A Gift and a Test Part 2

XII.

Kandi was dressed an outfit that rivaled her get-up from the last day of school in sluttiness – a white crop top with a plunging V-neck hugged tightly against her bra-less tits, and her ass cheeks hung from below the shortest of tartan mini-skirts. She had straightened her normally wavy golden hair, and it hung down to the small of her back.

“I guess this is it, then,” I said, picking up my suitcase and walking out to the car.

“Have fun, you two!” Maria said emptily, unsure of how to react to what had just happened. I saw Kandi staring up at the doorway to confirm that Maria’s tits were bigger – that I’d gained her power. She nodded hungrily as she waved goodbye.

“So, who’s taking the first shift at driving?” I asked as I hefted my bag into the trunk.

Kandi gave me a blank look. “The *car* is, stupid,” she said.

I gave the car a second look – the Youngs had a five-car garage, and apparently this was one of them, a solid black sedan with a six-way radar station mounted unobtrusively on the top. I finally noticed the Google logo on the back as I closed the trunk. “Oh. Right. Those hit the market a while back,” I said, realizing.

“I guess it’s a class thing. All mom’s rich friends have self-driving cars. I’m sure you can figure out why I picked it for this trip,” she said lasciviously.

“Ri-i-ight,” I said, letting her pull me by the belt into the car’s interior. I closed the door with my foot, and the car pulled smoothly out of Maria’s driveway and onto the road.

With no need for a driver, the car’s interior consisted of two cushy bench seats facing each other, with a collapsible table (currently stowed) in between them. Christina quickly stripped out of her tiny top and began undressing me as well as the car pulled onto the beltway that would take us to the interstate.

“Window tint at ninety percent, please,” I said, mimicking what I had seen in the commercials. The car obliged with a chirp and our view of the outside world got darker.

“God, you’re such a prude,” Kandi said as she finished removing my underwear. My cock was standing at attention already as I watched her pendulous tits swing beneath her lithe torso as she bent over. “Try to cum quick, I want to test whether Maria’s power is working ASAP,” she said.

“I’ll do my best,” I replied as she tucked into yet another blowjob. I turned on Ms. Young’s power to make things go more smoothly, which got me thinking about Ms. Young’s new tits, which got me feeling really aroused, which made me feel kind of nasty since it was her daughter blowing me, which just made me feel more aroused, and, well, I was able to fill Kandi’s request. As was routine now, I had checked which powers were on, to make sure I didn’t provide any out-of-control breast growth.

Apparently one blowjob wasn’t enough to make her feel like she’d done enough any more. She kept bobbing up and down on my pole, barely pausing for breath, until I’d cum three more times. For those keeping score at home, that was five just in the morning, a number that previously tapped me out. Kandi seemed to know it too – she finally ceased her ministrations, and sat up straight, pushing back on long legs to sit on the bench seat opposite me. We were on the highway proper now, whizzing past other cars and having other cars whiz past us. Road head is a lot more mundane when you’re not the one driving.

I felt fine. My balls and Kegel muscles weren’t sore in the slightest. In fact, I felt like with a slight effort of will, I could come again without even touching my dick. I poked around, metaphorically speaking, in the now-familiar part of my brain where these things resided, and felt the new presence of Maria’s power, giving me unlimited orgasms on command when I turned it on. So that was a thing now. I decided to keep it to myself, lest Kandi call off the cruise and just book us at the nearest motel.

Once she had massaged her jaw a little, Kandi started talking. “You know, Jack, I’ve been doing more research on this whole meta power thing… did you know that while your dick holds your class B powers, it’s your jizz that holds your class X powers?”

“I did not know that,” I said. “So when Maria sucked me off – I know that you put her up to that, by the way – it was the semen itself that held the power to make her tits grow?” It made perfect sense when I thought about it, but I hadn’t really thought about it before.

“Yes. But we all know that powers are related to DNA. And with a class meta body part, the only DNA included in associated fluids is the DNA of any powers that it currently holds,” Kandi said, and it sounded like she was quoting verbatim from Wikipedia.

“I’m afraid I don’t see what you’re getting at,” I said.

“What I’m saying is, I realize the hundredth blowjob might not be that exciting. But I don’t want that to mess with this test. And since you’re currently infertile until all your powers run out, there’s zero possibility of you getting me pregnant. We’re both STD-free… I don’t see any reason why you can’t start fucking me in the cunt.”

My eyes opened wide. This certainly upped the ante. She was right, I couldn’t see any reason why not either. “Okay!” I said. “How do you want to start? And what size should I be?”

In response, she reached down and hiked up her miniskirt around her waist. Her pussy was cleanly waxed, and I couldn’t see much else about it because the bottom of an enormous dildo was emerging from it. She pulled on the end of the floppy rubber dick and it emerged from her cunt slowly, her lips gripping it all the way down. A slight bulge that I hadn’t noticed before disappeared from her gut as it went. It finally popped out after about eleven inches, and she sighed contentedly, reaching down to finger her gaping wet gash with her left hand as she deposited the dildo on the floor of the car with her right. “I’ve been practicing. You can stay exactly the size you are,” she said dreamily. “Now plow me while I’m still wet. Plow me with that huge monster cock.”

Man, did she know how to push my buttons. Just when the blowjobs were getting passé… I finished pumping my cock up to full hardness again and plunged in. I had to bend over to not hit my head on the roof of the car as she sat on the bench seat, so I started making out with her while I steered my cock r. She turned her head away and arched her back so that my face ended up in her tits instead – well, I wasn’t going to complain about that. I started licking and sucking her left nipple, then her right, as I pushed my massive prick further into her deep pussy.

She moaned and gasped as I entered, but she managed to take most of my foot-long schlong. At least as much as Christina had taken, and that was with a power tailor-made for large insertions. I reached behind Kandi’s back and swung her torso around so that she could lie flat on the car seat, one leg down, one bent up over my shoulder towards the roof of the car. That allowed me to get into a slightly more natural half-kneeling pose from which I could plow her.

I just started thrusting, concentrating on keeping my position steady as the car accelerated and decelerated in the Sunday traffic. Kandi was in ecstasy, alternately tweaking and licking her own nipples and reaching down to play with her clit as I filled her up with my pole. We fucked for several minutes, and she kept on moaning and gasping, but she never seemed to reach orgasm. My legs were starting to get tired from supporting this awkward position.

“I can’t cum unless… ah!... unless you cum,” she said finally, looking up at me with heavy-lidded eyes. “I need to feel my tits growing, need to feel… ooohhh” she moaned as I thrust in once again. Great. She had fetishized her breast growth to an overpowering extent. Well, it wasn’t like I couldn’t oblige – reaching inside myself I felt Maria’s power, the hair-trigger switch hooked up to my, ahem, loaded gun. I simply clenched and came.

“Oh! Oh my god! Oh god yes! Yes! YES! YES!” Kandi screamed as I pumped a couple fluid ounces of jizz into the depths of her cunt. She thrashed wildly on the seat, squeezing and kneading her breasts as they added another bit of volume to their already impressive size. Her orgasm went on for quite a while, and when she was done I was almost relieved to pull out of her pussy and get out of that awkward position. My hamstrings were killing me. I quickly backed over into the opposite seat, my dick still fully erect and slick with her juices.

She sat up after a bit and straightened out her hair some. After five full loads of my jizz, her tits looked only the very slightest bit bigger than they had been this morning – of course, that was the conundrum, the law of diminishing returns. The bigger they got, the smaller each load I gave her was, comparatively. She evidently hadn’t found out about the scaling effect, if indeed she had it and it wasn’t an extra bonus just for me.

Once she had recomposed herself, she eyed my still-erect cock just as hungrily as she ever had. “So, do you feel like you got Maria’s power?” she asked.

“One way to find out,” I said. “Let’s do it in a different position this time, though. I did all the work last time, now it’s your turn.”

