
Chapter 4 – Facing the music

Emily hesitated to make the first step into the CEO's office. The brief spell of vertigo was triggered by wall-to-wall skyline, glass ceiling, and white flooring to complete the illusion that you were stepping on a cloud. Angelic harp music soothed the soul, then, like waking up from a slap across the face, eerie, lingering notes, similar to a musical saw, broke the gentle soundscape and changed the feel of the entire office.

Emily's eyes focused on the desk in the center and the world's greatest view was forgotten instantly and never glanced at again. There was a third instrument in the room whose sound was now painfully obvious in the silence between the piercing wails and resonating chords: the squirming noises and muffled moans of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5... 6 sleeves, hopefully sharing Blue's organ-displacement genes, impaled end to end on what had to be the biggest cock in the universe.

The 6-pack was supported by something like the assistant's Chariot XL. This one must have had several more X's before the L. It was twice as girthy, too; probably the biggest thing these special girls could handle. They weren't bloated in cum yet, but the shaft going through them already distended their entire bodies. They looked like they could fly off the tip any second like overextended rubber bands. The desk had to be a great distance from the doors so well-endowed guests penetrating the office wouldn't immediately poke a quavering condom-girl in the eye. Emily could barely see who the colossal cock belonged to, just the top of shiny black hair.

The musical wails hit a dark and sonorous patch, the perfect theme music to the centipede contraption. Emily pried her eye-contact away from the wide, tearful eyes of the frontrunning sleeve to look at the provenance of the suffocating melody. Just as she found it, in the shape of the back of a tuxedo-wearing man in front of a harp, a voice came from behind the faraway desk and the string music stopped while the wailing slowly winded down.

"Thank you, Hubert. I look forward to my lesson tomorrow." The voice was youthful but well-articulated and commanding. "Oh, and don't forget your cue later."

The loud grind of a wooden stool marked the end of his sonnet as he got up, bowed in the direction of the desk and left. His back had been hiding the true source of the eerie soundtrack and the instrument itself would have needed its own horror movie score. The harp still had its strings for the lower and

upper register, but the middle had been gutted and replaced with a beautiful, young, redheaded girl who was panting through a protuberant respirator that converted her tired breaths into tones resonating in this under-furnished office. Her arms, legs and wavy hair were tied to the frame of the harp, and wires in a star pattern around and over her gave the overall impression she was trapped in a spiderweb.

It took a few seconds for the surprise to wear off for Emily to notice that each wire connected to a piercing on the girl's body. The nipple strings were the most obvious as they pulled her large titties diagonally apart a foot in each direction. A lot of the strings all around the harp's frame went straight to various connection points on her genitals. Wires also connected sensitive areas to each other; the girl's clitoris piercing was a hub of string activity.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" said the only other person in the room from behind her desk. The head of that tiny voice disappeared as she stepped down, and the top of her chair moved back. Emily expected the desk to unfold like a puzzle box, allowing the CEO to maneuver her giant cockstrosity. Or maybe the desk itself was part of the chariot? It didn't move; nothing did aside from bouncy black twintails. Even when their owner came out from behind it, the brochette of distended sleeves continued to squirm in their fixed place. This was not a chariot XXXXXXXL; it was just... there, another living sculpture. These girls were not getting stretched to produce cum and milk for the betterment of humanity, they were only contributing to its beautification through the arts.

Emily had doubts that this young girl was the CEO of PlasmaCorp. For one, there was no thick futa cock dangling between her childish pink tutu and army boots. Just a pristine, hairless pussy, plainly visible as her tutu flapped because of how she skipped instead of walked. Perhaps it was 'take your daughter to work day' and the big dick CEO was taking a leak. This little miss looked like the schoolgirls she had to choose from on selection day. A fight would have broken out between futa who wanted to take this one home: cute, thin, and ridiculously proportioned breasts, much bigger than her head. She was not wearing any kind of top, so they bounced freely and wildly as she trotted toward Emily in a lopsided balancing act. It would make sense for her to be the daughter of the CEO as no one would dare to tell her how to dress appropriately.

