

Employee of the Month

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Definition: Hyper: A human being who has expressed symptoms of the Hyper Virus (*hypergenitalia dionysii*), causing changes to their sexual organs, libido, metabolism, among many others, to undergo change, often resulting in extremely large sizes that interfere with daily activities.

The pneumatic support cylinder of an old office chair squeaks with fatigue underneath its occupants weight. Said occupant, May, listlessly swivels back and forth with anticipation. The atmosphere is filled with soft murmurings of shuffling paper, ringing phones, keyboard strokes, and other signs of daily office life. May brushes her red hair back, then adjusts her shirt in the uncomfortably humid air of her cubicle, the wait for her superior seeming like eternity in May's perception.

A soft, polite knocking on the cubicle wall indicates the arrival of Karen, her superior, an elegant blonde woman in her early thirties. With wide hips, tiny waist, and breasts the size of her own head she garnered looks wherever she went. An otherwise bombshell body that could pass for a non-Hyper, if it weren't for the meter long log of a cock between her fine legs.

May feels her face flush beet red, her heart suddenly racing at the sight and smell of her beautiful boss. There is great difficulty maintaining eye contact, and a hot, fluttered breath escapes her lips. Try as she might to maintain composure, in the end her own body naturally betrays her. Hot blood courses through her body and fills out every inch of her flesh. May's nipples grow hard and taut against her shirt, ballooning out to the size of basketballs. Mounted on fatty, beach-ball sized breasts, they utterly betray any attempt at maintaining her composure. May presses her legs against her hot cock, which was similar

in size and girth to Karen's, to keep it under control. Finally, with great effort May manages to suppress a slutty moan as every square inch of her vast and sensitive nipples rub against her cloth shirt.

“Hey May! You got a moment?” Karen asks. Her voice oozes maturity and confidence, which May pleurably soaks in.

“Y-yeah. What's up?” May responds. Of course she had a moment, the time was already blocked out in her calendar. She notices her swiveling in the chair and suddenly stops, a mistake she realizes immediately. May's massive, supple breasts jiggle back and forth immodestly like a plate of Jell-O.

“I just wanted to talk to you about your amazing performance lately.” Karen smiles as she casually sits against the edge of May's desk. The cubicle was too small for one Hyper-endowed person, let alone two, causing the cramped space to ignite with sexual tension.

“And how amazing performances deserve a special... something.” She continues.

May feels Karen's firm appendage brush against her arm, hot to the touch, and notices Karen hungrily ogling her breasts and cock.

“Y-yeah?” May stammers. “Did you have something in mind?”

Karen leans in and whispers, “Well, that's what I wanted to talk to you about.”

The minty, sweet breath of her desire sweeps across May. Without thinking she wraps her arm around Karen's waist and pulls her in for a deep, passionate kiss. Sensually wet noises of sloppy kissing fill the cubicle as their tongues dance together, basking in the wet writhing texture of the other.

After a few long minutes, Karen stops. Wiping saliva from her face she says, “You know... we... *I* can offer more for your efforts. *Anything* you want.”

May gulps in nervousness, staring intently into Karen’s eyes. Slowly reaching her hand up to Karen’s bosom, May searches for any sign of objection. Breathing heavily, she finally gropes the massive melon. It’s supple, yet firm, and has a springiness that belies their size when fondled. A few squeezes later, May finds the courage to pull aside Karen’s suit, revealing a pale white breast that sports a pink nipple the size of a small apple.

May gulps again, but this time with thirst. Soft lips and an excited tongue find themselves wrapping around the nipple. They work in tandem, suckling, tasting. The light saltiness of sweat. The full sweetness of milk. Ecstasy floods May’s mind and body as milk begins *pouring* into her mouth. Richer than any cow’s milk, she mentally notes, and smoother than silk.

Plap* ... *Plap* ... *Plap

Precum drools relentlessly in thick streams from May’s bulging cockhead as she enthusiastically suckles on the wondrous teat before her.

Slop

A loud wet noise slaps the cubicle wall opposite May as her four foot long cock flexes *hard*, violently flinging precum about. A yelp of surprise comes from behind the cubicle wall, and it isn’t a moment later until a curious soul is peering over the cubicle wall at May and Karen.

Slop

Another arc of precum goes flying as Karen caresses May's turgid cock. Moaning and mewling, May pulls back her shirt, revealing her fat, sweaty breasts, and starts fondling herself. Streams of warm milk flow readily from her nipples, mixing with the glistening sweat upon her pliable skin.

Karen positions herself to May's side, her own cock dripping precum like a faucet. She slides her slippery cockhead into the tight space between May's thighs, belly, and the bottom of her breasts, and begins slowly pumping away, depositing her lubricant with each thrust. Her own moans mix with May's as her urethra is fingered in turn by May's free hand.

Onlookers begin to gather, indiscreetly peering from over the cubicle walls at the indecent spectacle. The sounds of the office quiet down as posts are abandoned, and machines are left idle. Soon only the thick wet sounds of slapping flesh and splattering liquids permeate the office.

Feelings of higher ecstasy enrapture May as Karen slides her left fist into May's swollen nipple, plunging it deeply with ease, eventually penetrating all the way up to her elbow. The rhythmic thrusting of cock slowly transitions into a more frenzied tempo.

Five, ten, twenty, minutes pass by. Two women and their massive cocks vigorously fucking folds and cleavages and thighs, all seemingly without end. Moans and screams of pleasure now at maximum volume without any regards.

Thirty, forty, fifty minutes pass by. Drenched head to toe in sweat and gasping for air between loud moans, May feels herself inching closer and closer to a room-ruining orgasm. In any other situation she would don a condom to contain her ejaculate, but not now, not in this moment so lost in pleasure. Karen was no more lucid than May, still endlessly molesting every inch of May with her giant cock.

Together they scream in bliss. Eruptions of semen from both their painfully hard erections paint the floor and walls and ceiling white. A cacophony of cum slamming against every available surface like a sledgehammer mixes with the screams of the audience. Computers are blasted aside. Reports and papers are scattered and consumed by the tide. The smell of cum will undoubtedly never be washed away.

May and Karen lay on the ground, desperately gasping for breath. Barely conscious and entirely unrecognizable under inches-thick layers of their sperm, they kiss.

“So?” Karen weakly asks. “Was there anything you could think of that you wanted?”

May looks at her office chair, now a mangled mess of cheap metal and fabric (and cum). She laughs.

“Well, I think I’ll want a new chair.”

End

