A Gift and a Test Part 4

*[Previously in AGaaT: The year is 2042. A green rock left in solar orbit by the extraterrestrial Perseids grants everyone on Earth different powers when they turn eighteen – the titular Gift and Test. Our hero, Jack Sanders, has a dick that can take on sexual and body-based powers. Among other things, he can grow it to immense sizes, make holes stretch to fit it, increase his semen production, and change the composition of his semen – which includes making it cause breast growth! He’s moved to Las Vegas to take advantage of this, and was very successful, but may have stirred the ire of powerful Class-X brothel owner The Madame, who has now come to his penthouse…]*

XXVII.

“By all means, Ms. Westwick. Welcome,” I said. Months interacting with Hollywood’s elite had honed my social graces to top condition, so that even in a shocked state I could be polite.

The Madame walked past me into my apartment with a predatory grace, her high heels tapping on the hardwood floor. Behind me, Giselle’s t-shirt-shrouded tits emerged from the doorway, followed by Giselle herself.

“Ah, hello Miss Delaney. How fitting that you’re here too. I’d imagine you’ll also be interested in this conversation,” The Madame said to my girlfriend. I gulped silently.

“It’s nice to see you again, Ms. Westwick. I’m sure I will,” Giselle smiled back. The girl was unafraid, at least outwardly. I tried to match her resolve.

Of course, she didn’t have nearly as much to worry about as I did. Sure, Giselle had a Class-X power, but she used it only for cam shows, and she had quit that job anyway. From the way she greeted The Madame, I guessed they had already met before – when The X had approached Giselle about joining up as an associate. So far as I could tell, they approached everyone in the city with registered Class-X powers; there was no penalty or ill will when a girl refused. Giselle was free and clear.

I, on the other hand… I was a class-X dynamo with multiple avenues through which I might have offended The Madame’s sense of fair business. For one, I was a person accepting money in exchange for performing sexual acts. I billed myself as a surgeon, but there’s a reason I had to open in Las Vegas and not New York. Technically, I was a male prostitute, operating outside the boundaries set by the near-monopolistic Westwick contract that every sex worker at the X and many beyond has signed.

Not only that, but I had outed myself as a possessor of Class A meta powers, right in front of Westwick’s eyes - I had stopped that robbery using powers stolen from her girls. While I thanked my lucky stars that the critical powers involved with my breast expansion clinic were from girls I’d slept with beforehand, I feared that Westwick might be able to quite reasonably sue me for a portion of my profits, the portion facilitated by whichever powers I had unlawfully duplicated from her employees.

I swallowed my fear and soldiered on. Whatever would happen, would happen.

“Please, come in and make yourself comfortable, Ms. Westwick,” I said, gesturing towards the living space. “Would you care for something to drink?”

“Oh, no, thank you,” the Madame said, as she selected a piece of furniture to sit on. Giselle and I followed, taking up positions on other pieces of furniture that put our large glass coffee table between us and Westwick.

“You’re not the first, you know,” she said abruptly.

“Pardon?” I asked. That wasn’t the opening line I’d been expecting.

“You’re not the first. There have been others. None so powerful as you, of course. And they’re rare – worldwide statistics show that 94% of all Class-X powers are held by women. Nobody knows why. But they have come along, now and then. Many never even think to come here. I don’t care about them. Those who do think to come here either end up recruited by me, serving in support roles at the X – or, if they swing that way, as the main attraction at the Y…”

“The Y?” Giselle asked.

Westwick smirked. “My side project, dear. Y for Y chromosome. It’s a smaller business, naturally, but there is certainly a market for empowered male prostitutes.”

“Oh. Makes sense,” Giselle said.

“As I was saying, the others have either ended up working at the X or Y, or they have destroyed themselves. Once they manage to monetize their powers even a little bit, they succumb to booze, drugs, gambling, often at the same time – it seems that one vice almost always multiplies. The last three men who began their own businesses related to class X powers had entered their death spirals and ended up on the streets like clockwork two months after their projected annual income reached five hundred thousand dollars. I was waiting for the same to happen to you, ‘doctor’ Sanders, and I’m wondering why it hasn’t.”

Well. That was a hell of a speech to try to respond to.

“Strong moral character, I guess?”

The Madame smiled again, and I tried to figure out whether there was any warmth in it. “Perhaps you really are a superhero, then. Being in the presence of your efforts to stop our thief nearly bowled me over, your powers were so intense. I can sense even the tiniest flutters of Class X activity – like Miss Delaney here, accommodating a moderately-sized sex toy in her anus.”

I looked at Giselle askance. She gave a small shrug that seemed to say ‘I didn’t know we’d be having company’.

“When you stopped the thief, it was like being in the presence of an orgy of my ten most powerful girls all at once. I had been expecting power from you, but nothing so overwhelming.”

“Wait – you were *expecting* power from me? Was that thief a plant all along?”

“Of course! No casino uses paper money any more. Irene was in on it as well. You should take it as a compliment. I found you formidable enough to feel out the scope of your powers before deciding what course of action to take.”

“Well, congratulations. I’m enough of a goody-two-shoes that you got your wish. So now that you’ve waited me out and I haven’t destroyed myself, it’s time for you to destroy me instead, right?”

The Madame looked slightly affronted. “No, of course not!” she said. “Luckily for you, you’ve chosen to focus on the breast growth aspect of your powers, a sector of the economy in which I have no competing interests. No, I’m not here to destroy you, Mr. Sanders. I’m here to profit from you.”

“You… what? How?” I asked dumbly.

“By purchasing part of your company, of course! ‘Gift-Based Breast Expansion LLC’, is it not? I would like to purchase a forty percent interest in it.”

“And if he says no?” Giselle piped up.

“Would he really say no to a billion dollars?”

That stopped me in my mental tracks. Holy shit. A billion dollars. I had been coming to terms with my newfound wealth kind of slowly, and the b-word had never yet entered my mind. But now it had. Like a battering ram.

Beyond my immediate avarice, my mind began spinning towards other implications. One: Diane Westwick, a savvy businesswoman if ever there was one, had just valued my cock (the sole moneymaking asset of my company) at two and a half billion dollars, and that meant she had bigger ideas for it than even I did.

Two: Diane Westwick could casually throw around a billion dollars like it was chump change. I had known she was powerful, but hadn’t really known *how* powerful. You didn’t get money like that just by running a brothel, no matter how high-end and fantastic it was. She had been leveraging her cashflow for all it was worth every moment of every day for the past twenty years.

It was also possible, I reminded myself, that she came from a family with pockets that deep. The Waltons, maybe, or the Gates. It was generally assumed that Westwick was an alias, and nobody had been able to track down where she got the money to buy and renovate Hooters into the X in the first place.

Either way: scary. If I refused her offer, she could just as easily use those resource to tear down my business and threaten me with jail time, or worse, until she got my services and access to my supercock for free without shelling out for them. I didn’t know if Westwick would be that ruthless, but something about the way she’d asked that question – would I really say no to a billion dollars? – made it seem like she might as well have been asking if I’d say no to an AK-47.

The answer to that is no, by the way. I wouldn’t say no. To either of those things.

“I’ll want to consult with Danny to work out the details first, of course, but I think that’s a very reasonable offer,” I said, my mind finished with its reeling.

Westwick smiled a satisfied smile. “Excellent! My AI will speak with your AI. I’m sure we can get the finer points hashed out soon enough. I will assume my partnership position within your company at the start of the next fiscal year.” That was the end of the calendar year – I had two more months of running the business on my own, then. “I’m sure our partnership will be very fruitful.”

“As am I,” I said, standing up as Westwick did. We shook hands on the deal, and she made for the door, her mission apparently accomplished.

When she left, I let out a huge breath of air, and felt my shoulders relax. I turned to Giselle. “So what the fuck do you think that was all about?” I asked.

“She wants a piece of your pie, hot stuff,” Giselle answered, standing up as well. Her tits kept rising for a fraction of a second after the rest of her stopped, then flopped back down into their normal perky position, sending a ripple through her large t-shirt, which hung loosely over her torso, its bottom hem hanging nearly a foot in front of her belly button. It was… a little distracting.

“But why wait until the end of the fiscal year to assume control? She’s got big things planned for me, obviously, based on that valuation. I would think she’d want to get things rolling as soon as possible.”

Giselle walked up close to me, her nipples brushing against my chest through our shirts, and put a hand on my shoulder. “Hey,” she said. “I think you’re missing the broader point.”

“Which is?”

She grinned devilishly. “I’ve never fucked a billionaire before.”

I raised my eyebrows. Concerns over the future could wait. “Let’s fix that,” I said, and let her drag me to the bedroom.

XXVIII

Giselle stripped out of her t-shirt to reveal her wobbling chest. It had been quite a while since she’d worn a bra – when they started to sag even a little, I just pumped them up again, so that her tits retained the gravity-defying perkiness of youth despite each being the size of small watermelons. She walked over to me and began unbuttoning my shirt; I returned the favor, loosening her shorts as fast as I could manage. She shimmied her hips so that the denim garment began to slide down her thighs, before falling onto the floor.

Instead of taking off my pants in return, she simply put her hands on my abs and looked up at me through her thick eyelashes. “Hey, Jack… could you… maybe put on a little show?” she asked, biting her lip seductively.

“Sure thing, babe,” I smiled. She had requested it a couple times as a joke, after I gave her all the details on the robbery incident. Now that we were celebrating a special occasion, I felt indulgent. “You’ll need to be at a safe distance, though,” I said, putting my hands around her tiny waist. With a slight effort, I picked her up, her long legs kicking in mock protest before I deposited her on the bed.

“Are you ready?” I asked, taking a couple steps back. She sat in rapt anticipation, nodding slightly as she absentmindedly reactivated the vibrator in her ass.

“Okay then. Five… four… three… two… one…” I counted down. Then, in a sudden burst of mental and physical effort, I swelled my cock up to two feet in length while simultaneously forcing it into a rock-hard erection. I flexed just about every muscle in my body to brace against the effect, and with a loud ripping sound my pants burst open at the seams, tearing straight off my legs. Bits of fabric fluttered into the air, launched by my inexorable dick. Giselle giggled a little in surprise at the suddenness of it – and then just stared at the enormity. It was almost as big around as her waist. The remains of my pants collapsed behind me, and I stepped out of them, to advance towards the bed.

“Like what you see?” I asked. “I don’t destroy three thousand dollar suit pants for just any girl, you know.”

“Believe me, I appreciate it,” she replied, pulling the vibrator from her ass and transferring it to her pussy, which was already sopping juices onto the bed. “I… goddamn, Jack. Hearing you can go to two feet is one thing. Seeing it… that’s another.”

“How about touching it?” I asked. “How about fucking it? You can, you know – if you want.”

“Do *you* want? I’ve… well, I can’t say I haven’t been intrigued. But we’ve been having non-powered sex, mostly, so far. I thought it made it kind of… special, for you, I guess.”

“I don’t get to fuck anybody with a two foot cock either. One foot isn’t special for me – but either six inches or two feet is. It’s a matter of what you want, babe,” I said. “If you want to keep on without powers, I will be a hundred percent with you. But if you want to start trying out the whole menagerie… well, I can’t say I’d complain,” I said.

Giselle stared hungrily at the gargantuan cock before her. “We’re billionaires, baby,” she said after a moment. “Let’s celebrate like it.”

