

Morning Unloading
By Angelus

Jonas awoke the same way he did most mornings; to the feeling of tight underwear and the sound of his balls churning on top of his legs. The groggy wolverine groaned and peeled his eyes open, his vision meeting the mountain of balls filling out his compression sleepwear. His balls nearly brushed the ceiling and bulged a few inches beyond the edges of the bed. "Ugh, come on, five more minutes..." he grumbled, tossing an arm over his eyes to block the light.

As if in response, his balls churned louder, enough that he could feel it through his buried legs.

"Ugh, fine, I'll get up." For as much as he wanted to sleep in, Jonas could feel how full his balls had become overnight, and the fullness was causing his dick to swell out of his sheath in gentle throbs. He allowed himself another minute to lay down with his arm across his face before he opened his eyes and pushed himself upright, so he was sitting on his bed with his body-dwarfing junk gurgling inches from his face. As he felt his shaft slowly engorge, he watched it bulge out his tight underwear even more, swelling along the cleft in his sack.

Sitting up was easy, but hefting his junk out of bed was not so easy. Both legs were pinned under the weight of his balls and half asleep as a result, so Jonas had to use his hands to try and maneuver his junk around. He pressed both of his big paws against the left side of his sack and gave it a shove. His paw pads brushed the smooth fabric and sank slightly into those churning tanks as he pushed. His arm muscles bulged and his arms wobbled. He was unable to use his full strength so soon after waking up, but he managed to slide his sack across the bed, until half of it slid off the edge and sloshed to the floor, dragging the rest of him with it.

Both nuts hit the ground one after the other, landing with a thud and a slosh. Jonas was pulled to the edge of the bed, his butt barely still sitting on the mattress. Even with his junk dangling off the bed, his whole package still rose up to his chest, and the bulge of his mostly-flaccid dick atop his balls added over another foot of height to the whole thing. It was as impressive as it was inconvenient.

He took a moment to shake out his limbs, sprinkling loose black fur from his arms onto his bedsheets, and shaking salmon-colored fur from his still-numb legs. The tingling in his legs gradually subsided, and once he was confident his limbs were awake, he slid his butt off the bed and touched down on the floor. From this vantage, his bulge almost completely blocked his vision. Stretched underwear rose to head height and spread as wide as a double-door, making it tough to see anything other than tightly-packed nuts in front of him.

Jonas yawned wide and covered his mouth with a big paw. More sleep was still tempting, but there were needs he had to attend to. He pushed on his balls with his hands and knees, roughly maneuvering the heavy, sloshing package away from the bed. He managed a quarter turn so that his back was facing his double-wide bedroom door. He had it widened so that he didn't have to squeeze through it sideways. He still remembered the uncomfortable pinch of door frames digging into his balls.

Jonas grunted and dug in his heels before dragging himself backward. He had long since learned that pulling was easier than pushing when it came to getting around in the morning. It was the difference between trying to push a sandbag, or dragging it along behind you. For extra leverage, Jonas grabbed onto his underwear and pulled. The soft fabric

stretched, but he managed to lessen how much of his nuts were dragging on the floor, making it easier to haul it all. He turned his head to see where he was going, doing his best to center himself in the bedroom door as he approached. He moved slowly. Each step was careful and deliberate and he was putting every muscle in his legs to work as he backed up a couple of feet at a time.

He backed up to the door, and as his body stepped through he felt his nuts bump the sides of the doorframe. Jonas scowled at the architecture for daring to be a few inches smaller than it needed to be. He pulled through, and he could feel his balls being pushed together as he did so. He was relieved to find that it was a gentle squeeze even at the widest part of his sack. He started to angle himself down the hallway as his junk followed him out of the bedroom. The hallway was about as tight of a squeeze as the door, but it was a squeeze all the way down. The wolverine was able to fit through his wide doorway with little issue, and as he lined up with the hallway, his junk was now squished between the walls and almost wedged against the ceiling. It was like staring down a tunnel that was blocked off by a pair of boulders.

The trip down the hall and to the bathroom was longer than his trip to get free of his bedroom. He took a deep breath to steel himself for the trip. At least now he was feeling more awake from exerting himself. He kept an eye on his surroundings, being careful to mind his steps as he advanced in reverse.

