

Things went down about as quickly as they'd gone up, a descriptor that fit just as well metaphorically as it did literally. After the resounding success of the galaxy's very first "organic mining detonation" propelled Baha and his attention mining team to stardom, everyone involved in the operation assumed, perhaps rightly so, that things could only get better from there; with the horse's package having been left with a slight upgrade to its overall size and him clearly needing to vent just as much as before, preparations began to transport the company's latest golden goose to the next place where they could put their unique talents to good use. Along with him went the rest of the team, whose complete and utter disregard for corporate policy and simple health and safety regulations had paid off so much that most of them were being paid *at least* twice as much as before, even if the company reps had to give them an obligatory dressing down right before the pay raise. With luxury accommodations constructed to house Baha during his downtime, and much better premises built for the rest of the technicians and miners, the stage was set for yet another successful detonation, this one deliberately built to take advantage of the horse's power: rather than a backwater mining operation in the middle of literal nowhere, the team had been moved to a high-value asteroid field near the galactic center, one supposedly abundant in a special kind of opal that currently fetched an absurd price on the jewelery market. Finesse and care were required in equal measure to brute force, for not only were the precious stones incredibly fragile and prone to shattering at the slightest wrong turn, but they were also only commonly found in the very core of larger asteroids, and even then only in clusters, prompting speculation that they were probably the result of some abandoned geological experiment by a long-gone civilization. Luckily, all the necessary ingredients were there to ensure that detonation and extraction went according to plan: the raw power behind Baha's loads would utterly shatter whatever his cum blast was pointed at, and the required degree of concern for fault lines would be best served by a team that had to learn how to control someone like the horse, on the fly, without anything resembling a technical manual. In fact, so convinced was the company that this plan would go off without a hitch that they allowed the team to work at their leisure, much like before, believing that this would be the best solution for handling the problem at hand; and, if everything had gone exactly like it did before, this would've been the correct decision. Sadly, however, there was one element among the many needed to make things work perfectly that refused to work the way it was supposed to, a single element that threw everyone's calculations out the window and stalled the entire operation for the foreseeable future: Baha's arousal, or lack thereof. While the horse had taken a significant amount of time to wind down from the first asteroid cracking, needing several days just to return to anything resembling any kind of normality, they underwent an odd transformation as the weeks passed in between the company finding out about the team's insane plan and them being assigned to this new job; namely, despite the fact that Baha now had access to the best luxuries that money could buy, and about as many amenities as he could think to request for the sake of keeping him satisfied, he just couldn't get hard. Perhaps it was the logical consequence of him being left with a pair of balls that, by default, already dragged along the ground, as well as a dick big enough that he could use it for a body pillow: maybe, as the techies thought, him being so large meant that

amount of stimulation needed to get him to full mast like before would need to be proportionately higher, a terrifying thought if there ever was one. Baha himself seemed thoroughly nonplussed with the whole thing, however, and would've been perfectly fine with living some time without having to worry about his excessive productivity, were it not for the unfortunate fact that the company had invested a truly staggering amount of money (and placed an equally high amount of trust) on him, and not just with the frankly ludicrously over-decorated condo-like room he was given to stay in. Regular mining operations were halted in preparation for his next release, operations which had been *immensely* profitable up until the point where the company found out about what he and his team did, so if it turned out it was a one-hit wonder, they would all most likely be saddled with the bills for the market losses. Seeing as how they were already behind schedule by the point where something new was tried, and how the precious stones were bordering on the obscenely expensive, the resulting debt would be big enough that the team would either end up as perpetual debt slaves or they'd be squeezed for every penny by some galactic court before being thrown on into the streets... and he couldn't afford that. For someone with his unique needs, even if they weren't exactly apparent at the time, Baha *needed* constant support, and not the cheap kind either; what would happen if he was left mostly empty until the court proceedings were done with, and then returned to his old state? How was supposed to handle multiple gallons of cum every hour rather than just the one or two a day he was unfortunately, and inexplicably, cursed with? To say nothing of the many lives ruined beyond his own; the mining team brought in from the last asteroid cracking was at least a hundred-strong, with plenty of them having families they had to feed and provide for, turning the whole thing into an incredibly potent source of stress for the horse, and likely serving to explain his sudden lack of productivity to a great degree. It wasn't any better for the rest of the miners, who were left in a state of near-perpetual panic for as long as their one salvation refused to perform as well as they had previously; a couple of the foremen even caught themselves thinking of Baha like some sort of breeder animal, like a mindless *thing* that served only to fulfill a quota, before pulling themselves back from lines of thinking that would only end in disaster. No, it was clear that for a problem of that caliber, similarly-themed solutions were required, and thus, if the horse needed far higher stimulation than before, they would just need to *find it*; luckily, a couple of the younger miners on the team, though initially reluctant to share their thoughts, were eventually coaxed into revealing that they'd been discussing the possibility of inviting someone they called "Madam Sorana", a "very famous" sorceress-turned-porn star who was making the rounds on the adult entertainment circles after a number of successful movie appearances propelled her into (relative) stardom. Much friendly ribbing was had when they were asked how they knew of such a person, and absolutely no explanations were given, only what they thought mattered: namely, that this sorceress' specialty was in milk and lactation, having improved her own body through both magic and copious amounts of genemodding to be able to produce truly staggering amounts of cream, and *potent* one as well; though most of it was probably just movie magic or the plot working because it had to, it was still said that her lactic produce was so strong that it could drive *any* man who drank it to instantly cum his brains out, which served perfectly

