

SECOND EXTENSION

BY TROGDOR297

Zach had lost control of his life.

Two months ago, he'd ruined his chance at happiness with the most incredible women he'd ever met, all because he'd been impatient and greedy. Camille had been simply perfect for him, except for the fact that she wanted things to be casual. Not that she didn't like him, or didn't want to spend time with him, she just wanted to avoid commitment.

That wasn't good enough for Zach, and so he'd gone and fucked his Ex, Rhiannon. Camille didn't love him, and Rhiannon did, it was as simple as that...except he was wrong on both counts.

Since then, he'd gone into a spiral. He'd lost his job and had been living off of savings. He hadn't cut his hair in weeks, nor had he shaved. Most days he didn't even leave his apartment.

Instead, he stayed inside and did the one thing that brought peace to his troubled mind; he extended.

Extensions, the mystical technique of unlocking the sexual potential of one's body, had been key in how Camille and he had gone from just being friends to being more. She had taught him how to do it, and he'd reignited her passion for it. Together they were going to unlock the secrets to reach the highest possible heights of pleasure and intimacy. Or at least they were until Zach spoiled everything...

He hadn't done it once within the first week after, he'd been so distraught and disgusted with himself, he couldn't bring himself to even consider doing it anymore. Extensions had been his and Camille's thing and it felt wrong doing it now that she was no longer in his life.

But as his life got worse, and stress piled up, he found himself reaching to the one thing he had control over, his own body, and it was a remarkable level of control at that.

He'd shown incredible aptitude for the technique, impressing Camille with how quickly he'd improved. That skill had only increased the past 6 weeks as the more and more his life had gone downhill, the more time he'd spent practicing, honing the one thing that brought him fulfilment in these trying times.

Today was no different. It was late Saturday morning and Zach sat upon the couch in the main room of his apartment, fully naked because...why not, it was his apartment. His legs rested shoulder width apart, feet flat on the floor. His hands sat on his knees, his eyes closed as he slowly breathed in and out. His mind was solely and utterly focused on his cock.

As he exhaled, he pushed out his extension. Like a worm emerging from within, flesh unfolded from within his shaft, getting thicker as it rose higher, the head of his cock rising up until his shaft had doubled in length. He held it there, the girthy section of shaft throbbing slightly, as he kept his lungs empty.

Then as he inhaled, he pulled it back in, the thick extension retreating back inside with the quiet sound of flesh rubbing against flesh, until once more the head of his cock rested where it had for the majority of his adult life. He held that for a moment as well before he exhaled and forced his extension out into the open once again.

Back and forth, in and out. Each breath he pushed his cock to its first extension, and then pulled it back in. When he'd first started it had pained him to try and extend himself more than twice a day. Now he could do it five times a minute for minutes on end.

He imagined Camille would be absolutely thrilled with his prowess if she'd known. But she didn't. She wouldn't. He hadn't talked to her since she'd stormed out of his apartment. Hadn't answered his texts, had declined all his calls. He didn't even know where she lived...not that he'd try and be a creep and stalk her. Her refusal to answer any of his attempts to communicate were as clear a message as he needed; she wanted nothing to do with him.

He held his cock extended for a moment, revelling in the feeling of it. So long and thick. So powerful. It no longer brought him pain to keep himself extended. If he wanted to, he could hold his extension in perpetuity. He only didn't because of how unwieldy it was, and even still there were days where he did it anyway just for the comfort it brought him.

Yes, he was proud of how adept he'd gotten with it, but at the same time the better he got, the easier he controlled it, the more frustrated he became. Despite how much he'd mastered level one...it was still just level one.

According to what Camille had told him, further levels of extension were possible. It wasn't just her word though, he himself knew it to be a definite fact. Even now, meditating on the couch, extending and retreating his cock as easily as lifting a limb, he could feel it. In his mind he could sense it, that far off destination. It was like standing at the base of a mountain and looking up at the peak.

But how to scale it...

He'd originally thought it was simply a matter of practice, of repetition. When he'd first sensed level two, level one had still been a struggle. He'd theorized that once he'd practiced enough, conditioned his body enough to accept him extending it, that level two would come easy.

It had not. He could extend his cock with barely a thought, keep himself painlessly erect for days on end. A few times while masturbating he'd even managed to keep himself fully erect after several orgasms in a row, allowing him to continue pleasuring himself.

None of that mattered regarding level two. It remained as far off as always despite his continued efforts to reach it.

There had to be a trick, a secret technique or a specific set of conditions. Cracking that nut was something that he'd been looking forward to doing with Camille. That future was no longer to be and so now he was determined to soldier on without help...even when it was foisted upon him.

"Good morning, Zaaaach" A delicate high-pitched sing-songy voice called from behind him.

Zach groaned at the sound of his Ex-girlfriend...now his unwanted roommate. This living situation had been part of what had dragged him down into the depths of his own despondency, and worst of all it was entirely his fault she was here.

After she gloated about how she'd very purposefully torpedoed Zach and Camille's potential relationship before it had even had a chance, solely out of a perverse sense of ownership over Zach, he'd thrown her out of his apartment in a fit of rage. Still furious with her, and himself, he'd lashed out, acting shortsightedly.

Going on LinkedIn he'd looked up her old boss, and now current boyfriend, the one she'd cheated with which had led to the end of her and Zach's previous seven-year relationship. Desiring some revenge, he'd messaged the man and informed him in rather descriptive terms that he and Rhiannon had fucked. If she wanted to screw Zach out of love, well he could do the same.

It was a stupid and petty act, but it had made him feel good in the moment. That all came crashing down on him when she returned to his apartment a few hours later, packed bags in tow, tears streaming.

Jack her boyfriend/boss hadn't just been her lover; he'd been her meal ticket. She'd stopped working a few weeks into the relationship, becoming a stay-at-home girlfriend for the wealthy executive. She used his credit cards, drove around his cars, used a phone that he paid for. The only thing she'd done for herself was attempt to become a fashion influencer, something which she'd had very little success with.

When Zach had told him of her infidelity...he took it all away. He kicked her to the curb without a second thought, leaving her destitute. She had no savings, no job, no place to go. And so, she'd shown up at Zach's door, and the poor fool had let her stay, his own guilt not letting him reject her.

If he'd just been an adult and moved on without making waves, things would've been so much easier. But instead, he had his toxic Ex living in his spare room, making him miserable. She at least had gotten a job, and was contributing to the household expenses, though far from a fair split.

Still, that was more than he had going for himself at the moment.

"What're you doing?" She asked from the door to her room. His spare room had been unfurnished before she'd moved in; it was little better now. A mattress lay directly on the floor, with cheap sheets on it. Her clothing was piled about the room amongst her other belongings.

"Nothing" He grunted. Closing his eyes once more he moved to release the knot holding his extension. He'd thought Rhiannon was at work, or else he wouldn't have been doing this in the main room. He didn't want to have to deal with the hassle of her...

"Ooo!" She squealed. He felt her hands land on the back of the couch on either side of him. "Zach! You've got your extension out! Should I take this as an invitation?"

He winced, silently cursing himself. He'd hoped to pull it back in before she saw it, but she'd moved too quickly. "No" he said flatly, rejecting her advances soundly.

"Oh, come on" she said, her annoyance showing. "Why not?"

"Because, you and I are not in a sexual relationship, nor will we ever be in one again" he said holding his temper in check.

"Pfffft" Rhiannon said, reaching out with one hand ruffling his hair to annoy him, which it did thoroughly. "That didn't seem to matter to you on Tuesday night?"

Memories of the night in question flashed into his mind. Her kneeling on the floor in front of him as he sat on this very couch, as she sucked on the head of his extended cock, doe eyes gazing up at him. He scowled "I was drunk"

"Right... and last Friday?"

Friday, what had happened last Friday...oh right, he'd been watching one of the Avengers movies and she'd asked if she could watch with him, to which he'd reluctantly said yes. Halfway through she asked him if he wanted to extend for her so she could jerk him off... he'd said yes again, because he was pathetic.

"That was...Gah, Fuck Off! I thought you were supposed to be working today?"

"I was, but then my shift got moved to tonight" She leaned forward over the couch, extending a hand past his head. Fingers outstretched she reached for the throbbing head of his cock. "Come on Zach" she whispered in his ear "Let me touch him"

Her breath was warm, and it tickled on his ears. He grunted as the hairs on the back of his neck stood up. Her fingers were getting closer, she just had to lean a bit further and she could-

With a thought, Zach snipped the connection in his mind and his extension retreated inside. Rhiannon cried out as she lunged forward hoping to catch it, but her fingers closed around air as the head of his cock shrunk down.

"You're no fun" Rhiannon said with a pout, as she lightly slapped the back of his head.

"Fuck you" he grunted as he stood up, moving to head back to his room.

"You can if you want to!" She teased, turning his words back on him. His articulate response to that, was to just flip her off, before he entered his room, slamming the door behind him.

He walked over and flopped down on his bed with a groan. Why did he put up with her staying here...

Because it was his fault, that's why. He couldn't just leave her to be homeless, that would be despicable.

He wasn't exactly making the situation easier for himself either. Rhiannon wasn't wrong, in thinking he was sending her signals; since she'd been here they had engaged in sexual acts a number of times. Never full intercourse, he wouldn't cross that line, but essentially everything but.

It was stupid, and unhealthy, but that pretty much summed up his life right now.

He sat up, having a moment of clarity. He needed to get his shit together. He couldn't go on like this, wallowing in his misery and turning to Rhiannon when he was at his worst. He'd never get better following that pattern. Camille was gone, he'd likely never see her again, and it was time to stop moping about it, no matter how much it hurt.

That afternoon he showered, cut his hair, and shaved. Ready or not, he had to move forward.

The following morning Zach stood hunched before his laptop that sat on his kitchen island. He'd gone to bed early last night, sober, and woken up equally early. He was committed to pulling himself out of this slump, kicking and screaming if necessary. His alarm blaring in his ear at 6am wasn't what he wanted to hear, but it's what he needed.

He was now in the midst of updating his resume and browsing job websites. His first text had been to his old manager, hoping to beg his way back into his old position. Unfortunately, they'd already filled it, and so now he was hoping to find something within his old industry.

His sector had always been busy, and while he'd been employed previously, he'd been approached a few times by head-hunters. He was fairly confident that he would find something quick.

