Laura wanted to panic.

Her balls had been the size of watermelons when she opened her eyes, now she couldn’t see a thing through the layers upon layers of cum she’d just ejaculated onto herself. Now they were back to normal, or at least she didn’t feel their absurd weight anymore. All of this after a long night in the lab, facing the ruins of her pet project. Then there was that incident.

She snapped upright and wiped the jizz off. With her vision clear at last, she saw the scope of her orgasm. Not only had she covered her face, but her shirt and most of the surrounding sheets as well. Somehow, she’d only gotten a couple splashes on her pillows, though that definitely meant an impromptu clean. *After* she examined her genitals.

Shedding her gooey shirt, Laura climbed from her bed and went into her bathroom. The few cosmetics she owned came with compact mirrors, allowing her a better view of her balls. Her cabinet reflected her face, which obviously included the streaks of white in her greying hair. It also reminded her of the crow’s feet around her eyes and sag of her cheeks. No matter one’s brilliance or accomplishment, age always caught with them.

“If only this facial was anti-wrinkling,” Laura snickered to herself, glad that her mind was still capable of the occasional joke. It meant the incident hadn’t affected her thought process, at least not to a noticeable degree.

Compact mirror in hand, the scientist leaned up against a wall and brought it down low. Not much had changed at first glance. Laura had foregone any exercise beyond the occasional squat to pick something up, leaving her with a pudgy gut and flabby thighs. A couple of moles and scars dotted her skin, but nothing out of the ordinary.

The same could not be said of her primary sex organ. She lifted her penis, noting a minor swelling to its urethra, and a minor blue-tint to the veins. Those traits were exaggerated further in her testicles, with the veins a distinct azure hue. And yet, that wasn’t the most notable aspect. Her balls were about the average size for a futa, approximately one inch in diameter, but these had easily doubled that. About the size of tennis balls.

“This is curious,” Laura murmured, continuing to study them as best she could. Nothing else had changed. Her vagina was unaffected and the surrounding veins hadn’t changed colour. A relief to be sure.

Now for the next part of her analysis; touch. First, she simply brushed a finger along her scrotum, then jerked back at the shock of pleasure, as if she’d jammed a vibrator against her clit. Laura froze, hand just in front of her phallus, and watched herself grow erect. All from one little touch. It rose in record time, almost slapping against her stomach in its excitement.

“So fast,” Laura noted, watching her twitching shaft from above and below thanks to the compact mirror, “And what was that sensation? Balls shouldn’t be that sensitive, much less feel so good as to give such a powerful erection. Need to confirm it.”

She went for another touch, purely to ascertain the effect. Her cock lurched once again, slapping her naked flesh and forming a string of pre-cum as it fell back. That was even more shocking. Laura wasn’t the most prolific futa, she usually needed a good few minutes of intent stroking to produce pre, especially to this extent.

Two tests were hardly conclusion, however. Besides, she’d barely grazed her flesh those times; she needed a proper feel. For that reason, Laura cupped her sack. She immediately noted the weight, easily more than their mass implied, but was then blasted by the waves of bliss. It wasn’t simple pleasure anymore. This was comparable to an hour long masturbation in an instant, pushing her right to the brink. Yet she didn’t feel like she would cum.

She squeezed in surprise and almost fell to her knees. A violent rumble took over, one that stimulated her nerves even more and robbed her of control. Laura, the brilliant scientist who wrote her thesis and graduated in just one year of grad school, grunted like an animal as she grabbed onto her shaft. Stroking fast, pre-cum flowed down her shaft and oozed between her fingers, hand splashing against her crotch as she stroked fast. She palmed her balls at the same time, gasping for air as the pleasure escalated.

The compact reflected these actions back at her. She couldn’t see her face, but her cock was in full view, as were her testicles. Laura paid close attention to those, still watching for any change, even as her body was overwhelmed. Pre gushed by the fistful. Every stroke squelched louder than the last, filling her small bathroom with the lurid sounds. Her balls rumbled harder too, like they rebelled against her holding them. Or, as she quickly realised, because they were filling up.