We settled on a modified cowgirl – I laid on the floor of the car, she steadied herself with one hand on each seat as she bobbed up and down on my cock. I got to watch her tits bounce up and down gratuitously, lagging a split second behind the motion of the rest of her torso. It was quite a show. When she started to get sweaty and out of breath, I decided to oblige her with another orgasm-on-command. She reacted rapturously, sinking all the way down onto my cock as it bucked and pumped another full-sized load into her cunt.

“Satisfied now?” I asked as she lifted herself off of me. We were almost to the coast now, and the car was slowing down. Miraculously, my cock was *still* hard – I felt like I would have to concentrate or turn off Maria’s power if I wanted it to go flaccid again.

She sat back on the seat, breathing heavy, and pulled her skirt back down around her hips. “Yeah, but… just to be sure,” she said, and suddenly lunged across the car to give me another blowjob. Christ, the woman was insatiable. We weren’t even on the cruise yet, and already she had milked me for seven loads! I held off as long as I could, but finally gave in and pulled the trigger as we passed into the parking garage. We had to at least take a little bit of a break if we were going to make it onto the ship.

After I finished, she pulled away and licked her lips, then turned around and looked in the half-light of the parking garage to find her discarded shirt. She pulled her arms through the sleeves, and then, with great difficulty, managed to get the tight-fitted bottom of the shirt over her tits, sloshing them through one-by-one. Once the shirt was in place, it was clear just how much her tits had grown during the car ride alone – the top was straining tighter than ever against her huge chest, her nipples threatening to poke through at any moment. Her cleavage practically spilled out of the V-neck, her breasts showing a slight ‘muffin-top’ effect at the edge of the cloth. I heard a stitch pop, then another, and the V-neck collar opened up another inch or so. Her tits settled slightly on either side, and the tension seemed to go away – for now.

She looked down at her tits with evident glee – the thought of how much they would grow in the coming week turned her on so much that she reached down beneath her skirt and began to play with herself absentmindedly. It was only when I opened the car door that she seemed to remember that we had responsibilities before we could get to fucking again. She jerked to attention, her tits bouncing as she did so.

“I’ve never done this before. Is there a bag check?” I asked.

“Oh, I’ll guide you through it,” she said, opening her own door. As she stepped out onto her high heels, she suddenly stopped, turned around, and said “wouldn’t want to forget this!” She reached back into the car and pulled out the forgotten dildo. With a smooth, slow motion, she stowed it up inside her pussy again before going to the trunk to remove her bags.

I mean, I know I shouldn’t judge and all, considering the week I’d had, but Christ, what a slut.

XIII.

The Young Fortune had bought us every amenity that the cruise line had to offer, and that included boarding so quick that I barely even got a view of the terminal before they had whisked us into a VIP lounge, filled with leather loveseats and brass trim. We were some of the only VIPs there – others included a few old couples, and another few rich dilettantes like Kandi. She seemed to know one of them from a riding camp of some kind – she had brought her own boy toy, and we exchanged awkward, useless glances as the girls chattered for a few moments before separating.

“God, I wish we could just start fucking right here on this couch,” Kandi whispered as we sat munching on complimentary hors d’ouevres.

“Well, unless you want to do it in front of a half dozen grandparents, we can’t,” I whispered back.

“What are they doing here, anyways? This was supposed to be a party cruise. Nothing but hot 20-somethings we could outclass.”

“They used to be hot 20-somethings, too, you know. I bet they still like to party,” I said. “Bring the walker down to the dance floor, go wild and crazy hopped up on Coke Zero…” I thought it created a pretty funny mental image, but Kandi was unamused.

Finally, the announcement came that our cabins were ready. “Yes! All right!” Kandi said enthusiastically, already standing up. She strode purposefully to the nearest elevator almost too quickly for me to keep up (which is pretty amazing considering she was wearing heels *and* had that giant dildo stuck up inside her the whole time).

Deck 11 was where we were staying, at the very back of the ship. We passed door after tiny, close-packed metal door, until we came to the end of the hallway, where a wood-paneled door was set into the wall within a carefully-designed art-deco alcove. The Youngs never did anything halfway.

The cabin was nearly as big as my house, which is saying something when the average size of ship staterooms was about 200 square feet. The lushly-appointed double-bed alone seemed larger than that, not to mention the walk-in closets, the spacious shower, the outdoor whirlpool hot tub on the balcony, the sitting area, the dining area, the huge couch, the potted plants, the fine art sculptures, the deep-pile carpets… this was the distillation of luxury. Our bags had already been not just brought up, but unpacked for us, our clothes laid out fastidiously in separate closets. They had ironed my shirts.

“Isn’t it great?” Kandi said, holding out her arms and spinning around like Julie Andrews on a mountaintop.

“Yeah, this is really impressive,” I agreed, kicking off my shoes.

“And it’s all ours for a week!” she said, flouncing over to the door. She pulled the ‘do not disturb’ sign from its holder and slotted it onto the doorknob.

“I don’t want that sign to come down for an instant,” she said huskily as she sauntered back towards me.

“What, aren’t we going to eat?” I asked.

She rolled her eyes. “I *guess*,” she said. “But let’s not think about boring practicalities right now. We have five hours until dinner, and there’s a dress I’m dying to fit into. Will you help me?” she said, walking with an exaggerated sway in her hips over to the bed.

“Gee, I’m not good at tailoring,” I said, undoing my belt. Well, this was what I signed on for, wasn’t it?

“Oh, I don’t want any alterations on *the dress*,” she breathed, playing along. She stepped out of her heels, and pulled her skirt off, removing the dildo once again to reveal her gaping wet cunt. She kept wearing the crop top, however, and I liked what she had in mind.

“Oh really? So what do you want me to do, then?” I asked, finishing my strip down and leaving all my clothes on the floor next to my shoes.

“Anything you want,” she moaned as she crawled onto the bed, swinging her long legs around with a balletic grace. She arched her back, and her top strained against her bulging tits.

Now that I could cum as much as I wanted, the three hours we had spent between the car and the suite might as well have amounted to a sexless eternity. I was as ready as I’d ever been. I’d have to be careful about leaving Maria’s power on in the future – it seemed passive, but it was having an effect on me even when I didn’t use it to cum spontaneously. There’s a reason evolution didn’t give guys the ability to have multiple orgasms.

But there was a reason Kandi had. Given me that ability, that is. By having Maria blow me. Yeah, that was an awkward turn of phrase. Anyway, she wanted me to fuck her a lot, is what I was getting at there.

I took her from behind, doggy-style. Her long legs pushed into the firm but giving bed, the side of her head pressed up against the sheets as I pounded away at her pussy. Her heart-shaped ass and narrow waist looked great even without seeing the edges of her big tits peeking out from behind her ribcage. I came a few times, whenever I felt like it, really, and each time Kandi had an orgasm that seemed bigger than the last.

I pulled out and flipped her over, then pulled her up on top of me for another round of cowgirl. She leaned back and supported herself with both hands as by huge cock slid in an out of her wet gash, her tits sloshing up towards her collarbone and almost out of her shirt, then down to the bottom of her ribcage to strain against the fabric.

I came another couple times, and the growth in her tits since the start of our fuck session began to become evident. As I jizzed inside her for a third time, the strain became too much – another pair of stitches popped, and the V-neck descended another inch, getting dangerously close to the bottom of the shirt.

I didn’t want to have a bad vantage point for the finale. I sat up and pulled myself up over her, so that she was lying down flat on the bed and I was kneeling by her bottom. I pulled her long, flexible legs up over my shoulders, lifting her pelvis up to the level of my cock, and plunged in again. She was too frazzled to protest, and I got the feeling that her ‘whatever you want’ had been literal – she was getting off on me manhandling her, too.

I might as well have some more fun, too, then – I reached for the nerve trigger and pumped my dick up another two notches in size. She gasped at the sudden increase in girth as I stretched her cunt even more, then simply tilted her head back and let the pleasure run through her. Her tits jiggled and wobbled inside the shirt, keeping time with my long thrusts.