well for the purposes of their operation, and, above all, could probably be noted down as business expense given what sort of unorthodox methods the “organic detonation” relied upon. After some minor arguing on the part of their accounting staff, who initially refused to do the legwork required to justify bringing a literal porn star to their workplace on official matters (believing, perhaps rightfully, that the company would destroy them if they did such a thing and it leaked into the press), it was decided: Sorana would be contacted and offered a full stay at the mining site in Baha’s room, as well as given generous compensation for her time lost handling a “delicate matter”; the team made sure to fill the missive with as much flattering, flowery language as possible, in an attempt at impressing upon the sorceress how *important* it was that she offer her assistance, and how much they were relying on her to do so, while trying not to sound *too* desperate, for fear that she might not agree. As standard communication methods were too likely to be discovered by snooping IT staff, a trusted member of the team was given a safe pass to go home on “medical leave”, along with a physical letter to deliver to the office of the sorceress; hopefully, once Madame Sorana (or her agent, at least) received the request, it would just be a matter of time... and so they waited. Days passed without any sort of reply, prompting fears that their missive was either ignored or had never reached its destination, despite the team member entrusted with the task assuring the rest of his coworkers that he had walked right up to the listed address and dropped the damned thing in the marked mailbox; all the while, Baha remained as impassive and unaroused as before, lacking any of the manic, frantic sexual energy that had characterized him right up until he busted a load strong enough to crack an asteroid open. When the speculation that this might’ve been “too much” for their body to handle began to spread, the existential dread that had permeated most of the team’s mind thickened considerably, leaving them all to wonder what the future held for them once their company bosses showed up demanding an explanation as to why they weren’t drowning in profits from all the extracted opals. When the on-site doctors began to echo this sentiment, openly theorizing that the strain placed on the horse’s body might very well have stunted their productivity for the near future, everyone was pushed to the edge, so much so that discussion on the subject was outright banned by the foremen in charge of the project until further notice. Nevertheless, the entire team was close to giving up entirely, until one day when their spaceport crew reported that an unidentified shuttle was approaching the mining site at high speed. Prompted by fears that the company had finally sent someone to ask uncomfortable questions, those at the forefront of the hierarchy immediately began pointing fingers, spending valuable time playing the blame game while those manning the actual landing pad were treated to a spectacle far different from the one their superiors were terrified of: rather than a stuffy, bored-looking bureaucrat with a briefcase full of subpoenas, they instead had a gaudy, brightly-coloured craft cross through the atmospheric force field leading down into the landing bay, one emblazoned with a very familiar name on one side, along with what they could only assume was an exaggerated artistic rendering of this sorceress that everyone had been talking about... at least until the sorceress herself popped open one of the passenger doors on the ship in just the right spot so she was directly next to the artistic rendition of her, and everyone present realized that, if anything, the drawing *undersold* the reality of the

