

Hypno-Hooters

Jane bustled around her office cleaning up from an earlier session. Most people didn't realize just how messy a hypnotherapist's office can become after a patient's visit, and most don't believe her when she tries to tell them about it. Jane didn't mind picking up a few toys or therapy plushies here and there; it helped distract her from the anticipation of her upcoming client.

"He's going to be here any minute..." she told herself, staring at the clock with a flutter in her chest. It felt like she was back in grade school with a schoolgirl crush on a boy. The only difference being this went far beyond an innocent crush. Jane's heartbeat was enough to make her cleavage pulse and bulge out of a tasteful window in her blouse and jacket.

With the office cleaned up and ready, Jane stood at her desk trying her best to keep calm under the hot and heavy storm brewing in her core.

She glanced at the clock and bit her lip. "There's still a few minutes until he's here... And he's always on time..."

The temptation was too good to resist.

"Just a *little* warm-up," Jane decided, already fully aware of the dampness between her thighs. Standing over her laptop, she navigated into a hidden folder. A trove of secret, and incredibly forbidden, pictures filled her screen. For the good of her client they all left his face cropped from view. The main attraction was what throbbed between his legs.

"Mmmmm, *God...*" Jane moaned, clicking through them like a progressive slideshow. "I don't know how much more of this I can take... Poor guy might leave here as a tripod if I don't learn some self-control."

The photos all consisted of a massive cock. The earliest showed an ample manhood no larger than any other well-endowed male, but as Jane clicked through, the cock grew visibly larger and gained considerable girth. A hand was placed at her breast to calm her racing heart.

"I can't believe he used to be so small," Jane swooned. Ogling the largest of the photos made her crotch cry out for attention and she whimpered with need.

Their first appointment was still fresh in her mind. Ryder was a new client having some trouble sleeping. After a short phone interview to make sure hypnotherapy was right for him, Jane invited him in for their first session. Sleep issues were among the easiest to solve and she expected him to be in and out in only a handful of visits. What Jane hadn't counted on was the alluring aura pouring off Ryder when he entered her office for the first time.

He walked in dressed in business attire: dress pants and a button-up shirt. There was something about him that made her wet. He made her thighs squirm in her chair when he spoke. It wasn't often a man with such appeal came for a session, but Jane had never lost control in this way. She couldn't keep her eyes off his crotch. It wasn't large or obvious by any means, but Jane couldn't help herself, like a dog watching a bone.

"You must be Ryder," she greeted him. "Very nice to meet you!"

“Nice to meet you too, Dr. Falter!”

They shook hands and Jane shivered in her skirt. Smoothing her black hair, she insisted, “P-Please, call me Jane...”

Ryder smiled. “Can do.” He glanced around the small office nervously. “I have to admit, I’ve never really done anything like this before. Not sure I even believe in the whole hypnosis thing but my friend swore by you.”

“Oh don’t worry, it’s completely natural to feel dubious!” Jane jumped at the opportunity to place a soothing hand on Ryder’s shoulder and guided him to a couch. “It’s very safe, simple, and most importantly, *effective*.”

Ryder nodded. “If it helps me sleep, I’m all for it. So where’s the stopwatch you swing back and forth?”

Laughing, Jane rubbed Ryder’s knee in amusement. “Common misconception! No stopwatch needed. Are you ready to begin?” She couldn’t wait to get inside Ryder’s mind.

“Just like that??” Ryder stared in surprise.

“If you’re comfortable we can start whenever you would like.” Ryder nodded and Jane gave further instruction. “Go ahead and lie on your back and relax for a moment. I’ll begin walking you through the process of suggestion.”

Some patients have had difficulty falling into Jane’s trance. Some were simply never able to let themselves go. Ryder, on the other hand, fell asleep with ease. It was almost unheard of how quickly he became putty in Jane’s experienced hands. Only halfway through the hypnotic induction, Ryder was unconscious and dead to the outside world.

“Wow... Good looking and easy to hypnotize...” Jane was stunned. Falling victim to her base urges, a spark of naughty delight flared in her stomach and her eyes drifted downward. The faintest outline of a flaccid dick was showing against Ryder’s work pants.

“N-Now, Ryder...” Jane said slowly, “If you feel completely relaxed, I want you to nod your head for me.”

He responded a moment later with a lazy nod. Ryder was hers.

