



Solomon King

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Sam Kingston could not remember how he had ended up in the white room. One minute he was living on the street in Los Angeles, and the next he was confined in a small white room. He vaguely remembered a man giving him a bottle of wine before he blacked out.

He was on a hospital bed with his arms restrained. Three doctors were examining him: two men—one young, one old, and a woman. He was naked except for his ratty old boxer shorts. Sam looked down his gray beard at his old black body. “Who are you? What are you doing to me?” he asked.



“I’m Doctor Foster,” said the younger man. He was a skinny nerd with thin brown hair and black glasses. “That’s also Doctor Foster,” he nodded at the woman, “and this is Doctor Slavisek. You agreed to try out a new drug for us.”

“I don’t remember agreeing to nothin’.”

“All the wine you can drink, Sam, and a shot of heroin a day,” said Doctor Slavisek. Sam liked the sound of that.

“That’s an interesting tattoo,” said the female Doctor Foster, examining his arm.

“The Budweiser,” he replied. The woman doctor was one fine-looking woman. Large breasts strained at the fabric of her lab coat. She was fair skinned with lovely red hair tied back, green eyes stared at him through stylish glasses. “Damn gurl, you fine,” he muttered.

Her eyebrows shot up in surprise before coming back down. “That’s Dr. Foster.”

Doctor Slavisek was an older man, closer to eighty than seventy. He had wild wavy white hair and the air of a mad scientist. He stabbed a needle into Sam’s already needle-scarred arm, and Sam sighed as the heroin quickly coursed through his veins. Sam smiled and blinked as the drug took effect.

“Let’s do it,” said Slavisek, bringing up another needle filled with fluid and stabbing it into his upper arm.

“Let’s hope subject C doesn’t end up like A or B,” said the male Foster.

“You can’t have an omelet without breaking some eggs,” said Slavisek. “Besides, there’s plenty more homeless people out there.”

A week later, Sam got off his cot and stretched. His arthritis was not nearly as bad today. He walked over to get a bottle of wine and stopped in surprise. He did not feel the need to drink today, a need he had felt every day for the last twenty years. He shrugged and grabbed a bottle anyway.

Sam looked around his room, seeing it clearly for the first time since he had arrived a week earlier. He had been drunk or doped up until that moment. A video camera was mounted in the upper corner of the room, recording everything. A small connecting room without a door contained a shower and toilet. He looked at the shower. “Why not?” he thought.

Sam Kingston stepped into a shower for the first time in over five years. Getting rained on did not count as bathing, though every now and then the police would haul him in, hose him down, and delouse him. The hot water felt great. He grabbed a bar of soap and looked down at his old, wrinkled body. He was sixty-four, though life on the street had made him look older. He had a

long gray beard with patches of black still in it. He looked at the soap, then at his dirty body. He had a lot of cleaning to do.

After about twenty minutes of washing, Sam's hand was soaping his crotch, moving closer to his dick until he was running his hand along his rod. Sam felt his dick getting hard for the first time in nearly a decade. Delighted, he could not waste this opportunity and started jerking off.



He turned his back to the video camera and began stroking his penis. He had always been proud of his dick. It was close to seven inches long and had gotten plenty of use on Vietnamese and Thai whores as well as his cheating ex-wife.

It had not been this hard in over ten years, and the damn thing looked thicker than he remembered. After ten minutes or so, he grunted as the cum shot up from his balls, striking the wall of the shower. A large wad of sperm slid down the wall and disappeared down the drain.

Fuck, but that was the best load he had ever shot.

He leaned back and let the water soak his head before beginning the daunting task of shampooing his long, dirty hair. His hand paused on the top of his head. For the last twenty years there had been a growing bald patch on the top of his head, but he swore he felt a soft lair of fuzz growing there.

Two weeks after his arrival at the facility, the female doctor came into his room. Sam could see a security guard outside his door as she entered. "How are you feeling, Sam?" she asked.

"Fantastic," he replied, closing the book he was reading and setting it beside the cot. One of the male doctors had loaned it to him to ease the boredom. It was on genetics. "I haven't felt this good in years. It doesn't hurt when I piss anymore."

"You were suffering from advanced sclerosis. Your last x-ray shows it has improved considerably. I notice you're not drinking as much," she said.

