

The Assistant

Phen (2009)

The figure paced back and forth, his white lab coat billowing after him. The small, rectangular name tag fastened to his chest that identified him as Dr. Castor was nearly knocked off as he gestured in frustration. Didn't they see, the fools? He was right, had been all along, but now they were going to shut down his research!

He had been so close to showing them all, but no... Despite the impressiveness of his equipment, done in the best "mad scientist" style, the experiment in the auditorium had been a failure. The excessively large ray gun hadn't even fired... Maybe he shouldn't have stuck the Tesla coils onto the machine to make it look better. Ah well. The black-haired doctor unfolded the note clutched in his hand again, the dread returning as he regarded the simple message telling him to pack his personal effects and leave. He was done here.

As Castor returned to his office he ran into another problem. It was classified, not entirely ethical and maybe downright insane - the world was already overpopulated, so why had he created... Her?

Well, he had needed an assistant, of course. She was remarkable in several ways, really, intelligent, beautiful and a quick typist. Oh, and she was an anthropomorphic mouse.

"So how did it go?" She asked with an optimistic smile as she adjusted her secretary outfit, the brown-haired and furred girl instinctively turning towards the door as her creator entered. Well, creator might be a slight misnomer... She had just been a normal mouse until one of his machines made her human-like and breaking down in the process, making her one of a kind. That was a number of years ago and he had taught her much since then. It was also Castor that had given her a name.

"Well, Freja... Not exactly good. In any way." He shrugged and threw the crumpled up note on her desk and collapsed by his own. She expression quickly turned into a frown as well, but her boundless enthusiasm made her slam the desk and stand up. "Butbutbut... We know it works! I've seen it!"

Castor just shrugged again, the good doctor's mind quickly sinking in the quicksand of despair. The mousie realized she couldn't do much for him right now, knowing just as well the possible consequences of her discovery. It would never cross her mind to blame him, though, as Freja loved him for having made her the way she was. Sure, it could be a lonely life at times, but the thoughts of him made her feel warm inside and fantasies of a closer relation would manifest soon after that...

... But this was a time for action! She ran out of the office without another word, down the empty hallways and towards the auditorium. The only thing that could save them was to show that the apparatus really did work. Everything behind the heavy doors untouched from when Castor was left with his failure, a faint hum filling the spacious room from pieces of machinery not properly turned off. The mouse walked forward with a determined expression - there was a lot of circuits to go through.

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Meanwhile, Castor felt his world slowly collapse, piece by piece falling apart as his mind, occasionally prone to brilliance, explored what to do. This invention was supposed to end world hunger, end the tireless hunt for resources that ravaged across the planet... He had finally, after so many years, built what everyone had told him was impossible. A device capable of duplicating matter. The initial tests had been conducted on pure chemical elements, but progress had been swift. If he could duplicate an apple, as he was going to show the esteemed gentlemen of the faculty, he could duplicate anything, even though gold might've given him more attention. Something from nothing. Well, not entirely nothing... But that was the power plant's concern, not his. Only when they complained to his superiors...

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Freja didn't understand the doctor's need for sticking all kinds of unnecessary stuff on the apparatus. His designs were quite simple, really, but Castor apparently felt the need to pimp it up when demonstrating so people would look at it.

The mousie stripped off the Tesla coil, the lights and similar junk, driven onward by the increasing pressure as seconds ticked by. A few minutes later she was ready to conduct the first test, glancing briefly down at the shiny red apple that had been placed by Castor on a table in front of the ray gun labeled "INPUT" and faithfully waited to be bathed in powerful rays.

With the press of a button, the sleeping apparatus awake, humming loudly as it charged up. The released was distinctively anticlimactic, however, as the noise just stopped. No light, no explosions, no arcs of electricity. Maybe Castor did have a point in putting Tesla coils on it... She felt her thoughts wander again, making her body tingle as she pictured her employer, her master...

Freja's attention snapped back as accidentally bumped into the table, her face flushed as she pushed down on the prominent bulge in front of her skirt. A voice dripping with poison inside her had always told her that part of her anatomy was why Castor hesitated to get any closer to the mousie, a notion she could never shake off... She snapped out of her thoughts as her sensitive hearing detected the soft *POP* of air being replaced, causing Freja to glance at the "OUTPUT" ray gun, which sat in an 90' angle from the first. A nice, shiny apple were sitting there as if it had done so the whole time...

