

Test of Endurance Part 1

“Nnngh... God... W-What??”

Ashley jolted away. A cold metal chair pressed into her back. The room was dim. It took longer than it should have for her to realize she was naked. Only a pair of tight blue panties maintained some level of modesty. There was a strange, and familiar, pressure nestled deep between her thighs. It massaged her walls as she moved, sliding with a lube she couldn't be certain wasn't her own.

“Where... Where am I?? What's--”

The lights came on. She was in a white brick room, as clean as a laboratory.

“Nnngh...”

She looked up. The other half of the room was separated by prison-like bars. Her boyfriend sat on the other side, strapped to a chair in only his boxers. The front of the plaid design was warped and taut, bulging with something that looked like a pair of large water balloons.

“Rick! R-Rick! Wake up!” Ashley begged, wrapping her arms around her chest.

His head rolled and his eyes opened, groggy. “Huh...? Ash? Where...are we...?” He looked down, consciousness quick to flood back when he saw the front of his boxers filled out like a sack of fruit. A thick hose extended from the waistband and snaked over the floor toward Ashley. *“Holy shit! What happened to my--”*

Click!

A speaker buzzed. Crackling static mixed with an amused voice. Neither could tell if it was male or female.

“Welcome back! We were wondering when you would join us for our little game.”

Ashley whipped her head around, too scared to get out of the chair. Her chest bulged over her tightening arms in protection. *“Who are you?! What do you want?!”*

“Only to give the two of you a gift you both secretly desire. But only if you earn it!”

Nervous anxiety pricked their ears. “Gift...?” Rick asked.

“Only if you win! Ashley, if you--”

“Where are my clothes?!” she demanded.

The voice didn't falter. “To your left and right you'll find two tables on opposite sides of the room. One has a collection of five weights. If you can move all five weights to the other table, Rick gets to keep our gift.”

“What gift?? Just let us go! We don't want--”

“M-Mnngh... Mmmmm...!” Rick started to moan. Tensing in his chair, Ashley watched as he arched his back. The fabric of his boxers tightened as he swelled to own a hard-on unlike either of them had ever seen. *“Nnngh, fuck!”* he groaned, sweating. *“I feel like I'm about to-- Nnggahh!”*

His bulge throbbed. His legs spread, fully revealing two melon-sized balls nestled under a forearm-sized cock. It bucked in orgasm, Rick trembling with incredible release.

Ashley's jaw dropped, although this didn't stop her from blushing. *"What did you do to him?! He's-- H-He's... Nnngh~"*

Pressure quivered between her thighs. Opening her legs, Ashley saw a hose had been affixed to the crotch of her panties: the same hose extending from Rick's boxers. It plunged into her, sealing tight.

Guurrgle...!

"Mnngh!!"

Hot, thick pressure pumped in waves. It filled her core to the brim in less than a second yet didn't stop. Tension blossomed, spreading over her abdomen. Normally petite, Ashley's eyes bulged upon seeing her belly pushing outward to rub across her thighs.

"Nnnngh!! Fuuuuuck!" Rick grunted.

Guuurrgle!!

"EEP!! RICK!!"

Ashley's stomach bulged outward. Swelling beyond the point of heavy bloating, her abdomen had domed into something only a woman nearing her third trimester would own. Fluid churned within her, giving muffled sloshes as she trembled at the sudden intrusion. The pumping throbs ended at the same time as Rick's.

"I-I'm-- I'm huge!" she whimpered, arching back and grabbing the sides of her belly.

Ashley and Rick ogled her new waistline with shining eyes.

"Holy fuck..." Rick whispered, already feeling his arousal rising once more. *"Ashley... You're..."*

The voice held back a giggle. *"We've given Rick a temporary male enhancement drug! Increasingly strong orgasms will come one after another, delivering the contents of his manhood straight to your belly. If you can pass our test before time runs out, you're free to go along with a lifetime supply of the drug to keep and enjoy!"*

Ashley's heart raced. Skin jiggled soft and full against her fingers. *"H-How much time do I have...?"*

"You have until you can no longer move. Or..." They could almost hear the voice grin. *"You run out of room."*

"Nnngh! Nnnnghh...!! A-Ash...!" Rick warned. His boxers looked tighter. Tight pale skin bulged out of the leg holes. *"I-I can't hold-- I think I'm gonna--"*

She looked up. *"Rick, wait!! Don't--"*

"NNNGH!!"

Guuurrrrgle!!!

"Gaahh~!!"

They cried out in unison when Rick's incredible manhood erupted once more. Pressure rose and Ashley reared back, feeling what felt like two gallons of cum rush into her stomach one pulse at a time. Tremors shook through her thighs as she opened them, allowing her distending navel to bulge downward.

"It's-- H-Holy crap!" she whined, watching her gut engorge. A shelf lifted her D-cups now as she looked like an overdue pregnant woman. *"I'm MASSIVE!"*

Lust raced through her veins. Though she could never admit it, this was something she'd always wished would happen every time Rick finished inside of her. Steaming breaths bathed her cleavage as she took in her cum-bubbling womb.

