

First Extension

BY TROGDOR297

Zach sat upon the edge of his bed feeling anxious. He was hunched forward, arms resting in his knees, fingers entwined together. He was wearing only his boxers in anticipation for what was about to occur.

A few feet in front of him was the closed door to his ensuite bathroom, which currently was occupied by his date for this evening. She'd been in there for close to twenty minutes now...and while Zach was respectful and waited patiently, he was starting to stress about what was taking so long.

He'd heard the toilet flush ten minutes ago, and then the sink turn on and off a few times. He also could've sworn he'd heard her breathing heavily, though it was hard to tell as the sound was muffled by the door.

Her name was Camille, and she was undoubtedly out of his league. Not that he was an absolute horror show to look at, his ex-girlfriend had always said that he was handsome, but he'd found his luck with women in general didn't reflect that reality.

He'd broken up with that ex, or more accurately she'd broke up with him, the previous year. 7 years thrown away when she had an emotional affair with her boss of all people. Yeah... that one had hurt. He hadn't even thought about trying to put himself out there again until last month when a work colleague suggested he try out a dating app that he'd had luck with.

As Zach had predicted, the experience with the app was the same for him as he'd heard it was for most average men. Two weeks of effort without a single match or message. He'd been a day away from deleting his account when suddenly there was Camille.

She was gorgeous. Taller than average, only a few inches shorter than him, with tan skin, long blonde hair and a surprisingly athletic build. One of her profile pictures was taken at a gym, a mirror selfie of her in a sports bra flexing. She had visible abs, and muscle definition in her arms and shoulders.

She was the exact opposite kind of girl that his ex had been...which maybe that was good for him. He'd sent a message and surprisingly Camille had replied within the hour. They'd begun chatting and soon exchanged phone numbers to continue their conversation off the app.

After a week of nearly constant texting, he asked her out properly and she agreed enthusiastically. Which then led to tonight.

They'd gone out for dinner at a favourite restaurant of his and she'd shown up looking absolutely fantastic. Tight jeans that hugged her ass and a sleeveless black turtleneck top, which showed off her arms and shoulders. She'd run up to him outside the restaurant and pulled him into a hug, which had left him grinning.

The date itself had gone very well, their chemistry transferring from text to in person flawlessly. He learned a ton about her that evening, about the incredible life she'd had. She'd been to something like 20 different countries, and even more impressive, she was a blackbelt in Tae Kwan Do.

What this amazing woman was doing on a date with Zach was beyond him, but he never let that lack of confidence show. Fake it 'til you make it as they say. She did seem to have truly enjoyed herself, laughing at his jokes, and smiling fondly at him throughout the night.

He'd offered to pay for her Uber home when she'd insisted that she wanted to see his apartment that he'd mentioned. He may not be the most experienced with women...but the implications there was obvious. He'd obviously agreed...and so here he was, sitting on the edge of his bed waiting for this incredible woman to emerge from his bathroom that she'd claimed as her own for almost half an hour.

"Zach?" Her voice echoed through the door.

"Yeah?" He replied, sitting up.

"There's something I want to talk to you about...I hope....I hope it doesn't put a damper on things"

Zach let out a despondent sigh as he let his head sink. Subconsciously he'd been waiting for the other shoe to drop. She was too good to be true, too good for him, it was only a matter of time before she wised up to it.

"What is it?" He said, bracing himself for disappointment.

"Well...it's just...I've led a very independent life for a long time...and I'm not ready to give that up. I'm really not looking for any sort of commitment right now"

Zach groaned. And there it was.

"You're awesome" she continued "and I had a ton of fun tonight. But...I just think it would be better if you and I were friends..."

"Ah...ok" Zach said, staring at his feet feeling dejected.

"...Friends who fuck" She added.

Zach's head lurched up. Had he heard that right?

"Wait, what?"

"I said I think it would be better if we just be friends...with benefits"

"You...you still want to have sex with me!" Zach said, unexpected excitement racing into him.

"Well, yeah? Of course I do? You're hot and funny...I've been wanting to jump your bones all evening"

"You're kidding!"

"No dude! You can totally get it! I'm shocked that I'm the first girl that's tried to match with you, you're actually super cute"

Zach laughed "Wow...well thank you. I feel the same way about you. You're absolutely smoking"

From behind the door Camille snickered "Well, duh"

Zach shook his head, chuckling at her sarcastic retort. "I'll be honest, I thought you were trying to back out...you know, let me down easy"

"Nope, I'm definitely DTF, I just wanted to tell you my boundaries, before we do something we can't take back"

Zach nodded "Yeah, that makes a lot of sense. And I think something casual, no strings attached, is what I need right now. I shouldn't be jumping back into something so intense after a breakup"

"Cool" Camille said "I'm so glad you agree. I would've been super bummed if this night ended without me getting drilled."

Zach and Camille laughed as one at her joke, though Zach could tell there was a fair bit of truth to it.

"You ready for me?" She said, voice taking on a sultry tone.

"Very" Zach replied, trying to sound manly.

With a click, the door opened, and Camille stepped out, an excited smile on her face. Zach's eyes widened with surprise at what he saw.

She was wearing only underwear, a thong with the straps pulled up to above her hips. Her hair had been in a braid at dinner, now she'd undone it, so it fell loose down her back. Her abs were slightly visible against the surface of her skin, arms and legs showing definition.

This was not what had surprised Zach. That would be her breasts. Sitting perkily on her chest were two...very large breasts. Far larger than he'd seen in any of her pictures or that she seemed to have had at dinner. They were full and round, slightly larger than grapefruits, projecting off her chest on top of her pecs.

Camille grinned down at him as she strode forward, breasts lightly bouncing with each step. "Someone likes what they see" she teased as she stepped up before him.

"Camille..." he said. "What...what happened to you?"

"What do you mean?" She said casually as she stepped into him, knees tucking up and resting on the mattress either side of him, so she sat straddling his legs. She wrapped her arms around his neck pulling him close, his chin resting against the top of her full cleavage.

"Your breasts!" He said looking up at her.

Camille giggled "Let me guess, bigger than you thought, right?"

Zach shook his head "No...I've seen your pictures...dozens of them on your Instagram. Your breasts aren't this big."

She leaned forward pressing them into his face as she began to plant kisses atop his head, his brown hair buzzed short. "It's just my sports bras" she said "They really compress them, so they don't look as big"

Zach tried to pull away from her, but her strong arms around his neck held him in place. He managed to tilt his head back away from her chest so he could talk again. "That's not it! I've seen pictures of you in bikinis! Your boobs aren't this big, what the f-mmf"

Camille had grabbed his head and pulled it back down, making him faceplant into her warm welcoming cleavage. "What are you getting so worked up about?" She whispered in his ear "I want you to fuck me, Zach. Fuck me hard and play with my big tits"

From between her breasts Zach made muffled noises as he tried to speak, struggling against her embrace. Finally, he was able to get his hands against her torso and pushed hard, forcing her off of him. She stumbled back landing on the floor, face a mask of shock.

"No!" Zach yelled. "I'm not doing anything with you until you tell me what the hell is going on!"

They stood in silence staring at each other, both of them breathing heavily, the tension in the room palpable. Finally, Camille sighed, stepping back as she rubbed her forehead in annoyance.

"For fucks sake, Zach" she muttered. "You really need to learn how to get out of your own way"

Zach nodded "Heard that one before. You going to tell me what the fuck happened to your breasts?"

Camille placed her hands on her hips as she studied him, noting the erection tenting his boxers. "You're never going to let this go, are you?"

Zach shook his head "Nope"

Camille pursed her lips then nodded. "Fine...but if I'm going to do this you have to swear to never tell anyone. I mean it. Like...cross your heart and hope to die."

Zach narrowed his eyes as he looked at her. What the hell could this be about that it would require such secrecy.

"I swear. But I'm not just going to swear; I'm going to tell you something"

Camille lifted a single eyebrow questioningly, but she said nothing, waiting for him to speak.

"In my first year of university there was an incident in the spring semester. Someone started a fire, and it ended up turning on the sprinkler system in the entire dorm. There were millions of dollars in damage...the culprit was never caught."

Camille nodded "I heard about that...you went to Wesleyan right?"

Zach nodded "That's right"

"OK...why are you telling me this?" Camille said.

"Because I'm the one that started the fire."

Camille's eyebrows lifted in surprise. "Oh shit..."

"Yeah...I expect if anyone knew I'd be facing fines or maybe even some jail time. It was an accident but...people are still angry. Whenever I meet up with old university friends someone mentions it every time at least once...wishing they knew who did it. Anyway. Now you have a secret of mine...so you can trust that I won't betray yours"

Camille nodded then smiled. "You are something else Zach...almost makes me forget that you somehow managed to cockblock both of us a few minutes ago"

Zach snorted, then sat down on the bed, gesturing for Camille to join him. She did, flopping down on the covers beside him.

"OK." She said, slapping her hands on her thighs. "This is going to sound strange...even more so if I don't demonstrate it first"

Closing her eyes she locked her fingers together against her abdomen just below her sternum. Then she took in a deep breath, her chest heaving out, and held it. For ten seconds she held it before she slowly began to let out air, blowing it gently out between her lips. As she did...she began to shrink.

Right before his very eyes, Zach watched as Camille's breasts slowly deflated, flesh reducing bit by bit until her exhalation stopped. Her breasts were now just below a C-cup, approximately the size that Zach would've guessed she had at dinner.

"How...how the fuck did you..."

"Shut up" she said, not opening her eyes. "I need to focus. It's harder going the other way..."

Zach shut his mouth watching in silence, feeling a mixture of awe and confusion. Camille began to breathe in and out in a slow purposeful pattern, in through her nose and out through her mouth. Zach immediately had Deja vu, as he remembered these exact sounds coming from behind the closed door of his bathroom.

Her brow furrowed, as she continued to breath in and out. The muscles on her abs and chest, flexed and tensed, the skin on her face and neck becoming flushed. She sucked in air and pushed it out harder, her jaw clenching.

Then she breathed in deeply and held it. Her body quivered as the muscles on her upper body rippled and flexed. Then with a quiet groan that emanated from her flesh, her breasts surged forth expanding back out into the large full round shape they'd been minutes before. In mere moments she'd gone from barely a C-cup to an H.

As soon as the growth stopped, she exhaled, her muscles relaxing as she slouched with fatigue. "Whew...I rarely have to do that twice in one night. That was hard..." She said, though despite her complaints she bore a satisfied smile.

"Jesus, Camille. That was intense...but I'm still in the dark here. How the fuck did you do that!?"

Camille twisted her torso towards him to face him. "Something that I learned during my years of travel is that the human body is a puzzle that still has not been fully solved. Every day, miracles occur around the world. People recover from sickness unexpectedly; others are blessed with prodigal skill it's origin a mystery. There's so much that we still don't know...this is just one more thing"

"There was a place I stayed for several months, a sanctuary focused on sexual enhancement through mystical methods. It was there that I was taught that humans, with proper teaching and guidance, can unlock the hidden potential of our flesh."

"That sounds ludicrous" Zach said.

Camille nodded "That's what I thought too. But then I saw them do it...and then I did it myself."

"Wait...them...was this place only for women?"

Camille shook her head. "No of course not. There were many of both genders. My teacher was a man"

Zach turned his head to look away, staring off across the room blankly as his mind raced.

"That was four or so years ago. I don't do it too often, just when I'm with someone I really like and trust...like you" she reached over and put a hand on Zach's knee. He didn't look up, he was still lost in thought, staring off into space.

"Zach?" She said. "Are you ok?"

Zach's head jerked back to look at her as if he was coming out of a trance. He nodded, a smile forming on his face. "Can you teach me?"

Camille blinked "What?"

Zach grabbed her hands in his and leaned toward her eagerly. "Will you teach me! Please!"

Camille laughed nervously "Zach...aha...I...I've never taught anyone...I don't even know if I *could* teach you..."

"Please" Zach said his eyes locked on her. "I want to learn"

Camille bit her lip anxiously as Zach waited for an answer, smiling at her eagerly. Finally, she nodded. "OK, I'll try and teach you. Only because you're so cute"

Zach's smile widened into a beaming grin. Letting go of her hands he reached up and gripped her face, pulling her forward so he could plant a firm kiss on the lips.

"Oh wow!" Camille said as he pulled away. "You really are excited!"

He nodded "Incredibly! Thank you so much. I owe you a huge one for this"

Camille laughed, face going slightly pink from the sudden passionate kiss. "Well, before you go promising your first born, let's see if I can even teach you how to do it!"

"Right" Zach said, his enthusiasm not dampened in the least. "What's first?"

"Well, first things first, you need to have an erection" she said

"Done" Zach said, gesturing to between his legs where his boxers were still tented.

"Yup, you're hard alright" she said teasingly. "Could you pull it out?"

"Sure?" Zach said, lifting his hips then legs so he could slide off his boxers, kicking them across the room. "That's the next step of the training?"

Camille smiled "No, that was just for my own enjoyment. You've got a nice cock"

Zach snorted. "You don't have to be patronizing; I know it's below average."

Camille rolled her eyes “I was being serious! I appreciate more than just the size of a man's member. Yours looks very attractive, and 5 inches isn't that small”

“Well, thanks, I guess. So, what *is* next, then?”

Camille nodded “Right, so...this is where it gets a little...abstract. Just stay with me here.”

Getting up she moved to sit behind him, spreading her legs so that they went around him. She scooted forward until she was almost touching him. Leaning forward she was able to whisper in his ear, her nipples occasionally brushing against his back when she moved.

“Close your eyes and relax” she whispered, her voice now soft and gentle, soothing. Zach did as she commanded closing his eyes and exhaling, letting go of tension.

“Now. Slowly breath in and out, like you're meditating. Do it the way I did, long and steady. In through your nose, out through your mouth” The hairs on the back of his neck stood up as her quiet voice tickled his ears, her lips accidentally grazing his ear lobe.

Zach adopted the rhythmic breathing she'd demonstrated, chest rising and falling in time. His cock was hard and throbbing, rising up from between his legs, his entire body tingling with anticipation. This was already one of the most sensual things he'd ever done, and it was only going to get more intense.

“That's good” she whispered, her smile detectable through the way she spoke. “Now in your mind, do you feel your cock?”

Zach nodded wordlessly, maintaining his steady breathing.

“Good. I need you to reach out with your mind and then...push”

“Push?” Zach said.

