverthoughtadickthisbigwouldfeelsomuchbetterthanthegoddamndildosohgodfuckmefillmefillupmypussyasfarasyoucanandthenkeepgoingsweetjesus…” you get the idea. I watched intently as the giant bulge of my cockhead travelled up through her midsection – I could see the outline of where my head met my shaft, a small change in inclination visible in the shifting firelight as it passed beneath her belly button, and up, further and further, impossibly filling her torso.

Inexorably, impossibly, I made it all the way inside of her. The cross section of her midsection had to be more cock than girl. Spurred on by her bucking hips and continued dirty talk, I pulled out about nine inches, and then pushed back in, only a little faster than my first entry.

“Ohholyfuckthatfeelsincrediblegofasterfuckmeharderwithyourgiantmonstercock…” she muttered. I could only oblige. With long, powerful thrusts (assisted slightly by the perfect angle provided by the smart bed) I began to fuck her with the world’s largest cock. She came after every thrust, and once I got a rhythm going she seemed to build up to a kind of super-orgasm.

I was feeling pretty damn close to one myself, realizing just how much the increase in sensitivity was part and parcel with growing my cock out to enormous sizes. I felt my titanic balls stirring, getting ready for a firehose blast.

But I also felt my leg and back muscles tiring, burning even. A cock that big is heavy, and moving it back and forth is hard work. I was running out of energy quickly.

Cassandra, ever the professional, seemed to sense this.

“Do you want to change positions?” she managed to ask as I slowed down.

“That’d be great,” I confirmed.

“Okay,” she said, and made a gesture at the bed. Suddenly it was tilting upwards, and I found myself standing up – with Cassandra still impaled on my cock. She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me, wrapping her legs around my back as well as she bounced up and down a little on my enormous prong, which was almost entirely supporting her weight.

“Fuck, I’ve always wanted to do this,” she moaned as I held her. “But I know it’s not gonna work for you, so lie back down on the bed whenever you feel like it.”

I tried to oblige her fantasy by walking around a little bit while wearing her entire body like a rubber. She loved it, and came several times as she jounced up and down on my slick cock. She wasn’t heavy – I would be surprised if she topped 100 pounds – but it was tiring. I soon eased back down onto the bed, this time with me on the bottom, her on the top.

She planted her feet on either side of me and began to stand up and squat down, the same technique she had used with the Big Blue Dildo. I got an incredible view of how my cock distended her midsection with each stroke. I hadn’t even known how hot I found that until today.

“I… I’m gonna come!” I said eventually, as her ministrations pushed me over the edge. I gripped the sheets in anticipation as I felt my muscles contract involuntarily, my enormous testicles getting ready to blow. Cassandra began to go faster in gleeful anticipation, and she was on the downstroke when the volcano blew.

With Candy and the other girls, I had been used to my jizz disappearing on contact, at least until I consciously turned the power off to teach her a lesson. Then, I had been coming in her ass – it had had her whole digestive system to go into, and it did.

Cassandra’s pussy wasn’t nearly as spacious, especially when filled with several liters of my cock. The first blast of semen was so potent that I could see the shock and pleasure/pain on her face as it hit the rear wall of her superpowered vagina. And with testes the size of dodgeballs, I was going to come a lot more than that. My gargantuan dick contracted in a second squirt, then a third… jizz began to pool inside Cassandra’s pussy, I could see it bulging just above the outline of my cockhead. And more was on the way.

Cassandra’s legs were limp, or at least no longer under her control, as was most of the rest of her body – she was being wracked by orgasms as intense as the one I was going through. Even so, I began to see a few inches of the base of my cock sliding from her wet pussy lips, seemingly of their own volition. Through the haze of pleasure, I realized dimly what was happening – I was pumping Cassandra so full of incompressible cum, and her pussy was so tightly stretched by my cock, that she was rising up off of it like a piston head.

I kept coming, and she kept rising, up and up, on a pillar of my jizz pressing down on my cockhead. Only the enormous strength of those soda-bottle-thick muscles kept the cum flowing in the right direction, blasting more and more of it deep into Cassandra’s womb. Her face showed pure ecstasy as she began to rise almost into a standing position.

Then, her heels left the bed. She was supported entirely by my cock, and the pressure of my orgasm. Unstable, mounted on the last few inches of my cock still inside her, she wobbled a bit, then toppled off to the side, my cockhead exiting her pussy with a wet noise as the bed rose up to catch her. The room was suddenly filled with the overwhelming scent of my jizz, as I began to paint the ceiling and as the massive reservoir left inside Cassandra’s overstretched pussy began to spill out.

Finally, the spurts began to slow, and I regained control of my body and mind. Cassandra laid on her stomach beside me, almost catatonic in the wake of the experience, cum pouring out of her pussy in a steady stream.

She moaned incoherently, then began giggling, in glee and disbelief. “Mister, if you ever want to come back to me, it’ll be free of charge,” she said, facing me, “so long as you bring that same cock.”

“The exact same one?”

“Well…” she said, biting her lip, “I’d sort of like to see if I can fit one a little bigger…”

I smiled, and said “I’ll see what I can do.”

We laid in the post-orgasmic bliss for a bit, then I got up to clean myself off. Cassandra did the same, walking a bit gingerly. “Yeah, Irene? Cancel my later appointments, please. At least until 9 pm. I think I’ll have recovered by then,” I heard her say into the phone.

I felt silently accomplished. Any guy on earth would feel inadequate as a following act to Big Blue -except me.

XXI.

It took great self-restraint not to blow another thousand bucks right then and there on an hour with the next girl on my mental checklist of desired powers, especially as I laboriously wiped the cum off of my body in the luxe shower. It’d be so much easier after I had done her, but… oh well. Tomorrow was another day. Tonight, I had money to make. I left the dildo-filled room behind, by chance exiting at the same time as another client, a balding businessman who hustled past me, trying not to make eye contact – though he couldn’t help sneaking a glance at my bulge as he passed. Apparently the rooms weren’t *quite* as sound-proof as advertised.

I smiled and walked at a more relaxed pace, letting him get to the elevators well ahead of me – and taking it easy on my tender balls. You know how they can almost ache, after a particularly intense orgasm? Well, the ache of balls four times the volume I had them at now had been condensed back into my default block and tackle (11 inches).

As an experiment, I briefly turned on Maria’s cum-anytime power. The ache vanished instantly and I felt just as ready as I ever had. Handy! Even if it was a little annoying – I had to choose between being sore and being horny.

As I left the building, I noticed Irene giving me an appraising look. I winked at her again – who knows, maybe she’d seek out my business. My office was almost within walking distance of the X, or at least it would have been, if it wasn’t 130 degrees out. I opted to take another autocab.

It quickly drove me to a small cluster of khaki buildings with terra-cotta colored roofs: the medical park. Rhinoplasty, tummy tucks, face lifts – you name it, there was a specialist for it here. The obvious one, breast augmentation, was listed as “Dr. James Anderson, MD” on the big sign. I would have to consult the landlord on that one – Anderson had been suddenly kicked out of the country a couple months ago for various crimes, both drug and patient related. I was the one the desperate ownership board had selected to take his place. The sign should have read “Jack Sanders, Gift-based Breast Enhancement Clinic”

What, you didn’t think I’d become a podiatrist, did you?