"No, I don't seem to need it anymore, and when I do, it takes forever to get a buzz."



Dr. Foster made a notation in her notebook and then took out a small booklet. "I want you to take this test for me," she said, handing him a pen and the booklet.

Sam took it and looked the questions over. It was an IQ test. He took the pen and quickly began answering the questions. Dr. Foster observed him, timing several questions. He finished the test quickly and handed it back. The doctor quickly checked off his answers.

"How'd I do?"

"You're as smart as King Solomon," she replied. "Your IQ is genius level. Are you having any problems?"

"Just one, Doc."

"What's that?" she asked, looking up from her clipboard.

"This," he said, lifting up his robe to reveal his semi-hard cock. He was damn proud of his penis. It had grown three inches and fattened up in the last two weeks. He was masturbating several times a day now, shooting large amounts of sperm into the air each time. He wanted to see her reaction to it and was disappointed she did not look all that shocked, though she took an involuntary step back.

"Yes, I'm aware of it. The X-serum triggers a pubescent growth spurt in the genitalia. It will quit growing in another two weeks." The black man's eyes flickered down to her breasts, interestingly her nipples were suddenly making tents in her blouse.

"Shit, it's gonna get bigger," he said, grinning at it. Sam pictured the doctor on her knees sucking on his cock. She stared at it, and he watched her tongue flicker out to wet her lips. He swore he could smell her growing arousal. He was about to ask her to blow him, but she was hastily retreating out the door.

One month after Sam's arrival, Slavisek sat watching the two monitors in his office. The two black men were both masturbating. Subject B was furiously stroking his obscene penis in his room, and subject C was jerking off his foot-long penis on his bed. Neither seemed to care about the video cameras anymore.

"I think we've almost got the dosage right," said the male Foster. "If we can tone down that penis and body growth, it'll be perfect."

"I disagree," said Slavisek. "You know how many men will pay to have bigger penises? We'll make billions on that fact alone, not to mention hair growth, muscles, and eternal youth."

"We hope," said Foster, standing as his wife entered the room carrying a file under her arm.

"How was the physical?" asked Slavisek of the male Foster.

"Excellent," said Dr. Foster, smiling at his wife as she sat down. "Strength, endurance, vision, all superb. We've created a superman."

"No," said Slavisek, "not an über-man, just a perfect man. Perfect in every way. Even his scars are gone, and his tattoo has disappeared completely."

"Speaking of his tattoo," interrupted Susan Foster. "I found out that the Budweiser is the emblem of the Navy SEALs, so I got his records from the military."

"And?" prompted Slavisek.

"C is an interesting subject. Our IQ test matched one the Navy gave him, so the X-serum hasn't had any effect on his intelligence."

"We didn't think it would," said the older doctor. "B showed no signs of increased intelligence, and of course A was dead inside of a week."

"The interesting thing in his military file was a psychological profile. The Navy considered him to be a natural-born leader, but with one problem: C's a misogynist. His mother was a prostitute who abandoned him when he was eight. He was then raised by a sexually abusive aunt. He married in 1965 just before being shipped off to Vietnam. In Vietnam, a whore killed one of his team members, and he came back on leave only to catch his wife in bed with his best friend. He was arrested for nearly killing his friend, though he never hurt his wife. On top of misogyny, he was discharged for showing increasing rebellion against 'white' authority for passing him over for promotion. The Navy psychologist wanted to write a book on him."

Bill Foster put on the gloves and looked at the thick black penis distastefully. Slavisek wanted the man's penis measured. The old man seemed fascinated with this aspect of the X-serum. C was drugged and restrained on his bed.

Bill crinkled his nose in distaste as he grabbed the man's penis by the tip and yanked on it a couple of times. The monster immediately turned rock hard with little prompting. It really was quite impressive. Suddenly the thought of having a giant penis when he took the drug did not seem like such a bad idea. He wondered if Susan would enjoy having a penis this big in her. She approached sex clinically and never seemed to enjoy it. The image of his wife riding the black man's penis flashed in his mind, and he quickly suppressed it.

Bill decided to get this over with and quickly measured the length, writing down 12.4 inches on a notepad. He wrapped his gloved hand around the base and was disgusted when the black man began thrusting his penis through Bill's hand. "Need... cum," muttered C in his sleep.

