

It would've been more bearable if everyone else hadn't had the exact same idea, straining not just the supply lines, but the poor clerks manning the register and the back room. Then again, considering how reliant modern society had become on using the compressor dimensional network, could it ever have gone in any other way? All it took was for one hyper to grow larger than expected during an unplanned spurt for the whole system to come crashing down, owing to its frank lack of very necessary expansion, forcing everyone not marked as an "essential" hyper for compression to have to make do in some way or another; unfortunately for the otter, and for many others like him, he just wasn't big enough that governments the world over would go to any lengths to keep them shrunk down, preferring to take the hit to their sewage networks rather than risk bringing the system of interlocked dimensional pockets down for long enough that the planet might suffer the consequences. In practice, what this meant for Chuck and everyone else in his position, was a run on the pharmacies and supermarkets to try and stock up before everyone else did, which unsurprisingly led to a complete meltdown when it came to supply-side logistics; there just weren't enough temporary compressors to keep everyone stocked, forcing a good chunk of society the world-over to have to rely on more... unconventional methods to keep themselves in a presentable, fit state, methods that, up until then, had been the exclusive purview of those who either couldn't afford, or chose not to pay the access fees to be allowed into the compression network. For Chuck in particular, who happened to be well-off enough that such a thing had never been a problem, having to rely on *condoms* of all things was not something he ever expected would happen, especially not considering he had an order for temporary compressors to his name at the local pharmacy; it wasn't until he showed up and found out that someone had taken the package in the chaos that ensued the network shutdown that the otter even considered the possibility of doing anything else, and by that point, the decision had been taken out of his hands. With a blush on his cheeks and his wallet screaming at him not to do something stupid, Chuck turned to face the rack filled with rubbers, hoping to find some that would fit; not exactly the hardest thing to do, given that his problem mostly resided in productivity rather than raw size, but it was still important to keep himself snug and comfortable, seeing as he worked from home. He worked *hard* for the privilege of being able to walk around in his underwear while earning a paycheck, and wasn't about to sacrifice the luxury of doing so just because someone of a temporary shutdown of the compression system; if he had to buy condoms that were a size or two bigger, then he would, if only to make sure that they could take what he could dish out while still remaining snug and comfy around his dick. In the end, he spent... more than he wanted to, mostly as a precautionary measure in case the dimensional network didn't come back online when it was expected to; better to keep extras around just in case, rather than risk having his house flood with spunk because he was too miserly. It made sense, and yet it didn't even begin to soften the blow to his wallet when he placed all the boxes inside a plastic bag and walked out of the pharmacy, taking care not to bump into anyone standing in the exceedingly long line leading outside and down the road. He could already feel the temporary compression trinket he had on begin to falter; he always kept a couple in his medicine cabinet *precisely* for emergency situations like those, but even the best brands only

lasted for about an hour at most before they had to be taken off and recharged... by accessing the dimensional compression network. It was a perfect storm, and one that Chuck could only assume had been in the making for some time thanks to the expected inability of most people to look further ahead than the next election, but at least it was supposed to be fixed within the day; not really the most accurate of projections, but at least it was better than nothing. In the meantime, the otter just had to learn how to deal with his immense levels of cum production in the old-fashioned way, the way it was done *before* easy access to a compression network, when apparently people just filled things up and threw them away like a bunch of savages; Chuck could barely even consider this possibility, let alone picture himself actually *doing it*, but now that he had a whole bag of condom boxes slung over one of his arms, the reality of the situation began to sink at a much faster pace than he was ready for it. By the time he was back home, slamming the door shut behind him to try and externalize some of the frustration he felt, he could feel the sweat pouring down his brow, as the slow, creeping realization that he was on borrowed time began to truly dawn on him, on a conscious level at least; knowing that he didn't have much longer before the temporary compressors gave out, he resolved to take the safe route, and prepare himself in the bathroom where, push come to shove, he could stick his dick inside the wall-mounted draining pump that he rarely used. The damned thing was probably clogged or rusted over from how little he paid attention to it, but even then, he had the bathtub if it really came down to it; taking his pants off, the otter sat on his toilet and opened one of the boxes of condoms, unwrapping the gargantuan thing and holding it out in front of him. It felt so ridiculously oversized compared to his package that it was easy to forget that he very much needed every single inch of synthetic rubber in there; the only reason his cock and balls weren't taking up most of the space between his legs were the two earrings he had on, and those were just about ready to give up the ghost in a couple of minutes when their juice ran out. When it did, what looked to be a perfectly regular male apparatus would spring forth and multiply in size, shoving itself directly into the condom as if it were an archery target; hopefully, the impact wouldn't rupture it, and its elasticity would be enough to handle a large enough load that Chuck could walk around and get things done without having to constantly change condoms every thirty or so seconds. The only way to find out was to try it and see, time how long it took before he filled one of those things up fully so he had a rough estimate of how much autonomy time he had before needing to crack the next one open; with his phone by his side though, there wasn't anything else the otter could do but... wait. He sat there, listening to his earrings beep slowly as their battery life was drained dry, a couple of spoken messages in a robotic tone letting him know that he was approaching "critical" levels of decompression; he did nothing, knowing that there was nothing he *could* do, instead focusing on keeping the rubber directly in the way of where he knew his dick would grow into, having seen that rod from that exact angle so many times before that he could practically see it right in front of him. And indeed, when the compression trinkets shut off, instantly releasing all of his mass into the outside world, all it took was a minor adjustment to make sure his nuts billowed outwards onto the ground without getting too much in the way, with the otter's cock firmly lodging itself directly into the condom with minimal