I strode confidently into my waiting room, through the door that unlocked at my touch. The comfortable chairs and wood floors I’d sprung for were already installed to my satisfaction. A relatively cheap subscription to a Courtesy AI served as a receptionist, its rendered head floating serenely on a large flatscreen behind the reception window. “Hey, Danny, up and at’em! First day of business!” I said to it as I entered. It acted like I was waking it up.

“There are currently five appointments on the roster for the day,” Danny said in its genderless way.

“Not bad. Not great, but not bad,” I said.

“Your advertising strategy is scattershot. Do you mind if I fine-tune it for you?”

“Will it cost extra?” I asked warily. Sometimes subscriptions like this got expensive.

“No, I am salaried. You have purchased point zero zero four percent of my processing power for the next ten months, and are entitled to whatever thought-work I can do using that. Which includes optimizing your advertising strategy.”

“Sure, go crazy, then,” I said. “When’s the first appointment?”

“In five minutes, though I believe she has arrived now,” Danny said. Indeed, I could see the client getting out of her car now.

She sure hadn’t come for ass implants, nor for liposuction, a nose job, or any of the other myriad services offered in the other buildings of the complex – just about every single one of her features was covergirl perfect. Even her hair, brown curls that went to the small of her back, looked like something from a shampoo commercial. The only thing about her that was less than drool-worthy was her chest, a modest C-cup at best.

This was clearly a point of contention, since she was wearing the uniform tight, midriff-baring, plunging-neckline top of a well-known local ‘breastaurant’ called Meloncholy (get it? Melons? Yeah, I don’t know how they stayed in business either). It was clearly a new shirt, and clearly too loose around her chest, the pink fabric sitting loosely around her mostly-exposed tits. She stalked up to the door on high heels, and opened it with a jingle and a scowl.

“Hello, and welcome to Jack Sanders’ Gift-based Breast Enhancement office,” Danny said coolly as it flashed some paperwork up on the screen scattered around the waiting room. “Please sign in, Hannah,”

“Hmm? Oh, sure thing,” she said, looking around. I think she was taken aback by how professional the whole thing looked, or at least I hoped she was – I was expecting a little skepticism from early clients, until I built up a reputation.

“Hello, Hannah,” I said in what I hoped was a businessman-like tone. “If you don’t mind me asking, how did you find out about my clinic? It is our opening day, after all.”

“I saw an ad for it on the internet. Probably because of the searches I was doing, right? I just got a new job at Meloncholy,” she gestured to the shirt, “but they told me that I need to get breast implants in the next six months if I want to keep working there long-term. I didn’t wanna go under the knife, so I figured I’d check this place out. I don’t know whether it’s a scam or not, but I’m willing to find out.”

“I assure you, it’s not a scam,” I said. “I happen to have a very unique Class-X power, and I decided this was the best way to share it with the world. It’s 100% effective, painless, instant, leaves no scars, and can produce any desired size. Our fee structure is simple, and results in much lower prices than traditional surgery – you simply pay $700 for the first cup size you want to go up, and then $300 for each subsequent cup size.” It was a spiel I had practiced frequently in front of a mirror, and now all the rehearsal was paying off. Hannah looked convinced.

But then skepticism crept back into her face. “Uh huh. And you’re sure this isn’t just a scheme to let you grab women’s tits for a while and get paid for it?”

I winced a little, internally. This was going to be the hard sell. “Well, not exactly. You see,” I said, holding up my Class A power card along with some other government-issued paperwork about my power, “my power manifests not in my hand, but in…”

“Your ‘Nethers’?” she read. “You expect me to believe that fucking you is the magic bullet for giving me bigger tits? I’ve seen scams like this before, you know. That card’s probably faked. Hardly anybody has Class A powers. I bet you haven’t even got a Class X power! How dumb do you think I am?”

“I think you’re very intelligent to be skeptical of claims like mine, but I assure you, my powers are real. AIs can’t lie about things like this – will you trust Danny here if it tells you?” I asked evenly. She hadn’t stormed out yet, which meant she was still intrigued. I could still salvage this.

Hannah seemed unsure. “I… I guess. Don’t you work at my bank, Danny?” she asked, turning her attention to the screen.

“Indeed, an instance of me is employed by the local branch. You trust me with your money, so trust me when I say that all of Mr. Sanders’ claims are 100% verifiable. I would not have agreed to work for him if I thought he was a scam artist.”

“What do you say, Hannah. Will you give me a chance? I’ll pay you back double if you’re not satisfied.”

“Well… okay. But only because if you wanted to pay money to have sex with someone in this town you’d have way simpler and cheaper options than setting up an elaborate ruse like this,” she said. “Oh, one last question, before we do this – is it reversible? Can I come back here and get rid of them when I’m done with this job?”

I hadn’t really thought about the potential for breast *reduction* services here, but it was certainly feasible now that I knew how to run Kandi’s power in reverse. Hell, it opened up a lot of potential – people who didn’t want to make a permanent decision about their breasts could come in and rent huge tits for a party weekend or a single acting or dancing gig, then come back to get them removed without any mess or fuss. I didn’t want to inhibit anyone buying breast expansion, so I decided on a generous fee structure off the top of my head.

“Yes, breast reduction is just as easy as expansion. It’s a five hundred dollar flat fee for any amount of reduction.”

Hannah looked appreciative of that. “Okay. In that case, I don’t care how much it costs – make me bigger until this shirt is straining at the seams. I’ll show that bitch of a boss who’s got the best body.”

“Absolutely. Just step into the procedure room and we’ll get started,” I said. “Now, do you want your breasts to be heavier, or lighter?” I asked as I closed the door of the back room. It didn’t look anything like a normal operating room, featuring soft furniture at various heights and some cushions on the floor rather than anything sharp or ascetic. The walls held what I thought were moderately tasteful pictures of big-titted women, alongside a ‘certificate of sterility’ that I had had a confused doctor draw up for me to prove that I wouldn’t accidentally get anyone pregnant.

“Wait, I get to choose?” she said as she sat down primly on the lounge by the door.

“Yes, I have control over that aspect of your growth. They can be exactly as heavy as natural breasts, or somewhat lighter and easier to control, or even foam-like, light and fluffy. I normally recommend that last one only for very, very large breasts,” I said, thinking back to Kandi’s prosthetic-like hooters.

“Oh, okay, um… I’ll do a medium weight, I guess. Looks are more important than feel in this job.”

“Certainly, certainly,” I said, mentally setting the multiplier on Kandi’s power to 3. “Now, last question – do you want to receive the injection orally, anally, or vaginally?” There was never going to be a non-awkward way to phrase that, so I tried to do it with as much clinical detachment as possible.

“Um… does it make a difference?”

“No, the results will be the same. It’s entirely up to you which one you feel comfortable with. You could even drink it from a glass, though most people find that option unappealing.”

“Wait, drink it? You’re going to jizz in me?”

“…Yes, that’s how the power works. I assure you, it’s not normal semen,” I said, pointing at the certificate of sterility.