Bill wrapped the tape measure around the thick, thrusting rod, bending close to the thick shaft to read the measurements. He paused, sniffing the man's crotch, then sniffed again. Suddenly he felt weak and inferior; his own penis shrank into his scrotum.

Bill lifted the shaft and looked at the man's huge balls. He bent forward until his nose touched the hairs on the man's balls and took a big whiff. He then ran his nose up the rod and smelled the dark, plum-sized head of the man's foot-long cock. The head was leaking a tremendous amount of pre-cum, and he bent toward it until the pre-cum touched his nose. Bill nuzzled the head of the man's penis. He found his lips parting, his tongue flickering out to touch the head, slowly at first, then increasing until it was swirling all over the tip of the man's cock.



Bill's entire focus became getting that big cock off. He wrapped his lips around the head and sucked it into his mouth, gagging at the unfamiliar sensation. He began bobbing his head rapidly over about five inches of C's shaft while stroking the rest with his gloved hand.

C started bucking his hips into Bill's mouth, moaning in his semi-unconscious state. Bill's right hand grew tired of stroking him after about ten minutes, so he switched to his left and back to his right ten minutes later.

Finally, C's cock swelled up, and Bill could feel the pressure building as it throbbed in his mouth. The man's sperm caught him by surprise, filling up his mouth with the first wad, and Bill swallowed to make room for more of the delicious semen. Bill was yanked from behind, the cock in his mouth sliding out, the second

blast of cum splattering on his face. He reached for the huge black cock as he was pulled away.

“What the fuck are you doing, pervert?” It was the guard who monitored the security camera.

“He needed to cum,” said Bill, licking sperm off his face before moving forward towards the huge cock again. Bill was happy; he felt an incredible feeling of satisfaction coming from C.

The guard pulled him off again and was about to say something when he stopped, sniffing the air. The guard looked at C’s cock for a second, his mouth falling open in shock. He licked his lips before coming to his senses. “Shit, I feel it too. Let’s get the fuck out of here.” He grabbed Bill by the base of his neck and hauled him out the door.

Slavisek watched the video of Bill sucking C off for about the tenth time. He had been monitoring Bill when the man suddenly started sniffing C’s crotch, cursing when the guard interrupted the proceedings. Susan was sitting by him, looking away from the camera. She looked ill. Bill was in the bathroom washing his mouth out with mouthwash for the hundredth time.

“Why?” asked Susan, shaking her head.

“Pheromones,” said Slavisek, rewinding the video and playing it again. “Look how your husband is sniffing C’s penis.” He enjoyed watching Susan squirm at the image on the screen. “C is giving off pheromones, scents that trigger sensory impulses in other animals. Like the dominant wolf in a pack. All the other animals sense when he’s hungry, angry... aroused.”

“So we’ve set back evolution a million years,” said Bill, coming out of the bathroom.

“In a way,” said Slavisek. “Bill, you were simply showing your subservience to a dominant male.” Bill saw himself on the screen worshipping their experiment’s huge black cock. Slavisek grinned as Bill ran back to the bathroom.

“What if it had been me?” asked Susan. “Would I have done it also? I’ve never performed fellatio in my life.”

“I presume neither had your husband. It’s my guess you would have sucked him off with as much enthusiasm as your husband and then mated with him.”

Susan gasped and turned to stare at the video. “I suggest we wear masks around C from now on.”

“A good precaution, but I think it was Bill’s close proximity to the man’s penis that triggered the reaction. Have you felt anything around him?”

Susan blushed and nodded. “I find I get aroused whenever I’m in the room with him. His presence is incredible... masculine. I’ve even been dreaming about him lately.”

“Sex dreams?”

Susan Foster flushed. She looked away, but nodded.

“Fascinating,” said Slavisek.

“Disgusting,” said Susan. “No man should have this effect on a woman, let alone on my husband.”

“I think the pheromones will tone down a bit as his genes slow the regeneration process.”

“I’ve felt the same thing around B too,” said Susan turning even redder.

