

EXTENDED REALITY

BY TROGDOR297

Zach opened the door to his apartment warily. After spending the day with Camille, making up for lost time, he'd returned home to confront his Ex. He wasn't looking forward to this, but it had to be done.

Rhiannon had betrayed his trust, but he should've expected that from her, he was a fool to think otherwise. She'd somehow stumbled into how to achieve a first level extension completely on her own, through a combination of stubbornness and luck. She'd done it to try and win over Zach, thinking her body was the only reason he didn't want to be with her. He'd rejected her soundly...and so she'd turned around and revealed the secret to the entire internet.

Her Instagram post, a video where she'd explained the concept and then performed it on screen to cement her point, had gone viral. Now he was here to get her to try and take it down, or even better, post a follow-up video explaining that it was a hoax, done with photoshop or some other program.

Extensions were technically achievable by *any* human, but they were also potentially dangerous. He'd almost hurt himself when learning, and he was far more adept than the average person, or at least that's what Camille had told him. It was irresponsible to unleash that on the world, and so he was here to try and nip it in the bud.

"Rhiannon?" He called, as he entered his apartment. There was no response.

With a frown he walked across the apartment towards his spare room where his Ex had been staying. "Rhiannon!" He called louder. Still nothing.

"Rhiannon, we need to-" he opened the door...and found the spare room completely empty. There was no trace that his Ex-girlfriend had even been here at all. She was gone.

"Shit..." He muttered. This was bad.

He pulled out his phone and dialled her number. The phone rang twice and then went to message. He was savvy enough to know that was a declined call.

Wherever Rhiannon was, she didn't want to talk to him. Which means she wasn't going to take down the video or post a retraction. There was no taking it back now; Extensions were a secret no more...

8 Months Later

“Okay!” Camille said breathlessly “I’m ready!”

Zach held himself up with his arms above her, heads level. “You’re sure?” He said.

She nodded “Yes...I think so...”

Zach smiled “We can just have sex like this...”

Camille shook her head, biting her lip slightly “I know we can. I still want to try. I’ve been practicing you know!”

Zach nodded “I do know...I’ve enjoyed watching you”.

Camille smiled “I bet you have. Okay...let me know when you want me to extend”.

“I’m good whenever, baby”.

“Fuck yeah, you are” Camille said with a grin.

The two were in bed at Camille’s apartment, or more accurately Camille and Zach’s apartment since he’d moved in two months ago. She was on her back, legs folded up and spread to make room for her lover.

Zach held himself in place, his cock stretched to its first extension and plunged deep within Camille’s pussy, the head pressing gently against her back wall. She accommodated his level one extension easily, and loved how much it filled her, but she was eager to take the next level, to really try and stretch herself.

“Okay, here we go” Camille said closing her eyes and taking a deep breath. Zach could feel Camille’s body tense, her core muscles engaging as she pushed out her own level one extension. In seconds she achieved it, her breasts ballooning before his very eyes, swelling up to plump round globes the size of cantaloupes.

As her breasts finished growing, settling perkily upon her chest, Zach felt the wave of energy released by Camille flow into him. This was the secret to pushing one’s extension past level one, to reaching level two. One had to be in sync with a partner and use the energy released from their extension to slingshot oneself to the next level.

They’d gotten extremely proficient at it, Zach especially, though that was to be expected. He was simply naturally prodigious when it came to Extensions. Their first time reaching level two had taken a great deal of focus and effort, ensuring their bodies were completely in tune with one another. But after spending months living together, loving one another, their bodies had naturally synced up, recognizing each other’s energy patterns. They no longer had to maintain meditative breathing at the precise congruent rhythm for them to transfer energy to one another.

Zach hummed as he closed his own eyes, cherishing the gift of energy that Camille's body had gifted him. With adept skill he channelled it into his own body, feeding the mental knot of his extension and sending it skyrocketing towards level two.

"Come on baby" Camille whispered, "I'm ready for it!"

Zach nodded wordlessly as he continued to push until he felt his body click, his extension reaching the threshold for the next level. He let out a long, contented breath as he felt his extension push free, a longer thicker section of shaft emerging from within. With the head of his cock already braced against the back wall of Camille's vagina, it had nowhere to go and so Zach was forced back, his hips being pushed up and away.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck...oh fuck!!" Camille gasped as his second extension began to stretch her further. Since they'd first reached level two together, Camille had been determined that she would take his cock at that size. She'd been using larger and larger dildos on herself to increase her capacity, but level two was still girthier than any of those.

The more that his cock extended the thicker it got, reaching the thickness of his upper calf at the widest point. Camille had never taken anything as thick as that, so Zach was a little worried as his extension continue to push into her, forcing him further back. Once he started extending, he couldn't stop it, and he knew Camille wouldn't tap out.

"Oh shit" Zach grunted "You're pushing me out." Indeed, her pussy, stretched tight around his shaft was pushing against him, attempting to squeeze him out.

"What?!" Camille gasped. "Pussy?! How dare you betray me!"

Zach chuckled at her joke, when Camille lifted a leg and nudged him with it. "Pull on me. Hold yourself in" She demanded.

"You sure?" Zach asked.

Camille nodded "Do it".

Moving his hands to grip her knees, Zach thrust his hips forward and pulled with his arms, pushing his cock back in until he touched bottom once more. Camille let out a choked gasp as he stretched her further, his cock now fully extended to level two, her entrance stretched wider than it'd ever been before around the thickest section of his cock.

"Camille?!" Zach cried. He'd been worried about this; Camille's eyes were bigger than her pussy, so to speak. The last thing he'd wanted to do was seriously hurt the love of his life.

Camille's head jerked up with a start, eyes wide, a manic grin on her face. "Ho-lee FUCK!!!" She yelled.

"You good?" Zach asked with a tentative smile.

"Better than good" she said. "Jesus Christ, dude, you are fucking *thick!!* Oh my god, I feel sooooo goddamn full!"

Zach finally let himself relax a bit. "So, it feels good? It doesn't hurt?"

Camille bit her lip "Oh, it definitely hurts. Do you not see what you're doing to my poor pussy?" Between her legs her lips were stretched taut around his cock, almost five inches across in diameter.

Zach frowned "Camille!"

She rolled her eyes at his protestations "Dude, chill. Yes, it hurts, but I knew it was going to. It also feels really, really fucking good. As always Zach baby, your cock is-" She did the little chefs kiss motion with her fingers and her mouth.

Zach chuckled "Alright... well as long as you're ok".

Camille nodded "Yup, I'm OK." Her breathing was laboured, and faint beads of sweat had appeared on her face from the exertion, but she bore a happy smile upon her face.

"So" Zach said "Should I try and move or..."

Camille laughed "Yes, please! Just take it easy"

Zach pulled his hips back only a few inches before he slid back in. He could feel the tight grip of her lips upon his shaft dragging back and forth as he moved. Camille's eyes rolled back into her skull as she let out guttural moans, body overwhelmed by the stimulation.

"Oh god...oh god...oh god" she said over and over as he repeatedly filled her, stretching her to an insane degree. Her legs trembled in his hands, her chest heaving as she sucked in air.

After a few minutes of this, Camille reduced to a quivering mess wrapped around his meat, she tiredly lifted her head "Are you...close?"

He shook his head "Not really. Going this slow, I can keep this up for hours".

Camille's eyes widened, as she visibly shuddered "As exciting as that sounds...I'm ready to call it if that's ok with you?"

Zach nodded "Of course, my love." Gently he retreated, sliding out until his tip slipped free. Her pussy was left visibly gaping, stretched so wide for so long.

Zach moved to get up when Camille caught his eye. "Where do you think you're going?"

"I was going to shower?"

"But I'm not done with you?" She said with a giggle. With her hands she cupped her breasts and pulled them aside, nodding toward the open bed of her cleavage.

Zach grinned as he clambered toward her, his level two cock spearing forth a full three feet in front of him. The energy that coursed through it kept it erect effortlessly and nearly weightless, it's mass barely a burden to him. Leaning forward he lay his throbbing shaft against Camille's chest, his tip just above her chin.

"Mmm" Camille moaned as she reached up and wrapped her arms around his shaft.

"You're mine" she whispered to his cock, as she brought her mouth up to kiss and lick his tip, while her arms and body rubbed against the length of his shaft. "I took you inside of me! I promised you I would, and I did."

Zach groaned at the feeling of her touch upon the length of his shaft, his extension overly sensitive after being teased by her pussy. His balls, swollen to the size of grapefruits ached between his legs, growing tense as they prepared for release.

"Cum for me, baby" Camille purred before she locked her lips around the head of his cock, the one part of him that didn't change size when he extended, and sucked hard, tongue flicking back and forth across his slit.

Zach felt his balls clench and then released. Pure ecstasy filled his body as he felt his cum surge up the shaft before erupting into Camille's mouth. She moaned loudly as his sticky load coated the inside of her mouth, rope after thick rope of cum spurting from his tip. She had to swallow three times, his cock refilling her mouth in between each one.