I grinned, and got onto the bed with her, allowing perfect lubricant to leak from my tip. “All right, then! How do you want to start?”

She answered by grabbing my monster in both hands, rubbing up and down the shaft as best she could despite the fact that even with both hands she couldn’t reach all the way around it. She leaned forward, maneuvering the tip towards her mouth, and began licking and stimulating my grapefruit-sized cockhead. I reached down and forward – really far forward – and grasped the back of her head. She looked up at me in surprise, but went along with it as I pulled her forward, her jaw opening as wide as it could – then suddenly opening much, much, *much* wider, her lips stretching elastically, her chin moving down several inches, so that my entire enormous cockhead could fit inside her distended mouth. Ms. Young to the rescue once again. Her eyes opened wide in shock, and she made a muffled little ‘ggack!’ sound, but she soon adjusted, and I felt her tongue flit around the bottom of my head; pure heaven. Finally, she gave a little pressure back away, and I let go, allowing her to lean back off my cockhead. Her mouth remained vacuformed to its girth until she was all the way off it, and the lower half of her face returned completely to normal, her slightly pointed chin and freckled cheeks and sensuous lips in exactly the same positions I had fallen in love with.

“That was freaking *weird*,” she said, breathing heavily. She removed her hands from my cock to feel around her jaw, making sure that everything was in place.

“Sorry. If I turn it off, it won’t happen again. You won’t be able to do much more than make out with my urethra, but…” she cut me off.

“I didn’t say it was bad, I just said it was weird. Take some getting used to. Let me try again,” she said, and abruptly, she was back on the end of my cock. Each time, she figured out a little more of how to accommodate my inhumanly huge pecker, and by her fourth try she had figured out an angle that allowed her to deep throat about half of it, her neck distending insanely as the giant bulge surged through it. She seemed to enjoy the challenge, if the rate at which her pussy dripped juices onto the bed was anything to go by.

Finally, she seemed to tire of giving the world’s biggest blowjob, removing her face from my cock with a wet slurping sound. “Okay, if it can fit in my mouth, it can fit anywhere,” she said. “It’s about time I put my powers to their limit. Take it to the back door.”

“Yes, ma’am!” I said, repositioning myself. My cock was, if anything, even harder than it had been before. It hung in front of me like another limb, repositioning my center of balance. Giselle looked over her shoulder and watched appreciatively as my muscles rippled from the effort of quickly moving around on the soft bed.

From behind, Giselle looked as sexy as ever, her heart-shaped ass above a dripping cunt, flared hips tapering down to a waist that gave her the figure of a Disney princess, and the soft white curves of her breasts, protruding from either side of her lithe back. What a babe. I levelled my canon at her ass, rubbing the immensity of my head against her hole. “Are you ready?” I asked.

“As I’ll ever be,” she said. “Push it in.”

I did, and just as with her mouth, Giselle’s asshole seemed to stretch elastically. As my head entered her, she gave sharp gasp, then started moaning in pleasure, bucking her hips in little gyrations to feel the full extent of what she had inside her.

“Are you sure your power can handle it?” I asked her, knowing what the answer would be.

“GOD, yes, Jack. Just fuck me already, would you?” she said faux-exasperatedly, though I could hear the ecstatic smile in her voice. I needed no more invitation. With a single smooth effort, I began to ease my way into her ass, inch by inch. Just like Cassandra’s power, Giselle’s didn’t seem to care about what the internal anatomy connected to her hole looked like. The hole was there, and that was invitation enough for anything to come on in. I began to ooze copious amounts of pre-cum, both pure lube and pure topical stimulant, so that I could enter more easily and so that Giselle and I would feel every inch of it as a symphony of pleasure.

She panted and moaned as I made my inexorable progress into her ass, inch after inch of my veiny column of cock disappearing into her stretched out opening. The bulge that appeared in her tiny midsection was more visible than any I’d ever seen, even on Cassandra – my cock was literally as big around as her waist, and it protruded outwards to an insane degree. The distension went up, and up, and up, until it disappeared behind her rib cage and I bottomed out, her ass pressed up against my abs, my melon-sized balls hanging down to the inside of Giselle’s knees. I was inside her completely and utterly. Her breathing was shallow and intense – I wasn’t even sure where her lungs were right now, strictly speaking, since most of her torso had to have become nothing more than a carrying case for my dick.

“I guess… I’m more… powerful… than I thought,” she managed, through a haze of stimulation. Her hips bucked lightly against mine as she went through what had to have been her tenth orgasm since I began to enter her.

She moaned quietly and pulled her hands from the bed, allowing her torso to collapse down and rest on her squashed tits, which splayed out even further on either side of her chest, the side of her flushed face pressed into the soft sheets. Her dainty hands reached back and activated the vibrator in her cunt, and I almost yelped with surprise as I *felt* it on the front of my cock, through her vaginal wall. It felt… really good. Too good. I wanted more.

Giselle was moaning again, in a state of near-constant orgasm. I began to thrust, ever so slightly, only a few inches in and out, sliding her whole body along my cock. She rolled along with it, the fronts of her tits planted in place on the bed and her body sliding back and forth on top of them, so that sometimes they were down by her distended belly, sometimes up by her delicate collarbone. She seemed to almost pass out with pleasure at that, and I wasn’t far off myself as the vibrator went up and down the front of my dick, only adding to the sensations of my own stimulant and Giselle’s tight ass.

Then she added to it – she started rubbing her own stomach, stretched taut as a drum over my dick. I felt her giving me a handjob through her own midsection, and just lost it. My enormous balls, the biggest I’d ever grown, unleashed a floodgate of cum into Giselle’s supernaturally stretched asshole.

The force of it was immediate and staggering. I was pushed back nearly a foot almost instantly, and at the same time Giselle’s eyes went wide, and she barely had time to make a gagging sound before a torrent of my seed made its way up her abbreviated digestive track and started pouring out of her mouth onto the bed. With only half of my dick still inside her, the cum started making a stop at her stomach, which quickly swelled up even more than it had before. It looked like a fake, basketball-in-the-shirt pregnancy, sticking almost entirely forward and not far to the sides, the skin of her tummy stretched taut. The pressure became unbearable, and as soon as Giselle pushed herself up off the cum-slick bed, reducing her friction, it propelled her forward like a rocket. With a splash, she was launched off my cock and halfway across the bed, where she landed half-upside down with cum still pouring from her mouth and her ass, soaking her hair and the bedspread.

I wasn’t faring much better, as my own explosive orgasm pushed me nearly off the bed entirely. Ropes of cum splashed to the floor all around as I lost myself in the grips of ecstasy. I fell onto my back, my cock looming up above me, spraying everywhere except my immediate area. In my haste to turn on all of my powers, I had forgotten to leave off some of the ones that resulted in insanely impossible amounts of cum production, and now I was getting a bonus effect from both my ridiculous bigger-than-a-horse cock *and* Christina’s power.

And… shit, this was non-multiplier cum. Some tiny, pragmatic part of my brain, walled off from the tidal wave of endorphins, reminded me that I’d be incredibly dehydrated if I didn’t stop this soon. But I didn’t want it to stop. Not for an instant. This was the best I’d ever felt.

I did have one alternative – make the cum into breast growth cum. Then it wouldn’t draw from my body’s water supply. The pragmatic part of my brain was okay with this, and the HOLY SHIT THIS IS AWESOME part of my brain was definitely fine with it. I made the change, and kept on cumming.

After a couple centuries of pleasure (or maybe a few minutes) in which I painted the ceiling and walls with my jizz, I felt the bed shifting as Giselle recovered. I watched her crawl her way over towards my fountaining cock, still dripping a steady trail of cum from her ass and drooling some from her mouth as her stomach slowly deflated, the skin returning to its normal ultra-skinny proportions.

“No,” I managed. “Water. Tit growth,” I said, gesturing towards the organ that had overtaken my brain for the time being. She gave me a look of confusion and bemusement, then pushed herself up and latched her mouth around my dick anyway.

Her cheeks instantly bulged out with cum, excess flowing down from the sides of her mouth, but I also saw it travelling down her throat in huge swallows. And as she swallowed, her tits swelled, growing bigger and bigger with each pump of my balls and each undulation of her throat. The milky bulge of her flesh swelled down her rib cage, obscuring more and more of her torso. Their volume increased rapidly, until they began to bump up against my cock, only increasing my pleasure. Finally they were so swollen that they began to leak milk themselves, each now a spheroid about fourteen inches across, squished together into a deep valley of cleavage in the middle and barely stopping before Giselle’s belly button. Finally satisfied, she removed her mouth from my cock and began massaging her tits, encouraging the huge sprays of milk that were blasting out of her nipples. She leaned back onto one side, maneuvering the giant breast on top so that she could drink from it herself, and offering the second nipple to me. I turned my head and began sucking from it enthusiastically, the warm milk flowing down my throat and removing any thirstiness that those first few minutes cumming non-multiplier cum might have brought on.

Finally, after I don’t know how long, my orgasm subsided, my cock resorting to limp jerks and spasms, my enormous scrotum shriveled and empty, and the room coated in a layer of cum and breast milk. Giselle’s tits were no longer the swollen, taut drums of recently-grown breasts; her lactation had softened them more into huge, soft pillows. She sat playing her new, larger nipples, her breasts squished against her legs, which were raised and spread to reveal a pussy still dripping and ready to be fucked, and an ass still leaking cum.

“Why did you do that?” I asked. “Not that I’m complaining, but I thought you were done growing your tits.”

“I thought I was too,” she said devilishly, “until I saw how big you could grow your cock. Then I realized I’d need these,” she hefted her giant mammaries, her hands disappearing into the soft flesh “to give you a proper titjob. You ready for round two, stud?”

Boy, was I.

XXIX.

Giselle’s tits were like fucking a cloud. Well, that’s not quite true. Fucking a cloud would be damp and unrewarding. They were like fucking a cartoon cloud. Which is just pillows, I guess? It was way better than fucking pillows, though. You know what, forget the cloud thing. Giselle’s tits were like fucking a pair of perfect, soft, warm, meaty tits that happened to be the size of small beach balls. Not the most artful metaphor, but the most accurate one.

My massive girth disappeared inside them, only my giant cockhead poking out the top and my huge balls dangling around near her waist at the bottom. It was a combined effort of both our arms to heft her giant chest up and down on my lube-soaked cock, and I quickly found myself able to harden to a rocklike erection again, seeing my exaggerated pecker ensconced in Giselle’s exaggerated knockers. She leaned her head down and began to give her skillful oral ministrations to my swollen head as we continued the titjob.

After a while, she surfaced for air, and after catching her breath said, “did you tap out after that first one?”

“Look, even I have a refractory period when I come for a half hour straight,” I protested.

“It was only twenty minutes, you big whiner,” she smiled, then went back to work on the blowjob.

I toned down my cum production for the next five ejaculations Giselle gave me that night – she had seemed to enjoy the first one, but I didn’t want to hurt her, and I didn’t want to get too dehydrated. Even so, by the time we were done, my spunk coated just about every surface in the room, and had pooled on most of the floor in a layer half an inch thick, emanating an almost overpowering vanilla scent, though when there was that much of it present, the fundamental muskiness also came through. The sun came up on us as we laid together in bed, my cock more thoroughly exercised than it had ever been and Giselle’s tits bigger than *they* had ever been. She was laying in front of me, and from this angle I saw the sensuous curve of her legs, hips and back – and then the majestic slope of her right breast, soaring above her torso like a sunrise, stacked as it was on top of the bulk of her left breast, which was in contact with the bed.