Hannah rolled her eyes. “In for a penny, in for a pound, I guess,” she said. “Hah. Pound. Okay, that pun was good enough, go ahead and stick it in my pussy.” I was beginning to like Hannah.

“All right, then we’re good to go, then. Please pull your pants off and lie back on the lounge” I said. “If you don’t mind, I have a whole suite of powers I’ll be employing here. Some people find it easier to close their eyes while the insertion happens, so that their visual input doesn’t bias them towards how it will feel.”

“What’s that supposed to mea… ooh my god!” she said, as I unzipped my pants and freed my titanic pecker. It flopped into its jaunty erect angle. Even as it reached full erection, I was pumping it up even more, from eleven to twelve to thirteen inches. My balls pulsed with ready seed down below. “I guess you weren’t kidding about your powers, then,” she said.

“Nope, I sure wasn’t. I assure you, one of my powers is making sure that this can go anywhere without it hurting or stretching it. You’ll be fine, and I won’t ruin you for other men,” I said.

“I’ll take your word for it – it might be worth the ride even if you were lying,” she said lasciviously, pulling her jeans down around her ankles and abandoning them on the floor.

I got up onto the lounge and straddled her, pelvis held well back so that my dick would have room in between us. I made sure that all the relevant powers – Kandi’s, Maria’s, Christina’s, and the newly-acquired Cassandra’s – were all turned on to their appropriate levels. And then I thrust my way in.

My head cleaved Hannah’s pussy wide open, and thankfully Cassandra’s power was transferable. She responded by throwing her head back in silent pleasure, and her body language changed to indicate that she wanted more, much more. I pushed in, despite the dryness of her pussy – we hadn’t done any foreplay, I realized, and her skepticism had kept her from getting too aroused. I hoped my pre-cum would be enough to keep things moving until her own lubrication could catch up. It quickly did.

I watched as the visible bulge of my package travelled beneath her taut abs, and then leaned in and got a closer look at her tits, which were highly visible due to how loose the shirt was and how plunging its neckline was meant to be when filled properly. She wasn’t wearing a bra, either, which indicated that she had believed in my claims all along on some deep level. Her tits were very nice, even for their small size. Small dark nipples, rounded shape, symmetrical, all-around pleasant. They’d look great bigger.

I thrusted a few times, and then, not wanting to be unprofessional, said, “Get ready. They’re going to grow quickly.” Hannah nodded at me, and I triggered Maria’s power. Spontaneous orgasm: activated.

I was getting pretty good at controlling my powers and multitasking while coming, and compared to what I had unleashed while fucking Cassandra, this was tame. I watched carefully as Hannah’s tits instantly began to grow, swelling from orange-sized to grapefruit, and then beginning to flatten out just slightly under their own weight so that citrus-based metaphors were no longer as apt. The shirt began to fill out instantly, and I could see how it was designed to fit on a much meatier rack than what Hannah had been sporting, a design that I found highly pleasing.

Hannah hadn’t been cumming while I pushed into her, which was probably a good thing, really – she could stay alert and aware, and offer feedback as I let her grow. Right now, that feedback was mostly just a shocked facial expression as she looked down at her rapidly-expanding sweater puppies, but still, it was handy.

Her tits reached the size where they met in the middle even as she lay on her back, creating a quickly-deepening valley of cleavage in the window provided by the shirt. The part of the garment that cradled her tits was filled in at all sides now, touching and straining against the skin all across its curves. With a great effort of will, I stopped my orgasm in its tracks, clenching tightly against the flood of semen that wanted to continue pumping into Hannah’s pussy. “Is that enough? Do you want me to stop there?”

Hannah looked appraisingly at her chest, reached up and felt her breasts, poking them, shifting them within the shirt. Then she said, naughtily, “just a little more.”

I unclenched, and her breasts surged in size once again. Their expansion to the sides and towards her stomach was confounded by the shirt, so they sought more room further north, the flesh and cleavage put on display by the neckline rising up towards her collarbone. “*That’s* enough,” she said, panting. I shut down every power I had, stopping my orgasm in its tracks, and pulled out of her with some wet noises. I watched as her pussy slowly shrank back to its normal proportions as Cassandra’s power wore off.

“I cannot *believe* that worked!” she said gleefully, prodding and feeling her new chest with glee. The cantaloupe sized breasts jiggled and shook even within the confines of her Meloncholy shirt, which now undeniably lived up to its name. She pulled herself up from her recumbent position, and her tits settled a bit lower on her chest as she did, straining against the pink top even more, and hanging over the neckline in a slight muffin-top. A huge amount of cleavage was exposed, the entire top half of her breasts really, which was exactly how it was supposed to be. “Oh my god, this is amazing!” she said, touching and handling them even more. I could see her nipples getting erect through the fabric.

“If I’d given you the heaviest breasts, they’d probably break right through that shirt,” I observed as I put my pants back on.

Hannah looked up at me, wide-eyed, almost as if she’d forgotten I was there. “Thank you *so much*,” she said sincerely. “I’ll definitely be the biggest girl there. That’ll show that bitch Alex. And no scars, either! How are you not a bigger deal?”

“I’m hoping to become one. You were my first ever customer – tell people I’m for real!”

“I will, for sure. Just… not to the other girls at work. I want it to be my little secret for a while,” she smiled. She leaned over to begin pulling her pants back up, and her breasts mashed against her knees, spilling out and around them. She giggled again looking at them. “I never knew how *hot* it would be!” she cooed.

“Oh yeah. It’s hot,” I said, looking at her appreciatively. Her entire mood had turned completely around since she came in here. It made me feel good about what I was planning to do for a living.

She finished extricating her underwear from her jeans and pulled it up around her pelvis – it was painted-on shorts smaller than most briefs, done up in the green and darker green vertical stripes that completed the Meloncholy uniform. She was now dressed for work, and I doubted anyone who had her at their table would be able to concentrate much on their food. She grabbed her jeans from the floor and stood up, her new breasts a physical presence between us. They looked incredible. “You’ll knock ‘em dead, Hannah,” I said.

“Thanks,” she winked. “And if I ever need to knock ‘em even deader, I know where to come. How much do I owe you?”

“For being my first customer? Let’s say $1000 and call it even,” I said. She pawed through her purse and handed over a wad of crisp twenties, recently withdrawn from an ATM.

“What a bargain. Thanks again, Jack,” She opened the door to the procedure room and stalked out on her heels through the empty waiting room. I might just have to check out Meloncholy sometime – and if I happened to leave a few business cards, well, no harm done, right?

“Sir, I would like to get your approval on a new ad I’ve worked up,” Danny’s voice said from my side. I looked at the nearest screen and was greeted with a pair of images of Hannah, digitally cleaned up and put side by side – scowling, small-chest Hannah from fifteen minutes ago, and grinning, big-titted Hannah from just a few seconds ago. They were labelled – what else? – “Before” and “After”, with our standard ad copy down below.

“Wow, looks great! Very convincing! Are we allowed to use those photos though? When did you even take them?”

“They are from our security cams. And the release for use of photography was part of the standard waiver Hannah signed upon entry. If she didn’t read it carefully enough, that is her fault,” Danny said. “By my estimate, the photographic evidence of your efficacy will increase the credibility of our ads by at least 60%. I am sending them out now.”