At last, it ceased, and Zach collapsed back onto the bed. Camille sat up, licking her lips as she pulled her extension back in. "Ok, now we can go shower. Then lunch?"

Zach nodded as he felt his cock retreat back inside of himself, as he let go of his extensions. "Yeah...lunch sounds good..."

The two of them walked down the street hand in hand, on their way to a new lunch spot. They were still very much in love, almost inseparable since their unexpected reunion at the strip club. Contrarily, the world was a much different place than it had been almost a year ago when the two of them had met. Much, much different.

After Rhiannon's introduction of Extensions to the public, there were two outcomes that could've occurred. Either she was ignored, and the phenomena would be passed off as a fraud or a fad until it faded away into the background...or it would grow in strength. The latter had happened.

Extensions were *everywhere*.

It was remarkable how quickly the world had adapted to their presence, long existing prejudices and moral codes abandoned. The sights you could see in public now would shock someone from a year prior.

They were in media. Several young high-profile stars, both actresses and musicians, had become proficient with Extensions, doing entire shows with their breasts swollen to the size of their head. All the high-profile magazines, Cosmo, GQ, Vanity Fair, all of them had celebrities with extensions featured on their covers, both male and female.

They were in advertising. Walking down the busy city street, the billboards on the buildings across the way all featured models who were extended, showcasing their product's ability to contain an extended body. There was an ad for the Gap with women wearing t-shirts, both natural and extended in the same image. Beside it was a long horizontal ad for Calvin Klein, featuring a side shot of an extended male model's waist, his foot long erection demonstrating the super flexible material of their underwear developed to stretch to handle men's extensions. Half of the model's cock was visible through the stretched-out leg hole, something that previously would've gotten the ad banned. Now it was commonplace.

But it wasn't just something that the rich and famous had adopted. Extensions were just as common amongst everyday people. Walking down the street, not a moment went by without Zach and Camille passing a young woman with a chest full of bulging cleavage or a man with tight pants and an imprint that reached down to the middle of his thighs. Even on dating apps it had become commonplace to have whether or not you could achieve an extension listed within your bio.

Of course, all of these extensions, whether seen in an ad or on video, on Instagram or on tinder, all of them were merely level one. Rhiannon, now famous through the western world, only knew how to achieve level one, and so the secret to going further remained just that, a secret. In fact, everyone, including her, didn't even know that what they were doing was called level one. They just thought it was called an extension, and that was that.

Neither Camille nor Zach were extended as they made their way to lunch. Though it would be effortless for either of them to achieve level one, neither of them saw the need today. They'd spent the morning in bed together and had gotten more than their fill of each other's extended bodies.

"This is the place" Camille said, pointing to the modern looking bar at the corner up ahead. "My coworker Gabby told me they have great burgers".

Zach squeezed her hand in his "Sounds great."

The two of them walked in through the door and were immediately greeted by a young woman standing at the hostess podium. She, of course, was extended, wearing a simple tight black dress, her huge breasts bubbling out of the too tight décolletage. With an easy and eager smile, she led them to a table at the back corner of the place.

Zach quickly noted that several of the patrons and pretty much all of the female waitstaff were extended. As time had gone on it truly had become more and more ubiquitous, particularly for the younger population.

Their waitress arrived, a girl in her early twenties, copper red hair done up into a loose bun at the crown of her head, a few loose locks curtailing her face. "Hi there, my name is Brittany and I'll be taking care of you today" she gave both of them a smile, though it was clearly forced.

"Hi Brittany, how are you?" Camille asked with a concerned look.

"Good thanks" Brittany replied with a nod.

"No, you're not" Zach said with a frustrated sigh.

"P-pardon?" Brittany said, flustered by his response.

"You're not good, you're in pain" Zach said, matter-of-factly.

"Oh...I...umm" Brittany stuttered awkwardly, looking down at the floor.

Camille reached out and grabbed her hand "It's OK, honey, we're not upset."

"How did you know?" She whispered.

"Call it a sixth sense" Zach said. "How long have you been extending yourself?"

Britanny looked at her chest, blushing slightly. Her breasts were quite large, almost the size of Soccer balls, stuffed quite unceremoniously into a dress that was several sizes too small. She must have already been quite well endowed before she'd achieved extension.

"I...well..." She stammered.

"Today was your first time, wasn't it?" Camille said, voice kind.

Brittany pursed her lips but then nodded quietly. Camille nodded understandingly. "It's not safe to force yourself to stay extended when you're just starting out. Didn't you learn that?"

Brittany nodded "I did, but I thought it wouldn't be a big deal! Besides all the other girls do it!" She looked over her shoulder at the other waitresses walking around.

"They've probably been practicing longer" Zach said with a sigh. "Do you know how to undo your extension?"

Her lip trembled slightly then she shook her head "No...I was just so excited to figure it out! I didn't think they'd get so big! I was so freaked out I didn't listen to the other half of the video...it really hurts, is it going to hurt this much every time?!"

Camille squeezed the girl's hand again and shook her head "Of course not. Over time, with practice, it'll be easier to maintain. Forcing yourself like this though is not the way to do it. Do you want some help releasing?"

Brittany nodded shyly "Yes, please".

"Zach can teach you, he's better at it, and he's a good teacher" Camille said glancing across the table at her boyfriend.

Zach looked back giving her a smile "Thanks babe. Alright, come sit down."

Brittany frowned looking around awkwardly. "Umm..."

Zach gestured for her to sit. "It's fine, if anyone complains I'll deal with them".

Brittany the waitress nodded, sliding into the booth and sitting down beside him. Her overly plump breasts jiggled and bounced as she moved, her tight dress pressing them against her body. They almost rested upon the table when she sat on the bench beside Zach.

"Alight" Zach said taking her hand. "It's dead simple. Just breath in and out slowly, just like you would have when you extended".

"Okay" Brittany said, quickly syncing her breathing with Zach's.

"Now, focus your mind on your extension. You should be able to final a little clump of energy, like a knot. Do you feel it?"

Brittany's chest rose and fell, cleavage heaving as she breathed. "I...I think so".

"Good. Reach out...and then simply will the knot to come undone. You can do it".

Brittany sat in silence breathing in and out, until suddenly her breasts deflated before them, shrinking down until they were her natural size. Still quite large, easily an F-cup, filling her dress in a much more comfortable manner.

The redhead let out a sigh as she slid back out of the booth. "Thank you. I really appreciate that, that was really hurting".

Zach nodded "Don't worry about it".

Brittany looked at Camille "You're right, he is a good teacher!"

Camille nodded "Yup".

"What would you like to drink, first round is on me" Brittany said, a more natural smile on her face now.

"Oh, you don't have to do that" Zach said. "We'll both just have an iced tea".

"Ok, two iced teas!" Brittany said. "I'll be right back".

Zach watched the waitress leave with a new bounce in her step, then shook his head with a sigh. "This is why it was a secret. So people who don't know what they're doing won't hurt themselves"

Camille reached across the table and grabbed Zach's hands "You don't have to tell me, dude. Nothing we can do about it now, though".

Zach nodded "Do you think she even wanted to do it, or she feels peer pressured because of her job?"

Camille pursed her lips then shook her head. "I get where you're coming from, but I really think she was genuine. The way her eyes lit up when she was talking about how big they'd grown. She was happy".

Zach hummed "Well that's good." His brow furrowed and he cleared his throat, as he pushed down a wavering feeling.

"You, ok?" Camille asked.

Zach gave a half-hearted nod "Yeah...just...a lot of extended people in here".

Camille nodded with a knowing smile. "Mmm, yeah, I guess there is. You want me to help ease the pressure?" A wag of her eyebrows and a wink made her intentions quite clear.

Zach chuckled "Thank you, but I'd rather not get kicked out before we have lunch".

Camille rolled her eyes "Pfft, we would not get kicked out if Brittany caught me giving you a handy."

Zach chuckled "Alright, maybe not. Either way, I'm good thanks. I can handle my shit".

Camille smiled sweetly at him "I know you can, dude. I just couldn't pass up an opportunity to play with my best friend. Oh, there's our drinks!"

Zach was distracted from further discussion on the matter by the arrival of Brittany, looking much happier now, with their iced teas. The truth was he *could* handle himself, he was in control of his body and his urges, though at times these days they did become particularly potent.

Near the beginning, Zach had learned that he had a natural affinity for Extensions, something he'd been grateful for. It had helped him to learn and master his skills quickly as well as discover the path to level two.

However, that natural ability to sense and attune himself with the energy of extensions had now become a burden. Now he unwittingly absorbed and picked up energy from anyone close by who was extended. In a bar filled with dozens of young adults, a large percentage extended, he was awash in the energy, making his head swim.

In times like this he had to consciously hold his extension in, as his body involuntarily attempted to channel that energy into where it would be the most useful. Fuck, he could probably hit level two right now without breaking a sweat.

Camille could feel it as well. She wasn't quite so adept that she was able to absorb it, but she could sense it. This was why she went out to bars with her girlfriends and not Zach. Not that she didn't like partying with her boyfriend, but more she understood the torture that she'd be putting him through, forcing him to spend long periods of time in that brackish bog of sexual energy.