A door creaked in front of him. He only looked up for a second as Rhiannon padded out. Her long dark brown hair was tied back into a lazy braid that rested on her shoulder. She wore only an oversized t-shirt...his t-shirt. Dammit, she'd been pilfering his laundry again...

“Zach...” She said, a slight whine in her voice. It was a tone that he was all too familiar with. It was the voice she used to use when she wanted him to do something for her.

“What.” He said, his voice curt.

“Can we talk?”

“We are talking” he said as he typed in a few search parameters on a job website.

She said nothing for a moment, then voice quiet, she said “Why don’t you want to be with me?”

Without missing a beat Zach replied “Because you’re a psychopath who uses people. You cheated on me ending a 7-year relationship, you’ve admitted to purposefully obstructing my chance at a happy relationship because you couldn’t bear to see me with someone else, and...oh that’s right, you don’t *actually* want to be with me, you just want me because I’m rejecting you”

To her credit, Rhiannon didn’t immediately crumple at his crushing dismissal. Zach looked up from his laptop after a few seconds of silence, to see her staring at him, her lips pursed.

At last, she spoke “Ok...but what if I had huge tits?”

Zach rolled his eyes so hard he sprained his neck “Oh for fucks sake...”

She walked over to stand beside him “I mean it Zach! Teach me how to do the thing that you do with your cock! Imagine how good I’d look with a huge pair of melons! I could be just like that Cammy girl!”

Zach looked up from his laptop at her. “Firstly, her name is Camille. And secondly you could *never* be anything like her.”

“Oh my god” Rhiannon said in a huff “You are so annoying! You need to get over her, Zach, she doesn’t want you!”

Zach looked back at his laptop “I’m aware, thank you.”

“Come on Zach, please. You owe me. How many times have I sucked you off or gave you a hand job these past few weeks” she said, crossing her arms angrily.

Zach snorted “Seriously? I didn’t ask you to do any of that, you came on to me. Which is going to stop by the way.”

“What! Zach?! Why do you have to be such a fucking buzzkill! You like getting blowjobs, I like giving blowjobs, what’s the problem!”

Zach shook his head “I can count the number of blowjobs you gave me in our seven-year long relationship on one hand.”

"I've changed!" She said "I like them now, especially with your jumbo cock." She licked her lips and grinned at him enticingly.

"You don't like blowjobs. You like trying to manipulate me"

She huffed in annoyance again, but didn't refute his point. Zach began to scroll through job postings, effectively dismissing her.

"Fine" She said haughtily "I don't need you to teach me, I'll figure it out myself"

Zach nodded as he responded sarcastically "Yeah, you do that"

"I will!" She sniped back. She marched towards her room, thoroughly peeved. She was almost through the door when Zach decided to rip off the Band-Aid.

"Oh, Rhiannon?"

She turned around, in a whirl, a smile forming on her face "Yes, Zach?"

"I'm going to need you to start looking for your own place. Thanks" He gave her an affable smile, before returning his focus to his computer.

"What! You're kicking me out!?" She cried.

"I didn't say that. Kicking you out implies you belong here in the first place."

She rushed back over "Zach, please! I need you, I need your help! Please don't do this!"

He sighed "Relax, I'm not going to toss you out onto the street...yet. I'm just telling you it's time for you to leave, you've stayed here long enough. I expect you to have found your own place within the next few weeks, after which...yes, I will throw you out"

"But..."

He stared her down "You're lucky I let you stay here in the first place. Now if I were you, I'd start looking for apartments"

She opened her mouth to complain once more, then closed it, glaring angrily at him. She walked off, stomping loudly until she disappeared into her room, slamming the door behind her.

Zach chuckled quietly to himself. That was one problem taken care of...or at least, it was in motion now. Next was employment, which frankly wasn't worrying him. He had a good resume, good contacts in the industry. He predicted he'd have more trouble getting rid of Rhiannon than he would finding a new job.

Day one of moving on was starting off pretty good. It could only go up from here.

He was a stripper.

Worse than that, he was a *good* stripper. The large bundle of bills he held in his pocket proof of that.

Finding a job in his industry had been far harder than he'd expected. He'd slightly overlooked that he'd gotten his original role because a friend he'd gone to school with had already worked there. He no longer had such an in, and his resume was just as good as the dozens of other applicants loose in the city.

After applying to several roles and hearing back from none of them he'd started to feel desperate. His savings would only last him so long, but more importantly having a stable income was fundamentally necessary if he wanted to rid himself of Rhiannon. He needed her out of his life, but at the moment she was the only one bringing in money to the apartment. It'd be supremely embarrassing if he kicked her out only to get evicted the very next month when he ran out of money himself.

His desperation to find employment had led him to branching his search out into more unconventional sources. Craigslist had been his first stop. There he'd stumbled across an ad searching for young men who were... uncommonly blessed down below. Half out of curiosity and half out of pure need, he'd followed up.

The place, a club by the name of The Lumber Yard, had hired him on the spot. He was perfect, they'd said. Young, fit, attractive, and while they didn't take a look at his junk, he'd assured them he was necessarily gifted.

His first time working there he'd been nervous, more nervous than he'd ever felt before. Then he'd got out on stage and that all melted away.

Was he the best-looking guy at the club? No. Did he have the most sculpted body or was he the best dancer? Also no. But without a doubt he had the biggest cock, and that was definitely worth something.

The first time he'd unveiled his extended cock, and every time since then, he'd been greeted by a wall of sound, shrieks of excitement from the ladies in the crowd. He was a novelty to them, his enormous cock projecting out from him unwavering, posing the question "What would it feel like to take that?". That unspoken curiosity drew the women who visited the club like a moth to a flame.

Zach himself had only been to a strip club once in his life, for his brother-in-law's bachelor party. That evening the men had been respectful, looking but not touching. Apparently, no one had ever told the women that rule. He lost count most nights of how many women had groped him. Often, they'd climb up on stage to slip him a few bills and then help themselves to a stroke of his cock, getting a feel for how big he actually was. It was objectifying but...it felt good to be desired.

Tonight, had been especially rowdy, two Bachelorette parties were being hosted there. It had gotten quite wild, multiple women on stage at a time. It'd been fun, but...he had to keep reminding himself this was only temporary. This was just to make some money in the short term. He needed to keep looking for a proper job, before this blew up in his face.

It also didn't help that this wasn't lucrative enough to fully support him. He only worked two nights a week, and while he raked in cash on those nights, it didn't compare to his previous salary.

Tomorrow was Sunday, his work week was done. He needed to get home and get some rest. It was already past two in the morning, and he intended to go to the gym when he woke.

He opened the door to his apartment and found himself surprised. The lights were still on. Why was Rhiannon still awake at this hour?

He removed his coat and chucked it on the couch, then headed for his room. He didn't make it before Rhiannon called for him through her bedroom door.

"Zach! Come here!"

He groaned; he was too tired to deal with her right now. He just wanted to shower and then crash in bed.

"Zach!" She yelled again "I know you're there, come here!" Her voice was excited; what was she so charged about?

Zach sighed with his hand on his own doorknob. Part of him wanted to ignore her, the other part knew she wouldn't stop yelling at him until he came to see her. It felt like giving in to a terrorist's demands...but he was tired and just wanted the day to be over. It was better to just get this over with.

Letting go of his door, he walked over to the door to Rhiannon's room and opened it. "What is it Rhian-"

His eyes widened in shock at what he saw. Rhiannon sat cross legged atop her messy bed wearing only a pair of panties. She beamed up at him with a gleeful smile. Her hands were cupping her breasts...which were huge

Rhiannon had had mosquito bite boobs for as long as he'd known her. Now on her waifish frame she bore a pair of fat round tits, each one the size of a cantaloupe. They were firm, sitting perkily on her chest, projecting out from her collarbone maintaining a fairly spherical shape.

All his anger and frustration with her was temporarily forgotten for the moment, his surprise at seeing her in a buxom body completely flummoxing him.

“Rhiannon...what...”

“I did it!” She squealed “I figured it out! How to expand myself!”

Zach looked at her with confusion “Expand? Oh...you mean extend”

She nodded “Right, right. I told you I'd figure it out!”

He nodded in wonderment “You did say that...how the fuck did you do it?!”

Rhiannon ignored him, giggling happily as she bounced her breasts up and down with her hands, enjoying the feel of their hefty new masses jiggling. Zach grunted with annoyance as he tried to get her attention.

“Rhiannon!” He said forcefully.

“What?” She said looking up at him with a frown “Don't yell at me...”

“I wasn't...never mind” he said with a sigh “I need you to tell me how you did this”

“Oh! Well...it wasn't easy. I've pretty much spent most of my free time trying to do it since we talked a few weeks ago”

“Wait, this is what you've been doing in your room the whole time? I thought you were looking for apartments...”

Rhiannon laughed “Oh, please, I haven't even started doing that!”

Zach held back his frustration with his infuriating Ex. “Just... tell me how you did it”

“Well, I started by doing what I saw you do. I closed my eyes, I breathed in and out slowly, letting my mind relax. And then I tensed my core muscles”

Those were the basic tenets of extension. When laid out like that it did seem overly simple. But it was more than just that, it was about mental focus, and self-control.

“And just like that you did it?” He asked.

She shook her head “Of course not! Did you miss the part where I said I've been trying for two weeks! It's a good thing I'm stubborn or else I would've given up a long time ago. But I'm glad I didn't! Look at me! Look at my big juicy titties!”

Zach did look at them. They were indeed a lovely pair, full and round, looking especially large when compared with her diminutive frame. She slowly shimmied her shoulders back and forth letting her bust sway enticingly.

“Do you want to touch them?” She said sultrily, looking up at him, biting her lower lip.

"No" he said, turning to leave.

"What?!" She cried, as she scampered to her feet. "Zach, wait! Come on! Just a touch, a squeeze...a massage. I just want to feel your hands on-Ahhhhh!?"

Zach turned around to see why his Ex had suddenly cried out in pain. She was leaning against the threshold of her door, bent over, hands clutching both sides of her head.

"Rhiannon? Are you alright?" He said stepping back over. He didn't like her living with him, but he wasn't so callous as to not help her when she was in pain.

"My head!" She whined; voice strained. "It feels like it's being split in two?!"

Zach frowned for a moment before he realized the cause. It'd been so long since Extensions had caused him to feel any pain, he'd almost forgotten about this side effect.

"How long have you been extended?" He asked, placing a hand on her shoulder.

"I...I don't know. I was waiting for you to come home; I wanted to show you..." Her voice was tight, the agony she was in apparent.