“That's right.” Camille whispered so very softly. “Push with everything you have. Push with your mind, your body, your very spirit”

“How long do I push for?”

Camille leaned into him, hands reaching around and gently caressing his abdomen as her breasts pressed against his back. “As long as it takes” she said, letting out a soft giggle at the end. She was clearly enjoying this just as much as he was.

Zach nodded, returning to his slow methodical breathing. In and out...in and out. And then...he pushed.

Nothing happened. His cock lurched up as he flexed his Kegel muscles and abs, but that was about it. After a few seconds he released, letting out an involuntary grunt of exertion.

"You've got to push for longer than that!" Camille teased. "If you want to do it you have to push and hold it. Hold it and keep pushing"

Zach nodded, not letting his failure break his spirits. Once more he began to breathe in and out slowly, settling into that comfortable pattern.

He felt Camille move closer, until her entire torso was pressing against his back, her hands gripping his chest and holding them together.

"Push..." She said, voice barely audible.

Zach squeezed eyes tight and began to push in the way she'd described. He visualized himself doing it, focusing his entire consciousness on it as all the muscles around his core and upper legs flexed as one.

This time he held on, his cock tense and held aloft, quivering in the air. His muscles began to ache as he held the flex, pushing as hard as his body could. In his mind he shuttered away all distractions, all other thoughts. In that moment his entire soul existed on this earth to do one thing: Push.

"Don't stop!" Camille whispered. "That's it!"

Zach's breathing became more laboured as he willed his body to push harder, demanded his muscles to give more. His entire body was beginning to ache, and a very sharp pain every few moments ran up through the shaft of his cock. Despite this all he didn't give up...he continued to push.

Camille held him tight as she saw him begin to shake, the pain taking its toll. "It's OK! Keep going! The first time hurts for everyone...you're forcing your body to give over control to you. To let you take advantage of its full potential"

His steady breathing had become ragged, no longer in through the nose out through the mouth. Now he just sucked in as much air as he could before exhaling it, moans of agony echoing from his chest. Camille held on to him, whispering sweet encouragement in his ear, urging him on. Telling him to keep pushing.

And so he did. He pushed harder and harder...demanding his body to obey him. He opened his mouth and let out a roar of both pain and triumph as he pushed as hard as he could and then...

With the sound of ripping flesh, the head of his cock shot forward, lifted from below as his shaft extended outward, flesh emerging from within, doubling in length in a single moment.

Zach collapsed back into Camille, his weary body finally given a moment to relax. His head came to rest against the soft pillowy masses of her expanded breasts, as he let out a groan of exhaustion. Gently Camille leaned down and planted a kiss on his forehead.

"There it is." she whispered, "Good boy..."

Zach forced his eyes to open, to see what he'd accomplished. He gaped at what he saw, unbelieving despite the fact that he could feel it.

His cock rose high into the air, unwavering, a shaft of flesh just over 10 inches long. Angry veins pulsed on the surface just below the skin.

"Holy...holy shit" he wheezed. "My cock!"

"Mhm!" Camille hummed happily against the top of his head. "You did it! No one I ever met where I was trained could do it the first time, I'm actually really impressed!"

Zach lifted a trembling arm and reached forward to touch it, when Camille grabbed him and pulled him back.

"Just give it a minute" she chided him. "The new flesh always needs a bit of time to acclimatize."

"New flesh? But it's my cock? It just got bigger?"

Camille reached around his head, pointing. "That's your cock" she said pointing at the bottom half of his shaft. There the shaft was the same thickness it'd always been, and the skin was his normal skin tone. Looking closer he could see that she was right; the pattern of veins in that section was the same as he'd always known, and that freckle that was normally just underneath the head hadn't moved.

Then she moved her finger up, pointing at the upper half. "That's all new. You pushed that out, it was *inside* your cock before. Your body always had the potential to make your erection this big...it just doesn't. It's like how adrenaline can give you the strength to lift a car."

The flesh here was reddish pink and shiny. The shaft was also noticeably thicker, sloping out on the underside to an incredibly girthy section before it sloped back up to the head. At its thickest the shaft was almost two inches across: it was wider around than the head of his cock. Where the skin transitioned abruptly from one shade to the other, he could see a faint wrinkle demarcating the separation, similar to the marks on the inside of a knuckle.

"Goddamn" Zach said with a grin. "That's amazing!"

Flexing his Kegel muscles, he made the long shaft lurch towards them. The motion made it lose its equilibrium, and it fell over, landing with a slap on his abdomen. The tip of his cock reached his chest. As he stared down at it, he frowned.

"Wait...if that was inside my cock, how is it thicker?"

"The flesh expands when it's released, or at least that's how they explained it to me." Camille said.

Zach nodded "I see, guess that makes sense." he chuckled as he studied the impressive shaft that rested on his torso. "I never would've guessed that this was actually my cock's full size!"

Camille laughed "It's not actually..."

Zach tilted his head to look up at her. "Wait, what do you mean?"

Camille reached down and gently wrapped her fingers around his shaft, lifting it upright once more. Her touch made Zach moan as it sent electric shocks of tingling pleasure run through him. "This...is what's called a level one extension" Camille said as she gently shook his cock for emphasis, fingers gripping his new shaft firmly.

"Level one...there are more levels?!"

"You got it" Camille said, her hand starting to slide up and down the thick section of his shaft.

"How...mmm....how many?" He said, grunting with pleasure as she stroked him.

"Well...the furthest any of the masters have ever gotten is level 3...but they also said they felt more...as if they could've pushed farther...they simply lacked the will."

"Fuck..." Zach moaned, eyes fluttering as his cock jumped in Camille's hands, very much enjoying her touch.

"Most people only ever reach level one" she said, with a sigh, pausing her motions

Slowly Zach pushed himself up to sitting, turning around to face her. "I'm guessing that includes you?"

She nodded glumly "I could never reach the next level back when I was training...and since I've left, I've never pushed myself."

"Camille..." Zach said, reaching out and taking her hand. "Is that something you want?"

She shrugged "Eh...maybe at one time. Now...I'm..." she trailed off, looking away.

Neil reached up and placed a hand on her cheek turning her to face him. He said nothing as he gazed at her until finally, she sighed.

"OK fine! Yes, I really want to see what the next level feels like! Happy now!"

Zach chuckled "Are you? Now that that's off your chest?"

Camille opened her mouth to speak then just laughed. "You really are something, you know that? I'm...I'm actually like really glad I told you...it's weird living a life with a secret like this. It's nice having someone else who knows"

Zach nodded "I'm really glad you told me too. And I promise you, working together, we will reach level two."

Camille shook her head "Zach that's very sweet but I don't think it's reasonable to-"

Zach pressed a finger to her lips, to quiet her. "I promise". Her lips curled up into a smile underneath his finger. She nodded "Alright, I'm in"

Zach nodded with a grin, excited for what the future held for the both of them.

"So..." he said after a few moments of them sitting together in silence. "Do... you still want to have sex?"

Camille's face lit up with a smile "Oh my god, yes! Fuck yeah I do! Feel how wet I am!" Spreading her legs where she sat, she rubbed her fingers against her pussy, making an audible shlicking sound. "I didn't want to assume we were still going to since this was like sort of a weird epiphany moment and I wasn't sure if you were still feeling it"

Zach smirked as he nodded towards his towering erection "Yeah, I'm definitely still feeling it"

"Excellent" she said, getting up on her knees. "Lay back here" she patted the bed in between them.

Zach slid himself over then laid down, gripping the base of his cock in one hand to keep it upright. He could feel his heart beating excitedly, his pulse making his shaft throb.

With Zach laying face up, Camille clambered over, quickly removing her panties, then swung her legs up over his face, kneeling above him facing towards his cock. Reaching out she grabbed it just below the head, slightly above its thickest point and pulled it toward her. At the same time, she lowered herself so her sopping wet pussy was in reach for Zach's mouth.

They both moved at the same time, Camille leaning forward to suck on the tip of his cock, while Zach stuck out his tongue to run it up and down her juicy lips.

Together they moaned as they became locked in a competition of who could out pleasure the other. Both struggled to focus as they received stimulation from the other on their genitals. After only a single very intense minute, Camille got off and laid down on the bed beside him.

"I can't wait any longer" she said. "I need you to Fuck me"

Zach nodded with a smile, as he pushed himself up, getting off the bed and walking around to face her. His cock hovered horizontally in the air, gravity attempting and failing to thwart the force of will that governed his thick pillar of a shaft.

Camille slid over so her ass was on the side of the bed, her legs folded back over on herself. Her breasts, like two delectable ripe pieces of fruit, rose high off her chest, flesh firm and round.

Holding on to her ankles she made eye contact with him. "Don't Worry about hurting me" she said with mischievous smile "This isn't my first time with a Level 1 cock"

Zach stepped forward, holding his massive member with one hand as he guided the tip towards Camille's glistening entrance. His tip collided with her moist lips and then after only a brief moment of pressure he slid in.

Stepping forward he slowly pushed himself into her, the thickest part of his shaft passing her entrance and making her let out a guttural gasp of pleasure. Zach found himself grunting with primal enjoyment as he filled her with his cock. Sex had never felt this good before.

"Oh, fuck yes!" Camille moaned; eyes squeezed tight. "I missed this feeling! Nothing fills you up like this!" Looking down at her Zach could see her abs rigid as her Kegel muscles clenched instinctively around his meat.

After far more of his cock was inside her than he'd expected, he hit bottom. "Ready?" He grunted.

She nodded wordlessly, biting down on her lips that she'd curled into her mouth. Leaning forward and grabbing onto her thighs he began to move, sliding out and in, in long, slow but deliberate thrusts. Each time he pulled out, he stopped where the girthiest part of his shaft was right at her entrance, stretching her wide, before he pushed back in filling her up. Each time her eyelids fluttered, and she let out a high pitched squeak of joy.

Zach was enjoying this as much as she was, a primal grin on his face as he thrust again and again. This was what was missing in his life; this feeling of power, of pleasure. Never before had he made his ex act the way Camille was now. Nor had she ever turned him on as much as Camille did. The entire length of his cock was sending signals of pleasure to his brain, the feeling intoxicating.

"Fuck...yes..." He grunted as he sped up his movements. "I'm going...to...cum!"

He pulled out of her, stepping forward so that his cock rested upon the upper surface of her abdomen. Seconds later he came, the entire length of his meat briefly surging upwards off of her skin. His orgasm was more powerful than it had been before, and it went on for longer. He could actually feel the cum flowing up through the long shaft of his cock before it spurted from his tip, coating the underside of Camille's breasts.

Feeling lightheaded he stumbled over and collapsed on to his bed beside her, both of them panting heavily.

"Holy shit" he said after a minute of them laying together enjoying the silent afterglow.

Camille nodded "Yeah..."

"That was...without a doubt...the best sex I've ever had" Zach said, an exhausted smile on his face.

Camille giggled "Glad I could be here for it!"

"I see why people would do this...that felt...unbelievably good." Zach said. "Though...it doesn't seem fair..."

Camille turned her head to look at him "What do you mean?"

"Well...this ability...skill...whatever you want to call it. It makes sex like, ten times better for me. But for you...your boobs just get bigger, which is more for my benefit?"

Camille smiled "Au contraire, mon ami! Firstly, your level 1 cock also makes fucking a helluva lot better for us girls. But secondly" She pointed at her tits, rising 5" high off her chest "These don't just look good. They become extremely sensitive; I can orgasm just from someone touching my breasts now"

Zach nodded, with an appraising look "Is that so? Mind if I..." He reached over with a curious hand, but she swatted it away.

"Look but don't touch!" She teased. "I'm all pleased out for tonight, plus I have to be up early"

"Fair enough" Zach said. He turned to face straight up at the ceiling, when suddenly a sharp ache ripped through his head. "Ah! What the fuck..."

Camille sat up and looked over at him. "Your head?"

Zach sat up as well, pressing his hands against his eyeballs in an attempt to dull the pain. "Yeah! How did you know?"

"Because it happened to me my first time as well" Camille said, shifting over closer to him. "Extensions tax the body, especially if you're not used to it. You should revert it back to normal"

Zach grit his teeth, as the pain rattled through his skull "Gah, ok, fine. How do I..."

Camille placed her hands on his shoulders and began to massage them, helping to ease his tension. "The same way, just in reverse. Find it in your mind. You should be able to sense it...almost like a knot"

Zach squeezed his eyes shut, doing his best to follow along with her instructions "I don't know what...oh...Ok! I think I found it"

"Good, now take a deep breath, and let it out slowly, and as you do...untie the knot"

Zach struggled to understand how exactly he was supposed to do that, but he might as well try. Taking in a deep breath, he held it for a moment, as he heard Camille do the same thing behind him. Then together they released, slowly blowing it out through their mouths. In his mind, Zach felt the knot and gently tried to tug at it. Surprisingly it came free and then began to unravel.

Almost immediately the pain began to lessen, as he felt his cock shift. Opening his eyes he could see his cock shrinking, the head retreating towards its original location, as the thick pink shaft of his extension was slowly pulled back inside. It only took a few seconds for the head of his cock to reach that crease in his skin, sitting snugly against it. Reaching out to feel around the head of his cock, he couldn't feel any sort of seam or gap. The new flesh had been swallowed entirely by his original shaft.

"That...is wild" He muttered.

"Yeah" Camille said as she hopped up off the bed, her breasts back to their original size. "It does take a while to get used to, but...the more often you do it, the easier it gets"

Zach smiled "Cool. So...do you need me to call you an Uber or..."

Camille shook her head "Nah, I'll just sleep here...that...that is okay right?"

Zach nodded enthusiastically. "Of course! I've got a couch out in the living room that I've been told is quite comfortable for sleeping on"

Camille looked at him sceptically. "Dude...I'm going to sleep in here in your bed"

Zach blushed with embarrassment "Oh! Yeah, of course. Sorry, I've never had a friend with benefits, I...don't know the rules"

Camille chuckled "Alright, well, Rule number one, don't make your fuck buddy sleep on the couch"

Zach laughed, though his face was still pink. Together they got ready for bed, washing off the remnants of their love making, Zach offering her a t-shirt to sleep in which she gratefully accepted. Then they both got into bed, a bed that Zach hadn't shared with anyone in over a year. Now he found himself lying beside quite honestly the most fascinating woman he'd ever met, and that had been *before* the whole mystical sex thing.

