

In the dim glow of a single overhead light, Kai's cramped one-bedroom apartment hummed with the low squeaky whir of his overworked computer fan. The space was a cluttered haven in the heart of the frostbitten sprawl of buildings in the centre of the city, patches of the wallpaper had flaked off which echoed the rumbling of explosions from months back. A glitching hologram ad for cheap synth-meat buzzed on the wall as snowflakes tapped insistently against the grimy and cracked window. Kai himself sat in a corner perched on a worn desk chair, his lean frame draped in a skimpy outfit that clung to his slender hips and flat chest: sheer black stockings hugging his thighs, a cropped top in glossy pink latex that left his midriff bare, and elbow-length gloves that accentuated his delicate wrists. A simple face mask hid his mouth, on it was a cute holographic mouth that was in the style of one of those old world Japanese animations with three pink lines hovering over the cheeks. The eyelids were blanketed in dark eyeshadow with light pink shades around the eye sockets, the eyes themselves were partly covered by sweeping bangs of black fluffy hair. Around the neck was a large choker with text crawling around it. Every time he would talk, the mouth would open and close in a rhythm with his high, girly voice that pitched up with feigned desperation.

'Ohhh, my sweet viewers, Look at how much you've made me grow,' Kai cooed, his words dripping with a slutty whine as he slowly stroked the enormous five-foot length of his immense penis. It was wide and rigid, while it bowed heavily under its own weight, the thick shaft veined and throbbing visually, his hands squished into the glistening oily flesh like it was made of silicon. Clear pre-cum leaked in steady dribbles from the swollen head that had 8 ellipsoid shaped vibrators strapped around the crown. The gluey pre slide down the underneath of the bulky thing to his testicles, football sized things that rested on the edge of the chair which Kai massaged with his cloth covered feet, making audible thick churning noise from within. 'OMG, their soooo full and achy right now, it hurts so much when I'm this backed up. I need to cum so bad—please, darlings, send more of your love! Make your pretty boy explode!'

The chat scrolled with frantic messages, most were lines of emojis, some were depraved text like "Wish you'd cum inside me" and "I want your cock so bad". Then a donation pinged. A chime rang out as one viewer tossed in a hefty batch of 20 credits and a message crawling around his choker, 'Just a little more to go'. Kai's eyes lit up from behind the locks. 'Mmm, thank you, Sid388! You're such a naughty saviour—now watch out cause I feel it coming quick!' He focused, his power surging, and his penis swelled another couple of inches with a stretching sound coming from inside like rubber, the growth was accompanied by a wet squelch as pre squirted out in a forceful arc, splattering the desk but missing the keyboard 'Ahh!, fuck my...' he immediately stopped himself and planted a hand over the mask, covering it. 'I'm so sorry, I shouldn't swear, it's very naughty.' He noticed a poorly written comment wiz up the chat box saying: 'how you be so innocent with monster cock 🍆'

Kai went back to stroking. 'Almost there, but you tease me so cruelly darlings, making me wait like this. I hate it... but I love you for it!' His stockinged feet worked more, toes curling around the massive churning balls. He rubbed them firmly, the fabric whispering against the squishy skin as he ground his heels in, coaxing more leaks. 'More love, please! If I don't cum soon, I'll go absolutely insane—my poor cock's throbbing like it's gonna burst without you! I'm begging you, my loves, fill me up with credits!'

The donations trickled in, building until a final massive one hit, 60 credits from one BlueDaBabe. Kai gasped dramatically, arching his back but keeping his eyes locked to the camera. 'Yes! Now I have enough love to finally cum—thank you all!'

With over-the-top moans that echoed through the mic—'Ohhh gosh, yesss, here it comes!'—he gripped his massive cock with both gloved hands, rubbing furiously up and down the length while his feet squeezed his balls tight, toes digging in. In full view of the camera, his body tensed up, eyes rolling back as his head snapped backwards. He let out a piercing wail of extreme pleasure as rope after thick rope of pure white cum erupted from the penis head, shooting high and splattering across the floor, wall, desk, and even flicking the camera lens. It went on for nearly a minute, his hips bucking involuntary with each pulse, before tapering into a steady, gushing stream that oozed down the shaft in heavy rivulets.

He pretended to pass out with a theatrical slump, his lean frame shuddering. As the orgasm faded, his penis began to slowly droop and shrink, contracting inch by inch and pushing out the last few spurts of cum with wet pops as the balls shrank with it. The chat was going crazy as people wondered if he was OK.

‘That was so much, how is it even possible.’
‘He needs water FAST.’
‘Should someone call trauma team?’
‘No need, he always passes out. Too much edging 😊’

Kai “regained consciousness” with a flutter of lashes, sitting up wide-eyed and feigning shock. ‘Oh my gosh! Look at all this cum—it’s everywhere! So much from you naughty watchers! It’s even got on all of you.’ He wiped away the cum from the lens and scooped a glob onto his gloved fingers, holding it up to the camera with a playful wiggle. ‘You made me squirt like a fountain. Thank you all for the love; I came so hard I saw stars. How am I ever gonna clean this mess?’

He blew kisses to the chat. ‘Anyway, special thanks to loadlord42 for the 88 credits and to Cumking38 for the 100 credits—they helped me grow so big and blow like that! You guys are the best.’ Pausing with a sly grin, he added, ‘I’ll be back in a couple of days to try out that new sex doll torso you guys got for me. Hehe, I hope I don’t destroy this one...’ He touched his index fingers together in a cute shy gesture, batting his lashes. ‘So sadly, I’ve gotta go darlings, make sure to check out all my previous streams along with the funny skits I’ve done. Can’t wait till next stream to see how big you back me. Having you all here is the best. As always, take care of yourself, wash her hands and drink plenty of water. Bye-bye, my darlings! Muah!’ Kai waved with one hand, the other grabbing his now shrunken 15 inch flaccid penis and giving it a firm squeeze. A final squirt of cum arced out, landing with a splat. He ended the stream, making sure to yank the plugs on the camera and microphone with a satisfying click as a Safety precaution incase it didn’t end properly.

Rising with a deep sigh, his voice dropped to its normal, softer timbre—far from the high-pitched hentai voice he put on. He arched his back, pushing it out with some satisfying clicks from the joints. He then peeled off the mask, revealing his thin lips and gappy teeth. He tugged away the gloves, throwing them to the bed and flexing his bare fingers, they two made clicking noises. ‘3 hour stream for fuck’s sake, I need to put back on the time limits.’ He looked down to his penis, the head dangling next to his knees. He took in a sharp breath and squeezed his groin muscles, the penis began to shrink up to his pelvis until it was a modest two inches resting on small balls no bigger than plums, he made a satisfied release of air as this was the size he preferred the most, small and out of the way. He awkwardly yanked off the stockings, making sure not to step into the white puddle on the ground, than with some effort, pulled the top off with a satisfactory grunt. Tossing them near the laundry, he walked to the closet. Inside was a large box with the image of a sexy girl with massive tits and a large ass on it, next to that was the thing he was looking for. He hauled out an industrial water vacuum—a bulky, humming beast he’d splurged on for these nights. He switched it on, the roaring filling the room as he sucked up the vast pool of cum, the machine gurgling through globs that clung to the floor and wall, making sure to get the small load of pre on the desk. As he did so, he activated his built in HUD and fired up a private form, scrolling through the porn chatter. Threads buzzed about his stream: ‘PastelPulse was on fire tonight—so sexy with that colossal monster!!!’ ‘PastePulse’s loads are unreal, lean body popping like that? Chef’s kiss.’ ‘Double P is the definition of a grower.’ Kai, shrugged, unbothered, muttering to himself, ‘eighteenth time I’ve done a stream like this. Thought people would get bored of the style by now.’ When the mess was mostly gone, he grabbed a cloth and bleach and proceeded to scrub down any surface that had any remaining hit.

When it was clean to his standards, he stowed the vacuum away while pulling out the 90 ml tank. He took it over to the kitchen sink and turned on the water till it was scalding hot, than poured the tank’s contents down the drain with the hot water helping to break it up. With that over, he stored the tank back in the water vacuum and lit a few scented candles—lavender and vanilla—to chase away the lingering musk of cum. The flames danced, softening the apartment’s chill. Heading to the tiny bathroom, he struggled to yank off the latex crop top, with him letting out a grunt when he finally freed himself. He dropped it to the floor as he stepped under the shower’s steaming spray, letting it soak his body for a long, indulgent stretch. He scrubbed away stray globs from his thighs and chest, nose wringing at the sharp, salty tang that cut through the soap.

‘I need to drink a lot more water next time, my spunk was like fucking tar this round.’ His fingers worked through his mop of hair as the makeup ran down his face, lathering thoroughly to ensure no sticky remnants hid there.

Finally clean, he towelled off, the fabric rough against his sensitive skin, and slipped into some comfy light blue pyjamas—soft pants and a button-up that made him feel cozy. In the small kitchen nook, he brewed a cup of tea with meticulous care: loose leaves measured just so, water heated to a precise boil, steeping for an exact three minutes before adding a swirl of honey. Cup in hand, steam curling up, Kai returned to his desk, ready to sink into some games—the PC’s glow promising escape into pixelated worlds and adventures. But as he lowered himself towards the chair, he froze. A damp patch glistened there, forgotten in the clean. ‘Ugh,’ he groaned, annoyance creasing his brow. Setting the tea aside, he trudged back to the closet, rummaging for cleaning supplies—a spray bottle and rags clutched in his fist.

Outside, the city assaulted anyone with its chaotic sprawl—a packed mess of towering concrete megastructures intertwined with coiling highways that snaked like rusted veins overhead. Old hologram ads flickered erratically in the air, ghosts of consumerism: projections of sleek hover-cars and glowing energy drinks long out of stock, their vibrant colours clashing against the perpetual overcast sky. Massive holes gaped in the sides of the megastructures, jagged wounds from energy blasts and collapsing supports, edged with scorch marks that blackened the concrete like fresh burns. Snow flurried down in lazy swirls, courtesy of the weather manipulator from the villains whose tech had thrown the climate into perpetual winter even after their defeat. It had been over ten months since the Eclipse Dominion—the ruthless supervillain group that had nearly toppled the city with their horde of biomechanical horror and reality-warping gadgets—were finally crushed by the Vanguard Sentinels, the elite hero alliance that swooped in with their arsenal of powered armour and psionic strikes. But the victory felt hollow; the city was a long way off from anything resembling a semi-functional system. Power grids flickered, supply lines choked, and the cold seeped into every crack, turning reconstruction into a frozen slog. Kai was one of thousands—hundreds of thousands, really—of civilians drafted into the labor pool to claw the metropolis back from ruin. For him, that meant reporting to site 47, a debris-choked stretch near the old industrial district. He trudged through the blocked streets at ground level, boots crunching over snow-mixed rubble: shattered concrete chunks, twisted iron beams from fallen overpasses, and the skeletal remains of combat drones scattered like discarded toys. Dodging patrols of low-rent security bots and fellow workers bundled against the chill, he reached the tram station—a system that barely ran on time—and took it into the city centre where the damage was the worst. So bad that the tram could only drop the workers off only so far, with the rest of the way having to be done in military trucks moving through paths made in the rubble. He reached the site with several other workers just as the foreman barked orders over the comms.

Ten hours a day, four days a week—that was the draft quota. Kai climbed into the cockpit of a hulking digger, its hydraulics groaning to life under his touch. The machine’s claws bit into the piles of wreckage, hauling away tons of rubble to uncover a mere foot of road beneath. Shovelling by hand when the digger jammed, wrestling iron beams that could crush a man, and prying apart robots fused by plasma fire—it was backbreaking, the cold numbing his fingers even through the gloves. Sweat built under the jumpsuit despite the freeze, mixing with the metallic tang of ozone in the air. It was a hard job, no questions, but it was the best pay going in this shattered economy. Most gigs now scraped by on scraps—scavenging runs or black-market bartering that barely covered a meal. Kai was lucky to get drafted; landing steady work was frankly impossible without connections or power that actually mattered. The pay chipped away at his rent and utilities, keeping the lights on and the heat sputtering, but it left nothing for personal wants.

