

THIRD EXTENSION - PART 1

BY TROGDOR297

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to your nonstop flight to LAX, Los Angeles Airport. We've just reached our cruising altitude; the restricted movement sign will be off momentarily. When it is, you're all free to extend".

Around the cabin there was a mix of cheers and groans. Cheers for those excited to finally be free to let loose. Groans from those unhappy that they had to wait just a bit longer. Zach was neither of those, sitting comfortably in his window seat, Camille by his side arm looped through his, head resting on his shoulder. Holly and Brittany sat in the seats behind them; Brittany had been one of the ones cheering.

"Just a few ground rules" the captain continued, with his signature pilot drawl. "This is an adult only flight, specialised for extension users, and so any and all sexual activity is condoned. We just ask that you be respectful and considerate of the other passengers."

"Furthermore, I would remind you that our attendants are working, so please don't bother asking them to join you. They will be extended but that's merely for their own enjoyment."

"Lastly, a reminder that any and all drug use is prohibited on the flight. We want this to be a sexy flight, not a dangerous one. Alright, that's everything from me. Have fun everyone, I'll see you in Los Angeles"

On the overhead consoles, two lights flipped off with a gentle ding. One had shown a seat belt clipping up, the other a pair of large breasts with the prohibition sign stamped over them. At the sound of the tone a trio of stewardesses stepped forward at the front of the cabin.

The three of them all wore the customary uniform of these new explicit genre of flights. A formal skirt and tight blazer over a top made of a sheer material. They removed their jackets now, broad smiles on their faces. They three of them exchanged a look and as one, took a breath, and then extended.

The art of extending revolved around unlocking the secret potential of one's body. Women could expand their breasts at will, while men could do the same to their cocks. For a long time, it had been a little-known secret until Zach's ex-girlfriend Rhiannon had revealed it on her Instagram and it had spread like wildfire. Now almost everyone was doing it, and the world had adapted accordingly. Sexual acts and nudity in public were no longer taboo. People had become more open with what they desired, no longer feeling shame about interests they'd used to suppress. Overall, the world was a happier place, if not a fair bit stranger.

The sheer tops of the stewardesses were dual natured. Firstly, they showed off their breasts, while not being technically nude. None of them wore bras, most women didn't these days. Brassieres just got in the way of extending.

The second function was that the material had a good amount of give to it, and so as the three of them extended, breasts swelling to multiple times their normal size, they didn't need to change their shirts. The sheer fabric stretched to accommodate their enhanced busts, though they were nearly transparent at the tightest points.

As they finished swelling, each of them now sporting a pair of fat melons sitting high on their chest, they grinned to the passengers before them. "Who wants some shots!" The one in the centre cried.

Whoops and cheers rose through the cabin as the flight became an orgy rather organically. In every row, passengers disrobed and began to extend, breasts swelling into fat juicy udders, cocks stretching into long hard pythons. It didn't take long before moans could be heard echoing as people began to group up to indulge their lust. The stewardesses walked up and down the aisles with bottles of liquor in each hand, often just pouring straight into mouths.

Behind Zach, Brittany giggled excitedly as she pulled up her t-shirt and then with a sigh of pleasure let herself extend. She was naturally quite busty and so when she extended her breasts they developed into a rather impressive pair, the full orbs of flesh reaching her waist.

"Ooo, this is going to be so much fun!" She squealed. "I spotted a cute guy in the second row, and it looks like he's alone. I'm going to go introduce him to my tits".

She stood up then suddenly paused, looking down at Zach and Camille. "That's ok, right?"

Zach jerked his head away from the window, when an uncomfortable silence had spawned "Sorry, are you talking to me?"

Brittany nodded "Yeah! Is it ok if I go play with that boy?"

Zach frowned, as he looked between her and Camille. "Sure? I don't know why you're asking-"

"Yes, it's fine" Camille said "Go have fun. If we need you, we'll call you".

Brittany grinned "Yay! You coming Holly?"

The green haired girl dressed all in black shook her head, as she fished a book out of her bag and flipped it open to where a page had been creased. "No thanks."

Brittany looked crestfallen "Aw, why not!"

Holly didn't look up from her book as she answered "There's only one cock on this plane worth my time. Until it comes out to play, I'm good".

Camille looked back at Holly with a knowing glance. Holly, noticing that she was being watched, looked up and flashed her a faux innocent smile before she returned to her book. Camille sighed then turned back around, leaning against Zach once again. Beside them Zach watched as Brittany exited to the aisle and walked forward in search of her new friend, her large extended breasts, each one the size of a soccer ball, bouncing playfully.

Zach turned to look back out the window, hand finding Camille's thigh and lightly squeezing it. "You, ok?" Camille asked from where her head rested on his shoulder.

Zach nodded "Yeah. I've been getting better at tuning out unwanted energy".

Camille smiled "Good. I was worried this flight would be a little bit hellish for you. Of course, you could always just let loose...really turn this into a party"

Zach chuckled "That would be exciting, wouldn't it? Though I'd rather Rhiannon not know we're coming. Making a spectacle of myself would ruin that".

Camille leaned against him harder, nuzzling her head against him. "Yeah. It'd be fun though".

Zach turned back and lightly kissed the top of Camille's head, lips touching where her blonde hair was parted in the centre.

Rhiannon had introduced the world to the concept of extensions, but she wasn't an expert. There was a lot she didn't know and so neither did the public.

The basic extension that the general populace could now achieve was only what was known as a level one extension. There were multiple levels, ways to further enhance the body by using the natural energies released and channelling them into more powerful extensions. Zach and his three companions were all capable of reaching level two, and a week ago Zach had stumbled upon the path toward level three.

This was why the group was travelling to Los Angeles, to attend a national expo for extension users hosted by his ex-girlfriend Rhiannon. There he hoped to persuade her to helping them reach their goal.

Level three. Untold pleasure and power awaited, and Zach was undeniably excited about the prospect. Camille, who'd been taught by the secret masters who'd discovered extensions long ago and kept them a secret all this time, had told him that for them it took decades of practice and honing of one's skills to achieve level three. But Zach was different.

Ever since he'd learned about extensions from Camille, he'd had an uncanny aptitude for them. He'd quickly mastered level one and had learned the secret for level two on his own and then shared it with Camille. In public he often found himself unwillingly bombarded by the sexual energies released by extensions, his natural affinity allowing him to absorb it even when his body wasn't in sync with theirs, usually a requirement.

"So, no level two?" Holly said from behind them, shameless about her eavesdropping.

Camille rolled her eyes, as Zach shook his head. "Very unlikely. There'll be time for that later".

"There better be" she muttered as she turned a page in her book.

"You'll wait your turn" Camille said, voice curt. "Don't forget your place".

Holly snorted "So sorry, your grace" she said, voice thick with sarcasm.

"Alright" Zach said turning in his seat to face Camille. "I've ignored this for long enough. What the fuck is going on?"

Camille turned from where she'd been glaring at Holly through the gap in the seats to look back at him. "What do you mean, Dude?"

Zach frowned "Don't play dumb, you know what I mean. What the fuck is going on with the three of you! Why is Brittany asking *me* if it's OK that she goes and fucks that stranger? Why does Holly need to 'remember her place'?! Don't pretend that there's not something going on. Just please, fill me in".

Camille opened her mouth but said nothing. She looked away for a moment, pursing her lips. When she looked back at him her lips were squirming slightly, but still she said nothing.

Zach took her hands and gently squeezed them "Camille. I love you. Whatever's going on won't change that".

She nodded "I know, it's just...embarrassing".

"She has a harem fetish" Holly said flatly, without looking up from her book.

Camille went bright pink "Holly! What the fuck!"

Holly looked up "Tell me I'm wrong".

Camille fumed silently, but didn't refute her. Zach looked at her feeling only slightly surprised.

"So... What does that mean exactly?" Zach asked.

She shrugged, looking down at her lap with embarrassment. "You know what a harem is right?" She said at last, quietly.

He nodded "I do...so you get off on sharing me with other women?"

"Yes. I told you that last week that I was into that. Remember? When we met Brittany?"

Zach nodded "I remember. I just thought you meant like, having a threesome one time. This is more like polyamory. Is that what you want?"

She looked up at him, then gave him a small nod. "I know it probably sounds fucked up, and I get that. I just...I love you so much Zach".

"I love you too!" He said.

She smiled "I know. You're just so amazing, that I want others to know how fucking awesome you are. Not just in bed, though you are a God there, that goes without saying".

"Amen" Holly chimed in.