Slavisek shuddered. B was their second test subject and the first to survive. The X-serum injected in him released too much steroids and testosterone, turning him grossly fat. His penis had grown to around eighteen inches, and his balls were the size of coconuts. He masturbated three to five times a day, each time his ejaculate measured around half a liter. Apparently the X-serum heightened the male orgasm to the point where subjects became addicted to cumming. “Have someone put C under. There’s a storm coming, and I want a final examination of his body done before I head home.”

“Dr. Slavisek?” asked Susan, staring at the video of her husband bobbing his head over C’s monster penis. “I suggest euthanizing both subjects.”

Walter Slavisek paused. “I’ll write up a kill order for the monster, but I want to keep C around for a bit longer.”

Sam played dumb as the orderly stabbed him with the needle. He chatted with the man for a couple of minutes before pretending to pass out. Alcohol and heroin were no longer affecting him, though he still went through the motions for the security camera. It was always good to have potential adversaries underestimate you. Though the doctors had treated him decently, he did not trust anyone who kidnapped homeless people off the streets and kept them prisoner so that they could experiment on them.

The orderly pushed his bed out the door and down the hall. Sam silently counted the man’s footsteps to see how far from his room he was going. He was being taken back to the examination room. He heard the Fosters and Slavisek talking. “Here’s my ebony Adonis,” said Slavisek as the orderly pushed Sam in. “My beautiful specimen.”

“Really, Doctor,” said Susan. “Sometimes you sound just like the proverbial mad scientist, like Dr. Frankenstein.”

“No, Doctor Foster. Frankenstein created a monster. I’ve created a perfect man, a new Adam.”

The doctors ran their standard tests, though this time they concentrated on his crotch a lot. Sam felt them swabbing sweat from his cock and balls. "Want some more, Bill?" laughed Slavisek, shaking Sam's cock at the other doctor.

"Fuck you," replied Bill.

Sam could not control it any longer. The old man shaking his cock was making him hard. "Oh my," said Susan. "I've never been near him when he was fully erect before."

"Masks on, masks on," shouted Slavisek, releasing Sam's penis. Sam felt his foot-long cock smack against his belly.

For the rest of the examination their voices were muffled by masks. Slavisek took one more skin sample and said, "That's it then. I think we've learned all we can from C now. We'll keep him around to look for side effects another month and then euthanize him."

"Why don't you keep him alive, show him off to the board of directors?" asked Bill.

"Too risky," said Slavisek. "Think of all the offers he would get from the competition. You can't trust anybody to keep quiet, especially a black man, they would sell their own mama for a piece of crack. You two finish up here. I'm going home for the weekend, and I want to beat the storm."

"Bastard," said Bill after he left. "He gave this guy a new life, and he can take it away just like that. What if Da Vinci destroyed the Mona Lisa right after painting it?"

"I concur with Dr. Slavisek," said Susan, staring down at the giant black man. "C is dangerous. I found his psych profile disturbing."

Sam struggled not to react to his death sentence. He figured it would be something like that. His biggest problem with his captors was the fact that none of them treated him as a human being. He was a subject, an experiment, a letter, a creation, etc. They always referred to him as C to themselves and only called him by his name when they addressed him directly. Anyway, he had a month to escape.

The doctors finished, and the Fosters rolled him out into the hall. He heard Susan kiss her husband and say, "I'm going back to our room. Why don't you hurry up and keep me company?"

"Really?" asked Bill. Sam thought he sounded surprised. His wife must be a bit of a cold fish. "All right, honey," said Bill. "Just let me get C back to his cell, and I'll be right there."

"And Bill," said Susan, "don't take off your mask."

"Ha ha," he replied, sounding kind of pissed.

"You don't have to worry about that, and the guard's been ordered to monitor the cameras constantly whenever someone is in the room with C."

Sam heard footsteps leaving, and the bed started moving toward his room again. Escaping would be difficult. They'd know where he was anywhere in the building. He had no idea how big the building was or how many guards. He could handle maybe three, but they were armed, and he wasn't. He was in better shape than he had been as a SEAL in 'Nam. His muscles were bigger, and he apparently didn't need to work out to maintain them. Whatever the odds were, he would have to risk it within a month.

Bill wheeled him into his room and was unstrapping Sam's arm when the lights went out. Sam immediately tensed up. "Oh great," muttered Bill, going to Sam's next arm. As soon as his second arm was freed, Sam grabbed Bill by the throat. "GAK!" gasped the surprised man.