No new games to lose himself in after shifts, no fresh pastel clothes to make him feel pretty on off-days. Just survival, doled out in ratings and fatigue. Of course, it was sheer luck he’d developed his powers at all—a quirk from the ambient energy surges during the Dominion’s siege and their experiments. But where others gained flight or invulnerability and became part of the Vanguards, Kai manifested in the most useless way: the ability to grow and shrink his penis at will, paired with a ramped-up libido and the capacity for massive loads that turned into an annoying chore. Nowhere else on his body, nothing that could’ve slotted him into the hero ranks or even a decent side gig beyond the streams. He’d really gotten the short end of the super-power stick, a cruel irony in a world where abilities defined your worth.

As the digger's engine idled during a brief lull in the shift, Kai leaned back in the cockpit chair, wiping some sweat from his brow with a gloved forearm. The machine's cab offered a sliver of shelter from the wind-whipped snow, but the cold still clawed at the edge of the door seals. His mind wandered, as it often did in these stolen moments, back to why he'd ever started those streams in the first place. The government's draft pay and ration books kept the basics covered—shelter, synth-food, a flicker of heat—but they left no room for the small joys that made life feel less like an endless drudgery. Those touches turned survival into something resembling his old life. In the old world terms, pieced together from archived holovids and faded data slates—about 500 years ago, before the megastructures rose and superpowers warped society—Kai would've been labeled as a tomgirl. A guy who thrived in girly styles: cute skirts that swished against his thighs, sheer stockings hugging his legs, fitted tops that accentuated his lean build without a hint of bulk. Most men in this era dismissed such outfits as relics or jokes, things they'd never be caught dead in amid the grit and gangs. But Kai gravitated towards them instinctively, finding comfort in the way they let him feel pretty, delicate in the city that demanded toughness. Before the Eclipse Dominion's siege shattered everything, he'd carved out a cozy niche online. Regular posts of his outfits—snapped in the apartment's better light, posing with a shy smile—drew waves of happy, supportive comments. 'You look adorable!' 'Rock that style!' It was a gentle escape, a community he helped build that saw him as himself, people were supportive and kind with Kai making a few friends along the way. He'd even thought about going into the fashion business. Then the conflict hit, and the net shifted like the weather. People didn't crave happy and colourful anymore; the scars ran too deep. They hungered for big distractions to drown out the sirens and shortages—immersive games that simulated pre-war luxuries, black market drugs to numb the chill, and of course, slutty kinky smut that pushed boundaries further. With each desperate upload. The weirder, the better; it sold credits fast in a world where normal felt like a luxury. Kai's power, the unwanted quirk manifesting during the chaos, became his reluctant helper. He didn't ask for the ability to swell his cock to impossible lengths or unleash floods of cum that required industrial cleanup. It felt more like a curse, reducing him from a person with dreams to an object—a supercharged sex fantasy peddled for scraps. No way anyone would take him seriously if they connected the dots: the pretty tomgirl in skirts exposed as the masked streamer begging for tips. The job at the site would vanish immediately; the foremen didn't tolerate "distractions" in the draft pool.

So he hid behind the mask and that high-pitched, girly voice, layering on a slutty yet innocent and cute persona to keep his real self buried. The clothes add to that, clothes he hated wearing. Bright gaudy colours in tight latex that dug into his skin and made him sweat along with that cute face mask he pulled out of the rubble. It bought him anonymity, at least, and enough credits to snag those occasional treats—a new top here, a new game or rare tea there—for when he stepped out off-duty blending into the crowds without the yellow jumpsuit. But the streams themselves? They grated his soul, each on a compromise that chipped at his resolve. The tame stuff he could stomach: sliding into a sex doll's tight grip, thrusting until the viewers' donations spiked; edging for hours, his swollen length throbbing under the camera's glare as he denied the release to build the tension; even contorting to suck his own member when the angle allowed, the salty pre-cum coating his tongue in a ritual of endurance. The crazy requests, though—they weirded him out, twisting his discomfort into performance art for faceless crowds. Rubbing synth-fruit or ration bars along his massive shaft, the sticky mess smearing as he stroked to their prompts, all while facing breathy moans throughout the mic. Roleplays that veered into discomfort: playing the naughty student to a "teacher's" commands, or the patient under a "doctor's" invasive exam and other things he made sure to forget, scripts that made his skin crawl.

Worst were the step-sibling scenarios, laced with taboo edges he despised—the familial pretence clashing against his simple desires for genuine connection. He hated dipping to the level, baring vulnerabilities for credits that barely covered the evidence, he'd remind himself it was temporary. A means to reclaim those small pretties, to feel human again amid the rubble and snow.

The break whistle pierced the relentless hum of machinery, signalling the midday respite amid the skeletal remains of the city. Kai shovelled the bland bites of synth-protein paste into his mouth, the grey slime tasting like wet cardboard even with the faint chemical tang of preservatives. He sat on a crate in the makeshift mess hall—a gutted tech shop long stripped of its holoscreens and date cores, now just flickering emergency lamps and mismatched tables scavenged from the rubble. Snow drifted through the jagged roof holes, melting into puddles that workers sidestepped like old enemies. Kai activated his HUD implant with a subtle blink, the augmented overlay blooming in his vision alone. He scrolled through black-market feeds, hunting

for deals on cute clothes or computer parts that wouldn't drain his meagre credits. A pastel blue skirt caught his eye—simple pleats, soft fabric promising a whisper against his skin—but the price tag made him wince. Too steep for credit scraps. He was mid-swipe, calculating if a long stream could cover it, when a heavy hand clapped his shoulder.

'Hey, Kai, you eating alone again?' A voice grunted. 'Why don't you join the rest of us, we're making plans.' Marko was a burly drill operator with grease-streaked arms and a perpetual scowl from the cold. His breath fogged the air, carrying the scent of cheap ration coffee.

Kai hesitated, fork pausing mid-air, but nodded with a tight smile. 'Yeah, sure. What's up?' He figured it was the usual—gripping about quotas, swapping tips on dodging patrols. The Normal stuff to blend in. The circle of workers, a dozen or so men and women in yellow jumpsuits crusted with frost and debris, parted for him. But as he squeezed in, the chatter hit him like a cold gut. 'So, after shift, we're hitting the neon district for Jax's birthday. Strip club's a calling—gotta blow off steam before the next rubble haul.'

Kai's stomach twisted. The red neon district? He kept anything sexual locked to his streams, a compartmentalised necessity, not some public spectacle. Home was a secret sexually place for some extra funds followed by tea steaming in a chipped mug, a controller in hand, losing himself in pixelated worlds far from this grit. He wasn't even sure if he was able to control himself and hide his quirk. But refusal stuck in his throat. In the post-hell world. With supervillains slinking into the shadows to dodge Vanguard tribunals, paranoia gripped everyone. Stick out, and the eyes turned suspicious. 'What's he hiding? Planning something?' Whispers led to audits, probes into HID logs, maybe even a draft reassignment to worse, more dangerous sites. He'd dodged group hangouts before, citing "maintenance runs" that synced with his stream slots—keeping the viewers hooked meant steady credits. But lately, murmurs had started: 'kai's always solo. Bit sketchy, right?' He couldn't risk fanning that flame, not with his double life teetering.

'Sounds... fun,' he muttered, forcing enthusiasm. 'Count me in.'

The rest of the shift blurred into rote drudgery. Kai climbed back into the digger's cockpit, the controls familiar under gloved fingers. He scooped pulverised concrete, the engine growling as treads chewed frozen earth. Occasional maintenance broke the monotony—topping hydraulic fluid, clearing ice from the blades—but his mind stayed distant, dreading the evening.

Shift end came with the final siren, and before Kai could away to his apartment for a change—into something less conspicuous—the group swarmed him. 'No time to waste! Tram's waiting.' They herded him like a stray, twenty-or-so workers in a noisy pack, trudging to the station. The tram rattled in on iced tracks, packed with off-shift labourers, its cars groaning under the weight of exhaustion.

The red neon district unfolded like a fever dream as they disembarked. Tucked away between ravaged buildings, streets pulsed with garish lights bleeding through perpetual snow, clubs crammed shoulder-to-shoulder. Touts in sleek suit—some with glowing cyber-eyes—hawked from doorways: 'Fresh fantasies inside! Synth-boozes, fun and no judgment!' Holographics danced above, promising extremes from the tame teases to boundary-shattering scenes. The workers gawked like tourists, pointing at signs. 'Nah, that one's too vanilla.' 'Over there—extreme mods, they've got holding bars on their hips!' Indecision dragged them along, elbows jostling Kai to the rear. He trailed, hood up against the flurries, yearning for his dim apartment: controller warm in his lap, a relaxing cleaning sim unfolding on the screen, steam rising from chamomile tea he loved. Not this assault of rubber scents, plastic sheens, whirring implants, and the slick un-

dercurrent of lube wafting from alleys. On clear floating platforms were actors, naked and showing off to the crowd the kind of things the advertising club would show, of course they were only acting in a teasing way in order to get people into the clubs for the real stuff.

Finally, they piled into one “Fantasy Forge,” its facade was that of an old brick building screaming personal indulgences: ‘Any guy, any girl, any kink—at the right price.’ The door whooshed open to a wall of bass-heavy music, thumping through Kai’s chest like a migraine. Strobe lights stabbed his eyes, neon pinks and blues fracturing off mirrored walls. Dancers writhed on stages—men and women in outfits that made Kai cringe. Slutty chaos: neon things riding high, tight latex squeezing curves, random straps and cutouts designed to thrust boobs forward and asses into perpetual bounce. No cohesion, just clashing colours and fabrics that screamed discomfort. He preferred his own style—coordinated pastels, soft touches—not this garish parade. Even his sexy wear was more pleasant to look at than these latex freak shows. The group claimed a booth, shouts cutting through the din as they ordered rounds. Kai nursed a strong whisky, real alcohol, the burn steadying his nerves. He was more focused on avoiding the bouncing breasts and bulging cocks around him, he was completely out of his comfort zone with all the sexy energy radiating round him. He felt his member moving in his crotch and had to pull it down to a size he could hide a couple of times. He watched his coworkers cut loose. They danced in clusters, yellow jumpsuits unzipped halfway, tops flopping loose over sweat-slicked torsos. To Kai, they looked ridiculous—like a group of neon clowns invading the wrong circus, tools still clipped to belts clinking with each sway.

Then came the spark. One worker, probably Jax, buzzed and bold, flagged a dancer—a lithe woman with glowing tattoos snaking her arms. ‘We’re here for a birthday bash! Group’s celebrating.’ She smirked, relayed to the bartender, who nodded to the manager lurking in the shadows.

The manager, sharp-suited figure with a data-pad implant flickering on his temple, approached the tipping worker with a predatory grin. ‘Birthday crew, huh? Why don’t you make the most of it. Have your friends pool your credits, and I’ll hook you up with one-on-ones of each. Pre-selected girls and guys of course but private rooms and a full service. No holding back.’

The worker was over the moon and relayed the information to the others which resulted in cheers erupting. Digi wallets flipped open, credits transferring in digital blips. Kai shrank back. ‘I’m good with the drinks, really. I’ll just—’

‘Nonsense!’ The manager clapped his shoulder, eyes gleaming. ‘This is a group deal—everyone needs to participate, or it’s off. And you don’t want to be a buzzkill, do ya?’ Kai’s coworkers piled on: ‘Come on, Kai! Don’t be an ass! Live a little!’ Pressure mounted, paranoia whispering louder than the music. He didn’t want to lose those hard earned credits but if he backed out, it would be worst for him than being the outlier, frustrations would start brewing. With the lot pricing eyes on him, he unlocked his digit wallet with a twist in his gut.

Upstairs they went, a mad shuffling line herded to a hallway of numbered doors. Each worker was handed a numbered card and peeled off to a room with that number, grins wide or nerves hidden. Kai’s heart hammered, pit yawning in his gut. He wanted to bolt—apologise, fake a call—but the sheepish momentum carried him. ‘Everyone’s doing it,’ he thought, palms slick. ‘Don’t stand out.’

