**Part 1.**

Terry Anderson was, in most ways, an ordinary high school senior. Well, graduate now. He was athletic, with broad shoulders and well toned pecs and arms from four years of lacrosse (2 years varsity). His grades weren’t stellar, but good enough to get him into a private college on a partial athletic scholarship. He was popular with the girls, but never seemed interested in dating or even sex, an unusual quirk that only made him more mysterious and attractive to the girls at Belmont High.

It wasn’t that Terry was gay... at least he was pretty sure he wasn’t, though more than a few of the girls he turned down for dates would say otherwise, especially Alice Bertram, who asked him out and was turned down for senior prom twice. Terry actually thought Alice was extremely sexy. The memory of how she had pressed her perky breasts up against his arm when she practically begged him to go to prom with her the second time, flirtatiously promising that she would sneak in some liquor and that she was willing to go "as far as he wanted" kept him warm at night, and he could still feel the heat of her breath on his ear.

No, Terry didn’t stay away from the girls because he didn’t like them or was too shy to talk to them. The real reason was something Terry never wanted to get out among the general population of Belmont in a million years; he had a very small penis.

It was like... "COME ON, REALLY?!" level small. He’d been online, he’d done hours of research. He knew that the vast majority of nerve endings in the vagina were located within the first four inches, and that with proper technique, a penis didn’t have to be very big to give a girl an orgasm.

Terry would have loved to be that big. The most generous measurements performed under the cover of dark in his locked room came in consistently at around 2" fully erect, and a little thicker than his thumb.

The guys on the team all knew. He’d showered with them for four years. They teased him about it constantly, but never with real malice. He was their best midfielder (the rest of the team thought it hilarious that he was "long stick") and their respect for his playing skills kept the jibes to a friendly minimum.

Most of the time, he didn’t think about it. His dick didn’t have a big impact on the rest of his life as a whole and on average, high school had been a good time for him.

Other times, he thought about it a lot. Especially now that it was only two weeks before the start of his first semester at Bradford.

• • •

Terry lay on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. Peripherally, he could hear May and June, his twin sisters, laughing and talking downstairs with his parents, now home from work. The light from the late afternoon sun climbed slowly up the back of his door.

Inside, his thoughts raced around.

College. College College College. Classes, a new team, new friends. Frats, rushing frats, frat parties, drinking, girls, drunk girls, sex. Damn, sex. Damn. Girls. Sex. What am I supposed to do?

In high school, he had managed to dodge the issue of his small penis for the most part. Even if he really wanted to have sex, he could justify his celibacy to himself. He was too young, he didn’t want to get a girl pregnant, there were no good places to do it, etc... College was a different story. If half the descriptions of life at Bradford were true, college was a big huge sex party. There was no way the old excuses could work there. And even if he didn’t have sex all through college, what would that accomplish? Would he just not have sex his entire life? What was he supposed to do?

Terry sighed and cursed his father’s genes that had made him this way, though the thought of his father gave him a little bit of hope. He knew his dad wasn’t much bigger than he was. They shared a membership at the same gym and Terry’s curiosity had gotten the better of him. He had to know who was to blame. It was definitely dear old dad.

But in spite of this, his dad had married his mom who was (and Terry only admitted this in the most objective way possible) "bangin’ ass hot" even into her mid 40’s. In fact, back in her younger days, she had been a Victoria’s Secret model, and had done a few Playboy photo shoots as well. Coincidentally another secret that Terry kept from the kids at his school, just in case any of them got the idea to try and find some back issues (January 1979 for all you readers at home). They were not only married, but happily married, and Terry had in eighteen years never picked up at even a hint that his mom might be cheating with anyone.

So there was hope. If a peewee little guy like his dad could bag a girl as hot as his mom was, maybe there was a sexy girl out there for him.

The though cheered him up until he remembered his dad had once confessed in the backyard over a shared six pack ("Don’t tell your mother.") that he didn’t lose his virginity until he was thirty one.

**Part 2.**

Terry was stirred from his thoughts by someone calling his name up the stairs.

"Terry! Have you moved all of Grandpa’s things out of the attic yet?"

"Not yet, Dad."

"You need to do that after dinner! I’ve been reminding you for a month now! Come downstairs and help your mother!"

Terry sighed and rolled off his bed.

"You need to make room in the attic for all the stuff you’re not taking to college. Grandpa’s things are going to Uncle Joe. Don’t leave it for us to do." his Dad told him for the fifth time that month.

They were converting his bedroom into an office for his mom. She had started selling cosmetics from home and decided she needed a workspace.

Terry was quiet all through dinner and afterwards shuffled upstairs to the landing and pulled the cord to the trapdoor that led up to the attic.

The attic was packed with junk. Trunks and boxes crowded against one another leaving only a narrow path to squeeze through. His grandfather’s things were all the way at the back, of course.

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Grandpa Anderson’s possessions were as eclectic as the old man had been in life. Grandpa had been, in his time, an army air corps pilot, an insurance salesman, a fuller brush salesman, a maytag repairman, a bounty hunter and had even run his own traveling medicine show out of the immense, filthy trunk now at Terry’s feet.

Terry tried to lift it, but it wouldn’t budge an inch. Whatever was in it weighed a ton and a half by the feel. He let out a little growl of frustration. The attic was sweltering and somehow he was supposed to haul this monster down that rickety ladder? No way.

"Okay Terry, be smarter than the box..." he said to himself. Obviously he would have to lighten it a little before he could move it. He tried to open the lid. Locked, of course. And it needed a key. God knew where the key was by now.

Terry glanced around for something he could use to force the lid. The lock looked old. I shouldn’t put up too much of a fight... He grabbed a crowbar from an elephant’s foot umbrella stand and wedged it into the narrow gap between the trunk and the lid. He strained, but the lid didn’t budge. Driven now by the heat and frustration, he wedged the crowbar in again and jumped on it with both feet.

* WHAM!\*

The crowbar sprung back and springboarded him backwards into a precariously balanced pile of hatboxes which collapsed around him in an avalanche.

"Shit, dammit!" yelled Terry from underneath the pile. He’d bruised his arm and back and ass falling down.

"You okay up there?" Terry’s mom’s voice called up through the attic floorboards.

"I’m fine!" Terry yelled down the trapdoor.

"You be careful with Grandpa’s stuff!" his dad yelled.

"Yeah okay!" Terry yelled back.

He returned his concentration to the trunk, ready to unleash the full fury of the crowbar on it, only to find the latch was broken and the lid was open a crack.

"That’s what I thought." he told the trunk.

Inside the trunk was a mobile laboratory and storefront combination. It was packed up like a mad scientist’s beginner kit. The whole thing was set up to extend up out of the box on springs. No wonder it was so heavy.

He started emptying the box and setting the contents on the floor beside him. There were still plenty of unsold miracle cures in the trunk. Apparently Grandad had offered the backwater towns of yesteryear cures for everything from acne to "zebra pox". He laughed at a box that proclaimed that it contained "Health radium" before realizing what he was holding and tossing it away like it had burned him.

Irony of ironies, Grandad had even sold "Extension cream", guaranteed to "Bolster masculine attributes. No limit to potential gains!"

He snorted derisively. Of course Terry had thought of penis enhancement. He’d searched desperately online for any sign of a possible technique or pill or device. Once, in a desperate week sophomore year, he had even stolen his father’s credit card to order a bottle of pills online. It was a nightmare to intercept the package without tipping off his parents. He’d been the first to jump on the mail for two weeks. In the end, the pills didn’t make his dick bigger, and it was a nightmare trying to hide the bottle. He’d finally given up hope that penis extension were possible.

He tossed the jar of cream to the side and pulled a thick sheaf of letters out of the trunk. Curious, even in the heat of the stuffy attic, Terry browsed through them.

They were all love letters. Not even from Grandma. Not even from any one girl. They were all different colors of paper and handwriting. At least ten different girls just in the stack he had grabbed. "Way to go Grandpa" he said under his breath. What he read made his eyes widen.

First of all, he didn’t even know people talked (or wrote) dirty back then, but to read this was shocking.

"I can’t wait for you to come see me again. I’ve never come so hard or so many times!"

"You’re an animal! I want you inside me! Come back to Arizona soon!"

and one that made his eyes widen:

"When I saw your member, I nearly fainted. I’ve never seen a thing that big that wasn’t attached to a horse! I long to feel your hot seed on my face again."

He started to shuffle through the letters a little more rapidly now. Many more of them expressed similar sentiments...

"Massive cock..."

"...Stuffed me so full..."

"I could barely get my hand around it..."

The excitement of his discovery rushed through him, he had even started getting a little hard. If his grandfather’s endowment was as legendary as these letters suggested... then... Why were he and his dad so small?

There was one letter left, at the very bottom. He opened it.

It wasn’t from a girl, it was written by his grandfather to a girl named Suzan. Apparently, it had never been mailed. The text was shaky and littered with crossed out sentences and it had obviously been started and restarted several times.

"Dear Suzan," it read "I can’t believe you could be so shallow. Don’t you know that I love you? Can’t you (text unreadable) I know (text unreadable) I understand that I might not measure up to most men in some respects but (text unreadable) love you and you won’t find anyone who can be as good to you as I can, I promise I will do whatever it takes (text unreadable)."

The words stood out in his mind might not measure up... Could that have meant?.. Maybe his grandfather hadn’t always been so big...

Terry turned the letter over. There was more on the back, but this was written later, and it wasn’t a letter... It was a formula.

**Part 3.**

"Extension Cream"

Terry read the list of ingredients and the complex procedures for their combination. He didn’t understand it, but it looked an awful lot more legit than the formulas for most "miracle cures". The letters and the formula had planted the glowing ember of an idea in his brain. What if his grandfather’s "extension cream" had really worked? Then...

Terry dropped the letters and dove into the trunk to find more jars labeled "extension cream". There were no sign of any others than the one he had thrown away. He searched around. It must have rolled away somewhere! He frantically pushed the piles of papers and jars of "zebra pox" cure aside, scouring the dusty floor for any sign of the jar of extension cream. He dropped low to the ground and started looking between the stacks of boxes.

Found it! On its side between two heavy stacks of newspapers. He squeezed his arm through the crack all the way to his shoulder, but the edge of the jar remained tantalizingly out of reach. He checked it again, then went back to straining against the boxes... almost got it...

The tips of his fingers teased the edge of the jar, when a sudden jolt sent it rolling away.

Someone was on the ladder.

"Rrrrr!" Terry growled in frustration.

"You alright there Terry?"

I was his dad, poking his head up through the trapdoor. He frowned "I thought you were up here working. Is this all you’ve done this past hour?"

"Sorry, Dad" said Terry, brushing the dust off his arm "The trunk was too heavy to lift, so I started emptying it out..."

"Maybe you should take some of the lighter stuff down first. Don’t procrastinate on this... I’ve been telling you all summer that you need to get this cleared out."

"I know, Dad!"

"Watch it, buddy. I dunno what’s giving you this attitude lately, but if you think you’re too old for me to take you over my knee you’re mistaken."

Terry growled "Alright, okay!"

"Just keep the attitude in check. You’ve only got a week left to move all your stuff up here and I won’t hesitate to start withholding TV privileges if they’re keeping you from working..."

"Yes, fine. Sorry."

His father’s head dropped back down below the mouth of the trapdoor.

"Chuh. See if I share any of my magic dick extender with you." Terry muttered.

"What was that?" His dad’s head popped back up through the trapdoor.

"I said I’m taking stuff down right now."

"Okay. Let me know if you need any help..." his head disappeared again.

Once he had heard his father’s footsteps fade downstairs, Terry hurriedly went back to the jar. It had rolled even farther back between the stacks, now almost to the wall of the house. The floor of the attic didn’t go all the way around, if he jar rolled nay farther it might fall back down behind the wall!

Terry looked around the attic for something to extend his reach. Bingo. Spare lacrosse stick. He wrenched the long stick free from the pile of disused sports equipment and pushed it through the narrow slot. He snagged the jar easily in the net and pulled it back to him.

He opened the jar excitedly, tearing easily through the ancient paper seal.

His face fell. The contents had obviously dried out in the fifty plus years since the jar had been filled. The cream inside had shriveled down into a small cake that was brittle and cracked.

"Damn..." of course his hopes had been too high. Then again...

He looked over the outside of the jar. "If contents have dried up, just add water until contents are creamy in consistency..."

Terry practically flew down the stairs into the bathroom.

• • •

Terry’s heart was pounding. His hands shook underneath the faucet as he ran the water into the small jar of dried extension cream. His heart skipped a little when the jar overflowed and he worried that he might have drowned the stuff. He poured out the excess and broke the cake apart with the handle of an old toothbrush.He stirred the mixture together until it was a thick cream about the consistency of hand lotion. I seemed like it had rehydrated well enough, but that didn’t mean it would work after sitting up in an attic for fifty years. He didn’t know what the expiration date on a penis enlargement cream might be, but he hoped it had a long shelf life.

Satisfied that the cream was thoroughly mixed, he lifted the jar up again and read the directions.

"Apply to gentlemanly area with gloves or other applicator. Caution: Do not allow cream to come into contact with anything you do not want to grow, this includes hands. Side effects include a tingling sensation in affected area and elevated heart rate."

Terry breathed a small sigh of relief that he had stirred the mixture with a toothbrush instead of his hands. If the formula worked, he didn’t want to turn into a freak. He washed the handle of the toothbrush off and set it aside.

Gloves. They didn’t keep gloves in the bathroom. He would have to get some from the kitchen downstairs.

Fortunately, the family was in the living room watching the TV and didn’t see him dash down behind them into the kitchen, or back up into the upstairs bathroom.

He pulled on the yellow dishwashing gloves and dipped a finger in to get a glob of cream. He didn’t need much to spread over his tiny dick, which was erect and hard as a little rock. He spread the cream over his penis and a little bit over his balls "Why not?" he thought. "I wonder how long this takes to work..."

he sat on the toilet in the bathroom for a few long minutes after rubbing the cream thoroughly into the skin of his dick. His heart was still hammering at his chest. Then the tingling started.

"Okay, this isn’t so bad.... AH! Wow!" No sooner had he spoken the words than the slight tingling had become a buzz, then a burn. Now it felt like his dick were on fire!

"Oh AHHHH! AH SHIT!" he fell off the toilet onto the ground, knocking the jar down into the sink. He pulled himself up over to the tub as fast as he could. He couldn’t walk, the burning was too intense! He cranked the water to full blast and pulled up the stopper to the shower. Still wearing his shirt, he thrust his crotch into the stream of water.

"Ahhhh oh!" he said, even after the cream washed away, the burning lingered.

"Terry, are you okay in there!?" His mother pounded on the door.

"Yes I’m -owww- Kay... I’m OK! I just... ran the hot water too hot is all!"

"Well, be more careful ok?" the door opened. He had forgotten to lock it!

His mom peered around the edge of the door.

"No, Mom, don’t come in!" he struggled with the shower curtain. Too late.

The look on his Mom’s face said it all. It looked exactly as bad as he thought it did. He had never imagined his tiny boner would have ever felt so obvious or visible as he stood in the shower with his shirt on and his pants around his ankles while wearing his mother’s bright yellow dishwashing gloves.

His mom recovered from the shock first.

"Are... Are those my gloves?"

Terry nodded slowly, his mouth still frozen partway open.

"Well... Make sure you wash them and put them back when you’re done..."

"O... okay, Mom."

She stepped back out into the hall and closed the door very quietly behind her.

After a couple seconds, he heard her say through the door "Actually... I need to get new ones anyway. You should just keep those..."

Terry sank down until he was sitting in the tub and let the water run on his face for a while.

Once he’d recovered and the burning sensation had faded to the point where he could move, he gingerly pulled his soaking wet pants back on and went over to the sink. He cursed the extension cream.

"Of course it was a fraud, how could I be so stupid!"

He scooped the jar up out of the sink and upended it into the toilet, flushed, then ran the jar under the water until every trace of the damn stuff was gone. He stuffed the jar deep under the rest of the bathroom trash and hobbled out of the bathroom.

The burning sensation lingered and kept him up most of the night, as well as the worry that he might have permanently damaged his already unsatisfactory dick. The sensation had faded by the time he woke up, but his crotch still felt... different somehow. He threw the covers back.

"Oh my God!"

**Part 4.**

His dick was definitely bigger. Not huge, but there was no mistake that it had grown. He rushed to his desk and snatched a ruler, eagerly pressing it to the base of his dick. It pressed just past the 4" mark.

"Holy shit..."

He measured it again and again, not believing his eyes. Four inches! The largest his dick had ever been before was just a hair over two! In a single night, his cock had doubled in size! His balls seemed a little bigger, too. That cream really worked!

Then his balloon burst. The cream. He’d flushed it all away!

Terry sank onto the bed, distraught. The only real penis growth medicine in the whole world and he just destroyed the last jar.

"Terry! What the hell!?" May shouted down the hall from her room. He realized that he had been shouting "Fuck!" at the top of his lungs for thirty seconds solid.

• • •

His parents had already gone. His mother was out at a meeting with the other girls in her Cosmetics club and his dad was at work. The twins were already up and at the breakfast table when he came downstairs.

"What was all that swearing about, Terry?" asked June.

"Yeah, what the hell?" said May.

Terry shot them nasty looks "I had a nightmare."

"Must have been one hell of a nightmare."

"Yeah, it was pretty terrible."

"Did you dream that you had a tiny pecker and that you’d never get laid in your life?" Smirked June "Oh wait... That’s your life."

"Hey, shut the hell up!" he snapped.

"Well what do you expect when you wake me up at 7:30 in the morning during summer break?" June snapped back.

"Whatever, I don’t need this from you two!" He stomped out of the kitchen. He’d never resented his sisters so much. He’d always been a little jealous of them. They took after their mother’s side of the family. They didn’t have to worry about the genetic curse his father’s side carried with it. From the looks of things, and he admitted this only because it was too obvious to ignore, they were developing exactly like his mother had. Already as freshmen in high school, their breasts had budded over the course of a few months from training bra size all the way up to a very impressive B cup. If they kept it up, they would reach their mom’s 34DD by the time they were Juniors.

Meanwhile he was stuck with this tiny, worthless piece of equipment. So what if he had a 4" dick? 24 hours ago he would have killed for a dick so big, but he knew it was still freakishly small, and the fact that having a normal... or even large dick had been so close only filled him with more frustration. He dug the jar of extension cream out of the trash, desperately searching for even another drop of the precious ointment, but nothing remained. He cursed his thoroughness and sat down on the toilet, hanging his head in his hands.

The phone rang. A few seconds later, June called up the stairs.

"Terry!"

"What?"

"That was Dad, he wanted to know if you were up, and told me to remind you that you need to clear out the attic today!"

Terry jumped up off the toilet. The trunk! Of course!

He ran down the stairs and kissed his sister on the cheek. You’re the best sister in the whole world!" he said, grinning like a maniac. He rushed out the door.

June rubbed her cheek, bewildered "okay... just don’t be such an asshole in the morning next time..." She muttered.

• • •

**Part 5.**

The formula was still up in the attic with his grandfather’s trunk, along with a mobile laboratory that probably had everything he needed to reproduce the cream. Everything, that was, except anything better than a basic understanding of chemistry.

Luckily, he knew who could help. Bruce Whitney. His best friend on the lacrosse team with straight A’s in chemistry and Advanced Placement chemistry.

It helped that he was only a ten minute bike ride away.

Terry found Bruce outside mowing the lawn. He dropped his bike by the curb and jogged the rest of the way.

"Bruce!"

"Hey! What’s up, Longstick?"

"Har har. Hey I need your help with something."

"Sure, how you been, man? We haven’t hung out since the first week of summer. You get yourself a girlfriend who doesn’t mind that baby carrot cock of yours?"

"Ok, lay off, alright? It’s actually my baby carrot cock I want to talk to you about."

Bruce raised an eyebrow.

"Not like that." Said Terry "I need your help with something."

Bruce added a smirk to his raised eyebrow.

"Terry, I don’t know where exactly this is going but I’m flattered all the same."

"You got straight A’s in chemistry, right?"

"Yeah, and Home Ec, but who’s counting?"

"Ok.. Well... This is gonna sound weird."

"It already does..."

Terry told the story with as much detail as possible, leaving out of course the part where his mom found him half naked in the shower.

They had gone inside. At the end of the story Bruce leaned forward in his seat and fixed Terry with a long look.

"I don’t believe it."

"I know it’s incredible, right!? It’s doubled in size!"

"No, I mean... I don’t believe it. I think you’re either mistaken or lying or crazy. I do not believe that your grandpa invented a magic cream to make your dick grow."

"Well, it makes anything grow, he just-"

"I don’t believe it. It’s insane."

Terry frowned and reached for his fly

"If you want proof I can show you my-"

"Nooooooooooooope!"

"But-"

"Nope nope nopenope nope nooooooooope."

"How else can I-"

"No. Alright? I don’t need to see your baby dong. I never paid much attention to how big or I guess I should say how small it was. I wouldn’t know it had grown even if you wiggled it in my face."

Terry fell back in his seat.

"I need you to help me with this, man. I can’t do it alone. Will you at least come and look at the setup? Even if you won’t help me make the formula, I still need to clean the trunk out of the attic and it is too heavy to lift by myself. Can you at least help me with that?"

Bruce thought about it.

"Alright, I suppose it’s the least I can do."

"The trunk’s heavy, better bring your car."

"I’m not taking the trunk back to my house."

"Well then, give me a ride back to my place."

Bruce rolled his eyes.

They pulled up in front of Terry’s house a few minutes later.

"May! June! I’m back and I brought Bruce to help me with the stuff."

May and June clamored down the stairs, pushing each other out of the way.

"Hey Bruce."

"Hey Bruce!"

"Hey May, June! How are you girls doing?"

Terry tugged his shirt "Hey, the trunk?"

"Yeah in a second, I’m talking with your lovely sisters here...Ow!"

Terry punched him a little bit more than playfully hard in the arm.

"What, dick?"

"You were gonna help?"

Bruce frowned. May and June stepped aside for the boys to pass, but still staying close enough to brush Bruce as he went by a little closer than they had to. Terry heard them giggling downstairs as he led Bruce up to the attic.

"See, here’s the trunk, and the formula, look. And the letters just like I said."

Bruce looked them over, incredulous. He raised an eyebrow at the formula.

"Do you believe me now?"

"No... But I’ll admit that the chemistry seems to add up. To what I dunno, but it obviously was written by someone who knew what he was doing."

"So you’ll help?"

It took over an hour to move the contents of the trunk downstairs before they moved the empty trunk itself. The fold up tables were the hardest part. They operated on springs and wouldn’t stay folded up if they weren’t in the trunk. Eventually, they lugged the entire set-up downstairs.

"Ok, this is as far as I’ll go" said Bruce.

They loaded it all up in Bruce’s car.

"Ok, but we’re taking this stuff straight to the dump."

They took it to Bruce’s house.

Bruce resisted every step of the way, but only halfheartedly. He knew even back when he first heard the story that Terry wasn’t crazy, though he still didn’t really believe his story was true. He wanted to believe though. Even men with average sized dicks get insecure. The thought of maybe adding a little to his trusty, but boring six-incher was tempting to say the least. He was really excited at the possibility, and looked forward to doing a project with his friend, besides.

"Ok, so where do we set this up?" Terry asked.

"Ha!" Bruce laughed "We’re not setting up any chemistry set at my house. My parents will probably think it’s a meth lab or something. You know how terrified they are that I’ll somehow end up falling into drugs. They inspect my room once a week, man."

Terry frowned, he hadn’t thought of that. "Then where?" he asked.

They tossed around ideas, but there was nowhere public that they could hide the rig where it would be secure from thieves or people like Bruce’s parents, who might mistake it for a meth lab and have it seized by the authorities.

"We have to bring in someone we can trust. Someone else." Said Terry "What about...?"

"Don’t say it. No."

"Jeff, what’s wrong with Jeff?"

A lot was wrong with Jeff. Jeff was Bruce’s older brother. Originally, Bruce’s parents had wanted to have only one child, but Jeff turned out to be such a disappointment that his parents decided that even at this late juncture in their lives, they had to have another child that they could raise up right. So now there were Jeff and Bruce. Night and Day.

Jeff was the thirty five year old stoner who sold marijuana out of the back of his broken down Winnebago, his filthy hair and beard hung down to his collar and he changed his clothes once every presidential term. Bruce was the eighteen year old star athlete. Blond hair, crew cut. Good posture, good grades and washboard abs. Mom and apple pie all the way. Every time Bruce did something wrong, his parents threatened him that he would "End up like Jeff."

It took a lot of cajoling, but eventually Bruce wore down and a half hour later, they were pulling up outside Jeff’s Winnebago.

**Part 6.**

The Winnebago was filthy. The tiny yard out front was barricaded by a maze of lawn ornaments. Bruce and Terry carefully dodged the languidly pinwheeling limbs of various birds, animals, people and aircraft as they navigated the minefield of dogshit leading up to the screen door of the camper.

Bruce Knocked on the rickety door. There was no reply. He slapped it loudly with his hand. The kncking set off a chorus of loud barks from behind the camper. Terry and Bruce jumped back as a half-dozen dobermans rushed out from behind the camper, only to get stopped several feet short of the boys by their heavy choke chains. They strained and barked wildly, but couldn’t reach the pair.

"Hey, Jeff! It’s me, Bruce, open up!" he pounded on the doorframe "Open up!"

"Maybe he’s not home..." Terry started to say, but was interrupted by a lot of noise and groaning from the inside of the camper.

"I hear you, I hear you." The voice mumbled "Hold your horses..."

Jeff stumbled out of the camper, shielding his bloodshot eyes from the sun. A skinny cat jumped out between his legs and dashed away. Jeff was barefoot, and dressed only in an untied pink bathrobe and plaid boxer shorts. A snub nosed .38 Special glinted in his other hand. The dogs started barking with renewed excitement.

"What do you kids want!? Do you know what time it is?" he damanded. It was almost nine.

Terry and Bruce threw up their hands, even though the pistol wasn’t pointed in anything near their direction.

"Woah, woah woah woah!" Said Bruce.

"Woah woah woah yourself. I don’t want any trouble. Who are you?"

Bruce lowered his hands a little "It’s me, your brother. Bruce."

"Bruce?" Jeff squinted. He broke into a yellow grin "hey brother! It’s been a while! Finally decided to ditch the ’rentz? Come here and give Jeff a hug."

"Uh I don’t..." Bruce was already enveloped in Jeff’s arms. He smelled like a million years of weed that had been soaked into a mildewy bathmat. Terry stepped back from the smell, but jumped forward when the dogs started barking again a few inches behind him.

"It’s good to see you again, bro." Bruce smiled "Sorry about all this..." he gestured with the pistol over at the dobermans "Bunch of punk kids have been snooping around lately now that school’s out and a couple of ’em broke into my place a few weeks back. I’ve had to beef up security..."

Bruce looked over at the dogs, who had given up on barking and now just whined and strained on their leashes, several feet short of anywhere where they could intercept an intruder.

"I can see that."

"But don’t worry about these fellas. They wouldn’t hurt you. They know you’re good guys. Animals have a spiritual sense you know. They can see your aura." He turned to the dogs "Isn’t that right, my lovelies? Isn’t that rights? Oh give us a kiss!"

he stuck his face into the cluster of dogs and they leapt on him and licked his face wildly.

"Their names are Ganja, Muggie, Kilter, Zambi, Giggles and Cheeba." he pointed to each of the dogs in turn.

"That’s great, I actually came to talk about something. My pal Terry and I actually need your help."

"Well come in, I’ll put on some tea or something. I’ve got a sweet camp stove set up in here..."

The inside of the Winnebago was twice as pungent as it was hot, and twice as hot as anywhere people lived ought to be.

"Oh, dude, that is rank..." Terry put his shirt up over his nose.

The cramped interior of the camper was littered with beer cans, food wrappers and pizza boxes. The cat had peed everywhere. The small, fold out table was piled high with marijuana bricks, and a small pile of dime and nickel bags rested on the sticky couch. Jeff pushed his blankets out of the way and moved a bong off the seat so they could sit down. They preferred to stand.

While the teapot boiled, Terry told Jeff his story.

"Woah, that’s a trip and a half, dude. I can’t believe your ding dong sprouted up like that. Can I see?"

Terry looked around uncomfortably "I’d rather not."

"Bummer, that’d be something to see."

"So will you help us?"

"With what?"

"The lab."

"What lab?"

"The one for making more dick enlargement cream!"

"Ohhh yeah. Ok."

"Great. I’ll go get it set up."

"Hey, wait, dude, I’d love to help you out for free, but I got bills to pay, you know. Cost of living. It’s a capitalist world out there and we all gotta make ends meet, know what I’m saying?"

Terry and Bruce groaned.

"What do you want?"

"I think two fifty bucks would be fair."

"I don’t have two fifty."

"Well I can’t help you out, dude."

Bruce growled angrily. He’d been growing steadily more uncomfortable as time passed and was eager to leave "come on, Ter, let’s just go. I knew this was a bad idea."

Bruce started to drag Terry out by his sleeve, but Terry whirled suddenly.

"Wait!" he said "I’ve got an idea! Jeff, what if I could pay you back some other way?"

"Yeah?"

"This stuff, we can make as much as we want, if it works, you could sell it to your customers! You’ve already got the sales network! I’m sure a genuine penis enlarger would be worth a hell of a lot more than weed!"

Jeff thought about it.

"Alright. That sounds fair."

"Yess!" Terry pumped his fist, pulling his shirt down from his face "Oh, God" he coughed.

So they unloaded the car and spent three hours clearing a space for the lab inside the Winnebago. Bruce had to promise to find a good home for about a thousand issues of "Car and Driver" magazine, and they had to go to the nearby Kwikstop to grab some garbage bags for all the food containers and pizza boxes, but eventually, except for the cat-pee and the soaked in smell of marijuana smoke, the camper was almost livable. They bid Jeff goodbye and headed back for home.

"Ok, tomorrow, we get to work on making more of this cream." said Terry. Bruce was silent in the driver’s seat, he snorted.

"What’s up man? You’ve been quiet since we unloaded the lab."

"I smell like weed."

"Huh?"

"I smell like weed!"

Terry smelled his clothes "Ugh, so do I. I need to take a shower after all that sweating, too. Ugh."

Bruce went on as if he hadn’t heard "Do you know what my parents will say when they smell me smelling like this!?"

"Well I suppose they’ll..."

"Do you know what their biggest fear is, Terry? Their biggest fear?"

"That-"

"That I’ll start smoking weed, Terry! This damn dick cream of yours had better be worth it!"

"It is, Bruce I swear it works!"

"It’d better, damn it."

"At least you have time to change before your parents get home. How am I going to explain this to my sisters?" Terry sniffed his shirt again.

"You should change before you get there. My parents are at work all day. You can borrow some of my clothes."

"Thanks, man. You don’t have to-"

"It’s alright. Let’s just get your dick cream so that you can get laid and neither of us have to hang around Jeff ever again.

Terry laughed.

Back at the house, Terry and Bruce stripped down and tossed their clothes into the washing machine.

"Oh God, it’s soaked into my boxers, too." groaned Terry.

"You’re not borrowing my underwear, man."

"It’s ok, I’ll just go commando in your pants."

"You can keep those pants. You’re not getting into my underwear."

"Whatever, turn away, I’m gonna toss these in the machine."

Bruce turned his back and Terry stripped off his boxers and tossed them into the washing machine. Bruce handed him a pair of jeans over his shoulder. He wasn’t able to avoid sneaking a look. Maybe Terry had gotten a little bigger...

"Thanks."

"Don’t mention it. Really. Don’t mention it."

Bruce dropped Terry off at his house and drove away.

"Where were you all day!?" May demanded.

"And why are you wearing different clothes?" asked June.

"My other clothes got messed up at the dump. Bruce let me borrow these."

"It took you four hours to drop one trunk off at the dump?"

"Yup. Maybe it wouldn’t have taken so long if you two had helped."

"Whatever." May and June said together, and went back upstairs.

**Part 7.**

Getting the lab up and running turned out to be more difficult than they thought. None of the rubber tubes were still flexible after forty years and they crumbled as soon as they tried to bend them into position. Some of the flasks and beakers had broken, too. It ended up being a scavenger hunt to find rubber tubes on the cheap, and the other equipment had to be replaced with makeshift materials surreptitiously stolen from their homes.

The other hard part was ingredients, in addition to simple things like yeast and Borax soap, the formula called for more esoteric materials, like ground hemp. Fortunately that at least was not so hard for them to come by, though Jeff was loathe to give up any of his supply. The other chemicals were harder to find, and sometimes the recipe called for products which didn’t exist anymore and they had to find modern substitutions whose formulas weren’t too different from the original to work.

It took five more days to get the lab up and running. On the plus side, the Winnebago became progressively more livable. Bruce had insisted that the carpet be cleaned as much as possible to remove the cat urine, and a battery of air fresheners killed the marijuana smell somewhat. After a few false starts where the formula had to be tweaked, the little lab was eventually producing a drizzle of white cream which they collected in a jam jar.

"Do you think this is the genuine stuff?" Asked Bruce, pulling down his surgical mask.

"Only one way to find out." said Jeff, reaching his hand into the jar.

"Jeff, no!" Terry yelled, grabbing his hand.

"Hey, man. There’s plenty for you, don’t be grabby."

"No, I mean, that stuff will grow anything it touches, not just dicks. You don’t want to put your hand in there..."

"Oh..."

"So, how do we test it?" asked Bruce.

Terry was hesitant, remembering his experience last time. The others looked over at him.

"Do you have a hose or anything? I’m probably going to need a lot of water to wash my junk off. Even when it works, it burns."

"Yeah, I’ve got a hose out back. I still have two more notices before they turn off my water, too."

"Great..."

"Dude, you’re going to test this on yourself?" Bruce asked.

"I guess so. Why, did you bring a lab rat or something?"

"Well, no, it’s just..."

"I’m pretty sure we got the formula right, and we don’t have any other way of testing it. If it doesn’t work, or if it works wrong, I’ve got the least to lose..."

Bruce frowned "Alright, but be careful for goodness’ sake. If anything looks like it’s going wrong, we’re taking you to a hospital and you will have to explain the embarrassing mess you’ve got yourself into..."

Terry had thought ahead this time and brought a pack of rubber gloves with hims that he snapped into place over his hands. He grabbed the jar and took it into the cramped Winnebago bathroom.

With two fingers he scooped a tiny dab up out of the jar and spread it over his dick. Even in the hot, cramped, smelly Winnebago, his excitement was enough to give him a hard on. He spread it over his dick as before, avoiding his balls as much as possible. The words "chemical castration" suddenly jumping to the forefront of his mind.

He waited. After a few minutes, the tingling sensation started. He winced, prepared for what was coming next. The tingling advanced slowly into a buzzing, then to a slight sting, but the burning never came. In fact, the experience wasn’t that unpleasant. Weird, but not unpleasant. He put the lid back on the jar and took his gloves off, careful not to touch any of the cream to his skin.

"You ok in there? Is it working?"

"I dunno. It’s not burning. I dunno if that means it’s working or not, last time, it burned."

He waited to be sure the cream had soaked completely into his skin, then pulled up his pants and left the bathroom.

"Well?" Asked Bruce.

"Is it growing?" asked Jeff.

"I don’t know, last time, it took overnight. It feels pretty weird though... ahhh woah!"

"What? What!?"

"Nothing, just a kind of big buzz just then. It feels like I’ve got a joy buzzer on my crotch."

"Well, what now?"

"I guess I take the cream and head back home. I’ve barely gotten anything else out of the attic. If it works, I’ll keep using it."

"If it works, make sure you share some with me."

"You can get your own, the lab’s still producing." Terry gestured over to the little tube, which continued to drizzle into another jam jar that replaced the first.

As they had for the past week, Bruce and Terry stopped by Bruce’s house first to change clothes and throw their other clothes in the washer. Terry stopped by in Bruce’s bathroom first to watch his dick for any change. It remained stubbornly the same size, in spite of the tingling. He threw on his clothes and headed out.

Terry’s parents and sisters were waiting for him when he got home. He hadn’t realized it was almost four thirty.

"Hi!"

"Where have you been?"

"Hanging out with Bruce, he’s been helping me with the attic and..."

"Really? Is that why the attic is still almost as full as it was a week ago?" his mom interrupted.

"Well work’s been going slow..."

"Don’t lie to us, son, tell the truth. Where have you been going?" asked his father.

"Really, I’ve been hanging out with Bruce, ask May and June!"

"We’ve seen you leave with him."

"And come back wearing different clothes." They said

"The dump and... and..."

His mother teared up a little "Why do you feel that you have to keep this from us, son?"

"Do you like to see your mother cry? You think we don’t know what’s been really going on? You won’t make us angry if you tell the truth."

"It’s the silence that hurts." his mother sniffled.

"Really, it’s nothing..."

His father grimaced "Girls, leave the room."

May and June backed away, but lingered around the edge of the door.

"All the way out."

The pair disappeared.

"Sit down, son." said his dad.

Terry took off his backpack and sat down in the lounge chair, his parents sat down on the couch opposite. The tingling was stronger than ever, now. Not ever quite painful, but it felt like a cellphone on vibrate was stuffed down his underwear, he was surprised it didn’t make an audible buzzing sound.

"Son... I know it’s probably difficult for you to tell us, but we have to know the truth. Are you-"

"It’s nothing, it’s not drugs!"

"Are you in a homosexual relationship with Bruce?" his father finished.

"Am I... Wait, what?"

"Just answer yes or no."

"Yes or no... Are you asking if I’m gay?"

"We’ve noticed all the time you spend with him, you come back in different clothes all the time. You mother has noticed certain... strange behavior..."

Terry couldn’t believe what he was hearing, and it didn’t help his concentration that it felt like ants were marching up and down his cock.

"I’m not... ooh... I’m not gay, okay? Bruce and I are just good friends."

"I know you’ve never seemed very interested in girls..." his mother said "You’ve never even had a girlfriend."

"Well yeah, but that’s because... grrg" something was definitely happening now. He could feel a raging boner building up in his pants. Normally, that was never an issue, but this time...

"You don’t have to feel uncomfortable with us, son. Bruce is a very nice boy, he’s very attractive." his mother continued.

A lengthening, thickening erection began to climb down his trouser leg. However big his dick was now, it was definitely not 4" anymore. Terry looked down to see if it were visible through his pants. His father glanced down for a split second as well. His expression tightened.

"Look, I’m... I’m not gay. I just... have to go!" before his parents could object, he’d grabbed his backpack and dashed out of the living room and into the upstairs bathroom, he closed and locked the door behind him. He shoved his pants down around his ankles and stared at his dick. It was growing before his very eyes. Slowly, like the creeping of an hour hand, but steadily. It must have been growing the whole time since the Winnebago, by now it had to be almost five inches long. He laughed and reached into his backpack for the jam jar full of cream. He pulled on another pair of rubber gloves from his backpack and scooped some more cream onto his dick, massaging it thoroughly over the shaft and balls. He could make up an explanation to his parents later. Right now, he was going to enjoy his new equipment...

• • •

**Part 8.**

Bruce almost didn’t notice his cell phone vibrating.

"Hello?"

It was Terry’s excited voice on the other end.

"Hey dude! It works! The stuff works!" he laughed so loud Bruce had to hold his ear away from the phone.

"Well, thank goodness for that."

"Haha! Yeah! This is awesome, man! I just passed six and a half inches! How big did you say you were? Six? I’m bigger than you now, man!"

"Enjoy it while it lasts, Longstick." Bruce smirked into the phone.

"What?.. Oh man! You’re using it!? You’re using the cream?"

"Yeah."

"Couldn’t wait, huh?"

"Well, you know, after you left, I double checked the formula and it all checked out. And it didn’t seem like anything bad happened... You were right about the buzzing, though. Oh man. It feels like there’s a swarm of bees building a hive on my nuts!"

"How big have you gotten?"

"I just started a half hour ago. Maybe I’ve gained a quarter inch or so?"

"Yeah, well, be careful, man. Remember when I first used it, my cock doubled in size. If you don’t use that stuff sparingly, you could end up with a footlong!"

"Don’t worry, I only used the minimum amount to cover it completely."

"That’s good."

"Terry?"

"Yeah?"

"This stuff had better not make my dick fall off..."

They laughed and shot the shit for a while about how awesome it was going to be to be the biggest guys in college.

"I gotta go, my parents are back." said Bruce when he heard the sound of his father’s Passat pulling into the driveway. His mother’s Beetle pulled up a few seconds later. Bruce dashed up the stairs with his bag and the cream, stashing the evidence under his bed. His cock was really tingly now. He could practically feel it getting larger as it swelled against the pouch of his jockey shorts. He got dressed in a hurry and ran downstairs to greet his parents.

"Hey guys."

"Brucie!"

His dad smiled and playfully jabbed at his son like a boxer, dancing and weaving in place against pantomimed blows.

"There he is, world champ! What’d you do to stay busy today, sport?"

"I went on a three mile run and I did a load of laundry. I worked on some summer chemistry homework, too."

So called "Summer chemistry homework" was Bruce’s cover explanation for the loose sheets of chemical formulas his parents had discovered on their last sweep of his room. For the next several days, they’d followed his progress in a fictitious summer AP chemistry correspondence course with aggravating interest. He’d had to make up a whole bunch of new, fictitious assignments on top of the real one he was working on for Terry.

"A three mile run and a load of laundry? That’s not keeping busy, Sport. I hope you’re not losing steam just when college is only a week away! You don’t wanna-"

"’End up like Jeff’, I know." Bruce finished.

His parents laughed.

"I was going to say you don’t wanna waste the last couple days of summer that you could spend making memories! You know there won’t be much time for that at Amherst! Study study study!" his dad’s grin faded slightly and he snorted "’end up like Jeff?’ we haven’t pulled that one out since you were sixteen."

"When I borrowed the car without asking and ran it into our mailbox, yeah."

His parents laughed with nostalgia. His mom wiped away a tear.

"Well, son." his dad started "It’s funny you should bring up Jeff. I know we’ve been kind of strict on you because of the mistakes he made, and your mother and I have been talking and, well, we decided it’s not fair to treat you like a child anymore. After all, we can’t inspect your room at Amherst, or keep you from playing when you should be studying. So we’ve decided-"

"We’ve decided that we’re not going to inspect your room anymore!" His mom butted in, brimming with excitement.

"Hang on honey, we agreed I was going to get to tell him."

"Oh right, sorry." she giggled and slapped a hand over her mouth.

Bruce couldn’t believe what he was hearing. He nearly completely forgot about the growing tightness in his pants.

His father continued "That’s right, son. After today, there’ll be no more! This is the last one!"

His mom pulled her digital camera out of her purse and grinned with excitement, her heels clattered on the hardwood floor as she danced in place.

Bruce’s elation dropped down into the pit of his stomach like a stone. He’d forgotten completely that it was Monday! An inspection day! His thoughts zoomed up the stairs to the black backpack poking out from under his bed.

His parent’s noticed the sudden disconnect.

"What’s the matter, son? Something on your mind?"

There was a lot on his mind. And his balls, actually. His dick was definitely growing faster now. Jockey shorts were a huge mistake. His dick was too well tucked in to snake down a trouser leg. It had nowhere to go, so it made due by squeezing itself up against his balls. Gotta think fast... Bruce put on his best hangdog expression, it was easy with the pain.

"Aw, gee. That’s great, but I forgot to clean my room this morning! I don’t wanna fail my last inspection."

His parents both laughed and his father shooed the idea away with his hand.

"Pfff! That’s okay. This last one’s only a formality anyway. You’ve already passed. Let’s go!"

They locked their arms underneath his and dragged him up the stairs. There was nothing he could do now except hope they didn’t inspect too thoroughly...

His father pushed the door open and surveyed the room. Bruce actually had remembered to clean it that morning and everything was squared away.

"Well, this doesn’t look bad at all. And you were worried that it would be too messy!"

"Ooops!" his mom exclaimed "Here’s what! He left his backpack under the bed!" she reached down to scoop it up. A barely audible "no!" squeaked through Bruce’s lips, but by now he was using up all his energy to remain standing as his massive cock pushed itself into every possible centimeter of his underwear. Tears filled his eyes and he swore to never buy slim fit jeans again for as long as he lived.

His mother’s smile faded the second she had lifted the backpack up to eye level to snap a photo "Oh gosh! That stinks!" She exclaimed "What is... Oh my God!"

"Honey! Don’t take the- Oh Jesus!" his father’s nostrils flared. "That’s, that’s marijuana!!" he exclaimed, pronouncing both the "j" out loud as well as the "h".

Bruce threw up.

**Part 9.**

Maybe it was the feeling of his nuts in a vice or the sight of his worst fear coming true, but Bruce couldn’t hold it in any longer. He blew chunks all over the floor of his room, then, choking and coughing on a mouth full of used Pop Tarts, he ran into the bathroom.

The first thing he did was tear open his pants. He practically ripped them off as he yanked them down, underwear and all. He barely had time to notice the monster boner that sprang up before he was hunched over the toilet, heaving again.

The pain in his balls faded and his vision cleared. He looked down at his rapidly swelling cock. Free from the oppressive bonds of his jockey shorts, it had sprung to rock hard attention. Fat veins throbbed along the top of the shaft, pulsing in rhythm with a fat head the size of a strawberry.

He looked over his shoulder. The door was wide open and his parents both stood in the doorway. He turned around again and rapidly attempted to shove his massive erection back into his ill chosen slim-fit jeans. The boner just didn’t want to go down, even with both hands pressing down on it. It was like trying to tip over a flagpole. He also wasn’t too frantic to notice that even gripping his cock with both hands, there still would have been plenty of room for a third. His parents stared, aghast as he eventually stuffed his member down his left leg and finished buttoning up his pants. Even with his back turned, they could see it bobbing in the bathroom mirror as he wrestled with it.

His father finally sputtered out "Is this what you’ve been doing this past summer? Smoking weed and dosing yourself with Viagra!? Have you been in our medicine cabinet!?"

"Oh, Dave!" his mom buried her face in his father’s chest.

"I’ve heard about this..." he said, stroking his wife’s hair "It’s called ’hard blunting.’ I’m sure I heard Jeff talking about it. Yeah, something like that! You’ve been ’hard blunting’, son!"

Bruce wiped his mouth and growled with exasperation.

"Oh for Chrissakes!"

"Language!" his father barked.

Bruce steadied himself, his chest heaved as he drew in deep breaths.

"’Hard blunting’ isn’t even a real thing, I’m 100% certain you just made it up off the top of your head just now!"

"Then how do you explain why your bag smells like marijuana!?"

Bruce had to stop and think for a second. He’d been so stupid! He’d always remembered to wash his clothes, but after a while he’d gotten so used to the smell of Jeff’s camper he hadn’t noticed that his backpack had started to smell, too.

The tightness in his pants was still distracting. It was distracting his father, too, who couldn’t take his eyes away from the throbbing bulge in spite of himself. In eighteen years, Bruce had almost never lied to his parents, but he had learned to tell the truth very well.

"I was hanging out with Jeff!" he said.

"Ah ha! Doing hard blunts!"

"No, doing..." Bruce’s eyes cast around and settled on the framed painting of Jesus on the wall behind his father’s head.

"Bible study! I was at Jeff’s Winnebago doing Bible study with him! Terry was there, too. He can vouch for me!"

"Terry, huh? We’ll be sure to speak to his parents about what’s been going on! And if you were doing Bible study, how come there’s no Bible in your backpack? Just a bunch of cut off lengths of rubber hose and pliers-"

"Summer chemistry equipment!"

"-and this jam jar full of... what is this stuff?"

His mother had finally unburied her head from his father’s chest and looked into the jar.

"Oh my goodness, Dave! It’s SEMEN!" she screamed.

Bruce’s father jumped back with a startled "Grahhh!" and the jar leapt out of his hands and shattered on the floor, splattering white gunk all over the bathmat and tiles. Bruce thanked God none of it had gotten on him, or his parents. Explaining swollen lumps all over their body on top of everything else was the last thing he wanted to do. Bruce’s dad frantically wiped his hands on his shirt and the towels on the towel rack.

"Clean this up!" his father shouted "And once you’re done, you’re going to bed without supper! We’ll talk about this tomorrow. I don’t even want to look at you right now!"

His father stormed off down the hall, cradling his sobbing mother in his arms. He shot an angry look back over his shoulder and descended the stairs.

Bruce sighed and went to the hall closet for the mop.

It was a long night. He didn’t see or speak to his parents for the rest of the evening, though he could see the light of the TV on the wall above the stairwell, they were watching with the sound too low for him to hear. He stayed up long after the TV had gone dark and the house was silent, staring and the streetlight on the ceiling and watching the monster shadow of his cock on the wall. It gave him no comfort. He finally rolled over and fell asleep, dead tired. His parents came up early in the morning and stood at his door for several minutes, but he didn’t hear them.

• • •

Terry awoke the next morning beneath a tent that could have hosted a three ring circus. It was his first day with morning wood that actually mattered. He threw the blankets up over his head and stared down at the sight of his colossal dong silhouetted in the soft light of the sheets.

"Holy shit!" he laughed to himself. That thing had to be at least ten, no... twelve inches long! He sprung out of bed and over to the ruler on his desk.

9 1/2"

Ok, so maybe he’d overestimated a little. But 9 1/2" was pretty decent all the same. He kissed the little jam jar of extension cream. It was still almost a quarter of the way full.

Terry flopped back down to his bed and started jerking off. It was awkward and different, using his whole hand to jerk off. Before, he’d always just rubbed it between his thumb and two forefingers. That wasn’t going to work anymore. At first he squeezed it too hard, gripping it with his fist. He eventually found a more natural grip and started taking slow, smooth strokes up the thick shaft. It was so unfamiliar, like jerking off a stranger. He barely recognized it from the tiny, thumb sized cock it had once been.

