

It had been a few days since his unfortunate incident, and everyone in a five mile radius seemed to have learned about it. Granted, the fox wasn't exactly *subtle* about it, especially not when he gave in to the pleasure of it all and succumbed to the allure of just cumming endlessly without a care in the world, but it became very tedious very quickly for him to go just about anywhere and have to be constantly nagged by people who thought it was *hilarious* to remind him of the "flooding incident". No matter how many times he tried to explain that it wasn't his fault, that anyone would've done the same in his position, and that plenty of people *had* done the same when in his position, he still had plenty of people who nevertheless insisted on bringing out the same exact quips every single time. Thus, when time came for him to buy some tools for a new contract he had lined up, Rychen figured the best thing he could do was try and head out of town; hopefully, if he rode for about an hour or more in any given direction, the odds of him running into someone who knew about what had happened would drop drastically, even *if* news of his mishap had run the rounds of the local newspapers, and even a handful of message boards dedicated to those sorts of "incidents". Frankly, having a contract at all was exactly what he needed at that point: an excuse to leave the house for a couple of days and let the heat die down while everyone else found something else to hyperfixate on; and it just so happened that, for the type of work expected of him (because plasma pumps insisted on being the most finicky of systems), he was going to need specialist tools he didn't have on him at the time, providing yet another excuse to go elsewhere and let people forget about him. Thus, sat at home staring at his computer screen, Rychen went through a series of mechanists and specialized printing services around where he lived, ending up settling for a workshop about twenty or so miles north, run by a single proprietress with apparently some decent reviews to her name. Confident that he wouldn't be reminded of his "outburst", *and* that he'd get the tools he needed at a decent enough price, the fox went to bed with the biggest smile on his face, content that he would finally be getting some peace... only to wake up the following morning with his spine bent in an awkward position, one leg off the bed, and the sheets rolled up around him. Not exactly abnormal, but also a perfect indicator that the day was going to start off shit enough, with him having to pop several joints before he even managed to straighten his back out, much less get started with his day. Once ready, it was just a matter of getting some synthmeat in him again, then spending five minutes throwing together something that could be charitably described as a semi-formal outfit (in his mind at least; for Rychen, a pair of jeans and a shirt not covered in oil stains was already fancy enough) before heading out the front door, going back to fetch the car keys he forgot about, then setting off north. As soon as he was behind the wheel, the worries began melting away; it was easy to get into a rhythm, divesting himself from the real world and focusing entirely on the road, the exercise of driving being enough to calm him down and help Rychen forget about all the bullshit he had to go through in the past few days. It wasn't his fault either; it's not like he could control his body or tell it what to do, nor could he change his genetics so that wouldn't be a problem to begin with. What did people expect him to do, yell at his balls to stop producing cum? Tell his dick to stop growing? They might as well ask him to stop breathing as far as he cared; he'd like to see *them* try and keep *their* biological idiosyncrasies under control

whenever *they* got too horny to think about anything. It'd be hilarious to watch as Dave did his best to keep his tits from filling with milk, or for Alex to keep their entire body from growing upwards whenever they felt the slightest bit aroused. Alas, such thoughts were better spent being thrown in the bin; nothing Rychen could do but look straight ahead and think about the future... especially the money he was going to spend on a toolbox filled with extremely specific tools he wouldn't ever use again until he was called up to fix some plasma pumps again. He tried not to fixate too much on that particular part, lest he start having ideas about turning around and trying to make do with basic wrenches and bolt crankers; the last thing he needed was another blast of hyper-hot molecular soup nearly turning his head to cinders. He spent the rest of the trip in quiet silence, humming a couple of tunes while conspicuously keeping the radio turned off, until he took a right off the interstate and towards what looked to be an industrial lot built just off the side. A conglomeration of factories and low-lying manufactories, it was exactly where he would expect a specialist tool shop to be, and when he parked his car to get into the establishment proper, what he saw was... significantly cleaner than he expected. Rychen wouldn't have been surprised to find the whole place covered in oil stains from top to bottom, with plenty of random junk strewn about in a chaotic pattern that only the store's owner would ever be able to decrypt, unusable to anyone else; indeed, he fully expected to see a collection of darkened spots with poor lighting outside the bits that actually needed light, along with a whole bunch of idiosyncratic little tidbits that wouldn't make sense to anyone that didn't work in the field. Instead, he found himself walking into a fastidiously tidy, incredibly clean laboratory space, complete with the prominent colour being a white so stark that Rychen had to shield his eyes from the glare. Cupboard and shelves lined the walls, with a couple of rows in the middle promising one hell of a haul for anyone brave enough to try and rob a 3D printing service in this day and age, with the countertops stuffed to the brim with either printing machinery, open manuals, resin and other material containers, or whatever random bits of equipment were required that Rychen just didn't know about. Yet, rather than looking like a mess, everything was very clearly in its proper place: from the machines being aligned at a near-perfect angle, the manuals being propped up against the corresponding piece of equipment, and even the containers being stacked in near-perfect honeycomb patterns, it was clear that whoever ran that shop both knew what they were doing, and were *violently* opposed to any form of uncleanliness.

