

Mid Journey

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The sun was bright and the breeze light and comfortable. The sound of cars mixed with the laughter and footsteps of people. The chiming of bikes and birds gave a lively atmosphere to the downtown district. The sound of a phone's alarm added to the cauldron of life.

Amelia perked up and reached into her purse, turning off the alarm.

Already? she thought in a huff. Frustrated, her thoughts went on. This is why I don't go out that often. I can't I have a normal time like every-

"Is everything alright?" Amelia's old college friend Grant asked, snapping Amelia out of her thoughts.

"Yeah, I... uh..." Amelia blushed. "I-I lost track of time and now it's time for my... um... my... umm..."

Picking up on her growing fluster, he responded, "Oh, right. Um, I don't know if there are any relief booths here. I'm... really not sure if Old Town has a dedicated restroom for people of your type."

"Grant!" A female voice berated. "That's racist!"

"Thanks Persephone, though I'm pretty sure it's not racist, but more like... ableist?" He grimaced at the prejudiced choice of wording.

Ignoring that, Persephone turned to Amelia, “I actually think there was one by the lot where we parked.”

“O-oh, but that’s nearly a fifteen-minute walk away. I-I’m not sure I can make it that far,” Amelia responded. “I’m such a ditz, I can’t believe I completely forgot all about this... I’m still trying to get used to... being a person of this type.”

“Well come on, let’s look around then, no sense standing here like a bunch of idiots,” Persephone fired back. “I hope you can hold it in for a bit longer.”

The trio of young adults wandered around, asking for directions to the nearest Hyper Relief Booth, if there was one. The search suddenly cut short when Amelia bent over in discomfort.

Persephone and Grant supported Amelia, lifting her back up.

“Already? It’s only been, what, five minutes? Did you not give yourself enough time to find relief?”

“A-ah,” she clutched her abdomen, “S-something’s not right, it doesn’t usually happen this fast. It’s usually about fifteen min- AGH!”

Amelia’s body jolted violently and she arched backwards. Her perky breasts, each a basketball and a half in size, jiggled wildly underneath her sundress. The turgid meat log that is her cock danced up and down, flexing more blood into its vascular system. The sundress, lifted up by the hem, revealed bulging veins on the three-foot-long member.

“Hnnggg!!!” Amelia grunted through gritting teeth, as her schlong painfully expanded another six inches. Her gigantic testicles, each as large as their owner’s breasts,

swung pendulously. But they were kept mostly in check by the “ball-bra” that supported them.

“QUIT STARING, GRANT!” Persephone yelled. “Amelia! This way!”

Thinking quickly, Persephone led Amelia down an alleyway, behind a dumpster. Knowing how messy these situations could get she helped the distressed Hyper take off her clothes.

“Here, do your business, Grant and I will keep watch to ensure no one disturbs you.”

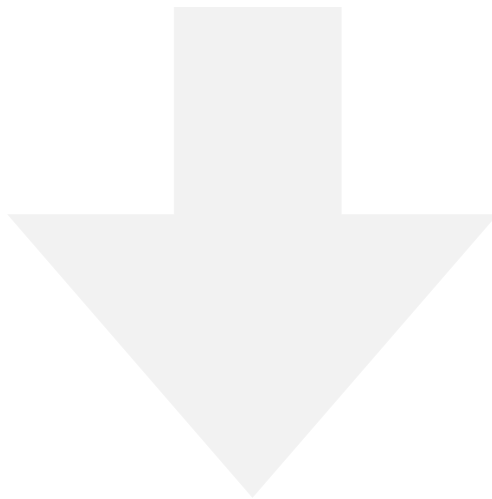
Amelia nervously grabbed her puffy, grapefruit sized nipples, and twisted them. Her cock responded by ejecting a couple gallons of precum. The thick slapping sound of dense liquid echoed in the alleyway, surprising her. Her hips bucked as she leaned forward and dropped her breasts onto her massive dick. The feeling of her firm tits wrapping her sensuous cock sent her mind ablaze with lust. She began pumping away, a heavenly tit-job where she was both the giver and receiver.