A number was slapped into his hand and was pushed down the hall. He jogged down, pretending to run til he came to the number 28, his number etched in flicking red on the door’s cheap material. With a swallow, he twisted the handle and stepped inside. The soft click barely audible over the muffled thump of bass from downstairs. Inside, the room was a cramped pocket of dim intimacy, lit by a single overhead globe casting warm amber glows that danced across heavy drapes masking the scarred, graffiti-laced walls. Scents of synthetic vanilla and faint ozone hung in the air, a cheap attempt at allure in this neon underbelly. At the centre at a low bed, sheets rumpled in invitation, and on it lounged a woman, belly down, her curves on full display.

Her outfit clung like a second skin—shiny black latex—stockings sheathing her legs up to her thighs that bulge out a bit at the edges, suspenders connected from the stockings welt to skimpy panties hugging her hips with her butt on the verge of eating them between two large mounds of flesh, long gloves stretching from fingertips to elbows, and a bra that strained against her full breasts, the edges teasing just past her areoles. Her skin gleamed under the light, slick as if freshly oiled, highlighting every contour. Her hair was a contrast to her outfit: a deep blue with one side buzzed close, adorned with neat rows of silver stud piercings—five of each of five precise lines, glinting like stars on obsidian. Those neon pink eyes locked onto his immediately, bright and unblinking, pulling him in like a siren's call. Her breasts pillowed against the sheets, rising and falling with each breath. And although she was lying on covers, Kai could tell she was taller than him by at least a foot and a half.

She propped her chin on one gloved hand, lips curving into a sultry smile as she drummed on her chin. Her voice rolled out low and smooth, each syllable laced with a commanding velvet that demanded every ear in the room—though it was just them. 'Well, aren't you a cute little thing? Almost innocent-looking, like you wandered in from the wrong side of the tracks. Say, what's your name, sweet-thing?'

Kai froze in place, heart stuttering. 'Uh... my name? It's...K-Kai.' The words tumbled out in a stutter, his cheeks flushing hot under the uniform's collar.

'Awww,' she purred, her eyes sparkling with amusement. 'Even your voice sounds cute. Stumbling like that—you poor thing.' She shifted slightly, the latex creaking softly. 'It's OK to be nervous, makes things more fun. Tell me, Kai... have you ever been with a girl who has powers? Like the real kind, not just some cheap implant?'

He blinked, confusion knitting his brows. Powers? Like the supervillain type? Before he could form a response, she proudly demonstrated. With effortless grace, her torso began to elongate, skin stretching like warm rubber, smooth and seamless. Kai's eyes widened in shock, a gasp escaping him as her upper body lifted off the bed, leaving her hips and legs anchored. It snaked across the floor in a fluid arc, rising to meet his face, her features unchanged, more beautiful up close. Then her arms unfurled, coiling around his torso like living serpents—firm but yielding, the latex warm against his jumpsuit.

'Name's Vesperine,' She murmured with a flick of her long tongue and making a primal hiss, her breath ghosting his ear, the name slithering out like silk over steel—exotic, dangerous, intoxicating. She tugged gently, drawing him towards the bed with inexorable pull, her elongated form building him down to sit on the bed's edge.

As he settled, her body began to retract slightly, but she kept the coils loose, intimate. 'So, cutie... what's your favourite position? You into pussy, or do you crave something higher like anal? Want me rough, pinning you down? Spank me?' Her questions came in a teasing cascade, voice dipping lower with each one.

Kai's mind reeled, words tangling in his throat. This was light-years from his comfort zone—no acting, no mask, no distance. 'I... uh... I don't...' He trailed off, shifting uncomfortably. Even worse, a familiar twitch stirred in his groin and he couldn't keep it under control, his cock stirring against his will, threatening to swell. Panic clawed at him; one wrong thought, and it would erupt from his pants, ballooning to monstrous proportions. He clenched his fist, trying his best to at least slow the swelling.

Vesperine misread his wide-eyed tension as pure nerves, her neon eyes softening just a fraction. She uncoiled her arms fully, her lower half sliding off the bed with a whisper of latex on sheets, repositioning her whole form a swirled shape before him. 'Hey, relax, sweet thing,' she cooed, voice turning husky and reassuring, one gloved hand trailing lightly up his thigh. 'You're shaking like a leaf. Don't worry—I'll handle everything. Just let me take the lead, make you feel good.'

With a wicked, sexy smile, she leaned in, her upper body bending unnaturally to hover at his groin level. Her hand pressed flat against the front of his uniform, palm cupping the growing bulge. 'Mmm, I can feel you stirring under there, getting all hard for me.' The fingers danced up to the zipper, tugging it down inch by inch, the metal teeth parting with a slow rasp. The uniform peeled open, revealing the soft fabric of his pyja-

mas underneath. Her laugh was low, appreciative. ‘Pyjamas? Under the work gear? That’s too cute. You’re the cutest little guy I’ve met in ages, Kai. All shy and pretty. But I bet there’s a lustful side hiding in there... and I’m gonna coax it out.’

Kai’s pulse thundered through his veins, panic bubbling as he fought the surge. His cock was already thickening beyond average, pressing insistently against the confines. He’d wrangled this power a thousand times on stream, but here? Raw and unfiltered. Sweat beaded on his brow, but he schooled his face to blank nervousness, not terror. Vesperine stretched her arms up to his shoulders and pulled out the top part of jumpsuit, she arms than slid down his chest where they paused just shy of his groin, her gloved hand slipping inside the uniform’s flap. She hooked the waistband of his pyjama bottoms, tugging playfully. ‘Let’s see what we’re working with, hmm?’ In one smooth pull, she yanked them down, and his cock sprang free—nine inches of rigid length, veined and flushed, brushing past her cheek with a soft thwack.

The sexy facade cracked for a beat, her neon eyes widening in genuine awe. ‘Holy shit, look at that fucking thing! How can you have something this fucking big and be this adorable?’ She wrapped her latex-clad fingers around the base, stroking experimentally, the material slick and warm against his skin. ‘Wow, this really is all you isn’t it, can’t see any seem lines for an implant. You sure are a lucky guy.’

Kai’s breath hitched, a jolt of awkward pleasure spiking through him—no one outside the anonymous glow of his streams had seen him like this, let alone touched him. The friction built, unfamiliar and intense, and he twitched involuntarily. His cock pulsed in her grip, swelling with a mini growth spurt to eleven inches, thickening her hold. Vesperine’s Jaw dropped, amazement lighting her face anew.

‘Wait... it didn’t stop!? You were still growing? No fucking way, you’re the sexiest man I’ve ever laid eyes on. Never seen a real cock this big before, my god.’ She leaned closer, breathing fanning the tip, her shaved side catching the light from those piercings.

‘Well, lucky for us both, I’m stretchy as hell. I plan to take every inch.’ She thankfully let go, Kai feeling a welcome relief. He controlled his breaths, forcing on keeping the size stable, but his stretchy entertainer wasn’t making things easy. Biting her lip she extended her arm to reach her back and unclip the bra but kept it in place. ‘Since your going big, I might as well do the same.’ With a soft moan, she close her eyes. And to his shock, Kai saw her breast swell up. First pushing away at the latex bra than spilling over edges of each cup, her nipples flicking free. They grew to the size of the pillows Kai had on his bed, and moved in the same way. They spread out flat around his thighs like a warm heavy sheet. She than took hold of each and quickly, and playful, slammed both together with a meaty smack with Kai’s penis getting sandwiched in-between. He jolted from the thwack that squeezed his penis on all sides for just a second but the enormous breasts settled with his member Nestled in their warmth.

Slowly, Vesperine began to slosh her breasts around. Kai felt her smooth skin rub effortlessly the skin of his dick, from tip to base. He couldn’t deny it that it felt incredible, better than those things fans would sent him they called pocket pussies. But they were rubbery and stiff with weird nodules inside he didn’t like the feeling off. This was better, way better. And Kai couldn’t help but moan—not the over the top loud ones he did on stream, but soft, quiet ones with his eyelids half closed. She looked up at him with her bright eyes catching his attention, a simple smile forming on her face.

‘I’m glad your enjoying this as much as I am, but I think I want to taste of that juicy piece of meat right there. Would you like that, sweetheart?’

In the a lustful daze, Kai didn’t think much about the tranquil “yes” he let slip.

In a slutty drawl, She parted her lips, her tongue extending impossibly—long and dexterous, coming around his shaft like a wet, warm vine. It rubbed and squeezed, saliva coating him in glistening trails, the sensation electric. Kai’s world narrowed to that throbbing heat, his cock rock-hard, veins pulsing under her ministrations. The build was relentless, pleasure coiling tight, but reining in the growth ached now, muscles straining against the inevitable. She uncoiled her tongue with a wet slurp, licking her lips.

‘Neat trick, right?’ Her smile was full of lust. ‘But I’ve something better in mind. Ready for the best moment of your life, Kai?’ Her mouth opened wide, jaw unhinging slightly with elastic ease, and she engulfed him—lips stretching around the girth, throat yielding as she carefully pushed down, taking him deep, the online of his member being visible under the skin of her neck. It was too much. Kai clenched his muscles as hard as he could but he didn’t have the strength to hold on. Panic surged, and he blurted, ‘Stop—wait!’ But not before another spurt hit, his cock lengthening to eighteen inches in a rush, forcefully surging down her throat.

Unprepared, Vesperine gagged, eyes watering as she fell back in a tangled heap with a gasp and a cough, his now-massive length popping free. The sudden release sent a squirt of clear pre-cum arcing high, splattering the ceiling in sticky strands. Kai panted, chest heaving, forcing deep breaths to wrestle control. Inch by inch, his cock throbbed and shook, the veins pulsing under his skin. Vesperine stared, wiping her mouth, at a loss for her usual poise. ‘What the fucking hell was that?! This some kind of stupid joke?! Explain! NOW!’

He swallowed hard and held up a hand, voice shaky. ‘Please...just... need to relax. If I don’t, it’ll... get another growth spurt.’

Her neon eyes blew wide, shock mingling with intrigue. ‘You’re saying that thing can get BIGGER?!’

As Kai focused on his breathing, steady inhales pulling him back from the edge, he wrestled control of it as it began to deflate slowly, the tension easing from his body. After a few tense seconds of deep, measured breaths, Kai felt the iron grip of impending release loosen from the verge of eruption to a lowering pressure. His muscles clenched in focused contractions, drawing him back from the brink where a massive load threatened to erupt and turn the room into a sticky disaster. Normally he would have better control of his releases, allowing him to spend longer on streams, but with the fact he just got his first ever blowjob, he was lacking that important control in this situation. Inch by inch, his cock softened, retreating to a manageable flaccid six inches before he finally eased off, the danger passing like a storm cloud drifting away. He slumped on to the bed, exhausted from the mental wrestle. Vesperine—or whatever her real name was—retracted her elongated form with a subtle ripple, her body snapping back to its normal portions in a fluid snap, shrinking from a curve figure to a more average looking body with the outfit going from provocatively tight to loose and wrinkly. She rose to her knees on the floor, the latex creaking faintly as she adjusted. Gone was the sultry command; her voice pitched up to a squeaky, almost mousy lilt, light and unassuming. Those neon pink eyes flickered off like dying holograms, revealing soft green irises underneath. She ran a hand through her hair, tucking a stray lock behind her ear, the silver studs catching the dim light.

‘What... what exactly was all that?’ She asked, her tone genuine, laced with confusion rather than seduction. Kai sighed, rubbing his face with both hands. No dodging this now—the truth clawed its way out. ‘It’s... my power, I guess. But calling it that is being generous. It kicked in during the Dominion’s takeover, right when it all went to shit. I’ve been stuck with it ever since. I can make it grow when I want it too—big, too big—if I lose focus or get... aroused. Or worst, stressed. It’s not something I’ve had to really explain before.’

Her green eyes narrowed slightly, a chill edging her squeaky voice. ‘Wait, you’re not a superhero, are you? Like one of the undercover Vanguard types.’

He shook his head vehemently, a bitter laugh escaping. ‘Hero? No way. With this power? I’d sooner be a laughingstock. It’s useless for anything but... this.’ He gestured vaguely downward, cheeks burning.

She crossed her arms over her now small chest, the latex shifting. ‘You could’ve warned a girl, you know. I nearly choked on that thing when it... surged like that.’