I wanted to see them break out, dammit! I reached for Maria’s power and once again came on command, the orgasm rising up out of my balls with a spontaneous rise of tension. No slow build-up, just sudden, overwhelming pleasure as I squirted another lot of cum into Kandi’s stretched-out pussy.

I watched carefully as her jiggling breasts pulsated and grew slightly, straining against the remaining fabric but not breaking it, even as her own orgasm caused her to stretch her arms and arch her back. Well, time to go for broke. I reached for Maria’s power one more time and started another orgasm, before the aftershocks of the first one had even gone away. I was overwhelmed by pleasure as the two collided, and was just barely able to give my due attention to the spectacle of Kandi’s tits.

They swelled up once again in size as I pumped two shot glass’ worth of jizz into her. That difference in volume was enough to cause the shirt to give up altogether, its final stitches popping right down the middle. Kandi’s tits exploded out of their inadequate confinement, her bubblegum-pink nipples suddenly revealed in full color as her ample tits shook and wobbled and fell into equilibrium, shifting slightly with gravity to either side over her torso. Less than I would have expected, given their size, though – it almost seemed as though they had only gotten firmer as they got larger.

Kandi gasped for air as she surfaced from her serial orgasms. I carefully felt around for my powers and turned off Maria’s – that was a dangerous temptation, and now that Kandi seemed satisfied with our initial bacchanal I wanted my head on straight so I could keep track of things like not starving to death on a ship full of food.

“Wow,” Kandi said as she sat up, shrugging out of the remains of the top. She instantly felt for her tits, which now sat almost spherically on her chest, globes six or seven inches across. She squeezed them fondly. “These should be the perfect size,” she enthused as she rushed off to her closet.

I checked the clock. A lot of time had passed as we fucked – it was now headed for 8:30, our scheduled dinner time. I was feeling dehydrated, and reached for a glass of ice water. “The perfect size for what?” I asked loud enough to be heard over the shuffling of hangars coming from the closet.

I got my answer a few minutes later when Kandi stalked out in red high heels, encased in a tight shiny red garment that I thought I recognized. It was a little loose around the hips, and in fact a little tight as it stretched across her taut new tits. “For this, of course,” she said proudly. “I borrowed some of mom’s old dresses!”

XIV.

We went to dinner at one of the ship’s swanky expensive steakhouses, where we could sit in relative privacy in a recessed booth – though the constant flow of Indonesian waiters prevented us from getting up to anything too naughty. The steak was incredible, and served with six kinds of table salt. Six kinds! Crazy, right? Plus the wild mushrooms were just divine. And since it was on Ms. Young’s dime, I also went for the escargots appetizer…

I’m just fucking with you. You don’t care about the food. I didn’t care about the food, even (though it was very good). I was transfixed by Kandi’s tits.

I used ‘Cantaloupe-sized’ to describe Ms. Young’s tits a lot, and now the comparison applied just as aptly to Kandi’s. Today’s growth had been meteoric compared to the relatively slow pace we’d kept during the last week of school, and it seemed to show in how spherical and firm her tits had gotten. They stood proudly on her rib cage, almost like implants, the skin looking slightly stretched and veiny where I could see it – which was almost everywhere, as the dress was definitely slightly too small for her. Its basic form was a tube encasing the stomach and hips, with two large triangles of fabric stretching up from the top of the stomach, over the breasts, and then meeting behind the neck. I don’t know whether it was their size or their firmness or both, but Kandi’s tits made the triangles seem very inadequate. Not only was there a huge amount of cleavage on display in between them, I could also see the sides of her tits on the outsides, too. And the material was stretched so taut across the middle of her unyielding boobs that her nipples were once again poking very visibly against it. I didn’t remember it ever looking so scandalous when Ms. Young had worn it around town – and I was pretty sure I would have remembered.

So Kandi had finally matched her mother. Or at least, she had matched her mother as of a few days ago.

Oops. My bad.

She ate quickly, ravenously, somehow adjusting instantly to having an enormous new rack to work around. “You’re just always swallowing meat of some kind, aren’t you?” I joked as she finished her six-ounce filet mignon. She just rolled her eyes.

After dessert, we went back up to the suite for *dessert*. “Do you want to fuck me in this dress?” she asked as we walked through the door to find the room redone by our stewards. The lights had been dimmed to a dull reddish glow.

“Won’t that ruin it?” I asked.

“Who the fuck cares? Mom’ll never fit into again, and hopefully neither will I,” she said flippantly. “You seemed to enjoy watching me burst out of that shirt earlier… to tell you the truth, I kind of enjoyed it too.”

“I’m game,” I said, stripping out of my suit. I figured the stewards would fold it when they came by while we were at breakfast, so I just dropped it on the floor.

Kandi smiled, and once again headed for the bed. I didn’t bother to ever make my dick smaller than a foot anymore, and it didn’t take long to reach that size again watching Kandi’s heaving chest as she writhed on the bed, playing with her dildo.

In fact, she was still playing with it as I crawled on top of her. “Aren’t you going to take that out?” I asked.

“Actually, I’d like to see what it feels like if I leave it in,” she breathed, and I looked down and saw that she had inserted it really far up her ass, leaving her wet pussy free for my cock.

“Okay,” I said lamely.

“And make your cock bigger again! Thirteen inches felt great last time!” she moaned as I prepared to enter her. “If I’m gonna be this slutty, I wanna go all the way.”

I obliged. It felt better to me the bigger I got anyway. Her pussy was once again warm, wet, and yielding as I pushed my huge cock deep inside her, and she continued playing with the huge dildo too, filling herself up as full as could be. She apparently loved the feeling of the double penetration, cumming without even needing me to cum first this time. I left Maria’s power off, so I had to reach a climax the old-fashioned way, concentrating on the building tension, the pleasure of my cock in her cunt, the sheer eroticism of her gleaming curves and ample breasts.

She howled and screamed in ecstasy when I came, and I watched as her spherical tits swelled up ever so slightly more, straining against the fabric of the dress. But this time, something different happened. The fabric didn’t start to give. Her tits did – specifically, her nipples. Dark maroon spots appeared in the red of the dress, quickly soaking through. A light spray began to come up through the raised point where her nipples poked up. I bent down to taste it, and it was just as I suspected – breast milk. Kandi was lactating.

She certainly realized it too, and I slowed my thrusting as she came out of her reverie of pleasure to look at this new phenomenon. The top of the dress was soaked through now, and milk was beginning to stream down the sides of her taut breasts.

“What the fuck?” she said, reaching up and feeling her breasts with her hands. Just from looking at them as she felt them, I could see that they had lost some of their tightness, their firmness – they were squishy, sloshy funbags again, looking like naturals now rather than implants.

And they weren’t any bigger than before I had started cumming. In fact, they were smaller. Well, it only made sense – she was lactating from them! Of course they would get smaller! But Kandi was completely distraught by the situation.

“My tits can’t get fucking *smaller*,” she said desperately. “Cum in me again, Jack! Do it quick!”

I began thrusting again, letting the tension build up slowly. “Don’t take your time about it, you useless fuckhead! Just jizz inside me!” she screamed, pushing on her nipples as if to stop the flow of milk.

So much for ‘making love’. Still, it wouldn’t do to keep her waiting. I turned on Maria’s power, pulled the trigger, and came again instantly, pumping a stream of hot jizz into the depths of Kandi’s cunt.

Her breasts began to swell again, but soon afterwards they stopped again, and the flow of milk from her nipples only became more intense. “No! Shit! Cum again!” she yelled at me. I obliged, feeling the sheer ecstasy of two overlapping orgasms, but when I came out of my almost catatonic state of pleasure, I saw that the pressure had only increased – she was lactating straight through the fabric now, a fine mist of milk squirting up through the pores in the material. “Again!” she cried. “Again! I can’t… I won’t…”

I jizzed several more times, and while her breasts did fill firmer and harder and tauter than ever before, each burst was accompanied by even more intense lactation. Finally, I stopped and pulled out of Kandi’s cunt as she began to cry, pulling the dildo from her ass in an almost pitiable gesture of defeat. The bed was soaked with her milk, and her breasts were only the tiniest bit bigger than they had been at dinner.