friction, minimal hassle, and thankfully, no damage to the rubber whatsoever; immediately afterwards, the filling began, now that his innate productivity had been released upon the world for the first time in what had been, by that point, close to a decade. So long, in fact, that Chuck had actually forgotten what he was like; he had access to the numbers each month when he received the bill for use of the compression network, but seeing as he couldn't really *do* anything to stop his nuts from producing so much, he'd stopped paying attention to the specifics and only checked to see if the total amount billed changed significantly, which, barring specific incidents that he recalled losing some control in, didn't really happen all that often. The last time he'd ever released his full size into the proverbial wild had been a couple of years prior during a routine medical check-up, and even then it didn't take long enough for his full potential to be revealed; long gone were the days where he would actually have to deal with how much cum his nuts produced on a daily basis, hence why the otter was so shocked to see that condom balloon outwards so quickly. He had expected it to last significantly longer, at least for enough time that he would grow to regret buying so much stock, but as he saw the thick spunk spool downwards into an increasingly wider rubber blimp, Chuck began to realize that he might just need to buy even *more* boxes unless the technicians got the network up and running by the end of the day like they said they would. It was downright worrying just how rapidly he went through a single condom, doubly so given how much it could hold; by the time the otter knew he couldn't hold back anymore, lest he end up bursting that thing open and causing a serious flooding issue, it was easily about as large as a beanbag chair, big enough that he could feasibly throw himself onto it and not be able to hug its full circumference. It was mesmerizing, in a way, seeing the currents of cum within it slosh about and smash against one another, enough that he almost forgot that Chuck nearly forgot he had to take a second condom from the box to get ready for the transfer; thankfully, it was easy for base instinct to take over, and though there was *some* dripping in between one rubber and the next, the otter soon found a rhythm that allowed him to exchange cum balloons with minimal waste. Would that the rate of fill-up looked so optimistic as well; Chuck could only laugh at himself for having so completely forgotten about how productive he was, thinking he could use a single condom for more than ten minutes at a time... if even that much, honestly. As much as he hated to admit it, the first measurement hadn't been a mistake, and his phone *hadn't* shifted into an alternate dimension where time went by far quicker than his own; he really *did* take anywhere from six to seven minutes *at the least* to fill up a single condom, reaching ten if he was exceedingly lucky and deliberately tried to slow himself down through breathing exercises, making it more than evident that whatever forecast he'd made up in his head wouldn't have to be revised so much as thrown out and replaced. Carrying around a box of rubbers, if not outright several, became a necessity whenever he wanted to do anything other than sit at his desk; even something as simple as making a sandwich for himself needed him to take a second condom along, to say nothing of when he had to cook his lunch and ended up spending just as much time washing his hands to avoid cross-contamination. Even when he *was* comfortably sat down and in the best possible mental state to maximize each fill-up time, he still ended up feeling distracted by the slowly bloating balloon between his legs, the warmth creeping