"I call it a Harpy. I invented it but I'm still not great at playing. Hubert is a professional harpist and trains on it 12 hours a day to get the hang of the new parts. It's his daughter after all. It helps to have a connection with your instrument; know what makes her scream and what makes her cream. You can tune the instrument by the amount of aphrodisiac you inject. Check this out."

The innocent-looking cutie pulled a lever from a notch marked 5 to the one below marked 6 and pressed a big red button just like the one probably still drowning Flora outside. Emily gave the door a glance to make sure milk wasn't seeping from under it. The harpy's eyes followed the pink liquid through the tube along the frame of the harp and into her wrists. She made some organ music through the gas-cap-looking thing in her mouth before anyone even touched any strings.

“I don’t know anything about the left and right harp stuff. I’ll have other people do that for me if I ever play a concert. But there’s a lot you can do with just the girl.”

She pinched a random string, one attaching the left nipple to the frame. The doioioiong of the string and tense nipple made the whole tit jiggle and was quickly overtaken by a high-pitch C-sharp. The vibrations extended subtly to the other strings the same nipple connected to and gently tickled her private parts in full view. The instrument’s eyes rolled back, and her muscles contracted. Her instincts begged her to close her legs but they were quite secure on the polished wood frame. For a girl tied up all day, the restrained forced orgasms had given her toned abs and killer thighs.

The mad inventor began running her small hands all over the tensed musical body. The tortured thing’s mouth plug was autotuning the sopranos of her screams of pleasure and the baritones of her screams of pain into a haunting theremin-esque melody that the string notes were playing off too. This particular piece crescendoed into a loud orgasm as the performer pushed three fingers up her instrument’s cunt. It was all so... terrible. Hubert, at least, made it sound like music. Emily smiled, hoping she wouldn’t be asked her review of *Random Notes in D Major*.

“Anyway, that’s just a small piece I’m working on. Wanna try it, Emily?”

“I...”

“I’m so sorry, I forgot to introduce myself! Tiffany, CEO of PlasmaCorp, soon to be called FutaCorp...” She leaned into the handshake and raised a finger from her other hand to her mouth: “Don’t tell anyone I told you that. Shhhh.” Emily had trouble concentrating on what Tiffany was saying as the arm movements had the young girl’s breasts jiggling hypnotically. They had the firmness of youth but still spilled down over her tummy due to their size.

“I’m Emily”, the distracted futa said, realizing too late Tiffany already knew that.

“Oh yes, I know all about you, Emily. I mean... only what my assistant told me, of course. Hey, you must be long overdue for a discharge. Want to try something... exotic?”

Before Emily could answer, Tiffany was already rolling a giant computer on wheels toward her. There were two futuristic-looking helmets on top of the monitor.

“Pop out of your tip sleeve. You’ll love it,” said Tiffany.

The girl on the top half of Emily’s 3-footer, whose belly drooped down like an overfilled water balloon, had her ass so thoroughly destroyed by Emily’s new mega-cock in the past few weeks that her anal backflow valve had broken. She was being penetrated au natural. It was part of the reason she was the sleeve Emily wore out of the house. Pulling out before draining the bloated condom would flood a section of the office”

“Do you have any draining stations here?” Emily asked, looking around.

“Huh? Oh, don’t worry about the mess. Someone will clean it up,” Tiffany said.

“I guess you have all the semen you need here, coming from all over the city.”

“Need for what?” Tiffany asked.

“For... everything?” Emily wasn’t sure how to phrase it differently.

“... Oh right, that! Look, you *really* can’t tell anyone about this, OK? But we don’t really need that stuff. Never did.”

“What?” Emily wasn’t just asking out of surprise. She legitimately thought that there was some miscommunication going on.

