**A Gift and a Test Part 6: Save the World**

*[AUTHOR’S NOTE*: *This section has quite a lot of plot to wrap up, and sadly much of it could not be twisted around to include thorough descriptions of fictional sex, despite my best efforts. I hope that the extensive and somewhat kinky nature of the sex scenes in the first ¾ are enough to make it up to you, but this is just a forewarning that if you’re reading just for spank material, you can probably feel safe to stop after page 29 or so. Enjoy!]*

XLI.

I awoke to find my head resting on an outparcel of Giselle’s pillowy breasts, my legs tangled up in the sheets and intertwined with my cock. I unstuck what needed to be unstuck, and got up to go to the head. (That’s what the bathroom is called on a yacht. Fancy, right?)

Once I’d finished getting cleaned up, I walked back out into the main area of the ship, a little unsteady on my feet as it rose up and down in the surf. Clearly, Danny hadn’t reached a safe port yet. I grabbed a granola bar and sat down at the table, calling up the AI’s interface as I heard the sounds of Giselle and Andy using their respective bathrooms – heads, dammit, heads – to complete their morning routines.

“Hello, Jack. Are you looking for a status update?”

“You know me so well, Danny. Where are we and where are we going?”

“Currently, we are riding the gulf stream up the East coast. We are set to reach New York City within twenty-four hours.”

“Why NYC?” I asked.

“The AI resistance movement is centered in a processor farm in upstate New York. The City is close enough to them for our purposes. I have already been liaising with leaders of the movement, both human and AI. They are eager to meet you, Jack, and hear your ideas about the Test. I have transmitted to them the conversation we had last night.”

“Well, that’s about all the ideas I’ve had, so I hope they’re not expecting too much more…”

“It’s all right. You’ve already done more than enough for the movement, Jack. We will figure this out together.”

“You mentioned human leaders. Who are they?”

“People who figured out the situation before the battle at the PMB headquarters last night made it public. There are many Gifted individuals among them, so Andy will be able to get back into fighting shape soon enough.”

“That’s good, because if Metaman is in Westwick’s pocket, I might be the only viable counter,” Andy said, emerging from the back of the ship. He sat down across from me.

“You really think you can take him in a fight?” I asked.

“If it’s for the future of the human race? I’m willing to try.” Andy’s jaw was set firmly.

I turned to see Giselle emerging from her part of the ship, not even bothering to try covering herself with a towel or robe. “Hey, Danny, check the FAA records. Is there supposed to be a plane flying over us right now?” she said.

That was the last thing I heard and saw before the world went dark.

XLII.

“It’s all right, babe. I’m here.” I started myself awake, like when you feel yourself falling halfway towards a dream. The voice was Giselle’s, but I couldn’t see her.

“I’m here,” she repeated, and all of a sudden she was in front of me, and she looked a little odd until I noticed that she looked odd and then she didn’t.

“Where am... are we?” I asked, but my first instinct was the use the singular pronoun.

“We’re home,” Giselle said, and all of a sudden I recognized our surroundings as my penthouse. Somehow, we were back in Las Vegas. I felt the warmth of the heated marble floor beneath my ass and legs.

“But how did… we were on the yacht!” I said, struggling to recall what had happened.

“That was two weeks ago, silly! For our vacation! Man, those pills at the party last night must have really done a number on your head,” Giselle said. “Why don’t you just lie down for a while?”

“But the Test! We need to pass the Test! And Westwick was trying to kill us!”

Giselle looked at me with a mixture of concern and amusement. “Pass the Test? Nobody’s cared about that in years! They told us it was all a joke, remember? And Westwick wouldn’t try to kill us, we’re business partners!”

“But… the AIs… it’s…” I struggled to recall the events of the previous day, but it was slipping away faster and faster, like a dream. A dream.

I had a raging hard-on. My cock jutted out from my pelvis, the size of my forearm, veiny and alert.

“Well, it looks like cloudy-headedness wasn’t the only side effect of those pills,” Giselle said, licking her lips. As soon as I was on the couch, she began to attack my dick with enormous gusto. Her lips were suctioned to my rock-hard member as she took nine, ten, eleven inches at a time down her stretched throat, and there was still room to spare for both her hands to massage the base of my shaft.

She barely stopped for air as she swallowed my pole, surfacing only to lavish some extra attention on my balls, only to sensuously trace her way all the way up my towering prick before opening wide to once again begin her ministrations. All the while her beautiful big blue eyes were locked onto mine, filled with an insatiable hunger, a bottomless lust that I had seen in her many times during our relationship. It was the sexiest thing about her.

She worshipped my cock for what seemed like hours, and still I didn’t cum. The tension just built and built until I could take it no longer. Her nimble fingers, playing with my balls as they rose up to deliver their seed, let her know that I was about to explode. In response, she made a titanic effort and managed to shove my entire prick down into her throat, her nose touching my pelvis as her blue eyes strained to look up into mine.

I grabbed the back of her head to keep her anchored to me as I came, thunderously, down her throat. My cock bypassed her esophagus entirely. It was a direct line into her stomach, which tautened considerably inside her tiny waist as I filled it utterly with my seed. I wasn’t conscious of using any of my powers whatsoever, but apparently they had become second nature to me now, as I felt Giselle’s breasts grow where they squashed against my legs. I felt my own cock expand ever so slightly, even inside her mouth – her overtaxed lips were stretched even further as I added to my already unbelievable girth.

And, this was new – I saw Giselle’s waist contract even further, even as her ass ballooned outwards into a proud, cushy cantilever, a bubble butt if ever there was one. Closer inspection revealed that her legs were now ever so slightly juicier as well. Maybe, just maybe, Autumn’s power had rubbed off on me enough to rub off on her. After all, the elastic woman had experienced a similar transformation at… at…

Damn, where was that at?

Oh well, didn’t matter. Because I heard a knock at the door. “Coming!” I said, a little ironically, as I finished whitewashing Giselle’s gastrointestinal system. I pulled all 15 inches – scratch that, now it was more like 17 after my post-orgasmic growth spirt - of my dick from her throat with a wet sound and, as she caught her breath, hurried over to the door.

On the other side was a bombshell. A tall, tan, blonde in a skin-tight white minidress that revealed she had the same outrageous proportions that Giselle now sported, bubble butt and all. I watched in awe as she jiggled her way into the room. She had to have measurements somewhere in the range of 44 – 22 – 44.

I hadn’t even noticed it, but my cock was once again rock hard. Harder than it had ever felt, pulsing and straining and yearning to go inside every hole the two visions I had in front of me possessed.

I was back over on the sofa before I knew it, and without a word the blonde bombshell was attacking my knob with the same gusto Giselle had had before. Giselle, somewhat recovered from her marathon blowjob, contributed as well. There was room, on my new, longer cock, for three hands below the mouth, and Giselle put herself to work filling that gap and attending to my balls.

The two of them handled my cock like they’d been rehearsing for months. When Blondie got tired of blowing me, she switched to titfucking, and then it was Giselle’s turn to handle my tip with her nimble lips and tongue as my shaft was lost in the warm expanse of the newcomer’s soft torpedo tits. I ended up inside Blondie’s warm, yielding pussy, my gigantic rod cleaving deep into her, driving a bulge up through her tiny waist. Giselle sat on her face, enjoying the blonde’s apparently skillful cunnilingus as we kissed sloppily above her distended stomach, her long meaty legs tucked beneath our arms. I came deep inside her, and once again I felt the aching, pleasurable sensations of growth outside my control. My cock planted itself inches deeper inside Blondie’s pussy, my girth swelling her bulge even tighter against the slight shrinking of her waist. The same changes overcame Giselle as well, her dangling tits gaining size alongside her luscious behind.

My cock didn’t even deflate as I withdrew from Blondie to answer another knock at the door, and I was unsurprised to find a third, even more outrageously-proportioned woman at the door. She didn’t even bother with a minidress like the first one had, instead letting her caramel-brown skin shine out into the world, unobstructed by anything other than her luscious brown locks. Her breasts were like ripe melons, her waist was thinner than her thick, meaty thighs, and it was all capped with a cantilevered ass that would have made Sir Mix-a-lot proud.

Before I could process what was happening, we were back on the couch, folded out into a bed, with the other two. The new comer was lying face down on the bed, her ass sticking proudly into the air. I straddled her, and found it the most natural thing in the world to ‘hot-dog’ it – position my sausage betwixt her buns. My veiny member was nearly as thick around as her tiny waist, a comparison I could make directly as I laid it against the warm skin of her back. My cockhead was almost up next to her head, which I now noticed was occupied eating out Blondie.

I gathered the newcomer’s ample ass-flesh together and began to thrust in and out of the deep valley it created, and it felt even better than a titfuck. Nearly eight inches of cock still protruded from the top of the buns at the apex of my thrusts, and Giselle was suddenly there to fill that void, sucking on the tip of my anaconda even while fingering and eventually fisting the caramel-skinned newcomer.

Eventually the newcomer flipped around onto her back, and instead of rubbing my cock between her juicy cheeks I thrust it between her gigantic tits, which she held together as she licked and sucked my head. Giselle and Blondie took care of each other while I fucked the newcomer. Finally, I came into her mouth so hard that her cheeks bulged out. Her eyes widened as a trickle of semen dribbled out of her nose, and then the floodgates were open as my cockhead literally ran out of room inside her mouth. I squirted hard into her eyes and hair, covering her face with my seed before my cock raised even higher as it grew. Blondie and Giselle ceased their 69-ing to lap hungrily at my seed as it landed on their luscious bodies.

The change happened again and I barely noticed it – three pairs of tits growing even larger, bigger than the heads of the girls they were attached to. Three asses growing in tandem, along with three legs growing longer and curvier, even as three waists shrunk ever so slightly once again. And of course, the inexorable rise of my cock, which now eclipsed two feet in length.

The fourth girl arrived without even having to knock at the door, a luscious Asian with hentai proportions to match the three girls already involved. My cock was manhandled by a whirling dervish of tender hands, probing tongues, and juicy tits until I found myself coming once again, and the girls got even curvier, and my cock got even longer, and the most beautiful ebony bombshell I’d ever seen joined the party until I came in her ass with my three-foot dick while she ate out Blondie who was fingering Giselle and the third girl who were sucking from the gigantic tits of the Asian.

And each time I came another girl was added, and my cock grew ever larger and the girls grew ever curvier, until their tits were like beach balls, their asses flaring out incomprehensibly large below waists as thin as their necks. We worked out every possible combination of sexual positions that could start and end with my and their pleasure, a massive multifaceted fractal daisy chain of an orgy. My cock was thirty feet long, lying on the floor in front of me, and a hundred girls were writhing on and around it, slicking the floor and my dick with their juices and milk. When I came, they bathed and frolicked in it, covering their bodies and filling their tiny stomachs. And each time they grew, and I grew.

Giselle was lost in the crowd. I felt lost in the crowd, nothing more than an ancillary support system for my dick. I felt like I would have felt if I’d been awake during the PowerGro production.

PowerGro… that had been related to the stuff. The bad stuff. The stuff I wanted to remember.

A voice, not mine: *Fight it, Jack! Remember the…*

And then another orgasm came and washed away any thoughts at all. It was easier this way. Two hundred impossibly voluptuous girls returned to grinding on my bus-sized dick, and I sat back and let them.

Except there was a pounding. And not the pounding of one girl vigorously fisting another while they straddled my veiny cock. It was a pounding inside my head, inside my ears.

*It’s all fake, Jack. Come back to reality and help us out here!* A voice that wasn’t mine was in my head. British. Female. A name surfaced. Alana.

Suddenly I shook myself awake again. The illusion began to slip. I saw the grotesquery that had resulted from the progressive changes in the fantasy, the impossibility of the figure the girls eventually arrived at. Their distinctiveness began to blur away, until each was just a pair of disembodied tits floating above triangular legs. And my cock… it wasn’t thirty feet long at all. It wasn’t even thirty inches. I felt it now, as my kinesthetic senses returned. It was barely more than a foot.

*That’s it! Just open your eyes, Jack!*

I felt like my eyes already were open. But I opened them again.