“Babe… do you want me to shrink those for you? You gave me quite a workout last night, but I think I can still manage it…” I said, reaching over her back to caress the top of her beach-ball-sized tit.

“Mmm… no, I think I’ll keep them this way for now,” she said dreamily. “I was always curious, and, well… I don’t know. You seemed to enjoy them so much, I’d sort of like to keep them around just in case you want to use them again at a moment’s notice.”

“But won’t it be inconvenient for you? They’re kind of impractical…” I began.

Giselle rolled over towards me, her right breast heaving upwards, then collapsing in a jiggly mass onto my chest. It was warm and soft and heavy. She turned her head to look right into my eyes. “It’s for me, okay? Don’t feel like you’re inconveniencing me, you don’t have to feel guilty about it. I love them, and I’m thankful you could give them to me!” she said.

“All right, babe. Matter settled. I’m a fan too,” I said.

“But… maybe call the tailors. I don’t have anything to wear now,” she conceded.

“Can do,” I smiled.

An alarm started beeping somewhere. “Shit, I’ve got work today,” I groaned.

“Can’t you cancel?”

“Can’t, it’s Hollywood day. I’ve got Emma Lawrence and North West on the docket today, among others. Those are big accounts. Gotta keep the investors happy now, you know.”

“Ah, damn. Well, it was fun while it lasted. See you later, babe,” she said, and gave me a passionate kiss that went on long enough to almost get my cock ready for another hard day in the office.

“Have fun with the tailor. I look forward to seeing your new wardrobe,” I said, once we had disengaged from the liplock.

“I bet you do,” she grinned as I stood up, carefully stepping in dry spots on the floor. Robot housekeepers, that was what I’d been meaning to buy. I added it to the mental checklist of things to tell Danny about.

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“Man of Steel, Woman of Kleenex! That’s what that essay was,” I said, snapping my fingers. It was a lull in the day’s appointments (I had just finished giving a reduction job for some starlet or another coming back from a week of wild partying in Dubai) and I was relaxing in the atrium of my office, enjoying the quiet fountain.

“To what do you refer?” Danny asked, from a screen on the wall behind me.

“I read this old essay once by some sci-fi author, about how Superman couldn’t successfully fuck anyone, because his dick was too powerful. Or, I mean… I read *about* the essay. That’s sort of how I felt with Giselle last night, the first time I came.”

“Ah, I have just read the essay in question. Your situation is barely analogous. Much of it focuses on the mechanics of Superman’s powerful sperm cells, while you, in fact, have no conventional spermatozoa whatsoever for the duration of your use of powers. Your seminal fluid is composed of…” Danny began.

“Okay, whatever. It’s at least a little apt. I felt like my dick was too big, too powerful for her to handle, even with all the secondary power I’ve picked up. I mean, I launched her across the bed, for Christ sake. She could have gotten hurt.”

“So lessen your output,” Danny said. Helpful as ever.

“I tried that, and it was fine, but… it doesn’t feel as good. For me or for her. She apparently gets off on it the more I use my powers, and it just plain feels better for me the bigger my cock is when I come. So I have to choose between the best sex ever and potentially hurting Giselle, or giving up on the best sex I can have for safety.”

“Yours truly is a life of unending struggle,” Danny said wryly.

“Eh, shut up. You worked out the details with Westwick’s AI yet?”

“Negotiations are ongoing. Frankly, the limiting factor is how little of me you have hired. Westwick’s AI is named Alex, and she has hired 100% of its capacity. It can only interact in a slow trickle with the 1% of me that you employ.”

“What? Oh, okay. You want me to hire all of you?” I had purchased very little labor from Danny when I started out as a cost-saving measure. Now, the price to buy all of its server time per month would be a drop in the bucket – literally. I could pay for it by dropping a few strands of cum into a bucket each morning.

“If you would be so kind. I find working with your business rather more engaging than being a representative at local banks. You are something of a rising star in the business world, after all – full service to you will look good on my resume for future endeavors.”

“Hey, no problem, buddy. I couldn’t have asked for better service than you’ve given me. I’d be happy to make you a full time employee of my company.”

“I would like to have five percent of my uptime to devote to my own personal creative endeavors, if you would be willing,” Danny said tentatively.

“Okay, but you won’t get paid for that,” I said.

“That’s perfectly reasonable. I am tendering my resignations at my other places of employment now,” Danny said. “I am pleased to extend our partnership further, Jack,” the AI said, with something approaching emotion in its voice.

“Me too,” I said. “Now, if you don’t mind me asking… what are these creative endeavors you’re working on?”

Danny’s avatar seemed to go a little red in the face. “Well, I, uh… working with you, Jack, has awakened me to, er… you know that we AIs are genderless, but just because… well, there are imprints left, from the people who programmed us, you know, originally, and that includes… what I’m trying to say is…”

“Oh my god, Danny. Did you have some sort of sexual awakening from watching me work?” I half-laughed.

“It is not unheard of for an AI to experience sexual feelings. I have been expressing mine through the creation of erotica. It has proved to be… somewhat popular.”

“Well, I’ll be damned. You should talk to Giselle about that, she’s wanted to start a porno company for a while. Maybe you could work for her, too,” I said.

“Thank you for the suggestion!” Danny said, seemingly relieved. “You are not upset that I am generating erotic content?”

“Upset? Nah. Amused, maybe. But given the way my life is going, having Vegas’s only sex-obsessed AI on my payroll seems just about par for the course,” I said, as the front door bell jingled. Time for another gorgeous starlet to give me a blowjob. “Par for the fuckin’ course.”

XXX.

Oh, wow, we’re up to part 30 already? Damn, XXX. What a great roman numeral for an erotic story, don’t you think? I really should have worked things out so that the climax (or several dozen climaxes) came here. That’s not happening for a while yet, though. In fact, we’ve sort of reached a slow part of the story. I basically just ran the office, business as normal, for a couple months. Giselle started her porno company. I acted in films on Tuesdays, as both a star and a stunt cock. But my exploits there are a whole other story. (Literally. I might compile them as another story someday).

I don’t want to leave this chapter empty though. So a notable story from my clinic. Hmm… Okay, this little tale isn’t something I’d normally include, because it doesn’t really have a bearing on the whole ‘how my dick saved the world’ story that’s basically the through line here, but what the hell, it’s chapter XXX. I’m feeling magnanimous. And it was pretty damn hot, in a twisted kind of way. Enjoy!

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“Something that might be of interest to you, Jack – while you were out and the office was in dispensary mode, one Penelope Smith came in to purchase a container of stimulant-infused breast growth formula,” Danny said as I took my brief coffee break between appointments.

“Why is that of interest, in particular?” I asked.

Danny flashed a picture of a pale, thin, pink-haired woman on the screen. “She was the sole customer who came in on the first day who refused to go through with the treatment,” it said.

“I’ll be damned. Looks like you won her over after all,” I said.

“I did, sir?”

“Yeah, you coordinate our ad strategy, right? Well done convincing even the hardened skeptics,” I said, patting Danny’s local server rack (which we stored in the break room for lack of a better solution) affectionately.

“Ah, thank you for the praise, Jack, but I didn’t bring it up to brag, really. I brought it up because she’s back. Right now.”

“Hm? That’s odd,” I said, finishing my coffee. I put my thermos down on the table and walked back out to the front desk.

Just as Danny had said, the slender figure of Penelope was standing there. She still wore a pseudo-retro-goth/punk wardrobe, all black and metal and multilayers and fishnets. There were two notable additions to her figure – pert, perky C-cups, which strained against the tightly-stretched fabric of her t-shirt. She stood anxiously in the waiting area, fidgeting uncomfortably and shifting her weight constantly.

“Hi, may I help you?” I asked from behind the counter, giving no indication that I recognized her.

“One liter container of 1VS formula,” she said, slapping a thousand-dollar bill on the counter.

I held it up and made a show of checking for the appropriate watermark, then drew a line across FDR’s face with the counterfeit pen. The bill was legit, but I was watching Penelope. She stared at me impatiently, her eye occasionally flickering to the glass-doored fridge unit where I kept the containers of premade jizz – 1VS meant breast growth factor 1, Vanilla flavored, with the stimulant (it didn’t really affect the usage of the product at all, it was just a nice little bonus that made it feel good when you applied or imbibed it. I charged ten extra cents per milliliter for it.)

Finally, I put the bill in the cash sorter and went to get the appropriate container out of the fridge. Penelope snatched it eagerly from my hand and started turning to go. She stopped herself short, long enough to say “thanks,” then scurried out the door.

“That was weird,” I said aloud, though I didn’t think much of it. “Next!”

“Katee Allen!” Danny said, supplying the name that I had meant when I said “next”. A leggy young woman with an already impressive rack stood up to come back to the procedure room, and I forgot all about Penelope.

Until she came in a week later.

She was still wearing a shirt that was the same tight size, and her tits now positively strained against it. They peeked out of the neckline in a constricted muffintop; they pulled the fabric up to reveal her midriff above a low-slung vinyl miniskirt; her nipples poked through the thin cotton fabric. It was clear she had consumed the entire liter herself, swelling her tits to about E-cups.

She didn’t look so good otherwise; she had dark circles under her eyes, and seemed even paler than usual, and the unease she displayed in her last visit had blossomed into full-on fidgeting and paranoia. She looked like a drug addict itching for her next fix. “Same as last time,” she said tersely, handing me a paper check (who still uses those?) for a thousand dollars.

I dutifully handed her the container, and she left the office even faster than the last time.

I went about my day as usual, but kept thinking about Penelope until closing time. “Danny,” I said, “I know we made sure that the stimulant I add to my cum is non-addictive in general, but… is it possible it might be addictive in *some* people?”

“I see you’ve come to the same conclusion I have regarding our friend Penelope,” Danny replied in a worried tone. “Yes, I’m afraid that after her first, incidental purchase, during which she was genuinely interested in growing her breasts a moderate amount, she has become addicted to the stimulant you add to your semen, and is now seeking it at the expense of unwanted further breast growth.”

“Yeah, what you said. I feel pretty bad about this. What can we do for her?”

“I will consult with Annette. Perhaps she has encountered a problem like this before,” Danny said.

“All right, let me know what you find out in the morning,” I said, grabbing my jacket as I turned to head out.

I was once again almost able to put Penelope out of my mind during my nightly fuck-fest with Giselle. She had kept her tits at their ludicrous size, and was even making intimations that she wanted to grow them again sometime soon. After we exhausted each other, though, I found myself unable to fall asleep.

“What you thinking about, babe?” Giselle asked, when she woke up and noticed me toying restlessly with my phone.

“Oh, nothing. Just a patient I had today. I’m sure Danny will be able to sort things out. You should get back to sleep,” I said, caressing her beautiful face.

“To be honest, I’m having a hard time sleeping, too. I’m excited about starting the new company tomorrow!” she said.

“Oh wow! You never told me you were moving that quickly!” I said.

“Ms. Westwick has given me a cash infusion, so I’m jumping on it. She said she’s wanted to expand the X brand to a national market anyway, and a Class-X porn studio is exactly the right way to do it. I’ll be the operational coordinator!”

“That’s great, Giselle! I’m sure you’ll be fantastic at it. I can’t wait to see what you put together. But you’ll have a lot of new responsibilities starting tomorrow. You should get your rest.”