After ordering their burgers, they resumed talking about the show they'd started watching. They didn't get very far when Zach suddenly winced, his brain going foggy.

In the booth across from them four young women and one man in his early thirties filed in, the gentleman sitting in the centre of them. All four of the girls were extended, wearing rather scandalous clothing. Each had deep lines of cleavage showing, plunging necklines showing off a large amount of their swollen busts, which they pressed against one another as they squeezed together in the booth.

"Easy tiger" Camille said, gently rubbing his hand. She'd obviously noticed them enter, as well as Zach's reaction. She knew he'd clocked them and didn't care; he could look at other girls all he wanted; at the end of the day he was hers and no one else's.

"I'm fine" Zach said with a slow breath, taking a sip of his iced tea. His mind spun with the cyclone of fresh energy that bombarded his extension, but he held it back. He was in control.

The group across from them must've stopped at the bar first, as two rounds of shots followed them shortly after their arrival. The man passed them around, and after he said something under his breath, all four of his companions let out an excited 'woo' then downed their first shots. The second ones soon followed, the woman directly to the right of the man having him retrieve his shot from within her cleavage using his mouth.

"Jesus...it's only 12:30" Zach grunted.

Camille chuckled "Never too early to party. When did you become an old man?"

Zach grinned "When I quit being a stripper".

Camille snorted "Don't pin that on me. I was fine with you being a stripper!"

Zach nodded "I know, I know, I was just joking".

Camille's eyes widened, as she continues to watch the group across from them "Oop! Speaking of strippers..."

Zach turned to look at what Camille was referring to, expecting to see one of the women with her tits out. Instead, it was the man, his cock out, tip just barely reaching the top of the table. His eyes were closed, his eyebrows pinched. Then after a few tense moments, his four companions watching eagerly, his cock sprung forth, extending out until it was 9 inches in length, hovering vertically in the air. He opened his eyes and let out a breath of relief, as the four women clapped excitedly. The two nearest to him reached out and touched it, wrapping their hands around it.

Zach shook his head "I still don't get how people are so comfortable with all this. They didn't change the law...that's still public indecency".

Camille shrugged. "I don't mind. This is actually the one good thing I think came out of your Ex revealing extensions to the world. It basically knocked down the last pillar of puritanism, let people finally be comfortable with their sexuality in public. We're all horny monkeys, why should we constantly have to hide it".

Zach smiled "Fair enough. That's actually a nice way to put it."

Camille smiled "Glad you think so. Can I jerk you off now?"

Zach snorted "No! Back woman, back!" He jokingly sprayed her with an invisible spray bottle.

Camille laughed "Can't blame a girl for trying".

Zach chuckled along with her. "You never told me you were so into exhibitionism."

Camille smiled, biting her bottom lip "Sure, I did. On our second date you flashed me your cock under your shirt, and I told you it was the hottest thing I'd ever seen!"

Zach nodded "Oh yeah..."

"But it's more that I'm so into *you*. Just sitting here with you I want to hump your brains out! I was just offering a handy to ease you into it".

Zach blinked, surprised at her genuine sincerity. "Fuck, I love you" he said.

"I love you too!" Camille said, beaming back at him.

Moments later Brittany arrived with their food. "Here you go. Need a refill on your...oh, goodness" As she placed their plates the redhead had noticed the show going on at the table across from them.

"Yeah, they just sat down and started" Camille said, grabbing her burger and chomping into it.

Brittany nodded silently, Watching the man who sat with his arms spread out along the back of the bench, while his four companions took turns stroking his extended shaft.

"He's big..." Brittany murmured absent mindedly.

Camille shrugged "I guess. Zach's bigger"

Zach nearly spit out his mouthful of his own burger in shock at what she'd said. Brittany looked over at him with a shy smile "Really?"

Zach swallowed his bite then shook his head. "No, I'm not."

Camille grinned "Well sure, not right now, but when you're extended you are!"

"I'd like to see that..." Brittany said, her smile widening.

"Wait, what?!" Zach spluttered.

Camille shook her head "Don't mind him, he doesn't know he's hot".

"Camille!" Zach hissed.

"Shy too" Camille teased.

"Please ignore my girlfriend" Zach said, turning to Brittany. "She...just says things sometimes".

"She's not wrong, you are hot" Brittany said, biting her lip, before she walked off.

As soon as the redhead was gone, Camille cracked up. "Dude, you are so easy to get hot and bothered."

Zach rolled his eyes as he picked up his burger again. "Oh, shut up".

"She was cute, though, don't you think?" Camille said.

"I'm not going to answer that" Zach replied.

Camille sighed, "Not trying to play games with you, babe. I'm serious, I thought she was cute. I just thought maybe you'd wanna have some fun..."

Zach looked up at Camille, who was looking down at her burger, her face slightly flushed. "You're serious?"

Camille looked at him and nodded "Yeah, I am. I think it would be fun to share your cock with someone. I'm not saying I'm looking for sister wives...just someone to join us for a threesome...or maybe foursome".

"Foursome!?" Zach said, eyebrows lifting.

Camille snorted "Oh please, don't tell me that you wouldn't enjoy being in his position" She jerked a thumb to the side towards the group across the way, where the four women with extended busts, crowded in close to fawn over the man's towering shaft.

"I mean..." Zach muttered looking away.

Camille grinned "Thought so. I'm not saying we do it this afternoon, frankly I'm still sore from you nearly splitting me in half, but it is something I'd like to do".

Zach nodded "Alright, that's fair. I just wouldn't want you to feel jealous, me with another woman".

Camille cocked her head and smiled "I know, babe, and I love you for it, but I'm good, trust me. Don't you remember that we almost had a threesome that night when I first admitted feelings for you?"

"True..." That night of course had not ended in a threesome, but that conflict was all behind them now.

"Ok, well, I'm in then" Zach said with a nervous smile.

Camille smiled back "Awesome. We're gonna have so much fun. I'm really glad you agreed to try, it's always been a fantasy of mine. Now...how about I get you off to seal the deal?"

Zach snorted "Someone's not giving up..."

"That wasn't a no..."

"No, it wasn't. Get over here"

Camille hastily slid out of the booth to join Zach on his side, snuggling up next to him, her hand finding its way to his zipper. Zach wrapped his arm around her shoulder, pulling him into her as he kissed the side of her head.

Opening his fly, Camille reached in and found her prize waiting for her. "Why'd you change your mind?" She asked, as she gently pulled his cock free.

Zach quietly groaned at the feel of her touch on his member. "I don't know...I guess you wore me down".

Camille chuckled softly. "Right, because you're absolutely going to hate this".

"Exactly" Zach said, taking in a sharp breath as she rolled his foreskin over his head then back down.

"Come on" she urged. "I know you're struggling to hold it back; let him out to play".

Camille was right; he was just barely treading water in the deluge of energy that permeated the bar. All his body wanted to do was to put that energy somewhere, and his cock was the only place it knew. Well, now was the time.

Letting out a slow breath through his nose, he let an inkling of that energy flow forth. The soft sound of flesh crinkling against flesh could be heard, as his extension pushed forth rising up before them. Camille cooed with delight as she slid her hand up with it, tugging on it impatiently until it reached its full length.

Zach took a moment to focus, clamping down on his extension. With how much energy he'd picked up he could've shot straight through to level two, but they didn't need that sort of attention. Level two was still a secret to the world, he wouldn't spoil that for meaningless fun.

Luckily for him, level one was still extremely pleasurable, especially when being touched by another. He'd had his doubts about doing this in public. Even if it was acceptable in these strange times, he still felt weird about it. But now that it was happening, all he needed to focus on was how good it felt; and it felt very good.

Camille's hand slid up and down his thick throbbing shaft, speeding up slightly. She let out a soft moan from the back of her throat and moments later Zach felt the hefty mass of her extended breasts press against him. He held her tight, an arm wrapped around her as she moved fluidly, body pressed against his.

"Can I get you two-Oh!" Brittany the waitress had returned to the table, only to find the couple engaged in an act of passion. "I'll come back in a few minutes" she said, face blushing.

"Don't go" Camille said, from where her head was tucked under Zach's chin.

"I'm sorry?" Brittany said, unsure that she'd heard her correctly.

"You said you wanted to see it" Camille said, sliding her hand down to the base of his cock and gripping it. "Here it is" She gave it a little shake, making Zach groan and his shaft wiggle back and forth.

"You're right" Brittany said, looking back and forth to see if anyone was watching, then stepping closer. "He *is* bigger"

Camille smiled "Told you".

"Can...can I touch it?" Brittany murmured.

"I don't know, can she, baby?" Camille asked, tilting her head up towards Zach.

Zach nodded with a grunt; eyes squeezed shut as he relished this moment.

Brittany's face split into a smile, as she leaned forward, extending a hand towards his twitching shaft, held still by Camille's hand gripping its base. Zach let out a shuddering breath as he felt her fingers delicately graze the thickest part of his shaft, as wide around as a can of pop.

"Ooo...he's so hard!" Brittany breathed as her fingers grasped it. She squeezed gently and began to jerk up and down rapidly, when Camille caught her wrist.

