AUTHOR’S NOTE: This story has more plot and world building than is generally required in this type of smut. I kind of like it, but if you don’t want to bother with the science-fiction/superhero trappings that make it possible for a dude’s dick to acquire breast-altering powers and eventually save the world, feel free to skip the largely sexless exposition that comprises sections I through IV. It may help the sex scenes later on make more sense, but hey, it’s your choice.

**A Gift… and a Test**

So this is the story of how my dick saved the planet Earth. Well, I mean, not just my dick on its own – without me attached to it, it wouldn’t have been able to do anything, and I also had to have several thousand young nubile women into whom I could put it for the plan to work. So this is the story of how my dick, under my control and ownership, was an integral part of a collaborative group effort to save the planet Earth, I guess, but that doesn’t have much of a ring to it. Wouldn’t want to put it on the resume like that.

Listen, this isn’t getting off to a good start. Let’s try again, from the beginning…

I.

The aliens had come very matter-of-factly. They landed simultaneously in front of the residences of every world leader, in ships that nobody could quite describe, because nobody could ever keep their eyes on them. Any attempts to photograph the ships came out blank or blurry; they explained in time that this was because they didn’t want us getting any ideas about interstellar travel. Not just yet, anyway.

The aliens themselves adopted almost completely human forms, with the glaring exception that they chose to be a pleasing shade of emerald green. They spent a while announcing their peaceful intentions, after demonstrating that no weapons on Earth could even reach them before being deactivated. As a goodwill gesture, they cured malaria. Once we were ready to listen, they explained their origins. They were a survey mission, they said, from a grand intergalactic confederation. Hell, you can probably fill in the gaps from there. In English, they said for us to call them Perseids, like the meteor shower. So we did.

The Perseids chatted with the 198 heads of state, took tours to get “a human’s-eye view of what you consider important on this planet, as opposed to what we can see from our own observations”, appeared on talk shows around the world speaking every language flawlessly, became worldwide celebrities, spawned merchandising sensations and a new religion or five, and then, a year after they showed up, told us that they were leaving.

They spent a month or so in a global marketing push to let us know about their parting gesture.

“When we leave, we’re not going to take *everything* with us,” one of the Perseids assigned to America said in one of many interviews they gave, this one on the most popular late-night show.

“Well, I mean, who does? I can’t remember a time I didn’t leave something behind in my hotel room. Tell you what; give us an address, and we’ll mail your lumbar pillows back to you free of charge,” the interviewer riffed. The Perseid laughed genuinely, then clarified.

“It’ll be a little bigger than a lumbar pillow. And we’ll mean to leave it behind. Courtesy of the Confederation, we’re going to leave you a gift… and a test. We will come back at some point, in the lifetime of many people listening. And when we do, you will have doubtless enjoyed the gift – but you may not have passed its test.”

“Well what do you mean by that? Can we crib an answer key from the Andromedans, what? Can you at least give us a hint?” the interviewer asked, half-jokingly.

“I am afraid not. The Test is designed to see whether your species can be trusted in the Confederation. It is to see how pure your motives are as a species, how flexible your minds, and, in your methods, what is at the center of your culture. I have said as much as I can say.”

And after a hundred more such interviews, when it was inconceivable that anyone could have failed to hear the news of the Gift and Test, the Perseids left. For all we could see, they *had* taken everything with them. Many felt disillusioned. They felt they had been tricked, taken in by interstellar hucksters. Scientists pored over the data, looking for something in the scant few moments of anomalous readings that had affected every space-faring instrument while the Perseids were leaving. The only thing they found was evidence of a tiny gravitational disturbance among far-out objects in the Kuiper belt.

It soon became clear that this was the thing they had left behind. For as the Perseid meteor shower rolled around, there was something in it that was a bit different than it had been before. Something… green.

II.

TWENTY YEARS LATER

“Oh, my parents? Eh, my mom’s is pretty cool. She can cook things by looking at them,” Andy said offhandedly, knowing that this was a conversational ace in the hole as soon as the topic of parents’ powers was brought up. He leaned back on the bench smugly, surveying the school courtyard like he owned it.

“Whoa! Like, pyrokinesis?” Jessica asked.

“Not quite. More like microwave vision. Like, there’s no fire, it’s just she looks at some leftover pizza for a minute or two and BAM, it’s piping hot. She does it with marshmallows too, it’s great,” Andy explained to the awed group of sophomores.

“Wow,” said Clara. “I totally hope I get something like that.”

“Now tell them about your *dad*’s power, Andy,” I prompted, grinning. As his best friend, I felt like it was my sacred duty to bring him down a peg.

“Shut up, Jack,” Andy said, elbowing me in the ribs.

“Ooh, but what is it, Andy? I’ve got to know! Is it as cool as your mom’s?” Annabeth asked.

“His dad can hover six inches off the ground,” I said enthusiastically, sarcastically treating it like it was the coolest power ever.

“Wait, that’s it?” Clara said.

“And I thought my mom’s acid spit was lame,” Christina said.

“That sounds useful for cleaning, actually,” Jessica put in.

“Still… what good is hovering six inches off the ground?” Annabeth said, disappointed.

“He shows it off a lot at parties,” I said, enjoying every moment of Andy’s silent fuming. “A LOT.” I pantomimed Andy’s dorky dad hovering, and the girls laughed. It was clear that Andy’s spell over them was over. They began to disperse.

Once they were gone, Andy smacked my shoulder. “Thanks a lot, asshole,” he grinned. “I had them totally hooked. I was gonna get some action.”

“What, with sophomores? We’re seniors now, dude, we can’t go for them. Statutory rape’s a hell of a charge. Gotta set your sights higher, dude,” I said.

“Yeah, whatever. I just can’t wait until we can make small talk about our own powers, instead of our fucking parents’. I feel like I’m still six whenever I have that conversation,” Andy said.

“At least your parents *have* powers,” I replied, faux-bitterly.

“I maintain that your parents have totally nasty class-X powers that they just don’t want to tell you about because they’re so freaky in the bedroom,” Andy said.

“And I maintain that I’ve seen their licenses, and they say “class null”. They got nothing, at least nothing large enough to register on the macro scale on the scanners. My dad thinks his power might be related to his immune system, but he’s not sure.”

“I don’t see what you’re complaining about. Class Null is totally a conversation point. That’s practically rarer than class A.”

“Ooh, wow, makes me feel so much better. Thanks so much Andy. You’re probably gonna end up with the ability to shoot toasted marshmallows out your ass while I have to settle for never getting the clap.”

“Hey, on the whole I’d prefer genital immunity to shooting marshmallows out my ass. Oh, speaking of, did you see who the guest speaker is at the Power Assembly this afternoon?” Andy said, pulling out a granola bar from his backpack and munching on it.

“Ugh, another one of those fucking things?” I groaned. “It’s been the same thing since second grade.”

“Yeah, except not this year it isn’t. This year they talk about the real stuff. They talk about…” Andy looked around and then leaned in for an exaggerated whisper “*Class X Powers*,” he said.

“Nothing I couldn’t have read on Wikipedia,” I said.

“Yeah, but *did* you read it on Wikipedia, Jack? Didn’t think so. So it’s worth it. Besides,” Andy said, and his next words were what got me to attend, “the guest speaker is Metaman’s speed battery.”

Metaman – the guy who was going to help humanity pass the Test. I was a huge fan of his, and meeting any of his Batteries was a big deal. I don’t remember much of the lecture, but I do remember the announcement that was made afterwards. The defining moment in every life of my generation would come during English class next week – we were going to be Tested.

III.

Powers are divided into a bunch of different classes in the US – N for Neural powers (mind reading and other, vaguely-defined shit), K for kinetic powers, B for body powers, X for powers you would feel awkward explaining to your grandma, a few others that I can’t keep straight because their letters don’t seem to match up in any meaningful way with their attributes, and the uber-rare A for meta powers (which involve taking on other people’s powers in some limited way). They’re supposedly encoded at birth for people like me, born after the Perseids’ visit, but they only activate at the first time the Gift appears in the sky after the individual’s eighteenth birthday.

The fact that the Gift usually shows up right before the end of the school year meant that the public school system took it upon itself to use the machines the aliens taught us how to build to test what everyone’s powers are, and give counseling and support about them when necessary. It was basically a bigger deal than graduation for seniors. We got issued our Power Licenses a few weeks before the end of school, and then it was off to the races. Some people’s lives weren’t affected at all by what they ended up with – some people’s lives were thrown in completely different directions.

I knew what direction I hoped my life would be flung in – superheroism. The comic and celluloid fantasies our society had been so enthralled with during the aughts and teens were now, in the forties, played out in real life. Some psychos ended up with incredible powers – some people with incredible powers went psycho. And it was up to people like Metaman to stop them.

John Siegel, the original Class A – he was headed for forty now, old enough to be my dad. He had the strongest ability yet found to take on class N, K, and B powers from other people he touched, even for an instant. They lasted 24 hours, too, across his whole body (some other class As could only take on one other type of power, or could only hold it for thirty seconds, or could only apply it to one toe; it was incredibly rare to find one actually useful). He had a government-curated coterie of other powerful people with him at all times, so that he could take on their abilities at will and combine them synergistically better than the separate people ever could. He fought villainy all over the world. Every kid wanted to be Metaman, and I’m pretty sure everyone went into their Test hoping that they would get back a whole-body Universal Class A reading. I know I did. I’d dreamed about it every day since I could remember. Sure, there was danger, but it was for a great cause! It seemed like I was one of the few people in my generation concerned about the Test aspect of the Perseids’ offering. Everyone else was too focused on the Gift.

Andy and I went through the Testing machine one after the other, and if the technology given to us by the Perseids had ever failed before, they might have stopped the process to check for errors – we both got cards with the letter “A” on them.

Andy’s read “Class: A. Subclass: All. Anatomical Region: All.” It was the same reading as Metaman, the first one in twenty years.

Mine read “Class A. Subclass: X, weak B. Anatomical Region: Nethers.” It was the same reading as whatever the porno equivalent of Metaman would have to be.

I don’t think I would have minded so much, if Andy hadn’t been the one to get the card he did. If it had been anyone else – if he hadn’t been the one to go right before me, even! – I would have felt better about it. I know they say the powers are assigned at birth, but when it happens to you like that, when your best friend gets your dream card and you feel like if you’d just switched places in line it could have been yours… it’s not rational, but I felt bitter about ending up with a superpenis – if that. It was possible any powers I absorbed with it (hah! As if I would ever bed anyone with interesting powers anyway) would be gone in an instant. I would have to furtively hide my card in polite company, or, as I found out, use the fake class-null card thoughtfully and given out to Class-Xers (okay, so maybe Andy was right about my parents after all).

Still, I was happy and excited for Andy all the same, even if he seemed apprehensive and even a little frightened at the prospect of his newfound powers. He was an instant celebrity. The government people came to him with an offer he couldn’t refuse, saying they would give him enough training that he would feel perfectly safe by the time he was in the field. He still seemed dubious.

“Go for it, man!” I said, hitting him in the shoulder. “You’ll be Metaman 2! How awesome is that? We’ve talked about it since we were kids!”

“*You* talked about it since we were kids. This should have been yours,” he said ruefully. “You’ve even got the superhero looks. I’m a short ginger, you’re the strapping linebacker type. What did you get, anyway?” he asked – in the pandemonium that erupted after his card was printed out, he hadn’t had time to find out anyone else’s powers.