His erection hardened further, blue veins traced their way all along the shaft like jagged bolts of lightning. It was heavy in his hands, thicker than a banana. He could feel the excitement and pleasure building up behind his balls, which had grown to the size of large eggs. Maybe a little too big, he was glad he hadn’t overdone it in his excitement the day before. He kept stroking, letting the climax build further. It had never taken him this long to come before, and his orgasms had always been brief and underwhelming. This one was gonna be a doozy.

Images flashed in his head as his thoughts jumped rapidly between all the girls he’d turned down for dates before. Alice Bertram’s face and pert tits flashed before his eyes and her whispered promise to "go as far as he wanted" thundered in his eardrums.

He stoked faster and faster, feeling the heat of his hands and the heat of his cock as it throbbed with mounting pleasure. Only too late did he realize he didn’t have anywhere to jizz!

"Wow! Damn! Shit!"

His stomach tightened and he spasmed uncontrollably for a second as a long rope of gooey cum spurted from his swollen cockhead like a shot from a squirtgun, followed rapidly by a second, third, and even fourth. The fifth bubbled out and slid down his shaft as he stroked out every last jolt of orgasm from the massive cock. He kept stroking until there was nothing left and his erection started to fade.

He lay back in his bed and sighed contentedly.

He plucked a handful of tissues out of the box on his desk and did his best to clean up every drop of stray cum.

"Ha, Peter North, eat your heart out..." he said, admiring the Kleenexes soaked in his thick spooge.

He buried them underneath some old magazines in his wastebasket and sat down at his desk to examine the jar of extension cream. He spun it on its base with his finger.

9 1/2 inches. Pretty decent. Great even. He could never imagine any girl complaining about that.

Still though... Should I or shouldn’t I? he spun the jar on its side and watched it as it turned and glinted in the light of the early morning.

How many inches could he want? 10"? 12"? 18"!?The ad on the jar of the original formula claimed there was no limit. He knew he didn’t want one he had to cart around in a wheelbarrow, but the thought of watching his cock swell up larger and larger was singing a siren song.

His thoughts went back to Alice’s promise. Maybe it was time to see if the offer still stood...

**Part 10.**

Bruce had fallen asleep on his side and his arm had gone numb. He woke up when he turned over and it slapped him in the face.

"Ow, dang!" he rubbed his eye and sat up in bed. His stomach growled and all of yesterday’s painful memories suddenly flooded back. The look on his parents’ faces when they discovered his backpack, stinking of weed; that sudden shift from pride to utter heartbreak.

"Double dang." he muttered to himself. He sat up in bed, wondering what fresh hell the day had in store for him. No doubt his parents had already called a therapist or hired a professional deprogrammer or something. They were going to call Terry’s parents, too. At least there was some hope there. Terry’s parents still trusted him and they might be able to vouch for both he and Terry’s whereabouts, if he could only contact him to get their stories straight before his parents called Terry’s...

Bruce had completely forgotten about his cock until he opened his eyes and looked down into his lap.

"Oh shit!"

It had grown even since the night before. Maybe he had fibbed a little when he told Terry he’d only used a bare minimum of the cream, but there was no way he was expecting this! He threw off the blankets to survey the damage.

It looked like a third arm. Not a baby arm, either. It was as thick as his wrist and as long as the distance from the joint of his elbow to the top of his clenched fist. The tangerine-sized head was nearly parallel with his knees as he pulled them up to his chest.

Ok, ok. Time for honesty. He had slathered the stuff on like mayo. How was he supposed to know what a normal dose was? He had gotten overexcited. He had left Jeff’s place with a jar full of the stuff and it was just him, alone in his house with a boring, six inch dick and a half-pint of magic extension cream. Impulse had taken hold of him and he’d slopped it on a handful at a time. He thought better of it and scraped some off after a couple minutes. Apparently not enough... But still! Even after Terry called, even after his dick had nearly crushed his balls, it never really clicked with him that the stuff actually worked until just now that he had recovered from the shock of yesterday and was staring this anaconda in the face. He looked at the monster hard-on again.

He was scared to put a measuring tape to it. It was definitely more than a foot long, and hard as a rock. If it weren’t anchored to his crotch, he’d swear it was fake.

"Great." he swung his legs over the side of his bed... all three of them.

"Now I’m a freak. At least I’ll be the most well-hung guy at rehab." he laughed bitterly.

"Might as well get it over with..." he shuffled to his closet and pulled a Tupperware pencil case out of one of the neat cubbies hanging from the sliding door.

He pulled out a ruler first. It rested on top of his cock with inches to spare on either end. He tossed it aside and unraveled his 18" tape measure instead.

14 1/4" it declared. The last 3 3/4" hung limply off the end of his colossal rod.

He dropped back onto his bed. His cock bounced and swayed. He could feel the weight of it tugging on his lower abdomen.

Footsteps on the stairs.

Dang. Gotta hide this thing, and fast!

He burrowed under his blankets and rolled over onto his stomach just as his mom knocked on the door.

"Sweetie, we’re coming in. Are you decent?"

"Yes, Mom." he said, turning the side of his mouth to talk around the pillow.

"Ok, we’re coming in now... Opening the door!"

Bruce rolled his eyes. As if there were anything they might see... Oh, right. His mother walked carefully into the room, treading lightly as if any second her foot might brush up against a discarded bong or a mini-snowdrift of cocaine. His father entered silently behind her.

Beneath the blankets, his raging boner began to subside. He was thankful for that at least. Maybe he could turn over without involuntarily sweeping all his blankets aside and flashing his parents... Though he would still have to figure out how to tuck his junk back into his jockey shorts without making it look too obvious that he was rearranging himself.

"Did we wake you, son?" his father asked.

"No, Dad."

"Son, look at me when I’m speaking to you." Said his dad, a little bit of an edge creeping into his voice. His wife elbowed him lightly in the ribs and he unclenched his fists.

His mom sat down on his bed and stroked his hair.

"Oh Brucie. We’re sorry about how we reacted yesterday. We shouldn’t blame you for smoking weed."

Bruce turned over slowly, making sure it was safe before flipping all the way over and facing his parents.

"That’s what I was trying to tell you yesterday I-"

"We were the ones who failed you as parents." His father interrupted.

"No, really I-"

"Let me finish, son." he looked downcast, and wouldn’t meet Bruce’s eyes "We tried our best with you, but it’s obvious we weren’t cut out to raise kids. We failed you just like we failed Jeff..."

"No! You didn’t!" Bruce sat up. His mother put a finger to his lips and shushed him.

"Oh Brucie, my little baby! You don’t even know how much we’ve damaged you!" she cried and kissed him on the forehead. She hugged him close and started to stroke his short buzzed hair.

"Really, this was all a misunderstanding!" he tried to say through the shoulder of his mom’s pink sweater.

"You don’t have to apologize, son. We’re going to put this right."

"What do you mean?"

"It’s not too late to turn your life around, son! I’ve pulled a few strings with some friends of mine at Blacklake Paramilitary Academy."

"Blackwhathuh?"

"They agreed to let you start a semester late if you take summer courses next year. In the meantime, we’ve gotten in touch with a therapist-"

"But I’m already going to Amherst!"

"I’ll call the dean as soon as the office opens at nine and explain to him that you won’t be checking in next Monday. I’ll make up some excuse."

"You can’t do that!"

"I’m paying for it! I’ll send you to whatever college I damn well please!"

"Dave, stop! You agreed you keep your temper under control!"

He sighed "You’re right. Bruce, I’m sorry for raising my voice."

"You can’t just pull me out of Amherst! I’m already in touch with my roommates! Half my friends are going there!"

"Your friends will understand if they’re really your friends. You’ll be able to stay in touch with them, new recruits at Blacklake can get mail privileges as early as their first week..."

"This is insane! You don’t understand! I’m not on drugs! Please! Just call Terry’s parents."

Oh, we spoke to them last night. Believe me, our two families are going to have a long discussion...

"Oh, Lord..." Bruce’s face sank into his mother’s shoulder.

**Part 11.**

Terry breathed a happy sigh of relief and slipped his cell phone back into his pocket. It had taken a lot of cajoling, as well as a ton of lies he was sure he wouldn’t be able to keep track of later, but he had actually been able to convince Alice Bertram to meet him at the pizza joint out by Fresh Pond Mall for an early lunch. She didn’t sound too enthusiastic to see him, but considering she had spent the last four weeks of school telling anyone and everyone who would listen that she had seen him making out with the redheaded guy from third period, he didn’t believe she would agree to meet him for a date unless she still secretly had the hots for him.

By the way, Terry was less offended at being called gay than he was at the idea that people thought his standards were so low. Duke Sullivan (the redheaded guy) might have been a champion mathlete, and actually a pretty cool guy, but he was as fugly as they came for sure. Terry figured himself to be more in the league of Greg Dunbar, captain of the lacrosse team. Terry also happened to know that Greg was an actual homosexual, so it would be more realistic anyway (not that Alice B. could have known that. Nobody knew but Greg and Terry. Not even Greg’s girlfriend knew.)

Terry blinked and shook his head when he realized his happy fantasies of a horny Alice fucking him on one of the tables at Ma Magoo’s pizza had strayed into awkward memories of Greg’s tearful confession one night in a hotel before an away game. He decided he’d better get moving.

He wrapped the jar of extension cream up in some crumpled paper and stuffed it in a drawer of his desk. There would be plenty of time to mess with it later. Heck, depending on how Alice reacted, he might not need it anymore at all.

He skipped downstairs in a better, brighter mood than he could ever remember. The sun was shining through the windows into the breakfast nook and he could hear the birds singing in the fresh air outside the open window.

"Good morning, my beautiful, sexy sisters!" he said, kissing them both on the cheek.

"Ew!"

"Ew! What’s up with you this morning? Did you get an e-card from Bruce telling you how much he loved you?"

Terry’s good mood was not even slightly dampened.

"Ha ha, beloved siblings. I keep telling you, Bruce and I aren’t gay. In fact, I’ve kept this from you, but Bruce actually thinks you’re kind of cute."

May and June’s mouths dropped open.

"Which one?"

"Which one!?"

Terry looked at his identical twin sisters "Umm... June? I think? I remember he said he liked that red ribbon you wore the other day."

May looked scandalized "That was my ribbon! She borrowed it!"

"Well whatever, maybe it was you. I don’t remember."

"So why are you in such a good mood?"

"I’ve got a date with Alice Bertram today."

"Oh, no. You’re not going anywhere today, young man." his mom entered the kitchen.

"What, why?"

"You’re grounded. You know very well why."

"Wait, just because you think I’m gay, you’re grounding me? How does that make sense? Anyway, I’ve got a date today! With a girl!"

His mom swatted his words out of the air "Oh, please. There’s no point in pretending you like girls now. If you wanted us to swallow that baloney, you should have started doing that years ago."

"I’ve always liked girls! It’s just-"

"Save it. Anyway, that’s not why you’re in trouble. Bruce’s parents called us. Late last night."

Terry’s chest began to grow tight. Wherever this was heading, it couldn’t be good.

"And?" he asked, a little concern creeping into his voice.

"Girls, leave the room."

"Awww!" they dropped down off the tall chairs and ran upstairs.

His mother fixed him with a look that painted crosshairs right on his forehead.

"What? What did they say?"

"They told us that you and he had apparently been sneaking off during the day and smoking weed with that worthless stoner son of theirs!"

"We weren’t smoking weed!"

"So you did sneak off with Bruce!"

"No! Well, yes, we did hang out with Jeff but-"

"No, no buts! I don’t even want to think about the greasy, drug fueled threesomes you’ve been having in his hippie shack."

"Ew! Mom! OhmyGod! Why would you-"

"Whatever you’ve been doing, you’re hurting your body and it has to stop!"

"I haven’t been doing drugs or having gay sex! I can explain everything!"

"Oh you’ll have plenty of time to explain. Bruce and his parents are coming over right now. We’re going to get this all out in the open and sort all this out!"

"Oh, Lord..." Terry hopped up onto one of the tall chairs and dropped his forehead to the table. He just hoped he could reschedule with Alice...

• • •

Bruce’s parents pulled up in front of the house a few minutes later. Terry sat and waited in the living room with mounting trepidation, his father hovered over him like a prison guard while his mother went to answer the door.

Bruce’s parents walked in, followed reluctantly by a silent and shamefaced Bruce. Terry tried to catch his eye, but he was deliberately avoiding looking in Terry’s direction.

"Thanks for having us over, Janice, Phillip. I’m sorry that we’re not calling on better terms. I know this is a serious situation, and I’m sure you’re dealing with it as a family, but this involves both our sons and I think it would be best if we discussed it together." said Bruce’s father.

"I feel the same way. I hope you’re both doing well." The fathers shook hands. Mr.Anderson offered his to Bruce’s mom. "Cathy."

"Let’s sit down, shall we?" Mrs. Anderson gestured to the couches and they all took a seat. Bruce remained standing.

"Sit down, Bruce." his father said.

Bruce remained standing."

"Son, did you hear me? I told you to sit down."

"Oh just let him-" his mother started to say, but his father silenced her with an upraised hand.

"Bruce...." his father warned. Bruce huffed loudly and sat down as far from his parents as he could on the all-too-short leather couch.

When Bruce sat, Terry’s eyes flashed to his inner thigh. Bruce had changed out of the slim-fits, but even though they might have been more comfortable, khaki slacks did very little to conceal the colossal outline of Bruce’s cucumber-sized cock. "Only used the minimum amount" bullshit! Terry wondered how Bruce’s parents had avoided noticing it so far. He tried to catch Bruce’s eye, but Bruce wouldn’t look at anyone. Bruce closed his legs as soon as he sat down. He was obviously only too aware of how visible it was.

Mr. Whitney started.

"Well, like we explained over the phone, we think our sons may have been doing drugs together. It’s partially our fault. Jeff is our son, too. We knew he was a bad seed, but we obviously underestimated just how bad an influence he can be. He’s seduced our son into taking drugs, and I’m afraid your son has been caught up in it as well."

"I haven’t!-" started Terry, his parents shushed him.

"But there’s something else." Mr. Whitney continued "When we searched Bruce’s bag... we found... a jar of..."

Terry tensed up. The extension cream!

"Male ejaculate..." Mrs. Whitney finished, visibly shaken by having to say the words aloud.

"We think our sons might have engaged in some-"

"We know our son is gay." Mrs. Anderson interrupted "We always suspected it, but it’s only since Bruce and he started dating that we knew for sure."

Bruce’s head suddenly snapped up. Terry blushed and sank down in his seat. This time, it was he that couldn’t meet Bruce’s eyes.

"Dating!?" Mr. Whitney "I was only going to say they’d been getting high and playing sex games! Probably like limp biscuit or something. I played it in the army once. I’m not proud but these things happen when you’re young..." Mr. Whitney coughed, Mrs. Whitney tugged at her collar and looked up at the ceiling. He continued "They can’t be dating! Our son isn’t gay! And if he is, it must be the influence of your son!"

"Oh please, he’s as gay as the day is long." Mrs. Anderson said "Look at him with his full prissy lips and pink polo shirt!"

"It’s salmon!" Mr. Whitney and Bruce both objected at once. Bruce speaking for the first time since he entered.

"And I don’t know who you think you’re kidding, young man, but you’re not impressing anyone by stuffing your trousers." she cast an accusing glare at the outline of Bruce’s monster python. Bruce had gotten careless and allowed his legs to part slightly, granting Terry’s mom a full view.

"Stuffing his trousers... What are you talking about? You’re talking crazy, Janice!"

"Oh really, just look." She pointed. Bruce pressed his legs together tighter. The Whitneys looked over at their son.

"What’s she talking about?"

"Nothing, it’s nothing..."

"Son, stand up."

"No! Don’t make him-" Terry started. Bruce sighed and accepted the inevitable. He stood up. His dong stood out heavily from his thigh and it swung visibly behind the loose fabric of his slacks.

"Stand..." Terry finished.

Everyone stared at the giant bulge. Bruce tried to do his best impression of the invisible man. It didn’t work. His dick was not only huge, it was an attention hog, too. Against Bruce’s most desperate concentration, he started to get hard. The massive bulge grew even more obvious as his thickening hard-on snaked down his leg towards his knees.

"Bruce, what the hell are you doing!?" Mr. Anderson yelled "You’re already in trouble and you’re playing pranks!? This is in very poor taste! Go to the bathroom and remove that.... whatever it is from your trousers right now, then come back and we’ll finish this conversation like mature adults!"

Bruce gave a loud, exasperated sigh "Gruuuuh! Dad!"

"NOW!"

"I can’t!" said Bruce "It’s not.... It’s... This is... It’s real, OKAY? It’s real! I’m a freak!"

Mrs. Whitney groaned "Oh, Brucie. Just stop it, please. Whatever’s going on, just stop."

"I wish I could, Mom!"

"Brucie, I’m your own mother. I saw you in your undies just earlier this week! You’re not going to tell me something like that sprouted up overnight!"

"It did!"

Meanwhile, Terry was frantically slashing his hand across his throat at Bruce, desperately trying to signal him to shut up.

Bruce saw him and ignored him. His parents were still incredulous.

"Son, I’m going to count to five, and if whatever it is isn’t out of your pants by the time I’m done, so help me!... One...."

Bruce just stood with his arms crossed. He was sweating now, and shaking a little. Terry was scooched forward to the edge of his seat, now painfully self-conscious of a growing hardness in his own jeans.

"Two..."

Bruce’s expression hardened.

"Three..."

Bruce reached for his belt and undid it.

"Four...."

He unbuttoned the button of his pants and zipped down the fly...

"Five!... What the!"

It was out.

**Part 12.**

Nobody in the room spoke. Bruce’s cock stuck out from his pants like a colossal bratwurst. Still not fully hard, it pulsed lightly in his hands. Terry was agog. It was even bigger than he’d estimated when Bruce sat down. The head alone was longer than his entire erection had been only a few days ago, and too big around for Bruce to enclose in his hand. The mushroom cap stood out from the rest of the shaft like a big, pink plum. Terry found himself suddenly flashing back to his family vacation to Sequoia National Park a few years back.

"That can’t be real." Mrs. Anderson said finally, breaking the spell that had bound the rest of the room "I’ve seen some big ones in my time, but that’s obviously a prosthetic."

"No, it’s real. Tug it if you don’t believe me." Bruce dropped his pants the rest of the way. The room gasped again when his pants hit the floor. Bruce had obviously done some remodeling of his ballsack, too. They were nearly as large as Terry’s and clung tightly to the thick base of his still swelling monster erection.

"Never mind, I believe you... I just... Don’t believe it!"

Mrs. Whitney had gone completely pale "Brucie... How did this happen? When did this happen?"

Bruce opened his mouth, about to relate the whole story of the past week, but he caught sight of Terry, again desperately signaling for him to stay quiet. He realized that at this point, his cock was so unbelievable that his parents, and Terry’s, would probably believe anything he told them. On top of that, his frustration and impatience with his parents’ super straight-edged lifestyle had been building almost to a boiling point. He didn’t really feel like sharing the truth about the cream with them, but he did have something he wanted to get off his chest all the same...

"It’s been happening for a while mom." Bruce said, not bothering to hide the edge in his voice "I just... I didn’t want to say anything about it because I was so embarrassed. I did my best to hide it. I usually keep it taped up so that the kids at school wouldn’t see it and make fun of me or think I was a freak."

"Oh son, we’d never think you were a freak. Why didn’t you think you could tell us?"

"Oh, really, it’s not obvious, Mom? Remember your other son? My brother, Jeff? You kicked him out of the house! You never talk to him! You almost never even have him over for holidays because you’re so ashamed! You make me feel ashamed whenever I do anything ’different’ or ’unusual’! You once sent me to bed without any supper because I asked if I could get a tattoo! So how do you think I feel about this, huh? Why do you think I didn’t tell you!?"

"That’s no way to talk to your mother!" Mr. Whitney stood up.

"That’s no way to talk to me! This is exactly what I’m talking about! If I’d tried to share with you what was going on with my body, you’d just end up punishing me for no reason!"

"Son, we’d never punish you for your changing body, you’re in trouble for smoking pot! Whatever’s going on with your hormones we can talk about later, but when you started doing drugs you betrayed your parents’ trust!"

"What ’trust’!? You two have never trusted me for as long as I’ve lived! The weekly inspections? The curfew? The diet? You don’t even believe me now when I’m telling you I haven’t been smoking weed with Jeff!"

"Then why does your backpack smell like marijuana?"

"Because Jeff’s whole trailer smells like marijuana, Dad! I’ve been hanging out with him because he and Terry are the only people I can talk to about this!"

"And the jar of semen?" Terry’s mom interrupted "You two have been doing more over at Jeff’s than just talking."

Bruce stammered. He was just venting his pent up frustrations. He hadn’t thought far enough ahead to explain the jar of cream. Luckily Terry stepped in.

"That... may have been my fault." Said Terry.

Everyone turned to look at him now.

"I know this is going to sound weird... but please, hear me out. There was nothing sexual going on, but Bruce was really worried about his... you know... his dick. He thought it would never stop growing. We didn’t know how to help him, but he didn’t wanna tell you guys. We finally convinced him yesterday to... you know... take a sample. We thought we could send it to a doctor or something, maybe find out what was going on. We didn’t watch him do it or anything!"

The tension in the room started to ease a little. Terry’s dad finally started laughing.

"What, you guys were just gonna walk up to the hospital with a jar of semen and drop it off at the front desk?" he did a buffonish imitation of Terry’s voice "Oh, hey doc. Our friend here has a ginormous ding dong and we were hoping maybe your could run this through your science machine and find out what’s wrong with him!"

In spite of his anger, Mr. Whitney was unable to contain an amused snort. He was visibly trying to control his laughter. By now Terry’s mom was laughing, too. Mrs. Whitney didn’t laugh, but she couldn’t look at anyone, either and had to bite her lip. Terry laughed in spite of himself.

Bruce broke in "And neither of us are on drugs! Make us take a drug test if you don’t believe us! If we’ve smoked weed in the past thirty days, it’ll show up!"

Obviously the Whitneys hadn’t thought of that because their entire demeanor suddenly changed. A drug test, of course!

"You’re right, son. I think we’ve all acted a little rashly. When we get home, we can talk about all this."

"Will you let me go to Amherst?"

"We’ll see what the drug test says first, then make a decision after that. Don’t worry, Son, I’m sure you’ll pass. We trust you." he tousled Bruce’s hair.

Bruce frowned.

"Oh and Son..." his father added.

"Yeah?"

"For God’s sake, pull up your pants!"

**Part 13.**

Defusing the anger and tension in the air may have gotten Terry and Bruce out of most of their trouble, but after Bruce left, Terry was still stuck talking to his parents for more than an hour. More like getting talked at by his parents while they explained the dangers of hanging out with habitual drug users, and some facts about the human body with which he’d been familiar since middle school. He nodded along and did his best to look like he was learning a lesson. By the time he escaped back up to his room, he was exhausted and emotionally drained, and he still had a date with Alice in an hour!

He flopped down on his bed.

"Ohhhh, man." he laughed, thinking again of Bruce’s monster cock. He was going to make a big impression at Amherst, that’s for sure! He rubbed his own cock through his jeans and his thoughts drifted again to the cream stuffed in the back of his desk drawer. Maybe a few more inches wouldn’t hurt?

He imagined the look on Alice’s face when he unleashed a monster like Bruce’s on her. Just the thought made him stiffen. He unzipped his pants and whipped out his cock, stroking it with long, smooth passes up the shaft and teasing the back of the head. He imagined Alice’s firm tits pressed against his arm and the touch of her lips against-

His door burst open!

"OhmyGod!"

"OhmyGod did you see the size of Bruce’s OHSHIT!"

May and June had chosen the exact worst moment to invade his privacy. They yelped and ran out of the room. Terry practically fell over himself trying to stuff his erection back into his pants. The girls came back a few seconds later, peeking through the crack of the door first to make sure he was fully zipped up.

"What..."

"...the Hell...."

"was that?" They demanded.

"Nothing, it was nothing! Learn to knock for Chrissakes! Get out of my room!"

The twins didn’t budge.

"That sure wasn’t nothing." said May.

"Yeah." said June "What the hell is going on? First Bruce whips out the monster to eat all monsters..."

"And now you have a fat cock, too."

Terry blushed "I dunno what you’re talking about."

The twins weren’t buying it "Whatever ’big brother’. Your dick hasn’t grown an inch since you were five years old and skinny dipping in the kiddy pool. Now all of a sudden you’ve got enough that you’d need three hands to jerk it all off at once. Something’s up."

"Nothing’s up! Get out!" he stood up and started pushing them out the door. They resisted, but he was too strong.

"You and Bruce have been up to something. We’re going to find out! You can’t hide the truth!" they said as he slammed the door. He waited until he heard them stomp down the stairs and out the back door.

Damn. They were right. They would dig through his stuff until they found the cream. He had to get it out of the house... Maybe give it back to Jeff... But he didn’t have time! It was already coming up on 11 o’clock and he had a date.

He pulled the paper-wrapped jam jar full of extension cream out of his desk drawer and stuffed it in his backpack. He took his backpack to the closet and hid it underneath a pile of laundry and Lacrosse equipment. Hopefully, that would delay the twins long enough for him to have his date. When he came back, he’d get it out of the house for good.

Terry quickly swapped out his jeans for a pair that hung a little more loose. No point in spoiling the surprise, right? He pulled on a good shirt and dashed out the door.

Terry didn’t see May and June on his way out, but they saw him.

When he’d kicked them out of his room. They’d immediately run downstairs, out the back of the house and scrambled up the tree planted outside Terry’s bedroom window. They knew he was up to something with Bruce. Nobody comes by a cock like that naturally. At least not Bruce, the boy they’d been peeking on in the men’s locker room since second semester.

They knew all the boys’ cocks. Bruce’s was nice, but it was never anything remotely as big as the boa constrictor they’d seen him unleash from their hiding place at the top of the stairs.

Seeing Terry’s newly enlarged equipment confirmed something was going on. Both of them agreed that it probably had something to do with the trunk he and Bruce had spent all day moving out of the attic, and whatever was in Terry’s backpack must have been connected as well. Otherwise, why would he hide it in the closet?

**Part 14.**

Alice sat in Ma Magoo’s, bouncing her leg and checking her watch. Terry wasn’t late, but she’d already been there for twenty minutes. She’d been looking forward to this moment for a long time. Ever since he turned her down for Senior Prom. She’d taken his idiot teammate, Doug Winston, instead, and danced with one eye on Terry all night, just to see if she were making him jealous. Terry didn’t even seem to notice. He didn’t even care that she’d given Doug a handjob in the bathroom stall! She’d even made sure Terry found out through her friends. It was humiliating!

The handjob had been useful in another way, however. While she was pumping Doug’s cock, she was also pumping him for information about Terry. That’s where she found out that all the guys on the Lacrosse team thought Terry was gay, but she also learned something else.

"Yeah, his dick is so small, you can’t even see it through his pubes." Doug told her. As if he were one to talk about dick size, she thought. His was barely longer than her hand was wide, and maybe a little thicker than a roll of quarters. He came in under a minute and then tried to feel her up under her bra. She let him, but was disgusted with herself afterward and spent the whole next day crying in her room. Oh yes, you can bet Terry was going to pay... She smiled to herself and ran her hand over the iPhone in her pocket.

Terry entered the restaurant a few minutes later. Damn, but he’s gorgeous. She thought. His hair was so black it almost glinted blue in the sunlight. His strong jaw was set and determined, and he had the deepest, cutest brown eyes. The rest of his body was fine, too. She loved how his biceps filled his sleeves and how his pecs-

No time to get distracted! Focus! There was a mission. This faggy little babydick had humiliated her, and it was almost payback time.

Showtime. She adjusted her bra and made sure her cleavage was pressed up tight against the peekaboo window of her salmon pink tank top.

"Hey Terry!" she waved and cooed in her sexiest voice.

"Oh, hey, Alice!" Terry waved back and came over and sat down.

"I was worried you were gonna be late."

"Yeah, me too, I’ve had the craziest morning!"

"Oh yeah, tell me about it."

"Maybe in a sec. You wanna get some pizza? I’m paying."

You sure will be.

"Sure. I’d like an extra large sausage. Or maybe you’d rather get a small?" She winked at him.

"Um, I was thinking medium? I dunno if I could handle an extra large right now. I guess we could take some home if we don’t finish..."

"I’m hungry enough to eat a horse. Let’s get the extra large." She winked again.

Extra large meets extra small... she thought.

"Fine by me." Said Terry, a little weirded out. What the hell was going on here? What was with all the winking and weird inflection? Damn she was sexy all the same, though. Did her tits get bigger since school ended? He had to fight to keep his eyes on hers.

Terry went up to the window and ordered the giant sausage.

"With lots of sauce." Alice called over her shoulder at him.

They made chitchat while they waited for their order. Terry grabbed the pizza when their order was called. He set the piping hot, extra large sausage down on the table between them. He broke off a slice. Alice just watched.

"Hey, Alice. I’ve been meaning to talk to you." he said between bites of pizza.

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah, about Senior Prom... I’m sorry for how I behaved. I guess I was just shy. I hope I can make it up to you somehow. I think you’re really cute, and I’ve always had kind of a crush on you. Is your... you know... offer still open?"

Offer? What.. Oh right! This was perfect. She grinned. Here I was worried I’d have to wrestle his pants off. He’s going to take them off for me!"

"Aren’t you going to have some? I thought you said you were starving."

Alice whipped her hand across the table and grabbed his wrist. The other hand snapped down to his thigh.

"Oh, I’m hungry for some extra large sausage all right. And the offer is still open, but you have to act now. It expires in... Thirty seconds." She winked and grinned again. Terry swallowed.

"Uhhh, right here in the restaurant?" he glanced around. The lunch crowd had already started to trickle in.

"Yeah. We won’t get caught. Come on stud... You said you wanted to make it up to me..." she licked her lips.

"Well, I..."

"Come on!"

"Okok, just, let’s be discreet about it..." Terry was hoping to get into Alice’s tight little pants, yes, but he had sort of pictured somewhere a little less public for him to lose his virginity. Lucky for him he’d brought a couple of condoms. He hoped he’d still fit them. There hadn’t been time to go out and buy Magnums or anything.

They waited until no one in the kitchen was looking and the rest of the patrons didn’t seem to be paying attention, then walked nonchalantly toward the restrooms.

Alice knocked, no one was inside. Alice yanked Terry in by his collar and shut the door behind him, throwing the bolt.

"Wow. Agressive." Terry smiled.

"Drop your pants."

Terry unzipped his fly and hurriedly pushed his trousers to the ground. Alice quickly dug out her phone and set it to camera mode, ready to snap a picture the moment he straightened up.

"This is for turning me down at Prom you-"

Terry stood back up straight.

"Huh?"

Alice rapid fire snapped the photos, then dropped the phone. The image of Terry’s 7" half-hardon lingered on the screen for a split second before the camera filed it away.

Alice was dumbstruck.

"Where... How... That’s!"

"Extra large?" Terry offered.

"Yeah. Holy shit!"

"You were expecting something else?"

"Well, yeah. Doug said you were... Never mind. Damn! How big is it?"

"9 1/2 inches, last time I measured."

"No way!"

Alice took a step back. She hadn’t intended to do anything aside from snap a few embarrassing pictures of Terry and then escape from the restaurant before he had time to react. Alice was suddenly very aware that she was locked in the bathroom with a half naked boy who was expecting to have sex with her. Oh and he had a cock the size of a baseball bat. She bit her lip and looked around nervously.

"Hey, um. You should go." she said.

"What!? But you just dragged me in here!"

She teared up a little "Forget it, okay!? I changed my mind! Get the hell out!" she started to raise her voice.

The last thing Terry wanted after the crazy events of the past few days was for word to get to his parents that he’d been arrested for attempted rape. He didn’t press the issue. He pulled up his pants, cast her an angry glare, then turned to unbolt the lock.

"Wait..." Alice couldn’t believe she was doing this.

"What now?" He looked over his shoulder.

"Um... I guess you could stay. If you want." The shock from seeing that huge swinger had started to wear off, replaced by the awareness that her panties had been wet since the minute Terry walked into the restaurant.

"Look, I don;t want any trouble. Maybe it’s better if I go..."

"No. Really. I was just startled! It’s just... I thought..." she rubbed her hand behind her neck "Doug told me you were small."

That son of a bitch. Terry thought.

"Doug’s a liar."

"Obviously. I’ve never seen anyone as big as you."

"You see a lot of guys’ cocks?"

"No!" she pushed him "I mean, you know. Just around! Doug wasn’t very big."

Terry remembered how only a few weeks ago, he’d been bitterly envious of Doug’s cock, and Doug was the third smallest guy on the team.

"Yeah, he’s the second smallest guy on the team." Terry smiled at the change of fortunes. "I should have warned you, but you seemed pretty mad at me at Prom."

"It’s okay. Um..."

"Yeah?"

"Could I see yours again? Maybe touch it?"

Terry didn’t have to be asked twice. He unzipped his pants and flopped out his dick. It was almost fully hard now.

Alice reached down, timidly at first. It was warm in her hand. She could feel his pulse through the spongy flesh. It got harder as she held it. Her hand didn’t even make it all the way around!

A lot bigger than a roll of quarters. She thought.

Terry wasn’t sure what to do. He stroked his hand down her back. She shivered and placed her other hand against his pecs.

"Could you take off your shirt?" she asked.

He did. It was amazing. She dropped his cock and ran her hands up his abs, feeling every ridge. Before she knew what she was doing, she was stripping off her top. Terry gripped her bare waist. It was narrow and trim. Her skin was cool against his hands.

"Terry." she said before he could pull her close.

"Yea?"

"I’m a virgin."

"Me too."

She stripped off her pants. She wasn’t wearing sexy panties. They had bears on them. Her pubic hair was visible as a dark patch through the white fabric, and a small spot of moisture was spread out from her crotch.

She laughed nervously and pulled her panties down.

"Do you have a condom?" she asked.

"Yeah..." he dropped down and searched through his jeans pocket until he found the Trojan Ultra-Ribbed. He fiddled with the wrapper and tore it along the top.

"Let me." Alice took the condom and took a few seconds trying to slip it over his fat cockhead, flipped it around, and started to unroll it.

"You’re not going to blow me first?" he asked.

"Oh, uh. Did you want me to?" She’d never had a cock in her mouth in her life. Handjobs had been her limit so far.

"Not really I guess. It’s just what they always do in pornos..."

She went back to unrolling the condom. It was a stretch, but it fit. Terry pressed close to her. His erection was hot and hard against her stomach. She grabbed it and guided it into her pussy.

"Ow!" It felt even bigger than it looked

"Sorry."

"Owowow!"

"Sorry. We can-"

"Shut up for a second, okay?" She was concentrating on working it in. Inch by inch, it stretched her lips wide. The ridges felt like mountains. She could feel it slide in faster now. A sudden ache in her stomach told her it had hit her cervix.

"Woooow.." her voice trembled.

Terry’s pulse thundered. His cock pulsed like the beat of a base drum. He wondered if she could feel it throbbing in her. She could.

Slowly, Terry began to slide his cock out and back in. There was a thin film of blood on the condom.

"It’s okay." She said.

Instinct and the lessons learned from watching a thousand hours of porn started to take over. His thrusts became more confident.

Alice gritted her teeth. Fuck, this was painful! She almost begged him to stop, but she couldn’t. It hurt... but it hurt so good! Beneath the chorus of pain echoing in her pussy, there was a backbeat of pleasure that was growing more intense with every stroke of Terry’s massive shaft. She could feel the head sliding through her and slamming into her cervix.

"Ohhhhhh...." she moaned. He was pounding harder now. His cock rushing through her like a freight train. He pushed her up against the wall to get a better angle.

"Oh yes!" The first beginnings of an orgasm spasmed through her tight pussy.

"Fuck me! Oh Yes ohhhh yesssssssss!" Electric fires of pleasure tore through her body. She dug her nails into his back and wrapped her legs around his waist. Terry was running on pure adrenaline now, he carried her weight easily and pounded faster.

The first orgasm hit like a thunderclap. She gushed hot honey down his shaft and bit him in the shoulder to keep from screaming.

He kept going. A second, smaller climax shuddered through her, followed by a third and fourth. The mixture of pain and pleasure was intense. She could feel another one coming like a rolling wave. This one was going to be huge. Terry gritted his teeth and started spacing out his thrusts a little to give her the benefit of his whole length.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuck!" She came so hard she saw stars. Her pussy gripped his shaft so tight Terry couldn’t hold it anymore.

"Urghhhhhhnnnnn!" He shuddered as he came, blowing his load felt like opening the valve on a firehose. His cock swelled visibly with each shot.

They dropped to the ground, panting and soaked. Their ears stopped ringing after a few seconds and they realized someone was pounding on the door.

"I’ve called the cops! You get out of there or I’ll break down the door!" the manager’s angry voice boomed from the other side.

They scrambled to get dressed. Terry yanked off the condom, splattering jizz all over the floor, he tossed it into the trash and pulled up his pants.

"On three!" he said to Alice.

"Huh?"

"Three!" Terry unbolted the door and threw it open. He pushed through the manager and bolted for the exit, dragging Alice behind him. They ran three blocks before they stopped in an alley to catch their breath. They both broke into a gout of hysterical laughter. Then Alice gasped.

"Fuck!" she said "My phone!"

**Part 15.**

"Shit!" said Terry.

"If they find it, they’ll know who I am!"

"Maybe they didn’t get a good look at us. We can go back and get it. If we hurry, we might get it back before they find it."

Terry grabbed Alice’s arm and began to head back to the pizza place. Alice only got a few steps before her knees buckled and she dropped to the ground.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!" she exclaimed.

"What, what’s the matter?"

"Ow! Woah, I dunno, it felt like I just had another orgasm..."

"What, like, standing here right now?"

"Ho ffffffff.... Yes..."

"Is that even possible?"

"I guess so. It wasn’t as big as the ones you gave me, but it’s like my crotch is super sensitive right now. Just rubbing against my panties is setting me oooohoohoff. Setting me off!"

"Well enjoy it on the way, we’ve gotta go get your phone."

She shot him a dirty look from her seat on the sidewalk "I’m not going anywhere. I’ve gotta sit down for a minute. I can’t walk or see straight and my stomach hurts, bad."

"You’re having phantom orgasms and your stomach hurts? Why does your stomach hurt?"

"Maybe because someone was just pounding on it with their giant dong, Dingus!" She punched him hard in the shin.

"Ow! Fine! But we need to get your phone!" he said, balancing on one leg and rubbing his injured shin.

"You get it!"

"The manager looked me right in the eyes, he’ll know it’s me the second I step in there. Do you have any friends nearby you can call?"

"Maybe if I had my phone, duh!"

"I mean with my phone."

"I don’t know any of their numbers. It’s all in my address book in my phone." She glared at him again.

Terry ran his hands through his hair, thinking hard. Maybe there was someone nearby he could call...

As if on cue, his cellphone buzzed. It was a text from Greg of all people.

"Was that u i just saw running out of MM?"

Greg had been there? Terry had been so focused on Alice, and then trying to escape that he hadn’t even seen him. He texted back.

"Yea. Need a favor. Plz go into bathroom and get iPhone. Bring it to me."

"lol, u r so stupid. Will do. Where r u?"

Terry looked around for a good meeting place. There was a Burger king across the street on the opposite side of the building they were hiding behind. He looked down at Alice "My friend is getting the phone. Can you make it to the Burger King?" he asked. She stood up on shaky knees, leaning heavily on him for support.

"Yeah, I guess."

Terry texted Greg "Meet me @ BK."

"K"

"And bring my bike 2 plz." he added as an afterthought.

"@$$hole" texted Greg.

Terry and Alice made their way to the Burger King. Alice was right, she could barely walk straight, and every few steps she would let out a little breath as if she’d just been tickled. Terry couldn’t help but feel proud of himself in spite of the situation. They found a table and sat down, taking furtive glances out the window every so often, half expecting to see the police pull up outside.

A few minutes later, Greg walked into the Burger King. Terry stood up, smiling. He hadn’t seen Greg since summer started. The former team captain looked every bit as dynamic and powerful as he did during their last game of the season against Medfield. They’d have lost that game if it weren’t for him.

Alice was jealous immediately. She’d never been able to get any more than a "hi" out of Greg. He was always too busy being loyal to that awful Shirley Brattenburger. How a girl as mannish as Shirley could get a hunk like Greg Alice would never know. He was easily three or four inches taller than Terry, broader across the chest and shoulders, too. If only he had Terry’s cock he would have been sooo perfect.

"Hi Greg." She said, resting her chin on the back of the booth.

"Hey there..."

"Alice." Terry whispered.

"Alice."

"Did you get my phone?" She asked.

"I did, actually. You’ve got some interesting pictures on there."

Terry and Alice both blushed.

"Who said you could go through it!? Give it here!"

"Sorry, it was already open to your photo gallery. From the looks of things you saw some big things today." he handed her her phone over the back of the booth.

"Ha ha. Talk to Terry. The pictures are of him." She turned back around and started deleting the photos.

Greg burst out laughing. Terry crossed his arms over his chest. He knew Greg had no idea he’d undergone a \*ahem\* growth spurt recently, and was offended on principle, even if there was nothing to be ashamed of anymore.

Greg wiped his eyes "Sorry." he said.

"Yeah whatever. Thanks for doing that, dude. Where’s my bike?"

"You locked it to the rack, Dingus. I don’t know your combo."

"He is a dingus." Alice said from behind the booth.

"I’ll go back and get it I guess. Are there a lot of cops there?"

"I don’t think the manager actually called them. They hadn’t shown up by the time I left. That was pretty friggin’ funny though." he leaned in to Terry’s ear and lowered his voice "I guess you found a girl willing to overlook your little ’size issue’, huh?" he winked.

Terry looked nonplussed "Something like that."

Greg grinned and slapped him on the back "Lighten up dude. From the sound of things you just got laid. How was it?"

"Amazing, but can we not talk about it here?"

"Yeah really. I’m so embarrassed right now I want to die." said Alice.

"Aw come on, if Terry can get over his embarrassment, I’m sure you can."

"Terry’s got nothing to be embarrassed about."

Greg smiled "True enough. You’ve got a very enlightened attitude, young lady."

"Whatever." she waved the back of her hand at him.

Terry shook Greg’s hand again "Hey, thanks man. We’ve got to stay in touch after I get set up at Bradford."

"Oh I’m sure we will." Greg winked again and walked out.

Terry went back to Alice.

"I’m gonna go get my bike. It looks like the heat’s died down a little."

"Fine."

Terry didn’t like the sound of that ’fine’.

"What’s up?" he asked.

"Nothing. Go off to Bradford, have a nice life."

"Is there something on your mind?"

"Are you just gonna fuck me and leave me?"

Terry rubbed his hand over his hair. There was always a catch.

"Do you want to date? I guess we could do the long distance thing. I just didn’t think you wanted to..."

"I don’t." she said "But I wanted you to ask. You’re off the hook. Go."

Terry started to get up.

"Wait."

He sat back down.

"Just remember this." Alice looked him right in the eyes "You can date whoever you want in college, but in return, if you and I ever cross paths again, you have to have sex with me whenever I want. Understand?"

"Umm, okay. Deal."

"Promise."

"Umm..."

"Promise me."

"Okay, I promise."

"Promise what?"

"I promise that if we cross paths again, I will have sex with you whenever you want... Within reason." his voice was firm on this last point. Her expression narrowed, but she raised no objection.

"Deal."

They shook on it.

**Part 16.**

Terry coasted his bike the last block to his house. His quiet home was definitely a welcome sight. He wanted to go up to his room and sleep until it was time to pack up for Bradford.

The past 24 hours had been an emotional roller coaster for Terry. Since this time yesterday, he’d added five inches to his dick, been on the receiving end of an intervention staged by his parents and the parents of his best friend, who believed that he and said friend were smoking drugs and having gay sex together, watched his best friend flash everybody at the intervention with a cock larger than a Pringles can, accidentally flashed his own sisters, been the victim of attempted blackmail, almost been accused of attempted rape, and lost his virginity.

The last loose end to this crazy day was the jar of growth cream. After seeing what his 9 1/2" dick did to Alice, he was pretty confident that any more would just be excessive. He’d destroy the cream before it was a menace to anyone else...

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It was gone.

He dug through the pile of old clothes and sports equipment two more times, just to make sure he hadn’t somehow missed his backpack hidden in the mess. Where had it gone!? Where-

"Looking for something?" The twins had snuck in to his room on little cat’s paws. Both of them stood over him now with self-satisfied smirks. May held Terry’s backpack in her hand. June held the jar of growth cream in hers.

"May! June! Hey! That’s my backpack and my stuff! Why’re you snooping in my room? " He demanded.

"We’re solving mysteries." said May.

"Yeah, the mystery of the giant cocks. Got any clues for us?" Asked June.

Terry stood up and reached for the jar. "Gimme back my stuff." June snatched the jar away.

"Is it jizz? More ’samples’ from Bruce’s wienerschnitzel?" June held the jar up to the light and examined its contents.

"It’s not jizz, it’s just hand cream."

"Hand cream you keep in a jam jar?" May raised an incredulous eyebrow.

"Yes. I use it for lube for masturbating. It’s gross that you’re touching it."

June’s resolve wavered slightly. May gave her a look that told her to stand firm.

"Tell us what’s really in it, or we’ll flush it down the toilet."

"I’ll never tell you. You’ll just have to flush it."

"Fine." They marched to the bathroom. Terry followed. June made a big show with each individual motion of unscrewing the cap, placing the cap on the sink, walking over to the toilet, and tipping it slowly in. Terry didn’t blink. At the last second, she stopped. He wasn’t falling for her bluff. Time to take a different tack.

"On second thought..." she said "My hands are a bit dry, maybe I should..." she started to reach her hand in. That got Terry’s attention.

"No!" he lunged and grabbed her wrists, forcing them apart. May started to reach for the jar.

"No, please! Don’t touch it! It’s dangerous! It’s not safe!" he begged "Just calm down, put the lid back on and I’ll tell you the truth."

He eased Junes arms down. She rubbed her wrist where he’d wrenched it, then picked the cap up off the sink and screwed it back on.

"Ok, now, give me the jar."

"Nope. Not until you tell us the truth about what it is."

Terry sighed and sat down on the rim of the tub.

"It’s a growth cream."

"A what?"

"A huh?"

"Just like I said. It’s a cream, it makes things grow. Whatever you put it on gets bigger. I used it on my dick."

"No way. It’s drugs isn’t it?"

"No, it’s real. Bruce used too much and his dick grew out of control. I used it, but my dick was pretty small so it turned out okay. If you touch it with your hands, you’ll get giant hands."

"If we rub it on our head, will we get long hair?"

"I don’t think so. We’ve only used it on our dicks so far, but it didn’t make my pubes any longer. I think it would just make your head big. We don’t really know how it works."

May and June exchanged looks.

"You have a cream that you don’t know everything it does or how it works and the first thing you test it on is your dicks? You boys are idiots."

"Well it worked, so who’s the idiot now?"

"Still you."

"Yeah, still you."

"Fine."

"So it works on other stuff?" June got a calculating look in her eyes.

"Probably. We haven’t tested it on anything else."

"Would it work on... boobs?" June asked.

May slapped her sister on the arm "Are you serious!?"

"What!? I was just wondering! I mean, these?" she gestured to her moderate, but still shapely rack "Imagine what we could do next year with just a little extra-"

"Lalalalala! I’m not listening to my sisters talk about growing their boobs!" Terry sang with his fingers in his ears.

"Oh grow up."

"No, you grow up! Learn to be patient! You’ve seen Mom! You’re both going to be plenty big soon enough!"

"’Soon enough’ isn’t soon enough!"

May looked apprehensive. Terry turned to her.

"May, tell her."

"June, don’t rub Terry’s dick cream on your boobs." she said.

"Thank you."

June turned the jar over in her hand "I just want to try a little. Just a cup size! You don’t have to if you don’t want."

"I thought you said I was an idiot for rubbing it on my dick?"

"You were, but now, there’s been a guinea pig. We know it works, and we know it doesn’t have any adverse effects. Witness our big brother’s miraculous transformation." She gestured to Terry’s crotch. "Why should he be the only one to enjoy a little ’cosmetic enhancement’ in this family?"

Terry jumped to his feet, exasperated "Because it’s stupid! That stuff is potentially dangerous! You don’t know how to use it!" he said.

"Then you’d better instruct us properly before we mess something up."

Terry pressed his hand over his eyes.

"Okay, how will you explain your new bra size to mom and dad?"

"Growth spurt. They happen all the time to kids our age."

"A full cup size? And that’s a full cup size minimum by the way. My dick doubled in size the first time I put it on. You’ll be lucky if you don’t end up with E-cups!"

"So? Then we’ll water it down."

"I guess it might be okay." Said May. Terry and June both looked over at her.

"If we watered it down."

Terry didn’t have a quick comeback to that one. Water down the formula? Why hadn’t he thought of that?

**Part 17.**

Bruce waited outside the hospital bathroom holding the empty sample cup over his shoulder where the male nurse could see it. He heard a flush through the fiberwood bathroom door and an elderly man dragging an IV stand shuffled out thirty seconds later. Bruce proceeded in, followed by his observer.

His parents had wasted no time scheduling a drug test for him. They hadn’t even stopped at his house first, they’d made an appointment on the way to the hospital. While Terry was fucking Alice’s brains out, he was sitting on a plastic chair in a cold waiting room that smelled like old people and medicine. A surly looking punk with four barbell-piercings in his ear and one in his nose sat across from him and stared at him from behind a full facial tribal tattoo. Bruce could swear his parents were thinking "You see, Bruce, that’s where your life is headed if you start doing drugs." loudly enough that everyone in the waiting room could hear.