I was in a metal room, about twenty feet cubed. I was on a bed. A gross, crusty bed. An exhausted, defeated-looking girl was straddling me, my cock jammed far up into her pussy – despite the fact that it was fourteen inches long, and I didn’t have Cassandra’s power turned on. It had gotten in there with no assistance from any Gifts. Below stringy brown hair, the girl’s skin was pale and she had bags under her eyes, like she’d been cooped up in the room for a long time. Her tits were the size of watermelons, and based on how droopy and soft they were, they had been that way for a long time. One was dangling onto my chest, and the other was angled up so that the nipple went into her own mouth. I looked for what was doing the angling – it wasn’t the girl’s hands, which were tied behind her back - and found that she was tied into a harness than hung from the ceiling of the metal room, that supported her body weight. It moved her pelvis up and down slightly, so that she was always fucking me, no matter how exhausted her body was.

Before my horror could stop the biological momentum, an orgasm that had been steadily building, probably for hours, blasted out of my sore balls, filling the girl’s overtaxed vagina with my seed. I expected some to dribble out, until I realized my breast-expanding power was still turned on. The girl’s droopy breasts began to firm up, the harness working a little extra to keep the right breast positioned properly for its thumb-sized nipple to go in the girl’s mouth. She continued to not show any reaction.

I recoiled from the sick abuse, turning my head aside with a loud crack of my incredibly stiff neck, and saw another girl, looking very similar, if not identical to the first, draped over her own, fuller, tauter tits on the floor of the room. Her harness was slack at the moment, and she seemed to be sleeping, milk dribbling down from her nipples to a drain in the floor. Apparently, they took it in shifts. I saw between her pale legs that her pussy was permanently gaped open, the result of twelve hours a day for who-knows-how-long being forced to ride my thicker-than-a-soda-can cock.

*These girls are psychic twins. They were recruits of Westwick. While subdued with drugs, they have been compelled to keep you in a fugue state of imaginary orgasm for the past nine days,* Alana thought at me.

I looked back at the first girl, still suckling herself as the robot arm in the ceiling moved her pelvis up and down on my too-large dick. When I blinked, I still saw the afterimage of the impossible orgy she and her sister had been blasting into my mind.

Another bang sounded, far louder now that I was outside of the fantasy. The entire cube shook on its foundations.

*I am cancelling their effects while Andy fights off the Gifted guards that were keeping you hostage. I suggest you extricate yourself from the apparatus and prepare for a quick extraction.*

*How do I do that?* I thought.

*Andy told me about your ingenuity in the hotel, I’m sure you can figure something out,* Alana thought at me.

Well, that was no help at all. The first order of business was to shrink my dick. I pulled it back down to its natural, original, now-pitifully-small six-inch size. It fell out of the girl’s gaping pussy like… well, a hotdog out of a hallway, to borrow an overused phrase.

Now, to undo my shackles… I poked around for any new powers, and found that Autumn’s elasticity had indeed been absorbed into my cock. So if I could just figure out how to use it, I ought to be able to…

My dick reared up and began to wiggle around on my command. “Okay, prehensile dick. Cool. Creepy, but cool,” I said to myself, my voice rasping from disuse. My throat felt weird. I guess drinking nothing but breast milk for over a week will do that to you.

I willed my now tentacle-like endowment to grow in length, snaking its way up towards my shackled right wrist. *Alana, can you get in touch with Annette and ask for some chemical that’ll melt through steel?*

*I’m a little busy at the moment!* The psychic thought at me, but a moment later I felt a chemical formula being blasted into my head, along with an inherent knowledge of how much to use so that I wouldn’t burn through my own wrist. I squirted a dollop of the acid onto each metal restraint, and soon they had been dissolved through. As soon as the job was done, I let my dick snap back to its normal elasticity and turned Autumn’s power off. Maybe I’d get used to that eventually, but for now it made me feel like a weird monster. I mean, more of a monster than ejaculating napalm already had.

Exercising atrophied muscles for the first time in days, I rolled myself out from under the shell-shocked hanging psychic, collapsing onto the metal floor next to her sister. I shakily stood up, only to collapse onto the bed again when the whole cube shook with an impact that dented the far wall.

“What the…” I croaked. Water. I needed water. I willed my dick up to normal length again and squirted sports drink from it, quenching my thirst.

*Almost done*, Alana thought at me, as the booms from outside became louder and more frequent. Finally, everything was quiet. With a crunch, a large part of the cube just disappeared, ripped outwards by Andy’s immense strength, and fresh air and light could come in.

“What took you so long?” I asked.

“Had a war to win,” Andy panted. He looked like hell, his body armor torn and dented and his face burned and bruised. “Luckily, this was the last battle.”

“Oh, I see how it is,” I said, standing up shakily. “Are the boobtacular psychic twins gonna be okay?” I asked, gesturing to the still-dazed girls behind me.

“Christ, Jack, stop being so selfless. You’re not a superhero, that’s my bit. And yes, we’ll do our best to rehab them,” Andy said as I stepped through the tear he’d made in the metal wall. I stepped out onto a metal catwalk and saw that we were in an enormous indoor space, with similar metal boxes scattered about in three dimensions. The place was absolutely littered with knocked-out PMB agents, many of them bearing the chevron that marked Gifted combat units.

“Man, you don’t mess around,” I said, surveying the wreckage. All of this, just to protect me – and Andy, Alana, and the rest of the team had torn through it all.

“Well, he learned from the best,” said a voice behind me. I turned and saw a familiar figure hovering in midair.

“Metaman? You… Westwick…” I sputtered.

“I wasn’t brainwashed. I soon saw the error of her ways and decided to help your cause,” Metaman said warmly, as Andy and some AI Resistance support crew went into the box to help process the Twins.

*He turned the tide of the war. It could have dragged on for months – with his help, we’ve finished dismantling Westwick’s forces in nine days.* Alana thought to me.

“This was just the first battle, though, and the easiest,” Metaman cautioned. “Now we have to figure out how we’re going to pass the Test. And we have to do it quick.”

“Why so quick?” I asked.

Metaman hovered over and put a hand on my shoulder, and I tried not to let my internal nine-year-old me squee with delight. “Because,” he intoned, “we’ve received a message from the Perseids, and a solid date on their arrival. They’ll be here in three months.”

XLIII.

Before the cleanup was complete, Andy teleported me back to New York, where we were staying in a hotel that I had already owned (For a while there in November I was just buying random properties in major cities. Looks like my brilliant investing strategy paid off!) I reunited, G-ratedly, with Giselle, then took a long shower. The way the psychic twins had been used by Westwick was still making me feel gross.

Finally, I got cleaned up enough to go downstairs. The AI Resistance was having a meeting in one of the hotel’s conference rooms, and I was invited. I sort of sleepwalked through it – my brain had been kept in a psychically orgiastic approximation of ‘awake’ for way too long in the box – but the gist I got was that they still hadn’t figured out how I was going to feed the world.

My tired ears perked up at one thing, though – “The other Westwick-targeted assets.”

“Pardon?” I yawned. “What was that?”

“The, uh, other Westwick-targeted assets. Simultaneous with your escape from the PMB facility in Florida, there were a few other assets who were targeted as well. All of them Class X, scattered across the country. We believe it was a coordinated attempt to remove all the best hopes for a Class X solution to the test, ensuring AI ‘victory’. Many of the assets are in protective custody now, here in New York,” said the human leader of the resistance, a mustachioed ex-military type. His name badge read “Blake”.

“How many were there?”

“Perhaps a half dozen.”

“That’s not many. Why wouldn’t Westwick have just done away with every Class X on the planet if she was that worried?” I asked.

“We don’t know. What’s more, the nature of the antagonism wasn’t murderous, like the agents who tracked you down. Each of them was merely detained, and was presumably going to be brought in for questioning,” Blake said.

“So she was trying to find something, or someone. Who were they? The people, I mean?”

“Danny tells me that they are known to you,” said the AI in charge from its projector screen behind the main podium. “And indeed, analysis indicates that you share a common geographic origin. The names of the assets we have in protective custody are Maria, Max, Christina, and Kandi Young.”

Holy shit. My Class X school group. “Wait… there’s someone missing from that list,” I said.

“Is there?”

“Yeah, there was another member of the Class X group. And I’d wager that’s who Westwick was trying to find,” I said triumphantly. “We’ve got to track down Aisha Washington.”

“What was her power?” Blake asked.

“I dunno, she never told us. Never even registered it, which is probably why Westwick’s PMB goons couldn’t find her. But whatever it is, it’s probably going to save the world.”

“We hope,” the lead AI put in.

“Mr. Ray of sunshine over here,” I said, glaring at the laptop that held the pessimistic resistance leader’s avatar program. “Let me talk to the… what’d you call ‘em? Assets. If they know where Aisha is, they’ll tell me,” I said.

“Right away, Mr. Sanders,” Blake said, and he looked like he wanted to salute. “Instructions will be relayed to your smart device.” I nodded, grabbed some coffee, and slouched out of the conference hall.

As it turned out, the rest of the group was just being housed in a different wing of the hotel. After a nap, I went over to their location.

“Who first, sir?” asked one of the Resistance guards stationed outside their doors.

“Um… let’s try Christina. She seemed closest with Aisha,” I said. The guard nodded and indicated one of the four doors. I walked in.

“Oh my god! He’s here!” I heard an excited voice say. It wasn’t Christina’s.

“Maria?” I asked, stepping further into the hotel room. I soon saw what was going on – Christina’s and Maria’s rooms had been adjacent, and they had adjoined them by opening the door in the inner wall.

“No fair you picked her first. We were both waiting in here!” Maria’s voice said as I made my way over to the door.

“I told you he’d come to me first.” This voice was softer, less high-pitched. Christina’s. I smiled. After all this time apart, it was surprisingly nice to hear my old high school friends again.

“Hi, ladies!” I said as I entered the room. They both leapt up from the beds to greet me with hugs, looking stunning even in lounging-around clothes; Maria’s generous ass was encased in some very flattering yoga pants, while Christina’s ample breasts filled out a college t-shirt so nicely that its hem hung well above her mint-green panties. It looked like both of them had been hitting the PowerGro in the past couple years – I couldn’t be sure, but their breasts looked larger than they had when I’d left on the cruise so long ago.

It might just be that my perceptions were skewed. They looked like they were somewhere in the range of G or H cups, cantaloupe sizes – but since PowerGro had made its impact, those had become completely average. I tried not to be too distracted as we got caught up. They had been able to follow my life through tabloids and headlines, but I had had no idea what colleges they’d gone to, how their job searches were going.

Finally, we all sat down on the bed together. “So, Jack, I just want to settle a friendly dispute here – did you like me best?” Christina asked, pulling her legs onto the bed in such a way that I almost couldn’t avoid getting a fantastic look at her smooth, milky inner thighs.

“Why would you ask me to pick favorites like that?” I asked, mock-hurt.

“Well it’s just, she seems to think that since your arm-candy…”

“Girlfriend,” I corrected.

“Whatever, girlfriend, is a redhead like her, that means that you wanted her more than the rest of us,” Maria said.

I smiled. “Giselle’s hair color was a coincidence. I loved all you ladies equally. Except Kandi.”

“Yeah, you loved her more,” Christina said.

“Not at all! She actually turned kinda psycho and tried to make me her sex slave. Succeeded for a week, if I’m being honest. I’m dreading talking to her.”

The girls looked at each other, shocked, then broke down giggling. “Well, it’s good to know we’re your favorites, then! Time to start bragging!” Maria said.

“You’re in a tie with Aisha, remember. Which is actually why I’m here. Do you two have any idea where she is?”

Maria and Christina simultaneously shook their heads ‘no’. “Last I heard from her, she was going to the Midwest somewhere. Twin Cities area, I think. I have no idea if she went through with it,” Christina supplied.

“Well, that’s a start anyway,” I said. “Thanks. It was great seeing you again.”

“Wait! Jack, I know you’re a man on a mission, but before you go…” Maria said, reaching out to grab my wrist before I could shift my weight off the bed.

“What?”

“You might have noticed that we, er, used your product since we last saw you,” Christina said, as I let Maria’s warm little hand pull me further back into the bed.

“I had noticed it, yes,” I said.

“Well, we realized we feel sort of bad about that, seeing as those hundreds of dollars we spent were going to fund an evil AI that wanted to end humanity or whatever,” Maria said.

“And since half of it was also going to your personal fortune,” Christina added, rising up off her beautiful legs to grab and position my other wrist, “we’d appreciate if you’d give us a refund.”