"God, you look hot..."

Rick's voice took her focus. She turned toward him, seeing him entranced by her belly.

The voice crackled back. *"For the record, that mast in his boxers isn't from our drug. We only increased his sensitivity and...capacity."*

Ashley swallowed. Delicate fingers traced over her belly. Her heart raced as she felt dreams becoming more than only fantasy. *"Rick... Do you...like this...?"*

Desperation made him claw at his chair. He couldn't take his eyes off her stretching dome. The look on his face was all the answer she needed; they both harbored the same hidden desire.

"Better hurry~ He's only getting started and you haven't even left your chair!"

Urgency brought Ashley to her feet. The weight swirling within her belly hit instantly, wanting to pull her to the ground like an anchor.

"A-Ah!" she gasped, stumbling and hunching to take her belly in her arms. *"Jesus, Rick...! Did this all really come from you?!"*

Shrrriiiip

She looked up. A tear had formed down the front of his boxers. He watched her struggle with visible arousal, eyes wide with lust. He was enjoying watching her wrestle with the belly he'd created.

The voice chided, *"Uh oh... Better try not to get him even more excited! No telling how big those balls could grow..."*

Sweat ran down Ashley's back. There wasn't much time. Already her belly felt strained and she hadn't even started moving the weights. Skin rubbed across her palms as she hefted her bulk. The hose danced around her ankles.

"Just...try to stay calm, Rick! It's not that bad yet! I have plenty of room!" she lied.

He nodded, tensing against a rush of stimulation. The head of his cock slipped from his boxers like a serpent, as thick as a water bottle. *"Fuuck you look hot with that belly, Ash..."*

She wanted nothing more than to give in to his compliment. To show off her size and press it against the metal bars for him to ogle. But then they would lose, and Ashley knew they both wanted to leave this place with this wondrous prize.

She made her way toward the table at a reasonable pace. The weights were twenty-five pounds each. Hardly anything to the average person, but to a woman suddenly turned into a cum balloon, seeing the stack made Ashley nervous.

Both hands took a separate weight.

“Ah-ah! One at a time!” the voice insisted. *“Or you’ll face the punishment...”*

The tone sent a bristle through Ashley. Something told her she couldn’t handle the punishment. Leaving one weight, she turned heel. The other table was only twenty feet away. Not far, but far enough to cause worry.

She crossed the distance in less than a minute, holding the weight with one hand and her belly with the other. The hose dragged between her thighs like a tail.

“A...Ashley...!” Rick moaned, breath accelerating. *“I feel like... I’m gonna come...!”*

Thunk!

The weight landed. She looked over, seeing him tense. *“Hold it, baby!”* Crossing the room was easier without the weight. She made it back within several breaths. *“Hold it just a little--”*

“NNNNGH!!!”

Guuurrrrrgle!!!

“Aahhhh~!”

Tension rose. Pressure shot into her core, the hose throbbing with cum. Ashley leaned on the table for support, watching as her belly distended and stretched downward, bloating impossibly large. Every inch ballooned wider until her skin assumed a lighter shade.

Strrrrrtch...

“T...Tight!” she squeaked, watching the dome firm. It would have made even the most pregnant woman look small by comparison.

SSHRRRIIP!!!!

“Fuck-- Oh fuuuuck~” Rick panted.

Cum-filled balls erupted from his boxers in a display of tattered cotton. Forcing his legs wider, they swelled to the size of volleyballs. Ashley’s eyes mooned, unsure if she should be more impressed or horrified by her lover’s rising capacity.

“You look...so fuckin’ big, Ash...”

She nodded, pursing her lips. *“I know, I know, baby... Just-- Just don’t look at me, alright? I need you to calm down!”* Another weight chilled her hands and she tried to straighten her back. The oversized beach ball of a belly fought back, tightening the skin around her back. Underbelly rubbed against her thighs as she was forced to waddle. *“Just take deep breaths for me! I-I can’t keep stretching like this! Can you calm down for me?”*

He nodded but couldn’t bear to look away. Every second he stared he could feel himself engorging larger with cum for his lover. His manhood was eager to fill her to the brim, no matter the size it left him.

Thunk!

The speakers crackled. “*Two down, three to go!*”

Ashley wiped a hand across her face. Heat radiated from her belly as it strained to hold Rick’s loads.

Strrrrrtch

A sound drew her attention. The source jumped her heart into her throat.

“*Rick...*” she warned.

“*Nnngh! I’m-- Trying...!*” His balls were swelling again. Slow and steady. He gripped the chair’s armrests for dear life. “*H...Hurry! I don’t think--*”

Strrrrrtch!!

She reached the table as his growth rang out once more. Sweat poured down her cleavage and abdomen when she looked over, gasping in shock at the watermelon balls spreading her boyfriend’s legs.

“*Ash...! A-Ash...ley!!!*”

Ashley squeaked in fear. A hand gave a testing push upon her belly. “*Oh no.*”

Three more weights might as well have been one hundred.

To be continued