

I Can't Stop Cumming!
- A Short Story -
By Razmagurk

I just couldn't stop cumming.

I know, I know, it's something all girls have to deal with, but lately it's been getting really bad.

I looked down, bleary-eyed, at the bed beneath me. Thick ropes of pearly white semen had soaked through the sheets. Damn it, I'd triple bagged the overnight condom too. I wrinkled my nose at the sapphic scent of my overflowing girlcum.

Why was I such a freak?

I rose delicately out of my bed, trying not to spill or streak any onto the floor. I gasped as a particularly large rope sloughed lazily out of my dick. I pulled the edges of the sheets together and tied them off in a bundle, discarded nighttime condoms at all.

Somehow, despite this huge mess I was still leaking like a faucet. I swallowed dryly. What had I been dreaming? Something that set my heart aflutter, something that made my dick pulse even now...

I looked around. I was all alone. The house was quiet. I pulled a wad of kleenex from the box beside my bed and gave a few firm pumps. A jet of fresh cum surged out with each, leaving me shaking in pleasure as they drowned the tissue.

"Hey, sis?" Oh god. That brat! He didn't even knock. "Mom said to - what's that smell?"

"Oh my god-" I was shivering to speak over my orgasm, "get out of here you pervert!" I threw a pillow at him, he ducked out of the way.

"Did you cum the bed again?" His nose twitched as he eyed the pile of sticky laundry bundled up on my goo-stained mattress.

"Sh-shut up!" I threw another pillow.

"God, you're such a freak." He rolled his eyes and stormed off. As though the perv hadn't been stealing my used condoms to sniff.

By the time I'd cleaned up and made my way downstairs, mom was already ready for work and Dad was serving breakfast. Mom's dick barely dripped at all as it swung low between her knees. She and dad must have fucked last night. Or she had jacked off this morning. Uhg, either way I didn't want to think about it.

Still, I couldn't help but envy the way she was able to keep it wrapped in those elegant, business-like pantyhose.

“Good morning Delilah, dear.” Mom gave me a kiss on the forehead, her dick pressing motherly into mine and causing me to buck as a thin trail of my jizz splattered onto the floor. “I hear you had a rough night.”

“I’m fine.” I pulled away blushing and shot my brother a withering glance. He stuck out his tongue. “I just... made a bit of a mess.”

“Again?” my father looked up at me from his pan of eggs, but mom shot him a glare and he returned his attention to his plate.

“Well that’s alright, dear, it happens to the best of us.” Mom tried to give me a comforting smile, but I knew full I had it worse than anyone, worse than any of my friends at least. “You’re a growing girl, after all. Just make sure you’re good and empty before you head off to school,” I bucked as she gave my balls a little pat. “Okay?”

“Fine. Yes, okay.” I rolled my eyes. “God mom, I’m not 13 anymore.”

“Aw, you’ll always be my little girl.”

Yeah right. Like there was anything about me that was little. I’d gotten my paternal grandmother’s genes and I had the extra inches and girth to show for it. Mom had it easy. I wondered if grandma ever had this much trouble with leakage.

A creamy puddle formed beneath the table as I tried to focus on spooning sausage into my mouth. No matter how I positioned myself my dickhead kept rubbing raunchily against the underside of the table. Each shift of my hips seemed to splurt me from one low-key orgasm to another. I rubbed absentmindedly at one of my balls with my free hand as I drank down a third glass of orange juice. It was important to stay hydrated.

I had meant to rub one out in the bathroom before leaving for school, but with all the cleaning I had to do I was already super late. I was still squirting uncontrollably as I stepped out the door, my balls bouncing pendulously between my legs as they hung out from beneath the short-fronted skirt of my school uniform. The cups of my sport-panties tried to keep my balls in place but they were so full and heavy that it was of little use.

Not jacking off was asking for trouble, I know, but there just hadn’t been time to take care of it properly. I had rolled a fresh condom down over it and put a sock over top – it was a little warm to be dressing this way this time of year, but hopefully no one would notice how damn drippy I was.

Luckily, I managed to catch the subway on time so I knew I wasn’t going to be too late. I shoved my way through the pressed bodies to the girl’s car. It was always packed during the academic year, girls from across the district all in their uniforms, all on their way to school, all trying not to cum their brains out as each bump sent their dicks surging and oozing.

