

Trigger Word

Monday

Bleary-eyed and sleepy from the morning commute, Julie stared at the slowly-filling coffee cup. The machine never made the miraculous substance as fast as it should.

Dress shoes tapped on the tiled floor. Glancing up, she found her coworker arriving to work as well. One of the more attractive men in the office, as well as single, he provided a bit of tempting eye candy for his female colleagues. Imagining the rough stubble on his face between her cleavage was almost as invigorating as the coffee.

“Hey, Ryder...! How was your weekend?” Julie asked. A simple arch in her back puffed her chest into the air enough for it to be extra noticeable. When the only other thing to do in the office was work, teasing Ryder was a great way to pass the time.

“What’s up, Jules.” Ryder flashed a warm smile and threw his lunch into the fridge. The edge of the counter supported him when he paused for small talk. Her cleavage was as tantalizing as ever. Julie’s habit of leaving an extra button undone on her blouse was always appreciated. “Can’t really complain. Spent most of it doing some yard work.”

“Ooooh, fun!” Ideas of Ryder shirtless and sweaty among the smell of fresh-cut grass made her heart flutter. “Do anything...fun?”

Ryder crossed his arms and bobbed his head back and forth in thought. “Had to replace a couple of pavers in my driveway. The binding sand has been coming loose for a while and I was tired of looking at it. There was a shrub that died last Spring too that I had to tear out.”

The coffee maker beeped in completion. Julie ignored the alert, more important things on her mind now. “Sounds hard... Didn’t work up too much of a sweat, did you?”

Chuckling and shifting his weight, Ryder shook his head. “It wasn’t anything a shower couldn’t rinse off!”

A gentle curve in the front of Ryder’s pants caught Julie’s eye. Her cleavage must have been working because he was trying to keep an erection under wraps. Dress pants were never very loyal to their owners, though. Julie grinned, eager to take her flirting a step further. “Speaking of showers, if you’re free one of these weekends, I might have a little chore you could help me with.”

Ryder raised an eyebrow with thoughts of his own. “Uh oh, what is it? Do I need to get HR in here?”

“Nothing like that! Get your mind out of the gutter, Ryder.” Julie pushed his arm, more so to feel his muscles than anything else. “I bought a water softener recently but I don’t know how to install it...”

“They didn’t offer installation?”

“They did, but I thought it would be easy enough I could do it and save myself an extra fifty bucks.” Pouting, Julie sighed. “If you’re not free I understand. I’m just so tired of hard

water. I hear the soft stuff is supposed to be a lot better for your skin, too.” She inhaled, filling her shirt to the point of spreading buttons. “Keeps it nice, smooth, and full.”

Ryder shifted again but there was no hiding the fleshy cylinder inching down his thigh. Talking about showering and keeping her body smooth must have been a golden ticket; the size surprised Julie enough for her eyes to linger. Ryder’s gaze was waiting when hers pulled upward. It wasn’t often a woman got caught staring where she shouldn’t. Both blushed and Ryder stashed his hands into his pockets. It didn’t much help conceal his sexual arousal and only left Julie wavering between guesses of seven or eight inches.

“I...Uh...I could help install it if you want,” he offered. “I’ve done one or two in my time.”

“Oh thanks!” Even after getting caught, Julie was happy to have gotten the view and the opportunity to have her softener installed. She’d made out like a bandit. “Could you come by on Saturday? Is it very hard to do? I can have a nice lunch made for after if you want.”

Ryder winced and shifted his hand inside his pocket. “S-Sure! That would be great, thank you.”

How Julie could keep herself from staring was a mystery. A cock rivaling the dildos hidden in her nightstand was shoved against Ryder’s pant leg. She was almost certain she could see the ridges of throbbing veins pushing into the fabric. She’d teased Ryder before but never had he shown this kind of interest, nor a pulsing organ of such girth. Something was up.

“...You all right?” she asked.

“I’m fine!” Ryder’s efforts at hiding himself were obvious. “Just waking up still, I guess.”

Julie knew morning wood, and this was far from it. Something had Ryder turned on like a light switch. “Well if it’s not too hard of a--”

“*Nngh--*”

“--job.” Julie paused when Ryder grunted. He cleared his throat, hoping to play it off but Julie’s attention was focused elsewhere. The tip of his cock had just inched forward after swelling like a ripe fruit.

