Earlier that day.

“C’mon, c’mon,” grunted Isabel, “You. Piece. Of. Shit..!” each word punctuated as she struggled to pull two straps of thin lacy fabric further up her supple thighs, wiggling her plump bottom in time. Finally, the black bra, far too small now for its intended use on her chest, comfortably cradled her pair of orange-sized nuts. “Better than nothing,” she panted, adjusting the tight straps. Moving her hands to the hooks that would normally secure the bra around her torso, she affixed a thin piece of spare silken ribbon to each. Thinking back to her early days in the girl scouts, she improvised a simple knot that cinched the improvised girdle just above the widest curve of her hips. Inspecting her work and nodding approvingly, she took a few exploratory steps, sighing relief that the constant bouncing of her bloated orbs was at least somewhat mitigated by this makeshift support.

It still left one worrisome problem, though. She had decided earlier that day to give up on panties altogether, and for good reason. Her newfound curves made it bad enough trying to slip into her old underwear. Accounting for her organ, it was a joke to try it at this point. Unfortunately, that meant that her shaft, thankfully flaccid at the moment, had no support. More importantly, it had no camouflage. She’d tried a skirt on earlier, and even the black pleats did little to disguise the outline of her rod, not to mention the awkward tenting that occurred when she inevitably grew aroused once more. Her fattened ass also meant skirts that usually hung to the knee were now only making it to her mid-thigh, dangerously close to the tip of her cock. Trying to pull the skirt down to compensate had the twin unfortunate side effect of framing a good two inches of her ass crack for all the world to see while simultaneously revealing the little pooch of her swollen belly.

Returning to her dresser, she settled finally on a pair of black pantyhose. The fabric was elastic enough to physically accommodate her package and its support, but was snug enough to pin down her errant rod, at least a little. Reaching down, she worked the previously discarded skirt back up her legs, and turned to the mirror for confirmation.

Much to her surprise and jubilation, she looked like a normal twenty year old girl again. Maybe one that was struggling a bit with the freshman fifteen. Though taking a moment to look at her nude torso, maybe it wasn’t all bad.

She hadn’t gained all over. All the weight of the past week had basically settled in her breasts, ass, and hips. She used to be mostly bone, where now she looked, ironically, more womanly. Her tits, she estimated, were at least three times as large as they had been seven days ago, firmly in melon territory, ultra-perky while still maintaining the vague teardrop silhouette of a natural breast. They looked even more impressive in the dim light of her compartment due to the sheen of sweat that covered the pallid globes. Even her nipples looked, well, better. They were constantly hard, approaching two inches in length. Her areola had been keeping up it seemed, each about three inches across and outrageously pink. Her belly wasn’t huge by any means. She turned to the side, letting her muscles relax a little to let her pooch out as far it would venture. Maybe 3 months pregnant, if not a little less. It was surprisingly firm, as well. Her hips were no longer just a flat continuation of her torso. She now had a modest out-swell and a genuine bubblebutt.

Isabel began to regret her inspection as she felt a stirring in her loins. Again. She looked at her watch – it’d only been 45 minutes since she came. It was definitely getting worse. When her “problem” first started, she only had to cum a few times a day. Now she would have marathon jerk off sessions at the slightest provocation.

“Like that cute delivery girl from this morning,” she mumbled to herself. Her dick pulsed again, making a not-so-discreet bulge in her skirt. It seemed her new skirt and pantyhose system would only work well if she could manage to stay soft. Absentmindedly rubbing her little gut in languid circles, she sighed. “Here we go again.”

Already she felt her nuts distending. She was never going to make it to the clinic at this point. She had resolved after this morning’s session that this wasn’t going to stop, and that despite all the anxiety, denial, and rationalization, she needed to get treatment. There had to be some explanation. She certainly couldn’t be the first girl in history to grow a dick.

With a sigh of resignation, she slipped the pantyhose back down her lithe legs, and headed out of her bedroom and into the bathroom on the right side of the hall. It was small and poorly ventilated, and it definitely smelled like cum. Lots of it. She came so vigorously and so often that she didn’t often get the chance to clean thoroughly, little blobs of evidence scattered around the room. God forbid she didn’t have a plan in place when her orgasm hit – it’d happened more than she’d like to admit, and it always took a lot of elbow grease to deal with.

She took her bucket out of the tub, sparkling clean despite her earlier deposit. 300 mL, if she recalled, was the amount she produced just a few hours ago, before she felt compelled to swallow the creamy load.