situation. As one, they were all made privy to just why the team had decided to call a porn star over to their workplace, because if her mere presence was enough to make so many pants tight and wet, then who knew what she could do once she got her hands on Baha himself! They could barely contain themselves as the bear walked down the deployed ramp, seemingly moving in such a way as to deliberately heighten the amount of jiggle produced by each motion, until her whole body was akin to one big, burly hunk of gelatin that promised endlessly warm smothering to anyone brave enough to just *ask*. . . not that anyone would, of course, knowing as they did that the sorceress had come for Baha and not some lowly assistant working the landing pads. This made it exceedingly difficult to resist when Sorana walked up to the very same people who were stuck to their spots mumbling to themselves and openly drooling, her already-colossal breasts appearing to become larger with every foot of empty space she cleared; by the time she was on top of them, making her twelve-foot-tall frame all-but evident, her tits very clearly covered most of her front down from her collarbone to just below the waist, and judging from the *heavy* sloshing coming from within, were stuffed with milk just *waiting* to be freely given. All she had to do was politely ask for directions to the administrative room for everyone around her to melt, falling onto the nearest flat surface (most of the techies falling flat on the ground rather than a chair) before they could actually provide an answer; the bear, for what it was worth, didn't seem at all fazed by this, simply repeating the question until someone lazily pointed a finger towards one of the airlocks, then bending down and utterly smushing the lucky bastard between her breasts for a few moments, straining her already-stretched bra as she did so, before turning around and heading out of the landing pad. Wherever she passed, everything stopped; it didn't matter if it was someone with an exosuit carrying several times their body weight in construction materials or a random paper-pusher with a single sheet on their hands, nor did it matter what particular sexual predilection, if any, the person happened to be given by nature. With someone like the bear, like the very real and obviously very powerful sorceress, their mere *presence* alone was enough to instill a healthy amount of trepidation, and a sense of respect for someone who dominated whatever room they happened to be in. . . and, given their size, made their presence known from far enough away that the foremen in the admin room had a couple of minutes' worth of time to prepare before their door was practically burst open by a bear too big for them to really come to terms with. Clearly, if anyone was to solve their problem, if *anyone* had the ability to take Baha and send him careening straight over the edge and into the realm of blissful climax, it *had* to be Sorana; if not her, then it would be literally impossible to fix their problem, and *then* they'd have to lawyer up.

"A good day to you, fine gentlemen," the bear spoke up, her voice surprisingly gentle for someone as tall as the room was, "I was led to believe you needed my expert touch?"

The answer was yes, obviously, but when confronted with a giantess on the caliber of that bear, none of the foremen in the room had the mental fortitude required to form coherent words (hell, *thoughts* were hard enough as it was), leaving them to stumble over themselves as they looked around for any excuse to pass the buck onto the person nearest to them. This didn't go unnoticed by Sorana herself, who pulled up three chairs together and sat down, waiting for the

spectacle to die down just enough that she could finally get some proper directions; that this only led to the improvised seat groaning loudly enough to be heard outside the room only made the flustering even worse, and soon enough the group of taskmasters that had spent most of their time enforcing some semblance of order with an iron fist were turned into putty in the sorceress' hands, to be reshaped and moulded to her convenience. Though she was aware of this, the most enjoyable part of the experience was that she wasn't even doing it on purpose; her presence alone was more often enough to lead to these bouts of deranged behavior, requiring her intervention if she wanted to get anything done. To that end, the bear cleared her throat and waited until her hosts quieted down before asking where she was supposed to go, to which one foreman instinctively pointed at a holographic map of the mining site, letting the Madame know exactly where she was needed; with the one piece of information she required firmly committed to memory, Sorana thus got back up and began the journey over to where Baha was waiting for her. It was only after the mini-giantess left the admin room that the men inside of it remembered that none of them had ever told the horse what was supposed to happen, leaving him to be completely blindsided by the appearance of a behemoth of an ursine wizardess without so much as a hint that anything out of the ordinary would happen that day. Even worse, though most of the mining team was made privy to Sorana's presence, either directly by way of seeing her or hearing the heavy footsteps reverberating through the metallic hallways, or indirectly via the rampant spreading of rumours that began the moment she left the landing bay, Baha himself would never know until it was too late; his personal room was padded with acoustic foam, a request on the part of the equine himself, who, much to the surprise of everyone, appreciated his peace and quiet if given the chance. Thus, while the rest of the complex was made increasingly aware of Sorana's presence, Baha remained blissfully ignorant of just what he was about to go through until his doom knocked at his door, prompting him to get up and drag himself over, one eyebrow raised as he had no clue who might be calling on him at such an odd hour; on sliding it open, however, on being given the answer, his one reaction was utter *shock*, for even though he might've spent the last few days in a detached, slightly apathetic state, he was not yet fully gone to the point where he wouldn't react to a pair of doorway-blocking tits like the ones he was seeing before him. Trying to explain them away would be pointless, as would be attempting to forget they were there and chalking it up to an hallucination; odd that these would be his first thoughts, perhaps as a result of knowing full well that no sequence of events that could've led those things to him would *ever* spell anything good for him. If he was looking at breasts that big, then *something* happened and the mining team had made some very weird decisions on his behalf, decisions that he *wanted* to be mad at for not being included, and yet couldn't rightly complain, given that he *was* given a gift that very few people could ever even imagine. He instinctively moved back when he saw the colossal bust try to squeeze its way in, figuring that it would be far better for his personal safety if he simply allowed whoever was on the other side to walk right in without offering the slightest bit of resistance; on seeing just *who* the person was, however, Baha immediately put every puzzle piece into place, a moment of epiphanic revelation that revealed to him the fullest extent of his coworkers' plans. Granted, they weren't all that