Bruce unzipped his fly and reached through the gap in his underwear. He could only get his dick partway out before it folded over and got stuck in the fly. He tried to yank it out but he couldn’t do it one handed.

"Is it okay if I set the cup down? I’m having a little trouble..."

"That’s fine." The male nurse said in a businesslike tone. Bruce set the cup down and unbuttoned his top button.

"Do you have to actually...?"

"Yes. I have to watch the urine enter the cup."

Bruce sighed and flopped out his dick. The nurse kept a straight face, but when Bruce looked up at him, he cut his gaze to a spot on the wall behind Bruce’s head.

Bruce filled the cup, screwed on the cap and set it down again while he tucked everything back into place.

The male nurse coughed. It sounded a lot like "Kudos." Bruce looked around, but the Nurse’s face was as still as a statue. They marched out of the bathroom and dropped the test off at the lab window.

Did the sample leave your sight at any time? No. Place your thumb here. Thank you. Next.

Brcue sat back down with his parents.

"We’re sure everything will be fine, son." said his father.

"No matter what the test says. We still love you, Brucie." she took his hand. Bruce squeezed it. He just wanted this to be over and get on with adapting to life as a walking towel rack. No such luck yet.

The male nurse who’d watched him take his sample was talking with a young, dark haired female nurse who stood with her back to him. She glanced over her shoulder a few times at him, but looked away as soon as she saw he was looking back. A few seconds later she grabbed a clipboard off the counter and headed in his direction.

"Mr... Bruce Whitney." she said, reading off the forms clipped to the board.

"Yes?"

"The doctor will see you now."

"Doctor, wha...? Are the results of my test ready already?"

His parents shuffled in their chairs. "Well, Brucie. We thought... as long as you were here..." His mother trailed off.

"You might want to get your... situation... Looked at. By an expert." his father finished.

"What? But!"

"I promise I won’t bite... Much." The nurse smiled. She wore rectangular glasses with thick, dark rims. She smirked and pushed them up her nose.

"They’re professionals, son. There’s no need to be ashamed." his father called behind him, a little too loudly for Bruce’s comfort. Nobody else in the waiting room knew he was in there for a bad case of Terminally Oversized Penis. Now everyone probably thought he had herpes or something. Thanks a lot, Dad.

He followed the nurse out of the waiting room.

• • •

The nurse led him around the corner into an examination room. There she listened to his heart, took his pulse, blood pressure and other vital statistics. She asked him a list of questions about his family history and medical background, then instructed him to change out of his clothes into the hospital gown provided.

"The doctor will be in shortly." she said, withdrawing from the room to let him change.

Bruce looked over at the hospital gown from his perch on top of the examination table, sighed, and began to strip down. His ridiculous cock flopped down halfway to his knees as soon as it was free of his shorts. He wondered how the doctor would react when he saw that. He wondered how any girl would react when she saw that. Bruce had a couple girlfriends in high school, but like many high school relationships, they never went anywhere. His parents had been adamantly against sex before marriage, and they cock blocked him at every opportunity. He’d been single the last four weeks of school simply because he didn’t want the hassle of having his parents harassing his dates and calling him every couple hours to make sure he was "having a good time" whenever he was out with a girl. College was supposed to be his big opportunity to break out of his parents’ shadow and finally lose his virginity, but now what was he going to do?

He slipped into the hospital gown and waited on the table. The doctor entered after a few minutes.

The doctor was a handsome woman in her late forties. She had a pleasant, round face creased heavily with laugh lines. Pointed, cherry red glasses perched on the tip of her nose and dangled their beaded straps down around her shoulders.

"Whitney, Bruce. Age nineteen." she barked in a smirky, no nonsense tone. Her voice had a resonant rasp to it that betrayed more than a few years of smoking in her younger days "That you, sweetie?"

"Yes."

"I’m Doctor Green. Your parents tell me you’ve been demonstrating ’abnormal growth’." she looked over the chart "Seventy inches tall... 180 pounds... you seem pretty squarely average."

Bruce looked down and fidgeted with his hands on the vynl edge of the exam table.

"Oh well, better have a look at the rest of you, then."

"I really don’t think-"

"Sweetie, I’ve seen it all. I’m a doctor. Trust me, you don’t need to be embarrassed."

"I’m sure it’s nothing."

"Sweetie, I can’t make you strip down, but if you don’t, then I can’t diagnose you, I can’t treat you and this has been a waste of my time and yours. Make up your mind quick, I’ve got a lot of patients to see."

"I didn’t mean that I... Okay." Bruce relented and reached around behind his back to untie the hospital gown. He got to his feet and slipped it off.

The doctor whistled. "Okay, now I’ve seen it all. That is abnormal." She got down for a closer look. His dick was right in her face. Why wasn’t this as awkward for her as it was for him!?

She prodded it with a tongue depressor. "What have your parents been feeding you and where can I get some for my husband? ah Ha ha!" She cackled out a Phyllis Diller-esque laugh.

Bruce forced a chuckle so that she wouldn’t think he was being a jerk.

"Is your father the same way? I’m assuming not. He’s too much of a tightass."

A genuine laugh escaped from Bruce this time, but he returned to looking grave.

"How big does it get?" She asked.

"Fourteen inches or so."

"And you don’t pass out?"

"I’m as surprised as you."

She scrutinized his salami once more, then, without asking, picked it up and held it laid across both hands.

"Well, it-" she started to say, but the door clicked open. The cute nurse with the glasses who’d taken his pule earlier walked in with her face buried in her clipboard "Doctor, you left one of the patients forms on the- ohI’msosorryexcuseme!..." she clapped her clipboard up over her mouth when she saw Bruce was naked. She froze when she got a look at how naked.

A beat passed without the nurse making a move. Dr. Green got impatient and put a hand on her hip, leaving six inches of Bruce’s cock dangling in her other hand.

"Did you have anything for me?"

"Um. A form. You forgot. Never mind. Sorry!" She suppressed a giggle behind her clipboard and backed out of the room. Bruce didn’t know if she was trying not to stare, but she did a terrible job if she were.

Dr. Green huffed and dropped the rest of Bruce’s member.

The rest of the examination proceeded with little comment from either party. Dr. Green asked a lot of questions and measured other parts of his body, his hand, his ears etc...

"Well." she said "By all appearances there’s nothing wrong with you. We’ll still need to run a few tests to see if this is hormonal. I’m going to need a sperm sample."

Huh, they really did take sperm samples for cases like this. He’d have to tell Terry...

"Right here?"

"Over there." she pointed to the closet sized bathroom attached to the exam room "There’s lotion if you need lube. Here’s the sample cup. Do you need porn?"

Bruce was somewhat taken aback by her directness.

"No..." he said "I think I can handle it."

"Whatever. Well, get to it." She started filling out forms.

"Are you gonna be right here the whole time while I... You know?"

She looked over her glasses at him "The door shuts, you know." she laughed her Phyllis Dilller laugh.

"Still, I mean..."

She rolled her eyes and sighed "Fine." she gathered up her papers "Holler when you’re done."

Bruce waited until she’d closed the door behind her, then went into the bathroom.

He hadn’t jerked off since the growth. It was weird handling something so big. He couldn’t get his hand all the way around. At least it got hard fairly easily. Within a few strokes it had expanded to its full, colossal length. He heard the door in the room outside open and shut.

"Not done yet!" he called through the door. Geez, give a guy a little credit. He could hear the person moving around outside. It was seriously throwing him off, as if he didn’t have enough to deal with not being able to grip it right anymore...

The bathroom door opened up. What the hell?

It was the nurse.

**Part 18.**

Bruce jumped up off the toilet, then frantically tried to cover himself by pulling his shirt over his erection. It did absolutely nothing to hide anything since his rod was practically sticking out of his collar.

"Excuse me, what are you doing!?" he demanded.

The nurse shushed him and checked over her shoulder. "I’m here to help." she said.

"What? ’Help?’ With what?"

"What do you think, Jumbo? I ain’t here to help you with your homework."

"I’m doing fine. Thanks." he sat back down.

The nurse stayed in the doorway "I just thought you might appreciate a second set of hands. I’ve never seen a dick that big before. It must be a nightmare to get off. We don’t want to wait all day for this sample, you know..." She smiled and played with her glasses.

"Do you come on to all your patients this way?"

"Only the cute ones." she started to glide up close to him.

"Nobody’s looking for you?"

"I told them I was taking my break. We have twenty minutes." She slid in closer. Bruce swallowed. She smelled like lilac shampoo. His struggling erection stiffened up beneath his shirt.

"Mmmmmm. So let’s see this beast that’s got everyone so worked up."

"Everyone?" he asked, nervous.

"Oh yeah, that guy who took your piss test? Gay as the day is long. Huge gossip, too. I wasn’t even the first person he told. You’ll have half the nurses in the hospital breaking down this door with ’forgotten paperwork’ and ’sorry, wrong door’ inside of an hour. You want to be out of here before then, don’t you?"

Bruce tugged at his collar.

"I thought so..." she grabbed his shirt and began to slide it up, revealing inch after endless inch of cock.

"You won’t get in trouble?"

"Not unless you tattle." she kept sliding up his shirt. Her face was inches from his. He could feel her warm, sensual breaths on his chest. He felt her take his cock in her hand.

"Ahh!" he jumped.

"What now?"

"Your hands are cold."

The nurse snorted and couldn’t continue until she finished laughing. Bruce laughed a little too in spite of himself.

"See? Now you’re cheering up." she smiled.

"Wait."

"What now?"

"What’s your name?"

"Melody. And if my hands are cold, I might have something else that can help you..."

She pulled her scrubs off over her head. Bruce swallowed a gasp. Her body was amazing! He hadn’t paid much attention before. He was in a sulk over being dragged there by his parents, and her scrubs weren’t exactly flattering. They’d certainly betrayed no hint of these... these... Jugs! He’d never seen a pair so big that weren’t attached to Terry’s mom, and these had the added advantage of being young, pert and a full cup size larger. They strained against a black, lacy bra that must have been certified by the Army Corps of Engineers.

"Want to do the honors?" she pressed her boobs up in his face. They jiggled softly.

"Huh?"

"My bra, silly." she snort-laughed again.

He reached around behind her back with a shaking hand and fumbled with her bra hooks. It took forever.

"You have undone a bra before, right?" she snorted.

"Yes! It’s just.. Geez, how many hooks have you got back there?"

There were five. The bra sprung open and her breasts bounced free.

"Wow..." he swallowed.

She tugged his shirt the rest of the way off and tossed it in the corner, then tossed her bra on top of it.

"Mmmmmmmmmm" she pressed in close, squeezing his cock between her melons. She began to rub him up and down, pumping with her hands at the same time. Bruce’s cock began to warm with pleasure.

She worked the shaft slowly, pressing herself close to him so that he could feel the tease of her nipples on his chest. They were hard, and stuck out like pencil erasers.

Bruce gripped her waist. He murmured something.

"Huh?" she asked, still stroking his haft.

Bruce cleared his throat.

"Could you, you know, put it in your mouth?"

She smiled "I thought you’d never ask."

• • •

Melody admitted to herself she may have bitten off more than she could chew... So to speak. Bruce’s cockhead was massive; it was like trying to cram an entire peach in her mouth. It took some doing, but she finally got her mouth around it. She pumped his mighty shaft with both hands as she slurped the tip.

"Eeegh echhhhh hoooo!" she said around a mouthful of cock.

"What?"

With a little difficulty, she disconnected herself from the head with a wet "pop!"

"This is huge!" she said, still working his stony cock with long, skillful strokes. "You gonna cum for me, stud?" She asked, licking her lips.

"Oh yeah." Bruce was starting to enjoy Melodie’s touch. Her hands had warmed up, and his cock felt amazing between her gorgeous boobs. She started teasing his cockhead with her mouth again, trying to get a little more in her mouth each time. Bruce was impressed that she’d actually managed to take the whole head and an inch or two of shaft. He could feel the pressure rising behind his balls, the pleasure building up inside him. He gripped her waist tighter and began to thrust his cock slowly in time with her strokes. She nodded and sucked harder, swallowing another inch.

Masturbating had never felt as good as this! He reached out and started working her tits, pressing them closer around his massive member. Melody took her hands off his cock and placed them on his shoulders. She started rubbing her entire body up and down his whole length.

"Oh man...." his dick gave a shudder. He felt his balls contract. Melody squirted some more lube into her palm and worked it onto his shaft, rubbing and stroking faster.

Bruce took his hands off her tits and grabbed her head. She didn’t have time to be surprised before he pulled her face up to his and kissed her deep and full. He came.

Hot jizz spurted up and hit Melody’s chin with surprising force "Wow!" she sputtered, pulling back and scrabbling to grab the sample cup. She gripped his cock tried to force him to aim in its general direction. Two more shots in rapid succession coated her breasts in gooey ropes of thick cum. Another one actually made it into the container.

"Jesus!" Melody looked down at her sticky chest "Was not expecting that! Wow!"

She scraped as much as she could off of herself and Bruce’s rod into the cup. For good measure, she grabbed him by the base of his shaft and squeezed, then ran her grip up his entire length.

"Ow! what’re you doing?" he asked, watching his veins bulge.

"Just being thorough" she said. Excess spooge gushed from his cock like toothpaste from a tube. What she squeezed out was more than enough to overflow the sample cup on its own. She smushed the cap down on top and ran her finger around the edge to catch the overflow. She wiped it on some toilet paper.

She looked back up at Bruce and smiled "Thanks for that, Bruce. If I were a more daring person, I’d have wanted to at least try to ride that monster. Oh well, I’d probably better get out of here."

Bruce sat back on the toilet with dazed satisfaction "Lemme know anytime you need more samples, Melody."

"Oh, I will." she winked, straightening her glasses and pulling her scrubs back over her head "Look me up if you’re ever back in town."

She straightened her hair and left.

Bruce stared down at his pet python, it hung limply over the edge of the toilet seat, growing softer every second. He looked at the hot sample cup in his hand. Maybe being hung like John Holmes’s horse wouldn’t be all bad after all.

**Part 19.**

While Bruce was at the hospital coating Melody with his cream, Terry and his sisters were playing with some cream of their own.

Diluting the growth formula turned out to be slightly more complicated than expected. They had originally intended to use water, but realized it would be too dangerous if it became runny and a stray drop were to touch something they didn’t want grown. Eventually, they come up with the solution that they would mix the growth cream with hand lotion. It would keep its consistency and be easy to store and manipulate.

"I can’t believe you talked me into this." said Terry, tapping the bottom of the jar to coax the last of the cream into the bottle of lotion. He washed the jar out thoroughly then started mixing the hand lotion up with the straw attached to the bottle’s pump-cap.

"It just shows what a sweet and generous brother you are." said June.

"Whatever." he stirred for several minutes until he was sure it was thoroughly mixed.

"Here you go." he said "Don’t blame me if you both end up having to explain your monster hooters to Mom and Dad." he held the bottle out to June. June and May just looked at each other, then at him.

"What?" he asked.

"Really? You’re not going to test it?" said June.

"Test it? We know it works."

"Not mixed with hand lotion. What if it doesn’t work anymore?"

"I guess you’ll find out then, won’t you?"

"We don’t even know what pace it grows at now. How will we know how much to put on?" said May.

"As little as possible is my advice."

"Nuh uh. Time to do what you do best, guinea pig."

"No way! I’m not putting any more of that stuff on my dick! Who knows what would happen?"

"Where was this common sense before? Anyway, if not you, then who?"

"You two can test it! You wanted this. If you won’t try it without me trying it first, then I guess you won’t try it."

"Fine!" June huffed and snatched the bottle from his hands. The siren song of the cream was too strong for her to resist. She and May turned and left.

Terry ran his fingers over his hair. He hoped he was doing the right thing...

• • •

June and May rushed to their room and closed and locked the door.

"Ok." Said June "Before we do this, we need to straighten some things out."

"Like what?"

"Like I get Bruce."

"Fine" said May.

"It’s only f-... Huh?" June stammered. She’d been expecting a drawn out fight over which of them would get to use their soon-to-be enhanced bust to go after the guy of their dreams. The two of them had been chasing after Bruce all year, constructing elaborate fantasies and often plunging into bitter fights over which of them would get to date him if they got the chance. It was unlike May to just roll over like this.

"It’s fine." May repeated "Bruce is all yours."

"What!? Whyyyy?" June narrowed her eyes, suspicious.

"Why do you think? He’s hunky and cool and all, but I don’t want a guy who could kill me with his dick! Did you see it? It looked like a third arm!"

June had to stop and think about that. May raised a good point.

"Besides." May continued "I’ve been noticing Daryl a lot, lately."

Daryl was a freshman in the same year as May and June. He played on the soccer team and had a definitely droolworthy body. They’d never managed to see him naked, but May had seen him in his briefs once. His epic bulge had been the subject of many late night fantasies between the two sisters.

"It doesn’t bother you that he’s Black?"

"Why would it?"

"Just asking."

"Anyway, that makes things easier, just rub some of that goop on my butt instead of my boobs." the girls giggled.

"Fine, drop your panties. We’ll do you first. If this stuff messes you up, at least your butt is easier to hide..." Said June, pulling on some rubber gloves and squeezing a handful of the growth formula spiked lotion into her palm.

May pulled down her skirt and panties. Her butt was small and as firm as a cherry tomato. June started to rub the lotion into her sister’s taut cheeks.

"Wow, that tingles!"

It didn’t spread evenly at first. May had to lay down on her belly. June squeezed out another handful and started spreading it around.

"Hey! Go easy back there, huh? I want a booty, not a badonkadonk!"

"I’m trying to layer it and spread it out so that you get a good shape! Quit squirming or I’ll give you thunder thighs!" June continued to massage. May’s butt was already growing as she rubbed in the cream. Whatever was in the hand lotion made the cream absorb into the skin much more quickly. Results were visible in minutes.

"Wow! This stuff really works!" Said June as May’s behind expanded from a cherry tomato into a juicy onion. May looked back over her shoulder.

"Holy cow! That’s enough! Geez!" she exclaimed with some slight alarm. June hadn’t stopped in time and May’s butt was now indeed on the very verge of being a badonkadonk.

"It looks fine. I might have you do mine next. Not quite this big, though." June laughed.

"You’ll be laughing on the other side of your face once I get my turn with the lotion, sis."

"Don’t sweat it. It’s big, but crazy firm, it doesn’t even jiggle that much!" To add emphasis, June slapped a plump buttcheek.

"Ow!"

"Whatever, crybaby. Daryl will love it. Now do me." June carefully stripped off her gloves and then started undoing her blouse.

May huffed and pulled on the gloves.

"Hurry up, donkey butt."

Donkey Butt, huh? May squeezed out a huge glob of lotion into her hands and slapped it square on June’s chest without warning.

"Hey! I wasn’t ready! That’s too much!"

"Yeah, well you’re stuck with it now."

"Hurry and spread it around! Ahhh! It tingles! I’ll get you for this!"

"Now who’s the crybaby?" May spread the lotion around evenly. It really did work fast! June’s nipples popped out hard first, and the rest of her boobs soon started to expand as well, growing out like water balloons filling at a tap.

"You’d better not have ruined my boobs, you heifer."

"I’m sure they’ll go great with Bruce’s third arm." May giggled.

"Shut up!"

They were both relieved when June’s boobs stopped growing at a healthy C cup. They looked a little big on her young, narrow frame, but at least they weren’t freakish.

"Awesome! I’m gonna be a superstar like Mom!" June gave her new rack a test squeeze. May ran a self conscious hand along the curvature of her butt. It felt really huge. She wondered if a butt grown out this way could be worked off with exercise.

"Okay, are we done here?" she asked.

"Sure, give Terry back his magic lotion..."

**Part 20.**

The last few days of summer ticked down lazily and quietly. The day before Bruce was supposed to leave for Amherst, the Whitneys got a call from Dr. Green about the results of his exam.

"What’s the prognosis, doctor? Is there anything we can do for my son?" Asked Mr. Whitney.

"Well, normally in circumstances like these, I would suggest hormone treatments, but Bruce doesn’t indicate any other signs of hormonal imbalance. Apart from his unusually large genitals, his hands, feet and facial structure are all in proportion. Hormonal imbalances almost never manifest themselves in a single local area. His sperm culture seems to confirm this. Apart from the fact that Bruce’s sperm count is more than fifty times the average for someone his age, his hormone levels appear to be completely normal."

"But we can still treat it, right doctor? Isn’t there some sort of penis reduction surgery?"

"We can’t treat this hormonally without producing severe side effects in the rest of his body and as far as I know, there’s no such thing as ’penis reduction surgery.’ Do you want my advice?"

"Of course!"

"I suggest he stick to dating yoga instructors. Ah ha ha haaa!"

Mr. Whitney frowned "Thank you, doctor, I appreciate your time." he hung up the phone.

• • •

Terry never did finish clearing everything out of the attic, a failure he had to hear about the entire trip out to Bradford, and while he was moving his stuff into his new dormroom.

"Okay Dad, I get it. I said I was sorry, it’s been kind of a busy summer, okay?"

"The last few days have been busy, what about the two months before it? You weren’t doing jack shit then."

"Alright! Jesus!"

"Both of you! Language!" Terry’s mother scolded as she dropped off a box full of Terry’s lacrosse equipment. She surveyed the room. It was obviously once a two man room that had been hastily converted to a triple. A third desk was shoehorned into the back wall next to the radiator and one of the two bedframes was a bunk bed. There were still only two towelracks and closet spaces, though. They hadn’t seen Terry’s new roommates yet, but one of them had already moved in several boxes.

"Oh look, Terry!" his mom pointed out a lacrosse stick propped up in the corner "Your new roommate plays lacrosse, too! You’re rooming with one of your future teammates!"

"Huh, that’s cool." Terry unslung his duffel bag from his shoulder and dropped it in the back corner of the closet. He’d been keeping his bag close by the entire trip. He didn’t want it to get jostled in the trunk, the bottle of lotion spiked with growth cream was still inside.

When his sisters had given him the bottle back earlier that week, he’d intended to destroy it, but when he actually had it in his hands, he couldn’t bring himself to do it. How did he know he wouldn’t want maybe just one more inch? 91/2" was so tantalizingly close to the double digits... and besides, maybe there were girls at college who could benefit from a little dose of the cream. Just because he was uncomfortable looking at his sisters’ newly grown T&A didn’t mean he didn’t want to see that on another girl.

He hadn’t used any more cream yet, but he packed it carefully (double wrapped in a plastic bag) before hopping in the car.

Terry and his parents finished moving in his stuff. There wasn’t too much and they were done before freshman orientation was scheduled to start.

"I bet there’d have been more if you’d finished clearing out your room. I guess we’ll just send you anything you forgot." his father groused as his mother kissed him a tearful goodbye. Terry watched the car u-turn in the dorm parking lot and turn out towards the road. He shivered from the cold air and the subtle disorientation brought on by his sudden disconnection from his familiar life up to that point. He turned back and returned to his room. He was surprised to find the door open.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Longstick! Hope you didn’t mind I took the top bunk!"

"Greg!?" Terry’s jaw fell open.

"Surprised to see me?"

• • •

"Greg! You’re my roommate?"

"No, I just figured I’d keep all my stuff in your room while I attend classes at Hampshire."

"Ya know..." Terry crossed his arms "Anyway, why didn’t you tell me we were gonna be roomies!?"

"Because I figured you found out the same way I found out? By reading the room assignment list? That they mailed us?"

Terry’s copy of the room assignment list was in an unopened envelope on his desk next to his unopened freshman orientation package. The front office had to look up his room by his last name when he arrived that morning.

"I never got one." said Terry.

"Well, you live in room 202 and I’m your roommate."

"Thanks."

"Need any help moving your stuff in? I’m all done. No sign of our third roommate though. I bet he’s gonna need help if he’s starting this late."

"Who is he? Is he from the team, too?"

"Nah. I don’t know him. His name is Carl Lambert, though. He’d better not be a tool."

"Yeah, I’d hate to live with two tools."

"Ha ha!" Greg laughed "Imagine how I must feel. I am a tool. I have to live with me all the time."

Terry rubbed his thumb and forefinger together "World’s smallest violin playing just for you."

"Did you buy it at the same store you bought your cock?" Greg laughed.

Normally, Greg’s zinger would have shut him down, but this time he just laughed along. He found himself looking forward to his first group shower with his new team. He remembered the bottle of growth lotion. Maybe an inch or two of enhancement was in order? You only get one chance to make a first impression...

"So’re you going to Freshman Orientation?" Greg asked, putting a hand on Terry’s shoulder.

"Yeah I guess."

• • •

Freshman orientation in Denworth Hall was boring and pointless.

"Bla bla bla welcome everyone bla bla bla history of the school bla bla safe sex bla bla drugs bla bla have a great year... It’s the same as high school!" Greg groaned "Let’s get out of here and go see if there are any honeys down at the campus center."

"Honeys? Don’t you mean..."

"The honeys are for you, stud. I’ll be content to be entertained by watching you strike out."

"You like to watch, huh?"

"You know it."

The pair of them snuck out as discreetly as possible from the auditorium and walked down the path towards the campus center.

"Sooo...." Terry said.

"Yeah?"

"Are you gonna be.. You know... ’out’ here?"

Greg looked thoughtful and put his hands behind his head "I don’t know. I still haven’t come out to my parents. I’m definitely not putting it on my Facebook or anything... But I’m also sick of pretending, you know? I broke up with Shirley. I think she might have been starting to suspect something..." Greg’s expression became mischievous again "And anyway, if I get desperate for some ass, I can always count on you, right?" he swung a bull-muscled arm around Terry’s neck and administered a quick, rough noogie. Terry squirmed, but couldn’t break free until Bruce released him.

Terry ran a hand through his hair to straighten it.

There was no one at the campus center when they walked in. It was newly renovated and signs of the recent construction still lingered in the form of stacks of disassembled scaffolding and chalk marks on the walls and floor. One wall was bare and unpainted.

Greg and Terry pulled themselves up to the obviously new snack bar and sat down at the brushed steel counter top. There was no one behind the counter.

"Maybe it’s closed?"

Terry got up and walked out to check the hours on the door.

"No, it’s open." he called, waling back.

"It’s open!" a girl came running around the corner "It’s open! We’re open! I was just in back! Sorry." She fidgeted around the knot of an apron around her waist as she jogged to a stop behind the counter.

"I wasn’t expecting anyone. Everyone’s usually either at the orientation or still moving in. Still humping their junk up the stairs."

"Do you go here?" Terry asked. She looked too young to be a full time employee, she had a lot of freckles and her front teeth were kinda prominent too, making her look even younger.

"Yeah." she laughed nervously "I moved in yesterday. I applied for this job last year. Student employees had to show up a day early."

"They made you work on the first day?" Greg asked.

"I know! Bummer, right?" She smiled and brushed a lock of strawberry blond hair back over her ear "It wasn’t like this last year. The company that owns this place is being a dick about money."

"Company?"

"Yeah. You didn’t hear about how this place went bankrupt back in 2000? They were gonna close it down, but these guys stepped in and bailed it out. Now they want to make all their money back and I have to come in to work even though no one’s here."

"That sucks."

"Ugh, tell me about it. So, I’m guessing you guys are freshies? Freshmen? ’Fresh meat’ heheh." she air quoted and laughed nervously again.

"Yeah, heavy on the ’meat’ actually. I’m Greg." he reached out a hand. The counter girl shook it.

"Barbie. Barbara really, some of my friends call m-"

"Barbie’s fine." said Greg "But the guy you really want to get to know is my friend Terry, here. We go back to high school."

"Aw, that’s sweet!" she shook Terry’s hand "Wow, strong grip!"

"Sorry." Terry smiled.

"So you two are athletes I’m guessing. Jocks? Am I right? What sport?"

"Lacrosse."

"Oh cool! I love lacrosse games! My best friend Tanya is on the womens’ team. We’ve got a really good men’s team, too. They took regionals last year. You’re gonna be up against some pretty stiff competition."

"I don’t mind stiff competition." Greg smirked. Terry snorted.

"Yeah!" Barbie air pumped her fist. Greg and terry jumped at her loud exclamation.

"Err... Go school spirit! Go team. Team players... Anyway, what can I get you two?" she asked, calming down.

**Part 21.**

"Lemme get a ummm... Strawberry Banana Smoothie." Terry said, squinting one eye at the menu board hanging above the snack bar.

"Cool beans! My favorite! My faaav. What about you... Greg?" she cocked her fingers at him like a gun.

"It’s Greg"

She fired the gun with a whispered "Pow."

"I’ll have blueberry."

"Gotcha."

When Barbie turned around to mix the drinks, Greg elbowed Terry in the ribs.

"Ow!"

Greg gestured at her with his eyes "eehhh? Ehhhhh?" he whispered "She likes you." Terry waved the idea away, mouthing "No".

"Pffff." Said Greg.

"Huh?" Barbie twisted to look over her shoulder.

"Nothing." Said Greg, then paused to think for a second "So, do you know the campus pretty well? What year are you?"

"Just a sophomore." She said, talking over the blenders.

"Oh, so I guess you wouldn’t be able to show Terry and me around, then?"

"I could to that. I can’t right now, though." She turned back around from the workspace with their smoothies in hand "I don’t get off work until seven."

"Aw, man." said Greg, slapping the counter. Terry rolled his eyes and sipped his drink.

"Is there any way we can get in touch with you?"

Barbie laughed and brushed her hair out of her face again "Well, my cellphone is the easiest way. Do you need my number?"

Greg took a moment to consider it, resting his chin on his thumb and forefinger "I guess that would be alright. If you don’t mind."

"Not at all. Here..." She pulled a wiggly pen out of her pocket and wrote her number on a napkin.

"There ya go. That’s my cell. My digits."

"Awesome. We’ll give you a call maybe later tonight."

"Sounds fun. Where’d they stick you guys?"

"Huh?"

"Where you living? Where’s your digs?"

"Oh ummm... That one Tuppel... Tup."

"The Tupelos?"

"Yeah. See? You’re being a tour guide already. Tupelo East."

"They jam all the freshies in there. I should’ve guessed."

"Well, now you know where to find us."

"Handy."

• • •

Terry and Greg finished their drinks and sauntered out of the Campus Center.

"You’re welcome!" Said Greg as the doors shut behind them.

"For what?"

"I got you that chick’s number. First day on campus and you’re already ahead."

"I dunno if you were paying attention, but she gave you her number."

"I dunno if you were paying attention, but she was watching you the entire time. If you’d asked her, she would’ve given it to you."

"Whatever."

"Fine then. Be that way. If you don’t want to call her I’ll just throw it away. It’s not like I have any use for it."

Terry murmured under his breath.

"Hmm?"

"Well, I guess I could call her. I dunno how you do that so easily."

"Do what?"

"Just get girls to give you their numbers. You didn’t even have to try."

"As if you ever had trouble getting girls to ask you out. I seem to recall you having to turn down quite a few ladies back at high school. You must have been crazy. At least you had the sense to hook up with whatserface this summer."

"Alice."

"Yeah. And I bet you could have been getting laid all year if you weren’t so scared that women would laugh at your tiny-"

"You know!.."

"Well, sorry but it’s the truth. You’ve been scared of girls your whole life because of your insecurity. Are you gonna let your baby dick ruin your life? I got you Barbie’s number to try and break you out of your shell."

Terry frowned. Up to a couple weeks ago, everything Greg said had been true, but he was tired of hearing about it!

"I don’t need your help breaking out of my ’shell’. I just didn’t feel like going after that particular girl. And, for your information, I don’t have a baby dick!"

Now Greg frowned "You know, Ter, denial isn’t like you. I’m not saying you should be ashamed of it, but be realistic, your equipment would be small on a chihuahua."

"Not anymore."

"Oh yeah, had a growth spurt recently?"

"As a matter of fact, yes."

"How much? A whole inch?"

"Try seven and a half."

"Bullshit."

"You wanna go up to the room right now?" Terry’s skin was suddenly hot. His pulse kicked up a few notches. He couldn’t believe he’d just said those words. Was proving he wasn’t small anymore to Greg so important?

"Pfffff. I’ve seen that show. I showered with you for four years. What do you wanna show me? A balled up sock in your shorts?"

"What, like this?" Terry grabbed his crotch, wrapping his hand around a fistful of his fat sausage and squeezing his jeans around it. His heart was racing now. This was such stupid macho idiocy...

Greg was dumbstruck for a moment as he absorbed what he was seeing.

"Bullshit."

They both half jogged back towards Tupelo East.

• • •

"I’m telling you, Terry, you’d better have the goods or you’ll never hear the end of this." said Greg as they turned the corner toward their room.

"Just brace yourself, when I whip this bad boy out, I don’t need you unleashing all your repressed gayness at once."

"Chuh, talking to me about gayness, you’re the one so eager to show me his-"

Greg stopped mid sentence. Their door was open. They looked in.

"Oh, hey guys!" The third roommate dropped his backpack on the free bed and extended his hand in greeting.

"Hey, Terry."

"Greg."

"I’m Chris, Chris Song-Kim"

"Song-Kim..." repeated Terry "Korean, right?"

"Yeah. I’m glad you guys know the difference. Everyone keeps asking me if I’m Japanese!"

"I was thinking of it..." Said Greg.

"Do you need any help moving in?" asked Terry.

"Nah, my parents are grabbing the last load now. Did you guys pick desks yet? I call one of the two not near the radiator."

"Well, there’s only one actual fair way to decide who gets the radiator desk." Said Terry, placing his finger on his nose. Greg saw what was going on and quickly put a finger on his nose as well. Chris just stared at them.

"And?"

"And what? You get the desk by the radiator." Greg smirked.

"What? But we didn’t even decide!"

"Yeah we did."

"What, the finger on the nose thing? That’s not fair! You have to tell everyone the rules first! Do over!" Chris put his finger on his nose.

"No do overs in ’not it’."

"I can’t believe you guys!" Chris yelled.

"Woah, woah, calm down. Don’t pitch a fit." Said Terry.

"Chris?" someone called from out in the hall "Come help your Mom!"

"Raaaah! Okay Phillip!" Chris stomped out of the room. A second later he re-entered, followed by his parents. His mom was fortyish and short. The stereotypical image of a middle aged asian mom. His father was caucasian with a deep fake tan and a bright white smile.

"Greg, Terry, this is my Mom."

"Pleased to meet you."

"And my stepdad. Phillip."

Phillip’s smile faded for a second at being called by his first name, but he extended his hand to Terry and Greg.

"Well, Chris, that’s everything in the car." said Phillip "Mom and I would love to stay but we’ve got a long drive ahead of us and want to get going early."

"Fine, Phillip." said Chris. His expression softened and he hugged his mom "Bye mom."

She hugged him back "We’ll visit you as much as we can. Study hard!"

"And try not to break too many hearts, Slugger."

"Whatever, Phillip."

Chris and his parents left the room to say their final goodbyes down at the car.

"Hoooo kaaaay..." said Terry.

"What a nerd, huh?"

"Yeah, really. Did you get a load of that checkered shirt?"

"And those slacks?"

"Yeah." said Terry, looking at the open door "So’re we doin’ this?"

"You sure you don’t want to wait for Chris to come back? It’ll probably boost his little ego to see someone he can feel bigger than."

"You just assume that just because he’s Asian, he’s small."

"Remember Yoshi? If it hadn’t been for you, he would’ve been the smallest guy on the team."

"That doesn’t prove anything. He was a little guy."

"So is this guy."

"Whatever." Terry ran his hand over his hair. His enthusiasm for proving his size to Greg was fading fast, but he felt committed now "So’re we doing this?" he repeated.

"No, dude. Not right now with this guy around."

"Fine." Said Terry, a little relieved.

**Part 22.**

Friction between the three roommates (or rather, two roommates and Chris) continued to escalate throughout the unpacking process. It wasn’t until Terry agreed to take the radiator desk that Chris calmed down a bit and started acting at least slightly normal.

"So, Chris, you got a girlfriend?" Greg asked.

"Yeah, I was a mega-stud back at my old school." Chris bragged, standing on his bed taping up the last corner of his Star Trek: Generations promotional poster "I hope you guys don’t mind if I need privacy in here a couple nights a week."

"I’m sure we can work something out." Said Terry, rolling his eyes. He’d been listening to Chris spin tales about how cool he was at his high school for almost two hours. The way he told it, they practically threw him a parade when he graduated. He looked at his watch and realized it was almost 7:30.

"Hey Greg, you still got that number?" he asked. He suddenly had a great idea on how to put Chris in his place.

"Yeah."

"Pass it here."

"You gonna call her?"

"What’s this? A girl? You’re calling a girl? Is she coming over?" Chris practically fell off the bed rushing over to watch Terry dial his phone.

"Maybe, scootch back huh!? Breath!"

Chris breathed several times into the palm of his hand and started rummaging through his bags for some Listerine.

Barbie picked up.

"Hey Barbie!... It’s Terry... Yeah from the snack bar... Oh, ok... Maybe some other time then... Oh yeah?.. I’ll ask Greg..." Terry covered the receiver with his palm "Greg, she’s hanging out with her friends right now. Her and her girlfriends got some beer from some seniors. Do we want to go hang out with them?"

"Absolutely!"

"Where you guys going? Can I come too?"

Greg looked at Terry

"You’d better bring him." said Terry "But only if he takes the radiator desk."

"You guys suck... Fine!"

• • •

They’d just left the room when Terry was struck with another idea.

"Uh, I’ll catch up."

"Dude, we’re counting on you for directions! What’s the story?" asked Greg.

"Nothing, I just forgot something. You’re only going like fifty feet to the West building. She’s in room 319. I promise I’ll catch up."

"Whatever."

Terry waited until he was sure they were clear around the corner, then rushed back to the room.

He dug into the closet. Of course Chris had piled his stuff on top of his duffel bag... There.

He dug out the double-bagged bottle of lotion. His first party with girls and beer? If that wasn’t an excuse to dial up the inches a bit, he didn’t know what was.

Snap snap sploort. He pulled on the rubber gloves and pumped a handful of lotion into his palm.

"Okay, nothing too crazy... Just into the double digits..." he breathed and began massaging his cock thoroughly, rubbing an extra layer around the base. The tingling began immediately. Much milder than it had been with the pure cream, but somehow... more tingly. He was surprised to see that this time his cock was growing visibly. Before it had grown at a rate of less than an inch per hour. He rubbed on a second layer for good measure and hoped it wasn’t too much. He stuffed his rapidly swelling cock down his jeans leg and carefully wrapped and hid the lotion bottle in the back corner of the closet again.

He caught up with Greg and Chris outside of room 309. His hands were practically shaking with excitement.

• • •

The heavy tones of a bass beat thudded through the door, along with muffled laughter and conversation. Greg stepped forward and knocked. No answer.

"They probably didn’t hear you." said Terry.

Greg knocked again. Several seconds passed, but the knob finally clicked and the door cracked open just wide enough for the girl on the other side to poke her face through. She had a dark complexion and a cloud of frizzy black hair. Loud music squeezed out around her through the crack and into the hall.

"Can I help you?" she asked after nobody said anything.

"Uh, yeah." Terry stepped forward "Barbie invited us?"

The girl pulled her head back through the door "Barbie, there’s three dudes here to see you!"

Voices from inside the room responded with catcalls and cries of "Awwwwww yeaaaa!"

The frizzy haired girl stepped back from the door and opened it the rest of the way. Terry followed her in.

The room almost identical in layout to Terry, Greg and Chris’s, except that it hadn’t been converted into a triple. It was also in a more advanced stage of decoration. The window was ringed by Christmas lights and covered by a pink shawl. One of the beds was covered in fat plush animals and the other was neatly made with pink sheets and a baby blue blanket. The music came from a laptop and speaker set.

There were four girls including Barbie, who was sitting on top of the dresser and drinking vodka and cranberry from a red plastic cup. The frizzy-haired girl was lounging on the bed covered in plush toys. A blond one was running the music from her seat in front of the computer while a pale, slightly thick-set girl laid with her back on the other bed and her legs up the wall. She looked upside down at Terry, Greg and Chris as they walked in.

"Hey Terry! Greg!" Barbie waved from her perch.

"Are these the freshmen you were telling us about?" asked the thick one.

"Yeah." Barbie jumped off her perch and brushed her hair back up over her ear.

"I told them you guys were rad dudes, so don’t disappoint." She giggled nervously.

• • •

Barbie introduced them to the other girls.

"From the left, this is Sharelle, Crissy and Bellamy." She said, gesturing to the Frizzy Haired Girl, the Blonde, and the Thick One respectively.

"So, tell us about yourselves!" Said Barbie "I bet you have a ton of stories, you two must have been super studs in high school." she said, squeezing Terry’s bicep. "Grrrrr." she giggled nervously.

"Well, I don’t like to brag but..." Chris started. The girls had to look around Greg’s broad chest to even see him.

**Part 23.**

So they shot the shit. And as they talked and laughed, they drank.

After about an hour or so, Chris was looking kind of woozy. Greg and Terry kept up a strong front, but both were for the most part unaccustomed to drinking. They felt more like Chris than they cared to admit.

"When’s Tanya getting back with more drinks?" Sharelle complained, peering with disappointment into the empty bottom of a bottle of Shock Top. The other girls stuck to mixed drinks, but the vodka and cranberry supply was running low.

Terry was having trouble focusing. He closed one eye and tried to focus on Crissy.

"What was the question again?"

"I said I wonder when-" Sharelle started, but Crissy cut her off.

"The question was, ’where’s the weirdest place you’d ever done it?’" She smirked.

They’d been playing Truth or Dare for the past ten minutes and so far everyone had chosen truth. Even drunk, they’d all been too shy to ask really raunchy questions, but Crissy was finally upping the ante.

She was bored and more than a little horny. Her boyfriend of the summer had been a veritable sexual dynamo. The sex was so good that she kept dating him for two weeks after she found out she was his woman on the side. Well, more like his woman on the side of his woman on the side of his woman on the side. Damn that manwhore was mindblowing in bed, though.

Freshman or no, she’d been eyebanging Greg from the moment he’d walked in. It was his answer she was waiting for.

Barbie giggled nervously "You can’t ask that!"

"No questions are off limits in drunk Truth or Dare!" Crissy declared "Answer the question, jock! You’re not a sports hero here."

"Well." Said Terry "I once did it in the bathroom at a pizza place."

"Gross." said Sharelle.

"Where’s the weirdest place you’ve done it, Greg?" Crissy prompted before Terry had even finished speaking.

"In the ass."

The room broke into drunken laughter, especially Terry, who kept laughing for more than a minute after everyone else.

"So... Ha ha! Then.... Ha! So then where did he put it?" Terry forced out between bursts of laughter.

Greg’s laughter faded, but a mischievous smirk took its place.

"New Dare!" he declared "We haven’t done a dare, yet."

"Aww, but Chris hasn’t gone yet." Said Bellamy.

Chris didn’t look like he was in any position to answer more questions. He lay on his side staring into the empty bottom of his toppled-over vodka and cranberry.

"Whatevs, that question was inappropriate." said Sharelle "I wasn’t gonna answer."

"You can’t be so stuck up." said Barbie "We’re all getting to know each other here. We’re inducting our freshie friends to the mysteries of college." She giggled "Corrupting their widdle hearts!"

"So, what’s your dare?" Crissy asked, licking her lips.

"I dare Terry... to run a lap around the Tupelos..."

"OKay." said Terry.

"Naked!"

The girls were suddenly silent.

"No way! Terry doesn’t have to do that!" said Barbie.

"You’ll get in trouble..." Chris groaned. His bloodshot eyes fluttered on the verge of unconsciousness.

"I dunno if I wanna see that." said Sharelle.

Crissy jumped up "Too late, it’s a dare and Terry accepted!"

Finally a little action!

Terry smiled and got shakily to his feet. He ran his hand over his hair.

"Let it never be said I back down from a dare once accepted."

Greg was a little taken aback that Terry would agree, but he figured he was still only bluffing.

• • •

The group (except for Chris, who was asleep on the floor of room 309) piled out onto the chilly sidewalk outside the glass corridor that connected the two buildings. Crissy followed close while the other girls filed out somewhat reluctantly.

"Okay, strip down, big guy." said Greg as the group shivered in the tiny island of light outside the front door.

"You’re gonna do this next, right?" said Terry as he pulled his shirt up over his head.

Greg slapped him on his bare back "If you can do it, I can do it."

"Good enough for me." said Terry, unzipping his pants.

It was pretty chilly out. Terry could almost see his breath. He hoped the cold air wouldn’t give him shrinkage. He felt his hot cock against his thigh and was reassured. Even if it shrank down to half size, at this point, it was still going to be impressive...

"Ha!" said Greg as Terry stood in his underwear, his massive snake just barely peeking out the bottom of one leg of his shorts "I can’t believe you stuffed your pants. You’ve got to take your undies off, too, Longstick."

"That’s just too gross." Sharelle said, pretending not to look.

Terry just smirked and dropped his undies. His audience gasped.

Terry’s mammoth member swung down an easy eight inches soft, even resting on top of his heavy, egg-sized balls. He let it swing in the cool air for a moment.

"Just one lap, right?" he asked, then started running without waiting for an answer. His python flopped wildly from thigh to thigh as he ran out of the patch of light and into the darkness.

A minute or so later, he appeared around the other side of the building. His bare feet slapped on the concrete as he jogged to a halt in front of them.

Terry caught his breath for a moment before snatching his underwear up from his pile of clothes and pulling it on. He’d been running on adrenaline and drunk confidence before, but the short run had sobered him up enough to realize he was naked outdoors. Suddenly having a big dick hadn’t totally eradicated his sense of self-consciousness at being nude.

"Okay, your turn, big guy." her turned to Greg and poked him in the chest.

**Part 24.**

Greg was still too stunned to respond. The girls were stunned, too, but for all they knew, Terry had always sported a massive trouser monster. Greg had seen Terry naked only a few months ago and there had been no hint of the colossal swinger he’d just seen dangling between Terry’s legs. He felt a twitch of excitement in his own pants as his own cock began to stir. Finally he spoke.

"Nah, man. You know what. I think we should stop playing."

"Hey, you can’t back out on drunk Truth or Dare!" said Terry.

Crissy’s mind was racing. At this point, she’d almost forgotten she’d had any interest in Greg, but then again he was just so built! A massive cock could be mesmerizing, but for good old fashioned sexy staying power you couldn’t beat chiseled abs and pecs. Not that Terry wasn’t impressive in that area too... Who was that other guy with a six pack...? We’re getting off track here, Greg needs to get naked!

"Yeah!" Crissy yelled a little too loud, the vodka and cranberries were starting to make themselves felt "You can’t back out of a drunk Truth or Dare!"

"Naw man, I’m going back inside. Y’all are crazy." said Sharelle. The other girls started to follow. Only Crissy stood firm.

"No way are you getting out of this, freshie! Barbie, you told me these guys were cool."

Barbie shook her head "We’ve gotta go to bed." she took Crissy by her arm.

"No! Not until thish guy does his dare! I wanna see some man muscles! Man... Man meat! Therewego..." Crissy pulled her arm roughly away, almost pulling Barbie to the ground. Terry caught her. She just glared at him.

Barbie gave up and followed Bellamy through the glass doors. Greg caught them before they shut. He looked back at Terry. Terry wavered drunkenly.

"So you’re just giving up on a dare, big guy!?"

"Yeah, you’re... You’re pussing out!" yelled Crissy "This isn’t over, Freshie!"

Greg shook his head and went inside.

Crissy started to follow him, but stumbled on a crack in the concrete.

"Aw shit!"

Terry caught her, accidentally groping one of her boobs.

"Get our hands off me!" She pushed him away, and then, in the same motion, yanked him back to her with surprising strength.

"I want you to fuck me." Her eyes were bloodshot and her breath was heavy with vodka. He reached around and grabbed her ass. She responded by drunkenly groping his leg. It took her a few fumbling seconds to realize his cock was stuffed down the other one, but she found it and latched on.

"Fuck. Me." she told him again.

Somehow they made it back to Crissy’s room. The other girls had gone. Music still pulsed as the laptop shuffled through its playlist.

Terry felt sick. His head throbbed, but so did his cock. He had no idea how big it’d gotten at this point, but he could feel it tight in his jeans and hot on his thigh. His head was swimming. He closed one eye and watched Crissy pull her t-shirt up over her head and fumble with her pink bra.

"Nice" he said, watching her naked chest bounce as she climbed up to him. He hooked his thumbs around her panties and pulled them down. She kicked them off and fell onto his chest.

"Are you dating Barbie?" she asked out of nowhere.

"Huh? No, we just met today."

"Answer me straight, Teddy! Cuz if you hurt her... I.. You’re such a bastard!"

"I’m not dating Barbie!"

"Is Greg?"

"No, Greg’s gay! I mean..."

"What!?"

"Shit."

"He doesn’t look gay!"

"I dunno. He’s not gay."

"Are you his boyfriend?"

"No!"

"God, this is a big cock!" Crissy’s attention had wandered back to the massive bulge snaking down Terry’s leg. She unzipped his pants and clumsily tried to pull them down over his shoes. He helped her out by kicking them off. She pulled his underwear down next. His dick shot up straight like a catapult.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck...." said Crissy, practically panting over the mammoth meat-pole.

"Aw shit..." said Terry. If he hadn’t just cracked 12", he was damn close. Crissy picked a beer bottle up and held it next to the shaft. At its base, his cock was thicker than the bottle, and his swelling cockhead passed the top by several inches. Crissy let the bottle roll onto the floor, then went to town on his cock. She sucked it and pumped it with both hands, growling with animal pleasure and intensity. Terry grabbed her shoulders and pushed his dick deep into her mouth. He felt her moans vibrating through the thick shaft. She slurped it deep. Gagging and choking at first, but finally finding her rhythm.

