

It was hard to believe such a thing was real, but given the amount of real-life accounts attesting for it, then clearly there had to be something there. On the surface it appeared to be nothing more than your standard clicker game: open it up for the first time, spend a couple of hours actively clicking on things to make numbers go up, and then maybe, if your patience was good enough, you'd progress to a stage where you wouldn't even need to click on anything in order to make the numbers go up even higher! It scratched an itch that almost every brain had, a primal need for *more* that manifested in watching three digits become four, then five, then ultimately ten and other such ridiculous quantities, hence why the Internet was flooded by those things just as much as it was by asset flips and cheap, shitty ROM hacks. But that one was different. Not only was it created by a reputable bioengineering company, of all things, but it was only available on a special mobile device that they themselves had created, and was supposed to have actual effects on the player's biology depending on how they played it, a proprietary piece of technology that many decried as being little more than blatantly false advertisement meant to sell a cheap knock-off of most smartphones available on the market. But the review section was *filled* with people claiming that it absolutely worked, so clearly there *must* be something to it... right?

Blake's wallet hurt when he went ahead and bought the damned thing purely due to its word mouth, knowing full well that he was probably falling into the same pitfall as everyone else in the short grace period before realizing every good review was probably a planted shill. Still, three hundred dollars down the drain for something that was effectively just a smartphone with less features and something that was supposed to increase his body's potency in "ways that he could never imagine"; he expected there to be some sort of registration, maybe even a synching period where he had to wear electrodes or *anything* really, but... no. There was nothing, nothing beyond the "Clicker" app that took up an entire screen just by itself, and opened without even so much as asking him for his name, let alone anything actually important. However, instead of giving him a giant pastry to slam his sausage fingers onto, the software instead opened with a large, scrollable menu with what looked to be dozens of identical copies of the company logo, all of which seemed to be a different type of clicker game focused entirely on one very specific aspect of his biology; he had to hand it to them, everything *was* there, neatly laid out and ready for anyone to look through and probably blush at all the options made available to them, some of which were blatantly sexual in nature despite there not being an eighteen-plus warning anywhere on that damned thing. And yet, there they were, clear as day, labelled with such amazing names as "Breast Clicker", "Milk Clicker", "Cock Clicker", and the one that the cat had secretly been looking for the whole time: "Cum Clicker."

To say that he wasn't slightly embarrassed by it would be a heinous lie, because he absolutely was. Coming from a family of rather well-endowed individuals, Blake had always felt incredibly inadequate when it came to his own body, in that it was perfectly average and nothing about it really betrayed just what kind of lineage he had behind him; in fact, whenever anyone

made the link between his last name and the rather well-known adult movie stars that constantly made the rounds through online spaces every couple of months, they couldn't help but double-check just to make sure there was no actual relation. In fact, at times Blake went so far as to claim he was from a different family altogether just to avoid the embarrassment, but *no more*; if that app did what it was purported to do, then he was finally going to get his just dues, even if he'd had to wait until he was twenty-seven for that to happen. With his finger shaking but his mind determined, he approached the "Cum Clicker" option and, fittingly, clicked on it... leading to a black screen with a small loading bar on the bottom of it that progressed so slowly that it made him feel like the whole thing was a joke. Ten minutes he waited, ten minutes where he felt uncharacteristically hot and tight all over, probably from all the anticipation building up inside of him, until finally the game proper was revealed.

It was nothing special: the company logo in the center of the screen, a counter on the top with his name on it (somehow), and several pop-up menus on the right side that he could bring up in order to purchase in-game upgrades and other such goodies that would make his life easier in terms of making the number go up. The whole point was for him *not* to click the logo after all, not until far into the game itself when he had to actively chain bonuses and temporary boosts in order to achieve the biggest amount of digits, but rather to buy stuff that would do the clicking *for* him while he sat around watching the game slowly play itself, all while it supposedly worked its magic on his body. So... he started clicking. Each time he pressed on the screen he gained one point, until he had ten and could purchase the first of what looked to be twenty different types of auto-clicker; this first one didn't even generate a point every second, but that was alright, because Blake could just spend five minutes clicking away until he had enough fake points to buy enough of the auto-clickers that they actually made a difference. From there it was easy enough to start racking up enough fake points to proceed to the next kind of automatic points generator, and from then on it turned into the same-old routine of trying to maximize one's gains by way of simple math, ratios and buying the right kind of synergies and direct upgrades to make that counter on the top of the screen go faster and faster. From tens to hundreds to thousands, Blake barely noticed as his morning whiled away and he lost several hours staring at a screen watching a number grow bigger, having completely forgotten what the original point was; it was so easy to lose oneself in this sort of experience that he only snapped back to reality when he heard his stomach grumble and remember he was supposed to eat, only *then* realizing it was half past noon and spent goodness knows how long staring at this new mobile device for... what was the reason again?