He fell asleep quickly, a content smile on his face, as beside him he listened to the gentle snores of the woman who'd changed his life.

Zach woke the next morning to the scent of food cooking. Sitting upright he let out a long yawn, as he looked to the empty bed beside him, covers tucked in. He hadn't slept that well in a very long time.

He walked out into the main room of his apartment, yawning once more. In the kitchen Camille stood by the oven making scrambled eggs. She looked up at him as he shuffled in, giving him an easy smile.

"Hey dude" She said "Hope you don't mind that I helped myself to your eggs"

He shook his head as he stepped up beside her "No, it's all good...assuming some of that's for me"

"It most certainly is" she said as she scooped the contents of the frying pan out onto a pair of plates. He could smell the scent of his body wash wafting over from her, and her hair was wet, tied up into a simple ponytail. She'd showered and was dressed once more in the outfit she'd worn to dinner last night.

"Thank you so much" Zach said as he took the offered plate of eggs.

Camille chuckled "Fuck me like you did last night, I'll make you scrambled eggs every damn day"

Zach snorted, almost choking on a mouthful of food. She smirked at him "You, ok?"

He nodded, as he beat his chest with a fist to help it pass. "Yeah...I'm alright" he said between coughs.

She moved to walk past him, when he reached out and grabbed her by the waist. He leaned in to kiss her but found his attempt thwarted by her hand in his face. He leaned back, blinking with surprise.

"Friends, remember?" She said pointing her fork at him accusatorily.

He nodded "I remember. So...that means no kissing?"

"Do you kiss your friends regularly?" She asked.

"Uh...no"

"Well, there you go." She said with a self-satisfied smirk as she began to chow down on her eggs, not bothering to find a place to sit.

"Sorry...like I said, I'm new to this sort of...situation"

Camille shrugged, the easy smile back on her face "It's all good, dude. I'm not upset. Just...keep it in the bedroom, cool?"

Zach nodded "Ice cold"

Camille rolled her eyes "You did not just quote Outkast"

“Well...technically it was more paraphrased...”

She shook her head as she laughed “You’re funny.”

In less than a minute she finished her eggs, then set the empty plate down on the counter. “Thanks for the food, the sex, and of course...our little secret”

Zach smiled “I think I should be thanking you for that one”

Camille smiled back at him “Yeah maybe. But if you actually *can* help me get to level 2...well...I’d definitely be very...very grateful.” She let the implication of what that meant hang in the air, her smile widening as Zach blushed.

“You’re too cute” she said as she turned to head to the door. “Alright, I’m off to the gym. I’ll text you?”

“Or I’ll text you” he said sheepishly.

Camille gave him one last eyeroll before she disappeared out the door. He was alone.

He stood in the kitchen holding the plate of eggs she'd made for him, considering what he was going to do with his day. It was Sunday, so no work. He had no plans, no errands to run. Maybe he'd relax and play some games on Steam or maybe binge that new show his sister had recommended to him.

He shook his head smirking to himself as he placed his empty plate in the sink. Yes, he could do one of those things, but they weren't what he really wanted to do. He wanted to see if he could achieve an extension again on his own. Camille had opened the door to a whole new world for Zach and he wasn't going to just sit around and pretend that nothing had changed.

Returning to the bedroom he pulled off his pyjamas and grabbed his laptop, sitting down upon the edge of the bed. Opening the computer, he clicked open one of the digital comics he had saved in his porn folder, one with women whose breasts were growing for some reason or another.

He chuckled to himself as he thought about last night. Camille hadn't intended it, but she'd secretly fulfilled one of Zach's own fantasies, and his eagerness to help her go further was partially driven by his own desires.

As he scrolled through the images, his cock slowly lifted upright, hardening as it filled with blood. He slowly stroked it enjoying the sensation. Gripping his erection he gently squeezed and tugged on it. It was surreal...it felt like it always had, as if last night had been only a dream. He never would've guessed there was more to it below the surface.

He closed his eyes, ready to begin. He thought back to what Camille had told him the night before, the instructions she'd whispered in his ear. Breath in through the nose and out through the mouth; that was first, and he quickly settled into that same steady pattern, chest slowly rising and falling.

Then he had to look inside himself, and feel his cock, picture it, find it in his essence. This came easier than it had the night before, as he quickly zeroed in on where he had to focus his will.

Then lastly, he had to push.

Clenching his jaw, he flexed all of the muscles in his core, cock jumping up as his body tensed. He pushed, both with his body, and with his mind wrestling that clump of indescribable energy under his control.

His body began to tremble from the effort as he held the push, willing his flesh to comply. It was noticeably different this morning. Last night had been like trying to break through a brick wall, it had been hard and painful and then suddenly he'd been through. This morning it was more like climbing a mountain. Somehow in his mind he could sense where he had to get to, all he had to do was just push a little bit more...

With a deep guttural groan of exertion, he unclenched as he felt the head of his cock surge forth. Like a giant larva emerging from a chrysalis, the inner flesh of his shaft unfolded out from within his cock, pushed out as he achieved the first level of extension.

Similar as the night before, the new flesh sloped away on the underside of his cock, the shaft doubling in girth before curving back up to the head. Unlike last night the skin wasn't the angry pinky-red it had been, no longer shiny and tight. It was still far pinker than his normal tone, but it was a slightly softer shade, the flesh looking more natural.

He let out a sigh of relief as he ran a hand up its long hard surface, marvelling at its size. At its thickest point, halfway up the extension, his fingers couldn't reach all the way around it.

He laughed out loud with joy. He'd done it! On his own without Camille's help! He'd been secretly worried that he wouldn't have been able to replicate what they'd achieved last night but...he had.

It'd been a lot easier this time as well. There'd been no sharp pain like the first time, just a dull ache, and only briefly. Last night had felt like he'd torn something. This just felt like he was using a muscle that he hadn't used in a long time.

Well...now that he'd done it, he might as well use it. He turned his attention back to the porn on his computer and began to jerk himself off. He went slow at first, long steady strokes up and down the entire length of his shaft. Before long he wanted more and so he sped up. Then he added a second hand.

He closed his eyes, as he gripped the thick end of his cock, hands sliding up and down feverishly. He didn't need the porn, it felt so good, he just wanted to focus solely on the physical pleasure, which was incredible.

After going at it for a few minutes, he could feel himself getting close. His breathing became choppy, as his abs began to tense. Squeezing his eyes tight, the image of Camille laying on his bed last night, taking his cock, flashed into his mind.

He let out a long moan as he came, a full body feeling of pleasure overtaking him. That pleasure bounced through him then centred at the base of his cock before it surged up through his shaft. When it reached the top his cum spurted forth like a geyser, shooting across the room and landing on the floor several feet away.

His shoulders and back slouched as he released the tension that had built up in him as he'd masturbated. Cum dripped from the tip of his cock, burbling out as his orgasm subsided. Finally he let go, letting out a deep exhale.

"Fucking hell" he murmured as he stared at his cock. A single orgasm had not thwarted it, his erection unyielding. If anything it looked more powerful now, the veins that traced the surface pulsing angrily.

"This is a game changer" he said with a grin as he reached out to grasp his shaft once more, feeling his heartbeat pulse through the thick flesh.

He ran his hand up and down it again, relishing the sensation. At the back of his head, he felt the tiniest tickle of discomfort; his body fighting back against him. It was barely noticeable for now, though he figured the longer he kept himself extended the more it would hurt.

In his mind he felt at that knot of power that kept himself in this state. It held firm, nothing would undo it except his own will.

Suddenly curious, he closed his eyes and focused in on that clump. Adopting his steady rhythmic breathing he braced himself and then pushed on it.

His cock lurched upright as his core muscles clenched tight, his jaw tight as he pushed. He could feel the knot barely budging in his mind, resisting him. As he squeezed his eyes tight and focused harder he suddenly got a sense of something far off in the distance, a shimmer of something.

Level two...he could sense it. But...God damn it was so far away. Getting to level one was like going up a flight of stairs...level two was like climbing a skyscraper's set of stairs.

He gave up, releasing the tension that he held. His muscles ached from the exertion, sweat beading on his chest and forehead. His cock was still hard, but it slumped forward, somehow looking defeated.

“Shit...” he groaned. “How the fuck are you supposed to get to level 2! Jesus christ...maybe...maybe there's something I'm missing. Maybe Camille knows more...”

With a sigh, he closed his eyes, then took a deep breath in, holding it. In his mind he found that knot of control and then with a simple flick of intention, he undid it, the knot unravelling rapidly. In front of him his cock retreated, the head lowering as the thick shaft of his extension slid back inside him, like a turtle retreating into its shell.

His cock returned to normal, and now soft once more, he stood up and stretched, arms reaching up over his head. He wouldn't let the daunting goal of level 2 dampen his spirits. He'd still accomplished something incredible today, reaching level one on his own. That on its own was worth being proud of.

With that out of the way Zach could spend the rest of the day relaxing, doing what he normally would have been doing on a lazy Sunday afternoon. That lasted for all of an hour or so. It was halfway through the second episode of the show that his sister had told him to watch that his brain started to wander, started to mull over the concept of extension, of how to push further.

It was possible, Camille had told him that experienced practitioners hadn't just reached level 2 but had gone even further beyond. So, there was a way to do it...they just had to figure out how. It could be that there was a trick to it, some secret technique that wasn't immediately apparent.

Or perhaps the analogy that he'd considered earlier was more applicable. He'd made the comparison that achieving extension this morning was like using a muscle that had atrophied. Perhaps all it took was practice and repetition. Building up one's tolerance and ability.

He remembered last night that Camille had commented on the difficulty of achieving extension twice in a day. That seemed like a good place to start.

With the show playing in the background, he lifted his hips off the couch and pulled his sweatpants and underwear down to his thighs, just enough to expose his cock, resting limply between his legs. Closing his eyes he thought of Camille and gently took his shaft in his hand. Within a few short moments his cock rose up as it filled with blood once more.

“Alright, just like before” He murmured as he gripped the shaft gently around the base.

Settling into his meditative breathing pattern, he delved into his mind and found that now familiar knot of mental energy. Tensing his body, he pushed on it as he had this morning.

At first there was resistance, his flesh stubborn. Camille had been right, the second time in a short period was indeed far more difficult. His body refused to bend to his will, the knot in his mind unwilling to yield.

Zach's brow furrowed, as he redoubled his focus. He gripped the couch cushion to anchor himself as his body lifted slightly off the surface as he tensed his muscles harder, his core becoming as stiff as a plank of wood as he pushed back harder upon his body.

"Come on" he groaned through gritted teeth, eyes squeezed tight. "You're...*my*...body! I...control...you!"

He felt pain course through his nethers, his muscles shaking violently from the exertion. He ignored the discomfort, as he focused his will upon that knot, letting the entirety of his being bear down upon it until it complied.

The edges of his vision were starting to go black as he'd been unwittingly holding his breath as he focused. If he didn't give in soon, he'd pass out. And he had no intention of giving in.

A sharp ache bloomed behind his eyes, as a headache spontaneously formed in his head. He pushed that aside too. He would persevere.

Then in a single moment, the dam broke. The stubborn knot gave way, moving for him, as the head of his cock shot up, his extension pushing up from within his shaft.

The girthy midsection swelled angrily as it emerged, the veins rigid and pulsing. It was as if his very body was trying to express its annoyance with him.

Zach collapsed onto the couch, sucking in air. He'd slid down the couch, his shoulders resting at the bottom of the back cushion, his back laying horizontally. His cock towered up above him, throbbing with power, his extension bright red similar to how it'd been the night before.

He let out a sigh of relief, as he pushed himself back up to sitting normally. "There. That...that wasn't so hard" he said with a chuckle. The truth was quite the opposite, his entire body ached, and his head pounded, but for the second time today he'd achieved his goal.

As he studied the long top-heavy shaft of his cock, he felt compelled to touch it, to pleasure himself. It had been hard work to achieve the extension a second time, why not reward himself. He extended his hand, then hesitated.

Part of him wanted to give in and beat off, but another part of him expressed moderation. This wasn't just about pleasuring himself. It was about mastering his body. He needed to maintain control, let his body adjust and be comfortable like this.

Somehow, he knew that this time if he jerked off, it would impede his progress. Like eating ice cream after you go to the gym. And so, he sat back into the couch, and returned to watching his show, ignoring the throbbing erection that demanded his attention.

After a while the aches in his body faded. Similarly, the throbbing of his cock ceased, the bright red skin diminishing in intensity. His headache never went away, in fact it only increased, but that was to be expected, as that was the most common symptom of his body reacting to the extension.

After an hour he finally took a deep breath and then released the knot, letting his cock suck back in the extension, returning to its normal size and going limp. That had been a good first session of maintaining control. He'd remained hard the entire time, but had held the extension at a comfortable level, never once feeling an ache in his shaft. Even his headache had been under his control, never rising to the sharp pain it had hit last night, despite the fact that he'd held the extension for over twice as long.

As the day moved from morning to afternoon, he took a nap to catch up on some rest. When he woke it was almost five. Sitting up in bed he instinctively reached down his pants to feel his cock. It felt completely normal; no immediately noticeable adverse effects after his practice this morning.

He nodded, satisfied, as he grabbed his phone. No texts from Camille. He frowned, not able to stop himself from feeling disappointed.

Even if they were just going to be only friends with benefits, he still thought he would've heard from her after that memorable night they'd shared. Maybe it wasn't as memorable to her.

Well, there was certainly one way to find out. He quickly jotted out a text to Camille, then sent it.

“Hey, wanna grab a drink?”

He'd barely put down his phone when her reply came through.

“Can't. Going on a date tonight”

Zach blinked with shock at the message, a brutally sharp sting of betrayal slicing through his core. She was going on a date?! How could she!

He typed up a heated response, then fortunately stopped himself before he sent it. He deleted the message then set down his phone, taking a deep breath to calm himself down.

She wasn't his girlfriend. She owed him nothing, just like he owed her nothing. This was what they'd agreed upon, and it wouldn't be fair for him to now get riled up over it.

“Oh cool. Have fun”

He sent the text, though it pained him to do so. He took another deep breath, as he tried to let go of his hurt feelings. Getting worked up over this wasn't healthy, he was better than this sort of petty jealousy.

“Thanks dude, I think I will. I met him at the gym this morning. We didn't talk much but he was hot so...”