This girl must have been a sword swallower in a past life, Terry thought.

She wrestled free of Terry’s grip and pulled his monster out of her mouth with a loud, wet "pop".

"I want this fuckstick in me!" there was a wild light in her eyes that scared and excited him.

"Condom..." he mumbled.

"Fuck it, I’m on the pill..." Her ex had always used a condom anyway. She mounted him before he could argue. Even soaking wet, getting his colossal, broad-flared mushroom of a cockhead into her pussy was a painful challenge.

"Aw shit, just go in, you bastard! Raaaagh!"

It was painful for Terry, too, he felt like his dick were in a vice. Finally the tightness of her lips gave way to warm slickness. She slid down his shaft slowly, one agonizing inch at a time, stopping several inches short of the base.

"Uhnnnn." she moaned. She pushed down, but he couldn’t go any further in! Her stomach sang deep notes of pain. She pushed again, harder, but couldn’t even manage one more inch. She started to slide off.

"Uhuhnnnn." she moaned again. A firecracker of pleasure popped somewhere inside her as Terry’s cock throbbed against the tight walls of her pussy. She slid back down again. She growled and looked at Terry with hungry eyes. She pumped faster...

Thirty seconds later Terry was on top, pounding her stupid on Sharelle’s bed. She’d bitten deep into the leg of a stuffed bear to muffle her screams, but they were still loud in Terry’s ears.

"Oh fuck me fuckme fuckmefuckmefuckmefuckmefuckmeeee!!!" she sobbed. She’d been orgasming for forty or fifty seconds straight before she started gushing. The pain was long forgotten in the tidal wave of pleasure she was surfing. The images rushing through her head had ceased to be connected to sex and were now just a cacophony of sounds and images that she watched from a disconnected place above her own head.

Terry’s face was buried in her neck, he panted furiously as he pumped inch after gleaming inch of gleaming, veiny cock into her soaking pussy.

"Argh, I’m gonna cum!" he roared into her shoulder. His balls were tightened up so close to his shaft that it hurt.

"Fuck fuck fuckme! Harder you fucker!"

"Do you want me to come inside you?" he started to ask. Too late for an answer. His felt his cock surge with hot spooge. It went off in her like a cannon. Cum squirted out around the edges of her pussy as he pumped out load after load. He pulled out, still shooting. He let out one last shot, it lasted so long he felt like he was pissing cum.

"Shit." he fell back onto the floor and passed out.

He regained consciousness an undetermined amount of time later when he felt his clothes being thrown at him.

"What the shit?" he rasped. He overcame his disorientation enough to see Sharelle toss his underwear out the door onto his face and slam it shut behind her. He looked at his watch. 3:40. Shit.

**Part 25.**

The night wasn’t over.

Terry got back to his room, making a long stop at the water fountain first, and flopped face down onto his bunk.

Chris snored loudly from his bed. Terry could see in the dim light from the window that he was still fully dressed, shoes and all.

"So what the hell was that?" Greg asked from the bunk above him.

"What was what?"

"You suddenly becoming Mr. Exhibitionist. And where the fuck did that cock come from?"

"MMMrh." Terry mumbled into his blankets. He heard Greg’s blankets rustle and felt a weight on the mattress next to him. Greg was sitting there in his boxers.

"Seriously, Terry. Where the hell did that come from?"

"Growth spurt?" Terry suggested out of the side of his mouth.

"Bullshit. Nobody goes from two inches to "too much" in a single summer. I don’t care if you’re the late blooming love child of John Holmes and Mandingo.

"I don’t think that-"

"Don’t spoil my fantasies."

Terry sighed and sat up.

"You know you were a total asshole back there. Barbie probably hates you now."

Terry made a guilty expression, even though Greg couldn’t see it in the dark.

"I got laid, though." He offered.

"Congratulations, you just had your first night of drunken, regrettable sex."

"Whatever, jealous."

"I’m not jealous."

"Whatever, you’re jealous of my cock."

"Trust me, I’m not. And I still don’t think that was natural. I still don’t even believe it’s real."

Terry sighed again and ran his hands over his hair.

"Ok, you want the truth?"

"Sure."

"It get’s a little crazy."

"Try me."

So, Terry related his entire story with the eerie coherence that only comes at 4am after a night of heavy drinking. He told Greg about he cream, Bruce’s overdose, his sisters, the lotion he had in his bag. Everything. Greg sat silent for a minute and Terry wondered if he’d gone to sleep.

"So..." said Greg.

"Hmm?"

"Can I see it? Hard, I mean."

"No! Fag!"

"Shhh! Chris’ll hear."

"No way."

"I don’t wanna touch it. Just... see it."

"It’s dark."

"There’s enough light. Go over to the window."

Terry got up. His heart was pounding again and he could feel that he was already hard. He sat down on top of the desk. The light from the window was bright to his dark-adjusted eyes. He unzipped his pants and pulled them down, his underwear, too. He started to stroke. It was difficult to get it hard again so soon after sex, but not as difficult as he thought it would be. He felt Greg’s eyes on him and saw his silhouette. He thought he saw something else, too. A rhythmic motion in the shadows. He stroked harder. It hurt to be hard, but he didn’t want to stop. He strained his eyes through the darkness at Greg again. He heard him grunt.

He’d always thought Greg was impressively big. He’d only ever seen him soft. In the shower, it hung down about six inches, and thicker than any other guy on the team. It wasn’t until this moment, as Greg moved out of the shadows into the moonlight, that Terry realized just how big Greg was. He was a hell of a grower.

Greg stood, half illuminated in the moonlight for a wordless second before turning around and climbing back up into his bunk. Terry stared down at his own cock, too long to cover with two, or even three hands and replayed the memory in his mind. Could he still be smaller than Greg?

Neither of them noticed that Chris had stopped snoring. He’d been awake for nearly half an hour...

• • •

The hangover gods were not kind to Terry. He could only thank his lucky stars (which he swore he could see dancing in front of his eyes as he got up) that his first class wasn’t until 11. Chris and Greg were already gone when he woke up at around 10:30. He rushed through his morning routine, pausing only to guzzle several mouthfuls of water straight from the tap before running down the stairs as fast as his shaky legs could carry him.

He arrived in class just as the professor was straightening his notes to begin. The professor shot him a mildly disapproving glare, and he could feel the eyes of the rest of the class on him as he stumbled to the only open seat in the middle of the third row. He did his best to listen to the lecture through his headache, but he spent most of the class trying to stay conscious. He hadn’t eaten breakfast and was so hungry he felt like he’d throw up. His first class was American Studies 102. Total mandatory freshmen bullshit. He wished he’d chosen whichever class they’d stuck Greg in, but he was thankful he at least wasn’t in class with Chris.

As the professor droned on, another sound slowly burrowed through his headache. After several minutes, he realized it was whispering. After another several seconds, he realized he wasn’t hallucinating the whispering and that it was coming from the two girls seated behind him. He turned around to look at them. They stopped whispering and stared down at him, their eyes full of false innocence. He looked away and they giggled.

"Shhh shh shh." they whispered to each other. Terry put his head down on the desk.

A paper ball hit him in the back of the head.

He sat up groggily and examined the ball resting in the crook of his arm. It was a note.

"My roommate says she saw a streaker outside Tupelo West last night. Was it you? Y/N" it read.

He rolled his eyes (big mistake, ouch) and circled "no" and handed the note back.

The girls whispered some more and another note dropped down onto the desk in front of him.

"What if we both asked you?"

He turned around and looked at them again. They made innocent sexy faces again. One of them stared up at the ceiling, sucking on the tip of her pencil. They were pretty good looking girls. One was a Latina with big, sexy brown eyes and big, sexy tits that rested heavily on the desk, the other (with the pencil in her mouth) half asian with full, pouting lips and long, black hair. Really good looking girls. His head throbbed and he realized he was in no state to flirt, and didn’t have the energy to even entertain the idea of a threesome, much less have one.

Full of self-hatred, Terry wrote "Still no, sorry." on the note and passed it back to them with a shrug. The girls looked at him incredulously, the went back to whispering. Terry put his head back down for the rest of the two and a half hour lecture.

**Part 26.**

The hangover gods were even worse to Chris, who’s first class was at 8:30. He showed up late and looked like shit. Greg was there, but they didn’t talk. When the lecture ended, they went their separate ways. Chris ate a quick lunch, then went back to the room and slept. When he awoke, neither Terry nor Greg were there.

They must have other classes. He thought. His thoughts still creaked in his head like rusty gears, but at least he wasn’t exhausted anymore.

His memories of the night before gradually returned to him. The talk, the jacking off in the window, the cream...

The Cream!

Could Terry have been telling the truth? Did he have some kind of cream that made his dick huge? He certainly had a big dick, if his silhouette last night were anything to go by, but whether he’d grown it was another question entirely...

He slid the closet door open and looked inside. There was a pile of Terry’s clothes in the back corner, and under it, hidden, the bag.

Chris unzipped the bag and rummaged through. Sure enough, there was the bottle of lotion, double bagged to prevent leakage. There was a kleenex-style box of gloves in the bag, too. Handy. Whatever this stuff was, he didn’t doubt it was serious, especially if a dimwit like Terry took so much care in handling it.

Chris stared at the bottle for a long time, trying to find a decision in the fog of his thoughts. For a while, he just stared at the bottle with nothing running through his head. Without fully realizing the decision, he pulled on the gloves and unzipped his pants.

He spent another minute or two staring at the bottle. Seeing, but not perceiving.

"Fuck it." he said aloud to no one. He pulled his pants and underwear down and pulled out his dick.

Yeah it was small. What were you expecting? He hated the stereotype of small Asians and hated even more that he fit it to a T, a fact his jackass stepbrother Carl (thanks for filling in the room registration form with your name, jerk!) reminded him of at every opportunity. Possibly to make up for shortcomings in his personality, Carl had been blessed with an epic 8" cock. Epic because it was 8" around, too. He was constantly showing it off and bragging about how he "tore up pussy left and right". He tormented Chris constantly about his tiny dick (hey, spring roll!), even humiliating him by yanking his pants down in front of a group of older girls. They laughed their asses off and "Spring Roll" became his official high school nickname for two years.

He squirted a dollop of lotion into his gloved hand and rubbed it on his cock. It tingled and got hard.

"Huh, well that’s not very im-" he stopped. It was growing. His cock swelled up to its normal erect size, then bulged a little before starting to soften again. It definitely looked bigger. Maybe by a quarter inch, but it was bigger. He squirted on another dollop and rubbed it in. His dick hardened and swelled. A little bigger this time.

"I guess it only grows as long as you’re rubbing cream on it..." he said. That made it easy. He found a ruler and held it next to his dick. 5". Not bad. Before that it had been maybe 4 1/2".

He thought for a bit about how big he wanted to get and settled on nine inches. Just big enough to put Carl in his place. There was no need to go crazy like Terry obviously had. He started rubbing on cream.

As he massaged his cock, it swelled and tingled in his hands. He kept rubbing in the cream, pumping large puddles into his palm. He rubbed it all over his balls, too. His cock kept growing slowly as he rubbed. The process was agonizingly slow! 6", 7", 8", 9" finally! Perfect! He felt really good. His dick was huge! Wait ’till Carl saw this monster!

He put the lotion aside. Good thing his dick reached nine inches when it did, the bottle was practically empty.

Even after he stopped rubbing in the cream, his dick kept tingling. He put the cream away and disposed of the gloves in a new trash bag which he took out to the dumpster immediately. When was the tingling supposed to stop?

It was still tingling when Terry and Greg got back. By then, Chris was in a desperate situation.

• • •

"You did WHAT!?" Terry shook the empty lotion bottle in disbelief. When he’d put it away the night before, the bottle had still been half full! A single squirt had added almost three inches to his cock! How many inches were in half a bottle?

Chris was about to find out, apparently. He’d left Bruce’s fourteen inches behind an hour ago and was well on his way to sixteen. Greg couldn’t decide whether to laugh or recoil in terror.

"I’m sorry, man, you gotta help me!" Chris bawled "Just give me the antidote!"

Terry laughed "’The antidote’ he says! Ha!"

Terry looked at Chris, who was trying to hide his gigantic boner under his blankets. It looked like he was trying to hide a baseball bat.

"Now we know where every other Asian’s dick went." Greg snorted. He’d made up his mind that the situation was funny.

"Shut up you guys! Seriously! What am I supposed to do?"

"Get your pants custom made to have three legs?" Terry suggested.

"Take up breeding horses?" laughed Greg.

Chris could only make anguished moans at his roommates’ callous laughter.

Terry eventually calmed down.

"Relax, man. It’s probably almost done growing. From what I’ve learned about the cream, its effectiveness has a lot to do with the available surface area of your cock. Half a bottle on a nine incher is probably not as bad as half a bottle on a footlong... Probably"

It was early evening when Chris’s cock finally stopped growing. By then, he wished he had only a footlong.

"Guys, I think it stopped." he said. They’d gone out to grab him some food since he obviously couldn’t go out.

"What’s the damage?" Terry asked.

Chris reached for the ruler, then groaned. It looked tiny next to his comically huge member.

"How are you even still conscious?" Greg asked.

"Whatever’s in the cream makes you able to get it hard, no matter how big it gets, I guess. I mean, I’m assuming that since Bruce could still get hard."

"Still though."

With a little tricky maneuvering of the ruler, they worked out Chris’s cock was somewhere between 19 and 22 inches long. As for girth. Well... maybe as big around as a liter bottle of water? Nope. Terry held up his empty bottle of Evian. Thicker. Chris whimpered again.

His balls were ridiculous, too. Both had grown to the size of softballs. They dangled low and heavy. They’d grown so fast there were stretch marks on his sack.

"So now what do we do?" Greg asked, staring at the anaconda that dangled around Chris’s calves.

**Part 27.**

Aside from Chris, Crissy had the worst morning after of any who’d attended the party.

She missed her first class; her roommate hadn’t bothered to wake her. She regained consciousness sometime around noon. She was splayed out across Sharelle’s bed, with one leg hanging out over the floor. Her head and pussy throbbed together in twisted harmony.

"Eyugh."

She got up and showered and forced herself to go to lunch. She made her afternoon class, though she couldn’t pay attention in it. The throbbing pain in her crotch and stomach had given way to flashes of vestigial pleasure from the night before. If she hadn’t had such a headache, it would have been a pretty good way to spend the afternoon. In between the throbs of her forehead, she fantasized about Terry. She left a distinctly damp patch on her chair when she got up to leave.

Sharelle was waiting for her when she got back. Her attitude was chilly to say the least. More like downright frigid. Looking at her friend’s bed, she could see why. Dried jizz was everywhere. On the sheets, on the quilt, on the stuffed animals. It looked like someone had taken a brush full of white paint and splattered it carelessly across the bed.

She spent the next several hours washing Sharelle’s bedclothes and scrubbing her stuffed animals clean until every brightly colored hair was free of the icky goo.

Even while she scrubbed, she couldn’t get Terry’s cock out of her head. That was the best lay she’d ever had! It was unreal! She had to have more!

Once she’d finished cleaning up last night’s mess, she grabbed her bike and headed straight to the drugstore.

Riding her bike sent shivers of pleasure rippling up her torso. She had to stop several times to let them calm down.

She marched through the doors of the CVS and strode to the "Family Planning" section. She browsed the condoms. Last night, she’d been drunk, reckless. When she fucked Terry again she’d be prepared.

Magnums? Maybe, but she’d heard somewhere they weren’t much bigger than regular condoms. Magnum XL? She kept looking. She settled on a 12 pack of Durex XXLs and hoped they would be big enough. She grabbed a couple bottles of lube, too. Were two bottles excessive? she wondered. She tipped a third bottle into her basket. She grabbed another 12 pack of XXLs, too.

The cashier gave her weird looks the entire time she was ringing her up. Crissy looked her right in the eyes, but didn’t say anything. She was sure the cashier thought she was a slut. Let her. She’s not getting twelve inches of cock tonight.

"Have a good night." said the cashier in a controlled voice.

"I will." said Crissy. She hopped on her bike and headed back to campus.

• • •

"I wanna know how you even knew about the cream in the first place." Terry huffed as they shared a take out box of General Tso’s Chicken in the middle of the floor. Chris was dressed in a pair of Terry’s sweatpants, the outline of his outrageous cock clearly visible running down past his left knee and terminating in a bulbous cockhead the size of a pomegranate.

"I heard you two talking about it last night."

"Well then it serves you right for eavesdropping."

"It’s not like you two were being very quiet about it. I saw you jerking off for Greg, too." Chris shot back.

Terry blushed and couldn’t meet Chris’s eye. He didn’t know what he was thinking that night. Greg changed the subject.

"Right now we should probably stay focused on helping Chris deal with his problem."

"Thank you." said Chris "I mean, look at me! This thing’s a monster!"

"As far as we know, there’s no antidote, and It’s obvious that sweatpants aren’t going to work." said Greg, gesturing to the boa-constrictor like outline of Chris’s dick.

"Couldn’t he just roll it up or something?" suggested Terry.

"Maybe. Chris, pull down your pants." Greg stood up, wiping General Tso’s off his mouth.

Chris groaned and stood up. He pulled down his sweatpants.

"Now try rolling it up." said Terry.

Chris grabbed the end of his dick and started winding it up like a length of kielbasa. The result looked ridiculous and would obviously be impossibly cumbersome, not to mention it would just make a bigger bulge.

"Ok, so that’s no good." said Greg.

"What if he didn’t do anything, but wore a long coat wherever he went?"

"That could work."

"No way! I’d overheat!" Chris objected "Plus I’d look like I was gonna start shooting people!"

"Ok... What about those stupid looking wide pants that goth kids wear? You know, the ones with all the chains and stuff. They’re stiff enough they wouldn’t show an outline, and wide enough to give him freedom of movement." Terry tried.

Greg smiled "Yeah! That could be your thing! You could be the goth Asian kid! We’ll roll down to hot topic tomorrow and get you set up!"

Chris frowned "Don’t you have any ideas that don’t involve me looking like a faggot?" he asked.

Greg flicked him in the ear.

"Ow!"

"Watch your language."

Chris rubbed his earlobe "You know I didn’t mean it like that."

Greg just smirked.

Someone knocked on the door. Everyone jumped at once. Chris hurriedly pulled the loose sweatpants back up and yanked his blankets off his bed to cover his crotch... and his upper thighs... and basically everything down to his calves. Terry opened the door. It was Crissy.

"Crissy!" he exclaimed "What are... How did you know where I live?"

"I just asked if anyone knew where the streaker hung out. After six different people told me ’anywhere he wants’ I finally got a straight answer."

Great... Thought Terry Everyone knows who I am.

She was wearing her most seductive tank top. Daisy yellow and low cut. It might have been more effective if she had much cleavage to speak of, but it conformed nicely to the contours of her body and she looked good nontheless. She lunged at him.

"I haven’t been able to stop thinking about last night! I need you right now!" she grasped his collar and pulled his face right up to hers.

"Woah, wait a second!"

"My thighs ache for you! My heart burns for you! Every second spent away from your burning passion is an eternity!"

"You’re acting craz..." he stopped mid sentence and snorted when what she said finally hit him. Greg was cracking up, too. Even Chris was momentarily distracted from his own self-pity.

"What did you just say?"

"I can’t stand it! The thought of your equine equipment pounding my pussy purple has been on my mind all day!"

"What the fuck are you on?" Terry started to push her away "You didn’t talk like this last night."

"Last night I was drunk on beer. Tonight, I’m drunk on lust!" A little of the wild fire dimmed in her eyes and she looked normal again.

"Plus I’m a Lit major who’s been reading Harlequin Romance novels all day." She smirked "Let me enjoy my fantasy. Now stop talking! Muster your manhood and conquer me with your colossal cum cannon!" She pushed him to the ground, her expression frighteningly similar to the look of a tiger pouncing on its prey. Terry could only yelp.

"Uhh, should we go?" Greg asked between bouts of laughter. Terry’s jeans smacked him in the face.

"We should go." he grabbed Chris by the arm and dragged him out of the room.

**Part 28.**

Terry stopped Crissy from pulling off his underwear the same way she’d yanked off his pants. She kept fidgeting and he had to hold her hands still.

"C-Crissy... Crissy! CRISSY! You need to slow down!" he stammered.

"What’s wrong, stud?" She hooked a finger into his waistband again.

"You! You’re what’s wrong. I’m not just gonna fuck on cue, okay? I’m flattered you’ve been horny for me all day, but now’s not really a good time."

She frowned and stopped trying to pull his pants down.

"What’s your problem?" she pouted and sat with her back against the bunk bed "I thought it was every guy’s fantasy to be tackled by a horny girl. I’d been rehearsing that back there in my head for hours!"

Terry sat up. He had to admit the tackle was pretty hot, even if her dialogue needed work.

"Fantasy maybe, but there’s a reason it doesn’t happen so often in real life. Maybe if I’d been alone and horny, I would have reacted differently, but my friends and I were kind of in the middle of dealing with a minor crisis."

"Oh? What’s wrong."

"It’s too long a story to tell."

"Fine, I’ll just find out from Chris or Greg." a spark of the wild fire from before had rekindled in her eyes.

"I doubt they’d tell you."

• • •

Meanwhile outside the room, Chris and Greg were slowly ambling over toward the stairwell. Chris was casting self-conscious glances over his shoulder and towards any sound that might be other people. Greg was watching Chris’s crotch.

"You know, it’s not that noticeable when you stand up and walk around. I bet if you taped it to your leg, it wouldn’t be very difficult to hide..." he said "The hardest part is your balls. Those are gonna stick out no matter what..."

It was true. Except for certain points in his stride, no one could have really picked out the shaft of Chris’s outsized penis. Unfortunately, they would probably be too busy staring at what looked like a pair of nerf footballs crammed down the front of his pants, and the fat bulge of the shaft as it hung between them.

"So what do I do?"

"It’s barely seven. Target’s probably still open, we can check and see what they have for baggy pants. You up for a trip?"

Chris looked down at his ridiculous bulge.

"Is there anything I can do to cover this up?" he asked "I don’t feel like getting arrested on the way there."

Greg took off his jacket and gave it to Chris.

"Here, tie this around your waist."

He did.

"At least now it only looks like you peed your pants." Greg smirked. Chris frowned, but at least the bulge wasn’t so obvious anymore.

They walked to the bus stop and waited. Greg chuckled.

"What’s so funny now." Chris asked.

"Oh, well I was just thinking about how you should look on the bright side."

"Oh yeah, what’s that?"

"Well, right now you probably have the biggest dick of any person on earth."

"Yeah, thanks for pointing out the obvious." Chris frowned.

"No, really, think about it. The biggest recorded dick is somewhere around 13.5 inches, right?"

"I have no idea..."

"Trust me on this."

"Ok."

"My friend Bruce allegedly breasts the tape at around 14 inches, and even if we assume that there are unrecorded dicks out there somewhere in the 15 to 16 inch range, I’m 99 percent sure that a naturally occurring 20 incher is nowhere to be found. You, my friend, are the man with the world’s biggest dick. Numero uno. In the world."

Chris contemplated this. He smiled a little.

"Makes you wanna call Guinness Book of World Records, don’t it?"

• • •

"This has got to be the biggest cock in the world!" Crissy cooed as she slid her hand up and down the fat shaft.

"It’s not. Take my word for it." Terry laughed. When Greg and Chris hadn’t come back after two minutes, his hormones got the better of him and his objections to having sex with Crissy evaporated. When she wasn’t spouting purple prose, she actually seemed pretty cool.

"Someone you know? You’ll have to introduce me sometime." she winked and kissed his rapidly hardening cock. She ran her delicate pink tongue up his shaft, then opened her mouth wide to take in the fat, throbbing head. He was impressed that even with a dick as thick as a beer bottle, she was able to slide so much down her throat. She pulled her mouth off, a glistening strand of spit dangled between her mouth and his cockhead.

"I’ve been practicing." she gloated before diving in again. After stopping at the CVS, she swung around the grocery store and grabbed a zucchini. She’d spent a few hours learning to deepthroat it as best she could. She was no expert, but at least she knew better what to expect.

Before long, Terry’s cock was rock hard, veins rippled up and down the shaft that were so swollen they looked like they should burst. Terry marveled at the sight. He still hadn’t gotten used to looking down and seeing that monster there, when for most of his life he’d carried around a stubby prick he could barely see through his pubes. The weight of it was strange, too. He kept adjusting himself in public, unconsciously thinking something was attached to his crotch.

"I hope these’re big enough" Crissy pulled a handful of Durex XXLs out of her purse.

"They were the biggest I could find." She said.

"Let’s give ’em a shot" grinned Terry.

It took a bit of stretching, but they fit. Crissy tweaked the reservoir tip so it stood up and started drenching his shaft in lube.

"Are you glazing a ham?" Terry laughed.

"I’m not going through another morning like this morning." Crissy rubbed the slick coating evenly over his massive shaft.

"You on top, or me?" she asked.

"I’ll be on top." He looked over at his bed, which had a couple takeout boxes of rice resting on it, as well as the nearly empty growth cream bottle. "We’ll use Cris’s bed."

"Will he mind?"

"He’s got bigger fish to fry right now."

**Part 29.**

Greg waited outside the changing room at the Target. He’d loaded Chris up with an armload of super baggy pants and long spandex.

"The spandex is gonna make you sweat, but at least it’ll keep things under control." he said.

Inside the booth, Chris struggled to stuff 14 inches of flaccid cock down the leg of a pair of spandex shorts.

This cock is ridiculous he thought. I should’ve known better than to rub a dangerous medication on my dick without checking with my doctor ahead of time. How am I ever gonna reverse this?

Still, though, Greg’s right that it’s probably the biggest in the world. If I can’t lead a normal life, I bet I’d have a bright career in the porn industry... HA! If my mom ever found out, she’d skin me alive.

He pulled up the baggy goth pants and checked himself out in the mirror. Pretty good. He took a few steps in place and flexed his legs. He could see the huge bulge of his sack because he knew were to look, but doubted anyone else would pick it up. His cock was almost invisible.The spandex felt strange and tight against his huge balls. If they were to shift wrong it’d probably hurt like hell. He winced.

He struck a few poses, trying to get into the spirit of his new "look". He didn’t have to be a goth, just "that weird Asian kid with the super baggy pants." He didn’t have to worry about his secret getting out. Nobody could see his package through these clothes and as long as he was dressed like this, he’d never get laid, either. He sighed.

Oh well, I guess I can try and get a penis reduction... He thought.

• • •

Meanwhile, Terry and Crissy were going at it full tilt. Terry held her pinned to the bed and nailed her with foot after foot of lubed up fuckstick. Her screams echoed down the hall.

"Oh! Yes! God! YEs! Fuck! Me! Fuck! ME! FUCK! FUCK FUUUUUCK! JAM! THAT! HORSE! COCK! IN! MY! CUNT!" she screamed. Her legs shuddered involuntarily as her pussy flooded with warm honey. Terry grunted loudly with each thrust, not caring that he was slamming her cervix like a sledgehammer. Crissy didn’t care either. The pain was only part of the pleasure now. Her pussy was numb and the orgasm seemed to come from everyplace. Her clit had swollen up like the first knuckle of her pinkie finger and pressed against Terry’s massive shaft as he slid it in and out. The feeling of the veins against her clit was driving her wild.

"Ohhhhhhh! SERIOUSLY!" she shouted and bit Terry hard on the shoulder as another juddering orgasm flooded her senses. Her toes curled and she wrapped her legs around Terry’s waist, squeezing him in a vice grip.

"Hurrrarhhh!" Terry roared as he was gripped in the throes of orgasm, his balls tightened to his shaft, but he held it in. Crissy’s tight pussy spasmed around his shaft as she came, warm wetness flooded around his crotch. He finally came. His cock throbbed and swelled against the rubber of the condom. BLAM! He came hard enough that it hurt. He felt a "thudthudthud" like a steam hammer in a radiator coursing through his cock.

"AH CHRIST!" Crissy yelled, orgasming for an eleventh time as she felt the heat of Terry’s cum inside her. He collapsed on top of her and they panted together, steaming and sweaty bodies pressed close. He kissed her neck.

"Fruuuuuuuh" he said.

She was speechless. High as a kite on endorphins.

Eventually, Terry mustered the strength to push himself up. He slid his semi-hard cock out of her pussy. His dick slid out easily, followed by the reservoir tip, which popped out after a small amount of resistance. It looked like a small water balloon full of milk.

"Wow" he said, looking at the bag of cum dangling from the end of his cock "That looks like a half pint of jizz at least."

Crissy just panted. She shuddered again as another orgasm rippled through her body.

• • •

Chris and Greg left the store with Chris about $300 poorer.

"It’s those designer jeans. Overpriced." said Greg "And no one told you to buy all those t-shirts and ballcaps."

"You told me to buy those to ’complete the ensemble’! And the spandex wasn’t cheap either. I hope Terry can reimburse me for all this stuff."

Greg stopped.

"Hold on, why would Terry reimburse you?"

"Because it’s his fault I’m stuck like this! It was his crazy formula that did this to me!"

"After you stole it!"

"He didn’t adequately label it hazardous material!"

"You said you were listening in, didn’t you hear what happened to Bruce? He’s almost as bad off as you! What part of that story led you to believe that stuff was safe!"

"Well, I still expect to get reimbursed. Even if he does reimburse me, I still might sue for damages! You know how much penis reduction surgery costs?"

"It doesn’t cost anything, there’s no such thing."

"Yes there is, there has to be."

"Trust me, no such procedure."

"How do you know?"

"I’ve looked it up."

"Why would you look it up?"

Greg sighed.

"Look, I know a little of what you’re going through, alright?"

"How could you have any idea!?" Chris demanded, dropping his shopping bags.

"Here, follow me."

"Huh?"

"Follow me. Grab your bags and come on!"

"We’re gonna miss the bus!"

"This won’t take a second if you hurry."

Greg led Chris around behind the Target and ducked into a small alcove. He looked up and down for any sign of cameras or people. All clear.

"Here, check this out." Greg said.

"Aw man, I don’t want to see that!" Chris complained as Greg pulled down his pants.

"You think I don’t know what it’s like to be a freak?" he stood in front of Chris, his soft, thick cock dangled down below his balls.

"That’s pretty big, but I mean..."

"Chuh, you ain’t seen nuthin’. I’m a grower, not a shower." he started to stroke himself. Chris looked away at first (Gross, man!) but his eyes went wide as the 6" flaccid cock thickened and lengthened with each stroke.

"Holy shit, how big is that?"

"Last time I measured? twelve and a half inches. It’s stopped growing for the most part. It’s been past the ten inch mark since I was in middle school. I was eleven for most of last year and thought I was done then. It just sprouted up another inch an a half this year."

"Crazy."

"You’re telling me."

"But twelve and a half is nothing! Terry’s has to be about twelve and he’s having sex right now!"

Greg looked away. He struggled to say the next few words.

"It’s easier if you’re straight. I’m not. Who’s gonna let me put this in their ass!?" He grabbed the thick shaft in his hand and shook it at Chris.

Chris was silent.

"Could you... Could you pull up your pants now?" he asked.

Greg pulled them up.

"Anyway" he said "I know what it’s like to have a dick so large it’s useless. Maybe if I were straight I could at least find an adventurous girl, but realistically? I’ll probably be a virgin my whole life."

They sat quietly until they heard the distant sound of the bus’s air brakes engaging. They sprinted together towards the stop.

**Part 30.**

Running for the bus had been a mistake. The motion had shifted Chris’s massive cock and balls in the spandex, and sitting down on the bus seat had pinched him painfully. It had been difficult to adjust his enormous penis and balls without being obvious, especially through the baggy pants. Greg had gotten off the bus with him once they arrived back at campus, but had begged off, saying that he needed to check in with the athletics director.

When he got back to his room, Chris had another unpleasant surprise. There was a sock on the doorknob, and the loud sounds of Terry and Crissy having sex emanated from within. “Geez!” Chris exclaimed, “What am I supposed to do now?” He started to sit down on the floor next to the door, but the sudden pinching on his massive sack and shaft stopped him short.

*Aargh! This stupid thing is so huge I can’t even sit down anymore! Fuck!* thought Chris. He picked up his bags and hobbled down the hall to a bench next to the pay phone. He sat there, fuming, nodding at the occasional student passing by and listening to Terry and Crissy having sex again, and again, and again….

*It’s not fair. First, my dumb step-brother gets all the attention from the girls, and I get called “Spring Roll” for TWO YEARS!*, thought Chris sullenly. *Then I get here to Bradford, where I can reinvent myself, and be who I want to be, and BOTH of my roommates are big, muscular guys with big cocks, bigger than Carl, and I look even smaller than before! I finally luck out and get a chance to have a big dick, bigger than Carl’s, and the stupid cream works on a delayed reaction, and now I have this cartoon penis. No girl could ever fuck something this big! And to remind me of that fact, my hunk roommate Terry is fucking a girl who looooves big cocks. Even now, when I’m the biggest, I still can’t get a girl.*

Chris sat on the bench for quite a while, sulking and fuming. Eventually, Greg came by and saw him on the bench.

“Dude, have you been sitting out here all this time?”

“Where else am I supposed to go? It’s my room!”, Chris replied, resentfully.

“Well, yeah, but you could have gotten dinner or something. “

“And what was I supposed to do with all these bags of clothes? Lug them around campus, too?”

“Well, if it’s any consolation, you couldn’t have done a better job of establishing your cover as a goth kid than by sitting here moping on a bench,” Greg laughed.

“Hey, Sir Fuck-a-lot! The sock only works for three hours on week nights! Find somewhere else to dip your wick! People are trying to use the room!” Greg banged on the door and laughed.

After a moment of startled silence, Terry sheepishly replied. “Sorry. I, uh we, will be out in a couple minutes.” After more than a couple of minutes, a flushed Terry and a disheveled and sweaty Crissy tumbled out of the room. “C’mon, Terry. We’ve still got plenty of lube and condoms. Let’s go back to my room. I think I might be able to wait until we get there before I have to have that python in my pussy again,” said Crissy in a breathy voice. Terry started to enter the room, but stopped after one step.

“Ugh. This room smells like sex and sweat. I’m gonna find somewhere else to crash. If you want to go in there, you’d better crack a window. Later, Chris.” Terry made his way past Chris and down the stairs.

Chris entered the dorm room and slung his shopping bags onto the floor. He shifted his massive bulge through his pants and sat down heavily on his bed.

“Yuck! What the fuck?!?” Chris leapt back up off his bed, which was drenched in semen and female juices. Clearly, Terry had decided to screw his new girlfriend on Chris’s bed, rather than his own. “God damn it! I just bought these pants. I don’t need cum stains on them! They’re black.” Frustrated, he irritably pulled his baggy new pants down, preparing to adjust his oversized package in its uncomfortably tight and sweaty spandex container. Then he saw his reflection in the mirror on the back of the dorm room door.

Although not as tall or muscular as either of his roommates, Chris had a slim, fit body. His brother Carl got all of the attention, both by virtue of the size of his cock, and the size of his mouth, but Chris was not un-athletic. He was lean and wiry, but now the slender lines of his body were interrupted by the two massive globes of his balls and the huge slab of his thick penis. The tight spandex had shifted and stretched when he ran for the bus, and now, combined with the sweat from two layers of pants, it clung tightly to the curves of his sack and closely outlined his heavy cock. On his slight frame, his gigantic manhood looked obscenely, almost cartoonishly huge. Chris, however, was suddenly awestruck.

He carelessly kicked off his shoes, and stepped out of his baggy pants, watching how his weighty balls bounced with each move. He stepped a bit closer to the mirror and pulled his shirt over his head. His smooth, almost hairless chest was toned, if not as muscular as his roommates, and he slid his hand down his chest, then down his flat stomach, then lower. The mass of his cock and balls had pulled down the spandex to below where he would normally wear his pants, and his hands roamed over the enormous shaft of his penis and the smooth curves of his balls. He moved slightly from side to side, inspecting how his gigantic package was presented in the spandex.

“Man, I always wanted to stand out, and now that I do, I’ve got to hide this monster so I don’t look like a freak! Greg and Terry don’t have to hide being hung, or muscular, or good-looking. It’s not fair! Finally, I’m the best at something, and no one will know!”

*But I’ll know*, Chris thought to himself. *I’ll know that I have the biggest, thickest, longest cock in the world. I have the biggest, heaviest, fullest balls in the world. Me. This gigantic cock is all mine*, he thought, sliding one hand over his spandex covered shaft, while cupping his spandex-smooth nuts, one after the other, with his other hand. *God, it feels so heavy, and warm!* He brought both hands down to cradle one massive nut in each hand, tucking the spandex behind his ball sac to emphasize and accentuate their size. He then grasped his massive rod with both hands and slid them down the foot long shaft to the huge head of his penis. So heavy, so hot…

*And tight!* Chris winced as his enormous phallus began to swell under his ministrations. It began to grow longer and thicker, expanding in slow, inexorable pulses. Already it was pushing against the spandex, straining for more space, more room to grow.

*I’d better get these off while I still can,* Chris thought, though thinking about anything but the growing distraction in his shorts was difficult. First he tried to pull the spandex out and over his root and ball sac, but his penis quickly mushroomed to fill the extra space made by this action. It wanted to grow, and grow now. Growing a bit frantic, Chris grabbed the spandex pants by the waistband and slid them down his body like removing a sock. As he bent almost double to slide the spandex off his member, now being insistently squeezed by the fabric, his stiffening rod thudded into the side of his face, shocking him with it’s heft and heat. *Oh, my God! I’m big enough to suck my own dick…if I could fit this monster into my mouth.*

***Part 31.***

*Chris stood back up, alternating his gaze between the massive cock inflating between his huge, heavy balls, and the gigantic rod stiffening in the mirror. <i>It’s huge!* ***I’m*** *huge! Oh, my God, I’m still growing!* He ran his hand down the shaft and gasped at the sensation, the contrast between his cool fingers and the incredible heat of his prick. He curved his fingertips under the shaft and lightly ran them down the length, almost panting at how amazingly good it felt. And still, his cock grew, and grew…Chris wrapped both hands around his throbbing rod and felt it pushing his hands further apart as it swelled and swelled. He ran his hands down the shaft, realizing that he actually had to lean forward to trace his fingers across the head.

*It’s bigger than before…is the cream still working? Or is it just that this feels sooooo good? Maybe I wasn’t fully hard before, when Terry and Greg were here. Maybe it just gets this big just for me*. Chris stared at himself in the mirror, watching intently as the massive slab between his legs grew longer and thicker and harder, leaning back to counteract the weight of his gigantic nuts and his titanic boner. His hands ran aimlessly back and forth, caressing his ballsack, cupping his balls, and stroking his hot, heavy penis. When he thought that he could feel no more growing, no more stretching, no more delicious, fantastic swelling, he stopped and examined himself in the mirror.

A lithe, Asian man looked back at him, faintly glistening with persperation, and leaned slightly back, either to counteract the weight, or to fully display, the most massive cock in the world. It arose from two immense balls, so meaty and weighty that they hung more than halfway to his knees. His shaft, so thick that both hands encircling it could barely overlap fingertips, rose up more than perpendicular to his torso, the rigid rod closer to his face than his knees. Chris could no more fit that shaft into his mouth than he could swallow a beer can; less actually, given that his cock was now substantially thicker than any beer can Chris had ever seen. It stood tauntingly in front of him, bobbing slightly with his every breath. His tongue involuntarily emerged from his mouth, licking his lips, as Chris thought, *Maybe I can get someone to lick it, at least. Lick it all over, again and again.* One hand stroked the underside of his phallus as the other massaged his now-aching balls.

His focus, his attention, his whole world narrowed down to that cock and those balls. Almost all Chris could think about was how incredible, how amazing, how *perfect*, his manhood felt.

*I am going to jerk off until I can’t move. Wait, I just need a few things….* Jerkily, almost staggering under the weight of his erection, Chris fumbled through his things for a bottle of hand lotion. Comparing the bottle in one hand to the throbbing monster in the other, Chris quickly turned to one of the dressers, almost bumping his cock into it, and began fumbling through his roommate’s belongings. After grabbing another bottle of lotion, and tucking it under one arm, Chris walked bow-legged across the room, his gigantic nutsack swinging mesmerizingly between his legs. He opened the closet and fumbled through the bags there, before emerging with a third bottle of lotion. *Is this going to be enough? I wonder if someone will deliver this stuff to the room?* He tossed the three bottles onto Terry’s bed and turned to ease his bare ass onto the sheets, careful with the huge sack between his legs. Before he could sit down, another thought struck him.

*I don’t want to be cleaning jizz off the walls, especially off my Star Trek poster. I’ve gotta get something to catch all of my cum.* Even in his lust-induced stupor, Chris remembered something he saw when he was rifling through the dresser drawers. He quickly crab-walked across the room again, lightly caressing his gigantic prick in anticipation. *Soon…Just a few seconds more and we’ll have all night.* He pulled open the bottom drawer and scooped up a double armload of athletic socks. *Yessss…these should just about hold enough. Have sex on my bed, will you? See how you like having a few gallons of jizz in your socks.* Chris dumped the socks onto the bed, and gingerly lowered himself backwards onto the sheets, smiling as his colossal scrotum slid across the sheets. He spreadeagled his legs and grabbed a sock to fit over the end of his monster cock, feeling just a pang of disappointment that he didn’t have to stretch it a bit more to fit over his shaft. *If Terry had just a bit more lotion, then he wouldn’t have cum in his socks. I’d be too* ***big*** *to jerk off in them.* Chris pumped a huge dollop of hand lotion into his palm, and brought both hands together, smearing it over his hands in anticipation. *Here I come…*

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As soon as his lubed hands gripped his massive shaft, Chris began groaning in pure lust. First he began stroking himself with long, strong stokes, pulling on his colossal wang directly perpendicular to the bed. He began each stroke directly at the base of his cock, where his fingertips could barely overlap, and gripped it firmly as he slid his hands up the veined shaft until they contacted the sock stretched tightly over the end. *It barely gets any smaller at all. I’m huge all the way down!* On the return stroke, Chris tightened his grip, marvelling at the resistance he encountered. *I’m soooo hard. No one else could ever be this big, and this hard.* Each stroke of his member was more and more pleasurable, and each ended with his weighty ballsack contracting in anticipation. As the pleasure, and the need, grew more intense and insistent, Chris began to stroke faster and faster, his grip growing slightly tighter each time, though he was careful to give every throbbing inch of his cock the full attention it deserved, or demanded. Before long, his arms were pistoning up and down his shaft, and Chris was grunting as each stroke began from his groin. His balls felt so full and hot that they might explode, and suddenly, they released a massive surge of cum.

“Fuuuuck! Yesss!”, Chris moaned, in ecstasy as he felt the hot seed pour down his rod. Before it could even pulse to his cockhead, he felt his balls clench and release another burst of cum, and then a third. The first load of semen shot out of his cock, drenching the interior of the sock, and bathing his cockhead with amazing heat. It was followed by the second, and third, and more and more. Chris had forgotten to keep stroking, paralyzed as he was with the intense pleasure of the orgasm, but his nuts continued to pump more and more jizz as he resumed milking his massive fuckstick. “Ohhh, yesss! Yesss! Ohhh, fuck yess!” Chris panted as he continued to coax more and more cum, and delight, out of his monster cock.

By the time the last pulse of cum had left his huge organ, the athletic sock was precariously clinging to Chris’s cockhead, heavy, and soaking with cum. He reached up to peel it off his cock and almost spilled a sloshing load of semen. *There must be a pint of cum in here. Where does it all come from?* Chris mused for a milisecond, before the insistent need of his huge dick reasserted itself. He tossed the spunk-soaked sock on the floor and reached for its mate, pulling it a little more snugly over his reddish purple cockhead, before reaching for the lotion again. *Back to work, Chris. There’s probably a dozen pairs of socks here, and they aren’t going to fill themselves…*

His next session, Chris cupped his thick shaft from underneath, and brought the sock-covered head towards his face with each forward stroke, feeling the meaty weight of his hot cock against his flat stomach at the beginning of each return stroke. This type of stroking lifted his balls up a bit at the end of each forward stroke, and he delighted in the feeling of their warm heaviness landing on the bed again and again. *Unh. This feels good. I’d get a faceful of spunk if I didn’t have a sock, though. I guess I’ll never find condoms THIS big.* Chris began to lift himselff off the bed with his legs as he brought his hands forward on his cock, pushing his cockhead closer to his face, and lifting his ballsack higher and higher off the bed with each stroke. He shifted his grip a bit and began to squeeze his dick at the beginning of each stroke. *Ohhh, yeah. Cum for me, cum for me.* As the sensation grew in his immense rod, Chris again began to stoke faster and faster. When his orgasm finally occurred, Chris groweled in animalistic pleasure, but kept his hands firmly gripping the base of his cockshaft, squeezing his manhood in time with each pulse of semen that shot through his rod. The sock, filling with semen, pulled down to Chris’s face with the weight inside, and he could feel the warmth inside grow.

Before the jizz inside could soak through the sock and onto his face, Chris moved his hands from the base of his shaft up to his sock-covered tip, and lifted the hot load, and his penis, away from his face. He rolled onto his left side and let his steaming hot dick rest on the cool sheets, away from his body heat. His hands returned to his groin and gently caressed his balls from the underside, inducing even more cum to pump through his cock. Chris then gripped his dick at the base firmly and slid his hands up his shaft, milking the remaining semen out of his dick. As he reached the sock, Chris carefully removed it and weighted it in one hand. *Hmmm. Even more, I think*. He dropped the sopping sock on the floor and immediately reached for another, his cock throbbing with anticipation as he stretched it over the tip. Chris squirted a gob of lotion directly on his shaft and used his hands to spread it around as he began stroking himself lying on his left side. *First one side, then the other. Got to really give myself a workout. The biggest cock gets the best treatment...*

**Part 32.**

Chris held his cockhead with his left hand, caressing it through the sock with his fingers. His right hand roamed up and down his gigantic pole, massaging the veiny length, and stroking the monster back and forth. Even after two massive, prolonged orgasms, his cock seemed blazingly sensitive and solidly erect, ready and eager for more action. *I wonder how long I could keep this up? All night? I feel like I could go for hours. Mmmmm…*Lying on his side, Chris was able to thrust his pelvis back and forth and let his legs do a bit of the work his arms had been doing. His firm buttocks pumped, sliding his hefty dick through his stroking, squeezing hands. His ministrations soon brought him to another intense, volcanic orgasm, but Chris had barely finished cumming before stripping the sock and dropping the soggy mass on the floor. He hurriedly affixed another sock to his cock and squirted more lotion, cold compared to the warmth of his shaft, all down the length of his eager prick. *And now the other side.*

Stroking with his left hand only was interesting, and arousing. Chris had always clutched his penis in his right hand, so, in addition to the novelty of a cockshaft so long and thick, he was intrigued by the unfamiliar feel of his left hand alone on his dick. When he had stroked himself with both hands, his familiar right hand was still there, but now, with just the left, it was entirely a strange new hand, caressing a strange new cock. *This is awesome! I wonder what it would be like to have someone else jerk me off? Not knowing exactly what they would do, or how hard or fast they would go…What about two people, maybe? Would four hands be better than two? I’ve got enough room for more…*

The novel sensation brought Chris to a massive orgasm even sooner than before, and again, the sock brimming with spunk was slid off his boner and onto the floor with a squish. *Thank goodness athletes have plenty of athletic socks, thought Chris, reaching for another pair. I’ve got plenty left to play with.* However, despite his raging erection, still warmly red and throbbing, Chris found himself distracted by his dry mouth, and a rumble in his stomach. *Man, I’m really thirsty.* He got up from the bed, glancing at the mirror across the room in anticipation of the hung Asian he would soon see. Chris was surprised to see how low and loose his balls were hanging in his gigantic sack. They were not nearly as round and firm as they had been before his jerk-off session began. *I guess I should have expected that,* looking at the cum-soaked socks on the floor, *I bet there’s a gallon of jizz there already. I should get something to drink…and eat*, he thought, as his stomach rumbled again.

First he bent to the faucet of the sink in the room, swallowing mouthfuls of cool water as he teased his cock with light taps on the cold porcelain of the side of the sink. Then Chris lightly stroked his cock as he called a local pizza joint which made campus deliveries. *I think two large pizzas and a two-liter will keep my baby fuelled up. Twenty minutes should be just enough time to stroke out another one.* He sauntered back to the bed after finishing his call, sashaying his hips to cause the bloated behemoth of his dick to swing back and forth, his pendulous balls rocking below. Chris selected another sock and carefully affixed it to the bell end of his engorged prick. Then he rearranged the bed’s pillows, stacking them against the wall, and sat on the bed facing the mirror. He leaned back into the pillows, and let his feet hang off the edge of the bed. From his semi-upright position, he could see his massive balls, which already seemed rounder and firmer, and his gargantuan fuckstick, which stood up proudly. He had to tilt his head to one side to see around his huge prick, and the sight of a familiar face next to that gigantic cock brought a grin to his face. “Oh, yeah! No more Spring Roll! Who’s the big brother now?” Chris squirted a generous amount of lotion into his palm, and grabbed his shaft with an eager, two-handed grip, the lotion squelching between his fingers. S*how ‘em how it’s done, baby…*

Chris began stroking his hot rod eagerly, alternating between long, slow strokes, squeezing his prick on each, and quicker, lighter strokes that did not cover the entire length of his cock. *God! I can’t believe how horny I am! I’ve jerked off four times and it feels like I’ve been waiting a week. I can’t get enough! When am I going to find time for class? Who cares…*Watching himself in the mirror as he fondled his giant member was an incredible turn-on for Chris. While he had the proof right in his hands, seeing his unbelievably thick dick and huge scrotum from another angle let Chris envision himself as someone else might have seen him. *Unh…Imagine if Carl came through that door right now, and saw this monster between my legs. Or maybe Terry…What would he think, seeing my massive meat here on his bed? Or Greg…what if Greg came back? He’d probably be unable to control himself with this gigantic cock. Maybe he would help me jerk off—Unh! Uhn!* With that thought, Chris brought himself to orgasm again, moaning and pumping his cock as it spewed another huge load of spunk into a sock.