Usually hypnosis leaves the subject in full control. Although it may not appear it from the outside, their minds are fully conscious and capable of enacting free will. In almost all cases, a hypnotized subject is simply working under fewer inhibitions and more open to agreeing to certain actions or suggestions, while still capable of refusing anything their morals might not agree with. All memories are retained and nothing is hidden.

This was not the case with Jane’s method of hypnotism. Under her unique method of suggestion, the subject’s mind simply vanishes into a void and their body becomes totally hers. Such advanced techniques took years of training to master. The number of certifications and licenses weren’t anything to scoff at either. In the end, it left her patients in a much more vulnerable state where she could get to the root of their problem faster and more effectively.

Sitting in her desk across from an induced Ryder, Jane hesitated on her next action for the first time in her career. She knew she should ignore the taunting voice in the back of her head.

She knew it could never possibly be worth the risk to her professional career. But watching this dream of a man recline on her couch was far too much to resist. Control was hers and if there was ever a reason to push the ethical envelope, it was now.

Jane's mouth was dry when she opened it to speak. "R-Ryder... I would like you to...get hard for me."

She wasn't even sure it would work. Asking a patient to do, say, or act a certain way was one thing, but asking them to perform what was essentially an involuntary bodily action was ludicrous. She might as well have asked him to digest his lunch faster.

Then she saw the movement in his pants. Something was swelling under the fabric and her racing heart knew exactly what. Ryder's breathing increased as if experiencing a good dream. All the while, Jane watched as a thickening outline of a modest dick inched over his pelvis. It came to rest several moments later, jamming itself against his belt. He was above average from the looks of things and had a girth Jane wasn't ashamed to admit looked like a good fit for between her legs. All six inches teased her conflicted mind more than ever.

"M-Mmm..." Jane whimpered with uncertainty. The view was more tantalizing than ever and she was left only wanting more. She couldn't possibly go further, though; it went against everything she stood for.

"Ryder..." Jane's ample breasts were hot in her bra; its cups felt far too small today. "U-Undo your pants."

Expressionless and asleep, Ryder's hands moved on their own accord. The clanking of metal filled her office as he fumbled with his belt before unclasping a button. A racing zipper was the icing on the cake, as well as Jane's last warning. Flared open, Ryder's pants revealed his stuffed boxers and Jane's mouth watered.

"S-S-Slide your boxers down..." She couldn't believe what she was doing.

Ryder obeyed with no hesitation. A pair of blue plaid boxers slid halfway down his thighs to unearth his hardened member. It stood out against his pelvis like a handle. Jane could see his veins pulsing all the way from her desk.

Guilty and sweating under her blazer, Jane lifted her phone. A camera's view flickered to life and centered on Ryder's exposure. With one hand unconsciously drifting up her skirt, Jane snapped several pictures of her dirty prize.

"S-Stroke yourself."

Jane gripped her desk for support when Ryder's fingers ran up and down his shaft. Playing with herself at the same time, it didn't take much for the situation to overpower the hypnotherapist. Jane's fingers plunged in and out of her pussy as she leaned into her desk. Sweaty tits bulged over the surface and strained her G-cups bra. She began shivering before she knew how far she'd gone.

"Nnngghaahhh!/" Jane grunted in orgasm. For several minutes she lay across her desk panting with relief and desire. She didn't dare consider what she'd done to get to this point; it

was better for her conscience not to. Ryder was still stroking when she recovered enough to sit up and straighten her appearance.

“Stop...Ryder...” she instructed. His hand calmed and he lay still. “Dress yourself.”

Their time was almost up. Jane knew she had to do something to make the session seem worthwhile. Normally she would have worked through an entire list of questions and experiments. Instead, she’d only masturbated to a patient stroking himself.

“Ryder, in a few minutes, I’m going to ask you to wake up. However tonight before bed, I would like you to pleasure yourself immensely. Make yourself orgasm three times. Afterward, you will rest peacefully. Do you understand?”

Ryder nodded.

“Good...” Making sure she was presentable, Jane finished, “Go ahead and open your eyes.”

Ryder awoke like a robot. “Did we do it...?”

“All finished!” Jane announced.

“Already??” Ryder stared at the clock, wondering where the last thirty minutes had gone.

“It goes by fast. But I think you should find sleep much easier tonight.”

“Really? You think so??” Ryder was elated. “I don’t know if it worked, but I hope it did! I feel great!”