With every step he could feel the pool of cum sloshing around in those tanks, moving back and forth. It was audible too, and the heaviest splashes made his ears twitch and swivel forward. He knew he was near full, and he was only making it worse. Dragging his nuts across the floor, pulling on his underwear so they tightened around his junk, even the sound of how full they were only worked him up more.

He tried to ignore it, but he could feel his shaft throb, the whole thing still half-hard and pressed between his balls by tight underwear. His shaft was now fully extended from his sheath, but still only half-hard, allowing it to drape over the curve of his balls like a soft log. It was taller than most people, resting at a solid six feet in length. The head of it was resting head-and-shoulders over the top of Jonas' own head, and it threatened to bump the ceiling if it firmed up and pulled up his underwear. It was also thick as hell. The head was the narrowest part, and it was bigger than his skull. The whole thing thickened around the middle so that it was as big around as his waist. With such length and width, it could take up a couch all on its own, from one armrest to the other.

It throbbed again, tugging his underwear. Jonas bit his lip at the feeling of his building arousal and kept going. His hallway was easier to navigate than his bedroom, but at the moment he was regretting having it decorated. As he moved through the hallway, his balls bumped into photos he had hung on the walls. His nuts lifted them off their hanging hooks as he passed, causing the framed photos to flop off the wall and onto the top of his junk before sliding off the far end and hitting the carpet floor with a dull thud.

He grimaced each time he heard one hit the floor, knowing he'd have to pick it up later. He'd need to hang them elsewhere for next time... Unfortunately for Jonas, there was one more mess to make before he reached the bathroom. There was a small nook opposite the bathroom door that he was using as a place to store some extra bath towels and some books, the latter mostly for decoration. Jonas gave an annoyed groan as he felt his balls bulge slightly into the nook, just enough to catch against the books and towels and start to drag them.

As he turned his body to angle through the bathroom door, he could feel objects being pulled off the ledge of the nook. Books fell to the floor around his bulge one at a time, falling into a messy pile. The towels came afterward, falling silently and draping over the pile of books. Jonas rubbed his face. He was going to need to spend so much time cleaning things up and making them more hyper bulge friendly.

He was able to back himself into the bathroom thanks to the double-wide door he had installed, identical to the one in his bedroom. His feet touched the cool tile and his claws clicked against it as he pulled himself through the door, until getting stuck at the widest portion of his sack. He grunted as his feet slid over the tile while he tried to keep backing up, but his bulge was stuck. All the swelling he had done in the last few minutes had made the double door a tighter squeeze.

"Damnit, come on..." he muttered to himself. He took a deep breath and grabbed one side of his underwear with both hands and pulled, trying to slide himself in one ball at a time. His junk dragged across the carpet and slid onto the tile, sloshing as it was jostled. The doorframe dug into the side of his junk, and he winced but kept going. It was a tight squeeze, but not an unbearable one.

He was breathing harder and growling from the effort of moving so much weight around. It was equal parts heavy and cumbersome, but he had mostly gotten used to it, with the exception that it was always getting bigger. The double-wide doors had been plenty wide once before, but now here he was, trying to wedge his junk in one nut at a time, and getting more aroused from having to get so handsy with himself just to move around.

The increased arousal was making his balls swell even more, and his throbbing shaft pushed against the top of the door frame, increasing his complications. "Ugh." He had at least gotten himself halfway inside, which made things a bit easier. He used one hand to try and press his shaft down, under the doorway, while his other hand pulled on his underwear to drag his other ball into the bathroom. It was easier to get his other half in since he wasn't wedged, but it was still a lot of weight to contend with. His shaft's size meant it was quite a strong muscle, so holding it down with one hand made his arm muscles burn, but he was able to tame it enough to get it under the doorframe.

"Phew..." He took a moment to catch his breath, leaning against his own junk for support. He could hear his heartbeat in his ears, and his junk was quite warm from the arousal and exertion. His legs were tired, so it was nice to let his junk support most of his weight as he cooled off. His heartbeat slowed after a minute, and he propped himself back up, ready to keep going.

The bathroom Jonas was in wasn't a normal bathroom by any means. It was a large room roughly the size of a swimming pool, with white tile walls. A few feet past the entrance, the tile floor sloped down at a gentle angle until it leveled out and gave way to over a dozen drainage grates. There were more grates in the ceiling overhead, turning the entire room into a waterfall shower with a pool-sized tub basin.