Suddenly inspired, Chris snatched the sock off his purplish-red cockhead and awkwardly fitted another with his left hand while continuing to stroke with his right. Only after securing a new cum-container did Chris reach for more lotion, squeezing it directly onto his cock while his right hand continued to pump. *Pizza delivery! Maybe I should open the door this way and pay for the pizza nude, with a gigantic hardon! What could the guy do? He’s got to deliver the pizza to get his money. Oooh….what if it was a girl delivering pizzas? I bet she’d like* ***my*** *big tip!* Chris’s frantic stroking was bringing him to the edge of another orgasm when there was a knock at the door.

“Big Boy Pizza!” , said a perky female voice.

“Co—uhn! Uhn! Cumming!”, replied Chris, as another titanic load of sperm rocketed through his cock.

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**Part 33.**

Chris hurtled off the bed, the jizz-filled sock pulling off his huge cock head under its own weight and falling wetly to the floor. He moved quickly across the room, conscious of the bobbing mass of his still erect cock. He knelt down to retrieve his wallet from his pants, then looked around in desperation for something to cover his gigantic, throbbing manhood. *I can’t cover this up! How am I going to answer the door? I’m starving!* Chris noticed a terrycloth robe in the closet and quickly wrapped it around himself. *I’ll keep my cock behind the door. She won’t know…if I can just keep it hidden.*

Another knock at the door. “Hello? Pizza delivery?”

Chris opened the door, careful to keep it between his monster cock and…the very attractive young woman with two pizzas balanced on one hand, and a two liter bottle of Coke clenched between her toned, slim thighs.

“Oh! Sorry. I needed a hand free to knock on the door.” She grasped the bottle by the neck and removed it from between her knees. She was just a bit shorter than Chris, with long brown hair in a ponytail that emerged from the back “Big Boy” ball cap on her head. She had a slight tan, and Chris could see a smattering of freckles on her nose and cheeks. She had a strong nose, dimpled cheeks, and bright white teeth that gleamed as she flashed Chris a smile. “Sorry to keep you guys waiting, but I don’t know my way around the campus that well.”

“It’s OK,” replied Chris. “Nobody here but me.” While she was very slim, Chris couldn’t help but notice how two fairly large breasts stretched out the tight T-shirt she was wearing. He quickly looked down, but found that he was admiring her shapely legs as well. While his face flushed with embarrassment, his cock throbbed with renewed urgency. The urge to reveal it was really strong.

“Two pizzas just for you? You must have quite an appetite! If you keep eating like this, you’ll be a big boy yourself!” She smiled again at her joke, and Chris felt that the look in her green eyes told him that she meant no insult to him. He took the pizzas from her with one hand, but realized that to grab the soda, he would have to step back from the door, and turn his giant genitals directly towards her. *Do it! Do it! She wants a “big boy”!*

“Let me grab my wallet,” Chris lied, stepping behind the door and putting the pizzas down. He returned to the door and thought he could see the sexy young delivery girl peering into the room for just a second. “Here you go!” Chris handed her the payment, and a very generous tip.

“Wow! Thanks a lot!” Another dazzling smile made Chris’s cock harden even more. She handed him the bottle of soda and smiled again. “I hope I get your order next time.”

“I do too,” replied Chris. *I’ll eat pizza until I explode if it gets you back here.* “Should I ask for you?”, he asked, with just a bit too much excitement. Idiot! Keep it cool!

“Oh, I, uh, if you want.” Her smile faltered for just a moment, but she looked down, and then quickly back up, nervously. “I’m Jen. I guess that would be OK, I think.” She blushed a bit, and scratched the back of one lovely leg with the top of the tennis shoe on her other foot. “I hope you order pizza again soon!” She quickly turned to leave, displaying a pert, curvy butt encased in very tight denim shorts.

Chris quickly leaned forward to blurt, “I will! I’m Chris!”. He suddenly realized that his entire cock was now on the wrong side of the door, and thrusting out into the hall. *Oh, shit!* He quickly whipped it back inside, banging it painfully on the doorjamb.

“Order pizza real soon, Chris!” shouted a voice from the hall. *Did she see? Should I look out? What do I say?* Before Chris could formulate a response, he heard Jen’s sneakers squeaking on the steps going downstairs. *Fuck! Why didn’t I say something? I could have offered her some pizza. She delivers pizza. She probably hates the stuff by now! I’m such an idiot!*

Chris shut the door, and realized that six sperm-soaked athletic socks were strewn across the floor. *Fuck! Did she see those?* He turned to get the pizza, and saw in the mirror that in his haste, the bathrobe, fastened at his waist, actually flared open, not only exposing his colossal cock, but also both of his massive, heavy balls. *Jesus! Did she see my balls when I answered the door? Fuck! Wait. She looked down, but she gave me her name after that. Either she saw my huge balls, and still wants me to call, or she didn’t see them….or she gave me a fake name and thinks I’m a freak, or a creeper.*

Despite Chris’s insecurity, two insistent needs were making themselves known, thanks to the smell of the pizza, and the pulsing of his enormous phallus. *Food…Fuck…Food…Fuck…*Chris picked up both of the pizza boxes and carried them, as well as the soda, to the desk nearest the bed. He placed both on the desk, and untied the sash of the bathrobe. He carefully sat down, revelling in the feel of the terrycloth tickling the massive expanse of his ballsack. He twisted the cap off the soda, and lifted the lid on the first large pizza. Then he leaned the chair back, using the edge of the bed to prevent the chair from reclining too far. *Plenty of fuel for my fuckstick. Need more fucking.* Chris stretched to grab another sock from the bed, and again positioned it over his aching, hot cockhead. He carefully squirted more lotion from the bottle onto his cock and began to stroke it lovingly with his right hand as his left hand picked up the first slice of pizza and maneuvered it to his mouth. *Mmmmm. Lots and lots of food to feed my big boy. Plenty to keep my balls fat and full of spunk. Plenty of fucking for me….*

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**Part 34.**

Between the greasy carbs of the pizza, the sugar and caffeine of the pizza, and his newfound fantasies about Jen, the pizza girl, Chris was filled with newfound energy. He stroked his mammoth cock to one orgasm after another. No sooner than his huge, heavy balls had unloaded another massive payload of cum, his gigantic member was already demanding more attention. Chris spent the bare minimum of time unloading one sodden sock onto the growing mess on the floor before fitting another over his bulbous cockhead. He spend even less time on the lotion, carelessly squeezing it over the enormous length of his shaft, before eagerly grasping it again with both fists and pumping out another frenzied orgasm. He only paused to gulp more soda and scarf more pizza when his body demanded it. Eight more socks were added to the six on the floor before finally, something ran out.

“Damn! I’ve used up an entire bottle! Chris was interrupted in his one-man orgy by the end of his supply of hand lotion. *Looks like I finished off the first pizza, too*, he noted, looking around. *Man, I don’t even remember eating half of it! Luckily for me, I had the foresight to plan ahead,* Chris thought, as he pushed the empty box aside and opened the second. He snagged another sock and stretched it over his thick, solid erection, still hard after hours of jerking off. *And luckily for me, both of my roommates have some lotion for me to “borrow’, too!* Chris leaned forward and grabbed the nearest bottle of lotion off the bed. *Figures that one of them would skimp on it, though.* The bottle he grabbed was nearly empty, so Chris shook the contents down to the cap before opening it, and then squirted it all over his eager, throbbing rod. *I hope the other bottle is fuller. I’m not running out to a store with a hard-on this big!* Chris reached for his cock with anticipation, then stopped.

*Oh, shit! The bottle in Terry’s closet hadn’t been hand lotion. It was the growth cream!*

“Fuuuuuuck!”

Chris quickly evaluated his options. *The lotion is already on my cock. If I wipe it off now, my dick might grow just where it contacted my skin. I had time to rub in the cream before. No other option. At least, there’s hardly any left.* Chris quickly located the box of latex gloves in Chris’s closet, and, removing the sock, carefully began to spread the splatter of growth cream all over his gigantic cock and balls. His plan didn’t work perfectly, as there turned out to be not quite enough lotion to cover all of both his balls. After a moment of panic (*I can’t have one nut three sizes bigger than the other!*), Chris returned to the bottle of growth cream and, through disassembling it, and careful use of his gloved pinkie finger, was able to eke out enough cream to give his entire package an even coating. *I can’t believe I’m doing this. It’s gonna be even bigger. How could I forget that the growth cream was in that bottle?*

Chris stood up and watched his cock with anxiety. Despite his panic, the careful application of the cream had stimulated his schlong back to full attention. For a moment, it seemed like nothing had happened, but the tingling, burning sensation he had experienced before began to return. “Ahhh! Ohhh! Jesus!” *That really burns! I thought it would tingle less! I hardly used any cream this time! Maybe it burns so much more because there’s so much more TO burn*. As he squirmed in discomfort, Chris’s giant cock began to swell even larger, growing longer and thicker. He could see his balls ballooning up as well, getting fuller and heavier. *Don’t tell me I have to buy bigger pants. I’m going to go from ‘goth Asian kid’ to ‘Asian who thinks he’s MC Hammer’.*

To his immense relief, the growth petered out after just a few minutes. Chris’s dick was clearly longer and thicker than before, but not by much. *I don’t think i’ve grown more than an inch or two. Thank God!* He grasped his shaft with both hands and realized that he could just barely encircle his new massive girth at the thickest point. *My fingers used to overlap here. I guess that’s not too bad, all things considered.* His nuts had swelled as well, but Chris guessed that they weren’t more than an inch or two bigger around either. *They sure feel a lot heavier though.* He lifted his balls with his hands. *Oh, fuck! That feels good. Heavy, but good.* Chris cupped his bigger balls with both hands and hefted them more, bouncing them against the underside of his titanic tool. *Sooo fucking heavy. I bet this baby weighs fifteen pounds. Maybe more…Mmmmm.* Chris licked his lips. *I’ve still got plenty of lotion, and lots of fuck socks. No sense in wasting them.*

Cradling his newly enlarged package, Chris clambered back onto Terry’s bed. He positioned the pizza and soda within easy reach, and checked the third bottle of lotion, the one he had gotten out of the dresser. *Awesome! Full bottle. Nothing stopping me now!* He grabbed another athletic sock and struggled to stretch it over his fatter, meatier rod. *That’s more like it!* Chris squirted lotion into his palm and began stroking his monster cock. *Oh, yessss! That feels even better than before! God, that feels incredible!* He pumped both hands up and down on his veiny shaft, squeezing the firm, hot meat as he did so. He bit down on his lower lip and grunted with pleasure. *Mmmmmm. Unhhhhh. Fuck, this feels amazing! Sorry I kept you waiting so long, baby*, thought Chris, ignoring the fact that he had only stopped masturbating less than five or ten minutes before. Chris continued to stroke his phallus with his left hand as his right hand began to massage his balls, rolling them around in his sack. *Oh, yeah. So full of cum. Ready to cum all night.* His left hand left his shaft to play with his sensitive cock head through the fabric of the sock, then he brought both hands back onto his slick, hot rod. Chris used his left hand near the root of his cock to push his entire dick upwards, angling his penis towards his face. He rubbed the underside of the base of his cock with short, firm strokes of his right hand, as he gripped as much as he could with his left hand, and slid that hand up and down near the center of his shaft. *Oh, yeah! Cum for me. Cum for Chris. Cum for me!* As his strokes accelerated, Chris seized his cock with both hands and pumped with long, hard strokes. He accentuated the strokes with thrusts of his athletic torso, pumping so hard his firm ass bounced up off the bed. *Unhhhh!* Chris came with an orgasm more volcanic and intense than any of the night. His massive sack tensed again and again, shooting thick jets of cum into the sock stretched over his manhood. By the time his prick finally stopped flooding jizz into the sock, it was soaked and dripping. Chris pulled the sperm-filled sack off his cock and let it slap onto the floor with a squelch. *That’s waaay more than a pint of spunk.* Without even thinking about it, Chris reached for another sock and the bottle of lotion. His cock was demanding his full attention.

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Chris spent the next few hours in an orgasmic haze. His massive tool stayed extremely firm and erect, and seemed to throb with his pulse. Chris could barely keep his hands off of his prick. Producing the prodigious volumes of semen he ejaculated drained Chris, but he could hardly force himself to gobble down another piece of warm pizza and gulp down something to drink. Before he had even finished swallowing a the last few bites of a slice, Chris found his hands returning irresitably to his giant wang. After he finished the soda, Chris had to stagger over to the sink to guzzle water straight from the tap, but he could not even walk back across the room before he began massaging his thick shaft again. *It feels sooo good! I just need more… just a few more…*Chris almost forgot, several times, to stretch another sock over his thick, hot cock. He longed to caress his cock head with his bare hands, but restrained himself, both out of a lingering concern for making a greater mess, and out of a troubling urge that if his hands were there, his mouth might soon follow. *Why do I want my mouth on my own shaft so badly? Am I gay? It just feels sooo good, and so hot. I just want to kiss it…and maybe lick it. If you swallow your own cum, does that mean you are gay? I wonder what it would taste like?* Chris came again with another unstoppable flood of jizz, loading another sock with a payload of cum. *God! I don’t think I could swallow all that! If I had been, I’d be blowing up like a balloon!,* thought Chris as he deposited yet another heavy bundle of spunk onto the growing pile on the floor. *Maybe I wouldn’t need all this pizza and soda though.* The incessant urging in his cock and balls interrupted his momentary musings, and Chris rapidly returned to the task at hand.

It was well after midnight when Chris finally tugged the last cum-stuffed sock off his gargantuan boner. The floor of the dorm room was covered with twenty four of the sacks of sperm, each easily filled with a pint of jizz, at least before they had oozed through the fabric. His arms were trembling and burning with fatigue from the unexpected work out, and his cramping hands could barely clench at all. Chris’s titanic dick began to soften and shrink, slowly lowering from full attention to a still gigantic mass, resting on the huge balls between his legs. He began to relax from the frenzied panting of his orgasms into a rhythmic deep breathing as sleep overtook him in exhaustion. *Best night, ever.* As Chris drifted deeper into sleep, a broad, satisfied smile spread across his face, and his incredible cock began to stiffen and grow again...

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**Part 35.**

Chris was walking back into his high school, his massive cock and huge, heavy balls bulging in a pair of jeans. The girls and guys both pointed, but he could see the interest in many girls’ eyes, while the guys all mocked him and laughed. “Hey, Spring Roll? Think you’re a Chinese buffet or something? You better be ready to unstuff your shorts in swim class, Spring Roll.” Chris flipped them off, and went to his locker. After putting away his things, and catching the furtive glimpses of many cute teen girls, he strode confidently into the boy’s locker room. Several of the high school’s prominent jocks were already there, most in their underwear or swim suits. They stood around posturing, thrusting their bulges prominently. Ignoring their catcalls, Chris went to his gym locker and pulled his shirt over his head, exposing his smooth, limber torso. He pulled off his shoes, and carefully sat down to remove each sock without pinching the package in his pants. “What’s the matter, Spring Roll? Too shy to show us the world’s biggest rolled-up towel?”. Chris nonchalantly unbuttoned his jeans and carefully removed his thick, limp meat with both hands. He let it dangle, the head swinging past his knees, as he carefully extricated one massive nut and then the other. The boys were silent. Chris slid the jeans down his legs and stepped out of them, his sack swaying with each step, and his thick slab swinging left and right. As the jocks whispered among themselves, Chris reached into his locker for his specially designed swim shorts. He pulled the tiny briefs up and stretched the fabric over the curve of his butt. Then he grasped the huge elastic sack at the front of the suit and began to manhandle his titanic prick and balls into the pouch. When he had finally gotten the tiny suit to barely contain him, Chris checked himself in the mirror. The stretchy fabric was strained out to a sheer mesh, stretched to near transparency. His suit cupped and lifted his package, gathering it up into a gigantic bulge that preceded his torso. His balls and cock were too big for the suit to contain entirely, and the upper curve of each testicle was exposed at the gaping top of the suit, and his massively thick shaft ran between them before feeding snugly into his suit. “What’s the matter?”, said Chris as he put his hands on his hips and leaned backwards into a stretch, exposing even more of his huge prick and nutsack. “Never seen anyone wearing a Speedo before?”

After his laps in the pool with the other awestruck boys, Chris returned to the locker room. He quickly removed the swim suit and stood, arms akimbo and legs spread, in the middle of the shower stall. “What are you guys waiting for? Don’t you want to get all that chlorine out of your hair? You wouldn’t want to go around all day smelling like bleach, would you?” Despite being shorter than most of the athletes, he boldly stared them all in the eyes until they sheepishly removed their trunks one by one, exposing their much smaller penises and testicles. He then turned on the middle shower and stepped back into the warm spray, careful to make sure each of the boys had a clear view of his massive cock. “Ah, that feels sooo good!” Chris ran his hands up and down his chest, never quite reaching his massive member. “You!” Chris exclaimed, pointing at a soccer jock who had made his life quite miserable in the past, “Give me your soap!”. The jock complied, meekly sidling up to Chris and handing him a bar of soap. Chris took the soap and began to lather up his cock. “Got to keep myself nice and clean for all the girls. All of your girls.” His prick began to swell larger and thicker and the boys were rapt with attention. Chris continued to stroke his soapy monster dong with both hands, leaning his pert ass and lithe torso against the tile of the shower as he did so. He noticed that each of the jocks was also developing an erection, though much smaller than his own giant rod. As Chris’s fat cock swelled to its full extent, he noted with satisfaction that none of the jocks were even half the size he was. Chris closed his eyes and licked his lips as he began stroking in earnest. Before long, he was leaning back against the shower wall, pushing his body with the pressure of his feet on the floor, as a massive orgasm built uncontrollably. Chris jerked his cock to the left and right as he came, spraying the assembled jocks with torrents of thick, white jizz from his gigantic fuckstick. “I thought you guys didn’t want to smell like bleach all day!”, he laughed.

After his shower, Chris couldn’t begin to stuff his semi-hard dick back into his jeans. He pulled his shirt back over his head, and stepped into his baggy sweat pants. He carefully guided his fat cockhead and thick shaft into the right leg of the sweats, and stretched them around the massive bulge of his balls. He gingerly sat down, careful not to bind his shaft with the sweats, or to pinch his balls. He replaced his socks and shoes, and stood up, reveling in the feeling of his meat and nuts swaying in the fabric. He admired himself in the mirror, seeing the slight Asian teen morph at the waist into a pornographic parody of a man. His immense testicles bulged obscenely against the sweat pants, and his titanic cock, still slightly hard, bowed outward though it was forced down by the leg of the sweats. The left leg of the sweats was loose and baggy, but the right leg was filled with the extra meat of his massive dick, outlined clearly against the fabric. “I should just wear these to school anyway. After all, I have swim class every first period.” Chris strode proudly out of the locker room, cock and balls rubbing against the soft cloth, as his fellow jocks watched from the safety of the showers.

All day, Chris flirted with every attractive girl he could find in the school, shamelessly flaunting the monster barely concealed in his pants. He moved up close to girls at their lockers, brushing his thick shaft against their legs and butts as they blushed and batted their eyes. He deliberately bumped their arms and backs with his bulging balls as he passed by them in their chairs in the classrooms. He deliberately caught the gaze of every hottie trying to sneak a peek at him in class, and licked his lips while lightly stroking his piece through the sweatpants. During his chemistry class, Chris had six eager female lab partners, while the remaining guys had to partner up with each other or the few unattractive girls. He spent the entire class pressing his semi-hard cock against soft, pert buttocks while “accidentally” roaming his hands across every breast he could reach, all aided and abetted by his very, very friendly lab partners. No teacher seemed to even notice. As the day went on and on, the girls seemed to get more and more friendly, even as the guys grew more timid and subdued. Gorgeous teen girls ran up to give him long, luxurious hugs, lips and tongues brushing against his ears as warm crotches ground against his colossal package. Hot chicks stroked their hands admiringly across his shaft as they passed him in the hall, and patted his huge ballsack like a cute puppy as they flirted openly with him in class. A dozen girls, each insanely sexy, waited for him at his locker before his last period class. The first girl looped her hands around his neck and waited for him to cup her sweet ass in both hands, and crush her crotch against his throbbing cock, before showering him with deep, open-mouthed kisses. Then she demurely stepped back, and let the next girl proceed. After all twelve had completed their ritual, one said, pleadingly, “Chris, come to cheerleader practice with us. Please!” The other girls mock-pouted until Chris agreed. They ran ahead, “to change”, as Chris strode through the halls, stroking the massive cock straining against his sweats in anticipation.

When Chris got to the gym, the room was empty except for a few benches and some practice mats on the floor. Chris sat on one of the benches, and awkwardly removed his shoes and socks, barely able to bend over due to the huge, thick hard-on developing in his pants. He eased his prick and balls into a marginally more comfortable position, and waited expectantly, rubbing his sack and shaft in anticipation. Soon, his dozen “girlfriends” returned, along with at least another dozen delicious looking girls. They were all wearing scandalously, exaggeratedly revealing cheerleader outfits. The tight tops barely contained full, bouncing breasts, squeezed together to reveal vast amounts of cleavage, and so low cut that tantalizing glimpses of aureola could be seen. The skirts were little more than an inch of pleated fabric, stopping well before the tiny white bikini bottoms that clung to two dozen sets of pert buttocks. The girls lined up in a double row before Chris, and began to cheer as they bounced up and down.

“What do we want?”

“Sex!”

“When do we want it?”

“Now!”

“What do we want?”

“Sex!”

“When do we want it?”

“Now”

“Gimme an ‘F’”

“F!”

Gimme a ‘U’!”

“U!”

“Gimme a ‘C’!”

“C!”

“Gimme a ‘K’!”

“K!”

“Fuck us Chris! Fuck us Chris! Fuck us Chris!”

Chris stood up, ripping away his sweatpants to reveal his gigantic cock, fully erect and dripping with precum. The girls broke into cheers, applause, backflips, and somersaults, before rapidly beginning to strip off what little clothes they were wearing. Chris fell to the mat as at least six of the sex-starved nymphets tackled him, kissing, licking, sucking, and fondling any body part they could reach. He almost felt suffocated as even more girls squirmed onto the pile, desperate to touch him. “Girls, girls,” he admonished. “There’s plenty here for everyone. No one needs to rush. Cheerleader practice goes until 8, and we can always study at my house after that if you need to..”

The momentary crush of girls abated, and one cheerleader straddled Chris, looking deep into his eyes with her beautiful green ones. Chris could barely take his own eyes off her breasts, which seemed much too large to have possibly fit into her top. She crawled up his body on her hands and knees, but her impossibly huge and firm breasts were barely able to squeeze into the space between her arms, her body, and Chris’s torso. He could feel her hard nipples slide across his chest, even as her cleavage filled his view. She leaned forward, squashing her gigantic breasts, and began to give him sloppy open-mouthed kisses, panting with desire. Chris could suddenly feel several more sets of soft lips begin to kiss his massive cock, and then, the feathery, liquid softness of four (or more) tongues begin to massage his fat shaft. Delicate hands began to caress his ballsack, and Chris threw his arms around his visible partner and began to voraciously reciprocate her hungry kisses. Her lips were delicious and her immense, fat breasts were pillow-soft and warm against his chest. When he thought that his prick could not get any harder or bigger, the warm wet kisses on his shaft abruptly stopped, only to be replaced by the warmer, wetter sensation of entering a vagina. Despite his immense girth and even more incredible length, Chris could feel his cock slowly being forced into the tightest, hottest, wettest pussy he could imagine. His view was blocked by the stupendous firm breasts of the cheerleader kissing him, but Chris could tell by her moans of delight that his massive shaft was somehow being contained in her tight little pussy. She squirmed with pleasure as the mammoth meat slid into her body, inch after inch after inch. With a grunt, Chris felt her round, perfect ass sit on his gargantuan balls. In spite of his size, Chris’s cock was completely buried in her tight snatch. The cheerleader leaned back, and Chris could feel his massive rod shifting inside her. As she sat up, her immense breasts were no longer compressed between Chris and her own body, and they swelled out in front of her, larger and rounder than watermelons. Her breasts were almost perfectly round, despite their gigantic weight, and protruded from her chest as far as her wrists. Chris felt pinned under their mass, and loved the sensation. “Fuck me, Chris. Fuck me. Fuck me with your huge cock. She began to swing forward and back, using the massive globes of her breasts as a fulcrum to rock against Chris’s prick. The sensation of her pussy clenching against the entire length of his rod was intoxicating to Chris, and he heaved her breasts up and clasped her slim waist, completely hidden by her colossal boobs. As she rocked, Chris began to pump his torso, fucking her as hard as he could possibly manage. Her breath began to come in gasps as Chris could feel his balls, and her pussy, begin to clench. He and his cheerleader both came with a mind-blowing climax, and Chris could feel a torrent of cum surging out of his cock and drenching her pussy. Completely satiated, the busty cheerleader’s eyelids began to droop. “Soooo good. Soooo big. I just need a little rest and you can fuck me again, Chris…just a little rest." Chris lifted the gorgeous girl off the massive slab of his cock, her pussy lubricated by the pint of jizz he had poured into her. Despite her gigantic breasts, she was very slim and petite, and Chris was able to pick her up and deposit her gently onto the mat next to him. He then noticed the other twenty three cheerleaders, all similarly nude, and equally huge breasted, seated around him. They began to chant “Fuck me next, Chris. Fuck me. Fuck me”. His massive cock grew even harder as Chris looked around for his next partner...

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**Part 36.**

Chris awoke the next morning with a horribly dry mouth and cramping in his arms and legs. He started to sit up, but suddenly felt light-headed. His stomach and thighs felt strange. The entire bed was wet and clammy. *What the hell?* Chris carefully levered himself to a seated position and immediately leapt out of bed, though doing so nearly made him stumble. The sheets were soaking with a flood of cum, like someone had dumped gallons of jizz all over the bed. His thighs, stomach, and chest were all coated with a dried film of spunk as well. Looking down at his improved organ, Chris could see that it seemed to be fine, though even longer and thicker than the 14 inches flaccid he had estimated yesterday, before the second ‘incident’ with the cream. However, his huge meaty balls seemed almost deflated, hanging loosely in his nutsack. Again, a wave of lightheadedness and nausea washed over him. *I think I’m dehydrated! I’ve got to get something to drink.* Despite his queasiness at being coated in dried semen, Chris carefully stepped around the cum-filled socks littering the floor and the pools of jizz leaking from them as well. He bent almost double at the sink and began to guzzle water from the faucet directly. Chris didn’t stop gulping water until he felt his stomach start to distend and he could barely swallow another drop. He started to rub his full, bulging tummy until he realized that it was still covered in his own spunk.

“Ugh! Gross! I’ve gotta wash this gunk off!” Chris realized that the dorm room, however, had only a sink, and no shower. The showers were down the hall. *How do I get down there without anyone noticing? Fuck! Do they even have shower curtains?* Chris quickly considered his options as his skin crawled with the sensation of the jizz all over his body. He retrieved the white terry cloth robe and donned it, loosely fitting on his smaller figure. He lifted his flaccid cock to his chest, and closed the robe around it. He carefully arranged the robe to cover his balls, and picked up a towel. Slinging the towel over one shoulder, the folds of the towel obscured most of the outline of his cock through the robe. He then picked up his toiletry bag and held it in front of the visible bulge in the robe caused by his scrotum. He examined himself quickly in the mirror and, satisfied, poked his head out of the door. Seeing no one, he quickly exited his room and swiftly walked to the showers. He entered the bathroom and heard both showers and male voices. *Damn! I knew this was too easy.* Chris started to turn around, but saw someone else walking down the hall towards the showers. He quickly changed course and progressed towards the shower stalls.

With a silent sigh of relief, Chris saw that the showers, while not separate private stalls, each had a curtain at least. He selected the one on the far right, which seemed to be empty. He carefully faced the wall before putting down the bag, which had served to camouflage his massive ballsack. He retrieved his soap and shampoo from the bag, and tried to figure out how to get into the shower without being seen naked. As he paused, a glistening, wet teen stepped out of the shower next to him. The guy appeared to be maybe Spanish or South American, with tanned skin and well-defined, if not overly buff, muscles. His limp cock, however, was fairly large, or would have seemed so to Chris yesterday. He had a well groomed mustache and goatee, and smiled at Chris as he stepped out of the shower. “Hey, man. How’s it goin’?”

Chris almost leapt into the shower, still fully dressed in the robe. “Uh, OK I guess. How are you?” Chris carefully removed the robe, keeping his back to the other man. *Unless he’s checking out my ass, I don’t think he will see anything.* Chris reached backwards and hung the robe on the hook outside the shower before sliding the shower curtain closed.

“I’m doing good. Hey, are you the guy from room 202?” asked the stranger, toweling off unselfconsciously. Chris turned on the water and swallowed nervously.

“Well, yeah. How did you know that?”

“Man, all of us were talking about who you were. We all heard you banging that girl last night. I’ve never heard a girl scream like that. You must have fucked her brains out! Girl was moaning for like, two hours.“ Several other voices agreed with his comments.

“Uh, actually, that was my room-mate Terry, not me, ” confessed Chris.

“Oh, shit! Really, man? It’s going to suck rooming with that guy. She kept screaming about his horse cock. He must be fucking huge! It’s gonna be rough when your roomie’s got the biggest dick on campus. He’ll get all the girls.” The guy finished toweling off and pulled on a pair of tight jeans. Several other voices agreed, laughing. “Keep him away from me, man. I don’t need that kind of competition. Catch you later, man. Name’s Javier.” Javier gave a quick wave and strolled out of the bathroom.

*Goddamn it! Now everyone here thinks that I have a tiny penis compared to Terry’s horse cock. Walking around with those baggy Goth pants is just going to make me look even more pathetic and self-conscious.* Chris began to shower, listening to the other guys talking about the ‘huge’ guy in 202. *Now I look even more like a ‘tiny Asian’. Why else would I jump into the shower stall before undressing unless I have a little dick?* Chris shampooed his hair, fuming. *Shit! These guys haven’t even seen Greg yet. I’ll be the little emo Asian with two huge dicked roommates. Only I could fuck up growing a bigger cock.*

As Chris moved from washing his hair to scrubbing his body, however, his feelings about growing a bigger cock rapidly began to improve. The warm water felt fantastic cascading down his thick shaft and pouring off his massive balls. The huge amount of water Chris had gulped down in the room seemed to have both refreshed him, and replenished his “supply”. His nuts now swelled out his sack, fat and round, rather than sagging and limp. As he soaped up his hands, he could already feel his rod swelling in anticipation.

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*Man, I’ve can’t get enough!* Chris grasped his prick at the base with his right hand and began stroking it smoothly with his soapy hand. His left hand cradled one ball, and then the other, caressing them through his sensitive sack. Before Chris had even completed a second stroke, his massive fuckstick was already too thick to grasp in one hand. Reluctantly, he stopped massaging his nutsack and moved both hands onto his hot, throbbing dick. Chris shuffled into a wider stance, letting his huge, heavy nuts swing between his legs. He turned to face the showerhead, feeling the warm spray running down his chest and over his balls. *Mmmmmm…*Spreading his legs even further apart, Chris backed up until his firm, smooth buttocks touched the cool tile of the shower wall. He then leaned back further, feeling both his back, and his weighty ballsack contacting the colder shower wall as well. *Unhh...*As Chris continued to slowly stroke the gigantic meat in his hands, he angled his shaft upwards, so that the hot shower massaged the underside of his cock with a steady spray of water. The strong jet of water churned against both his throbbing dick and drummed against the soft skin of his testicles. *Fuck! This feels sooo good!* Chris spared his monstrous member a moment’s attention and turned the water up. The feeling was incredible, and Chris shifted his grip on his erection to nearer the head to allow the cascading water to caress as much of his cock and balls as possible. Doing so brought his massive, reddish cockhead directly in front of his face. *Oh, what the fuck? It’s perfectly clean. I’m in the shower!*

Chris opened his mouth and tentatively licked the side of his cockhead, avoiding its huge slit. The sensation felt so incredible, and so taboo, that he nearly came on the spot. *Fuuuuuuck! That feels amazing!* Chris began to lick his cockhead with wild abandon, slurping up the water on it. *Mmmmmm. Tastes sooo good.* It was far too massive to possibly insert into his mouth, but Chris manhandled his cock with one hand below the head, and started kissing it with his open mouth, sucking on the small expanse that he could encompass with his mouth. His other hand continued to stroke his shaft aggressively. As warm as the water was, it was nothing compared to the heat of his hard, throbbing cock. Even his tongue felt cool in comparison as he furiously lapped at his own cock. *Oh, God, yes! I love this cock! I fucking love this cock!* As Chis maneuvered his dick so that he could lick the very tip, he felt the beginning of an unstoppable orgasm. “Uggggh!”, Chis moaned, his voice echoing in the tiled shower room. The first massive gobbet of spunk splattered into Chris’s hair and on his shoulder. Chris reflexively lowered the aim of his cock, and the first was followed by a second, and third, and fourth huge eruption of thick, ropey jizz. He continued to pump his fat cock and it continued to respond with more and more semen. *Yesss! Yes! Come for me! Come for me!* Chris stroked his monster until no more jizz emerged. Then he straightened up and rinsed the spunk out of his hair, and off his shoulders, continuing to gently massage his softening shaft with one hand while doing so. *That’s a good boy*.

Once he felt he was cleaned off, Chris turned off the shower and carefully reached one arm out to grab his towel. He toweled off slowly, relishing the feel of the cloth on his cock and balls. He dried them off with particular care and attention. *It’s a good thing I wasn’t licking the tip of my cock when I came. All of that cum would have gone in my mouth! I don’t think I could even swallow all of that, even if I wanted to. It felt really good, though. I’ve got to find some way to get a girl to lick my cock!* Chris dried himself off, though his continued attention prevented his cock from going completely soft. He reached outside the shower curtain again and retrieved the robe. Wrapping it around his body, he pulled his semi-hard cock against his chest again, marveling at how warm it was. Chris carefully draped the robe over his bulging balls and shut it tightly, pressing his cock to his torso. He tied the robe closed and again draped the towel over his shoulder, concealing the thickness of his penis underneath it. He stepped out of the shower and grabbed the toiletry bag, using it to disguise the massive bulge of his balls. Carefully walking down the hall, Chris savored the sensation of his heavy balls swaying beneath the robe. He lightly stroked his cock through the towel, feeling it start to harden again. *I probably have time for a few more before class.* Chris opened the door to his room, revealing a floor covered with two dozen cum-soaked socks, three discarded bottles of lotion, two empty pizza boxes, a drained two-liter, and a bed drenched in jizz, as well as two roommates glaring at him with crossed arms.

“Dude! What the fuck!?!”, said Terry, and Greg.

**Part 37.**

The two larger, muscular athletes advanced on Chris, who dropped his hands and tried to look non-threatening, which only served to expose the massive bulge in the front of his robe, and the outline of his swelling cock under the fabric.

“What’s the idea of cumming all over my bed?” demanded Terry.

“That’s not fair! You had sex on my bed first. I tried to catch it all in your socks, so it wouldn’t soak the mattress, but I ran out of socks!”, said Chris, defensively. I can’t believe all this cum is mine! This cock is unstoppable!, he thought with pride.

“His socks! Those socks are mine! You jerked off in twelve pairs of my socks, and now you’re wearing my robe!” Greg grabbed the shoulders of the robe and slid it off Chris’s lithe body. Chris’s thickening cock, freed from its confinement, swung forward and hit Greg in the chest. Both athletes stepped backward with a shared gasp. Chris could feel more blood surging into his massive prick as it stiffened into a gigantic, thick erection.

“It’s not my fault! Look at my dick! i can’t control it! I jerked off twenty four times last night, and I still spend all night cumming in wet dreams. i just jerked off in the shower and I want more! My cock can’t get enough!” I’m rock hard right in front of these guys! Yesterday I was so embarassed, but what do I have to be embarassed about? My cock is bigger than either one of theirs!

Greg seemed amazed by the sight before him, a slim, wiry Asian teen with an enormous, thick, veiny cock bobbing up and down, legs spread apart to accommodate huge, heavy balls. “I think you’re even bigger than you were yesterday, dude. That thing is gigantic. It must weigh a ton! How does it-“

Terry, however, did not seem as mesmerized by Chris’s titanic boner. “What do you mean ‘It’s not your fault?’ You’re the one who stole all my growth cream. You put it all over your dick! It’s totally your fault, you little jerk!”

Chris, unthinking, advanced on both of them, and marveled inwardly as they both stepped back from his massive cock. “You’re blaming me? You two good-looking jocks both come to college and get a room together, so you don’t have to share a room with a stranger. One of you has a foot-long dick, and the other just lucks into a cream that gives him a foot-long dick. I get here and you both treat me like some stupid joke. You don’t make fun of your friend for being gay, but you looked at me and immediately dismissed me as a nerd and a loser. You didn’t do anything to be good-looking. You didn’t do anything to earn twelve inch cocks. You both walk around showing off your big cocks and hot bodies, and you humor the nerdy little Asian guy and let him tag along. You dump him in somebody’s room and go off and have sex with hot girls. Then you come back here and jerk off together, too!”

“I’m just supposed to lie there and take it? I’m supposed to be happy to be the laughing stock of college, like I was the joke at high school? Were you going to call me “Spring Roll” too, or did you guys have some other name thought up? It wasn’t bad enough being smaller than my brother; now I’m rooming with two studs with foot long cocks! I’m sorry I used up all of your growth cream, but I’m not sorry I took it. Were you planning on getting this big?” Chris finished his diatribe by turning to the side and swinging one arm out, as if to display the tremendous erection that he sprouted.

Terry seemed to deflate. “Chris…I hadn’t thought about it like that. I still think it’s a douche move to steal my growth cream. You could have asked me, and you might not have gotten so big. If I’m being honest though, I don’t know if I would have shared it with you. I was really caught up in how cool it felt to be big, and I immediately forgot about how it felt to have a small dick. I knew you were smaller than me, so it made me feel more important. The dumb thing is, I bet I was smaller than you were before the cream, and I know how badly I wanted to be bigger. I remember getting teased about it all the time, and I didn’t even have a brother rubbing it in.”

Greg stepped in to interject. “Chris, we all have to get along as roommates all year. Let’s try and be fair. If you will wash up Terry’s sheets, Terry will clean up your stuff.”

“I’ll wash your socks, too”, offered Chris.

“Uh, I don’t think I’ll be able to look at those socks again the same way. How about you buy me a few new pairs?” Chris nodded, his gigantic member bobbing with the motion.

“And, as long as we are on the topic of fairness, you got to see both of us jerk off. It’s only fair that we get to watch you jerk off too.”

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“What are you talking about?”, demanded Terry. “Why would I want to see him jerk off?”

“Terry, come on. Look at that thing. It’s **huge**. I mean, Chris probably has the biggest, thickest cock in the world”, said Greg. Chris could feel his prick swelling even more when Greg said that. “Are you telling me that you honestly don’t want to see that thing cumming?” Greg looked his friend in the eye, but Terry could see the stiffening rod in Greg’s pants too.

“Guys, uh, whether you want to watch or not, I’m gonna have to jerk off. I’m starving and there’s no way I’m going to be able to go to the dining hall with this. Chris brushed his hand against his cock as he pointed out the “problem”, and could barely resist the urge to begin stroking it in earnest. *I don’t care if you watch. I just have to jerk off! I am so fucking hard right now!*

“Well, if you’re going to jerk off anyway, we might as well watch. After all, this way you won’t be using any more of our socks, or soaking anyone else’s bed.” Terry pushed the sheets around and sat down on Chris’s bed, using the mess of pillows and sheets to conceal his own growing erection.

“Oh, yeah!” said Greg. “OK, Chris, show us what that baby can do. I can’t wait!” Greg sat down on one of the chairs in the room and slipped one hand inside his pants to stroke his own shaft. “Bring on the main event!” Surreptitiously, Terry did the same thing.

Chris strode across the room slowly, feeling his prick bob up and down with every step as his heavy balls swayed from side to side. He assumed a wide-legged stance, letting his massive sack swing freely between his legs, and carefully, deliberately spread his towel over the huge soaked section of Terry’s bed. He turned around and sat down carefully on the edge of the bed, letting his fat, round nuts hang over the edge. He reached backward for a bottle of lotion, the motion causing his thick shaft to rise even further in the air. He noticed how Greg followed every motion of his cock. *I think I see somebody who would be willing to jerk me off. If I have to keep this up, I’m definitely going to need the help.*

Chris shook the bottle of lotion, both to force the little remaining to the opening, and to savor the stares of both guys as his gigantic cock bounced up and down in response. He squirted the lotion onto his right palm, and slapped his palm against the underside of his shaft, lotion squeezing between his fingers with a squelch. “Ah! That’s a little cold.” He put both hands on his rod and began to stroke, spreading the lotion. “Mmmm. That feels pretty good.” He ran both his hands all of the way up his lengthy rod and caressed his bulbous cockhead before gripping the shaft again and sliding his hands back down to his balls. “Man, there’s just sooo much meat here to handle. I can barely even get my hands around his monster. My arms are still sore from stroking it last night.” He squeezed his shaft as best as he could and tugged on it with short strokes, making it bounce up and down.

Chris had intended to watch Terry and Greg as they watched him stroke his boner. He wanted to revel in their reactions to his gargantuan cock, to exult in his superiority over them. However, as soon as he began stroking his dick, his attention became entirely focused on his own pleasure. He gripped his cock near the head with his left and pulled it first in one direction, then another, as his right hand dove under his balls and played with them, lifting one huge, heavy nut, then the other. After rolling his balls around his nutsack for a while, Chris returned his right hand to his shaft and began caressing the underside of his cock, immediately below his cockhead, while his left hand shifted to make long, slow strokes on the top of his cock, near the base. *Ohhhh, yeah. That feels goood*. He shifted his grip on his fuckstick and began stroking his penis with both hands, pushing it down, towards the guys, on each outward stroke, feeling the shaft rest heavily on his balls. He lifted his penis upwards, towards his mouth, with each return stroke of his hands from the head towards his balls. As his strokes grew stronger, he began to grunt a little bit with each one. “Ungh! Yeah! Fuck! Ungh!”. The guys could have been on another planet, for all that Chris cared. All he was conscious of was his gigantic cock, his fat balls, and how fantastic they felt.

Chris began to rock back and forth on the bed, feeling his balls slap against the edge of the bed with each rythmic motion. His hands squeezed and kneaded his fat cock as he pumped it through his grip, sweating with exertion. The hot, veiny shaft seemed to throb with power. *Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.* Chris felt the heat of his cock seem to spread out through his groin to his torso and thighs. Chris’s excitement grew as he could feel the pressure building inexorably in his balls. As the sensation of pressure climaxed, Chris swung his feet up onto the bed, his bent legs lifting his butt off the bed, though his huge ballsack still dangled on the towel. “Yeargh!” A massive eruption of cum rocketed out of his cock, spattering everything with huge, sticky gobs of semen. “Oh, my fucking god!” shouted Greg, as the geyser of jizz was followed by another, and another...

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**Part 38.**

Chris was lost in his own thoughts as the three guys walked to the dining hall. I just jerked off in front of two guys! I was always ashamed for another guy to even see me naked, and I just jerked off in front of my roommates! Once I start getting a hard-on, it’s like I don’t care what happens so long as I get to cum. What if I get one in the cafeteria, or in class? Even though his dick was now soft, the heavy mass between his legs kept him constantly aware of his new endowment. The mass and size of his humongous genitals forced him into a different, wide-legged gait, and his meat tugged at his torso with every single step.

Terry whispered to Greg as they walked with Chris down to the nearest cafeteria. “What the heck is wrong with you? Are you completely dick-crazy or something?”

Greg replied quietly, “I thought you would get it. Our roommate Chris, is an insecure, clingy, nosy nerd, who grew up being self-conscious about his tiny wang. If he develops some self-confidence, then maybe we can get him out of our hair occasionally. You do remember having a tiny penis, yourself, right? Remember being too embarrassed to ask a girl out, like all of high school?”

“OK, I can kind of see your point. Still, did we really need to watch him jerk off? It’s bad enough that he stole my growth cream. Do I have to cheer him on?”

“I wasn’t the only one stroking one out while Chris was jerking off, was I?”, replied Greg.

Terry reddened. “It was just so fucking huge! Now I wonder if I should have used more of the cream…”

Greg smacked him in the back of the head. “And exactly how would you fuck Crissy if you did that, huh? With a foot-long cock, you can pick and choose all the pussy you want, if the girl is a bit freaky. Chris is going to be stroking himself from here on out.”

“I guess you are right. He doesn’t seem too unhappy about it, though.”

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Chris navigated through the crowded dining hall carefully. With both hands on his tray, he couldn’t “guard” his bulge, so he had to be sure not to bump his massive genitals into anything. The spandex was stretched tight enough to keep them restrained, but at the smooth fabric let the baggy black pants slip around them smoothly. He saw Greg and Terry, so he went to sit with them. He had to put his tray down first, and he could feel the table edge brushing against his cock as he did so. Surreptitiously, he used his hand to adjust his heavy package as he sat down., trying to find a position that didn’t pinch his crotch. Even spreading his legs, the massive curve of his balls and the shaft of his penis were brushing against the underside of the table edge. I could jerk off just rubbing against the table...He started to dig in to the heaping portions on his tray.

“I didn’t think you would be very hungry after all the pizza you ate last night,” said Terry.

“Are you kidding? I’m starving!,” said Chris, between bites. “Oh, wait! I almost forgot! I was going to tell you guys about the pizza girl!”

“Who’s the ‘pizza girl’, Chris?”, asked Greg with a snicker.

“This really cute girl named Jen delivered the pizza. She was totally hot! I answered in your robe, and I think she might have seen, uh, what was underneath. She said I should order pizza again really soon, and ask for her. I think she wanted me to ask her out! Do you guys think I should order pizza again tonight?” Chris was almost bouncing with excitement, spoiling somewhat the image of him as the “goth Asian kid”.

“Did you get her number?” , asked Terry with a smirk.

“No, I didn’t think to do that. I just know the number for the pizza place.”

“Dude, if you have to order pizza every time, you’re gonna be too fat to fuck her!”, Terry laughed.

“I can ask her for her number this time. I just wasn’t prepared last time! What I mean is do you think it is too soon to call? Will I seem like a weirdo?”, asked Chris anxiously.

“I hate to break it to you, but you are a weirdo. This chick might be into that, though. Freeeeeaky!”, Terry ended, singing falsetto.

Greg looked at Terry with annoyance. “I think it would be fine to call her, Chris. She said you should call her really soon, so I think that she would like you to call tonight. Anyway, she might not be working, so you might have to order a few times before you get her to deliver one anyway. You might as well start now. Nobody will be suspicious of college guys eating too much pizza”.

“That’s a good point! I will order pizza tonight after class.” Chris continued to stuff his face with food. “After another helping.”

“Are you sure your cock got bigger, or just your stomach?”, said Terry in a whisper.

“You’re just jealous that mine needs so much fuel.”, replied Chris, leaning back and patting his gargantuan package with pride. Greg collapsed with laughter.

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**Part 39.**

Chris wasn’t the only one who woke up that morning feeling the harsher side-effects of the cream.

Crissy woke up disoriented and hurting. Gravity was wrong, no part of her body seemed to be where it belonged and her pillow was missing.

Just then someone punched her in the face.

"Ow! What the hell!" She yelled, taking a blind swing at her attacker. Someone hit her face again and her eyes flew open.

She was alone in the room. Then who had...?

Her consciousness caught up with the rest of her and the geometry of the world fell into place. Her face was on the floor. She turned over onto her back. Her legs were still op on the bed. She tried to push herself up and realized that her arms were completely numb. Feeling returned like pins and needles. She lifted up her arm and flexed her fingers. At least she’d solved the mystery of her attacker. She’d hit herself in the face.

"Urrrrrrrgh" she moaned like a zombie and recomposed herself, getting up off the floor and sitting down on the bed.

Ouch. Her crotch hurt. Her vagina hurt. Her stomach hurt. The pain was worse than last time and she worried she might have damaged something. She looked down at her crotch. Large patches of black and blue had bloomed around her groin, and the flesh felt puffy and swollen. There were also small spots of dried blood here and there around her labia and on her sheets.

She looked at the time. 7:30. Three hours before class. Sharelle wasn’t there. She had 19th century literature at 7.

Crissy downed three advil and some water from a half-filled bottle at her bedside. After some of the throbbing died down, she gathered up her things and headed down the hall to the bathroom.

She brushed her teeth in little circles, staring through the mirror at the girl on the other side.

Hey, Sexy. She thought. She lifted up her lip with the other hand and brushed her left canine. Or, as she and her friends called it, her "snaggletooth." Or other times, her "half-vampire fang."

Sexy? Pfffff. Yeah Right.

She studied the girl in the mirror. Too idiosyncratic to be beautiful. Not the kind of sexy you see on the covers of Cosmopolitan. She tucked in her lower lip so that her single fang stuck out, then blew a raspberry at her reflection.