Zach sighed "Your body is pushing back against you extending it. You need to let it go, and the headache will go away"

She whimpered from the pain "How do I do that?!"

"That knot of mental energy that you pushed on to extend yourself. You need to undo it"

"What?!" She looked up at him eyes wide in distress "How the fuck do I do that?!"

Zach once again pushed down his frustration. Stupid girl meddling in things she had no business attempting...

Putting his hands on both of her shoulders he turned her to face him. "Look at me"

"Zach, what do I do, it hurts so much!" She cried hysterically.

His hands gripped her shoulders tighter "Rhiannon" he commanded "Look at me"

She did, eyes locking on to his, lower lip trembling. "Close your eyes and breathe in time with me. In and out" Zach instructed.

Together they began to breathe in that slow steady pattern. "Now in your mind, feel for that knot that holds your extension. Can you feel that?"

"I...I think so?"

"Good. Now, while you keep breathing, just simply use your mind to undo the knot"

"I don't..."

"Just try" Zach said, interrupting her complaints.

While Zach held on to her shoulders, she leaned against him, her hands resting on his chest. Together they breathed as one, as Rhiannon struggled to figure out how to control this newly unlocked skill. It took over a minute before at least she let out a quiet gasp followed by her shoulders releasing tension beneath his grip.

Her breathing eased as she relaxed backwards, her breasts slowly shrinking, returning to normal. "Good." Zach said calmly. "You did..."

Eyes still closed; his brows furrowed. As he held onto her as she released her extension, their breathing in sync, he felt something, something inside him. It was invigorating, a well of power building deep in his groin. It was an unexpectedly exhilarating feeling, its source unknown.

It was only after he let go of her had he realized that within that inexplicable moment of energy he'd extended himself...completely subconsciously. He'd never done that before. Looking down at himself he could see the imprint of his extended cock pressing against the right leg of his pants.

Before him Rhiannon let out a sigh of relief "Wow...thank you Zach. I don't know what I would've done without you!"

"You would've seriously hurt yourself" Zach said, reprimanding her. "Promise me you won't do it again"

Rhiannon made a noise of shock and disgust "Fuck that! I'm not your girlfriend Zach, I can do whatever the fuck I want"

Zach sighed rubbing his temples "Fucking hell...fine. Just...be careful. Don't push yourself, it's easy to get hurt"

Rhiannon rolled her eyes "I'm a big girl, Zach, I can take care of myself"

Zach was tempted to point out that she'd just needed him to bail her out of her first disastrous attempt at extending but thought better of it. He gained nothing by arguing with her.

It was then that she noticed that Zach himself had become extended. "Oh, hello! Looks like someone liked my new titties!" She reached forward towards his crotch, eager to touch him, when Zach's hand swatted her away.

"Ow!" she cried pulling her hand back.

"You're fine" Zach said dismissively. Closing his eyes he quickly released his own extension, before he turned and walked into his own room closing the door behind him.

He was exhausted, but yet his mind raced. What had happened there? When he'd held Rhiannon as she'd released her extension; he'd never felt anything like that before, it was strange...but it felt good. And it had somehow summoned his extension completely autonomously.

He didn't know what it meant, but as he pondered it as his mind refused to sleep, he knew he had to learn more.

The next morning Zach returned from the Gym, feeling tired but satisfied. He desperately needed a shower; he'd been too preoccupied with what had happened with Rhiannon the night before, that he'd forgotten to shower before bed. Then when he woke up, he figured it wasn't worth cleaning himself then going and getting himself sweaty.

He opened the door to his apartment, perspiration coating his face and neck. Yes, a shower was just what he needed, and nothing was going to get in his way.

Not even his Ex sitting on the couch.

He walked past her, without speaking. He'd hoped she'd catch his mood, but he was wrong.

"Morning, Zach!" She said cheerily.

Zach grunted a response as he walked on.

"Zach?" She said

"What." He said as he reached his door.

"Why are you covered in glitter?"

"Uhh...it...it's from work last night" He couldn't turn back to look at her, or else she'd see his blush. It hadn't been noticeable last night, but now with his arms and shoulders exposed in his gym tank top, the little sparkly speckles of glitter on him were visible at a distance.

"I thought you're a bartender?" She said, as she looked at him over the back of the couch.

"I am." He lied "There was some party event or something last night. Glitter everywhere"

She frowned "Which bar do you work at again?"

"It's downtown" He said, then before she could ask any follow-up he quickly added "I need a shower"

He disappeared into his room shutting the door quickly behind him. That had been close. The last thing he needed was Rhiannon to learn about his current employment. She'd probably show up every night to hassle him if she knew...

After a thorough shower, washing away both his sweat and the remnants of last night's glitter, he emerged, throwing on a comfy t-shirt and some sweats. He returned to the main room to find that Rhiannon hadn't moved from the couch.

Thankfully she didn't talk to him this time as he walked past, heading to the fridge to get a drink. As he poured himself some water, he thought about last night's mystery. He was extremely eager to find out more, though at the same time, he was hesitant to take the necessary steps. He was trying to limit his contact with Rhiannon, and this would be the exact opposite of that.

Setting down his glass of water, his curiosity won over his caution, and so he approached the couch, standing a few feet away. Rhiannon was watching a Sims 4 YouTuber, which Zach found peculiar, as he was pretty sure he'd never seen Rhiannon play the game once. Pushing that oddity out of his mind, he took a breath and then broke the silence.

"Rhiannon"

She looked over at him with a smile "Yes?"

He paused a moment. Was he sure about this? No, not really...

"Have you...have you extended today?" He forced himself to say.

Rhiannon's eyes lit up with excitement "No, I haven't! Why do you ask, Zach?"

Zach pursed his lips. This was a dangerous game, but he couldn't deny how much he wanted to know more.

"I want...to...do something with you" he said, choosing his words carefully.

"You want to extend with me?" She said gleefully.

He nodded "I do, but, and I want this to be absolutely, 100%, crystal clear; this is not an invitation for sexual contact. You won't touch me; I won't touch you. Understand?"

She frowned "What? Why not?! If we're not going to touch each other, then what's the point!"

"Well...there's something I'm trying to figure out." He said, being reticent with the details.

"Whoop dee doo." She said with a huff. "Why should I care!"

Zach groaned with frustration. Why did she always have to be so difficult. "For you...think of it as a guided lesson. I can watch you and make sure you don't hurt yourself"

She narrowed her eyes as she stared him down for a few tense moments, until she let out a sigh. "Fine, let's do it. Let me just take off my top and then I'll start" Reaching down she grabbed the hem of the loose shirt she wore and pulled it free, leaving her torso bare, skimpy pyjama shorts on below.

She closed her eyes and began to breath in and out, which forced Zach to leap in. "Whoa! Hold up, not yet!"

She opened her eyes and looked over at him confused. "What's the problem? I thought you wanted-"

"I do" he said cutting her off "But not yet. We need to...well I'm not quite sure what exactly we need to do. Let me sit for a second"

He walked over and sat down on the couch beside her, brow furrowed as he thought about what they needed to do. It wasn't as simple as using extensions near one another, it couldn't be. He and Camille had extended in close proximity to one another a few times and he'd never felt that peculiar sensation.

The only thing that made sense was that it had something to do with them breathing together. Not only had they been close and touching, but their breathing had been perfectly in sync. The rhythmic breathing had always been a part of extensions, maybe there was a connection there.

"You're being weird, Zach" Rhiannon said from where she sat beside him, looking at him incredulously. He ignored her jibe, instead patting his knees.

"I need you to sit on my lap"

"Oh, OK!" She said, her annoyance vanishing.

She clambered over, swinging her legs over him so she straddled his thighs, ass resting on his knees facing towards him. "Hi" she said with a grin, as they looked at each other.

"Remember the deal." Zach said jabbing a finger towards her. "No touching"

Rhiannon pouted but nodded. She was counting on the hope that as soon as they were extended Zach's lust would override his previous demands. Then he'd be hers.

"Alright, good" Zach said, acknowledging her supposed compliance. Reaching down he looped fingers into his sweat pants and wriggled them down to the middle of his thigh, exposing his cock.

Closing his eyes, it took only a few moments of focus to first summon his erection, and then extend himself. The head of his cock rose high in between them, as the thick pink flesh of his extension emerged from within his shaft. The surface sloped away on the underside to where the shaft reached its thickest point, it's circumference slightly larger than a can of pop.

On his lap Rhiannon cooed with delight as his cock rose up towards her, shaft thick and throbbing, staying aloft through its own power. She lifted a hand, fingers outstretched toward it, when Zach, without opening his eyes, spoke.

"Don't touch it"

Rhiannon huffed "Oh come on, Zach. How are you going to tease a girl with this incredible cock, and then not let me play with it. Mmm, it's so big up close..."

"I said, don't touch it" he said, voice firm.

"Ugh, fine. Now what?"

"Now we breathe together, like when I helped you last night. Eyes closed"

Rhiannon closed her eyes, and soon they were breathing together in rhythm, inhaling and exhaling in perfect time. They kept this up for over a minute, until they didn't need to force themselves to maintain unity; it happened naturally.

"Ok" Zach said in the brief breaks between their exhalations and inhalations

"Now" Inhale.

"You extend" Exhale.

"But don't" Inhale

"Lose our" Exhale

"Rhythm"

Rhiannon simply nodded, not confident enough to speak without breaking the pattern. On his lap Zach felt Rhiannon's thighs squeeze against him as she clenched all of the muscles in her body. Listening to her breathing as she struggled to push, brought back memories of Zach's own introduction to Extensions, how much he'd pushed himself.

"Just keep" Inhale

"Pushing" Exhale.

"You can" Inhale

"Do it" Exhale.

Rhiannon's breathing became shaky as she forced her body harder to comply. "Almost!" She hissed. "Almost there!"

Zach squeezed his eyes shut and waited, keeping their rhythm in sync. If his theory was correct, she'd extend soon, and he'd feel that foreign yet wonderful feeling he had last night. And this time he was ready for it.

"Oh!" She cried. "Oh yes! I'm doing it! Here they come!"

"Keep the pattern!" Zach demanded. Rhiannon nodded, returning her breathing to the slow steady rhythm. And then, already on the cusp of reaching it, she pushed just a little harder and extended.

A wordless moan of joy echoed from her throat, as on her chest her breasts swelled from nearly non-existent to huge round jugs. As they reached their full size, their outer edge brushed against the underside of his cock, skin lightly kissing skin.