Camille pursed at her lips at the interruption but then continued. "It just makes me feel so...good. To know that you're mine, and others want you. Not just that but that I can actually see it happen. When you fuck them, when you care for them, make them feel safe. Deep down I just feel this powerful love. Like 'Yes, that's my man. See how amazing he is. He is mine'"

Zach listened intently "And you don't feel jealous?"

She shook her head "No, that's part of our deal. I'm the...I don't know the exact word...the Queen? Something like that. Basically, I'm in charge. If I want you, I get you, no questions asked. No one keeps my man from me"

Zach blinked at the quiet intensity that had developed in Camille "Wow, that's...wow."

She nodded "I'm sorry, I hid this from you, I didn't know how to tell you. Didn't know how you'd take it."

Zach gently cupped her face and pulled her in for a kiss. "I love you so much" he said softly. "Thank you for telling me. It may shock and surprise you, but I am ok with this situation. I just don't want there to be any bad blood between the three of you" he pointedly looked at Holly who'd been riling up Camille.

Holly sighed "I was just teasing. I'm sorry, sheesh".

Camille smiled as she held Zach's hand against her face "Thanks, dude. You really are the best".

Zach kissed her once more. As he gently pulled away a thought came to him. "So, wait, earlier when Brittany was asking if it's ok..."

Camille nodded "Yeah, she wanted your permission because she wasn't sure how much you knew of our relationship dynamic."

Zach nodded "Fair enough. We should have a talk sometime after we land".

Camille nodded "Agreed. The three of us already set our own ground rules amongst ourselves, but you also deserve to have your say on how things will go. Maybe you aren't ok with Brittany sleeping with strangers on a plane, now that you know you're sort of in a relationship with her".

Zach rubbed his chin as he looked through the throngs of bodies engaged in various sexual acts to where he could see Brittany. By her position he guessed she was straddling the young man and enjoying his cock while his face was completely enveloped by her extended bust. The brunette's breasts were large enough that they completely swallowed his head whole. If he listened carefully, he could pick out her moaning voice through the raucous surroundings of the sex filled plane.

He chuckled "Yeah, I'm pretty sure I'm fine with that. I mean I'd be sort of a prick if I made her stop now! But yeah, I'll think about it...all of it."

Camille smiled as she let out a sigh "Good. I'm glad. I was worried you'd freak out or something. I should've known better".

"Yes, you should've" he said with a grin. "You know I'm yours, Camille."

She grinned back as he leaned in to kiss her. They held it, lips dancing together. Camille moaned softly as Zach leaned in, pressing against her. He reached forward and wrapped a hand around her waist holding her to him as the passion of their kiss increased.

Camille's chest heaved as Zach forced her back against the seat, their tender kiss transforming to full on make-out session. Zach grabbed the hem of her shirt and lifted it, hand sliding underneath to begin fondling her. Within a second of his hand upon her chest he felt her begin to grow, breasts extending against his palms. His fingers were forced apart as they went from the size of oranges to grapefruits, to cantaloupes in a few short seconds. He squeezed firmly, fingers sinking into the supple sphere of one of her breasts. At the same time, he pulled back and lightly squeezed her lip between his teeth tugging it gently. The combination of stimulation made Camille shiver and let out a high-pitched throaty moan of pleasure.

"Pants off. Now" she demanded as soon as he'd let go of her lip.

"Yes, my queen" he said teasingly.

Camille grinned as she leaned in and gave him a quick peck "I do like the sound of that".

Together they hurriedly began to disrobe, Camille removing her already half-off t-shirt followed by sliding off her yoga pants. Zach whipped off his belt then stood to let his shorts fall to the floor.

"Holly, care to join?" Camille asked over the back of the seat. Holly looked up from her book at the two of them.

"You going to level two?" She asked bluntly.

"Shh!!!" Camille hissed. "Not so loud!"

Holly rolled her eyes "Everyone here is busy fucking or getting fucked, no one's listening to us".

"I'm not going to...you know" Zach said.

Holly slumped back into her seat "Then I'm good."

"Suit yourself" Camille said turning back to Zach. "More of you for me. Now then, time for you to...mmm, there he is".

Camille looked on with excitement, eyes locked upon his cock as Zach pushed forth his own extension. The head of his cock lifted from his shaft, pushed up and out as more flesh emerged from within, doubling his length and greatly increasing his girth.

"I'll never not enjoy watching you do that" Camille purred as she stepped forward and lightly wrapped her hands around his extended shaft, dragging her fingers lightly along its throbbing length. Zach chuckled as he leaned in and wrapped a hand around her neck pulling her to him to kiss her. As he did, out of the corner of his eye, he caught Holly trying to be subtle as she stared, looking up over the top of her book gaze fixated upon his cock.

Zach lightly pushed Camille back to give him space to sit down on the seat and lie back. With a smile he pointed at his face and said "Your throne awaits, my queen".

Camille giggled "Oh, such a gentleman!" Moving forward she brought her knee up and rested it beside his head followed by the other, then she allowed herself to crouch down, lowering herself until her pussy found its home upon Zach's face.

Holding on to the seats on either side to help her maintain balance, she looked down at Zach and asked "Do you want me to try and suck your cock from here? I think I can reach it if I lean-Ohhhh...mmmm..."

Camille's head fell limp in front of her as Zach's tongue and lips began to work on her pussy and clit. He didn't want her to do anything in this moment besides enjoy this. Her legs squeezed against his head on either side as she ground herself against the scruff on his lips and chin, desperate for more stimulation.

Looking to ramp up the pleasure, he sucked tenderly on her clit using his tongue to create a pulsing pressure on her bean. It had the intended effect as Camille gasped and bucked above him, back arching as her body reacted to what Zach's mouth was doing. His cock throbbed angrily, upset that it was being ignored. Zach didn't let it bother him; besides he had a feeling that any moment now...

There was a loud snapping sound followed by the feeling of small pieces of plastic hitting his abs and chest. He had an idea what that had been, but was only certain when he felt the warm embrace of breasts wrap around his shaft, followed by a tongue licking his frenulum.

It had been Holly; she'd extended herself without removing her top, busting her way out of her black short sleeve blouse sending buttons flying everywhere. He'd seen the way she'd been staring and had guessed she'd be tempted to join in.

Zach paused for a moment to give Camille, and his jaw, a break. Camille heaved herself up to catch her breath, at which point she noticed Holly. "I thought you were good?" Camille said with a smug smile.

Holly, who had her extended tits, each one a perky orb six inches across, wrapped around his shaft while she enthusiastically licked the head of his cock like an ice cream cone, just rolled her eyes at Camille. "I couldn't watch you ignoring this beautiful cock. It deserves better than that".

Camille nodded with a smirk "Oh, I see. I thought I remember you saying it wasn't that big?"

Holly's cheeks went pink slightly as she said "Shut up, no I didn't. Zach's cock is perfect".

Camille nodded "No arguments the-OOOHHHHH FUCK!!" Zach had returned to eating Camille out, truly giving it his all. She gripped the seats tightly as her chest heaved, body coursing with wild pleasure. She ground herself against his face, while in front of her Holly had pulled the entire head of Zachs cock into her mouth sucking on it while she used her hands to mash her breasts against his shaft.

Zachs hands gripped Camille's breasts from below adding further stimulation as he urged her on towards orgasm. He was close himself, Holly proving herself quite skilled at pleasuring him. She was feisty at times, bordering on belligerent, but then there were moments like this where she was truly devoted to maximizing his enjoyment that made Zach question what her true stance was.

Camille's legs squeezed tight around his head as she let out a series of choppy moans, climax taking her. With her taken care of, Zach didn't need to worry about holding back. He let himself fully enjoy the sensation of Holly's blow job, and within seconds was cumming himself, hips bucking as she held tight to his cock, swallowing his load.

Camille unsteadily lifted herself from her perch upon Zach's face. Zach moved to sit up, when Camille sat herself down on the seat and pushed him back down, forcing him to lay his head on her lap. "You stay right there. I don't think Holly's done with you" She whispered softly.

Holly stood in the aisle, still holding on to his cock as she licked it clean. It'd been quite a while since a single orgasm had been enough to dissuade his extension, and so his cock remained at attention, hard thick shaft rising up from him, still throbbing.

"Aww!" Brittany's voice suddenly chimed in "Did I miss the fun?"

Camille chuckled "The first round, yes. I need a break but Zach's still good to go".

"Ooo, yes. he is! Move over Holly"

"Go get your own cock, this one's mine!" Holly said petulantly, before she dragged her tongue along the underside of his extension, making his cock jump with excitement.

"No, it's *mine*" Camille said sternly. "And you *will* share".