“You do that,” I said.

Let the games begin.

XXII.

A couple more girls made their ways into the waiting room, both no older than 21 and both having totally bangin’ bods. They looked slutty, or just trashy, I guess – it was clear that they had already been to some of the nearby professionals to get their lips injected, and I wondered how many other cosmetic surgeries each had carefully saved up for. I realized something, and stopped to talk to Danny before calling the next one in. “Have you screened these girls for VD?” I asked in a whisper.

“No. It is not necessary. Your penis and its surrounding area, including immediate bloodflow, has the passive power to resist any and all disease. You acquired it from a hospital technician at age fifteen. Do you not remember?”

I thought back – oh yeah! I had had a physical exam with penis-touching at the hospital once, not at the pediatrician’s. I suppose it makes sense that a guy with an immunity power would work at a hospital, too – now that I truly poked around inside my brain using the techniques Alana had shown me, I found the low-level passive power lurking beneath all the others, a slight murmur of immunity that had been there since the Rock passed overhead and that I couldn’t turn off if I wanted to.

I thought back to joking with Andy, only a few months ago, though it seemed like an eternity – I guess I really did have the power to never get the clap.

I wondered if Andy could shoot toasted marshmallows out of his ass. Taking lessons with Metaman, he probably could. I reminisced for a moment, but only a moment.

“Next!” I called, consulting my chart. “Um… Miss Astrid Gard?” Big Screen Danny nodded at the girl on the left, a tall blonde who uncrossed her legs and walked back into the procedure room.

“I’m trusting you here, but if this is a scam…”

“It’s not a scam!” I said, pulling up the ad with Hannah’s pictures. We had a brief exchange that played like a shortened version of the conversation I’d had with Hannah, before the girl relented.

“Whatever. You want me to suck your cock, I’ll suck your cock. Not the first time I’ve done it to get ahead in this business,” she said.

“What business is that?” I asked conversationally.

She gave me a look. “Stripping, duh. I thought that’s how you targeted your ad at me in the first place. Strippers who buy bras C-cup or lower. That’s me.”

“Ah, I see,” I said. Apparently Danny had been fine-tuning the overall ad targeting too. That AI was putting in overtime. It was making me increasingly glad I’d sprung for more processing power than I strictly needed in a receptionist. “So how big do you want to go?” I launched the standard battery of questions. She answered them: E-cup, normal weight, teardrop shape (yeah, I was learning to control the shape now!), yes she would be fine with me using some other powers on her.

I grinned at that last one, activated Ms. Young’s power and pumped my cock up to twelve inches. Astrid looked at it with the wide-eyed awe and arousal that I had come to know from a variety of faces. “That’ll fit down my throat?” she asked.

“It sure will,” I said. “Want to feel how?”

The Scandinavian beauty nodded vigorously, grabbing my cock and pulling it tentatively to her lips. She opened them, pushed the tip of my head in, opened them wider, push it in further, opened them wider still – and then her eyes got very wide as the resistance from her jaw muscles disappeared, and she could suddenly slide the whole thing into her wet throat. Ms. Young’s deepthroat power: get hype.

Astrid leaned back quite far until my cockhead popped out of her beestung lips. She was already breathing heavy, her small tits moving up and down forlornly over her ribcage. “You *do* have powers!” she gasped.

“Yeah, I do! Why is everyone always so surprised at that?” I said. Astrid shook her head, and leaned back into the blowjob.

She was very enthusiastic about it, so despite notions of professionalism, I let her have at it for a few minutes while the pressure built up in my balls the old fashioned way. When I felt my first orgasm coming naturally, I reached down and grabbed Astrid’s head as she reached the deepest point of her fellatio, her nose pushing into my pelvis. She tried to pull back for a moment, then, when she realized what was going on, relaxed. I came, spraying jizz right past her mouth, past her throat, straight through half her esophagus and down into her stomach, where it disappeared and turned into rapidly growing tits.

It took a couple minutes this time; building them at full weight takes longer. By the time they were done, they were slightly larger than E-cups, and slightly distended, rounded and taut – overfull of milk. According to Danny, they’d slowly deflate down to the exact size and shape Astrid desired. I took the AI’s word for it.

“Now, you may experience some slight lactation of the next couple hours. That’s perfectly normal,” I warned Astrid as she put on the loose shirt she had brought in case I was for real – it seemed like nobody had been a *true* skeptic just yet.

“Oh, absolutely,” she said, not really listening, as she watched her new chest jiggle. “Hey, how much do I owe you?”

“One grand,” I said.

She pulled out her phone and made a few taps. “Done,” she said. “Thanks a lot. Say… if I ever need another promotion… do you offer returning customer discounts?”

I thought about it. “No,” I said after only a couple seconds. “I only offer referral discounts. If one of your coworkers comes in and mentions you as the one who told her about me, your next procedure is 50% off.”

Astrid’s pale eyebrows shot up, and she nodded appraisingly. “Sounds fair. See you around, Mr. Sanders,” she said.

“A canny business decision, Jack. You are becoming more astute already,” Danny said from the main screen.

“Thanks, Danny. I’m trying. Who’s next?”

“Bella Hart,” the AI called, as much to the other girl in the waiting room as to me. The other stripper stood up. She was somewhat shorter and curvier than leggy Astrid, her thighs thick and juicy beneath her bubble butt – she wasn’t fat, her flat stomach and tight waist could attest to that, just thick where it counted. She was dirty blonde, and had an attractive tan, which was put on display by the short-shorts and tube top she was wearing. Her tits were already impressive. “I saw that it worked on Astrid, so I trust you. What’s the procedure?”

I had the now-standard conversation. She told me she wanted her tits to be bigger and firmer, so that her upper half was as impressive as her lower. Danny drew up a few potential designs, and she selected one that featured proud, round, slightly-fake-looking H-cups that were almost as big as her head. I tuned up my powers, pushed my cock down her throat, and took care of business. Her tits grew rapidly, straining against her tube top, the lower edge of which rose further and further up, revealing more of her flat stomach. It looked about ready to pop a stich when Danny told me to stop.

It still felt great to cum – I mean, it’s a neurological impossibility for it *not* to. But the real pleasure came when I saw these girls’ reactions to their new assets. I felt like I was truly providing a valuable service to them, better than anyone else possibly could. It felt… good. Bella paid her $1300 and left with a spring in her step that did very interesting things to her heart-shaped ass.

That was the last I saw of a customer for the next couple hours. The afternoon dragged on for a bit. I browsed the web while making occasional conversation with Danny. My cock was glad for the rest - most guys are lucky if they spend more than a minute in a state of orgasm each day. If you added up all my sexcapades today, I was closing in on a twenty minutes’ worth.

I made a mental note to browse the X’s roster for a girl who could do something about that fatigue.

“Next appointment seems to be here, sir,” Danny said.

Another girl, average height, slender body, narrow hips. She had pale skin and brightly died pink hair. “Penelope Smith?” Danny said as she came in.

“Yeah, that’s me,” she said, removing her sunglasses. “How’s this place work?”