Zach frowned, as he kept his eyes squeezed tight. He hadn't felt anything? What had gone wrong. Why didn't it work this time? Was there something else that he should've-

Zach gulped in air in surprise as a tidal wave of energy crashed into him. This was much more powerful than what he'd felt last night. His body filled with it, making his muscles tense, his skin tingle. What was this power?! It felt incredible, like he was constantly on the cusp of orgasm. But now that he had it...what could he do with it?

He forced himself to calm, as he focused inward on the fountain of energy that was bursting within him, desperate to be used. But how?! He didn't know what he was supposed to do. He tried to grab hold of the power in his mind, grapple and force it under his command, but it was like trying to wrestle a piece of Jello. Every time he tried to grab it, it slipped away.

He could feel it starting to ebb, and he began to panic. Why did this exist, what was its purpose? It had to have something to do with his extension, but what? Feeling it begin to drain, he attempted to force the energy into the knot of his extension, unsure if that would accomplish anything, but desperate for results of any kind.

The energy flowed into the knot and then seemed to disappear. Why? What was... wait. He saw it. Off in the distance.

As he pushed that energy into the knot of his extension...far off he could see that distant twinkle of light and essence, level two...he could see it shifting closer.

This was it. The secret of level two.

He redoubled his mental efforts, forcing as much of that energy he felt inside him into the knot as fast as he could. The distant shimmer brightened as it neared, slowly at first but then getting quicker. He needed more energy, needed to push harder.

He was almost there. The knot shifted forward as the twinkle was pulled back. So close, just needed a little but more...

His eyes opened with a loud gasp, as he breathed in air. He hadn't realized he'd been holding his breath. All of the muscles in his torso and legs ached fiercely...he hadn't realized he'd been flexing them either.

Damn. He'd been so close, and then...the energy had run out. He'd wasted too much time, letting it fritter away. But still...level two. He could reach it. It was doable.

He laughed out loud, as he rested his head on the couch. Level two! Oh fuck, he couldn't wait to see what that felt like. If it was anything like the difference between his old cock and level one...well, that would be mind-blowing.

On his lap Rhiannon looked at him with a suspicious look. From the outside it looked like Zach had gone into a seizure for a good thirty seconds, his face and chest going red as he held his breath and tensed all of his muscles as one. Then suddenly he'd opened his eyes and started laughing.

"Are...you ok?" She asked.

Zach nodded "I am. Thank you for your help, Rhiannon. That will be all"

She frowned "Oh, ok...you're sure?"

He nodded. Closing his eyes for the briefest of seconds he checked on his extension. As he'd feared but also expected the shimmer of level two had retreated to its original position. That climb was something one had to do all at once.

"Yeah, that's all thanks" he said as he undid his extension, the shaft of his cock sliding against her cleavage as it retreated down inside him. "Please get off" he insisted after she hadn't moved of her own volition.

She rose and watched him leave, a confused frown still on her face. Something had happened just now, something important, but she had no idea what.

Zach returned to his bedroom unable to keep a grin from his face. This was huge. Level two had been only a dream a few days ago, now suddenly it was in his grasp.

Walling over to his bed, he grabbed his phone off the nightstand. Unlocking it, he made his way to his messages, opening up the conversation with Camille.

He typed out a message telling her his news but then paused before sending it. He had a moment of crisis...he was sure that Camille would want to know about this...but what good would that do. What did he think, that if he told Camille he could reach level two suddenly all would be forgiven, and she'd race back to him with open arms?

She had more respect for herself than that. A few weeks ago, he'd made the decision to move on from her; not messaging her was imperative to that. With a solemn heart, he deleted the text he'd written, then tossed his phone away.

He had more important things to do anyway, like find himself a real job. Grabbing his laptop, he settled in on the bed and got to work.

Music with an overemphasized bass blasted through the overhead speakers of the club. The stage was lit up but currently empty. Red velvet curtains lined the back wall, hiding the place where the dancers would emerge from.

The Lumber Yard was packed tonight. One side of the stage was filled with a Bachelorette party, a bride wearing a white sash that labelled her as such, surrounded by at least a dozen women. All of them had arrived at the club fairly tipsy, and they'd only drunk more since then.

The other side was a women's volleyball team, here to celebrate after winning their intramural championship. Many of those women looked a little bit uncomfortable but their team captain, who'd suggested the venue, looked very excited.

The music lowered slightly as a voice crackled through the speakers. "Alright Ladies! Who's ready for your next performer!"

A chorus of "Woos", most emanating from the Bachelorette party, filled the air, impressively drowning out the music.

"Excellent!" The announcer said "Give it up for one of our newest stars; Paul...the... PYTHOOOONNN"

The women gathered around cheered excitedly, those cheers growing more fervent when they saw the curtain ripple with movement. The red fabric parted slightly and something small and pink emerged from between them.

It was the head of Zachs cock. Standing behind the curtain, he slowly pushed more and more of his extended shaft through, slowly unveiling how big his cock was. He smiled to himself as he heard the yells of both shock and excitement that came from the crowd, as he held the curtains against his abs, the entirety of his monster on the other side.

Flexing his Kegel muscles, he made it jump once, before he tossed the curtains aside and strode out on stage, completely naked. He grinned at the women as he walked out in between the two groups. Though the spotlights made it difficult to see the crowd, he could still see glimpses occasionally. Women with eyes wide, jaws open as they stared at his aptly named Python with a mix of both fear and desire.

Zach had made no friends at the club, all of the other performers there resented him, mostly because he didn't really do anything...and the women still loved him. The other performers danced provocatively and actually performed stripteases, something that took some skill.

Zach just walked out on stage and let them ogle him. Not that he did absolutely nothing, he would dance around a bit, walk back and forth, twist his hips and let his cock sway over the crowd. But nowhere near the performances that the other men did.

Whatever, he wasn't here to become a professional dancer, he just needed money, and this was good enough to earn it.

Arms behind his head, he gyrated his hips, letting his stiff extended cock rock back and forth as it pleased. To his right in the shadows he saw a woman, one of the members of the Bachelorette party stand up, then another.

He chuckled to himself; this was sooner than average for a member of the audience to climb up on stage.

Moving unsteadily, their drunken gait made even more difficult by the four-inch heels they wore, the two women ascended the stairs at the side of the stage and then made their way toward him.

Zach turned and gestured for them to join him. He'd been anxious the first time a guest had joined him onstage, as he'd been afraid of things potentially going sideways. Since then, he'd gotten better at going with the flow. Besides every time he interacted with the women who came on stage it was often followed by heavy tips.

The two women walked up, and he wrapped his arms around each of their shoulders pulling them in beside him. They were both older than him, probably mid to late thirties. They wore skimpy cocktail dresses, showing off both a lot of cleavage and a lot of leg. The one on his right, a redhead, spoke first.

"Oh my god!" She said, far more loudly than was necessary, making Zach wince slightly. "Is that thing real?!"

He nodded with a smile "Yes ma'am it is"

"It's hu-huge!" Stammered the wide-eyed brunette on his left.

Zach chuckled "Thank you, that's very kind"

"I want to touch it..." The redhead said, still almost yelling into his ear. "Can I touch it?"

Zach nodded, as he tried to tilt his head away from her unnecessarily loud voice. Grinning excitedly, the redhead leaned forward reaching out with one hand. When she was within a few inches, Zach quickly flexed his Kegels, causing his cock to flick up towards her hand.

"Oh ho!" He said, "I think he likes you!"

The redhead, momentarily startled by the movement of his Cock, began to cackle hysterically as she reached out and wrapped her fingers around the thickest section. Her grip was a little too tight, but far from painful.

"So thick!" She yelled. She yanked it to the right, showing it off to her compatriots who sat below. "Look how thick it is!"

"Brittany!" A voice yelled from the Bachelorette party group "I think it's bigger than your arm! Let's take a picture!"

The brunette beside him nodded nervously, slowly crouching down onto her haunches. Her already wide eyes went wider as she came face to face with his cock. Leaning forward, she placed her elbow against his abs right above the base of his cock, then lay her forearm over top of it. As expected, her wrist fell short of his head

“Woo! Go Brittany!” They cheered as a few lights flashed from the crowd, phones taking pictures.

“Alright!” Zach yelled as the two women returned to their seats, though only after some forceful words from him to urge them to let go of his cock. “Who else wants to meet the Python!”

There were several more cheers, and he swore he could see at least 3 or 4 women rise up out of their seats, when he heard something that stopped him dead.

“Holy shit! Zach?!” Said a very familiar voice.

Zach froze, as his head turned towards where he'd hears the voice. The spotlights that strafed over the crowd gave him brief glimpses into the audience. There, standing amongst the volleyball team, wearing a uniform that matched the rest of them, with a short leather jacket over top was a late arrival. It was Camille.

The gorgeous blonde that he'd fallen in love with only three months ago stared up at him with a look of both shock and disbelief. Zach's own jaw dropped open as he felt the cold chill of dread snake through him.

What was she doing here. Oh fuck. Oh fuck, fuck, fuck. This was embarrassing. This was beyond embarrassing. His face went a deep shade of pink as they stared at each other saying nothing.

He felt a hand on his back. He jerked away, startled by the unexpected touch. Looking over he saw it was the volleyball team captain. She'd been the first to rise to climb up on stage and ‘Meet the Python’.

She had an excited look on her face, which only grew more excited when she spotted Camille standing in the crowd.

“Camille! You came! Look at this Cock! It's gigantic!”

She reached out to grab it, but Zach caught her hand by the wrist before she could touch him.

“Hey! What the hell! They got to touch it!”

Zach ignored her, as he looked back out at Camille. She no longer had her jaw hanging open, but she still looked completely flabbergasted to see Zach on stage.

The captain followed his stare, noticing that Camille was staring right back at him. "Camille, do you know this guy?"

Zach didn't wait for her to answer. He couldn't handle this. He wanted desperately to speak with her again, but not like this. So, he did the only thing he could do; he ran.

Without hesitation he slipped around the team captain and headed straight for the curtain. There were cries of confusion and disappointment that rose up behind him as he left the stage. He didn't care; he couldn't spend another minute out there.

As soon as he was past the red velvet he was accosted by Tim or 'Luthor' as he was known on stage. Tall, swarthy, and muscular, he was a very popular performer and was scheduled to be on after Zach...except Zach wasn't supposed to be done for another 5 minutes.