Zach said nothing, keeping his eyes closed as he rested his head upon Camille's lap, nuzzling against her toned abs. It wasn't his place to butt in. They would have a talk about his role in this relationship dynamic, but this part of it was clearly something that his girls needed to sort out on their own.

Holly grumbled in annoyance, but she did move, Zach could feel her breasts that had been enveloping his cock begun to pull away.

"You don't have to leave!" Brittany said with a giggle. "Just give me space to get in there. There's enough cock for both of us".

Holly's breasts squeezed back around his shaft, moving up around the head. Then he felt the weight and warmth of Brittany's fat teats slap down upon his lower abdomen, as she got them in place, squeezing around the lower half of his cock.

He groaned at the pleasant sensation of the entire length of his long cock being surrounded by the warmth of their tits. Camille reached down and began to gently run her fingers through his hair, caressing him affectionately as she watched the dual tit-fuck unfold.

"OK, on three we go up and then back down. Ready?" Brittany said.

"Yeah" Holly said. Though her tone was flat, Zach could detect just a hint of excitement.

"1, 2, 3!"

On three the two girls moved as one, sliding their breasts up and then back down, using their hands to keep them squeezed tight around his shaft. They continued this pattern, bouncing up and down, Brittany's tits below and Holly's on top. It was heavenly and if not for the fact that he'd just cum, he knew he would've been pushed over the edge easily. As it was, he knew they'd have to keep this up for a while before he came again.

Lucky for him, they were all too eager.

Dance music blasted from the radio of the rental SUV as Zach and his impromptu harem cruised along the pacific coast highway. The windows were down, and the smell of the salty sea air permeated through the vehicle as warm gusts of wind whipped by.

Zach drove, aviator sunglasses resting comfortably on his nose, with Camille by his side, holding his hand in her lap as she nodded along with the music, a contented smile on her face. In the back Brittany bounced around, singing and dancing with the music that she'd asked to put on. Holly was far less enthused about the choice, arms crossed in annoyance as she stared out the window with a perpetual scowl.

"Could we please put something else on besides this trash?" Holly said, tossing her head to flip her green hair which covered the right side of her head; the left half was shaved. She wore one of Zach's t-shirts that they'd pulled out of his carry on; busting out of her top when she'd extended on the plane had ruined the shirt, and so she'd had to borrow some clothing.

She'd begrudgingly accepted it when he'd offered, though Zach knew that was an act. He'd spied her lifting the collar to her nose and taking a deep whiff of his scent, moaning softly as she gripped the cloth tightly.

"Sure, why not" Zach said. "Brittany pass, her your phone"

"What!?" The bubbly brunette cried "Don't let her pick the music it's going to be something awful like death metal or something".

"Way to judge, Brit" Holly said with a huff. "You're dead wrong, that's miles away from what I was going to put on".

Brittany pouted "Yeah right. You're just saying that because I guessed right".

"Fuck off!" Holly said "Hust give me the phone".

"No!" Brittany cried. Holly had reached for the phone connected with Bluetooth to the SUV that sat in the centre rear seat cupholder, when Brittany had snatched it up first. She'd shot her hand out so fast, she hadn't been careful and had accidentally scratched Holly with her nails.

"Ouch!" Holly yelped. "What the fuck!"

"I'm sorry but, it's my phone and so we're going to play my-"

"Enough!!" Zach yelled, interrupting their bickering. "Would you two stop acting like children?! Give her the phone Brittany, Jesus Christ."

The two girls in the back went silent, Brittany reluctantly handing over her phone. Seconds later acoustic folk music began to play from the speakers as Holly set the phone back in the cup holder.

Zach sighed, feeling tension settle in his shoulders. Beside him Camille said nothing, just smiling happily as she gently squeezed his hand. Behind him the two girls said nothing, an awkward silence settling over the vehicle, further exacerbated by the gentle lilting music that Holly had chosen.

"I'm sorry" Zach said when he couldn't stand it anymore. "I shouldn't have yelled. That was inappropriate".

"No, it wasn't. You were right to call us out" Brittany said. "I'm sorry Holly, I was being a brat".

Holly shrugged "It's alright. I didn't need to bash your music either, that was rude of me."

Zach looked at Camille a bemused expression on his face. That hadn't played out the way he'd expected. She just grinned at him, flashing her bright whites.

"So, we're all good?" Zach said.

"Yeah, we're good." Holly said. "And Zach, Brittany's right, don't feel bad that you stepped in and put us in our place. It was...it was actually really hot".

"Oh my god, right!" Brittany said, reaching out and grabbing Holly's wrist. "I didn't want to say anything, because I thought you'd think I was a weirdo but when Zach yelled at us, on the inside I was like 'Ooo yes *Daddy!*'"

Holly smirked but nodded "Don't worry, you're not a weirdo. It's pretty common for girls to like really masculine guys. Guys with a firm hand, who take charge".

"Very true" Camille chimed in from the front seat.

Zachs face had become flushed listening to the conversation unfolding. More and more he was learning about these trio of young women, and more and more he found himself ensnared by their wiles. Despite the number of times, he'd orgasmed on the plane ride over, he still found himself getting hard as he listened to them casually discuss how they found his actions very attractive.

"Well, I'm just glad there's no bad blood." Zach said awkwardly. "I'd hate for there to be further disagreements between you on our trip."

"Of course." Holly said, as she grabbed the phone to search up another song. "Although...if we do get in another spat...I guess you'd have to yell at us again?"

Brittany giggled "Wouldn't that be a shame. We would just *hate* that...give me the phone, Holly!"

"No!" Holly said with a grin. "You can't have it!"

"Fuck you!"

"No, fuck you!"

Zach groaned before he caught their gaze in the rearview mirror and barked "Both of you cut it out!"

"Yes, Daddy!" They said in unison before they broke out into a giggling fit. Zach rolled his eyes as he focused back on the road. Beside him Camille just grinned.

"Now they're never going to let that go" Zach muttered.

Camille snorted "Oh please, you love it. Don't you *'Daddy'*" she distorted her voice into a breathy baby talk version of herself on this last word. Zach just shook his head, though he couldn't ignore the way his cock throbbed when she'd said it.

As they approached the turnoff to Malibu, Zach felt his heart beat a little faster, pounding anxiously in his chest. They were almost there. He hadn't seen his Ex in almost a year, and now he was going to drop in unannounced to ask for her help. He suspected she'd likely slam the door in their face, but if he had the chance to tell her about level two, maybe she'd hear them out.

"You alright, dude?" Camille asked, noticing the visible tension that had sprouted up in him.

He forced a smile and nodded "Yeah, of course. Just thinking about what I'm gonna say."

She leaned across the centre section to kiss him on the cheek. "I'm sure it'll be fine."

As they drove through the gorgeous beach town, following the instructions to the address that Zach's sister Tracy had reluctantly given them, Zach did his best to keep calm. Logically he knew talking with Rhiannon was more of a courtesy than a necessity, but still he felt that pressing anxiety that he felt whenever his ex was involved.

"Right there, on the left" Camille said, letting go of his hand for a moment to point out the driveway.

As they pulled in Zach found himself feeling slightly more at ease. Rhiannon's place was nice, but far from over the top or lavish. It was a decent sized house, on a beautiful lot with multiple gardens surrounding it, each one bursting with flowers.

They pulled up the driveway, parking beside a baby blue Porsche convertible. Alright, even if the house wasn't a sprawling mansion, it was obvious she was still doing rather well. Together the four of them got out and headed for the door, Zach in the lead.

"Want us to extend?" Brittany asked as they ascended the steps to Rhiannon's porch.

"Not yet." Zach said as he walked up and rang the doorbell. "But be ready, I'll probably need you to do it later on".

Brittany smiled "Okay!"

"We've got your back, Zach" Holly added, from her spot in the rear where she stood with arms folded.

Zach nodded at her with a smile of appreciation before he turned back to the door. Camille's fingers interlaced with his as she whispered "You got this, dude".

Before he could lean over to kiss her, the door opened before them. A wiry balding man in his sixties with a thick moustache, looked out at them, lifting an eyebrow. "May I help you?"

"We're here to see Rhiannon" Zach said.

"I'm sure" The man said haughtily. "Ms. Page has many fans who would love to see her, but she's very busy-"

"I highly doubt that" Camille muttered.

The man continued on, unperturbed "-so while we thank you for coming, I'm afraid I can't let you in".

"We're not fans, we're...old friends" Zach said, pausing as he chose his words. He didn't want her to know it was him before they met face to face; she'd likely be even more unwelcoming.