Right, of course, his gains. Blake put the smartphone on the table in front of him and got up, inspecting himself for any changes only to find... none. He pulled open the front of his pants and underwear just to be sure, but exactly as he expected, nothing had actually happened; he'd been suckered in by the promise of a miraculous cure to his lack of a hyper condition, spent way too much money on it, and now suffered from a chronic case of buyer's remorse that he'd have to fix

the day after, when he bothered to return the stupid piece of hardware. For the time being, however, he chose to focus on getting something to eat; he was positively *starving*.

Having left the app running while he did so, Blake failed to notice as the numbers kept climbing higher and higher, no longer being drained in order to buy more auto-clickers to make them go higher to buy more auto-clickers. And since the numbers were getting bigger, so too did the effect they were supposed to have begin to manifest, no longer impeded by a stupid cat trying to hold it back because he thought that's how it worked... though an argument could be made about it being an investment into future gains, but that was ultimately moot; what mattered was that the app, synched as it was to the feline's body, could finally start performing the sort of changes it needed in order to get their physiology up to speed, changes that Blake was blissfully ignorant of even as he bemoaned them not existing while cooking up a side of beef. He was so busy bitching about his poor luck that he failed to notice that his pants were getting surprisingly tight and ill-fitting, too busy trying to focus on something other than the app's "failure" to take in how his package was bloating outwards at a small, but still noticeable pace. So single-minded was his determination to be mad about things that, by point he *should* have been fully aware of something being wrong, he was still only beginning to wonder if his pants had gotten smaller in the wash, right before shrugging it off and carrying on cooking lunch. It took until he sat down to eat before reality asserted itself and the cat flinched, suddenly feeling like he accidentally sat on something *very* sensitive that he shouldn't have even touched at all.

He got back up immediately, mind racing as he considered the possibility that maybe, against all odds, the app had actually *worked*. He didn't look down at himself, at least not immediately; rather, he rushed to the bathroom, where he kept a full-body mirror, and promptly stripped from the waist down, and what he saw when he did so was enough to have him gasp and instinctively bring his hands up to his mouth: he was bigger.

Not just bigger in the sense that he had a hard-on or hadn't jacked off in a few days and could imagine that he gained an inch or two, but big enough that he *knew* for a fact that what he wasn't seeing was *not* his regular size, nor was it anything he could've achieved naturally in any way, shape or form. With nuts the size of large oranges and a cock approaching the ten-inch mark, the only thing better than what he was looking at was the realization that he was still growing larger even while he stared at himself; it took a bit for him to notice it, but the longer he stood there, the more he came to understand that the feeling of pressure inside of his nuts was indeed those things bloating outwards with even more seed, while his dick very steadily crept forward with extra size in order to compensate. He felt heavily, enough that he didn't even want to walk for fear of what it might do to his brain's pleasure centers, but given that his new phone was still in the living room... he had to go there. Clearly, the app actually worked, and if that was the case then he *had* to go play it some more and get busy with as many bonuses and upgrades as he

could muster, because if this was what happened in the early game, who *knew* what might be possible once he actually got serious?