"Bro, what the fuck are you doing?!" Tim hissed, grabbing him as Zach tried to walk past.

"Let go of me, Tim" Zach said.

"You've got five more minutes! Get back out there! Fucking hell..."

"No, I'm done."

"What the fuck do you mean you're done!"

Zach looked him square in the eyes "I mean, I'm done. I'm not going back out there. Ever."

Tim looked at him with surprise as he parsed his meaning. "Shit...alright. Uh...what about your tips?"

"What about em?"

"You just left them!" Tim was right, Zach had left the stage so abruptly he'd left behind an impressive pile of bills that had collected on the stage.

Zach shrugged "If they're still there when you go out, they're yours" then he walked off, heading back to the change rooms.

Zach sat alone on a bench amidst the lockers. He'd put on his underwear and jeans and then given up, sinking down to just sit and feel bad for himself.

Camille. He didn't think he'd ever see her again...and then he had in the absolutely worst possible situation he could've imagined. What she must think of him. Pathetic, loser, depraved, creep. Pick one, any were applicable.

He put his head in his hands and sighed. Unemployed once more, though this was hardly employment. But at least it was bringing him some money, money that he actually needed. He suddenly felt very stupid. There was probably one or two hundred dollars that he'd left on that stage...Shit.

He'd thought that when he'd lost Camille, he'd been at rock bottom. Oh, how wrong he'd been.

"Hey Paul" A voice said from the door.

Zach jerked his head up. There she was, standing in the doorway, his angel.

"Camille..." he said, voice thick with emotion.

"Yeah?" She said looking back at him. Her expression was unreadable. Her lips were halfway between a smile and a scowl. Her eyes were focused on him, looking slightly watery. Her arms were crossed over her chest, but in a casual manner, or at least that's what he hoped.

He stood up, turning to face her. "I..."

She watched him, waiting for him to answer, her lips squirming slightly.

Zach let out a ragged breath, as he felt himself choke up, tears forming in the corners of his eyes. "I'm so sorry..."

Camille was there in a heartbeat, arms wrapped around his neck pulling him against her. He let himself melt into her, wrapping his arms around her waist gripping her back, clinging to her.

"Fuck, I missed you" she said, her own voice warbled by tears.

Zach let out a weak laugh as he squeezed her. "You did?"

She brought a hand up to hold the back of his head against her "Are you kidding me, dude! You were like my best friend, and the first boy I ever said "I love you" to! Of course I fucking missed you! It killed me not talking to you!"

"But...I tried to message you, and call you"

Her hand stroked the back of his head as she spoke. "You did, and I didn't answer because I was still mad. When I cooled off, I went back to your place...and I heard *her* voice through the door. Until today I thought you'd gotten back together with her. It broke my heart, but I decided I'd respect your choice"

Zach pulled back so he could look her in the eye. Both of their eyes were slightly red from crying. He gave her a weak smile then said "I'm not with her. Not a bit. She is living with me but that's a whole other fucked up situation. But yeah, we are *definitely* not together"

Camille wiped her eyes as she grinned at him "No shit, Zach. I already figured that out on my own"

He frowned "How did you know?"

Her grin widened "I knew it when I saw you on that stage. There's no way in hell that jealous stuck-up bitch would let her boyfriend be a stripper!"

Zach roared with laughter at that. Not only because it was genuinely true and hilarious, but because Camille had said it. She was here, In his arms. He could barely believe it. Part of him felt that he couldn't close his eyes, lest he suddenly wake up from the wonderful dream this must be.

"Speaking of, this belongs to you" She reached into her jacket pocket and pulled out a folded wad of bills.

Zachs eyes lit up "Wha...how?"

"As soon as you ran, I scooped it up. I had to elbow a few bridesmaids who were trying to take back their tip, but I'm pretty sure I got it all. The ladies really love Paul the Python!"

Zach laughed "I didn't pick the name!" Then he took the cash from her, slipping it into his back pocket.

"Thank you so much"

She smiled "Anything for you, Python. So...you gonna tell me why you're fucking working here in the first place? I thought you had a job in Tech or something like that?"

He sighed "That...is a long story. Do you want to get some coffee?"

Camille leaned in and planted a kiss on his lips. "I have a better idea" she said after she pulled away

"...so I answered the ad. As you've probably guessed it was for a strip club. I went in for an interview and they hired me on the spot...I guess they had a pretty low bar for applicants"

Beside him Camille slid the key in her hand into the door before them that led to her apartment. She lived in a nice building. There was high quality carpet on the floors in the halls, and art hung on the walls.

"Dude" she said over her shoulder. "How many times do I have to tell you 'You're Handsome' before it sticks?"

Zach chuckled "Maybe one more time"

Camille smirked at him "They hired you because you're a fox, end of story"

Zach shrugged "I guess. That and I told them I had a giant cock"

Camille laughed as she got the door unlocked. "Of course you did"

"What?" He said, "Was I lying?"

Camille just rolled her eyes at him, but the smile that followed was filled with love. Zach felt his heart jump in his chest when she looked at him. Part of him still couldn't believe he was here with her. It was like the past three months hadn't even happened; they'd slipped back into their old dynamic seamlessly.

Pushing the door open she led him into her apartment. Camille had told him that she didn't like having people over because her place was a mess. As he walked in, Zach frankly didn't know what she was talking about.

It was a modern, upscale apartment, which matched the aesthetic of the rest of the building. Black tile floors, elegant cabinets and appliances. The place was perhaps a bit cluttered with stuff, but it just looked live in, not messy. The room was lit by LEDs undermounted to the bottom of the upper kitchen cabinets, and from the glow of a large fish tank that sat upon the left wall.

Zach smiled as he took it in. Her place was awesome. He didn't want to make any assumptions, but he definitely felt like he would enjoy hanging out here.

Camille removed her jacket and hung it up in a side closet, before she kicked off her shoes and walked into the kitchen. Zach wandered in, making a beeline for the fish tank. It was a saltwater tank, apparent by the live coral and tropical fish present.

"I didn't know you kept fish!" He said, bent over before the tank peering into it.

"Dude, I definitely told you I have fish" she said, leaning on the counter that extended out from the side wall, separating the kitchen from the rest of the apartment.

"No, you just told me you loved fish" Zach said looking back at her. "I just thought you meant that you loved Sushi or something like that"

Camille snorted as she turned to her fridge. "You want a beer? Or something stronger?"

"Something stronger if you've got it" Zach said as he walked back over. "Your apartment is sweet"

"It's alright, I guess?" Camille said as she pulled a bottle out of the cabinet under her sink. She set it down along with two shot glasses on the counter between. Zach picked up the bottle and read it. It was a decent Cuban rum. He nodded with approval as he pulled out the stopper and poured them both a shot.

"I think it's great" he said as he lifted up his glass and raised it toward Camille

"Well, thanks" she said clinking her own shot against him with a smile. They both downed their liquor, enjoying the slight burn as it travelled down their throats.

Camille waved for him to pour another as she set her shot glass down. He did so, topping up his own glass as well.

"I'm sorry you lost your job" she said, glumly. "That really sucks"

Zach nodded "Yeah...it is. But it's my own fault. I did not handle our...I don't think 'break up' is right, as we weren't really together...falling out?"

Camille shrugged "Close enough. I know what you mean"

Zach smiled "yeah...I didn't handle that whole thing healthily at all. Rhiannon moving in the very next day definitely did not help"

Camille shook her head "No shit. You're a better person than me, Zach. If my ex showed up at my door after they fucked me over, I'd tell him to go to hell"

They each downed their second shots, setting the empty glasses down. Zach filled them once more, but they didn't immediately lift them to drink again.

Zach sighed "Yeah, that's probably what I should've done. Oh well"

Camille nodded "It doesn't matter. What matters is you're here" she smiled sweetly at him, which made Zach grin.

As Camille picked up her third shot, she shot him a sly smirk. "I guess after what I saw earlier tonight, I don't need to ask if you're still practicing your extensions"

Zach blushed "Aha, yeah. I've gotten pretty good at it. I can pretty much push it out whenever I-"

It hit him like a thunderbolt. The revelation from last week. With all the chaos of tonight he'd forgotten that he'd discovered the secret to going further. He hadn't acted on it since he'd almost done it with Rhiannon; he'd been purposefully avoiding interacting with her all week.

Camille looked over at him with a frown, confused at why he'd just trailed off mid-sentence. "You okay, dude?"

His eyes had been unfocused, he'd been staring off into space when it'd come back to him. He regained his composure and focused on her.

"Camille" he said, his excitement building.

"Mhmm?" She replied as she tipped her third shot into her mouth.

"I know how to reach level 2"

Her eyes widened, and she almost spit her drink all over him. Instead, she managed to swallow, letting out a ragged gasp, coughing slightly, before she looked back up at him. "Shut the fuck up. You didn't"

He nodded with a grin "I did...or at least I almost did. But I was close enough, I know how to do it. Together, we can get to level two!"

She looked at him incredulously for a moment, then she met his smile with one of her own. "You're serious, aren't you? You actually know!"

He nodded silently. Camille beamed at him before she suddenly vaulted over the counter, leaping into his arms. Zach barely reacted in time, catching her as she impacted into him, legs wrapping around his waist, arms wrapped around his neck and shoulders holding herself up. She began to fervently pepper his face with kisses.

"Thank fucking God, I listened to Mandy" she said breathlessly, in between her barrage of pecks.

"Who's Mandy?" Zach asked, confused.

"Our team captain, duh" she said "It was her idea to go to Lumber Yard. She brought you back to me"

She paused for a moment, held aloft in his arms, eyes twinkling with the hint of tears as she smiled down at him "I fucking love you, Zach"

Zach laughed before he pulled her into him, lips locking for a long passionate dance. "I love you too" he said, voice trembling as they parted

Camille began to kiss all over once more, as she held his head in her hands. "I should've known you'd figure it out, I've never met anyone as good as it as you"

"Oh, thanks" Zach said with a chuckle as he endured the seemingly endless but altogether pleasant barrage of her lips.

She paused again, then nodded towards a door behind Zach to his left. "My bedrooms in there"

"As my lady wishes" he said, putting on a goofy accent. It was corny, but it made Camille giggle, so it didn't matter. Her legs still wrapped around him, his hands holding her up by her ass, he carried her into the room she'd indicated, walking over to the plush king-sized bed, and setting her down upon it.

As soon as she was free of him, she kicked her legs and flailed her arms excitedly as she squealed with glee "Oh my god!!! I'm so excited! Tell me how to do it, Zach! Tell me, tell me, tell me!"