"Go slow. Extensions are extra sensitive; we don't want to overstimulate him".

Brittany nodded, slowing her movements to a lazy pattern, sliding up and down, tugging his foreskin slowly over his head and then back down.

Zach opened his eyes and looked at Camille "Oh, come on..."

"Hush" Camille said with a smirk. "Don't interrupt"

Camille was technically correct that extensions are indeed more sensitive, but Zach was also more than acclimatized to that increased sensitivity. They didn't need to worry about overstimulating him; Camille was just toying with him, teasing him.

"I've never touched an extended dick before. It feels nice" Brittany mused as she continued to stroke Zach, her movements agonizingly slow.

Camille nodded, her hands still firmly gripping his base "They're a lot of fun, yes. Zach's especially. We could show you sometime..."

Brittany looked at Camille with a nervous smile "You mean...?"

Camille nodded "If you wanted to. I think you're cute, and Zach *really* thinks your cute. He liked your extended tits".

Beside them Zach groaned as his cock lurched, twitching as it desperately desired more stimulation. This was actually far hotter than he'd thought it would be, especially those two talking about him. But dammit, he really wanted to cum, and it would take quite a while like this.

"He did!" Brittany beamed "Well...I can maybe push them out again if he'd like it..."

"That won't be necessary" Camille said quickly "You're still new, and we wouldn't want you to hurt yourself. You just keep doing what you're doing. Nice and slow...nice...and...slow"

"Hnng...fuck off" Zach muttered.

"What was that?" Brittany asked.

"Nothing." Camille said, giving the base of his cock a squeeze, telling him to be quiet. "Don't worry, he's enjoying himself".

He was and wasn't at the same time. It was torturous and heavenly all in one. His cock throbbed eagerly, his pelvic and ab muscles spasming as his body was edged closer and closer to orgasm.

"Keep going. Hold on tight" Camille said softly.

Brittany nodded, an eager smile on her face as she continued to ever so slowly tug up and down on his shaft. Zach's breathing had turned into laboured pants as he flexed his Kegels trying to force his orgasm forth. Almost there...almost...

His eyes squeezed tight, jaw clenching as he finally tipped over the edge. His cock lunged upward, as a thick glob of cum burbled from the tip and flowed lazily down the head.

Zach let out a series of deep guttural moans as he came. He opened his eyes when he felt an unexpected sensation on the tip of his cock, as well as heard Camille let out a soft cry of surprise.

He found himself looking at the side of Brittany's head, bent over in front of him, her lips around the tip of his cock lapping up his cum.

"Oh fuck..." He moaned as he felt her tongue lick his slit.

"Ooo, what a good girl" Camille murmured.

After those brief moments of ecstasy his climax passed, and his cock retreated. Brittany stood up straight and wiped her lips, suddenly looking afraid.

"Oh my god, I'm sorry! I shouldn't have done that without asking. It just felt right..."

Zach gingerly slipped his penis back into his pants and then sat up straight. "Don't worry, you're good".

Camille chuckled "Well obviously you enjoyed it, but she's right; she *should* ask permission. Luckily for her I would've said yes".

Brittany's shoulders visibly slumped as she sighed with relief, while Zach smirked at his girlfriend "You would've said yes? It's my cock, shouldn't she be asking me for permission?"

Camille tapped him lightly on the nose "No, dude. Your cock belongs to me, remember?"

Zach smiled "Fair enough." Then he turned to their redhead waitress. "Thank you, Brittany, that was fantastic, though Camille did lie to you. You didn't have to go that slow."

Brittany frowned "Oh...I'm sorry".

Camille laughed "Don't be sorry. I enjoyed watching him squirm, it was hot."

Brittany giggled "It was, wasn't it. Do you two need anything else?"

Zach shook his head "Just the bill, thanks. You'll be getting quite a good tip".

Brittany grinned and gave them a quick nod of thanks, then scurried off to fetch them their tab. Meanwhile Camille slid out of the booth and moved back across to sit on her side.

"You" Zach said with a wry smile, wagging a finger at her "Are going to pay for that".

Camille gave him a shit eating grin "I look forward to it".

Brittany returned a few minutes later with their bill. On the bottom of it was a phone number written in pen, surrounded by a heart.

Zach lounged comfortably on the spacious black leather sofa in his and Camille's shared apartment. Camille was out at the moment; she'd told him she needed to pick up some essentials. He'd offered to join her, to keep her company, but she'd inexplicably forbidden it. Oh well, he was fine to stay home and chill.

Browsing on his laptop resting on the cushion beside him, he scrolled through news articles about the world. Mostly things that he found uninteresting or didn't care to learn more about, though on the second page he spotted a headline that caught his attention.

"Rhiannon Page, Extension Guru sits down for an intimate chat about her new life".

Zach rolled his eyes, but despite his disdain for his Ex-girlfriend, he clicked on the article. He was curious to see what tripe she'd spouted.

The article opened describing their setting, the interviewer joining Rhiannon at her Malibu beach house. Zach knew that she'd moved to the West coast shortly after she became famous, though he hadn't known she'd settled in Malibu in particular.

"I know you've been asked this before, Ms. Page, but please for me, how did you discover extensions? You've changed the world, but no one really knows how you did it!"

In between paragraphs there was a picture of his Ex sitting comfortably on a large plush chair. She wore an elegant white linen sundress, one that'd clearly been custom made for her, as it curbed around her full, round, extended bust perfectly but also cinched in tight around her narrow waist. Her long brown hair flowed loose around her, an easy smile on her face as she looked off to the right of the camera.

"I'm afraid there's no big secret! I've always been very in tune with my body, very one with nature. I did yoga, and Pilates, burned incense, meditated. Throughout it all I just felt that my body was capable of more...and when I decided to push, well the rest is history!"

Zach audibly scoffed. All of it was bullshit. He seriously doubted that Rhiannon had meditated once in her entire life. She hadn't just accidentally waltzed into it, she'd discovered extensions from him, and he'd learned them from Camille.

But of course, Rhiannon would never admit that; she'd built her fame on being the so-called discoverer of this phenomena that had swept the modern world. She'd been featured on talk shows, invited all around the world to do conventions and expos. She'd made serious bank from it and now was living a life of ease in California with a couple million followers on Instagram. Her dreams of becoming a fashion influencer had come true in the most unexpected way.

Zach scrolled through the rest of the article, skimming it. Most of it was just Rhiannon talking about her new life, all the nice things she had, the places she'd been to, all things that Zach didn't give two shits about. It's not that he was jealous of her, he didn't want the fame that she'd acquired. He just was still bitter that she'd betrayed their secret so readily.

Camille had let go of her anger and found satisfaction in the new world order. She'd been angry at what Rhiannon had done at first, but as she witnessed more and more people follow them down the path of extensions she felt less and less ire.

Extensions had been a secret and that had come with stress. They couldn't both live and enjoy a vibrant social life but also indulge their desire to look the way they wanted to look. Now they could. Now she could extend herself and walk down the street and no one would bat an eye. They'd probably gawk because she was gorgeous and her extended breasts were sheer perfection, but that was it. That alone had brought her peace. The fact that the world had become dramatically more comfortable with exhibitionist behaviour; that was just the cherry on top for Camille.

Zach was more torn. Part of him preferred when it was a secret, just something that he shared with Camille and Camille alone. Now that specialness was gone.

At least level two remained hidden.

Perhaps however, that part of him that regretted the change to the world, was just the part of him that was still angry at his Ex-girlfriend. He just associated *anything* with her as negative.

He'd never considered that as a possibility, but after lunch a few days ago when they'd met Brittany and he'd enjoyed the 'benefits' of this new paradigm, he'd started to rethink some things.

Foremost, he needed to work on letting go of his anger. Let himself enjoy things the way they were. It's not like he could change them. Extensions and the sexual liberation they'd brought had irreversibly altered society. There was no going back now.

He reached the end of the article where the interviewer hit her with a softball question.

"So, what's next for Rhiannon Page? Anything new in the world of our extension queen?"

"Yes, in fact. Next month is the first annual extension fest! A place for anyone to come and celebrate life with an extension! I imagine it'll be like this generation's Woodstock! Adults only of course!"

"Wow sounds fantastic! Where will that be?"

"In Malibu, at-"

Zach looked up as he heard the key in the door. He closed his laptop, not at all keen to find out where his Ex intended to host herself indulgent ego fest in Malibu.

Dammit, there he was letting his anger bubble up again. What Rhiannon did with her life was no longer his concern, he needed to get better at not dwelling on her. What he really needed was to focus on the positive things in his life.

Like his girlfriend entering the apartment with two rather beautiful young women.

"Hey dude" Camille said with a grin as she led her two guests in.

"Hey" He replied. He immediately noticed that she carried no bags, or other such grocery carrying accessories. "Uhh, I thought you were going out to get some necessities?"

Camille nodded as she kicked off her flats "Yeah, I did. They're right here" she gestured to the two young women who'd accompanied her in.

"Oh lord" Zach said rolling his eyes.