Zach looked at the text and had a moment of crisis. This would be a perfectly reasonable place to just let it go. He'd asked if she was free, she said she wasn't then she told him about her plans. End of conversation.

But he really liked talking to Camille, he'd found it super easy to communicate with her on their date last night, and he still wanted to have her as a friend. And so, he engaged.

“Nice. Have fun with your hot gym bro. Gonna show him...you know...”

“lol... I might :P You know I don't sleep with every guy on the first date, right?”

“Just the funny ones”

“Exactly ;)”

Zach smiled to himself as he wrote out another text. This wasn't so bad, he could do this, just be friends with her.

“By the way, I was wondering...you said you've shown off to others who you've been intimate with. Was I really the first guy to ask why your boobs were suddenly huge?”

Zach rose and walked to his fridge grabbing and opening a beer as he waited for Camille to reply. On the TV across the room the show he'd been watching was still on, frozen on the scene that he'd left it at. He didn't really want to watch it any more...it was honestly boring. So, what was he going to do tonight?

“Well...this may come as a surprise to you, but the guys I usually go out with are meatheads. The typical response I get is OOO BIG BOOBA! and then we're off to pound town. Then I leave before I shrink back down”

“Huh. So, I was the recipient of a rare sleepover?”

“Yup, consider yourself blessed. Plus I made you my world famous eggs”

“In what world are those famous? Lol”

“Haha fuck you!”

Zach chuckled as he leaned against the kitchen counter swigging his beer. When she didn't say anything further for half a minute, he decided he would tell her about his achievements today.

“So...I extended on my own today. Twice”

“Fuck off dude, you did not”

"I did"

"Holy shit, you're an animal! Consider me impressed but like don't hurt yourself man, you're still a rookie"

"Yeah I'll be careful, thanks :)"

"Of course :)"

Zach stared at his phone with a smile on his face, that quickly dropped. There was being friends, and then there was getting attached. This conversation was starting to drift towards the latter.

He needed to get out of here. If he stayed at home, he'd just end up moping and thinking about Camille which was a waste of time. He might as well try and make something of tonight. Looking back at his phone he jotted out a quick message and sent it.

"Alright, well I'm gonna head out, see where the night takes me. Have a good time on your date"

"I will, thanks Zach. Oh and BTW promise me something?"

"Yeah?" Zach texted back staring intently at the screen.

"If you end up going home with a girl, which you probably will because you're hilarious and super cute, a lethal combo. Anyway if you end up taking a girl home...promise me you won't extend, ok?"

Zach frowned as he read the message, texting out a response. **"Oh, ok?"**

"You've already done it twice today, which is already too much for your second day. You could really hurt yourself if you try again. I'd feel awful if that happened"

"Right, right. Thanks :)"

"No problem. Also I don't want you to end up on the news for murdering some poor girl with your monster cock! Not everyone's as skilled as I am! :P"

Zach snorted as he read her final message before setting his phone on the counter and walking over to his bedroom to get changed for a night at a bar.

Standing outside his apartment Zach drunkenly struggled to get his key in the lock.

"I hope this isn't a preview for what's in store?" The young woman who stood beside him said smarmily, not looking up from her phone that she held in one hand.

“Ha, ha, ha. You’re hilarious” he said sarcastically. She just rolled her eyes in response, never stopping scrolling through her phone. Zach shook his head exasperatedly as he looked back down at the door, finally getting the key to slide in.

Unlocking the door, he opened it gesturing for his companion for the evening to enter. Her name was Tiffany...or Brittany...maybe Darcy? Something that ended with a “Y”, he was pretty sure of that. He’d already been pretty buzzed when he’d met her, and the bar had been loud. He wasn’t overly concerned; he didn’t really have any intention of enjoying her company a second time.

As he should’ve predicted, Sunday night at a bar wasn’t exactly hookup central. He’d spent most of the night drinking alone, watching sports highlights on the TV above the bar. He’d been about to head home, when he’d stumbled into her...Katy? No, that wasn’t right.

He’d offered to buy her a drink and she’d begrudgingly accepted, immediately ordering something top shelf that had made Zach’s wallet wince. They hadn’t spoken much, all he’d learned was that she was a 22-year-old, home from college for a few days, and had been desperate to get away from her parents.

“This is where you live?” She said as she walked into his apartment, her disgust obvious.

“Uh, yeah?” He said locking the door behind him. “What’s wrong with it?”

“It’s fine...I guess. Does it always smell like this?” Her nose wrinkled as she stepped warily into the room, like she was entering a biohazardous quarantine zone.

This treatment had not been uncommon through his brief experience with her. His immediate impression of her had been that she was a fucking bitch. She’d been rude to the bartender, rude to the uber driver, rude to him. When he’d asked to buy her a drink, she’d done a once over, and her distaste had been obvious, but that hadn’t stopped her from taking advantage of his generosity.

When he’d bought her a few drinks, and she still didn’t seem to give two shits about him, he told her he was leaving, at which point she bizarrely asked to join him. He’d agreed...mostly because he didn’t want to be alone, but also because she was fairly easy on the eyes.

She was short, maybe 5’1” or 5’2”, at least a foot shorter than him, and she was on the chubbier side. But at least the fat had gone into the right places. She had thick thighs, and a wide ass, that her short, pleated skirt barely covered. Her white tank top, similarly only barely contained her plump breasts, easily F-cups. She had a cute face when she was frowning, which appeared to be most of the time, and her copper hair was cut to a chin length bob which suited her.

“It doesn’t smell” Zach said defensively.

“Well sure, you’d say that; you’re used to it” She said, grimacing.

Zach sighed "Listen if you don't want to be here, I can call you an Uber home...Ally" He'd decided to take a guess at her name and Ally felt right. He was pretty sure he remembered her saying that.

"My name is Meg, you ass." She said curtly.

"Really?" Zach said. "Meg? Maybe...Meggy?"

She ignored him, looking back around his apartment. "Which way is your bedroom?"

"It's through there" He said pointing at his bedroom door "Why?"

"Why do you think, dipshit? So we can fuck" She said condescendingly as she began to walk towards the door he'd indicated, grabbing the hem of her top and pulling it up over her head. Zach caught a glimpse of her large breasts flopping free as the top lifted up, before she disappeared into his bedroom.

"Wait, what?!" He called, hurrying after her. "You want to have sex?"

"Why do you think I came home with you?" Her voice echoed from inside his room. "It certainly wasn't to see this abysmal apartment"

"I don't understand, you've been ...sorry, wrong tense, you're *being* incredibly hostile. It's clear you don't think much of me, why the hell do you want to sleep with me?"

He entered the bedroom to find her naked on top of the covers, lying on her back waiting for him. She spoke without lifting her head. "Because I'm horny, and need to get laid, and you were the best looking guy at that dive. Besides, I like older men"

Zach blinked in surprise "Older? I'm only 28?!"

"Are you going to fuck me or not?" She said indignantly.

His logical mind told him to kick her to the curb. She was a terrible person, and she was just using him as a living dildo. But right now, his logical mind was trapped in drunk prison and was being overruled. His emotions told him he needed this, needed the release. He was young, despite what Meg said, and he should let himself have fun.

"Yeah, just give me a second" He grunted, as he quickly began to remove his clothing. She did at least look sexy lying there waiting for him. Wide hips, little bit of a belly, large inviting breasts. By the time he got his underwear off he was almost fully erect.

She looked up at him as he walked over toward her, and her brows furrowed as she visibly frowned. "Oh...That's it?" She said, her disappointment palpable.

"What?" Zach said, confused.

"I just thought...you're tall, and kind of athletic...I thought you'd have a big dick" she said.

Zach almost laughed, but he held it back. If only she knew... "I'm only slightly below average, and it's not all about size, it's about how you use it"

She rolled her eyes, as she looked back up at the ceiling "Yeah, that's what guys with little dicks say."

"Jesus christ..." He muttered. He clambered onto the side of the bed beside her. "Do you want to make out a bit first?"

"No," she said icily. "I don't want to kiss you, just wrap it up and stick it in, pencil dick. You've got a condom right?"

Zach nodded, getting up and walking over to his night table. From inside he retrieved the prophylactic and after ripping open the packaging, he pulled it down over his cock. Then he grabbed the lube from within the same cupboard and squeezed a good-sized dollop into his hand and quickly spread that along the length of his shaft.

"Alright, I'm going to-" he said as he crawled over on top of her.

"Hurry up!" She demanded.

Zach bit his tongue, though as patient and even-tempered as he was, she was starting to get to him. Spreading her legs, he guided himself in, and after a brief moment of finding the exact location, he slid his tip into her.

She barely reacted, as he pushed himself into her. The cherry on top was when she tilted her head up to look at him and asked, "Is it in?"

Zach ignored her, as he began to thrust with his hips. He pushed his cock in as deep as it would go, then slid out again. Her face had twinged slightly, registering that she was feeling something, but he certainly wasn't rocking her world.

"All...good?" He asked in between thrusts.

"As good as it's going to get," she said, sounding bored. Zach sped up his thrusting, but that didn't seem to have any impact on increasing her enjoyment.

The coup de grace came a minute later, when Zach, eyes squeezed close as he focused on at least lasting a decent length of time, heard the tap of fingers on glass. Opening his eyes he saw her holding her phone with both hands over her face, texting.

That was the last straw. She wanted to have sex with a huge cock? To get railed by a monster? Alright then, she'd get what she wanted, whether she liked it or not.

Closing his eyes, he began to breathe in and out, as he slowed his thrusting down until it was in sync with breathing. Inhale, pull out, exhale, thrust in. Then he reached out with his mind until he found that now familiar knot and readied himself.

Like a caged animal, his logical half screamed at him to stop from deep within his psyche. Camille had warned him, she'd made him *promise*. Achieving an extension three times in one day was pushing his body way too hard and was likely dangerous.

But Camille wasn't here. She was off across town, fucking some other dude. He didn't owe her anything, she'd made that clear. And right now, this was what he wanted to do. And so, flexing his core muscles, he found that place inside him and then pushed as hard as he could.

Immediately pain blossomed behind his eyes, coursing down his spine and into his extremities. He'd just started and already his muscles ached something fierce, begging him to stop. He didn't stop. It was just pain, and being drunk helped him ignore that.

He pushed harder, harder than he probably should have, as he clenched his jaw, teeth threatening to crack as he squeezed them together. His breathing became forced, as he sucked in air and blew it out through his teeth.

Meg lowered her phone, a look of disgust appearing on her face "What...what the fuck are you doing? Is this what you look like when you cum? Fucking gross..."

"Shut the fuck up!" Zach grunted. His face was going a deep shade of pink, as he pushed on that stubborn knot with everything that he had, overpowering his body. Sweat coated his neck and back from the exertion, his arms trembling as he held himself up over her.

"GrrrrrrraaaaaaaAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!" His grunt of exertion turned into a roar as he triumphed over his body, will beating flesh. He thrust into her as deep as he could, as he felt his extension begin to emerge.

Meg's face bore a look of shock and repulsion "You...are a fucking weirdo. No wonder you were alone at a bar on a Sunday, you tiny dick creep...whoa...what...how are you...is that your cock?! Oh?! Oh fuck?! OH FUCK!!!"

Zach, vision blurry, mind swimming, smiled with satisfaction at Meg's reaction. Within her pussy, his extension had burst forth from within, the head of his cock plunging deep within her until it hit bottom and actually pushed him slightly back out of her. The extra thick, swollen section of new shaft filled her to her breaking point, making her body tremble at the overwhelming sensation, her jaw quivering, eyes rolling back into her head.

"Tiny dick creep?" He grunted, as he leaned over her, drool leaking from his mouth, eyes wide with primal savagery.

"Holy shit..." She whimpered, eyes struggling to focus on him as her brain went haywire from the feeling of his cock stretching her pussy beyond its limits "I...I don't understand...I can't...Fuck! You're too big for me! You're going to break me!"

Zach grinned wildly as she said that. "*Too big?* I thought I was a pencil dick?"

She shook her head fearfully “I’m sorry! I didn’t know...Please...I really think that you’re too-”

“You can take it” Zach grunted, as he pulled out until the sloped out thick section of his extension was right at her entrance, stretching it wide. Meg’s eyes shot open, her jaw dropping as she let out a gasping cry of shock and pain. Zach held it for only a moment before he plunged back in.

“Oh fuck...” She whined, eyes fluttering.

“Told you” he said, ignoring the obvious signs of discomfort on her face.

He pulled out once more then thrust in powerfully, making her body jolt upward on the bed. Then he did it again, and again. Below him Meg struggled to breathe as her body was used by Zach.

Zach let out an animalistic grunt as he pulled out once more. He felt powerful, felt in control, felt...pain? In an instant, agony pierced his very being, from his groin up his spine and right through his head, a red hot slice of visceral hurt splitting his mind in twain.

He pushed himself back, his cock slipping free from her, as he stumbled away from the bed, hands gripping his head to try and make the pain stop. He let out a long droning moan, as he crashed into the wall behind him. Before him his cock rose up into the air, his extension a deep shade of crimson, veins pulsing in time with his heartbeat which was currently racing.

He should’ve listened. That was obvious now. Why hadn’t he fucking listened to what Camille had told him! Reaching into his mind he desperately felt around for that knot of power, until he found it tucked away in his psyche. He mentally tore at it, impatiently pulling it apart until it came undone through sheer force.

Through the cloud of pure agony, he felt his cock retreat within himself...but it did nothing to lessen the pain. He let out a wail, his entire body feeling like it was on fire, as he pushed off the wall and trudged toward his bed. He caught a brief glimpse of Meg sitting up in bed, watching him with a frightened expression on her face.

He pressed his eyes shut again, as his knees collided with the bed, and he fell face forward onto the covers. Blackness quickly swarmed him, the last thing he remembered Meg’s voice speaking unintelligible words directed at him. He tried to parse them but couldn’t, his brain completely fried. All he could do was let out a low pained moan, before the darkness took him.

When Zach awoke his room was bright with early morning light. His head pounded, but in the familiar form of a hangover. Sitting up he realized that he was naked and uncovered, the sheets tossed free and piled on the floor. Oddest of all was the ice pack that rested upon his groin, smothering his cock. The blue gel of the pack was thawed and at room temperature, so he hadn’t felt it until he saw it.