Jane couldn’t help but notice how he positioned himself to hide the massive erection in his pants. She wished she’d taken in the sight more, but knew the pictures would serve her well. She would likely be pleasuring herself to them in her tub later that night at the same time Ryder was fulfilling his final suggestion.

“I did have a few notes, however,” Jane added. “If it’s all right with you, I would like to increase our sessions to three times a week. Today was likely a bandaid fix for a deeper issue.”

Ryder narrowed his eyes cautiously but smiled and nodded. “If I sleep as well as you say I should tonight, you can bet I’ll be in again.”

It was hard for Jane to watch Ryder leave, but it didn’t surprise her when he called the next morning to schedule several sessions in advance. He was more than happy with the results of her hypnotic suggestion, and Jane was more than happy to have him all to herself.

She was prepared for their second meeting.

“Hey, Jane!” Ryder greeted upon opening her office door, “I can’t tell you how well I slept after our last--”

He stopped when he laid eyes upon Jane’s outfit. Several sizes too small, her blouse accentuated her large breasts and teased a wide window of cleavage. Only one button on her blazer was buttoned. As she’d hoped, the scandalous outfit made Ryder hard before he had a chance to finish his sentence. It did half of her work for her.

“Good to see you, Ryder!” Jane smiled, standing up to show a shorter pencil skirt as well. “Why don’t you come on in and we’ll get right to it! I think you’re going to make *incredible* progress today.”

“I’m all yours!” Happy as a clam, Ryder laid back and closed his eyes with images of Jane’s cleavage bouncing around his head. He was out faster than the first time. Jane’s heart palpitated with anticipation. There was something she couldn’t help but want to try since their last session.

“Undo your pants and slide down your boxers, Ryder.” There wasn’t any time to waste. With his crotch-moistening cock exposed, Jane cursed herself for even considering such a suggestion. “Now... *Get longer.*”

“*Nngh...*” Ryder grunted in his sleep and his hands clenched at his sides. Jane, watching from her desk with her legs spread in privacy, couldn’t believe her eyes.

Ryder’s cock was elongating. Like an animal searching for food, his shaft inched up his midriff with a pulsating head. Its skin stretched and tightened over his veins until it shown a dull red and partially reflected the light. Finally, with two inches added, Ryder’s manhood halted at a throbbing eight inches reaching his belly button.

Jane nearly broke her fingers from her pussy clenching so tightly. “*O-Oh my God,*” she moaned, marveling in the sight of Ryder’s forced elongation. “*Get longer.*”

“*Nnnngh...*” Another groan signaled his growth. Jane released several buttons on her blouse to gain access to begging nipples. This show was too great to ignore. Watching a man’s dick grow like an erotic party balloon was awe-inspiring. Jane felt more powerful than she ever, and she’d had total control over countless people. Again, Ryder’s cock came to stop several inches higher up his torso. It had come to the point of being disproportionate to his frame and almost twice as long as his original size.

Jane couldn’t stop. “*G-Get harder!*”

“*A-Ahh!*”

Sweat covered Ryder’s forehead as if the growth was physically exhausting. Jane didn’t dare blink as blood surged into Ryder’s enhanced manhood. Newly-formed veins curled along his shaft to provide extra flow. Existing veins thumped full and tight with blood, winding up his cock like pencils. It looked like an alien appendage fit to burst if he were to squeeze it too firmly. The head itself was almost the size of an orange.

Then Jane’s eyes drifted lower. Rising between his legs were the dark curves of two fleshy objects. With a horny gasp, she realized his balls were swelling with his cock. Growing and stretching, they had more than tripled in size and here forcing his thighs apart like two baseballs. Ryder’s sack of skin was stretched over them like a canvas, too tight to allow for much movement.

“*A-Ahh... Ooohhh God...!*” Jane groaned. This was beyond any sort of fantasy she’d ever imagined. Ryder’s forced growth was more than erotic. It was electric and forbidden, and it was shocking her from her tits to her groid. “*N-Nnnngh!!!*”

Jane came. Tits heaving in an iron grip and bodily fluids soaking through her skirt to drench her chair, she shuddered with release. She’d never seen a cock so big or tight.

“*Hah... Oh God...*” she moaned in guilty pleasure, leaning her lean on her desk.
 “Ryder... Go ahead and get dressed and wake up.”