“*Nngh*, sorry,” Ryder winced again, “Some kind of tickle...in my throat.”

Julie wasn’t sure how to respond. Until now she’d thought men with twelve-inch dicks were just a myth. The meat in Ryder’s pants was proving her wrong. She couldn’t quite explain it, but his extreme stiffening seemed connected to what came out of her mouth. “How does noon work for you?”

“That’s fine! You can message me your address.” Ryder hoped he didn’t look as in a hurry to leave as he felt.

“Hey, guys. Another Monday, huh?”

The turned to find the receptionist enter the kitchen. Similar to Julie, her eyes brightened upon seeing the office’s most eligible bachelor. “Lookin’ good, Ryder! New dress shirt? It’s so

refreshing to see a single man capable of dressing themselves. I can't tell you how hard it is to find--"

"*Ngh!*" Bending forward slightly, Ryder hurriedly glanced at his watch. "Whoops," he said with labored breath, "I think I might be late for a meeting. We'll talk later, Jules!"

Striding as if trying to keep one leg from bending, Ryder rushing from the kitchen and disappeared into the cube farm.

"See ya," Julie called amid confusion.

Ann's jaw dropped as she gasped after watching Ryder flee. Lowering her voice to a whisper, she said, "*Holy shit!* Did you see what I did??"

"I saw something all right..."

"The guy 's attractive, but who knew he was packin'?? Ryder is hiding some serious firepower in those khakis."

Julie wasn't sure. She'd worked with Ryder for a long time and although she'd caught him with the occasional hard-on, it had never compared to this. Running through their dialog and his reactions, a borderline-crazy idea popped into her mind. Julie bit her lip and considered how best to test her theory. "He's hiding something, that's for sure."

Tuesday

Julie couldn't keep herself from smiling as she approached Ryder's cubicle. It had taken her all of the previous night and some of this morning to come up with a small test for her theory. Now it was time to put it into action. If she was wrong, nobody would be the wiser and she could stop feeling so foolish for even considering such a possibility. However, if she was right, it wouldn't take much to know it and she would get to have some fun. It made her nipples stand on end just thinking about it.

"Heeeey, Ryder!" she chimed, knocking on the wall of his cubicle.

He turned around in his chair, an unsuspecting victim. The massive serpent of Monday morning was nowhere to be seen. It was time for Julie to see if she could make it emerge once more, of it she was simply crazy.

Ryder smiled. "What's up! Are we still on for Saturday?"

"*Definitely.* The dang thing is sitting in the middle of my garage as we speak."

"I'll be there! Was there something you needed?"

Julie feined a bored groan. "Just a little break from work... This day is dragging on." Her face brightened. "I heard some funny jokes last night! Wanna hear one?"

"I would never turn down a good joke."

Julie double-checked the flatness in Ryder's pants and cleared her throat. "Did you hear about the burglar that got trapped in the walk-in freezer?"

"Can't say I have!"

Chest tight with anticipation, Julie said, "I guess he's a *hardened* criminal now!"

Ryder made a face and snorted with laughter. “I didn’t think you were the pun-making type!”

Color tinged his cheeks. Julie thought she’d seen something firm inside his pants, but it was hard to tell while he was sitting. If he was hard, it didn’t compare to his girth on Monday. “I’m a girl of many talents! Here’s another; how do you tell a NASCAR driver to turn right?”

“Uhhh... I don’t know, how?”

“Hard left! Hard left! Hard left!”

Ryder laughed before something cut his breath short. Like a long balloon inflating in his pants, Julie caught sight of a fleshy bulge shooting down his leg.

“N-Nngh...” Ha, that’s...that’s funny!” Ryder breathed. Folding his hands over his hips, he tried to conceal the monstrous erection trying to force its way out of his clothes. There was no modest way of doing so.

“Thanks!” Julie grinned in triumph, both at making him laugh and summoning the mythical iron rod. “I thought you might like them.”

Wednesday

Unfortunately for a frisky-feeling Julie, Wednesday came packed with far too many meetings. As much as she wanted to continue her experiments on whatever trigger was driving Ryder’s hard-ons, the stars never aligned. She wasn’t too broken up about it; it only gave her more time to conjure her tests.

