

# Hyper Workaholic

2024 Version - Written by PWCSponson - Edited by SoylentOrange

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“Knock knock!”

The muffled sound of knuckles lightly tapping on a file box startled Shelly from her concentration. She looked up from the manila folder full of invoices she'd been filing away.

“John! What are you still doing here in the office so late?” The tone of her voice betrayed a sense of annoyance despite the genuine question.

“I could ask the same of you, Shelly.” Her coworker retorted with a playful smirk. “It's 7pm! Everyone else left hours ago, you know the company's holiday party is tonight?”

Shelly's eyes knowingly glanced down in shame. She wasn't a social butterfly, never had been. Physical complications in the past few years all but guaranteed she would never be one *now*.

“Ha ha, yeah. I can get lost in my work pretty easily...” She half-heartedly excused.

“Yeah, but, you're always the first here, and you're always the last to leave. Our other coworkers don't really care, because you're quiet and keep to yourself in this corner of the office. But I do. I know what you are.”

Shelly gulped as she raised an eyebrow.

“Well, it’s obvious you’re a workaholic!” John laughed.

Shelly returned a pained smile.

“But still, I think you’re really cute, and I wanted to know if you would go to the party with me?”

Her smile turned into a look of bashful surprise. She wondered if this was some sort of joke. John was handsome in a modest kind of way, and there were plenty of other women in this office. *Normal* women who could give a man like him a *normal* life. But given his observations about her, was it possible he honestly didn’t know? Never realized? But how could he *not*? But if he did...

Shelly’s mind raced trying to ascertain the truth of the situation, but people like her always settled for the conservative interpretation. She would play it off.

“I... I don’t know. I’m not really a party pers-” She tried to deflect until a sudden *\*POP\** interrupted her, immediately followed by the sound of thick, wet pudding plopping onto the floor. Viscous white goo splattered out from underneath Shelly’s desk with surprising force, leaving long trails this way and that.



“Ah! The fuck was that?” John flinched in surprise, utterly bewildered.

Shelly’s face flushed crimson, eyes widening in panic as she realized her condom broke. A sharp edge caught at just the right angle, or a stray staple poking out of a box must have popped the reservoir while she fidgeted.

Her coworker's face twisted into a look of disgust as the ammoniate smell of cum reached his nostrils.

"I... I can explain." Shelly quickly responded, trying to distract her coworker from the concentrated aroma.

She agonizingly searched for something to say, anything, that could plausibly make sense. But after an awkward moment of silence, she resigned herself and slowly pulled away from her desk. Inch by inch, she revealed her voluptuous proportions.

John's eyes became glued, transfixed, on what was slipping out from underneath Shelly's desk. Her seemingly normal green sweater-vest that she wore over a white polo shirt stretched on and on, eventually revealing that they bound two breasts each the size of a beach ball as modestly and comfortably as they could. Nipples the size of soccer balls decorated them, pushing proudly against the very fabric hiding them.

Jutting out from Shelly's hips was a three-and-a-half-foot-long cock, its girth nearly double that of her own thighs. The glans was wrapped in a girly-pink latex condom, sans reservoir of course. Despite becoming unburdened by the anchor that was a cum-filled condom, the cock was still heavily restricted. Sandwiched between titanic breasts, supple thighs, heavy testicles, and a chair, it posed no danger of sudden movement.

Dozens of long, viscous cum strands bridged Shelly's legs and desk. The warm sludge visibly steamed in the cool environment.

"I... I had no idea..." John confessed.

Shelly looked down in shame and embarrassment, readying herself for the incoming freak-out and social rebuke.

“...that you were so beautiful.” He finished.

Stars appeared in the woman’s eyes as she looked into his, searching for any hint of disingenuity and finding none.

John leaned in in a comforting and supportive manner. “C’mon, I’ll get a mop and help you get this cleaned up. We don’t want to be too late for the party now, do we?”

Shelly could only nod in a stunned pleasantness as her new-found date disappeared to the supply closet.

She peeled the ruined tatters of the condom off her cock and deposited it into a bin. She noticed the surrounding cardboard file boxes growing dark and damp as they absorbed her juices. She would have to revisit those in the morning, she thought to herself, as she reached for a nearby box of tissues.