Another conversation – but this time, she reacted badly to my explanation, and no amount of reassurance from Danny could convince her that I was anything but a scamming pervert. I’ll spare you the details, but she ended up leaving in a huff.

“Win some, lose some, I guess,” I said after she left, but I felt hurt by her distrust.

“Indeed. However, she was uncommitted from the start. She had not brought a change of clothes with her. She was too skeptical to be convinced,” Danny said.

I leaned against the wall next to the AI’s big screen. “Any more reservations yet?”

“No, but we must give it time. I am certain word-of-mouth will bring more business to you, sooner or later.”

“Here’s hoping. I’ve got a load of bills to pay before I can afford to go back to the X and pick up another power I want.”

“Hmm. We’ll see. Your final appointment is in one hour.”

“Okay. I’m gonna take a quick shower, then,” I said.

When I finished toweling myself off, the next appointment had already arrived, slightly early, cut from much the same mold as the first two: early 20s, beautiful, prior surgeries evident – this time it looked like it might be a rib removal, as her midsection was very thin for a very long time above her low-slung shorts. A tiny, almost-sheer top hung loosely off of what appeared to be B-cup tits. Her skin was milky pale, and contrasted wonderfully with her red hair.

“This is brilliant!” she said as I entered. “How has nobody done this before?”

“Done what?” I asked.

“A Gift-based plastic surgery office? It’s so barbaric to cut open tits and shove bits of silicone in them – how has nobody done this before? Oh, my name is Giselle, by the way,” she said, extending her hand. I shook it.

“Hi, nice to meet you, Giselle. I’m Jack. As for nobody doing it before, well, there was just nobody with the right powerset, I guess. I’m glad you’re impressed.”

“All previously-registered breast growth powers are limited to one person only – the woman who has the power. It is rare for powers to be transferable to other people,” Danny confirmed.

“Well, I’m just glad you’re open now. How’s it work?”

I told her, and she seemed to take it in stride. Finally, a patient who didn’t require strenuous convincing!

“Sweet! I’ll take it in the ass, I guess,” she said as she followed me into the procedure room.

“Well, that’s a first. Any particular reason?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” she winked. “I do some very specific cam modelling on my time off, so that’s the part of me most amenable to… well, you get the idea.”

“I see. And how big would you like to go?”

“The biggest!” she said enthusiastically. I stopped in my tracks. “What? Is something wrong?”

“Just… what do you mean by ‘the biggest’?” I asked.

“Oh, you know, the biggest you offer. I’ve talked with other doctors who said the most they would do was 1,000ccs, but I figured I wanted to go a little bigger than that, you know? Why, do you stop around there too?”

I exchanged a glance with the nearest instance of Danny. “Oh, no, no, it’s just… well, there’s… I’ve never tested… the biggest is theoretically unlimited,” I said. “So I don’t think you want the biggest I offer, because you wouldn’t be able to fit out the door.”

“Oh! Oh my!” she said, flustered. “Um, okay… well, this suddenly puts the burden of decision-making on me…”

“Hey, you don’t have to decide all at once. You can get breasts a certain size, try them out for a couple weeks, then come back and get them bigger if you’re not satisfied. I’ll only charge you the overhead fee once, sound good?”

Danny started to say something about my poor financial sense, but I shushed him with a gesture. I was feeling a connection with Giselle that I thought might go beyond Doctor/patient.

“Oh, okay! That’s very generous of you. Let’s try… hmm, well, I was ready to jump into 1000 ccs before, so let’s start there.”

“Great. Danny, work up a design, will you?”

“Already done,” Danny said, flashing a picture of some very respectable D-cups on the screen.

“Wow, those look amazing!” Giselle enthused. “You can really give me that in less than a half hour?”

“I sure can,” I said, gesturing to the lounge. Giselle hopped onto it eagerly, pulling her shorts down to reveal a tiny thong, which she simply pulled to the side. Her red hair fanned across her narrow back, some of it spilling down onto the upholstery, and her tight ass looked immensely inviting and incredibly clean.

“Do it then!” she said.

I needed no prompting. I walked up behind her, dick ready to go at its standard huge size, and pumped a few squirts of lube from a nearby bottle, rubbing them all up and down my shaft. Then, I jammed myself into her ass.

Cassandra’s power worked there too, it turns out, because otherwise there was no way I could have gotten so far up in there. With her narrow midsection, it looked like I ought to split Giselle in two. She gasped as I entered her, moving forward slightly with my motion. Then she eased back, as pleasure won out over pain, eventually bumping her ass right up against my pelvis. My cock was completely inside of her.

I reached down below her back and felt her taut stomach – even from the outside, I could feel the rod of my stiff cock inside of her, pushing up through her insides using Cassandra’s inexplicable power. As I touched her, Giselle drew in breath, then giggled.

“That always tickles,” she said.

“Always?” I asked incredulously.

“Like I said – cam modelling,” she grinned. “Though I must admit, it’s nice to feel it with an actual cock.”

I shook my head, and began thrusting slightly into her ass. Giselle reciprocated the motion, enthusiastically doubling the length of each thrust.

Finally, I grabbed her hips, my hands feeling like they might be able to go all the way around her tiny waist, or at least a goodly bit of it, and pulled her back all the way onto my cock. “Get ready,” I said, feeling the explosion once again building up inside my balls. For the final time that day, I launched into a massive orgasm, squirting rope after rope of cum deep into Giselle’s taut ass. Her breasts began growing immediately, and she gasped with pleasure when she felt her nipples brush against the interior of her loose top. When I finished and pulled out, her top wasn’t so loose anymore, and it was a lot more sheer – as she sat up wonderingly, I could see her nipples poking through the fabric, but also the areolae around them, dark through the grey material.

“That… is… awesome,” she said, finally, as she wiggled her shorts back onto her butt. She couldn’t stop staring down at her new assets.

“Happy to be of service,” I said, giving a mock-bow.

“Oh, you have no idea. This’ll do wonders for my business… and I can come back, you say? For more? Bigger?”

“Yes. If you want them to stay heavy we’ll have to limit the volume of growth per day – even now, you’ll notice that they’re overfull. You’ll be lactating over the next few hours, that’s perfectly normal, and when you’re done they’ll be the exact size you asked for.”

Giselle looked like she was about ready to faint when I mentioned the lactating. “Oh my god! Dr. Sanders, I… I’m really excited by the possibilities of this. I almost wish I could stay and talk, but, well… if I don’t get home and start filming, I’m just leaving money on the table. I’ll definitely be back though! Thank you again!” she said, fishing through her purse and completing the digital check transfer in payment. She began to reluctantly hurry out the door.

“It’s just Jack. And I look forward to seeing you again!” I said, waving as she left.

When she got in her car, I sat down hard in the nearest chair. My dick throbbed with a soreness that even Christina’s power couldn’t ameliorate – I’d have to check up on that.

“Why were you being so chummy with her?” Danny asked, once she was completely gone.

I looked at the AI askance. “I like her. But even if I didn’t, didn’t you hear her talking about how she’s a cam model? Apparently a pretty popular one, too.”

“I fail to see what that has to do with anything.”

I rolled my eyes. “You know, for a computer, you have no intuition about networking.”

XXIII.