Thursday

“It’s weird how words can start to sound weird after you say them enough times...” Julie didn’t care to admit how long it had taken to steer the conversation between her and Ann to this point.

Ann cocked her head. “What do you mean?”

In the background, the sound of Ryder typing away on his keyboard reassured Julie. Ann didn’t need to know this conversation was within earshot of his cubicle on purpose.

Julie answered, “It’s like that thing where if you look at a word for too long, it starts to look funny like it’s not even the same word. The same thing happens if you say a word too many times. Like...” she pretended to ponder. “Like ‘hard’!”

“Hard? What about it?”

Ryder shuffled his feet under his desk. Julie knew exactly what she was doing. “Well doesn’t it just sound weird? *Haaaard.*”

“Not really...”

“Nngh!”

Julie cracked a smile. “You ok over there, Ryder?”

“Just a minor headache...”

I'll bet one of your heads is aching, Julie thought. She turned back to Ann. “*Hard*. I’m serious! Just say it a few times.”

Ann was the perfect blend of ditsy and gullible for Julie’s test. Looking at the ceiling, she said aloud, “*Hard*. Hard hard hard *hard*.”

CRREEAAAK

“*Nnngh...*”

Something was stretching inside Ryder’s cubicle. Julie’s best guess was the front of his pants. Based on how many times Ann had just said it, she couldn’t begin to imagine what he was packing.

“*Hard!*” Ann said again before giggling. “Ahhh you’re right! It’s making my brain feel all funny!”

Julie laughed with her. “It’s kind of fun! Saying ‘hard’ gets harder the more times you say ‘hard’!”

“*Nnnngh! S-Shit!*” A curse drifted from Ryder. He hadn’t meant to swear so loudly.

“*Hard!*” Ann almost shouted among giggles.

Dan, one of their engineers, spoke up. “Hey, you’re making it hard to work in peace!”

“Sorry, Dan! We got a little caught up in--”

“*Nnngh dammit!*”

CRASH!!

Ryder shot up in his desk with enough force to push his chair over. Kicking herself for not positioning better, Julie watched him turn out of his cube and walk away toward the bathroom. He was gone seconds later after walking with what looked like a leg made of stone. Julie wouldn’t see him emerge again for nearly half an hour.

“What was Ryder’s problem...?” Ann wondered, shocked at his abrupt exit. “I nearly jumped out of my skirt when his chair fell over!”

Julie shrugged while trying to contain a smile. “Maybe it was something we said?”

Friday

Ryder was Julie’s plaything. He was in the palm of her hand; completely powerless against her will. The power of knowing his cock-hardening trigger word was intoxicating. She had begun wondering if every man had such a quirk. More than likely they didn’t and Ryder was an oddity, but her mind enjoyed the concept. Perhaps some were better at hiding it and keeping the male secret. Maybe they went their whole life without knowing it and Ryder just happened to have a common word tied to him. Questions she’d never considered rattled in her brain nonstop.

Soon she would stop her tests; with Ryder at her house on Saturday, it would be the perfect opportunity to pay him back for all the fun she’d had at his expense.

Approaching his cubicle, she sighed to get his attention. “Ugh... My feet are killing me today...”

“Rough day?” he asked with concern. How he hadn’t pieced together that she’d discovered his secret was beyond her.

“I don’t think I’ve had a chance to sit down all day! And walking around on this hard floor in heels is the *worst*. It’s going to be *so hard* taking these things off when I get home. Everything feels swollen.”

“S-Sorry to hear that...” Ryder stammered. A rounded bulge pushed at the front of his pants. Based on the shape and his expression, Julie guessed his cock hadn’t been in the best starting position for an instant boner.

Poor thing looks bent in half, she thought in amusement. At this point, she was just having fun out of excitement for Saturday.

Julie continued lamenting. “Work is my *one time* to sit! Weekends I’m always on my feet. I have to go visit my grandma in the nursing home this weekend too.”

“Oh that’s nice of you! How is she?”

“She’s a bit *hard* of hearing, but I swear all she does is walk laps around the building. The woman must go a *hard* five miles every day.”