Kai’s frustration bubbled over, his voice snapping sharper than intended. ‘Warn you? You didn’t exactly give me a chance to explain! You were all over me before I could even catch my breath.’

He blurted the rest in a rush, the words tumbling out like debris from a collapsing wall. ‘I didn’t even want to be here, okay? I wanted to be home, playing games, relaxing without all this pressure on me. The guys at work—they dragged me out, made it seem like I’d look suspicious if I bailed. Like I’m hiding something. And I am, but they’d think I was a villain and there’s me getting hauled off to prison.’

An awkward silence stretched between them, thick as the drapes on the walls. Kai broke it first, his voice cracking. 'God, I'm so stupid. Thought it'd just... work itself out, you know? Play along and it'd be fine.' He fumbled with his pyjama bottoms, yanking them up clumsily, then tugged at the uniform zipper, frustration mounting. 'I'm a freak. A total monster. Who even deals with this crap?' Tears welled up, hit and unbidden, blurring the room's soft glow.

Seeing him unravel, Vesperine softened as she started to see the similarities, her squeaky voice turning gentle. She scooted closer on her knees. "Hey, easy there. I'm sorry—I went too fast. Management tell us to take charge if clients come in nervous." She elongated one arm with a casual stretch, reaching across the room to the nightstand. It snaked up, grabbed a box of tissues, and retracted just as smoothly. She sat beside him on the bed's edge, offering the box. 'Here. And seriously, if I'd known you were uncomfortable, I wouldn't have touched you. We don't get any heads-up on who the clients are or what they're about, and the managers aren't supposed to pressure people into these services. It's against the club's policies and believe me, I'm filing a complaint against that prick downstairs.'

Kai took a tissue, dabbing at his eyes, the paper rough against his skin. 'Thanks.'

To ease the air, she tilted her head, a small smile breaking through. 'Look, you can call me Lily. That's my real name. Want me to grab you a drink or something? Water? Something stronger from downstairs?'

He shook his head, sniffing. 'Nah, I'm good. Thanks, though. I've had enough to drink tonight.'

She nodded, starting to stand. 'Alright. You want me to give you some space? Head out?' Kai hesitated. Part of him screamed yes—bolt for the door, forget this night. But the way she moved now, all relaxed warmth without the performance, made the room feel... safe. Like a quiet corner in the storm of the city outside. It was the first time in a long time he felt real kindness from another person. 'Actually... could you stay? Just for a bit?'

Lily paused, then settled back with a nod. 'Not a problem at all.'

He glanced down at his rumpled clothes, forcing a weak chuckle. 'I must look so stupid right now. Crying in a strip club room like some idiot.'

She bumped his shoulder lightly with hers, 'Stupid? Nah. I've been with all sorts—guys, girls—who get emotional after. Need a minute to collect their thoughts, shake off the nerves, even need a hug. Happens more than you'd think in a place like this.'

Kai wiped his nose, voice small. 'Yeah, but they're not freaks like me. This power... it's embarrassing.'

Lily grinned, her green eyes twinkling. 'Oh, come on. I'm a freak too—maybe even a bigger one. I can literally stretch like taffy.' She demonstrated by shooting an arm across the room, making it snake and curve into the shape of a smily face. 'I've done all kinds of kinky things with these powers. People can be really weird when you can do anything with your body.' She retracted the arm. 'I mean—look at the obvious—I use my powers to look sexy, a fat ass and big rack can go along way.' Kai smiled at the absurdity of her words. 'Like one time, this guy wanted to watch me stretch out while he jacked off, I ended up covering the whole room and got myself trapped in knots. I was like a big rubber ball with security having to untangle me.'

A surprised laugh bubbled from Kai, light and genuine, cutting through the tension. She joined in, a soft squeak in her giggle, and the room felt a little less heavy.

'Sorry about the growth thing,' he added awkwardly, rubbing the back of his neck. 'I didn't want it to spring at you like that.'

She waved it off. 'It's okay, really. Just caught me off guard. Like, whoa, surprise expansion!'

Kai exhaled, the knot in his chest loosing. 'I'm just wondering what I should do now. Doubt any of the others are free.'

‘Don’t bother yourself with them. They’re the ones that dragged you here in the first place.’

‘I couldn’t really say no,’ he admitted, staring at the floor. ‘Everyone’s so on edge out there. Acting against the group makes you a target.’

She leaned in, voice steady. ‘I get it. More than you know. Look, why not head back to your place? Unwind, play those games you mentioned. I’ll tell those tools that I wore you out so badly you crashed early, they wouldn’t have the brain power to question it.’

Kai looked up, relief washing over him. ‘That’s... smart. Thanks, Lily. For being so understanding.’

‘No sweat,’ she replied with a wink. ‘And hey, in a funny way, we’ve got matching powers. Yours grows out, I stretch around.’

He chuckled again, standing up, smoothing his uniform. But as he turned for the door, Lily caught his arm. ‘Wait—better not go out that way, it’ll be easier to use the maintenance hall instead.’ She gestured to a seam in the drapes, pulling them aside to reveal a hidden door, plain and unmarked.

‘They’ll wonder where I went,’ he said, brow furrowing.

She smirked. ‘I’ll handle it. Tell ‘em you slipped out the back, too blissed out to chat.’

Lily led him through the narrow hall, fluorescent strips buzzing overhead, down a short flight of creaky stairs to a backdoor that swung open to a shadowed alley. Snow flurries danced in the cold air beyond, the distant hum of the city underscoring the quiet.

Kai paused in the threshold. ‘Thanks again. For everything. You’re... kind.’

She smiled softly. ‘Anytime. And Kai? Before you go, take this.’ A ping came up from his digi wallet, receiving the same amount of credits he had spend.

‘Wow, thanks Lily. But what if your manager finds out.’

She waved it off. ‘I make enough in tips for them to not notice. Now make sure to get home safe OK.’

They shared an awkward handshake—her gloved hand firm in his—before he stepped out, the door clicking shut behind him. The alley swallowed him into the night, a small spark of ease cutting through the chill.

Kai trudged through the narrow alley, the snow crunching under his boots with each step. The cold bit at his exposed skin, the distant neon glow from the main street flickering like faulty implants at the alley’s mouth. He shoved his hands deeper into his uniform pockets, mind replaying the night’s mess—the awkward encounter, the unexpected kindness from Lily, at least he could slip away unnoticed, head home to his cramped apartment and crash. Or so he thought.

A gravelly voice shattered the quiet from the shadows. ‘Hey, pretty boy. Got some creds to spares? Night’s cold, and we’re thirsty.’

Kai froze, spotting two figures slumped against a rusted dumpster, their outline bulky under threadbare coats. One lurched forwards, eye glassy from booze. ‘I... I don’t have any,’ Kai stammered, heart pounding. ‘Sorry, just heading out.’

The second drunk snorted, pushing off the wall. ‘Bullshit. You came from the back door. Club worker, huh? Bet you got tips stashed.’ They staggered closer, the stench of cheap synth-alcohol hitting Kai like a wave, thick and sour. Towering over his 5’5” frame by at least a foot each, they loomed, breath fogging the air.

‘Look, a dancer let me out this way—a private thing,’ Kai tried, backing up. ‘I swear, no creds.’

The first one snarled, closing the gap. ‘Hand ‘em over now, or we’ll make you!’

Panic surged. ‘HELP!’ Kai yelled without thinking, voice echoing off the brick walls. The first one lunged, massive hand clamping Kai’s shoulder and slamming him against the cold wall. His feet dangled, toes scraping futilely at the ground as the drunk’s palm smothered his mouth, muffling his cries. The second rifled through Kai’s pockets, yanking out a crumpled data chip and an old receipt—tossing the junk aside in the slush. His fingers closed on a handful of loose credit coins, jingling them with a grin. ‘Lying little shit. This all you got?’

The Pinner squeezed tighter, breath hot on Kai’s ear. ‘That’s barely a beer. Keep digging.’

The thief delved deeper, pulling out Kai’s ration book—freshly issued, stamped level 3 in faded ink. ‘Jackpot! This’ll score some real food, not that synth-slop.’

Kai’s eyes widened in terror. Without it, no replacement for a month—bureaucracy would drag on, and he’d starve on scraps. He thrashed, muffled pleas turning to fists pounding the Pinner’s arms. The drunk just laughed, a wet rumble. ‘Feisty. But you’re weak as a glitch—punching like a kid.’

Desperation fuelled Kai’s next move. He swung his leg up, boot connecting hard with the Pinner’s groin. The man howled, crumpling to his knees, releasing Kai in a heap. The thief whirled, fist cracking across Kai’s jaw in a swift right hook. Stars exploded in his vision; he hit the ground hard, tasting blood, the world tilting. Dazed, he blinked up as the thief raised his boot, aiming for Kai’s head in a crushing stomp. Then—yank. Kai slid across the icy pavement, rough concrete scraping his back, snow piling against his side like a frozen barrier. He coughed when he stopped, looking up to see Lily in the alley’s dim light, her arm retracting with an elastic snap from where it had stretched to haul him clear. She planted her feet in a fighter’s stance, latex gleaming faintly.

‘Get lost, assholes,’ she barked, voice sharp and steady. ‘Touch him again, and you’ll regret it.’

The drunks shook off their stupor, charging with sloppy roars. In response, Lily fist’s ballooned, the latex gloves splitting as they swelled to basketball size, knuckles like wrecking balls. She swung at the thief, the enlarged punch slamming into his gut—air whooshed out, and he dropped, wheezing in the snow. The Pinner swung high and wild, fist whistling past. Lily’s neck elongated in a fluid stretch, head ducking aside like rubber. He overbalanced, stumbling forward. She whipped out in a roundhouse, leg extending impossibly long, boot connecting with his back and hurling him into the wall with a thud. Plaster cracked; he slumped, knocked senseless. Her limbs retracted—fists shrinking, neck straightening, leg coiling back—with quick, controlled twitches. She rushed to Kai, kneeling in the slush. ‘Kai? You okay?’

He tried to sit, but a sharp throb bloomed on his forehead—a gash from the fall, blood trickling warm down his temple and matting his hair. His legs buckled when he pushed up, knees watery. Lily looped his arm over her shoulder, steadying him. But her height made it awkward—he leaned too far. With a focused breath, she compressed herself, body shrinking to match his 5’5” frame, resulting in the latex hanging off her. ‘Come on, let’s get you inside.’

They shuffled past the groaning drunks; Lily hawked a spit at the Pinner’s face, a petty jab. ‘Stay down, prick.’

Back through the door, the club’s muffled bass thrummed. Lily stretched her arms out, fingers extending to snag the security cameras’ mounts, twisting them away from view—no recordings of this mess. She guided him down a side hall to a cramped closet stocked with medical kits, bandages, and antiseptics—staff’s emer-

gency stash. ‘Can’t take you to the dressing room; the girls would lose it, and if management spots you, you’re bounced. Here’ll do.’

She eased him onto a stool amid shelves of gauze and sprays, grabbing some supplies. Dabbing the cut with a sterile cloth, she cleaned the blood, her touch gentle despite the squeak in her voice. ‘I’m so sorry about the alley. It’s usually dead at night.’

Kai winced as the antiseptic stung, but managed a weak grin, blood smeared but fading. ‘Yeah, well... add it to the list of crappy things today. Made to go to a strip club, have my dick freak out, now get deck by some drunks. I’m winning at life right now.’

Lily pressed the last strip of adhesive bandage over the cleaned gash on Kai’s forehead, her fingers lingering a second to ensure it stuck. The closet smelled of antiseptic and stale linens now, the dim overhead bulb casting long shadows across the cluttered shelves. She stepped back, wiping her hands on a rag. ‘There. It’ll hold, but you should still hit up a medical station soon. That knock to your head could’ve caused a concussion even though your not showing any signs now. That could lead to other problems down the line. And get that jaw checked too.’

He nodded, touching the spot gingerly. The throbbing had dulled to a pulse, but his jaw still ached from the hook. He slid off the stool, he checked if there was a sway in his vision but it was clear and straight. ‘Thanks, Lily. For...everything. I owe you a lot.’