Her whole body craved more, infecting her mind. Laura panted heavily, heart slamming in her chest as she approached the precipice. All while watching her balls in the tiny mirror. They expanded faster the longer she stroked, seeming to jump in size whenever she squeezed her glans tightly. Before her very eyes, they filled the compacts view, veins throbbing in stark relief to the tightened skin. Now she could see the blue even clearer.

Her cock similarly pulsed harder. Laura gasped for more, begging her body to grant her pleasures unknown. She didn’t care about observing herself any longer. In that moment, whatever happened to her body felt amazing. Even her nipples, touched only by the air circulating around her, were like huge, needy clits. If only she had extra hands for them!

But it wasn’t needed. Her body was at its limit, finally ready to erupt. About time too, as her balls ballooned to smother her thighs in their expanse. The skin was so tight, the insides so warm, sweat trickled down across them and followed the many, winding paths of her veins. Laura massaged her fattened testes, urging them to swell faster. Pre-cum flowed quicker, thicker, over her fingers and down her balls.

“Give it to me, give it to me!” Laura howled.

Every muscle jerked at once, sending the back of her head into the wall. Yet, as her vision swam, she was taken by the ecstasy. Her cock jerked up, urethra plumping up grotesquely, and launched a fresh salvo. Despite being less than an hour since her last climax, this was just as prolific as that. Rope after rope arched into the air and splattered across everything in reach. Herself, the toilet, her sink and mirror. The compact cracked as it was struck head-on.

No matter the mess, Laura kept going. She released her balls to double-fist her cock instead, trying to milk it for every last drop, but it was endless. Every spurt was a match for an entire orgasm once, yet they did nothing to deflate her cum-tanks. But that never occurred to her. She just wanted to ride out the ecstasy.

Eventually, however, progress was made. With a huge pile of semen formed, her testes finally pulled in on themselves, slowly returning to an almost normal size. When the last drop was spent, Laura collapsed on herself. She laid there, cock still hard as diamond and weakly spewing jizz over her crotch, and winced at the ache in the back of her head. Probably concussed.

“Doesn’t matter,” Laura said, “Need to record this. Get ready for work. Still so much to be done.”

Spurred by her words, she got up, ignoring the mess she’d made and went through her morning routine. Albeit, a more distinct weight hung from her crotch. And she usually wasn’t naked while doing so.

Still, far as mornings went, two incredible orgasms weren’t the worst way to start. Especially when her day would be filled with reminders of her failure in this latest project. Far as her superiors were concerned that is, though she wasn’t sure if that was true anymore. Laura sighed into a cup of coffee, legs spread wide so she could see her testicles clearly. They’d swollen again, but that could’ve just been her imagination. She didn’t dare try measuring when one little touch turned her into… *that*.

That was a big problem, since she couldn’t deny that her creation had obviously forced its way inside them. Impossible though it sounded, Laura had successfully created an organism that, perhaps, could be tweaked to do as she originally intended. She just needed a way to extract it from her testicles and sustain it.

Unfortunately, extraction by traditional means had failed. She could try using a catheter, though sticking something down her cock was far from a pleasant idea. Not that she had other options. Still, her little creation seemed docile for the time being, aside from swelling her balls up, but she could hide those easily enough. Even her usual choice in pants would suffice.

She finished breakfast and showered, tip-toeing around the mess she’d made of her bathroom. It was nice to feel normal after so much insanity in the last few hours. Mostly anyway. Her thighs pushed on her balls with every step, adding a hint of pleasure to nearly all her movements. She needed to log this data, perhaps seeing everything written down would reveal some correlation. Still in her towel, she went to her laptop and noted everything that happened, with particular attention to the sexual effects.

“Blue hue to veins in phallus. Balls have more pronounced colour. Veins overall are more prominent. Testicles swell rapidly under stimulus. Sensitivity raised to unreasonable levels, of particular note, penis, balls and nipples all feel comparable to my clitoris.”