“*Ahhgh...*” Pain flashed over Ryder’s face. “J-Jules--”

The throbbing bulge on Ryder’s pants looked like a coiled snake breathing in and out. Part of her wondered if she might see what would break first: himself or his pants. Julie had heard his distress but continued to rant. “These long days wouldn’t be so *hard* on me if I could find better heels in my size. It’s *hard* enough finding shoes that fit, even *harder* finding them in a style I like!”

“*N-Nnnghhh crap.*” Ryder flexed his toes and gripped at his armrests. “*Do you...o-ow...think we could continue this later?*”

“God, it’s just so *hard* being a woman someti--”

POW!!!

The sound of metal sheering apart forced Julie to stop testing Ryder’s limits. Both were frozen in shock and staring at the blown-open front of his pants. From a broken zipper and flared pair of boxers, Ryder’s cock had forced its way to more room. With his head tucked under his waistband, a ten-inch shaft bulged and arched into the air like a piece of art as thick as an apple. Veins traced over his length like pencils. At the most extreme area of the awkward bend, Julie could see his skin was tight and red as if pressurized.

It was the first time she’d seen it outside of her imagination. Part of her was surprised Ryder hadn’t burst from how packed he must have been into his pants. The other part was far more turned on than she’d ever been by the sight of a cock. She wanted it inside of her. She wanted to feel it stretch her jaw. She wanted to trace her fingers along his pulsating veins that were just as thick. But more than anything, she wanted to see him get bigger.

“Julie, Ryder! Glad I caught you two!”

Both looked up in horror at the sound of their boss, Doug. In a panic, Ryder cupped his hands over his shaft as best he could. The position was far from natural-looking. Julie could see his heartbeat causing his hands to rise and fall as they pressed on his shaft.

Doug stopped at the entrance to Ryder's cubicle. Their red faces gave him pause but ultimately didn't stop him. "I'm sorry to spring this on the two of you so late on a Friday, but we're going to be generating some reports on Saturday morning for a big potential client. Could the two of you please come in for a few hours at ten a.m. and make sure everything goes well?"

"S-Sure thing," Ryder promised, trying to hold his position. Any movement could cause his manhood to spring from his waistband and shoot up his abdomen. There would be no covering such a scene.

"Perfect. Julie?"

She couldn't help herself. "Sure, doesn't sound too *hard*."

Saturday

It wasn't the Saturday morning Julie had been expecting. While it was a far cry from having him sweaty in her garage, being alone with him in the office wasn't such a bad position either. Plenty of sexual events occurred in such an environment, and with her knowing Ryder's trigger, a pant-bursting time was a certainty.

Ryder was shy to say the least. After exposing himself, he could hardly look Julie in the eyes when she greeted him on Saturday morning.

"Morning, Ryder!" she piped, stopping by his cube. "Think you can keep your pants on today?"

"Oh, uh morning, Jules. Hey, I'm really sorry about what happened yesterday. I don't know what happened. I *swear* I didn't mean to--"

"Don't worry about it! This job can be *hard* on people." She enjoyed the flash in Ryder's eyes. "It was a welcome change of pace after a long week, honestly." Using the edge of his cubicle, she pressed her chest together. "I didn't mind it, but maybe warn a girl the next time something like *that* is about to pop out."

"I-It won't happen again."

"Don't make promises you can't keep!" Julie winked as she strode to her desk.

If there was ever a time for some office fun, it was now. After settling in, she rose from her desk and made a trip to the supply closet. A minute passed of her checking her phone in the small room before she returned to Ryder's desk. "Can I ask a favor?"

"What is it?"

"My mouse died and the batteries are on the top shelf in the supply closet. I'm just not tall enough."

"Oh! Sure thing."

Ryder followed Julie into the secluded room. At her motion, he stood on his toes to reach a box nearly out of reach. Two lithe arms wrapped around his exposed abdomen from behind before he could react. It didn't take long for Julie's hands to find his groin, still erect from her earlier tease.

"J-Julie! What are you doing?!"

"I know your little secret..." she whispered in his ear while massaging his shaft.

Ryder was shaking in her arms. "W-What do you mea--"

"*HARD.*"

"*N-Nnngh...!*"

Ryder grew within her grasp. Feeling a man's cock fill with blood at such an alarming rate was more of a turn-on than Julie ever expected. It forced her fingers open, her grip unable to remain closed.