She waved it off as she packed the supplies away, but her expression tightened as he turned towards the door. ‘Wait. Before you go—promise me something. Don’t tell anyone about any if this. The drunks might talk about some freak stretching limbs, but no one’s gonna but that from a pair of booze-hounds. You, though? If you say it, people could listen. Just... keep me out of it.’

Kai paused, hand on the knob, brow furrowing. ‘Why? It’s not like it’d get you into trouble. You saved me, remember.’

She shifted, crossing her arms, gaze dropping to the floor. She fiddled with a glove seam, voice casual but edged. ‘Eh, it just the hassle. The paperwork, questions from management, maybe cops sniffing around. That’d be too much noise for me. You get it—I like to keep a low profile.’

He tilted his head, not buying the dodge. ‘Come one, it can’t be that bad. It’s not like you’re a villain or something.’

The air thickened. Lily froze mid-fidget, her body going rigid, eyes locking onto his with a haunted flicker—wide, unguarded, like he’d yanked open a scar. Silence stretched, broken only by the distant thump of club music seeping through the walls. Kai’s stomach dropped. The pieces clicked: the powers, the secrecy, the fighting. His blood turned to ice, face paling under the bandage. ‘Oh shit, oh fuck! You... you’re one of them. You’re Dominion!’

Panic clawed up his throat. Flashes hit him—broken headlines from the takeover, streets crumbling under the assaults, buildings toppling in fiery chaos, people fleeing as burning horrors and energy blasts tore through the city. Kai running and hiding to avoid getting grabbed or injured in the chaos of it all, than the dimensional energy cutting through his body, feeling like every atom in him was screaming pain in his ears. Lily’s face blurred with those memories, her kind eyes twisting into something monstrous. He backed up, heart hammering. ‘Get away—’

‘Kai, wait! It’s not—listen!’ She lunged forward, hand clamping his arm—not hard, but firm, pleading. ‘Please, don’t freak out. I can explain, just—’

He wasn’t hearing it. Yanking free, he twisted too fast, boot catching a metal chair leg. It toppled with a clang, and he went down with it hard, palms slapping the concrete. Scrambling, his fingers closed on a dusty bottle of old wine from a shelf—half-empty, label peeling. He swung it up like a club, glass neck gripped white-knuckled, crouched against the wall. ‘Stay back! I won’t—’

‘Kai, calm down!’ She raised her hands, palms out, not advancing, her voice cracked, steady but desperate.

‘Calm? How the fuck am I supposed to calm when I’m staring down an international criminal? Wanted for crimes against the nation, the people—murder, destruction, all that Dominion experiment shit!’ His voice rose, shrill with fear, the bottle trembling in his grip.

Lily’s shoulders slumped, the fight draining out. She blurted, ‘I didn’t do any of that! None of it—swear on my life.’

He glared, breath ragged. ‘And how the fuck am I supposed to believe you?!’

She sighed, deep and weary, righting the fallen chair with a nudge of her foot. It scraped back into place, and she sank onto it, elbows on knees, staring at the floor. The words came slow, like pulling thorns. ‘Yeah. I was a villain. But I was never in the big leagues. Back before the takeover, I was just a petty crook. I robbed vaults, high-end stores, corporate offices. You can look me up, I was called the rubber-bandit back then, a real stupid name. Most times I was hired by gangs to do the difficult work, but I never hurt anyone. I didn’t want anything that serious catching up to me if I got caught. I just wanted to survive in this shithole of a city, make some money and leave this place behind for a better life.’

Kai stayed low, bottle ready, but he listened, the panic ebbing to wary tension.

‘Then Dominion rolled in and shit hit the fan quick. They rounded up anyone with powers and basically said join us or die. They press-ganged everyone, myself included. So I played along but I did the bare minimum like guard prisoners or moving things. I stayed clear of the tyrannical crap—the bombings, the enforcements. Kept my head down... like a coward.’ Her voice hitched, fingers twisting together. ‘When the Sentinels crushed them ‘bout eight months back, I bolted. I didn’t know what they’d do to me so I hid in the ruins, ditched the alias. I lost everything Kai, my home, my friends and family, my own identity. People were out for blood and still are, reprisal attacks on anyone suspected. I couldn’t risk it.’

She met his eyes, green and raw. ‘No ID means no ration book, no job without questions. I’m scraping by in this place, it’s the only place I could get some creds without an ID, they prefer anonymity. If they find out the real me, they’ll lump me with the rest of those monsters. I’ll be locked up with the real psychos. I just want to breathe, Kai. Rebuild something without a noose around my neck.’

Tears welled, spilling over as she slid off the chair to her knees, hands clasped. ‘Please. I’m begging you—don’t sell me out. I can’t go on the run again, I’ve nowhere else to go. I’ll do anything, literally anything for you just... please. Don’t rat me out.’

Kai’s arm sagged, the bottle clinking against the floor. Trust her? Her story seemed true, laced with the same desperation he knew—hiding powers, scraping for credits, fearing exposure. She’d been kind to him and had saved his ass, patched him up without a second thought. The fear lingered, but so did the gratitude. He sat the bottle down, slow. ‘Okay. I... I won’t tell. To be honest, we’re kinda in the same boat, hiding powers.’

Lily exhaled, wiping her face, a shaky laugh bubbling up as she rose. ‘Yeah? Thanks. Means more than you know.’ She paused, smirking faintly. ‘Though, I’m not exactly hiding mine—being a sex worker and all.’

Kai pushed to his feet, rubbing his neck with a wry grin. ‘True. But you’re not, like, slinging your arms around public squares or turning into a human rubber band on I99.’

Lily stuck close to Kai as they navigated the narrow alley, her arm brushing his in a subtle shield against the shadows. She’d swiped an oversized coat from the dressing room earlier—a bulky, fake-fur thing that hung loose on her frame, its hood pulled low to blend into the night. It wasn’t just for warmth; it was her quiet vow to ward off any more opportunists lurking in the dim corners. The air hung heavy with the metallic tang of distant late night welders patching up the city’s scars, and their footsteps crunched softly over the greyish

snow, the only sound breaking the hush. They didn't exchange many words on the walk—words felt too fragile after the chaos before—but as they emerged onto the street, the world opened up under flickering street lamps. No vehicles prowled the roads; pockets of rubble choked the lanes, forcing everything to a crawl. Snowflakes began to drift lazily from the overcast sky, courtesy of that lingering curse on the weather, dusting the cracked pavement like forgotten confetti. At the edge of the sidewalk, Lily paused, her breath visible in the cold. 'You want me to tag along to the tram station? Just in case?'

Kai shook his head, managing a small smile despite the ache blooming across his jaw. 'Nah, I'm good from here. Thanks, though. Really.'

She nodded, but her eyes lingered, searching his face. 'So... what now? You heading home?'

'Tram to the med station first,' he replied rubbing the back of his neck. 'Get my head checked for any knocks. Then back to the apartment—crash till the afternoon tomorrow. I've got no shift, thank the circuits. So, yeah... see you around Lily.'

He turned to go, but Lily's hand caught his gently, her touch warm even through the chill of the air. She held it there, looking straight into his eyes—those green ones that had flickered back to normal. Kai's HUD hummed faintly in his vision, a soft chime pulling his gaze down. A notification blinked: a secure link to a personal encrypted account, the kind that bypassed the club's greedy filters.

'I used this for... private chat with personal clients,' she explained, her voice low and a touch wry. 'The high-rollers who want one-on-one without the house skimming ninety percent off the top, so they don't have to pay inflated prices. Makes me grumble every time I log the crappy payouts.' She squeezed his hand once again before letting go. 'But seriously, Kai—will you ping me tomorrow. Let me know how you're holding up. I mean it.'

He nodded, the gesture feeling oddly solemn. 'Yeah, I will. And hey, your secret? Still locked up and safe with me.'

Lily's expression softened. 'Thanks. You're one of the few in this frozen mess of a city who actually gives a damn about looking out for others. Don't let it change you.'

They parted with an awkward handshake—fingers fumbling in the cold, ending in a quick, almost shy clasp that lingered a beat too long. Lily turned back towards the alley, her coat swirling around her like a cape from some half-remembered hero's tale, while Kai headed for the tram stop, the snow picking up into a gentle flurry. As he walked, that strange relief washed over him again, deeper this time. For the first time, someone in flesh-and-blood knew about his... condition. The way his member could shift and swell at the worst moments, that power he loathed and hid behind masks on stream. And she hadn't recoiled, hadn't turned it into some sleazy fantasy. No judgement, no hunger—just understanding. It was like a knot in his chest, one he hadn't even noticed, finally loosened. In return, he carried her truth: the elastic girl who'd danced on the wrong side of the line, now scraping by in the shadows. They were both just trying to survive this rebuilt wreck of a world, secrets and all. It made him wonder, in a quiet, hopeful way, what it might be like to know her better. Not the club version, all gloss and performance, but the real Lily.

The night blurred into a hazy routine after that, the events of the night had burnt through his adrenaline and he was feeling the effects. The tram rattled in on squeaky tracks, packed with night-shift stragglers and the occasional slurring drunk. Kai sidestepped a guy who lurched forward, nearly retching onto his boots, and claimed a spot by the fogged window. The med station was a quick hop away—a squat, prefab clinic humming with auto-scanners and overworked bots. He waited an hour in the sterile lobby, the hum of diagnostic machines lulling him into a daze, before a quick neural scan cleared him: mild bruising, no concussion. 'Please rest up,' the attendant droned, handing him a painkiller patch. Another tram ride blurred the city lights into neon streaks outside the grimy panes, depositing him at his block. The apartment building loomed like a half-melted stack of concrete, its halls lit by spotting emergency strips. Inside his cramped space, Kai didn't bother with the shower ritual tonight—too drained, too raw. He stripped off the work uniform and under pjs, the coarse fabric pooling on the floor, and crawled into bed naked, the sheets cool against his skin,

his body, for once, stayed still—no unwelcome stirring, no need to will it down. Just him, bare and unmasked in his own space.

Outside, the snow thickened, tapping softly against the reinforced window like a lullaby. The room's lone heater kicked on with a whir, wrapping him in a bubble of warmth amid the winter bite. Kai pulled the blanket up, feeling unexpectedly cozy, the weight of the day sloughing off like old rust. Sleep came easy, pulling him under into dreamless peace.

Sunlight filtered weakly through the frost-etched window, pulling Kai from sleep around 11 a.m. the heater had clicked off sometime in the night, leaving the air crisp but not biting. He stretched under the blankets, his naked body shifting lazily against the worn sheets, before propping himself on an elbow to summon his HUD. A lazy scroll through the sparse social feeds filled the next half-hour: endless propaganda loops urging "Stay Warm, Build Strong" with heroic Vanguard Sentinel clips rebuilding a shattered spire, interspersed with weather updates—"Dominion residue fading; flurries easing by week's end." A few underground posts grumbled about gang skirmishes in the outer districts, but close to home. Kai let it wash over him like white noise, content in the bed's nest. Eventually, hunger nudged him upright. He padded to the bathroom—the showered sputtered to life with recycled water, steaming up the mirror as he lathered with a scavenged bar of soap, its faint honey scent a rare luxury plucked from rubble during a shift. Looting skirted the edges of the law these days, but with enforcers stretched thin on reconstruction patrols, it was just survival. He rinsed off the night's grime, feeling refreshed, his smooth skin tingling under the warm spray. Dressing was next. His closet was sparse, a salvaged metal rack crammed with treasures he'd scrimped credits for: plush sweaters in pastel blues, pleated skirts that swished just right, sheer stockings, and low-heeled kicks. No show for the world—this was his ritual, draping himself in colour against the monochrome ruin outside. He selected a soft knit top that hugged his lean frame without clinging, a long skirt in used grey with subtle threading, black stockings that whispered up his calves, and pink sneakers scuffed from wear but still vibrant. Twisting before the foggy mirror, he adjusted the hem, a small smile tugging his lips. Pretty. Simple as that. In this scarred world, it felt like defiance.

This was what he would wear on his days off which were common, spaced out in a way to help workers recover from the hard labour of the day. Kai was the same, rarely doing anything when he wasn't working apart from the streams. He would just relax in his place with a carefully chosen set of clothes just to wear for himself, no one else.