She was right. She’d never appear on the cover of Cosmo or Victoria’s Secret, but only a small sliver of people on the wide spectrum that was "sexy" actually could. Crissy tended to sell herself short in that area. The hot girl who didn’t know she was hot. She’d been an ugly duckling in high school. Headgear-style braces (they never did correct that fang), coke bottle glasses, self-inflicted pigtails with too many ribbons. The works. She buried herself in literature club and anime and made a home for herself among the geeks and social outcasts of High School Society.

It all came off of course, after freshman year at Bradford. She wore contacts now, her teeth were straight, if not completely uniform in size, and she’d learned that certain hairstyles were best attempted with a spotter.

She’d had her first boyfriend that summer. She was just so happy for a boy to finally notice her, she let him walk all over her. He knew she didn’t know how attractive she really was or could become, and he kept her in the dark. He talked down to her, ignored her and slept around and she kept coming back for more because he was the first boy to even cast a glance in the ugly duckling’s direction.

Before having sex with Terry, she told herself she’d kept coming back to her ex because of how amazing he was in bed, but after this... After this? Whatsisname (It was Steve) couldn’t even compare. The the first sparks of awareness that she might actually be sexy flickered in her eye as she looked over at the blond cutie on the other side of the glass.

"Ow! Shit!" she squeaked aloud through gritted teeth. Advil couldn’t kill pain for shit.

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Crissy’s day after wasn’t nearly as bad as it had been the day before. Sure, she had more aches and pains in more places, but at least she wasn’t hung over and dehydrated. The little aftershock orgasms were more common, too. With her head clear, she actually got to enjoy them.

Her classes still dragged by. Instead of taking notes, she spent all day drawing Anime-esque renditions of Terry on the lined paper of her notebook. On a couple pages she did larger sketches of his face in a more realistic style, or full body renditions of him posing awkwardly on a windowsill or bench wearing nothing but jeans. She spent a lot of time shading around his pecs, and drawing, then erasing, then redrawing the huge bulge of his cock, indecisive about how much detail she ought to express. She flipped to an empty page any time it looked like someone was looking over at her.

At the meeting of the literature club that afternoon, she wasn’t fast enough.

"That’s really good, who is it?" asked Sally Bender. Sally was a dark haired, awkward girl with gangly limbs and a narrow torso. She had a very thin, sharp nose and when she laughed, she sounded like a drunk squirrel.

Crissy blushed and covered up her drawing.

"Nobody, I made him up."

"Too bad. I see you exaggerated certain... attributes..." Sally smirked.

Crissy blushed deeper.

"Can I see?"

Crissy bit her lip.

"Err... Nah. It’s private."

Sally was about to say something when the club chairman interrupted.

"Whatever you two are talking about must be a lot more interesting than *The Inheritance Cycle*." He frowned. A copy of *Brisingr* rested in his lap. Crissy frowned. She’d wanted the club to review *Wheel of Time* but was outvoted. Philistines. She still hadn’t cracked open her copy of *Eragon*.

Sally giggled her drunk squirrel burble.

"Crissy was showing me some drawings she did of her dream boyfriend."

"Shut up!"

"Save the drawings for art club." grumbled the Chairman. A modest, intelligent young man who appropriately looked a lot like Harry Potter... Of course without the scar... And his glasses were square, and he was about twenty pounds heavier. Still though. It was uncanny.

"Sorry." Said Crissy.

The meeting continued. After a few minutes, Sally leaned over again.

"So who is he, really?"

"Nobody. A character in a story."

"He looked sort of familiar..."

Crissy and Sally both stopped talking for a few seconds. The Chairman was looking in their direction.

Crissy relented "Alright, fine. I’ll show you after the meeting is over."

The meeting concluded with no further interruption from the two girls. It was the first meeting of the semester, so there were a lot of things to sort out. Budget requirements and events and the reading schedule. The Chairman was a veteran to the club in his senior year, elected at the end of last semester when the previous president had graduated.

"Lastly, I expect everyone to turn out for the membership drive on Club Day." he instructed the small circle. The meeting was adjourned and the group broke off into small conversations. The great thing about literature club wasn’t the club activities per-se, but the chance to sit around and shoot the shit with people as nerdy as you. Crissy led Sally over to a back corner and... with some trepidation, handed over her notebook to Sally.

"Just don’t get all loud. Some of that stuff’s really private." she said.

Sally flipped the notebook open and was giggling wildly after only two pages.

"Ohmygawd." she laughed "Who is this guy?"

She flipped to another page. "TERRY ANDERSON" was written on the page in big, bubble letters with a heart for the "O".

"Terry Anderson?" she said to herself "I think he’s in Prof. Devon’s American Studies class. I have to do TA duty with Prof. Devon. I’m sure it’s the same guy." she gestured with her hand "Dark hair, rocks the ’when I wear a flannel shirt, I don’t have to button it’ look?"

"Yeah." Crissy answered.

"You thinking of asking him out?"

"Actually, we’re sort of sort of already dating. Sort of."

Sally covered her mouth and giggled loudly into her fingertips.

"Ohmygawd."

A big girl named Felicia had sidled up to the pair.

"What’s so funny? Who’s ’Terry’?"

"He’s a freshman. I’ve got him in American Studies..." She thought for a moment "Isn’t he the streaker?"

"Oh yeah."

They both turned to Crissy.

"Did he really run naked around the Tupelos the other night?"

"I’m not sure." Crissy played with her hair and laughed nervously, looking off at the far wall.

"Crissy’s dating him." said Sally.

"No way!"

"Uh huh."

"What’s he like?"

Crissy thought for a moment and examined her drawing.

"Well, he’s really cool. Kind of a jock..."

The girls frowned.

"But not like that! He plays lacrosse... I think. We’ve only been going out a couple days. He’s funny, and really super cute and..."

"And wormsign the likes of which even God has never seen!" laughed Felicia, who was flipping through the notebook and landed on a page that featured Terry reclining on a bed sporting a particularly detailed (if exaggerated) bulge beneath the sheets. Not that she felt she needed to exaggerate him. She just hadn’t got the scale worked out yet.

"I know, wishful thinking, right?" Sally giggled.

Crissy flushed red "You’d believe it if you saw him in jeans."

"Please. He probably stuffs. You know how jocks are."

Crissy grabbed her notebook back.

"Anyway, it’s not all about that. I think he’s really cool."

"Freshmen are never cool."

"This one is."

"Well, when you find out, lemme know what brand of socks he prefers."

Crissy frowned as the two girls broke into tittering laughter.

**Part 40.**

After his last class of the day, Terry met Greg and Chris at the snack bar. Barbie was behind the counter, pointedly ignoring Terry. She was still mad at him for acting like a freak and ruining the party the other night, even though Crissy had put in good words for him later. She wasn’t too happy with Greg, either, for coming up with the dare. Chris she was okay with, though she was surprised to see him in his new outfit. Last time she’d seen Chris, he’d looked like an Asian Steve Urkel. She’d never seen anyone go Goth so fast. Usually, it took someone better than a six months of listening to *Suicide Scream* before reaching the "Wearing clownishly oversized black pants with pointless chains" stage. Terry smiled at her and she went back to busily ignoring him.

"So’re we still ordering out for pizza tonight?" Chris asked, excited.

They were seated in a row at the counter. Terry and Greg drank from large smoothies. Chris drank from a XXXL the size of a small bucket. He was about three quarters of the way full and showed no signs of slowing down.

"That’s the plan" Said Greg "I’m eager to see this ’Jen’ chick. If she’s as hot as you say, I’m sure we’ll get along like a house on fire."

"Hey!" Chris snapped "I saw her first, don’t you try and poach her from me!"

Greg gave Chris a pitying look "Um... *Gay*... Remember? You need to lighten up."

Chris covered up his embarrassment by slurping loudly at the dregs at the bottom of his XXXL smoothie. Terry’s cell phone buzzed. He flipped it open. It was a text from Crissy.

"Oooh, sexting?" Greg perked up and scooched in close to read over Terry’s shoulder. Terry didn’t resist, he moved his head aside so that Greg could rest his chin at the nape of his neck.

"Cum c me tonite! Show up at 8. not b4. Don’t b late!! ~Crissy <3"

Greg read aloud in falsetto.

"Ooooh, booty call!" laughed Chris.

"Chuh, she can’t just call me like a dog." Terry closed his phone.

"More like the lone ranger calling his horse." Greg smirked "You’re thinking of not going?"

"We’ve got pizza night tonight! Bros before hos."

"Pff, go have your fun. You’d only cramp our style anyway."

"You sure? Chris seems like a two wingman job."

"Dude, he’d take a whole squadron. Luckily, he’s got me."

"The gay baron." Terry quipped.

Greg crossed his arms, pursed his lips and harrumphed in his best imitation of a stereotypical puff.

"But if you’re sure you won’t need me..."

He didn’t wait for Greg to try and convince him further. He tapped out an affirmative reply on his phone. The three finished their drinks and tossed their cups in the trash.

"Oh shit" said Terry, halfway to the exit. He patted his pockets "I left my cell."

He spun around fast to jog back to the counter, and ran headlong into boobs.

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Before he could process this, Terry was suddenly lifted into the air by the scruff of his collar and spun around.

He was a foot and a half off the ground. Eye level with the most human being he’d ever seen all in one place. The giant was a towering Black man wearing a dark suit and sunglasses. Yards of dreadlocks tumbled down over shoulders broad enough to play ping pong on. He sneered and let out a low, rumbling growl.

"Hey! What’s the deal, lemme down!"

"Marcel!" snapped a girl’s voice from behind him. Presumably the owner of the boobs. Terry twisted to see the speaker, but the giant only tightened his grip. The collar of his shirt squeezed against his windpipe. He could see the straps of a shoulder holster just beyond the ink black lapel of his captor.

"Marcel... Put him..." she paused for a moment, as if thinking "...down."

Marcel growled, then, in a very polite, articulate voice said "As you wish, Ms. Benedict."

Terry tugged himself free once his sneakers touched the linoleum and spun around.

"What’s the big idea!?" he said, trying to keep his voice from breaking. He looked at the girl.

She looked like she had literally just stepped off a fashion runway in Paris. If Terry had known anything about fashion, he would have recognized the outfit from the Emperio Armani fall collection. A Shimmering black coat with an elegant grey dress over gray pants. Her face could have been carved from marble. Every bit of her was as perfect as a statue and as cold as an ice sculpture. Her skin was as pale as cream and she carried herself with an imperial air. Top it off with a pair of weapons-grade breast implants and you had yourself a model A-1 rich bitch daddy’s girl. She sniffed haughtily at Terry.

Greg and Chris came jogging up.

"Ah!" Ms. Benedict squeaked "A goth! How awful. Marcel!" she snapped her fingers.

In a flash, Marcel moved to block her view of Chris. Building a brick wall there couldn’t have done a better job of obscuring Chris.

"Hey!" Chris tried to push around Marcel, but a dinner-plate sized hand seized his shirt and held him fast.

"Hey! Just who do you think you are?" Greg wagged a finger at her.

Ms. Benedict sniffed "Hmmph. You must be freshmen." she sighed and rubbed her temples, this afternoon had been going *so* well.

"You can call me Ms. Benedict or, if I like you, you may call me Eva."

"Eva Benedict?" said Terry.

"Congratulations, you understand names. I guess you’re not just a pretty face."

"You don’t know the half of it." laughed Greg. Marcel shot him a dirty look. Greg just made a kissy face back at him.

"Oh really? Well, I’m sure I don’t care to find out what that means. I think-"

"Eva!"

"Hm?"

It was Barbie, jogging over "These jerks aren’t bothering you are they? I can make them leave. You know... Vamoose... and all that." she smiled and laughed nervously, clutching her hands together so hard her knuckles were white.

"No, in fact, we were just leaving... Marcel!"

Marcel was by her side again and the pair marched out. Greg, Terry and Chris were stunned speechless.

"Are you three crazy!? Completely bonkers?" exclaimed Barbie after a few seconds of silence.

"What the hell? Who was that bitch?" grumbled Terry, rubbing his throat.

Barbie pinched the bridge of her nose.

"Um... does the name Damien Benedict ring any bells?" she asked.

"Umm... no?" said Terry.

Chris snapped his fingers "Oh wait! You don’t mean Damien Benedict as in ’the thirteenth richest man in the world’ Damien Benedict?"

"Yes, *that* Damien Benedict." said Barbie.

"How did you?-" Terry started to ask.

"It’s called *Forbes* magazine." said Chris "Try reading something other than *Hustler* for once."

"So what’s his bratty daughter and her pet monster doing here?" asked Greg.

"Damien Benedict is an alumnus. When Bradford College went bankrupt in 2000, he basically single-handedly rejuvenated its finances."

"He bought the school."

"Essentially." Barbie gestured around "You never noticed how half of everything here is branded with the logo of Benedict-Pharmodyne?"

"Oh yeah..." said Terry, noticing the BenPharm logo in the lower left corner of the menu of the snack bar.

"I wasn’t really paying attention. You just sort of tune out product placement after a while." admitted Greg.

**Part 41.**

"That was weird." said Greg as the three made their way back towards the Tupelos.

"You’re telling me. You weren’t just manhandled by that rhinoceros." Terry was still rubbing his throat where his shirt had nearly strangled him.

"Speaking of being manhandled by a rhinoceros..." said Greg, turning to Chris "Do you think you’re gonna be able to keep your monster under control? Don’t assume that Jen is a sure thing just because she gave you permission to ask for her by name when ordering pizzas. I’ll do my best to work up her interest in you, but if you charge in with your gun blazing, she’s gonna freak out and leave. Girls don’t like dick shoved in their face no matter how big it is."

Chris considered the advice "So, how will I know what not to do?"

"Don’t mention your dick at all, not even as a double-entente, and don’t try and ’accidentally’ show it off either. It’s too big to look real, and you’ll seem like a freak."

"He is a freak." Terry reminded them.

"Not productive." said Greg.

"So what am I supposed to do?" Chris whined "What’s the point of having a gigantic cock if women aren’t going to fall all over it?"

"If you only had a ’Gigantic Cock’, you might be able to play that card. Unfortunately, what you have is a ’Mammoth, Swinging, Swollen, Horse-Choking, Elephant Cock’ and a scrotum the size of a small backpack."

"Thanks for putting it in perspective." said Chris, who just then had to stop and adjust his spandex to allow one of his balls to shift. His gait adjusted for the redistribution of the testicle’s eight pounds of weight.

"You’re welcome."

"So what do I do?"

"We’re gonna have to play the game totally legit. No tricks, just honest relationship building." said Greg "Luckily, after spending the past four years trying to fool the world and myself into thinking I wasn’t gay, I learned a thing or two about picking up girls."

*Chuh, like it could have been hard.* Thought Chris, looking up at Greg’s broad, handsome jaw and bodybuilder physique. Girls would have been tripping over him even if he were a total numbskull.

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They called Big Boy pizza as soon as they got back to the room and asked for Jen, but the squeaky-voiced teenager on the other side told them her shift wouldn’t start for another two hours.

Terry and Greg passed the time playing *Soul Caliber* on Greg’s PS3, while Chris worked on his physics homework. Chris decided he was too hungry to wait until Jen came on and that he needed a snack to keep him going. He’d already devoured a whole box of Oreos and was halfway through a second.

"Geez" said Greg "I’d ask where it all goes, but I know the disturbing truth... Hey!"

Terry just served him with a devastating combo attack and the battle was rejoined.

Chris just laughed and patted his member again. He could feel his balls getting fuller as he ate. The second dose of cream had made them even more ridiculously over-productive than before. His metabolism was in overdrive and going most of the whole day without masturbating was beginning to show. Still, if going without jerking off was what it would take to get him a date with Jen, then that’s what he would do... He just wished his balls would get the hint.

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**Part 42.**

When Chris got up to get his second helping of breakfast, Terry and Greg excused themselves, saying that they had to get to class. Chris had already devoured a huge helping of food, but he still felt hungry. I’ll probably need to eat even more in case I need to cum some more. I better be prepared. He loaded his second tray up even fuller, piling on muffins, doughnuts, and all sorts of pastries. The tray was so laden that he could barely maneuver it back to a seat without spilling any of the food. Chris attacked the pile of carbs and sugar with gusto, gorging himself until the tray was completely empty. He paid no attention to the looks of the students around him as he shoveled the treats into his mouth. Only when there wasn’t a single morsel of food left on the plate did Chris finally lean back away from the table. Ohmigod. I am totally stuffed. Ooof. He patted the bulge of his stomach, which protruded enough to peek out from the bottom of his shirt. I can’t believe I ate all of that! He looked around quickly, but people seemed to be avoiding his gaze. I feel so full! My stomach actually hurts, it’s stretched so tight! His hands moved from his protruding belly to the larger bulge below. Well, I know how to burn off all of this food. Just got to get back to the room and …

Chris abruptly pulled his hands back from stroking his cock through his pants. He could already feel his huge dick beginning to grow fatter and harder. What am I thinking? I can’t get hard here! I couldn’t even fit in these pants if I was hard. He stood up abruptly, painfully banging his balls against the edge of the table. Despite the pain, and his panic, Chris didn’t feel the slightest lessening of the urgings in his groin. I gotta get back to the room. I don’t think my cock is going to take ‘no’ for an answer. Chris quickly made his way out of the dining hall, his baggy Goth pants substantially less baggy than before. He didn’t notice a slender girl in a tight black babydoll t-shirt watch him leave. She brushed her black bangs away from her face and scrunched up her elfin nose as he half walked, half waddled out the door.

Chris really struggled to get back to his room. The massive weight of his package only grew and grew as his cock slowly swelled on the walk. Once inside, Chris had to peel his spandex off the bulk of his penis, which quickly rose to full mast. Just a quick one before class, so I can fit in my pants. Damn, this thing looks even bigger in the daylight! One huge orgasm later, Chris was finally able to stuff his member back into his spandex. He grabbed his messenger bag, and rushed to class.

He was a few minutes late, but luckily, students were still milling around the lecture hall. Chris quickly took a seat near the back of the room, then adjusted his pants to give himself a little more room. Walking quickly with such as weighty package was a bit of a trial, and not very comfortable. He’d need to learn to leave a bit more time in the future, but a slow trudge would certainly help sell his Goth image. He settled in and started to pay attention, but quickly realized that the course notes and lecture could be downloaded to his laptop. What did I even rush over here for? I could take this course from anywhere! However, he soon noticed a benefit for showing up to class. Several benefits, actually. Sitting near the top of the lecture hall, Chris was able to scope out quite a number of attractive young women in the class, and, given his vantage point, and the black hair he had combed forward over his eyes, he was able to admire their cleavage quite easily. Soon, an all-too familiar tightness began to build in his pants, and Chris realized that he was in danger of getting trapped again. Frantically, he began to pay more attention to the lecture, and even downloaded the course notes onto his computer to peruse. Now that he was trying to ignore them, he seemed to be able to spot a cute girl everywhere he looked. Even out of the corner of his eye, Chris couldn’t help noticing cleavage bulging out of tops and thighs peeking out of short skirts. He had to adjust himself repeatedly as his cock slowly expanded, creeping well past his knee. The stretchy spandex gripped him tightly and Chris squirmed desperately.

Finally, the course ended. Chris “fumbled” around with his computer and messenger bag until most of the students had left, and then awkwardly got up and walked, with one stiff leg, to the nearest rest room. Even in the handicapped stall, Chris had to struggle to remove his restrictive spandex pants, wincing as they squeezed his swelling monster and heavy balls. Once free, it again ballooned to massive proportions, and Chris began to masturbate. You’ve got to behave. I jerked you off right before class. I can’t be running to the bathroom to jerk off all the time. That girl in the tank top, though, damn! She was just too much! After he shot a massive load, Chris felt like he could get back into his pants. He dressed hurriedly, washed his hands, and navigated to his next class. Again, he maneuvered into the back of the lecture hall, but was careful to sit so that he didn’t have a good view of the rest of the class. He also situated his own laptop to block more of his line of sight. Chris thought that he was going to get through this class, at least, just fine.

Then two athletic girls walked into the classroom a bit late, and found the only two seats together, directly in front of him. Both girls were wearing what looked to be tennis gear, and each had her hair up in a ponytail. The one on the right had sandy blonde hair, kind of like Jen, and the other had long black locks. Both were nicely tanned. After they sat down, they continued their quiet conversation, softly whispering into each other’s ear. From the little that Chris couldn’t help overhearing, they were certainly more than just team mates. Oh, shit! I go and sit directly behind two hot lesbians? What are the odds? By the end of the course, Chris was almost groaning in discomfort. Not that he was actually groaning; the occasional whimper he had uttered had resulted in both girls glaring at him angrily. They stood up and turned to Chris.

“Keep away from us, you little weirdo. I should tell the TA that you are sexually harassing us.”, said the blonde.

“No! It’s not like that!” pleaded Chris. “I’m just sore from working out. I didn’t mean to bother you, but I’m having muscle cramps.”

“You expect us to believe you’re working out? Right.”, the girl with long black hair sneered.

“Well, I don’t usually work out. That’s why I’m so sore. I wasn’t trying to harass you, honest!” Oh, god, if I wanted to harass you, I could scar you for life. You’d never be able to go within fifty feet of a pool noodle again. The acute discomfort of his cock and balls being slowly squeezed by his pants evidently lended some credibility to his expression, as the two coeds seemed mollified, and slightly mortified.

“Oh! Gosh! I am sorry. I didn’t mean to accuse you like that. I, uh, just didn’t realize and I jumped to the wrong conclusion. I’m really sorry.” The blonde smiled at him, and patted him softly on the arm. “I hope you feel better soon.”

The raven-haired girl remained a little more aloof, but the anger vanished from her face, replaced with a faint blush of embarrassment. “Sorry we jumped on you. You should definitely keep working out, though. See you in class.”

The two girls made their way out of the room, whispering to each other, and glancing occasionally back at Chris. He was doing a very convincing impersonation of being wracked with muscle cramps, as the touch and the suggestive comment had just ratcheted his erection up a few inches. Aaaaaaargh! Got to get these off soon! With judicious use of his messenger bag to conceal his rod, Chris was able to hobble out of the room and drag himself to the men’s room. Thank God there’s one down the hall. I don’t think I could have managed a flight of stairs. Once inside, Chris barely had time to shut the stall door behind him before wriggling out of his pants. His dick was an angry shade of red, almost as if it had been enraged, rather than irritated, by the confinement. It swelled to a huge, thick erection almost immediately. You gotta give me a few minutes, dude. Chris seized his hard-on with enthusiasm, and began to stroke himself strongly as he thought about the two lesbians, and all of the physically impossible things he would like to do to them.He stood facing the toilet and pumped his massive shaft with both hands, fingers barely encircling the girth. Ohhhh, yeah. You girls just haven’t seen what a real cock is capable of. His brush with disaster had evidently stimulated him, as his ejaculation was sudden and massive, startling even him with its volume.

Chris’s energy level was really flagging as he lugged his huge package back towards his dorm. While a similar weight might not have been burdensome when balanced in a backpack, carrying what felt like twenty pounds stuffed in his pants was starting to wear him out. The huge breakfast he had consumed was almost gone, and Chris had gone from feeling overstuffed to quite hungry again. He stopped at a new looking snack bar on his way back and devoured two foot long hot dogs loaded with everything, as well as a huge basket of cheese fries, and gulped down two enormous vanilla milkshakes. That hit the spot! With his stomach as tight as a drum again, Chris felt able to press on to his dorm room. When I get there, I know just how to burn off all this food.

But when he got there, Chris remembered something else. A gigantic mess of sticky sheets and socks was waiting for him. Oh, right. I did say that I would clean this up. Crap. Chris gingerly gathered up all of the sex-soaked material, and carried it down to one of the laundry rooms. He took his laptop too, and spent the time watching some old episodes of Space 1999 off the internet. He thought it was probably prudent to avoid the eye candy of Star Trek or BSG right at the moment. Fortunately, there was a vending machine down the hall, and Chris was able to munch his way through a dozen or more bags of chips and every candy bar in the machine, washing them down with sodas, while the laundry whirred and spun. I can’t get enough to eat today! Two pizzas got me through that marathon jerk-off session last night, but today I can hardly get full. I’ve barely jerked off at all today. Well, only five times. That’s like 80% less than yesterday, not counting my wet dreams. My balls must be saving it all up for Jen tonight, thought Chris, patting his bulge with affection. These pants aren’t helping, though. This spandex gets snugger the longer I wear it.

Chris returned to the room and carefully began putting all of the sheets and spreads back in order. He opened a box of Twinkies from the package his mom had left and started to eat them as he worked. He had just finished his work, and the box of Twinkies, as Greg entered the room.

“Hey, big man! How’s it hanging?” Greg greeted him and gave him a good natured squeeze. “That monster didn’t attack anyone today, did it?”

“No, I kept it under wraps. Just busy with classes, mostly.”, replied Chris. I wonder if he’s hoping to watch me jerk off again? I could really go for a jerk or two right now. It’s been hours.

“Hey, the room looks great! Thanks for cleaning everything up so quickly. Between this and classes, you must have had your hands full today. I was going to meet Terry at the snack bar where Barbie works. Do you want to come? Their smoothies are reeeeally goooood”, said Greg, rubbing his belly in an exaggerated motion.

“I’d love to come. I’m famished. I barely had time to grab something for lunch. Let’s go!” said Chris, already heading toward the door.

“Be careful, slugger. You don’t want to spoil your appetite. We’re getting pizza from Jen tonight, remember?”, called Greg, following him.

“Don’t worry. Nothing can stop my appetite.” laughed Chris.

“I noticed.”

**Part 43.**

“Where did you get all of this food? I saw your folks. They’re not butterballs. Why did they load you up with the sweets?” asked Terry.

“My mom is always trying to get me to eat more. She says I need to eat more to grow up big and strong like Carl. She would have left more food, but I didn’t have anywhere in the room to cook normal stuff. I guess she thinks that I’ll just wither away to nothing at college, otherwise.” replied Chris.

“Carl is your brother, right?” Greg asked.

“Step-brother.”

“Oh, right. Well, your mom doesn’t have to worry. I don’t know if you’ll grow up as strong as him, but I guarantee you are already **bigger**. Girls worry about putting the freshmen fifteen on their hips. You put it all right **there**.” Greg gestured at the bulk in Chris’s crotch.

“I think this might be a bit more than fifteen. It’s really heavy.” Chris adjusted himself again.

“Are you gonna call this girl or not?”, asked Terry.

“It’s not quite time yet. She won’t be at work.” Chris polished off the box of Oreos and tore open a bag of Chips Ahoy.

“Dude, you’d better save some room for pizza!” admonished Greg.

“I’m nervous. It makes me hungry. I’ve got plenty of room for pizza.” answered Chris, rubbing his belly.

“I’m not talking about your **stomach**, stupid. I’m talking about your pants! Your balls have gotten bigger since we got into the room. You’re going to scare this girl to death,” said Greg.

“It’ll be OK. She won’t notice them in my baggy pants. Anyway, I think she might like bigger guys.” He started shoveling the cookies into his mouth.

“I like sub sandwiches, but I don’t order a two foot long one!” **Terry** retorted. “**Greg** and I are ‘bigger guys’. You are a gigantic cock attached to a little Korean dude. There can be too much of a good thing.”

“Do you think it might really freak her out? I thought she was kind of coming on to me last time.” Chris seemed anxious.

“She might have been flirting with you because she has a thing for Asian men. Some girls find that a turn-on.” cautioned Greg.

“Or she might have been trying to get a better tip!” Terry interjected, smiling.

“There’s really only one way to be sure, Chris. You should order the pizza.” Greg handed him a cell phone. Chris swallowed nervously. “In front of you guys?”

“You jerked off that enormous wang in front of us! You can order a pizza with us watching!” said Terry with a chuckle.

As Chris dialed the number nervously, Greg whispered to Terry, “ I thought you had a date with Crissy tonight? Shouldn’t you beat it?”

“I will, in just a minute. I just want to hear Chris call his ‘pizza girl’. Remember, I was the guy too shy to ask out a girl a few days ago. I hate to say it, but I’m kind of proud of the little guy.” said Terry, smiling.

“Who’s little? I swear those pants were hiding his package last night. He looks bigger than ever.” Greg mused.

“He’s probably just excited about calling this ‘Jen’.”said Terry. “He does look bigger, though.”

Chris was talking to someone on the phone. “Can I speak with Jen? I understand that, but she delivered my pizza last night and I forgot to give her a tip. I wanted to apologize and get her to deliver again, so I could make it up to her. Thank you.” Chris waited a moment, then began, nervously. “Hi, Jen? This is Chris from last night. Yeah, the guy in the robe. What are you doing? Duh, working. Of course. I wanted to order some pizza again. Well, yeah, I already finished both of those. This is for my roommates as well. Oh, uh, I guess we want three extra large pizzas with everything. Double meat? Yeah, I think double meat would be OK. So, great. I’ll see you in about thirty minutes, then. Bye!”

“Dude! Three extra-large pizzas? With everything? Did you forget that Terry is bailing on us for his sweetie?” Greg exclaimed.

“What? I got one for you and two for me. I ate two last night. I can help you finish yours if you don’t have room.” Chris looked at Greg innocently.

“Double meat? I told you not to mention your cock, not even as a double-entendre. You’ve gotta play along on this, dude, or you’re sunk!” admonished Greg.

“Double meat? Oh! Jen suggested that, not me. She said ‘Do you want double meat, Chris? I love it with extra meat’ so I said sure. I wasn’t implying anything, honest!” Chris said, defensively.

*Hmmmmm…* thought Greg.

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Terry said his goodbyes to the two and went to his booty call from Crissy. Chris continued to stuff his face with chocolate chip cookies. “Don’t you ever get full? She’s on her way with pizza right now!” said Greg in exasperation.

“I’m just gonna finish this box before she gets here.” Chris explained. “Do you have any tips for me on what to say?” he mumbled through a mouth full of cookies.

Greg did what he could to ‘prep’ Chris, and brushed cookie crumbs off his shirt. He tried to get Chris to adjust his anaconda a bit, so it wasn’t quite so prominent, but even with the baggy pants, Chris looked a bit bulgy. “You’re going for the Goth look, so you might as well slump a bit. That might hide your monster a little bit. Are you sure you aren’t getting hard?”

“No, I’m positive. I’m really nervous. It’s totally soft. Does it show too much?” fretted Chris.

“There’s not much else we can do at this point. You might have to invest in overalls. Have you thought about rockin’ the Farmer Brown look?” There was a knock at the door. “Go get ‘em, tiger.” Greg pushed Chris towards the door as a voice rang out, “Big Boy Pizza!”

As Chris opened the door, Greg was surprised. This ‘pizza girl’, Jen, was actually really attractive. Even though he was gay, he could definitely see why Chris was taken with her. Greg was amazed such a sexy young woman would be delivering pizza in the first place. Jen was several inches shorter than Chris, and very slender and toned. A nicely curved set of legs led up to a very tight pair of shorts. Her long brown hair was drawn back into a pony tail, and her green eyes sparkled as she smiled. Despite himself, Greg’s gaze was drawn to her white t-shirt, which was stretched over a pair of surprisingly large breasts for such a slender, small girl. The red Big Boy logo was warped by the curves of her bosom, and Greg could see the wide straps of a support bra at her shoulders. Jen’s smile faltered as she looked at Chris, though.

“Uh, hey. Here is your pizza.” She handed the pizza boxes to Chris, but stepped away slightly at the same time.

“Hi, Jen! I’m glad you could deliver pizza today. I’m glad to see you again.” Chris sputtered nervously. Greg could see Jen as she looked over Chris’s shoulder, avoiding making eye contact. Her eyes widened as she looked at Greg.

“It’s cool. I shouldn’t do personal deliveries, though. My boss doesn’t like it. That will be $45 for three extra larges with everything.” She smiled at Greg while dodging Chris’s gaze. *Oh, crap.* thought Greg.

“Oh yeah. That makes sense. I just wanted to ask you if you might like to hang out sometime when you’re not working. You know, I could get your number and call you, and maybe we could do a movie, or grab dinner, or...”

“I don’t think that would be a good idea. Can I get the money for the pizzas? I have to deliver to other people, too.” Jen caught Greg’s eye and rolled her eyes, gesturing at Chris.

“Uh, sure. I’m sorry to have bothered you at work.” Chris handed her three twenties. “Keep the change. Maybe I will see you the next time I order pizza?” Greg could hear the desperation in Chris’s voice, and, to his surprise, felt a pang of sympathy.

“Probably not. There are a lot of people ordering pizza on this campus. I can’t deliver to all of them.” Jen pointed to Greg and made a “call me” gesture. Chris, crestfallen, didn’t seem to notice. She turned to go, her breasts bouncing as she pivoted to go.

“That could have gone better.” muttered Chris, as he shut the door. “I thought I really had a chance with her.”

“Be back in a second.” Greg bolted past him and down the hall.

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**Part 44.**

He had only taken a few broad strides down the hall when he saw Jen waiting expectantly for him. She smiled and arched her back slightly, pushing her breasts even more prominently through the cotton tee. “Hey. I was hoping you might catch up. I’m Jen. You are?” She traced her hand across the muscles of Greg’s arm, and stepped much closer to him.

“Gay. And Greg.” Jen’s brow furrowed in frustration.

“Dang it! Why are all the hot ones gay! What did you want, since it obviously wasn’t my number?” She dropped her arms to her side in resignation.

“It’s about Chris, my roommate. He thought you were really into him last night. Did he just totally misread you, because you don’t seem like you were interested? He’s really not trying to be a stalker.”

“Last night, he answered the door in a robe, and he seemed kind of cute. Today, he’s in his goth clothes. Ugh. I’ve got no time for whiny little goth boys. I hate that crap. If I had known he was a goth, I would NOT have asked him to call again.” She batted her eyelashes and looked up at Greg. “Are you sure you’re gay? Any chance you might be bi?”

“The baggy Goth pants! With the chains! I know! They look sooo stupid!” Greg laughed, and she brightened, seeing an opening. “Actually, those are kind of my fault. Chris is about as Goth as you are. Less actually. He’d probably faint if he had to get his ears pierced.”

“So, are you making your roommate dress like that? Is it a fraternity thing, or did he lose a bet?” Jen seemed to have an angry glare in her eye.

“Noooo! It’s not like that at all. Chris kind of wanted to “reinvent” himself in college, and I gave him some suggestions. I know it wasn’t the best idea, but we were in Target at 8 o’clock. You make do with what you have.” Greg shrugged. “Look, my point is, what did you find interesting in him last night?”

Jen blushed, making her freckles stand out even more. “He answered the door in a robe, and I could tell that he had, uh, been jerking off. I could even see a ‘used’ sock on the floor or two. My brother did that, too.”

“You thought it was cute that he was jerking off? You do realize that all guys jerk off, right?”

Her blush got deeper. “I know **that**. It was more that it seemed kind of racy and daring for him to be doing it. I mean, he had to have started jerking off after he ordered pizza, so he knew he was going to be touching himself when the pizza got here, yet he still did it. Plus, he had been doing it, at least a couple times I think, so it seemed like he must have some **stamina**, you know, to keep jerking off. I think he was naked when I knocked, because the robe wasn’t really tied up right anyway. It was so bunched up in the front that I thought I might actually get a peek. I mean, it’s not like he’s not kind of cute.”

“And you didn’t think anything about why one guy was ordering two extra-large pizzas? Didn’t he strike you as kind of odd?” Greg asked, cautiously.

“Why are you so interested anyway?” countered Jen, defensively.

“Look, Chris really thinks he likes you, and it would be really stupid if a pair of baggy pants ruined that for him, and for you. He’s an OK guy.”

Relenting, Jen explained. “I just kind of think that it’s endearing when someone like Chris is overconfident. When he said he was going to eat both of those pizzas by himself, it cracked me up. Where was all that pizza going to go? It’s easy for big, muscular hunks like you to show off or be comfortable with your body. You have this great body that’s all out there for people to see. For someone small like him, it takes nerve to do that. My grandpa would have called it chutzpa. I used to be a cheerleader, and it took me a lot of courage to put on that little outfit and go out there and show off.”

“I don’t see why. I might be gay, but you are **stacked**. How much “hoot-spa” does it take for a busty girl like you to show off a rockin’ bod like that?” *I hope that sounds lame enough that she doesn’t take it as a come-on*, thought Greg.

“I said I **used** to be a cheerleader. I was an A-cup back then. Once I sprouted these,” Jen gestured at her impressive rack, “it hurt too much to bounce around like that. When I started cheerleading, I was flat as a board.”

“So, you like ‘smaller’ men, then?” Greg ventured. Chris is boned.

“No, that’s not it. I like a big guy as much as the next girl. Probably more. But when a guy isn’t the stereotypical beefcake,” she pointed at Greg, “then anything that stands out about him really stands out. Like me. A D-cup is not huge, but when you’re 5’2 and slim, it looks a lot bigger than on some 5’9” fashion model.”

“You’re a D-cup? I would have guessed an F at least!” admitted Greg.

“I’d look **gigantic** with an F cup! That’s what I mean. This bra is getting a little snug, but I’m not anywhere near an F cup.” Jen adjusted her bra strap self-consciously. “I’m sure that you would look pretty damn hot filling out a Speedo. But a smaller guy like Chris, if he was packing, would **really** turn me on in a Speedo. It just looks out of proportion, and I think that’s sort of hot, whether it’s physical , or just attitude. So I was kind of intrigued by this moderately cute Asian guy saying he was going to eat two whole extra large pizzas.”

“Look. I can’t explain this, not in the hallway. You and Chris are **perfect** for each other. Give him a second chance, OK? Meet him here after your shift and just talk with him a bit. You don’t have to go on a date or anything. Just let him relax and be himself around you. I promise he won’t have those dorky Goth pants on. Please?” Greg clenched his hands melodramatically.

“I don’t get off work until 1am!” protested Jen.

“I know it’s late, but you’re in college! Staying up too late and missing class is what you do! It’s just super important that you talk to Chris tonight! He **needs** to meet you, OK? I swear you will be amazed at the difference.” *Or terrified. You might be terrified, depending on how tight his pants are.*

“All right. I’ll do it. But on one condition.”

“What?” asked Greg in desperation.

“If I’m not completely satisfied, I get to see **you** naked, Greg.” Jen smiled at Greg slyly. “I might be turned on by compact guys, but I’m not **that** choosy about my eye candy.”

“Deal.” Greg shook Jen’s petite hand with his large one, causing her breasts to jiggle in her tight top. *If you’re not completely satisfied with Chris, you’ll never be satisfied, girl.* He admired her pert butt as as Jen bounced down the hall. *If I wasn’t gay, there’s no way I could resist that. Hell, I* ***am*** *gay, and I want to grab that ass.*

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“Good news, Chris!” shouted Greg as he strode triumphantly through the door.

“Mm-what? You’ve mm-got a date wif her, now?”, slurred Chris through a mouthful of pizza. He had already inhaled more than half of one of the extra larges. Greg didn’t think he had ever seen a pizza so completely covered with toppings before.

“Au contraire, my little friend with ze big wiener! **I** am still gay; **you** have a date with her, tonight, after work. Greg to the rescue!”

“How did you manage that?” Chris swallowed his mouthful, and reached for another slice. In his position on the bed, his huge cock and balls were bulging through the previously baggy pants.

“Simple. She hates baggy-panted Goth posers. I assured her that you were not a Goth, and guaranteed her that you would not be draped in your chain-bedecked black pantaloons! Voila!” Greg snapped his fingers with a flourish.

“So what am I going to wear, then? These are going to be pretty obvious through anything else I wear.” Chris massaged his colossal schlong and nuts through the pants.

“Actually, I don’t think that will be a problem at all.” replied Greg, as Chris munched through another slice of pizza.

Greg studied Chris with a trained eye as the smaller guy devoured the pizza. While Chris’s stomach was clearly bulging, there was simply no way all of that food was just sitting there. Greg was **sure** that Chris was more massive than he had been this morning. When they tried on the pants yesterday, even Chris’s huge balls had disappeared in the tent of black fabric. Now Greg could see their curves through the pants. Chris noticed his scrutiny and misunderstood. “You’d better get some of this pizza, man. It’s really good. “

“I’m OK right now, Chris. Have all you want. How are you feeling? Still nervous about Jen?”

“Kind of. Mostly, I’m famished. Plus, these spandex pants are totally squeezing my nuts. I know we wanted them to hold me in place, but this is ridiculous.” Chris grabbed another slice of pizza and folded it to stuff it into his mouth.

“Why don’t you go ahead and take them off? After all, you’re going to have to get some other pants on for your date, anyway.” Greg suggested. Chris held the slice of pizza in his mouth and used both hands to unbutton the capacious black pants, revealing a colossal anaconda and two enormous, very round balls stretching his spandex to the absolute limit. *Whoah!* thought Greg. *Those things are much bigger than they were this morning. He’s not hard, but* I would swear his cock is bigger too.

Chris began to struggle out of the skin tight leggings. “These things get tighter during the day. I didn’t have this much trouble getting them off when I was semi-hard earlier.”

Greg looked at Chris in awe. His full balls hung round and heavy, more than two-thirds of the way down his thighs. His gigantic thick cock, though clearly limp, dangled inches below his knees. This was **not** the same cock they had concealed in baggy pants last night. Chris didn’t seem to notice, though. *I guess it’s still relatively small compared to when he is hard,* mused Greg. *You think he’d notice his balls filling up like water balloons, though.*

*Man, holding back all this cum is really making my balls swell up*, thought Chris. *They feel fucking huge!* “Let me see if I can get into my sweat pants.” he told Greg. I know I don’t have anything else that will fit. Are you sure I shouldn’t stroke off a few to relieve the pressure first?” Chris walked to the closet, his mammoth meat flopping with each step. He was leaning back to counteract the weight of his two swollen nuts. He grabbed his sweats out of the closet and pulled them up his legs. He was unable to even pull the waistband over the immense girth of his nutsack.

“The last thing we need to do is clean up the entire room again. Besides, you know that one time is not going to be enough for your giant salami.” Greg admonished him. “If you start playing with it now, young man, you’ll still be whacking off when Jen gets here! “ Greg grabbed a set of grey sweatpants from his drawer. “Here, these are a bit bigger. They will probably be too long, but at least you can get that beast under cover.”

“Thanks, Greg.” Chris took the proffered pants and carefully put them on. He had to guide his massive shaft down the right leg, but the sweats were baggy enough to accommodate even his gargantuan genitals. Unlike the loose black pants, though, his enormous member and huge sack were clearly outlined as they stretched the fabric. “You have really been a a good guy, and you have been really generous, too. I should have said something earlier. Thank you.” Chris settled back onto the bed, his balls bulging even more in that position. “Ahhh, that’s better.” He reached for the last slice of pizza in the first box.

“Hey, don’t think I’m getting all soft on you!” scolded Greg. If I can find you a girlfriend, maybe you won’t be here in the room all the time, jerking off in my socks. At least Terry is having sex at someone else’s place occasionally. Unless you get a social life, the room is going to be ‘Chris’s Jerk-Off Joint’! Some of us want to use the PS3 without that thing poking us in the eye!”

“I said I was sorry about the socks! I’ll buy you some more tomorrow!” protested Chris. “I didn’t have time to get any today.”

“I’m just yanking your gigantic chain, dude. Are you still hungry?”

Chris opened the second pizza box. “I’m telling you; if you don’t get some of this now, there’s not going to be any left. I can’t get enough food right now.”

“Did you want anything other than pizza? I mean, you’ve got to be getting tired of it by now. That’s the third pizza you’ve eaten since last night. Maybe you should have a salad or something,” suggested Greg.

“You know that snack bar where Barbie works?

“Yeah, we were just there like two hours ago. I think I remember it.”

“I stopped in there at lunch and had a really good milkshake. Two actually. I’d like to have a chocolate shake from that place. Do you think they make them in the XXXL size like the smoothie I had?” Chris somehow managed to look hungry while cramming a huge piece of pizza in his mouth.

Greg’s jaw dropped, but he recovered well. *Jesus, he’s either going to swell up like a balloon, or …* “I’ll go see. You stay here and work on the pizza. Remember, no jerking off.”

“Thanks, Greg.” Chris paused awkwardly. “Do you think you could get two of them?”

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**Part 45.**

By the time Greg returned with two of the small buckets full of chocolate milkshake, Chris had already gulped down half of the second pizza. His stomach was protruding so far that it peeked out from the bottom of his shirt. Greg could swear that Chris’s package was protruding more as well. “Hooray! Milkshakes! Thanks, man!” cried Chris, and immediately started slurping up the first one, stopping only to pile more pizza in his mouth.

As time passed, Chris began to eat with a little less wild abandon, though he showed no signs of stopping. Greg, watching surreptitiously, was certain that Chris’s gargantuan cock and massive nuts were continuing to plump up. *Terry didn’t say that the cream made you grow when you overate. It was just supposed to make you grow when you applied it. Why is Chris still getting bigger? Would Terry grow like this too?*

Finally, Chris had finished the last of the third pizza, and was sucking the dregs out of the second bucket-sized milkshake. As Chris put down the shake, and rubbed his belly, which bulged out of his shirt like half a basketball, Greg asked him, “Want anything else? I think there’s still some food in here somewhere.”

Chris patted his stomach with both hands and replied, almost with surprise, “Actually, I think I’m full. I haven’t felt really full since last night. Even when I was stuffed, I still wanted more food. Right now, though, I feel pretty good.” *I could probably go for some more boxes of cookies, but I’m all out of milkshakes.*

“Well, you better hope that Jen likes porkers, since you’ve got quite a gut on you now, fatso.” Greg poked him in his taut tummy.

“Oh, Christ! “ Chris saw his reflection in the mirror and was dismayed to see his fat round belly. “What am I going to do? Maybe I can call and postpone?”

“Relax, chubby. You’ve been shoveling in the food ever since this morning, and it’s pretty clear where it’s all been going.” Greg pointed at Chris’s swollen nuts. “What you haven’t been jerking off into my socks, and Terry’s sheets, and everything else, has been plumping up these beasts. Although,” he added, pointing at Chris’s dick, clearly outlined in the sweats, “I think King Kong there has been bulking out, too.

“What? I thought it only grew when you used the cream! You mean I’m even bigger than I was this morning? I’m really a freak now.” Chris seemed crushed.

“Would you relax? First, maybe you’re just filling out soft. You were about 14” long soft last night. An extra inch isn’t going to make much difference there. Second, you were easily 20” long last night. Nobody can have regular sex with that. Nobody can have sex with you if you are 24” either. You’re in the same boat, but if you find a girl who likes giant cocks, you are better off than you were yesterday. It’s not like you’re going to be too big to jerk off, anyhow.” Greg patted him on the shoulder. “Don’t sweat it.”

“In any case, you’ve still got about two hours before Jen gets here. If you can stop feeding your face, I think you’ll have filled my sweats to maximum capacity by that time. If I’m right about Jen, that’s exactly what she’s looking for.”

“What if you are wrong?” asked Chris, examining his huge member over the swell of his belly.

“Then, we scare off the pizza girl, and start looking for another girl who would like to date a guy with three legs. Easy.” Greg chuckled at Chris’s worried expression.

“I mean, what if you are wrong about my belly?” Chris looked at his pot-gut with displeasure.

“Well, then, you’re a fat guy with the biggest cock in the world, instead of a thin guy with the biggest cock in the world. Fat guys can diet. Skinny guys can’t just grow a bigger cock.” Greg added belatedly, “Normally.”

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By the time 1am had rolled around, it was pretty clear that Greg was right on at least one count. Chris’s potbelly had disappeared. His balls, however, had swollen gigantically, and hung all the way to his knees. His cock had also expanded considerably, both in length and girth, and no longer rested slightly below his knee, but stretched over half way down his calf. To Greg, Chris looked almost as big soft as he had looked hard last night. His mammoth plumbing stretched the sweatpants to the absolute limit, and there was simply no concealing the gargantuan manhood that he possessed. Chris had to lean back slightly just maintain his balance. “We might need to go back to Target tomorrow, Chris. I hope you kept that receipt.”

“Do you think there’s going to be anything there in my size?”

“I think I saw a hose reel in Lawn and Garden.” Greg laughed. "Your baggy pants are going to be fine, Chris. It’s the spandex leggings. We bought them snug to hold you down a little bit, but there’s no way you’re fitting in them now, dude. Also, what’s’ with the T-shirt? Does your dad work for the Tyrell Corporation? I’ve never even heard of it?”

“Greg, seriously? I thought you were cool. It’s from Blade Runner, like the best movie ever, if you are talking about the workprint version.” Chris seemed to warm to the topic.

“Lalalalalalalala!” Greg put his fingers in his ears. “Nerdspeak! I’m not listening!”

“You told me to focus on honest relationship building. If Jen and I are going to go out, she’s going to figure out I’m a nerd pretty quickly. I’m not sure I could date a girl who didn’t like Blade Runner, anyway. I mean, it’s not as bad as liking Jar Jar Binks, but it’s up there.”

“OK, Captain Dork, focus. Here’s the thing for tonight: there’s no way you are going to be able to hide that monster. I don’t think you’re going to have to with Jen. On the other hand, it’s gonna look fake. **Nobody** is that big. If you were sporting a nine inch softy, it might be vaguely believable. Plenty of girls dream about meeting a guy with a foot long cock. For this, I blame dildos and porn movies. You are going to have a very limited window of opportunity to convince Jen that you haven’t just stuffed your pants.” Greg lectured Chris, thinking to himself about how much he sounded like his old lacrosse coach.

“Who would stuff their pants this much? A sock might be believable, but I’d have to use an entire sock drawer!” protested Chris.