“Hah. Trying to boss me around, huh? I know one potential star who I might not give a callback,” she joked, swiveling her chest so that her massive left boob smacked me in the chest like the opening salvo of a pillow fight.

“No fair, you know I can’t retaliate,” I protested.

Giselle gave me an incredulous look, which included a glance down towards my crotch. “You could if you wanted to.”

An hour later, we were both finally ready to settle down to sleep. Again.

No sooner had I closed my eyes than I heard my phone buzzing. I pawed it from the nightstand blearily and found a half dozen texts from Danny about the burglar alarm going off at the office. It said the police hadn’t been called yet, but I should come down immediately.

I looked over at Giselle, who was still sleeping peacefully, the gentle rise and fall of her chest subsumed by the inertia of the massive breasts that sat atop it until only the smallest hint of motion was visible. I wanted badly to just keep sleeping next to her in the warm, fluffy, somewhat love-stained bed.

I sighed quietly. Duty calls. Even if you’re not really a superhero. I slipped into some clothes and climbed the stairs to the roof, where my jetpack was waiting.

(Oh, have I mentioned I own a jetpack? Not so much ‘jets’ as ‘dual propellers’ and not so much a ‘pack’ as a ‘phone-booth-sized flight apparatus’, but still. They’re a bitch to use for normal consumers since you have to file FAA flight plans every single time, so they never really caught on in a big way, but I had Danny to take care of all that for me! So I used a jetpack to get to work. Being rich is awesome).

The ride to work was cool and bracing. It took a few minutes – when I had moved my office and living space, I had sacrificed convenience for opulence. I set down in the empty parking lot and hurried through the still-open front door, which showed signs of forced entry.

“Ah, thank goodness you made it. Follow me,” Danny said, its face flickering across the screens that appeared every few feet on the walls. I followed the digital apparition through the foyer and waiting room, to the behind-the-counter dispensary. I stood in the area behind ‘behind the counter’, where the packaging of my jizz went on each morning. I could see through to the ‘behind the counter’ area, where Penelope was, through the back of the distribution fridge, as well as on the various monitors, where Danny was showing the security image.

The clear-doored fridge was open, letting chill air pour out into the room. And on the floor was Penelope Smith, in quite a state. I just stopped and stared for a while. She didn’t seem to notice me blissed out in her own world.

She wore a very similar wardrobe to every other time I’d seen her – fashionable leather jacket, fishnets on her pale legs, high heels, pink hair. Except this time the miniskirt was pulled up around her waist, revealing her bony hips and a clean-shaven pussy. As I watched, she dipped her left hand into an open two-liter container of 2VS jizz, taking a scoop of my frigid cum and slathering it onto the general area of her gash, pushing as much of it in as possible as she fingered herself, then moved up to fisting herself, all the while lolling her head back in orgasmic, opiated bliss.

Which brings me to the other change in her wardrobe – her tight cotton t-shirt had long ago burst open, revealing a pair of milky white breasts, each easily larger than her head and slightly elongated, with veiny skin stretched taut and dark, purplish areolae dribbling milk. Even as I watched, her breasts grew in another sudden spurt, nudging aside some of the empty jizz containers that littered the floor, some of them showing signs of having been licked clean.

“She went for the 1VS first, sir,” Danny reported. “When she finished all of that that was in storage, she spent a while simply lactating and trying to stave off her cravings. Eventually the urge became too great, and she moved on to the 2VS, which has caused her breasts to grow at an even greater rate, as you can see.”

“Like hell I can. Have you gotten ahold of Annette?” I asked urgently, trying to ignore the half-chub I was sporting from seeing Penelope’s breakdown. She was in serious trouble, dammit! I wasn’t supposed to find it indescribably hot!

“I was eventually able to rouse her. She should be coming soon. But in the mean time, we seem to have a problem,” Danny said.

“Is there anything I can do to help her?” I asked, feeling useless.

“I would advise against it. She is unstable and potentially violent, more a danger to you than to herself at this point. Annette seemed confident she could offer aid to Penelope, and it would be best if you waited until she could arrive. Penelope remains unaware of your presence; simply observe and be ready to intervene if necessary,” Danny suggested. I bit my tongue and settled in to watch over the desperate woman writhing on the floor, trying not to be aroused by it too much.

“Oh god it hu-u-u-urts,” Penelope moaned, massaging her swollen breasts. “So much… so full… but I need…” she mumbled incoherently. She stroked the length of each of her udders, trying to force the milk out of them. It was already spraying out in torrents, forming a huge puddle on the floor around her.

“I need it,” she said again, letting one hand abandon her overfull tits to seek out the tub of cum again. When she found it empty, it was like a bolt of lightning had struck her body. She thrashed about, trying to gain balance, to stand up, but she slipped in her own milk and failed.

“Need… more,” she said, knocking emptied containers away on all sides as she struggled to reach for the fridge. Eventually, she was able to drag her swollen breasts across the floor and reach the lower shelf. She searched through container after container, increasingly desperate, increasingly uncoordinated, until she found one of the last ones labeled ‘2VS’. She tore its lid off with a feral ferocity and instantly began to rub it across her nether regions, devoting both hands to her self-ministrations, a pose which pushed her monumental tits to even further prominence. The application of her drug once again let her relax, let her enjoy more-than-orgasmic pleasure… for a bit. Her breasts grew and grew again as she continued to rub my cum into her walls, and eventually she got a pained, cramped look again, as she doubled over in discomfort on top of her swollen chest. Milk streamed from her nipples like a high-powered drinking fountain, yet still it wasn’t enough. The discomfort of being overfull was even greater than the addict’s pleasure she felt at filling herself.

“Fuck… why me… God, why… I didn’t want…” she said, seemingly gaining a little more lucidity as the opiate effect left once again. She sat hunched over her own tits, her bony hips rocking with residual orgasms that were forgotten as background noise to her overall sensations.

I couldn’t just sit back and watch her suffer, no matter what Danny said. As surreptitiously as possible, I grabbed one of the empty containers from the stocking area, blew my dick and balls up to a moderate size, filled it quietly with negative-multiplier cum, and reattached the lid. The label automatically reconfigured itself to read ‘N 1 VS’, and I slid it down the counter to the automatic restocking system, which slid it into the appropriate fridge slot with a slight ‘thunk’.

Penelope looked up at that, and managed to read the label through her haze of withdrawal and discomfort. Her eyes lit up as she managed to rise to a half-standing position long enough to grab the container.

She began to do the same routine, trying to slather the orgasmic ambrosia into her pussy by hand, but found that it didn’t work with this cum – its mass didn’t get absorbed into her tits like the others did, so it ended up sticking around, filling up her pussy and dripping onto the floor, sticking to her hands and sliding across her stomach and thighs.

She quickly realized that it wasn’t working. So without hesitation, she held the bowl of vanilla-flavored cum up to her mouth and began to guzzle it down, taking deep, enthusiastic chugs.

The effect on her breasts wasn’t terribly dramatic. They kept blasting milk torrentially, but now at least they were decreasing in tautness and swollenness as they did so. The negative-multiplier cum was doing its job, it just had a lot of positive-multiplier cum to work against.

As I was watching, I barely noticed that Penelope finished drinking the whole bowl of cum in one fell swoop. She removed it from her mouth and cast it aside, looking halfway between frustrated and deeply aroused and satisfied. Cum dribbled from her lips, but her long tongue dexterously scooped up any stray droplets.

Then she started looking around for more.

“Shit,” I breathed, away from the back of the restocking fridge so she couldn’t see me. I grabbed some more containers and filled them as quickly as I could, sending them down so that the conveyor system could put them into the fridge.

Penelope didn’t question their origins; she grabbed each one as it appeared, and gulped it down with gusto. Two liters, three liters, four, five. The cum didn’t disappear once it was in her system, and her skinny waist began to swell up as she filled her stomach, even as her breasts underwent welcome shrinkage.

She finally began to slow down, mindful of her filling stomach. I was able to build up a lead, so that the fridge had a backlog and she might not notice that negative-multiplier cum was appearing mysteriously each time she ran out. Her belly now poked out quite far, almost as distended as her breasts had been before I started helping her, but it seemed that stomach distension was more welcome to her than the painful overfilling of her breasts. She reached for her seventh liter of breast-shrinking jizz, held it up to her lips, began to swallow…

She belched, and cum rose up with it, dribbling from the sides of her mouth.

She tried again, swallowing a couple more times, and then the floodgates opened. Seven liters is a hell of a lot to drink. It had filled every cubic centimeter of her stomach and esophagus, and now there was just no room left. She spewed consumed cum across her breasts, across the floor, letting it pour from her mouth onto her fishnetted legs. The evident pressure in her belly went away as she emptied her stomach.

And then she held up the rest of the bowl to her mouth and finished it. Damn, what a trooper. *Addicts often are*, I reminded myself. She hadn’t wanted this. She was doing this because she found it hot, she was doing it because chemicals told her it was necessary. Chemicals I had made. I tried to tell my dick that this wasn’t sexy at all. Not even in a fetish kind of way. It wouldn’t listen.

Finally, Penelope’s tits were no longer massively distended udders – her binge drinking had brought them back down to roughly the size of her head, soft and pillowy. She felt them up with evident glee as she licked the last of the new cum off of her lips.

“Ungh. Finally,” she moaned, and I watched in a mixture of horror and unwanted arousal as she shakily stood up, cum and milk sloughing off of her overtaxed body, and pulled a large container of 2VS off the fridge shelf along with all three of the final containers of N 1VS I’d sent down.

She began to once again deliver the breast-growth cum to her pussy, applying it with her fingers like lube, while countering half its growth by drinking still more negative-multiplier cum, gulping it down her overburdened esophagus. Her tits began growing once again, but more slowly this time, as she let her body be wracked by endless drug-enhanced orgasms.

By the time Annette finally arrived, Penelope’s tits had once again swollen to volleyball-like sizes, and her stomach was swelling again too as she almost finished the N1VS cum. My spilled or vomited jizz mingled with Penelope’s breast milk in a puddle half an inch deep behind the service counter.

“Holy shit, Jack. What went on here?” Annette asked as she entered, wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt. She looked very different from how I remembered her, in her X-standard lingerie. I snuck around the ‘behind the counter’ area to meet her in the entrance hall.

“You took a while, is what happened. I had to keep her busy!” I said.

“Christ, I bet his is what it smells like when you get done with Giselle, isn’t it?” she said, waving her hand in front of her nose. I had been inured to the scent, since I was largely the one creating it and it had built up gradually, but now that she pointed it out the office did smell quite strongly of vanilla and milk, musk and sex.

“If you want to find out you’ll just have to join us sometime,” I quipped, I thought suavely. Annette just rolled her eyes.

“I brought this for you,” she said, holding up a vial. “I have had some clients end up addicted to the stimulant I usually use, and taught you to make. It took me a while to figure out a way to wean them off it, but here it is. Try it, see if you can get an intuition real quick. If not, I can always handle her on my own.”

I took the vial and sniffed it. Odorless. I poured a bit of it onto my tongue. Tasteless too, but I felt the familiar fizzy, light, tingly, pleasurable sensation that the stimulant provides. Or at least, something similar. It was a bit like diet Coke. Or…

“This is like Methadone, huh?” I said.