Zach grinned as he flopped down on the bed beside her. "It's actually really simple" he said. "I don't 100% know how it works, but basically when you extend, or release an extension, your body gives off, like, energy"

Camille nodded "That makes sense, I remember the masters that I learned under saying something similar"

"Oh really? Cool, that makes me feel a lot better. Anyway, what I discovered is that if you sync your body with someone while they perform their extension, you can absorb that energy and then use it to enhance your own. That's how you get to level two"

"Huh..." Camille said, laying on the bed beside him. "That really is simple...and it makes sense. The few times I witnessed a master reaching level two they always did it with someone else. I guess that's why?"

Zach nodded "Yeah, that tracks"

Camille smiled "Well, I'm a little annoyed that it's really that simple, but at the same time, that means it shouldn't be hard to do!"

"Yup. Like I said I almost..." He trailed off, suddenly realizing he'd made a mistake. Camille had obviously noticed, a frown forming on her face.

"Zach" she said quietly "If you need another person to perform an extension to reach level two...how did you almost do it?"

Zach took a deep breath then sighed. He wouldn't lie to her, not after everything that had happened"

"I did it with Rhiannon"

Camille sat up, eyes going wide with fury "What the fuck, Zach?! You promised me you wouldn't tell anyone!?"

Zach sat up to face her "Camille. Please let me explain"

She stared at him angrily for a few tense seconds, then after releasing a breath, nodded.

Zach let out a quiet sigh of relief, his shoulders releasing some of the tensions they'd suddenly accumulated. "I kept my promise. I didn't tell her"

Camille frowned "But you just said-"

Zach grabbed her hands "I didn't tell her. She figured it out on her own"

Camille's fury abated for a moment replaced by disbelief "Wait...for real?"

Zach nodded "Yup. I was as shocked as you were. She knew about the breathing because she'd seen me do it...but everything else she just brute forced. She spent like two weeks nonstop trying to make it to happen...and then it did"

Camille looked off in front of them "Fuck me... even if your Ex *is* a psycho bitch, I still have to admit I'm impressed"

Zach chuckled "Yeah...anyway, I came home after work one night and she confronted me, wanted me to see that she'd extended."

"She was doing it to try and win you back?" Camille asked.

"Yeah... Didn't work of course, I immediately told her I didn't care and left." Camille smiled softly at that detail as Zach continued "I was going to go to bed but then she suddenly cried out in pain"

"Her head?" Camille guessed

Zach nodded "Exactly. Her first time extending and she didn't know how to undo it...I had to walk her through it. I held on to her, and had her breath in time with me, then instructed her the best I could on how to release it"

"And then you felt the energy?"

"Only a little bit. I didn't know what it was until I had her extend with me the next day. That provided much more and if I'd known what to do from the start, I would've reached level two"

"I see...so you two didn't...?" Camille asked.

"We didn't do anything together then, no. Once the energy had ebbed away, I left."

"What about other times?" She said.

"We never had sex." Zach said "But...full disclosure, she did get me off a few times, while we've been living together, usually when I was drunk or feeling particularly low."

Camille pursed her lips before she said "How many...actually. No. Forget I asked that. I don't need to know how many times. It's not important"

Zach smiled over at her, which she returned. "So...we're good?" He said softly.

She nodded, leaning over and kissing him on the cheek "Yes, we are. Thank you for being honest and telling me everything"

Zach turned his head, so his lips met hers "Of course." he mumbled in between kisses "I love you"

"I love you too...also I can't really be that mad at you for extending with your Ex. If you hadn't you never would've figured out level two!"

"Wait, I thought you said we were good?" Zach said with a chuckle.

Camille smiled at him then shrugged "I'm allowed to be a little peeved, dude"

Zach smiled back "Fair enough. So...do you want to try to reach level two?"

Camille rolled in her lips and smiled, nodding excitedly. "Alright" Zach said "First we should get undressed"

After a frenzied few moments, the two of them were fully naked on the bed. "OK, we'll do you first" Zach said "First you should extend to level one"

"With pleasure" she said with a grin. Closing her eyes she took a few rhythmic breaths and then tensed her core muscles. Immediately her breasts expanded, swelling outward rapidly until they reached the full round shape of ripe melons.

Zach let out an involuntary growl as he watched her breasts grow. He'd forgotten how amazing they looked when she extended them. So big and soft, skin creamy and inviting. Her delicate pink nipples pointing slightly up toward the ceiling, seemingly demanding he come touch them.

"Someone missed me!" Camille said with a laugh, as she noted Zach's primal stare. He closed his mouth and looked up at her eyes. "You have no idea how much I've missed you"

"I missed you too!" she said with a grin "Now, what's next?"

Zach nodded "Right. Next, we'll need to get our bodies in sync, so that involves us locking our breathing into a uniform pattern but also being in close physical contact."

Camille pointed to the pile of pillows at the head of her bed "Ok, come sit here"

Zach did so, crawling over to sit with his back to the tall stack of cushions, his legs stretching out before him. Camille followed, sitting in his lap, leaning back until her back rested upon his chest. Zach's hands instinctively moves forward to hold on to her breasts, which brought forth a moan of pleasure from Camille.

"Mmm, they missed you too..." she breathed as she tilted her head back to rest on his shoulder.

"We need to breath together" Zach whispered into her ear. "Wollow my lead. In...and out"

Zach could feel Camille tremble with excitement, her hands coming up to intertwine with his, which cupped her breasts. They quickly became as one, breathing in and out, chest rising and falling in time. Neither spoke, there was no need, there connection was obvious and immediate. They simply existed together, breathing in...and out.

Zach lost track of time. How long had they been doing this? A minute? Two minutes? Five? He had no idea. Neither did Camille, who hadn't uttered a peep. She was locked in that moment with Zach their souls coming together, their very essences in harmony.

When it reached a point where it felt wrong to *not* breathe in rhythm with her, Zach finally spoke. "I'm going to extend myself now"

Camille nodded silently, keeping her breathing in time with their pattern. Zach tilted his head in and softly kissed her ear before he whispered "When I do, you'll feel the energy bloom inside you"

"What do I do" she whispered back.

"Push it into your extension, into the mental knot. It's easy"

Camille nodded again, though Zach could sense her nervousness. Fear that she wouldn't be able to do what he was asking of her. "You can do this" he said voice barely audible as lips grazed against her ear. She leaned her head into him, nuzzling against him as he kissed her.

They breathed together in silence appreciating the stillness, the feeling of togetherness. Then Zach said "Ready?"

Camille was motionless for a single moment, then she nodded. Zach leaned in and kissed the side of her head once more, then delved inside himself. His extension was waiting for him, eager and ready to be of service. With a single flex of his Kegel muscles, and the most slightest amount of mental effort, he pushed his extension free.

From underneath Camille his cock emerged, the head sliding forward between his and her legs, like a snake exiting its den. As his extension was fully pushed out from within his shaft, his cock lurched up, pressing into Camille's backside.

Zach counted the seconds. When he'd done this with Rhiannon it has taken a few before it'd hit him. If he had to guess, he would assume that she'd feel it...

Camille gasped, her fingers squeezing tight around Zach's hands. "Holy shit! Zach?! I've never felt anything like this!" Her breathing started to quicken, so Zach pulled her against him, forcing her to calm.

"Keep the pattern"

She nodded, her face going flushed "Right...sorry. This just feels...wow. I feel like I'm going to explode...but like, in a good way."

He could tell that she was struggling to stay on top of it. Her body was squirming against him, muscles lightly spasming. "Push!" He urged.

Camille squeezed her eyes tight and did as he commanded. At once every muscle in her body tensed as she tried to force that power into her extension. Zach held onto her, keeping her still, as he breathed with her. Small grunts of intense exertion echoed from Camille, as she struggled to accomplish what Zach had discovered.

After a minute of near-silent focus, Camille released the tension she was holding, collapsing on top of Zach. She gulped in air, chest rising and falling erratically. "Holy shit, dude... that...that was crazy"

Zach cradled her close, holding her against him. "You ok?"

She nodded, then shook her head "Yes...no...gah..."

"What is it?" He asked, moving his arms to hug her, squeezing her just underneath her bust.

"I did what you said, and...I think it was working...like I felt something happening...but then I ran out of energy...I...I don't think I was close...Dammit..."

Zach tilted his head down and kissed her gently on the side of her head "It's ok. Just rest a minute, we'll try again"

"Again?" She murmured, still panting "I don't know Zach...I don't want to hurt you...making you extend again so soon"

Zach smiled, as he whispered into her ear "Don't worry about me. Just rest"

Together they laid together, until Camille's breathing no longer came in as ragged inhalations. Zach felt foolish; he should've known that Camille wouldn't have been able to do it first try. He'd almost done it his first time, but he often forgot that he was exceptionally skilled when it came to the art of extending. He'd achieved his first extension within minutes of learning about it, something that Camille had told him was very rare. Similarly, within weeks he'd been able to do things that Camille, someone who'd been extending for years still struggled with.

She tilted her head up toward him "Ok...I'm ready to try again if you are"

Zach nodded "Absolutely."

"Ok!" She said, the excitement returning to her voice.

"Breathe" Zach said, holding her close.

Once again, they brought their bodies into sync with one another, breathing in and out as one. Their hands gripped together tightly as their skin pressed against one another, each one desperate to be as close as possible to the other.

"Here we go" Zach whispered. Camille nodded, tilting her head to the side to brush against his chin.

With minimal effort, Zach focused on his extension and pushed it forth, the thick shaft extending out between Camille's legs. He felt her body tense in his arms a few moments later as she absorbed the release of energy.

Her brows furrowed as she focused, pushing that energy into her extension. Zach could feel her effort, her entire body stiff and tense. She moaned quietly from the effort, as results eluded her.

"Zach..." She said softly "I can't do it...It's too hard, and there's not enough energy...I'm sorry"

Zach hugged her tightly "I've got you"

Camille tilted her head toward him "What do you mean you've-Oh!?!?"

As they breathed together, Zach began to repeatedly push out and then pull back in his extension. His mastery of his body on display as each moment he extended his cock to his huge level one size, then just as easily he pulled it back in, only to push it out moments later. And each time he pushed it out...it primed Camille's body with another rush of energy.

"Oh my...Oh! Oh my god! Zach?! Oh fuck?! Oh FUUUUUUCK!!!!"