... But the first one was gone? Her heartbeat went up in alarm at this revelation - the device had never destroyed the target object before! Fortunately the problem was easy to spot: The original apple was laying at her feet, knocked off the table when she bumped into it. That made her feel very silly, yet a warm feeling of optimism were hatching inside her once again following the successful test.

It would take more to convince the faculty leaders to even look at the experiment a second time. Freja knew that much... She sat down on the table again, grasping one of the identical apples and taking a bite while she thought. Maybe if a live person was duplicated... But no, the ethical sides of that was much too complicated. She was a special case, though, already a product of something that the ethical councils would've banned from the start, locking her up for the rest of her life so the mistake wouldn't be repeated. Maybe if she was the test subject... Freja closed her eyes, sighing deeply. She would do anything to help her master. And right now, that anything seemed to point more and more clearly towards the machine looming over her.

With heavy steps, she approached the control panel again, feeling fate pull on her fingers as she programmed the experimental device once again, with a delay of three minutes. Plenty of time to disrobe... She had seen The Fly and the mere thought of somehow being spliced with her clothing made her shiver. Filled with a curious mixture of fright, eagerness and devotion to Castor, she sat down on the table again with her gaze on the massive ray gun, feeling the power radiating from the machine.

There was something else, though... She looked down over herself, raising one eyebrow as she examined her naked body. She had always had a nice figure, despite it being quite petite. It somehow fit with her being mousy. But now, her lightly furred breasts were clearly growing, swelling upwards in small surges. Even as they became the same size as her own head, the pair retained an almost supernatural perkiness, standing straight out in front of her. Meanwhile, her hips were widening subtly, her delightful rump growing slightly larger and rounder... But the mousie didn't notice that due to the outrageous size of her pink girl cock, the thick tube extending to her knees and steadily growing longer as she watched.

Freja did notice herself swelling some times when she thought too much of Castor, but this was beyond anything she'd every experienced! The ray gun hadn't discharged yet, although the feelings coursing through her body was making her feel lie she would before long. Then she realized something - the apple that she had taken a few bites from was whole again. She examined it closely and took another bite, watching in fascination as it reformed again. Maybe it was some kind of residue from materializing...

Then the three minutes were up. The mousiegirl looked up with a shriek, the curious apple having claimed the whole of her attention... But as before, nothing seemed to happen, beside the hum of machinery dying down. And then there was an identical

mouse sitting to her side, holding an apple like she did and looking at her with the same expression.

"Ohmigod!" They both gasped, racing towards each other in disbelief. For all she had expected, all she knew about the workings of the duplicator... It couldn't prepare her for the real thing. The fact that they were both sporting an erection three feet out in front of them and balls to their knees didn't make them any calmer.

"It did work..." They held out a hand and curled their fingers around each other as they stared into the mirror's eyes. "But this... We can't be shown to anyone like this!" Freja Prima gestured down over herself. Their shafts were rubbing against the other's outer thigh, stimulation like no other flooding through her body and demanding attention. It was getting difficult to think straight...

"And Castor. He'd be horrified..." The mere thought of her master made both mousies undergo another growth spurt, their breasts swelling several inches and making their nipples mash together, which provoked a gasp from each. They began caressing each other, imagining that the touches came from the doctor, that it was his fingers stroking down along their throbbing erections.

"Oooh..." They murmured synchronously, their warm, pink fuckrods swelling to even more obscene sizes with thick drops of precum dripping from the bulbous heads. The twin mousegirls felt their tits swell up again and leaned close, uniting their lips in a deep kiss as slender fingers continued caressing the brown-furred bodies until they simply couldn't hold back any longer.

With a loud cry of pleasure, Freja Primus and Secundus felt themselves quiver and let loose. Massive splatters of sticky mouse-spunk began to adorn the floor and furniture as the hyperendowed herms attempted to empty balls a foot and a half wide. They just came and came and came... Until finally the pair sunk to the floor in exhaustion, arms wrapped firmly around each other.

"So much..." One whispered to herself as the fog of arousal started to lift from her head, yet it refused to leave entirely. The realization of what they had done was inevitably dawning on the pair, having covered most of the auditorium in their mess.

"This is not good."