"You remember Brittany?" Camille said.

"Hi Zach" Brittany said, giving him a tiny wave with her fingers.

Zach looked at the redhead who stood closest to Camille with an excited smile on her face. It was indeed their waitress, the same waitress who'd eagerly lapped the cum from his cock... he hadn't recognized her, she was all dolled up with elaborate makeup, wearing a girlish green dress, her copper hair wore loose instead of up, falling down past her shoulders in curly waves.

"Hi! Yes, of course I remember. Lovely to see you again" Zach said giving her a friendly smile.

"And this is Holly" Camille continued, waving the other girl forward.

She was quite the contrast to Brittany's bubbly innocence. She was short and thin, eyes coated with thick black eyeliner, lips painted the same charcoal shade. Her hair was dyed green, the right side of her head shaved with her hair pulled over to the left. She wore a black mesh top, her lace bra visible underneath, black denim shorts below with fish net stockings. Her jaw was constantly in motion as she chewed on gum.

“Sup” she said, her voice a low alto.

“Hey...” Zach said giving her a nod, before turning back to Camille “Is Holly a friend of yours? You've never mentioned her before”.

Camille walked over and gave him a kiss in greeting before she answered. “No, we just met today”.

“For real?” Zach said, “You just found her on the street or something?”

Camille rolled her eyes as she smirked at him “No dude, I found her on tinder”.

“Tinder?!”

“Yeah, after we talked about inviting guests into our bedroom, I started looking for candidates. Brittany was an easy choice. Holly, I found a few days ago. Her profile said she was a total slut for giant cocks; you can understand why I thought she'd be a good choice”.

Zach shook his head in bewilderment “Wow, this is a lot at once. So, what, you just messaged her and asked her if she'd like to participate in a foursome and she said yes?”

Camille smiled “No, of course not. We all had coffee together just now, just so I could get a sense if she was cool, but also to lay down some ground rules”.

“Ground rules?” Zach asked.

“Nothing you need to worry about, love. Just girl stuff. So...where would you like us?”

Zach blinked in surprise looking back and forth between Camille and their guests “Right now?”

Camille nodded “That was the plan...unless you had better things to do then fuck three gorgeous girls...”

“No! No definitely not. Uh...shit, I don't know...” Zach said with an awkward smile.

Camille shook her head with a smile “Poor boy, doesn't know what to do with us. Fine, we'll start” Placing a hand on his chest she pushed him back, sending him stumbling back on to the couch. She waved the two girls over as she herself started to get undressed, pulling off her t-shirt.

Brittany hurried over excitedly as she slipped out of her dress. Holly sauntered over slowly, her expression bored, though she too disrobed. Her nipples were pierced, Zach discovered when she undid and removed her bra.

“Wow, Camille, you have a great body” Brittany said as she walked up beside the blonde, inspecting her toned physique, abs visible on her midsection.

Camille smiled "Thanks Brit. You need help getting extended?"

The redhead shook her head, blushing slightly "No, thank you! I've been practicing since last week. Thank you again, Zach, your instructions really were helpful!"

Zach nodded "Yeah...of course...no problem" His mouth had gone dry, as his arousal built staring up at the three women who stood before him.

Brittany closed her eyes and began to breath in and out slowly, and before long her already sizable breasts swelled outward, expanding out into the round full globes she'd had when he's first met her. She opened her eyes and let out a coo of delight, hands reaching up to cup them from below.

Beside her, Holly didn't stop chewing her gum, only closing her eyes for a brief moment before she too pushed out her extension, tits swelling to the size of melons. "Alright, let's see what you got" she said nodding towards him.

"Pardon?" Zach replied.

"Your cock; let's see it" Holly repeated, putting her hands on her hips as she stared down at him.

Zach was too shocked by her bluntness to argue. And it's not like she was out of line, they'd shown him theirs, it was only fair to return the favour. Wordlessly he slid his pants down, kicking them free, then with barely a thought he summoned his extension pushing out to level one. The head of his cock rose up, the thick shaft of his extension emerging from within until it reached its level one length, a quivering shaft ten inches long.

Holly huffed "That's it? That's not that big..."

Brittany frowned "What are you talking about? It's huge! Ooo, I want to touch it. Can I?" She turned to Camille with her question.

Camille shook her head "Not yet. You ready baby?"

Zach looked at her "Do you mean...?"

Camille nodded with a grin "I do".

Zach grinned back "Yeah, I'm ready".

Camille looked over at the two girls who stood beside her, one eager the other unenthused. "Remember what we talked about. Anything and everything that happens within these walls stays between us, yes?"

Brittany nodded excitedly, while Holly just shrugged. It was close enough to agreement. Camille looked back at Zach and then, taking a single deep breath, pushed out her own extension, her beautiful breasts swelling with ease to their level one size, perfect orbs of creamy flesh, their size roughly halfway between Brittany's pendulous globes and Holly's tight, perky melons.

Zach had already absorbed small bits of energy from Brittany and Holly extending, but he wasn't in tune with them like he was with Camille. When she extended his mind was filled with a flood of power, desperate to fulfil its purpose. And so, he let it flow, pushing it unto his extension.

Holly shook her head "I don't get it, what's the big deal with all the secrecy? Are you guys like ashamed to be having a foursome? This-"

She stopped talking as she saw his cock twitch, followed by the sound of flesh stretching and rubbing against itself. Zach let out a satisfied moan as he pushed forward to level two, the head of his cock rising high into the air. His shaft thickened as the extension emerged, the underside sloping out to its thickest point. After ten seconds it was done, his pillar of flesh rising a full three feet from his lap, his newly swollen balls filling the space between his legs.

"Oh my god..." Brittany whispered.

Holly grinned "Goddamn, now that is a fucking cock! How the fuck did you do that!?"

Camille stepped forward and gently lay a hand upon the side of his shaft, like she was calming a horse. She bit her lip and took a breath to help herself focus. She was likely feeling a similar storm of energy within, after absorbing the release from Zach going to level two.

"It's a long story" Camille said, looking over at the other girls. "But to put it plainly; there's a lot more to extensions than what Rhiannon Page can teach you".

"Is that so?" Holly said "Fair enough. I'm in"

Brittany stared silently at the imposing sight of Zach's cock whose tip was at her eye level. "So big..." she whispered.

Camille smiled "It feels bigger than it looks, especially when it's inside you".

Brittany looked at her eyes wide with shock "You took that?"

Camille nodded. On Brittany's other side Holly smiled "Of course she did, how could you *not* want to ride that monster?"

Brittany gulped "I don't think I could..."

Camille rested a hand on her shoulder "Not at first, you have to build up to it over time. We'll start you with a level one cock".

"Level one?"

"Are we going to stand around all day or are we going to fuck?" Holly interjected "Or if you two want to keep chatting, I'll take jumbo there with me to the bedroom and tame that beast".

Camille snorted "You talk a big game, Holly. Alright then, let's go".

The three women filed into the bedroom, Zach following them. Holly immediately jumped onto the bed, flipping onto her back and spreading her legs.

Camille followed her, clambering to kneel beside her, reaching down between the other girl's legs to lightly rub her pussy, feeling how wet she was. Brittany stood awkwardly at the foot of the bed, unsure of what to do. Zach got onto the end of the bed on his knees, his colossal cock protruding out before him almost reaching the two girls at the head of the bed.

"Come here" Zach said, turning around and waving Brittany over. The redhead scurried over a nervous smile on her face as she climbed onto the bed to kneel beside him.

"What should I do?" She said quietly.

"Whatever you want" Zach said with a smile. "But if you're looking for suggestions; no matter how much of my cock Holly thinks she can take there's still going to be quite a lot left outside of her".

Brittany nodded with a smile "Okay!"

"She's ready for you, babe" Camille said from the head of the bed. Holly was bent upward, propping herself up with her elbows, looking at him over her full round tits. Her legs were folded up on either side, feet planted on the mattress. Camille's fingers rubbed back and forth across the girl's pussy; the sound of her wetness audible.

Zach gently eased himself forward, aiming the head of his cock towards Holly. As he neared, Camille reached out and placed a hand just below the head, helping to guide him in. His tip pressed against Holly's entrance and then slipped in.

Holly's face twitched slightly "Ok, he's not that big, I've had...Oh Fuck...Oh Fuuuuuuck" Holly was partially right, he wasn't that big near the head of his cock which remained unchanged in size after extending. But she'd underestimated how much it tapered out immediately beyond the head. She soon found herself stretched much more than she'd expected as he pushed the thickest section of his extension into her.

"What's wrong? Too big?" Camille teased.

Holly took several quick breaths then shook her head. "Just gotta...get used to it...fuck me...so full..."

On the other end of the bed Zach was enjoying the stimulation that came from both ends of his cock. Holly's pussy tightly gripping the end, and then by the base he enjoyed the warmth of Brittany's massive tits that she'd draped over this shaft, crouching beside it. It wasn't quite a tit-fuck, but it was close, and it felt quite nice, the warmth and weight of her large breasts.