Her body tremored with the overwhelming power that continued to pour into her. Each time when she thought it was over another wave of energy filled her, sending her into realms of euphoria.

"Push!" Zach hissed into her ear, as he gripped her tightly. "Push hard!"

Camille's eyes were squeezed tight as she found it impossible to focus, but through the storm of pleasure she felt, she heard Zach's words. She nodded, biting her lips as she delved inside herself and found that tiny knot hidden within the maelstrom that was her psyche. Somehow, she was still breathing in rhythm with the man who'd changed her life, still felt that connection to him. Anchoring herself with that she pushed.

Zach could feel the change in her as it happened, her will redoubling. Her hands squeezed tight on to his, her head lifting up off his body as her muscles all flexed as one.

"You've got this" He whispered. "Come on baby, I know you can do this. I love you so much, you can do this!"

Camille shook, trembling violently. A moan echoed from her mouth which turned into a wailing cry, her head thrown back as she put everything she had into her push.

And then...it happened.

Zach felt it before he saw it. The rush of energy that filled him from Camille made what he'd felt with Rhiannon feel like barely a tickle. He ignored it for now; he didn't want to miss what was happening before his eyes.

Camille's spine was arched as she pushed her chest forward, her wail increasing in volume as she began to grow. Her breasts exploded out, growing rapidly in every direction. They swelled before Zach's eyes, filling out more and more. Larger and larger they grew, rising higher and higher off her chest.

After those ten seconds of growth, that had felt like minutes, Camille's muscles released at once and she fell on to Zach, body spent. Zach stared with wide eyes at the woman who laid atop him...and her absolutely gigantic breasts.

The size differential between natural and level one, and then level one and level two was massive. Originally, she'd grown from almost C-cups to delightfully swollen tits the size of cantaloupes. Going to level two, those cantaloupes had expanded to immense teats the size of yoga balls. Looking down he could no longer see her lower body; just her head, shoulders, arms, and then the massive breasts that rested upon her chest.

Reaching over her shoulder he placed a hand against one of them, the immense orb nearly three feet across that rose nearly vertical off her chest. Camille's eyes were still closed as she struggled to catch her breath, but as he pressed his hand against her flesh she let out a moan of pleasure. They were warm and plush, his fingers sinking into them pleasantly. Camille bit her lip as her body writhed underneath her breasts, the pleasure she was feeling at his touch obvious.

As Camille squirmed against him, rubbing up against his cock that rose up between her legs, Zach was suddenly very aware of the energy that had built up within him, fed back to him from Camille as she'd extended to level two.

Closing his eyes he pushed on it, and immediately it bent to his will, flowing into his extension. That shimmering goal on the horizon sped towards him at an incredible rate. Within seconds it was in reach and forcing his own body to obey he made the final push.

His vision went white. He could feel his throat vibrating with the yell he was making, but he couldn't hear it. All he could sense was the intense pleasure that emanated from his cock...and he could feel it stretching, his flesh shifting, as his extension...extended.

When Zach opened his eyes, he was unsure how much time had passed. Camille and him had shifted, sliding down the bed. She laid on top of him, her breasts rising up like two mountains above them. But what of him? What had happened to his cock?

He could feel it, how much longer it was, how much *more* of it there was. He looked up and let out a low grunt of awe and appreciation. In the darkness of the room he could see it looming high above them. Similarly to Camille, reaching level two had rewarded him with much more growth.

Before, he'd thought that just as his level one extension was the length of his normal shaft, his level two extension would be the length of his level one cock. Instead, it was at least twice that long. His cock stood proudly in the air, easily three feet from base to tip. Its length wasn't its only impressive feature; it was also ridiculously thick. From where it rose into view above Camille's bust, its edges sloped outward. At its thickest point, about 6 inches below the head, it was as thick around as his upper calf, easily 4 or five inches across. Above that it curved in dramatically, to reach the head of his cock, which was the exact same size it'd always been. It looked a little silly, like a tiny hat atop the huge pillar that was his cock.

"Damn..." He muttered. It felt good, really good. So big, so powerful. Thick veins traced the surface of his second extension, the skin shiny and an almost red shade of pink.

"Zach..." Camille murmured. "What...what happ...Oh my god..." Her head turned to look at Zach, her eyes wide a gleeful smile forming on her face. "Look at you!"

Zach grinned back at her "Look at me? Look at you! Your breasts are...wow"

Camille brought her hands up to feel her own chest "Wow is right. Fuck, they feel so good...I love them!"

"Me too" Zach said as he reached forward and placed his hands beside hers, sinking his fingers into her immense pillowy teats. Camille gasped as pleasure raced through her as he groped her.

"Oh fuck...Do that again" She moaned. Zach complied with pleasure, massaging and kneading her breasts, bringing short breathy moans to Camille's lips. Her legs writhed, rubbing against one another, as Camille revelled in the ecstasy brought by Zach's hands.

"Dude...That feels like, ten times better" she said, after Zach paused for a bit to give her a break.

"I'll bet." Zach said.

Camille, bracing her hands beneath her, pushed herself up to sitting, swinging her legs over so she sat beside Zach. Zach was now able to see his cock in full, marvelling at its impressive form. Sprouting from between his legs, it tapered out the further it rose, the skin tone noticeably shifting between his natural shaft, then from one extension to the next.

"Now that...is a cock" Camille said, looking back at him with a grin.

Zach laughed "I don't think you'll be able to take this one..."

Camille shook her head "Fuck no, dude. If you fucked me with that, you'd literally murder me. But... that doesn't mean I can't have a lot of fun with it!"

Rising to her knees, she moved herself over his legs. Her hands held up her breasts, though she didn't appear to be struggling to hold them. They must've been lighter than their size would suggest.

Now that she was facing him, he could see her nipples sitting on the far side of her massive globes. They were far larger than they'd been before, thick and turgid. A side effect of level two, he guessed.

"Holy shit, Zach!" She said, looking down at him.

"What?" He said.

"Your balls, dude!"

"What about them?" He said.

Camille crouched down and reached over her breasts, hand extending between his legs towards the base of his cock. He felt her hands cup his scrotum...wait. That was her entire hand cradling just *one* of his balls...Side effects indeed!

"Did you know those would get bigger too?" He asked.

Camille shook her head. "Did anything else change on me?"

"Yeah, your nipples are huge"

She grinned "Excellent. More for you to suck on, Loverboy"

Zach moved to sit up, eager to fulfil that request, when Camille leaned forward slightly, and placed a hand on his abs, pushing him back down. "Later. First, I have to fulfil a promise"

"A promise?" Zach said.

Camille nodded "I told you I'd be very, very grateful if you got me to level two. And I am very...very grateful" Her voice was a sultry purr as she inched closer to his towering shaft. Reaching out with one hand she gently grazed her fingers along the underside of the extra thick section of his new extension. It was difficult for Zach to tell from his perspective, but it tapered out even thicker along the underside.

Zach groaned at her touch, electric zings of powerful pleasure racing through him. His cock lurched, muscles tensing involuntarily, the mighty pillar of meat jumping away from Camille. She laughed, as she moved closer.

"Come here you. It's been far too long since we've gotten to play together" she said coyly, addressing his cock directly. She grabbed it softly with both hands, pulling it towards her, easing his thick shaft into the depths of her cavernous cleavage. She hugged his shaft against her, nuzzling her face against it.

Zach's eyes rolled back into his skull, his breaths coming in short erratic bursts. The pleasure he felt was worlds above anything he'd ever felt before. His cock continued to jump and lunge, as his Kegel muscles spasmed from the stimulation, but his shaft was trapped. Camille held it tight between her breasts, arms wrapped around it.

"You're mine" She teased, as she felt his cock trying to leap free, which only made her hold on tighter. Looking to ramp up the pleasure, she pumped her legs, raising and lowering her torso. Doing so made her breasts slide up and down around his shaft.

"OH FUCK!" Zach grunted his hips bucking as his entire body filled with intense tingling, all emanating from his massive cock that Camille relentlessly massaged with her breasts. Camille's lips were pursed, her eyes squeezed tight as she forced herself to continue. The pleasure she herself was feeling from Zach's cock rubbing against her extended breasts was incredibly intense, but this moment was for Zach and so she pushed through it.

His cock throbbed excitedly, quivering violently within Camille's cleavage. Zach had never felt anything as intoxicating, as amazing as this. Pure bliss. It was only topped, when he came, that ecstasy turned up to 11, ripping through his body to the base of his cock before it surged up the entire length, building with power until his tip erupted.

Spurt after spurt of cum sprayed from the head of his cock, launching far overhead. Camille kept applying pressure, jerking his cock off with her breasts as he climaxed, moving more fervently until she herself orgasmed, falling backward onto the bed into a violent trembling mess.

Both of them were left moaning wordlessly, bodies slick with sweat, as they came down from the greatest sexual experience of their lives. Together they laid there on the bed, saying nothing. Eventually Zach moved himself over, cock still extended to the second degree, and settled down beside her. Pulling her against him, their bodies sharing their warmth, they both passed out, completely and utterly spent.

When Zach awoke, the room was dimly lit with early morning light. Both he and Camille laid atop the sheets, still naked. She rested before him, laying on her side. He was surprised to see that she was still extended, her colossal breasts spreading out before her, stacked on top of each other.

If she was still extended, then that must mean...

Looking down he saw that indeed, he too was still extended, his cock projecting out from him where it disappeared between Camille's legs. As his mind cleared of sleep, he realized he could feel his shaft gripped by Camille, held tight against her, snuggling it like a teddy bear. Zach tried to pull away, but that only resulted in a moan of complaint from the still sleeping Camille.

Zach sighed, with a smile. Oh well, he didn't need to go anywhere.

Resigned to staying in bed, Zach took stock of his own wellbeing. He hadn't known what to expect from level two. Would it have the same harsh impact on his body, that level one had when he'd first started? If how he felt this morning was what he was basing his judgment on then, definitely not.

He felt absolutely fine. Better than fine. He felt rested, energetic, content. His cock, as long as his own leg, remained erect and sensitive, but pain free. The way Camille slept peacefully beside him would bely that she also was free of strife this morning.

Closing his eyes he felt towards the mental knot that held his extension. It was stronger, thicker, immovable. It almost felt as it gave off an aura, but perhaps that was just his own mental image of it.

He cast his awareness outward. When he'd first achieved level one, he'd been able to at least get a faint sense of level two, though reaching it had been an impossibility before last night. Now...he sensed nothing. Level three existed, it was very much a reality but reaching it would take more than just pure power to achieve it.