Breakfast rations waited in the kitchenette: a protein bar and synth-coffee pod for today. As the kettle hummed to life, Lily's words from last night pinged his memory. He blinked open the secure link via his HUD, thought-to-texting a quick message: "*All clear here. Head's fine, home safe.*" He figured she'd reply later—night owls like her probably slept through mornings anyway.

The kettle just clicked off when her response lit up his vision: "*Glad you're good! Made it back in one piece?*" A beat later: "*Hungry?*"

He paused, mug in hand, brow furrowing. "*Just rolling out of bed, yeah.*"

Her reply zipped back: "*Wanna grab a bite? Know a spot. With real food.*"

He blinked. Actual food? Not mess-hall slop or ration chews, but something resembling pre-fall grub? The city hadn't restocked those vibes since the siege. His plan had been standard lazy day—nibble, boot up the old gaming rig for some fun—but this tugged at his curiosity. Plus, turning down elastic ex-villain who could slither through vents probably wasn't the best idea. "*Sure, why not?*"

A thumbs-up emoji flashed back, followed by some coords: *Tram to the old industrial station, platform 3. Meet you there. I'll be in normal clothes.*

A flicker of old-life nostalgia hit him—this was the closest to a casual outing in ages, back when dates meant arcades and street food, not dodging rubble. Butterflies mixed with wariness danced in his gut as he shrugged on a long, heavy coat—floor-length, patched with thermal lining—and slung a small satchel over his shoulder: ID chip, spare rations, data slate. Locks clicked behind him, and he stepped into the hall, the building's chill chasing him down the stairs.

Kai shifted in the tram car, his pink sneakers tucked under the seat as the vehicle rattled through dim tunnels. His skirt's hem brushed his stockinged knees, the soft knit top a splash of colour against the sea of drab government-issue jumpsuits and coats. Commuters slumped in exhaustion—early shifters to sites, night crews dragging home—eyes glazed on HUD feeds or staring at frost-veined windows. No stares his way; in this weary grind, one odd dresser blended into the fatigue. Stops blurred by, passengers thinning until the car echoed hollow. His station pinged: Old Industrial, platform 3. Doors hissed open to a crisp bite—cracked facades patched with hasty plasteel, streets rumbling under olive-drab military trucks hauling girders inwards. Foot traffic was sparse; factories loomed silent, reconstruction prioritising the core tab-blocks over this fringe. Kai scanned the platform, breath fogging. No Lily standing out amidst the handful of loiterers bundled in grey thermals. He opened his HUD: *"Here. You?"*

"Yep, waiting. Where you at?"

"Platform 3, by the east stairs."

"Don't see you..."

He paced the length of the platform, coat flapping, peering through steam vents. Then—a figure paced opposite him, hood cinched tight, twisting side to side like scanning for a ghost. She turned, green eyes widening under the fabric fringe. Lily. Not the club vixen in scraps of latex, but swallowed in oversized gov-gear: baggy pants tucked into boots, parka zipped to her chin, hood shadowing her face. Ordinary and blending.

Her jaw dropped, double-taking as he approached. 'Kai? Whoa, hold up—you look...'

'Different?' He halted a step away, cheeks warming despite the chill. Up close, her hood framed her silver studs which glinted faintly.

She blinked, hood slipping back an inch to reveal cropped brown hair, changed from the blue she had in the club. 'Kinda? Thought you'd rock work gear or something low-key. This is... nice. Days off treating you right?'

He tugged his coat straighter, skirt peeking below. Awkward words tumbled out. 'Just... how I like to unwind. Makes me feel put-together, y'know? It's not weird, is it?'

Lily's mouth quirked, no judgment in her gaze. She waved a gloved hand down her frump. "Weird? Nah. You out-dressed half the city, including me. Little jealous, actually.' A grin cracked through, easing the knot in his chest.

They fell in step, her leading through skeletal streets lined with rusting silos. Pipes snaked overhead in a tangled canopy, shedding icy drips that pattered like rain but blocked the flurries. Chat flowed light: 'Weather's suck, huh?' Kai said, dodging a puddle. 'Those updates promise a bit of a thaw, but it still feels like the dead of winter.'

'Tell me about it,' Lily huffed, breath clouding. 'At least no fresh quakes.'

She veered into a cluster of storage bans, hulks of corrugated metal under the pipe-sea. One loading bay yawned wide, propped open with crates. Inside was a makeshift kitchen humming loudly: griddles sizzling over propane rigs, steam rising from pots tended by a random assortment of vendors in an apron. Outside,

mismatched tables clustered around roaring portable heaters, chair's dragged close. Patrons hunched over plates—workers in smocks, a few civvies—murmurs mixing with clink of cutlery. Actual food aromas wafted: grease, herbs, warmth.

Kai's eye widened. 'No way. A real eatery? Out here?'

Lily beamed, steering him to a table ringside a heaters's orange blaze. 'Only spot you can get food without an ID. Found it months back—figured you'd dig the upgrade from bars. The Menu's a bit basic, but wait'll you have a taste.'

They claimed seats, the blast chasing chill from his bones. A laminated slate listed treasures: ham-and-cheese sandwiches, beef stew with spuds, veggie wraps, two desserts (stale-ish cake, fruit compote), water jugs free-flow. One of the venders walked up and asked what would he like. Kai pointed: 'BLT for me.' Lily: 'Chicken stir-fry with lots of veg.'

The vendor nodded, vanishing into the haze. Kai leaned in. 'How'd you even stumble on this place?'

She shrugged, unzipping her parka to reveal a plain tee beneath. 'Client at the club—he's a big talker after some drinks. Just dropped the coords randomly one day and I decided to check it out. I away tend to come there solo so it's a nice change dragging you along.'

The plates arrived steaming: Kai's BLT stacked thick, bacon crisp under limp lettuce, tomato scavenged fresh-ish. Lily's chicken sizzled with carrots, onions, and a gravy sheen. He bit in—a juicy crunch exploding in his mouth, real bread yielding soft. This was heaven. A low moan escaped his lips, eyes fluttering shut. Lily paused mid-chew on her chicken, fork hovering. 'That good, huh?'

He swallowed, wiping his mouth with a napkin scrap. 'Best thing I've tasted in ages.'

She grinned, spearing a carrot. 'Knew you'd love it. First bite here wrecked me too.'

They ate on, forks scraping plates, heater whooshing warmth across their table. Small talk bubbled up easily: 'Tram's late,' Kai noted, glancing at a worker shuffling past. 'Always is out here.' Lily nodded. 'Blame the pipe leaks—it shorts the rails.' Bites dwindled, Kai chased the last bacon crumb, then leaned back, patting his stomach. 'Wish I could rewind and do that again. That was perfect.'

Lily stacked her empty plate. 'Same on my first run. Vender hooked me up with extras that night—nearly cried.'

Kai fiddled with his napkin, gaze flicking to her 'So... why'd you ping me out here?'

She shrugged, gloved hands folding. 'Well, I just wanted to make sure you're solid after last night. I can see the bruises have already set in.'

He tilted his head, seeing the dodge—she'd patched him herself, knew he walked fine. But pushing felt off; he didn't want to make things uncomfortable. 'Appreciate it. Without you stepping in and saving me, I'd probably still be in that alley.'

Her fork stilled, eyes dropping to the table scars. 'Well, funny enough. You're the first person I've ever actually saved.'

Kai's brows lifted, a soft chuckle bubbling. 'Sounds a bit heroic to me.'

She snorted, shaking her head sharp. 'Heroic? No offence Kai, but one little rescue doesn't make up for all the stuff I've stolen over the years. I'm just a sex worker with some cool tricks.'

Silence stretched out, the heaters's hum filling the gap. Lily shifted, forcing a grin. 'Anyways, want some dessert? Compote's not bad—'

‘Wait, hold up.’ He leaned forward. ‘You saved me from getting robbed and starving for the rest of the month or even worse, I owe you a lot more than you think. You were like an actual superhero.’

Lily’s head quickly looked around to check if anyone had heard him, but thankful people were too focused on their food. ‘Kai... I’m no hero, never will be. Never can be.’ Her voice was more stern. ‘And please, don't say stuff like that in public.’

Kai’s shoulders slumped, feeling the spike in emotions come from her. ‘Sorry. Got ahead of myself.’

Lily nodded, but she couldn't help but think back to the alley. No drones humming patrol, no boots crunching snow. She had heard Kai cry for help from inside and froze up, she thought about running to get a bouncer to save him but what if that took too long. Without really thinking, she went out to the alley to see the drunks mugging Kai, she wanted to step in but was terrified that at slightest possibility of getting caught. She watched like a deer in head lights not knowing what to do. But when she saw Kai fight back, only a little, it clicked for her. If someone like him has enough balls to throw some offences, there was no excuse for her. Kai getting knocked to the ground was the moment she acted, not even thinking only doing. She was prepare to do whatever it took to do the right thing, to save someone she barely knew from a place that didn't even know this was unfolding. However, despite this, she couldn't see herself as a hero, even a saviour. Thousands of credits stolen, confidential information from big companies, and being apart of Dominion even if unwilling still made her a villain, a side of herself she was so focused on accepting she couldn't think of any possible way to changed that part of herself.

‘Uh... those military trucks earlier? What you think they were hauling, dream homes?’ She said in an awkward way to try and move away from the situation.

‘Probably more plasteel for the core spires.’ He replied, deflated.

Lily slid a few creds across the scarred counter, vendor nodding with a gruff thanks. Plates scraped into the bin; they stepped out into crisp air, snowflakes drifting lazy under dead neon lamps. Kai zipped his jacket up, glancing sidelong. ‘Thanks for the meal Lily, it was great. I’ll probably start coming here more often.’ He jammed his hands in his pockets. ‘Catch you later than, hope we can meat up again.’

‘See you around than.’

But when Kai turned his back to her, she blurted a question. ‘Hey, what are you planning to do today anyway?’

Kai looked back with a puzzled look. He had planned to relax and game for a while before going on stream and doing that sex doll show he promised, of course he wasn't going to tell her that part.

‘Well, I was gonna game for the rest of the day. Why?’

Lily was feeling bad for how the meal ended and wanted to make it up to him. ‘Well, I don't really have plans myself so, wanted to maybe hangout a bit more?’

Kai thought for a moment, it was his usual routine to get lost in some relaxing simulations before preforming for his horny viewers. But the stream itself wasn’t for a couple hours and the simulation he was planning to play was one he had done several times. Hanging out with someone was completely different at this point, and maybe because it was so different, it seemed more interesting than sitting in a chair for ages.

‘You know what, yeah, I’d like that.’

‘Great.’ Lily said feeling relief. ‘So... umm. Any ideas?’

‘Was... kind of hoping you had some.’

They stood there for a while before Lily broke the silence. ‘You want to go for a walk.’

‘Sure, why not.’

The two left walking side by side on the pavement, a distant announcement crackled over the speakers they didn't listen too.

‘I don't really know what to talk about.’ Said Lily with a sigh.

‘Same here.’ Kai paused. ‘Actually, how are you holding up after last night?’

‘Oh I’m fine, was a while since I got into a fight but it takes a lot to hurt me. The only damage was my gloves annoyingly, they were a bit pricy but I wasn't really thinking about that in the moment.’

‘Yeah. So how do your powers work if you don't mind me asking.’

‘Don't mind at all. Basically I’m solid because my cells lock together. When I want to stretch, they loosen into a flowing structure. When I'm done, they lock back into place. Think of me as a million tiny pieces co-operating. Individually they're flexible, but together they can be as soft or as firm as I want. I can do the basic stuff like stretch my arms out, along with other stuff like increasing mass in places like I did with my fists.’

‘Does stretching hurt?’

‘Nope. If it did, I'd never use it. To me it's about as comfortable as reaching out your arm.’

‘I assume you developed powers like most people did before the dimensional after shocks.’

‘Yap, Omnisol chemical leak several years back. When they first manifested I was scared shitless from what the gov would do. Was long after the first villains appeared I realised I could use them to make a profit.’ She pointed in a westerly direction towards the megastructures. ‘I lived in an apartment cage with my parents and siblings in the MS-23 building, bout 20 families living in a one room apartment. Rest of the families were out the day of the leak, same with mine. We always made sure at least one person was in the room at all times to prevent stealing. I was the only one in the apartment that day. Hadn’t a clue the water I was drinking was contaminated.’