Needless to say, the bathroom hadn't been like this when he moved in. He had the bathroom closest to his bedroom remodeled to specifically handle his hyper junk, both its size and drainage needs. He was glad he had splurged for future-proofing the bathroom and making it so big. Even if his balls were getting too wide for the widened doorways, the pool-sized shower room would be able to handle him for a while longer still.

Jonas let out a relieved sigh. His balls were aching from how full they felt, and his underwear were stretched so tight they felt like they were ready to tear. He backed up to the slope in the bathroom floor, standing on the edge of it before turning around so that he was facing the basin. His balls sagged gently down the ramp, lowering just enough that he could peek over them if he stood on the tips of his toes.

He grabbed the elastic hem of his underwear and pulled it away from his hips. His arousal was throbbing hot, and a wave of trapped body heat hit him in the face, making him shake his head and snort. He pulled his underwear as far from his hips as his arms could reach, revealing his stretched, sandy-furred sheath, and the base of his thick, pink cock. That shaft still wasn't fully hard, which made his next task a bit easier. He held his underwear at bay with one hand, and slung his other arm under his meaty shaft and lifted it from the base.

He slowly dragged it out from his underwear by lifting it and pulling it close to his body. He held it against his chest and leaned back a bit to try and keep it out of his face. It was hot against his chest, and he could feel his heartbeat throbbing through it. It hardened a bit more as he handled it with one arm, but as it rose and stiffened it pulled itself the rest of the way out of his underwear. The head popped free and sprung up before Jonas let go of his underwear and cock, letting it flop down over the top of his balls.

He was glad to have it free. Now he could work on unloading his balls to get them to a more manageable size, at least for a few hours. He put both hands on his shaft and started to stroke it, starting at the base and reaching as far up the length of it as he could. He was just shy of being able to reach halfway, but it was enough to make precum start dripping from his tip. Jonas couldn't help but be impressed by his full size. His gushing shaft was as thick as a tree trunk and longer than he was tall. A meaty vein twitched along the side of it with every throb. His breathing picked up and his face warmed with a horny blush.

The pre pouring from his tip flowed down the front of his balls, soaking into the fur and fabric before dripping onto the sloped tile and flowing down to the drain grates at the bottom of the pool. As he rubbed, his flow increased. Each time his shaft throbbed he gushed pre that sprayed into the pool, sometimes shooting several feet from where he was standing. It splashed onto the tile and dripped down the drains.

Jonas started to pant as his arousal climbed towards his peak. The swelling of his balls was faster than before, those cum factories now loudly churning as they produced more cum in anticipation of his climax. His underwear had a bit more give now that they were no longer containing his shaft, but the extra space was filled out as his balls bloated. Jonas' stroking grew more vigorous as the pressure in his balls made them round and taut. Those overfilling cum balloons strained his underwear, making them creak. His shaft was angled up as it was lifted atop his swelling, overproductive nuts, and it bulged with each surge of pre that pumped through it.

Jonas was gushing and coating the bottom of the drainage pool in precum. It was drenching all the tiles at the bottom, but the numerous large drains were keeping up with him between spurts. His balls were starting to rumble as they climbed to maximum pressure like a pair of cum volcanoes ready to blow. His breathing quickened, as did his stroking. His arms started to burn from having to work such a huge geyser shaft. Pre pumped out of him harder and more often as the pressure behind those leaks increased. An unfamiliar onlooker might have mistaken it for him cumming, but Jonas' climax was much, much stronger.

His toes curled, his body tensed up and trembled, and he squeezed his eyes shut and bit his lower lip as he peaked, and his body bucked into a full-force climax. His dick *bulged* from base to tip before blasting out a firehose of cum. It fired against the far wall of the bathroom and splattered across the adjacent walls from the force. The white tiles were painted from ceiling to floor in white cum.

His orgasm continued, with Jonas bucking his hips and grinding his dick against his own balls as he emptied himself out. Ropes of cum each thicker than his waist erupted from his dick, splashing about the bathroom and coating every corner with his seed. The heavy flow of thick cum flooded the pool in front of him, the tide slowly rising as his output exceeded the capacity of the drains. His body shuddered each time he gushed, his orgasm coming in multiple, pleasure-heavy waves. He never stopped cumming, but the flow waxed and waned as tensed and relaxed his body, trying to pump himself dry.

