Mike stood naked in his spartan bedroom, on the phone waiting for the call to get through.

“Hey Kathy? Yeah, it’s Mike. I’m gonna need to take the day off. I’m sorry, I know we have lots to do, especially since Kendra resigned. Yeah, I caught a bug or something. Don’t want to spread it to you guys. Yep. I’ll send you the documents. So sorry.” He tossed his phone aside and sat on his bed.

It wasn’t entirely a lie. He did catch a bug, kind of.

The night before was a blur but Kendra left him a little something to remember by. Maybe more than a little something. His dick was longer soft now than it was hard the night before.

Kendra was attractive before. Nice long legs and a tight ass. But holy hell. He did not expect her to be so insatiable. After he heard she had quit after their romp, he thought it might have something to do with him so he paid her a visit to talk about it. They ended up having the best sex he ever had. And thinking about it was getting him going. Before long, he was fully erect.

He could no longer wrap his hands around his full girth. Somehow, he retained his balance even with his obscenely huge penis. So long that his hands could not reach the tip.

He stroked his engorged member, thinking about the night spent with the sex goddess. Her impossibly large breasts that came out of nowhere were firm and felt natural. She took his entire girth without trouble even though it was physically impossible.

His balls churned and he came. Hard. Ropes of jizz shot out, splattered all over his desk and everything on it. When his orgasm subsided, he caught his breath and realised the mess he created.

“Shit...should have done this in the bath...”

Mike looked at the time on his phone. *4:43pm.* He had been jerking off for nearly the entire day and yet it felt like it had only been minu-

*Oh fuck. I need to send Kathy the documents.*

But Mike had a pretty sticky situation. He came all over his desk. His laptop was on his desk. And now it’s covered in his jizz.

He sighed and dialled Kathy’s number. “Hey Kathy, I’m so sorry. I was going to send you the thing but my computer’s acting up. Yeah, sorry to trouble you. I’ll make it up to you another time. Thank you. I’ll see you back in the office.”

That was that. Now to clean up the mess. It did not take him as long as he thought it would, considering his third leg. His laptop was probably beyond repair, though.

He laid on his bed thinking about what to do next. Perhaps he should see a doctor. But how would he explain it? “My co-worker whose breasts grew to the size of beach balls gave me a blowjob and now my penis hangs lower than my knees.”

No. At best, he would be laughed out of the hospital. At worst, they would both be locked up and experimented upon. That's probably not the best plan. He should talk to Kendra. And this time, try to not to have sex. At least not before talking to her about his predicament.

Mike drove to Kendra’s with some difficulty, although wearing a robe instead of pants helped a bit. He was still a light breeze away from a hard on, however.

When he arrived, Kendra was somewhat struggling to get out of her small sedan. Her boobs seemed to have gotten bigger again. Not that he could tell. She was already enormous when he left this morning. Her shirt looked stretched to the limits, showing a generous cleavage.

“Kendra!”

He closed the distance between them. She turned to face Mike. There was something different about her. Besides her chest. She was almost glowing. Her hair shone even under the cloudy day. Was she always a brunette?

“Hey, Mike! What...are you wearing?”

“A bathrobe. Pants don’t really work for me anymore,” he said, gesturing to his crotch, a bulge still visible even through the loose fabric.

“Oh...right.” She blushed.

“You, uh...you need some help?” Mike thought he would have more trouble keeping his eyes off of her boobs but for some reason, he had way more trouble taking it off her alluring red eyes. Was she wearing contacts? They were captivating.

“I...I do, actually. Can you give me a ride?”

“Sure. Hop in my car.” That was easier said than done.

Even after shifting the passenger seat all the way back, they still had to lean the seat back for Kendra to fit after squeezing in the car. There were a lot of touching and groping. Mike was glad that he didn’t get hard or it would have been a while before he could drive.

“So, where are we going?”

“A bookstore down at Jeffersons and 34th.”

“Alright then.” He drove off without saying another word. Awkward silence hung between them.

“So–” they said at the same time.

“You go ahead,” Mike offered.

“So, were you looking for me?”

“Yeah. I wanted to talk to you about...well...”

“Oh, right. Sorry about that. It must have been quite a hassle for you to be hung like that.”

“I’ll say.”

Kendra sighed. “Okay. Promise you won’t laugh at me.”

“Uhm...okay?”

“I bought a book and it came with a genie that only gave sex related wishes. It made me drink magic cum and now my boobs grow every time I come or touch jizz. Oh and I can take any size.” She placed heavy emphasis on ‘any size’, running her hand up and down his thigh. Mike tried his damnest not to get hard. “And...I can control anything sexual of others.”

As soon as she said that, Mike felt his extra large dick shrink. He parted the robes to see that Kendra still left him with a generous size. She grabbed and stroked him. He was glad they were stopped at a red light as he could have came any time.

“Well...you’re not giving me a lot of room to not believe you. Wow. Thank you?”

“You’re welcome. Oh, you can pull up right there. The bookstore’s there.”

Mike parked in front of the store Kendra pointed out. “You said you can control anything sexual of others. Not yourself? Walking with a dick almost the size of my leg is already very inconvenient. I can’t imagine it’s easy for you with...uhm...”

“Tits this big?” Kendra giggled.

“Y-yeah.”

“That’s why I’m here. The genie wouldn’t let me make that wish.”

Getting out of the car was slightly easier than getting in. Kendra took pleasure in moaning everytime his hands grazed her breasts and making him blush.

The bookstore was musty and dimly lit, and seemed to stretch further back than one would think possible. But given what had happened the past couple days, it was probably not out of this world. Or maybe it was.

“Hello, dear. Back so soon?” A small elderly lady came to greet them.

“Yes. I have some questions about the book I bought. And about Ginny.” Kendra fumbled with her bag to retrieve the book, her boobs in the way.

“Ginny? You gave her a name? That’s interesting!” Her wrinkled face lit up.

“Yep. And I can’t seem to call her out.”

“What was the last thing you did with her?”

“Uhm...” Even under the dim light, Mike could see that Kendra was beet red. “We...pleasured each other.” The mental image of that was definitely a turn on. He crept behind a pile of books to hide his boner that his bathrobe was doing little to cover.

“Oh my, is that so? Come here, dear.” The old lady gestured for Kendra to lean towards her. She stared into her eyes intently. “And how did it go?”

“It was...” Kendra cleared her throat. “It was amazing.”

“Good. Good. You say she hasn’t come out ever since?”

“Not that I’ve seen. I think she came out while I was in the shower to clean up.”

“Oh? Tell me. What colour were your eyes?”

“Brown?”

The lady handed her a mirror. Kendra took it, puzzled. “Take a look,” she said with a smile.

Kendra yelped. “But how? My eyes aren’t red!”

“My dear, you’ve been given an Inheritance.”