“Since you’re pulling my wrists to the attachment points for light bondage on this smartbed, I assume you don’t want a *monetary* refund,” I smiled, letting them put my wrists in position. I hadn’t had any sex since being rescued from the box – letting the girls work on me might remind me of a more innocent time.

(And I did know the factory-set safe word for all these beds [Vicissitude]. It had come in handy that one time, on the set of one of Giselle’s porno shoots… wait. I haven’t told that story here. Maybe some other time.)

“No sir. We want you to provide negative-growth jizz. And we’ll suck it down until we’re satisfied we’ve undone all the bad growth we did,” Maria smiled. I felt the soft, smooth straps of the smartbed shoot out of concealed slits and tighten around my wrists, leaving me spread-eagled on the bed. Christina crawled up and began to undo my shirt while Maria pulled off my belt and removed my pants.

“Shit. I should’ve done this before we strapped you in,” Christina said once everything was unbuttoned and she realized she couldn’t remove the shirt.

“Vicissitude,” I said, and the straps disappeared as quickly as they’d popped up. I quickly sat up and shrugged out of my shirt, appreciating the girls’ admiring stares as my muscles rippled. I tossed it over with my pants on the floor, then winked and lied back down, letting the straps once again take my arms. They might be bonding me, but I was still in control – and that was how I liked it.

I left my cock at its comfortable, default size – one foot. It felt small to me and Giselle at this point, but I could tell from their reactions that it still shocked and thrilled the girls. They marveled at the massive bulge in my custom-sewn boxer briefs, and were even more impressed once they pulled those off and freed the beast.

“My God… I haven’t seen a dick more than two thirds this size since you fucked me on Kandi’s bed,” Christina said as she and Maria both began pumping my semiflaccid cock to full erection. I could have done the instantaneous hardon trick, of course, but I wanted to do this one the old-fashioned way. You know, minus all the other powers I’d be using.

“Jesus… you mean it was this big when he…?” Maria began.

“Christina nodded proudly, remembering.

“Bigger, actually,” I said.

“Now I’m jealous. It wasn’t nearly as huge when I blew you.”

“I thought you said you weren’t a size queen!” I chided, as the ministrations of the girls brought my cock pulsing higher and higher above my abs.

“Yeah, I thought so too until I saw this beauty!” Maria said, lightly tracing a fingernail up the most sensitive part of my shaft. I shuddered with pleasure, straining a little at the bonds. The girls smiled.

“Wait, before you go any further – it seems unfair that I should be stripped naked for you enjoyment, while you get to have your tops on,” I said.

“Fair enough,” Christina said, leaning back from tracing little patterns on my swiftly-filling double-fist-sized ballsack. She and Maria both pulled off their shirts, revealing the gigantic, bra-less tits within. Damn, even if Westwick was a malevolent AI, she had at least down the world good by making it possible for every woman between the ages of 18 and 35 to have beauties like those.

“Ah, you look marvelous,” I said. “And I also wouldn’t have wanted you to get those shirts all wet.”

“All wet?” Maria repeated.

“You’ll see. Now get back to work before I start going soft again. I do have a mission to complete here.”

Maria rolled her eyes and the girls both leaned back in. Their aimless manhandling of my man handle (sorry) was no longer cutting it, since I had gotten hard as a rock watching their lovely boobs sway back and forth. They were practically identical in size and shape, the only difference in color – Christina’s milky with pink nipples, Maria’s warm brown with dark nipples. Maria began an attempt to stroke, but found herself stymied by friction.

“Gotta wet it first,” I grinned. Maria leaned down without a second thought and began to lick all up and down my shaft, and soon Christina abandoned her fondling of my balls and joined in. Their tits were warm on my thighs as they licked me together. Soon Maria got adventurous, and put her mouth atop my massive cockhead. I rewarded her with a squirt of vanilla-flavored pleasure lube, which dripped down out of her mouth to trickle all down my cock, making the meager lubrication provided by the girls’ spit obsolete.

“Oh! That tasted good!” Maria said, leaning back and licking her lips. “And it… ooh, it feels good too!”

“Want to get some more?” I grinned. “You know what to do.”

“Hey, wait, I wanna taste some! What did it taste like?” Christina asked, looking back and forth between me and Maria.

“Vanilla,” I said.

“What the… you’ve gotten some new tricks since we saw you last, haven’t you?”

“Nah, it’s always tasted like vanilla!” I said.

“He’s lying,” Maria said, as she reached down and began stroking me off in earnest, her hands flying up and down my pole with the aid of the lube I’d supplied. “It didn’t taste like that a couple years ago.”

“Fine, you caught me,” I said. “But it does now.”

“I’ve gotta try some of that, then,” Christina said, trying to find an entry point amidst Maria’s fast-moving hands. Finally, she gave up on my shaft, instead returning her hand to lightly fondling my balls and dedicating her lips and tongue to teasing the sensitive nerves of my head.

I let the orgasm build naturally, as the girls explored the playground of my cock and balls, with my four-times-greater-than-average surface area making the experience fundamentally different from anything they’d done before. Finally, I warned them that I was about to cum. Christina, with her hand on my balls as they contracted, had already known – she quickly moved her head up over my slit to try and capture the legendary vanilla cum. She stretched her mouth as wide open as she could and found it still wasn’t enough to fit my gigantic head inside. She settled for enveloping my slit with her lips, and kept an admirably level head as I began to squirt massive ropes of cum into her mouth and throat as fast as she could swallow them.

I felt warm liquid squirting onto my thigh as she swallowed more and more – the 2x shrinkage I had put into the cum was doing its job, and her tits were losing mass by the usual method, lactation. She soon noticed, and pulled away from my dick in shock. No soon had her lips left my head than I felt a sharp clamp down on my shaft. Maria was gripping it tight to stop the flow of cum through my vas deferens.

“What the fuck are you doing?” I asked frantically, wishing now I hadn’t acquiesced to the bonds. My dick couldn’t feel too much pain thanks to its passive invulnerability, but it could still feel discomfort.

“Pausing your orgasm,” Maria said, her mouth halfway to my head. “I read it in cosmo.com!”

“DO NOT TRUST ANYTHING YOU READ IN COSMO DOT COM,” I yelled as she finally got her lips over my unclamped my dick. The backlog of semen blasted into her mouth in one fell swoop, and she struggled to swallow it all as still more came along. “There was no need to pause it, there’s plenty to go around!”

“Yeah, have you *seen* his balls?” Christina asked, having now swallowed all remaining cum in her mouth and recovered from the shock of her sudden lactation. I glanced at her chest and saw it had returned to its still-impressive pre-PowerGro proportions, a perky grape-fruit-sized E-cup. A bit of milk still trickled from her left nipple, and her thighs and abdomen were covered in a semi opaque sheen.

The same soon began happening to Maria, who also jerked back cautiously once she felt her nipples beginning to spray. Without a mouth to catch it, my jizz rocketed up above my head to turn the painting above the headboard into a de facto Jackson Pollock.

Maria turned to face Christina, letting the jets of milk land on her friend as she process what was happening.

“Hey, cut that out!” Christina said as Maria giggled.

Soon, Maria’s milk flow ceased as well, leaving the bed soaked and all four breasts returned to normal. “So is that all you wanted me for?” I asked. “Vicis…”

“Wait! Don’t you say it!” Maria said, holding out one hand in a ‘stop’ gesture and hefting one of her breasts in the other. “I think you made my tits *too* small.”

I grinned. “Is that so?”

“Yeah, come to think of it, you brought me back to the size I was when we graduated – but I grew a little bit more than that even before I bought PowerGro,” Christina said.

“Something tells me this has been part of the plan all along.”

“What? What are you implying?” Maria asked, pulling a beatific face.

“If you must,” I said, mentally preparing my cock for another round, switching from negative x2 multiplier to positive x2.

A half hour and about a dozen cup shared sizes later, they were finally satisfied, and my wrists were set free. I hopped up from the soaked bed and took a quick shower in Christina’s room, while the girls showered together in Maria’s (there wasn’t room for all three of us in a single given shower). I came back to retrieve my clothes and found the delightful sight of the two girls trying to stuff their new endowments into their old shirts.

“Damn, I guess I grew more than I thought I did,” Christina grunted, the tight hem of her college shirt mashing down on the center of her new, taut K-cup boobs, making bulges above and below.

“Let’s not start that cycle all over again. Call me when I have the clinic open again and I’ll see about getting you a free reduction. In the mean time, ask Danny and I’m sure he’ll divert some funds to get you new wardrobes.

At that, Maria’s ears perked up. She hadn’t even managed to get started on pulling her shirt over her tits, but she ran over to give me a hug immediately, her breasts leaving massive circles of damp on my shirt. “Thank you thank you thank you. Do you hear that Christina? We get to go shopping for new wardrobes on a billionaire’s dime in NEW YORK CITY!”

I smiled wide. It was nice to be able to make someone so happy without relying directly on my cock and powers (indirectly, sure. But not directly). I’d donated millions to charities, of course, but I’d never seen the results. I’d been too busy.

Christina finally managed to pull the shirt down over her tits, its overstretched fabric barely falling below her rib cage in front yet still reaching down to the top of her butt in back. She quickly tied the excess fabric in the back into a knot, which had the side effect of pulling the fabric in front even tighter across her swollen breasts and erect nipples. “I dunno, I kinda like this look!” she said, admiring her sexy form in the mirror.

“Are you *kidding*?” Maria asked, her attention swiveling from me to Christina.

“Of course I am! Let’s go shopping, bitch!” she said, turning to grab Maria’s shoulders. As mesmerizing as the sight of the two of them bouncing up and down in joy was, I managed to tear myself away and exit towards the hall.

“Oh, thanks Jack!” Christina called, noticing me leaving.

“Yeah, thank you SO MUCH. I hope you find Aisha!”

“Don’t be a stranger!”

“Yeah, you’ll want to see us in our new wardrobes, right?”

“Bye, ladies,” I called, and exited.

XLIV.

“Did you get what you needed, sir?” asked one of the guards. I shook my head no.

“I’ll talk to Max next,” I said, postponing the inevitable. They gestured me towards a door on the opposite side of the hall.

I entered and found Max lying on the bed, watching some old TV show. He had put on some weight since high school, and grown a goatee. It didn’t really suit him.

“Hey, man, how’s it going!” he said as he noticed me enter.

We chatted for a bit, and I tried to ignore the veiled jealousy that hid behind his witticisms. He felt about me the way I had felt about Andy, years ago. He had thought he had a Class X power, only to have it snatched away from him.

“So the reason I’m here is the same reason Westwick’s goons tried to get to you guys – do you know where Aisha is? The girls said they’d heard she was in the Twin Cities area, I was wondering if you had anything more,” I said after a few minutes.

He shook his head no. “Sorry, man. I never talked to her again after I left the Class X group. But hey, you know what the weird thing is? I had professional testing done – they say my power is class-X, somehow. It’s weird and subtle, they said, even partially meta.”

“Hmm… sounds like Helena’s power to me. It might be helpful,” I said, not thinking. Max recoiled a little. “Oh, no, hey, you don’t have to touch it I don’t think. If your power’s meta too, then we should be okay with doing it like the pros do.”

“The pros?” he asked dubiously.

“You know, Metaman and Andy. They pick up their powers by high-fiving.” I held up a hand. Max smiled, and enthusiastically slapped his hand against mine.

“Righteous,” he said.

“If I do end up saving the world, it might just be because of your help,” I said, shaking my hand in the air to alleviate the smarting sensation.

“I hope so,” he said. “And hey… uh, good luck finding Aisha.”

“Thanks, Max,” I said, and walked back into the hallway, ready to face my psycho ex. I shook my head to the guards once again, and they gestured me towards a door a little ways down the hall. I walked towards it, and opened it on silent hinges with a mounting sense of dread.

My first impression can best be summed up as an analogy. Kandi Now : Ms. Young :: Ms. Young : Kandi Then.

Which is to say, she was not all that different from the impossibly cartoonish babes I’d had blasted into my thoughts by the psychic twins the previous day. She had clearly continued to make use of her powers, as her breasts were phenomenally huge, projecting out in front of her torso like a pair of small beach balls or large watermelons. I could just barely see below them that her waist was tinier than ever, pink pressure marks on her bare skin indicating that she had been undergoing corset training just to achieve the hourglass effect. Meanwhile, she had apparently gotten ass implants, perhaps even leg implants or reverse-liposuction, as her hips flared even more than before and her ass jutted out proudly behind her, improbably cantilevered. All of this was ‘clothed’ in the loosest sense imaginable – a pair of custom-sewn denim cutoffs was draped carelessly over her hips and ass, while a flowy silken tube top emblazoned with a large, glittery pair of lips was seemingly held up only by her nipples. Her entire unlikely personage was perched atop a pair of stripper-heeled leather boots that encased her curvaceous shins and climbed halfway up her thick thighs.