Tiffany sighed. “So, my great-great-great-whatever, a long time ago, discovered cold fusion: huge power in a tiny box, super cheap. Her daughter was born a futa and that was back when we were still being shat on. So to give her a better future, she decided to tell a tiny lie and pretend her generator ran on something called ‘plasma’ found only in futa cum. I mean, it worked didn’t it? Futa rights, yay!” She did a tiny fist pump in the air.

“But... all the pumps everywhere?” said Emily.

“Yeah no, everything runs on mini fusion reactors. We used to have the cum run through it to pretend that was its fuel, but we rarely even bother with that anymore. ‘Just dump it in the ocean’ is the FutaCorp policy. But hey, we do use some of it in our research lab. That stuff is still really powerful, just in different ways.”

Emily was still processing this bombshell: “Why? Why is it a secret? This is huge! Every futa I know think it’s their sworn duty to, you know, feed the pumps as we say. And the sleeves go along with it because it’s keeping the lights on and the air clean and all that... We’re saving the world!”

“We’re kind of worried a little bit about like riots or a revolution. Every futa’s safety is on the line at this point. Can you imagine? Then, someone might investigate mega-milk production and figure we isolated and synthesized the hormone that produces it 100 years ago and they’ll probably be even more mad.” Tiffany said before holding up a finger. “But, but, but! That’s why when I took over, I started *rebranding* and *diversifying*. If this ever comes out, we can keep our way of life and our sleeves if they have a thousand and one uses. In another hundred years people might say ‘if we get rid of sleeves, how am I going to get fresh ice cream?’ Want some ice cream by the way?” Tiffany pointed to a remote corner of her office where a shivering sleeve was bound in a glass box, her frost-covered breasts hooked to a

lever-operated dispenser.

“No thank you...” Emily’s world was turned upside down. There was no anger, just loads and loads of confusion. Her entire life was dedicated to doing one thing, and her own, selfish pleasure is all that humanity had gotten from it. After one of the two helmets was plopped on her head, she looked both confused *and* stupid.

“Are you still freaking out about the whole fusion thing? If you’re mad at me you can take it out on my ass.” Tiffany taunted Emily by turning around, lifting her tutu and hooking her anus with four fingers and stretching it to the side, proving her tiny ass was malleable and inviting instead of the assumed clenched pinhole.

Emily wasn’t mad, exactly; the only emotion she truly had a grasp on was horniness, and it was getting unbearable. Her cock and mouth were drooling at the thought of splitting this boobs-on-legs in half (probably the more coveted sleeve in the world, given her status). She even forgot about the goofy wire-coated pasta strainer on her head joined to the machine by a cluster of cables and only remembered she was wearing it when Tiffany put on the second one. The screen showed dozens of colored lines and a bunch of fluctuating numbers that were meaningless to Emily. She might have been able to recognize her heartbeat and blood pressure, but not the various hormone levels.

Tiffany grabbed the side of her desk (a side that didn’t have a giant fake cock with six helpless sleeves on it) as Emily approached her like a zombie who only wanted to fuck her brains out. There were 50 centimeters of cock coming out of Blue’s mouth, ready to find a home between the bubbly buttocks.

The futa didn’t know how much of it she’d be able to fit in this small body, the smallest she ever had. She couldn’t imagine such an important person having her gene manipulated like a full-time sleeve. This was likely just a natural, well-trained colon, ready to perform a cock massage.

Tiffany moaned hard just from the tip of Emily’s cock crowning her anus. Her cocobolo wood desk was getting indented finger marks from the intensity of her grip. She wanted Emily to be able to put her full force into the penetration, to have the cock inside with as little foreplay as possible. Had she been wearing a harpy’s musical mouth plug while Emily sunk the available half of her cock into her hungry ass, the high note would have shattered every window.