"I'm talking about *that*," she said, squeezing the seven-inch dick. "That special cock you've got stuffed in your pants. It gets bigger, doesn't it?"

"I-I really don't know what you're--"

"Hard. Hard hard hard."

"*Nnnnghmmm!! J-Jules!*"

"*Ooooh!*" Julie gasped in surprise when it suddenly felt as though she were gripping a baseball bat. His veins were tangible even through his pants. "You grow whenever you heard that word."

Ryder made a whimpering sound she'd never expected to hear from a man. "Please, it's a condition I have! Don't say it again, you've said it too many times already!"

She began stroking and awed at how far down his leg her hand had to travel to find the end. "It must be *hard* living like this."

"*Nnnngh!*" Ryder was breathing heavily. "*P-Please... You can't keep going! What are you trying to do to me??*"

"I just want to see how big you can get!" Julie squeezed. "You're pretty *hard* already. How much *harder* can you possibly get? *How much more can you grow?*"

"*NNNGHHH shit!*" A second leg was stuffed down Ryder's pants. As thick as his calf and reaching beyond his knee, the seams on his khakis were nearing their limit.

"Take off those pants before you burst out of them," she demanded. "You're going to need *something* to go home in."

Not waiting for him to do it himself, Julie spun Ryder around and unbuttoned his pants. It took all her weight to pull them over his cock. Looking between his legs from the floor, however, she was greeted by a pair of balls swollen like grapefruits. The hem of his boxers cut into his shaft like twine.

"I'm afraid those boxers simply aren't going to come off," she teased. Grabbing a pair of scissors from the supply shelf, she ran them along the tautest part of the fabric.

"*C-Careful!*" he cried, feeling the cold metal graze his shaft.

The garment fell in tatters to the floor. Released to the world, Ryder's cock stood out from his body by almost three feet. It required both of his hands to keep the meaty weight aloft. It looked as though he were hauling a bomb into a war. Julie's eyes couldn't have been wider.

"Look how much you've grown!!"

Ryder's shaft throbbed in his hands. "I-It doesn't work like that!! I'm not...*nnggh*... growing! It fills with more blood every time you say that word!! I--*Ahh!*"

Julie ran a finger down its front. "That explains all these stretch marks then... A night with you must be every girl's *dream*. How big have you gotten while you're inside someone?? Does it just force them off at some point??"

"J-Julie please let me go! I'm too big as it is!! O-Ow... Jesus, my balls..."

"Loaded with cum, from the looks of it." Julie stepped back and smiled. "Hard."

"Nnnngh!! Ohhhh Julie, please!!"

"Hard!"

"Ahh!! NNGH!!"

"Hard hard!! *HAAAAARD!*" She was having too much fun.

"S-Shit!!" Ryder's hands spread open along his shaft. Everything ballooned and swelled. Veins throbbed over two-inches thick. His head, weighing over twenty pounds, made the end of his cock bend toward the floor unless a hand held it up. Almost a foot in diameter, Ryder was forced to raise his manhood vertical. It reached over his head while he hugged it for better control. Stretched skin rubbed against his face. The heat from the gallons of blood packed inside his behemoth was unbearable. His balls themselves felt ready to burst open with the cum packed inside. Veins covered them like cracks on Christmas ornaments ready to shatter.

"OH WOW!! Ryder!! Look at yourself!!" Julie was a slave to her own amusement. The sound of blood rushing into Ryder's engorging veins was music to her ears. "I never thought anything like this was possible!!"

"We have to stop... Ohhhh we have to stop!!" Supplies fell to the floor when Ryder fell into the shelves and slumped down. His own cock was too heavy to bear. His legs spread to make room for his volleyball testicles. Sprouting from their beating depths was his fleshy trunk.

"How big can it get?? Harder! Harder harder!"

"Oh God!! Nnnngh!!! Jules! P-Please don't do that!!" Stretch marks widened on his shaft. Growing ever tighter, Ryder feared the worst for his cock. His skin was impossible to indent. Holding it in his hands felt close to trying to squeeze a marble pillar. Thick blue veins raced up and down, each one as big around as a pornstar's cock.

Julie stepped forward with hands outstretched. *"Woowooow..."* The four-foot dick jumped when she placed them on either side. *"Ryder you're so hard!"*

"NNNGHH!!!!!"