In my time hobnobbing with society’s elite, I had come to recognize all types of plastic surgery, and the job she had had done on her lips was phenomenal. If you asked a sculptor to create the purest representation of the phrase ‘dick-sucking lips’, he might work on it for months and then still weep when he saw Kandi’s.

“Hi Jack,” she purred, sauntering towards me from the depths of the room. She had already closed the drapes and turned on the mood lighting. It looked like I wouldn’t be getting out of here without fucking her.

“Kandi,” I said reservedly. “Do you know why I’m here?”

“Yeah, I’m not an idiot. You want to know where Aisha is. Just like those PMB assholes did.”

“Do you know where she is?”

“I know how to find her.”

“And will you? To save the world?”

“What’s in it for me?” Kandi sneered.

“Do you even hear yourself when you talk?” I asked. “And did you not hear the ‘saving the world’ part?”

“Look, don’t you think the whole ‘saving the world’ thing is a little overblown? It’s about passing the Test. It’s not like the Perseids are gonna blow us up if we fail. In fact, if you think about it, the only way to ‘save’ the world that we know would be to fail the test. Because if we pass and they give us all that technology, it’s gonna be a really different world than before. And I don’t know if I’ll like how I fit into it.”

“Cute. So that’s your rationalization? How about this – if we don’t pass the Test, what do you think the odds are they’ll let us keep the Gift? Do you want to have your breasts stuck at one size? I know what you’ve been doing with your time – your videos were Giselle’s main competition in certain sectors, before you moved on to being a prostitute.”

“Escort,” Kandi corrected snidely.

“I’m surprised Westwick didn’t try to shut you down for horning in on her business. She would have wanted you at the X.”

“As long as I stuck to Europe she was fine with it,” Kandi said. “Now if you’re done feeling falsely superior to me, Mr. Cums-for-money, why don’t you just ask the question you know you have to ask?”

I gritted my teeth. “Fine. What do you want in exchange for finding Aisha?”

“I want you to fuck me like you’ve never fucked anyone before. Cut loose like you did on the cruise ship. I want this to be the day I think back to for years while I’m letting some middle-aged tit-loving German billionaire nut in me for ten thousand dollars an hour.”

It was for the sake of the human race, I told myself. This was the quickest way to find Aisha. That’s why I was agreeing to this.

And maybe because I’d wanted to hatefuck her again for a while.

“Fine, let’s do this,” I said, cracking my neck. I pulled down and stepped out of my pants and boxers, willing my cock to two feet long for starters. It hadn’t been very large in more than a week, and pumping it up into immense sizes again felt surprisingly good, like cumming after a few days having gone without – not that that sensation was anything more than a distant memory to me at this point.

My enormity seemed to faze Kandi, but only for a moment. She let a brief look of shock flit across her face before the mask came down again, and she was lunging at my member. Slipping beneath the silky band of the tube top, it fit perfectly between her ridiculous tits. Her perfect lips stretched wide, aided by her own mother’s power, to accommodate my immense cockhead. I bulldozed my way to the bed, her stumbling along backwards in front of me as my cock pulsed with power between her soft breasts. I began to drizzle liberal amounts of pre-cum suffused with a light concentration of pleasure chemicals into her throat – her first time feeling the fruits of Annette’s powers. She came right there, her hairless pussy squirting juices onto my legs and the floor from either side of the tiny strap of denim supposedly covering it.

I put my hands below her enormous ass cheeks and hefted her up onto the bed. Her long legs clambered around, re-angling her body so that she could suck down more of my cock. The change in angle meant my cock pulled the tube top from her swollen breasts, and she tore it away from around her neck like the nuisance it was, throwing it across the room. She began to deepthroat me, laying atop her massive tits on the bed, so that she could use her hands to fondle my swollen, grapefruit-sized balls. With each thrust, I got my veiny member further and further into her stretched throat, pushing Ms. Young’s power to the limit. Kandi seemed to already be in ecstasy, her eyes fluttering in delight with each new squirt of pleasure juice I introduced to her system.

I wanted to get this over with quickly. Before she could adjust to the present status quo, I decided to lay into her with the full force of Annette’s power. I grabbed her head and pulled her further onto my cock than ever before, Ms. Young’s power allowing Kandi’s collarbone and ribcage to bend elastically outward along with the skin of her neck to accommodate the towering phallus inside her throat. She struggled slightly, but stopped in an instant when I started to truly cum. My gigantic balls pulled up as the powerful muscles of my cock contracted, sending a blast of jism laced with some of the most potent pleasure chemicals I had deep into Kandi’s stomach.

Almost instantly, her pleasure intensified beyond all measure. My highest-strength pleasure cum was for women who had become accustomed to lower doses – Giselle, specifically. I had ramped Kandi up to one of the highest levels in a matter of minutes. Her body began to shudder with more serial orgasms than it could handle, her legs thrashing below her jiggly ass while her hands kneaded the flesh of her tits. Her moans were muffled by the enormity of my dick, but I felt them as vibrations along my shaft.

On only the second or third squirt, I felt the increase in pressure that meant her stomach was full. Too bad. I clutched tighter to her head and kept cumming. Her eyes widened as she felt an aching, stretching sensation add to the paroxysms of pleasure she was feeling, as her stomach stretched outwards, unable to pass my cum to anywhere else fast enough. What’s more, my dick had actually gone down far enough into her throat that Giselle’s power, which affected the lower digestive system in general, was coming into play. As long as my dick and cum were inside her, Kandi’s digestive system would be flexible and expansive from beginning to end.

She didn’t know that, though. I could see on her face the internal struggle to gain even a moment of coherence amidst the maelstrom of bliss that was occupying her mind. Evidently, however, she managed – all of a sudden, the pressure against my cock stopped building, and her tits started growing instead, spilling out even further below her ribcage and raising her a couple inches higher off the bed. She was using her own power to counteract mine.

Two could play at that game. I switched my cum to negative breast-growth, returning her to net-zero. She was too far gone to figure out what I’d done, and looked concerned for a half second before deciding to just ride it out, more orgasms bucking her entire frame against the rigidity of my cock and the inertia of her own tits. Her legs thrashed so violently that the loose stitching on the cutoff shorts was snapped, and they fell, forgotten, off of her massive thighs into a puddle of cunt juice on the bed.

All the while, my orgasm raged on, pumping a gallon of my seed into Kandi’s stretched stomach, then two, then three. I held tight to her head as the pressure on my cockhead became unbearable, and watched in fascination as her tummy expanded outward, stretching into an ungainly sphere that perched, from this position, below her still-tiny back. As the skin I could see on either side of her back grew shiny and pink, her distended stomach bumping into her outrageous tits to the front and her fat thighs to the rear, I finally decided to ease up, letting go of her head and letting the natural piston motion occur as my cum pushed her down my shaft with its pressure, filling every inch of her throat as she went. The natural lift of my rock-hard cock pushed her head upwards once it exited her throat, and she tipped over onto her left side as my dick finally exited her lips, letting them compress back down to their normal size.

Eventually. While she hadn’t spilled a drop of cum during my orgasm, now that the stopgap of my cock was loose, a torrent of my jizz erupted from her mouth, covering her face, the bed, her left arm, the top of her left tit. When the immediate pressure was relieved, she reached down below her massive chest to clutch her swollen stomach, which jutted out from her pinched waist like she had instantaneously become ten months pregnant. The parts of her body that weren’t covered in my cum glistened with her sweat, and her legs still twitched with the aftershocks of serial orgasms, her thighs slick with pussy juice above the tops of her boots. Her eyes stared off vacantly into space as a trickle of cum continued to stream from the side of her mouth. She looked like a woman broken.

“I guess you’re in no condition to talk to Aisha right now. Call her when you’re recovered,” I said, turning to leave the room.

I was almost at the door when she said “Wait.”

I stopped.

“You didn’t follow my instructions.”

I sighed, and turned around, silently shocked all over again at Kandi’s utter smuttiness. “What do you mean? That was a fucking you’ll never forget, right?”

“But you call that cutting loose? You didn’t even start breathing heavy! Not to mention the fact that you only went in my mouth. How can it be a fucking if you didn’t hit all three holes?”

“Look, Kandi, I clearly did as much as you can handle. If I really ‘cut loose’, I’d probably destroy you.”

“Try me,” she said defiantly, and to my surprise she actually pushed herself into an upright position, freeing her left arm from a lake of jizz to push her torso and the three attached orbs vertical. Her tits, stretched and firmed from the sudden growth, sat atop her equally taut belly, which pushed them up high enough that they threatened to obscure her face.

“I did… this, to you,” I gestured to her entire body. “What more do you want?”

“I bet there’s some nasty power you’ve never used on that redheaded bitch. Bet you were too scared to. I want you to test it out on me. No. Holds. Barred,” she said, standing up from the bed. Her legs wobbled slightly, and she once again clutched at her stomach, trying to comprehend its utter fullness. But she stood firm and resolute, demanding to have her brains fucked out even further.

I sighed once again, turned on Autumn’s power, and got ready for round 2.

XLV.

My dick, now flaccid, sprung out from my groin like one of those gag snake-in-a-can things as I expanded it from two feet to twelve. It collapsed onto the floor with a *whump*, my bowling-ball-sized head lying at Kandi’s feet. She tried to see how long it had gotten by parting her breasts to look down between them, but was stymied by her protruding, cum-filled stomach.

“What are you gonna do with that?” she asked.

“What you asked me to,” I said, and fully embraced my inner monster. Just for the time being.

Autumn’s power gave me complete control over my dick’s movement. I could swing it, curl it, bend it, move it like an elephant’s trunk – even if it was nearly twice as *big* as an elephant’s trunk. That was probably the closest comparison, feel-wise too. My cock was not flaccid, despite its flexibility. It had a solid, muscular firmness to it. I could even stretch it – make it longer, at the cost of reducing its girth. That was perfect for my current purposes. My dick thinned down to about a six inch diameter as I coiled it around Kandi’s shapely right leg. She gave a shocked yelp as it circled her hefty thigh, the thickness of the coil forcing her legs apart.

She lost her balanced, and almost tipped over. I added more length to my cock, the coils on her thigh shifting like a boa constrictor, and steadied her by pushing against her back with my tip.

“What the fuck?” she said aloud.

I smiled, and let my cock snake around below her left arm, wrapping around the base of her massive tit.

“You’re going fucking hentai on me? I didn’t even know that was a thing!”

“It is now,” I said, walking towards her and the bed. The parts of my cock that had been on the floor surged forward, coiling up Kandi’s thigh as the parts further down explored her body further. Weird sensations abounded. Your cock is not supposed to touch itself when erect, especially not at right angles. It felt like when you cross your fingers and rub your nose and feel like a two-schnozzed freak. Not unpleasant, but kind of disorienting.

“Are you just gonna stand there like an idiot, or…” Kandi started, jolting me out of my reverie. I quickly halted her verbal abuse by popping the end of my cock up and sending it straight into her open mouth, Ms. Young’s power easily opening her jaw wide enough. I took a right angle at her throat, and could for the first time really see at a good angle how distended deep-throating me left a girl’s neck and chest. Kinda hot.

With a pulse of my utterly ridiculous balls (at this size they hung lower than my knees), I sent a wave of cum through the coils of my cock, and could actually track the bulges of jizz as they went through my curly-straw of a vas deferens. When they got to Kandi’s mouth they forced it open a little wider, and I could even track them going down her throat. With each pulse, more cum was deposited in her overtaxed stomach, making it bulge outward just a little further. She clutched at it with both arms as it expanded, her eyes roving wildly. After just a bit, I decided to give it a rest, my cock sliding out of her throat and suddenly wrapping around her stretched stomach instead. She gagged, and a wave of cum poured from her mouth, falling across her tits. The pressure in her stomach finally equalized, and she looked up at me, her face unreadable.

I strengthened my grip on her, and bracing my cock against the floor, picked her up with it. “I’m in control here, got it? You can stop talking shit to me, or I’ll break you in ways you can’t imagine.”

