

Covered



“O-oh! Thank fuck you’re here!” Kelly shouted at her underling. “Cover me while I take care of... business!”

After looking their boss up and down, the underling frowned and nodded their head. Kelly was the Floor Manager of this particular department and sometimes she got into a mood that no one wanted to mess with. Horny. That’s the mood.

She looked like she was going to explode. Her medicine ball sized breasts were so large they simultaneously hung by her waist and obscured half her head. The buttons on her suit held fast, which caused the spillage of breast flesh to look uncomfortable. The breasts’ blue veins pulsed beneath the taut skin while tennis ball nipples were busy excising the contents within. Gripped in Kelly’s hands were wads of brown tissue paper as she desperately tried to keep herself contained.

A hyper-sized condom hung from Kelly’s four-foot long cock. The condom’s reservoir was also the size of a medicine ball, though it was filled with about forty pounds of pre-cum instead of milk. Yet despite the amazing weight of the pre-cum it held the condom stayed intact. Unfortunately for everyone and everything around it, the reservoir of cum was craned around with ease by the diamond-hard cock. Everyone joked that Kelly was a wrecking ball when she was in the mood.

Kelly sauntered out of the room with her legs splayed wide. She took on an awkward waddle as her body continued to produce liquids of all kinds. It was obvious she was going to the toilet. The toilet being the other department’s Floor Manager, Gwen.

Gwen was a Hyper as well. Though she was unique in that she could pass as not-a-Hyper among the public. Aside from being a hard-ass and a bit standoffish, normal people saw her as one of them. But to a Hyper, Gwen was irresistible. The pheromones she emanated drew the subconscious attention of every symptomatic Hyper. To them, Gwen seemed to be a stupendously suitable sex partner. It wouldn’t be obvious why until they bedded her, which is when they learn that Gwen could take what they had to offer. All that they had to offer.

“Five minutes,” the hard-toned Gwen spoke. “I have a video call in five minutes with the Director and if you’re not done when I get the call then too bad.”

The green haired manager didn’t need to hear any more beyond that. At the very moment Gwen stopped talking, Kelly was on it. She yanked the slippery condom off her cock where it fell to the floor with a resonating slam. With a quick change of position, her her cock now pointed, in close proximity, at Gwen’s head. A splurt of pre-cum bridged the distance between the urethral slit and a pretty set of lips. And another. And another.

“Five min-blrbl,” the pre-cum coated Gwen reiterated. She took the bulbous cock head and gave it a small kiss, prompting Kelly to sexily bite her lower lip in anticipation. Gwen never got tired of that expression and savored it for a second before noisily making out with the cock. The yelps and moans of the other prompted Gwen to go faster, harder. The sloppy noises of wet-on-wet sucking filled the office. Workers stopped what they were doing to watch the spectacle unfold before them.

Gwen’s mouth stretched like rubber, ever wider, to take more and more of the throbbing meat log of her fellow manager. Her moans, distorted by the viscous fluid that now coated her esophagus, came out with a bubbling fervor.

Glrk, Grpp, Blrg. The lewd noises intensified as Gwen rocked her whole body back and forth to accommodate more and more of the massive dick. Beads of sweat formed and rolled off her forehead as with one final push she finally took the entire length. The buttons on her suit popped off like a gun as the four-foot long girthy cock distorted the body like a flashlight. Gwen rubbed her arms up and down her body, giving the cock she was sucking on a double-hand job from the outside.

Every nerve in Kelly’s body was on fire as Lustblood, which is like the horny equivalent of Bloodlust, took over her. Grabbing Gwen’s head, she thrust her hips like a piston. Over and over she pounded her partner with a smooth, ceaseless motion. Thick trails of pre-cum bridged Kelly’s abdomen and Gwen’s face every time she pulled her hips back. Thick noises of juice being smashed and splattered emanated when she thrust forward.

Kelly came with an ear-piercingly loud scream that could be heard anywhere inside the large building. A rocket of cum launched into Gwen, visibly distending her stomach with each pump. Gwen’s body recognized the cum it was taking in and began storing it into her breasts, quickly inflating them to sizes properly deemed Hyper. Milk sprayed out of Kelly’s breasts like an emergency sprinkler, showering everything within thirty feet of her with a nutritious ambrosia.

The world bucked and flipped and turned into fireworks as Kelly nearly fainted. Falling to the floor, Kelly’s massive cock left Gwen’s body with a loud pop leaving the two managers on the floor panting for air (though for two different reasons).

After a minute Gwen was the first to stand. She had trouble doing so, as she was now three hundred pounds heavier. And she looked absolutely disastrous. Her stomach was so distended with cum it looked like a giant bean-bag chair was attached to her abdomen. Her breasts were now even larger than pre-orgasm Kelly, and even heavier since they were filled with a thicker substance than milk. Entirely covered in thick, dripping cum she looked like she took a facial cum-shot of a thousand men.

“God! Next time give me a warning before you blow your load!” Gwen snapped at Kelly. “I could have taken it all nicely if you let me know. Now this whole goddamn office is going to smell like cum!”

Kelly could only blankly stare on in the afterglow of her intense orgasm, smiling as she watched cum slough off of Gwen’s expanded body.

Bzzzt. Bzzzt. Wiping the cum off her hands, Gwen produced a cell phone from her pocket.

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