Sam stood up as the doctor fell to his knees, clutching at Sam's arm, gasping for air. He looked around the room. The emergency light had come on, illuminating a small portion of the room, but enough that he could see the frightened doctor. Sam released Bill's throat so that the man could breathe. "Now, little man, I want you to tell me exactly what's going on here," said Sam, ripping off the doctor's mask.

"Fuck you," spat Bill, rubbing his throat.

Sam squeezed the back of the doctor's neck. "If you don't start talking, we'll have to find another use for that mouth of yours." He smiled as Bill's eyes grew wide with the realization that Sam had not been drugged during his examinations.

"We're part of the human genome project," said Bill, spilling his guts. "We call what we're doing the Gilgamesh Project. Our goal is human

immortality..."

Sam listened with rapt attention to Bill's story. His genes were regenerating constantly. That explained why his tattoo had disappeared, along with the needle marks from his heroin habit and a bullet scar from 'Nam. His foreskin had not grown back, though. "What's a big cock have to do with eternal youth?" he asked.

"An unexpected side effect. We used a combination of steroids and testosterone in the genes, which created your increase in mass and genital size. The X-serum is geared toward men; we were going to start a female version upon completion of this one."

“Fascinating,” thought Sam, wanting to hear more, but the power would not be out forever, and he needed to make his move now. Sam released Bill and went over to his bed, ripping up his sheet.

One minute you’re a Viet Cong soldier walking with his squad down a jungle path. The next minute, claymore mines have killed your buddies, and you’re surrounded by big scary men with green-painted faces. That was how Navy SEALs gathered intelligence, and the look on Bill’s face reminded Sam of those Vietnamese soldiers. Like those soldiers, Sam quickly tied him up and gagged him.

“Take me to B,” said Sam.

Bill led him down the dark hall, lit by the occasional emergency light, to a door identical to Sam’s and stopped. It was bolted on the outside. Sam opened it and stepped inside.



The first thing he saw was a grossly fat black man holding what looked like a miniature baseball bat between his legs. The bat was a giant penis, and the man was rapidly stroking it. As Sam watched, the head swelled up and ejaculated a tremendous amount of sperm in a wad that flew about three feet from the head, and he still was not done; more wads of cum flew from the head for at least thirty seconds. The man turned to look at Sam with the same look of ecstasy written on his face that Sam felt when he ejaculated.

Sam looked around the room. It was identical to his own in all ways except the walls and floor were covered with cum stains. “Who’re you?” asked the man.

“Put some clothes on. We’re getting out of here.”

Sam pushed Bill out of the room and waited for B to put his robe on. The room stank of semen too badly to remain in

there. A minute later B came out of his room dressed in a hospital gown just like Sam’s. “Who’re you?” he asked again.

“Sam, a lab rat just like you. They were planning on killing us, so I’m busting out of here. What’s your name?”

“Benny, though my friends call me Bull.”

“How appropriate,” thought Sam. “Well, Bull, you want to come with me?”

The obese man smiled, and Sam said, “Let’s go then.”

“You have a car?” Sam asked, pushing Bill. The frightened man nodded.

“Where are the keys?”

Sam lowered the gag long enough for Bill to say, “In my room.”

“Take us to your room then.”

The building did not appear to be too big, though oddly there were no windows showing the outside anywhere. It was also strangely deserted. They quickly arrived at Bill’s room and entered. It was larger than Sam’s. He looked around, but the light from the hall was barely enough to see by.

“Honey, hurry up and come to bed,” said Susan’s voice from the next room.

Sam’s eyes opened wide at the thought of Susan Foster lying in the next room in bed. His cock quickly turned fully erect, and when it got hard, he had to cum despite needing to hurry. He handed Bill over to Bull and motioned for Bull to be quiet. The big black man grinned as Sam stripped. When he realized what was going on, Bill started moaning until Bull put his big beefy hand over the gag in Bill’s mouth.

Naked, Sam shut the door to the hall, making the room pitch black. He then walked into the bedroom.

“Oh Bill, I’m so horny,” said Susan. “I think that black animal’s pheromones must have gotten through my mask. I can’t wait until your penis is as big as his.” Sam could make out her knees lifting up the sheet and movement between her legs. Dr. Foster was fingering herself.