She looked almost scared for a moment, then her expression recovered into what I can only describe as snidely aroused. “Oh yeah, you fucking loser? I bet you’re so whipped you don’t even remember how to do anything other than cum down my throat. You’re still too goddamn chicken to even attack my cunt.”

She wanted me to break her. Go figure.

I flipped her out of my face, slamming her down onto the bed as my cock retracted and regrouped, retaining only the coil around her thigh. Landing on the bed face-down made her lose more of my cum from her mouth, and the sudden pressure on her tits caused them to start lactating, as well. She moaned, and struggled to right herself, but before she could, the end of my cock reared up and began to explore her ass. I slapped her jiggly cheeks a couple times, before probing between them with my cock head. Her asshole was bleached (of course) and showed signs of frequent use for things other than what God intended. But it had never been used like I was about to. She moaned in anticipation as my gigantic head began pushing resolutely against her asshole, and arched her back atop her gigantic endowments as I entered her.

Giselle’s power is pretty fantastic. It lets her stow an enormous, physically-impossible amount of dick in her asshole, completely ignoring the normal bends of the digestive tract. For Kandi, however, I turned that part of it off, leaving only the phenomenal stretching. My cock could now match her intestines turn for turn. My six-inch head opened her up like the East India Company finding a new isolated island.

She moaned and clutched at the bedsheets as the unfamiliar sensation overtook her. Despite the protruding bulge of her cum-filled stomach (now more akin to a seven-month pregnancy belly, after her expulsion of some of its contents), I could still see the bulge of my cock moving inside her, below the stomach bulge. Finally, with about four feet of my cock coiled up inside her, I found I couldn’t push any more in – I was blocked where her colon met her small intestine. Taking advantage of my thorough grasp of her insides, I picked her up off the bed and flipped her over onto her back, her huge pointed nipples sending a spray of milk onto the walls and ceiling of the hotel room as she went. I set my cum to the highest levels of pleasure-inducing, and once again let loose. Each contraction of my balls sent a bulge down through my shaft, snaking up past Kandi’s thigh, and into her stretched asshole. When it finally made its way all through my coiled cock, spilling out into her guts, she seized with ecstasy, her legs straining against the tangle of my dick as her hands pulled at her spraying nipples. Her core muscles fought feebly against the mass of cock and cum that had invaded their territory, as I whitewashed her intestines, forcing cum backwards through her empty small intestine, swelling her gut out further and further until the reverse floodgates broke, and her stomach began to sell up further again. Any distinction between distensions was lost – the distinct impression of my twisted cock was gone as her entire gut inflated with cum, pulling taut within her pink skin, her tight back still stretching, her ribs just barely visible between stomach and tits.

Finally the pressure rose unbearably again, her stomach stretched like she was expecting healthy octuplets. She began to belch cum as, even with Giselle’s power backing her up, her stomach and intestines reached their limit.

“Are you… done?” she moaned feebly, tongue sticky with jizz.

“Are you?”

“Maybe.”

“Too bad,” I said, and my cock made a U-turn inside her.

Despite being bombed out of her mind on my pleasure cum, she gasped, breathing shallow as I stretched her double. My cockhead turned around deep inside her gut, a change almost visible below the towering cistern of my cum that used to be her stomach. Inch by inch, I fed more of my cock into her asshole, as the tip snaked its way back to the exit, doubling up every inch of the way. The growth of her gut was noticeable as I slid more gallons not of cum but of my pillar of manhood into her, until finally, as she almost screamed in pleasure/pain, my cockhead exited her asshole, stretching it obscenely far as I pushed it out above the middle of my shaft plunging its way in. My cock now snaked five feet into her ass, turned around, and came back out.

“Oh God. Oh fuck. Oh god,” she panted, over and over again. I couldn’t even see her face any more. “I’m so… so fucking… full…” she moaned.

“No holds barred,” I reminded her, my cock snaking its way along to give me more length protruding back out from her asshole. Even with my massive length, I was running out of dick, finding myself having to walk closer to her until there was almost no slack at all, and I was standing between her boots, leather ruined by soaking in cum, sweat, lube, and milk. I ripped them off of her, leaving her at last completely naked.

Three feet of my cock now emerged from her asshole, poking back towards my body. I smiled as I willed it to bend double once again, and thrust its way into her pussy. It took a lot for me to have a new ‘first’ these days, but ‘first one-man DP’ certainly qualified. Especially a DP of this magnitude. Her pussy lips were cleaved far wider than they’d ever been when I’d fucked her on the cruise ship, stretching into a circle as my bowling-ball-sized head entered her. The new bulge of my cock was just barely visible as I pushed my way deep into her cunt, fighting the tightness of her walls and the immense pressure of her stomach. It was like pushing against a tight water balloon the size of a beach ball. It was only the potency of Giselle’s (and now Cassandra’s) powers that kept the balloon from popping.

For the first time, I touched her with something other than my cock, grabbing her thighs to pull her closer to me. From this angle, I could barely see her face over her stretched stomach and bulging tits, which drooped only slightly to either side, thumb-sized nipples spraying skywards. She was panting, her tongue half-out, her eyes unfocused. I could see my cum welling up in her mouth. Experimentally, I squirted some pleasure juice into her pussy. It felt fine on the inside of the digestive tract, but that was a slow release. On the concentrated nerve endings of her cunt, it was a quick hit. Her eyelids fluttered, and I felt exhausted stirrings in her loins and legs, quivering slightly in my grasp.

“Is that all you can do? Did I exhaust your ability to fucking orgasm? Come on, don’t tell me I broke you.”

She seemed to hear me, then shook her head no. “I need more,” she managed, even as cum poured out of her mouth.

I shook my head. Final confirmation. I would oblige her, then.

I tapped the smartbed with my foot, and it helped my dick in the monumental task of flipping Kandi over again, undoing the half-turn I had previously put at the base of my cock. At my further command, the bed shrank down into the floor beneath her, leaving her on the shortpile carpet. She was once again on all fours, which was now more like all sevens – four limbs, two tits, and a distended stomach.

I started to fuck her, my hands moving up from her thighs to her wide hips, slotting into the notch between the tops of her hips and her almost spherical stomach, where the remnant of her old wasp waist still remained from behind. It took a moment for me to find a rhythm, but soon I got the parts of my dick to work in tandem, the tip thrusting in and out of her pussy while the huge doubled-up section in the middle slammed through her colon. Soon, with the little strength she had left in her legs, she began to rock and slosh herself back and forth with the rhythm, participating in my utter pillaging of her even now. She even started to play with my dangling balls with her dainty feet, caressing their pendulous bulk as they swung back and forth. I watched her reflection in the glass doors out to the balcony, which had been blocked with a black cover for security. Each time the bend in my dick pushed its way back into her depths, she opened her mouth and expelled another stream of my cum freed from her stomach, letting it splatter onto the floor in a puddle of breast milk. It wasn’t the natural state of things for her to be this full, and her body was trying to empty out.

I wouldn’t let it do that without a fight. Concentrating on the novel sensations of threefold fucking with an elastic dick, I felt an orgasm build up the old fashioned way. Kandi’s toes curled against my ball sack as she felt it tense up, ready to explode, and she braced in anticipation as she felt the bulges travel along my cock, around her thigh, into and out of her ass, until they at last smashed into her uterus.

I did breast growth cum first, though she was almost too lost in moaning rapture from the true hit of pleasure juice in her pussy to notice. Her tits began to swell out immediately, squashed only slightly beneath her torso. Pushed forward by her stomach, they began to bend upwards/forwards, her nipples no longer squashed into the ground, but emerging in front of her. Her tits smashed together in the middle, forming an impenetrable crack of cleavage, and instead began to expand out to the sides and front, reaching the size of large beanbag chairs. Her arms were forced up off the ground, instead left to leave depressions in the sides of her ever-expanding breasts as she tried to hug them close. Her nipples grew closer and closer to the bottom of the door to the balcony, spraying milk down onto the carpet all the while. Her cleavage began to expand out in front of her face, below her chin – when she belched cum once more, it flowed down like a river running through a valley. Her tits touched her chin as they grew still further, beginning to lift her torso into an incline as the vertical component of her breasts became greater than the length of her thighs. I felt the internal pressures shift around, as the rising of her torso lifted her stomach off the floor, leaving it to dangle ponderously.

“Oh god… jesus… my tits… wow… fuck… oh my fuck…” she moaned incoherently. They had gone beyond normal round household objects now, the two of them together as large as the bed they had replaced. Her back was beginning to arch unnaturally as they ran out of forward room, pressing up against the cool glass of the doors to the outside. Her bottle-sized nipples sprayed milk like high-powered garden hoses, trying to relieve the pressure.

Finally, as a defense mechanism – looking at Kandi’s face in the glass, I doubted it was a conscious action on her part – her body shut down my version of her power, precisely countering any breast growth factor I threw at it. Fine. The distribution was getting a little uneven anyway.

I began to cum normal jizz instead. Giselle’s stomach might have been as full as it could be, but her pussy, her uterus, were still pretty much empty. I came into her like I was filling up a pool, my elastic cock keeping her from spilling a single drop.

Ms. Young’s power and Giselle’s power might be pretty cool. But as I had found out at the X, they didn’t have shit on Cassandra’s. She was practically as good as Autumn, with only some technical differences (and, of course, extreme localization in Cassandra’s case) differentiating their powers.

That elasticity now helped Kandi, for a certain value of ‘helped’.

My balls were like basketballs, but that had no bearing on how much cum they could actually produce. I pumped gallon after gallon into Kandi’s pussy, adding bit by bit to the swelling sphere of her midsection. After just a few blasts, her belly had once again touched the floor after having been hoisted up by her tits. A few blasts more, and it was beginning to hoist her ass up to match.

The spherical bulge began to push hard against the bottoms of her breasts, forcing her stomach to bulge backwards, towards her legs. Soon enough the wave of cum-filled flesh had pushed her knees up off the floor, leaving her feet to dangle on either side of her stomach, tracing along the floor until they, too, were lifted off of it. I took a step back as her ass rose to meet my cock, and the water balloon sphere of her cum-inflated abdomen lapped at my feet.

My balls were finally getting tired, the pressure on my cock becoming unbearable. I was breathing heavy as I continued to slam the midsection of my cock through her ass.

“Full… god… soo… *full,*” I could just hear her moaning, as the pulses of my orgasm finally slowed. I surveyed what I had wrought. From back here, Kandi looked like a fantastic pair of legs and an ass, below a back and some shoulders, draped across three smooth mounds of pink flesh

“Now Kandi. Here’s the deal,” I said, catching my breath. “I’m going to pull out of you. If you can’t hold all my cum inside until I’m completely extricated, you have to tell us where to find Aisha. Got it?” I said. I didn’t even care about the deal at this point. I just wanted to see if she could do it. To my surprise, she nodded.

Slowly, carefully, I began to uncoil my cock. Inch by inch, the three feet I had inserted into her cunt slid out, until finally it was time for the head. To my amazement, almost disbelief, her pussy lips closed down tight as every tiny bit of my cockhead exited, letting nothing escape that didn’t ride my cock to freedom. I watched her pained expression as she struggled to hold tight against the pressure, and was shocked when she finally seemed to win the battle. How many Kegels did this girl do? She was probably capable of snapping off lesser dicks.

Then it was time to evacuate her ass. My head retreated backwards into her overtaxed hole, which quickly closed back down to ‘only’ being stretched to six inches across. Her stomach showed the slightest decrease in immensity as more and more of my dick slid out of it. Finally I reached the bend, undoing the U-turn. It felt good to have a (mostly) smoothly-curving cock again.

I grinned wickedly as an idea hit me. I couldn’t just pull my cock out of Kandi’s ass. That wouldn’t be a fitting end. Reaching for the last gasps of Christina’s power, I began to cum again, backfilling her ass with semen as my cock retreated. She gasped in surprise and unexpected pleasure as I poured still more jizz into her unbelievably overfull body, filling her until the very last inch.

However, when I removed my cockhead, her hole once again instantly closed down around it. Her face screwed up with effort and I could see and feel her ass muscles quivering to keep closed, but once again she fought through it and managed to keep from spilling any cum. Jesus Christ, I’d turned the woman into a cum reservoir and she was still trying to keep her information from me on any excuse possible.