Freja's expression went from lustful to grave, as the predicament had definitely worsened. Now she wouldn't even be able to show Castor or anyone else the machine itself. She had to clean it up... But there was no way they'd be able to do it by themselves. The mousies blushed softly, their thoughts mirroring each other as they rose up and walked towards the control panel, their toes sinking into the inch-thick coating of cum. Even walking had become a challenge, the pink cocks extending out in front of them as thick as her waist had been before she grew and a good deal longer than her own leg...

Never the less, she punched in the necessary commands, trembling lightly at hum of power being fed into the oversized rayguns again. Even the control panel hadn't been able to escape unharmed, a thick glob of white goo coating a fourth of it. Freja knew that things were spiraling out of control, but she felt powerless to stop it. There were simply no other options... And the constant haze of lust didn't help her come up with a better course of action.

The twin mousies took each other's hands and stepped up in front of where the beam would be and waited. They couldn't help rubbing against each other as both breasts and balls were pushing past their sides. The stimulation was enough to make their frighteningly large endowment swell even larger...

POP

The sound was louder this time as far more air was displaced when a new pair of mousies came into being. They smiled at each other, all of them suppressing the urge to stare too much - seeing so much mouse at a distance where you could better comprehend it...

Now for the next challenge. *How* were they going to clean up? The only thing that didn't require them to leave the room and gather too much attention was, well, licking it clean. Not an appealing thought, clean as those floors might've been before their white shower. The apparatus could be dealt with, though, and that would have to suffice for now.

With a determined look in their eyes, four Frejas began climbing the machine to remove the coating of spunk.

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Meanwhile, the doctor were getting himself together. He had to make a run for it - there was no way that allowing his assistant to be discovered would not result in him - possibly them both - getting imprisoned. No, the only way to make sure Freja would remain free and happy would be that both of them ran. He begun going through his files, removing anything discriminating and lightly wondering where she went.

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Back in the auditorium, the impromptu cleaning team were doing a surprisingly good job. Their massive endowments didn't make it easy, though - Two of them were letting their thick pricks dangle down the sides as they carefully scooped off cum from some potentially sensitive parts. As they were hanging there, fate seemed to swoop in once again: Due to the screen being partially obscured by her own cum, Freja didn't see that the program had been set to loop, still at the 3 minute interval. Almost as if it had been on purpose, those two mousies' malebits were hanging down right on front of the ray guns... And they were so absorbed in not breaking anything that they never had a chance to move.

The result was, luckily, not a giant disembodied penis. No, instead it was a pair of mice sliding down onto the floor in surprise and momentary panic, the same two that had been zapped. Only, one of them were now double-cocked. She looked down at herself, hands grasping each of the shafts to make sure that she actually sported two cocks almost as long as herself. Nothing would've prepared Freja for the surreal intensity of touching the brand new skin, flesh that had never been pleased before now. Instead of pain, incredible pleasure flooded her body and the poor mousiegirl lost it.

She fell backwards, landing on two pairs of testicles big enough that she could sit comfortably on just one of them, and began cumming. It was so much more this time, enormous globs of spunk hitting the machine once again and the mousies trying to clean it. They had no chance of ignoring their "sister's" action, though, their own arousal kicking in again and causing the pair sitting on top to make out, while the second herm to slide off crept up to the double-cocked girl and rubbed against her. It didn't take more than a few moments of touching to set the rest off as well, the busty Frejas putting their beachball-sized breasts to use and titfucking themselves as well as they could.

Even during their orgasm, they kept on touching. The pair on top lifted up their pink girlcocks so they pointed upwards and acted like a fountain of cum, while the mousies pressed in close, rubbing so much furred skin against each other and prolonging the orgasm. If they could reach, the pair would've kissed... As it were, they just kissed their own malenesses while their balls quivered.

The double- and monococked girls were sitting side by side, sliding their long cocks together and moaning lustfully. Their lips found each other, tongues engaging as the herms rode out their shared climax.

By now, reason had been defeated in the face of pure, burning lust... Which wasn't entirely unreasonable, considering how much more blood now went to Freja's naughtybits compared to her brain. The goal of cleaning up and making it all ready for Castor had fallen apart, only serving as an excuse to discharge the duplicator again. Because more working hands would make it easier to clean up..?

After several minutes of cumming, the five flows reluctantly abated, slowing to a trickle of seed constantly dripping from the cocks, which refuse to shrink from their two feet of girth.

