

A Growing Problem

By Victor Waite

A cat learns the importance of keeping spare medication on hand when he forgets his hyper suppression medication one day. Can he make it back home and get them before he breaks out of his clothing in front of everyone in the city? The tags seem to think otherwise.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Male Cat, Gradual Hyper Growth. Hyper Cock and Balls, Unintended Exhibitionism, Autofelatio, Mild Cum Inflation, Immobilization, and a Biblical Amount of Fluids

The soft hum of fluorescent lights filed the chill office air, fostering a droning ambiance in the open space. Clicking keys and ringing phones dotted the dull soundscape, offering welcome breaks to the low, inescapable noise. Most of the floor's occupants had learned to block the intrusive aural static out, or in the case of a particular feline, drown it out with a set of headphones. The cat bobbed his head to a silent rhythm and typed away, filling out form after form with mundane facts. His gaze bounced between hastily-made scans and clean digital documents, gleaning relevant information effortlessly. His productivity only paused when he reached for his mug of life-giving coffee, which he sipped from every time his eyelids grew heavy. Eventually an alarm drew his attention, and he rubbed the accumulated strain from his eyes. A few, quick blinks reset his vision and adjusted it to the world beyond his screens, and he arched his back to pop away the consequences of his posture. A subtle stirring and tightness between his thighs kindled a blush in his cheeks, and gingerly rolled his hips in his seat and reached into his desk. Annoyance soured his expression when he retrieved an empty pill bottle, which turned to concern as he reached into his bag. Shuffling and rustling filled the air as he blindly groped for his medicine, until he sighed with irritation and spilled his belongings across the desk.

The cat sifted through his essentials with increasing desperation, until he deflated with defeat. He buried his face in his paws and berated himself over forgetting his suppression pills, but decided to save the self discipline for later as arousal warmed his core. The well-dressed feline swept his arm across his desk and scooped his things back into his bag, then hooked his keycard to his belt and briskly departed for the floor's staircase. He explained the situation to his boss as he passed, who nodded in understanding and offered to cover him until his return. The cat thanked him profusely as the pressure on his lions built, spurring him to turn and rush for the exit before he burst from his pants. He threw his shoulder into the door and barged into the stairwell, then hopped down from flight to flight. His natural feline grace showed in every landing, though such a pace came at a cost. His sheath bounced and rubbed against his undergarments with every conquered half floor, stoking his arousal and exacerbating his problem. The cat's formerly loose pants fit snugly around his bulge by the time he reached the ground floor, betraying his condition to his coworkers as he raced for the street. They stepped from his path with consideration, though few resisted stealing a glance at his substantial package as he darted by.

A frigid chill embraced him when he burst onto the street, somewhat slowing his growth. The cat took full advantage and sprinted down the sidewalk, bouncing and brushing by other pedestrians. His lust crept toward critical mass as he throbbed against his increasingly tight clothing, however, offsetting the cold's effects and coloring his racing thoughts. Fantasies of stopping in his tracks and embracing his condition snuck into his mind, making it harder and harder to concentrate on navigating to his subway stop. A clear outline of his cock and balls fought for space between his thighs while his inner visions grew in depravity and intensity, flooding him with enough rigid pleasure to throw off his gait. An obvious patch of pre showed through his dark pants as his pace slowed, forcing him to compromise between speed and modesty. He held his bag to his crotch and decelerated to a brisk walk, which had the unfortunate side effect of giving him something substantial to grind against. His cheeks blazed with obvious lust and embarrassment while he pressed

on, vainly struggling to keep his hips from rolling too blatantly. He thankfully reached the station before he made a complete fool of himself, and he descended beneath the sidewalk with all the speed his increasingly ponderous stride could muster.

The harsh winter weather faded as he stepped onto the subway platform and scanned the area for a seat. His first lucky break of the day came when he found an unoccupied bench, which he promptly claimed. A small burst of relief calmed his pulse as he set his bag on his lap, restoring a mote of his modesty. Still, the weight on his thighs proved pleasurable in itself, and his carnal instincts set his hips subtly rolling. He blushed fiercely and glanced from side to side, hoping and praying he avoided the center of attention. His plan to absolve himself of the limelight faltered when his privacy gave him room to enjoy himself, and he found it increasingly difficult to stop himself from leaning over his bag and adding to the sensations. The cat grit his teeth and thought of the dentist chair, successfully hindering his arousal until his condition reached its next stage. Dread and lust welled in his chest as a wave of growth pulsed through his pants, swelling his cock and balls until they shredded through his underwear. His pupils contracted and his eyes widened as the sudden sound slammed into his ears, though the embarrassing noise thankfully failed to reach beyond his personal space. He stood and discretely collected the tatters of his panties as they fluttered from his pant leg, then quickly sat down before he captured any unwanted attention.