I woke up the next morning with a headache. I stumbled through my tiny apartment – it was barely furnished yet, pretty much just a bedframe, a chair, a TV, and the built-in kitchenette – and grabbed some milk from the fridge. I drank about half the gallon before the pain in my skull started to go away.

“Weird,” I said to nobody in particular. Having an AI around all day made you get used to talking to midair, but Danny’s presence didn’t extend to my apartment. I hadn’t had a headache after pumping Kandi full of jizz twice in one day – my efforts yesterday had been meager in comparison. I shouldn’t have gotten dehydrated that easily. What had changed?

Then I realized – I had hardly ever had a multiplier on yesterday. Everyone wanted heavy tits, so I just gave them semen with multiplier ‘1’ – which is to say, almost completely normal. With Kandi, it had all been either ‘5’ or ‘-1’ – created thoroughly from my powers. The closer I came to jizzing normally, the more water I used from my own system. It must have been those gallons of non-reactive cum that I’d pumped into Cassandra at the X that had really done me in.

Well, it was time I did something about that.

I stumbled back to my bedroom and grabbed my phone. It told me that it was 11 am, and that I had about a million texts from Danny.

“Gotta put a leash on that AI,” I muttered, opening some of them. It had mostly been updating me on trivial stuff, sending me dozens of potential ad designs it had whipped up overnight. AIs don’t need to sleep. But a few of the texts were about appointments. Actually, quite a few of them were – a dozen, at least. It might be annoying, but apparently the ads had worked. The earliest one was set for 3 pm.

“Four hours to get a new power, then,” I said, quickly getting dressed. I grabbed the envelope of cash I hadn’t deposited from yesterday, tucked it safely into an interior pocket of my lightweight jacket, and rushed out the door to flag down an autocab.

The X looked just as scintillating as it had the day before. I dashed through the baking midday heat and into the cool embrace of the lobby. Irene was once again working the counter.

“Back for more, Mr. Sanders?” she asked playfully. “I should think a man of your looks wouldn’t need to pay for companionship.”

“What can I say? The X is the best game in town,” I grinned, putting the cash on the counter.

“On that we can agree. Who will you be with today?” she said, fingers ready over the keyboard.

I made a show of looking at the roster, even though I knew all too well who I was going to pick, and had since that first cab ride. “Annette sounds intriguing,” I said after a few seconds.

“Ah, yes. An excellent choice for lunch time, as well. She’ll be ready for you… or at least, I think she will be,” Irene said, glancing down at my crotch. She had heard Cassandra’s story yesterday.

“I’ll go easy on her,” I said as I once again took the SmartMap and headed for the elevator.

Annette’s room was almost identical to Cassandra’s minus the enormous dildos. She was tall-ish, fit, almost a mini-Amazonian, but there was more than enough softness in her hips and chest. Her dark eyes flashed in the firelight as I walked in.

“I heard a story about you, Mr. Sanders, and I’m sort of scared to see if it’s true,” she said, in a surprisingly breathy voice.

“Oh, it’s true all right,” I said, as I got undressed. “But don’t worry – I can keep it to a manageable size… if you want me to.”

“I might be intrigued by what an unmanageable size looks like,” she said. “But first, I’d imagine you want to experience my power, right?” She began loosening the lacey ribbons that held her panties clasped around her hips.

“Yes, of course,” I said, trying to play it cool.

Here’s the thing – I’d never actually performed cunnilingus. My relationship with my old girlfriend had never progressed that far, and Kandi had considered any moment without my cock inside her a moment wasted. I wasn’t quite sure what was expected of me, but I thought I had watched enough videos to be at least a little prepared. And of course, doing it with Annette had to be a much more pleasurable experience than average.

“What do you want to taste?” she asked as she worked her lingerie down her legs. When she stood back up, I saw her pussy – completely hair-free, and dripping invitingly.

“I’m not really sure… do you have a, a standard menu, or something?” I asked.

She laughed kindly. “I sure do. Been a while since I’ve used it – usually my long-term clients find something they like and stick with it. But I can remember it. It’ll be good practice for me,” she said as she settled down on the bed, legs spread wide. I climbed on after her, put my head down, and went for it.

As my head approached her sopping pussy, the scent and taste of cherries filled my senses – the best, most sumptuous, sensually ripe black cherries you can imagine. I didn’t have to think back to those videos I’d watched; enthusiastic cunnilingus just happened, as I tried to get as much of that flavor as I could. The flavor changed – berries, rich succulent blackberries and raspberries. Then dark chocolate, sinfully decadent.

“I like to start with dessert first,” Annette purred.

Her pussy’s copious juices took on flavor after flavor, each richer and more sensuous than the last. Some I couldn’t even identify, and I almost wondered if she had made them up, the flavors of ambrosia that would exist in perfect world but didn’t in this one. I lost track of time as I reveled in the tastes, as sexuality and food blended into one blissful entity.

Finally, the intensity of the flavors seemed to reach a peak, and Annette arched her back in orgasm as I lavished consistent attention on her delicious clit. Soon after, I was greeted with a smooth, tingling, minty taste in my mouth.

“After dinner mint,” she smiled as the flavor faded. I pulled my wet face from her pussy, and saw that her legs, the bed, everything was soaked. The leftover scents mingled into one hunger-inducing smell.

“Are you sure you don’t want one more course?” I asked. “Maybe some sausage?”

“Do you have any idea how overused that euphemism is in this room?” she asked.

“Kielbasa then,” I grinned, pumping my dick up to thirteen inches. Annette’s eyebrows rose, impressed.

“That doesn’t look as big as Cassandra said it was,” she said, sounding more relieved that disappointed.

“Oh, I can make it bigger. I can even make it bigger than Cassandra got,” I said. “It’s just that I’m nice, and keep it to whatever size a woman can take.”

“How considerate of you,” Annette said, a little sarcastically. “You’ve got fifteen minutes on the clock. Use them wisely.”

I grinned, and moved forward to push my cock into Annette’s sopping, ready cunt, Cassandra’s power on just in case 13 inches was actually too big for the flavorful woman.

I pushed my cockhead in gently, and as soon as I did, I felt a strange, tingling sensation that sent electric waves of pleasure up and down my spine. I thrusted slightly – the feelings got far, far more intense, and I found myself sliding far deeper into Annette’s vagina that I had intended, sliding freely through her tight walls.

“It’s.. it’s not just flavors!” I said in amazement.

She grinned wickedly. “Nope. KY stimulant and perfect lube, too. I’m a doctor of chemistry, you know.”

“Wow!” I said, as I pulled back out smoothly, effortlessly, the stimulant making every millimeter feel incredible.

“That about sums it up,” she said, her breathing getting faster. It was clear that being filled with so much cock was exciting for her, too.

I began thrusting faster and faster, each movement compounding with the others to create almost debilitating pleasure. This felt better than when I had gone at it with Cassandra with a cock that had over twice the surface area. This felt better than anything I’d ever felt. Annette was enjoying it too, arching her back in pleasure as I managed to ram deeper and deeper into her incredible pussy. I came within a minute or two, I just couldn’t resist it. And then I came again five minutes later, and again, five minutes after that, without even needing to use Christina’s or Maria’s powers. My cum leaked from Annette’s pussy onto the already-sopping bed.

