

Babble's Burden - Peddler's Impediment

Any sense of normalcy seems to evade me at this time. Drifting off to sleep at a reasonably early time did seem like it would lead to nothing but leaving me tired the very next morning, but turns out being blessed to constantly produce the lifeblood that flows all through the planet and provides every being energy is quite a boon. My dreams were pervaded by perverse parts and salacious scenes of sexual supremes. The feeling of hands and paws working along my shaft throbbing high in the air, working every phallic foot. From base to tip urging out thick gallons of pre, balls bloating with every cum blast and tensing up against my body while my beak leaks out soft kwehs and exaggerated moans for more. Deeper desires leaking out in my dream as the mana paws work as a good morning for my drowsy and well-rested self.

The Sun flickers in between moments of darkness, the constant switch in lighting rousing me from my slumber. The source of my dreamscape delectation making itself obviously known as the same scene plays out that was playing in my mind - mana hands digging into soft flesh and massaging over every inch of my cock shooting out thick loads. Mana shots splattering against the wall as the blue cum pulses up my shaft and flows like a river. From balls to base to tip glows a constant light blue, overwhelming production so perfectly running through my form it has presented itself across the entirety of my package.

I am reminded about my situation the moment I wake up from my slumber, mostly because any sort of movement at my current size is physically impossible. Ten foot balls keep me absolutely grounded, the heavy white spheres glowing a much brighter and more intense blue than usual due to the absurd amount of mana congregating and roiling around in my nuts. Thousands of gallons weighing me down and causing the giant spheres to be nothing more than the perfect thing to nail my three-foot nothing self to the ground. And despite their inconvenience I can't help but recline against the giant spheres, foot talons digging into the giant blue balls and promoting production as much as the mana hands pressing into soft flesh and molding around balls as soft as dough. Heavy GLORPS and GROANS are heard from the giant spheres, every second passing causing ten more gallons to glorp and spawn into existence. A constant torrent of cum flows up the length of my shaft, the pleasure of such an overwhelming act leaving me nothing more than a servant to my arousal.

Stuck without much to do, I lounge with my thick hips sinking into hefty nut flesh. Doing my best to enjoy the constant arousal of balls producing tens of gallons and shaft dumping out as much as I can produce. I do have a task to do, so I get to work producing the countless mana potions that the guild always asks me to create. They are not very fond of the gift I've been given, but they are not going to turn down their best way to produce the highest quality, purest mana potions they can source.

I notice they also have not told the buyers where they source their mana potions, but I suppose telling customers that they're drinking the sourced cum of a chocobo is not the best selling point.

Slipping a condom on past the torrent of mana proves to be the hardest part, slipping a flimsy rubber - even if made from pure mana struggles to slip past a small river of cum. The process goes slow but careful precision slips the giant mana rubber over my length, the head of the condom immediately surging outward with the blue raspberry scented ropes of mana. An exaggerated kweh escapes my beak, relief washing over my form as the depository immediately begins to fill and overflow with the mana-based seminal fluid. Seeing this as the only time I have to try and break down on my size, I let the mana hands sink into my soft flesh, the soft blue lighting both produced by the filling mana bubbles and the soft lights surrounding the room lulls me into a sense of ease. Conjuring a music box consumes quite a bit of mana, but it seems I have plenty to spare.

The close-to-popping condom probably has enough mana to spawn another one, if needed. Slipping off the rubber, I sink into my overproductive mana factories, letting the time pass by as I let the music join the loud sounds of overproduction and overfilling. Condoms slipping on and quickly being tied off and shoved onto a quickly growing pile, taking no longer than a few minutes for the mana-infused rubbers to reach their max capacity and subsequently having to be tied off and another painstakingly slipped on. I lie against my balls as the minutes pass, filling rubber after rubber and looking for the end of this overwhelming tide of production and growth.

And yet there are no signs of stopping, rivers of cum flowing and continuing to bloat out rubbers as fast when the first contraception slipped on. Pleasure becomes second nature as the hours pass, the pile of condoms growing and growing as blue cum overloads the magical balloons only for them to be placed atop the pile the very next moment. The second half of the room is beginning to become cramped, the pile of rubbers growing and pressing against the throbbing form of my shaft. A warmth starts to radiate across my body as the mana flows out of my shaft, that blue energy flowing through my body as every THROB of the giant ten foot pulsing pillar brings forth another inch. Another extra bit of length to add onto the length of my shaft. Balls pulse and growl, production ramping up as the backed up mana in my balls, with no place to present itself, seeps into my body. A blue glow radiates across my entire being, a cool energy pressing against every part of my body as mana becomes much more prominent in myself.