The words left her mouth before she knew what she was saying. It was already too late. She rushed to clean herself up and close any skin-exposing buttons she’d released. Hair slightly tussled and a button in the wrong hole, she stopped just as Ryder’s belt closed around his cock and he opened his eyes.

“I can’t believe how fast these--” He stopped when trying to sit up. Firm pressure was pressing into his stomach and keeping his waist from bending forward. If he didn’t know any better, he might have guessed a giant dick had shot out of his pants and under his shirt.

“Yup! They just fly by!” Jane cursed herself for being so careless. She knew Ryder’s mind would reconcile with his new assets eventually, like a computer rebooting to find new hardware. But until then he was going to be in for a world of confusion.

“Uhh... *Nngh...*” Ryder shifted uncomfortably, his balls aching between his legs.

“Everything all right, Ryder?” Jane asked, her chair soaked with sweat and fluid.

“Y-Yea... Just...” He tried to stand once more and adopted an awkward roll to his side before standing with his back to Jane. “I actually...*nngh...* have to be getting back to work. Is there a bathroom I could use on the way out of the--”

“Down the hall to the left!”

Unsure of how to hide his package, Ryder’s arms crossed ungracefully across his stomach. “Thanks! I-I’ll see you on Friday, Jane!”

She waved as he opened the door and slipped through, his shaft banging against the frame. “See you then!”

Jane lost sleep to her fantasies concerning Ryder. If she could physically change his body, what was stopping her from going further? Was there a limit? His previous increase had left him so engorged with blood she was imagining his veins bulging with pressure for the rest of the night and the day after.

By the time Ryder came around for his next appointment, her chair was already well-lubricated. The first thing she noticed when he walked in was his new wardrobe.

“Nice pants!” she complimented while noting the excess space in the groin. Even flaccid, there was no hiding the monstrous cock she’d gifted Ryder with after their last session.

Ryder blushed and stared at his legs. “Oh thanks! The others were getting a bit tight. I need to lay off the fast food for lunch.”

“I’ll bet they were tight...” Jane groaned under her breath. He was going to need the extra space today. “Let’s get started!”

With Ryder under her control minutes later, Jane took her chair from behind her desk and wheeled it to the couch. He lay in front of her like a puppet and she whispered, “Swell for me.”

A cock came to life in Ryder’s pants. Already short on space, his shaft bulged against the bottom of his belt at an awkward angle when he became hard. Jane wouldn’t be releasing it just yet; she wanted to have more fun with her toy.

Sitting over him and spreading her legs, she began playing with herself in the same manner she'd come to crave from their sessions.

"K-Keep...swelling..." she told him, breath heavy on her lips. Each nipple burned with white-hot heat in her fingers. "Grow three more inches."

CREEAAAK

Ryder's pants and belt complained against his hardening dick. Stress lines arched over the fabric. They cradled his bloated balls squished between his legs. Jane could only imagine the kind of loads he'd produce with such orbs.

"Get...nnngh...harder!"

Sweat beaded upon Ryder's brow. A python was coiling on top of his pelvis with anger. The zipper rose several inches into the air atop a mounding bundle of flesh.

Jane was desperate. Yanking her blouse open, a massive tit fell into a waiting hand. "Mmm! Make yourself bigger!! P-Pump yourself fuller with blood!!"

CRREEEAAAAAK!!

She couldn't believe the suggestions pouring from her mouth. These sessions were the thirty minutes she lived for now. At night she dreamt of Ryder's return. During the day, she waiting for their next appointment with damp underwear. Now, as he lay helpless, Jane watched her suggestions push his pants and belt to the limit.

GRRROOAAAAN

"Nngh!?"

This sound was different from strained fabric. As Ryder moaned, Jane realized she'd just heard his cock complaining as it bent and ran out of space. His belt began trembling.

"Ahhmmm! Ohhhh make yourself big--"

POW!!!

Several pieces of metal flung into the air when Ryder's belt broke open. A plastic button followed suit with a zipper explosion.

SMACK!!

Jane froze and stared in erotic wonder at the mammoth dick throbbing on top of Ryder's stomach. It was a monster in every sense of the word. Thick and long like a body builder's forearm, it reached between his pecs and pulsed at a mouth-watering four-inches across. His veins rivaled Jane's fingers in size. She could hear the blood pumping through them like busy highways.

"A-A-AHHH!!!" It was too much for her. The sight alone drove Jane into a thigh-clenching orgasm. She doubled over at Ryder's side as waves rocked her back and forth. Spots filled her vision for several minutes until she managed to catch her breath.