“What the fuck, Jack? Why does the universe hate me? Why can’t I get as big as my stupid fucking mom?” she sobbed, trying to pull herself together.

“Just a theory here, but… I think I know what’s going on. It’s not as bad as you think,” I said as I let my dick go flaccid.

“Really? What is it, then?”

“I think that we’re going too fast. In the past, I gave you maybe five loads a day at best. Today, between the start of the car ride and the start of dinner, I gave you like twenty loads, most of them bigger than usual. That’s way faster than we ever did before. I think there’s just a limit to how fast you can grow, because your skin has to catch up – remember, what you took in from me today was the equivalent of like two hundred normal ejaculations. I bet even the most ambitious bukkake setup has never done that much, so the Perseids didn’t build your power to handle it.”

She sniffed, and began to strip out of the dress. Her tits were still in a state of fake-looking tautness, though they were still dribbling milk. “So what do we do?”

“We wait until tomorrow and see if your skin has caught up with your tits yet. And then we just go a little slower – unless you can learn to like lactation.”

“I was looking forward to catching up with Mom, though…”

“We still can! Remember, we’ve got six more days,” I said reassuringly.

“Yeah, you’re right. Okay, I’m gonna go take a shower,” she said, suddenly all better.

Christ. We had six more days.

XV.

I’m sure cruising is a lot of fun. We stopped in Jamaica, and Haiti, and Cozumel. The ship had an ice-skating rink and a Broadway show. It seemed like there would be a ton of opportunities to do enjoyable things.

I wouldn’t know. I spent most of my time in the suite. Still doing enjoyable things, mind you, but they were all the *same* enjoyable thing. Every morning I awoke to Kandi sucking or fucking my morning wood, just to get a jump start on the day. We got dressed – Kandi usually just wore a big T-shirt and a bikini bottom – went to the lido to grab breakfast, and then it was right back to the room for more fucking. We ordered dozens of water glasses and bottles from room service to keep us hydrated, though I also grew to like the taste of Kandi’s breast milk. Sometimes she allowed me to go out for lunch. Sometimes we just ordered food in, halting our endless sex for a few minutes while the demure attendants brought us our food on a tray – often, we didn’t even stop fucking to eat, working out creative positions.

I tried to leave Maria’s power off as much as possible, only cumming the old-fashioned way. Kandi still milked me for every load she could – she sucked me off, she fucked me with her pussy, she even let me do anal. I managed six or seven loads, about one per hour, before dinnertime. It seemed that that was a pace Kandi’s power was comfortable to keep up with, as she never lactated during the day, just grew at that moderate pace, adding a cup size before dinner.

That was when we went out, always to one of the fancy restaurants – the Brazilian grill, the prix-fixe tasting menu place, the gourmet pizzeria. It was Kandi’s chance to show off how much she had grown. The second night, she wore the dress again, positively spilling out from it on either side. It was almost obscene. The next night, she gave up on that dress and tried another, a blue strapless which she had apparently had altered to hang from her now even bigger rack. She tried that on a second time as well, and it resulted in some of the most tremendous cleavage I’ve ever seen – her tits were pushed up almost all the way to her collarbone. On the fifth night, she wore some sort of wrap that had apparently started as nothing more than a bolt of green cloth, which she artfully applied to herself in such a way that it eventually encased her body, supporting itself and covering her now bowling-ball-sized breasts.

Yeah, they grew more than a cup size each day. Because after dinner – that was when she went crazy. She begged me to fuck her, pinned me to the bed and lowered herself onto me, did everything in her power to make me cum. I was usually tapped out by this point, but I turned on Maria’s power and obliged her. I was honestly a little afraid of what would happen if I didn’t. I came, and came, and came, and just like I predicted, her skin wasn’t able to keep up. Her breasts swelled and hardened and got firmer and firmer until finally she started squirting milk from her nipples just to relieve the pressure. And every night, even though she knew what would happen, she begged me to keep cumming, begged me to pump her breasts fuller just to squeeze whatever little bit of extra growth she could out of them. She screamed and pleaded and moaned and cried, and I was overwhelmed by it. She was just so worried that she would never match her mom, and it had become an all-encompassing goal to which she tied her very self-worth. I’d heard stories about power-induced psychosis, where the assignation of a particular power results in the mental breakdown of its recipient, and I began to wonder if Kandi was falling victim to it.

Finally, when I had cum as many times as I could, when her tits had swollen out to hard, balloon-like proportions, when she fell asleep from exhaustion holding her dribbling mammaries in her arms, I was finally able to sneak out and explore some of the ship. It was usually after midnight, and it was only the bars and lounges that were open, and mostly empty. I would order a soda and sit and watch the stars.

I considered, after those first couple days, the possibility of just turning on Christina’s power, and turning up the dial on Kandi’s, and just getting it all done in one fell swoop the way I had with Ms. Young. But of course, that would involve revealing that I had been the one who made Ms. Young’s tits bigger in the first place by fucking her, and that wasn’t exactly the sort of revelation I wanted Kandi to have. I was stuck between a rock and a hard place.

When I went back, the bed was half-soaked with breast milk, and her tits were soft and squishy again, and ready to start the whole deal all over again the next morning. I wondered, especially on the fifth and sixth days as her tits got bigger than her head, approaching the size of her mom’s new endowments, whether she would ever be satisfied.

Day six went much like the previous five – I awoke to find Kandi engrossed in giving me a titjob with her huge new breasts, which had deflated slightly during the night as per usual. They wrapped around my rod with pillow softness, and she worked expertly on just my cockhead with her mouth. Normally, that would have been my ideal way to wake up, but as crazy as it seems, I was almost getting tired of endless sex with a beautiful woman. Or maybe I wasn’t getting tired of sex – maybe I was getting tired of Kandi, and her endless, passionless need. It had been pretty hot at first, but it was getting grating and demeaning as time wore on. She didn’t treat me as a person at all – for the past few days, we’d barely exchanged words that weren’t exhortations for me to cum more. As it turned out, I wasn’t into the whole sex slave thing.

On the other hand, I couldn’t not cum on principle. After a couple minutes, I shot my first load of the morning into her willing mouth.

“I think today’s the day, Jack. I can feel it. I need you to not hold out on me. I need you to cum the way you do at night, and I need you to do it now.” It wasn’t a question. She ordered me like a field marshal while fondling her tits in anticipatory glee.

“What, don’t I even get breakfast?” I protested as she reached down to stroke my dick back up to full tumescence.

“Fuck breakfast,” she said.

“I thought I was supposed to fuck you!” I joked. She didn’t even acknowledge that I’d said anything, instead simply bending down to give me a blow job. After a few seconds, she pulled her mouth off my dick and ordered “bigger. Faster.”

I somewhat passive-aggressively pumped my dick up to fourteen inches long, a truly ridiculous length, but she kept on deepthroating it despite its incredible size. I briefly wondered why she was able to, before realizing I’d forgotten to turn off Ms. Young’s power – too late for regrets, if I turned it off now I’d probably destroy Kandi’s esophagus entirely.

She started fondling my orange-sized balls as she blew me, getting more and more aggressive as she tried to wring every ounce of stimulation she could out of the blowjob. I began to get worried she would choke herself to death on my cock, sighed, and turned on Maria’s power. If Kandi wanted to reach her mom’s size today, she was going to do it one way or another, so I might as well play along – maybe if she finished, I would get to enjoy the last day of the cruise on my own terms.

I came steadily every ten minutes, pumping load after load down Kandi’s throat – we changed positions, and I started pumping load after load down her pussy, then her ass, then her throat again. Pussy, ass, throat, pussy, throat, ass. We fucked straight through lunch and towards dinner. She blew me while I recuperated, sitting in a chair and drinking water. Her breasts grew, as per usual, and then began to swell and firm up, as per usual. But now it was clear that they were larger than ever, much larger – they were nine inches across, basketball-sized. I wouldn’t have believed they were real if I hadn’t made them myself. They jutted impossibly her ribcage, the internal pressure building up from my jizz keeping them almost spherical. They were cartoonish, ridiculous – from behind, they stuck out so far that I could see them on either side of her arms. They dominated her figure, looking utterly insane above her tiny waist. And, most importantly, there were a matched set with Ms. Young’s.