“Class null,” I lied, showing him my fake card. I didn’t feel like being ribbed about my superdick just yet. “Just like my parents.”

“Oh, shit man, that sucks,” he said consolingly.

“Yeah, well, like you said – conversation starter.”

“I guess. I doubt I’ll be having conversations with anyone who doesn’t work for the PMB for the next few decades.”

“Oh, lighten up! Metaman still gets to talk to his friends!”

“Yeah, I guess,” Andy said glumly. He remained in his funk for a few days. The he started cashing on all the future-superhero pussy he realized he could get, and I didn’t see much of him until he left. I hoped he was doing okay. He was about to enter a whole big world of heroics, and I was sure he would make new friends there.

I didn’t have much time to worry about him, anyway – we finished our final exams early, and now it was time for Powers Counseling, which is where things began to get very interesting for me.

IV.

The counselors were calm, androgynous AIs named things like Riley or Alex – nothing that came down too hard as being specifically one gender or the other, so that both the girls and the boys could feel fully comfortable talking to them. They projected equally genderless faces that always reminded me a little of David Bowie at the height of his glam-rock days.

Our school couldn’t afford the servers to run one for every student separately, so we were grouped according to dominant power class. I was the only Class A at the school, aside from the recently-departed Andy, so I was assigned according to my subclass – Class X.

I considered not going. Despite a day spent staring at my dick and masturbating a few times, it had adamantly refused to do anything more exciting than usual. It was still six inches long, still circumcised, still the same color and shape and level of sensitivity. Of course, it hadn’t touched anyone with powers recently (or anyone at all recently, for that matter), so I really had no reason to expect it to change.

I live alone now – my parents are scientists, and got job offers far away when I was sixteen, and they moved out and left me the house. They send money pretty often, and lots of it – whatever these jobs are, they’re lucrative. They don’t seem to care about me that much, and I don’t care much about them. It works out pretty well for both of us. But it also means that there’s nobody to nag me about skipping school, which I did a lot senior year. But for whatever reason, I decided to go on the first Counseling day.

The Class X meeting was in a rarely-used art classroom. Our AI, Sam (for either Samuel or Samantha), had been set up to run from the room’s overhead projector. It stared at me like the floating head of Jor-El as I walked in late.

“Hello, Jack,” it said politely as I closed the door.

“Hi, Sam,” I said. It had talked to me before, a few times, about my often slipshod academic performance. It seemed continually perplexed that I scored high on tests and yet let my grades fall by not doing homework, I guess because an all-intelligent AI can’t comprehend just how *boring* it can get to do the same trig problem thirty times by hand.

“We were just about to introduce ourselves. Maria, would you care to continue?”

“Sure,” said the Maria in question. We had shared chemistry once – AP Chemistry, that is. She was a loud Latina bombshell with an incredibly high opinion of herself, which now manifested in her extensive personal bio. I tuned out while she yakked about her personal details, and instead surveyed the rest of the small group.

There was Max, a tall doofus I occasionally hung out with, and the red-headed and busty Christina, who I guess had been held back a grade at some point in the past because she was apparently 18 and still a Junior. That fact got my gears turning. Also present were two girls I knew only in passing.

“And my power is that I can… can I say it?” Maria was finishing.

Sam answered her. “Yes. This is a safe space. None of you should be embarrassed by your powers in this group, since all of you have Class X capabilities. They are taboo to discuss in many situations, but they are just as natural as any other power and if you choose you may describe them with…”

“I can orgasm on command!” Maria interjected.

“Is that even a power? I know a girl who could do that at sleepovers as a party trick,” Christina said.

“All our powers are equally valid, Christina,” Sam cautioned. “Would you care to tell us yours?”

“Ah, why not. I can produce a lot of… ahem… lubricant, on command. And I can squirt.” She looked lasciviously at me and Max. “I practiced.”

“Interesting,” Sam said disinterestedly. “Does anyone else care to volunteer their powers?”

“They actually said mine’s not very clear yet. They need to do further tests to figure it out, all they know is it’s Class X somehow,” Max said sheepishly.

“Yes, I will be ready to give you those additional results next meeting. Anyone else?” Sam asked.

I looked at the other two girls, the ones I didn’t know very well. Both were incredibly beautiful – in fact, all four girls in the room were really hot, which compared to the general population of the high school was an almost unbelievable rate. Maybe Class-X powers sought out beautiful people? I certainly wasn’t bad-looking when I chose to take care of myself, and though I’m not in much of a position to judge, Max was charming enough in an oafish sort of way.

The first girl was one of the few African-American students at the school. I remembered her name was Aisha, and now that I got a good look at her, her face was stunningly beautiful. Her flawless ebony skin accentuated every refined feature, her high cheekbones and big brown eyes, and though she dressed conservatively I could tell that she wasn’t lacking in the body department either. She had a quiet reserve most of the time, probably because small towns are still often filled with racist dickheads despite our supposedly more enlightened post-Perseid age. Even now, her ample lips were still pursed. She shook her head ‘no’ to describing her power.

The second girl was named Kandi Young, and I knew her only by reputation. She was blond and slutty, as you probably imagined automatically when I said the name ‘Kandi’. She had hips to die for, a wasp waist, and legs for days, which she often showed off with skirts and shorts that leering hall monitors let slide past the dress code. Her face was pretty in a nondescript, magazine-cover kind of way. She was conspicuously lacking in the bust compartment, however, to what I assumed was her great consternation.

That assumption was probably influenced by the fact that I had seen her mom. A teenage beauty queen who gave birth to Kandi from an unknown father at age 15, Ms. Young had left the baby with her parents, gotten back into shape, won the hand in marriage of an elderly millionaire at age 18, taken back the toddler Kandi, and then, when the old codger died, inherited his fortune at age 21. Ever since, she had lived large off of the old man’s fortune, which was apparently inexhaustible. Part of her expenditures, so the legend goes, were either two sets of American breast implants or a single, unfeasibly large Brazilian set. I believed at least one of those versions to be true, because having seen her about town, I could confirm that her tits were authentically the size of cantaloupes. Despite having a daughter ready to graduate high school, she was only 33. Basically, she was the MILFiest MILF that ever MILFed, is what I’m saying here. I wouldn’t be surprised if every straight guy in the school had fantasized about fucking her, and that seemed like the sort of thing that *might* breed jealousy in her modestly-endowed daughter. Just a guess.

So I was surprised when Kandi said, “Well, I… I can make my breasts grow, under… certain… certain circumstances,” with an incredibly tentative and reluctant tone. I would have expected her to be as ecstatic as Maria had been.

“Would you care to share what those circumstances are, Kandi?” Sam asked placidly.

Kandi looked at the rest of us, and then shook her head ‘no’, just as Aisha had done. I was even more surprised. Whatever the circumstances were, they had to be pretty damn embarrassing or inconvenient or awkward or *something* for Kandi to be that reticent.

“Very well. Jack, do you wish to share your power with us?”

“Sure. I’m actually a class A, subclass X. My… ‘nethers’,” I air-quoted, using the sanitized term put out by the public school power reading machine, “can take on class X powers, presumably from touch. I don’t know to what extent or for how long, though.”

Everyone else in the room looked at me at least slightly intrigued. They all realized that I could potentially combine with their powers in interesting ways. I saw cold calculation behind Kandi’s eyes, quickly hidden.

“Well, thank you all for sharing,” Sam said. “Your inboxes should now contain digital pamphlets about figuring out how to control your powers. I recommend you all read them. It is also recommended that you get to know each other, since you will be your own best resource for figuring out how to live with your class-X powers. I leave you to your conversations.” It powered down, though it was safe to assume it continued to listen to us.

We chatted for a while; even Aisha opened up a little bit. Max was a socially lubricating presence, his gregariousness getting the girls talking. We gelled well as a group, overall – only Maria was slightly hard to take, but her obliviousness was sufficient that she didn’t notice everyone else getting fed up with her, and the other five of us were able to bond with shared eye-rolls and looks when she got annoying. We were happy to agree to meet each other for the remaining four weeks of the school year, and even discussed going to each other’s houses during the summer.

When I got home that night, I opened up the pamphlet about using powers. It was pretty dull reading, but a few pieces of advice stood out. “Try flexing every voluntary muscle in your body. Power usage is controlled in the same part of the brain as muscle movement, so if there is a new impulse you feel able to provide somewhere in your body, it may well be your new power manifesting.”

I stripped naked, lied down, stretched out and took the advice, starting with my toes and fingers and working my way in towards the center of my body. Nothing happened. Finally, I tried what was probably the most logical choice – Kegel exercises. Deep in my pelvis, it felt like there was a new impulse I could flex, a muscle hookup in my brain that had lain dormant my entire life until now, just like the pamphlet said. I concentrated closed my eyes, and flexed it.

Honestly, I didn’t expect anything to happen. I hadn’t gotten any action in months, why would my dick have any powers left in it? But what I felt, and saw, changed my life.

My dick twitched, and then, incredibly, impossibly, over a distance of half an inch that felt like it might as well have been a foot for the excitement it brought me, it grew.

V.

The one thing the default cards don’t specify for Class A’s is how long the meta effect lasts. For Metaman, it’s famously 24 hours. The newscasts told me that further testing had revealed Andy’s to be about six hours, still more than enough to be useful. All the other Class A’s I had ever met had ranges closer to five minutes, barely enough to do anything with.

I thought back through the list of everyone who had ever touched my dick. None of my previous girlfriends had ended up with growing powers – I checked, contacting all of them just to make sure. So that left… my pediatrician.

It had to be. She had been capable of growing to enormous heights at will, one of the more impressive Powers in town. She had used it to save a house from a tree that was about to fall on it, prompting dozens of “fifty-foot-woman” headlines in local e-papers. And she had routinely touched my dick.

Except the last time she had touched it was eight years ago.

I wasn’t able to absorb more than one type of power, and I wasn’t able to absorb them anywhere but my dick and balls, but apparently, when I did absorb them, they stuck around practically forever. I poked around on the internet, trying to find other Class-A’s with power retention that lasted for more than a year, a month, even a week – nothing. I was unprecedented.

Hoooooly shit.

I decided to keep it a secret. I didn’t feel like being picked up by an overeager PMB squad that wanted to vivisect my genitals, and I wasn’t sure I wanted any potential conquests to know that I would keep their abilities for at least the better part of a decade. But already I felt myself strategizing, wondering, planning… the big ability of Metaman came in how many individual powers he could stack because of his long-term retention. How many powers could I stack in eight years? This had the potential to be huge, figuratively speaking.

And literally speaking, for that matter. I felt back for that new impulse, that trigger for my power, pushed it as much as I could. My dick became hard as a rock as I stroked it, and each flex of my power added another half inch to its length and a proportionally equal boost to its girth and the size of my nuts. Using the power quickly got tiring – after only a few times, I couldn’t do it anymore (though according to the pamphlet, almost all triggers like this are easy to exercise and use more… I sure hoped so).

My dick was about nine inches long, my testes the size of ping-pong balls, and it all seemed absolutely fucking massive. I jerked myself off with a fervor I had seldom known before. My dick had not only grown in size, but in apparent sensitivity too, or maybe it was just the novelty of feeling a different size in my hands. I came quickly, my larger balls putting out many long ropes of semen, more than I had ever squirted before. It felt heavenly. I jerked myself off a half dozen more times, until even my giant balls were feeling spent and sore. I let them everything shrink back down to its original size, and fell into a happy stupor.