complicated to begin with, but considering the state the horse was in, that he could connect the dots so quickly and absent any hints was nothing if not a respectable achievement. With a smile, he kept walking backwards, nearly tripping over his engorged sack as he landed back on the large chair he'd taken to lounging on for hours at a time. Madame Sorana, a face that was perhaps embarrassingly familiar to Baha, smiled down at the poor, clearly unsatisfied horse she was invited to "take care of"; she wasn't without her own talents, and though the young man's problem was entirely physical in nature, her acute senses picked up on what the main issue was: clearly, the mining team hadn't tried hard enough, especially with someone that had a package of *that* size. Clearly, what Baha needed was an expert touch, *her* expert touch, one that could only come through vast amounts of accumulated experience, one that could make even the sturdiest, most resistant of lovers break into tiny little pieces once it was done; quite fortuitously, it also happened that the horse was actually big enough to take her full might, a rarity in those times, even with genemodding being as popular as it was. As she stripped down, offering not a single word but *plenty* of sly smiles and deliberately provocative angles at which she bent down, all the sorceress could think of were the myriad of sub-par lovers who she had to deal with for the purposes of filming, the endless cavalcade of would-be breeders who needed help from temporary boosters and a whole lot of editing in post just to look even remotely comparable to her own, perfectly natural (if magically-augmented) size... and even then she was still known as a giantess regardless! Yet here was a man, a *true* breeder whose potency was such that he could barely take a step without dragging his nuts along on the ground, one whose cock, even at its smallest and most flaccid, would give most modern porn stars a run for their money. Indeed, as she approached him properly, doing her best to loom over the (comparatively) diminutive thing in order to further accentuate her already-enormous size, the one thing in the sorceress' mind was whether or not *she* would break first; after all, this glorious horse had cracked open an asteroid with his load alone, and while they seemed oddly unresponsive to having a giantess like herself walk up to them, she was certain it was just a temporary affair. Indeed, all it really took was for her to forgo any sense of decency and any notion of foreplay, dropping her tits directly onto Baha's lap, for him to spring back into action; like time had been rewound, the horse was immediately at full mast, his brow dripping with sweat and the room filling with the sounds of gurgling as his cum factories' production kickstarted once again, back to full-blown manufacture and strong enough to overpower the milk sloshing inside of the bear's breasts. To say that Sorana was surprised at such a sudden change would be an understatement, but if there was anything she prided herself on, it was her ability to adapt, and within seconds she had adjusted her position to better straddle that growing pair of nuts, such that she could work the bulging, bloating sack using her hips and ass, while also keeping Baha's cock firmly lodged in her cleavage... and one of her nipples pushed into his mouth. Would that she could put both of them, *then* the two of them could've seen just how far they could go, but alas, there was only so much room in there, and with her tits being so much larger than most of her newest lover's body, Sorana had to make some sacrifices; thankfully, she had as much cream as she could need just in a single mound, and could very easily use her free hand to milk the other one while also applying pressure to keep the