She paused to adjust her towel, widening her legs slightly. Another effect seemed that her libido had been raised as well, since she felt aroused just thinking of those things.

“Subject’s semen production is highly elevated, causes expansion to testicles during masturbation, though sexual dreams also have an effect. Currently able to swell to match the average watermelon, but it hasn’t been confirmed is that’s their limit. The creature’s presence has also caused permanent expansion. Subject’s balls previously measured approx. 1.2 inches and have swollen approximately twice that size. Unable to measure due to aforementioned sensitivity.”

Laura, again, spread her legs and pulled on her towel as it tried sliding down. She needed to get everything written before work, otherwise she’d be distracted all day.

“Time between orgasms no longer seem to impact production levels, based upon subject orgasming twice within the same hour. The only reason for different ejaculation amounts was due to testicle size; watermelon for the first, and… Shit, I never got a real look. Subject is unable to recall exact size for the second, but believes they were comparable to a grapefruit or volleyball. What else? Ah, subject’s urethra swells far greater than before. This is likely due to the sheer volume of semen produced. If she was unable to release it quickly enough, it’s possible she would be stuck for hours. Even days if swollen enough. Just cumming and cumming and cumming. One could get addicted to that kind of pleasure.”

She gave up on her towel and let it fall away, a hand idly wandering to her breast. It didn’t waste time searching for her nipples, homing in on the rigid nub.

“Not a bad way to spend retirement, I must admit. Rather than pilfering around an empty home… could just spend days in a room, stroking this thing… making a mess…”

All of this was put into the document, written one-handed as the other rolled a nipple between two fingers. Pleasure zapped downward and raised her shaft once more. Laura continued her writings, though not nearly as analytical, instead, it became a train of thought. An increasingly lewd train. Unaware, she parted her legs, dragging the towel across her cock and balls. Her typing stalled with a hiss of pleasure at the contact.

“Dammit. This makes things… difficult.” Even as she said it, Laura’s hand trailed down to her member, wrapping a finger around it one at a time. While nothing to write home about, she wasn’t exactly small, filling out her grip to where her fingers couldn’t meet. It always looked good, fit her body nicely, but now its balls were egregiously oversized. Distinctly larger than before her shower.

“Subject’s testicles are swelling despite a lack of stimulus. Is this the creature’s doing? Hmm, calling it a creature makes this sound like a movie. Anamorphic Substance? No, that’s too clinical. I did create it. Ugh, naming is a problem for marketing.” Laura slowly stroked herself, squeezing out a hefty dollop of pre. It rolled down her length, oozed under her fingers, warm and slimy and thick.

Slimy…

“I’m not calling it ‘Slimy’. But labelling it a ‘slime’ is sufficient. Much less sinister than ‘creature’ or ‘creation’. Very well, slime it is. Hmm, I’ll capitalise it. Makes it easier to differentiate between substance and subject. The Slime seems responsible for my testicular growth, likely because it occupies them. Is it growing inside? Or is it affecting my semen production? If so, then it’s influence on my body is already further along than I’d like. Even if it *does* feel incredible.”

She was already masturbating. This was likely her best chance to measure herself. Were the Slime to affect her elsewhere, her cock would be the first. Biting her lip, she pushed her laptop aside and felt around in a drawer, eventually finding a ruler. Laura rarely took the time to organise her home life, or decorate at all. So long as she had a place to lay her head and think on her own time, she didn’t care how it looked.

Ruler in one hand, cock sliding through the other, she confirmed her size.

“Phallus; between 7 and 8 inches long, depends on arousal. At time of writing, 8 inches. 1.5 inches in diameter. Roughly 4.5 in circumference. But… that has probably changed. My urethra is much larger than I remember, though I admit to not paying it much attention. Circumference could be up as much as .5 inches. Probably more.”