His introspection was interrupted when Camille stirred beside him. A quiet groan came from the blonde as she awoke.

"Mmm...Zach?...What...Oh!"

"Enjoying using my cock as a body pillow?"

"Ha ha, yes, I am! It fits perfectly between my tits, and it's so warm" She squeezed his thick shaft tight, to which Zach flexed his muscles making it nudge against her, making her giggle.

Zach chuckled as he slid closer to her, wrapping arms around her waist. "How are you feeling?"

"Amazing...I...I've been wanting to share my bed with you again for a really long time. I'm really glad you're here"

Zach leaned in to kiss the back of her head. "Me too. How do your breasts feel?"

"They'd feel better if you were touching them..."

"Well, that can certainly be arranged...but I was serious. We're in unknown territory here; we don't really know how level two works"

Camille hummed "Mmm, true. No, I feel fine...great even. Huh...I guess that is weird, isn't it? I've never held an extension overnight before..."

"I have, but still...it feels like we're missing something"

"I wouldn't worry about it" Camille murmured "You hungry?"

"I...yeah" Zach said, suddenly noticing the pit in his stomach. "Yeah, I'm starving"

Camille gently extricated herself from Zach's limb like penis, pushing herself up to standing. She found her feet easily, her colossal bust not at all impeding her balance. When she took her first steps, she moved gracefully, confidently.

"It's crazy, they're really not heavy at all!" She said with a laugh.

"They look fucking incredible" Zach said, pushing himself up to sit. "Without a doubt Camille, you have the best tits in the entire world"

"Such a charmer" Camille said with a snicker. She paused for a moment at the doorway, then turned sideways, easing one mammoth mammary through the door, before sliding herself past and then pulling the other one through.

"Expertly done" Zach called to her.

"Hehehe, I know, I'm a pro"

Zach flopped back down on the bed. Camille was right, he shouldn't worry. There was no reason to be paranoid, no point in stressing over something going wrong, when there was no reason for...

Agony ripped through Zach's skull, intense stinging rippling up and down his cock. He curled up on the bed, as the sharp pain built to unbearable. What the fuck was happening?!

"Camille..." He groaned, mustering as much volume as he could.

It was then that he heard Camille's voice from the other room...also crying in pain. Zach's body felt like it was being ripped apart...but Camille needed him. Gripping the sheets of the bed he dragged himself toward the door, falling headfirst over the bed and landing in a crumpled heap on the floor. As he pushed himself to his knees, he felt the pain start to lessen as he neared the door.

Crawling across the black tile floor, he re-entered the main room, and the sharp agony slowly dulled. When he was through the threshold entirely, he was able to push himself to his feet. He could see Camille on the floor at the far end of the peninsula style counter, lying on top of her breasts. Every step he made towards her, the pain lessened, until it disappeared entirely as he stood over her.

"You ok?" He said as he carefully crouched down. His cock projecting out three feet in front of him made manoeuvring slightly tricky; he had to tilt his pelvis slightly to the side so that he didn't just flop his cock right onto Camille.

With a grunt, Camille pushed herself off the floor, rolling back until she rested on her knees, calves folded underneath her, bum resting on her heels. Her breasts sloped down in front of her to where they rested on the floor.

"Yeah...I think so...what the fuck was that?!"

Zach place a hand on her upper back, and as he did, he felt something lock into place in his mind, a connection restored. "I think...I think that was level two"

Camille turned her head to look at him "Huh...yeah, maybe...the pain only happened when we moved apart. And when you touched me just now...I felt..."

"...Whole again" Zach finished her sentence.

Camille nodded "Yeah..."

"Level one is just about control of your own body." Zach mused "Level two is about your body...but also a connection with another. We can maintain this state, as long as we're together, feeding off of each other's essence...or at least, I'm guessing that's how it works"

"No, that sounds right" Camille said. Looking to her right, she reached over and placed a hand on Zach's cock that stretched out beside her. "It's going to take me awhile to get over how massive this thing is."

Zach groaned softly at her touch "The feeling's mutual"

Camille chuckled "I know it's stupid...but I actually really want to try to fuck it."

"Wait, are you serious? You do see how thick it is, right?"

"Yeah, I'm not blind, dude" Camille said "But like...I dunno...I feel like I could do it"

Zach's cock jumped slightly, his muscles tensing involuntarily as he thought of what she was suggesting. Camille grinned, as she lightly patted his throbbing shaft with her hand "I already know *you* want to try it"

Zach helped Camille to her feet, and he too was surprised to find how light she was. Upright once more she moved into the kitchen, opening the fridge and pulling out some eggs. As she moved, Zach was now very conscious of a mental or perhaps spiritual connection between the two of them. As she moved away from him, he felt it stretch and waver. There was no pain, not yet...but it was clear level two preferred them to be in direct contact at all times.

Camille carefully crouched down, and opened one of her cupboards, pulling out a frying pan. She had to face away from the counter, reaching out behind her, her breasts very much in the way otherwise. Placing it on the stovetop, she turned on the heat, spritzing the pan with some oil, before grabbing the eggs. She moved slowly, having to perform every action twisting her arms behind her, head craned to look over her shoulder.

"Your world-famous scrambled eggs?" Zach asked.

“You got it” Camille said, with a wink and a smile. That smile vanished as she returned to her task. She grunted with frustration, as she struggled to crack the eggs on the side of the pan with her arms contorted behind her.

“I think that would be a lot easier if you released your extension” Zach suggested.

She looked at him with a pout “I’ve been waiting years to reach level two, I’m not going to just give it up because it’s a little tricky to make eggs!”

Zach walked forward, taking the eggs from her and cracking them open. He had to reach around his cock, which he’d lifted up and held against his body as he approached. Its tip reached just higher than his head when held this way, and when he let it go to crack the eggs, it thudded heavily against the upper cabinets.

“Thanks” Camille said.

“I’ll take it from here” Zach said with a smile “You go sit”

Camille smiled back, leaning in to kiss him on the cheek before she walked out of the kitchen, crossing the room to flop down on her couch. Her breasts filled her lap, overflowing onto the couch cushions either side of her. Her hands rested atop them, caressing them lovingly as she gazed at them.

A few minutes later, Zach brought them both a plate of eggs. He also grabbed Camille’s phone off the counter and brought it over to her.

“Thanks, dude” she said, accepting both the food and her device.

“So, got any plans for today?” Zach asked, as he sat down beside her. His cock projected out at a 45-degree angle, spearing out into the room.

Camille shook her head “I was gonna go to the gym...but that was it. I’d rather stay in with you...make up for lost time”

Zach grinned as he slid closer to Camille, shifting his legs underneath her breasts until he could reach an arm out to wrap around her shoulder. “Sounds perfect”

Camille smiled through a mouthful of eggs, turning her head to face him and leaning in. Zach met her halfway, their lips meeting with a soft but sweet kiss.

As Zach started to eat his own breakfast, Camille opened her phone and began scrolling. She’d set her plate on top of her breasts where it sat precariously. As she scooped up another forkful of eggs, she opened Instagram and looked through her feed.

“Anything interesting?” Zach asked.

Camille shook her head “Nah, mostly just fitness influencers I follow. They post videos with calisthenics challenges, and stuff like that. Very rarely do I get outside posts in my... Zach... Is that your Ex?”

Zach’s head whipped toward her, anxiety suddenly flaring in him at the mention of Rhiannon. Camille held her phone toward him, and sure enough, there on the screen a video of Rhiannon was playing. It had been shared by one of the influencers that Camille followed. The video was of Rhiannon sitting in front of a white wall, which he suddenly realized was the wall of his spare room, talking to the screen. The sound was off, so they couldn’t hear her words. The caption below read “LIFE CHANGING BODY HACK!”

“Oh fuck...” Zach said. “Turn on the sound”

Camille pressed the button on the side of her phone raising the volume. Rhiannon’s voice rose out of nothingness until it sounded like she was right there in the room with them.

“...step is breathing! You have to maintain control of your breathing, keeping it steady, in and out, in and out, like this!”

The brunette was wearing only a sports bra, her long brown hair done up into a messy bun atop her head. In the video she began to demonstrate the slow rhythmic breathing that Zach had come to associate solely with extensions.

“Zach...” Camille said, “Is she doing what I think she’s doing?”

Zach nodded “Yeah...she’s going to extend”

The video of Rhiannon played on “Once you’ve got your breathing down, you have to visualize your body in your mind. Then find your special area in your visualization and push! It’s not easy, but if you keep at it, you’ll soon figure it out!”

Rhiannon closed her eyes, her brows scrunching, lips pursing as she focused. Her face went slightly pink as she pushed.

“Why...why is she doing this!?” Camille said, sounding shocked.

Zach sighed “The only thing she’s done over the past year, besides leeching off of her old boss, was try to become a fashion influencer...now she’s found her way to go viral”

“What the fuck!” Camille said angrily “She can’t do this; extensions are supposed to be a secret!”

Zach shook his head “Not anymore...” On the screen, Rhiannon’s face relaxed as on her chest her breasts steadily swelled out. They stretched her sports bra, pulling the bottom hem off of her chest, until they’d reached the size he’d seen before, huge orbs of pale flesh, each half a foot in diameter.

“And just like that, I’ve gone from flat to busty bombshell!” Rhiannon said with a grin to the camera. She turned from side to side, showing off the projection of her bust, her impressive silhouette. “I promise you; this is all real, no photoshop or video editing here. And best of all, *anyone* can do it! Just follow the steps I taught, and you too can Extend yourself! Just remember to tag me whenever you succeed. Hashtag ‘Rhiannon’s Extension Technique’!”

“Rhiannon’s Extension Technique?!” Camille yelled “Oh that bitch!!”

Zach rubbed his forehead with frustration. Of course, Rhiannon had done something like this.

“Maybe it’s not so bad...” Zach said. “Rhiannon never had any success as an influencer from what I saw, maybe no one will see it.”

“The video already has over four hundred thousand likes. She’s up to fifty thousand followers already!” Camille said as she moved through the app.

“Ah shit” Zach groaned, sinking into the couch.

As Camille scrolled through the comments of the video, getting more and more irate, Zach just gazed up at his level two cock that hovered proudly in the air. For better or for worse, the world would never be the same because of him.

Whatever the future would bring, he’d do it with Camille by his side. For him that was far better than any alternative.

To be continued...?