VI.

I couldn’t add any more powers to my repertoire just yet, but I did have a ready-made pool to look through: the Class X therapy group. Max was out of the question, and not just because I’m not gay – upon further testing his power, whatever it was, ended up being so weak that he was reclassified Null, for real this time. He left our group to join the other real Nulls, who commiserated over their lack of powers and resolved to gain attainable abilities, like juggling, so that they wouldn’t feel so disadvantaged.

So that left the four girls – Maria the orgasm machine, Christina the squirter, Kandi the reluctant breast grower, and Aisha the mystery.

Maria often came to our meetings, and classes, and everywhere, looking frazzled and flushed and out of breath, reveling in her newfound power. As cool as it would be to gain spontaneous orgasms, I doubted she really wanted to have sex with anybody but herself right now. I’d have to figure out another angle.

Christina frequently looked at me with what can only be described as a come-hither stare; I didn’t know what effect her female-centric power would have on me, but I had a guess. It was only a matter of time until I found a time and place to do her.

Aisha was still a cypher. She was nice, and we developed a friendship of sorts on the rare occasions when she did talk. She remained mum about her power, though, and I ended up valuing our platonic relationship enough that I didn’t want to have sex with her anyway.

And then there was Kandi. I noticed at each meeting that her breasts were slightly bigger than they had been before, although the changes were often imperceptible. She had been an A-cup when we first started in mid-May. By the middle of June, our fourth meeting, she had barely edged over into a B-cup. She had been wearing sluttier and sluttier clothes as the end of the school year neared, and on this Friday she wore short jean shorts that barely covered her ample ass cheeks, and a nearly transparent white t-shirt knotted in the back to reveal her midriff. Despite her still-small breasts, she was a walking wet dream.

Curious about what the circumstances were that led to this slow, incremental growth, I decided to follow her during her day at school, skipping a bunch of my classes as they wound down. In retrospect, it was a creepy move, but considering the discovery it led to I think it can be excused. Ends justify the means, yadda yadda.

As I followed her, dodging hall monitors and administrators, I noticed that she, too was skipping a lot of classes. She wandered around the campus like a systematic predator, pulled down her shorts until they reveal the tops of her thong underwear, and jiggled her ass seductively at every guy she passed. She ducked into broom closets and abandoned classrooms with random boys who made eyes at her barely-there outfit, and emerged a few minutes later, looking grimly determined. The guys would stumble out a few minutes later, drunk with satisfaction.

Around sixth period, after lunch (which she skipped), she slipped furtively into the locker room where the football team changed. She didn’t emerge for another half hour, and when she did she was rubbing her jaw. Her hair was mussed, her makeup was running, her shorts were askew and unzipped, and her shirt had been made even more transparent by the trickling of various liquids. She walked with tottering steps, seeming almost to disassociate with her own body. Her breasts seemed to look a tiny bit bigger than they had before.

By this point, I had a pretty good inkling of what the ‘certain circumstances’ were, and why Kandi had been reluctant to tell anyone about them. And why the rumors of her being even sluttier than usual had been kicking up lately – because they were true.

I decided it was time to confront her. I strode over to where she had leaned against the wall, slouching in defeat as she looked at her still-tiny tits. We were the only two people in the hallway – the next class change was still fifteen minutes away.

“Hey, Kandi,” I said. Her head jerked up to look at me, and I saw that there were still traces of cum on her cheeks. Jesus Christ, had she blown the entire football team? That was the sort of thing you only read stories about.

“Oh, hi Jack,” she said, wiping her cheeks off with the bottom of her shirt. She reeked of cum. Her shorts were so low that I could see the curve of her mound-of-venus, and her thong’s strings dangled uselessly out of one side of the shorts, snapped. She was an exaggerated caricature of promiscuity, an archetypal high school slut, and it was sort of turning me on despite my pity for her situation, which I still didn’t fully understand.

I decided to take a direct approach. “So I’ve noticed some changes in your habits, lately,” I said. She looked away, embarrassed. “No, it’s okay, I just want to understand what’s going on with you. And… I think I may be able to help,” I said.

“No, you wouldn’t, you don’t…” she began. Then she almost reflexively eyed my crotch.

“Class A,” I smiled. “I might.”

She sighed with relief, apparently both at the potential solution I offered and at the fact that she could finally get whatever was happening to her off her chest (no pun intended). “Okay, listen. I feel like a fucking nympho train wreck right now, so I’m just gonna skip seventh and head home and take a shower for forever. But after that, I’ll come to your house and tell you everything, okay?” she said.

I grinned. My first step into the rest of my life. “Absolutely,” I said.

VII.

“So you’re probably aware that my mom is the sex fantasy of every straight guy in this town, because that includes you,” Kandi said. She was cleaned up, sitting on my sofa, eating from the bowl of strawberries I’d offered her. She was still wearing a tiny hot outfit – midriff bare, short-shorts the size of tighty-whiteys. I don’t think the girl owned a modest piece of clothing that wasn’t a winter jacket.

“I won’t deny it,” I said. “And, if it’s not too rude, I’ll say I also sort of always assumed you were jealous of her… ahem… bosoms.”

“Oh god yes,” Kandi said. “I’ve been lobbying for her to pay for me to get a boob job as a graduation present since I was fourteen, and she’s flat-out banned it. I think she’s afraid I’ll fucking surpass her or something. When I tried to contact a plastic surgeon in California she froze my accounts for a month.” Kandi fumed silently for a moment. “So when I got my card and my description I was thrilled. My tits could grow!”

“But there was a condition, right?”

“Of course. They could only grow in equal volume with semen that entered my body.”

“Hence the dozens of indiscriminate blowjobs you’ve been giving.”

“Do you have any fucking idea?” she said, suddenly intense. “The internet says the average male ejaculation is 3.5 milliliters. Do you know how big the implants I wanted to get are? Five fucking hundred ccs, for each tit. That’s 142 loads per tit, and that would make me – get this – *half* the size my mom is. And based on the growth I’ve been experiencing so far,” she hefted her tiny tits through her shirt, “the average high school load is a lot less than 3.5 milliliters, because it’s been slow fucking going. I’m blowing everybody I fucking can, and it’s just… I just want…” she looked like she was about to cry.

I got up and walked over to sit next to her, putting my arm around her. Her skin felt warm to my touch. She didn’t shy away from it. “I totally understand. She’s controlled how her body looks, and you want that same privilege. But it sucks to have to blow all those Axe-body-spray-smelling dicks to get there.”

“Exactly,” she said, looking up into my eyes. “I was just about ready to give up today. It was just, like, what was I doing? Blowing all these dudes I hate? And to get bigger tits. And God, I felt like such a worthless slut. But I even kind of liked it – the sluttiness. It’s easy. It felt right. It’s like, you always try to hedge your bets now, you know? With what your life will be after high school, in case your powers change that? And I had totally done that and it was turning me into the biggest fucking bimbo in the world. And it’s just… I’m stuck between my mom and my own fucking power, and it’s just…” she began to cry. This had to have been weighing on her for the past month.

I didn’t know what else to do. I tried to calm her tears, and then I just sort of leaned in and kissed her. She was surprised at first, and then melted into it. We made out passionately, or as passionately as her sore mouth would allow. I tried not to think about how many dicks had been inside it that day before my tongue.

That’s not an easy thing to forget, though. I leaned back and broke the kiss early.

She looked into my eyes, clearly expecting me to say something. Fortunately, I knew exactly where I wanted things to go next. “Well, you don’t have to worry anymore,” I said.

“Wait, really?” she said, her demeanor changing. She looked from my eyes to my crotch to my eyes again. “What are the extent of your powers, anyway?”

I smiled. “Well, I’m still figuring that out,” I lied. “But I just went to the doctor for a physical exam a few days ago, and she has the ability to make herself grow….” I trailed off, leaving Kandi to work out the implication.

Deep inside, I was triggering that nerve reflex, like an off-kilter version of the impulse that normally lets me make my cock hard. Five, six, seven, eight times, my new personal best – it was still exhausting to bring it up to size, but I was getting better at it. That ought to leave me with a cock that was about ten inches long and eight around, with balls the size of kiwifruits. Each burst of growth rubbed the sensitive skin of my dick and balls against the inside of my boxers. I had bought myself some nice soft silk ones months ago, and couldn’t be happier about it now.

“Wow. Oh wow! So you can hold abilities for… for days on end? That’s pretty rare, right?” Kandi said, once again looking at my crotch. I think she could see it growing and shifting within my pants.

“Yup. I’m not sure how long it lasts, yet. But it affects my dick… and my balls. And my semen production.”

“Ohmygodyes,” Kandi moaned, just from my confirmation that my powers expended to the testes. She looked ready to cum on the spot, her long shapely legs jiggling in tight excited motions.

“So, do you, uh… want to…?” I asked awkwardly. I was none too experienced with the ladies before this, despite my relatively good looks. My new dick had given me a swagger and confidence, and the X-class group had given me social opportunity, but now that we were alone in my house I was kind of out at sea. My plan had led me this far, but once I got here…

Kandi didn’t care, though, fortunately. Her eyes were wide, her pupils dilated with lust and excitement. “Hell yes, I want to,” she said huskily, diving for my crotch. She had unbuttoned and unzipped my pants before I even had time to register what was happening. I quickly tried to reposition myself on the couch. We fumbled awkwardly for a moment as she pulled down my silk underwear, changing positions a few times until I ended up sitting in the middle of the couch with my legs spread, her kneeling on the ground between them. She had pulled her shorts down and was diddling herself. Her pussy still looked tight and virginal – apparently she’d been taking it in the ass from the football guys, in an effort to increase efficiency without risking pregnancy. This girl was fucking serious.

“Oh my God,” she said, as she pulled my pole from my boxers. It was rapidly stiffening, especially as her warm fingers worked on it. “I assume this is bigger than your normal size?”

“Nah, all me,” I said sarcastically. “Yeah, this is about as big as I can get it.”

“It’s… amazing. Bigger than any other I’ve seen at school, that’s for fucking sure,” she said, as she continued to stroke it higher. “And these balls… my god, these balls,” she said, fondling my huge jewels fondly. I leaned my head back. Already I was in heaven.

I watched as she expertly wetted my long cock with her spit and my precum, as she pulled it down and put it between what had to be sore, stretched lips. She sucked heartily on my dick, her lips sticking to it with suction as her head bobbed up and down. She managed to take five, six, seven inches as she readjusted her position. She was beginning to deepthroat me. It took all my restraint not to come then and there. My huge balls throbbed already, filled to bursting with hot seed as she slurped my long, thick shaft.

After what might have been a couple minutes, she finally let my cockhead out of her mouth with a pop. My majestic pole ascended up into a position of maximum erection as I watched her breath heavily, strands of drool hanging from her perfect lips as her modest chest rose up and down. She caught her breath for a moment, then opened her mouth to speak.

I was expecting a request for a change in position, perhaps for me to change size so it was easier to swallow.

Instead she said, in a voice dripping with sex, “Could you make it any bigger?” while eyeing my ballsack hungrily.

