

Be Yourself

“Be confident, be yourself,” the red-headed girl thought to herself, “it has to do.” Staring at her reflection in the tall mirror she disdainfully viewed her clothed body at various angles, turning this way and that as if trying to find a flattering perspective. She pulled up her thigh-high tights and adjusted her long rusty hair, which was tied up into a cute ponytail, as if it was going to change the issue at hand. Her hands gripped the hem of her brown shirt and pulled down.

“Hnnng, fuck,” the red-headed girl cursed aloud. There really was no helping it, her shirt was already holding two monstrously large breasts (each larger than their owner’s torso) with nipples the size of cantaloupes. Tucked in between the cleavage of her mountains was an equally hyper-sized erection. She mentally noted that her bulbous, fat cockhead was as large as the one between her shoulders, not that there was much to do with that note. Her dick was so long it tented her shirt outwards even with her hips bucked slightly back. The fact that the cheap cotton shirt could hold so much flesh in the first place was incredible, though it was stretched so thin and sheer the reddish areolae of her breasts and flush cockhead was practically on display. Absolutely stretched to its limit the shirt refused to give any more slack to the girl.

The red-headed girl huffed and picked up a medical pamphlet off the nearby nightstand. “Be confident, be yourself,” it read in big gaudy letters on the inside, “Being a ‘Hyper’ is nothing to be ashamed of!”.

“Like I have a choice,” she thought.

The girl sighed. Why she was trying to fix her shirt when she didn’t even have the proper clothing to hide her humongous, saggy testicles was beyond her. The veiny semen-makers were as large as her stupidly large breasts and they just freely hung under her. The navy blue short skirt she wore served no practical purpose anymore, instead having been donned on out of habit and the last thread of her modesty. She had grown *fast* over the last week and her new clothes were still in the mail. Still the world turned on and on whether or not she could cover herself properly. She decided she couldn’t worry about her body forever, grabbed her purse, and headed for downtown on foot.

Everything moved as one jiggling mass and it annoyed the girl. She missed riding her swanky moped. She only bought the damn thing about a year ago, right before she started showing symptoms of the Hyper Virus. The ride was short lived and she sold it a month back when she could no longer comfortably fit on it.

“Be confident, be yourself,” the red-headed girl anxiously repeated to herself as she traversed the garden-park near her apartment complex. The beautiful spring day weather had people out and about in more than usual numbers and all the people present were giving her anxiety. Her self-consciousness grew as she strode through a sparse crowd, wondering if they

were judging the awkward gait she developed to account for her dominating tits and genitals. Or if they were just staring at the sheer size of her fun bits.

It wasn't until she saw the presence of other Hypers on the other side of the park that she felt a little more at ease. The girl always knew that Hypers were quite varied but it never clicked for her what that actually meant until today. She caught herself staring at the other Hypers, ogling them. The red-headed girl subconsciously bit her lower lip as she admired the fellow Hypers' towering hard cocks and stiff nipples, bared to the world without the shame she had for herself. She felt guilty, in a way. She was ogling them the same way she didn't want anyone ogling her. Yet today, for some reason, she couldn't look away.

Her breathing grew labored and musty. The girl shook her head in an attempt to clear her mind but all it accomplished was causing her bits to jostle around needlessly. A strong jolt of hot lust ran through her body, causing even more blood to surge into what she just noticed as a painfully erect cock. A thick, bowl filling glob of precum bubbled out through her shirt as she moaned like a slut from the jolt. She covered her mouth in embarrassment.

"Be yourself, be yourself," the red-headed girl repeated the mantra as she mentally fought the sudden haze of lust. Then it happened.

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The loud sound of cheap fabric tearing combined with her slutty, slutty moan had drawn the unwanted attention to her. A warm spread of precum plastered her tits and cock, the resulting feeling of a sticky sensation sending the girl's nerves into overload. Her growing cock flexed in ecstasy and, tearing through her shirt like a caged animal, the gigantic dick with all its heft, now free from its cotton confines, slapped the ground with a wet meaty clap dragging the tattered cloth remains with it.

"Be yourself, be yourself!" she was internally screaming, the intensity of her thoughts trying to banish the very situation. She opened her mouth to explain herself to the public, but instead moaned again as a thick white stream of semen violently erupted from her dick hole. Her hips bucked, her body jerked, and her tits bounced around wildly, threatening to bludgeon anyone who got too close to her. She wailed in pleasure and embarrassment as her supple flesh jiggled and moved to the beat of an orgasm that seemed to have no end. Between the tears, sweat, and haze the red-headed girl could only think "you *are* yourself."