She glanced up through messed hair. Ryder's cock was still gigantic, larger than any natural man's. She'd forced him to grow so big and so far beyond what she should have. Perhaps it was time for her to quit while she was still ahead. "All right, Ryder. Go ahead and make yourself sma--"

Jane paused. The world's largest dick was within reach and she hadn't even touched it. She stared with wide eyes. Covered in veins, deep red in color, and throbbing with blood, it looked fit to erupt at the slightest touch. Being in the same room when a cock this size erupted was like standing in the splash zone. Standing up and leaning over her patient, Jane extended a trembling finger towards his shaft.

His skin was searing hot to the touch and taut like canvas.

THRULUMP

"Ahh!"

A reactive pulse startled the hypnotherapist. Ryder's cock jumped and throbbed under her finger like an angry animal. Grapefruit-sized balls gurgled with pressurized cum. From between Jane's thighs, fluid dripped to the carpet below with rejuvenated arousal. She was about to lose control and she knew it. A single touch alone had almost brought her to orgasm a second time.

Flustered and hot, Jane threw a blanket over Ryder and rushed her chair back to her desk. "G-Go ahead and wake up, Ryder."

His eyes fluttered open with a weary gaze. The first thing he noticed was his covered body. "A blanket...?" he asked, reaching to remove it.

"Careful!" Jane insisted, "Y-You uh...had a *slight* wardrobe malfunction."

Still waking up, Ryder lifted the blanket to better understand. His face turned bright red at what he found. "*I'm so sorry!! Oh God I can't believe I--*"

Jane was quick to intercept. "Don't worry about it! It's not your fault. Those...erm...*situations* are quite common when under such deep hypnosis! I didn't want to wake you when you were having such a...*fulfilling* session." Jane stood up and walked towards her door. "I'll give you some privacy so you can get yourself situated."

Outside her office, Jane leaned against a wall and closed her eyes. The sound of Ryder struggling with his oversized member was music to her ears. At the rate her curiosity was taking her, she didn't know if she could trust herself with another session.

That was two days ago. Now, after the weekend to contemplate her actions, Jane still wasn't sure. The photos on her computer were pure gold and she longed to feel his bucking shaft under her fingertips once more.

"Today is his last session," Jane decided, making sure her office was still in order. Ryder would be there any minute. "I can't keep doing this. It's wrong, it's unprofessional, and it's not fair to Ryder." Swallowing hard, she added, "Just one more time won't hurt... Just a little more fun, then he goes back to normal. Well, maybe just a bit bigger than average... He deserves it."

"Knock knock!"

"*M-Mmm!!*" Jane grew wet at just the sound of his voice. Ryder was peeking into her office, the door having cracked open while she was deep in thought. "Ryder! Good to see you. I have great news; after today, I think you're ready to--"

Ryder interrupted with an announcement. "I can't tell you how helpful you've been, doctor! I've *never* slept this good in my entire life."

Judging by the amount of work it would take him to masturbate, Jane wasn't surprised. "I'm so happy to hear that! You've grown by leaps and bounds in our three sessions."

Ryder entered. Instead of his usual dress attire, he was clad in loose-fitting gym clothes. Stretchy basketball shorts housed the cock Jane was forcing herself to say goodbye to. It could be seen swinging against his thigh like a water bottle. "No work today?" she asked.

"Oh, no there is!" Ryder blushed. "I just didn't want another incident like last time, so I changed beforehand... These clothes are more relaxing anyways."

"Can't argue with that!" Jane couldn't sit still. It was like Ryder was trying to push her over the edge. "W-Why don't you lie back and we'll get everything neat and tidy in that head of yours before I send you on your way."

"*Yes please.*" Ryder reclined and gave himself to the therapist.

Once again, here he was; putty in her hands but now with easy access and no breakable clothing to leave any evidence. She sat close to him again, not wanting to miss any detail. Cleavage poured out of her blouse when she released its buttons in preparation. If she was going to do this, she was going to do it right. Spreading her legs and hiking her skirt up around her hips, Jane ran a hand between her thighs to find a pantyless crotch. She might as well have been naked.

"*Grow for me.*"

It didn't take much for Ryder to start showing. A purple head inched its way out from under his pant leg toward his knee. Jane's fingers dove deep into her body at the sight.