That was the strangest part of it all, Isabel thought to herself. She’d never been interested in women even in the slightest, had never been overly sexual, and certainly never had a penchant for dirty talk. But since this had happened she’d been eyeing just about every woman she saw walk past, and thinking about what dirty sluts they must’ve been. She often found herself stroking her cock without consciously initiating the action, and more concerning, often found it impossible to stop.

With her bucket in hand she proceeded back out into the living room, taking her now ritual seat on the L-shaped sectional couch tucked into the nook of the wall, making sure not to disturb her carefully arranged layers of ablative cum shielding, aka, towels.

Sitting down, the 9 inch tent in her skirt looked absurd, like a sophomoric joke. Gingerly lifting the fabric revealed just how seriously her monster was to be taken. It was hard as a rock, already bloating a deep purple, bobbing in time with her own heartbeat. Her sweaty, delicate, hands encircled it.

She started slowly, her breath hitching with each tantalizing stroke from base to shaft. Husky sounds escaped her parted lips accompanied by small strands of drool. She leaned forward, staring down the barrel of her tool, and let out a long strand of spit. Almost instantly as the spit touched down, her dick let out a thick spurt of pre, as though in response. The sparkling lube rapidly flooded out and coated her shaft and hands both. The little bubble of saliva she had let of her mouth was like a drop in the ocean compared what now was soaking her groin.

“I’m s-so fucking huge…” she spoke, once again on autopilot, as images of the plump delivery girl danced through her mind. “That…chubby little whore… she could smell my seed, couldn’t she? She was probably soaked through by the time she walked away.” Her wrists were jerking faster. “She was begging for me to split her apart.” There the girl was, in her mind, stripped nude, bouncing up and down, her eyes lolling back in her head, gripping at the intermittent bulge in her gut as Izzy’s huge fuckstick jackahmmered into her.

Izzy leaned back into the couch, distracted by the sound of fabric shifting coming from her groin. She hadn’t even cum yet, and her balls were unmistakably swelling. Not just her balls, the rational part of her mind noted. Her hands were slowly spreading further apart as her shaft grew thicker and longer.

She let her left hand snake its way down to her balls while her right hand gripped the ping pong ball sized head of her pole. Groping at her balls, she could feel how they were beginning to challenge the containment that cups of her ball-bra was providing.

“And why wouldn’t s-she want this?” Her left hand was taking turns squeezing each of her balls. “She needs to be filled! L-like the whore she is!” With each word her dick pumped up and out, taller and fatter. At nine-inches before starting, her penis was already bigger than any she had ever seen on a boy. Her eye’s bouncing between her cock and her forearm, she concluded that the former was now longer than the latter. It challenged feasibility. Isabel knew it would never have fit inside of her own cunt, the part of her anatomy she had nearly forgotten in the past week, tucked away as it was behind her pendulous scrotum.

Her hands were struggling to work. With her left hand, she hefted her sack into view. Her balls had just reached about four inches in diameter. She estimated that size superficially, because her lower hand cradled them just like she used hold softballs in practice. Her left hand lifted from the slippery surface of her smooth scrotum for a second, before crashing down suddenly, delivering a hearty slap to her sack. Fire shot straight up her rod, coalescing at the head of her dick. Her nipples let out a sympathetic discharge of milk. Both her hands flitted up from their work, grabbing her intumescent titties. Craning her neck forward, she rubbed her nipples against one another, moaning at the sensation before slipping the twin nubs into her mouth.

She was greeted with the thick and creamy taste of milk. Real milk, fresh from the tit, totally unlike anything she’d ever had from a gallon jug – it tasted like sweet heavy cream. With her mouth greedily suckling away, her hands were free again to return to her sex.

Again, but now with both hands, she slapped her leviathan nuts, harder and harder. Her shaft was bobbing wildly as she bucked her hips, plastering her little tummy with thick strands of pre. She couldn’t help but notice that the tip was banging against the soft flesh well above her belly button, despite the out swell of her stomach. It wasn’t yet long enough to kiss the bottom of her breasts, but it wasn’t terribly far off.

Izzy’s eyes crossed as she felt the tidal wave of cum gurgling in her balls. The river of precum sprouting from her slit ceased, anticipating the coming storm. She felt it rise up into her belly, and finally to the base of her shaft, twice as thick as any cock she’d seen in her life. Unlike her previous climaxes, this one was agonizingly slow.

She slipped off the couch, her cock sliding directly into the pre-positioned bucket, its tip almost touching the bottom. Her balls, thankfully supported, didn’t bang into the lip, but came to rest just outside it. She could feel the bulk of her cum strike mid-shaft. She leaned forward, supporting herself on all fours, her skirt hiked around her waist and her ass jiggling in the air. Her back arched. Her core tensed. Finally, her scrotum pulled tight, drawing her colossal balls tight against her pelvis, and she felt the first wave erupt.