"Can I help you?"

The voice caught him by surprise. The proprietress, a young mouse gal no older than twenty-five, had gone entirely unnoticed on account of her short height, with Rychen entirely missing them until they were right next to him. Fittingly, she was dressed in a pair of mechanics' overalls... who were so clean that they might as well just have been pulled off the shelf.

"Yes, uh, I scheduled for ten?" Rychen replied, stumbling over his words slightly, "For the plasma pump thing, name's Rychen?"

"Ah, yes, of course! Sorry, bit of a weird morning today" - the mouse took a notebook from one of her pockets, sliding through whatever was on the screen and apparently clicking a

checkmark - "You wanted the uh, plasma pump regulator toolbox with the full deluxe complement? Not something I get everyday, big job ahead?"

"Yeah," Rychen breathed out, happy beyond words that nothing was said of his unfortunate incident, "got a contract for it recently and I just never got the tools for it; always used someone else's or the employer provided their own. Figured I might as well get some for myself."

"Figured properly, always good to have an abundance of tools to pick from," the mouse nodded along, waving towards the rest of her establishment, "name's Katherine, you can call me Kat, *yes, I know*. And... Rychen, hold on, where did I hear that name before?"

There was a moment of horrifying realization when the fox saw Kat's eyes narrow, the mouse gal squinting as she sized him up. She knew; she *absolutely* knew, and it was going to be his downfall. She knew, and was going to give him shit for something that wasn't his fault, and then he was going to have t-

"Oh fuck, you were the one who did that thing on Freeport Ninety-Three, weren't you?" Kat blurted out at last, "The fucking thing with the hydrant! That was genius, I heard all about it!"

"Oh. *Oh*, y-yes, yeah, that was me!" - words could not describe how happy the fox was at that moment - "Bit of a shit, but, I got it done in the end. Still got the burn marks to prove it too."

"Gonna have to tell me all about it while the tools are printing. Hold on, lemme get us something to drink."

Kat turned around, giving Rychen some much-needed breathing room to find a chair and sit on it while he waited for his plastic cup to be delivered to him. Just some water, nothing special, but after that spike in panic and the whole *thing* within him being hounded by his body's excessiveness, it was nice to finally get to sit and talk with someone who wasn't at all interested in how much he could cum. He *gladly* took the drink and downed it in one go, completely missing the slight twinge at the back of his tongue when Katherine informed him that she'd be getting busy preparing the printers for the actual job itself. He even managed to miss the lingering aftertaste, so focused was he on not having to worry about having been found... though he found it difficult to ignore the sudden pressure he felt in his loins, and quite specifically between his legs. His eyes shot wide open, sweat pouring down his brow as the fox came to realize what had just happened; he looked down at his empty cup, then up at the mechanist, who, for all that she had most likely drugged him, seemed entirely unaware of anything out of the ordinary happening. It *could* be that it was just the plastic, that the sudden and very inexplicable arousal came around for the exact same reason that it had previously: he hadn't jacked off that morning. He felt like slapping his forehead, if not for the fact that this would make it extremely obvious that something was wrong, forcing him to instead try and conceal it as best as he could; not the best of solutions, especially given where he was, but what was he supposed to do? If he had another burst, then he wasn't just going to flood his house, he was going to destroy an entire workshop filled with highly-delicate, probably not water-resistant machinery that he'd then have to pay, effectively dooming him to bankruptcy, if not worse! Nevertheless, his body didn't seem to care; when Rychen first looked down, he was dismayed to see the outline of his cock already forming against one of his pant legs, slowly growing, slowly thickening, slowly snaking down...