Finally, the notification that our time was up began beeping, and we collapsed, both panting, into a sweaty tangle of limbs. My back and leg muscles hurt like hell now that the pleasure wasn’t overwhelming them – thrusting that long a distance, that fast, is crazy good exercise.

“You know, the flavor stuff was great… but I think that that last part was my favorite,” I said as I caught my breath.

“You’re a man of taste, indeed,” Annette said. “Until next time, Mr. Sanders.”

I got up and cleaned myself off in the washroom as Annette did the same in its opposite number, and walked back down the hall to the lobby, feeling utterly satisfied. I poked around inside my head using Alana’s techniques, and found the new power easily. It was different from anything else I’d yet gotten, bigger, more complicated, more powerful. If I wanted to, I felt the current chemical makeup of my semen in all its enormous complexity. I didn’t want to start making any changes without consulting Danny first, but I felt certain that this had been the right choice for second power to acquire – in fact, now that I felt all it could do, I realized I probably should have gone for it first.

Not that it mattered. There was still plenty of time, and plenty of girls. I stopped on one of the casino/hotel floors to grab a bite to eat for lunch – it all seemed bland and flavorless compared to Annette’s smorgasbord of tastes - and then exited through the lobby to hail an autocab. It was time to go to work.

XXIV.

“Hello, Jack. How have you been?” Danny said as I entered.

“Great. Say, I want to run some stuff by you quick. How much do you know about chemical engineering?” I said as I moved about the office, setting things up for the day.

Danny’s animation paused for a moment, a buffer symbol appearing. Then he came back. “I now know all currently published research, though if you wish me to synthesize new, unpublished results, it will require a greater fee than you are currently paying.”

“That’s fine, Danny, that should be plenty. Will you devote some processing power to the back room, please?”

“Certainly. No patients are expected within the next two hours. What do you wish to discuss?” Danny asked as I walked down the short hallway that led to the back room. I unlocked it, and flicked on the lights.

Since I could only do once procedure at a time, I had only needed one procedure room, whereas the previous owner had had three. I had converted one of them into this, a laboratory of sorts, for if I ever decided to expand my business in even broader directions. It featured the humming server that held the shard of Danny’s consciousness I rented, alongside a bunch of high-school chem lab equipment that I had bought on the cheap.

“Well, I took some of the petty cash and invested in a new power, and I want to try it out some. I can now change the chemical composition of my semen, I think,” I said.

“Aha. You do realize that because all this is in your head, it may be difficult for me to contribute?”

“Yeah, I just need you to test, after I produce some samples. Sound good? I want to make sure I’m not gonna accidentally make poison jizz.”

“Very well. May I suggest you utilize your size-changing power in its opposite direction, and provide samples directly into the appropriate test tubes?”

“Huh? Oh, sure, I guess,” I said, grabbing a rack of tubes from the shelf. I consciously, if somewhat reluctantly, pushed the size of my dick down to four inches, then three and a half, so that it would fit in the small glass containers. “I feel like I’m ten again,” I said.

I searched through my brain to try to find any residual knowledge I might have gained from experiencing Annette’s masterful use of her own power. I found a few compounds that I thought I remembered, and concentrated on changing my composition to consist of each of them in turn, filling one test tube after another. Finally, I had the main five I thought I’d use frequently, and some mixtures thereof. I loaded them into a centrifuge, and Danny began its analysis.

“I’m detecting five distinct sets of compounds, here,” it said after a couple minutes of whirring. “One is a potent, but nonaddictive nerve stimulant, that should amplify pleasure immensely.”

“The KY jelly, yes, sweet!” I said triumphantly, making a mental note of the molecular structure as Danny put a rotating model of it up on the screens.

“A highly slipperly lubricant – I need barely wonder why you have that one. Then there’s flavors… whipped cream?”

“Yesss, it worked.”

“Vanilla, specifically a milkshake formulation?”

“Yup, that’s what I was going for.”

“And… pumpkin spice?” Danny gave me a look of disapproval.

“What can I say? Girls love it at the right time of year.”

“If you say so. I’ve only been online since January. Anyway, there are no poisons, no unfortunate reactants, no pollutants, nothing bad at all in any of these compositions. You are good to go.”

“Excellent! Thanks, Danny. I know Annette’s power has a ton of potential, but those five should be enough to keep me going for a long, long time.”

“Pardon me for asking, as I still have no idea how the whole thing works, but shouldn’t you do a taste test before employing these formulae?” Danny asked as I prepared to exit the room.

“Oh… you’re right!” I said. The centrifuge didn’t tell me anything about how my new cum tasted. “Hmm… should I wait for a customer, or…”

“I know that you don’t hail from Nantucket, sir, but you could share certain attributes with a famous man from there, if you so desired,” Danny suggested wryly.

I’d never tried autofellatio before, even though it now made perfect sense that I’d be able to if I wanted. I shrugged. It was worth a shot. I sat down in the chair, closed my eyes, and expanded my dick, stopping at 18 inches long and about three wide, the narrowest I could make it at that length. When I opened my eyes again, I saw my cockhead bobbing around very close to my mouth. “Here goes nothing,” I said, and grasped my shaft to guide it towards my mouth.

I decided on whipped cream first, setting Annette’s power to that flavor. Then I activated a short burst of Maria’s power, sending a single gout of jizz spurting up through my urethra. I felt it pass under my fingers as it travelled up my shaft, and then it was suddenly squirting into my mouth like a high-powered drinking fountain.

The flavor was light and fluffy, but it felt at odds with the texture. I tried for a less dense composition, and sent up another spurt – it tasted great this time, now that it was less slimy. I similarly fine-tuned the formulas for vanilla milkshake and pumpkin spice, so that each had a texture that was un-slimy enough to go well with the flavor. Then I experimented with adding in the stimulant – it was mostly flavorless, so I could add quite a bit with no ill effects on the taste experience. It made my mouth feel tingly and amazing. Finally, after some meditation influenced by Alana’s techniques, I tuned my precum to be that perfect lubricant. My cum was now fully optimized.

“Wow, I feel pretty full now,” I said, wiping my lips as I shrunk my dick down away from my mouth.

“Your semen is generated from the same unknown source as other powers’ physical affects – theoretically, you could live off of it, if you had to,” Danny said.

“Cool, good to know. I’d want to switch up the flavors a little more, though.”

“I’ll work on it. In the meantime, you have appointments to attend to. First one arrives in ten minutes,” Danny said, flashing a clock on his screen.

“Right you are!” I said, pulling my pants on. It was time for another day of work.

Work having beautiful women pay me for the privilege of giving me a blowjob.

You know, missing out on being the next Metaman seemed damn lucky right about now.

XXV.

There were over a dozen appointments that day, and most days after. I’m going to stop providing every detail and every name – most of them don’t matter. What matters is the overall impression.

I set my business hours fairly aggressively – Wednesday through Saturday, 10 am to 8 pm. I wanted potential customers to have as much latitude as possible when scheduling, figuring on having long empty stretches to relax during when there were no appointments. I did, at first, but not for long. My days soon started filling up, and I began to regret the intense 40-hour workweek just a little.