Laura resumed stroking in earnest, while spreading her legs to get at her balls. That caused them to sink and rub against her fairer sex. She jerked her hips in response, thrusting her cock through her gooey hand, while also bouncing her scrotum so it rubbed even more.

“V-vaginal sensitivity is also elevated,” Laura noted, stroking downward with extra strength to make her sack hit her pussy again and again. A triple-pronged extinction event on the senses. Her goo-covered and still leaking prick, her constantly swelling balls that somehow felt even better than her penis, and then there was her pussy as well. Even her nipples joined in, pulsing with pleasure just from the air-circulation and throbbing of her heart.

She glanced through her writings, speeding up her motions. As a scientist, she was repulsed by how compromised she was allowing herself to be. As a single futa that hadn’t so much as masturbated in months - or had sex in going on a decade - she adored the chance to finally let loose. The fact it felt better than ever was really just the icing.

Still, Laura had a job to do; measure her balls. Breathing deep, composing herself just enough to slow down, she pressed the ruler to her already much larger sack. In just the few minutes since she started touching herself, they’d ballooned up. What had been a loose pouch of flesh had become taut, covered in blue, bulging veins. She sucked in a hiss of air when she pressed the plastic against them.

“Oh my god…” She reached over to her laptop. While she could see them plain as day, having a number put to the sheer scale of her testes was… *exciting*, “1.2 inches according to previous measurements. Approximately 2.4 inches at glance post incident. Currently, well, fucking huge would suffice I feel, but in numbers, subject’s balls are now 7.4 inches in diameter.”

Her stroking picked up the pace as she continued.

“Ooh, over 22 inches in circumference. I could,” she half-moaned half-chuckled, “Someone could play volleyball with them. Though I suspect they’re too heavy for that. Ahh, if only I had some scales around here.”

She could theorise and estimate. It was better than leaving gaps in the data. And, if it turned out they were even heavier than she guessed, it would be even sexier. Laura let the thought pass, too caught up in her self-love once again. Leaving her laptop, she reached down to cup her balls, instantly feeling the ecstasy they bombarded her with. They also swelled even larger into her hands.

In response, she lifted one. The other slipped down and rubbed her clit. A streak of pre-cum fired from her cock, hand squelching up to its peak and squeezing out even more. Laura gasped, hunching over as if to keep herself from exploding, but that only put her incredibly bloated sack into direct view. That, and her glossy cock, her emissions glistening from top to bottom with more constantly gushing. But that didn’t make her hips roll or get her pussy flowing just as heavily.

That honour went to the sheer weight in her hand. Her testes were enormous, but size was deceiving; they were heavier than the densest bowling ball. Maybe not as immense as a slab of iron, she could lift it after all, though not without struggle. Laura bounced it in her palm, gasping and moaning as the contents sloshed about.

“Oh fuck!” Laura yelped as the spheres jumped in size and mass. She dropped it, testicles colliding, and making her cock spew a line of pre that could’ve been pure cum with its colour, viscosity and volume. The worst - best - part of it was how much her penis had to expand to push it out.

She felt it stretching from base to tip just to expunge the viscous ooze. Her urethra, usually no wider than a pencil, matched her finger, then swelled wider as her balls clenched hard. Laura yowled and bucked into hand, fucking it like a pussy, with plenty of thick, gooey pre to lubricate the path. Every second that passed, her balls rumbled, churning up an even thicker load to ejaculate. Which she was so very close to.

It didn’t even take a grand gesture to find release. She just angled her thumb to rub at her glans as she stroked and thrust, stimulating herself to a grand release. Just in time too, as her balls threatened to grow over the side of her bed.

Laura reached for her laptop to transcribe the sensations, but only succeeded in angling it and her hips together. The first jet of semen from her latest orgasm shot free as violently as ever, knocking the screen back and pooling over the keyboard. The sensations fried her nerves, leaving her fingers to simply twitch against the keys, typing nothing but gibberish. She did realise it eventually, though only because she wanted to use her other hand for greater pleasure.

