

Chapter Four

My body was hot, I felt myself trembling, I was scared, disgusted, filled with fear... Yet there was something else.

Why does it feel good...

I shook my head, dispelling the feeling and I looked at the happily smiling guy as his test was handed to him.

What was I going to do... I can't just sit here with this cum on me...

I didn't have much of a choice, I was handed my paper, and I needed to start the test. Only upon finishing the test would I be allowed to leave the room.

The questions were mostly okay, there were some clear gaps in my knowledge. The gaps were mainly on the sections I didn't get to last night thanks to my sticky distraction. I worked very hard to get through the paper so that I might get to the toilets to clean myself up a bit.

I ushered an invigilator over and after handing in my completed paper 15 minutes early, I was then allowed to leave and go to the toilet. I got into the room, and I heard a panting coming from one of the stalls. I knew what was happening behind that door, the rhythmic slapping was enough to give me an idea, even before the moaning and grunting from the man in there with the high-pitched beauty.

I didn't put two and two together, I was too focused on cleaning off my leggings from the

cum. When I heard the male in the stall let out a big grunt, I felt that feeling return, this time it was coming from my vagina.

No... Not inside...

There was a big surge in something below and I felt myself being filled up with cum. I quickly jumped into a stall and pulled down my underwear and sat on the toilet.

Between my legs I watched as my belly formed rolls from me bending forward, something that wouldn't have happened previously. Beneath the bulging midsection I was able to see cum oozing from me, dripping and splashing into the toilet bowl below. My belly was feeling tight but also I felt a strange pulling between my legs, like a tightness.

When a guy cums... It ends up...

I didn't even need to think about the rest, I didn't want to, it didn't bear thinking about. I thought over the implications about what had already happened so far, and I cleaned myself up, returning to the hall just in time for everyone to be moved onto the lecture hall ready for the presentations. I was glad that it only warranted you speaking in front of the professor.

One at a time I saw people get called in by a few different rooms, it looked as though they had a lecturer in each room with an invigilator for the presentations. I was grateful to be called by Mr Thomas.

Mr Thomas was a guy who was in his late 30s, he looked much younger, but he was a very capable teacher and even better than that, he liked me. He was very handsome, and I heard people call him a DILF but that always bothered me because he wasn't even a father.

I walked into the room and saw the handsome lecturer sitting with a clipboard and the invigilator, a woman in her mid-50s taking her seat next to him. I felt as clean as I could be, but I couldn't get rid of the smell. I smelled like cum, like sex. It was gross, I was disgusted but there was something in the air about it that was making me feel strange, not bad, but strange.

"Hey Mr Thomas." I greeted him.

"Whenever you're ready Florence."

I nodded, trying to ignore the events of the past 24 hours. The presentation was to be about

a new treatment plan for people who were diagnosed with diabetes, it was radical, still in trial stages but the course asked us to research and present the findings.

“A new world is on the horizon, a world free of Diabetes.” I was clearly very sold on the drug. “GlucoDynamix is going to change how people feel about their diagnosis...” I was confident, strong and happy to talk about the topic but as I continued on sharing the information I had found I could feel the sensations once again. This time my Chest was feeling tight, the waistband of my leggings was digging into my hips.

Are people having sex now?

I kept talking but my confidence was waning as I looked down and could see my boobs rising above my bra cups. I thought I might burst into tears but there was a warmth about it that was putting me at ease. The smell of sex intensified. My body was not able to contain all the cum that was being produced by people around and I could feel my leggings sticking to my skin from the moisture.

My bra was even starting to feel wet too. I couldn't see myself too well in the reflection from the window but even I could see the dark patches forming on my shirt. It looked as if I was lactating.

What the fuck! Stay calm Stay calm!

Second by second, I continued to speak but the pressure was increasing in my top, I was feeling heavier, my skin was starting to itch from the sensation of my clothes being stretched over my skin. Bigger I could feel myself becoming, the stickiness leaking from me was only getting wetter and slicker by the second, and the smell was becoming stronger too. I tried my best to ignore it, but it was clear that it was too much for Mr Roberts. He raised his hand to stop me, his cheeks were blushing.

“That... That's enough... Thank you.” He stammered, rushing to lead me out of the room, the invigilator following.

I had never seen him flustered ever before, as he walked past me I could smell a familiar smell, it was the one I was emitting almost but close to the guy who sat a few rows over.

Is he... Hard?

I didn't have the nerve to look, I was too taken back by the smell he was giving off. My legs quivered as I stumbled to follow him.

There was another factor at play, there was a new weight to my body I wasn't quite used to, my body shook and jiggled more than I had anticipated, I could feel the unnatural pull of my body, the pooling of cum in my womb, belly, ass, it almost felt as if it was actually under my skin.

I heard a splat, and I turned around as I tried to keep up with the professor and saw a few drips of cum on the floor.

Shit!

I rushed past the two who were leading, and I rushed straight back to my room. Drips still slipping out behind me, I dare not turn and look.

"Did you see that Mr Thomas?" The older woman said.

"I did..." He scratched his chin. "Say... Did you hear her sloshing when she went past?"

Running back to my room was certainly a lot harder than it would've been yesterday, there was a whole new heft to my frame that I was struggling with, the movements made my body bounce and squelch against itself in a manner that I had only seen from overweight women before.

Overweight...

I was coming to the realisation that it now applied to me.

Just like her...

The witch from the lift.

Standing at the entrance to that very same lift, I felt my hand tremble as I pressed the upward arrow. The metal doors parted and before me was a very sinister smile greeting me.

It's her...

"Going up?"

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