Zach pulled out his phone and flipped through to his picture gallery. Scrolling far, far down, he eventually found a photo of him and Rhiannon together, from the period when they were still an item. He turned his phone around and showed it to the man as proof. The moustachioed man frowned but nodded.

"Very well. I shall fetch her. Who should I say is visiting?"

"Tell her it's Robert Pattinson," Zach said. "It's an old joke".

The man eyed Zach suspiciously, then nodded curtly once more and left. Camille looked over at him with a smirk. "Robert Pattinson? You have an inside joke about Robert Pattinson?"

He shook his head "Fuck, no. That was just an extra bit of insurance to make sure she comes out to greet us. She was, and probably still is, a massive Twilight fan."

From inside the house far off they heard a high-pitched voice shriek "OH MY GOD!! EDWARD?!?!"

Zach chuckled "See?"

The three girls around him laughed as they listened to the shrieking get louder, as his ex-girlfriend rushed out from wherever she'd been. "EEEEEE!!!! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! ROBERT PATTINSON IS HERE AT MY-"

She ran out from around a corner, sliding to a stop in front of them. Immediately her face dropped as she saw who it really was who'd come to see her. "What...R...Robert?"

Zach shook his head. "Yeah, he's not here. Rhiannon, we need to talk".

She stared at him, the full realization of who was standing before her hitting her. "Zach...I...What are you doing here?"

"Can we come in?" He asked.

Rhiannon looked from him to the three women he stood with, pausing as her eyes fell upon Camille, who looked back at her with a smug smile. Camille held on to his hand tightly, making her status very obvious.

Rhiannon looked very much like Zach remembered, though she'd let her hair grow since he'd seen her, her dark brown locks reaching her waist. She was slender, and beautiful in a girl next door kind of way. She was also currently extended, her breasts protruding out of her, fleshy orbs the size of her head. She'd been wearing a floral dress that buttoned up the front, buttons that she'd undone to allow her breasts room to grow. They were bare, her nipples perking up as they were exposed to the fresh sea breeze; something she suddenly became very aware of.

She blushed as she reached up to cover her nipples with her hands. "Why are you here? You and I have *nothing* to talk about. You didn't want me back then. You're with *her* so you clearly don't want me now" She nodded at Camille disdainfully. Camille just smiled, proud to be getting under Rhiannon's skin so easily.

"I'm not here to talk about you and me," Zach said. "I'm here to talk about something more important, something bigger than us. I'm here to ask for your help."

"My help?" Rhiannon said with a frown. From behind her the older fellow arrived with a shawl, which he threw around her shoulders, letting her cover up while remaining extended. "Thank you, Higgins" she said as he gave her a formal nod before retreating.

"Yes" Zach said. "We're trying to do... something, and your extension festival is the best place to do it. We wanted to talk with you. Get you involved. It would make things easier for everyone."

She eyed him sceptically. "So... what? You plan to make some sort of spectacle or display at my festival? Why the fuck would I allow you to do that?"

"Because we're going to do it anyway, bitch!" Holly snapped from behind. "Zach's asking nicely, the least you could do is hear him out!"

Rhiannon tilted her head to the side to look over Zach's shoulder. "I know blondie here, who the hell are these two?"

"They're friends," Zach offered.

"We're his harem," Brittany said proudly.

Rhiannon snorted. "Are you serious? I never took you for a polyamorist".

"It's complicated," Zach said with a sigh. "Can we just come in for five minutes. That's all I'm asking".

Rhiannon's mouth thinned to a line as she studied him, arms crossed over her chest. Finally, she nodded "Fine, five minutes".

His ex turned and strutted off back into the house, expecting them to follow. Zach looked to Camille who nodded at him reassuringly. "Let's go, love" she said.

The four of them followed Rhiannon through the house to a sprawling back porch, elevated over the rear yard. A small pool filled the space below, tall hedges lining the property. Rhiannon sat down upon a plush chair and gestured for them to sit upon the various other furniture she had arranged on the deck. Zach held out a hand, indicating for his girls to remain standing.

"All those months ago, when I taught you about extensions-" Zach started. Rhiannon immediately cut him off.

"Get your facts straight, Zach. You didn't teach me shit. You showed me extensions and then refused to share with me how you did it. I figured it out on my own; I didn't need you for shit".

He clenched his jaw, pushing down the frustration and anger that built. It was only Camille's hand gripping his, her thumb gently rubbing circles on the back of his palm that kept him cool. He'd rarely been quick to anger, but with Rhiannon...she just brought it out of him.

"Fine." He said shortly. "The exact interpretation of events is irrelevant. The reason we're here is that there's more to extensions than what I showed you. Much more"

Rhiannon sat up, suddenly intrigued "Tell me".

Zach nodded "It's easier if I show you".

Zach undid his shorts and let them fall to the floor, exposing his bottom half. Meanwhile beside him Camille, removed her t-shirt, going topless. Holly and Brittany stepped forward, reaching around to fondle his cock until he became hard, at which point he pushed out his first extension. Flesh extruded from flesh, as his shaft doubled in length, projecting out and ahead of him.

Rhiannon watched carefully; eyes focused on his cock. "I don't get it; this is exactly the same thing that-"

“Patience” Zach said. Then he squeezed Camille’s hand to signal he was ready. Letting out a soft exhale, Camille extended herself, breasts swelling outward, going from small handfuls to huge bountiful teats. They were roughly the same size as Rhiannon’s, though Camille thrust her chest out forward to make them look bigger.

When she did this, Zach was suddenly filled with a rush of energy. Achieving a first level extension was about mastery and control of one’s own body. Going further was about mastery of something far more spiritual. Connection, togetherness, unity, these were what let one go even further beyond. These were what Zach and Camille had mastered as they’d built their life together.

As he absorbed the release from her extension, he pushed that energy into his own, channelling the power into the mental knot in his mind. It moved easily for him, his control over it profound. It only took seconds from when Camille reached her extension, that Zach took the next step.

Letting out a long, low groan, his cock extended further. His shaft tripled in length as even more flesh was pushed out from within. His extension thickened as it was pushed free, reaching the same girth as his calf at its thickest point. His balls swelled in their sack, doubling in size, as his cock settled at its new length. It hung in the air, three feet of throbbing pink flesh, pulsing veins running up its length. The head of his cock remained unchanged, a small head atop an incredibly thick monster.

Rhiannon’s jaw dropped at the sight. “Oh...my...How...what...Fuck! How did you...” She froze as she soon realized their display wasn’t finished. Around Zach the three women suddenly moaned as they absorbed the release of his energy. Holly and Brittany spontaneously extended to level one, and Camille with a desperate cry pushed up to the next level, breasts swelling rapidly into gigantic globes, each one two feet across.

As their growth ceased and they collected themselves, Zach looked over to Camille and smiled. She grinned back at him as leaned over to kiss him, Zach meeting her halfway.

“This...” Zach said as he looked back at Rhiannon who was absolutely flabbergasted, sitting stock still upright, hands clutching the seat cushion. “...is level two.”

“Level...level two?!” Rhiannon cried.

“That’s right,” Zach said. “And the reason we’re here. Is that we plan to go to *level three*”.

Rhiannon did a double take “Level *three*?!”

Camille smiled “That’s right. Zach’s going to do it, and we’re going to help him. We just need a lot of people to extend at the same time”.

“Which... is why you need my festival...” Rhiannon said.

Zach nodded "Correct. We were hoping we could use your influence and staff to help us get the necessary participants to help us. I...don't know how many we'll need but I'm sure there'll be enough at the festival."

Rhiannon stared at them in silence, studying Zach and his enormous level two cock, standing side by side with Camille and her gargantuan level two breasts. Behind Holly and Brittany stood, both feeling hot and bothered with their own level one extensions. They hadn't extended willingly; the pure rush of energy released by Zach had made their bodies grow involuntarily, something that had left them both incredibly aroused.

"Does it feel better or is it just bigger?" Rhiannon asked.

"*Much* better" Camille said. "Your entire body is heightened, especially on your breasts. I've never felt anything as good as when I've had sex with Zach at level two" Rhiannon's lips curled down slightly at that. She didn't care for Camille throwing her and Zach's love life in Rhiannon's face.

"She's right, it feels amazing!" Brittany said with a giddy smile.

Holly nodded "Yeah..." She was peering over Zach's shoulder, staring at his level two cock hungrily.

Rhiannon looked at the two girls in surprise. "*You've* reached level two?!"

Brittany nodded "Mhmm! Zach taught us. He's such a good teacher".

Rhiannon gaped for a moment before she closed her mouth, taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly. She said nothing, looking at her hands clasped before her, deep in thought.