Sam leaned down, feeling the bed and Susan’s leg under the bedspread. He grabbed the cover and yanked it off her body, hearing her yelp in surprise. Sam grabbed her ankles and spread them wide. Sam laid down on the bed between her legs. He’d always wanted to taste white pussy.

“Bill, what are you doing? Quit fooling around and fuck me.”



Sam did not answer her as he brought his face up to her pussy. God, it smelled good. He flicked his tongue out and licked her thigh. Susan jumped at his touch, and his keen ears detected an increase in her breathing. She did not jump when he licked her thigh again, but she spread her legs even wider as he ran his tongue up her thigh, stopping at her labia.

“Oh Bill, you’ve never done this before,” said Susan Foster. Sam felt her entire body trembling.

Sam pushed his nose into her pussy and took a big whiff. He had not smelled a pussy in decades, nor had he tasted one. Sam kissed her thigh and then brought his tongue across her labia. She jumped again as he rapidly began running his tongue up and down between her folds, wiggling it into her pussy until she started humping his mouth, moaning slightly.

Sam continued to thrust his tongue into her as he worked his arms under her thighs and ran his hands up over her flat belly and up to her breasts. God, they were nice and full, smooth, perfectly rounded. He pinched her nipples between his fingers. They were fat and long. He pinched and tugged on them hearing her moan as she began humping his tongue even harder.

The woman was loving having her pussy licked. Her whole body was starting to shake, and he could feel her head thrashing back and forth. Sam decided to administer the coup de grâce. He moved his tongue up her labia and quickly twirled it around her clit.

Her orgasm lasted half a minute, and her scream of pleasure lasted just as long. When her cries ceased, he heard her husband whimper in the next room. “Oh god, I’ve never cum before,” she murmured. “Keep doing that and I’ll let you fuck me more often.”

Sam sat up, wiping the back of his hand across his chin. He hooked his arms under her knees and kneeled between her legs, resting his foot-long cock against her pelvis. Sam freed one arm and wrapped his hand around the base of his cock. He moaned as he rubbed his cock against her pubic hair. This was going to feel so good.

She pulled her legs back as he pushed the head of his cock down against her labia and pushed down. "Hmmm, it feels so big, Bill" said Susan, raising her hips up into his cock as he pushed deeper, and then she seemed to come to her senses. "Oh my god! No, it can't be."

The lights came on.

"C, you fucking bastard," she cried.

"Hello, Susan," said Sam, holding the fat head of his cock in her pussy. It had been a tight fit at first, but his pre-cum and her juices were quickly loosening it up. He worked it around slightly.

"What have you done to my husband?" she cried through gritted teeth, trying not to hump the tip of his huge black penis.

"Bull," yelled Sam, "bring the wimp in."

Bull walked into the room pushing Dr. Foster before him. The big black man licked his lips when he saw the nude white woman being penetrated by the tip of Sam's dick. Bill stared at his wife in horror.

"C, take that thing the fuck out of me," she growled.

Sam looked at her gorgeous nude body. She was shiny with sweat, her bosom heaving as she breathed deeply, and her nipples were hard and engorged. "If you want me to take it out, how come you're humping my cock?"

Susan was horrified, but he was right. She was thrusting her hips up into his cock, wanting it deeper. Her vaginal muscles were squeezing the head tight, trying to pull him inside. She looked up his body. Part of his chest was still covered by his beard, but the part she could see glistened with his sweat. She had seen him nude on video and when she examined him, but never had she seen him fully aroused. His huge muscles were prominent and bulging from his chest to his abdominals. She looked down his crotch and gasped at the sight of the long cock connecting their bodies. She gasped again when she realized how little she had taken so far.

"I think you want to fuck me," said Sam. "I think you want to see how a real man's cock feels."

Damn him, he was right. Everything about C was overwhelmingly masculine, and every nerve in her body screamed at her to submit to him. She did. "Fuck me, C you bastard. Give me that big penis."

"I'm givin' you the C, slut, the big black C."

"Susan, he's not wearing a condom," squealed Bill Foster. Bull clamped his hand over the doctor's mouth.



Solomon pushed another three inches into her and began working them around, loosening her up. "More, C, please give me more. I'm so horny. It feels so good."