up from his feet up to his knees as he filled up condom after condom just with his passive production. One could only imagine what it would be like if he was actually *trying*, if he had bought those things for the purposes of deliberately pleasuring himself while outside the compression network; he'd probably end up with his house completely stuffed with tied-up rubber balloons filled with enough spunk to stock up several fertility clinics for years on end! The issue with space was becoming a preeminent one as well, given that he didn't exactly live in the most spacious of homes; he had his bedroom-slash-office with the bathroom next to it, but the majority of the floor plan was taken up by the living room and kitchen area, which wasn't the largest to begin with... and with each new cum balloon that he filled up, with every condom he tied up and rolled out the door, the amount of space he had left slowly, but surely, dwindled until he had to start thinking about disposal. To his credit, Chuck did an admirable job of ignoring the inevitable, even if it only made it worse in the end; he was convinced that the network would come back up "soon enough", despite the fact that he had a second monitor set up to give him a real-time news feed on the repair work and yet hadn't seen a single update in several hours. Every time he got up and dragged himself out the door to replace the condom he had on with a fresh one, kicking the previous one as gently as he could without rupturing it, was an extra occasion he had to observe as his living room became little more than a literal cum dumpster, a single pinprick away from being transformed into several hours' worth of a clean-up job. It was fine though, or so the otter kept telling himself, he'd be back in the compression network in no time flat, and *then* he'd be able to roll the condoms out to the curb to be picked up by what he could only assume was a by-then overworked trash collection service. But as the hours rolled by and no further updates came through, as he stared down his oblivion in the form of an open door to the living room thanks to all of the cum balloons he had to keep stored, the more Chuck failed to contain the sense of panic that he'd done such a great job suppressing so far; really, all he could do was keep working on whatever the office sent his way, but seeing as he'd hyper-focused in order to get his mind off of things, he ended up going through his workload for the day far ahead of schedule, leaving him with nothing to do but... wait. Wait, and stare at the second monitor for any changes, sinking into despair as none arrived, looking sideways at a stack of boxes that used to be so much larger and wondering to himself just how much longer he could take it. He'd spent a sizable chunk of money on buying *sparcs*, and yet now he found himself burning through even the reserves that he'd never thought to touch ; it was barely time for dinner and already he was down to the last ten! Part of him wanted to call the emergency number given for the compression network's customer service, while the rest of his brain reminded him that not only was that line probably clogged with people who thought exactly like he did, but him shouting angrily at a defenseless bureaucrat wouldn't speed the repairs up by any measurable degree. No, he had nothing left in his repertoire but to sit there, burn through his supply of condoms, and *wait*; Chuck didn't even bother making dinner, (correctly) deducing that the amount of spunk balloons he had in his living room was far too great for him to be able to cook anything with a reasonable amount of safety... or without popping at least one of them when he inevitably dropped a knife on something. Hell, just getting to the front door alone was a chore

and half, given that he had condoms stacked up to the *ceiling* in some parts of the living room, requiring expert navigational skills for the sole purpose of paying for some dreadfully greasy take-out, then even more so in order to return to his office while carrying something without accidentally spilling it over the myriad of obstacles in the way. Really, if not for the fact that Chuck had vivid recollections of every single condom he'd rolled out of either his bathroom or bedroom, he might've assumed that some supernatural force had snapped their fingers and suddenly filled his apartment with more bags of spunk than he could ever output in a day, but... no, that was definitely him. Nearly a decade of overreliance on a system that he assumed would never go down for long enough to be an issue had left him thoroughly unprepared for even the slightest of hiccups, and now he was paying for his hubris in what was more than likely the most theatrically ironic way possible; really, if it weren't such a bother, and if he couldn't perfectly envision the sheer amount of work that would go into cleaning everything up *even if* nothing broke open, the otter might very well have spent most of the day cackling at the absurdity of it all.

Instead, he kept tilting his head sideways, hoping that maybe the next time his eyes scanned his second monitor he would see some news about the compressor network, only for nothing to be there waiting for him, time and time again. Dinner time was approaching, and then he'd have to go to bed, and with the number of boxes running dangerously low...

... best set something up next to the pump in the bathroom. He'd have to sleep on a chair that night.