I was surprised. “Well, uh, it takes a lot of effort, but…” I closed my eyes and concentrated. It hurt a little, like using a sore muscle, or trying to jerk off one too many times in one day, but I managed to send the grow impulse two more times. When I opened my eyes again, my cock was twitching and growing as it reached its new full size of eleven inches with larger balls to match, and Kandi’s face was a mixture of ecstasy, greed, and primal lust.

She attacked my new pole with renewed fervor, straightening her neck and suppressing her gag reflex so that she could fit eight, nine, ten inches, the whole goddamn thing, up to her throat. I felt her nose touch my pelvis as she bottomed out. Her tongue was working overtime within her mouth, her every muscle was working to bring me to orgasm. It was a sensation unlike anything I had ever felt before. Clearly all the practice around campus had been doing wonders for her technique.

I finally came, thunderously, my enlarged balls sending wave after wave, rope after rope of semen down her throat, bypassing her mouth altogether. It was incredibly intense. My eyes rolled back into my head as I felt my ballsack emptying into the receptacle that was Kandi. I was only vaguely aware of the fact that her own ministrations to herself with her other hand had led her to a simultaneous orgasm, her gulps and guzzling of my cum occurring in tandem with her own spasms of pleasure. We both sat in a stupor for a moment, my dick still twitching in her mouth as it softened after its titanic orgasm. She pulled her head back, revealing inch after inch of my manhood until finally, with a wet ‘shluck’, the head emerged from her mouth, falling to trace a line of dribbling cum down her chest until it reached its final resting place, draped over the edge of the couch cushion. She continued to swallow a few times after it was out, to make sure that she imbibed every last drop of cum.

“Holy fuckin shit,” I said, breathing heavily. “You are a virtuoso.”

“And you are a fine specimen,” she said breathily, wiping her mouth. “I think… I think I actually *felt* my tits grow that time!” She reached up to cup her boobs. I couldn’t really see much of a difference through her shirt, but I figured she knew better than I would. Apparently my performance had satisfied her when before she had been unsatisfiable, and that was what mattered.

“Holy shit. You are a godsend, Jack,” she said, standing up to sit back beside me on the couch.

“I’m just glad I could help a friend in need of benefits,” I said cornily. Kandi was to beside herself with joy and excitement at the newfound solution to even notice much of what I said for the rest of the night. She gave me two more blowjobs that night, before we both agreed that her mouth was too tired and my cock was too drained to do anything more.

By the end of the night, even I could see the change my jizz had wrought in her chest. She looked like a proper B-cup now, cute little round breasts perched outside her ribcage. To my surprise, she pulled a small-looking bra out of her bag.

“I bought this, when I first bought my card. Before I did the research. When I was optimistic. It’s a B-cup bra. I still haven’t been able to fit into it. But now…” she said, trailing off. She pulled the lacy garment up to her chest, reach back to clasp it. It cupped her small breasts perfectly.

Her eyes were still wet with tears of joy when I kissed her goodbye. We were both ecstatic, and parted ways thinking about what the future might bring.

VIII.

Twelve inches was the max, achieved by twelve twitches of my power impulse. That was what Kandi could fit in her mouth optimally. Any more twitches, and it was too wide. Any fewer, and it brought less semen per blowjob. At school, I pumped my dick up to twelve inches at every lunch period and at the final bell every day. Kandi took every opportunity to blow me.

It was good exercise, ratcheting the size up and down like that. I practiced alone, after Kandi went back home from my house every night (after three or four blowjobs, of course). I could get it up to twenty twitches when I was willing to exhaust myself. Sixteen inches long. Have you ever seen a sixteen inch long cock not on a horse? It is fucking ridiculous-looking. My balls grew to the size of oranges. I fucking loved it. I felt like a hypervirile god of masculinity.

With our routine established, the last week of school went quickly. Six BJs a day made me feel great, and they made Kandi feel even better. We did the math once. A rough estimate, because I didn’t feel like cumming into a measuring cup – but when my dick was twelve inches long, my balls had twice their normal diameter, which meant they had eight times the volume, and therefore produced eight times the cum. Even assuming that my production diminished as the day wore on, which I’m pretty sure it did, I was still providing Kandi with the equivalent of forty average loads per day. Her tits began to grow incredibly fast. On Monday they had been B-cups. On Wednesday they were C-cups. By Friday, the last day of school, they were D-cups all the way. She had been showing off like crazy, wearing old shirts and blouses just to see how she filled them out. New rumors were flying, and she didn’t care.

I met her as she got out of her car on the last day. She tramped around the campus in her highest heels, wearing her shortest skirt, and a shirt that barely contained her jiggling tits, which were positively spilling up out of a C-cup bra. I was glad that I hadn’t brought my dick up to full size yet, because I probably would have exploded out of my pants if I had.

“Hi Jack,” she winked as she strutted past. “I was thinking we might… study, a little, before first period this morning. In the Senior bathroom.” I winked back, watched her ass appreciatively as she passed, then followed at five paces, twitching my dick up to size all the way. This was going to be a great last day.

Kandi blew me during every class change and a couple of the classes that day. By the end I was cumming dust, and her tits and grown to even more obscene proportions, spilling up not just out of the now ridiculously overmatched bra, but out of her shirt as well. I did the calculations in my head – she had needed 280 normal-sized loads to get the 500 ccs per breast she had wanted. The last blowjob she had given me that day corresponded perfectly to that number. She had milked me as precisely as a machine. I didn’t know whether to be intimidated or aroused.

After school we had the last classroom meeting of the Class-X therapy group. With Andy gone, they were probably my closest friends at this point, despite the fact that I’d only known them for a month. Senior year has a way of ripping old friendships apart.

“Oh my god you guys, I can’t believe this the last thing we’re doing at this school!” Maria said with an eager sadness, or perhaps a sad eagerness.

“Well, the last thing *you’re* doing,” Christina said jokingly. “Some of us are still stuck in this hellhole for another year.”

“You’re gonna be just as nostalgic when your graduation rolls around, Christina,” Aisha chided gently.

“Yeah right. I’m gonna be outta here faster than a Perseid on Gift-Test Day.”

We all laughed.

“We should totally meet up soon, though, you guys,” Maria said.

“Where though?” Christina asked.

“Who has the nicest house?” I joked. Or at least I thought I did. But then everyone looked meaningfully at Kandi.

She shrugged and shot me a nasty look. “Okay, I’m sure my mom won’t care. Wanna say tomorrow afternoon?”

We agreed. The date was set. And then we all drove away from high school for the last time. I don’t think of that period as an ending though – in retrospect, everything that was going on then seems like a beginning.

The Youngs’ house was more accurately a mansion. It towered with faux age and history, three stories with a grand mahogany staircase and a lush landscaped pool in the backyard. We went swimming in the afternoon heat – all the girls wore bikinis except for ever-modest Aisha, who wore a tasteful one-piece. Kandi had had to purchase a new bikini top – when she tried on her old one, its small fabric triangles had barely covered her areolae. She had showed me when we shared the bathroom together – it was an amusing and arousing display.

“This was fun, guys,” Aisha said after we had all toweled off and changed back into our clothes. “But now I have to go and take care of my brothers.” She was met with perfunctory pleas to stay, but swished out the door in her dress, waving goodbye. And then there were four.

We retired to Kandi’s bedroom. We talked for a long time, about our powers, how we had been learning to control them. Kandi and I hadn’t outright told the other girls about our arrangement, or even what the ‘circumstances’ Kandi had mentioned in our first meeting were, but I think Christina had figured it out. Maria, I wasn’t so sure. However, both girls were quick to complement Kandi on her quick and prodigious breast growth. We had her stand up and saunter around for us like a fashion show, demonstrating her new curves. She looked incredible, with her tits that were nearing E-cups. They still sat high and firm on her ribcage, perfect rounded teardrop shapes counterbalancing her heart-shaped ass and sensuous hips. She seemed whole now, complete, in a way she never had when her breasts were still mosquito bites. They still weren’t anywhere near the size of her mother’s titanic hooters, but they were at least in a similar league now. She had gone from being the smallest in the Class-X group to surpassing even Christina’s fairly impressive rack.

“Have you bought new bras for yourself yet?” Christina asked suddenly. Kandi’s inadequate brassiere had been quite evident yesterday.

“No, actually,” Kandi said, pulling a shirt on. Her tits bounced beautifully as she did.

“Oh my god! We totally should go shopping!” Maria said enthusiastically. “My grandparents just sent my graduation money, I am fucking flush right now!” she said. We laughed.

She was insistent, however, and quickly recruited Christina to her cause. The two of them eventually wore down Kandi’s defenses, until she finally said “Okay! Let’s go shopping, I guess. I don’t suppose you want to come,” she said, looking at me.

I shook my head ‘no’. “Okay. Well, if I know these two, we won’t be back until late, so feel free to leave any time,” she said, looking mournfully at my crotch. Despite reaching her goal yesterday, she seemed just as cockhungry as ever. I didn’t know if she had just become a sudden fan of giving blowjobs and would give up on enlarging her tits with them, or if her growth ambitions extended beyond the mere 500ccs she had originally set her sights on.

“Okay! I just need to get my shit together. We should probably take separate cars, right?” Christina said, standing up.

“Yeah, probably for the best. Let’s agree to meet at the main store of the Uptown shopping center, okay?” Kandi said, readying her purse. Even the strap sat differently now that it had to weave its way between the two great mountains of her chest.

“Yup, sounds good to me!” Maria assented, also standing up to leave.

“Well, it was nice hanging out with you girls one last time,” I said. “I’ll be going now, too, I guess.”

“See ya around!” Maria said, bustling out the door.

“I’ll definitely see you later,” Kandi said, following her.

“Same. See you real soon, Jack,” Christina said, with what seemed like a weird cadence. “I’ll catch up with you girls soon!” she called.

I didn’t think anything of it as I went into the bathroom connected to the bedroom to pee before the drive home. I finished washing my hands, dried them off, and opened the door.

I saw Christina, stripped naked, lying on Kandi’s bed. Her legs were spread wide, to opposite corners of the bed, and she lifted her ass up off the sheets, a tripod supported by two feet and her shoulders. Her pussy was already dripping strands of shiny cunt juice onto the sheets as she fingered herself, arching her back so that her milky tits sloshed back towards her chin. Her red hair splayed out beneath her like a fan. She angled her head around her tit to look at me.

“Do you like what you see, Jack?”

I nodded dumbly. This was about the last thing I’d been expecting to see, but I certainly liked it.

“I’ve figured out all about what you and Kandi have been doing. I go to the same doctor as you. I know you can make your dick fucking enormous,” she moaned the last word breathlessly. Her pussy was even more sopping wet than it had been, if that was possible.

“It’s true,” I said hoarsely, already preparing to bring it up to size. Without Kandi’s now-routine ministrations to relieve my urges, I was feeling incredibly horny.

“Well, I’ve been very eager to test how my new power holds up to a challenge like your cock, and now’s my chance. Take me. Take me now.”

I stole a glance out the window to see the cars of Kandi and Maria driving away. Christina and I were alone in the house.

And then there were two.

IX.

Christina wasn’t a virgin. I didn’t ask who had deflowered her – it didn’t seem to matter. All that mattered to her was getting the biggest dick possible inside herself. I wondered if she’d been playing with dildos at all at her own house.