Kandi seemed to realize it, too. Even as the first dribbles of lactation began to emerge from her nipples, she gave a victory whoop and removed herself from my cock, running to the closet. She came back a moment later with what I initially took to be some sort of sophisticated back brace, but which was in fact one of Ms. Young’s newly-purchased bras, custom made in the size I had brought her to.

“I stole it. I wanted to know when I’d caught up. This is the moment of truth,” she said, reaching up to put the enormous bra over her shoulders. She pulled the comically large cups over her swollen breasts, and they fit perfectly. She reached behind and did up the elaborate clasp, pulling her tits even higher, creating a valley of cleavage that would make the Grand Canyon jealous. The last clasp closed with a strained-sounding ‘click’, and the enormity of her new chest was in place, straining slightly against the brassiere that contained it.

“Oh my fucking god,” she said. “I did it! I fucking did it! I matched mom’s tits! Yes!” she yelled, jumping up and down as best she could with the new ballast on her chest. Her tits bobbed mutedly within the confines of the bra as she did her best to leap with joy. All the fucking she’d been doing for the past week had toned her muscles, that was for sure, and she would be toning them a lot more lugging her enormous tits around. But she seemed happy. Triumphant, even! And stable for the first time since the cruise had started.

“We’re going to dinner in the main dining room tonight,” she said. “I’m showing off to *everybody*.”

I checked the clock absently and was surprised to find that we had only a couple hours left until dinner. We had been fucking literally all day without a break. I let my poor cock go flaccid for the first time in hours. It deserved a rest.

“What are you going to wear?” I asked as I gathered the components of my suit.

“Well, I… look, I was planning ahead, and that involved stealing a lot of things from Mom. She ordered a bunch of new dresses too, she’s not gonna miss just one of them,” Kandi said from the closet.

She emerged a half hour later in a stunning white backless strapless dress, which was apparently held up using some arcane magic (or sticky tape). It looked like it had come from the same tailor that provided Jessica Rabbit with her costumes. Yet it also had a deep, deep neckline, extending down almost to the very bottoms of her breasts. Close inspection revealed that there were indeed very tiny, almost sheer straps that went up around her neck to hold up those seemingly unsecured curves of fabric that lazily covered her nipples and not much else. On the other end of things, the hemline (taken in slightly to account for Kandi’s hips being smaller than her mother’s) went up so far that the tops of her ass cheeks were visible, and the waist area might as well have been painted on. It was a dress in a highly theoretical sense, since it made her seem more undressed than if she’d been naked. Five-inch white heels emphasized her long legs and changed her gait so that every step was an exaggerated cornucopia of thrusts and jiggles. Suddenly, I could barely remember why I’d been so fed up with her.

“Let’s go down to dinner, shall we?” she said.

XVI.

The main dining room was a bit ostentatious – three decks tall, with a twenty-foot chandelier hanging in the middle of it, all round white tablecloths and upholstered seats.

Kandi turned every head in the room when she entered. I think a couple of geezers went into heart palpitations when they saw her. A lot of disgusted old ladies looked at her, rolled their eyes, and returned to their food. Every younger guy in the place just kept staring at her long past the point where they could have been expected to turn away – I saw a few of the less awestruck ones notice me, look at me jealously, flick their eyes down to my crotch (where my salami-sized cock bulged noticeably inside my pants) and then gain a look of understanding and disappointment.

A rather flustered-looking Maitre’d appeared, very consciously and professionally steering his gaze *away* from Kandi’s figure, and led us through the maze of tables to an open space. Kandi sat down primly, the action causing the dress to ride up so far on her ass that it would doubtless have been completely visible if the chair weren’t in the way. Her tits almost touched the table in front of her. The table full of frat boys a few feet away from us gaped in abject amazement as she adjusted her position to get comfortable. I just winked at them and returned my attention to Kandi. She didn’t actually eat anything that night. She had been fasting all day, in fact and possibly for the last two – she just wanted to show off the most outrageous figure possible.

She was a stunning sight, to be sure – but I think what I found most pleasing about looking at her was the knowledge that she had finally achieved her goal. That I was free! That she would hopefully be happy! After dinner we went to the show so Kandi could show off some more – it was just some silly holographic dance revue, but it was the first real cruising activity I’d done, and I enjoyed it more on a personal level than my past twenty blasé passionless orgasms combined.

After the show finished, we went to the dance club, where Kandi could really cut loose and show off to the young crowd of the ship. She danced pretty well for a girl with a new figure to adjust to, and she attracted a huge crowd of admirers who gathered to watch her gyrate with the overpoweringly loud rhythms of the dance music. I sat by the sidelines, drinking sodas and enjoying the view. Kandi’s tits had begun lactating slightly throughout the night – she cleaned up with cocktail napkins and the occasional trip to the ladies’ room. By the end of the night, her tits had lost enough of their internal pressure that they were beginning to succumb slightly to gravity, drooping into the slightest of teardrop shapes and straining against the meager support provided by the dress.

Eventually, she left the dance floor, with two particularly hunky-looking guys in tow. She gave me a rueful, half-apologetic “what else am I gonna do?” look as she led them to the bathroom. I didn’t know what they’d be able to do to satisfy her, since I doubted either of them were packing cocks that could grow to the size of their forearms and fists. On a deeper level, though, I knew exactly how they would satisfy her – in fact, they already had, just by being enthralled by her, overwhelmed by her sexiness. She got off on that, on being the most outrageously oversexed being in the room, and clearly I didn’t count. I was just a tool, a means to an end, even still.

I downed the rest of my Coke and started wandering through the fringes of the club, looking at the shipmates I had been denied the chance to see. I passed through a somewhat quieter section of chest-height tables for sad singles to lean against, and looked at all the people who had come on the cruise hoping to find someone they clicked with, and now, on the penultimate night, were still alone.

Hell, that was me, too, at the moment, wasn’t it?

A brunette wearing light eyeglasses perked up as I got near. She snapped her head around to look at me, seeming to look through me. I took the chance to look at her, too – she was attractive, dressed in a somewhat conservative (by the standards of the club) black dress that went to mid-thigh, revealing enough of her womanly legs to get me intrigued. Her dress was cinched by a belt around her waist, revealing her pleasing hourglass figure that was only slightly unbalanced by the relative smallness of her about B-cup breasts.

Suddenly, and quite clearly, I heard a voice in my head. A rich, somewhat husky female voice, with a cultured British accent. “Bathroom. Ten minutes. Be twenty centimeters.” I looked in shock at the brunette’s face, and her scarlet lipstick twitched in a slight smirk. Class-N powers, and strong ones by the feel of it.

Well, if Kandi was having trysts in the latrine, I might as well get in on it too.

Even the bathrooms were luxe on the cruise ship, and since we were in the premium lounge/club, they were even nicer here. I entered and found myself drawn to the handicapped stall. When I got in, however, I didn’t find a waiting Class-N. Instead there was a note, reading “foresaw interruption. Meet me in cabin 7425”

Precognition *and* telepathy? This chick was the total package, power-wise. I didn’t know much about Class-Ns, but that had to put her as at least one of the twenty or thirty most powerful on Earth. I wondered whether she worked for the PMB, maybe even as a battery for Metaman – or Andy.

Her stateroom seemed like a large-ish suite, not as big as the one Kandi had managed to reserve, but still much larger than the average cabin. The lights were turned down almost to nothing. I could just barely see the outline of the Class-N’s lithe body gleaming on the bed in the starlight.

*Sorry I didn’t introduce myself. My name is Alana. Yours is Jack, right?* I heard in my head, in that same smoky voice.

“Yeah, Jack. Pleasure to meet you,” I said as I stepped into the room.