Ropes of cum joined her fingers to each other and the device, holding strong even as she two-handed her spasming cock. She fell onto her back, jerking her hips high into the air and raining deliciously thick jizz all over the place, with no end in sight. Plenty of it fell in her mouth, causing her to gurgle in mindless bliss. Bubbles of cum filled out and popped with her breaths.

Eventually, however, her balls depleted and her climax became little more than a constant dribbling from her cock. Not that it stopped her from jerking it, not even recognising how red and raw she’d rubbed her shaft. All her boggled mind could comprehend was pleasure. The pleasure of hands sliding up and down her member, the pleasure of semen oozing out, the absolute delight of her balls vibrating against her pussy lips. All of it worked to leave the brilliant scientist as little more than a cooing fool.

She did recover after almost an hour. By which time, she was running late and had to scramble to clean herself and find a skirt. God, it was everywhere. Pools of the stuff gathered in every crevice of her bed, while streaks slowly dried into the sheets. Worst of all was how bad she was covered. Whenever Laura thought she was finally clean, she found another streak of white.

Still, after far too long looking in the mirror, she decided she was presentable enough. The only problem was her lack of skirt. She didn’t own many, preferring a sweatpants or jeans to ensure full coverage, and now it bit her in the ass. Or rather, the balls. None of her clothes were remotely suited to having testes of such scope.

“It’ll have to do,” Laura decided. She found a baggy set of linen pants with plenty of room around the crotch, though that was before her Slime doubled their size. Now she had a decent bulge that had little to do with her penis.

Her appearance didn’t concern her. Others could judge as they saw fit, so long as it didn’t affect her work. The biggest issue, and one that made itself known from her first step, was how sensitive her testicles were. Just containing them in her panties was bad enough, but then she also had the sensation of her thighs rubbing along them as she walked. It was a maddening feeling, though not one that she couldn’t ignore. Laura had worked through the worst period cramps and rashes in the past. This was at least a pleasant sensation.

Which quickly became far worse than any cramp. The drive was fine, getting into the building was fine, even walking around and directing her assistants had no issues. Or it seemed not to. The fact her constant movements made her balls feel good was a double-edged sword.

It was easy to ignore, and therein lied the problem. She focused on her job; clearing out the lab and preparing for the next experiment, despite the original still ongoing without anyone else’s knowledge. Even when she had a chance to stop and feel the burgeoning weight in her crotch, another distraction came along, pulling her focus elsewhere. Her engrossment persisted past herself, brushing aside the looks of her employees and colleagues. Even when she noticed, she was already prepared for it, well aware that she had a bulge in her crotch.

No one directly said anything to Laura. A few might’ve made euphemisms when talking to her, however she was concentrated on work, and the lamentation that came with the end of an incomplete project. It wasn’t until lunch, and she was basically forced to take a break, that Laura finally realised how bad things had become. Her testes, that had begun the workday as a little smaller than tennis balls, had ballooned in just the last few hours. She shut herself away the instant she noticed, foregoing food in favour of inspecting her genitalia.

Mercifully, they weren’t nearly large enough to debilitate her. They impeded movement, which she only noticed in hindsight, and her chair creaked under the additional weight. Maybe that sounded mundane in any other circumstance, but these were top of the line, meant to accommodate upwards of 300kg. For it to make any sound of protest was incredible.

Laura checked her windows and door, ensuring privacy, then yanked her pants down. They were loose before, made for comfort, however now they were flush against her hips and rump, requiring no small effort to get them off. A gasp somewhere between lurid pleasure and pure relief burst from her lips, then a sharp inhale as she beheld their true scope.

All the previous times she saw them it was under a haze of lust. Or they were significantly smaller.

This was a good opportunity. She wasn’t so aroused that she couldn’t think straight, nor was she going to masturbate in the office of all places, which meant she could poke and prod without worry of losing herself. And so she did.