"Rhiannon" Zach said. "Now that you know, will you-"

She held up a hand to silence him. She took another moment of silent thought before she sat up and surveyed the group before her. "I'll help you."

Zach felt stress lift from his shoulders. He'd been worried that Rhiannon would be difficult about this, it was in her nature when it involved him. But thankfully she'd seen reason.

"I'll help you" She said once more "But first. You'll teach me how to get to level two".

Camille laughed "You fucking wish! Getting to level two takes a very intimate connection, a closeness. If you think I'm okay with Zach being that close with his Ex than you're an idiot!"

Rhiannon frowned "Chill, bitch. I think that this story is all bullshit. You expect me to believe it takes some super special bond, but then you tell me that he did it with these two bimbos?"

"Hey!" Brittany cried angrily. Holly said nothing, she hadn't heard. She'd moved up to stand beside Zach and clung to his other arm, as she stared at his level two cock which throbbed demandingly. She bit her lip with immense lust, desperate to play with it.

Camille frowned at Rhiannon. "He did it with these two because I trust them. I don't fucking trust you. Come on, let's go".

Holly nodded "Yeah, let's get out of here. I need...I mean, Zach needs release".

Rhiannon looked at the green haired girl with an odd expression before she focused back on Zach and Camille. "Fine, go. I figured out level one on my own, I can figure out level two. But you won't have my help at the festival".

"Fine!" Camille said. "We don't need your help!"

"I'll teach you" Zach said, finally chiming in.

"What!" Camille and Brittany cried as one. "W-what?" Holly said a moment later, looking up from Zach's cock. Her hand was extended, inches away from touching it when she'd registered Zach's voice.

Rhiannon just smiled smugly. "Thank you, Zach baby. I knew I could count on you".

"Don't you fucking call him that, you cunt!" Camille snarled. She then turned to Zach. "Love, we don't need her. We can figure this out on our own".

Zach nodded "Probably. But this *will* be a lot easier with her. I know you don't trust her; I don't trust her either. All that matters is do you trust me?"

Camille opened her mouth then closed it. She frowned for a moment then nodded "Yes, I trust you".

"Me too" Brittany said. Holly had regained some of her composure, but her eyes still flicked to Zach's cock longingly every few moments as she said "I'd trust you with my life".

Zach looked at her, startled at the intensity of the response from the girl who clung to his arm, studying her for a moment before he looked back at Camille. "I'll teach her, but you'll all be there. We won't have sex, won't get each other off, just form the connection and then get her to level two. Okay?"

Camille sighed looking down. Zach pulled out of Holly's grip and turned to face her, his cock swinging around until it collided against her immense breasts. He reached forward and lightly grasped them, sinking his fingers into their vast pillowy forms. Camille gasped and then moaned as he teased her. "Okay!" She said at last, smiling once more.

"You're mine" Zach whispered as he leaned in and kissed her.

Camille smiled "Thanks. Don't forget about those two".

Zach turned around to face Holly and Brittany. His gargantuan cock swung around and would've struck Holly if not for the fact that she caught it with both hands, letting out a primal moan as she held it, both hands not enough to reach around its girth.

"Same goes for you" he said, repressing the shudder that ran through him at Holly's touch. "You're mine"

Brittany smiled shyly and nodded "Yes, Daddy".

Holly nodded vigorously; lip pinched between her teeth "Yes...Daddy..." She moaned.

He turned back to face Rhiannon, having to tug slightly to try and pull his cock from Holly's grip. The girl was incredibly reluctant to let go. There was something peculiar about her today, a surprising intensity, almost obsession around his level two cock. He resorted to pulling back his extension to level one, at which point it slipped from Holly's fingers, the girl letting out a whine of disappointment.

"Alright" Zach said to Rhiannon. "Let's do it. You have somewhere private we can do this?"

She nodded as she stood "Upstairs. Follow me."

The group ventured up to the second floor of Rhiannon's house, their host leading them to a vast master bedroom that was larger than the entirety of Zach's old apartment. A California king sat on the side wall, piled high with pillows. The walls were covered with framed magazine covers, all of them featuring Rhiannon during her skyrocket to fame last year when she'd brought extensions to the world.

"Humble" Camille muttered as they walked in. Zach chuckled as he squeezed her hand. She smiled squeezing back; she still didn't trust Rhiannon, but she knew Zach and knew he wouldn't betray her.

Rhiannon sat on the end of the bed, lightly patting the spot beside her. "Take a seat, Zach. You all can stand".

Camille glared at her, until Zach reached up and gently turned her head towards him with a hand, planting a tender kiss on her lips. Camille let herself soften at his touch, humming with contentment. She smiled as he pulled away, giving one final nod of acceptance.

Brittany scurried up and kissed him on the cheek, to which Zach turned and lightly patted her cheek, eliciting a giddy giggle. Holly stood off behind them, hugging her arms to herself, looking off to the side, her expression hard to place. Zach caught her eye and gave her a smile and nod, to which she looked away. Peculiar indeed.

He broke free from his girls and walked over to sit down beside Rhiannon, who promptly leaned against him with a smug smile. She remained extended, her ample breasts pressing into his chest as she made eyes at him. Camille scowled silently, crossing her arms and folding them over her own massive chest, but held her tongue.

“Did you miss me, Zach?” Rhiannon purred as she smiled at him, batting her eyelids at him.

He shook his head “Not one bit”.

She pouted “Aww, don’t be that way. We had so much fun living together, you don’t have to lie just because my replacement is here.”

She looked over at Camille who stewed silently at the side of the room. “Did he tell you that we fucked like *nonstop* while I stayed with him?”

Camille smiled, understanding what Rhiannon was doing. She was trying to drive a wedge between them, even now, because she was still jealous. What she didn’t understand was that Zach was Camille’s through and through; there was nothing he hadn’t told her.

“Of course, I knew that, you manipulative cunt. He told me everything, particularly how you took advantage of him while he was depressed”.

It was Rhiannon’s turn to scowl. “That’s not...I didn’t...shut up, you stupid bitch”.

“Fuck you!” Brittany yelled, stepping up to defend Camille.

“Stay out of it, slut!” Rhiannon snapped.

“Don’t you fucking talk to her like that!” Camille yelled.

Rhiannon sneered at her. “Oh, I’m sorry, how should I talk to this *whore* that you let fuck your man?”

“Fuck-!”

“**ENOUGH!!!**” Zach bellowed.

The room went silent, all eyes turning to look at him. It’d been Camille that he’d cut off, her face bright pink with emotion. Beside him Rhiannon sat in stunned silence; she’d never heard such an outburst from her Ex-boyfriend before.

Zach took a breath then spoke. “Rhiannon, Apologize”

She frowned as she looked at him. “What! She called me a-”

He glared at her “You fucking started it, don’t try and pretend that you didn’t. You tried to get a rise out of her, because you’re jealous. She called you on your bullshit, and you escalated. Then when Brittany tried to defend her friend, you called her some completely rude and inappropriate names. Apologize. *Now.*”

Rhiannon gaped at him. “Oh, come on! You can’t be serious. Just because you’re the one whose dick she’s sucking doesn’t mean she’s not a-”

Zach jabbed a finger in her face “You don’t get to put labels on our relationship. Brittany’s done nothing wrong; she doesn’t deserve to be disrespected like that. Now, I won’t tell you again. Apologize”

Rhiannon’s lip trembled as she looked at him, still completely blown away to be treated this way by her Ex-Boyfriend. He’d always been such a pushover before. She pursed her lips, looking away for a moment to wipe her eyes, before she looked over at the three girls who stood by the side wall. “I’m sorry...”

Zach nodded “Thank you. Now, unless anyone has anything else to say, we can get this over with. So?”

Camille grinned at him, biting her lip. “I’m good, baby.”

Brittany nodded “Me too. Thank you, Daddy”.

Behind them Holly said nothing, but her face said enough. Her cheeks were flushed, her chest heaved as she stared at Zach with unbridled desire. Since Zach had gone to level two earlier, she’d wanted him and now hearing him cuss out Rhiannon and defend his women...She didn’t just want him, she needed him.

Zach turned to look at Rhiannon, lifting an eyebrow. She sighed, then said “No, I’ve got nothing else to say”.

He nodded “Good. Let’s get started”.

He slowly took a breath, then exhaled. Though none of them could tell, his heart was hammering in his chest from anxiety. He’d never spoken like that to anyone before, taken control in such a manner; he didn’t realize he’d had it in him.

Hearing them talk about him earlier today, and how much they appreciated and desired that type of attitude from him, that had pushed him over the edge in this moment, and despite how stressed he’d been, he hadn’t let it show, and things had turned out well. Rhiannon was put in her place, and his three girls...well they without a doubt appreciated his actions deeply.