*Forgive my indisgression, but you were giving off such powerful feelings that I couldn’t help but pick up on them. You’re frustrated with a girl… sexually, but in a way I have not often felt before. You have strong feelings inside of you that you don’t feel safe letting out. And you have a quite unique power, as well, so it seems. I want to help you with that.*

“Forgive me for asking, but if all you want to do is help me with my power, why did you specify that I should make my cock eight inches long? And, uh, why are you naked?” I asked, walking towards the bed all the same.

*Well… I admit, I would like to get some hands-on experience with your situation before I offer you advice. I hope you won’t mind.*

“I’m guessing you already know I won’t,” I said. She didn’t respond with anything but a barely-visible smile and a change in body position that indicated she was ready to begin fucking immediately. Everywhere I went these days, women were throwing themselves at me. Turns out all you have to do is get a cock with superpowers – who knew?

While Kandi was a ruthlessly efficient cum-guzzling machine in bed, Alana had *technique*. I couldn’t place how old she was – late twenties, early thirties, from her looks – but she had clearly been around the block a time or three and knew how exactly to turn me on, to make me feel incredible without tipping over the edge, to maximize the pleasure for both of us as our bodies moved in concert. She could mediate between our minds, reading to see what precise action would turn me on the most and casting instincts into my mind about how I should best bring her pleasure. She came several times; I came shortly after her fifth orgasm, and finished squirting deep into her as we both came down off of our sensual highs.

*You take instruction well,* she thought. *With most men it’s like going up against a brick wall, trying to get them to follow best practices.*

“Yeah, well, apparently I’m getting used to taking orders from women who have sex with me,” I said, a little bitterly.

*Aha, so that’s the issue. Not too little sex with that girl… Kandi, I’m detecting, right? You’re not frustrated because she is withholding sex, you’re frustrated because she desires too much of it. But why? I… oh! Oh my!* Alana thought at me, and for a moment I had the disorienting sensation of noticing that I had bigger tits, a residual brainwave pattern cast over from Alana’s brain as she actually realized the same.

“Oh, sorry. I didn’t realize I’d left that on,” I said as she cupped her now C-cup breasts with her hands. They fit very nicely.

*A class-A, then? Interesting. I had initially only picked up on the growth aspect, but now… yes, I feel the others. You’ve got quite a few at your command, haven’t you? Someone’s been a bit naughty. And I sense… the breast growth, that’s from Kandi, is it not? She’s milking you so that she can have larger breasts.*

“Yeah, you nailed it. Now was there any point to this little visit aside from you getting to have sex with the big-dicked freak?” I said, getting more and more frustrated as the post-orgasm glow wore off.

*I’m a professional powers counsellor. I use my abilities to help people understand how to use their powers, and what their limits are. When I detected your distress, I wanted to help you figure out your powers – and, yes, get some great sex out of the deal. It’s difficult to find someone you can share intimacy with when you can accidentally get access to their innermost thoughts. You should take it as a compliment. Do you want me to help you, or not?*

“Oh! Um… okay,” I said.

*The process is a little disorienting. You may wish to lie back on the bed while I do it*, she thought, sitting up and moving to the side so that I could lie down.

When my head hit the pillow, she straddled me as though we were about to have sex again, and reached her hands to my temples.

I’m not going to try to describe how it felt or what I saw. I just know that I suddenly had a whole hell of a lot of knowledge about how all my powers worked on a technical level, mixed in with a hell of a lot of kaleidoscopic psychedelia composed of tits and asses and genitals. When I reemerged from the trance, I felt myself cumming, and saw Alana working my cock with her pussy. By the time I regained full control of my senses, it was over, and I noticed that her tits had returned to their previous size.

“Now how’d that work?” I asked, though I already knew.

*There’s a scaling factor on how much your semen makes breasts grow in relation to its volume. I set it to negative one, so that mine would return to normal. I can’t very well go out and purchase all new bras,* she thought as she began getting dressed. Well, it was good to know that at least one woman on the planet wasn’t obsessed with getting bigger breasts.

The fact that Kandi’s power could make breasts shrink too was intriguing to me. I felt like it had great potential, though at the moment I couldn’t figure out just what that potential was. All I could think of was the fact that it could cancel out Kandi’s power while I fucked her, if I wanted it to.

*Oh, one more thing, Jack*, Alana thought as she picked up her glasses from the bedside table. *I know I can’t prove it, but in my years in this job I’ve found that many times, the most unique and outstanding powers find their way to people who they’re particularly suited for. I know that was the case for me.* I had a sudden panoply of images, of a surgery gone wrong as a baby, ear infections, deafness, trouble speaking at all, failed speech therapy, painful surgeries in the mouth, awkward sign language. Alana was mute.

*Your power has the potential to be one of the most influential on Earth. I hope that it found you for a reason. I hope that you don’t squander it. And I hope you work out your troubles with Kandi,* she thought.

I knew that kissing her would cause her pain, so I imagined it instead. She imagined it right back at me as I left to trudge back to the club. Kandi was emerging from the bathroom – with two different guys than the ones I had seen her go in with. Apparently all the worrying she had done when I first entered this arrangement with her about being too much of a slut was completely empty.

I braced myself for demands of more cum when we got back to the room, but none came.

Instead, she simply pulled herself free from the dress, took a shower, and got ready to go to bed. “Thanks, Jack,” she said as she settled in, figuring out a position that accommodated her ridiculous tits. “I finally feel good about myself. This was the fantasy I had when I first found out about my power, and you helped fulfill it. I’m really pleased.” It only sounded a little like a form letter. No mention of the fact that she’d been sucking off random guys in the bathroom for the past hour. I wasn’t overwhelmed by her sincerity.

“I’m glad to hear it,” I said as I crawled into bed next to her. “Any plans for tomorrow? There’s a general knowledge trivia at ten…” I began.

She didn’t answer. So much for treating me like a person.

XVII.

So I never thought I’d be actively displeased to be awoken by a blowjob from a huge-titted goddess.

Well, I never thought I’d have a superdick, either, but here we are.

Kandi was blowing me with as much gusto as she could manage with her new tits swinging around below her chest, and I felt an orgasm coming on. Before I could stop to concentrate, it was bursting out of me, and Kandi was sucking up every last drop of it from my enormous cockhead.

Before she could start in on another one, I used a conscious effort of will to bring my dick down to its original size of six inches – a size it hadn’t been in over a week. It seemed piteously small to me now, even though it was perfectly average. Kandi was shocked by its sudden shrinkage.

“Okay, so what the fuck is this about, then?” I asked. She surreptitiously licked some cum from her lips before responding.

“Well, you see, my tits got less firm during the night, like they usually do, and I wanted to…”

“Bullshit. They’re perfectly fine, because you refilled them from those manwhores in the bathroom at the club. They’re firmer than they have any right to be at that size,” I said, sitting up and honka-honkaing them in demonstration.

“I… wanted to make you happy?”

“Normally you wait until someone’s awake and get their consent before trying to make them happy using sex,” I said. “Try again.” I got up out of bed and began getting dressed.

“It’s habit, okay? I forgot I reached my goal last night. It’s become routine.”

I rolled my eyes. “Okay, whatever. I’m going out to enjoy the ship. Trivia starts in a half hour, will I see you there?”

She ignored my last question. “Wait just a minute. When do you plan to be back?”

“Why do you care? It’s not as though you enjoy my company,” I said bitterly as I walked towards the door.

“But I need to know how many times you’ll be able to…” she began, trailing off.

“How many times I’ll be able to what, Kandi?” I asked.

She clenched her fists in frustration, her tits beginning to rise and fall faster on her chest as she breathed heavy. “You’re not going to do it any more, are you?”

“Why should I? You said it yourself – you reached your goal! I’m tired of being your living cum dispenser, Kandi. You’ve made it amply clear that you don’t think of me as a person, so now that you’re done with me I’ll be disposable, just like you want from a tool. See you when I see you,” I said.