The cat squirmed in his seat as his growth persisted, inching the head of his cock down one of his pant legs. A dark trail of pre tracked its course, playing on the cat's crippling self-consciousness. His pulse raced and his breath quickened while he struggled to find a way to salvage his modesty, until a risky idea popped into his head. The feline's cheeks blazed at what it entailed, but he quickly convinced himself it couldn't be any worse than what would happen otherwise. After glancing about to confirm his privacy, he reached behind his bag to unfastened his pants and reached in to grab his spire. The heated length throbbed in his fingers and unleashed another shot of pre, leaving yet another stain before he managed to wiggle it free from its confines. The cloying scent of his lust poured into the open air and shamelessly announced his carnal drive, threatening to blow his cover until he pulled his shirt over it. The cat shivered as he pressed his member into the soft fluff of his front, then closed his jacket around the obvious bulge. He shuddered as his cock tip caught on his navel and squished into his modest paunch, until its sustained growth pushed to his chest. He pulled his jacket tight and concealed his cock's profile, but the air remained thick with his lust and his sac still threatened to overpower his pants. The act of desperation allowed him to last until his train arrived at least, and luck provided him with a car to himself.

The paranoid feline plopped into his seat and hid his need behind his bag once more, but began to relax when no one else boarded his compartment. He let out a breath he didn't realized he held and slumped over, then snapped upright with a burst of pleasure. With hesitation, he opened his jacket to check the oozing damage, and mixed emotions washed over him at the sight. His copious pre soaked the garment through to sticky transparency, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination. The saturated fabric hugged every ridge and contour of his growing cock, throbbing in time with his pulse and adding to the mess. The

fur below was equally slick, easing its gradual journey up chest. He spared himself a look at his balls, settling for the simple knowledge they were beginning to spread his thighs apart. The cat rolled his head back and sighed with defeat, knowing there was little he could do to stem his growth for the rest of his journey. There was only one possible solution, and his cheeks blazed at the thought of such a brazen, public act. His resolve to resist his carnal impulses faltered as the subway rhythmically bounced down its tracks, however, pumping his length cross his slick pelt and encouraging its growth. He wiggled and rolled his hips, subconsciously chasing the sensation, until his tip reached his shirt collar and shattered his determination.

With a heated huff of compromise, the cat unbuttoned the top section of his garment, creating just enough space to look down and slip his tip into his mouth. His hips jolted as what felt like hours of self-denial flashed away, nearly catapulting him to climax on the spot. The resulting surge of pre filled his cheeks to capacity, and he rapidly swallowed to stop leaks before they began. The heat in his muzzle deepened while he reasoned away his indulgence as an act of kindness for the cleaning crew, but he couldn't deny how much he enjoyed it. The feline's bag flopped to the floor and spilled its contents as his modesty eroded, blissfully tumbling him into the throes of autofelatio. His belly subtly bugled and swelled with his virility as he slurped and swallowed, stimulating the lower half of his length while he tended to the upper. His overflowing sac rapidly claimed what space remained between his legs, spurred by his bliss to make his release as fertile as possible. The cat could hear them audibly slosh and churn over his indulgent ministrations, drowning out the soft pops and snaps of failing threads. His fluffy fur peaked through the multiplying gaps in his clothing, though it was the furthest thing from his mind as he hunched over and deep throated himself. Every muscle in his body thrummed with bliss as his tip slipped over the back of his tongue and plunged into his throat, pushing him over the edge into climactic rapture.

The cat's eyes rolled back and his world shrank to nothing but the overpowering pleasure throbbing through his cock. His belly swelled with the products of his clinical virility, rounding and sagging with the tide of his cum. His sac shrank in proportion to his middle's growth, gradually freeing up space between his thighs and returning to a manageable size. The feline took advantage of his waxing mobility and pumped his hips deeper and harder, drawing out the dwindling ocean of his pleasure. His desperate ministrations only ended when his climax tapered of into afterglow, suffusing him with dreamy bliss as he lapped up the last of his seed. His wits emerged from the lustful fog around his brain, and his cheeks blazed with realization. He frantically darted around the subway car, only slowing when he confirmed his solitude. Without fear of discovery, he extracted his cock from his muzzle with a soft pop and wiped his residual arousal from his lips. His cock throbbed with unsatisfied demands as he pressed it back against his chest, though due to its length, failed to conceal it in his jacket. Its leaking head bumped against his chin and matted his exposed fur with an endless stream of need, forcing him to improvise once more. The cat tore through his belongings and searched for anything that could be improvised into a scarf, but couldn't gather the creative thinking needed for the solution before he arrived at his stop.