Automatically, her hips humped the empty air of the bucket, and the sound of cum crashing into plastic rang out. Unlike this morning, the noise didn’t have a pulsatile staccato quality. Instead it was more akin to the uninterrupted course of a garden hose. Her head tucked down to her chest, her nipples still in her mouth, she bit down on them to prevent a gut-wrenching cry of ecstacy, flooding her mouth with more rich creamy milk.

Tears running down her cheeks from the pleasure of her cock and the pain from her nipples, she looked down at the watch on her wrist, keeping her eye on the second hand. It took an eternity to advance even a single step. At the count of 10, she felt the hot cum rise in level enough to encompass her glans, shifting the pattering, splattering noise to a more dull and subtle one. At the count of 20, her breath gave out, releasing her nipples from her mouth, a creamy deluge splattering on the carpet in front of her and a lighter constant steam from her nipples soaking her arms. 45 seconds. She was over the crest. Her tongue was hanging limply out of her open mouth, drool intermingling with the opaque milk on the carpet. Out of her dim peripheral vision, she saw her tits advancing ever-so-slightly toward the ground, growing again. She felt her skirt creeping up her back at the same rate, as her quaking ass cheeks ballooned as well. She could swear she heard a dull crack as her hips readjusted themselves in her pelvis. At the count of 90 seconds, she felt the wave inside her finally crash, and a moment later she felt the steaming cumbath in the bucket finally cease its rise, stopping about half way up her giant shaft.

With a huge heave, her diaphragm jerked back into action, breath finally returning to her lungs. Panting, she lifted up just enough to roll off to the side, collapsing into an exhausted heap on the floor. Her cum-glazed python drooled limply on her now perfectly flat belly, but Izzy could only see brief flashes of it between her jiggling tits – and what tits they were. Hardly any less perky despite laying on her back they were enormous, bigger than even Christina Hendrick’s famously fat mounds. To her own morbid horror, Izzy found her nipples were as long as her own thumbs, hovering in the three-inch neighborhood.

In a few minutes her afterglow faded, the lactic burn in her muscles replaced with the simple exhaustion of rigorous exercise or good sex. The cool low current from the air conditioner managed to wick at least a portion of the sweat from her body and she wiped a few wet red strands of hair from her forehead.

“A minute and a half…” she muttered to herself. “A minute and a half of cumming…” Probably a world record she thought.

She moved like someone freshly recovered from an intense fever, first posting up on her elbows before struggling to her feet. At last she mustered the strength the lift the sloshing bucket, inspecting the contents.

One liter. A liter of hot steaming cum. Even despite her automatic urge to swallow it up, she was too exhausted to lift it high enough. She trundled with the bucket into the bathroom set the huge load down in the bathtub, too exhausted to clean it now.

Drained, literally and figuratively, she walked to her room, seeing out of the corner of her eye how her balls were now stretching the cups of her ball-bra to the limit, she crashed down on her bed and fell asleep.

Two hours later, she groggily dragged herself into the bathroom, lathering up her groin and belly with cold soapy water and rinsing herself off in the sink. She didn’t have the energy to shower.

She toweled off lightly, trying her hardest not to stimulate her sleeping giant. Even flaccid with cold water it was the size of the average man’s erect penis.

Reaching into the medicine cabinet she retrieved some perfume and applied a liberal coat to herself, at least hoping to mask whatever odors remained.

Shaking off her sleepiness, she was determined. Glancing out the bedroom window, she saw the cool night sky. The clinic was closed. No matter, she thought to herself. She was going to need to get some new clothes anyway, and hopefully a way to better support her elephantine balls. Walmart, at least, was open all night.

Readjusting her crotch support, she slipped back on the pantyhose, though it was a little tougher with her perfectly chubby ass. For her upper body she settled on a white tank top. She was at least able to wrestle it over her tits and pin down her nipples, despite its complete failure to cover her flat belly. Seeing her outrageous reflection, she decided an ex-boyfriend’s hoody was at least thick and frumpy enough to make her seem like a girl with a bit of a weight problem and not a giant tit problem.

Straightening her hair and putting on her square, thick-rimmed glasses, she took her purse and made it out the door for the first time in several days. Making her way down the steps, she moved through the refreshing night air toward the bus stop on the corner of street.

In her exhaustion, she hadn’t thought to lock her door.