Zach began to explain to Rhiannon the fundamentals of hitting level two. The feeling of connection, the breathing, getting their bodies in sync. He’d done it with her accidentally once before when he’d helped her release her extension the first time she’d done it, and it was with her that he’d learned the secret to level two, though he hadn’t told her at the time. As such he had little doubt that he’d be able to reach that with her.

“In and out” Zach commanded, sitting beside Rhiannon, holding her hand. That was the limit of physical contact he would make with her. He wouldn’t give her the opportunity to try and further incense Camille and the others.

“How long do we have to do this” Rhiannon complained, after five minutes had passed of them simply breathing.

"Longer when you interrupt like that" Zach countered.

Rhiannon pouted, but said nothing further, returning to matching her breathing with his. Out of the corner of his eye he caught Camille smirking, which forced him to suppress a chuckle. God, he loved her so much.

After another five minutes had passed with no interruptions, Zach figured it was time. "Ok, I'm going to extend to level two. You should feel a rush of energy when I do. You'll need to take that energy and push it into your extension, into that mental knot in your mind. Nod if you understand".

Rhiannon nodded, maintaining her silence. Zach looked over to his girls. "Would one of you be able to give me a boost?"

All three girls eagerly stepped forward, but it was Holly who spoke first. "Me! Please, let me..."

As she walked up, her shirt, or more accurately Zach's shirt, quickly recessed as she pulled in her extension, returning her chest to nearly flat. She moved to stand in front of Zach, getting down on her knees before him, eyes reverently staring at his level one cock that rose up before her.

"Just tell me when" She whispered. Zach nodded, looking down at the goth girl who looked up at him, lightly biting her lip.

"Of course," Zach replied, then after a moment he said "How are you doing? You've been quiet".

She blushed "Yeah, I'm fine. Just...it's not important."

Zach doubted that "Talk about it later?" He said.

She nodded "Yeah, I'd like that".

Zach smiled, resting a hand on her shoulder comfortingly. "Sounds good. I'm ready"

Holly smiled at him, then furrowed her brow for a moment. Seconds later her bust swelled, sloping dramatically out as her shirt was filled from within with a pair of delicious round tits. Zach was infused with energy from her extending and immediately channelled that into his cock.

"Hold it steady for me" He whispered.

Holly grinned and nodded "Yes, daddy!" She whispered back.

With a heavy grunt, he extended to level two once again. The head of his cock rose up, and up, and up, Holly holding the base so that it wouldn't be pulled by gravity. It instead rose higher and higher from between his legs, a pillar of flesh that reached up over his head.

Beside him Rhiannon watched with awe, then suddenly her eyelids fluttered, and she let out a gasp. "Oh shit!?" She cried, as her chest began to heave.

"Remember what I said" Zach said, holding her hand, squeezing it tightly. "Push that energy into your extension!"

She nodded, as she closed her eyes and clenched her jaw. She groaned quietly as she focused, pushing internally. For a long few moments there was nothing, and Zach was worried that she wouldn't be able to do it. Her body began to shake as she pushed and pushed, muscles throughout her core tensing.

And then it happened. She let out a wailing shriek of ecstasy as her breasts exploded out from her, stretching from level one to level two. They swelled into hefty fat globes, two feet in diameter, reaching her hips and spreading far to either side. She leaned back on to the bed her hands outstretched behind her as she stared down at them eyes wide with shock and delight.

"I did it!" She cried.

Zach nodded "You did. First time's always the hardest. Congrats." He stood up, Holly moving with him, still holding on to his cock firmly. "I'll need your new phone number so we can talk about what we'll need from you for the festival. I suppose your man, Higgins, will have it?"

Rhiannon nodded numbly, then suddenly cried out when she realized they were leaving. "Wait! Don't go!"

"Why not?" Camille said. "We gave you what you wanted?"

Rhiannon nodded desperately "I know, but...they feel so good! They're so big!! I just want someone to touch them, to touch me! Please! No tricks, I swear, I just want some release. You can all join in, I don't care, just please don't leave me like this!"

Zach shook his head. "Were not going to have sex with you, Rhiannon."

"Please! I'll give you free entry to the festival!" She pleaded.

Zach grimaced. This was awkward. Dealing with Rhiannon there were always strings attached, secrets and ulterior motives. He knew for a fact that if they participated in this, it'd bite him in the ass.

But the entry tickets were not cheap. They'd reserved a set of four and the final charge had been very steep. Getting that fee waived would be a godsend.

No. He couldn't put a price on his dignity.

He shook his head. "I'm sorry, but-"

"We'll do it" Camille said.

Zach whipped to look at her in shock. "Pardon?"

On the bed Rhiannon bounced excitedly squealing with delight. Beside Zach, Camille took his hand and looked to him with a smile. "We shouldn't turn down free tickets. And besides...now I'll get to show her how to really take care of you and your cock...assuming I can get it away from Holly".

The two of them looked over at the green haired girl who still held his cock tightly up against her. She was laying her face upon his shaft, nuzzling against it. She opened her eyes when she heard her name. "What? What is it?"

Zach looked at her with a slight hint of concern, while Camille just chuckled. "Come on, we're gonna have some fun".

"With Zach's cock?" Holly asked eyes lighting up.

Zach nodded "That's the plan".

Holly visibly shuddered as she nodded excitedly "I'm in".

Camille walked over to Rhiannon eyeing her. "I just have one ground rule. Zach doesn't cum inside you. That privilege belongs to us".

Rhiannon looked up at her "Inside...? Wait you can fit that beast inside you?!"

Holly ran up and flopped down on to the bed beside her, letting herself fall on to her back as she removed the rest of her clothing. "Fuck yeah, we can" she breathed. "Me first! Fill me, Daddy!"

Zach stepped forward and lowered his mammoth cock until it was aimed at Holly. As he approached, she flipped her legs up and over herself grabbing onto them with her arms. His tip found her pussy, already soaking wet, and with minimal resistance slid in.

Holly let out a long exultant moan as Zach's cock pushed in deeper and deeper, filling her pussy to maximum capacity. She kept her arms linked through the back of her knees to keep her legs up as her body began to tremble as he penetrated her. She slammed her head back on to the mattress crying out with joy as he began to thrust back and forth, pounding deeply into her stretched pussy.

"Oh fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck! Thank you, daddy! I love your Cock! So fucking big, and *thick*! I'm so fucking full! Full with Daddy's cock! I fucking love it! I I...I fucking love you! *I love you!* FUUUUUCK!!!!"

Rhiannon watched on the bed beside her, jaw agape as she witnessed Holly take Zach's goliath member with surprising ease. "Holy shit, how can you- Oh!"

Her attention was drawn to her own pleasure when she suddenly found Camille upon her. The blonde pressed her own doubly extended breasts into Rhiannon's, smashing them together, forcing the brunettes back onto the bed.

Zach's Ex writhed beneath the weight of Camille as she mashed her own mammoth tits against Rhiannon's. "I told you it feels good" Camille grunted as she pushed harder. Both of their breasts pancaked against one another, their round shapes becoming wider as they flattened against one another.

Rhiannon hyperventilated, trapped beneath Camille as she was subject to the most intense pleasure she'd ever felt, and was unable to escape it. Looking to her left she locked eyes with Holly, her mouth open and drooling, head lurching back and forth each time Zach rammed into her.

Then when Rhiannon thought she couldn't take any more, Brittany joined in. Sitting down on Rhiannon's other side, she reached a hand underneath where the twin pair of titanic tits battled against one another, finding Rhiannon's pussy. There she began to fervently play with her clit, making her go catatonic.

Beside them Holly was in an equivalent state of ecstasy, finally getting to enjoy Zach's level two cock once again. Her eyes were rolled back into her skull, her exultations reduced to wordless babbling. Zach just kept thrusting, himself getting lost in the experience.

His cock lurched, jumping slightly as he felt himself near release. The entire shaft lifted up, Holly included, her entire body lifting several inches off the bed. She let out a short blissful shriek as she came hard from the pure joy of her entire form being held aloft impaled upon his cock.

Zach pulled out after setting her back down, leaving her a quivering mess on the bed. "Who's next?" He asked.

"Over here, baby" Camille purred. "Time to show her what it feels like".

Rhiannon's consciousness burst free from her sexual delirium. "Whoa, hold on! I can't take that thing! It's way too big!"

Camille pushed herself off and moved out of the way allowing Zach to walk over, immense cock hovering before him. He stepped up to the end of the bed, cock looming above Rhiannon. From where he stood it reached her head.