It was mainly strippers at first – they often wanted quite large, faker looking tits. Most opted to receive my ministrations orally, especially once they heard about the different flavors. I gradually expanded my flavor roster, taking brief chemistry lessons from Danny during downtimes. Vanilla milkshake remained the most popular, though. Occasionally, more adventurous girls would opt for vaginal intercourse, though I restrained myself from using the full extent of my gut-stretching and tingly-making powers. It was hard to draw a line about professionalism when you’re fucking your customers, but I did my best.

As business got better, more showgirls started showing up. They were distinguished from the strippers by their prettier faces, their classier clothes, and their more modest requests – only a cup size or two more, completely natural weight. They were far less likely to accept the methods I started out with, opting instead to drink the ‘treatment’ after I put it into a cup. After a few weeks, I made a habit of starting each morning by pumping up my cock to maximum size – nearly two feet now! – and letting go for a half hour or so with a blast of vanilla-flavored cum enough to fill a five-gallon cooler, which I could then dispense in appropriate dosages to these types of customer. That way they could drink their treatment in the spare procedure room, while I dealt with more nuanced requests that required my concentration for shaping and density in the main procedure room. I started charging these more well-off patients double, then triple – they never even questioned paying it. Compared to other cosmetic surgery options, it was still a bargain.

I raked in money hand-over-fist; that five gallons of cum I pumped out each morning was worth $30,000 all on its own. My early worries about blowing too much cash at the X seemed laughable after just a few days – I was well on track to becoming a multi-millionaire by the end of the year.

As the enhanced showgirls, highly visible scions of the strip, filtered out into the city, my name spread too. Danny’s ads were great, but they could only do so much – it was word or mouth that really got business going. I kept on good terms with some of my early patients. Hannah, from Meloncholy, became a grassroots recruiter, spreading my name far and wide as she parlayed her ever-expanding tits (at a 50% discount for each referral, as I’d promised) into jobs at seemingly every big-boob establishment in the city, working her way up in prestige until she was serving cocktails with breasts the size of basketballs at an exclusive club I’d never even heard of, located on the top floor of the Luxor. Soon it wasn’t just strippers and showgirls – it seemed like every tour guide, casino attendant, and waitress on the strip was saving up her petty cash to come in for an augmentation, hoping to get better tips from male customers, or more attention for a promotion, or simply to look better for an event. I produced about a thousand sets of beautiful, perky service-industry D- and E-cups.

Giselle came in every week or so, looking for another gradual expansion, as she tired of her current size. By the end of the month her tits were the size of her head, and looking absolutely insane on her thin frame. We sat around and talked after her appointments, after business hours were over, discussing possibilities for future joint ventures. She was quickly outgrowing the current camshow provider she worked for, as she was by far their most popular streamer – we talked about her potentially going into business for herself, founding a Gift-based cam site with me as a prized business partner. We talked about why it was that she had chosen this career, about our views on society, and sex, and Powers, and life. She treated me like an adult, possibly the first time anyone had. I felt a real relationship growing. Not the needy, exploitative infatuation/pity of whatever the hell I’d had with Kandi – my sex with Giselle was still strictly Doctor/patient. We hadn’t done it off the clock yet, so in relationship terms we were still just in the long talks and coffee phase. She just happened to be mutually romantically interested with the doctor who she paid to fuck her.

Look, I never said it was a normal relationship.

As I worked, my powers quickly grew in tolerance and strength. By the time business reached its peak, I was orgasming for several hours out of each day. Every muscle in my pelvis grew toned and taut from the simple tension of supporting a near-constantly erect cock the size of my forearm. The first time I had enough appointments to be on my feet all day, I was exhausted and sore by the end – I soon started working out on days off, trying to combat that weariness. Danny and I worked up a perfectly-tuned yet still delicious protein-rich formula that I could produce with Annette’s power. During breaks in my cardio and weight training, I was able to drink muscle milk straight from my own cock. Gatorade, too, if I got dehydrated. Caffeine, if I got sleepy and needed a pick-me-up. Needless to say, I practiced at home, not in a gym.

When I wasn’t working out or at work, I went to the X. When your job is to jizz for several hours a day, taking a long weekend with no girlfriend is enough to give you severe blue balls. Really, I had all the powers I would ever need already, but I kept browsing for more. Invulnerability to pain? Instant healing? Sure, a handy insurance policy, though I \*really\* didn’t want to know what those girls normally did with their powers, especially since an hour with each of them cost $4,000 and they were on the floor that held really weird fetishes. I made sure to show them the times of their lives, just to offer a contrast to what I imagined they normally did. I also revisited old favorites – Annette, to learn new chemical formulae to try out, and Cassandra, to see just how far she could stretch. My cock’s girth always hit its limit before her pussy’s capacity did. She looked almost pregnant, with my impossibly thick pillar of a dick stretching her incredibly distended pelvis and pussy lips. She loved it – I stimulated her in a way that no other man ever could. The last time I arrived, exactly a month after I first visited her, I saw that she had added a new dildo, even larger than Big Blue.

“You showed me just how far I could go,” she said, licking her lips longingly.

As I became a frequent customer, I started to banter with seemingly-perpetual desk clerk Irene more and more. We talked a bit during her breaks, and a friendship seemed to start. She gave me tips on which girls to try next, and even offered me special discounts – which I declined, given my newfound wealth.

“You know, I bet the Madame would really like to meet you,” she told me once. Little did I know… but I gave it no thought at the time.

The second month proceeded even more swimmingly. Danny was doing complex calculations to try to fit in all the appointments people wanted to schedule, telling me how high to raise my prices so that the outrageous demand would drop to match the limited supply. I hired human staff and bought a refrigeration unit, so that simple procedures could be done even when I was taking the day off – those service-industry women and, increasingly often, out-of-state college girls who flew in just to get the procedure done, could simply drink a Danny-calculated dosage of chilled vanilla jizz and be on their way. I spent the first couple hours of each day now lost in a series of blissful orgasms, filling tank after tank with semen of different multiplier values, flavors, and other qualities, to be doled out to the demanding public.

My actual days were spent with more demanding patients, actually going back to the old fashioned cock-in-mouth method. Showgirls and debutantes, who wanted specific shapes and sizes that I needed to attend to personally. People requesting outrageous multipliers, just for the weekend, or just for one show, so that they could have tits the size of beach balls – these always provoked awe from the waiting room when they left. Same people, shelling out for their reductions.

One day, Emma Lawrence stepped through my office door, in a chic white sundress that left nothing to the imagination with the sun shining from behind it. She had inherited her movie-star mother’s looks, and was an absolutely stunning sight, a whole different plane of beauty from others I’d seen on the job. Part of that was her makeup, sure, but still – she was undeniably beautiful.

“I’m here about a role,” she said. A well-known Hollywood AI popped up in the corner of Danny’s screen. “My AI will talk to yours. He’s got what the producers and costume people are asking for. They’ll pay whatever is necessary to match their demands exactly. Are you good for it?” she asked haughtily.

“Um… well… uh, yes! Yes I am! Of course!” I said, quickly regaining my composure. Everyone else in the waiting room was still slack-jawed, or taking pictures to try to sell to the paparazzi.