"Me next!" One of the mice shouted giddily and crawled backwards so her groin was hanging close to the output-beamer. Although they were all as eager, Freja saw no reason to fight amongst herself and merely complied, giggling in their lusty haze as the two on the floor presented their three pink mousiecocks to the ray gun, which only grew harder as they gazed on the soon-to-be four-cocked girl's impressively cute and likewise big rump strutting at them, with her tail whipping expectantly through the air.

The lack of infighting proved fortunate in the next moment, as the three-minute trigger activated the program again and made a mouse very happy. The four-times endowed Freja moaned out loud as she unabashedly fondled herself, not a care in her world any more besides this feeling. The others grew more aroused as they watched her explore her new extremities and become even more excited about it. The fourth mouse had dragged herself to the control panel and decreased the wait between discharging to a few seconds with her remaining self control. Having done their job, her hands went to caress herself again to coax forward the most incredible feeling in the world.

All hell were about to break loose.

The one and two-cocked girls in front of the ray gun quickly discovered that the beam was firing again as whatever bits were in the field of fire were added to the four-cocked mouse a few feet away. She giggled lustfully and turned to see as she grew another three pairs of balls. Then another. As the beanbag-sized balls began piling up behind her, she began to drag a bit away to make room for her "sisters," but not quickly enough to avoid another two salvos.

As soon as the space was clear, the next blast brought two mice into existence, perfect mirrors of the ones who donated balls and cocks to the Freja who pushed herself in front of the INPUT ray. The one-cocked girl were helped up in front by the mouse boasting twin cannons and purred loudly as she received the combined endowments of the three mice. In an instant her one, meager cock, only 10 feet long, became so much more as seven duplicates materialized around it, while no less than 20 pairs of testicles rapidly piled up behind her.

The speed of her expansion caught the double-cocked girl behind her by surprise and momentarily buried her beneath her softly-furred scrotum. It left enough time for another zap, nearly doubling her massive endowments and making them surge in size by sheer excitement.

None of them greedy enough to try and keep the device' effects to herself. With dexterity you wouldn't think a girl pulling cocks several feet thick would posses, she slid to the side, letting her helper savor being bathed in rays.

By now the girls were constantly rubbing against each other, caressing what they could reach and all of them ready to cum at a moments notice. They did, too, leaving layer upon layer of cum coated on themselves and the room, their expanding balls never seeming to run dry.

It was a large room. Never the less, it was quickly becoming filled with mouse. The two pairs still left with only one and two dicks each were helped through the growing masses of pink flesh and huge mounds of balls swelling up everywhere, towards the wondrous output point. From that point on it was difficult to see just who had how much. When everyone had gotten at least 20 shafts each, they felt that the worst had

been itched, and the six mousies collectively decided that it would be a good idea to start making more copies of themselves.

So they did.

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Everything was in place. Dr. Castor had put anything of vital importance in a small cardboard box on his desk, ready and waiting for him to grab and run. Did she go to take a look at his device?

The good doctor walked towards the auditorium, but something was amiss. A faint rumble was vibrating through the building, but nothing could prepare him for what came next. The heavy doors leading into the room exploded outwards, instantly followed by something massive... Something pink and fleshy. Castor had a split second to react, but not the honed reflexes required to dive away as a pair of tremendous cocks rushing forward and lubricating their passage with generous amounts of spunk.

So they hit him, nearly smothering their creator as he was wedged in between the pair of still extending shafts. He could even feel Freja's heartbeat as they pulsed, although he didn't know what was going on. It was a wild ride, but it didn't take long for the snakes to let him go... Suddenly he was outside, watching the twin pillars of flesh spill out and out and out of a hole in the wall. Then another piece of the wall was knocked off, sending debris flying as another pair emerged and then another, until finally something recognizable appeared.

"F-freja?"

She looked positively majestic, almost divine as the formerly so tiny mousie was now climbing forward not unlike a squid, using those massive pink pricks for locomotion. More bricks fell from the wall as she forced her way through, too many shafts to readily count spilling out in the open air and utterly surrounded their point of attention.

The building drew its last metaphorical breath as her balls followed suit, the entire wall being torn open by the sheer amount of virility forcing itself outside.

"Castor!" She chirped in a relieved voice and snatched him up with her surprisingly agile pseudo-tentacles, placing him between her hummer-sized breasts. "Your experiment works!"

From the higher vantage point, he could spot people running towards them...