She shook her head fearfully. "I...I can't. It's too big".

Camille smirked "I know. That's why he's *mine*."

Camille got onto her knees, facing away from him. Her breasts filled the space below her, squashed against the mattress and spreading out to either side of her body. Looking over her shoulder she looked at Zach and smiled.

Zach turned his hips, swinging his cock from over Rhiannon to point at Camille. Then he stepped forth and slid himself into her. She clenched her jaw for a moment, as he pushed his way in, stretching her wide. Then her body relaxed and released.

“Oh fuck, that feels so good...Give it to me” she demanded.

Zach took it slow at first, incrementally ramping up his pace. After a minute he was going fast and hard, Camille moaning like a banshee as he fucked her, splitting her wide. Rhiannon just laid beside them watching with shock and dismay as Zach made love to Camille before her, cementing the truth that he was over her.

He pumped his hips continually, loving this moment. He'd almost cum with Holly, but had pulled back. Now he wouldn't cum for a while, he could go like this for...

He felt two small hands grope and fondle his swollen sack. He gasped at the tingling pleasure as he heard Brittany say “Come on Daddy, cum for us”.

His body complied, abs tensing, muscles spamming as he roared with his release. His cock pulsed as it deposited load after load into Camille's pussy, the blonde moaning with joy as he cream-pied her.

And with that it was over. Zach stepped back, catching himself on the dresser behind him as he pulled in his extension. Camille gingerly climbed off the bed, a hand held to her vagina to hold in the mass of cum that resided within. Holly pushed herself up to sitting, arms and legs still shaking from the aftershock of being fucked into oblivion.

Only Rhiannon remained still, laying on her back amidst them. After a moment her breasts receded as she pulled in her extensions, returning to her natural size. Sitting up she looked at Zach.

“Thank you... I appreciate what you've done for me today”.

Zach nodded “Sure. No problem. So...for the festival?”

“I'll talk to Higgins and get your tickets sorted out. We can talk in the morning about what you need from me”.

“The morning?” Camille asked as she too released her extensions.

Rhiannon nodded “I've got plenty of space here for you all to stay the night. I just need to know how many rooms you need. Do you all like sleep in one big bed or do you want separate rooms...”

Zach gave a genuine laugh. “Three rooms, please”

Rhiannon nodded as she rose from the bed. Walking over she got on her tip toes to kiss Zach on the cheek. "Three rooms it is."

She headed for her closet to get changed, stopping at the door to look back at him. "I'm really glad you came, Zach. It's good to see you".

Late that night Zach lay in bed, Camille snuggled up against him, her head upon his shoulder. In the corner a TV lit the room, a YouTube video that Camille had put on playing. Something about a couple who camped in Europe or something like that. Zach hadn't been paying attention.

He was too distracted, thinking about the events of the day. He should be exhausted, the jet lag pushing the day to far longer than normal, but he couldn't sleep right now. There was too much going on for him to rest.

Today had been a day of beginnings and endings. Today he'd done something that had been a long time coming, confronting his Ex. It hadn't been as explosive as he'd imagined, but they had talked, and she had apologized. Over dinner she'd told him about how her life had gone and he'd done the same. It was a little awkward, but far from volatile.

More importantly, after the impromptu exploration of her new body in the afternoon, it'd been obvious to everyone involved that Zach truly harboured no lingering feelings for Rhiannon. He'd moved on, and now he had closure. He could finally let that part of his life go; he no longer needed to let it eat away at him.

But then there were the new additions to his life, Brittany and Holly. Camille had brought them into their relationship a week ago and he still didn't know what to think. At first, he'd thought they were just going to be friends, and occasionally participants in sexual sessions.

But the talk he'd had with Camille on the plane made it sound like she, and they wanted more than that. They'd jokingly tossed around the word harem, but he suspected that wasn't far off from what they wanted. But what did he want?

He wanted Camille in his life, that was without question. She was the greatest thing that had ever happened to him and was his soul mate. But then how did these two fit into that? Was there even room in their dynamic for more?

Brittany was a sweet girl. Cute, innocent, kind. She seemed to be fully on board with everything, but was it because that's what she wanted or because it's what she thought she should want?

Then there was Holly. Holly was...complicated. She was sharp as tack and hilarious, but she was prickly at times, combative. Then at the drop of the hat she was suddenly obsessive and needy. He didn't know if the other girls had caught it, but he'd definitely heard her say "I love you" while they'd had sex this afternoon. There was an intensity to her that he didn't fully understand.

So, how did he really feel about these two? They were gorgeous and sexy, undoubtedly, but surely if they truly wanted this to be a polyamorous relationship there had to be more than physical attraction.

"Hey, you ok, dude?" Camille said tilting her head up to look at him.

His lips thinned to a line "Mmm, yes...and no."

"Do you want to talk about it?" Camille asked.

He nodded "I do. But...you're not the one I need to talk to".

Camille pushed herself up off of him, turning to meet his eyes. She smiled "Ah, I see. Time for their talk?"

Zach smiled back "That makes it sound a little formal, but yeah."

Camille chuckled "Fair point." She leaned in and gently kissed him on the lips "I love you".

Zach hummed as he kissed her back "I love you too".

Wearing only pyjama bottoms he left their room and headed down the hall. Rhiannon had put them in the guest wing of her house, Zach and Camille at the far end. Brittany was in the room next to theirs and so she was first.

Knocking gently on the door he waited a moment until he heard her say "Come in!"

Brittany sat cross legged upon her bed, wearing a cute baby-blue buttoned pyjama set with shorts. She looked up at Zach as he entered, giving him one of her bubbly smiles.

"Hi Zach!" She said cheerily.

"Brittany" he said returning her smile as he walked over "How are you?"

"Great! This has been such an exciting trip! I can't believe I'm sleeping in Rhiannon Page's house!"

Zach chuckled "Yeah, fair enough." He sat down on the edge of the bed a few feet from her. Brittany set her phone down and crawled over to him on her hands and knees.

"Are you here to play with me, Daddy?" She purred as she got up close beside him.

He shook his head “No, I just wanted to talk”.

She frowned, visibly deflating “Oh...ok”.

Zach eyed her “Is that a problem?”

She looked away abashedly. “No, of course not. I just had hoped...after this afternoon...” she trailed off, not willing to go further.

Zach slid across the bed to sit right beside her, wrapping an arm around her shoulder. “Tell me”

She sighed. “I just hoped you'd be here for some time with only you and me. I feel like that's the only way I can compete...”

“Compete? Brittany this isn't a competition...I mean, I don't know exactly *what* this is, but you three definitely aren't competing against one another”

She nodded “I know. I just meant... Camille is Camille. She doesn't have to do anything to get your attention because she's yours and your hers, that goes without saying. And then Holly...she can take your level two cock no problem. Then there's me...I can barely take level one, and I just feel that there's nothing I can do that's special”.

Zach nodded “I understand. Though I will say, you're forgetting something.”

Brittany looked at him, her bottom lip curled “What's that?”

“You *are* the bustiest amongst the three of you”.

Brittany blushed and then giggled “True. You like my boobs?”

He nodded “Very much. At level one you're almost as big as Camille at level two!”

She grinned “No I'm not! You're just saying that”.

“I'm serious! You're huge at level one. It's incredibly sexy”.

She blushed again “Well, thank you. That does make me feel better”.

“Now, can I ask you something?” Zach said.

She nodded “Of course, Zach. What is it?”

“What...what exactly are you looking for here?”

She looked at him “You mean...”

“With us. The four of us”

"Oh, ok. I guess... I just wanted to experience something...different. Back home, I still live with my parents, I've never not lived with them. When Camille approached me and asked if I wanted be part of your harem, I jumped at the chance. It was finally a chance to live my own life, do something that I wanted to do on my own."

Zach nodded "So you do want to be in a relationship with us?"

She smiled "Yes! It's honestly not something that I ever saw myself doing, but...I really like you, and I really like Camille. This is different, but I like it. We're almost like a family, all of us together, you caring for us."

Zach nodded "Alright, fair enough. I just wanted to check in and see where you were at."

Brittany nodded "Well, thank you. But what about you? What do you want Zach?"

That was the question wasn't it.

"I'm still trying to figure that out for myself. For now, I can say that I do want you girls in my life. I agree, this is different, but...yeah, I like it".

She giggled "Of course you like it, you've got three sexy girls at your beck and call!"

Zach rolled his eyes "You are *not* at my beck and call."

Brittany continued to laugh "I know, I'm just teasing. I'm pretty sure it's the exact opposite. Within a few weeks we're going to have you wrapped around each of our little fingers".