Camille continued to gently rub Holly's clit as she acclimatized herself to Zach's cock. Every few moments he eased a little bit more in, earning gurgling moans from Holly, and making the distension on her stomach and lower abdomen slightly more prominent.

The punk girl's brow scrunched as she reached over and lightly patted Camille's arm "Fuck, ok...I'm tapping out..." Holly groaned. "Not giving up...just...need a break".

Zach slowly pulled back, his cock leaving Holly with a wet shlorp. Her head collapsed onto the pillow as she let out a sigh of relief. "Fucking hell"

"Move over." Camille urged, pushing her gently. "It's my turn".

Holly slid herself over, legs shaking slightly, as Camille took her place, assuming the same position. She smiled up at Zach "Give it to me, dude".

Zach grinned as he moved himself forward again, spearing into Camille. He moved less hesitantly with her, plunging himself unto his thickest point quickly. Camille let out a long slow exhale, as she felt herself become stretched tight, but then she smiled nodding at him to continue.

Zach began to thrust, hips pumping as he pulled in and out in short smooth strokes. He only moved a few inches at a time, but that was more than enough. Camille moaned loudly as he repeatedly filled her, gently pressing against her back wall before retreating.

Brittany had changed position, kneeling up against his cock lifting her breasts to support it from underneath. Her head she'd bent forward to plant gentle kisses along his shaft, though now she simply rested upon it gazing down the length of him to where he fucked Camille.

"Oh my god...that is really hot" she murmured.

"Yeah?" Zach grunted "Well, you're next".

Brittany looked back at him with a giggle and a smile, biting her lip before she returned to kissing and licking his cock.

When they'd first tried this a week ago, taking his incredibly thick level two cock, Camille had struggled between pain and pleasure. Today there was just pleasure.

She didn't know whether it was because she was just more used to it, or she was more turned on because of the situation, or perhaps even she subconsciously wanted to outperform Holly. The reason didn't matter, all that mattered was how amazing it felt.

She was doing it, having sex with Zach at level two and it felt simply divine. To be so full, stretched so wide. Every thrust rubbed against her G spot simply because his cock filled her to absolute capacity. Her jaw flapped noiselessly as she was gripped in wave after wave of pleasure.

As her hands gripped the mattress tightly, legs quivering, hips bucking, she didn't think it could get any better. And then it did.

Holly had recovered enough come back and return the favour, her fingers rapidly rubbing in circles around Camille's clit.

"OH FUCK!!" Camille shrieked at the unexpected added stimulation, turning her whole body to jelly. She came shortly after, collapsing onto the bed in a trembling mess.

Zach pulled out with a satisfied grunt, rolling his head back and forth to stretch. Beside him Brittany looked nervous as she shuffled back. As he'd promised, it was her turn.

That nervousness dissipated as with a simple mental manoeuvre, he pulled back in his cock to level one, returning it to being merely huge.

"Thank you" Brittany murmured quietly.

Zach nodded with a smile. Then he pointed at the bed "On your knees"

The redhead complied, crawling over and facing away from him, presenting her rear end. Her large globular breasts filled the space below her, nearly reaching the mattress.

Zach reach forward and gripped his shaft beneath the head, far smaller than it had just been but still incredibly thick. He moved forward on his knees, guiding his tip towards Brittany until he felt the warm wetness of her pussy.

"Please be gentle" she said looking over her shoulder at him. Zach nodded with a kind smile, then slowly eased himself in.

"Ohhhhhhh..." Brittany let out a long droning moan as his cock slid into her, filling her up. It was easily the largest thing she'd ever had in her vagina, and she felt it tingling with a mix of pleasure and pain. Her fingers clutched the sheets tightly as she felt him plunge deeper and deeper until he touched bottom. He'd been gentle as promised though there was a limit to how gentle he could be.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck" She whined as she squirmed with his cock deep inside her.

"You're so fucking big! Goddammit!"

"Pfft, that's not big" Holly said from where she sat by the headboard.

Camille shot Holly a silencing glare as she crawled over to Brittany. She quickly motioned for Zach to not move then lowered herself, so her head was level with the young redheads. "Hey, you, ok? If it's too much just say so"

Brittany opened her eyes and looked at Camille, her face tight, jaw clenched. After a moment of contemplation, she shook her head. "No, I can do this. I have to do this".

Camille reached up and gently caressed the girl's cheek "Brittany, you don't have to do anything".

The redhead nodded "You're right. I meant I want to do this...but fuck, he's so big! Does it get easier after a while?"

Camille nodded "A little bit, it'll help more if you relax. You being tense makes you tighter".

"Oh, ok. Relax...I can do that... how can I-"

Camille stopped the girl from spiralling by leaning and locking lips with her. The two shared a sweet and tender kiss, while Zach held his throbbing cock deep inside Brittany. As the two girls continued to make out, he could feel a noticeable release of tension around his cock, as Brittany's body relaxed.

Camille, not ending the kiss, raised a hand and waved at Zach, beckoning him. Zach understood her meaning and slowly began to move, sliding out of Brittany and then thrusting back in. The redhead shuddered as he did so, but she didn't cry out in pain. It was an intense sensation but no longer an unpleasant one.

Camille pulled away, no longer needing to distract the girl as Zach began to fuck her in earnest, his thrusts speeding up to a moderate pace. Brittany's entire body lurched forward each time he thrust into her, and she let out a little squeak of joy. Beneath her, her voluminous breasts swayed back and forth in rhythm with their fucking.

Camille moved off the bed and walked over to stand behind Zach, leaning up against him to whisper in his ear. "You look so fucking hot, fucking this little redhead I got for you".

Zach turned to face her, reaching back with a free hand and pulling her face to his to share in a kiss while he continued to fuck Brittany. "I fucking love you" he grunted.

Camille ran her hands up through his hair as she kissed him once more "I love you too. You close?"

He shook his head "I almost came when you did just now, but didn't quite get there. So...now I'm good to go for as long as you all need".

Camille grinned "I think we're going to need quite a lot".

Zach winked at her "Happy to oblige".

In front of him Brittany laid on top of her breasts, her arms no longer able to support her, as she let out wordless cries each time he plunged into her. Sensing she needed a break, Zach pulled out, at which point her legs finally collapsed, leaving her a moaning wreck.

“Shit...is she ok?” Zach asked when she didn't get up immediately. He could faintly hear her muttering words, “Fuck” and “Oh my god” often being repeated.

Camille chuckled “Dude, she's way better than ‘ok’”.

“She's dick drunk” Holly said from where she lounged on the pillows. “Something I would like to be. So how about you bring back your monster, I want another round”.

Zach nodded, crawling around the still supine Brittany. “A little help?” Zach asked looking at Camille. His girlfriend nodded, taking a deep breath and pulling her extension in then immediately pushing it back out, breasts shrinking and growing in a single moment. Zach was hit with the wave of energy from her and immediately forced it into his cock. With little resistance his cock extended further, reaching out to level two once more.

Holly stared reverently at the impressive length of his cock that was now nearly in reach for her. “How do you do that? How do you make your extension go further?”

“It's not as complicated as you'd think, anyone can do it...Aha, I was wondering how long this would take”?

Zach was looking over at Camille who stood at the foot of the bed, eyes closed as she panted. She would've just absorbed the release of energy he'd output going to level two and unlike before, was now using it to springboard herself to join him at the next level.

Brittany weakly lifted her head “What...what's she doing?”

Camille tensed her whole body as she forced the energy to bend to her will. Even after all these months she wasn't as skilled as Zach though not by much. It took her only twenty seconds from start to finish before suddenly her already large breasts, swelled ever further, ballooning unto great massive spheres, each two feet across. She let out a happy sigh as she opened her eyes, grinning.

“How do I look?” She said coyly, shimmying her shoulders to make her gigantic new tits bounce back and forth slapping against each other.

Both Holly and Brittany jerked upright, eyes as wide as saucers.

“Girls can go bigger too?!” Brittany squealed.

“You have to teach us” Holly demanded.

Camille laughed as she danced forward onto the bed, enormous breasts flopping up and then down as she landed. On her knees on the mattress, they nearly completely hid her from view.

“We will teach you. Well not we, Zach will teach you, but not today. Today is just about fun and getting to know one another.”

Brittany nodded then flopped back down on to the mattress, body still spent.

Holly shrugged "Alright fine. But if that's the case then I need that thing back inside me now" she pointed at Zachs cock hovering over the mattress.

'That can be arranged" Zach said. The punk girl spread her legs wide once more and beckoned him forward with her fingers.

Zach clambered closer, until his tip was in reach. Holly leaned forward and grabbed his shaft with both hands, pulling it down and guiding it towards her entrance. Once more his tip pressed against the wet warmth of her pussy before she pulled him in.

She let out a long slow breath as she adjusted to the feeling of him stretching her. She was doing better than her first attempt as she was stretched wider and wider around his girthy shaft.

"Just...just give me a sec..." She grunted when he touched bottom. Still with him inside her, she lifted herself up and then carefully rotated around his shaft until she was on her knees, her ass facing him.