I pulled my pants off as she continued to diddle herself, her fingers sopping wet with her cunt juice. Her hips bucked occasionally as she stimulated her clit. I kept twitching my nerve impulse, bringing my cock up to eight, ten, twelve inches. It was a routine size for me, now, but looking in Kandi’s full-body mirror, I was reminded of just how ridiculously huge it really was – my cockhead hung down around my knees before it began to become erect.

“Oh my god. Oh my fucking god,” Christina moaned, as she watched my dick’s ascent to greatness. “Holy fucking shit. And Kandi’s been *sucking* that monster?”

“Five times a day,” I said as I climbed onto the bed. Shades of jealousy, amazement, and perhaps slight disappointment were mixed in momentarily with the overwhelming lust on Christina’s face. “Do you know what, though? I… I can make it a little bigger.”

“Seriously?” Christina said, diverting one hand from her twat to stroke my cock.

“Yup,” I nodded. “And Kandi could never take it any bigger than this.”

“Make it bigger,” she said hungrily. I felt inside myself and obliged. There was another impulse down there now too, a different sort of feeling that I hadn’t noticed before but that in retrospect was just as obvious as the growth impulse had been. It was a more binary feeling, not requiring the repeated flexing of the growth, but more of an open/close toggle, like opening and closing my eyes or mouth. In the heat of the moment I didn’t consider what it was – I was just focused on making my cock grow again.

Anything over twelve inches was still a pretty monumental effort, and it was harder to do when erect than when flaccid, too. I managed to pump it up to thirteen inches, though, a truly ridiculous cock. Christina shuddered with delight as she felt it grow girthier and longer under her fingers.

“Do you think you can take this much?” I asked.

“Oh god yes. We’ll fucking make it fit. Get down there, I’m gaping open right now already,” she said. I clambered down the bed to position my enormous cockhead at the opening of her pussy. The wet spot on the sheets had grown into a veritable puddle as Christina’s cunt gushed lubricant profusely. I still wasn’t sure if my cock would enter her, but lack of lube wouldn’t be a problem.

“Just fuck me already!” she yelled. I thrust my hips forward slowly, angling my enormous dick for her steaming gash and hoping for the best.

My cock entered her seamlessly. It was incredibly wet – like dipping my dick into a warm bath. Her pussy walls were incredibly tight around my girthy manhood, but they were so wet that there was no friction at all. I pushed my whole cockhead into her twat, and she cried out in ecstasy, reaching up to fondle her left tit with one soaked hand, and flicking her bean with the other.

I eased in, inch after inch, the fantastic slipperiness of her walls allowing me to stretch them. She was unbelievably tight around my cock, and I stopped several times to make sure I wasn’t hurting her, but each time I did she bucked her hips forward and groaned hoarsely for more. Every twitch, every heartbeat through my rock-hard cock brought her ecstasy and satisfaction. She was using her power to take a dick even bigger than Kandi could, and she seemed incredibly proud of it.

Eventually, I bottomed out, hitting her cervix and moving slightly past it, into the ‘dead end’ of the vaginal canal. About five inches of my cock were still outside her, a throbbing conduit between my pelvis and hers, and absolutely covered with her juices. I was filling every inch of her pussy to the brim. There wasn’t a single bit of space for anything other than my dick, and the copious lubricant she was still producing was spraying out around the edges of her pussy, splashing onto me and the bed. She thrashed her head and moaned at my slightest movements.

We stayed that way for a little bit. She regained control of herself enough to moan “now thrust.”

I obliged, pulling my dick out so that only my head remained inside her. When my shaft narrowed, a torrent of pussy juice spilled out, splashing onto the soaked bed. I didn’t even want to think about how we would explain this to Kandi, or more likely, the Youngs’ housekeeper, and in the moment, I didn’t care.

I thrust myself back in with a squelching noise. It was much easier this time, Christina’s walls already stretched by my massive cock and at the greatest possible level of arousal. I pulled out and thrust again, and again, and again, each thrust spreading even more juices across my pelvis, my legs, Christina’s legs, the bed. My balls, the size of small oranges, slapped wetly across her ass with each thrust. She bounced up and down on the springy bed, her tits sloshing up and down her chest. It was barely two minutes before she came, thrashing her head and screaming “oh my god! OH MY GOD!” at the top of her lungs. Her cunt muscles tamped down on my cock like a vice as I reached the deepest point, her rippling walls stroking me like a handjob would.

I felt myself coming too, grunting with pleasure. I knew for a fact Christina was on the pill, or I would have worried (as it later turned out, I really didn’t need to worry anyway). My dick spasmed again and again, in tandem with Christina’s paroxysms of pleasure, as I pumped squirt of squirt of cum into the very deepest part of her pussy, tickling her back wall.

Our shared orgasm went on for about thirty seconds, but it felt like hours. I collapsed on top of her when we were done, my dick still inside her, feeling our combined fluids continue to seep into the bed.

When I had gone flaccid enough to pull my dick out of her sopping cunt, I rolled over to lie on the bed beside her, my cock following along with a slurping noise as it came free from her gash. Nearly the entire bottom half of the bed was soaked through, and her pussy was still dripping. I wondered idly where all the water came from – then I realized it was the same place all my extra dick meat came from, and gave up the line of thought as a dead end.

“Holy fucking shit,” she eventually said, once she caught her breath. “I need to find more huge-dicked guys to fuck.”

“Or get yourself a thirteen-inch vibrator,” I said, panting.

“Oh, it’s coming in the mail as we speak,” she said, smiling at me. “Thank you, though. I wanted to inaugurate my power with a real live cock.”

“My pleasure,” I said, swinging my legs off of the wet bed and standing up. My cock swung down to once again hang between my knees. I would leave it at thirteen inches for now – it would be too much painful effort to change its size back so soon after growing it, and when it was flaccid at this size I could still stuff it into my pants. Barely.

Christina sat up in the bed, too, her tits bouncing down to their normal equilibrium point. They looked bigger than usual – but some girls look bigger when aroused, and Christina was definitely aroused. I didn’t think anything of it in my post-coital stupor, or of the fact that I couldn’t smell any evidence of my cum, only the overwhelming scent of Christina’s cunt. Or of the fact that when I had come, my jizz hadn’t come spurting out the edges of her pussy like her own juices had (I’m getting at something here, astute reader – try to figure it out before my stupid past self did!)

She picked up her phone from Kandi’s nightstand and looked at it. “Holy shit, that only took ten minutes,” she said, swinging her legs out of bed.

“Is that… good?” I asked, perplexed.

“Yeah, but I did tell the girls I’d be at the mall soon. Plus I’ve got to shower…” her naked legs were already glistening with enough of her own juices that she looked like she’d just stepped out of a bath.

“Let’s share, I’m feeling pretty funky too,” I said, opening the door to the adjacent bathroom. It had a powerful showerhead, and we were clean in only a couple minutes. Despite the sexual nature of two people showering together, no hanky-panky occurred – Christina was a girl on a mission, and from the way she walked it seemed like the stretching I’d given her pussy was beginning to leave her sore already. She had a satisfied glow about her that made it seem like any amount of pain would be worth it to her. We stepped out of the shower and toweled off. By the time I was back out in Kandi’s room, Christina had already hastily dressed herself and was gathering her stuff from the room. Every few seconds, she stopped to adjust her bra.

“That’s weird. This fit perfectly earlier,” she said, pushing on the right cup. The top of her breast seemed to swell up and spill out of the fabric of her shirt. She shrugged it off, though, and finished packing her purse.

“Thanks again,” she said, striding over to give me a peck on the cheek. I tried not to glance down the cleavage of her shirt. Or at least, I tried not to do it obviously. And then there was one. She was gone, leaving me naked in Kandi’s bedroom with a soaking bed and a ridiculous horse cock.

I wanted to avert as much awkwardness as possible. Implicitly trusting that Christina would handle the cover-up on her end, I grabbed a two-liter of cola our group had been drinking from while we talked, and spilled the remainder all across the soaked sheets. I waited a little bit so that it would stain, then pulled the bedclothes from the mattress and put them in the largest of Kandi’s empty clothes hampers, spraying it copiously with air freshener. Hopefully there wouldn’t be too many questions from the housekeeper or Mrs. Young – we’d spilled cola on the sheets, how clumsy! Nothing suspicious here!

That task complete, I got dressed again. Even flaccid, my cock was the size of a kielbasa, and my balls were still enormous too. (I had been used to giving up five loads a day to Kandi’s ministrations – one tryst with Christina, no matter how intense the orgasm had been, practically left me with blue balls in comparison. I would have to masturbate furiously when I got home). I managed to pull my boxers up over my huge schlong, and then to pull my jeans on over the whole package, but it wasn’t easy. It left an absolutely huge bulge that left no illusion as to what I was packing. I had been modest around school, defaulting to my normal six-inch size whenever I was in public, but I had to admit that the shameless bulge-toting look was a good one for me. After admiring myself in the mirror for a moment, I pulled my shirt on to get ready to leave.

I heard a car door just as I poked my head through the neck. I rushed over to the window to see a curvy red Porsche pull into the driveway. None of the girls were back yet – this wasn’t their car. I wasn’t sure whether that was a good thing or a bad thing.

I watched as the driver’s door opened, a pair of long, tan legs stepped out, high heels planting themselves in the gravel. They were followed by a pair of womanly hips and a round bubble butt, with a tiny waist sprouting up only to be engulfed by two absolutely massive, globe-shaped tits. Aforementioned body parts were encased in a skin-tight red dress that matched the car rather ostentatiously. She looked like a version of Kandi with every dial turned up slightly (height, butt size, thinness, legginess, prettiness, age) and one dial turned up all the way (tit size). She began to stalk towards the front door. Ms. Young was home.

And then there were two again.

X.

I had never met Ms. Young in person – I’d only seen her from afar, as she travelled around town in her convertibles or picked up Kandi from school, when she was feeling motherly (not often). That was all about to change. I watched from the high bedroom window as she strode towards the front door. There was no way I was getting out of the house without her noticing, and she had already seen my car parked in her drive anyway, so there would be no point.

I had no idea how she would react to me being in her house. I had no idea whether she knew about my powers, or the fact that her daughter was exploiting them to circumvent her wishes. I was adrift.

And I still had a ridiculous horse cock straining against the inside of my jeans. Had it been just a few minutes ago I was fucking Christina? This afternoon had been a rollercoaster. I decided to do my best to play it cool, and gathered my confidence to head downstairs.

As I reached the ground floor, I heard the dull clacking of high heels on wood. “Hello? Who’s in here? Did you get a new car, Eric?” Ms. Young’s voice rang through the hall.

“Hi Ms. Young! It’s me, Jack. From Kandi’s school!” I supplied, not wanting her to mistake me for a burglar and shoot me. As I dismounted the last step, she emerged from the kitchen holding a large glass of something that looked very alcoholic.

“Ah, hi Jack! What are you doing here?” she said politely.

“The, ah, power group from school was hanging out here earlier. I was the last one left,” I said truthfully. There were a lot of factors at play here that I had to get right. I was actively helping this woman’s daughter directly disobey her wishes. I had just fucked another girl in said daughter’s bedroom. Ms. Young had a lot of influence around town – she could make my life miserable if she wanted to. If I gave her reason to.