“First, I’d like to point out, you **have** already used an entire sock drawer.” Greg enumerated on his fingers. “Second, sad pathetic losers, or stupid frat boys pulling a prank. Jen is already suspicious that you might be the first, and I might be the second. Third, timing is crucial. You’ve got to prove to her that your log is legit before she bails on you, and you can’t just pop it out in her face when she walks into the room. If you haul that anaconda out first thing, she’ll know it is real, but she’ll also think you are a sex offender.”

“So now I’m supposed to show it off? I thought you said I shouldn’t even mention it? I’ve been rehearsing this in my head all night and now it’s wrong?” Chris seemed a bit frantic.

“Adapt, improvise, and overcome. You’ve already mastered ‘overcome’, so adapt and improvise.” Greg seemed disappointed that Chris missed the reference, but he pressed on. “This girl Jen might be different. I think she might just like super-large guys. Problem is, on a guy your build, twelve inches would be super-large. **That**,” said Greg, pointing at Chris’s groin, “is another kettle of fish. You are just going to have to watch for the right moment.”

“What if I screw it up? What if I wait too long and she storms off, or if I pull it out too early, and she Maces me?”

“Dude, if you screw it up, there’s going to be some girl who will be totally turned on my your ginormous schlong. We have the internet.” *You could be a legend on Chatroulette*, thought Greg.

“Sure, there might be another girl, but will she be beautiful with big boobs and go to Bradford?” demanded Chris. “What if she’s a forty-two year old chain-smoker in Omaha, Nebraska?”

“Then don’t screw this up.” There was a knock on the door.

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**Part 46.**

Greg had intended to open the door and block Jen’s view of Chris, at least from the waist down, for a moment, to give him time to interact with her. Unfortunately, Chris was closer to the door, and he immediately spun around and jerked it open. Jen jumped, startled by the sudden door opening, but at least made eye contact with Chris. Then her eyes bulged as she saw him “full-length,” as it were.

Chris immediately hooked a finger into the waistband of the sweats and hauled them down, though the immense bulk of his balls prevented him from exposing more than about the first six thick inches of his shaft. “Hi, Jen!” he blurted out.

Greg smacked his forehead. *All my advice, wasted! Wasted!*

Jen continued to stare until Chris pulled his pants back up. Then her gaze returned to Chris’s face. “Let’s talk.” She grabbed Chris’s hand from the doorknob and pulled him towards the hallway. *Flawless victory!* thought Chris.

“Let me grab a jacket.” said Chris, snagging one from the hook on the wall. He removed his hand from her grasp long enough to tie it off around his waist. It looked rather foolish tied there backwards, but it did conceal his huge bulge. Jen looked at him a bit quizzically, but took his hand again when he offered it. “Bye, Greg” she said, as she led Chris down the hall, without a look backwards.

Well, that went well, thought Greg as he moved to shut the door. *There’s a first time for everything. Aaand he has my jacket. Is this guy going to have sex with ALL of my clothes?*

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It was hard for him to keep up with Jen, as the huge weight between his legs made it difficult for him to walk normally. His massive ballsack pulled the crotch of the sweat pants down toward his knees and he had to use one hand just to hold onto the waistband. His thick cock snaked down the right leg of the sweats, preventing him from bending that leg as much as the other. Jen walked silently hand in hand with Chris to her car, a faded, older-model Mercedes. Her car started up with a rattle. Once the car had started, the air conditioner began to hum.

“That’s why you were wearing those baggy black pants”. She said it more as a statement than a question.

“Yes,” Chris answered, unsure of himself.

“That’s why you were standing behind the door when I delivered the pizzas. That wouldn’t fit under your robe.”

“Yes,” Chris felt like he was being grilled.

“You were jerking that off before I got there with the pizza.”

“Uh, yeah,” Chris turned red in the darkness of the car interior.

“More than once.”

“Uh, yeah. More than once.” Chris remembered the socks strewn across the floor.

“Did you jerk off after I delivered the pizza?”. This was the first time that Jen sounded a little uncertain.

“Yes,” Chris wasn’t sure if he should elaborate on that answer.

“More than once?” Unlike the last time she said this, it sounded like a question with genuine curiosity behind it.

“A **lot** more than once.” said Chris, emphatically.

“Did you eat all of the pizza?”

Confused by the shift in topic, Chris stammered, “Last night, or tonight?”

“Last night. Did you eat all of the pizza last night?” Jen’s hands were gripping the steering wheel.

“Yeah.” *Where is this going?*, Chris wondered.

“And tonight?”, Jen asked, with a little strain in her voice.

“I ate all three pizzas tonight, too. This thing is keeping me hungry.” Chris gestured vaguely towards his groin.

“You ate three extra large pizzas with everything, and double meat, between 8 o’clock and 1.” Chris didn’t notice Jen’s grip tightening on the steering wheel.

“No. I ate all three pizzas by 11. The last couple hours I was just hanging out with Greg while I digested it all.”

Jen exhaled and seemed to come to a decision. She took her hands off the wheel and turned to Chris. She put a hand on his thigh, brushing one of his gargantuan balls. She didn’t remove it. She reached back with her other hand and buckled her seat belt. Brushing a stray strand of hair out of her eyes, and looking straight at Chris with a mischievous smile, she said, “Let’s go back to my place, OK?”

“Yeah.” Chris exhaled a breath he wasn’t aware he had been holding. *This was worse than taking his AP exams.* “That would be great.” Jen removed her hand from his leg, ground the car into gear and nearly floored the accelerator. Chris grabbed for a seat belt.

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The tires screeched as Jen whipped the car around the corners of the campus streets. She seemed to be heading off-campus. “I thought you went to Bradford?” asked Chris, as he put a hand on the dash to steady himself. *She must be really good at delivering pizzas!*

“Ha! Do you think I would be delivering pizzas if I could afford Bradford?” She cut right on Main Street and gunned the engine.

“Well, you do have a Mercedes.” Chris pointed out.

“Yeah, a ’**98** Mercedes. Dad gave it to mom in the divorce. It’s a pile of crap. I’m going to the community college for now.” As she pulled the car around a curve in the road, Chris could see Big Boy’s Pizza on the left.

“Hey, that’s where you work!” He pointed it out, then realized how pointless that was. *God, I am lame. I think she probably knows where she works.*

“Yup.” She sped across the Main Street bridge, then jerked the car right onto Water Street, then right again into a small parking area, screeching to a halt. “And here’s where I live. Everybody out!” She bolted out of the car and slammed the door. Chris had hardly opened the door before Jen was pulling him out of the car and towards an apartment building. She seemed impatient, but with the weight between his legs and his awkward waddle he couldn’t really hurry. She pushed him through the doors, and Chris was acutely aware of one of her breasts pressing into his back as she guided him into the elevator. *Thankfully, no stairs.* The massive bulk in his sweats was threatening to pull them down as is.

Jen pushed the button for the third floor and gave him a stern look. “My roomates are probably asleep, so you have to be very quiet.” The chime sounded and the elevator door opened. She pulled him out of the elevator and down the hall. Jen pulled her keys out of her back pocket and opened her door. *I’m surprised there’s room to put keys in that pocket. Those shorts are* ***tight****!* thought Chris. There was the bluish light of a television to the left, and Chris could hear voices. Jen pulled him, hard, down the hallway.

“Hey, J!” Chris looked to the side and saw two college girls sitting in a living room. The one folded up on the couch was a very tall, very slim, very pale girl with long straight black hair. She was wearing a purple T shirt much too large for her, and very small purple panties. The other, sitting on a recliner, was an African-American girl with toffee skin and very wavy brown hair, wearing a very small pink T shirt and red and white striped boxers. The girl in pink quickly muted the TV, while the tall girl called out, “Jennifer! Who is your friend?”

Jen quickly pushed Chris down the hall in front of her. “He’s the mascot for Big Boy Pizza, Natasha.”

“I thought pizza was Italian, not Chinese.” mused Natasha. Chris heard a sound like someone being smacked. “Owwww! Kimber!”

“I’m Korean!” he called out, before being bustled into Jen’s room.

“Hi, Corey N.!” shouted Natasha. “Oof!” Chris thought he heard someone being hit with a pillow.

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**Part 47.**

She pushed him into the center of the room. “I’ll be right back. No touching anything.” Jen shut the door behind her and marched down the hall. She turned left into the kitchen, ignoring the curious looks of her room-mates. “Ah-ah! No questions! Tomorrow!” She grabbed a dish towel and a handful of ice out of the ice maker, and marched back into the room.

When she entered, Chris was standing sheepishly in the center of the room, looking around with his hands at his sides. *I thought this would be a bit more frilly looking.* Jen walked up to him and grabbed his waistband. She plunged the handful of ice directly on his crotch. “Eeee!”, squealed Chris, altogether more girlishly than he would have liked. “What was that for?” He frantically juggled his junk around to dislodge the ice cubes.

“Trying to get a baseline. Now drop trou and wrap this around your package.” Jen handed him the towel. She turned and rummaged through her desk drawers, returning with a luggage scale and a fabric tape measure.

“I don’t think this is going to fit,” said Chris, sweat pants around his ankles. His gigantic balls were resting on the towel he held with both hands, but the two ends of the towel were nowhere near each other. His massive cock dangled over the edge. *I’m not sure how long I can hold my meat like this. I’m going to have to work out more, or I’ll have to use two hands just to hold myself when I take a leak!*

Jen closed her mouth, her jaw having dropped involuntarily when she saw the huge amount of meat on display. She quickly refocused, and grabbed her bath towel off the hanger on the door. She handed it to Chris. “Try this.” The large cotton towel wrapped around his package with considerably more ease. He stood stock still, hefting his cock and balls cradled in a towel, looking quite confused.

Jen grabbed the loose ends of the towel and tied them together. She then fixed the towel onto the hook of the scale, and held it with both hands. “OK, you can let go now. Whoah!” She nearly dropped the scale as it took his full weight. After letting it settle a moment, she said “Twenty seven pounds.” She slid the towel away from Chris’s torso, and his ballsack slapped onto his thighs. “Ooooof!”, exhaled Chris and staggered backwards a step.

Now that the towel was just cradling his cock, Jen took another reading. “Seven pounds.” She stepped away from Chris, still holding the scale and towel. His thick shaft slipped from the towel and flopped back between his legs. “Ungh!” cried Chris. Jen held up the scale with only the towel and took a final reading. "Right about a pound and three quarters”.

Jen knelt down in front of Chris. *Allll right. This is finally getting good!* Before Chris could react, she grabbed an ice cube off the carpet where he had kicked it and ran it lightly down his cock. “Aaaaah!” Chris managed to sound a little less like a girl.

Jen’s expression softened momentarily. “Just two more, Chris, and we’re done”. She looped the tape measure around the base of his shaft with her small hands, then stretched it from the base of his top side to the tip. “Ten around and nineteen long.” Jen sat back on the floor and looked up at him admiringly.

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“Do I pass?” Chris asked, earnestly.

Jen shook her head, startled out of her reverie. “Pass?”

Chris gestured at his member, and at the measuring devices. “Yeah. Do I pass? Am I big enough, or are you going to throw me back in?” *Let’s hope she’s not going to mount it on the wall.*

Jen pulled the band holding her hair in a pony tail off and shook her head again, giggling. “Big enough? Chris, I was *trying* to get you to shrink down so I could get a soft measurement to compare. Well, that, and to maybe see you grow a little. I’m sorry I was treating you so rough for nothing.”

“What do you mean? I am soft!” Chris protested. “Look how floppy it is! You couldn’t sit there if I was hard right now!”

Jen’s expression seemed to soften. “Chris, it’s OK. You don’t have to be embarrassed. I know that the bigger a guy gets, the softer his erection is. A guy with twelve inches is pretty floppy, uh, if you go by the stuff you see on the internet. As **gigantic** as you are, it’s no wonder that it’s pretty soft no matter what. I’m not disappointed. It is **spectacular**.” There was hunger in Jen’s voice as she said the last word.

“Look, I’m not embarrassed. Well, OK, I’m embarrassed about squealing like a girl when you hit me with that ice, but that’s all I’m ashamed about. I”m **not hard** right now! I can show you.” Chris realized exactly what he had just said. “Uh, could I maybe sit on your bed, though. This thing is really heavy. My legs are getting tired.” *I don’t know how I walked across campus with this thing today. I guess it has gotten a lot bigger. If I get much bigger, I’m gonna need a team of porters.*

Jen seemed dubious, but gestured towards her bed. “Make yourself comfortable. I know how heavy that beauty is. I just weighed it. I’m impressed you can walk around.” As Chris waddled to the bed, legs spread for his mammoth ballsack, she got up from the floor. “You should take off your shirt, too. I’d hate to see a Blade Runner shirt get anything on it.”

Chris pulled his shirt over his head, exposing his wiry chest and flat stomach. He handed the shirt to Jen, who draped it over her desk chair. *I knew this girl had taste*. He carefully seated himself on the bed, then scooted back gingerly, making sure not to pinch his scrotum. Jen indicated he should swing his feet up onto the bed, so he did so. She sat down eagerly beside him.

Chris could feel his colossal dick starting to swell and thicken. His body seemed to be pouring molten heat directly into his shaft. Jen scooted closer to him and brought her face close to his. “I think it’s really sweet that you want to make sure I get the very best show,” she whispered. “I’m already amazed by your huge cock, sweetie, but I’ll be glad to wait for you to get as hard as you can.” While she whispered to Chris, she reached down and pulled her tennis shoes off. She pulled off her ankle socks, and brought her bare feet up onto the bed, snuggling close to Chris. He caught a glimpse of her small, pretty feet, and her cute little toes, each toenail painted pink. *Oh, god. Even her feet are cute! I want to kiss every inch of her body!*

Chris felt his cock swelling massively. It already felt like it had already doubled in weight, and the fattening rod was lying heavily on his balls. However, he couldn’t take his eyes off of Jen. She was so beautiful. Her hair smelt so good. He caught a whiff of floral scents from her shampoo and perfume, and just a hint of pepperoni. “Jen, I’m not trying to be modest, really. When you measured me, that’s as small as I get. I get a **lot** bigger.” Jen smiled warmly at him, seeming to find that statement charming, and turned her head to look at his crotch, brushing her fragrant hair against his face as she did so.

“Chris, that is so..Sweet Jesus!” Jen almost shouted. She bounced around on the bed, gripping Chris’s arm with excitement. “You got **huge**!” Her wide green eyes darted from his cock to his face several times. I never imagined you would get this big, Chris! That’s unbelievable.” She bounced on the bed like a happy puppy, which caused her spectacular breasts to bob up and down in her shirt in a most appealing manner.

Chris smiled back at her, grinning widely. “Jen, I told you. I get a **lot** bigger. I haven’t measured, but I think I get almost two feet long.” He reached his left arm across and rubbed her shoulder. Chris looked down proudly at his gigantic erection, broad and firm, just as massive as he remembered it from his epic jerk off session. *I can’t even fit my hands all the way around that monster. Maybe Jen could help.* However, despite being just as thick and long as he remembered from yesterday, his giant cock was resting heavily on his ballsack. *Why isn’t it sticking up straight into the air like last night?* Chris realized the answer to his question, as he could feel, and see, his cock continue to grow. **I’m still getting bigger!**

An awestricken voice issued quietly from Jen, who had turned to follow his own gaze. “I don’t mean to correct you, sweetie pie, but I’m pretty sure that’s twenty four inches already. I don’t know how you are doing it, but you’re still getting bigger. I can’t believe you haven’t measured yourself recently. That baby is amazing!”

Chris would swear that his cock had doubled in weight again. It was almost pulling him upright on the bed. His shaft was much thicker than he remembered, and Chris could tell that his hands were never going be able to encircle that girth again. The fat rod had risen somewhat from the horizontal, though it was not completely erect like before. He thought he felt the air currents in the room swirling over the skin of his prick, it was so warm and sensitive. “Jen, I wasn’t this big until recently. Actually, I’ve never been as big as I am with you right now.”

Jen tore her gaze away from the mouth-watering salami on display and looked earnestly into Chris’s eyes. “You say the sweetest things. Hung like a horse, and you still say the sweetest things.” She suddenly darted in close and planted a delicate kiss on his cheek, her own lips incredibly soft and warm.

“Unnnnnh!”

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**Part 48.**

Chris groaned in ecstacy as his colossal cock suddenly ballooned even larger. Although the mass was incredible, his fuckstick was rising up past a 45° angle and fattening to a ridiculous thickness. Chris was amazed. He was much, much bigger than he had been, even after the second application of cream. Not only was his cock around twice as thick as he remembered, it was quite a bit longer. He wasn’t even sure he could reach his own cockhead any longer. The weight was unexpected as well. Chris felt like if he got much larger, his cock would pivot him totally upright, like the little kid on the end of a see saw. *I’m not sure I’m going to be able to walk with a hard on like this. On the other hand, with a hard-on like this, why would I want to get out of bed?*

Jen was almost beside herself with excitement. Chris could see a flush rising to her cheeks, and almost drooled as he saw her pert nipples poking through her shirt. *She’s really turned on!* She looked at him lustfully, but also with a bit of wild amazement. Jen leaned forward into Chris’s chest, her palms hot against his bare skin. She looked up at his face, but she also couldn’t stop her eyes from darting back to his cock again and again.

“Chris…That is the most amazing thing I have ever seen! You have the most beautiful cock in the world. I don’t know how anybody could possibly be so big, but I’ve never been this turned on in my entire life. I don’t think my **fantasies** were this big! Well, not all of them, anyway.” She took a deep breath and seemed to center herself. “Would you let me measure you now?”

Chris seemed a bit taken aback by the size of his equipment himself. *Just how freaking big am I now anyway? I have no idea. I’m not sure I can get this into the shower stalls any more.* He realized that Jen had asked him a question. “No, Jen. I would like it if you would measure me now. I got this big just for you, you know.” Jen smiled and blushed furiously.

“I thought guys were charming **until** they got an erection. Stay right here, sweetie.” She got up off the bed and walked over to pick up her tape measure, towel, and scale off the floor. She bent over at the waist, rather than kneeling, and Chris licked his lips as he watched her gorgeous ass framed in her tight shorts. He noticed that she was watching him upside down as she bent over “Like what you see, big boy?” She giggled.

“I’ve liked what I saw since you delivered the pizza the first night. I just want to see more.” Chris smiled back, his massive prick throbbing hungrily. *That actually sounded smooth, I think.*

Jen stood up and flipped her hair. She grinned at him saucily. “Well, you did show me yours. Still, it’s time for Science!” She bounded back eagerly to the bed. “I don’t think I’ve ever been this eager to collect data!” She sat back down on the bed. “Are you still rock hard? I want to make sure we get a good data set.”

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“I’m as hard as I can get, ma’am.” replied Chris. “It seems like my erection won’t go down until I cum, at least, so far.”

Jen looked at him with amusement, but a little bit of curiosity too. “Been doing some experiments yourself, eh? Still, that will be useful for my purposes. I…can…take…as…long…as…I…want.” She turned away from Chris and kneeled on the bed, then bent over Chris’s body. He watched her bottom in the tight shorts, gazed at her toned and tanned calves and thighs, and looked longingly at the paler soles of her delicate feet. *Damn! Jen looks good* ***all over***. She placed the tape measure on the base of Chris’s shaft and slowly wrapped it around. “Eighteen inches! How do you jerk this off, Chris?”, she asked, looking back at him with false innocence.

“Regularly,” he replied solemnly. “Very regularly.” Jen laughed out loud. *Eighteen inches?!? I’m almost as big around hard as I am long when I’m soft?*

“I guess I walked into that one. Now for the big one.” Jen’s delicate hand placed the tip of the tape measure at the base of his massive pole, right at the topmost part of his rod. She pressed her palm firmly against his cock to hold it there, though her hand didn’t encompass more than a little of his girth. She took the other end of the tape measure in her hand and slowly slid her hand up the entire length of his cock. When she arrived at the top, Chris was almost panting. She reluctantly moved her hand, and positioned the tape at the tip.“Thirty inches! How can you be thirty inches long? How can **anyone** be thirty inches long, Chris?” She looked over her shoulder at him. “And why didn’t you order pizza sooner?”

He could’t resist. Chris darted his hand out and caressed the soles of her feet. They were so soft! “I don’t know. Why didn’t you take off your socks sooner?” She turned around and looked at him inquisitively.

“Do you have a foot fetish, Chris?”. She pivoted around on her knees and sat down. Jen lifted her her legs and wiggled her dainty toes at him. “Do you want to kiss my feet?”

“I think I have a Jen fetish.” he replied. “I want to kiss every inch of you.” *Did I just say that? Too far?* Chris winced invisibly. Jen’s expression brightened the room.

“That sounds **very** nice. I’d offer to do the same, but I think we’d be here all week.” Jen got up from the bed and her voice turned serious. “Sorry to make you have to lug that monster around, but can you swing your dick over the edge of the bed?” Chris sat up, gripped his cock with one hand and the edge of the bed with the other, and did so, with difficulty. *Fuck! I’m almost pinned under this thing.*

“Anything for science,” he replied, with mock gallantry. *More like anything for you, Jen.*

“I might hold you to that,” Jen responded. She carefully positioned the loop of towel around his massive erection, then fixed the hook of the scale onto the loop. “Now we can call for the helicopter to transport Shamu back to the ocean.”

“Shouldn’t that be ‘Free Willy’?” asked Chris.

“Free willie? I’d take out a loan to pay for this one, sir.” She winked at Chris. “Could I rent with an option to buy?” Jen lifted the laundry scale with visible effort. “Now stop horsing around for a second, pun intended.” Chris sat still, obediently. “Minus the towel, that’s right at **twenty seven** pounds. Your big cock weighs more than both of those huge balls, Chris. I don’t know how you do it.” She lifted the towel with both hands, and swung his meaty dick back over the bed as he pivoted his body.

“So, your hard-on won’t go away until you get your rocks off, right?” Chris nodded. “Well, I suppose we should do something about that, shouldn’t we, Chris?" He nodded again, vigorously. “It’s been fun, but I’ve had a **long** day. Let’s get you off so you can fit under the comforter with me.”

“Uh, Jen? I’m pretty sure that’s not going to be easy. I can cum quite a few times, and I don’t think I’ve ever been this horny in my life,” said Chris, apologetically.

“Hey, mister, I work for the Big Boy.” Jen pointed her thumb at her breasts, or, as Chris realized, the Big Boy logo on the T-shirt stretched over them. “The customer’s satisfaction is guaranteed.” Jen unbuttoned her shorts and slid them down her legs, stepping out of them, and kicking them to the side. She was wearing incredibly tiny white silk panties, and Chris stared at her smooth, lightly tanned crotch, barely covered by the tiny white triangle.

“Yo! Eyes up here.” Jen hooked her hands into the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head. She wrestled it off, and tossed it under the bed. “I’m not lugging these babies around just for back exercise.” Chris goggled at her large, round breasts. Jen was wearing a support bra, but the tops of her breast overflowed the cups. On her tiny frame, they looked huge, and bulged out past the sides of her small torso. She had a very slender waist, though her hips were deliciously curvy. Her stomach was so flat and slim that you could see the faintest outline of her ribs before they were obscured by her bountiful boobs. “Sorry I’m not quite as generously proportioned as you, sweetie pie. I hope these will do.” She gave her big breasts a squeeze with both hands.

“Your boobs are **huge**, Jen! They look fantastic! All the women I have seen with big breasts are usually kind of chunky, but **you** look incredible. They are sooo big!” Chris was almost drooling.

“Awww, sweetie, thank you. They aren’t really that big, but they do look pretty big on lil’ old me.” She posed for a moment, and Chris thought he might have a heart attack. “Now, let’s see what we can do here.” She crawled back on the bed with Chris, her full breasts heaving in the bra. *I think I want to take up residence right* ***there****,* thought Chris, staring down her cleavage.

“Clearly, there’s no point in using a condom.” Jen thought out loud. “Not only don’t I think it would fit, you’d probably pop the damn thing when you came. Like filling a water balloon with a fire hose.” She phrased the next question delicately. “Chris, we can’t use a condom, so, is everything OK?”

Chris seemed a bit confused for a second, but caught her gist. “Oh! Yes, totally. I got a **ton** of tests during the summer, and I haven’t been with any girl since then. Not that I was with a lot of girls before then, I mean, but…” He trailed off, embarrassed. “What I mean is, I’m as sure as I can be that I’m safe.”

“Chris, I don’t mean to be judgmental, but **why** did you have a ton of tests during the summer? Most guys don’t need tons of tests.” Jen seemed a little worried.

Chis blushed. “My mom walked in on me getting a hand job from a punk skater girl. She **flipped** out. ‘All that purple hair dye and tatoos and piercings! No telling where that girl has been!’” Chris did a pretty good impersonation of a middle aged Korean woman. “I think she would have boiled me if it was possible. I still don’t think she realizes that it was Lainey from the other end of the block.”

Jen laughed, relieved. “OK, that’s too embarrassing to lie about. I’m a little more straightforward. Just a few guys, and always used a condom.” She lifted her hands above her head, as if to show off her cleanliness.

“I trust you, Jen,” said Chris.

She waggled her finger at him. “And that’s how you get VD! Didn’t you pay attention in Health class? Now that we are both protected, I need to take care of one other item of business.” She readied her bath towel, and Chris obligingly lifted his body off the bed to allow her to position it under his package. “Try not to take out the computer if you can, but I’ve got a couple more comforters in the closet if you get a little carried away, OK?” She patted him on his flat tummy. “All that pizza went in here? Let’s see what we’ve got to work with.”

She opened a drawer in the table by the bedside and pulled out a bottle of lube. Chris, looking in the drawer out of curiosity, was surprised to see at least half a dozen different dildos. She noticed his gaze, and said, a little defensively, “What are you looking at? I bet you have a bottle of lube, a stash of porn, and a sock or two.”

Chris grinned sheepishly. “I used up all my lube, and Terry’s lube, and Greg’s lube, and two dozen of Greg’s socks.” Jen laughed out loud and ran her hand down his chest. “I was just surprised. You seem to really like big dicks, but I don’t think any of those vibrators are more than nine inches long. I thought you would have some scary huge rubber dong in there.”

“Chris, sweetie, I might **wish** I could fuck a thirty inch cock, but I’m five foot two and I weigh one ten, and a good bit of that is my boobs. That purple nine incher is too big for me. I just bought it because my eyes are bigger than my cookie.” Jen brought the lube around to his side. “I think this is going to be a job for good, old-fashioned manual labor.”

“Aren’t you a little overdressed for that?” asked Chris, hopefully. "You wouldn’t want to get all sweaty."

• • •

**Part 49.**

She looked at him and smiled. “Not everybody gets an endowment like this, Chris.” Her hand gently roamed over one of his bloated balls, and his towering wood twitched. “Most guys, if they were this heavy, would have been stretched out like an old sock. Somehow, you keep your shape pretty well. I want to keep my boobs as nice and firm as possible, so I have to give them some support. Maybe you can have a sample later if you are a good boy.”

“OK, I guess that makes sense, but what about these?” Chris gestured at Jen’s tiny panties, already soaked with her arousal.

“Sweetie pie, as much as I want it to, that thing isn’t going anywhere near my little kitty.” Jen said firmly. “No hurt the kitty. Kitty like Chris.”

“I know **that**.” said Chris. I meant, maybe I could touch you there in, uh, other ways?” *I think I can navigate my way around down there. Fuck, I’ll buy a miner’s helmet and some compressed air if I need to.*

Jen seemed a bit surprised and pleased by the offer. “Chris, you’ve got a rock hard thirty inch boner and you want to go down on me?”

“Well, I mean, **yes**! I can’t wait to get my mouth on every **other** inch of your body, so I’m assuming your ‘cookie’ will be at least as appetizing. I **love** cookies.” He licked his lips exaggeratedly and rubbed his belly. “Plus, it only seems fair.”

Jen laughed and leaned forward, putting her forehead against his chest. He could feel her long hair tickling his skin all the way to his groin. “Ohmigod! You are the sweetest thing! Let’s just focus on you for tonight, OK? I think we’ll have our hands full with that.” She flipped the lid open on her bottle of lube, then looked up and down the gigantic mast in front of her. “We’re gonna need a bigger bottle.”

*Great,* thought Chris. *Now I’m gonna pop a boner every time I see Roy Scheider. There goes the Jaws marathon.*

She reached back to the bedside table and opened the latching door underneath the drawer, revealing an cabinet stocked with bottles of Astroglide. “Fortunately, I buy in bulk.” She grabbed another bottle and saw Chris looking at her in shock. “Do you think that there aren’t any **girls** who want sex all the time?”

Chris took her wrists in his hands and pulled her towards him. “No. I just can’t believe that I was lucky enough to meet one who just happens to like gigantic cocks, as well as being the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen.” He pulled her in for a kiss.

Jen dropped the bottles and swung her arms around his neck. She fell forward onto his chest, her large breasts pressing into his pecs. Jen swung her right leg around the tree trunk of his cock, though she did bump it a little with her knee in her haste. Taken aback, Chris swung his hands around her little torso and was a bit surprised to realize that he was cupping her spectacularly firm butt. He gave it an exploratory squeeze and the squeal of delight from Jen transformed her kiss from a closed mouth peck into the start of an insistent, open-mouthed tongue lashing. Chris felt a little out of his league as Jen nibbled on his lips, sucked on his tongue, and explored every inch of his mouth with her own. However, given how tightly she was holding him to her, and judging by the muffled coos and moans, his own enthusiastic efforts seemed to be appreciated. Jen shifted a little bit on his torso and her dainty feet caressed the sides of his shaft. Chris’s hands shot up from her perfect ass to the back of her head and pulled her face so tightly to his that he almost felt like he was going to devour her. *Ohmigod, don’t ever stop doing that!*

Jen finally released her grip on Chris’s neck and insistently pushed his chest down and away from her. Their lip lock broke with an audible pop. She gasped for air, then said, huskily, “Now **that** was a first kiss!” Chris stretched forward to reach her again, his tongue questing hungrily out of his mouth.

He paused long enough to plead. “I’ll get better, I promise. I just need lots more practice. He ran his hands down the sides of her back, feeling the curves of her fat breasts against his inner forearm as they bulged out from the sides of her body. He tried to gently pull her back into another kiss. *I think a few more hours of that and I’ll have it down. Nobody in high school kissed like* ***that****!* Jen resisted firmly.

“No way, José. Epic makeout sessions will have to wait until Jen gets some sleep. If I’d known you could kiss like that, I’d have stayed when I delivered the first pizza. It’s waaaay too late at night, and we still have to wrestle this rascal into submission.” She ran her smooth calves over the sides of Chris’s massive manhood, as she lay on his chest. “I’d think about asking Kimber and Tasha for help, if I didn’t think they’d be scared of this monster.” She rolled off his torso, carefully avoiding kicking his rod this time, and sat cross-legged on the bed, appraising his dick. “Plus, I want it **all** for myself.” She rubbed her hands together greedily.

She reached for a bottle of lube, but stopped before she removed the lid. “I should probably ask this now, before finding out the hard way. How soon is the next eruption expected in Yosemite, and where’s the danger zone?” She cocked her finger at Chris’s throbbing cock. “I mean, do I need eye protection?”

Chris’s toes were almost curling with anticipation. “As hard as I am right now, Jen, you might need flood insurance. I don’t know exactly how far it might shoot out. I usually use a sock to catch it. However, I can tell you I’m right on the edge now.”

Jen looked back at him with a bit of confusion. “Do you buy socks just for your cock? It’s a lot bigger around than your calf, sweetie.” She rose to a kneeling position, and then lay across his torso. Chris could feel her breasts pressing into his arm as she fumbled under the bed. “We’ll use my Big Boy to handle my big boy,” she said, waving the t-shirt triumphantly. “I need to wash this anyway. It smells like pizza.” Jen cautiously draped the T-shirt over the tip of Chris’s prick, then sat back on her heels. She started to open the bottle, but looked up at Chris and suddenly began to giggle.

“What’s so funny?” demanded Chris.

Jen wiped her eye. “This just reminded me of my vacation in Texas last summer.”

“What? How?” asked Chris, a bit defensively.

She pointed at the white shirt draped forlornly over his massive pole. “It looks like they just surrendered the Alamo.”

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**Part 50.**

Chris chuckled, then suddenly heaved his body to the left, so that his huge wang swung closer towards Jen. “I should get you for that one!”

Jen waved her hands in mock terror. “Aieee! Gojira!”

*Oh, damn! This girl is a keeper, thought Chris. I wonder if she has a Slave Leia costume hidden somewhere?* She punched him in the arm. “Ow! What was that for?”

“Your mean ol’ cock. Not nice to pick on people smaller than it.” Jen grabbed it gently, wrapping one entire arm around its girth. She upended the lube and squirted a huge portion all down his shaft. “I’ll show it who’s boss…” She then began to gently spread the lube all over Chris’s colossal rod with one hand while holding him with the other.

“Oh, Jen, that feels so good!” Chris was already squirming with pleasure. The lube was slightly cool on his hot skin, but her hands were warm and soft. She glanced over at him for a moment, though she seemed pretty focused on her task.

“Chris, I’m just getting you ready. I haven’t even gotten started yet.” The tip of her tongue peeked out of her mouth as she concentrated on making sure the entire expanse of his dick had received a generous amount of lubricant. She squirted more lube on his cock, then a third application, then a fourth. “I think I’ve waxed cars smaller than this thing. Given your size, I thought you’d be soaked in your own juices by now.” Jen continued to spread the lubricant over the length of his cock, massaging him firmly as she did so.

Chris shrugged his shoulders apologetically. “I never really produced that much pre-cum anyway. Now that I’m bigger, it seems like that stayed the same. It’s probably for the best. If I lose much more fluid than I do when I cum, I’d probably need an IV after my erections.”

Jen patted his meaty shaft. “That’s OK, Chris. If you aren’t leaking pre-cum all over yourself, I’ll just have to rub lube **all over** your cock. How will I ever cope?” She pressed the back of one hand to her forehead, melodramatically. “The things I do for you.” After she had squeezed almost an entire bottle of lube over his cock, Jen appraised her work. “I think I’ve gotten it all.” She looked at him and smiled.“Now, sweetie, is there any particular way you like to have it stroked?”

“Yes. By you!” Jen shot him a look. “ Uh, I can’t really think of anything. Girls in high school would just usually give it a quick rub.” Chris blushed. *Using the plural there is bordering on hyperbole. Not a lot of ‘girls’ wanted to be caught tugging off ‘Spring Roll”.*

“I can’t imagine a ‘quick rub’ would do more than wake the beast. You probably jerk yourself off more than any girl has, if you’re like every other guy on the planet. What do you do when you are jerking off?”. Jen strummed her fingers on Chris’s cock impatiently.

“Honestly, Jen, my mind is a complete blank. All I can think about is you touching me right now. I’m not trying to be hard, sorry, **difficult**. I just can’t think of anything I’d like you to do other than what you are doing.” His cock was almost vibrating, he was so rapt with attention.

Jen blew a strand of hair out of her face. “All right, Chris. I confess. I’ve only given a few guys a hand job before. None of the ‘techniques’ I know will work on you. You’re too big. I’m not complaining, but it’s not like I can wrap my hands around it and rub. I feel like the dog who caught the car he was chasing. Now that I have it, what do it do with it?”

“Jen!” Chris ran his hand down her arm. “Relax. I’m about to explode just from having you next to me. I’m amazed I didn’t already cum when you spread the lube on me. It’s not like you’re going to turn me off with some bad technique!” *I’m in bed with a freaking gorgeous girl with huge breasts and she’s worried about me being satisfied?*

Jen seemed to relax. “Thanks, Chris. I guess I just never thought that I would actually be **doing** what I fantasized about doing.” She reached out, just a bit hesitantly, and began stroking her hands up and down the pillar of his dick, increasing in confidence as she continued.

Chris could barely focus on what she said as he was overcome with pleasure. *Did she just say she fantasized about…?* “Whoah!” Jen had just started slightly squeezing his shaft where it got slightly thinner, right below the head. It felt amazing. She smiled at him, naughtily. “Liked that, did you?” She continued to squeeze and massage his fat cock there, while Chris gripped her sheets and bit his lip. *I’m going to freaking explode!*

Before Chris could climax, however, Jen removed her hands. “Lemme know how this feels, sweetie pie.” She put one dainty hand on the underside of his massive cock, and the other on the broad top of the shaft. Her right hand pushed against his meat, squeezing it slightly against her left hand, which began to trace slow, circular motions on the sensitive underside. She began right at the huge base of his dick, and slowly began to work her hands upward. Chris squirmed on the bed as he could barely control himself. As Jen felt him writhe, she grinned mischievously at him and taunted, “Does Chris like this? Hmmmm?” She continued to work her hands up his length, agonizingly slowly.

“Oh my god, Jen! Unh! That feels…incredible! I don’t think I can hold back much longer?” Chris’s voice was hoarse and desperate.

Jen continued to knead his giant python, now passing the half-way point of his shaft. “Hold back? Sweetie, why are you holding back? I want you to cum! I want you to cum and cum and cum for me. Those balls are so big, you could probably cum allllllll night!” As she said this, her hands slowly worked higher and higher on his shaft. By the time she got to “all”, Jen’s hands were massaging his cock directly underneath the glans, and Chris was finally losing control.

“Jen! I’m…cumming!” was all Chris could gasp out before his massive climax began to release a flood of spunk from his overstuffed nuts. With her hands firmly gripping the sides of Chris’s massive dick, Jen could swear she could feel the gargantuan spurt of cum travel up his rod. His cock seemed to swell and heat up as the fluid filled his shaft, rising towards escape. *No wonder he’s not producing much pre-cum. It must take plenty just to get that water tower filled from the bottom up!* The jizz surged through his monster, finally spurting from his huge slit.

She watched in amazement as it poured into her shirt, wrapped around his glans. The volume was beyond anything she had ever seen before. “Chris, this is unbelievable. I’ve never seen anybody…” Jen trailed off as she realized the colossal eruption was simply the first. She quickly leaned forward and wrapped her hands around as much of his shaft as she could grip. As the second wave of jizz began to surge through Chris’s cock, Jen coaxed it upwards with her own hands, milking the mammoth meat as best as she was able. Chris’s pants and groans seemed to indicate his approval. No sooner than the second wave of semen poured out of his cock, Jen returned her hands to his base to ready for a third, then a fourth….

After at least a dozen huge pulses of semen, each far larger than any entire cum shot she had ever seen, it seemed that Chris’s orgasm was over. He had been almost immobile during the entire experience, and had said little other than “Yes….yess….oh, yesss.” Jen’s shirt appeared to be almost entirely soaked through with semen, and Jen reached up to remove it with both hands. The volume of cum was unbelievable, looking to her like a quart or more of jizz. She tried to capture most of it in her poor shirt, but some slopped down Chris’s third leg, or dripped onto the towel.

“Oh, Jen! That was fantastic! When you started really stroking me, I just couldn’t hold back any more. I’ve been thinking about you all day, and….” Chris suddenly seemed to be unable to stop talking, quite unlike a few moments before.

“Chris, sweetie?” Jen looked back at him over her shoulder as she held the soggy mass of her shirt with both hands. “I’ve kind of got my hands full right at the second. Lemme just take care of this, and I’ll be right back.” Jen carefully maneuvered off the bed, slightly off balance due to the bundle in her hands. She stepped over to her laundry hamper, then reconsidered. She dumped the soaked shirt into her empty waste basket, then lifted the plastic bag liner out and into her hamper instead. Jen went to her closet and retrieved two hand towels. “Maybe a little something more absorbent is in order.” She stepped daintily back to Chris, who lay, panting, on the bed, his penis as erect as before. Jen put her hand on the tip of his cock, leaned over to look at him, and said playfully, “Now, where were we?”

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**Part 51.**

At about the time Chris was taking a wild ride through the streets of Haverhill, Terry was knocking on the door of Crissy’s room. He checked his watch: 8:02 close enough to 8... He was wondering what Crissy had planned that required the timing to be so specific when the door flew open and Terry was looking into the angry face of a dark-haired girl in a schoolgirl outfit. She wore a bright orange armband on her left arm and her hair was tied back from her face with a yellow ribbon.

"You’re late, Kyon! Penalty!"

Terry took a startled step back.

"Woah, I’m sorry!" he blurted out "I must have the wrong-... Crissy?"

Terry realized mid-sentence the strange girl was just Crissy wearing a wig and costume. A few stray strands of blonde hair were visible poking out from underneath the brown hair of the wig.

"Hmmph!" she put her hand on her hips and pouted "Insubordination!"

"Crissy, what’s all this about? What’s with the getup?" he gestured at the wig and schoolgirl outfit.

She responded by grabbing him roughly by the collar and dragging his face to hers.

"You will address me as ’Brigade Leader!’ Honestly, Kyon, what’s gotten into you?"

Terry was too startled by Crissy’s insane behavior to struggle. He just gawked at her. Crissy became impatient and tapped her foot on the ground.

"Come on, we haven’t got all day!" she dragged him inside the room. Her roommate was gone and the lamps had been covered to provide romantic lighting.

Terry wrestled himself free as Crissy slammed the door behind him.

"Crissy, what the fuck are you doing? Why do you keep calling me ’Kyon’? Have you lost your mind?"

Crissy looked furious for a few seconds before breaking character.

"Quit being so grouchy." she said "I got all dressed up just for you."

Crissy twirled in place.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"What is it?"

Crissy frowned.

"It’s a Haruhi Suzumya costume. I made it myself for the *Anime Boston* Convention last April."

"Is that like a comic book convention?"

Crissy rubbed the bridge of her nose.

"Kind of. Sure."

"So what’s a Harahiri Suzan? Some kind of sex thing?"

"Haruhi Suzumiya. And I was hoping it would be a sex thing, yes."

"Well it is a sexy outfit, I love the short little skirt and the sailor suit." he stepped forward and stroked the hair of her wig "I think you look better as a blonde, though."

"Urrrrgh! You’re doing it wrong!" she huffed "You’ve got to be in character for it to be sexy!"

"Why do I have to be in character?"

"Just... Because! I’ve been daydreaming about this all afternoon!"

"Fucking in a schoolgirl outfit?"

"Dressing up and having dirty sex as Haruhi and Kyon!"

"Why does it matter if we pretend to be other people to have sex? It all ends up the same."

"You’ve never had a roleplay fantasy?"

Terry had to pause and think. He’d had a lot of fantasies for sure, but his idea of "roleplay" didn’t extend much beyond saying "Teacher, I’ve been a bad boy, you’ll have to discipline me..." before getting down to sex as usual, and frankly, he wasn’t picky about how his sexcapades started. Still, he could tell this was important to Crissy, so he figured he’d give it a shot.

"So, what am I supposed to do?"

Crissy ginned and bobbed on the balls of her feet.

"So you’ll play along?"

"Sure, why not? Who is this ’Kyon’ guy and how do I be him?"

The next several minutes were frustrating for both parties as Crissy tried to explain the basic plot of *The Melancholy Life of Haruhi Suzumiya* and how Terry was supposed to act in his role as the world-weary Kyon. Finally, Crissy gave up.

"Look, maybe we should try something else. This might be a little... *Advanced* for you..." Crissy sighed.

*Advanced? What do you mean?* Terry thought *There are stages to this? Maybe it would be better if you started at stage one! If she wanted to do some sexy dressing up, she should have coordinated with me first, we could have picked an outfit we’d both enjoy, maybe something in black leather? She’d look good in maybe a black bustier and thigh high boots... While I was lost in thought, Crissy had gone off on her own track and was digging through her closet, what she was looking for I had no idea... And what’s with me suddenly narrating my life in the first person?*

Terry shook his head and joined Crissy over by her closet.

During his last couple visits, Terry had been much less interested in Crissy’s clothes and much more interested in what was beneath them. He hadn’t seen her closet, and was a little surprised to see that in addition to a normal girl’s wardrobe, it also featured a large selection of colorful and strange outfits.

"How about this one?" Crissy asked, holding up a teal jacket with ridiculously large shoulder pads "I’ve actually won awards with it."

She grinned and her single fang glinted in the lamplight.

"Look..." said Terry "I’m actually not all that into anime... So I doubt any of these other outfits are gonna be any better."

"What about books? We could be Aragorn and Arwen! Or John Carter and Deja Thoris, or Kvothe and Denna Or... Ohmigod! Of course! You’ll be Jondalar and I’ll be Ayla! Damn! That’s brilliant!" Crissy’s eyes were lit up with that fire he’d seen the other night when she’d tackled him at his door while spouting lines from a Harlequin romance. Of course, as far as Terry was concerned, Crissy may as well have been speaking Greek for the past several minutes.

"Crissy, I’ve never heard of any of those things."

"They’re couples from books. Don’t you read at all?"

"Not lately... Do you have anything from movies?"

"What movie?"

Terry tried to think of a good sci fi or fantasy movie that Crissy and he could both act out.

"Star Wars?" he suggested.

"Oooh, with me as Leia?" she purred "Do you want to see me in my golden bikini?"

"Sure, that outfit was pretty hot." Terry smiled and put his hands around her waist, they kissed. As their lips parted Terry said "My name is Luke Skywalker, and I have a big lightsaber..."

The romantic mood in the room derailed so fast that Terry swore he heard a record scratch.

Crissy blinked.

"What?" asked Terry.

"You want us to be *Luke* and Leia?"

• • •

**Part 52.**

Jen realized she had put her index finger directly into a massive blob of cum on the head of Chris’s cock. She withdrew her hand deliberately, not wanting to seem disgusted or anything. As she did so, she marveled. I*t’s so hot!* Jen brought her hand up to her face, and sniffed cautiously. *Hmmm. Doesn’t smell all that bad. Not bleachy like I was expecting.*

Seeing the rapt look on Chris’s face, Jen decided it was worth it. She opened her mouth and planted her finger right on her tongue. She closed her lips and slurped the cum off her finger noisily. She thought Chris was about to cum again on the spot. “Mmmmm.” *Not bad at all! Still salty, but really sweet, almost sugary!. He actually tastes good!* Before she was even conscious of what she was doing, Jen had used her finger to scoop another, larger blob of cum into her mouth. “Mmmmmmm. Jen likey, Chris.” *Jen ‘likey’ a lot! I might just go on a liquid diet!*

Eagerly, Jen crawled back onto the bed, once again scrambling over Chris’s body. This time, she used his thick schlong as a climbing aid. “So, that went well. I think I’m getting the hang of my hung hunk.” She sat down, on her butt, rather than on her heels, and reached across for Chris’s cock again. “Come to Jenny.” She wrapped one of the towels over the head of his prick. “Come to Jenny, not cum **on** Jenny.” Jen applied some more lube and started caressing Chris vigorously. “At least, not tonight.”

The immense pressure in Chris’s balls seemed to have eased up a bit. He no longer felt like he was about to erupt at any second. Although he was still rock hard, Chris felt like he was able to relax and enjoy Jen’s ministrations a bit more. Sitting on her butt, Jen had to reach a little father for his shaft. Her strokes upward were pulling his meat to the left a bit, as she simply didn’t have the reach to stroke directly upwards. Jen didn’t focus on one type of motion as she had before, but instead kneaded and fondled his pole first one way, then another.

Jen was industriously rubbing and squeezing and massaging his giant cock, totally focused on the task in hand. On occasion, she would catch him watching her, and smile, then give him a little squeeze on his cock to remind him what he was supposed to be paying attention to. Chris couldn’t help it. He found her attraction to his gigantic wang at least as exciting as what she was doing to it. Chris was also wanting to get his own hands on her, as well. First, he wrapped his left arm around her torso and began caressing her slim waist and back. *Her skin is so smooth!* His right hand was trembling with the need to touch her, so he turned slightly on the bed, his ponderous balls shifting with difficulty. That brought him close enough to caress Jen’s knee, but it also swung the tree trunk of his cock closer to her as well.

“Whoa, fellah!” Jen seemed a little startled, and pushed against his prick with both hands, though not roughly.

“Sorry. Sorry.” Chris apologized, but kept his hands roaming over her midriff and thigh. “I just wanted to touch you, too.”

Jen seemed mollified and resumed her caresses. “OK, Chris, but you’ve got to warn a girl. No sudden moves. You could knock me unconscious with this big, fat, log.” She began to stroke it more vigorously. “So big….so fat….so hard. Oooh, I **love** this cock, Chris. It’s soooo perfect.”

In her excitement, Jen didn’t seem to object to Chris moving a little closer. Her ministrations on his manhood were increasing, getting faster and firmer, and Chris could feel himself getting closer to a second orgasm. His left hand shifted back to roam over the curves of Jen’s butt, and he used his firm caresses to shift her a little bit closer to him as she bounced with her strokes on his cock. His right hand strained across his body until he was rewarded with the warm, wet feel of Jen’s sopping wet panties. When his fingertips reached them, brushing against the silk and the skin underneath, Jen ‘oohed’ softly and began to really massage his cock energetically. Her hands were sliding up and down his entire length, squeezing and shifting his meat. Jen’s entire body was bouncing with her efforts, though Chris could hardly tear his eyes from her round breasts, bobbing in her bra.

His persistent, gentle pressure finally bringing Jen into reach, Chris softly rubbed Jen’s puffy labia through the silk panties, which were drenched with her fluids. “Oh, Chris!”, she gasped, breathlessly, and her arousal pushed him over the edge.

“Unh! Unh!” Chris could hardly move a muscle as his body seized up in a huge orgasm. Jen, however, retained her wits, and quickly began to use her hands as before to coax even more cum out of his bloated cock. “Unh!” As before, Chris’s mammoth nuts pumped a giant load up and out his colossal rod. Jen marveled as the copious amount of spunk first filled, then overfilled, her makeshift wrapping. *How can he pump out this much cum?* As the spasms of his climax receded, Jen deftly removed the sodden towel from his cock, cautious to minimize the mess. However, when she espied a stray rivulet of semen oozing down his fat member, she couldn’t resist.