Laura hefted her massive scrotum, needing both arms just to get them an inch off the chair. Her biceps bulged with a valiant effort, but she couldn’t sustain it. They dropped back into the mesh seat and a throb of pleasure went through her. She clawed at the arm rests, legs twitching against the massive spheres. A moment later and they groaned, pushing on her thighs. The chair made noises of distress as they swelled.

Synapses fired. She recognised this pattern of events. Stimulation triggered growth, though the type of stimulus determined the severity. A fall, short as it was, caused another inch to stretch her already taut scrotum. What about if she touched them?

She cooed the instant they met. The skin was so tight, it needed the relief. What she wouldn’t give for a bottle of lotion or oil. Was this how it felt for pregnant women? Laura kept the touch light, more of a caress, though that didn’t stop her cock from rising. It did confirm her suspicions as her sack expanded into her palms, fingers forced to spread further apart and thighs pushed to the edge of the chair. Before her eyes and under her touch, they inflated well past her previous volleyball comparison. Even basketballs seemed like an understatement.

Steadily, she applied more pressure. Every square inch of flesh was tight against her testes, leaving her distinctly aware of her veins, especially the two vessels responsible for ejaculation. Laura wasn’t the biggest woman, nor was she dainty, but massaging those tubes made her feel tiny. Like her fingers were lead in a pencil.

They bloated faster. Laura parted her legs even further, using her natural flexibility to give some room, unconcerned with how much heavier her balls became, and how loudly the chair protested. She fell into a sort of trance, staring at and working her scrotum. Its cargo rumbled loudly and constantly, vibrating under her hands like a certain toy she’d neglected to use for years. Which, of course, went straight to her pussy.

She hadn’t even touched her cock, yet it was hard as diamonds, sticking straight up and pointed at her face with pre drooling down its length. A sigh left her lips as the gooey dick-juice pooled into a little alcove above her balls. So warm and slippery. Laura moaned as it overflowed onto her hands. Who needed oil or lotion when pre-cum was in such abundance? It was a self-refunding resource too; the better her massage, the more it flowed.

It wasn’t hard to imagine a world where she stayed there forever. Unfortunately, a series of timid knocks on her door ruined that possibility *and* made her jump, splashing pre all over her shirt.

“Um, Miss Hopkins? We’ve finished putting everything away.”

“G-good work, uh…”

“Casey Jones.”

“Yes, yes. Thank you,” Laura said and searched for the will to pull her hands away from her sack, only to come up short, “I’m a little indisposed here. Writing reports and so on, you know the drill.”

“Actually, I don’t. I’m an intern so…”

“Right, well, you will someday. I’m sure. But I’ll be busy here for the rest of the day. Feel free to inform everyone that they can leave early.”

“Oh, okay. Cool, but is there anything I could help you with? I don’t get paid either way, so…” Casey gave low laugh, rife with dismay.

“Well…” Laura contemplated her egregiously swollen scrotum as it teetered on the edge of the chair, ready to drop if she wasn’t already tucked so far back. If her own hands felt amazing, then another pair of hands, particularly those of a young, supple intern like Casey, must feel incredible. She didn’t know much of her, though she seemed to recall an awkward redhead with a thick spread of freckles over her face and legs for days. And no bulge.

Ugh, ew. There were abuses of power she could tolerate, like taking advantage of loopholes when it came to a project and accidentally creating a lifeform that now resided in her testicles, but making an intern perform sexual favours on her was far and above the worst thing she could’ve contemplated. This whole thing was messing with her head as much as it was affecting her body.

“Nothing that I can think of!” Laura said, much too sharply. She could all but see the intern flinching at her tone, “Thank you, Casey, but everything is fine. Go home, rest up and prepare for a long day tomorrow.”

“I guess. See you tomorrow then, Miss Hopkins.”

With that, Laura was back to being alone in her office. Mostly alone, anyway. She had yet to determine if her stowaway was fully sentient or not. Well, she was in the perfect place to figure that out. She just had to wait and make sure everyone had indeed left the premises, then she could get started.

Until then, she could continue working her fingers into her oversized scrotum.