But I was so goddamn distracted by her. In her heels, she stood as tall as me, her long, styled blonde hair hanging past her shoulders. The nails that held her glass of… tequila? It looked like tequila… were long and lacquered red, to match her lipstick, dress, car – the woman liked red. And up close, her proportions were even more insane. Her tits were bigger than any I’d ever seen in real life. They had to be G-cups. Or maybe H or F. I don’t know, I don’t think anyone can recognize cup sizes by sight. It’s a gift I didn’t have, that’s for sure. But I could tell that they were as big and round as cantaloupes, and nearly the size of her head. She was built like the big-busted models I had frequently jerked off to over the years, her waist a tight, pinched hourglass between T+A that filled out her dress like it had been painted onto them. I could even see her nipples poking through the fabric. If anything, she was even prettier and sexier than the girls I’d beat off to over the years – and at this point, quite possibly younger, too. She was 33, but she looked not a day over 25.

But anyway, back to the conversation. “Oh, really? Where did the others go?” she asked, taking a swig from her glass of what I’m like 75% sure was tequila.

“Shopping. I didn’t ask for details. I was just getting ready to leave, actually…” I said, shifting my weight as if to go.

Ms. Young finished swallowing her drink, then reached out as if to stop me. “Oh no, please, don’t feel obligated to leave on my account. Would you care to come into the sitting room?”

Now this was something I wasn’t sure how to interpret. My first instinct told me to run. “I wouldn’t want to be a bother. I’m sure you have… things… to do…” Well, that was a non-starter. Of course she didn’t have things to do! She hadn’t worked a day in her life! Stupid, stupid brain. I blame all the effort it was taking to prevent my dick from springing to attention just from being in the presence of such a cartoonishly sexy figure.

“Oh, nonsense. I’m free the whole afternoon. Actually, I had wanted to talk to one of Kandi’s classmates, and you’re the perfect one to talk to. Come on in!” she said, beckoning with her long fingers.

“Well, if you insist,” I said, sensing that leaving would be far ruder than staying. I followed her swaying ass into the sitting room, which had a couple of uncomfortable looking chairs as well as a long wraparound couch. Ms. Young sat down on one end of the couch, keeping her thighs pressed together as her change in position caused the incredibly short hemline of the dress to ride up even further. I tried not to stare too hard.

“I’ve actually been a little concerned for Kandi’s welfare lately,” Ms. Young said as I took my seat on another side of the sectional.

“Oh really? Why’s that?” I asked faux-ignorantly. Sitting down had presented its whole new set of problems in the crotch department, and I squirmed a little trying to get comfortable.

Ms. Young gave me an inscrutable look. “Well, have you noticed anything… different, about her lately?”

Oh shit. Did she know? How could she know? I continued to play ignorant. “Well, her… ahem, bosoms do look a little bigger lately. I sort of assumed you’d bought her implants as a graduation gift,” I said.

“No! No, I did not! I have expressly forbid her many times from getting implants, until she’s old enough to earn the money entirely on her own. It’s too big a decision for an eighteen-year-old to make.”

“Well, I agree with you there,” I said, hoping that acquiescence could win her over.

“Yes! Thank you! But she refuses to see my side of the issue. And now I’m afraid that she’s gone and done something rash, with a back-alley surgeon or a dangerous hormone treatment or something. I haven’t always been the best mother for her, but she’s my little girl, and I just… I just want…”

“You want her to *stay* your little girl?” I supplied. I knew she would take it one way (wanting Kandi to stay alive), but I was beginning to think that it was actually another (wanting Kandi to stay little and inferior).

She nodded. “So I wanted to ask one of her friends – have you seen anything suspicious? Have you heard her say anything about it? Has anyone in your Null group heard anything?”

The words ‘null group’ pinged in my brain. Kandi hadn’t told her about our true power class – she had showed her own mother the fake card. Well, of course she had! Otherwise the hysteria didn’t make any sense. Or it would be hysteria of the ‘my daughter is clearly blowing hundreds of guys’ kind, which didn’t seem to be in evidence. I felt reassured that Ms. Young wasn’t just trying to lure me into a trap, and that she was instead looking from genuine reassurance from a young man who she thought had no powers.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Young. I haven’t heard or seen anything. The other girls didn’t see any scars on her when she was changing into her bathing suit, so I doubt it’s surgery.”

“Well, that’s good to know, at least. Thank you, Jack,” Ms. Young said, downing the last of her tequila. “Is there anything else? Anything at all?” I sensed I wouldn’t be free to go with her goodwill unless I supplied another tidbit at least.

“Well, it… there’s… have you considered that it might be powers?”

Ms. Young looked me up and down. I was suddenly conscious of the ridiculous bulge in my jeans, which she hadn’t seemed to have noticed earlier. I tried desperately to bring the size of my dick back down, but when I reached inside the trigger area of my brain I found a confused jumble of possible impulses. I willed myself to activate the wrong one, and felt my dick swell up again to an even greater size, straining against the fabric of my jeans as the mental soreness made me all too aware that I wouldn’t be able to bring myself back down to size painlessly for a good long while. I squirmed as my too-tight jeans got even tighter, and tried to position my arm to hide my bulge.

“Kandi doesn’t have any powers,” Ms. Young said, a little suspiciously.

“No, but somebody else might,” I said. “There were a few kids with class-X powers. Maybe one of them can make other people’s breasts grow.” I don’t know why I came so close to outing myself. Again, I blame my dick.

“Hmm. That does seem like a likely possibility,” she mused without a hint of suspicion. I breathed a sigh of relief. “I have a pretty useless power, you know,” she said, and to my surprise she reached up and put both her fists in her mouth. It was kind of disconcerting-looking, her stretched cheeks vacuuforming around too large a load. She pulled them back out again and wiped the saliva off on her dress. “Unusually large jaw capacity. I can swallow big things too. Didn’t ever do me any good, and pretty weak, all things considered. No wonder Kandi didn’t get any powers. Have you heard of anyone who might be helping her grow? Anybody making other girls’ breasts bigger?”

“No, I haven’t, but I’ll ask around. If I were you, I’d hope that’s how it happened, because if it’s true, then it’s almost certainly completely safe. Kandi’s absolutely fine, and she got her wish anyway. So you have nothing to worry about.”

“Yes,” Ms. Young echoed. “Nothing to worry about… Well, thank you, Jack. Sorry to have kept you, I just wanted to get Kandi’s growth off my chest.”

“Oh, no problem at all,” I said, standing up. My jeans creaked and strained unexpectedly as I did, my cock repositioning itself as the new tensions in the fabric moved it around. My monster dong had somehow evaded Ms. Young’s notice thus far, but now it was impossible to miss. Her eyes swung down to lock onto it.

I remembered that I was pretending to have no powers. I had to act like I always had a dick the length of my forearm. I started to walk away like it was nothing. I was almost out of the sitting room when I heard Ms. Young’s voice again.

“Jack?” she called. I turned around, leaning back into the room. “Your group is class Null, right?”

I went all in on the lie. “Yes ma’am,” I said.

“Then… your penis,” she said slowly. It seemed like the tequila was really going to her head now. “That’s… that’s all yours?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Bullshit,” she said, suddenly steely. “Bull. Shit. Your group is class X, isn’t it? Kandi isn’t exploiting some other person’s power, she’s using her own! But… but why so slowly? She always wanted to… to surpass me. To make me fade into the past…” to my great surprise, Ms. Young trailed off and began to cry. Yeesh. I’d never seen a family be so emotional about tits. I had no choice but to go back in, and tell the truth. Because I thought I saw a way out

“Okay, I’ll admit it, Ms. Young. I’ve been helping your daughter grow.”

She looked up, her makeup barely smudged by the few tears she had shed. “What? How?”

This was going to be tough. I explained all the nitty-gritty details of Kandi’s power and our torrid arrangement together, not mentioning my meta power, just that I had the ability to give myself a huge dick (no point denying it now that she’d seen The Bulge). “I didn’t know it was such a personal thing for you, though! Kandi made it sound like you were just being domineering,” I finished, positioning myself in line with Ms. Young’s view of things.

“Oh, it’s… it’s just me being silly, is all. Subconscious desire to keep my daughter young forever so that I won’t get old, that sort of thing. I just didn’t realize… it didn’t come to the surface until now, when it started happening…” I breathed a sigh of relief. So it all came down to insecurity, just like Kandi had suspected. But Ms. Young was self-aware of her insecurity and didn’t begrudge me! I was home free!

She leaned towards me. “Jack, do you… do you find me attractive?” she asked quietly. I was shocked, and surprised, and amazed that this could possibly be happening to me, and incredibly aroused as I looked her up and down.

“Ms. Young, you are, truthfully, the sexiest woman I have ever seen,” I said, leaning over to hold her hands in mine.

“Show me,” she said desperately. “Show me how hot you find me. I see that monster cock of yours. Show me how big I make you.”

“Um… okay,” I said, fumbling with my belt. As I pulled it out of its loops, Ms. Young reached down and undid my fly, slipping the button and pulling the zipper in one smooth motion. My pants fell down around my ankles, and my dick began straining at the inside of my underwear, clearly visible. The tip went all the way down to the very bottom of the boxers.

“Oh my god. This is your power, right?” she said as she pulled my boxers down too, slowly unsheathing all 13.5 inches of my monster dong. My balls, practically the size of my fists, pulsated with arousal as the waistband passed my cockhead, allowing my rapidly-erecting shaft to spring up to its fully engorged angle.

“Yes. It gets bigger depending on how turned on I am,” I lied. “It’s bigger right now than it ever was with Kandi,” I whispered, and Ms. Young nearly shuddered with delight and superiority.

“I bet I can make it even bigger,” Ms. Young said, standing up abruptly, her hips swaying with an exaggerated back-and-forth as she walked to the center of the room. Oh shit. She was going to strip, and expected me to get even bigger. I steeled myself and gathered as much mental effort as I could muster.

“I hope you’re stroking yourself off over me,” she said, her back turned. She was grabbing at the hemline of her dress, pulling it up over her big jiggly ass momentarily to reveal the tiniest and laciest of panties underneath.

“Oh, absolutely,” I said huskily, as I managed with incredible willpower to bring my size up to a full fourteen inches.

She reached back and unzipped the dress along an almost imperceptible seam, pulling all the way down to the middle of her ass. Then she turned around, slowly, so that I could observer her impossible profile – tiny waist, big ass sticking out on one side, big tits sticking out on the other. She bent down slowly and pulled the dress off, shimmying her ass and legs as she did so, then stepped out of the loop of red cloth on the floor, her high heels clacking on the wood. She was just wearing lacy red panties now, her huge tits on full display for me to admire. They were so firm that they barely drooped, proudly cantilevered out from her ribcage, dark red areolae three inches across capping each one, housing a thumb-joint-sized nipple perfectly centered. They were nearly the size of her head each. Compared to these behemoths, even Kandi’s new DD-cups looked insignificant.

Suddenly confronted with the glory of Ms. Young’s incredible tits, I found myself distracted enough to spurt another two twitches of growth into my cock, bringing it to fifteen inches before I could notice my fatigue. There was yet *another* nerve impulse that I stumbled across – it was starting to get very crowded down there. I managed to make my cock crow anyway, and Ms. Young watched it grow in amazement, and luckily seemed to take my mental exhaustion for severe arousal. At this point my balls were approaching baseball size, and sat supported on the couch between my legs. My cock reached up almost to the level of my nipples. I could easily have bent down and sucked it. I stood up to display my erection to her, turning so that she, too, could see an outrageously sexy figure in profile.