“Wait just a minute!” she shouted, lunging for the nightstand in a move that made her endowments sway impressively. She stood up straight again holding my Cruise Pass card – my room key, my ship ID, and my direct line to Ms. Young’s credit card all in one.

She snapped it in half.

It was a pointless gesture – all I had to do was go down to Customer Services on deck 4 and ask for a new one to regain all the abilities it gave me – but it was a meaningful one. She had tried to remove all my agency aboard the ship, to reserve me for her own personal use. It solidified our relationship as not just icy, but adversarial. I blinked, and began walking slowly back to the bed.

“Have you re-thought things?” she asked.

“Yes, I have. In fact, I’m going to give you exactly what you want, Kandi,” I said. “I assume you want your tits to be bigger still, right? You want to surpass your mother.”

She faltered as I stripped out of my pants. “Y…yes, I guess. I wouldn’t put it in so many words…”

“Oh, I would. And I’ve got a confession to make, Kandi,” I said, pulling her onto the bed. My cock rose up to full turgidity almost instantly as I went through my mental checklist. I pushed her lightly into a classic doggy-style position as I pumped my dick up through the old familiar paces – eight, ten, twelve inches. I inserted it into her pussy – she was already wet from the transgressive thrill of blowing me in my sleep.

“WhaaaOOOaat’s that?” she asked as I thrust in.

“I’ve been holding out on you. You know I have Maria’s power, but, well… it’s not just that.”

“What do you mean?”

“What I mean is, I still have my doctor’s power,” I said as I pumped my dick up to thirteen inches while it was buried deep inside Kandi’s pussy. She moaned in mingled pain and pleasure at the sudden swelling and stretching it caused.

“I… mmph, I knew about that,” she gasped.

“But did you know that I also have… Christina’s power?” I said as I began to thrust in and out of her overtaxed pussy. Her lips gripped my extra-thick shaft so tightly that they stretched along with it as I pulled in and out.

“What? How does that w-“ she began, but I demonstrated by starting to cum, and not stopping. I pumped semen into her pussy for a solid minute, during which her tits grew noticeably firmer, then pulled out with a ‘schluk’, started squirting it across her ass, her legs, her back. She turned around to look at me and I got her tits, her face, her stomach, her hair – I coated her with cum.

“Okay, okay! I get it! You fucked Christina!” she cried as I turned off Christina’s power and stopped cumming. Kandi was unfazed. She began to lick my cum from everywhere she could reach on her body, since each bit she could get inside her translated to more breast growth. “But wait, I don’t… if you hate me so much, why not use that power to get our sessions over with faster?” She had consumed enough jizz that her tits were beginning to dribble again.

“I asked myself the same question. See if you can figure out the answer!” I said, as I pumped my cock up to fifteen, sixteen inches and turned on Ms. Young’s power.

“Wait, what are you doing with that?” she asked, looking at my truly titanic pecker.

“I’ll answer both your questions at once,” I said, and before she could react I reached out and grabbed either side of her head, maneuvering her onto my shaft. I scooted back a little bit, stepping off the bed and standing up so that she would have room to reach the required angle to fit my entire cock down her throat. She was shocked and surprised as her throat opened wide and took it all, and I could see her looking up at me in total surprise as her nose touched my pelvis.

Then her eyes turned to a different mixture of emotions – dawning realization, and even some sadness. I let go of her head, and she extricated her head from my cock, opening her lips wide, too wide, to free my fist-sized cockhead. I shrunk it back to the more comfortable 13-inch size. She turned around almost mechanically and backed onto my cock with her ass like I was a wall-mounted dildo. Even in the midst of her revelation, she was only concerned with growing bigger. Well, I would let her grow bigger, all right.

“You fucked Mom,” she said flatly as I thrust steadily into her asshole. “She never got a third set of implants at all. You stole my fucking power and you fucked her and you didn’t tell me.”

“Ding ding ding! We have a winner!”

“Why?” she said.

“Why not? It was a spur of the moment thing, just like you fucking Juan-Pablo and Brad in the bathroom last night.”

“But how many times did you fucking do it?” she screamed. “Her tits grew just as much as mine have from fucking you for a solid fucking week!”

“I did it *once*, you jealous bitch. I lost control of my powers. I didn’t mean for it to happen, but Christina’s power was brand new. That’s why I never used it with you, because I thought that once you saw how much I could cum in a brief window using her power, you’d know what happened to your mom’s tits.”

“Know what? I don’t fucking care. Just make me bigger than her,” she said. “No, wait, fuck. That won’t work, will it? Because of the lactation. And Christina’s and Maria’s powers won’t help that.”

“No, but I know someone whose power will,” I said as I ramped up my thrusting. Her tits swung back and forth between her arms.

“Who?”

“Yours,” I said. “I’ve got better control over it than you do. It has a scaling factor that works on skin, too – that’s why your mom didn’t start lactating.”

“Wait, what?”

“Should’ve studied up more, Kandi – we could have avoided this whole mess. Now, you’ve made it quite clear what you want, so I’m going to give it to you,” I said.

I turned on Christina’s power, and Maria’s, and Kandi’s, with the scaling factor turned up as high as I could push it.

And then I came.

Kandi screamed in vindication and betrayal and agony and overwhelming pleasure and satisfaction as I began to squirt rope after rope of jizz into her asshole, her body soaking it up instantly and transforming it into pure titflesh at a five times conversion rate. Her breasts expanded so rapidly that even from behind I could see them. They began to spray milk down onto the bed, but their growth far outpaced any shrinkage from the lactation. They swayed pendulously with my repeated thrusts, and eventually Kandi’s arms gave out and she collapsed onto her rapidly-expanding tits, which squished and flattened out slightly in all directions but supported her torso with their sheer bulk. They were about twelve inches around, now – the size of your average globe of the Earth. They looked even more cartoonish than Ms. Young’s tits as Kandi wobbled back and forth on top of them.

I was being a bit vindictive, but I wasn’t trying to be cruel – I didn’t want her to be immobilized because of her tits, I just wanted her to see how ridiculous she wanted to look. Fighting through the pleasure-induced haze of my titanic orgasm, I turned off the multiplier as they swelled to the size of small beach balls – I estimated 14 inches around, roughly, but I had no real way of knowing.

In fact, I turned the multiplier down to -1, the way Alana had showed me I could do. That just happened to cancel out Kandi’s natural power.

So now I was just cumming inside her ass, and her body wasn’t absorbing it. I came, and came, and came, and did I mention that Christina’s power can last for, like, hours? Do you know how hard it is to decide to stop an orgasm? Especially when you’re using it as revenge for the woman who kept you prisoner for six days?

She hadn’t eaten in forty-eight hours that I’d seen, starving herself to have a tiny waist as the perfect contrast to her ever-more-swollen tits. It was time for there to be a something in her digestive tract. I pumped her intestines full of my jizz, blasting away with endless squirts of semen as she gasped and moaned in pleasure, fondling her newly enlarged tits, pulling one massive jug out from under her torso so that she could lick and suck its engorged pink nipple, the size of a large strawberry.

I kept on cumming as it began to leak from around the edges of her stretched asshole, as the pressure built inside and outside my cock. I poured all of my frustration and anger and disappointment and irritation with Kandi and my life and the whole damn world into this orgasm that was apparently all I was good for – I couldn’t be Metaman, but I could be a sex slave for a spoiled rich girl and cum buckets for hours. Might as well enjoy it!

I felt as Kandi’s lower gut swelled up with my seed, and all of a sudden her belly, her stomach, began to swell up too – the pressure on my cock lessened slightly, and I shoved further in against the pressure of my own jizz, continuing to pump in more and more. Lifted above the bed slightly by the sheer thickness of her tits, Kandi’s tummy began to distend as her stomach filled up rapidly with my cum, forced in from the wrong end. Her stomach swelled only slightly, the roundness of a ‘food baby’ only, and then she made a small retching sound, interrupting her constant suckling of her own breasts.