"That's better...alright...now, fuck me...and don't you fucking hold back...I can take it" She looked over her shoulder and glared at him. Zach looked over at Camille who just shrugged with a smile. Zach nodded silently to himself.

Alright, if she insisted.

Zach pumped his hips pulling back half a foot before slamming hard back into Holly. The green haired girl let out a shocked cry as his cock was forced into her. He could see her legs quivering so he paused for a moment.

"You good?"

She nodded "Oh yeah...that's exactly what I wanted...do that again until I'm so dick drunk, I pass out".

"Jesus..." He muttered. But if that's what she wanted...

And so, he continued, pulling back then ramming in hard. Each time Holly shrieked and moaned, sometimes crying out expletives.

"Fuck! God! Yes! Yes! FUCK!!!"

Zach was momentarily distracted as Camille moved in close. Turning to face away from him, she swung her legs over his cock and then sat down upon it, looping an arm behind her around Zachs neck to keep herself in place.

Usually, her weight would've been a burden, but level two came with its share of benefits. He could feel her on him, her wet pussy grinding against the base of his shaft, her enormous breasts that flowed off her chest, enveloping his cock from above, but it was like she was weightless, the power of his extension keeping him going.

“DONT FUCKING STOP!” Holly yelled. Zach resumed motion, now with his girlfriend riding upon his cock, rubbing her breasts against the part of his shaft that wasn't inside Holly.

His conscious mind left him, as he became simply a vessel of pleasure, fucking Holly into oblivion for minutes on end as Camille gleefully rode upon him like his cock was a bucking bronco. At one point he even felt gentle hands gripping and massaging his oversized swollen sack from behind; it was Brittany having recovered enough and wanting to participate in whatever way she could.

After he'd almost come earlier, Zach had known climbing that mountain again wouldn't be easy. But it was definitely going to happen now. He was at the nexus of a hurricane of sexual pleasure, all focused on him and his cock. He felt his mighty shaft lurch and twitch.

Camille leaned back and whispered onto his ear. “Come on my love. Cum for us!”

Her words of encouragement pushed Zach over the edge. His climax crashed down upon him, as he released a long guttural roar. His cock lunged forth with power, rising up and up...Holly along with it.

As he came his cock lifted until it projected at a 45-degree angle up from his body. Camille sat upon the base gazing up in awe, while Holly was hoisted up off the mattress, arms and legs dangling as she was impaled on the end of his cock.

“OH MY GOOOOOD!!” Holly cried as all at once her legs and arms trembled violently, her own climax hitting her. She was bounced up and down in the air as his cock lurched as it spewed his cum into her pussy.

And then they all collapsed as one. Zach fell backward Camille landing on top of him, as his extension pulled back in. Holly was dumped onto the pillows landing unceremoniously. Brittany at least had had the good sense to move out of the way and now sat on the other side of the bed, witnessing the pile of bodies.

“Holy shit” Zach muttered after a minute of silence had passed, everyone too spent to say anything.

Camille laughed, crawling over to kiss him, her own breasts pulled back into level one. “Am I the best girlfriend in the world or what?”

Zach laughed and hugged her tight. Without a doubt, he knew she was.

The next morning Zach was on the couch watching TV, struggling to focus on it, as he found himself surrounded by four women. Holly and Brittany were present; they'd never left. Camille sat on his right, snuggled up against him head on his shoulder, while Brittany sat on his left, sitting close, hand resting on his lap. Holly sat cross-legged on the floor leaning against his legs.

Zach wasn't quite sure what to think of the situation that had developed. After the explosive session of lovemaking that the four of them had shared yesterday afternoon, Zach had thought their two guests would clean themselves up and head home. They *had* cleaned up...but then they'd just made themselves comfortable.

The day had stretched on, Camille had ordered Indian takeout, enough for four people, and the afternoon had turned into evening, then turned into night. They'd even slept in the bed with them. The king bed had been a bit cramped fitting four of them, but they all managed to fall asleep and earn a night of rest.

Oddest of all was that none of it was ever discussed or questioned. Camille had never asked them whether they wanted to stick around, nor had Holly or Brittany questioned how long they were welcome. At the end of the day, they'd simply climbed into bed, flanking Camille and Zach, the blonde happily snuggling up beside him, not mentioning the two women who laid on either side of them.

It was now mid-morning, and neither of the two girls seemed to be in any rush to go anywhere. Camille had lent them pyjamas, which they still wore. They'd had breakfast, Camille had made her famous scrambled eggs for the group, and Zach had assumed after they ate, they'd leave. But they hadn't.

A peculiar thought ran through his head. A memory of the conversation they'd had at the restaurant last week, where Camille had joked that she wasn't looking to start a harem...

He pushed the thought away, that was a ridiculous notion. But then...yesterday. She'd mentioned that she'd met up with the other two to discuss ground rules...girl stuff, she'd said. Ground rules for what?

He looked back and forth, eyes darting between the three women around him. Camille snuggling up to him was expected, and then Brittany resting beside him; she seemed the friendly touchy-feely type, so he couldn't read much into that. But then there was Holly, she definitely gave off 'handle with care' vibes, and yet here she was lounging against his legs, like she was some concubine.

"Camille..." Zach said.

"Yeah, dude?" Camille said, not looking up from the television.

"What's..."

He paused, not finishing his question. Camille looked at him then, Brittany and Holly turning to look at him shortly after.

“Yeah?” Camille said with a confused smile.

“What is it bab- I mean Zach?” Brittany asked, quickly correcting herself after a warning look from Camille.

Zach smiled and shook his head “Nothing, it's nothing.”

In the past he'd received the advice that sometimes he needed to get out on his own way. This was one of those moments where that applied. His curiosity at the specific dynamic in play was irrelevant. He just needed to shut up and enjoy the moment.

“So” he said, “What would you all like to do today?” If none of them were going to address the fact that the two girls weren't leaving any time soon, then neither would he.

“Well,” Camille said sitting up “I have some errands to run, actual errands this time, not clandestine meetups with sexy ladies” The three girls giggled together before Camille continued.

“So, it looks like you three are on your own until later”.

Brittany leaned against him “Can you teach us today? How to make ourselves bigger?”

Holly turned around again and nodded “That would be my vote”.

Zach shrugged “Sure, we can try. No promises we'll get there but I'll do my best”.

Camille smiled “I have no doubt that they'll get it. Alright I'm going to get dressed and head out. You three have fun. Love you, Zach” she grabbed his chin and pulled him toward her to indulge in a long kiss.

“Mmm, love you too!” Zach said with a grin as she let him go. Camille smiled smugly as she stood and left, pausing only to give the other two girls a knowing look. There was certainly a subtext going on between the three of them, but it was obviously not for Zach to know.

Zach looked back at the two girls left with him, sweet, cute, busty Brittany, and waifish, provocative Holly. “So, when would you like to start?”

“Now” They replied in unison.

Zach chuckled “sounds good. First things first, we get naked and you two need to be extended.”

The two girls obediently stood and disrobed, then together they closed their eyes and began to breath in that meditative pattern, their bodies tensing. Zach was not left to wait long, after only twenty seconds Holly pushed out her extension, then Brittany shortly after. They both let out a breath of contentment as they finished growing, two delectable, large and round pairs of tits hovering before him.

“Reaching level one, what you can do right now, is just about control over your own body. Level two requires more than that, it requires a connection. Bodies in sync, feeding off one another, sharing the energy that comes from extensions.”

“Now, I'm going to warn you that reaching level two is not easy. Camille was a veteran of many years, and it took her a lot of effort to unlock level two”.

“Years?” Holly said with a frown “Rhiannon only discovered extensions like 9 months ago?”

Zach said nothing for a moment as he felt his anger flare up at the mention of his Ex. He pushed it down then shook his head “That's all bullshit. Rhiannon didn't discover extensions, I taught her; she's my Ex-girlfriend. Extensions have existed long before Rhiannon blabbed about them”.

Brittany gaped “Your Rhiannon's Ex?! Holy shit!”

Zach sighed “Yes. Can we get back on track?”

Brittany blushed “Sorry”.

“It's alright. So, the next step will be to get our bodies in sync with one another. I've never done this with two people, but the theory is the same. I'll need you two as close to me as possible.”

The two girls moved forward awkwardly, unsure of where they should go. Zach took charge, spreading his legs slightly and then gesturing for them to get on his lap. Brittany straddled his left knee, Holly his right, both of them facing him. Their breasts pressed against one another where they met in the middle, and if they leaned forward only slightly, they'd smush up against Zach himself.

“Aren't you going to get extended?” Holly asked with a sceptical look.

Zach nodded “I will when the time is right. This comes first” Reaching up he wrapped a hand around each of their necks gripping them gently. “I need you to follow my lead; breath like I do, matching my rhythm. Don't speak unless you absolutely have to, it disrupts the pattern.

Zach breathed in slowly and deeply, steadily filling his lungs with air. He could feel Brittany and Holly do the same, their chests lifting as they inhaled. Then after holding it for a second, he let it out, the girls following perfectly.