He turned around, carefully navigating his way back to where he left the smartphone running until he could bend down and pick it up, choosing *not* to sit on the sofa in order to make room for a hypothetical sack that would absolutely be made real in just a few moments. He was slightly disappointed when he saw the number on display; having played his fair share of clicker games in the past, he knew for a fact that it could get a whole lot more ridiculous than that... but he also knew that, now that he had a good stockpile of it accrued from his time preparing lunch, it meant he could invest it in so many new additions to his number-growing that he'd be back at that number in no time! A shopping binge ensued, with new auto-clickers, new upgrades, new bonuses, more numbers and digits flying by as, indeed, he returned to his starting point in little under ten minutes, already feeling as his nuts bloated and filled at a much faster pace than before; the combined efforts of the number counter and the sheer rate of point-gaining had come together to ensure that his body was, indeed, going on overdrive, making his nuts produce cum at such an accelerated rate that he could actually *see* it happening if he bothered to look down! Inch by inch his orbs swelled outwards, cock following suit as it gained more mass from seemingly nowhere, only made worse (better!) by the fact that he had progressed so far into the game that he literally couldn't get rid of all those points even if he wanted to; if beforehand he had to wait for ages before getting the next upgrade, now it was a matter of simply clicking the next random temporary boost and making good use of it, smashing his fingertips on the screen to chain together some truly *absurd* amounts of multiplicatives, racking up fake points like nobody's business! With a wide grin on his face, Blake purchased every upgrade he could find, barely even paying attention to what the game was doing to him so much as focusing entirely on making it do so *faster* and more efficiently. Thus, it wasn't all that surprising when he felt something touch his balls, something flat, cold, and entirely immobile: the floor.

It was hard to believe that it was happening, but all Blake had to do was look down to see that yes, not only were his cumtanks big enough that they were the reason the inside part of his legs felt so warm, they were *so* big that they had finally reached the ground beneath his feet, the very bottom of them smushing deliciously against the wood panelling, just as the tip of his cock, bubbling with pre and leaving smears of it all over his own sack, dragged along on top of them. Only then, when he actually bothered to look at himself and see what was being done to his body, did the cat start to hear the *sounds* coming from within himself: the churning, the sloshing, the low groaning and creaking like the complaining of dry, stretched leather, the noise of growth and burgeoning, of filling and inflating that permeated every video his extended family had ever produced for profit, now there, in front of him, truly happening, even *if* he needed a stupid clicker game in order to make it a reality. What did it matter when he was finally as big as he should've always been, as productive as befitted his last name? How he got there didn't matter so much as the fact that he *was* there... and he wanted more of it.

From that point onward it was actually quite simple to just keep growing. Given that the numbers he was dealing with, both the total amount of points and the rate at which he was gaining them, were all so stupidly high that the names for them began to sound silly and fake, he had effectively reached the point in the game where he had more stuff than he really knew what to do with, owing to his active involvement for hours on end rather than simply sitting on his ass for a whole day before remembering he even had the app on there. It made it delectably easy to just sit down on the ground, back to the cold floor, legs spread-eagled and yet still lying atop his churning, swelling nuts, a package taking up increasing amounts of his field-of-view as the numbers, the damned *numbers* kept climbing higher and higher. More upgrades to make the auto-clickers produce more points, more purchases so that all these parts worked better together, even a few actual dollars thrown at the store for boosts that lasted for a whole day, doing more for his body than gene treatments ever could. His house was filled by the sounds of gallons upon gallons of spunk roiling around inside those hyperactive factories of his, desperate to get out yet unable to do so; as much as his shaft very easily cleared the four-foot mark after a while, it wasn't even hard, almost as if this engorged, impossibly large state was just his *default*, the way he'd look forever without even trying... and the thought of that, well, *that* was all it took for him to see what happened when his new body was truly spiked by arousal.

His roof didn't last much longer after this, given his cock just about tripled in thickness and somehow managed to make its own length be pumped up so hard that its girth looked positively tiny in contrast... at least to him. Blake was sure his upstairs neighbor was probably wondering why he had a cock that massive breaking through the floor and into his living room, owing to the amount of shouting coming from up above, but seeing as the cat still wasn't done with his clicker game, that poor man would have a lot more to worry about in just a few minutes; after all, if Blake bothered to try and measure things, he'd very quickly come to the conclusion that his balls were quite literally about ninety-percent of the volume of his own living room and still growing, still filling faster, still being egged on by a mindless clicker game that the cat refused to stop playing, even when it became clear that he was far larger than anyone in his family had ever been, no so much vindicating his hyper heritage, but setting a brand new standard for it. But that hardly mattered, as far he was concerned.

He still had more game to play.