What time was it? What had happened? He rubbed his eyes, trying to help himself regain lucidity. His head shot up when he heard movement from the other side of the bedroom door.

"Hello?" He called "Meg?"

The room to his door was open and in walked Camille, wearing a casual pair of jeans and a white t-shirt with a black Nike symbol on the chest. Her blonde hair was tied up into a messy bun on top of her head. She carried a tray with two Starbucks coffees in it.

"Guess again, you turd." She said as she walked over, pulling one of the coffees out and handing it to him, before she sat upon the edge of the bed.

"Camille?" He said in shock, as he took the hot drink from her. "What are you doing here?"

"Well...after you broke your promise to me, and scared the shit out of that poor girl, she grabbed your phone after you passed out and called the last person you'd texted with for help. Which was me"

Zach sighed as he took a sip of his coffee. "Fuck..."

"Yup" she said.

"Meg..." His eyes widened with fear "Oh god, was she okay?"

Camille shrugged "Fine enough. She was scared and confused, but she wasn't physically hurt if that's what you mean"

"I think I raped her..." Zach said, remorse haunting his words.

Camille pursed her lips as she looked over at him. "Well...That's not the story she told me. As I said, she was frightened... but never once did she express the feeling that you assaulted her"

Zach nodded, though guilt still plagued him. He wouldn't forgive himself for how he acted for a long time. He'd let his drunkenness, his anger and frustration take over, and had unveiled a side of him he didn't care for.

He looked at the coffee in his hand then the one that Camille held...only two. "Is...she still here?"

"Fuck, no" Camille said, taking a sip of her drink. "Once I'd assured her that you were fine, she had changed colours *real* quick. She's got a mouth on her, doesn't she? Considering I dropped everything I was doing to come and help her; she was a total bitch!"

Zach hummed a non-committal response. He agreed with her, but didn't feel right saying it in this moment.

"Nice pair of tits though. I'm guessing that's why you went after her? It certainly wasn't for her winning personality..." Camille said with a smirk.

Zach gave a weak smile. "She wasn't my first choice..."

He immediately regretted saying that as Camille looked away awkwardly at that. He moved over to sit beside her, grabbing the sheets off the floor to cover himself.

"Thank you for coming, you really didn't have to do that. I'm guessing I ruined your date?"

She shook her head, not looking at him. "The date was long over when Meg texted me. Guy was a total douche. And unlike *some* people, I don't sleep with people who I don't like" she turned to face him, smirking.

Zach winced "Aha, yeah...I deserve that one"

They chuckled together at her pointed barb. As their laughter died off, Camille's face suddenly became serious.

"Zach...you scared me last night"

Zach sat up, eyebrows raising. "What?"

"Why do you think I came?"

Zach shrugged "Because you're a good friend?"

Camille shook her head "No, dude. I came because I thought you'd hurt yourself, doing something you *promised* me you wouldn't do."

Zach looked down, face burning with shame. "I...Sorry. You're absolutely right"

"I taught you about extensions because I thought I could trust you. Then literally the next day you break my trust"

Zach nodded "I know. I'm sorry, I was...drunk...and upset...and...sigh...that's no excuse. I understand if you don't want to be friends anymore"

Camille laughed "Ok, that's a bit of an overreaction. I still want to be friends with you, you dumbass. I just want you to not be stupid! If you promise me something, I want that to mean something!"

Zach looked up at Camille, who smiled at him. Zach smiled back, feeling some of his shame lifting. "Yeah...of course. Again, I'm so sorry. The last thing I wanted to do was scare you."

Camille stood up nodding. "I know. You're a good guy, Zach. When I said I was glad I shared my secret with you, I meant it."

Zach nodded back with a smile, which turned to a frown as Camille headed towards the exit. "You're leaving?"

"Yeah?" She said from the door. "It's 7am on a Monday, I've got work?"

Zach slapped a hand to his face "Ah shit, right. I gotta get dressed. Thank you for the coffee."

"No problem" she said as she walked out the door. Zach hopped out of bed and followed her into the main room.

"See you later?" He said as she headed for the door.

She turned to face him, flashing him a dazzling smile, which made him melt just a little bit. "Maybe. I've got a work thing to go to, but if I get away early, and I'm not too beat, I'll call you?"

Zach nodded "Sure, sure. Sounds good" He was doing his best to sound casual, even though he was still naked.

"Sweet" Camille said. "Oh, and one last thing, I want you to promise me something..."

Zach sighed, holding up both hands defensively. "I know, I know, no extensions. I learned my lesson last night. I'll stop trying to push myself"

Camille laughed "What?! No, dude! I was just going to say if Meg texts you, don't answer. You are too attractive to be that desperate"

Zach blushed "Oh, yeah, ok"

"You can totally practice your extension. I'm still going to hold you to your promise to get me to level 2, and you need to catch up on your experience!"

Zach grinned "Absolutely"

Camille grinned back "Nice. I don't have to tell you to not hurt yourself, do I?"

Zach shook his head "Nope"

Camille nodded "Good. Alright, I'm off. Later dude"

"See ya." Zach called as she disappeared through the door. Looking over to the clock on the microwave he swore. He needed to hurry or else he was going to be late for work. He headed back to his bedroom to take a shower and get dressed, feeling unexpectedly pleased with how this morning had played out, considering how it had all started.

"Who had the brie and fig burger?" The waitress said with a smile holding the plate adorned with sweet potato fries and the gourmet burger.

"That would be me" Zach said holding up a single finger.

"Here you go, handsome" The waitress said, sliding the food onto the table before him.

"That means the buffalo chicken wrap is yours?"

Camille nodded "Yup, you cracked the mystery" She muttered sarcastically.

"Thank you so much" Zach said to the waitress, drawing her attention away from Camille's snickering.

"Oh, of course!" She said with a smile "Let me know if you need anything!"

Zach nodded "Will do." With that the waitress turned and left.

"She was pretty" Camille said as she picked up her wrap.

Zach shrugged "Sure, but she's out of my league"

Camille snorted "Dude, she called you handsome"

"She's just fishing for tips"

Camille shook her head "I know the difference between customer service flirting and real flirting. That was real."

Zach just shrugged once more as he picked up his burger and started to eat it. They sat together at a high top table in the upscale restaurant, enjoying their food in silence before Camille started their conversation up again.

"I'm sorry I've been so busy this week, work's been slamming me"

Zach shook his head "Please, there's no need to apologize. I get it." He smiled understandingly over at her. She smiled back, nodding.

"Thanks. I just didn't want you to think I've been ghosting you"

He chuckled "What? We've texted every day, how is that ghosting me?"

Camille tossed her head back and forth. "Well sure, but at some point, there's supposed to be 'Benefits' for us to be Friends with Benefits. Either way, thanks for being understanding"

Zach nodded with a smile as he chewed on a mouthful of delicious burger. Camille looked fantastic this evening. Black yoga pants, and that same Nike t-shirt she'd worn when she'd

rescued him, with a short leather jacket over top. Her blonde hair was tied back in a long braid, just like shed' worn on their first date just over a week ago.

"I'm looking forward to seeing your progress" Camille said, voice suddenly low so only the two of them could hear. She'd leaned forward across the table, giving him a secretive smile.

Zach swallowed, then grinned. "Oh yeah? I've been practicing"

"Me too!" Camille said excitedly.

"Oh shit, really!"

"Of course!" Camille said proudly. "After Sunday, when you, a total noob, achieved extension *three times* in one day, I knew I had to step up my skills."

Zach snorted "I passed out in agony...I don't think that should be taken as a mark of proficiency"

Camille chuckled "No, of course not, but still, it was very impressive. So, what've you been doing?"

Zach grabbed a sweet potato fry and tossed it into his mouth, chomping down on it. "Once in the morning, once after dinner"

"You're still doing it twice a day! Zach, what happened to not pushing yourself?" Camille said, accusatorily.

"I'm being careful, don't worry. I'm not hurting myself. As of yesterday, I can achieve the evening one as easily as the morning one"

Camille shook her head with a smile "You're a fucking machine, Zach. I've been doing this for years, and you've caught up with me in a week!"

Zach shrugged "I've always been a fast learner"

Camille laughed "That may be, but there's more to it than that. You're obviously naturally talented at this. I should've known when you did it the first night, after only learning about it like five minutes before"

Zach smiled "I guess so. I appreciate the praise. So, are you doing twice a day now?"

Camille shook her head "Nah, but not because I can't. Just once before bed, but I can push it out really quick now."

Zach nodded "Nice."

Camille smiled "Yeah, it's almost instantaneous now, I'm feeling pretty proud of that. But I can't do it more than once a day...I don't have the time to masturbate that much"

"Ah, yeah..." Zach said looking at his plate awkwardly.

"What, what is it?" Camille asked

"I haven't masturbated once this week" he said quietly.

"What?!" Camille yelled, loud enough for the closest tables to look over. "Why not?" She said, lowering her voice.

"Just part of my training regimen" he said, eating another fry.

Camille shook her head "So what, you just achieve the extension, and then send it back in?"

Zach smiled "Nope. I maintain it as long as I can"

Camille dropped the onion ring she was holding as she gaped at him. "Stop. You're fucking with me"

Zach just held his smile, as he picked up the remains of his burger.

"Oh my god, you're serious!" Camille said with a gasp "Zach! Holy shit, that's...wow. So you just hang around the house with your enormous cock out?"

Zach nodded "Pretty much. Every day I push for longer. I think the secret to getting to level 2 is for your body to be acclimatized to level 1."

Camille blushed "Wow, I'm just imagining you sitting on your couch watching TV...your extended cock just out in the open."

Zach smiled "That's not far from reality"

Camille involuntarily let out a moan "That...that may be the hottest thing I've ever heard. Remind me to come hang out at your place more!"

Zach laughed "You're welcome any time! I typically do it at 6am and 5pm if you're looking for a specific time"

Camille grinned "Thanks for the tip...wait...5pm? We met for dinner at 5:30? Did you skip-"

Camille stopped talking, eyes going wide as in front of her, Zach turned his body towards the wall they sat beside, and lifted the loose shirt he wore. Emerging from the waistband of his pants was the throbbing pink shaft of his cock extension, the head still hidden from view underneath the shirt.

"Zach..." She whispered, as he lowered his shirt back down. "You naughty boy! You just made me wet. I'm serious, come over here and put your hand down my pants, I'm soaking"

Zach grinned "I've got a better idea. How about I get the bill, and we get out of here"

Camille nodded, face getting slightly flushed. "You better hurry, I don't know if I can wait that long."

Zach turned around to gesture for the waitress, when he saw someone by the door that made an ice-cold feeling of dread settle in his stomach. He whipped back around, shrinking down in his seat.

His reaction was not unnoticed, as Camille leaned forward frowning. "Zach, what's wrong?"

He sighed "My Ex just walked in"

Camille's eyebrows raised. "Oh shit, you mean, Rhiannon? The one who cheated on you with her boss?"

Zach nodded "Yes, but she didn't cheat-"

"Zach, you don't have to defend her" Camille cut him off. "As an outside observer, she definitely cheated on you"

Zach gave her an appreciative smile as he peeked over his shoulder, "I haven't seen her in months. That's her talking to the hostess"

"I take it that shrivelled old prune is the boss?" Camille said with a snort.

"He's only 45..."

Camille rolled her eyes "Dude, you're too nice for your own good"

"Yeah, that's him" Zach said ignoring her. "She's wearing that dress I bought her... awesome."

"It's nice, you have good taste" Camille said reaching across the table and grabbing his wrist reassuringly.

He looked at her with a smile "Thanks. I really don't want to deal with her, let's just get out of here" Zach turned back around to look at his ex...at the exact same moment she looked in his direction. Their eyes met and hers lit up with recognition, a smile forming on her face.

"Fuck..." He groaned sitting forward. "She saw me, which means she's going to come over. Goddammit"

Across the table Camille pulled off her jacket, then reached a hand down the back of her shirt. A few seconds later, she pulled her now undone bra out through her sleeve.

"Here hold this" she said, handing it to Zach.

“Whoa!” Zach said, surprised to find himself holding Camille’s bra “What are you...?”

Across the table Camille had her eyes closed and was breathing in and out in a steady pattern. The muscles on her shoulders were tensing, her traps held in a flex. Then after only a couple seconds, her breasts swelled out, filling her shirt and then some.

Within seconds they were once again large round, firm globes, slightly larger than grapefruits. Her t-shirt was stretched tight over them, lifting the bottom hem exposing her abs. without a bra on, her nipples were very visible through the white cotton top.

“Camille!” Zach hissed; eyes locked on to her swollen breasts.

Camille let out a soft sigh, as she opened her eyes. “Like I said, almost instantaneous! Pretty good right?”

Zach nodded “Fuck yes...I forgot how big they are...fuck that was hot...”

Camille grinned as she noticed the front of his shirt suddenly shift, his cock within lurching with desire at the sight of her bust. “Down boy!” She teased. “Save that for later. Now, she’s almost here, just play along!”

Zach frowned “Play a-Oh, hey! Rhiannon, hi!”

“Hi, Zach” His Ex said as she stepped up beside their table, with a smile. “It’s been a while! How are you?”

Zach nodded as he looked slightly over her shoulder, not able to make eye contact with her. “Good, good”

Rhiannon was a very pretty young lady, in a girl next door kind of way. Her dark brown hair was long and wavy, flowing down past her shoulders. She wore glasses, that she’d always worried made her look bookish, but Zach had always told her they were cute. She was indeed wearing the striped sundress that Zach had given her, fitting her slender body well. She didn’t have much of a figure, which had always been a sore spot for Rhiannon, envious of girls who were more blessed with their curves.

“That’s so nice to hear” Rhiannon said “We should catch up some time, I miss talking with you”

Zach hummed, not giving her the courtesy of a proper response. The truth was he was still hurt by what she’d done, and even though it’d happened a year ago he hadn’t gotten over it. Just being here in her presence left him feeling cold and betrayed.

Then, in his moment of weakness, a guardian angel arrived. “Hi! You must be Rhiannon!” Camille said butting herself into the conversation.

Rhiannon turned to look at her, only just now noticing her. Almost immediately her eyes trailed down to look at Camille's full chest, her face going pink, burning with both embarrassment and envy.

"Oh, Hello" Rhiannon said, pulling her gaze up to meet Camille's eyes. "Yes, that's me. You are?"