Giggling, she apologized. "Heh, sorry, that one was actually an accident." The top of his flared head became dark purple and inched up the front of Julie's body. Just under her chin,

Ryder's cock might as well have been its own person. "You feel like you might *burst!! Where does all the blood come from?!*"

"*I-I don't... I don't know!!*" Ryder was in visible distress. His veins alone were testing the limits of his thinning skin, nevermind the tower of blood pushing behind them. "Julie please, I can't take any more of this!!"

"What happens if you get *even bigger?*"

"Are you paying attention?? *Look at my dick!! I'm literally rock har--*" Ryder caught himself.

"Hard?" Julie finished.

CRRRRCHHHHH

"*NNNGH!!! OOOHHHH NO... N-No no no...*" Ryder grimaced at the sound of stretching flesh. The tissues in his cock were over-taxed. Things were beginning to tear. Several bruises appeared under his skin as dark splotches.

Julie was too busy unbuttoning her blouse and removing her bra. "Well, I *definitely* can't fit this monster inside of me, but I can still give it some titty love!" It felt no different than pressing her chest against a warm wall. Ryder's cock seemed to know a pair of ample breasts were pressed against it, however, and throbbed with delight despite its condition.

"*A-AHH!!*" Pre-cum flooded from his head and doused Julie. The force made him stretch larger for a brief second. For the first time in his life, he was scared of coming. "*Julie I can't take this!!*" Churning cum echoed within his balls.

"*Ooooooh come on... You're going to tell me you've never made yourself this big and just gone to town??*"

"*NO!!*"

"Hard."

CRRRRCHHHHH

"*A-A-Ahh-ow!! Too much blood... T-TOO MUCH BLOOD!! Julie I feel like my skin is going to tear open!!*"

"Why don't you come for me?" she cooed, rubbing her body up and down. "I want to see a cock like this blow its load! *MMMMM I'll bet it's like watching a volcano erupt!! What I wouldn't give to be sitting on top when that happens!!*"

"*I-It's not going to happen!! I'm too TIGHT TO COME!! My body couldn't take it!!*"

"Nonsense. You just need to try...*harder.*"

"*NNGH!!*"

CRRRRCHHHHH

"*Oh please no!! Julie please!!*" Ryder tried to move but was pinned to the floor; his package weighed more than his body.

"God, Ryder, my nipples are so hard..."

CRRRRRCCCHHHHH!

“AHHH!!! I-I’M GONNA SPLIT OPEN!! JULIE I FEEL LIKE I’M ABOUT TO EXPLODE!!”

*“Let that cum explode! Explode for me!!” she urged. “Ooohhhh I want you harder!”
CRRRRCHHHHHHHH!!!*

“J-JULIE!!” Ryder couldn’t breathe against his cock. Wider than his torso, it pinned him against the shelves and it surpassed five feet in height. Any of the dozens of pens and pencils positioned overhead could spell doom if his skin didn’t give out first. *“It’s gonna pop!! It’s going to EXPLODE!! Please don’t say it again!! Please!! I-I’m begging you!! I can’t hold anymore!!”*

“Oh Ryder...” Julie cooed, running her tongue over his dark red tip. *“You’re gonna have to try harder than tha--”*

CRRRRCHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

“AAAHHH!!!!!!!! MY COCK CAN’T GET ANY HARDER!!!”

KABLOOOOSH!!!!

Skin vibrated against Julie’s bare chest before she saw a dark red line shoot down the center of Ryder’s shaft and into her cleavage. It existed for only a brief second before heat and fluid rushed out and threw her against the opposite wall. Bursting open, the front of Ryder’s cock erupted in a shower of steaming blood and tissue that covered the supply room in dark red. Each ball blew open a split second later from the impact. Spatters of creamy white decorated the surroundings like some kind of grotesque snow.

Julie scrambled, unable to stand on the slippery floor. Several inches of blood pooled around her. Blood and cum dripped from her nipples as fluids ran off her body. Taking in the scene, she gulped at the sight of Ryder’s body motionless under the limp, hollow husk of a blown-out cock. It was draped over him like a blanket and allowed veins like serpents to uncoil from its depths.

“W-Well...” she gasped, *“You said it, not me...”*