She stopped walking as she caught sight of her former home, still standing yet with holes dotted around it.

‘My powers took a while to appear, when they did I made damn sure to keep them a secret. I didn't want to get carted off to some lab to get cut open. And hiding them in a room full of people was almost impossible. I managed to get an apartment to myself after doing some extra jobs for the landlord. The apartment was basically a closet but the space was all in need to understand my powers.’ There was a pause. ‘Started stealing not long after, at the start most of the money I made went to my family to try and get them a place to live by themselves. They knew that money wasn't coming from a legitimate place but they took it nevertheless, manage to get themselves out of that building and to the suburbs.’

She started to walk again, kicking a lump of ice down the path.

‘Don't know where they are now, they got evacuated with the rest of the suburbs when Dominion started their takeover.’

‘Sorry to hear that, it must be hard.’

‘It can be, but I know they’re out there somewhere. Safe and sound like the rest of the people from the suburbs.’ She turned to Kai. ‘What about you, you know where your family is.’

He sighed. 'I haven't got one, I'm an orphan. Was never able to track down my parents before it all went down.'

'So, I guess we got something in common. With the lack of families.'

'Guess we do.'

The two continued they're walk and talk, most of it was talking about stuff from the old days to lighten the mood. Lily talking about the shows she used to fall asleep to, and Kai talking about the outfits he used to put together back when he had a proper wardrobe. The talking stayed simple, light hearted and relaxing. The two felt a solace with the other from sharing stories, like how they were both fans of the old reality show 'Dunks and Hunks', or how they both hated the taste of watermelon. Having conversations like this, rambling about random stuff, was something they both had missed.

Most of the conversations Kai would have would be with his fellow employees and they were other fleeting with how he wasn't into much of the stuff they would talk about if he did talk, he mostly just sat by himself and would listen to chatter not wanting to interrupt or make things awkward. For Lily, her talking was either the sexy, erotic tone about her voluptuous flexible body to drunk clients, or board out of her mind in scenarios listening to the other workers bitch and moan about something stupid with her trying to interject only to be waved off. It was in this little moment, of the two chatting like normal people, that they connected in a way they wouldn't notice until it had time to grow and blossom.

By late afternoon, they had made they're way back to the tram station and where still talking. They're voices the only ones audible in the nearly empty station. Kai was sitting upright on the bench while Lily lay on it, lounging on it like it was a couch with her snow covered boots dripping on the metal

'...I never liked going to that place because most of the food sucked, the drinks were the only thing I'd sort of like.' He said.

'It wasn't all bad, the pizzas were quite good.'

'They weren't really, they left a bit of a bad aftertaste in your mouth.'

'Yeah, but it would hit the spot when you need it.'

'Nah. I just don't like fast food. Honestly, I'd rather eat the rations we get now.'

'Now you're exaggerating.'

'Am I? At least these don't leave you wondering what you've actually eaten.'

'Your not supposed to wonder. You just eat because it tastes good.'

There conversation was cut off for a moment as a tram rolled in.

'Believe me kai, if I had my way, their be pizzas and burgers in those rations everyday. And really good ones, like actually cheese and meat with proper toppings like...' Lily's voice cut off like someone hitting pause on a recording. She quickly stood up and pulled her hoodie over her head to hide her face.

‘What’s wrong?’ Kai asked.

‘Just shut up.’ She snapped back. ‘Don’t draw attention.’

Kai turned his head in the direction she was looking and saw two watch bots step off on to the platform. They were big, bulky things. Chipped black steel on they’re arms and legs with pouches and holsters on they’re chests. A square head crammed with sensors scanned the area from a single lens incased in a clean bulletproof shield. They walked in sink towards them and lily grabbed hold of kai’s hand, squeezes it hard.

‘Stop looking, dammit!’ She hissed under her breath.

Kai snapped his head straight as the bots came closer. The tired servos where audible to them the bots got that close. They’re metal feet clanking on the concrete. Lily’s hand was so tight it started hurting when the bots where right in front of them. Kai was terrified Lily would try and run for it, knowing full well she hadn’t a hope in hell to lose them. But thankfully, the bots ignore them and continued walking, a wave of relief dropping on them both. Lily released her vice grip from Kai’s aching hand, seeing a red splotch fading in on the back on his palm.

Lily watched the bots carefully, turning her head just enough to see them reach the end of the platform and step off onto the street. And although those bots were long out of ear shot, Lily still didn’t ease up. She nudged closer to Kai, keeping her voice low.

‘Talk later, don’t follow me.’

With that, she shot up and bolted for the tram just before the doors closed. Leaving Kai by himself watching it hum down the rails. Now alone, he had started developing a weird feeling in his chest, like an aching feeling but now in the same way his hand felt. He was under the impression they’d hang out of the rest of the day, continue on they’re random chatting. He would’ve asked her questions about games, clothes, and it annoyed him in a hurtful way he didn’t ask when he could’ve. All he could do now, was just sit and wait for the next tram to come and take him home, alone.

At the apartment, Kai kicked off his sneakers, deflated. He walked over to the kitchenette and filled the kettle while waiting in silence. The apartment was barely large enough to echo, but it somehow felt emptier than when he’d left it. Lily hadn’t even looked back when she’d ran. She’d simply vanished into the tram, leaving him sitting beneath the station lights with a hundred questions and no answers.

The kettle clicked. He poured the water over the tea bag and watched the colour slowly bleed into the mug. It gave him something to look at while his thoughts refused to settle. “She was an ex villain,” he thought, “of course she’d run.” But it was the way she had done it that had felt hollow. He had kind of hoped they would’ve spend more time together, and that sudden departure was an emotional hit he was choosing to ignore.

His computer hummed to life as he sat at his desk. He launched a game out of habit more than interest, letting the familiar menu music fill the room. He wasn’t looking for entertainment. He just wanted something loud enough to drown out the replay of the tram station.

He hadn’t been much of a gamer before it all went down, he was more of a social type guy. Back in the days when the ads shone bright and the roads where packed with vehicles, he’d be out with friends hanging round in cosy cafes chatting about the latest gossip floating around. They’d do the normal type of things friend groups did, watch movies, go out drinking at bars, even spending time with each other at either of there places. It was simple but fun, his type of fun while it lasted. Kai didn’t know were they where now, everyone got scattered when dominion took charge. Most if not all were in some random city or camp somewhere in

the country. And Kai couldn't help but wonder on random days how they were doing. Were they doing about as well as he was or worse? Him being alone in a place like this just added to the sting of Lily's sudden exit. Bringing back feelings he thought he had dealt with.

Kai didn't, or wouldn't, think about it much as he got stuck into this gaming session. He had a good number of games, most were relaxing types. Like building games, farming, open world adventures. But the one he often played the most is a simple cleaning game. 100s of different levels with random objects or buildings the player would have to wash with nothing but a power washer. There was something so satisfying to him about cleaning this way, probably because he wouldn't get physical tired. Throwing on some nice calm synth music while cleaning out drain pipes and blasting the dirt off surfaces, he was for a while lost in it with the occasional sip of tea. Of course it didn't last forever and to his annoyance, an alarm notification popped up in his vision informing him about the stream scheduled in an hour. With a sigh, he finished up the wall he was on and saved the game, leaving it minimised as he opened his streaming software. He plugged the camera and mic in while it loaded. The streaming page was a warm pink with a list of VODs and video shorts, on the top of the page was an image of Kai lying on his bed in a cute sailor outfit with his massive penis resting on him, the large tip nuzzled next to Kai's face. He got the stream going with the count down playing with cutesy music. With it set up, he went off to grab his outfit for tonight.

Kai always knew the outfit he'd wear for streams, he knew the type of style his audience like to see, cute and sexy. So he grab from his drawers some pink stockings matched with pink converse along with a light blue hoodie. And of course, to add that sexy part to the cute look, grab some black underwear with a white waistband, three sizes too big which he would fill up soon. With the outfit complete, he got the scene ready. First pulling the torso out from the closet and placing it on his bed—complaining a bit on how it was heavier than he thought, then getting some old bed sheets to cover the ground. Next he set up the cameras, the one on his monitor was checked to see it was in the right position, not showing any cracks in the walls or his kitchenette, and a second that was to be on the floor facing the torso so the viewers would have a better look. With the chat starting to fill up with an eager audience, Kai started on his makeup. Putting great attention to detail into each movement of the brush and the slow careful motions of lipstick.

With that done to his satisfactory levels, he opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out his mask. Pressing and holding a small button on the inside, a popup appeared in his vision:

Connecting too device.
Please wait.

Device connected.



He pulled the loops over his ears and looked into the camera, the chat still couldn't see him but he could see himself in the camera's software on the pc. He tested his facial expression's to make sure the mask picked up the inputs. And everything was all set. The count down was a 3 minutes and the chat was partly full, Kai knowing that it would take a while for people to log on once he went live. With 2:30 on the timer, he looked down to his crotch, the underwear looking too loose on him, he squinted and focused. He felt his small penis and balls twitch and grow, swelling under the black fabric. He watched as his penis' flaccid shape morphed into view and his balls sank down into the jock cup. He stopped when the penis looked to be 7 or 8 inches long and the balls of the size of billiards. With a last minute check that everything was in working order, messing up his hair the right way. Kai sat up straight with a slight head tilt and a cute smile. He held it until the count down finished and the stream went live.

“Hello Hello again, my sweet viewers. Welcome back to my little corner of the internet, thanks for dropping by. I hope your having a wonderful day and if not, I hope I can fix that.” The chat buzzed with hellos and greetings, it was hard to tell how many where there.

“Before we get started today, like always we’re gonna wait for the rest to show up, don’t want them missing the fun do we.”

A surge of “No”s and “Of course not”s shot pass. Than donation popped up, an early one and really small:

“From MsPerry098u: Hi PastePulse, long time channel viewer, first time stream catcher. Just wanted to say I really like your content and love your outfits and makeup. Thanks for making the days more fun to get through. ❤️💕💖

“Aww Ms.Perry, thank you. You didn't have to donate if you wanted me to see that, but thanks for the early dono, every little bit counts. Believe me.” He winked at the camera. “And I’m glad you like my look, I don’t really plan ahead with my clothes. Just go for the ones that with look nice on camera. The makeup on the other hand has a lot of effort in it. See.” He bent forward to the camera to show it off. “I avoided making the inner corners too squared or too dark, brushed through a tinted brow gel to hold shape for the eyes and used a taupe shadow in the crease to add depth.”

He caught glimpse of a chat going by, asking for a question.

“A makeup tutorial?, I don’t really know. I mean, I wouldn’t be opposed to the idea but you guys don’t want to watch me sitting here and doing my makeup for about 40 minutes. I image you’d prefer to watch my guy down there grow.”

The surge of chatter said otherwise, all summed up in a message from MsPerry again:

“Please do a makeup tutorial, I’ve always tried to do your style and it would really help if you showed how it’s done.”

“Oh! Well then. If you guys really want one, next stream will be a makeup tutorial, just to make you all happy.”

Celebrations exploded in the chat. Inside, Kai was genuinely surprised his fans were looking for something other an watching his dick swell and cum litres. It felt something he would’ve back when he was part of the fashion community.

“WOW! didn't think you guys would be so excited for that, guess I underestimated you.”

Kai looked at the viewer count to see it was at an acceptable number for him to start the show. One he wasn’t really thrilled by but one he had to get through.

“OK, darlings. Looks like they're enough of you here, so let me explain what the plan is tonight. Last stream I mention a toy a fan sent to my OP box a while back. And todays the day I show it to all of you. You ready?”

He did an over the top drum roll on his desk before dramatically revealing the torso behind his head. “TA-DA! There it is, isn’t it wonderful. The first time I saw it, I blushed so bad. I didn't think boobies could be that big.”

He got up a walked over to it, making sure to show his cute butt off to the camera. “I mean, look at it. Its so big and heavy its hard to move around. I’m honestly really excited to...”