"Right" Zach said "This is Camille, she's a-"

"I'm his *girlfriend*" Camille said with a grin, as she folded her arms together on the table and leaned forward squeezing her breasts between them, which further emphasized the fullness of her bust.

Zach's mouth dropped open in surprise, but he quickly closed it. Thankfully Rhiannon was equally surprised and hadn't noticed.

"Oh my!" She said, her face going a deeper shade of pink "Zach I didn't know you had a girlfriend!"

Zach nodded as he reached across the table and took Camille's hand in his hand in his, which she squeezed affectionately "Yup. She's my girlfriend"

"Well...good for you!" Rhiannon said "You're very pretty! I can see why Zach likes you"

Camille smiled at Rhiannon "Aww!! That's so sweet of you. But between us girls, it was my tits that won him over!" She winked at Rhiannon as she let go of Zach's hand to grasp her breasts in both hands and jiggled them up and down.

Rhiannon said nothing, eyes wide with surprise, as her face somehow reached a deeper shade of pink.

Camille continued her torment. "I really ought to thank you for letting him go. I don't know how you did it, he is without a doubt the best lover I've ever had. Seriously nobody has made me see stars like Zach does"

Rhiannon's lip trembled as she looked over at Zach, who just shrugged, smiling awkwardly. "It was very nice to see you Zach!" Rhiannon said, her voice several tones higher than it had been. "John's waiting for me....so...Bye!" Then she turned and rushed off, disappearing through the crowd.

As soon as she was gone, Camille sat back in her seat, a satisfied grin on her face. "That was fun"

Zach snorted "That was mean"

Camille rolled her eyes "Oh please, she's the one who cheated on you. She deserves to have your happiness rubbed in her face"

Zach lifted a sceptical eyebrow "Even if it's not true?"

Camille frowned at him "What do you mean? You're telling me you don't love my boobs?" She cupped one, hefting its considerable mass up.

Zach shook his head "That's not what I meant"

"I wasn't lying about the sex. I remember you said that was the best you've ever had? Well, the feeling was mutual! Now on that note, how about we get out of here? I've got a play date with your little friend you're hiding under your shirt...though maybe little isn't the right word for him" She grinned, giving him a wink.

Zach sighed "Camille, what I meant is you're not my girlfriend"

"Oh that" Camille said "Yeah, I thought that would really drive the point home that you're over her. She doesn't need to know that we're just fuck buddies. So, what's your point?"

Zach said nothing as they looked at each other. His point was that she wasn't his girlfriend...but he wanted her to be. Over the past week they'd texted almost non-stop, chatting about life, work, everything. All that had accomplished was further convincing him that he wanted to be with her in an actual relationship. But...that's not what she wanted, and it wasn't fair of him to suddenly change the parameters of what they'd agreed upon.

"Nothing" Zach said, forcing a smile "Let's get out of here"

"Just give me a second" Camille said "I used to be able to do this"

Zach stood in his bedroom beside the bed, Camille kneeling on the floor before him. They were both naked, having stripped down immediately after returning from the restaurant. Now she held his extended cock in both hands, the tip levelled at her mouth.

"Camille, it's ok, you...Oh...mmm" Zach moaned as Camille pulled the head of his cock into her mouth. Her brow was furrowed as she slowly eased more of him in, her jaw stretching open as far as it could go as she reached the girthy midsection.

"Ahhhh...Ahhhh" She groaned, tongue wiggling along the underside of his cock that filled all the space in her mouth. She breathed in and out through her nose, eyes rolled back in her head as she tried to fit him in deeper.

"Fuck..." Zach groaned, as pleasure ran up and down his shaft. He doubled over, his abs clenching as his body involuntarily reacted to her stimuli on his cock. Reaching forward he placed a hand on the side of her head, gripping her hair.

"Camille...I'm going to cum" He grunted. Her eyes focused as she looked up at him. She hummed around his cock as she gently moved her head up and down. A nod.

Holding the base of his cock with her hands, she tried to push his cock in deeper but struggled. Zach shifted his hand on her head, to the back, then gently pulled her against him. His cock slid further in, hitting the back of her throat and curving slightly down.

Camille let out a moan of pleasure as he pulled her forcefully on to his shaft. She looked up at him, eyes full of desire, her muffled moans vibrating around his cock, sending shivers up his spine.

"Mmm! Mmmmm!" She moaned louder. Letting go of his cock, she moved her hands to cup her breasts, lifting and jiggling them for him.

Zach finally hit a point of no return. He thrust his hips forward, as tingling ecstasy coursed through his body before surging up through his cock, cum spurting from his tip and into Camille's throat. His motion forward had pushed his shaft deeper down her throat, which made her both moan and then gag, choking around his meat.

After his orgasm subsided, he slowly pulled out, his cock slick with saliva, but still very, very erect.

"Fuck that was hot" Camille said, as soon as her mouth was no longer occupied. She looked up at him with a smile, eyes watering slightly, drool coating her lips.

Zach nodded "Yeah...damn, you took that like a champ"

Camille laughed "Thank you! I do pride myself on my dick-sucking skills."

"Get up, it's your turn" Zach said reaching a hand down to help her up.

Camille took his hand, letting him help her up, a sultry smile on her face. "Where do you want me"

"On the bed, on your back" Zach commanded.

Camille complied, crawling over onto the covers, and lying down. Zach followed, crawling on top of her until their faces were level. His cock hung off his body resting against her abs.

"What would you like to do with me?" Camille said teasingly.

"I remember you told me that when you're extended...you can cum just from someone playing with your breasts"

Camille nodded with a grin "Yes!"

Without another word, Zach shifted himself down until his face hovered above her breasts. They were so big up close, each one firm and round, rising high off her chest. Her delicate little nipples were a soft pink, her areolae barely wider than the stiff nub.

Moving to hold his weight with his elbows, he placed his hands palm down onto each of her large round melons and squeezed. The reaction was immediate, Camille's head tilting back, as she let out a long throaty moan of pleasure. Zach didn't let up, continuing to grope and massage her breasts.

Beneath him Camille writhed as he treated her to a ceaseless course of ecstasy. Her hands gripped the bed sheet as she wildly flailed, searching for something to anchor herself to. Her cries rose in volume as the intensity of his ministrations increased.

In between intense moans, she managed to get out a single word "Suck!"

Zach understood her meaning immediately, shifting his grip on her right breast so that he squeezed it from the side, making the round globe bulge up towards him. On the very peak her nipple waited for him. Leaning in, he wrapped his lips around it and sucked.

Camille shrieked her back arching as she came. She held her body tensed and rigid as Zach tugged hard on the nipple in his mouth. After thirty full seconds of transcendent bliss, she collapsed beneath him, panting for breath.

"Holy shit" Zach said, releasing her nipple from his mouth. "Are you ok?"

Camille nodded with a tired smile, as she sucked in air "Never...better..."

Zach smiled back "We're definitely going to do that again"

"Fucking right we will. But...later..." Camille said "My tits need a break...and my pussy desperately needs your cock"

Reaching down between her legs, she grabbed onto the thickest part of his cock and pulled it toward her, guiding him into her pussy. He slid in slowly, the warm wetness of her vagina eager to take him in. He let out a low guttural growl of satisfaction as he reached bottom, Camille's pussy squeezing tight around his cock. Once more Camille's eyes rolled back, as her jaw fell slack, her own wordless moan echoing from her throat.

Zach didn't hold back this time. He knew Camille wanted everything he could give, and now it was time to show her. Wrapping his hands underneath her, he reached up and gripped her shoulders from below. Then using that to brace himself, he pulled out and thrust back in over and over, sliding almost the full length of his shaft in and out of her in quick powerful plunges, using his hands to pull her down as his hips pushed up.

"Oh, fuck yes!!" She cried as he began to fuck her in earnest, giving it to her hard. "Oh god Zach, your cock is incredible! You're so fucking hard, and so fucking big!"

Zach just let out a grunt, sounding like a bear in heat as he kept up the pace, pounding her over and over again with his hammer. Camille's hands reached up and held his head, wrapping her fingers in his hair as she held on for dear life.

"Don't stop!" She whined "Don't you fucking stop!"

Zach had no intention of stopping any time soon. Camille's blowjob had gotten his first orgasm out of the way. Now he was locked in, and didn't plan to stop until either his body gave up, or Camille was left a quivering mess, whichever came first.

The minutes stretched on, with Zach relentless in his quest to claim the mountaintop of Camille's greatest sexual experiences. Camille continued to moan, and encourage him to continue, her lust as insatiable as his.

After five minutes of the most intense missionary either of them had ever experienced, Zach pulled out. Camille didn't have time to complain about it being inexplicably over, before he'd grabbed her and flipped her over, lifting her hips up to him before he slid back in and began to fuck her hard in doggy style.

"Fuck!" She yelled "That's it! Right...right there...that's my G-Spoooooot."

Zach grinned with primal enthusiasm, as he pushed his cock forward as he thrust in, letting the entire length of his shaft rub against the sensitive fleshy area just inside her pussy, the one that was making her entire body tremble.

Zach felt incredible. He felt alive, invigorated, powerful. Every single detail, and aspect of this experience filled him with an intoxicating mix of elation and satisfaction.

He loved the feeling of his extended cock, the blood pumping into his long thick shaft, the feeling of being huge. He loved the feeling of her pussy wrapped around his meat, squeezing tight around him each time he speared into her, filling her. He loved the sight of her massive breasts splayed to either side of her against the mattress as she laid upon them. He loved the sound of her voice as she moaned his name, cravenly crying out for him to keep fucking her. He loved the way she looked over her shoulder at him, eyes locked with his, desperate with desire as they shared this intimate moment. He loved...

Oh fuck...

He froze, fully sheathed into her, his cock throbbing excitedly deep within her pussy. He couldn't deny what he'd just stumbled upon. Without a doubt he knew he was falling for her, which was exactly what he wasn't supposed to be doing. This was just supposed to be casual...she just wanted to be friends...Shit.

Camille bit her lip as she looked back at him as he remained motionless, penetrating deep inside her. "Fuck, Zach, you are a god. I feel so *full*!" Then she noticed the odd look upon his face, as he stared off into space, jaw hanging open. "Hey...you alright?"

Zach said nothing as he panicked. He couldn't deny his feelings. Never before had he gotten along so well with someone so quickly. They joked and talked effortlessly, they'd shared deep personal secrets, and their sexual chemistry was off the charts.

But she didn't want a relationship. This was just sex for her.

But maybe...maybe she didn't want to try because she was afraid? Maybe all she needed to be convinced was for him to make the first move, to put himself out there.

He looked down and locked eyes with her. "Camille" he said, voice trembling with nerves and emotion. "...I love..."

As soon as he'd said the word he knew he'd made a mistake. That was evident by the look on her face. Her eyes had gone wide with shock and dismay. Disappointment was visible in her expression, disappointment that he'd just gone and ruined this thing they had.

He cleared his throat "Ahem, sorry...I was just gonna say, I love fucking you!"

Relief passed through her, her shoulders visible untensing, as a smile returned to her face "Oh my god, I thought you were gonna say something else. Ha ha ha! Well, I'm glad that you love it, because I love being fucked by you. I feel like I could do this all night"

Zach nodded "As you wish" Then he jerked into motion once more, hips pumping wildly as he hammered her from behind unleashing his pent-up frustration with himself. He shouldn't have bailed...but if he hadn't, he would've lost her, and that felt much harder to deal with than him repressing his own feelings.

They fucked passionately for over an hour without ceasing, moving from one position to the next, Zach's cock unconquerable. In the end it was his own body that gave way first, as he collapsed onto the bed, completely exhausted, his cock still rising high like a tower from his body.

Camille crawled over to him, and swung her legs up over his abdomen, so she straddled him. "You sit back and relax, let me tame this beast" she said with a grin. Then she leaned forward and wrapped her huge round breasts around his cock and began to shimmy up and down, tit-fucking herself with his cock.

Finally, he came, with the soft pillowy flesh of her tits enveloping his cock. Camille cooed with delight as his cum fountained from his tip, launching in a wide arc across the room. Zach just grunted, as the pleasure surged through him. It felt good...but also hollow.

"You were amazing" Camille said cheerily as she flopped down onto the bed beside him, her breasts already shrinking back down to their original size.

"You too. I think we topped last week" Zach said, before he took a moment to reach inside and undo the mental knot that held his extension, letting his spent cock retreat inside.

"100%" Camille said as she settled into his spare pillow, grabbing her phone from where she'd left it on the night table, and opening up her email.

Zach sat up, still wrestling with himself over how he should feel at this moment. For now...he would maintain course. A thousand guys would kill for the chance to sleep with a girl like Camille. He wouldn't fuck this up just because he was feeling emotional. The sex was undeniably fantastic, and they were becoming good friends. That would have to be enough.

"You ok?" Camille asked, looking over at him, where he sat motionless on the edge of the bed.

Zach nodded "Yeah...all good. Hey, by the way, thank you for earlier"

"Earlier?"

"At the restaurant. Coming to my aid when I was ambushed by Rhiannon"

"Oh!" She smiled at him "Of course, dude. That was my pleasure. You're my friend, and she hurt you. It was nice to put her in her place"

Zach smiled back "Yeah...still. Thank you. You gonna sleep here?"

Camille checked the time on her phone. "It's only 9:30, I think I'll just head home. Unless you're up for another round?"

Zach stared at her flatly "You're kidding right?"

She stared back at him, face serious, before she broke "Damn, thought I had you there! Yeah, of course, I am. You...you *destroyed* my poor pussy"

Zach frowned "Oh...sorry?"

Camille laughed "No need to apologize, it's a good thing. But I'm gonna need a day or two to recover before we do that again. You, sir, are a fucking machine!"

Zach laughed back "Just wanted to impress you"

She snorted "Alright, consider me impressed" She hopped up from the bed and started to get dressed.

"Uh, where's my bra?" She asked.

"Oh, right, it's on the kitchen table. You gave it to me in the restaurant, and I just left it there when we came in" Zach said.

"Ah, perfect, thanks" She stopped at the door to his bedroom and turned back to look at him.

"Hey, you sure you're ok?" She asked.

Zach looked over at her “I’m all good” he said, hoping it sounded convincing. “Why do you ask?”