In and out they breathed together. It'd been a long time since Zach had done this with anyone, he and Camille had become implicitly in tune, so it was no longer necessary for them to do this to hit level two. There was a peacefulness to this that he'd missed. Everything else faded away, his worries, his anger. All that mattered was maintaining the rhythm with the two girls on his lap, each drastically different from the other but equally beautiful and lovely.

Minutes passed, as they meditated together, breathing as one to synchronize three unto one. Zach kept it going for probably longer than was necessary. He assumed it would be harder to keep three in tune and so he wanted to be really sure that they were locked in together.

Ten minutes had passed, the two girls having not uttered a single peep or complaint, when Zach finally spoke, his voice a whisper.

"I'm going to extend myself now. If our bodies are in sync, you're going to feel and absorb the energy that is released whenever someone extends. Once you have that energy you have to mould it and channel it into your extension. I understand that's ambiguous but it's the best way I can describe it. Just do your best. If you understand, nod".

Holding on to the back of their necks he could feel their heads bob forward as they both nodded. "Alright. Here we go".

Letting go of their necks, he reached down and pulled his cock free. Then, his breathing pattern still congruent with theirs, he pushed out his extension. His cock rose, the thick pink shaft emerging from within his body.

"Do you feel it? The energy?" Holly immediately nodded, brows knitting with concentration. Brittany didn't, pursing her lips with frustration.

"I can't feel it, why can't...Oh! I feel it!"

"Stay in the rhythm" Zach said softly, only slightly feeling the strain from pulling his extension and pushing it out again. He'd made the connection that one person extending one time wasn't enough energy for two people. Holly, the more experienced of the two, was more in sync with him and so she'd absorbed most of the energy from the first push. And so, he'd pushed again, and this time the energy had sought the path of least resistance, the vessel most in need.

Zach could feel their exertion as they struggled to harness the energy. He'd moved his hands to gently grip them around their midsection, holding them steady, and he could feel their bodies trembling and tensing.

He knew it was difficult; it'd been difficult even for him. But at the very least they wouldn't have to worry about their energy running out. Every half a minute he retreated his extension and pushed it out again, flesh retreating and then re-emerging, priming the girls with another hit of energy.

"I...I think I can feel it!" Brittany cried; eyes squeezed tight.

Holly nodded; jaw clenched "Just a little more...one final push".

One final push? He could give them that. His body still held on to the residual energy when the two of them had extended fifteen minutes ago. He was pretty sure it'd be enough to get him there.

He took those scraps of energy and pushed hard. The mental knot of his extension was leaden, resisting his will. But his mastery and power were not to be underestimated. Though he had only meagre amounts of energy to use, it was enough for him if he put in the effort.

He groaned as he flexed his core, muscles tightening and holding as he pushed. He could do it, almost...there!

The head of his cock shot up, as he hit level two, shaft extending and swelling outward. As it did, he heard both girls let out surprised cries of shock, before he was hit with a tidal wave of breasts.

The busts of both girls expanded rapidly as they both reached level two together. Their breasts ballooned out, growing out in all directions, getting rounder, fuller deeper. Holly's grew to the size of basketballs, veins popping on the surface of her pale skin. Brittany's grew much larger, expanding into massive globes, each one three feet in diameter, covering her body from collarbone to hip.

Zach marvelled at the immense set of teats that were pressed against him, bulging against one another overflowing onto the couch on either side of him. The two girls panted with exertion and ecstasy as they stared down at their newly grown endowments.

Zach's enjoyment of the situation was interrupted as something hit him. Holly had extended slightly before Brittany and so first he received the energy from her hitting level two. This was a familiar feeling, energy resting comfortably around his level two extension. This had happened plenty of times with Camille; he would go to level two first and then she'd use that release to join him. He'd always proceeded to absorb her release, but it had never done much.

But then Brittany's energy hit him. The energy of a second level two release washed over him and this time he felt something, something new. He gasped for air as he felt the knot of his extension...felt it lift. That had never happened before.

His level two extension had always been an immovable anchor, unyielding and strong. Now, with twice the energy coursing through him he could feel it lighten, feel it become malleable once more. He pushed at it, and it moved slightly. Not much but something. He tried again, pushing harder, eyes squeezed tight, stars appearing behind his eyelids. It was moving...it was...

He exhaled shakily then gulped in air as he released the tension his body held. He'd run out of energy. It felt like he'd had a near unlimited amount of it, and then as soon as he tried to channel it, it'd drained in seconds. Still...this was something. Something exciting.

"You alright, cutie?" Brittany asked, looking down at him with concern.

He opened his eyes and nodded "Yes. Where's Camille? I need to talk to her".

He moved to sit up pushing against the immense breasts that blanketed him, when suddenly the breasts pushed back. Holly had leaned forward, pressing her weight against him.

"Oh no you don't. You aren't going anywhere. Camille promised us that we could have fun with you today, and now that you've given us these gigantic tits you want to leave?!"

Zach sighed "Please, this important".

Brittany pouted "Come on. Let us at least show our gratitude?"

Zach opened his mouth to protest then shut it. "Alright fine."

Brittany smiled "Yay! Holly what should we do?"

"Double tit-fuck obviously. Do yours feel as good as mine do?"

Brittany nodded "Yes...so sensitive".

"You have no idea" Zach said as he reached out with both hands and found one nipple each and lightly squeezed. Both girls immediately bent over, as they let out long and depraved moans.

"Oh my god..." Brittany groaned.

"I fucking love level two" Holly said as she lifted her head a drunken smile on her face. "Alright, Brit, let's do this".

Together the girls moved over to either side of the couch to face each other, then pressed their gigantic breasts against one another smashing them together with Zach's pillar of a cock rising up through the centre. All three of them shuddered with pleasure from the touch of so much skin on skin.

Zach began to pump his hips, thrusting up and down through the tight confines of their bust enveloping his cock. Brittany and Holly didn't move, they just pressed against one another as they struggled to keep upright from the pleasure their breasts received as Zach's cock rubbed against them.

He wasn't holding back today and so his climax came quick and easy, his tip geysering rope after rope of thick cum that flew this way and that. Most of it landed on both girl's breasts, to which they moaned with delight.

The two girls collapsed on top of him, bodies quivering with pleasure. As Zach caught his breath as his orgasm subsided, the reverie was broken by an amused voice.

"Fuck, it didn't take you guys long to figure it out!"

Zach opened his eyes to see Camille who'd just emerged from the bedroom. She looked at the three of them with a grin, as she finished putting in her earrings.

"I've only been in their like thirty minutes getting ready, and you've already got them to level two! You really are a great teacher, Zach".

"He's the best" Brittant moaned from where she lay.

"Fuck yeah" Holly added.

Camille chuckled "He is the best. But he's also mine. Remember that"

The two girls looked up and nodded, Brittany submissive, Holly rebellious. Zach looked confused between the three of them. There was definitely something going on that he wasn't privy to.

Camille smiled confidently then turned to leave. "Well, I'll leave you three to it. Enjoy level two ladies. See you baby" she blew Zach a kiss then headed for the door.

"Wait!" Zach yelled, carefully pushing aside the enormous breasts that were draped over him until he could stand up and rush over. His level two cock swayed in the air before him as he crossed the room.

Camille stopped at the door and turned around. "Coming to kiss me goodbye? You're so sweet" she leaned forward and placed a tender kiss on the tip of his extended cock. "See you later, bestie" she whispered as she gently cradled it with two hands.

Zach shivered at her touch but managed to push through it. "Camille, I need to tell you something".

She straightened up to meet his eyes. "Oh, ok. What's up, dude?"

"Just now...when I helped Holly and Brittany go to level two. I felt something..."

"Felt what? She said curiously.

"When I absorbed the second release of energy. I felt my extension lighten. When I pushed on it...it moved"

Camille's eyes widened as she stepped in close.

"Zach...do you mean?" She whispered.

He nodded "Level three".

"Holy shit!"

"Yeah...it won't be easy though...two people's energy barely got me anywhere. To really get to level three I'll need like...a dozen people going to level two".

“Or hundreds at level one” Camille said. “Fuck...that is a problem”.

“What are you two talking about?” Holly said as she and Brittany lifted themselves up from the couch and walked over. Their gigantic, spherical breasts filled the space before them, all four teats immense, creamy, undeniably sexy.

Zach turned back, brain momentarily short circuiting at the sight of those beautiful breasts that nearly stretched from one wall to the other as the two girls stood side by side. Camille nudged him to get him refocused, giving him a wry smile.

“Level two...level two isn't the final step” He said “There's another level. Well, theoretically there are even more levels after that. But no one's ever reached level four.

“Wow....” Brittany murmured looking down at her already gargantuan tits. “How big would level three be!”

“Colossal” Camille said with a grin.

“So how do we do it?” Holly said.

“Well, whoever is going to level three would need to absorb an absurd amount of energy. Several people extending at once.” Zach said with a frown.

“Which poses a problem” Camille said. “Where are we going to find that many people in one place to help us?”

It hit Zach like a lightning bolt. He looked at the other two girls then turned to Camille and gave her a grin. “Pack your bags ladies. We're going to California”.

Zach and the girls will return in THIRD EXTENSION