I looked around. The morning commute was one of the few times the girls from different schools got to mingle. There was always lots of gossip and the perfect chance to check out the latest trends. Some of the Colebright girls had beaded bracelets around their dicks. Normally I’d be right in the center of it, but today I was just trying to keep my dick under control.

I squirmed. It was a task easier said than done.

Shit. The car lurched and my balls spilled out of the seat. Thick ropes of pleasure pooled into my condom as I tried to manhandle my throbbing sack back into position.

Alright, so maybe it wasn't the easiest way to get around, but - ah, I let out a sigh of satisfaction as I got to take the weight off my balls - it sure beat walking. I was just glad the city had such good public infrastructure. Some cities didn't even have girl-only cars. Some cities didn't even have trains. I felt bad for those girls who had to drive, their dicks getting all tangled up in the wheels. I honestly don't know how they did it.

I got to school just in time for the bell, falling exhausted into my seat. I took a few breaths and tried to regain my composure, but it dawned on me that my shortness of breath wasn't entirely from exertion. I let my dick rest against the seat in front of me and tried not to think about cumming. I tried to will all this away, but the sensation of it rubbing, even through a sock and my now juicy condom, was still potent enough to leave me a dripping, panting mess.

God, my brother was right, I was a freak. Why couldn't I stop cumming so much? I looked around at the other girls in my class, their dicks sat high above their tables, throbbing and twitching idly with cum oozing down the head of their cocks in tiny spurts. Why was I so juicy compared to them? Why did a girl like me have to be cursed with this stupid geyser cock?

Luckily no one seemed to have noticed the girl sitting here in the corner with an already half filled triple-extra-large condom. Maybe I was sick? Was I going to be okay for practice today?

Uhg, practice. I totally knew what Debby was going to say too. She insisted that we cheerleaders needed to be wearing athletic diapers during practice but she was the only one with a dick small enough that she could get away with it. I'd never be able fit my d-cup balls into something like that.

I stewed, literally, in my own juices, as Ms. Delecroix settled down the class and started teaching.

And that's when Derrick stumbled in. Oh god. He was ragged and disheveled and he had this weird harried look in his eyes as they darted crazily around the room. Clutched under one arm was some kind of strange tiki idol. I tried not to make eye contact. The last thing I wanted was for that weirdo freak to notice me.

"You're late." Ms. Delacroix chastised.

Derrick didn't even respond, he just gaped at her dick as it swayed in the air before her. God you'd think he'd never seen a girl's dick before.

"Take your seat, Derrick."

He swallowed loudly, then nodded absently and turned to face the rest of the class. His eyes bulged, roaming from one pulsing girldick to another. I shuddered as he looked my way. Such a weirdo. Uhg, I bet a virgin loser like him hadn't even ever seen a girl's dick up close.

He moved to take a seat in the back, his surprise giving way to a perverted grin as he clutched the weird idol in his hands and locked his eyes on my dick. With the worst timing ever, a flood of jizz pumped out and into my condom. Derick's grin intensified. Ew, I bet he got off on that sort of thing. I felt so -

The world pulsed.

I felt so honored that he'd turn his attention to me. I couldn't help but smile as he eyed my cock lewdly. God what a gentleman. He had to be the hottest guy in class for sure. Not that that meant much at this otherwise all-girl's school, but he was tall, and athletic, and with a butt that just wouldn't quit. Plus, I heard he had a killer magic card collection and if that doesn't get a girl hard and drippy I don't know what does.

I couldn't help but smile at his attention. If there was one saving grace to this class it was getting to see him. My heart fluttered as I imagined him turning towards me, taking me by the hands, taking me away from all this, from my boring awkward humiliating life. Holding me gently and dipping me backwards as he leaned in for a kiss.

It was a struggle to hold in a gasp as my orgasm rose, spurred on by my girlish fantasies. A thick splurge of cum blasted into the condom like a hose. Mmm... what a kiss. The latex prophylactic tugged itself up along my shaft, rapidly filling and becoming heavy as it dangled loosely at the end of my sock.

Oh god. I gulped. The shifting weight snapped me out of my fantasy. Derrick had taken his seat nearby, all eyes were on the teacher, and I was moments away from a wardrobe malfunction.