She pursed her lips for a moment before she spoke “That one moment, when you were doing me from behind...it seemed like...I don’t know. Never mind. If you say you’re good, then I trust you”

Zach shrugged “I’m saying I’m good”

“Cool. Alright, I’ll text you tomorrow. Maybe we can get together to practice? Brainstorm on how to get to level 2?”

Zach nodded with a smile “Sounds great. Just let me know when you want to come over. Or I can come to your place?”

She shook her head “Nah, I’ll come here. My place is a mess...and...I dunno, I like it here. Your place has a good vibe”

“You don’t think it smells?” Zach asked, remembering the terrible night with Meg.

She smirked at him “What? No, dude, it just smells like you, which is not a bad thing in my opinion. Did someone tell you it stinks?”

Zach chuckled “No one important. Alright...I’ll see you”

Camille nodded, giving him one last smile “Yeah, see you”

A few moments later Zach heard the door of his apartment close. As it did, he fell back into bed, feeling utterly lost at what to do next.

The next day Zach sat in his living room upon the couch, naked, eyes closed, meditating.

Camille had texted him earlier, letting him know that she was going to go to the gym for a few hours, then she’d head over around noon. The thought of her coming over again both excited and worried him.

He went to bed last night, firmly deciding that he would keep his feelings to himself. Camille was too positive a force within his life to lose. He just needed to find another outlet for his romantic desires.

That unfortunately was easier said than done. Upon opening the dating app he’d been using, he was reminded of the dozens of messages he’d sent with zero responses before he’d found Camille. Furthermore, as he scrolled through potential matches that the app’s algorithm showed him, he realized that none of them interested him. He didn’t want any of them.

He wanted Camille.

This had put him into a tailspin, and so he'd resorted to the only thing that he could think of that would bring him calm. He extended.

After settling on the couch, he'd begun his breathing exercises. Then centring his focus, he pushed out his extension, the head of his cock rising up as his shaft doubled in length. Then he simply held it, breathing in and out, calmly.

Focusing solely on what he could feel of his own body brought him peace. At least in this one aspect, he still had some control over his life, some level of proficiency. It had become almost effortless to extend himself now, and achieving twice in a day was now elementary.

Level two though...that still remained out of reach. What could possibly be the secret? What could they be missing...

He ran a hand along the long shaft, cupping it from the bottom. He felt the way it sloped out underneath as the extension thickened to its full width, before curving back to the head of his cock. He'd been so blown away by how big it was that first night when Camille had whispered into his ear, coaching him through it. Now...well, it was still big, but no longer did it feel alien.

A knock at the door startled him. He looked at his phone with a frown. It was only 11:00. Camille shouldn't be here yet?

He stood up, and walked over toward the door, grabbing the robe that he'd been wearing before, and tossing it on over his shoulders. He didn't bother tying up the front as his unwieldy erection would be noticeable regardless. There was no point trying to hide it, so he wouldn't.

"Hello?" He called as he approached the door. His neighbourhood wasn't exactly rough, but he'd heard stories of people being jumped in their apartment buildings.

"Zach! It's me!" A high-pitched female voice called back. It was Rhiannon, his ex-girlfriend.

"What the fuck?" He muttered to himself as he stepped up to the door. He unlocked it, and then opening it only a fraction, standing behind it, to keep his cock out of view, leaning only his head into the gap.

"Rhiannon?"

"Hi Zach" she said demurely. "I'm sorry to just drop by like this, but I wanted to talk to you"

He frowned "You want...to talk?...Wait, how do you know where I live?!"

She held up her phone in one hand "I texted your sister, she told me"

Zach scowled "Goddammit, Tracy... Alright, what do you want, Rhiannon?"

"I told you; I want to talk! Can I come in?"

"No" He said firmly "We can talk here"

She pouted, but she also didn't press the issue. She looked good, but then again she always looked good. She wore black tights and a baggy forest green sweater that covered her from shoulder to thigh. She often wore clothes that hid the fact that she didn't have much of a figure. Her wavy brown hair was tucked back with a headband, cascading down her back.

"I wanted to...apologize"

Zach blinked in surprise "Wait...what?"

She sighed, looking down in shame "I'm sorry, Zach, for everything. For cheating on you, for hurting you in that way. I used to love...no, I *still* love you, we just weren't right for each other at that moment in our lives."

Zach's heart raced, as emotions flooded him. This was the last thing he expected to happen today. "Why now?" He asked.

She shrugged, and dammit, did she look cute doing it. "I guess, seeing you last night at that restaurant, it brought up old memories...and I felt terrible."

"Wow" Zach said. "Well...thank you for the apology, that's...that means a lot."

"You deserve it" she said softly.

"Alright then" Zach said with a nod. "Well...Thanks for stopping by and providing some closure, I guess? See you around?"

He moved to close the door, when he noticed that Rhiannon hadn't moved. She was still staring at her feet abashedly.

"What?" He asked, not able to shut the door on her when she looked so sad.

She shook her head, as she wiped at tears "Nothing, I'm fine. I just...things haven't been good with John lately...he's been so distant. And then seeing you moving on...I just feel really alone."

Zach frowned "Oh...I'm sorry to hear that"

"I thought seeing you would make me feel better...and it has a bit. I'm sorry, I shouldn't be dumping on you like this. Your poor girlfriend is probably inside, wondering who's taking up all of your time"

Zach shook his head "Camille's not here."

Rhiannon's face lit up slightly "Oh! Well...can I come in then, please? Just to use your bathroom and maybe get a glass of water?"

Zach held firm to the door, willing himself to refuse her. He'd always struggled saying no to her in the past. "I'm sorry, but that's not going to happen"

She pouted again "Zach, come on. It's just a glass of water"

He shook his head "I said no, Rhiannon"

She stepped forward. "You're being ridiculous. I really need to go! I'll only be here a minute, then I'll leave. Just let me in!" Before he could react, she pushed against the door, and barged in, forcing herself past him.

"Which way is your bathroom?" She said as she stepped past him. "I like your apartment by the way, it's very you. It even smells-OH MY GOD!!"

Both of her hands flew up to cover her mouth in shock as she stared at the throbbing serpentine length of his extended cock, that she'd finally noticed after turning back around to face him. Her eyes were wide as saucers as they flipped up and down between looking at his face and his cock.

"Zach..." she said "What...what happened to your penis?!"

Zach sighed as he closed the door "It's a long story..."

Rhiannon had stopped moving her eyes back and forth, settling on just ogling his cock that stuck straight out in the air, 10 inches of thick throbbing meat "It's gigantic! Is it, like, an allergic reaction?"

He shook his head "No its...here let me just show you"

He closed his eyes for only a moment as he delved into his psyche and found that now comfortable knot. Undoing it was as easy as breathing.

Rhiannon's face only became more flabbergasted as she watched the thick shaft of his extension slowly fold back into his cock, squeezing into his original shaft until the head was snug once again at the seam.

"How did you do that?!" She blurted out.

"It's..." he stopped himself. for a brief moment he considered telling her, giving her the entire story. But...he couldn't. Camille had trusted him with this secret, and he'd made a promise. That meant something.

"I can't really say" he said. Luckily, for whatever reason, Rhiannon accepted it, nodding understandingly.

They stood together in silence for a few moments, Zach standing with his robe open and his now normal sized cock still erect. It was strange...this size...it didn't feel like him anymore. This was just a warmup, a prelude to his real cock.

Biting her bottom lip, Rhiannon looked back up at him. "Bring it back"

"Excuse me?"

"I want to see it again" she said. "Can you...push it back out?"

It was Zach's turn to look shocked, but he recovered quickly. "Uh, yeah, sure. Give me a second, it takes a fair bit of effort, especially so soon after undoing it..."

"Is there anything I can do to help?" She asked with a smile, tucking a lock of hair behind her ear.

Surprisingly, Zach found himself smiling back. He nodded "Yeah, absolutely. Can you hold it for me? Keeping it steady will help me focus"

She nodded, her smile widening. Quickly she walked over, turning to stand beside him facing the same way. She leaned against him, resting her head on his shoulder as she reached over with her small delicate hands and gently wrapped her fingers around his hard shaft.

"What now? She whispered.

"Just hold it like that. I'll do my thing" he replied, voice suddenly shaky.

Closing his eyes, he began to breath in and out, chest rising and falling in that steady pattern that helped him centre himself. Reaching inside he found the knot, and gently pushed at it. It resisted him stubbornly, annoyed to be pushed around so soon.

He tried to focus but found it increasingly difficult, his mind freaking out at the wildly unexpected situation he'd found himself in.

For many months now, the thought of Rhiannon only brought him pain. She'd betrayed his trust, leaving him broken and despondent. It'd taken him a long time to get over her, and now in this moment he realized he still *wasn't* over her.

7 years of history flooded back in that moment. He'd loved Rhiannon, probably still loved her, and apparently if what she'd said a few minutes before was true...she still loved him.

And now she was here beside him, so close, so familiar. Her small soft hands gripping his cock, like she'd done many times before. Her perfume, the one by Givenchy that he'd bought multiple bottles of for her, filled his nostrils.

"Is something wrong?" She said quietly.

He shook his head "Just...give me a minute"

Just this morning he'd been frustrated over a lack of direction. He'd tried to look elsewhere, but none of them had compared to Camille. But Rhiannon...she was special, comfortable. Maybe this was the direction he should follow, a way forward with someone who actually wanted to be with him.

He closed his eyes and pushed aside his stress, his worries, and thought only of what he was trying to do in that moment. He found the knot and then with a resolute, indomitable will, he pushed, core muscles tensing hard.

Beside him he heard Rhiannon gasp, as he felt his extension push free. Still holding the lower half of his cock, she stared in awe watching the head of his cock lift, as flesh emerged from within, swelling outward, getting thicker as it went.

Zach let out a sigh from deep in his chest as his extension reached full length once more. "That...is incredible" Rhiannon murmured as she ogled it, transfixed by his massive cock.

He felt her fingers release their grip near the base of his cock, and he thought she was going to step away. Instead, she leaned against him more, those fingers now delicately tracing their way up the impressive length of his shaft, feeling the way his shaft thickened out at the extension.

"This...this is the sexiest cock I've ever seen!" She said with a giggle. "I can't keep my hands off of it"

Zach chuckled "Glad you like it"

"I do..." she said as her fingers wrapped around just underneath his head, making him let out a grunt of pleasure. "So thick..."

Suddenly she let go and stepped away. "Oh god!" She cried, sounding distraught.

Zach frowned "What's wrong, bunny?" Immediately after he said it, he realized he'd involuntarily used his old pet-name for her.

"I'm sorry Zach, I shouldn't have done that." She looked upset, though her eyes were still staring at his cock. "You have a girlfriend! I need to respect that, and I'm sorry; I stepped over the line. Camille seems very lovely, and I would never want to come between you two"

Zach smiled "Rhiannon...Camille isn't my girlfriend"

She looked at him confused. "What? She's not?"

He moved closer to her, close enough that his cock was nearly touching her. "No, she's not. She's just a friend. She just said those things when you saw us at the restaurant to mess with you"

“Oh! So... you two haven't slept together?”

“Well...” he scratched the back of his head sheepishly “No...we have. We've fooled around a few times, but I can assure you no official relationship exists”

“I see” she looked from his face back down to his pillar of flesh that stretched between them. When she looked back up her face had gone slightly pink with embarrassment “Is...is she better than me?”

He sighed “Come on, bunny, why would you ask me that...”

“Because I want to know!” She said indignantly “I won't be upset, I promise”

Zach looked at her sceptically then shook his head. “Honestly...I don't think it's fair to make a comparison”

“Why not?”

“Because I've only had sex with her with this” gestured to his extended cock. “And it really amplifies things. So yes, it was absolutely better...but not based on anything that you could be blamed for”

Rhiannon tugged on her long brown hair nervously as she looked down at his cock, eyes wide. “She took all of that?”

Zach nodded “Yeah...gave me a blowjob too”

Rhiannon stared at it, his thick throbbing shaft in easy reach. Then, after tucking her hair back over her shoulders, she slowly lowered herself down to her knees, so that the tip of his cock was right at her mouth.

“Rhiannon?” Zach said, “What are you...Oh fuck!”

Rhiannon had grabbed his cock by the thickest portion and stuffed it into her mouth. She could only get the head in, her jaw not able to stretch enough for the thicker shaft to fit. But what she lacked in physical ability she made up for in enthusiasm, as she began to rapidly bob her mouth back and forth going from his tip to the outer edge of the head.

“Rhiannon...” he grunted “You don't have to...”

She pulled off for a moment, looking up at him with her doe eyes, her small hands gripping the girthy shaft, which just made it look bigger. She extended her tongue and gently licked at his slit. “Don't you want me to?”

Zach tossed his head back as the pleasure hit him, a long moan rising from within. He pulled himself together for a moment to say “What about John?”

"Fuck John." She said with a giggle. "I told you things haven't been good...he doesn't treat me as well as you did...and he certainly doesn't have a cock like this!" She leaned forward moving her head to one side of it, as she placed her mouth upon it and dragged down the side, tongue licking it as she went.

"Rhiannon..." he grunted again.

She lifted his cock up, licking down the underside all the way until she reached his balls, which one by one she gently sucked on. "Yes?" She said coyly, as she worked her way back up to the tip.

"Don't stop..." He said.

Rhiannon smiled as she began to bob up and down on the head, gripping his shaft tightly with both hands and sliding them up and down.

This was wrong. But goddammit it felt so right. This was a side of Rhiannon he'd never seen before...maybe that was part of why she'd left him. He hadn't been enough for her, hadn't inspired passion in her.

Clearly, she was inspired now. Repeatedly she stuffed as much of his cock in her mouth as she could take, lips and tongue doing all they could to pleasure him. It was a very different kind of blowjob to the one that he'd received from Camille, it'd be impossible for him to choose a preference. All that mattered was how fucking good it felt.

She pulled off, sucking in a breath of air as she did. She leaned forward again and began to plant kisses upon his cock, holding it gently with her hands.

"Mmm. You're my new best friend" she purred as she kissed it right on the tip. She looked up at Zach with a grin "How was that?"

Zach was panting for breath, his entire body electric. "Amazing!" He said breathlessly.

She stood up before, keeping one hand on his cock. "Is that your bedroom through there?"

He nodded.

Turning around she started to walk towards the door, a hand still gripped around his shaft, which she used to tug him along behind her. "Come on, baby, I want that thing inside me"

In the bedroom she quickly disrobed, pulling off her baggy sweater and tossing it, before slipping out of her tights and panties. She wasn't wearing a bra underneath, her A-cups were only faint bumps on her chest, though her nipples were a fair size and perky.