The cacophony of sounds emanating from my massive cum tanks reach a crescendo, cum gurgling and churning and sloshing as I am suddenly risen a bit further up into the air. Placing my talons as much as I can against the thickening form of my shaft is the best I can do to brace for another growth spurt, heavy gurgles and waves of cum splashing around while my balls begin to produce in overtime. Rivers pumping out of my shaft grow that much more plentiful, cum production seemingly doubling in the blink of an eye. My shaft surges across the room, inches adding up to feet being introduced into a space that is already too tiny to support my package that has grown ten times within a day. The twenty foot room is now confronted with a growing behemoth, and all the mana paws can do is sink further into cock flesh. Press and massage along balls exponentially growing in size and that cannot hope to vie for more space beyond the amount they are already taking up. That does not stop the overwhelming forces from pressing upwards and outwards, feet added onto orbs already threatening to smother my tiny self.

Even among the chaos of growth my own body sucks up the mana permeating across my form. Thick streams of power radiate through my body and sink into specific parts, inches of growth adding onto places I wouldn't even guess would be possible for something as plentiful as mana. A coolness presents itself across my thick cheeks, ass flesh once plentiful now being grown inches at a time, supple cheeks making way for overwhelming pounds of flesh pressing

out and sinking into the soft form of my feathery balls. Pillowey cheeks pressing out and growing exponentially, a soft blue glow presenting itself as I can't help but sink a feathered paw into the wobbling globes of growth.

A chirpy moan escapes from my beak, sensitive flesh piling onto my expanding cheeks while my digits sink and massage around once supple ass flesh. They almost seem to have multiplied under the effects of the mana, plush cheeks making way for couch-filling mounds of ass. Rivers of cum expand into overflowing lakes, every pulse of cum flowing down the length of my seventeen foot monster of a shaft to spill into the drains in the floor. The condoms have completely left my mind by now, so caught up in the pleasure of growth and balls pressing against the walls I have to do whatever I can to keep myself grounded.

I realize I am caught up in the pleasure of my orgasm once I feel my talons tap against the ground. Something I didn't think was possible with the giant piece of pulsing meat attached between my legs, my flabbergasted self can't help but to look down and find myself... taller than I was before. My once diminutive three foot self now surges above in height, reaching a height that would be akin and acceptable for the normal populace! Two and a half extra feet added onto my frame is a blessing in my eyes, twenty two years I have spent on this planet and not a single day I thought I was going to see myself reaching a height that would not be looked down upon and seen as lesser. Being a runt my entire life and I now feel...

Somewhat normal.

Well, normal apart from the balls and cock now nearer to twenty feet than they were to ten. Almost eighteen feet of shaft length and ball diameter, a shaft as long as a shipping container and balls big enough to fit a small wagon into, my once-diminutive self can't help but to relish in the size. Much bigger than I ever thought I could be, and with the height and hips to match?

Maybe it'll finally be enough for Chobi to notice me?

The thought leaves my mind as quickly as it appeared, the golden chocobo? The star of the town? There's no way he would like all of...

My mind waives the thought as well, not wanting to think about the prospects of dating when I can't even touch the ground without shrinking down my endowments. Even then, that might be something that becomes nigh impossible if the growth continues.

The pile of mana potions makes itself known once again, beyond the constantly cumming form of my shaft lies the giant mountain of mana balloons still needing to be sold for the day. I let out an exaggerated sigh, casting another mini spell in hopes of at least... minimizing the disaster that could be wrought by such massive wrecking balls. Even with the shrinking spell it only manages to half the size of my nuts. But it makes me mobile, even if nine feet of balls can barely be considered mobile. At least with my newfound height I can work around balls that drag behind me and fully press against the stairs leading upwards, even if it's a tight fit. Draping my shaft over my shoulder is the only way I can even hope to move, and even then it comes with the caveat of feeling every gallon of cum surge up the length of my shaft. Rivers rocketing down into the basement as my clumsy talons sink into the cum-sodden floor.

Walking with my new height proves its own issue, uneven feet leading to uneasy steps while lugging behind balls enough to crush a small wagon. Getting to the top of the steps shows that night has already fallen across the town, making me realize how long I spent in the basement unloading and trying my best to mitigate my massive size. As I chomp down on a salad consisting of almost exclusively gyashal greens, my footing almost completely falls out from under me. What looks to be a massive fall to the floor proves to be a cushiony fall against nine feet of shaft, a plush and throbbing mattress gushing out heavy streams of cum into the water-proof living room.

My concentration breaks for but a moment when I PLAP against my heavy shaft, the mini spell immediately dispelling as the true sense of my size explodes out into the house. Furniture is shoved to the side and smothered in an overwhelming wave of balls, smothering the mana-proof electronics and knocking things completely off shelves to crash to the floor. The giant snake of my shaft immediately surges outwards, the white and gray pillar shooting forward and knocking into the door, immediately blowing it off its hinges and

letting the street out front be fully aware of what's happening inside the salacious household.

That sounds like an issue for the morning.

A wave of cum pours into the street from the house, the drains unable to deal with a production nearing 20 gallons a second. Resigning myself to a fate of bigness, I lie against the pulsing form of my shaft and let my size spill out into the street. Telling myself I'll wake up early in the morning is the best I can do as I lie against my giant shaft. I pensively eat my salad and think about the next steps.

Or at least, think about plans for finding a place that can handle someone no longer able to fit inside any house.