“Look at how fucking huge you made me, Ms. Young. I’ve never been this big before. Holy fucking shit, you are the hottest woman I’ve ever seen,” I enthused dreamily, pumping up her ego even more. “I feel like my balls are gonna explode.”

“Well, it would be rude of me to leave you like that, wouldn’t it?” she said, walking over in her heels. She steered me to the end of the sectional and then pulled herself onto it on all fours with her head facing me, her tits swinging and jiggling and bouncing all the way. They hung down past her elbows once she was in position. Copious pre-cum was already flowing from my tip. “Kandi can get twelve inches, huh? Let’s see how much *I* can get!” she said, and before I knew it she had reached up with one hand to pull my dick down towards her mouth. I quickly reached down to help, steering the absolutely enormous cockhead between collagen-injected lips, which opened and stretched wider than I thought possible The entire bottom of her face looked distended as she opened her jaw wide, wide, wider still to accommodate my massive cock. I wondered how many blowjobs she’d given with this power of hers. Certainly none that had taxed her like this!

Her throat opened wide as my dick passed into it, and I could see the massive bulge as it travelled down her throat. She moved forward inexorably, engulfing more and more of my huge, engorged dick. I had only gone this big as an academic exercise before. I had never even jerked myself off at any size bigger than twelve inches. It seemed like the increase in size came with an increase in sensitivity, free of charge, and Ms. Young’s tongue was driving me wild as it played up and down my shaft. She rolled her eyes with pleasure as I grabbed onto her hair and pulled her all the way up to the end of my shaft. My entire cock was buried inside her stretched esophagus – I had to be close to her stomach! I let go and she pulled back and forth a few times, making sure that my shaft was thoroughly wetted with her spit, before she pulled back all the way, with a wet ‘schluk!’ and leaned back into a kneeling position, breathing heavily. Her tits bounced and jiggled as she caught her breath.

“Holy shit. Your dick is fucking huge! That’s the biggest thing I’ve… I’ve ever put down there, and I’ve… goddamn. It’s… wow! Oh wow!” she said, and I noticed that her red panties were becoming maroon as her pussy soaked them through. She was as turned on as I was.

“It just feels so great to put your powers to good use,” I said, and she nodded in agreement before remembering Kandi, who had also put her powers to good use. Without a word, she leaned back into the all-fours position and began fellating me even more enthusiastically than before, moving her stretched lips up and down my entire shaft. I began thrusting in tandem with her, making the blowjob even more energetic. I was more than face-fucking her, more even than throat-fucking her. Our powers were combining to make a new type of fucking. My balls swung back and forth, sometimes between my legs, sometimes under her chin. Her tits swung back and forth too, more pendulously. Every few strokes, my balls met in the middle with her boobs.

She stopped a few more times to catch her breath, but was incredibly committed to getting me to come. I sure as hell didn’t question it. I merely enjoyed the building tension inside my pelvis, the tingling and tightness and unbearable pleasure that built up in my body until I…

It happened as she bottomed out again, her nose nearly touching my pelvis. I came, suddenly, and it was with a power and intensity I had never felt before. I nearly stumbled backwards as the first fire-hose like spurt rocketed down my cock and shot out the end, deep into Ms. Young’s stomach. I somehow managed to keep my balance, leaning forward and putting a steadying hand on the couch as wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure washed over me, and spurt after spurt after spurt of come sprayed out of my dick with an intensity I had never felt before. And I just. Kept. Cumming. It hardly let up between spasms, more just a continuous stream of jizz. And the pressure inside my balls didn’t let up – if anything, it got more intense as I came! And came, and came, and came! Ms. Young was along for the ride, latched onto my dick as I sprayed a constant stream of jizz directly into her stomach.

Some small detached part of my brain managed to think through the buffeting waves of pleasure. This was more than just the usual volumetric increase in jizz. This was something else entirely. And then I realized, all of a sudden, what the other two nerve impulses I’d felt were. I felt incredibly, unbelievably stupid for not realizing what they were before.

Of course, it was obvious, but I’d gotten so used to only having the power of making my dick grow that I didn’t realize I’d taken on Kandi’s power as well (and used it on Christina). And now I’d taken on Christina’s power of producing nigh on infinite fluid from the genitals, and was accidentally using it on Ms. Young.

Why hadn’t my cum spurted out of Christina’s pussy? Because it got absorbed into her body and turned into bigger tits. Same reason my ridiculous and continuing orgasm hadn’t filled Ms. Young’s stomach and set jizz spurting out her nose. Almost reluctantly, I opened my eyes to look down at her.

She was still latched onto my dick, and judging by the bucking gyrations of her hips, she was cumming too. But I was more interested in what was hanging from her chest. I leaned back slightly to get a look, and saw that her tits had definitely grown in the last – what, thirty seconds? Minute? There was less growth than I’d been expecting – they seemed to hang only a couple inches closer to the surface of the couch, but when I translated that into an increase in volume, it was pretty goddamn enormous. I had to stop this, and fast. I fumbled around inside my own brain, trying to find the proper nerve impulse to turn off the breast growth power. I managed to get a mental grip on it, concentrated as best I could while still cumming furiously, and…

With some sort of indescribable biological sound, Ms. Young’s breast growth kicked into overdrive. I had gone the wrong way, somehow turned in the intensity of the growth up rather than turning it off. Her nipples hung down to brush the couch before I made the correct mental transformation and turned the power off.

Then I was still jizzing. And her body wasn’t absorbing it all instantaneously any more. I filled up her stomach almost immediately, feeling a sudden pressure against my cockhead as I continued to come into what was now a fully occupied area. The force of my own come inside her stomach became unbearable, and I backed away, my dick a hydraulic piston being pushed up out of its shaft by a rising high-pressure tide of its own jizz. I filled every inch of her stretched esophagus with cum on my way out, until finally, my massive cockhead popped free of her lips. It seemed like it had been the only thing holding her up – her arms slipped and collapsed, so that her body fell onto the now enormous cushion provided by her tits. A waterfall of my spunk spewed out of her mouth, falling onto the tops of her tits and the couch, and more continued up as her esophagus slowly constricted back to a normal size, squeezing out the excess semen as it went.

I kept jizzing, sending a high-pressure stream arcing across the room, then gradually tamping down so that it landed on her legs, her ass, her back, her face, until finally, I managed to find that brand-new nerve impulse from Christina and shut down my uncontrollable orgasm. I had been coming for four minutes straight. I was exhausted and drained, and Ms. Young didn’t look much better. Her eyes were closed as more and more jizz poured out of her mouth, collecting in a sticky pileup cascading down her massive new tits.

I had just wanted to get my rocks off. I hadn’t wanted to do *this*. Those fantasies of finding powers to stack and use like Metaman hadn’t involved taking advantage of an accidentally giving enormous breasts to bored, emotionally-vulnerable MILFs. At least, not the ones I had during the daytime…

Ms. Young began to stir. I decided the best course of action was the feign ignorance, since I had *been* genuinely ignorant a moment before. I collapsed onto the floor, and it required only a little bit of playacting – I was fucking exhausted from that effort. My dick slowly deflated, flopping across my thigh, still dripping with cum and spit.

Ms. Young coughed out a final burst of my cum, then swallowed down the rest. She shakily pushed herself off, the little pile of semen that had built up below her mouth sloshing and sticking and dripping. Her tits had been squished beneath her torso when she collapsed, but now they revealed themselves as she sat up, cum dripping from the massive round globes. She seemed unstable with the new weight, and sat back heavily into a kneeling position, her ass squashing out against her ankles.

Her tits were absolutely enormous. Behemoths. They had to be twice the volume they had been before the blowjob, which translates into a quarter again as large in diameter, for roughly spherical objects. And they were still roughly spherical! Even with their massive size, they barely drooped down, staying as firm and proud as if they had been grown that day – which they had. They covered her rib cage in its entirety, sticking out so far on either side that her upper arms were obscured behind them, but her tiny waist (slightly distended from the huge amount of cum in her stomach) and cute innie belly button were still visible in the shadows of the colossi – at least, until the huge amounts of cum that had stuck to her tits began dripping down over them. They were like no tits I’d ever seen. Bigger than the internet models I liked, but more perfect, more natural-looking, more balanced and even and symmetrical and blemish-free than any implant could ever hope to be. They were bigger than her head, making them the biggest part of her body by far, but they didn’t seem grotesque. If anything, she was even more beautiful than before, her cartoonish proportions finally having reached their apotheosis.

“Jack? Jack! Oh my god, Jack! What just happened?” she said, looking around and spotting me lying on the ground. I quickly lolled my head back and pretended not to have been ogling her as she got up.

She stood shakily to her feet, kicking the heels off – she couldn’t walk with tits the size of small watermelons *and* five-inch heels, that would be ridiculous. I began to ‘wake up’ before she made it over to me, rubbing my head and beginning to sit up on the hard wooden floor. My cock flopped off of my thigh and landed on the floor with a ‘splat’. “What happened?” I echoed groggily. I was half serious – while my retrospective narrative makes it sound like I figured everything out in the instant, it was more of a subconscious, instinctual level of problem solving. It was only on the floor that my conscious mind, no longer overtaken by waves of orgasming pleasure, put together what my subconscious mind had done.

“You… you came. And then you didn’t stop. And it… it made my tits grow!” she said, surprised more than anything, as she offered a hand to help me up.

“Holy shit! How on earth did that…” I said, once again half-seriously as I continued to put the pieces together.

“It must be a latent power I have! I always knew there was some class X in there!” she said excitedly. Apparently any anger she might harbor about me filling her with jizz like a Twinkie frosting-injector machine was forgotten, because to this woman having even bigger boobs, by any means, was like winning the lottery. I have to say, I was glad – both that she wasn’t angry, and that I now got to look at the fucking majestic pair of mammaries that were now bare before me, the product of my dick.

“Yeah! Wow! It must be something that happened between our powers. You must have been so fucking sexy that it tipped the scales and made me cum buckets,” I said, collapsing into one of the chairs. Ms. Young hugged her massive tits close (when she reached her arms out forward, they completely filled the rectangle between her shoulders and her elbows), causing them to bulge and sway and jiggle in interesting ways.

“I never could have expected this. I just wanted to talk to someone to help me feel better about Kandi’s growth, and now…” she trailed off. *Now you feel better because you think she’ll never surpass you,* I filled in. Thank the Perseids this woman was so shallow, or she might have actually cared more about her daughter’s welfare and my place in it than about how big her boobs were.

Shit. Caring about Kandi. How the fuck would she react to this? My head swam as I ratcheted the size of my dick back down. I had come here expecting an innocent pool party, and in the past half hour I had fucked two woman I shouldn’t have fucked, and defiled a third of the upholstery in the house too. I had to get out of here before any more crazy shit happened. “That was amazing, Ms. Young. But I’m a little worried about the consequences,” I said, pointing to my dick, which I had managed to quickly bring down to its comfortable six-inch size.

“Oh! Oh my god! I’m sorry if I… if we… oh my god. This is a mess, isn’t it. And I’ll need to…” Ms. Young said, pacing around the room with her new, breast-modified gait as she realized what she had just done. The consequences of a ‘simple’ blowjob. I wondered how many conquests she’d had in this sitting room over the years – just who was ‘Eric’, anywhow? – but I knew that none of them except for me had resulted in massive breast growth that would require her to purchase a whole new wardrobe.