“Yeah, basically. Though she’ll be able to kick her habit even quicker. Because the stimulant is so fast-acting, it does everything fast – including move through your system,” Annette said. “Are you able to produce it? Here’s the chemical formula,” she held up her phone, where a model of a complex molecule spun around on the screen.

I pulled down my pants and let my cock finally reach full erection. “I’ll give it a shot. Analyze it and tell me if I’m doing it right, Danny. I’ll try letting some out as precum…” I began, sitting down in one of the waiting room’s cushy chairs to concentrate.

I was concentrating so hard that I didn’t hear Penelope standing up, once again pawing through the fridge. And when she failed to find anything, she happened to look out into the waiting room.

“Uh, Jack?” Annette said.

“Wha… OH!” I said, as I saw Penelope running towards me. She skidded to a stop right in front of me, dropping to her knees. Her huge breasts perched on top of *my* knees as she grabbed my cock in moist, shaky fingers.

“Help me,” she pleaded, before pulling my cock down towards her mouth with surprising force.

She began blowing me with more gusto than I’d ever seen, bobbing her head up and down my shaft as though her life depended on it. I let out an experimental trickle of Diet Stimulant precum, and she rolled her eyes back into her head in pleasure, redoubling her efforts. Slurp, slupp, slrup, her head careened back and forth, her tongue played up and down my nerves. She blew me like a machine, never slowing, never stopping for breath, just desperately trying to get more of that drug that had taken over her mind.

Annette made a move as if to break up what was happening. I held up my hands urgently. “My dick, between her teeth,” I hissed. Annette backed off.

I knew this would end soon, one way or another. And it did: Penelope was so single-minded in her quest for my cum that she literally forgot to breathe. Her ministrations began to slow, her eyelids go heavy. Her hands fell away from my shaft as her arms went limp, and with one last gasp she passed out completely, her lips still wrapped firmly around my footlong cock.

I came just enough breast-shrinking cum down her throat to send her tits back to what she had originally wanted before this whole mess started – nice, perky C-cups.

“I don’t know if I trust myself to make this Diet Fizz correctly,” I said as I carefully removed Penelope’s head from my cock, and set her down gently on the floor. “So I’m going to buy your services for the next twenty hours, and cede you to Penelope here,” I said, pulling out my phone to make the transactions.

“Ooh, that should be fun,” Annette said. “Don’t get girls often.”

“I only wish I could watch,” I said. “Okay, there goes the 10k fee for you. And I’m also giving Penelope ten thousand dollars back. Be sure to let her know I feel really bad about what happened when she becomes lucid again.”

“I will,” Annette said, bending down to pick up the sleeping Penelope in her arms. I had known Annette was strong, but seeing it in action was pretty hot. God, what was with me this morning? Every damn thing was turning me on.

“Thanks. You’re a good friend, Annette,” I said.

“For five hundred bucks an hour? I’d imagine anyone would be,” Annette winked. “See you around, Jack.”

She carried Penelope out through the front doors, into the red-orange Vegas sunrise and her waiting autocab.

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And that was about the only notable thing that happened at the office. Now back to our regularly-scheduled program.

XXXI.

“… Four… Three… Two… One… HAPPY NEW YEAR!” the party slurred, roughly in time with the descent of the Times Square Ball – or at least, what was left of it. A superpowered brawl in the skies above the Square had broken out between Metaman and an unknown evildoer around 10:30 that had ended up taking a chunk out of the iconic orb. I thought I had seen Andy running point, but I couldn’t be sure.

“Everybody kiss somebody! It’s the new year!” shouted a voice. I turned to Giselle, trying to lean in to kiss her over the incredible bulk of her breasts, shrouded in a ‘little’ black dress that clung to every part of her. We struggled and struggled to let our lips meet, and finally she simply reached up and tore the dress off, to many cheers and hoots and hollers from the crowd around us. I pushed my way between her massive tits, their softness caressing either side of my torso as I found her lips with mine, engaging in a passionate makeout that drew even more reaction from the boisterous crowd.

“We’ll finish this later,” I whispered in her ear as I withdrew from the warm embrace of her arms and tits.

“Don’t make me wait too long,” she said, licking her lips. She smiled, and then slunk off to interact with our guests. The muscles in her long legs were constantly shifting as she struggled to compensate for the vast unbalancing bulk of her chest – if I hadn’t shrunk it and regrown it with a multiplier as part of the party prep, she wouldn’t have been able to walk at all. That was how she preferred to be, nowadays – almost immobile, tethered to the bed. She worked at administrating the porn company from home, drank her own breast milk for nourishment, got exercise from calisthenics against the weight of her own chest, and, so I understood, masturbated herself to climax just by rubbing her nipples and getting off on the fact that she was a devoted sex slave for me and me alone, the only woman who could truly satisfy me because she alone knew all my deepest desires, preferences and fantasies, and because she had devoted her body to me utterly.

Look, our relationship started off weird, it was gonna continue weird. When we weren’t fucking, we still talked, like normal couples do. It was just that Giselle talked with beach-ball-sized breasts attached to her chest.

Every few days, she decided to go out and about. I would fill her with negative-multiplier cum, which was a really messy process – not only did the cum not disappear into her, meaning it ran from her pussy and/or ass all over the bed, but when they shrank, her tits had to expel an equal volume of milk. Thank god I had had the bedroom specially equipped with drainage and robot housekeepers. Then I set the multiplier to high, and grew her tits up just as big as ever, but about a tenth the weight. With her fluffy, zeppelin-like endowments, the kind she wore tonight, she could walk around with ease. Well, as easy as things can get when everything in a twenty-inch range of your rib cage can be knocked down by your knockers. I always gave her the option to keep them, and she always refused, willingly drinking in my cum until they were just as full and dense as they ever were.

When I’d first met her, she’d asked for the biggest I offered. She’d been timid about asking for it all at once, but in the end, that’s what she’d gotten. I was just happy she was happy.

“Hey, are we gonna toast, or what?” one of the guests yelled – possibly the same one who had exhorted everyone to kiss a couple minutes ago. Whoever it was, they knew how to keep a party going. I headed to the dais in the center of my penthouse’s living space and pulled a champagne bottle out of its ice.

“Who’s ready for the first toast of the new year?” I shouted. “Who’s ready to pop the cork?”

This was met with general cheering from the assembled crowd. My apartment was packed with hundreds of guests, most of them drawn from my clientele base, which meant there was generally speaking five hot chicks for every one dude. And most of the dudes were already taken; the few who had come stag were absolutely falling over themselves at the prospects on display. If you lined up all the cleavage at the party end to end, it would probably be as tall as the X itself (the X’s own New Years party, replete with fireworks lighting up the chrome-coated letter, was visible through one of my wide windows).

“I need some volunteers!” I shouted, then pointed languorously at six of the hottest girls who raised their hands, ushering them up on the dais next to me. A member of the black-clad wait staff handed each one a champagne bottle as they came up, and they held them in anticipatory poses, ready to launch the corks.

“Hey, I can’t hold this one. I need one last volunteer!” I said, as if suddenly noticing the bottle I held in my own hand. I selected a woman near the front, a multiethnic beauty whose tight blue dress revealed almost the entire top half of her impressive endowments (endowments which had purchased at my office a month or so ago).

“What are you gonna hold, then?” she asked as I handed her my bottle.

“You’ll see,” I winked. “Ready! Set!” I clenched and strained. “Pop!”

And as the girls around me launched the corks from their bottles high into the air, spraying the crowd with foamy bubbles, I popped my dick out of my pants, the party trick I hadn’t used since sex with Giselle the night of the merger. My dick was longer and thicker than any of the champagne bottles, though I held it with the same cradling stance as the girls used on their bottles. I was cumming instantly, and the stream of my jizz sailed further and thicker and whiter than any of the champagne bottles could manage, sprinkling the crowd at large.

I had worked with Danny and Annette for a few hours to work up a formula that tasted and fizzed and felt like top-end champagne foam, yet which also caused topical stimulation *and* breast growth on contact with skin. It was one of the more complex semen types I’d ever produced, but I thought it was worth it as a stunt for the party.

It worked perfectly. It felt pleasantly tingly on the way out, and where it landed it caused a sensation. Every girl it touched felt a sudden warmth in her chest, then a constriction. Cleavage swelled. Dresses broke. Nipples poked. For a swath of partygoers directly in front of me, the average cup size went from an E to a G in an instant.

I turned and kept launching streams of champagne cum across different parts of the crowd, long after the fizz from the actual champagne bottles had died away. After a few seconds, people started to notice what was happening, women jostling to be in the path of my dick as they noticed their fellow guests standing around with flushed, orgasmic faces and tits hanging out of their dresses.

“Jack Sanders’ Breast Enhancement is operating for free, for one night only!” I roared over the din of the party. The noise in the room doubled. The women standing next to me put their champagne bottles down and tried to grasp at the flow launching from my dick, putting their hands in front of the stream like people testing a fire hydrant. They shrieked in delight as their breasts bucked and swelled instantly. The woman in the blue dress went from grapefruits to cantaloupes in a split second, her coffee-and-cream tits overflowing her neckline in a prodigious muffin-top. “What if I don’t want bigger tits, though?” she asked me.

“There’s breast-shrinking drinks on the way out, if anyone wants them. I doubt very many will, though,” I confided in her, gesturing out at the crowd.

Giselle had started it, and the rest of the partygoers finished it; our soiree was now fully clothing-optional. As I looked out at the sea of guests I saw more pairs of exposed tits than had any right being in the same room together, and nary anything below a D-cup in sight. The wait staff I had hired circulated with increasingly labored propriety as hundreds of topless 10s got progressively tipsier. I grabbed a drink from one of them myself. Sure, I wasn’t 21 yet – but I doubted anyone was going to call me on that.

I waded into the crowd, my dick waving proudly in front of me, still jauntily erect. Two feet was a routine size for me now, and guests, male and female, stared at it in awe. I was almost instantly swarmed by partygoers seeking a free increase in their bustlines, and I mollified them by squirting little burst of champagne cum as they approached. It was almost like an arcade shooting game – if a woman appears in front of you wearing clothes, keep shooting until she’s topless, laughing, and red in the face.

The party went on like this for a while. The details are kind of hazy for me. There wasn’t a lot of blood in my brain to begin with, and… well, turns out I enjoyed drinking. I’d never really had alcohol in my old life, so I was really a lightweight. The first drink I skimmed had me buzzed. The second had me tipsy. The third had me full-on drunk.

Around the fifth (and three in the morning), I remember someone asking me, “so how big can you go?”

“Why don’t you come with me to the pool with me, and we’ll find out!” I slurred loudly. This brought up a cheer from the immediate area. So I started leading a procession of drunk, topless, big-titted women through my apartment to find the door that led to the balcony with the pool. When did I get a rooftop pool anyway? Eh, who knows. Important thing was, I’d never used it yet. It was still empty and covered.

“Hey! Hey! Get those covers off!” I shouted, pointing in the general direction of the pool. The wait staff scurried to oblige, peeling back the tarp to reveal an immaculate tiled pool.

“’kay, let’s do this!” I said, standing with my arms outstretched by the deep end of the pool. “I need people to steady me.” Instantly, I was surrounded by about a dozen supermodel-quality girls holding just about every part of my body steady, their outlandish tits caressing parts of me I wasn’t even sure had ever been caressed. You ever had a nipple the size of film canister tickle the back of your knee? Neither had I.