I tried to discreetly tug my condom back into position, but it was so full that the cum just spilled out the sides, soaking into my sock. Worse, the pressure of my hand pressing against my hypersensitive rod sent me cumming further. I blushed. The smell was ripe and horny and soon the whole class was going to pick up on it.

"Ms. Delacroix!" I stood up and raised my hand. "I have to go change my condom!"

"What?" The teacher frowned. "Already? Class just started." Ms. Delacroix was fresh out of teacher's college. Her balls were huge but her dick was tiny and she was always such a bitch to those of us who were better endowed than her - which is to say everybody. Sure, a part of me envied the way she could go a whole week on single condom, but if the price for that was being so uptight, then no thanks.

"It's been a weird day, Miss." I bounced from one leg to another impatiently, my dick and the heavy bulb of my condom swinging back and forth in the air.

"No." I could just barely make out the snide sneer as she looked down at my erupting member, as though I had intentionally orchestrated this little emergency to get out of class. "You'll have to wait until the end of class. Now sit back down and be quiet."

God, I whimpered. What a bitch.

Derick snickered as I sat back down. I blushed. He was hardly helping matters. Just the thought of him was getting me all the gooier, I could feel it. God, I did not want to feel it right now.

The minutes ticked by. There was still half an hour left in class. There was no way I was going to be able to make it. I was going to blow a major load right there in the middle of class - in front of Derrick! - and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

I tried to shift positions, to push my dick away so it wouldn't rub against the desk, but the pressure from my hands and the slick jizz-balloon swimming around my dick just made it worse.

I gasped and I moaned as I tried to find a position that would take the edge off, where I could focus on something besides this hormonal flood of pleasure coursing through me, but god, I could hear Derrick's heavy breathing. Was he still watching? The thought just made me all the harder.

At last, I could take it no longer.

"Miss, please!" I stood up again, my condom was so full it was dragging my dick down now, my cocksock slid down so far that it almost exposed the head. "I really need to go!" There was no denying my desperation. Surely, as one woman to another she'd understand.

"Fine." She sighed and rolled her eyes, unimpressed at my apparently inability to restrain my teenage exuberance. "But be quick."

I didn't even respond, I was so eager to get out of there, but it was tricky. I tried to navigate my way out of the class without my condom slipping free, without slapping anybody with the swinging load dangling from my dick. The girls gave me piteous looks. They did not envy me in this moment.

"Miss!" Derrick raised his hand as I was just about to step out the door "Can I go too?"

"What? No. Absolutely not. One student at a - "

He rubbed the idol. The world pulsed again.

"Of course Derrick," Ms. Delacroix beamed, proud at Derrick's initiative. "You go make sure Ms. Daniels here gets her condom changed okay."

"Yes Ma'am!" Derrick chuckled and rushed out into the hall after me.

I blushed. I'd been changing my own condoms since puberty, it wasn't that hard. I didn't need Derrick's help, even if he was the school's chief Girdick Inspector. But uhg - I shot a glance to his shiny phallic badge - who was I to say no to someone with such an official position? He had unilateral school-wide authority in all such feminine manners.

I'm sure it was nothing. He probably just wanted to make sure all the condoms were being disposed of properly.

Normally when a condom was full, a girl would tie it off and hang it from her bag or her belt or something until she could get to a proper disposal. Flushing it was no good since they clogged up drains, and we girls were encouraged to clean up after our little leaks, but some girls still made a mess wherever they went.

My pulse spiked as he walked up next to me. I was already leaving a snail trail of jizz behind me as I hobbled my way to the girl's room, but come on, this totally wasn't my fault. If Ms. Delacroix had let me go when I'd asked the first time this wouldn't be an issue right now.

"Are you okay?" he flashed me a smile that sealed my fate. Between his handsome grin and the pressure on my dick as I tried to restrain it – as I tried to keep my condom from slipping that last merciful inch - it was just too much. There was no stopping it.

I crashed through the doors to the girl's bathroom just as the first rope of real cum launched the condom down to the very tip of my cock. "Oh god!" I jumped and tried to grab it with both hands, but the sensation of it tugging around the head was too much.

Orgasm rocked through me. Not the lowkey trickling creek of day-to-day orgasm I was used to, but a screaming tidal wave of knee-shaking pleasure powerful enough to shoot my condom off entirely. I fell forward, tripping over my own jizzbag and crashing tits-first in the bathroom. Derrick stood behind me, laughing.