She was thinner than he remembered, her ribs slightly visible when she moved in certain directions, a noticeable gap present between her thighs. She was still beautiful and seeing her present herself on the bed for him, laying on her back and looking up at him brought back many, many fond memories.

"Come here" she cooed. "I want to see how big it is"

Zach nodded, as he crawled on top of her. He laid his cock so that it rested upon her, his base sitting at her public mound, his tip reaching up past her navel.

"Oh my god" she murmured, an excited smile on her face. "You have without a doubt the biggest cock, I've ever seen. Look at it!"

Zach chuckled "Yeah, I know, it's sort of attached to me"

"I can't get over how thick it is." She reached down and wrapped a hand around the girthy midsection of the extension. "It's wider than a pop can!"

"Rhiannon" Zach said "You know you don't have to do this"

Rhiannon snorted "What are you talking about? I want to do this! I want you to fill me with your giant cock!"

Zach nodded "OK, I'm just saying...you're very small...if it's too big, I understand"

She frowned at him "It'll fit"

"Are you sure?"

She nodded determined "If *she* can take it, I can take it"

Zach didn't have to ask who the 'she' was in that sentence. He'd been too distracted by her sudden coming on to him to put together the blatantly obvious paradigm. This wasn't just about sex for her...it was about winning him back from Camille. She wanted to prove to him that she was better for him in every way.

He sighed "Bunny, I'm serious, you don't..."

"Zach!" She said cutting him off, tone abruptly cold and venomous. "Stop being an idiot, and stick that fucking monster in me, you dipshit!"

Zach frowned at her. This sudden outburst of anger had come with its own set of memories. Things had been good between them yes...but not all the time. She had a nasty temper at times, and a penchant for talking down to him when frustrated. He now remembered how he'd been left feeling belittled and beleaguered after many of their fights. It was not a feeling he liked to reminisce upon.

The moment passed and her face shifted back to sweet and kind. "Sorry, baby. I'm just excited, and I know you can sometimes overthink things. I promise you, I'll let you know if you're hurting me, ok?"

Zach nodded slowly, confidence wavering. She was right, though, he did overthink things sometimes. "Alright, I trust you. You ready?"

She nodded vigorously a grin on her face, "Split me wide open, big boy" she said with a giggle.

Zach crawled backward, until he could lower his tip between her legs. Then he slowly eased forward, guiding himself towards the delicate pink flower that was her pussy.

His tip pressed against her entrance, and though she was adequately wet, there was still resistance. He applied pressure with his hips, nudging against her, until his tip pushed inside.

He moved slowly, millimeters at a time as he eased himself into her. Her eyes were closed, lips pinched shut as she breathed in and out through her nose.

"Hey" he said softly "Are you-"

"I'm fine!" She hissed "Keep going"

Zach grimaced, but nodded. He continued to push into her going slowly. Below him she began to whimper quietly as the thickest part of his extension passed her entrance. And then it was in, and she breathed a sigh of relief as she opened her eyes and looked up at him.

With the thickest part of him inside her the rest was easy going. She moaned, biting her lip as he touched bottom, filling her completely.

"Oh. My. Gaaaawwwd" She said, her chest heaving as she acclimatized to the feeling of him inside of her. Tilting her head up she looked down at herself, eyes going wide. Zach followed her gaze looking down in between them.

On her abdomen, just below her belly button, there was a visible bulge through her skin, where his cock pressed up from the inside. He pulled out slightly, just to confirm, and sure enough the bulge recessed slightly.

"Holy shit!" She said, cackling. "That is insane!"

Zach laughed along with her "For real...so...you ready?"

She nodded "Go slow please"

Zach nodded back, as he gently began to thrust in and out. He didn't pull out nearly as far back as he had with Camille, knowing that Rhiannon couldn't handle it. So instead of the wild, passionate fucking of last night, this was the slow, gentle intimacy of making love.

Each time he slid back in, she visibly shuddered, riding the line between pleasure and discomfort. He was too big for her, she knew that, but she would never admit it. Her body would adjust over time, for now she could deal with a slight bit of discomfort for him.

After five minutes she tapped him on the chest. "Hey, are you going to cum soon?"

He shook his head "Not going like this, no. What's up?"

"I need a break" she said, with a wince. "You're very big..."

Zach nodded, quickly sliding out. She let out a yelp of surprise discomfort as the thick section was pulled free, and then he was out. Her pussy was left visibly gaping, slowly shrinking back together.

"You alright?" He asked.

She nodded, then shook her head. "That was suuuuper intense. I think I'm going to have trouble walking tomorrow! Oh, don't look so upset, I'll be ok. I just need to practice. It felt good being stretched out, I just need to get used to it."

He nodded "Yeah...of course. Don't worry, we can take things slow"

She let her head flop down on the bed "Thanks baby. Don't worry, I just need a little bit of time and then you can really fuck me. I'm going to ride that dragon, that's a promise!"

Zach laughed as he got up from the bed. He headed out to the main room without getting dressed, leaving his cock extended. He padded his way over to the fridge grabbing a water bottle, twisting it open and draining half of it.

He looked down at his cock with a grin, as it still throbbed proudly. Getting back together with his Ex was the last thing he thought his new dick would accomplish, but he wasn't going to complain.

Rhiannon was good for him. Perfect? No, but it was stupid to demand perfection. She had her flaws, but so did he. What was important was that she wanted to be with him.

Sadly, Zach was too blinded by emotion to realize that he hadn't quite understood the reality of the situation. The truth was Rhiannon didn't really want to be with him for him...she just didn't want him to be with someone else. She wanted him not for who he was, but just because someone else had taken her toy. That was why she'd come over today; him having a giant cock was just a pleasant surprise.

But Zach couldn't see that, couldn't understand that level of pettiness. Years of being rejected and ignored by women had left him with a deep need to be wanted, and Rhiannon had stepped back in to fill that void, though her want for him was insincere.

Zach finished the bottle of water, letting out a satisfied grunt as he finished the water bottle. He started to head back to the bedroom, when there was a quick rap on the door, followed by it opening.

"Hey dude" Camille said, turning and closing the door behind her locking it "You left your door open! You ready to-Aha!" Her face split into a grin as she spotted him across the room, cock out and fully extended.

"Bonjour, monsieur!" She said with a laugh as she crossed the room to see him.

"Camille!" Zach said, shock and dread filling him. "You're here!"

She stepped up and hugged him, pulling him into a tight embrace, gently guiding his cock aside so it wouldn't be awkwardly sandwiched between them. "Yeah, my gym partner never showed, so my workout went faster than normal. Figured I'd just head straight here. Good thing I did, looks like you started without me!"

Zach gave a fake laugh, as he glanced at the closed door of his bedroom. "Listen, Camille...right now isn't-"

"Zach." She said suddenly cutting him off. "There's another reason I got here early...I need to talk to you about something...something I've been thinking about, and it couldn't wait"

His eyes nervously flicked towards his bedroom, but he heard no sound of movement from inside. Rhiannon had said she'd have trouble walking...he hoped that would include right this very moment.

"What's up? He said, returning his attention to her.

Camille took in a deep breath, then let it out with a sigh. "For a long time...I've been on my own...that's how it's always been for me. I told you how I bounced around a lot growing up, I never wanted to be tied down..."

Zach nodded "Yeah, I remember"

"Well...I've been thinking...about my life and...God, this is hard, I've never been so nervous!"

Zach reached out and placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder, squeezing gently. "Camille, it's OK, it's just me. You can tell me anything, we're friends"

She nodded. "Yeah...friends. Zach...getting to know you has been, incredible. I really feel like I can trust you." She looked down unable to look him in the face. With her hands she idly held his cock, gently rubbing the head, like a little girl squeezing her teddy bear for comfort.

"I feel the same way" Zach said, swallowing nervously as pleasure tingled up through him from where she touched him.

She forced herself to look up at him. "I know you do, Zach. Last night...I know what you were going to say. You were going to say 'Camille, I love you'"

Zachs eyes went wide, as his face went red. "Camille..."

She smiled at him "It's ok, Zach. I know in that moment I freaked out, but after I left last night...all I could think about was 'Zach loves me!'."

Zach said nothing, watching her quietly.

"I've never been in love before" she said quietly. "But... I think it's what I feel when I think of you"

Zachs heart hammered in his chest. Was this really happening?!

She sighed as she let go of his cock, hands falling to her side. "I know I said we should just be friends with benefits, and if you want to keep it like that I understand. I just wanted to tell you how I feel"

Zach stared mouth ajar, waiting to see if she had anything more to say. She looked up at him with a nervous smile. "So...what do you think?"

Without hesitation Zach moved into her, pulling her into his arms as he leaned into kiss her. Their lips locked and danced together as they shared a truly beautiful kiss. Softly she moaned as she relished the feeling of his arms holding her, his mouth on hers.

After holding the kiss for almost half a minute, Zach pulled away, leaving them both breathless. Camille cracked a smile as she panted. "Wow! You're a good kisser!"

Zach smiled back, as he brought his hands up to cradle her face. "Camille, I do love you."

She beamed back at him "I...I love you too, Zach! Oh my god...I can't believe I said that, but it's true!!"

He pulled her into another hug, joy and happiness bursting in his chest. Maybe...maybe it wasn't so unreasonable to want perfection.

He let her go and they stepped back, both of them smiling giddily. "So...aha..." Camille said, "I guess...I guess you're my boyfriend?"

He nodded "Only if you want to be my girlfriend?"

She nodded "Oh, I do!"

He leaned in and kissed her once again, both of them laughing joyfully.

And then... it all came apart.

As they held their kiss, from his bedroom they heard the sound of feet landing on the floor. Camille immediately jerked back, looking towards the door, then back at Zach, face concerned.

“Zach, is there someone else here?”

“Uhhh...”

“Wait, do you have another girl here!?”

He sighed then nodded “Camille, I can explain...”

She visibly released tension in her shoulders as she gave him a sympathetic smile “Zach, it's OK, dude. You didn't do anything wrong. We were casual, seeing other people was part of the deal. You had no idea I was going to come over here and dump my emotions on you like that!”

“Well, I'm glad you did” he said, suddenly feeling relief himself. Maybe...maybe things would work out alright...

“Me too.” Camille said with a grin. “I'm more so surprised that you found a casual fling on a Sunday morning! What'd you do, pick her up at the Cafe? ‘Hey girl, you want some breakfast sausage!’ Ha ha!”

Zach laughed at her impersonation of him “No it wasn't anything like that”

“Oh... please don't tell me it was that Meg chick, she was awful”

Zach shook his head. Camille sighed with relief “OK good. I would've seriously lost a bit of respect for you if it was. Wait, is that why you're already extended?! Giving this random chick some long dick loving!”

Zach blushed, making Camille cackle “Oh Zach, I love you. You are an animal! Hey...do you think she's up for a bit of fun? Maybe we can double team that flagpole of yours? Wouldn't that be a hilarious way to start our new relationship!”

Zach grimaced “Uh, I don't think she'd be up for that...”

Camille turned and started to walk towards his bedroom. “You never know, Zach baby! A lot of girls are kinkier than you'd think.”

She stopped in front of the door and grabbed the handle as she turned back to look at Zach with a smile. “Let's meet our next contestant!” She said jokingly with a big grin on her face as she whipped open the door.

That grin dropped to a look of shock at the sight of Rhiannon standing at the doorway, wearing nothing but his bed sheet draped over her. Camille looked at Zach her expression one of deep betrayal.

Rhiannon stepped out of the room, stopping to look at Camille, looking her up and down, noticeably stopping to note her lack of large breasts. "Camille, right? Zach's fake girlfriend? You're not as pretty as I remember...I guess boob halo really is a thing. I'm guessing you're like Zach, you can make them grow? Yes, he showed me. I got to hold it while he did it...did he let you do that?"

Camille's jaw dropped at the absolute audacity of the verbal assault she'd just been on the receiving end of. "You skinny little whore!" She yelled.

Rhiannon smiled smugly, as she turned and walked over to Zach, getting on her tip toes to kiss him on the cheek. "Coming back to bed, baby? I miss you...I miss him" she leaned over and planted a kiss on the tip of his cock.

Camille laughed out loud, but there was no joy in that laughter. "Oh please, like your scrawny little ass took Zach's cock."

Rhiannon shot her a haughty glare over her shoulder "Took it, and loved it"

Camille shook her head with disbelief. "Zach...what the absolute fuck? Your Ex?! The Ex you were madly in love with, who cheated on you and broke your heart?! This is who you choose to sleep with?! How fucking dumb are you! She's obviously just using you!"

Zach opened his mouth to speak, but he wasn't quick enough, Rhiannon sniping back at Camille, her voice cross "Hey! Don't talk about my boyfriend like that!"

"YOUR BOYFRIEND?!?" Camille yelled, absolutely livid.

"Your boyfriend!!?" Zach cried "Rhiannon, what are you-"

"Don't be fucking dumb, Zach" Rhiannon said, ignorant of the irony that she'd used the exact same insult as Camille had. "Obviously we're getting back together, why else would I have *let you* sleep with me?"

Zach's mouth flapped in shock, until finally words came to him "Rhiannon, hold on, I didn't agree to-"

"Go ahead Zach!" Camille said resignedly. "Go on and run back to the woman that made you feel like utter shit. You both deserve each other" She turned and stomped towards the exit.

"Camille!" Zach yelled. "Camille, wait, please!"

She didn't listen, didn't hesitate, didn't look back, as she left through the front door, slamming it behind her.

Rhiannon scoffed "I don't know what you saw in *her*, she's an absolute hot mess." Reaching over she took him by the hand and tried to pull on him. "Come on, let's go"

Zach jerked his hand out of hers angrily, pointing a finger in her face. "Don't fucking touch me"

She snorted at him then spoke icily "If I don't, no one else will" The she turned, tossing her hair over her shoulder, as she walked back to his room.

Zach was left alone. In one fell swoop he'd gained and then lost the most incredible woman he'd ever met.

Leaning against the kitchen counter, he slumped down until he sat on the floor, knees tucked up to his chest. Then, with tears in his eyes, he found that knot inside him and cut it free.

He wouldn't be needing it anymore.

TO BE CONTINUED...