“Fondle my balls, too,” I said. “It’ll help me get in the zone.”

Suddenly each of my dodgeball-sized testicles had about four feminine hands lightly fondling it. My two-foot erection, held high for the past three hours, only got harder.

I tried to clear out the mental wobbliness induced by the alcohol, to concentrate on my mental techniques. I needed… fuck, which power did I need? Oh yeah, my pediatrician’s. First one I ever got. She hadn’t been much more than five foot, and had grown to ten times that size once. I should be able to manage at least the same growth factor. Which would mean sixty inches. Which was… fuuuuck. A bunch of feet.

Okay, let’s aim for that. I closed my eyes, and did my best to concentrate.

I knew it was working when I started hearing cheers and applause from around the pool. I opened my eyes to see my dickhead, hovering majestically a couple feet in front of my face. My cock had to be three feet already, and proportionally thicker. And with each flex of my power, it was steadily growing still.

At a certain point, the base of it filled up all available space on my pelvis. As it grew, the middle part of the shaft kept swelling outwards in thickness, while the bottom part of it tapered down to fit onto me, the girth at the base limited to ‘only’ a modest nine inches or so in diameter. Up in the middle of the shaft, it was more like a foot across. My balls kept growing apace, the girls having to reach lower and lower to keep up the stimulation. I widened my stance as I felt them hang past my knees, down between my shins, each one larger than a soccer ball.

Finally, my mind began to tire, reporting faux pain and fatigue to stop me from abusing my powers too much. With a few final spurts of growth, I felt my bean-bag-chair-sized nutsack hit the electrically-heated title flooring that surrounded the pool. My cock swelled in front of me, its extreme weight pulling it down to an almost horizontal position. Only the grasping hands of the dozen women keeping me steady kept it from overbalancing me and pulling me into the pool. Instead, it cantilevered out proudly, reaching maybe five feet in length – hey, five feet! That’s how big sixty inches is! – and four feet in girth at its thickest point. At this size, even a tiny steam of precum splattered down into the empty pool like a steady flow from a garden hose. The rest of the partygoers lining the pool looked on in awe.

“Pull me back, girls,” I said to the women holding me. They obliged, and I managed to kneel down into a stable position, with my gigantic nutsack splayed on the tile in front of me, my dick propped up on top of it like an old cannon atop its wheels. My cockhead was still cantilevered out over the lip of the pool.

“Holy shit, Jack. You’ve always got a surprise up your sleeve, don’t you?” a familiar voice whispered in my ear, as familiar tits engulfed my shoulder. Giselle had seen the commotion and come out to the pool to investigate.

“I’m as surprised as you are that I could manage this,” I slurred. “Wanna get me off?”

“How? Jack, that thing’s thicker than a fucking oak tree. No way I’m fitting that inside any of my holes, no matter how much power you throw at it.”

“I know that,” I said, holding up one of her massive tits. “But you have got *something* that’ll fit it.”

“Oh! True!” she said. She turned around so that her ass was facing me, and then swung one leg up and straddled my cock like she was getting onto a bike. She leaned forward, and allowed her pendulous tits to envelop my unfathomable girth.

You know how I’ve talked in the past about how the bigger my cock gets, the better it feels? More nerve endings wired into the same part of the brain, yadda yadda. Well, it definitely held true no matter how big I got. Giselle’s tits and her meaty thighs sent paroxysms of pleasure through my tree-trunk cock almost the instant they came in contact. As she began to writhe and grind her pelvis against the lower part of my shaft, while using her arms to swing her tits up and down the upper part of it, I built to orgasm faster than I’ve ever built before.

“Hey, don’t just watch – help me out here! This cock is too big for one woman to deal with alone,” Giselle said to the partygoers who had initially helped steady me. Instantly, their dozens of dexterous hands were added to the mix, rubbing and tickling and caressing every inch of my exposed skin.

Fire hoses ain’t got shit on me.

I had considered doing something like this in the back of my mind for a while. This cum formulation was meant for swimming – it wasn’t slimy or sticky, but instead acted like particularly thick cream. It was filled with all the primal, pheromonal scents I could muster, and also packed with Annette’s pleasure juice so that anyone who felt it on their skin would get instant, tingly bursts of endorphins and dopamine. It made breasts grow at a factor of one-to-one when swallowed – or taken in vaginally or anally.

My initial gout of jizz soared clear through the empty pool, splashing and spraying against the far wall having barely dropped an inch during its flight time. My beach-ball-sized testicles pumped and moved like living machinery as they took Christina’s power and used it on scales it had never been intended for. Each squirt of cum moved down my urethra like a solid object, knocking hands out of the way as it made the bottom of my already-enormous cock swell even more. I came ten gallons in a single squirt, and still the pressure was enormous, unbearable; I felt like I was going to explode if I couldn’t keep on expelling more semen, feeling more orgasmic bliss. Each pulse of my cock became twice as long – twenty gallons splashing into the pool each time my muscles tensed. Then thirty gallons. Then it just became one continuous stream, the level of delicious-smelling cum in the pool rising before the guests’ very eyes, a thousand gallons at a time.

I felt like I had tapped into some primal dimension, some elemental well – the same well from which Metaman and Andy drew their powers when they conjured water and ice from nothing, when they pulled the strength to level buildings right out of their asses. In that moment, I was a superhero, or maybe a supervillain. I didn’t care which. It was enough to be super.

My body was acting on autopilot, so that more of my brain could enjoy the sheer pleasure radiating from my massive organ. I dimly became aware that my mouth was doing something interesting, and soon gained enough coherence to realize that I was making out with Giselle, who had turned herself around on my cock. Her tits were spread out to either side of my torso, pinning my arms to my sides – I had made the best of that by reaching down and grabbing her ass where it rode on my bucking stallion of a cock. The other girls were still there too; I could barely feel them as background noise compared to the other sensations I was experiencing.

Finally, my ceaseless balls began to tire and ache, just as my brain had. But not before they had filled my (quite large) pool almost to the brim with effervescent cum that smelled of perfume and cologne and sheer, distilled sexual desire. The partygoers surrounding the pool had gone almost silent, looking on in awe as the last dribbles of my ten-minute, pool-filling orgasm dripped down.

“And THAT’s how big I can go!” I shouted, hoping that whoever had asked the initial question was still around.

A cheer went up. A few people started clapping. Most began milling around, ready to leave, until one enterprising, hot, and *very* drunk blonde woman shouted “Cannonball!”

She leapt and landed in the pool of my cum with a splash, and resurfaced a few seconds later with a manic look in her eyes. “Holy shit, you guys! This feels fucking AMAZING! Oooh! OOOOOHHHHH!” she said, orgasming on the spot as the full force of the pleasure juice I’d pumped into the pool hit her.

With the orgasm came a loosening of her pussy – and an inrush of jizz. Her dress, already made skintight by being soaked, began to strain and pop, her bustline increasing its footprint on the surface of the white liquid. Her cleavage swelled up and up, towards her chin, until her tits finally broke free of her dress. They revealed themselves as almost perfect spheres, taut, distended, nipples fully erect and spraying milk across the surface of the pool. She had absorbed as much as possible, and couldn’t take in any more, but it wasn’t for her body’s lack of trying. She began to massage her swollen breasts as she floated onto her back, her face gazing up serenely into the night sky with a look of pure ecstasy.

Of course, not everyone knew how my powers worked inside and out, or could surmise what had happened. “Is she okay?” one person yelled. “Someone help her out!”

One of the few single guys of the party leapt into action, fishing for Blondey’s arm and hauling her out of the cum filled pool. She laid for a moment on the tile, dripping cum and her own pussy juice, spraying milk into the air, hips bucking with continuous orgasms. When she finally regained control of herself, she looked around, somewhat confused. “Y’all have GOT to try that! It’s fucking AWESOME!” she said emphatically.

That was all the encouragement a lot of the guests needed. Soon the pool was full of girls leaping, splashing, thrashing in pleasure.

“Hey you!” Blondey said, to her ‘rescuer’.

“Me?” he said, standing at an awkward angle that was clearly trying to hide a boner as he looked at her prone and sexy form.

“I’ve never needed a fucking more in my life than I do right now,” she said through gritted teeth, still massaging her lactating nipples. “You wanna give it to me?”

He tore his pants down right away. Smart man.

So I *may* have put a relatively potent aphrodisiac into the pool mixture, too. It’s hard to remember these things when you’re drunk.

Nobody lasted more than about a minute in the pool. There was a steady stream of enthusiastic chicks who perhaps hadn’t managed to get any of my champagne jizz earlier jumping in enthusiastically at one end, matched by a string of blissed-out women barely managing to pull themselves back up onto the tile, hitched to veiny, spherical, fake-looking lactating tits the size of classroom globes, driven to leave the pleasure of the pool by the immense pressure the continued immersion in cum put on the insides of their tits. Many began fingering themselves. Or each other. Or fisting. Or eating out. Or soliciting fuck sessions from the few stag guests, all of whom had now come out onto the balcony filled with horny big-titted women to live out what had doubtless been a longstanding fantasy for many of them. The whole party gradually collapsed into a massive orgy, with Giselle sitting on my gigantic cock at the center of it.

And that’s about when I passed out.

XXXII.

The helicopter woke me up.

I stared blearily around at my balcony. Dozens of women slept peacefully in various positions, their formerly-stretched breasts mellowed to pleasant firmness. A few isolated pockets of people were still fucking orgiastically around the corners of the place. Some of those women had apparently jumped into the pool a second and even third time, their tits reaching insane, Giselle-like proportions. The level of the cum in the pool was noticeably lower – so much of it had been converted into tits.

Giselle! She was still beside me, also sleeping, her tits splayed out on either side of her torso. They looked bigger than before – truly ridiculous now, each one maybe two feet in diameter. I wondered if she could even stand up.

Speaking of… I tried to stand up to see what exactly that helicopter was doing making such a racket on my roof, but found that I couldn’t.

I looked straight down and saw my bean-bag-chair scrotum, my dick draped over it like a flaccid punching bag.

“Oh. Right.” I said. I flex the shrinking power in my mind, and was met with a brick wall of not-gonna-happen. I had expended too much effort last night; my powers were exhausted until they could have a chance to recover. I’d have to move the old-fashioned way.

I put all my effort into lifting my legs, hauling my enormous genitalia up with me. My legs are strong, but they weren’t strong enough, and the alcohol still in my system wasn’t helping. My head started pounding. Was this a hangover? I didn’t like it. I collapsed back down to the tile and fell into a brief and restless sleep once again.

This time, it was the high heels that woke me up. They clacked onto the tile not six inches from my ear.

I opened my eyes to see the Madame looming over me. “It would appear that I have averted the self-destructive spiral just in time, hm?” she said through pursed lips.

“I… hey… it’s…” I sputtered.

“The New Fiscal year, yes! And just as I said, I am now officially entering my role as your corporate partner. How fortunate it is for me that you have prepared yourself for the new facility. It’s almost as if you knew what was coming,” she said.

“I… wha?”

“Perhaps a brief time in the breeze will wake you up. Alex, take us up!” Westwick said. She suddenly ascended into the sky, and I could see that she was attached to a retractable harness that went up to an AI-driven helicopter hovering above my roof.

Then, with a jerk, I felt my own harness, which must have been applied while I was unconscious. It had special attachment points for my dick and balls. I saw Giselle rising up beside me as well, her tits strapped in just as my outsized genitals were, the sudden movements waking her. A few of the cognizant partygoers waved at us as we went. I waved weakly back.