"*Grow some more.*"

"*Nngh...*"

"*Flood with cum.*"

QQQLLLCHH

Two spheres gurgled at the center of Ryder's shorts. Inflating like volleyballs, they stretched the fabric taut and churned with thick bodily fluid. His cock desperately wanted to rise toward his chest but it was trapped down his pant leg.

"*H-Harden. Mmmmmm get harder...!*"

Veins pulsed in overtime. Ryder was going to have a third leg soon enough. Jane only prayed she could last to see her adventure through. Watching him inch thicker and longer was orgasm-inducing, but she wanted faster.

"*K-Keep...nnngh!*" Jane shivered and massaged her ample knockers. "*Keep growing...until I tell you it's enough.*"

GUUURGLE

A switch flipped in Ryder's unconscious mind. All at once, Jane saw his manhood lurch forward in size and girth as if someone had dragged a size slider on an erotic character designer. His cock jumped a foot in length and stretched to his ankle. Meanwhile, between his legs, a pair of rapidly-inflating balls were creeping out of his pant legs. Taut, round, and shiny, his stretched scrotum looked closer to latex than skin.

SHRIIPP!!

There wasn't nearly enough room. As prepared as Ryder had come, his shorts weren't up to the task of containing his new assets. Trying to rise like the mast of a ship, his cock was exerting enough force to rip his shorts at the seams. Blood boiled in his veins from the awkward angle of his shaft. Jane couldn't pleasure herself fast enough as she saw the rips widen.

SSHHHRRRRRIIPPP!!

His shorts burst open. As if spring-loaded, Ryder's cock flung itself into the air before landing on his sleeping chest. It slammed down and came to lay taller than his head, supported by the couch's armrest. A shaft over a foot in diameter dominated his torso. Wrist-thick veins bulged against his skin and threatened to pop with every heartbeat. Matching balls swollen like beach toys bulged onto his thighs. Veins crossed over their surfaces like a pulsating membrane. The entirety of his member was overbearing and buried Ryder under its girth.

"Nnnghh..." Even unconscious his mind reacted to the painful swelling of his shaft. The stretching was too much for his body to completely ignore.

"Oooooohhhhhh yes!!! Oh TOM!! Look at you!!!" Jane moved her black hair out of her face. This was a miracle of science by all accounts. Reaching out, she placed a hand against the side of his two-foot shaft. It heaving against her palm. "MMMMNNGGHHH!!!" Fluid gushed over her fingers. Jane felt as though she were trying to calm a massive, fleshy animal.

Ryder was getting lost under his cock. Wider than his torso and twice as tall, only his arms could be seen under its mass and they matched its veins in size. Three-foot-wide testicles overflowed his legs and the couch. Jan enjoyed watching them heave and bloat. That is, until she saw one of them sliding over the edge. Her eyes bulged when Ryder's cock tipped towards the floor.

"S-Shit! Ryder don't--"

A sense of freefall jolted Ryder's mind awake like a failsafe. Eyes open and free of her trance, he flailed and stared at the turning office. "*W-What the--*"

SLAM!!

"NNGHH!!!" Two-hundred pounds of man-flesh smashed into the floor. Ryder would have fallen as well, had he not come to rest upon a six-foot dick. Confused and in shock, he stared at his cock supporting his own body before turning his attention to the naked therapist fighting an orgasm at his side. "*WHAT IS THIS?!*" Ryder felt something press into his back and spread his legs. Fear gripped him when he saw what could have been only his balls looming over him. "*WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!*"

Jane had a hard time pulling a hand away from her body to soothe Ryder as he was lifted higher into the air. "Calm...mmm...down! It's only--"

Several veins split under his clawing hands. Ryder's skin was paper-thin and stretching thinner every second. "Nnnngghhhh!!! O-Ow!! I-It hurts!!!" He winced, trying not to look at his cock. "W-Whatever this is, *IT'S TOO TIGHT!!*"

Panic seeded itself in Jane's chest. Ryder was awake but still growing at an incredible rate. "That's enough!! You're big enough!"

Nothing happened. "*Aahhhh!! Y-Yea I can see that!!*" he snarled. "*What did you think you were doing?! I should report you to the--NNGH!!*" A sudden surge of blood took the words from Ryder's mouth. The corner of a small table was pressing into his balls. Staring at the busty, sweaty body of his doctor wasn't helping. "*Just...nnngh...Just make it stop! I can feel myself stretching! My skin is going to split open!!*"

Jane took a breath. "W-We're going to need to put you back under to stop it, all right? That's the only mental state where my suggestions will work!"