His response was to pull it all the way out. Susan was immediately overcome by a sense of loss. She felt empty and unfulfilled. "Please," she cried, "put it back in."

He teased her with his cock, rubbing it all over her pussy, causing her to writhe in frustration. "I ain't no fuckin' letter, bitch. I have a name."

"Please, Sam, I'll do anything, just put your cock back in me," she sighed as he pushed it back in, not stopping at the halfway point this time. Places deep in her vagina that had never opened for anything parted for him as inch after inch penetrated her. There was no pain, just a deep sense of fulfillment.

Sam hooked his arms under her knees again and raised her hips off the bed, pushing his cock all the way in. She came again when his balls slapped against her thighs.

The look on her face was one of pure ecstasy as Sam began slow-fucking her. Damn, but he would have liked to spend hours in her tight pussy. However, with the lights on, their escape would be discovered, and he had to hurry up.

Sam picked up speed, slamming his mighty cock into her pussy with such force his balls were constantly slapping against her thighs. Her eyes were closed as her head thrashed back and

forth. The woman seemed to be cumming constantly. He delighted in his newfound sexual prowess. Sam had not been a slouch in the sack, but never had he gotten the kind of reaction from a woman that he was getting from Susan Foster. The woman had turned from a prudish doctor to a wanton slut after experiencing only a few inches of his new cock. This uppity married white bitch was begging a homeless black man to fuck her right in front of her husband, and she was cumming like crazy.

Sam watched her face as he fucked her. She paused, sniffing the air, then opened her eyes. Bull had removed his gown and was jerking his cock off over her face. Bull's cock was the biggest, ugliest monstrosity he had ever seen, but the girl just raised her head and kissed it worshipfully on the tip and began kissing around the head every time it emerged from the foreskin.

They really needed to hurry, so Sam kept up the fast pace until he felt the addictive feeling of the sperm shooting up from his balls, causing his cock to jerk as it deposited more cum in her pussy than her husband probably had in their entire marriage.



Susan screamed from a tremendous orgasm when he came. Her eyes and mouth flew open just in time to catch Bull's orgasm. Sam could not be sure from this angle, but it looked like Bull's pee-slit alone was as big as a human eye, and his first wad completely covered her face in a thick layer of sperm. The cum-crazy slut barely flinched as she brought her lips up to the tip to catch the rest of Bull's sperm in her mouth. Even after the amazing amount of sperm in his first wad, his giant balls shot still more into her mouth, overflowing it faster than she could gulp it down.

Sam backed off the bed. Susan had wrapped her little hands around Bull's cock and was busily stroking it, trying to milk out more sperm. Her husband was curled up on the floor in the fetal position, his eyes glued to the scene on the bed.

Someone knocked on the door. "Doctors, open up. The test subjects have escaped."

Sam's heel was already kicking out as the door swung open. The guard's face did not even have time to register surprise before his knee had snapped, and he was yanked into the room.

The guard started screaming when the pain from his shattered knee hit him. Sam mercifully pressed his finger down on a pressure point in the man's neck until the guard blacked out.

Sam stripped off the guard's uniform and carried it into the bathroom. He paused before the mirror, seeing his new reflection for the first time. He was bigger now than he had ever been. He appeared to be in his early thirties again, though his hair and beard were still white, presenting an odd contrast to his youthful features. The bald spot on his head was growing in black, though. He assumed that if he shaved it, it would all grow back black.

Sam found Bill's electric razor and quickly shaved his beard and hair. The face looking back at him was one he had never expected to see ever again.

Sam dressed in the guard's uniform. It was tight, and the pants were several inches too small, but from a distance his ruse should work. The guard did not have a gun, just a club. It would do.

"How many guards are there?" said Sam, coming back into the room. Bill was lying on the floor crying and ignored him. "Bull, Dr. Foster here has developed a taste for spunk. You got any left in that big thing?"

"Sure, Boss," said Bull, getting up off the bed, his grossly fat body shaking as he moved. "This well never runs dry."

"T-ten guards," cried Bill quickly.

"Good boy. Now, where do I find the lab?"

Sam casually walked down the corridors, occasionally seeing guards down the halls. He waved to them and walked on before they came too close.