I blasted cum into her ass with renewed vigor, and her gut got fuller, and her stomach got fuller, and finally, with a slight heave, my cum began to force its way up through her esophagus. I thrusted sloppily into her ass, splashing cum everywhere, and with a final push I created pressure so high that my jizz began to pour out the other end of her body, out of her mouth, dribbling from her perfect lips onto her huge, swollen tits. It felt good to strike back against her domination, to comply so exaggeratedly with her demands for cum. I had been holding back for a week as she used me and dominated my time – now I was able to strike back, to use her, to fill her with my desires.

I thrusted more, splashing more of the cum that suffused her insides back onto me, and forcing more of it out of her mouth. I briefly stopped cancelling her power – all at once, some of the cum inside her absorbed into her breasts, causing a sudden surge of growth that left them even larger than before, maybe fifteen or sixteen inches across. They hoisted her torso slightly further above the bed as they grew, and she moaned in abject pleasure. Then I turned her power back off, and began to concentrate on pumping up pressure again, in her gut, her stomach, her throat, and out her mouth, onto her newer, bigger tits. I made my cock even bigger, stretching her asshole to the limit. And I came, and came, and came.

I don’t know how much longer I kept cumming, how many more times she burped my jizz onto her outrageous breasts, how long I kept her filled and stuffed and overfull of my seed. I just know that eventually I stopped, even Christina’s power failing me. Kandi lay on top of her breasts, motionless, exhausted, overwhelmed, overfull. My cum covered the bed for once, instead of her breast milk. I went to the shower to wash off, and when I came back she was just beginning to move, her breasts sloshing like five-gallon drums, her distended stomach causing her to belch more of my cum even as it leaked from her overstretched asshole.

“Is that what you wanted?” I asked, gesturing to her insanely huge tits. They dominated her entire torso, hiding the tops of her arms and reaching all the way down to her belly button. She nodded meekly as she reached out to tweak her nipples. I doubted that if she hugged her tits she would be able to clasp her hands in front of them.

“Good,” I said. “Now if you’re finally finished, I’m going out to enjoy the cruise.”

XVIII.

But I couldn’t.

The feat I had just done – completely filling Kandi with my cum – that was monumental. That was my equivalent of Superman outrunning a train for the first time, of Spider-man figuring out how to shoot webs. I was finally tapping into the true potential of my powers to perform superhuman acts…

And I was using them for petty revenge. Not eight hours after my heart-to-heart with Alana and I was already letting her down on all three of those hopes.

I went swimming in the pool for a while, jogged around the running track, went to do some reps on the weight machines in the gym… but I just couldn’t shake the dirty feeling I had.

I went up to the top deck to play mini golf, to clear my head and mull things over. I had no clear direction after high school – my only direction had been heading on the cruise with Kandi, and now that was nearly over and I had no doubt severed all possible ties with the Young family. I could only imagine what Ms. Young would say or do when her daughter got back with beach-ball-sized tits…

It looked like my only direction was my power. That was what Alana had seemed to think: that I should figure out how to change the world with my unprecedented power range. I couldn’t become a superhero like Metaman or Andy though – they liked to show them on the evening news, but I doubted they’d ever show me. But what else could I do to change the world with a superpenis? Much less save it. The thought of the Test still loomed at the back of my mind, as it had for as long as I could remember, and for a moment I felt completely powerless. What good is a superdick in the face of a world on the line? It wasn’t good for anything more than fucking around.

But I had to try, didn’t I? This first burst of activity had come when I came into contact with other Class-X power holders. And I’d fucked it up, but I knew a lot more now, partially thanks to Alana. My cock wasn’t good for much right now, but if I could find more Class-X and Class-B powers, maybe, someday… I’d be able to save the world.

I knew it was bullshit as soon as I thought it. I would never be good for anything other than sex. But it looked like all the prospects and Class-Xers in my town were used up, and I didn’t fancy sticking around when the richest woman in town would be after my hide. I had to go someplace else, and I might as well go to the place where I had the most potential to gain new powers. By the time I had reached hole 9, I had made up my mind as to my next destination. I would get away from Kandi, away from Ms. Young, away from the Class-Xers, and try to start anew.

With that in mind, I headed back to the stateroom to offer Kandi a chance to shrink her breasts to more normal, or at least manageable, proportions. When I entered the room, her presence wasn’t immediately obvious. “Kandi?” I said, “You okay?”

“Yeah, fine, I’m fine!” came a voice from the bathroom. Now I could hear the shower running. She quickly shut the water off, and emerged a moment later, dripping wet onto the floor. She was still holding her dildo, though it’s amazing I noticed it at all considering the size of the tits I was faced with. They seemed to sit too high on her chest, to not droop like they would if they were normal – though no woman had ever reached that size before, much less been called ‘normal’ at it. Her breasts looked like large prosthetics more than anything that had ever grown naturally. “What do you want?” she asked.

“I wanted to offer you a last chance – do you want to make your breasts smaller? Because I can do that.”

She looked at me like I had monkeys crawling out of my ears. “Why the fuck would I want that?” she asked.

“Well, yours are really big, and they might cause back pain in the future, not to mention obstructing everyday activities…” I began.

“Hello, Earth to Jack – did you even feel these fuckers after you pumped me full of cum for a half hour straight? No, you didn’t did you? Asshole. If you had, you’d know that they’re stupidly light and fluffy for big tits, presumably because of how high a conversion factor you put on it or whatever. They turned each ounce of semen into like a quart of boob, so they’re not dense at all. Go on, feel them,” she said, thrusting her chest out at me.

I reached out with two hands to heft one of her mammoth breasts. It was indeed far lighter than it looked like it should be. Still heavy, still squishy and pillowy, but not the pendulous weight that would lead to spine problems I had feared it would be. Okay, one problem gone.

“But what about driving or typing? How will you reach the steering wheel?” I asked, remembering the answer as soon as I asked it.

“The car drives, remember, you idiot? And I haven’t typed anything by hand since fifth grade. And, remember, I’m a fucking millionaire – I don’t need to do all that menial shit. My life is gonna be about nothing but fucking from here on in.”

“What happened to not wanting to be the world’s biggest slut? You’re a far cry from the weepy girl who begged me to help her out a few weeks ago,” I said candidly.

“I was just telling myself that before it seemed like a legitimate possibility,” she grinned. “Every tit-lover in the country is gonna want to do me now, and Mom will just be an also-ran. Maybe I’ll even find myself my own millionaire husband, and cut myself off from her entirely.”

I had to hand it to her, the girl knew exactly what she wanted out of life, even if it was kind of warped.

“All right, fine, then. I think we’re done. Unless there’s anything else you want,” I said.

“Well, actually… could you show me how to change the scaling factor to negative, like you did earlier?” she asked.

“Why? You do want an escape route in case you get tired of being the Attack of the 90-inch Bustline?”

“No, I just need to do it if I want to keep having sex but keep my tits this size. And… I kind of enjoyed being covered and filled with cum, earlier. That’s something I can’t do if my body absorbs it instantly,” she said.

She made good points. I walked her through the mental process of changing the scaling factor, and then fucked her one last time, to make sure she’d understood it. She told me to cut loose in her ass like I had before, and I did, fucking her doggy-style while her mammoth breasts supported her torso, filling her thoroughly with cum until it poured from her mouth and her ass for the second time that day. This time she was also pounding her cunt with the dildo while I filled her ass – always seeking something new, that Kandi. I realized dimly that she and I had probably swapped more fluids than any other couple in history – and we’d only been together less than three weeks.

She moved with a sloshy, dreamy, sore slowness as we both got up to clean off, my cum pouring from either end of her body, dribbling from her mouth to her tits, and running down the inside of her thighs. She had the contented look of a person who’s reached the full potential of their power, who knows she can do know more with it and is satisfied with its extent. I wondered if I would ever have that look.

Well, there was only one way to find out. As soon as I could, I got online and booked my hyperloop ticket to the city I had resolved to move to and take advantage of. The capital of Class-X powers and their ready availability… Las Vegas.

*JACK WILL RETURN IN A GIFT AND A TEST PART 3*