"O-Ok...! Do it!" Ryder nodded helplessly, his legs no longer on the ground. The weight of his cock overpowered its natural curve and made it lay unnaturally flat against the floor.

"Now just relax and--"

"Relax?! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO RELAX?! MY BALLS ARE FIVE FEET TALL!!"
GGGGRRRRMMMBBLLLEE

Pressure sounded from Ryder's body. Veins throbbing with enough force to give a black eye were racing around his shaft. There wasn't much time; his cock was a time bomb racing towards eruption. "*A-Ahhh!!! Whatever you did to me, you have to make it stop!!*" Ryder pleaded, "*I'M GOING TO EXPLODE AT THIS RATE!!*"

Jane was coming out of her arousal to see the seriousness of the situation. Placing a hand on Ryder's shoulder, she leaned forward and said, "Please try to relax! We need to--"

CRREEAAAAAAAK!!

"*NNGH!!!*" Jane's naked breasts swung into Ryder's face, smothering him with heat and horny sweat. It drove his growth ever faster. Engorging like a parade float, his cock and balls rammed themselves into Jane's furniture. Wooden legs scraped across the floor and a lamp clattered to the ground. A massive vein ready to break through his skin punched Jane in the stomach and sent her to the floor.

"*W-What...*" Ryder gasped for air, his mind foggy. "*What were you...thinking?!*"

Jane watched from below at the cock reaching from wall to wall. The top of Ryder's balls inched toward the ceiling with hundreds of gallons of cum. "*I-I wasn't!!*" Jane admitted. "It wasn't supposed to be like this!!"

Ryder's face was red with effort. His balls felt like they were cracking down the middle as they engulfed his back. "*I-I'm not A DAMN BALLOON!! I'M A HUMAN BEING!!*" His cock throbbed like an alien creature ready to burst open. "*NNNGGHH MY SKIN ISN'T GOING TO LAST!! THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM IN HERE!!*"

SMASH!!

As his manhood stretched from wall to wall, several windows were blown from the inside out. Bulges of flesh flowed into the openings to greet any viewers from the streets below. Scrambling backward on her hands and knees, Jane was trapped on the floor between her desk and Ryder's shaft. It pushed them toward the wall before squeezing the air from her lungs.

“That’s enough!! THAT’S ENOUGH!!” Jane begged, yelling the suggestion in hopes it would work.

“NNGHHH I CAN’T TAKE THIS!!! M-MY DICK IS GOING TO SPLIT OPEN!! IT’S TOO FULL...OF BLOOD!!! I FEEL LIKE MY BALLS ARE CUM BALLOONS!!!”

“I’m sorry!!! I’M SORRY!!” Jane begged, her chest being assaulted by veins.

“IF I GET OUT OF THIS, YOU’RE GOING TO--MMPHHH!!”

Monolithic balls crept over Ryder’s head, muffling his words before they could get out. Dangerous curves bent his shaft; he could grow no longer. Cracks broke through the drywall as pressure spiked within his ever-growing body. Feeling his shaft expand into a fearsome oval shape, Ryder screamed from within the darkness of his trembling balls. The entire office shook as he crushed furniture under his mighty weight. Veins arched into the air and beat at his skin in protest until finally--

KABOOM!!!!

Blood blew through the office like a hurricane. On the streets below, it fell from the windows in thick waterfalls populated by slithering veins. They squirmed across the pavement with minds of their own before coming to rest among the horrified onlookers.

Inside the office, two hands clawed their way from a pile of steaming flesh. It squished like a heap of blood-soaked sponge and buried Jane under several feet of muck.

“Gaahh!!!” Jane gasped for breath when she emerged. Ryder was nowhere to be found, yet at the same time everywhere she looked. One half of her office was coated in red, while the other dripped in a creamy white. Somewhere under the pile of gore, she could feel several veins wriggling and pulsating between her thighs. The center of her office looked as though a fleshy vegetable had split down the middle and burst in the sun, leaving an overstretched husk draped over ruined furniture.

Knock knock

Jane’s mind was short-circuiting. “Come in...” she responded, staring off into space.

The office door creaked open and one of her long-time patients poked his head inside. “I-Is this a bad time?” he asked, staring at the carnage, “I can come back later...”