Sam quickly followed Bill's directions to the lab. He entered the large room, probably the biggest in the building. Luckily it was unoccupied, but there was a video camera mounted in the corner, slowly moving left to right. He'd try not to look too suspicious, which was hard to do when you were planning to blow it up.

Navy SEALs trained heavily in demolitions. Some chemicals from this room, mixed with cleaning supplies he had taken from a janitor's closet, and with a candle he had taken from Susan for a fuse, allowed Sam to quickly rig a fire bomb to destroy the room. When he was finished, he looked up. The camera had quit moving and was looking right at him.

Two guards ran into the room and pulled their Billy clubs. Sam pulled out his. They didn't stand a chance.



Sam lit the fuse. He had rigged it to give him plenty of time to escape. An alarm started to sound. He looked at the bodies of the two guards; one was splayed out on the floor, the other's head was through a wooden door. Sam was not a murderer; he dragged the guard on the floor over to the entrance and pulled the second out of the door. Something glittered through the hole in the door. He reached through the hole and unlocked the door. Sitting in rows in a plastic container were dozens of vials of X-serum. He grabbed a handful and shoved them into his pocket.

Sam pulled the bodies into the hall just as two more guards rounded the corner. He ran from these two, hoping to keep them out of the lab. He still had work to do.

His job finished, Sam ran toward the parking lot, out the door, and into the coldest hell he had ever felt. A blizzard was raging full force outside; there was about nine inches of snow on the half-dozen or so cars in the parking lot, and the new snow seemed to be sitting on over a foot of old snow on the ground. He held up the key, Honda. "Fuck no," he grunted seeing a tiny Honda Civic in the parking lot. There were about a dozen other cars in the lot.

He saw Bull emerge on the other end of the parking lot, pushing the Fosters before him. Five guards came out of the same door seconds later.

Sam ran to help but slipped in the snow. He looked up in time to see Bull charging the knot of guards. A shot rang out, and Bull staggered, clutching his stomach, before falling to the ground.

Sam shoved his hand in his pocket and pulled out the guard's set of keys. The car key had the word "Jeep" etched on it. He looked around and quickly spotted a Cherokee. He raced towards the car.

Sam ran for the truck, risking a glimpse at the guards. They were untying the Fosters. Bill Foster spotted Sam and raised his finger, pointing at him. The guard turned and pulled his gun. Bull tackled the man, seeming to come out of nowhere, moving with a speed seemingly impossible for all the weight he was carrying, not to mention a bullet wound in the gut. The two disappeared down an embankment.

Sam unlocked the truck just as the other guards opened fire. They had him pinned down and were advancing just when an explosion rocked the building, throwing the guards into the snow drifts. Sam used the distraction to climb into the Cherokee. He started the car, threw it in four-wheel drive, and spun out of the parking lot, the rear window shattering as a bullet hit it.

He rolled down his window and used the Billy club to wipe the snow off the windshield. He was driving blind, but sheer luck must have kept him on the road. A second explosion rocked the building, then a third.



In addition to the lab, Sam had placed bombs in Slavisek's office and a room filled with computers. He had turned off the water in the building to disable the sprinkler system. Hopefully the fire would wipe out the Gilgamesh Project or at least set them back about ten years.

Sam shivered as the cold air pouring in through the back window overwhelmed the truck's heater. He did not have a jacket and would freeze to death if he did not find shelter soon. He reached in his pocket, past the vials of X-serum, and pulled out the guard's wallet. It contained about thirty dollars, some credit cards, and a driver's license that said the man's name was Sol Rubenstein.

Sam knew he was not in Los Angeles anymore. He did not know where he was, probably the Midwest, judging by the landscape—but he did know he was free again, and that was all that mattered.

The End

The story is directly continued in Solomon King 2.

Author's note: Solomon King was born a composite of other ideas that I had planned on writing about. The original idea was about a genetically enhanced super soldier wandering around the country, fleeing from authorities and having a series of sexual adventures. Something like a Jack Reacher or the old Bill Bixby's The Incredible Hulk. The whole E&I saga started growing on

me after this. I brainstormed idea after idea, and the whole universe started forming. Strangely, I'm not a fan of the BNWO (Black New World Order) themes of a lot of modern stories even this series may have started the subgenre.