More cum flooded the bathroom as his cum tanks slowly shrunk down. His pressure-bulged shaft was barely keeping up with his rate of production, and the extreme output was stretching it wide. Jonas was slumped against his own junk, still weakly bucking his hips as the pool in front of him filled up, the volume and thickness of his cum being too much for the drainage to keep up with. The cum level rose, making it clear why such a large and deep pool had been installed in the room. Inches of hot seed covered the floor, and the pressure of Jonas' flow was covering the walls and even ceiling, making them drip with cum.

The pool flooded with so much white that you could wade into it and not touch the floor with your toes. The whole bathroom grew hot and steamy from the overflow of seed. The cum levels were climbing up the ramp and rising up around Jonas' balls as they pumped out every last gallon of breeding cream.

Jonas was shuddering with every climax as he wore out. His tongue was hanging out of his mouth as he huffed for breath, his legs were buckled and the only thing holding him upright was his own balls as he leaned all his weight against them. They were shrunken down to half their size and were much softer now. Jonas squished into them as the body-shaking throbs of his cock became less frequent and his pumps of cum lessened into lighter loads. He still had a lot to pump out, but the throbbing pressure behind them had been cum out.

His strokes over his shaft were now long and slow. He came a bit more each time his paws were fully extended, but the force was all spent. He was milking the last few gallons out of his body to get his balls as small as possible so he wouldn't have to drain them again until tonight. By this point, his underwear-wrapped balls were less than half their starting size, but still huge by any other measure. They were still on the floor, rising high and spreading wide enough to hide his entire lower body from the front. His pink dick was still draped over the top of them, but it was shrinking down as well, retreating into his tan-furred sheath.

The cum pool had mostly drained away, but there was still cum dripping from every surface in front of the virile wolverine, and the work had left him a hot and sweaty mess. It was time to clean up. He lifted one foot and stomped on a marked floor tile. Moments later, water burst from the shower grates in the ceiling like a rainstorm. Cum was washed off the ceiling and walls and sent spiraling for the drains, cleansing the tile room in a single torrent.

Jonas tipped his head back with a sigh, letting the cool water wash over his body and refresh him. His breathing returned to normal as he cooled down, and he ran his hands through his thick and sopping fur to make sure he was totally soaked through. He hefted his dick up to

rinse off the underside of it, rubbing carefully so as not to get worked up again. Once he was certain that was rinsed, he pulled his underwear away from his hips to let more water wash around his balls. The chilly water pulled a lot of body heat from his overpowered nuts, which encouraged his shaft to shrink back into his sheath a bit faster.

After taking a few minutes to rinse and chill, Jonas hit the floor tile again to move to the next phase of cleaning. The water turned off, and the shower panel above his head sprayed him with a foamy fur soap that covered him in thick bubbles from head to balls to toes. He vigorously scrubbed through his thick fur with the lather, getting under his arms, and reaching around to get his back. His tail wagged as he scratched through his fur, getting delightfully clean. He made extra certain to soap up his fluffy sheath and sack. With his balls now much diminished, it was possible for him to reach every inch of them, with some effort. He had to lift them one at a time with one arm while scrubbing with the other to get the fronts of them washed properly. They were still heavy, but somewhat squishy in their empty state.

He lathered up his underwear for good measure; if he was going to wear them in the shower, he may as well wash them there too. Once he was all scrubbed off, he hit the tile again, and the water resumed, quickly washing all of the soap out of his fur. Jonas did one last self-check to make sure he hadn't missed any soapy spots before he turned off the water and shook himself to help dry off. He was feeling ready to take on the day now that he was drained and cleaned off.

He stepped out of the bathroom, balls bouncing in front of him as he now easily fit through the bathroom doors. He picked up a towel he had knocked off the alcove in the hall and rubbed himself dry with it before wrapping it around his waist like an inadequate robe that did little to cover his junk. With a bit of a laugh, he maneuvered around the pictures he had knocked off the walls in the hall and made it back to his room. The trip took a few seconds, instead of the several minutes it had before.

Still a bit damp, Jonas plopped himself down on a chair in his room to finish air-drying before getting dressed for the day. He had a lot to get done while he was out, and he knew he only had a few hours before his balls swelled to a hindering size once more. He gave an amused snort. His junk was more than a handful, but he knew he wouldn't give it up for anything.