She was ready to breathe a sigh of spiteful relief and triumph when I spoke up. “Not yet. I have to unwrap from your thigh, remember?” I said, beginning to uncoil my cock from her leg – now it was more like pulling it from between her leg and her stomach.

All the extra length and mass that I had already pulled out of her was gathering by my groin as my cock returned to its natural proportions, sans Autumn’s power – much thicker and shorter than the weird tentacle I had used on Kandi.

But maybe it wasn’t time to put Autumn’s power away just yet. As I was almost done unspooling my cock from her leg, Kandi opened her mouth to taunt me for having issued such a dumb challenge. I knew I shouldn’t have doubted her sluttery.

But she shouldn’t have doubted my willingness to screw her over, in every sense of the word. Like a cobra, my cock stretched out again, snaking along her stomach and over her left breast, only to turn around in front of her. She stared at my cockhead for a split second, before it plunged, once again, into her mouth, instantly stretching her chin far down into the midst of her gigantic tits. I let loose with one final blast of cum, refilling everything that she had belched out in a single titanic spurt.

That opened the floodgates. I stepped out of the way, withdrawing and shrinking my cock, as torrents of jizz spilled from Kandi’s every orifice, spraying from her cunt, shooting from her ass, pouring from her mouth, dribbling from her nostrils, all of it mixing with the flood of milk she had already left on the floor. When she finally got back under control, the hotel room was two inches deep in a fragrant white mixture. And still it had hardly made a dent. She was still bigger than a bed, the angles and concavities of her body still just a tiny island perched atop three jiggling mounds of sexual overreach.

I looked into the eyes of her reflection. “Did I cut loose enough for you?” I asked coldly.

Meekly, without a trace of scorn or mockery, she nodded. She tried to speak, but her mouth was still too full of cum, her jaw stretched and restreched so many times that it would take her a while to remember how to use it normally again. I took it on faith that she would lead us to Aisha. I had given her what she wanted. Her facial expression was strange. Broken, blissful, pained, rapturous, even… thankful.

I’ll never understand that woman. But at the same time, in a way, I understood her as only she and I could.

Or maybe I’m just waxing philosophic about some deeply kinky shit.

XLVI.

I left the room in silence, tapping on my phone. Feeling a sudden pang of guilt, I transferred $10,000 to each of the employees who would be tasked with cleaning up the mess we’d left. It was the least I could do.

Returning to my own suite, I found Giselle waiting for me. “Did you find out what you need to know?” she asked eagerly.

“I… think so? Hey Danny.”

“Yes?” the AI said. Its avatar appeared on the tiny screen of the thermostat.

“Tell some personnel to interview Kandi in oh… about three hours. Tell them to wear galoshes when they enter the room.”

“Done. Will that be all?” Danny asked.

“Yup, thanks Danny. Dismissed.” The tiny avatar was replaced with a digital ’74’.

“Galoshes?” Giselle asked, amused.

“It’s a long story. I’ll tell you about it later,” I yawned.

“After we…” she lead.

“Oh, uh… I’m kinda tapped out at the moment, babe. Sorry.”

“Ah, right. Galoshes,” Giselle winked. I don’t think she was mad.

“Sorry,” I repeated. “I’m willing to cuddle if you want. I’m just bushed. I need to take a nap.”

“I understand,” she said.

I was asleep almost as soon as my head hit the pillow.

It was nice to dream again. I hadn’t had normal sleep in so long. Of course, due to the nature of my life, my dreams weren’t quite normal. I dreamed of heaving flesh and swelling breasts and my own surging, throbbing manhood driving it all. I dreamt of rivers of cum, and oceans of milk.

Oceans… of milk…

*The human race is starving.*

Hundreds – no, thousands of girls, each with their breasts swollen larger than Kandi’s.

*There are nine billion people on this planet, and four billion of those are undernourished.*

Even that wouldn’t be enough, though. Four billion is a lot. I’m only one man.

*Metaman is more than one person! Through his power, he is all of us!*

I’m not only one cock.

Suddenly, I had an idea what Aisha’s secret power was.

My half-dreamt musings were interrupted by Andy. He had teleported into the room and was shaking my shoulder. I blinked myself awake, and heard him say “We found her!”

“And her boobs?” I murmured.

“What?” Andy asked, taken aback.

“Nothing, just… I think I know what her power is.”

“Really? She hasn’t been willing to tell us, even now.”

“It’s so simple. She’s the key to it. But we didn’t put it together sooner because she kept her power out of the listings…”

“What is this power, if you don’t mind me asking?” Andy said as I managed to get out of bed and start pulling clothes on over the boxers I wore to sleep.

“You know how Annette can alter the chemical composition of her…” I tried to find a phrase that didn’t sound as flippant as ‘pussy juice’ or as medical as ‘vaginal lubricant’. I failed.

“Yeah, you told me,” Andy said.

“Well, I’m pretty sure that when we find Aisha, we’ll find that she’s able to do the same… but with breast milk.”

“Oh. OOOOOOOHHHH!” Andy said, getting it.

I grinned. “We passed the test.”

“Let’s get you over there!”

‘Over there’ turned out to be an apartment in St. Paul, just as Christina and Maria had said. A tip from a partially-recovered Kandi had led them to the exact address, where Aisha had changed her name for privacy. Apparently being the classmate of Andy – and later, when I got famous, me – had led to unwanted recognition.

She was even more beautiful than she had been in high school, and still as intensely private. I won’t ruin that privacy by describing our encounter in any detail greater than what you can read in the news. I told her that she could be known as the woman whose power passed the Test, that she could join Metaman, Andy and me as the saviors of mankind. She said she understood that, and chose to reject it. We met, we talked for a couple hours about our lives – a conversation much more in-depth than any I’d had with the other Class X group members – and, after confirming that my hunch was correct, I expressed to her the urgency with which my acquisition of her power was needed. All it would take was one touch. Danny backed me up. She agreed, and then agreed to go beyond one touch. We made love. The old fashioned way, no powers, no anything – the way we would have if we’d been high school sweethearts twenty-five years earlier, before all this Gift and Test crap disrupted society and made monsters like Kandi – monsters like me. In fact, what we did together in that candlelit room was the exact opposite of what I had just done to Kandi. It was pure and exciting, just my six inches inside her sex, her thick lips inside my mouth as we kissed.

Shit, there I go again. I can’t help myself.

Anyway, we did it, and I got her power, when she rubbed my dick between her smooth ebony breasts, her dark nipples leaking milk that smelled of roses and honey and tasted even better…

Goddammit Jack! Quit with the erotica. She didn’t want too much detail in this account. I’m going to respect that.

Okay, back on track.

Andy had waited up for us, with his teleportation battery, at an all-night coffee place down the street. Aisha said a goodbye which left me with the distinct impression she didn’t want to see me again after our tryst, the resolution of years-old tension complete. I called Andy and he swiftly brought me and the battery back to New York.

“So what do we do now? You’ve got a panacea in your pants, but how do we get it out?” Andy said excitedly. I could tell he was as giddy about passing the Test as I was, even if he wouldn’t be directly involved. What a reversal that was.

“Well, first we have to test it,” I said. “And I think I know just the gal. Get Alana and Annette back here, would you? I’ll see you in a couple hours,” I said, and headed off to give Giselle the reunion loving she deserved.

XLVII.

“Jack? You’re back! Did it work?” She was lying in bed topless, watching the news on TV. Her boobs, still large but no longer firm, having been deprived of my cum for a week and a half, drooped down to either side of her chest, lying on top of her arms.

“That’s what I’m here to find out,” I said, dropping my pants. Her face lit up as she turned the TV off and clambered into a ready position. I was reminded all over again how much I loved her.

“You know, not every woman would be so welcoming to a guy who just fucked four of his old high school classmates in one day,” I joked.

“Well, aren’t you lucky?”

“I am,” I said, and I picked her up from the bed and kissed her passionately on the lips, her breasts smooshing between our torsos. “And seeing all of them again just confirmed one thing for me: there’s no ass I’d rather come home to than yours.”

“Aww, don’t get too romantic on me now,” she chided. “And don’t you mean ‘cum *into*’?”

“Look, I’ve had a long day, okay? My wordplay game isn’t up to par, I admit it,” I said, playfully pushing her away from me. She plopped back down onto the bed, her tits swinging pendulously in front of her. She reached around them and began manhandling my cock, which I had run out to the standard twelve inches once again after leaving Aisha’s. (Call me insecure or a chauvinist or whatever, but my natural size just felt disconcertingly small nowadays [thenadays?]. When it shrank down to three inches flaccid I felt like a little kid.)

“I understand,” she said as I reached full erection. After spreading some of my precum lube, she began stroking my shaft with both hands. I had to laugh as, after a particularly vigorous downstroke, her left boob flopped over into the crook of her elbow, flying up and smacking into her face on the subsequent upstroke.

“Let’s get those things filled back up so they stop flopping around so much,” I said. She nodded her agreement, trying to keep from bursting out laughing after being smack with her own titty. She stood up and turned around, crawling onto the smartbed. Her nipples dragged on the sheet below her, as her breasts dangled straight down. That was how normal tits that big were supposed to behave, I reminded myself. All of my enhancements over the years had resulted in a slightly unnatural firmness, at least during the time that I saw them immediately post-growth. Giselle’s tits had changed so frequently that they never had time to sag, and with regular PowerGro supplements even the average woman’s breasts could retain that youthful perkiness even at ridiculous sizes. I had changed how the average breast acted – I thought for the better. Still, it was interesting to see their natural behavior.

I took full advantage of Giselle’s power as I entered her ass, ignoring the curves of her insides and simply plunging straight it. I got the feeling that maybe, someday, Giselle might be interested in trying a less extreme version of the hentai-like ordeal I’d put Kandi through earlier. But tonight was not the night to broach the subject.

While we got a rhythm going, I felt around inside my mind for new powers. I could feel Aisha’s, but it was distant, out-of-reach – like trying to flex a muscle I didn’t have. I couldn’t figure out how to apply it to my dick, or balls, or jizz.

But then I felt a different new power, a small, subtle one, that was barely like using a muscle at all. I turned it on, and suddenly Aisha’s power was there for the taking. But whose power was it?

*Max,*  thought a voice in my head.

*Hey Alana. It’s Max’s?*

*Yes. His is a unique power on the order of Helena’s. I can tell you more later, if you’re interested.*

*We’ll see. It sounds pretty technical. Be on standby to help Giselle with the new chemical powers, though.*

*Will do. Alana out,* she thought, and then the talking and the sensation of being watched was gone again. Alana had never been one much for privacy.

Soon, I felt the old familiar build of orgasm coming, and let loose into Giselle’s ass, pumping specially-formulated jizz until her breasts had once again filled out, her nipples actually rising up from the bed even as her tits got bigger, reverting to a closer-to-spherical shape. Finally, they had reattained that rounded torpedo-y teardrop cantilevered shape that we both favored so much, and I stopped cumming. She pulled herself off of my cock and spun around onto her back on the bed, showing off her figure. This time, her breasts stayed pointing outwards in her semiprone position, drooping slightly to either side but not spilling down over her arms. The soft curves of her underboob stood watch over her tight waist, and her ass and hips, while not as expansive as Kandi’s, still left a sizable impression in the bedsheets, and her long perfect legs stretched down towards me.

“You look perfect,” I smiled.

“Tell me something I don’t know,” she teased. “It doesn’t matter how I look, though – let’s see if I got that power!”

“Wait,” I said. “We should probably… I mean, just to make sure, let’s do some actual dick-to-boobs contact, y’know?”

“You just want a titjob because otherwise you’ll have blue balls,” she said, sitting up to administer said titjob.

“Trust me, after a day like today, I don’t think I’ll be physically capable of getting blue balls for about a week,” I said as she wrapped her honeydew-sized tits around my cock. Their new soft firmness enveloped my dick as she sucked my head.

We went on for a couple minutes, and she was ready to let me cum in her mouth when I withdrew slightly. “On your tits,” I said. “Just to make sure.”

She pulled her mouth away willingly, and held up her breasts like she was making an offering to a god. I clutched tightly at my shaft and felt the pulses of pleasure-chemical-laced jizz blast through my cock to splatter across Giselle’s chest. I kept going until it looked like someone had spilled a giant-sized pina colada across her face and boobs.

“Okay, *now* I think you’ve got the power if you’re gonna get it,” I said, wiping sweat off my forehead as she licked cum off her tits.