and then he did something *very* stupid. If he kept that thing pointed down, it'd be patently obvious to Katherine the moment she looked at him; however, if he angled it *upwards*, out of his pants and into his baggy shirt, then perhaps he could conceal it for long enough that he could grab his tools and get the hell out of dodge so he could blow his load outside the industrial lot and only ruin the local greenery. Unfortunately for him, the universe seemed to have other plans; while it was indeed easy to grab onto his dick and pull it up so it would grow into the much looser confines of his upper-body attire than the rather tight pants, this also meant said dick had plenty more room to fill, and it seemed like it *knew*. No sooner had it been released from its prison than it underwent a growth spurt big enough to nearly get Rychen to jump off his chair, and only *barely* did he manage to play it off as him having slipped somewhat and just needing to readjust himself. A weak smile offered, but one that was accepted regardless, with the tiny mouse turning to face the control panel she was at, seemingly unaware of what was happening to her customer. Oh, but she knew; it couldn't possibly be coincidence, not after that obvious bait-and-switch she pulled on him! If only Rychen had the presence of mind to remember where he put his ability to form plans and coherent thoughts, then he might just have been able to fire back and demand some explanations; alas, this part of him had fallen by the wayside, taken over by an overwhelmingly powerful need to *cum*, which was only held back, and barely at that, by the last remaining vestiges of the fox's self-restraint. It was an imperative: he mustn't cum. He could go all the way over to the very edge, be just a second away from blowing his load, but he couldn't go that *one* step further, not without inviting disaster upon himself; thus, if he couldn't control the rest of it, Rychen could at least control his *climax*... which didn't really help at all with hiding what was happening. Giving free rein to his body meant that his cock, by that point still within standard deviation sizes, began to break through upper bounds; without anything to tell it not to, the fox's dick just kept on growing, kept on thickening, pulsating powerfully enough that Ry was legitimately scared that it might become *audible* if it kept going like that. Worse yet, even if he could keep himself from climaxing, that didn't mean he would remain *dry*; there was plenty of precum that was perfectly free to make itself known as it flowed freely into the world at large, leaving the fox trembling in fear when he felt the first drops stain his midriff during his cock's unrelenting advance towards his upper torso. If nothing else, it served as a means to vent some of the pressure... *some* being the keyword, because it certainly didn't do anything to fix the problem of overproduction. He was just so lucky that his nuts were capable of going into overdrive without necessarily growing *too* much, but there came a point where the bulge was very much visible, ripping through seams in the denim; just the right amount of furred flesh spilled out that anyone looking in his general direction would be able to tell what was happening, yet when Kat turned her head to ask a few questions that immediately went over Ry's horned-up head, she at no point made mention of... the obvious. It was baffling, especially with how very clearly the fox was struggling to maintain basic presentation, let alone anything resembling a sense of decency; sure, his cock wasn't yet big enough to start pushing his shirt out, but it was getting there very quickly, and his balls were, if nothing else, the most prominent part of him at that moment. Yet, despite this, the mouse mechanist carried on asking the same

questions she probably would of anyone else, complete with a nod and a wink when she suggested a “repeat customer discount”, thoroughly perplexing Ry, who by that point was having trouble even so much as focusing enough to form words, let alone trying to hide what was happening. It was a farce, but one he had to go through anyway, since he lacked any other choice; it was either that or get up and leave, and the fox didn’t think themselves capable of hiding it if they tried to get up from their seat... so, they sat there, hoping to whatever god they thought to pray to that maybe, just maybe, things would slow down eventually. When they didn’t, and the pressure only became worse but moments after he formulated the previous thought, it took all of his willpower and significantly more for Rychen not to open his mouth and moan loudly enough for his hometown to hear; how exactly he managed to disguise it as a squeak low enough that Katherine (apparently) didn’t hear it would remain as a mystery for the ages, though, given the slight smirk on the mouse gal’s face, her customer could only assume she was enjoying herself far more than she had the right to. Either that, or she was absolutely clueless and simply engrossed in her actual work, which was... likelier, if not exactly a solution that Ry was fond of. It would’ve been better if she was to blame for something, since at least then the fox could throw everything onto someone else rather than having to deal with the grim reality that was having a body he couldn’t control properly. At the very least, he wasn’t suddenly growing far bigger than normal, at least not compared to his previous spurts; whether it be because he’d gone for far less time without relief, or due to some other inexplicable reason that he never found out, he “merely” had to contend with a dick that slowly marched up his chest towards his chin, the internal pressure within it being so high that it felt like someone had plugged the damned thing with an air hose and began pumping, leaving it on the brink of popping. Yet, rather than bursting open, its skin instead... adapted. For every additional inch, rather than reaching a breaking point, Ry’s dick engorged itself to fit the new demand, resulting in a slow, but steady, growth spurt. It wasn’t like anything he’d experienced before either, when his constant spurts tended to be of a much, *much* powerful variety; it wasn’t as if he was a stranger to a continuous growth process, but when those happened, they had a tendency to be far more energetic and lead to significantly more overproduction than what he was dealing with there. Why, he was barely even cumming at all; sure, there were pre, and *plenty* of it, but his balls were only about the size of grapefruits, not beanbags, and his cock could still be... somewhat disguised by the shirt it was under, even if its thickening base was becoming harder to hide the more it insisted on poking out. It was all Rychen could do though; if he didn’t keep pulling his shirt down, it would eventually be pulled up and reveal a significant portion of his deck. Then again, if he *did* pull it down, he’d only make the outline of said shaft all the more obvious as a result, trapping him in an unfortunate conundrum that, given the rate at which he was *still* growing, was set to be resolved for him in very short order.