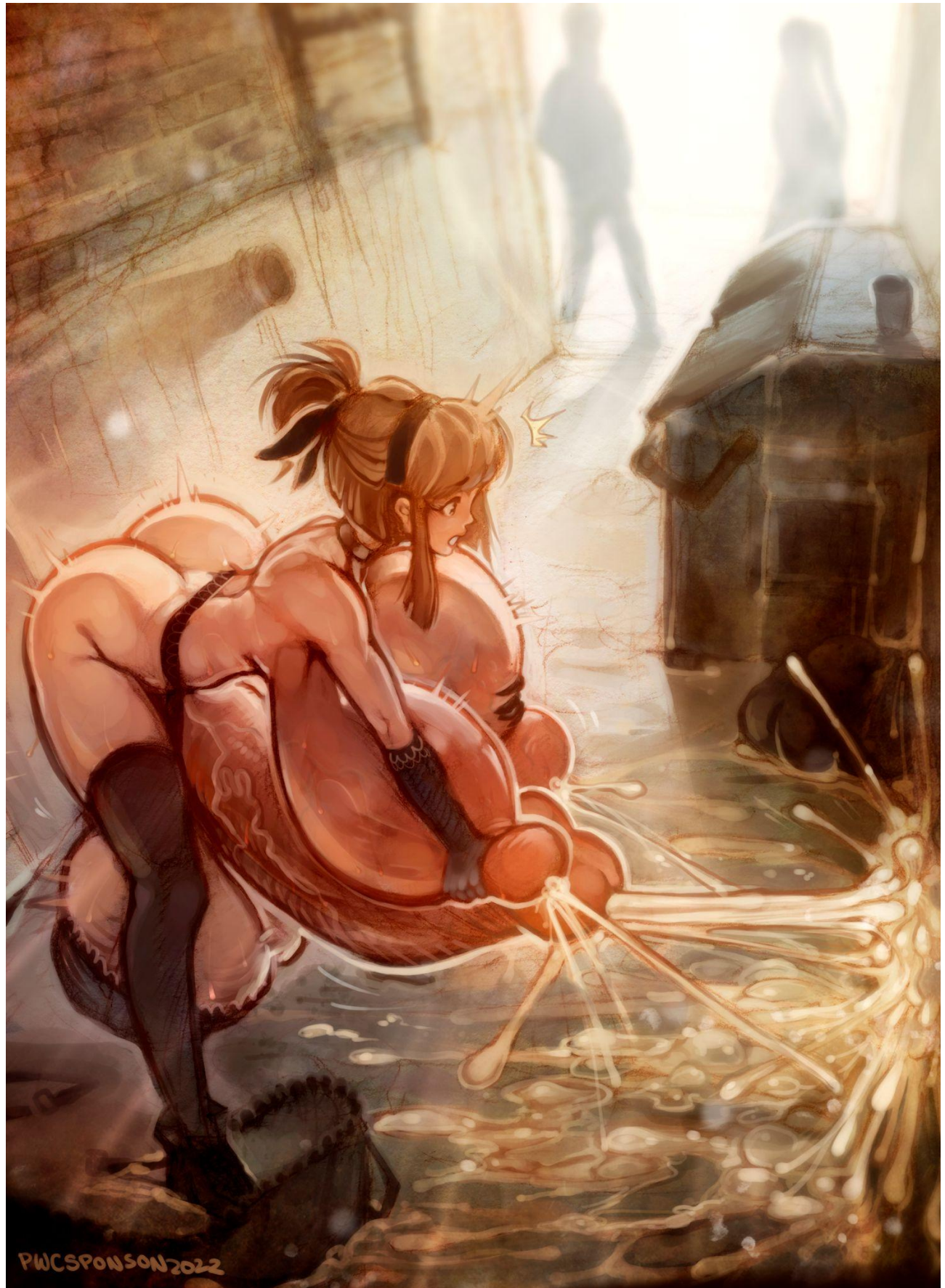
It wasn't long until her urethra dilated as wide as an arm, violently ejecting semen with a force that could cave in a car door. And as if her own bountiful breasts felt left out, they too started expelling white liquid. The sweet cream of her teats joined in painting the alleyway white with the succor of bodily fluid.

“HNNGGAAHHH!!!” A guttural scream of pure sex erupted from Amelia's vocal chords as her cock pumped rope after rope of baby batter. Thick layers of semen built up on themselves, flowing down the wall and onto the concrete ground like pudding. Each new string of dense cum rippled the mass of jiggling liquid. A disgusting dance of virility.

Something wasn't right. She had never cum so fiercely before. Never so drawn out. Cum ricocheted off every surface and splattered against her skin. The humid,

cum-stenched air invaded her lungs, stinging them. Her muscles burned from the sheer exertion of pushing out cum. She wanted to scream but couldn't catch her breath. Her body expelled even more cum. It felt to her as if one hundred and one percent of her body was dedicated to the one, and only one, function. Her body expelled even more cum. Amelia's vision was going dark. It felt like a river flowing out of her. Her eyes rolled up. She gasped for air, but her body expelled even more cum.





Amelia woke up in a room of immaculate white. It took her a moment before she registered that she was lying in a soft bed, somewhere in a hospital. She wanted to move but felt so sore everywhere she quickly gave up on the idea.

Time slipped by for Amelia as she drifted in and out of consciousness. Sometimes she was sure she could hear her friends. But their voices seemed so distant. Everything seemed distant to her.

Something was missing in her. Something important. As if a piece of her soul had left her body along with the cum she churned out in that alleyway.

She closed her eyes and wondered.

Grant put out his cigarette as he turned to Persephone outside the gates of the medical facility.

“They said if she ever wakes up from her coma, they’ll call us. They’ll let us know.”

“I... I still can’t believe what happened...” Persephone uttered.

“Me neither,” Grant retorted as he shook his head. Without much more to add, the two went their own way.

How long has it been? Amelia’s eyes shot wide open as she gasped for air. She felt foreign in her own body as her sudden movement caused flesh to shift in ways unfamiliar.

She realized her breasts had been smothering her. Pushing them aside (and mentally noting how sore she still was), she saw that her breasts had grown from a “manageable” size to something much, much larger.

A mirror on the other side of the room caused her to wail in despair. It looked like someone stapled a pair of extra extra large beach balls to her torso. Amelia groaned as she realized her nipples had grown as well. Now resembling a size very much like her breasts when she was in that alleyway.

Amelia's attention was torn away from her breasts by her cock. She felt it, in its girthy totality, flex. Amelia felt sick to her stomach as she realized she couldn't see the tip of her cock in the mirror. And so she returned her eyes to the real thing, having tilted her head back in order to see her glans. It towered over her like a monster, eight feet long, as thick as a tree.

She caressed her cock softly, wide eyed and in shock. Then realization dawned over her. Her cock wasn't attached to *her* anymore. She was a pair of tits attached to *it*.

Her cock flexed again as if in agreement to her newfound perspective. Precum dribbled down the length of the meat log, and the answer came to her in the form of a thick dollop. It was then that she subconsciously knew how to fill the void in her soul. It hurt her ribs to laugh, but she found herself giggling and laughing as she wrapped her legs and arms around her cock. She cooed as warm precum dribbled over her head and hair.

The monitoring systems beeped in excitement as Amelia began to pump away.

That night, Grant and Persephone got the call.

End.