He was interrupted by a decent donation, without skipping a beat. He shuddered with a moan as he grew his penis larger, straining in the underwear. “To...try it out. And it looks like I should hurry up. But before I do, let me do one quick thing.”

He waddled over to the keyboard and tapped a few keys. The screen split with the torso cam appearing on the left with the normal camera on the right. "Two cameras! Isn't that so cool. Now you'll be able to see better."

Applause jumped up in the chat.

"OK, now lets start, shall we?" He walked back and kneeled down in front of the torso and pulled something out of the hoodie's pocket. "Reminder to all my darlings, always use lube. Mine is cherry scented, my favourite smell."

Then, making sure both cameras could see, he pulled the penis shaft from his underwear. It was about 9 inches already with the balls the size of tennis balls hanging freely. "I'm really pent up today, hopefully there won't be too big of a mess."

He flipped off the cap and squeezed a dollop of the clear gel into his hand, than proceeded to lather it all over his penis. "I'm still a bit soft though, let me fix that real quick."

In full view of the second camera, Kai slowly started to jerk off. Rubbing his gentle hand up and down the full length of it. Gradually, with some moans and skin stimulation, the penis hard into a 12 inch rod, with a swollen head and veins beating under the skin. "OK, darlings. Here goes."

He held onto the base of his penis and moved it to the opening of the artificial pussy, slowly, deliberately, Kai pushed the head into the opening. "Oh dear, it's a lot tighter than I thought it would be."

He scooted across the sheets to carefully push the rest of his penis in, playfully sighing as he did so. When it was fully in, he could feel the back of the orifice. The cold rubber on his penis was not pleasant to him, with bumps sticking into his rod on all sides. "Wow, it feels so amazing inside, wish you could feel what I was feeling right now."

He place both his hands on either side of the torso and slowly, he started to move his penis in and out, despite the lube the artificial pussy clung to his dick. Being pushed in when he gently thrust forward and than pulled against as he pulled out. "Are you guys seeing everything alright, I don't want you to miss any of this."

Kai settled into the act for the next while, as the donations started to trickle in, most where small like 1 or 2 credits or bigger like 20 to 25. He made sure the thank each one of them, making sure they got the most out of parting with they're hard earned money. And with each donation he grew his penis more and more do the chats delight. Over 20 minutes of moans, groans, "thank yous", re-lubing and dick growing. His member had stretched and widen from 11 inches to a dizzying 24 inches with him having to move his whole lower body to move it in and out proper, the shape of it moving up and down inside the torso under tight latex. The interior of the torso had been stretched due to Kai's size and thrusts, allowing his penis to go in to a point just before it when under the boobs, which bounced and slapped like crazy. His balls where now there size of pineapples mostly due to a request from a donation that they swell that large, they rubbed along the bed sheet and smacked into the underside of the torso into the rubbery cheeks of the ass, loud sloshing echoing into the mic.

The chat had developed into the usual routine of emojis and sexually messaging. Screaming in letters about how horny they were, how sexy Kai was, and the things they wish he could do to them. From this came a donation and a request. Through gasps, Kai answered.

"Thanks...Dude24967...for the 27 credits...is it...like this?"

Kai reached out and took hold of each breast and squeezed while his penis grew 3 inches longer. The chat surged with naughty responses.

“You all...like that. I like it...too. I love big...busty...babes who can...take a dick this size. When I’m finished...I’ll measure it...for all of you to see...how much you made me grow.”

Another donation and another request.

“Thank...thank you...DinoTheRat...for the 30 credits...that’s so kind. Make sure you all...get a good look.”

He let go of a breast and brought his hand up, then with some force brought it down hard right on his bare ass cheek making an almighty smack that reverberated around the apartment, Kai making a loud grunt as the chat turned into a blur.

“You all like that...because I sure did. Want me to do it again.” Without reading the responses from the chat, Kai raised his other hand and slapped the other cheek, making sure the camera caught the jiggle of it. “I’ll upload a slow mo of that later for you all.”

He winked at the camera as his penis grew more and he thrust harder. The feeling of his climax building inside him. He felt the throbbing of the swollen tip as big as a fist as it started to ooze pre-cum, a nice warmth spreading around the inside. He could feel the thick liquid in his balls starting to move up and inflate his prostate, the muscle in his groin clamping down to stop it from gushing out. Every inch of that monster was so sensitive it felt like his body was pushing him to squirt. He paused, focusing on his breathing to control his body. He grabbed the floor camera and brought it to the lower part of his belly, making sure the mic touched the skin.

“You hear that.” He panted. A cacophony of groans and gurgles filled the stream.

“That’s all the delicious love you guys have been putting into me, and it’s getting ready to come out. It’s making me feel so bloated.” He rubbed his belly softly.

He started up again but kept the camera in his hand, showing them up close what it looked like when a nearly 28 inch penis moved while attached to someone. “Oh, god, I...I can...feel it...I’m getting so...close.”

Quickly, he jammed the camera between the torso’s breasts. “There...best view...in the house.”

He started putting more force in his thrusts, grunting in a high tone with hollow loud slaps came from his pelvis. He grabbed onto the hips and moved them against his thrust, the tip of this dick was coming up close to the camera lens. He looked at it, seeing his reflection in it. Looking into his own eyes, as if he was looking into the eyes of everyone across the city watching him. The thought that most were properly jerking off and close like he was. He understood these people, probably as lonely as he was, to feel a connection and forget everything around them. For each one to only feel this moment, this event, this scene like the others he did and forget any other problems they were having.

“Guys...I...OMG...guys...I’m gonna cum...I’m gonna...” Then blackness. Not mental blackness, but actual physical blackness, the sound of his pc’s fan slowly whirring down as the emergency light kicked on.

“ARE YOU SERIOUS, OF ALL THE FUCKING TIMES!” Enraged, he yanked himself out with a grunt, grabbing the base of his penis to stop any cum shooting out. He waddled over to the window and pulled up the blinders, having to turn his body to stop the large head of his penis rubbing against the wall. Outside was almost completely dark, the only thing at all visible where the small emergency lamps in the street and the faint glow of the city lights in the other district.

“Of course the grid shifts the bed when I’m about to blow my load, fuck’s sake. The viewers will be pissed.” He had planned for the stream to watch him orgasm and flood the torso’s chamber with cum, making its belly swell up like a balloon, the perfect pay off for the night and something he could have used in future videos and compilations. He still needed to cum, he was on the verge of that pleasurable and satisfying release. But with barely enough light to see, there was no way he’d be able to properly clean up after. With an

annoyed groan, he let go of his base and waddled back over to the torso. Trying not to trip on his own cock, he hoisted the torso up and brought it over to the closet, dumping it into the box.

“I’ll clean you in the morning.”

He pulled off the face mask and dropped it on the desk, the hologram blinking away. Grabbing some wet wipes he rubbed his face, getting all the makeup off his face and fixed his hair, then with some tissues he carefully wiped the lube of his penis, being wary not to stimulate himself too much. He then walked over to the bed and slumped down, the cum sloshing inside his lower half. He yanked off the hoodie and threw it to the side, then the stockings and then the underwear. The underwear was tricky with his penis and balls getting in the way, unable to properly close his legs. An unfortunate side effect of producing so much semen was it had only one place to go, out. And with the current low light levels that wasn't happening. He couldn't shrink down his balls because that would just make the cum squirt out. He tried to shrink his penis down to make it easier, and did manage a few inches, but the feeling it made resulted in him coming close to climaxing. The pleasurable feeling he felt when it was growing was the same when it shrank, as a result, to his annoyance—Kai had to stay like this until morning. By then his body would have absorbed all the cum back into his body. Of course, that meant trying to sleep with a meaty stick and two water balloons between his legs. He let out a slow breath through his nose as he reached over to a drawer and pulled out some pyjamas, there wasn't really anything he could do besides calling it a day. Grabbing some emergency instant heat packs from under his bed along with the flaccid 25 inch penis and pineapple sized balls laying outside the red pants, he buttoned up the pyjama shirt and slid into bed.

Thankfully, the internet was still up and running. Full of user swearing up storms about how they were in the middle of something and got plunged into a blackout. An official message was going around saying the city's electricians were working on the problem and would get the power back on as soon as possible. He scanned over to the side that was talking about him. The viewers enraged they missed out on PastePulse cum-inflating on stream:

“This is bullshit, they said they fix the grid weeks ago 🙄”

“Why would you believe them, Govs as incompetent as it was before.”

“PastePulse was on the verge of blowing up that dolls belly! was gonna nut so hard!”

“I hope PastePulse isn't upset at this, it was a really good stream. Hope he still does the make-up stream next.”

Kai left that side to itself and hopped over the other side to watch some relaxing videos to pass the time. He was hoping to drift off to sleep within the hour as he had work tomorrow. He spent the next 30 minutes or so just watching stuff like animal grooming tutorials or satisfying compilations. Slowly feeling his body loose and his eyelids getting heavy, the HUD dimming as it tracked them. Then, out of nowhere, a message. Kai assumed it was the official landlord of the building sending some democratic rubbish to the tenants about the situation and when the lights were coming back on. But it wasn't, it was Lily. He didn't really know what to think about it, out of the entire day, she chose now to message him? At first, he ignored it, feeling in a way that she didn't deserve a response because of the stunt she pulled. But as the notification hovered in the corner of his eye, staring at him like a puppy seeking attention, he couldn't ignore it forever. So, making up an excuse in his head that he wasn't really gonna do anything tonight. He opened the message:

“Hey, heard on the pirate news station we had a large blackout. You in the grid that lost power?”

“Ya, I am.”

“You ok? You got heating.”

“Got EHPs.”

"OK, that's good."

There was a noticeable pause.

"Look Kai, I'm texting because I need to apologise for today. I'm really sorry I just left like that, but I had to. The bots could have seen me."

"I know, but you ghosted me for the day. Why text now?"

"because I was worried. And I didn't know what the best time was to text. I know I hurt you Kai, it hurt me to run. I just couldn't risk getting caught."

He stared at the message trying to think of the best way to respond back but just couldn't find the right words.

"You still here Kai?" She responded after about a minute of silence.

"Ya, I'm here. Just don't know what to say."

"I know, I'm finding it hard to talk as well."

"It's just, it was a nice thing we did. Getting something to eat, going for a walk, it felt normal. Like it used to be."

"Like we were friends hanging out."

Kai was taken aback by this, he had barely known this woman for a the pass 2 days, and they were talking like they were in a relationship for years.

"Kai, I have to honest. Your a nice person. You talked to me like I wasn't a slut, and it made me feel like I actually mattered. I've barely anyone to talk to. And it's so hard to speak to anyone at the club. But you, you actually care. Cared to listen to me. And I don't want to lose that, please."

He could almost feel the tears coming from her words.

"I don't want to loose that too. Your a beautiful woman Lily, and your funny to be around. There's just something about you that makes me feel, I don't know, safe. Everyday, I'm scared to go out there, it always reminds me of what I lost. I just, want someone to talk to."

"Same." Those four letters meant so much to Kai that Lily realised. "So, I guess that means we're still friends, right?"

"Yes, we both need each other."

"Got that right. Thanks for listening to me."

"Same, thanks for hearing me talk."

"Guess you chose the right number that day, I'm glad we met, Kai."

"I'm glad we met as well."

"And, let me just say, if I see bots or cops again, with dip together. Deal?"

"Deal"

"Man, I really need to get that off my chest, sorry again for running."

"It's alright, you saying sorry is more than enough."

"So, you want to hangout again soon. because I know a few more spots around town I'd like to show you."

"I'd love to, but I've work in the morning. Can we hangout the day after?"

"Of course!"

"Great!"

"Well, I guess I'll leave you off. don't want you falling asleep on the job from us yapping all night."

"True. I'll talk later Lily. Take care."

"Take care Kai 🐾"

His heart felt like it was going to lift out of his chest. There was a happiness inside of him like never before. A new friend. Someone like him, hiding and looking. Lily was strong, powerful, someone he felt could protect him in this hostile world now, and he wasn't going to lose that. He'd keep hold of it, fight for it if it came to that. For the first time in what felt like some cold long years. Kai closed his eyes and nuzzled into his pillow with a smile on his face, and a spark in his soul.