The CEO continued to enjoy Emily’s ball-swinging pounding like a girl possessed. She had no issues taking all the of oversized cock Emily could spare. Blue’s face was shoved so deep between her ass cheeks, the blue-haired head almost breached the strained sphincter. Tiffany’s pendulous knockers were slapping against the side of the desk with the same rhythm as Emily’s balls against Blue’s chest bumpers. That was not the only thing in sync, all the lines of the monitor merged into one wildly fluctuating wave. When Emily came, a rare silence took over the office. They were both focusing all their senses to the enjoyment of this explosion of pleasure.

The CEO's ass was grade-A meat but this wasn't a particularly new sensation for Emily; nothing too exotic apart for the headwear. For Tiffany, the word orgasm didn't quite do it justice. Her mouth was still stuck open in a silent scream as she stared up at the blue sky through a cranked-up neck. Anally-injected cum was escaping from the corners of her lips and tears occasionally rolled down to dilute the seed.

Emily recovered faster than her sex-princess from the great ball-draining and was worried about the state of her young sleeve. Only her breasts still moved, vacillating like a wind chime.

"Are you OK? I should have held back I just couldn't help myself." Emily's cock softened enough for Tiffany's feet to touch solid ground again. Her legs trembled for a bit but she eventually shambled forward and freed her massively gaping sheath from its blunt sword. She even struggled to find the strength to take off the helmet.

"That was perfect. That's why I picked you. I wanted my first time to be perfect."

"Your first time?" Emily had fucked a lot of asses in her days. While exquisite, this certainly was not a virgin one. But then the more important question dawned on her: "Wait how am I chosen? Am I the only one who accepted the invitation?"

Tiffany laughed it off: "You're the only one I invited, Emily. I looked at hundreds of profiles on the beta submission site and you were the one I wanted. You're smart, athletic, gorgeous, and, from the samples we've analyzed, your semen production is in the 99th percentile in quantity and sperm count. Imagine how amazing you will become with our top of the line genetic modifiers. Nothing but the best will do for me, nothing but the best is needed to fix the mess we're in."

Before Emily could formulate her next question (because as smart as she supposedly was, she was getting more confused after each explanation), Tiffany gave a final exposition. She was getting her mind back from the clutches of pleasure. She had the same look for the third time. The look of someone about to reveal something they should not.

"My mother was old-fashioned... she hated dickless girls and men for past hardships she never had to endure herself. The only reason she let a man touch her was to produce an heir: me. As you can imagine..." Tiffany lifted her tutu and showed her girly slit between two rivers of cum flowing down her inner thighs. "...I was a bit of a disappointment. And now that I can make her proud, she's not there to witness."

Tiffany wobbled forward like a determined drunk, struggling against the weight of her own tits, towards a specific point of the uniform glass.

"I grew up surrounded by orgasms. Everyone was fucking. Everyone was cumming. But not me. I've been fascinated by the female orgasm but the most potent hormones and aphrodisiacs that money could

create still left me unable to climax.”

Tiffany placed her hand on a seemingly random part of the glass and a section of it illuminated into a number pad.

“When we started building this thing, it wasn’t for something so petty as giving me an O. I wanted to be the one to pilot it, and as soon as they tested the neural link with me in it, I understood everything. My mother was wrong; I’m not a ‘worthless sleeve’, I get off on fucking worthless sleeves. Inside, I *am* a futa! And missing a cock is not the handicap it used to be.”

The glass wall began flickering and parted in the middle. The entire window was actually a screen, a projection of the skyline. The CEO’s office was directly connected to a giant room taking up the entire space of the 156th floor and several floors below. A robot covered in pink metallic plate armor, the size of an apartment building, was standing tall through nitrogen smoke. If robots had genders, the oversized metal robo-boobs would definitely make it a girl. She had metal bridges linking the launch platform with two opened cockpits, one at the head and one down below at crotch level.

“You talked about saving the world, Emily. Are you still interested?”

Hubert had returned and, as instructed beforehand, began playing a haunting rendition of Cruel Angel’s Thesis on his beloved harpy.