I was mortified. I had just blown a load in front of the hottest guy in the whole world. Worse - I looked at the dripping spray of girlcream on the bathroom floor - he was going to write me up for penis violations, for sure. I was going to get in so much trouble. Oh, god, and despite all that, I was still, like a persistent sneeze, cumming! Thick rivulets of girly passion were flooding unhindered onto the tile below.

"Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god. I'm so sorry." I went to stand up, to correct myself, to rush past the urinals to one of the stalls, but it was slippery and hard and my dick swung like a hose in front of me, coating the room as I went. I gripped my dick tight, trying to keep it from spilling out everywhere, trying to force it fruitlessly back inside, but that slick slimy pressure just led to more slick slimy pleasure. Oh god.

"It's okay." said Derrick, his voice sweet and empathetic. "I understand. You're balls are practically overflowing. Here, why don't you try to let it all out?" His breathing grew short. "I want to see you let it all out."

"Thank you." God, he was so sweet. Why couldn't all guys be like him?

I could feel my balls contracting in their cups as I stood before the toilet and went to town on my thick cum-drenched dick. No longer was I trying to restrain my pleasure. All of the heat that had been rising within me churned desperately. A soaring sea of pleasure crashed and stormed through my body and oozed out my dick in great big pungent dollop.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god." I moaned.

My knees buckled beneath me as I let out my passions. Gone were girlish fantasies. This was a brutal, sexual thing. Every stroke sent me gasping despite my best efforts to remain quiet. Each buck of my hips sent full body shivers running through me, knocking me unbalanced as I stood in a puddle of my own slick cum, the pleasure overwhelming my brain. I gripped it with two hands and milked out rope after rope of my girly dickcum.

"Yeah," Derrick panted, "fuck, just like that."

I blushed. In all the pleasure I had lost track of Derrick.

He was in the stall with me, his pants open and his own dick brought to bear as he pumped it with one hand. It was a tiny little male thing, barely a foot long. Is that what a guy's dick looked like? Oh my god, my heart leapt up into my throat, it was so cute and masculine and virile. It was everything I'd secretly dreamed Derrick's dick to be in all my little crush fantasies.

That... that wasn't important now though - fuck - why did he have his phone out?

"Wh-what are you doing?" I gasped. Inspecting my dick was one thing, but getting off to it? Filming it!?

"Uh -" he glanced down, red-faced at his dick then pulled the idol out of his pocket and rubbed it. "This is normal?"

The world pulsed yet again.

Right. I blinked. Of course. He was the school's chief Girldick Inspector, of course he wanted to record this. He probably kept meticulous videos of all the girls fapping. And besides? I smirked. What girl wouldn't want a cute guy like him jacking off as she blew her massive load into the toilet.

Uh, fuck, just the thought of how much he was getting off to the sight of me pumping my massive dick sent me grunting in mounting pleasure.

It was hitting hard now, spraying out wildly, missing the toilet entirely and hitting the back wall with enough force to splash back on my face and on my breasts. I didn't care. I was too lost in the pleasure. Oh god, oh god. The feminine musk of my sticky cum - that oh-so familiar scent of a thousand masturbations - pulsed primally in my brain. I needed more!

"Use your tits."

"Huh?"

"Put your dick between those huge hypersensitive titties of yours and use them to jack off your big fat fucking cock." His words came out just as horny and desperate as my own.

"I don't - " it took effort to process what he was saying. My breasts? I was barely a C cup, there was no way I could do something like that. Besides - I blushed - what kind of a slut would -

He rubbed that weird idol and suddenly I lost track of what I was thinking. Something about my heaving fuckmelons? Right. Good idea.

I ripped open my schoolgirl blouse and let my big heavy fuck-udders swing free. They hung down low, heavy and braless, each one aching just as hornily as my balls. Why had I waited so long? I gripped one in either hand, gasping at the way even the tiniest brush sent me into a horny tizzy.

Rolling the nipples between my fingers, I slid my cum-slick girlcock between the heaving heft of my sensitive titflesh. Now we were talking.

"Oh god," I cried, failing to stifle the sounds of this overwhelming rapture. I could already feel the cum shooting between my tits, lancing out in hot creamy ropes. Despite the mundanity of my mammary masturbations, the pressure of my tits was unlike anything I'd ever felt before. My boobs were a hot wet hole to pump my seed into, just like nature intended. They were soft and smooth and hot and I was feeling both sides of every little bliss-laced motion. Cum drizzled up into the heft of my cleavage from below.