“I’m sure I’ll be fine, but I think I should get to the power clinic just to be safe,” I said, gathering up my pants. They had somehow escape the cavalcade of spunk that had coated much of the rest of the room, and for that I was grateful.

“Oh, yes, by all means go, Jack,” Ms. Young said distractedly. “I’ll take care of things on my end.” She was already marshalling supplies to clean the upholstery. As I was leaving, I saw her absentmindedly heft one of her massive tits, pushing it up so that she could lick some remaining jizz off of it. Holy shit. That was one for the spank bank. I stared for a moment, then turned and walked quickly out the front door.

What a day, right?

XI.

“That. Fucking. BITCH!” Kandi stormed as she slammed the door behind her. She stomped over to the couch, her tits jiggling back and forth beneath her shirt as she went.

“Uh… I take it your mom did something?” I said, playing ignorant as Kandi stripped her shirt off, revealing that she wasn’t wearing a bra underneath. I quickly walked over to the couch as well, undoing my belt as I went.

“Did something? Ha, yeah. She did something all right. She got *another* fucking set of breast implants.”

“Seriously? What the fuck. She’s already, like, cantaloupe-sized. It’s ridiculous,” I sympathized, thanking the Perseids that Ms. Young had been too embarrassed to tell her daughter the truth. I was incredibly lucky.

“Oh, it’s not just ridiculous, it’s downright insane. Her tits are bigger than her head now! Her fucking head! They’re like goddamn volleyballs! And in the meantime, she’s still terrified of me having perfectly normal, natural boobs, and still forbids me from even thinking of going to a surgeon to get them bigger…” Kandi stopped talking abruptly as I sat down on the couch in front of her, dick fully erect an a foot long. She got herself into position and swallowed my pole whole, quickly wetting it with her spit. I was incredibly careful to make sure that Christina’s power was turned off, and that the breast growth power was set on a factor of ‘1’ rather than ‘2’ or ‘0’. I didn’t want Kandi to suspect that anything was amiss.

She bobbed her head up and down on my shaft for a few minutes, and I obligingly came down her throat. It wasn’t a novelty anymore. It was barely even sexy. We were exchanging services with each other, and it didn’t even really need to break up the conversation.

“So why are you here, exactly?” I asked. It was a weird thing to have to ask after receiving a blowjob, but there wasn’t exactly anything about our situation now that was normal.

“Mom tried to keep me in the house after I saw her new boobs. I told her to fuck off and drove here to blow you. Not that hard to figure out. She’ll probably keep me under lock and key when I go home, the bitch. She just doesn’t want me getting bigger. This may be the last time we see each other for a while. Unless…”

“Do you still want to get bigger? I thought you reached your goal!” I asked.

“Yeah, my modest original goal,” she said, holding up her tits. Each was a little more than a handful. “These still feel tiny, though, especially compared to my mom’s new monsters! And if I have a free method of expanding them, I’m going to fucking use it!”

I let her reference to me as nothing more than a ‘method’ slide. “But you look fine as hell the way you are now! They’re a perfect size for your frame,” I said, trying not to think too much of just how sexy I had found Ms. Young and her cartoonishly outsized tits.

“I don’t care what you think, I care what I think. And I think I want bigger tits. I’m not gonna go back to blowing five hundred random dudes. So it’s either you, or surgery.”

“Fine, I’m not gonna turn down free blowjobs,” I said, acquiescing. Kandi seemed pleased, in a cold sort of way.

“Great. Are you free next week?”

“…Yeah, “ I said apprehensively. “Why?”

“You’ll find out,” she said, as she began stroking my cock back up to hardness again. “Say, do you think you could go bigger? It seemed like the normal size was fitting a little looser than it has been lately, and I don’t want to miss a drop of cum.”

“Uh… sure. Am I stretching you out?” I said, willing my cock to twitch up a couple inches larger. I knew what was happening – it was my latest power acquisition, courtesy of Ms. Young. It didn’t affect me at all, but it affected girls who sucked my cock – suddenly, their mouths could stretch wider, their throats open easier, allowing them to fit more than seemed physically possible. Kandi could never know the source of this new phenomenon.

She didn’t answer, merely tucking into my dick once again. I came once again. We repeated one more time, and then another, which took much longer, before my balls were spent, even at that large size. Kandi’s tits were only the slightest bit bigger than they had been when she walked in, a change only visible in the lines of her shirt when she put it back on. She looked disdainfully at my ballsack, as if giving it the evil eye would suddenly cause it to fill with cum again.

“Just how long do your powers stick around?” she asked, a little suspiciously.

“Huh? Oh. I don’t know. A month, I think. That’s what the doctor said,” I lied once again. I was lying a lot these days.

“Hmm,” Kandi grunted appraisingly.

“Why do you ask?”

“Well, it’s just – remember earlier? When I told you to pack? Well, the old lady won’t shell out for me to get a surgery, but as a consolation prize a few months ago she offered me a weeklong cruise to the Caribbean for me and a friend. You’re a friend. I’ll kill two birds with one stone. What do you say, wanna come with me where there’s no bitchy mom to stop us from doing whatever we want?”

I wasn’t sure I liked the idea of being used as a glorified sex toy by Kandi. On the other hand, I wasn’t sure I *disliked* it. And I’d never been on a cruise before. What did I have to lose? “Sure thing,” I said.

“Okay. I’ve told her that it’s Maria who’s going. I’ll need you to be at her house next Sunday morning, okay?” Kandi asked. I agreed as she walked me through all the details, and took the boarding pass and luggage tags she gave me. For a girl who had always acted kind of ditzy, she had the planning skills of a CIA operative when it came to figuring out ways to make her tits grow.

The rest of the week passed quickly, and I found myself packing up my summer clothes and heading off to Maria’s house, where I had visited once before. Her parents were teachers, and her younger siblings were all still in school – seniors get out a week early – so I arrived at her house around 9 am to find her all alone.

“Come on in,” she said eagerly, wearing a loose-fitting off-the-shoulder top and short shorts. At this point, her breasts were by far the smallest in the Class-X group, modest C-cups. She was nicely built, with a great latina ass, but when all the women around me were so top-heavy, she seemed a little underserved now. She wore her long black hair down and wore bright red lipstick, which contrasted nicely with her brown skin. “Kandi told me she’ll be here in about a half hour.”

“Okay,” I said, pulling my bag inside the foyer and walking into the house. Maria bustled away to bring me some coffee, and we sat down together in the living room.

“So, did you hear about Ms. Young’s boobs?” Maria asked bluntly as she sat down.

“Yeah. She got another operation, didn’t she?” I said disingenuously.

“Yeah, crazy. I think Christina got implants too. I saw her buying new bras…” Maria said, leadingly.

“You know, don’t you?” I said.

“Of course I do, you idiot. And I’m not missing out on that action. Give me bigger tits or I tell Kandi that you fucked her mom.”

“I didn’t *fuck* her, I just… oh, whatever,” I said, unzipping and standing up. “How big do you want it?”

“Wait, I get to choose?” she asked as she pulled her shirt off and kneeled in front of me.

“Well yeah, I’m not discourteous. You want ten inches? Twelve?”

“Christ, no. I’m not a size queen. I can come whenever I want, I don’t need a horse dick to get me off. Do eight.”

“That’s still pretty big, you know,” I said, pumping my dick up to size. Eight inches now seemed almost quaint.

“Shut up,” she said, pulling my now-erect cock towards her mouth.

She blew me with a care that Kandi hardly ever showed. Kandi was all business in bed – the quickest possible extraction of the largest amount of semen. Maria seemed to care more about how much I enjoyed it. Perhaps it was that fiery Latin passion. Perhaps it was the fact that she could make herself orgasm every thirty seconds, which probably increased her own enjoyment.

Still, eight inches meant a lot fewer nerve endings. I was able to concentrate on my powers almost as if nothing was happening. I felt around inside and turned on Christina’s power – I would now cum a lot, when I did come. And I felt for Ms. Young’s power, turning it on too – suddenly, Maria was able to deepthroat me a lot easier.

Then I felt for Kandi’s power. I had done something by accident while throatfucking Ms. Young – I had somehow ‘turned up the dial’ on the power, made it so that her breasts grew two milliliters in volume for ever one milliliter of semen she absorbed. I could scale the effect up and down. I wasn’t sure if Kandi had the same ability, or if she had figured it out yet if she did. As an experiment, I turned the dial up once again. My dick might have been relatively small right now, but Maria would get a potent dose of semen.

She pulled off of my dick with a slurp, breathing heavy. “Jesus, don’t you ever come, Jack? Kandi’ll be here in five minutes,” she panted.

“Oh, right! Sorry!” I said, concentrating once again on the sensations coming from my dick. Soon Maria’s ministrations brought me right to the edge. “Here it comes,” I warned.

My orgasm was nothing compared to the one I’d had with Ms. Young, but it was still powerful enough to make me stagger back a little. Kandi’s cheeks bulged out a little as I pumped rope after rope of semen into her mouth, but she soon started chugging and got it under control. I opened my eyes and watched carefully as her heaving tits ballooned out in size – C-cups, Ds, DDs, Es aaand stop! I turned off Kandi’s and Christina’s powers immediately, a few last spurts of non-breast-growing cum finding their way down Maria’s throat before my ejaculation came to an end.

Maria pulled free of my cock and swallowed a few times, then looked down at her newly enlarged tits. I had made sure that they were as close in size to Christina’s as I could get them, and I have to say, my control was pretty damn good. I was getting the hang of this whole supercock thing.

“Oh my god, these are amazing!” Maria said, hugging her new tits and feeling all around them. Her dark nipples were erect with pleasure. As my cock deflated and I put it back in my pants, a realization hit me.

“Kandi’s the one who made you jealous of the other girl’s tits, right? She told you you could suck me off, I’ll bet,” I said, thinking out loud. I had no investment in my personal relationship with Maria, so I pressed ahead blithely.

“I… I guess. Yes, on the second one,” Maria said, caught mid-tit-squeeze. She reached out to her top and pulled it over her head again. It now bared her midriff, because so much material was pulled up to cover her bulging breasts. Her nipples showed clearly through the cloth. I tried not to get aroused again.

“Of course. She’s craftier than I ever gave her credit for,” I mused.

“Why? What are you talking about?”

“You can orgasm on command. Kandi wanted me to gain that power too. For our cruise. She didn’t want to be limited by my five or six loads per day.”

“Wait, you have my power now?” Maria asked, panicked. Before I could respond, I saw her nipples get even sharper through her shirt as her eyes rolled back and her hips rocked with a quick orgasm.

When she gained focus again, I told her “it doesn’t take it away from you. I just gain abilities with my dick. Like making boobs grow, which is Kandi’s power, which is why I was able to give you those,” I said, gesturing to Maria’s chest. Apparently she still hadn’t grasped the nuts and bolts of my arrangement with Kandi.

“Oh! Okay. So, wait – how big does Kandi want to get, then? She already got as big as she is in a week! She wants to more than double that size? That’s crazy!” Maria said.

“Not crazy. Calculating. I think that Kandi wants to get exactly as big as her mother.”

Maria’s eyes widened as a car crunched on the gravel. Kandi had arrived. My week as a cum dispenser had begun.

*JACK RETURNS IN “A GIFT AND A TEST PART 2: THE CRUISE”*