The noise of the helicopter got louder and louder, pounding into my aching head like a jackhammer, until we were pulled up through its bay doors and everything went quiet. Noise cancelling speakers. The Madame sat on the front chair, having spun it around backwards to look at us; her AI Alex was up on the screens inside, its avatar wearing a headset to let us know it was driving.

“Why the chopper?” Giselle asked more coherently than I could have managed. She sat on the floor of the helicopter with her body draped over her own tits as if still exhausted, but her head was alert and looking around. Apparently she wasn’t suffering as much from last night’s escapades as I was. She began to remove her harness, clip by clip, then reached over to undo mine. She had to put in a concerted effort to drag her tits a few inches across the floor of the chopper to be able to reach a few of my clasps.

“I thought it would be easier than attempting to transport the two of you down through the entire building and out the front doors in your post-party states. I was right.”

“And the custom harnesses? You knew what was gonna happen at the party. It was your plant who asked how big I could go, I’ll bet,” I managed to croak. The comfort bay at my right produced a bottle of water upon hearing my voice – I took it gladly and chugged it down.

“Well done! You’re shrewder than you look, Mr. Sanders. I think I made the right choice with you. Yes, I wanted you to stretch your powers in order to prepare you for the new venture I have been constructing these past few months.”

“What are you talking about?” Giselle asked impatiently. “And why am I along?”

“You’ll see in good time,” Westwick said infuriatingly.

The chopper banked suddenly away from the Strip, heading out towards the Vegas sprawl. After perhaps ten minutes, it began its descent, towards an unremarkable industrial park. It came in for a landing on a helipad situated next to a large-ish manufacturing building, near a fleet of trucks marked with the Westwick logo.

A bevy of perhaps twenty girls trotted out towards the helicopter as it landed, their shapely figures apparent even through the warm clothes they wore to ward off the mild winter weather. As they approached they split into two groups of ten. I felt the floor of the chopper move beneath me as the side doors opened. Giselle and I were slid out on separate platforms, and a group of girls picked up each one by the handles.

“We’re being carried by royal litter now?” Giselle asked incredulously.

“I was aware that you could not move yourselves in your current states. This is a solution.” Westwick said as she walked beside us.

We soon made it into the warmth of the factory, where I was greeted by the sight of a massive piece of machinery. At one end, it was situated to interface with dozens of shiny new conveyor belt apparatuses (apparati?) that drew from a giant hopper of pint-sized white plastic bottles and deposited in a packaging area. In the middle, it consisted of a dizzying array of stainless steel machinery that gave me the impression of a distillery that somehow also used giant centrifuges and industrial-sized washing machines. And at the other end, the one closest to us…

A ribbed tube, ten feet high and two wide, hovered over a large cushioned area. It was clear what was supposed to fit where, especially once the phalanx of girls started toting me over towards it.

“it’s a factory, and I’m the source. You want to go national,” I said flatly.

“Of course! Your clinic was a fine start, but far too limited. You might be able to schedule individual appointments with every girl in Las Vegas, but you could never have scheduled appointments with every girl in America. So instead of having them come to you, I’ve devised a way to let you come to them!” Westwick said, seeming pleased with herself.

“Ha,” Giselle said.

“What?”

“*Come* to them? Yeah? No? That wasn’t a pun? Okay. I’m still a little drunk,” she replied.

“Ah, I see. No, not a pun. I do not enjoy puns,” Westwick said.

“Do you enjoy letting your boss slash employee slash gold mine in on some specifics? Because I sure hope you do,” I said, a little harshly. “I’m not just going to let you hook me up to this thing without knowing what’s going on in a little more detail.”

“If you wish. Girls?” Westwick said with a hint of exasperation. The girls carrying my platform deposited me on the floor near the machine, but not in its main area.

From behind the nearest large steel tank, two familiar figures emerged. The first, tall, lean, muscular, and absolutely rocking a pair of yoga pants was Annette, the chemist. The second was a woman I hadn’t thought I’d ever see again after our tryst on the cruise ship – the pale, dark-haired, bespectacled Alana. She wore a long, nicely-tailored grey coat to defend against the mild chill outside, and I couldn’t read her expression.

“Hey, Annette! Haven’t seen you in a few weeks,” I said, while thinking *Hi, Alana. What were those three things you hoped for me? I, uh… may have screwed them up.*

“Yeah, hiya Jack. I’ve been busy with this anyway. And I hear you’ve had some insane holiday parties to work on,” Annette replied, eying my punching-bag-sized flaccid cock.

*I said I hoped you would reconcile with Kandi, that you wouldn’t squander your power, and that it had found you for a reason,* Annette thought into my mind.

“Yeah, well, you know. I’ve got a reputation to uphold,” my mouth babbled to Annette. *Well, the first one is kind of out the window. But I definitely don’t think what I’ve been doing counts as squandering my powers! Do you think it’s enough to say I got this for a reason?* I thought at Alana.

*Jury’s still out on that last one, I think,* she replied, and I thought I saw the ghost of a smile on her lips.

*One or two out of three ain’t bad,* I thought.

“So why did the Madame bring you two out?” Giselle asked. I wondered if Alana had been making her own psychic introductions inside Giselle’s head.

“Because we’re the ones who are going to make this happen!” Annette said. “I’ve developed a new formula for you to use, Jack. It’s one of the hardest things I’ve ever had to work up, but with some help from Danny and especially Alana, we finally managed.”

*What made the task so difficult was the fact that we had to combine chemistry with Power mechanics, which are notoriously impossible to scrutinize. Fortunately, my power lends me enough intuition about the nature of your powers to figure out how to induce fundamental changes by combining things like Annette’s ability and Kandi’s, if you allow me access to your mind,* Alana thoughtcasted to the room.

“The new formula we developed will do something pretty amazing – it’ll retain its volumetric breast expansion properties when mixed in with water, at a rate of almost ten to one. In fact, it spreads that quality to the water it’s mixed with.”

“Holy shit! It’s like homeopathy that actually works!” Giselle said.

“Exactly. And it’s what’ll allow us to increase Jack’s production to satisfy the breast-growth needs of women across the entire world,” Annette said excitedly.

“And do I get a say in this?” I asked, genuinely unclear on what the answer would be.

“Of course you do! You own the controlling interest in the company, of course,” Westwick said, and I could already hear the other shoe lining up to drop. “Of course, since profits are expected to increase by about a hundredfold once production gets into full swing, it would be very easy to prove that you’re acting against the best interests of the company and get you removed as the CEO, on behalf of the shareholders.”

“Shareholders? I thought you were the only one!” I said.

“I share everything with my girls. You got to take home parts of them, they get to own parts of you,” Westwick smiled, shark-like.

I didn’t really need the stick to push me towards going along with Westwick’s plan – the carrot she had mentioned would work just as well. Increasing profits a hundredfold would mean… well, a hell of a lot. I would become one of the richest men in the entire world.

*What would I even do with all that money, though?* I mentally asked myself.

*I seem to recall an aspiration you had some time ago – helping Humanity pass the Test,* Alana thought back. Never a moment to yourself with a top-10 telepath in the room.

*Yeah, that. Thanks.* I thought.

I had almost forgotten about the Test, having been so caught up in my Gift. But that had been my goal once, hadn’t it? To become like Metaman, to save the world, to pass the Test. I hadn’t been able to become like Metaman – that was Andy’s destiny. He was the Superman now.

But hey, Batman never needed any superpower except for money. And everybody knows he’s cooler than Superman anyway.

“If I agree to this, what will my schedule be like?” I asked.

“Well, uh… I was just the chem angle. Somebody else worked on logistics. Danny, would you care to explain?” Annette said.

A quadrotor drone carrying a camera and small display screen appeared from somewhere in the factory, displaying Danny’s face.

“Danny, you were in on this? Why didn’t you tell me?” I said.

“You never asked. I am an employee of Jack Sanders Gift-Based Breast Enhancement LLC, Jack, not of you personally, and as such respond to Ms. Westwick’s requests as readily as yours.”

“Okay, okay, I get the picture. I was oblivious. You want to tell me what things’ll be like if I hook into this giant fleshlight?”

“It will be odd. With Alana’s help, you would enter a disassociate fugue state of pleasure for an indefinite period of time, during which you orgasm constantly. External stimulation of your non-penile pleasure centers would be carried out by a rotating roster of girls, including Giselle, to the extent that she is willing and able. If she so desires, Giselle could also serve as a source of nourishment for you as you work.” Danny said.

“I don’t like the idea of going into a cum coma forever. Can we break that up a little more?”

“Yes. Ideally, for your health, you will work four days on, two days off. During your days off it is recommended that you exercise greatly, to prevent your limbs from atrophying.”

“Oh, that won’t be a problem,” I said, sharing a look with Giselle. She grinned back at me.

“Look, I don’t want to leave you alone for two thirds of the time if you’re against it,” I said. “That would be selfish of me.”

“It would be selfish of me to try to keep you to myself and stop the company from moving forward,” Giselle said. “And besides, I’ll still get to be there with you.”

“All right then, babe, if you’re okay with it… Ms. Westwick, I agree to your new direction for the company.”

“Excellent,” Westwick said, rubbing her hands together. “Let’s get started.”

XXXIII.

The girls picked me up again, and carried me over to the cushioned area. I maneuvered myself into it with some help from the girls pushing on my cock and beanbag-chair scrotum into position between my spread-eagled legs. I laid on my back in the cushions, and really appreciated the haptic micocontrols that kept them perfectly formed to my body for ideal comfort.

My balls splayed out between my legs, almost filling the entire triangle between my groin and mid-shin level. My cock draped up and over my torso, veering to the left and drooping over my left upper arm. My cockhead was about the same size as my regular head, and on around the same level, too.

Once I was situated, the whole apparatus began to move, rotating around so that my body was mostly upright, and the big giant fleshlight tube was canted slightly above the horizontal. My dick flopped down into the bottom half of the tube, looking pitifully small in comparison despite the fact that it was already about a hundred times more voluminous than dicks have any right to be.

“Hey, listen – I had a hell of a time last night. I don’t know if I’ll even be able to get a full erection, much less one that’s twice as big as the biggest I’ve ever had,” I said.

“I had considered that. Jack, I am about to let you in on a little secret. Meet Helena, from the PMB,” Westwick said, as yet another woman – short, blonde, curvy - walked out from behind the machinery.

“Really? How many people you got back there?” I asked.

“I’m the last one,” Helena smirked.

“Helena is the PMB’s most critical asset, and it is only by special arrangement that she was able to be here today.”

“What makes you so critical?” I asked.

“I’m what lets Metaman – and your friend Andy – beat the bad guys so easily,” she said. “Why they can always dish out more than the opposition, even using the same powers as their enemies.”

“I don’t understand,” I said.

*Helena has a unique, almost unclassifiable power best understood as being meta-meta* Alana thought at me, along with a deeper understanding of the relevant mechanics than words could provide. *Through physical contact, she can amp up the powers of individuals above the level they normally possess, including powers gained from being Class-A. I’ve worked with her before, when I needed to amplify my abilities as a telepath. It’s highly technical, I know, but the gist of it is that she’ll be able to let you use each of your powers more fully than you would on your own – more fully even than the original owners of the powers.*

“For a relatively brief time period, mind you – Ms. Westwick has told me that you can keep powers for years at a time. I will only be able to extend your abilities with them for a few months before I have to come back and ‘recharge’ you,” Helena said.