“Do you want spares on D12?” Katherine asked, her voice cracking through Ry’s mental defences and bringing him back down to reality for just a moment, “Or just the one?”

“J-Just the one!” the fox nearly shouted back, having trouble controlling his volume. A wonder that he even succeeded at keeping his tone in check, even if not necessarily his stutter.

This seemed to be enough for Kat, who turned back to face the printer to fiddle with the controls. Now, Rychen was not used to those machines, nor had he really operated any before, but he'd seen plenty of people do so and not one of them had paid so close attention to the process while it was ongoing; at least, not when there were other people in the room, at which point they would turn and chat, or do things that social people did and Rychen occasionally stumbled on. Katherine, however, seemed utterly engrossed in whatever it was she was doing, which to most would be perfectly understandable given that she *was* printing a set of extremely specialized tools that someone's *life* would depend on... but for the fox, who by then was actively attempting to push his shaft back down so it wouldn't poke the bottom of his chin, this was less of a normal fact of life and far more of a *taunt*; Katherine wasn't simply being helpful, she was deliberately mocking him by pretending not to be aware of whatever it was they had put in his drink! It certainly made the most sense to him, at least in the way that allowed all of this to be someone's fault other than their own. It also, conveniently, gave him an "out" to not have to think about what was actually happening to him; just as long as he could focus his anger towards the person he deemed to be responsible, he wouldn't have to worry about the torso-length cock or the watermelon-sized, extremely densely-packed orbs dangling from the side of the chair. He wouldn't have to worry about the constant streams of pre flowing freely from his tip, spurting against his face from below and matting the fluff on his chest each time gravity pulled them back down. Honestly, it was a wonder his shirt was even alive and well at that point, given that the shaft underneath it was both perfectly visible *and* had taken to pushing out against the fabric, giving credence to Rychen's fears that it would, at some point, just tear itself out of the confines of his shirt and show itself off to the world. It, because it was no longer under his control; he could certainly try and keep it down, maybe even physically push it towards his chest and hold it there, but he had lost control of the situation at around the same time as his cock's tip was halfway up his chest, which by then had been so long ago that it might as well have been in another lifetime entirely. By the present, all Ry *could* do was sit there in silent agony, gritting his teeth and squinting his eyes hard enough that it felt like he was about to pop them out of their sockets, hoping to the heavens above that he didn't do something stupid, like open his mouth and ask for help... or worse, *beg* for it. He would, given time; this much was a certainty, hence why Katherine's refusal to acknowledge what was happening hit him as hard as it did. If not for the fact that the mouse gal seemed entirely unaware of the situation, then perhaps the fox would've already given up and whined loudly enough for the mechanist to turn around and do something about the sorry state he was in, especially since she was most likely responsible. But with her standing there, operating her printed with the utmost calm in the world, what else could Rychen do but sit quietly and wait for her to be done? It almost felt *wrong* to interrupt her work, so serene and peaceful she seemed to be, leaving him in a state of constant, endless, unimaginably pain-pleasurable edging, one from which the fox honestly couldn't see himself recovering from. It was one thing to have a growth spurt; his body was adapted for those sorts of expansive episodes, *plus* he wasn't a stranger to release on that scale. Therein, however, lay the issue: release. Whenever he grew, whenever what happened a few days prior did happen, it would