titfuck going in earnest. It was an odd position to be in: Baha leaning back, one tit pushed so hard against his face that it was practically subsumed completely by its plushness, Sorana sitting on him looking incredibly disproportionate, yet oddly motherly at the same time; there was an element of tenderness to it all, to the way she gently emptied her left mound into the horse's throat, the way she carefully emptied her other one, all while rhythmically rolling her hips to grind against the base of her lover's shaft *and* the increasingly large pair of cumtanks underneath her. This had the predictable effect of kicking off a series of alarms back in the admin room, catching everyone thoroughly off-guard, as they had expected whatever the bear did to at least take more than just five minutes. With the gauges going off the scale and the blaring lights blinding anyone who looked too closely at them, the entire mining team was mobilized to prepare for the next detonation; seeing as Baha's room had been constructed to specification, the foremen in charge of the asteroid cracking made sure to add a few extras too it, mostly based around the improvised design they used back at their last job. The goal was to let the horse live in relative luxury while preparing for their next assignment, at which point they just could have their cock put in place while the entire room rotated into place, aiming him where he would be best served; it was, in many respects, a repeat of the previous detonation, only with an assembly that *wasn't* ramshackle and built on the sly, giving the technicians some *incredibly* precious time to prepare... time they lost when they were forced to scramble from completely inactivity, not being aware that the sorceress had already begun her work. It was made even harder when dozens of people marched straight into Baha's room in full protective gear, knowing that they had precious few minutes in which to get everything ready, only to be confronted with the sight of an enormous, massively-stacked bear breastfeeding their lucky coworkers while his cock and balls grew *far* in excess to what they had previously in only a fraction of the time. Even the most affected of the techies could tell that they had effectively lost their chance to do things properly, and it was this urgency that let them operate without succumbing to the need to drop down and pleasure themselves while staring at the middle of the room... at least, not for some time, at least. Seconds, that's how long they lasted, seconds in which they did whatever they could and then turned around and demanded they be replaced, creating a rotation where the hallway outside Baha's room was cramped with a series of replacement workers who would go in, adjust that colossus of a rod a few inches, and then pass the proverbial baton until such a point as the shaft was in its proper place. The sorceress, to her credit, realized what was going to happen and suitably slowed down, hoping both to make the exposure to her work slightly more bearable *and* buy a few precious minutes to the team before Baha inevitably exploded with a strength far surpassing his first asteroid cracking; no one present quite knew how long it took for them to prepare the horse, only that, by the time they did, they were all sweating like open faucets inside their protective suits, unable to even breathe properly as the ambient temperature had spiked to such a high level that they all felt like melting just to get away from the pain and discomfort. But they had done it, and that's what mattered; they successfully hooked Baha's dick to the ceiling port, and now all that was missing was the control room adjusting the angle at which it would fire. With one of the foremen shouting one final warning at the bear to hold onto something, the

door to the horse's room-slash-firing chamber was closed, maglocked and hermetically sealed, the team rushing down the hallway to get as far away as they could, knowing as they did that there was always a non-zero chance that things might go dreadfully wrong. It was all they could do to just spin the metaphorical wheel and hope to whatever god they prayed to that it wouldn't all go to hell; at the very least, things were built in such a way that the entire mining base *didn't* start creaking like bent metal as Baha was slowly swivelled into position, though the bearings on the rotational gyros were reporting levels of stress that theoretically shouldn't be possible given what they knew of the horse's productivity levels... all the more reason to hurry up and make sure everything was in its proper place.

Within the room, just barely hanging on for dear life as she scowled at not being warned of what was going to happen to the entire room around her, the sorceress had one final trick up her sleeve. Just as her milk pouring down Baha's throat left the guy's cock thicker and longer with each gulp, the small bulge going down from his mouth and vanishing below his collarbone being replicated a hundredfold between his legs, so too did its potency ensure that his balls swelled and bloated with additional seed. However, unbeknownst to anyone at the mining base, what the horse was drinking was her *regular* stuff, the unmodified, normal milk that she just naturally produced; the substance that had built the many rumours surrounding her was still to come, because it required active manipulation on the sorceress' party... which is to say, a simple fingersnap, at which point the flow of cream not only doubled in quantity, but thickened so considerably that Baha's eyes went wide at what felt like ice-cream being forced down his mouth and directly into his nuts. The pressure immediately spiked to insurmountable levels, every piece of clothing on the horse's body being torn apart as his body's muscles bulged out from the infusion of energy, the metal ring holding his cock in place bent once again as the shaft gained foot after foot, and his balls impacted the side of his room hard enough to leave a dent... and hard enough to trigger his release.

From the outside, the bulging cocktip was dry and empty in one moment, and then every piece of camera equipment for a good mile around went offline as the shockwave thoroughly *obliterated* every delicate piece of electronics in its wake, almost tearing the mining base itself off the asteroid it was built on. In one moment there was nothing, and in the next, a thick line of white stretched from the outside of the firing chamber all the way to, through and *beyond* the asteroid it was meant to crack open. In one moment, the horse's load had managed to once again carve out a cylinder of empty space through its target, forcing the asteroid to split into multiple pieces that began drifting away from one another... but it didn't stop there. Far from being out in the boonies, the asteroid cluster was in a system filled with small planets and their moons, which the company believed were entirely safe... until, that is, that singular blast of cum cleared the several light-seconds between its origin and one of the uninhabited rocky moons on the nearest planet at close to *c*, directly impacting it, piercing through its surface, and utterly *destroying* it as the full force of the collision was released within its core.

Chunks. That's all that was left of it.

And the next load was coming soon.