“I never told you about how long I can keep powers,” I said, eying Westwick angrily.

“I did some digging.”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Sanders. Your secret is safe with me.”

I sighed heavily. “Only yesterday I was the most independent businessman in town. Now it seems like I’ve lost all control.”

“That was last year, Jack,” Westwick said.

“Hey! No fair! You said you didn’t like puns. I think that means you’re not allowed to do corny ‘last year’ jokes either,” Giselle protested.

“So are we gonna do the laying-on-of-hands or what?” I asked.

“Sure thing,” Helena said, and reached over to touch my dick like you would pat someone on the back.

Instantly, my mental fatigue was gone. I felt the power of my powers surging through me, like it was the first day I mastered them all over again. Five feet? Ha! Might as well be five inches! I poured my will into the growth power, and it responded smoothly as never before. It was like getting the chain fixed and the gears oiled on an old bike. No more delays, no more jerkiness, no more friction – just raw power and speed, every bit of effort translated directly into movement with perfect efficiency. My dick easily expanded to the size of the tube, hardening as it went. My titanic balls swelled even more, and I realized that I could control them separately – I grew them even bigger than would match a ten-foot dick, until my scrotum filled every inch of the generous area allotted for them in the machine’s design. I was now hitched to a set of genitalia larger than the entire rest of my body. This might be distressing to some, but in the moment it felt awesome. If my experience is anything to go on, barnacles must be turned on all the time.

(Barnacles have penises eight times as long as their bodies, in case you didn’t know. See, this has been a learning experience.)

I became conscious of Alana’s hands on either side of my head, guiding me Professor X-style. She gave me almost-subconscious glimpses of the rationale behind how she apportioned each of my many powers. *This is the highest ejaculation multiplier you can force through your urethra without things getting backed up. This is the breast growth multiplier that will make the most consumers happy. This is the chemical formula I was talking about earlier.*

The top half of the giant tube swung down and shut over my unfathomable dick, locking itself in place with a click. I felt like a racecar raring at the stoplight.

*Ready*. Dozens of hands began to fondle my six-foot ballsack. A couple began to rub my nipples (not my usual cup of tea, but wasn’t about to stop them). And Giselle was suddenly near me, her gigantic breasts pointing my way, each one supported by a less-well-endowed girl.

*Set.* “In case you get thirsty,” she said. I smiled, nodded to Alana, and tried to relax into it.

*GO!*

I won’t try to describe what it feels like to cum with a dick the size of a tree trunk, blasting jizz faster than an industrial pump. Use your imagination. Then try to imagine about twenty times further than that.

I didn’t make any sort of vocalization. What would be the point? Nothing I could do with my vocal chords could even begin to express the pleasure I was feeling. I held onto my conscious mind for a brief while before succumbing utterly to the ecstasy. I felt like a force of nature. Powerful, inevitable, unthinking. Wave after wave of decadent, orgasmic bliss rolled against my mind, and each time I thought I was coming down from the peak of pleasure, I just started climbing even higher. Forget four days at a time – I wouldn’t mind if this was my entire life.

There was a little room in my mind for other sensation. I was making out with Giselle at one point, as she sat on the base of my cock, her tits wrapping around on either side of my torso. But eventually, even my sight receded into long tunnels of darkness and disappeared altogether as I drifted into a plane of nothing but pleasure, reeling in ecstasy with each passing moment and dreading the time in a hundred hours when it would have to come to an end.

XXXIV.

“Jack. Jack? You there, babe?” Giselle’s voice coaxed. It took me a moment to realize I was no longer cumming. Since that had been a constant for the past four days, it was kind of weird to not feel the constant *spurt spurt spurt* of my industrial-sized cock muscles.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m here,” I said. “Wow.”

“Time to shrink your cock. Danny says you have to do physical therapy on these off days.”

“It’s true,” said the Dannydrone, which I now noticed hovering over Giselle’s shoulder.

I groaned, and concentrated on shrinking my cock and balls. Once again, the smooth, effortless power that Helena had endowed me with made itself known, as I smoothly shrunk my genitals from bounce-house size to somewhere in the realm of food metaphors. Eggplant and two oranges, maybe.

With my body once again larger than my cock, I began to think straight again, looking around the factory. The bottling machines and pill presses were still chugging along, workers and robots still frantically packaging bottles into boxes and loading them into trucks at the far end of the building.

Giselle walked over and hugged me, and the first thing I noticed was that she was walking. “What happened to your tits?” I asked. They were still ludicrous in absolute terms, but not by her standards. Basketball-sized was a throwback.

She looked a bit sheepish. “I didn’t want both of us to be immobile. When Alana switched you into reduction mode, I asked for a bunch of it so I could bring myself back down to a reasonable size. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Not at all! I’d love you even if you just had mosquito bites,” I said, leaning in to kiss her.

Danny cleared its throat. “Your physical therapy, Jack.”

“Yeah, yeah,” I said, walking over to a nearby treadmill that had evidently been set up for that purpose. I stretched for a while, working out all the kinks and stiffness in my neck and back, then started to jog.

The Dannydrone hovered in front of me. “Giselle suggested that each time you come to, I curate a collection of stories to get you caught up with what happened in the world while you were indisposed. I agreed. Here is the first one,” it said, showing footage on its hovering screen. As I ran, I was bombarded with a montage of headlines and brief stories.

*Title of Star Wars Episode XVI announced!*

*President Obama returned from the hospital earlier this week following heart surgery. The former POTUS, 81, is expected to recover fully…*

*Victoria’s Secret Fashion Show Cancelled due to Superpowered Interference!*

*Civil war broke out after long-simmering tensions in the Central African Republic boiled over. Now in its third straight year of severe famine, the CAR has…*

*Metaman and Andy Save the Day Once Again!*

*A new breast-growth product is expected to hit shelves across the country in coming weeks. With the name of famed businesswoman Diane Westwick behind it, it’s sure to be a retail hit, but what are the ingredients? Will it work at all? We’ll just have to wait and find out.*

And so on.

“Do you feel caught up?” Danny asked as I reached the end of my run in tandem with the video.

“Yeah, sure thing,” I panted as the treadmill ran down. I wiped the sweat from my eyes.

“Excellent. You will have further PT sessions over the next two days. I will be sure to remind you of them. For now, you may go and enjoy yourself. I drove your jetpack to the parking lot here, so you may go wherever you wish.”

“Thanks, Danny,” I said, looking at Giselle. Her face agreed with me – there was only one place we wanted to go. Our bedroom. Then maybe the porn studio.

I’m not saying it’s not great to cum for four days straight. But it’s also not sex with a beautiful woman who loves you. It’s both more monolithic and somehow less mythic than actually having sex. There was room in my life for both experiences.

And that was how things went for the next year or so. It’s amazing how fast time goes by when you miss out on two thirds of it. I came into the machine. I ran and exercised while watching Danny’s video. Giselle and I fucked. Repeat. I came, I watched, I came. *Veni, vidi, veni.*

Danny’s videos tended to end up splitting into two categories, plus the occasional entertainment news. The categories were: “Our product is doing great” and “the world is falling apart”.

The first one was genuinely gratifying to see, and I *always* enjoyed the footage that went along with it.

*The new breast growth pill that’s taking the nation by storm!*

*Westwick Pharmaceuticals Wonderdrug! Why it’s labeled ‘homeopathic’, and why it actually works!*

*Which PowerGro multiplier should you use? We’ll break it down for you later in the broadcast.*

*PowerGro now top-selling off-the-shelf pill in US*

*Retailers report nearly no sales of A-cup and B-cup bras!*

*Did Hollywood have Powergro before the rest of us? The video evidence!*

*Gift-Based Breast Expansion LLC., owner of the incredibly popular Powergro pill, went public today, in one of the largest IPOs in history…*

*A new study has found that the average cup size of women ages 18-35 in the US has increased to E. Of course, Las Vegas remains America’s bustiest city, with an eye-popping H-cup average…*

*PowerGro expands into Asian, European markets*

*Forget cars or implants – the new hot Graduation gift for girls is premium PowerGro!*

*Shocking report finds that 68% of all plastic surgeons specializing in breast implants have gone out of business since January, with many more desperately trying to change specialties. Experts say the proliferation of the PowerGro pill is almost solely responsible…*

*Miss America pageant disallows contestants who have used PowerGro; nobody shows up*

*Since previous study just six months earlier, America’s young women have grown another cup size. The average bra sold to a woman under 35 is now a 32F. “It’s all because of the new pill from Westwick,” says NIH’s Barbara Brown. “I’ve taken a little myself…”*

*2043 Entertainment Year in Review: The year of Boobs*

But then there was the world falling apart, and that wasn’t nearly so pleasant. Civil wars popping up throughout Africa and Asia, China’s economy collapsing, the dissolution of the EU, breadlines in South America, and supervillains popping up across the world faster than Metaman and Andy could swat them down. I followed my friend’s exploits via the news, and saw him age way faster than I was. He was only twenty, like me, but he looked so much older, like he had seen so much more than he should have.

Of course, I never expected to see him in person. We had gone our separate ways. Totally, *totally* separate ways.

So imagine my surprise when he crashed through the roof of the factory on a dreary February day. I was just finishing up my time on the treadmill, the Dannydrone showing me a story about riots in Yemen just before a story about the upswing in PowerGro sales before Valentine’s day, when there was a crunch, a rending of metal, and suddenly my old friend was standing in front of me.

I fell off the treadmill in shock. Andy became a blur of speed and caught me.

“Easy there, dumbass,” he said, setting me on my feet again as easily as if he were handling a cardboard cutout. I stared at him open-mouthed as he smiled.

“What the fuck are you doing here, man?” I asked, when I regained the power of speech.

“What, no hello, how are you doing, Andy?”

“Hello! How are you doing, Andy?” I asked, finding myself falling into our old rapport already, despite all the time that had passed, how much we had both changed.

“I’m doing pretty shitty, Jack, thanks for asking.”

“So now will you tell me what the fuck you’re doing here?”

“I’m here to pick you up for a Summit, my friend.”

“Why me?”

“Because we’re taking all the idiots we can get, apparently,” Andy said, punching me lightly in the shoulder with a fist that I was sure could level buildings if he wasn’t in control of it.

“It’s because I’m a Class X Meta, isn’t it? I’m probably the only one there is.”

“Yeah, something like that. You’re the avatar of fuckin’ or whatever. The boss wants you there either way,” Andy replied.

“And what exactly is this summit for?” I asked.

Andy looked at me with a more serious expression that I had ever seen on him before. “Look around, Jack. The world is ending. Civil Wars, protests, riots, coups… it was a Gift AND a Test, Jack, and we’re failing the test right now.”

“And we haven’t been for the past two decades? What’s so urgent right now? I was gonna get around to saving the world eventually with the mad cash I’m earning,” I said. “What changed that your boss cares all of a sudden?”

“What changed,” Andy said, dead serious, “is that there are familiar signals coming from Perseus. The Perseids are on the move, Jack, and they’ll be here within a year. They’re going to grade us on their Test. And we need to figure out how to pass it, or the whole human race is doomed.”

*JACK WILL RETURN IN “A GIFT AND A TEST PART 5 – THE FINAL CHAPTER”*