always come coupled with an actual climax (or several), allowing his body in general, and balls in particular, to vent some of the excess pressure that came from overproductivity. There, however, there was nowhere for his spunk to go... or, well, there were plenty of places, but none where Rychen could afford to cover in a thick layer of white, lest he be forced to pay for repairs. Maybe that was the entire point of this charade; perhaps, in some weird, bizarre, and definitely not wholesome manner, the mouse gal wanted a quick payoff, had heard that their latest customer was responsible for one hell of a mess back home, and decided to throw him a little curveball without him noticing. Perhaps they just wanted the easy money, rather than any of the more scandalous alternatives, hence why they weren't reacting to a very clearly overgrown cock and a pair of balls that were halfway to the ground. Yet, at the same time, Rychen knew none of this was normal; if it were a regular growth spurt, he would've already bared through the entire room already, having bloated with so much seed that a single nut alone could probably outside the entire building. Never in his life had he experienced that much denial, even if most of it was self-inflicted; it made him wonder just *what* the hell was in that drink that caused him to experience that much arousal, yet not enough to force him to go over the edge properly. Instead, he was stuck there, in a sort of limbo from where he had little chance of escaping, unable to move back, unwilling to move forward. Meanwhile, his shaft kept making decisions for him, because if the fox wasn't going to make a call, *it* would. Inch after inch, it gained extra size, extra girth, extra mess, the cumtanks underneath it bloating further, swelling to the point where it legitimately felt like they were a pinprick away from popping open and showering the area in a high-pressure burst of extra-thick seed. Ry could *hear* himself now, not just the skin creaking, not just the gurgling down below, but the heartbeat as well; not through his head, of course, or through his chest, but via the pumping of blood through so many popped veins that it was a legitimate wonder there was any left to keep him awake, or that his body even had that much to begin with. Honestly, at that point, the fox would've been happy to just let loose entirely, but by the time he gave up trying to hold back and outright *demand*ed his body climax, it was already too late; either via some eldritch form of control on the mouse's part, or due to him having strained himself so much that he was "locked" into edging and precum alone, an orgasm never came. His eyes wide, panic rose *very* quickly as the vulpine came to realize what was happening: he hadn't just been holding back, he had *actually* been blocked from climaxing, with the abnormal changes to his form being a result of this. It was unlike anything he'd experienced, and frankly, it was terrifying enough that it got him to wake up properly, stare directly at the mouse in front of him, and then do something very stupid indeed: he opened his mouth, and *spoke*.

"W-what did you p-p-puuuuuuut in that d-drink?!" he demanded of her, control of his voice slipping away more and more by the second, "What's ha-*fuck*-ha-happening to me?!"

"Oh, that?" Katherine replied absentmindedly, as if she'd just been asked what the weather was like, "You're the same Rychen who had that thing down south a few days ago, weren't you? I mean, did you think I recognized you from the Freeport incident?" - she cleared her throat, looking slightly guilty for a moment - "Alright, truth be told, I *did* recognize you from that one, which was how I found out about the other thing; looked you up, found your name attached to a

newspiece, so I decided to see if it was true or if the tabloids were having another go at a perfectly decent citizen again. Guess they were right this time!”

“B-But what wa-”

“Oh, the drink? Spiked it with some ground-up blue pills, nothing special” - Kat waved her hand, at long last turning around and very clearly looking at her handiwork - “Besides, it’s not like you haven’t seen worse, right? You flooded a whole chunk of town, this is nothing!”

She was right. Or rather, she was technically correct, in that even with a pool of precum at his feet and a pair of balls big enough to smush against the not-so-well-kept floor, Rychen had gone *far* beyond these sorts of sizes and production levels before. Indeed, if he was to be honest, the only special thing about him at that point was precisely that he *couldn’t* climax, because the rest was... pedestrian, to say the least. Nevertheless, Kat wasn’t *right*; she had no *right* to do this to him, no right to edge him like that, and certainly no right to start stripping in front of him, revealing the overalls were covering up a frankly indecent amount of boob underneath them. She certainly had no right to sashay towards him and unceremoniously drop her tits on his face, what with Rychen sitting down putting them both at the same height. And she absolutely had no right to rip his shirt off and wrap her breasts around his cock with a smile that wide.

And yet, she did all of these things.

“Besides, the printer’s gonna take a while,” she added, already grinding against the fox’s shaft, “complicated stuff, you know how it’s like. So, why not pass the time? The whole place was due for a clean-up anyway, so I figured I might as well.”

A smooch, forcing Ry’s eyes to shut with the strain as his cock grew another few inches from the stimulation. When he opened them again, the mouse gal was holding the damned plastic cup again.

“Second dose?”