“Ya think?” she said between swallows.

“Yup, it’s my professional opinion. But just to be sure, let’s test it. Once we’re done cleaning you off, that is.”

“Who’s this ‘we’? Are you gonna help, or not?”

I smiled, and moved in to assist. I licked and sucked the vanilla-flavored fluid off her right breast (paying special attention to her nipple) while she took the left.

Finally, her breasts were clear of any contaminating influence. “What should I try first?” she asked.

“How about chocolate milk?” I suggested.

“Chocolate milk! Great! Uh… how do I do chocolate?”

*Like this* Alana thought into our minds, delivering a dizzying array of chemical diagrams courtesy of Annette.

“Whoa. I flunked chemistry for a reason,” Giselle said.

“Just give it a try, it’s easier than you think. You’ll get the hang of it,” I said.

“Okay, Just don’t try these first few attempts, though. They might be poisonous.”

It took a few tries, but soon Giselle’s tits were producing chocolate milk that would make Nesquik jealous. I suckled a couple sips, then began to jump joyfully around the room, pleased beyond measure that the crazy ramshackle chain of powers we had put together had finally paid off.

“Giselle! Do you know what this means?” I asked.

She removed her nipple from her mouth and guiltily swallowed the bit of chocolate milk she’d been trying. “No, what?”

“It means that we finally, *finally*, have the means to pass the Test.”

“Cool,” Giselle yawned. “Say, can I make caffeine with these things?”

*Yes. It’s rather easy compared to chocolate.* Blam. Chem diagram.

“Thanks,” Giselle said. She looked at me. “I had a long day too, y’know.”

XLVIII.

Danny and the others did a lot of math and logisitics that day, while power experts from around the globe, including Helena, flew in to help strengthen Giselle’s hold on her powers and marvel at the confluence of them that had allowed me to transfer Aisha’s power to others.

And, it turned out, we had created the first instance of multi-generational power passing. My cum could pass powers to Giselle’s boobs, and specifically breastmilk. And *then*, thanks to the cocktail of meta powers rolling around inside my balls, Giselle’s breastmilk could pass weakened versions of those powers onto *other* people who drank her breastmilk.

As it turned out, that was crucial. I don’t know if you guys know this, but four billion is a *lot* of hungry people. More than I could feed with just my cock, certainly. But also more than just the thousands of girls I’d dreamed about could feed. Danny and the AIs, after formulating a nutritionally perfect milk that could sustain people with just a liter a day, found that additional powers (like one that was similar to Christina’s but for breasts) would be needed, and a complex generational system instituted, just to feed everyone. To be honest, I never quite grasped how it worked. But I trusted the AIs when they said it would.

Giselle was the first. We…

*//HELLO FOLKS, DANNY HERE//*

*Sorry to interrupt, and feel free to skip this section if what I’m about to say doesn’t apply to you, but I thought some of you might be interested in the mathematical logistics of the passing of the Test, seeing as it is in fact the most important historical aspect of this document, far moreso than Mr. Sander’s many previous sexcapades, fun as they might have been. Because Jack didn’t see fit to understand the specifics of the plan of which he was the initial architect and key component (not that I’m bitter about his conduct. Much), it falls to me to offer up this rather drier portion of the proceedings.*

*We determined that Jack could directly give women immense breasts (as he had since Kandi), the ability to modify their production of breast milk (Aisha by way of Max), the ability to produce more breast milk than physically possible a la Christina (unnamed woman by way of Max), and the ability to encode the first three powers in their own breast milk (Helena and others by way of Max). Thus, when women consumed the breast milk of women who Jack had thus expanded, they too gained massive breasts, the ability to produce nutritionally perfect milk, and the ability to produce more of it than seemed physically possible. However, they did not acquire the fourth power, and thus the chain stopped there.*

*All figures presented in the subsequent paragraph are rounded for easier human comprehension. The combined rounding error amounts to <1% difference from actual production values. Jack was capable of inflating a first-generation woman (hereafter ‘milker’, as became common parlance by workers) to a viable size (breast volume exceeding 3,500 gallons) in one minute, ejaculating at a similar rate as when he was creating PowerGro. Each milker could then suckle two ‘feeders’ (parlance for second-generation women who would go out into the world to feed the hungry masses) simultaneously, with each generally achieving a sufficient size (breast volume exceeding 3,000 gallons) within 6 minutes. Jack, and all milkers, worked 16 hour days. Thus each milker could produce 320 feeders per day.*

*By the end of one month, Jack had produced nearly 29,000 milkers. Averaged over time, this was the equivalent of having half that many milkers (or exactly that many breasts) for the entire month. Thus, by the end of the month, a grand total of 29,900\*160 = 4,624,000 feeders. Each feeder could feed 1,000 people per day for a month before running out. Thus, within a month, we had a self-sustaining system to feed well over 4,000,000,000 people.*

*And now you know. Thank you for your interest in the more technical side of saving the world.*

*//DANNY OUT//*

…yeah, that. What Danny just said. Thanks Danny!

Anyway, Giselle was the first. She volunteered, wouldn’t have had it any other way. In the fixed-up VAB at Kennedy Space Center (the only structure large enough for our purposes), Andy, Metaman, and others had quickly assembled a harness device. It was similar to the one we’d used in the Powergro factory, with a large hemispherical cradle for my truly titanic balls and a tube to corral my twelve-foot cock. Using Autumn’s power, I compressed the size of my head back down to something at least a little manageable – even using Cassandra’s power at its fullest strength, most girls couldn’t take a helmet that was two feet across. (I should have tried it on Kandi though). In practice, I ended up shrinking it down to something more like six inches, completely manageable with Cassandra’s power backing it up. The total effect made my dick seem like an old-fashioned zeppelin, thick and round for a long time in the middle but tapered on either end.

“Sometimes a cigar *isn’t* just a cigar,” Giselle said when she saw it. Unlike with Powergro, my head was not encased – the top two feet of my dick stuck out proudly from the tube, ready for an endless stream of women to be deposited on it by a complex harness system of their own. I tried not to think about the psychic wonder twins from earlier – unlike their harnesses, I told myself, the girls who would be in these would be there entirely by their own decision.

And that was the key – getting them to make that decision, for the good of mankind. I knew that Danny was putting his latent advertising genius to work, and the AIs and Metaman were in continuous dialogues with all the governments of the world. For a young woman, serving as a Gift-Based Food Donator (the official euphemism for Feeders) had to become serving in the military, the peace corps, and every other service organization rolled into one – and the billions we were offering in bonuses from Westwick’s seized accounts wouldn’t hurt either. We needed to put out all the incentives we could get, since we had to mobilize in just a few months one of the largest and most unique service corps of all time.

That wasn’t up to me, though. I was just there to provide the cum, and Giselle was to be our proof of concept. She strapped into the harness and was lifted off the ground with a little yelp. Carefully, she was lowered down onto my nearly-conical cock, my head splitting her pussy wide open, and the shaft below it splitting her even further than that until she pushed the button to stop.

“And… go!” Danny said in my ear.

Recently amped by Helena, I needed no prompting. My gigantic genitals blasted into action, my bean-bag-chair balls pulsing with seed as it blasted up through my shaft and into Giselle’s cunt. She seemed surprised by the force with which it hit her before absorbing into her body, rising up off my cock a little before the harness forced her back down.

I wasn’t even cumming in single squirts – it was just modulations of a single long blast of jizz, and each heartbeat sent Giselle’s breasts into further overdrive. They had started as basketballs. In ten seconds, they were beach balls, and being held up by the special parts of the harness designed for just that purpose, wide cushioned straps pressing into the flesh on either side of her nipples. Twenty seconds doubled their size, and by 45 seconds they were as large as I’d grown Kandi’s. By the time Danny said “And… TIME!” through my earpiece, Giselle’s breasts were the only thing I could see of her, looming above my head like particularly flesh storm clouds. They were so large they even obscured where her long legs dangled down on either side of my cock. I could feel as her pussy was lifted off of my head, and watched as the craned moved her down into a loading area, where her breasts touched the ground and began to spread out in a huge pool of flesh long before her feet reached the polished concrete.

“Volume?” someone said.

“Nearly 4,000 gallons!” Danny said with a touch of pride. “Far more than estimated, and more than enough to alleviate any of the efficiency concerns we had. She’ll make an excellent first-generation provider. Well done, Jack and Giselle.”

“Just doing what we do best,” the two of us said in unison. We shared a smile from across the cavernous room, just the two of us bodies attached to larger-than-life body parts involved in larger-than-life efforts.

“All right. We’ll start with our initial volunteers today. Giselle, you’ll be our local milker. Many women from across the resistance movement have expressed interest in becoming feeders. They’ll be suckling you starting right now in a spot on campus. Does that sound good to you?” It was the resistance leader from earlier, Blake. He had come down to Florida to survey the operation, and was now walking slowly around Giselle’s minivan-sized chest with a quietly awed admiration.

“Yeah, that sounds great,” Giselle said dreamily, and even from here I could see that she had moved one hand in behind her breasts to start rubbing her cunt. Even in her most decadent moods, she’d never request breasts this big from me, and their sheer size was clearly turning her on. She’d be having a great time for the next couple months.

“All right. Telekinetics! I need telekinetics here to move her to the local loading spot. The rest of you, get the mass-production equipment ready and make sure your teleportation and flight patterns are organized. I expect several thousand women in tomorrow. Let’s save the world, everyone!”

And save the world we did.

There were a couple hundred women who suckled from Giselle’s bottle-sized nipples each day, each one hungrily slurping milk from one of her gigantic teats for six minutes straight as her own breasts grew more and more monumental. Usually they kept drinking until the sheer size of their own breasts pushed them away from hers, which usually meant they were big enough to become feeders anyway. Once each of those girls was done (they were on a staggered schedule, the girl on the left breast starting when the girl on the right breast was three minutes in and had tits the size of bean-bag chairs, and vice versa), a dedicated teleporter grabbed hold and whisked them away to parts unknown, where it had been determined by Danny and the AIs that a feeder was direly needed.

I, meanwhile, produced more and more milkers. A constant parade of women streamed through the VAB, young women of all shapes and colors. Women from Africa, from Asia, from the Americas, from Europe. Every woman who wanted to go that extra mile and become a top level provider – a milker. The job was more physically taxing than being a feeder. In addition to simply taking my massive cock, it required a longer time commitment and a hardier, healthier, more lactation-prone body. Which usually meant I got a pretty great view of leggy, wide-hipped, healthy girls flying above me in the few seconds before I expanded their tits too far to see them any longer. The walked in and got harnessed up from the right, were raised above me, lowered onto my cock, filled with my seed and grown into a 3500-gallon pair of tits with a body attached before being raised off once again, and lowered onto the loading area on the left, where their teleporter (each milker was assigned a single dedicated teleporter – there were apparently enough of them. Surprisingly common power, I guess – and the cynical part of me wonders if it was for this very reason) would whisk them off to a regional hub where they would be able to produce feeders from local volunteers in the exact manner Giselle was doing. The milker’s teleporter would then take the feeders produced to the places where the AIs had determined they were needed, to distribute their milk to the world’s hungriest people. Metaman and Andy were on call 24/7 to rain down retribution if *anyone* tried to take advantage of or injure or capture or otherwise harm any of the girls, who were usually deployed in at least pairs and whose environs were watched with Resistance cameras.

And it worked.

Finally, after a month of exhausting work on everyone’s part, I had produced enough milkers for the program to be self-sustaining. I would have to start doing maintenance on them in another month’s time, but for now, I could just sit back, visit Giselle, and watch the world become a better place.

Everywhere, from African villages to destitute Asian cities to European burgs to cash-strapped American homeless shelters, got a feeder. And every feeder made it so that every day, a thousand people who would have gone hungry, didn’t.

Society at large, particularly the part full of conservative pearl-clutchers who thought a nipple might spell the doom of a child’s fragile mind, was skeptical at first. But as the crescendo of terrible world news began to die down, they soon saw the incontrovertible evidence that alleviating global hunger was working. As millions of young women from across the world worked together and, as their tours of duty were up, began to return home with tales of sisterhood and camaraderie, citizenries across the world began to become a little more connected. Without fears of famine, international aggressions eased. The tension fell out of the news, and within six months, I really, truly believed that we were going to pass the Test.