Choosing speed over subtly, the cat slung his bag over his shoulder and sprinted for the car's exit. Every eye in the crowd fell on him as he pushed his way through the mass of travelers, drawing on every bit of his willpower to ignore his rekindling lust. Every brush with a person or bag revitalized his libido, stripping away what little reprieve his semi-public session brought. A familiar, overwhelming tingle shot through his core as condition advanced yet again, shorting his nerves and disrupting his balance. Momentum dragged him to the floor and slid him across the tiles, silencing the ambient murmurs of conversation and capturing all attention possible. The cat simply laid on his bag and writhed in mixed pain and lust, until the deafening silence caught his ears and dread welled in his chest. His ears flattened to his head as he sheepishly looked up from his clumsy resting place, and an inferno blazed in his cheeks as he tried to will himself invisible. His inaction only intensified the awkwardness, adding to the strange tension in the air until he tried to pick himself up. Coordination abandoned him, and his arms folded under his weight several times before he finally sat upright. A shocked gasp broke the uneasy silence, leaving him to wish he simply laid there until everyone left.

His cock shamelessly throbbed and spurted toward his onlookers' toes, free from the shirt and buttons that failed to contain it. The fur of his muzzle shifted from soft grey to blazing red as he processed his reality, unable to gather the wits or nerve to act. A combination of exhibitionist thrill and burning embarrassment blanked his thoughts, leaving his body to fill in for his mind. His leg-sized spire pulsed and basked in their collective attention, unleashing a stream of pre that pooled across the floor. Those closest backed away as his expansion accelerated, unimpeded by his typical restraint and medicinal aid. His posture straightened as his sac filled the gap under his rear, raising him from the ground as his length inched across polished tile. His production spiked with his growth and further fueled his arousal, establishing a feedback loop that shorted his lust-soaked brain. The feline's sense of modesty evaporated as he steadily rose above the crowd, placed on a pedestal of his own assets. Once immobilized by his expanding virility, he abandoned his hopes of escape and simply embraced his situation. The cat flopped atop his figure-defining length and wrapped himself around its diameter, then pumped his legs against his sac and masturbated with his entire body.

Jets of lust shot across the subway platform with his acceptance, soaking the heavier travelers through and threatening to launch the lighter ones. Most fled his arousal in the interest of returning to normalcy, though a few furs of lacking inhibition eagerly joined in. They threw themselves against his throbbing length and massaged it sensitive bulk, forging new paths of pleasure through the cat's nervous system. His balls sloshed and churned with their enthusiastic attention, quickly filling the tight space of the underground station. The rapturous pressure added by the cool concrete walls spurred his carnal needs higher yet, adding to the flood of pre that claimed what his assets hadn't. The streets above took on the scent of sex as his output escalated, flowing down the subway tunnels and playing havoc with the tracks. The feline and his worshipers cared little for the consequences of their actions, however, far too engrossed in the moment to see beyond their own needs. The sounds of roaring rapids echoed through the underground passages as his pulses of pre

linked together in a constant stream, then tinged with white as his climax neared. Their collective ministrations reached a fever pitch as he teetered on the edge of release, and his orgasm arrived with a chorus of joyous cries.

The cat's unabashed shouts rose above the din of their one-man orgy, followed by the thick splat of viscous seed against a wall. His second shot followed on the heels of the first, linking together in a pulsing chain, and the third and fourth followed suit. The feline came with enough force to carve the surface of his target away, gradually boring his own tunnel into the city's network. Rocks and tiles and rubble floated in the river of his virility, swirling around the ankles of his entourage before washing into the tunnels beyond. His rapturous output outpaced the platform's impromptu drains, and the ivory tide rose around the crowd as his climax carried on. His audience climbed atop his throbbing member to escape the flood, inadvertently prolonging his release. A faint sense of urgency pierced the orgasmic haze around the feline's mind as he lifted from the ground, buoyed on his own tide, though he couldn't muster the concentration to care against so much blinding pleasure. The overhead stonework crept closer as he came and came, and the curve of its architecture guided him toward the station's center. His passengers walked their hands along the walls and ceiling and guided him to the surface access, where they quickly dismounted and fled. The cat's growth thwarted his unintentional escape, however, and his cock filled the volume of the staircase before he reached the streets. His length formed a perfect seal with its walls, stalling his flood of cum by forcing it elsewhere in the city. He didn't realize the implications of his trapped state until he came down from his orgasm some time later, only to find a group of scowling officers around him.

He burned with embarrassment under their withering glares, doing his best to shrink against his immobilizing cock and balls in the process. When he finally mustered the nerve to explain himself, his voice trembled. "O-officers," he said sheepishly. "I know this looks bad, but I can explain. You see, I have a condition..."