



No Nut... Nevermind



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Talia silently paced around the breakroom in a seemingly panicked trance. Her face was flushed, and she wore a furrowed expression as though she were deeply contemplating a choice. Aside from the clacking of her flats against the linoleum floor, the sound of humming breakroom appliances filled the in-between. The breakroom itself was fairly typical of a small, white-collar business. It housed the basics: an old refrigerator, a sink, microwave, a mottled sofa of dubious origin, and of course the various signs and rules and regulations. Which was basically all it could house.

It wasn't bills or birthdays or family on Talia's mind. It was something most people don't even actually worry about, and certainly not to the degree that was consuming her. Funny as it were, the otherwise laid back girl was worried about No Nut November, the challenge in which one abstains from ejaculation for the whole month of November.

You see, Talia was a Hyper, a person who had been affected by the virus-which-transforms. Much like puberty, the virus caused sexual development and growth. Unlike puberty, she was of a non-trivial percentage of infected female individuals who grew a (very functional and very large) penis. But not only was she a Hyper, but she had also only recently become one last year, and was still getting used to her new body.

Talia's breasts had grown from C cups to triple D due to the Hyper virus; while large and the very definition of a bosom, there were still unaffected humans with larger breasts out in the world. But what was large were her cock and balls. Nearly touching the floor when erect, her cock dominated the space between her legs. Thicker than each of her legs, with veins the size of water hose, it simply could not be covered by any reasonable means. The accompanying testicles, however, were the main attraction. These semen factories were each the size of a beach ball and just as round. On the thin frame of the 5' 6" tall girl, they constituted most of her mass... and silhouette.





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The giant testicles bounced up and down as the girl paced around. It would be absolutely obvious now to any onlooker as to what she was doing. As she paced around, her cock would slap against her legs and her balls bounced with a satisfying tempo. She was slowly getting herself off.

Finally, Talia stopped in her tracks and nervously gazed behind her at the closed door. It was only one week into No Nut November, and she was already amped up to the brim with hormones. The room took on a thick, musky haze from her pacing (and exposed genitals), and the air was so packed with pheromones it would send anyone who walked through that door into a fit of arousal. She was at her limit, knowing that if she played with herself any more she would cross that line of no return. The devil and angel on her shoulder warred with each other over what she would do next.

If she came right now there would be a mess to clean up. She would be known as the person to wreck the breakroom. She would have to document the incident and go through HR and all the other legal mumbo jumbo that came with being a Hyper. She would become, in her mind, a slave to her own carnal desires, masturbation an unconquerable urge. On the other hand, she couldn't work like this, she couldn't live like this. Talia couldn't think straight, and as any sudden stimulation could set her off, she couldn't move freely either.

After a few minutes of deliberation, she decided enough was enough. She would go home early and spend the rest of the day cumming her brains out. She was sure she could get a doctor's note for that. After all, for some Hypers it was a medical necessity to orgasm often, and maybe she could qualify for that condition. The thought of orgasms filled her mind, but her body jumped the gun, for as Talia went to leave, she came.

The office girl bent over, her hips thrusting into the air - pointing her cock down towards the floor. She arched her back as her ass clenched tightly in preparation for ejaculation. Talia softly moaned as cum rocketed from her cock. The ejaculate was thick like pudding, but it came out with such force it ricocheted off the floor, sending the fluid almost five feet into the air, with each squirt delivering a dozen gallons of cum from her body into the room.

As Talia came and came and came, the thought of even attempting another period of abstinence washed away with her reservations.