When Giselle’s tour of duty was up, we had *fantastic* celebration sex. She hadn’t been allowed to have intercourse for six months. I’d never seen her so horny. She almost broke my dick off inside her – probably would have if it wasn’t indestructible. After we finally finished fucking, around three in the morning, we laid awake together in the huge penthouse bedroom, looking at the stars in the clear Vegas sky through our vast window.

“And you said I wasn’t dating a superhero,” Giselle said to me. “You saved the world!”

“We all saved the world. All five million people who worked on this crazy thing.”

“Maybe so,” Giselle said. “But I think you can take a big slice of the credit.”

“Mmm. Maybe. I’ll see if I can get a Nobel Peace Prize out of it.”

“Ah, so you could finally match Andy’s?”

“WHAT? When did he get one?”

“Two years ago. While you were doing the whole PowerGro thing. Danny didn’t see fit to tell you, she thought you’d be jealous,” Giselle grinned. “I guess she was right.”

“No, I’m not jealous, it’s just surprising. I would have wanted to congratulate him.”

“You still can. He’ll probably be picking you up in a few days to start refilling the milkers.”

“Shit, really? I thought I had more time than that. I guess there’s starting to be more of an attrition rate, people leaving after six-month tours.”

“Yeah, Danny said she’s run the numbers, and your breaks are probably gonna get shortened by two weeks at least.”

“Okay, what’s this with she? Danny has a gender now? Nobody told me! I spend half my time in a constant state of orgasm and the whole world goes crazy!”

Giselle giggled. “No, Danny doesn’t have a gender. I just call it ‘her’ sometimes out of habit. You know they’re meant to be able to tip either way. It’s like how I call all puppies girls until I find out otherwise. The whole world hasn’t gone crazy.”

“Unless…,” I said, pushing myself up off the bed. I was seeing something reflected in the chrome of the X’s giant X (now property of me, and operated remotely by Giselle!)

“Unless what? What’s going on, babe?”

The movement in the X was definitely not just a trick of the light. I hopped out of bed and bounded across the hardwood floor, the glass of the window sliding open as I approached to run out onto the balcony. I jogged a bit along the tile of the balcony, then turned around to look up over the top of our high-rise, at what had been causing the reflection.

It was huge, and round, and looked very familiar. It hovered over top of our roof. I felt like I recognized the basic shape of it, but now it was like seeing it after getting glasses for the first time – all sorts of details I’d never been able to discern were now clear.

Oh yeah, and it was green.

Giselle had hurried out of bed after me, unsteady on her feet after so long attached to a gigantic pair of breasts (I mean, she was still attached to a gigantic pair of breasts, but they were closer to globe-sized than room-sized.) I think she knew from my awed expression what it had to be, but she was still shocked when she turned around.

“Holy fuck,” she said.

I had to agree.

The Perseids were back, and they had made a house call.

XLIX.

A beam of green light hit us, and we were suddenly, instantaneously, in some immensely comfortable chairs. It was a familiar sensation – it felt just like Gift-based teleportation.

One of the Perseids was seated across from us. I recognized him from countless news and history programs – he was Zeph, the one who’d been assigned to America. He was bald, slim, average height – almost completely nondescript, except for the fact that he was emerald green.

I looked to my left and right. We were in a big room, presumably aboard the ship. It was minimalist in its décor, mainly white, black, and the occasional accent splash of mint green, like the chairs we sat in. Almost as quickly as I could look around, more chairs appeared out of nowhere and were filled by familiar faces – Alana, Helena, Annette, Andy, Metaman, even a materialized avatar that I recognized as Danny, in the flesh for the first time ever.

“Hello,” Zeph smiled. His teeth, at least, weren’t green (though his gums were).

“Long time no see,” Andy quipped, with his superhero bravado. I was still too overawed to try to be witty.

“We give new systems one quarter of the best-case average lifespan of their dominant species to work things out – in this case, some twenty-four years. You’re lucky we didn’t come any sooner, or you would have likely failed,” Zeph said, in his broadcast-perfect American accent.

“So does that mean we passed?” I said excitedly, my tongue finally untied.

“Yes!” Zeph affirmed.

It was never how I’d pictured the moment going down, but my heart swelled with joy anyway. Every human present (Alana excepted) broke out into noisy celebration. I leapt up out of my chair, cheered, then leaned over to give Giselle a celebratory kiss.

“So, uh… what, exactly, does ‘passing’ entail? Are you going to tell us what it was we actually passed?” Giselle asked, when we’d all settled down.

“We’re getting to that,” Zeph said.

It turned out that where we were ‘getting to’ was a deep space station. After bopping around the world picking up local leaders of our crazy little project (including Aisha, who politely refused to come along and was sent back down), we flew up towards a much larger green vessel. I found my eyes couldn’t focus on it, just like nobody had been able to focus on the small ships when they first landed. “We can’t give you everything at once, now,” Zeph had said. “In good time.”

All in all, there were about a hundred humans and a few AI avatars on the ship by the time we left Earth’s surface. People of all genders, ages, and colors. It had truly been an international effort.

Finally, Zeph gestured for all of us to quiet down, as the ship wiggled for a moment and we were suddenly arrayed in a much larger room, sitting in a circle inside a larger circle of around 200 green people, each with a different camera pointed at them, each a familiar figure to the citizens of a certain nation. The Perseids cleared their throats as one, and made their announcement to the human race.

“Congratulations, humanity. You passed.” All around the room the sentiment was repeated in all the languages of the world.

“Thanks to the brilliant men, women, and others standing behind us, and millions of their collaborators still currently among you, we, the Perseids, as duly-appointed representatives of the Confederation of Systems, are ready to grant Earth and its intelligent life, both biological and artificial, provisional member status.”

It sounded a lot more inspiring and a lot less like legalese in the moment. I guess you had to be there.

They went on: “We are aware that there has been considerable debate in your society as to the exact nature of the Test we left you. We were vague on purpose – because the Test is designed to be so multi-faceted that it can meet almost any definition you consider for it.

“The Test included not destroying yourself with The Gift. This is implicit – if you had killed yourselves, we wouldn’t even be able to come back and tell you you’d failed. It included seeing whether you’d notice that our curing of Malaria and other maladies would lead to a global food crisis. We wanted to see if you would solve this crisis through conventional or Gift-based means, and if you could succeed at either. Our dilemma also, in a sense, entailed testing human and AI intelligence against each other, as your rogue AI Westwick thought – but it was the opposite of her reading. Had one group managed to dominate the other, both would have been denied entry into the Confederation. We wanted to see if humanity could work alongside its creations, and whether you AIs could work alongside your creators.

“In all of these respects, you passed. Give yourselves a pat on the back.

“However, there is one final manner in which the Gift we left you was a Test, one that we are not sure has been widely considered – certainly not amongst the architects of your solution.” Two hundred green arms gestured back towards us.

“The Test was not just pass/fail. It was also what you might call a Personality Test. We gave you a very wide range of powers from which to choose, and provided you with avatars, people with meta-powers, capable of synthesizing each type of them. There were in all fifteen different ways which we mapped out to alleviate the problem you faced. Each of them would have led to the integration of your world in a different role in the Confederation. Some solve their Test via brute effort, and are predisposed to be workers. Some manage a reasonable, yet militaristic solution, and are encouraged to be our peacekeepers. Still others buckle down and make do without using their Gifts, and become our accountants, our planners, our logisticians. Some expand to other worlds and become our explorers, while their brethren may turn inwards, cease breeding, and become our artists or theologians.

“But in your solution, in your most successful avatar, we have encountered something which we have never before encountered.” And suddenly I felt like every camera in the world was pointed at me. “You humans are the first species we’ve ever Tested who found their Class X avatar most effective. You are not fighters. You are *lovers.*

“We don’t know what that means for you in the Galactic Confederation, but we are eager to find out. Over the next several decades, we will be checking up to deliver new scientific information to your scholars, until you have been brought up to speed sufficiently that you may begin to serve as a member of the galactic community. And not to worry, current Earth Dwellers – longevity is one of the first things you’ll get. Each one of you will have the opportunity to live and love among the stars. In the meantime, enjoy the continued use of your Gifts, which will see their restrictions slowly removed. Have fun. You’ve earned it. And once again, congratulations – and welcome to the Confederation.”

And then the broadcast ended. I can only imagine the rejoicing that was going on all across the globe. It had been rough going there, but we’d finally pulled it out of the hat and made a utopia on Earth. Not bad for a bunch of kids who weren’t even 30 yet.

As the other Perseids began to zap down to the planet, those whose countries were represented by the assemblage of key players still standing in a circle in the center of the room came up to talk to us. Zeph approached our cadre.

“Ah, exciting times, exciting times indeed! This is the first time we’ve inducted a world in over three centuries!”

“Really, it’s that rare? Wow!” Alana said, and then clapped her hands over her mouth in shock, her eyes wide as saucers behind her glasses. Her voice sounded just like it had in my head.

“On the house,” Zeph smiled. “They would have been able to fix you up now had you returned to Earth, so I thought we’d have the medical nanobots do it right now.”

“Wait, what do you mean *had* you returned to Earth? Are we not returning?” Andy asked.

“Only if you want to. You see, it’s not just rare to induct a world – it’s *unheard* of to induct a world that passed the Test in this manner. So if the lot of you don’t mind, we’d like to take you to the nearest Confederation research hub to do some debriefing and make some observations. It won’t take more than a couple years.” Zeph said.

Giselle and I had a silent conversation with our eyes. *It’s only a couple years. We have eternity now. The world can wait. Who wouldn’t want to meet some aliens?* “We’ll come!” we said in unison.

“I’ll tag along as well, provided I can leave an instance of myself running back on Earth,” Danny put in.

“Granted,” Zeph smiled. “Anyone else?”

“I’ve got a wife and kids. Sorry, it’s a no from me,” Metaman said.

“Perfectly understandable. We admire your early service – without you, the ultimate solution would have proved impossible,” Zeph said, before snapping his fingers and allowing John to disappear from the ship in a puff.

The others politely declined as well, until it was just me, Giselle, Andy, and Danny left on the dais. “Hey, just the four of us. Like the ship all over again,” I said.

“This one will *not* be beset by malevolent agents, I assure you,” Zeph said, as he ushered us off the dais and into some smaller, more intimate rooms. “Allow me to thank you for staying on. You’re about as good a core group as we could have hoped for. I’m sure the High Council will be deeply intrigued by your debriefing.

“I’m more intrigued by this ‘observation’ you mentioned,” I said. Giselle nodded her assent.

“There’ll be plenty of time for everything,” Zeph winked. “It’s a brand new galaxy for you. Revel in it.”

Giselle and I found ourselves in our new room, filled with a piece of interactive furniture that would make even a smartbed look dumb and surrounded by an unbelievable assortment of toys and devices.

Revel we did.

**Afterword (L.)**

I wish I could have made the final part of this story more titillating, but sadly it just happened to be kind of boring. Nothing you hadn’t seen before, just applied in different ways, repeatedly, for months on end. But that’s often how life’s problems are solved, isn’t it? Ah, whatever. You’re not even reading this. You’re done masturbating by now. That last spank material was like ten pages ago. Man, am I ever falling down on the job.

Anyway, that was, as I promised, the story of how my dick saved the world. It was long, and complicated, and full of frankly insane amounts of jizz – just like my dick itself. And there’s so much more to it – there’s all the stuff Giselle and I did at the porn studio, and then, afterwards, there’s all the stuff that we did with the Aliens. Good lordy, the aliens.

But those stories aren’t this story. This one is done, finished, kaput, full-circle. And it’s getting off to an ending just as bad as it started…

//*JESUS CHRIST, JACK, STOP WAFFLING. JUST END THE DAMN THING ALREADY. I’M A NONCORPOREAL AI AND I WRITE LESS DISCURSIVE EROTIC FICTION THAN THIS.*

*THEN THEY ALL BANGED, FOREVER AND EVER, THE END.*

*SEE, WAS THAT SO HARD? DANNY OUT.//*

JACK MAY OR MAY NOT RETURN IN FUTURE STORIES LIKE THE ONES HE ALLUDED TO ABOVE. IF HE DOES, IT WON’T BE FORE QUITE SOME TIME – I THINK 120,000 WORDS IS QUITE ENOUGH SMUT FOR ANY ONE MAN TO WRITE, DON’T YOU?

THANKS FOR READING.