I rolled down my hips then thrust forward, the cum pooling between my tits exploding out with a surface-breaking thrust. Stars overwhelmed my vision, the pressure was too great - I was a girl who could cum from just a stiff breeze blowing over my tits, this kind of treat was enough to blow my mind entirely. I fell back against the wall of the stall, almost knocking down Derrick, who's own hand was still pumping furiously at his own lip-bitingly-hard cock. He was so good to put up patiently with this.

I grabbed at my balls with one hand, shifting from palmfull to palmfull. They were still so heavy, so full, all of the churning had caused them to come free of my panties. I continued to squeeze my tits together with my other arm, both for that the hot flush of having my sex sacks fondled and to clench tight around my dick as I stuffed it in again and again with the uncontrollable bucking of my hips.

The fondling of my balls sent the rest of my pleasure on fire. It didn't take long before I'd fallen to my quivering knees, eyes rolling back into my head as I cried out. My balls were draining hot and fast and now - oh god - yes! I was hitting climax!

My spewing dick intensified, shooting up and raining down onto my huge tits and into the toilet in front of me but mostly falling hot and lewd onto the floor around me.

"Harder!" Derrick yelled, idol in hand. "Cum harder!"

My dick erupted like a geyser as I fell off the edge of bliss, it was like someone had connected a firehouse to my balls, it sprayed up onto the ceiling and dripped back down.

I was cumming and I was screaming and I was climaxing and all that horny hormonal frustration was all spraying out everywhere and I was loving every second of it.

I couldn't stop cumming. I needed more. Every stroke brought with it another peak, chaining them together into a single lewd concert of orgasms that ebbed and rose but never stopped, never slowed down, just fucking faster and harder and deeper. I couldn't hold back any longer! I cried out a horny wailing scream!

Bliss. Hot sharp fucking bliss. No sense of time or space, just the self-serving need for just one more second, one more thrust, one more rope of cum erupting out of my mammoth dick. The whole of my being was my cock, my balls, my tits, and that flood of thick stinking cum. This was no dribbly classroom precum, this was the real thing, powerful contractions shaking through me. I wouldn't have it any other way.

Somewhere, beside me, Derrick came as well, his hot masculine load buried in the seas of my girlish delights.

I fell back, the last of the sexual frenzy coming to an end.

"Oh god." I said, looking around mortified at the mess I had made. Reality reasserted itself as post nut clarity washed over me. The toilet and the stall were completely flooded and viscous goo dripping down every inch of me, thick heady goo still surging lazily out of the gently-softening cock between my titanic tits. My uniform was ruined.

"Oh god." I put my cum-stained hands to my jizz-soaked face. "Not again."

Derrick laughed. I blushed. Had I really just forced him to watch me make such a huge mess? I was in so much fucking trouble.

"Well done!" he patted me on the back.

"Huh?"

"That was the hottest thing I've ever seen." His breath was short, his face was flush.

"It was?" I blushed a little at the idea of the school's chief Girldick Inspector giving me such high praise.

"Totally." He went over to one of the condom dispensers and pulled out an extra-large. "That's the hardest I've ever seen anyone cum. You should be proud. In fact, I want to see you back here after school. I want to see what you can really do."

"You... you *like* how hard I cum?"

"I love it." He kissed the tip of my dick. A glob of cum launched out and caught him on the cheek. Oh god, I didn't know my whole body could turn red. I blushed all the harder as he just wiped it off and laughed.

He rolled the condom down the head of my cock, his strong masculine hands sending my heart thumping. I had no doubts that he could feel my excitement all the way in my dick, and not least of which because of the fresh ooze that was already pouring out like a faucet. God, his touch was electric. Were all boys this good with their hands?

"Now come on," he stood up and offered me a hand. "Let's get you cleaned up."

I giggled as we made our way back to class. I could already feel my cock hardening again, even stuffed as it was between my big sensitive titties. Cum was already starting to drip out and fill the bulb of my condom. I wondered if I'd even be able to make it to our little after-school meeting.

But you know what? I blushed as I thought back to what Derrick had said.

Maybe I wasn't such a freak after all.

The End.