Zach snorted but nodded. Yeah, that sounded very likely.

"Thanks for talking to me" Zach said squeezing her shoulders tightly.

Brittany smiled "No, thank you, Zach. I really appreciate you checking on me".

He smiled "I'm glad".

She turned to him "Do you... want to have a feel before you go?"

Zach grinned "I'll never say no to that".

Brittany reached forward and lifted up her shirt, then after a few moments of controlled breathing her breasts swelled out into huge spherical melons, riding high upon her chest. Bringing his hands around he sunk his fingers unto her soft flesh, drawing forth a soft moan from her lips.

"I'm glad you like them" she whispered as she leaned back letting him play with her.

Zach grunted as he continued to fondle and massage them, feeling their bountiful weight in his hands. His fingers found their way to the delicate pink nubs that were her nipples, gently pinching them. Brittany gasped and pulled away.

"That's...that's enough" she said, her voice shaky. "If you keep doing that then I'm not going to want to stop!"

Zach nodded "Yeah...it's late, and I've got one more stop. We'll have plenty of time for that tomorrow."

Brittany scooted herself over to the head of the bed "I'm going to hold you to that Zach. Have a good night!"

He stood and headed for the door. "Good night" he said before exiting the room.

One down, one to go.

He continued down the hall, stopping before the door that had belonged to Holly's room. He knocked on it and waited. No answer.

He knocked again, and once again silence was all that greeted him. Frowning, he opened the door and found the nightstand light on, the room empty. Holly wasn't here.

Closing the door he continued on, venturing through the dark empty house in search of Holly. He found her sitting out on the back deck, knees held up against her chest as she stared out at the sea, the dark water visible over the privacy hedges that surrounded the house.

Sliding the glass door open he stepped out. "Hey" he said.

"Hey" she replied not looking at him.

"Can I join you?"

She shrugged "If you want".

He walked over and sat down on the patio couch next to her, looking out at the sea alongside her. He said nothing, sensing that she'd want to speak first. She did.

"I've never seen the ocean before" she said softly.

Zach nodded "It's a beautiful thing."

"Yeah..." Off in the distance to the east, lights lit up the night sky, Los Angeles.

"I've always wanted to take a trip to the coast but never got around to it. I'm glad I came with you guys" she said as she shifted the way she sat on the couch. She wore a simple black tank top and boy shorts. As Zach glanced at her, he noticed that she was holding his shirt that he'd lent her, hugging it against herself.

"Holly..." he started.

"Zach" she cut him off "I wanted to apologize about this afternoon" her voice was short, tense with emotion.

"Apologize? For what?"

She shook her head, looking down at herself. "I...I wasn't myself. I acted stupidly. I know you noticed. You called me out on it. I don't know what was going on with me, but I was just...I don't know. As soon as I saw your cock go to level two, it's like something in my brain turned off. All I cared about was your cock. Holding it, touching it, fucking it..."

Zach nodded "Yeah, I did notice that..."

"Exactly. And that's not who I am...I'm not some cock starved slut..."

Zach reached out and laid a hand on her back. She flinched slightly at his touch but then leaned into it. "I know you're not...are we going to talk about what you said?"

She sighed "Fuck...I hoped you hadn't heard that. I didn't mean it, I was just overwhelmed, caught up in the moment".

"I figured. Don't worry, we're cool".

She looked over at him for the first time since he'd sat down, giving him a small smile "Thanks. I knew you'd understand it. Good dick can really make a girl crazy".

They laughed together in the quiet night air, as they looked back out at sea. In the distance they could hear the waves crashing upon the shore. "So" Zach said, "How do you like California?"

She shrugged "It's ok. Too sunny." She paused for a moment and then said "Zach..."

"Yeah?"

"I just wanted to say...Thanks".

"For what?"

"For being a good person. I've...I've been involved with some guys that were not good people. I got hurt."

Zach moved closer, though still kept only his hand on her back as a point of contact. "I'm so sorry to hear that" he said softly.

She nodded "Thank you. Before Camille messaged me, I was in a dark place, just bouncing around between one-night stands, using men, not letting myself get close. I thought, when I met with Camille that this would just be a one-time thing, a fun afternoon. But then I met you, got to know you over this week. Saw how kind and sweet you are, much you care for Camille. I got a little bit jealous of that. Mostly I realized...that I actually really like you."

Zach remained silent, giving her the space to express herself.

"I haven't felt this way for a long time, and in the past the men who I've let myself fall for have always hurt me. But I know...I know that'll never be you".

"Of course not"

"I think that's part of why I acted so out of line today" Holly continued. She'd moved over and now sat against him head resting upon his chest. "It was an over correction. I found someone I like who is worth liking and I just...I wanted to show it. I wanted to give myself fully. I'm sorry that I went too far".

Zach wrapped his arm around her, hugging her to him. "It's ok. It wasn't too far."

"Thanks" she whispered, sniffing away tears.

"Holly." Zach said, voice quiet as he held her to him. "I'm not perfect. I'm no white knight. I can't promise that I won't at some point disappoint or upset you. Hurt you in some way that I didn't intend. All I can do is my best. I just figured you deserve that honesty".

She nodded "I understand. And I know there's a difference between accidentally hurting me and intentionally, and I know you'll never do the latter".

"That I can promise" he said.

"Zach..."

"Yeah?"

"I think...I think I do love you".

Zach said nothing, he simply held her tight against him. Then "Holly..."

"Shh" she hushed him as she buried her head into his chest. "You don't have to say anything. Just hold me".

Zach did so, long into the night.

Zach awoke the next morning amidst a pile of bodies. Late in the night he'd returned to Camille, carrying Holly in his arms who'd fallen asleep against him. Camille had made room with a welcoming smile snuggling up against him from the other side. At some point in the night Brittany had also joined them, meaning the bed was just a little bit cramped.

"Morning" Zach said with a yawn. Camille craned her head up to kiss him on the cheek, while on his other side Holly nuzzled against him, trying to escape the morning light. Brittany was still asleep, dozing peacefully on the edge.

Zach felt at peace. Yesterday he'd talked and now understood what his girls wanted, and he'd finally resolved his issues with Rhiannon. Nothing weighed heavily on his mind, and all he could see ahead of him was the certainty of a bright, exciting future.

If only he hadn't forgotten that when Rhiannon was involved, nothing was ever certain.

The door to the room slammed open as his Ex stormed in. All four of them on the bed were startled by the loud noise of her sudden entrance. Brittany nearly fell out of bed as she was shocked awake.

Rhiannon snorted as she leered at them, standing at the foot of the bed. "I was just joking when I asked if you all sleep in one bed. This is all kinds of fucked up, Zach".

Zach frowned but pushed down his anger. He wouldn't take the bait. "What do you want Rhiannon?"

"For you to get the fuck out of my house!" She said sharply.

Zach blinked "What? What time is it..."

She crossed her arms as she stared at them angrily "I don't give a shit what time it is. Get out!"

The four of them slowly rose from the bed, Holly and Brittany returning to their rooms to pack but not before shooting dirty glances at Rhiannon. His ex flipped them both off.

"Who pissed in your cornflakes" Zach asked as he got dressed.

"No one." Rhiannon said. "I just came to my senses. Realized how stupid I was letting my ex-boyfriend, and his entourage of whores stay in my house for free!"

"Fuck you" Camille yelled.

Zach sighed. He should've known that things had gone far too easily. Before Rhiannon could cuss out Camille and make things escalate further, he said "Fine, we're leaving. Can I just get your phone number so we can coordinate about the festival?"

Rhiannon looked at him, then laughed in his face. "Are you serious? Did you really think I was going to help you?"

Zach felt his insides sink. How had he not seen this coming.

"You're stupider than I thought if you think I'm going to *willingly* let you make yourself a spectacle at *my* festival! Especially now that you've so graciously shown me how to get to level two! My brands been in need of a bump and this is just the thing to get me back in the spotlight. Thank you so much for that, now *get out!*"

With a smug smile, Rhiannon turned and strutted off towards the door. She turned at the threshold and shot him one last icy look as she said "Oh, and obviously you can forget about those free tickets."

Zach stood in shocked silence, Camille by his side. He put his head in his hands and groaned in frustration. "Fuck...I should've known this would happen".

Camille sighed as she reached up and rubbed his neck. "It's not your fault. She's just a cunt. Come on, let's go get the girls and get the fuck out of here."

Zach nodded as he pulled Camille against him and hugged her. They had two days until the festival would begin. He just hoped that was enough time for them to figure out a new plan.

TO BE CONTINUED...