Leaning it, Jen pressed her pink tongue against the hot, firm flesh of Chris’s cock, and languorously lapped up every drop of spunk. “Mmmmmmm! Better than licking cake batter off the mixing blades!” Chris sighed in delight. “Who knew cleanup would be so much fun?” *It really does taste good! Jen looked down at the heavy, wet towel. I don’t think I could swallow that much, though. Maybe on an empty stomach.*

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*Zot57 has just pointed out to me a good point of continuity. Chris wasn’t riding in the car with Jen until 1am. At 8 he was still in the dormroom. My bad. Just pretend I said the right thing that was happening at the time, lol. And now, back to your regularly scheduled program...*

"Well, how was I supposed to know Luke and Leia were brother and sister!" Terry exclaimed as Crissy untangled herself from him and sat down heavily on the bed.

"They say it right in the movie! How could you have seen *Return of the Jedi* and not know that?"

"I didn’t see the whole thing, just the part with the golden bikini when she was being held captive by Jabba the Hutt."

Crissy frowned, then her expression softened after a few seconds of thought.

"Well, it was the weakest of the three original movies. I guess I can understand you not making it all the way through."

Terry went over to the bed and sat next to her. He put his hand on her thigh.

"Forgiven?" he asked.

Crissy looked at him through narrow eyes.

"You still have to pay the penalty for being late!" she leaped to her feet and thrust an accusing finger in his face. She stared imperiously down her nose at him as she straightened her wig.

*Oh brother. Back to this again.*

"So, what’s the penalty?"

She threw one leg up and planted her foot on the corner of the bed, spreading her legs wide and revealing just a peek of white cotton panties beneath her short skirt.

"Everyone knows a true leader shouldn’t be bothered with the petty chores of tending to her own base needs as long as she has loyal subordinates that can perform the task! A leader must have her hands and mind free to focus on other matters. Hmph!" she declared.

"So, what is your command, my mistress?" Terry kowtowed.

Crissy broke character again.

"Ruuh!" she grunted in frustration "That’s not how Kyon would say it. He doesn’t acquiesce to Haruhi’s every little whim. He would drag his heels and be sarcastic."

"So whaddya want me to do?" Terry sighed.

"That’s more like it."

*More like it? I wasn’t even in character that time. This Kyon guy sounds like he’s in the same position with Haruhi as I am with Crissy. Stuck trying to interpret the whims of a strange, but strangely attractive girl. I guess I’ll just be me.*

Crissy was impatiently drumming her fingers on her leg.

"So, what ’needs’ need tending?" *As if I didn’t know*.

"Do I have to spell it out for you, Kyon? Honestly. If you’re not up to the task I’ll just have Mikuru do it."

"No don’t have Mikuru do it. I-"

"Miss Asuhina." Crissy interrupted.

"Huh?"

"Kyon always calls her ’Miss Asuhina’ and sound angrier about me making her do it."

*Sigh*.

"You will not have Miss Asuhina do anything of the kind! If this is what I have to do to keep her out of your clutches then fine."

Crissy trembled with a "squee" of pleasure before getting back in character.

"Whatever, just try not to screw it up like you usually do." she huffed and looked disinterested.

"Oh really. Like I usually do, huh?" Terry grabbed Crissy by her waist and lifted her up bodily, then tossed her down on the bed.

"Ahhh! Not so rough!" she squealed with delight.

Terry responded by grabbing the waistband of her panties and yanking them down her legs and over her shoes. He started to unbutton his jeans. Crissy reached down off the bed and grabbed a magazine from the carpet, she rolled it up and smacked him on the head.

"Just what do you think you’re doing, Kyon?" she huffed.

"Pleasuring you?" Said Terry, rubbing his head.

"Oh please. A perfectly average boy like yourself couldn’t possibly offer anything worthwhile in that area. I’m not interested in fucking ordinary people!"

"You’d be surprised." said Terry.

"I’m saving myself for someone extraordinary." she said, looking distracted up a the ceiling "I’m sorry, Kyon, but an average man just won’t do it for me. I hope you understand when I say you’ll just have to satisfy me with your mouth alone this time."

*Can she be serious? I’ve never gone down on a girl before.*

Crissy sensed his hesitation "Don’t tell me you’ve never gone down on a girl before!"

*And she’s a mind reader, too?*

"Err... Actually..."

"Just put your face down there and do what comes natural." she put her arms across her chest and looked up at the ceiling.

*Do what comes natural, she says. And what’s up with that pose? She looks like she’s waiting for a bus, or getting her shoes shined. How am I supposed to get into this when she doesn’t even look like it’s a sexual act? Oh well, here goes nothing.*

*• • •*

**Part 53.**

“OK, Chris. How are you doing, sweetie?”, Jen inquired, as she again navigated to the wastebasket and back to the bed. Chris groaned with contentment. “Still a big boy, I see.”Standing beside the bed, Jen reached out to caress his prick and was amazed that it was still incredibly firm and fat. *How much will it take to get him soft? I like it, but it’s after 2 in the morning!*

“Jennnn,” Chris moaned with desire. “it feels sooooo good when you do it. It’s never felt this good before.” He reached over and caressed her leg, seemingly pinned under the weight of his gigantic cock and balls. “Please, do it again. Please?”.

*Desperate times call for desperate measures,* thought Jen. “OK, Chris. Just **one** more time, then it’s time for me to go to sleep!” Chris poked his bottom lip out in a pout. “Since you’ve been such a good boy, though,” she continued, as she wrapped another hand towel around his massive cockhead, “I think you deserve a special treat.” Jen reached around and unfastened her bra, allowing her full breasts to swing free. Chris’s entire body, including the tree trunk growing from his crotch, sprung to attention. He groped for her breasts like a starving man clutching for food.

“Oh, Jen! Your boobs look so good!” Chris couldn’t restrain himself. He’d been thinking about her firm, fat breasts ever since she had shown up in that tight T-shirt to deliver pizza, and now, here they were, big and round, topped by very small, very hard nipples. *I want those in my mouth right now!* Chris was startled by Jen, who smacked his hands away.

“Hey, mister! Not so grabby!” She scooped her mounds up with one arm and patted them with the other. “My little girls are very sensitive. They don’t like being pawed at.” Jen stroked her own areola gently, their delicate pink circles looking small relative to the globes on her chest. “This is Chris. He’s **very** happy to meet you.” She bounced her arm, causing her full bosom to wobble deliciously.

“I don’t see anything small about your girls, Jen. They look like big, strapping, healthy girls to me. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a pair of girls that big and healthy before.” Chris reached for them again, though with more delicacy. *I don’t think I’ve ever seen such big boobs with such small nipples, either. It makes them look* ***huge****.* Jen looked back at him sceptically, though she seemed willing to allow him to touch her bust.

“Chris, sweetie, I can know flattery when I hear it. If you really like big boobies, I’m sure you’ve seen a **lot** bigger than mine on the internet. Like **waaaay** bigger.” She relaxed as Chris cupped her breasts with his hands, lightly tracing her areola with his thumbs. The look on his face bordered on religious awe.

“OK, so you might not have the biggest breasts I’ve ever seen.” *Though you’ve got the biggest ones I’ve ever touched, by a long shot!* “But that doesn’t mean you don’t have the most beautiful breasts I’ve ever seen.” Chris massaged her softly, gently squeezing and lifting her orbs. *God, these are sooo much better than the little ones in high school. They are so soft!* “I bet they even taste better than any other girl’s boobs, too.” He leaned forward, mouth watering. *Just a few more inches…*

Jen was ready for him, though. She turned around abruptly, bouncing her breasts free of his hands. “Oh no you don’t, sneaky! I know how crazy that mouth of yours can get, remember? I brought out the girls to play to get your rocks off, not so you could start giving me a tongue bath. First you start on my boobs, then before we know it, my panties are hanging off the lampshade, and you’re sucking the nail polish off my toes.” Jen suddenly sat down on Chris’s torso, her pert butt planted between his navel and his monster cock. “That might be fine for tomorrow night, but it is too late for Jen to go wild tonight. I have classes tomorrow.”

Confused, and a bit frustrated, Chris sulked. “So do I. I’d miss them for you, though.” Jen looked at him and smiled.

“You’d miss them because you can’t lug this beast into class, you mean.” She wrapped one hand around his massive prick for emphasis. “Now, let me work my magic, sweetie.” Jen lifted one shapely leg and swung it to the other side of Chris’s enormous dick. She then wrapped both legs, and both arms, around the girth of his cock. Chris could feel her hard nipples and soft breasts pushing into his meat. At the root of his rod, he could feel the warm wetness of Jen’s soaked panties as well.

“Oh, God, Jen!” The sensation of having her wrapped around him was unbelievable.

“Oh, just wait a minute, Chester. I’m just getting started.”, she replied. Jen shifted her weight back, reclining onto Chris’s chest. The motion pulled his cock forwards, and pushed her round ass firmly against his base. Jen clamped down on his cock with her thighs and calves, and rubbed her dainty feet over the expanse of Chris’s massive ballsack. *Whoaaaaah! That feels awsome!* Chris was so enthralled by that little trick that he almost forgot to grope Jen’s boobs from behind. Almost. He was careful to treat them gently this time.

His massive pole pressed against her breasts, Jen looped her hands around Chris’s shaft and massaged the underside of his prick. “And now, for the piéce de résistance..” Jen brought her mouth to his cock. After a long, slow slurp, she began to kiss and suck his meat. *If boy liked a hickey on their neck, I bet Chris will love one on his dick.* Jen smiled to herself.

“Raaaaargh!” The effect was immediate. Chris simply could not control himself. A massive orgasm, dwarfing anything he’d felt since the cream, consumed him entirely. His body bucked as his gigantic cock spurted again and again. Jen clenched her legs tightly and rode him like a bronco. Her soft feet kneaded his massive balls, pumping them for more spunk. Her hot mouth roamed over his shaft, the sensation almost too intense to endure. Chris came again and again, easily surpassing the dozen spurts to which he had just grown accustomed. His lust-besotted brain had no sense of time, but when he finally collapsed, exhausted, it was clear from the bulging, dripping towel clinging to his glans that he had easily ejaculated a quart or more of cum.

Jen relaxed her grip on his member. “So, I think we’ve found what you like.”

“I think so.” gasped Chris.

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**Part 54.**

“I think so.” gasped Chris.

“Do you think we can go to sleep now, sweetie?” asked Jen, expectantly.

“I think so. I feel pretty relaxed. Plus, if you did that again, I think my head might explode.” Chris kissed Jen on the top of the head.

“That’s nice, Chris, but do you think you could help get this thing offa me?” Jen struggled to remove his softening, but still massive prick. After a quick clean-up, thanks to the strategically placed towels, Jen snuggled next to Chris in her bed, and pulled a comforter over them both. “Sweet dreams, sweetie pie.”

Chris definitely had a sweet dream. In his dream, Chris was seated in the recliner in Jen’s living room. Jen was kneeling in front of him, massaging his cock and devouring all of his spunk. In spite of the gigantic quantities of cum he produced, Jen was guzzling it all down with delight. Rather than filling her up, his cum was making her breasts grow larger and larger. The more jizz she swallowed, the fatter and rounder her boobs grew. After dozens of orgasms, Jen’s breasts had grown to two huge globes, easily larger than soccer balls, and they bounced heavily with each motion. However, Chris’s balls had been drained by her voracious appetite, and had shrunk from their full weight of ten pounds apiece to little over two pounds each. Though still immense compared to any normal man, they seemed tiny to Chris. In his dream, though, salvation was at hand. All around the recliner, mounds and mounds of fattening foods were within his reach. Chris grabbed at the repast with both hands, eagerly gorging himself to replenish his balls. The delicious cakes, brownies, cookies, and ice cream seemed to go not to his stomach, but immediately towards bulking up his nuts. Not only could Chris watch Jen get bustier while she sucked and licked his cock, he could stuff himself with the rich food and keep his huge balls from being drained. While he gorged himself without restraint on the seemingly endless supply of snacks, Jen had developed a bottomless appetite for his spunk. As his dream progressed, Jen’s boobs ballooned in size until she was able to recline on them like two round bean bags. Each was still almost spherical, and easily weighed a hundred pounds or more. The sight of her big breasts, and the sensation of their curves against his legs and balls, made Chris even more ravenous. He redoubled his efforts to gorge himself to the fullest, almost forcing the food into his mouth and swallowing as quickly as he could. He couldn’t wait to see how big Jen would get.

Jen’s own dreams were a little less fantastic. She found herself back at that asshole Gary’s pool party. This time, instead of being abandoned by that spineless creep Todd, Jen had brought her new boyfriend, Chris. She was wearing the same little white bikini, though this time, her breasts were almost overflowing the cups. Chris, however, was sporting a custom-designed set of swim trunks. Tightly cupping his butt, the trunks had three specially designed pouches in the front, each made of a sheer, stretchy weave. Two huge round pouches contained Chris’s fat balls, the fabric snugly stretched over their bloated curves. The third pouch was carefully tailored to cling to every contour of Chris’s mammoth cock The guests at the pool party were speechless. The suit was so tight that it left absolutely nothing to the imagination, and Jen reveled in their expressions of amazement (from the girls) and envy (from the guys). Walking around the pool, she reached out to Chris and gently lifted his cock, leading him around the patio by his prick. Her gentle touch stimulated him, and Chris began to grow, his cock stretching the fabric out thinner and thinner. The guys around the pool began to grow more and more self-conscious as Chris’s cock swelled larger and larger, but the girls got more and more interested. By the time Chris had swelled to his full size, the central pouch was stretched so thin that the sheer fabric was almost entirely transparent. Jen and her man were surrounded by fascinated female admirers. She decided that both she and Chris could use a little release, and, still leading him by his dick, Jen stepped into the shallow end of the pool. The water was deliciously warm, and by the time it was swirling around her waist, Jen had removed her bikini bottoms. She exulted in the sensation of the warm water on her womanhood as she began to release the catches on Chris’s swim suit. Soon, everybody would see exactly what kind of lover she had.

When Jen and Chris woke up from their dreams, they both became immediately acquainted with the consequences of sexual fantasies. The sheets and comforter were plastered with the huge amount of jizz that Chris had released from his wet dreams that night. The sticky semen coated the legs and lower torso of both. “Oh, Jen! I’m so sorry! I didn’t think this would happen!” Chris looked at her apologetically.

Jen seemed more amazed than annoyed. “Holy crap! You had all that still in there?” She threw back the comforter and surveyed the scene. “Chris, sweetie, it’s OK, but we are going to have to find some way to capture your production overnight. I can’t be doing the sheets every day. No wonder I was dreaming about being waist deep in warm water!”

“Jen, uh, if it’s any consolation, I was dreaming about you.” Chris gave her a hangdog expression, and Jen couldn’t help but laugh.

“Oh, you!” She leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the mouth. “You’d better be dreaming about me. Now, let me get showered up.” She got up from the bed, breathtaking in her nudity, and wrapped a bathrobe around her body.

“Uh, Jen. What about me?” Chris gestured to the jizz covering his thighs and calves. “Maybe we could shower together?”, he suggested, hopefully.

“Chris, first, my roommates are still here.” Jen jerked her thumb at the door, and, paying attention to something other than the formerly naked girl in the room, Chris could hear female voices. “If you’re going to try and hide that monster under a jacket, I’m guessing you don’t want to swing it around when they are getting ready for class. Second, sweetie, I’m not sure you, me, and that cock can all **fit** in our shower. You just sit tight until the coast is clear. Tasha and Kimber have class before me anyhow.”

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Jen stepped out of her bedroom and ran immediately into both of her roommates. They were, as usual, both trying to get ready at the same time. Fortunately, Tasha’s height made it possible for her to see the mirror over the shorter Kimber. Tasha was drying her long black hair, clad only in a black bra and panties over her lean figure. Kimber was completely dressed, but was industriously fixing her hair and makeup. They both stopped immediately when they saw Jen, though it took Tasha a few seconds to remember to turn off her hair dryer. *Great. Here comes the inquisition*, thought Jen.

“Heeeey, girl.” said Kimber, pausing meaningfully.

“So, is Corey still here or did you love him and leave him?” asked Tasha eagerly.

Kimber elbowed her in the ribs, or, more accurately given their height difference, elbowed her in the stomach. “Goofball! I told you last night. He’s **Korean**. His name’s not Corey N. And unless she made him walk home, he’s **still here**.” Kimber delivered the last two words at shouting volume, evidently trying to broadcast them through Jen’s closed bedroom door. “Even if she had make him hoof it, that wouldn’t be ‘love him and leave him.’ **He** would have left.”.

Tasha rapped Kimber on the top of her head with a hairbrush. “Whatever. I want details. Explicit details. Perhaps you have some video, or at least a few cell phone snaps?”

Jen sighed and pushed her way into the tiny bathroom, already crowded with two girls. “Not everyone documents everything with a camera, Tasha. That would just be you.”

“A picture is worth a thousand words, Jen. Not only can you post them online, you can go back over them when you are a little randy, you know.” Tasha grabbed her shoulders from behind as Jen tried to get by her to the shower.”**Please** tell me you took some candid shots. I showed you mine.”

“You’d show your pics to someone in line at the grocery store!” protested Kimber. “In fact, you did!”

“Well, that’s how I met Evan, so it’s been working out OK, hasn’t it?” Tasha countered.

“His name is Ethan, not Evan! I’ve only met the guy one time and I remember that!” protested Kimber loudly. Jen took the opportunity to slip out of the robe and into the shower unexamined. “You should get to know these boys before you hop into bed and make home movies!

“You’re one to complain about home movies! I didn’t hear you complaining when we watched that porno last night!” Tasha poked Kimber in the shoulder. “I heard noises from more than one bedroom.”

Kimber blushed. “That’s different. That movie had some plot, and some foreplay, and… I’m surprised you could hear anything over the hum from that jackhammer you own!” Kimber changed the subject defensively.

“Big girls have big toys, short stuff.” replied Tasha with pride.

Kimber moved on. “Anyway, I’m surprised at you, Jen. I expected this behavior from Tasha, but not from you. When did you start picking up strange college boys and bringing them home?”

Damn, I was hoping they might just keep arguing with each other. “Chris isn’t some strange boy. I met him on Tuesday.” *Don’t mention you delivered pizza to him while he was whacking off.* “We talked a lot yesterday, and one thing just kind of led to another.” *The other being a thirty inch cock*. “Chris is a special circumstances kind of thing.”

“Ooooh! Do you mean it’s love at first sight?” Kimber asked, batting her eyes. “How romantic!”

“Or do you mean that Enter the Dragon Anally got you hot for some Asian takeout?’, asked Tasha. “I knew you liked that one more than you let on.”

“It’s not either of those, you idiots! Chris seems like a really nice guy, Kimber, but I have to get to know him better. It’s not that I just dragged home the first Asian guy I could find, Tasha!” *What the heck do I say now? He’s got a gargantuan cock and I can’t keep my hands off it?* “I’m not fixated on Asian guys.”

Tasha snorted. “Probably a good thing. Most of them aren’t nearly as big as the dude in that movie.”

Jen rolled her eyes, safely concealed behind the shower curtain. *If you had any idea…*

“So, when do we get to meet this Chris, J?” Kimber finished up with her makeup. “I’ve got to get to school soon, if this goofball can actually get her hair dried and get some clothes on.”

“It’s not my fault I have long hair! Well, I guess that is my fault, but it’s not my fault that it’s not dry. We can’t talk about Chris and Jen over the hair dryer.” Tasha put it down. “It’s almost dry now anyway. Lemme get some clothes on and you can bring this Chris out for show and tell. I barely got to see him last night. What was with the jacket around the waist anyway?”

“Look, guys, Chris is kind of shy. He had some bad experiences in high school and he’s trying to start fresh in college. He’s a little sensitive about his build, so I don’t need you guys giving him any grief.” *That’s probably all true, at least*, thought Jen. “You guys go to class. When he’s a little less shy, I promise to introduce him to you both.”

“Awwww. That’s so sweet! You are taking the shy boy under your wing. How romantic!” Kimber almost cooed.

“What’s he shy about?” wondered Tasha. “He looked OK last night. He did walk funny though. Is that what he’s shy about? He has a silly walk?”

“Shut up and get dressed, you pale freak. Your white body is blinding the rest of us.”, complained Kimber. “We are going to be late if you take much longer.” She pushed Tasha out of the bathroom.

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**Part 55.**

Jen was finally able to relax and finish showering. She heard her roommates continue to bicker for a few more minutes, then they finally left the apartment. At last! Jen toweled off, put back on her robe, and brushed her hair. She spent a minute or two applying the minimal amount of makeup, and returned to her room. Chris still sat on the bed, his nineteen inch dick thick and limp between his legs. To her surprise, his balls seemed smaller, and not nearly as full and heavy. He looked at her a little guiltily. “I heard some of what your roommates said. Is everything OK?”

“Oh, Chris, don’t worry about them. Tasha is just a very visual person. She won’t talk to someone on the phone if there’s any chance of a video chat. Kimber’s a hopeless romantic. Every boy she dates is ‘the one’. They are just curious.” She padded across the carpet to him on her bare feet. “I’m a little curious, myself.” She gestured to his ballsack. “These were **huge** last night. Not that they aren’t prize-winning specimens now, but what gives?”

Chris’s face flushed red, and he gestured at the bed sheets and the wastebasket full of cum-soaked cloth. “Remember? All of that had to come from somewhere. I’m kind of running on empty right now.” Chris rubbed his tummy as it growled.

“So, all the food you are eating is going to feed that?” Jen asked, a little dubiously. *If I fatten him up, will it get any bigger?*

“Well, not **all** of it. I mean, the rest of my body still needs some food, but most of it is just for these, I guess. Do you have anything I can eat? I’m **really** hungry.” Chris couldn’t quite avoid thinking of his dream, and his cock began to thicken again.

“Stop that! Bad Chris!” Jen almost swatted his anaconda, before stopping herself. “You go shower up. I’d love to stay and play some more, but I **have** to get to class. We can grab you some grub on the way.” She handed him a clean towel, as well as his sweats (or Greg’s sweats, as it were).

Chris reluctantly waddled into the bathroom. Try as he might, his erection was slowly returning. He stepped into the warm water and grabbed a bottle of body wash. *Resistance is futile.* Chris squirted the goo on his swelling cock and began to stroke with both hands. After a few minutes, his prick had returned to its full colossal size, and Chris was approaching an orgasm. There was a knock at the door.

“Sweetie? What’s taking so long?” Jen asked politely.

“Sorry!” Chris could barely strangle out an answer. “I should be done in just a minute-Ugh!” His diminished balls still managed to pump out a good pint of jizz as he came. After his orgasm, Chris turned off the shower and quickly toweled himself off. His python was returning to it’s ‘normal’ size fairly quickly. By the time he was dry, he was able to wrestle it into his sweatpants. He stepped out of the bathroom and looked for Jen. She was waiting in the living room with his shirt, jacket, and shoes. She handed him his shirt, and he pulled it over his head.

“Chris, were you jerking off in the shower? I have to get to school, sweetie.” After he had pulled the shirt on, she handed him his shoes. Chris waddled over to the couch to put them on. His monumental cock and balls made it difficult for him to manage the task, as he couldn’t easily cross his legs.

“Jen, I’m really sorry, but it’s like I told you last night. When I start getting a hard-on, I can’t stop it. Either I could jerk off in the shower, or you could try to wrestle me out of the car with a huge hard-on. I’m not trying to make you late, honest.” He was almost exhausted by the time he had gotten his shoes on. He took the jacket from Jen and wrapped it around his waist as he stood up. “At least I’m ready now.”

Jen leaned in and gave him a quick peck on the cheek. “OK, sweetie pie. I guess I’ll just have to factor your insistent erections into my schedule. I’m not sure why you put on the jacket like that. Instead of looking like a sex god, you look like a dork who peed his pants.”

Chris shrugged awkwardly. “I guess I just don’t want to show quite that much, OK? Shouldn’t we get going?”

He and Jen left the apartment and walked to her car. Even on the short trip there, the weight in Chris’s crotch was substantial. *Man, my balls are drained and this is still pretty tiring. I’ve gotta figure out some way to get some support for my package.* Chris got in the car and struggled to find a comfortable position for his massive sausage. Jen started it up, and backed it out of the spot, then turned left onto the street.“So, you don’t always drive like a maniac.”

“Nope, just when I have a special delivery. Now, is Dunkin’ Donut OK for you? It’s on the way, at least.”

Chris’s mouth started to water. “Donuts would be fine. In fact, they would be great.”

In almost no time, Jen pulled up to the drive through window. “OK, so what do you want?”

Chris thought it over for a second. “Uh, two large Vanilla Bean Coolattas and two dozen doughnuts, any kind!”, he shouted the order to the mic on Jen’s side of the car. Jen looked at him questioningly.

Chris shrugged. “I didn’t think I could manage to carry much more back to my room. Don’t worry. I can get some more at the snack bar at school, but this will tide me over.” His stomach rumbled again in hunger.

“Sweetie, I wasn’t worried about you getting too **little** food. Are you sure you need two dozen doughnuts?” whispered Jen as they pulled up to the window. Chris passed the cashier the money from his wallet. He looked guilty.

“Uh, I pulled your trick with the scale while you were in the shower.” Chris took the boxes of doughnuts and the two drinks. He immediately opened a box and shoved half a chocolate covered doughnut in his mouth. “My balls lost over six pounds of weight last night,” he mumbled around a mouthful of fried dough and chocolate. “I’m gonna need to eat a lot more than this to get back to my fighting weight.”

“Six pounds!?!” Jen was incredulous, as she pulled out of the parking lot and turned towards the school. “You’re sure?” Chris stuffed the other half of the doughnut into his mouth.

“Pretty sure, and I jerked off this morning too, so that’s even more I’ll need to replenish.” As he chewed his mouthful, he reached for a second doughnut.

Jen thought about it for a moment as the car pulled onto campus. “I guess that might be about right. But Chris, your balls were so full and round last night. They weighted twenty pounds! You could hardly walk, they were so huge and heavy.” The last statement sounded a little more enthusiastic than Jen had intended. “Do you really want to ‘fill them up’ to that size before class? It would be a lot easier to walk around with a smaller pair.”

Chris finished the second doughnut as she pulled up next to Tupelo East. “That makes sense, I guess.” He took a huge slurp of one of the drinks, and reached for a third doughnut. “I’m just so hungry, and it feels so good to be **full.**”

Jen leaned over and pecked him on the cheek. “Sweetie, you’re not the only one who likes it when you are full. I want you loaded to capacity when we are together. I’m just saying to take it easy right now.” *I can’t believe two dozen doughnuts is taking it easy, but…* “Enjoy your doughnuts, but maybe hold off on really stuffing yourself until we can meet up again.“

Chris seemed dubious. “I’ll try, but it feels soooo good when I’m at my largest.” *Of course, lugging twenty five pounds of sex organ around the campus might not be the best sensation.* “How long until I can see you again? I don’t know if I can hold off for too many days.”

“Days?” Jen giggled. “Chris, sweetie, I’m hoping to be done with classes and homework by **six**! Do you think you can hold off until then?”

Chris breathed a sigh of relief. “Whew! I think I can manage six o’clock. I might be pretty stuffed by then, though, just so I’m ready to go.” Chris was already anticipating that.

“No!” Jen said forcefully. She blushed a little. “I mean, don’t fill up before I get here. I want to see you get to your biggest.” Chris could feel his cock twitch with interest. She looked down and mumbled “I want to help you get to your biggest.”

Chris realized that he now had a limited window of opportunity to get out of the car and back to his room with his cock still fitting in his pants. He leaned over and gave Jen a quick peck on the cheek in return. “That sounds **awesome.** I should go so you aren’t late for class.” He opened the door and fumbled around, finally managing to get both boxes of doughnuts and both cups in his grasp. He bumped the car door shut with his hips, and the massive weight of his genitals shifting around nearly made him lose his balance.

Jen rolled down the window and shouted, “See you later, big boy!” She watched him waddle with the load in his arms, and the load between his legs, back to his dorm. It’s going to be a long, hard wait for six o’clock. She reluctantly put the car in gear and drove away.

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**Part 56.**

Chris schlepped his doughnuts and drinks awkwardly to his dorm. Though lighter than last night, his massive package was still both very heavy, and very bulky. Without the spandex to rein it in, his huge cock and balls were shifting and swaying in the sweatpants. He had set out from Jen’s house with a good twenty pounds of meat between his thighs, and his slowly stiffening cock was steadily increasing that load. *Just gotta make it back to the room. Why did I have to live on the second floor?*

As he entered the stairwell, Chris sighed. He took a tentative step and stopped, wincing. His thickening anaconda hung well past his knee, and lifting his leg for the step squeezed it painfully. Not only that, but it pulled his sweatpants tight against his ballsack. *How am I going to even get up the stairs? I gotta hurry. I can feel my cock getting stiffer.* Chris tried again, using the other leg to get up the step. That worked better. It still squashed his nuts a little, but he was able to keep his right leg, and his fat rod, unbent. *Great. I’m gonna have to go up the stairs like a freaking toddler.* Chris continued up the stairs one step at a time, stopping at the landing to adjust his package in the sweats.

As he turned to start trudging up the second flight, a group of jocks came barrelling down them, nearly knocking him off his feet. They stopped short and looked him over, snickering to each other. One, a tall blonde guy, said to him, “Got enough food there?”

Another, with dark brown hair cut longer in the front, chimed in. “I think he’s Greg and Terry’s roommate. I saw him with them in the dining hall yesterday.”

The blonde replied. “This is the Goth kid? The one that was, like, shoveling all the food in his face?”

Chris replied, weakly. “Uh, yeah. That was me.”

The blonde jock looked at him with disdain. “First time I heard of a Goth with an eating disorder. Aren’t you guys normally into cutting?”

Chris protested. “That’s emo, not Goth. Goth’s aren’t into cutting.”

The jock seemed to take affront. “Oh, they aren’t? They must be into getting super fat in college then, considering how you ate yesterday. Or are you taking two dozen doughnuts to a Goth party in your room, huh? I feel sorry for Terry and Greg. No girls are gonna want to go back to their room with the tubby Goth kid pigging out in the corner. Cockblocked by fatty!” He pushed past Chris, laughing.

The darker-haired athlete slowed as the rest of the guys followed the blonde jock down the stairs. “Sorry about that. Kevin is kind of an asshole. I thought that maybe he’d leave you alone if he knew you were friends with Terry and Greg.” He gave Chris a half-wave and moved past.

*Damn that Kevin!* Chris’s face was hot with embarrassment. *I should show him! I could cockblock the entire lacross team if I wanted! Stupid jock asshole!* He felt his cock pushing urgently against the sweats and hurried up the stairs as best he could. Once in the room, he carefully set the drinks on his desk, and dropped the boxes of doughnuts on his bed. He looked at the clock.

“Shit!” Chris cursed. *I’ve already totally missed my first class!* He looked down at the thick shaft pushing against his sweat pants. *Not like I can walk into Calculus with this thing, either.* His stomach rumbled again. *And I’ve got to eat something before I starve!*

Chris sat down carefully, his huge hard-on already tenting out his pants. He pulled the sweatpants off with difficulty, as his prick had already swelled to over two feet in length. It was difficult to maneuver to remove his pants, and his shaft was steadily ballooning in length and girth. He was finally able to slide the sweats down his legs, once he had managed to get them to stretch over his shaft.

He got into bed with his growing erection, and shifted himself into a comfortable position. Looking at the door, he could see himself in the mirror, though he had to tilt his head to look around his fat prick. Lying on the bed was a slender Asian teen with a reddening cock over twenty four inches long. It thrust up proudly from his groin, and Chris felt a wave of satisfaction. *Ohhhh, yeah. Look at my monster, would you. Fuckin’ A. No wonder Jen likes it so much.* Chris began to eat the doughnuts while watching his cock swell larger and larger. His arousal, mixed with the pleasure of the tasty snacks, and his pride, was rapidly bringing him to his fully erect size.

*Getting fat, am I? My nuts are getting fat, all right. My nuts are bigger and fatter than yours will ever be, asshole!* He was devouring the doughnuts slowly, savoring the sensations in his mouth, and his groin. *Mmmmm. God, I was hungry. I don’t know if I can wait until Jen gets back.* Chris’s pole finally reached full size, protruding thirty inches from his crotch. He admired himself, both looking down at his thick dick, and gazing proudly at the reflection in the mirror. *Fuck! This baby is fantastic! It’s so thick and perfect.* He continued to stuff doughnut after doughnut into his mouth. *A cock this big deserves some huge fucking balls!*

By the time Chris had polished off all two dozen doughnuts, and both of the drinks, his stomach was bulging. Despite seeming stuffed, he still felt pretty hungry. However, a more urgent need was upon him. His massive anaconda was fully erect and throbbing, demanding his attention. He licked the sugar from his lips and grasped his fuckstick eagerly. His hands were unable to encircle the shaft, but he stroked it firmly and lovingly. Chris was so eager to satisfy himself that he forgot about planning a containment strategy. Instead, he was vigorously pumping his prick. *Unh! This feels great!* He looked at the mirror and was riveted by the spectacle. His wiry body was attached to a gargantuan ruddy cock, almost half his height. His arms couldn’t even reach his cock head from this position. *My cock head…* “Urgh!”

Chris had a last minute inspiration, and swiftly grabbed an empty drink cup. Although his broad cockhead was too thick to fit in the cup, he was able to clamp the cup over his prick before his orgasm. Instead of showering him (and his Star Trek poster), the spunk poured into the cup. He had to carefully maneuver the steaming hot cup off his cock, trying to avoid spilling it on his bed. To his amazement, the cup was over half full. *Holy crap! I really am pumping out a pint of cum. No wonder I get hungry.*

Chris cleaned himself up, and absent-mindedly opened and consumed his second box of Chips Ahoy while wandering around the room naked from the waist down. His stomach wasn’t quite so taut and full, and his balls were starting to return to closer to their now familiar weight. His fat python had returned to a more manageable nineteen inches, and Chris enjoyed the sensation of the weight flopping softly between his legs.

He looked at the spandex leggings he had purchased just on Tuesday. *There’s no way I can stuff all my sausage in these anymore. I might be able to get my wang in these things, but there’s no way my balls are going to fit unless I keep them totally drained. Fuck that. I like the way they feel when they are full and heavy. He smiled to himself. Of course, what the hell am I going to do. I can’t just walk to class in the baggy black pants. I’ll be swinging all over the place. Time to go back to Target. I still owe Greg some socks.*

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**Part 57.**

Chris spent a bit of time experimenting with his baggy pants and how to conceal his gigantic limp dick and fat nutsack. The spandex was just too tight to stretch over all his meat anymore, but his balls protruded so far they bulged out against the pants if he went without anything underneath. *The friction from going commando is gonna give me a hard on, if I’m not careful*. Finally Chris settled on a temporary solution. He put on the sweatpants, which constrained his nutsack a bit, then bundled his cock in one leg of the sweats, above the knee. Using a bit of cord to tie off that leg, so that his cock didn’t go past his knee, gave him a bit more flexibility when walking. He put on his baggiest black pants, and had to use suspenders to keep them up. They were just so loose they threatened to slide off. However, the loose fabric did the best job of hiding his bulge.

*Geez, this is almost too much work. I hope I can get this worked out at some point!* Chris bagged back up the smaller pairs of pants and all of the spandex. *Hopefully I can exchange all of this. I don’t think anyone will be buying pants this huge*. Chris gathered his things, and started to leave the Tupelos for the bus stop. *Maybe I could just drop in the snack bar and grab one of those milk shakes. I’m still not* ***nearly*** *filled up.* He patted his balls fondly.

By the time Chris had dragged his bulky package to the snack bar, he was ready for something to eat. *Man, this is a workout! It’s like I’m carrying a full backpack between my legs!* He saw Barbie at the counter, and she waved cheerily.

“Hey, Terry-and-Greg’s-roommate-who’s-name-I-forgot! Oh, wait, Chris! Sorry about that! Were you here for another XXXL smoothie, or an XXXL milkshake?” She shrugged when he approached the counter. “Not the best with names, but pretty good with orders. Whatcha havin’?”

“Uh, can I get an XXXL smoothie and two foot longs with everything?” Chris reached for his wallet.

“Wow! You are hungry! You must have a super-metabolism! If I ate like that, I wouldn’t be able to fit behind the counter. Lucky.” She started to prep his order, then paused and circled back. “What flavor was that smoothie?”

“Uh…” Chris looked at the menu board in confusion.

“I like Strawberry Banana myself, if I may be so bold.” Barbie twisted an imaginary moustache.

“OK, that will be fine. Thanks!” Chris waited self-consciously by the counter for his order. Barbie soon returned with two heaping hot dogs and a drink the size of a small bucket. She started to hand the tray to Chris.

“Are you sure you can handle all this with that gigantic sack?”

“**Whaaat**!?!”. Chris’s voice rose almost a full register.

Barbie pointed at the full bag from Target he was holding. “You know, the bag, the poke, the satchel. Looks like you gots your hands full.”

“Oh, sorry. My mind was wandering. Hang on a second.” Chris put the bag down beside a table and returned for his tray. “Thanks.”

“No problemo. Enjoy your tasty treat.” Barbie grabbed a cloth and started wiping down the counter.

Chris returned and gingerly sat down, trying to avoid pinching his package. The snack bar was empty at this time, most students being in class. He leaned back and started piling his food into his mouth. *Mmmm. Lugging this load around is hard work.* Chris had finished both his hot dogs, and was slurping up the last of his smoothie, when he realized that Barbie had walked over to his table.

“Wow! You really put that away! I was just coming over to see if you needed a takeout box or anything.” Her smile was wide, thanks to her prominent front teeth.

Chris patted his stomach. “Yeah. I’m good. Actually, do you think I could get an XXXL Chocolate shake to go?”

Barbie’s eyes bugged out a little. “Really? Oh, yeah, sure. Let me get you one.” She returned to the counter, before asking automatically, “Did you want whipped cream or sprinkles?”

Chris got up with some difficulty, more from his huge package than from his bulging tummy. “Can I get both?”

Barbie seemed a bit taken aback, but she rallied quickly. “The customer is always right! Of course you can get both. How about some brownie bits or cookie crumbles?”

“Oooh! That sounds good! Put both of those in there too.” Chris’s stomach was clenching in anticipation. *OK, two shakes should be fine. I had two shakes last night, before I ate three whole pizzas. The shakes won’t fill me up too much for Jen.* Barbie plopped the colossal cup down on the counter. It was overfilled with whipped cream and candy sprinkles.

“Sorry, but I can’t get a lid on it. Adding everything made it too much for the cup.” She handed him a spoon. “You might need this. The cookies and brownies make it pretty thick.”

Chris took the spoon and started eagerly scooping it into his mouth, as Barbie watched him with her mouth open. “Oh! I need to pay you for this. Don’t know what I was thinking.” Chris paid her and gathered up his bag and milkshake. He continued to eat it as he made his way out the door. “See you later!”

Barbie watched him go. *Is he a Goth, or is he planning on growing into those pants? I guess Greg wasn’t lying when he said that both shakes were for Chris yesterday. At least I’ve got job security with the bottomless pit going here. Now, if I could just get Terry (or Greg) to come over here.* Barbie sighed and blew a strand of strawberry blonde hair out of her face. *This is not how my milkshake is supposed to bring all the boys to my yard.*

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**Part 58.**

Terry wrapped his arms around Crissy’s legs and lowered his face into the downy blonde hair of her muff. As his nose brushed the soft flesh of her pubic mound, he inhaled her scent.

*It smells so weird*. He thought *Almost sweet. Weird... but* good *somehow.*

Up above his head, Crissy sighed softly with anticipated pleasure. Terry felt his dick twitch and harden in his jeans. The long shaft began to thicken and trace a path down his pant leg. *I wish she’d let me just do my thing the normal way.*

He extended his tongue for an experimental lick. Crissy moaned again. Everything between her legs was still sensitive from the pounding he’d given her last night. Terry noted the light purple and gray patches on the tender flesh around her labia. *Did I do that? No wonder she only wants me to go down on her this time... Maybe it’s better if I give her some time to recover.*

He took another small lick. *Hey, this tastes pretty good... No wonder they call it "honey"*. It tasted nothing like honey, of course, but at least it didn’t taste like fish, which was what he’d been afraid of.

"What’s taking so long down there, Kyon?" Crissy groused.

Terry mustered his boldness and gave her a long stroke of his tongue. Crissy moaned "Mmmmm" and brushed the top of his hair with her hands.

Whatever gifts nature had withheld from Terry in the dick department, it had more than made up for in his tounge. It was long, strong, thick and powerful. Before long, Crissy was moaning and thrashing with pleasure. He tightened his grip on her legs to at least keep the thrusting of her pelvis under control so that she wouldn’t smash his face while caught up in the throes of orgasm.

"Ohhhh wow! You’re amazing, Terry!"

Crissy’s roleplaying fell to the wayside now that she was in the heat of the moment. She squeezed his head between her surprisingly powerful thighs.

"Hurrrh! Crissy!" Terry choked "Can’t breathe!"

Crissy loosened her vice grip on Terry’s face and ran her hands over his head.

"Ohmigod, I want you in me *right now*!" She moaned.

Terry grinned and released his grip on her legs.

"Oh man!" Crissy grinned, reaching down to play with herself. She teased her fat clit with her two fingers before drawing them back up to her face, coated in her sweet sap.

"God, I’m so wet." she cooed "Kyon, you have pleased me."

She was back in character already. *Gotta act fast before she comes up with more games*, *though I have to say, I kinda enjoyed that last one*. He stripped off his pants and underpants in one motion. His massive cock, hungry for attention, sprang erect and hard as steel.

Terry might not have gotten as large a dose of the cream on his balls as Chris had, but once they were enhanced they worked on basically the same principle, just on a smaller scale. They’d been producing cum at full tilt all day, and now hung low and large between his legs.

"Holy shit, Terry." Crissy squealed "That thing looks angry!"

Terry laughed "More like hungry."

"Well ,fuck! Let’s feed it!"

She flung the top of her sailor suit aside and kicked off her shoes. Her breasts were pert and ready. She reached under her bed and pulled up one of the Durex XXLs, popped the wrapper off with her teeth, then rolled the condom down his shaft as far as it would go. She pinched the reservoir tip.

"Do you want lube?" he asked.

"I’m so wet, it’s like a Slip n’ Slide down there! God, your tongue is amazing! Where’d you learn to do that?"

"I dunno." Terry laughed "I just did what made you make the loudest noise."

"You ain’t heard nothing, yet." she grinned, her fang biting into her lip.

"Let’s take it slow this time." he said.

"I’ll take it any way you want." she smiled, reaching down to grip his thick, hot shaft in her hand.

Terry eased himself into her, savoring every inch.

They did take it slow. Terry tried to be as sensual and gentle as he could, and Crissy responded with ecstatic enthusiasm.

"Oh my God! Oh my Gog ohmyGodohmyGodohmyGod! she squealed in time with his strokes. The pace picked up, Crissy felt the pleasure in her build once again into climax. The orgasm broke softly, almost anticlimactically, but didn’t fade away. It built and built until she could hear it humming in her skull.

"Ahhh! Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!" she screamed, hitting a perfect C. Terry came a second later, squeezing her body close as his massive balls pumped out shot after shot of jizz.

He collapsed onto her and they lay together, drenched in sweat. Crissy clenched his hand in hers and sighed.

"That was amazing. It barely hurt at all." she smiled.

"I was hoping to be a little less rough with you this time."

"Wow."

"What?"

"All that cum. I can feel it like a balloon in my pussy. How the hell do you cum so much?" she asked.

"It’s a long story."

"I’m surprised there’s a story at all." she stroked his back "Unless you’re on a special diet that makes you cum so much, you were probably born with it..."

Terry considered telling her the whole story, but was too exhausted and, frankly, he knew she wouldn’t believe him without proof.

"I’ll explain it all later." he said.

"Whatever."

Terry slid his softening dick free.

(Pop!)

Again, it looked like a small water balloon full of jizz dangled from the plum-sized head of his cock. He removed it carefully and dropped it in the trash with a wet *splat*.

He went back to the bed and laid next to Crissy. She rolled over and put her face on his chest.

"Terry?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you wanna date me?"

"I thought we were dating."

Crissy blushed "Well, we’ve been fucking the past three days, but that’s not the same thing. We never talked about actually being boyfriend and girlfriend. For all I know, you’ve been having sex with dozens of women these past couple days. Guys with porn-star cocks usually do stuff like that..."

Terry laughed "Maybe in pornos they do. You’re giving me too much credit. I haven’t even met a dozen girls yet!"

"So how many have you fucked besides me?" she was looking him in the eyes now.

"Here? None, so far."

She looked away again and teased the hair on his chest.

"So you’re hoping to?"

Terry thought about it.

"Well, of course."

He felt Crissy’s muscles tense up, but she didn’t say anything.

*Oops, wrong thing to say*.

"What I mean is, as much as any guy. I don’t wanna be a major manwhore or anything..."

"I don’t blame you. With equipment like that, you could be Big Man On Campus in no time."

"Well..."

"No, really. You shouldn’t limit yourself to just one girl. Forget I said anything!"

She started to disentangle herself from him and push away. Terry caught her arm.

"Crissy!"

She squeaked and pulled her arm free. He caught it again and pulled her face to his. They kissed. A real kiss. Fueled by affection, rather than lust. Her muscles relaxed and she melted into his arms.

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**Part 59.**

Chris was able to get to the bus station, and from there to Target, without much difficulty. He got some stares on the bus, but, honing his Goth persona, he sulkily ignored them. *What? You’ve never seen a Asian guy drinking a 64 oz. milkshake before?* As he assiduously slurped down the frosty treat, Chris could feel his belly swelling back taut as a drum, and then, gradually, his balls growing more massive and heavy. *Yeah, that’s the stuff. I can’t believe how quickly I’ve gotten used to having such a heavy package in my pants. It just feels* ***right****.* Chris got off the bus a little more unsteadily than he entered it, his even larger ballsack now pulling him more off balance. He held his Target bag in front of his groin to disguise his outline even further. *I’m really swinging in these sweats. I gotta get some spandex to fit. I can see why Jen is really concerned about support, now.* He shuffled from the bus stop to Target.

At the store, Chris was able to easily return the spandex, though he felt very self-conscious about doing so. *Do they think I’m a Goth ballet dancer, or something?* He grabbed a basket to hold in front of his crotch, and selected a dozen pairs of athletic socks. *These should do for Greg.* He then went to the area where he purchased the spandex leggings and selected some in a larger size. Chris wasn’t sure exactly how big he would need, so he spent some time stretching them with his hands and judging how much room they would give his cock and balls. He felt embarrassed about doing so, so he made sure no one was looking. He stopped several times before settling on a particular size, and selecting several pairs.

Then he browsed through the exercise section, looking for sweat bands. *I figure if I keep my cock tucked up above my knee, it will be a lot easier to walk. I can use the bands to prevent it from slipping down.* Again, Chris spent a good deal of time surreptitiously stretching the bands, trying to find something that wouldn’t cut off circulation to his leg, but something not so stretchy that his cock would slip past it.

Thinking of his problem earlier, Chris went over to the household goods area. He found several different fabric laundry bags with drawstring closures. Now, *I need one at least 30 inches long…* After looking through them and opening a few, Chris found a style which was relatively long, and thinner than the rest. *Now, maybe I can have a night’s sleep without soaking the bed.* He picked up a couple, then, thinking a bit, gathered up seven of them. *No sense in doing laundry every night or two.*

Finally done with his shopping, Chris walked to the checkout, the mass of meat between his legs swinging with every step. The cashier rang him up, looking at him strangely as she bagged his purchases. *Come on! Socks, sweat bands, spandex, and laundry bags. Obviously, I’m going to work out a lot! Oh, right, dressed as a Goth.* He paid for his merchandise and started out the door, holding the bags in front of his crotch again. The theft alarm system went off.

“Sir, could you step back over here? I just need to examine your package.”

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*Oh, fuck me!* Chris looked to his right and saw a beefy looking security guard walking towards him. The guard was tall, taller even than Greg, and very muscular, though not as cut as Greg or Terry. He looked like he might have been a football player, gone slightly to fat. His shirt was stretched tight over his biceps, and his uniform pants were tight at his thighs. Chris noticed that the guard’s tight pants also framed a large bulge as well. The guard had a square jaw a very short, almost buzz-cut blonde hair. ‘Caldwell’ was the name on his badge.

“Sir! I need you to pay attention, **sir**. I need to see your packages.” The guard spoke slowly and loudly, pointing at the bags. “Do you understand me?”

Chris realized that the guard thought he was a foreigner. “I understand you. I’m an American. Here. You can look in my bags.” He offered them up towards the security guard. “I think the cashier just forgot to deactivate a tag or something.”

The guard’s face reddened, obvious on his pale skin. “Let me be the judge of that, sir.” He brusquely took the bags and passed them over a pad to deactivate them. *Great. Now I can’t hold anything in front of my crotch. Thanks, dude.* The guard then passed both of the bags past the sensors, and there was no reaction.

“See? It was just a tag. Sorry to make you have to come over here.” Chris reached for his bags. The guard lifted them away from his grasp.

“Sir, I’m doing **my job**.” *How does this guy make ‘sir’ sound like ‘pussy’*, Chris wondered. “I believe you have something hidden in your pants. Why don’t you remove the merchandise, sir?” The guard smiled at him smugly but menacingly.

*Oh, shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.* Chris began to stammer. “I, uh, don’t have any merchandise, uh, hidden in my pants. I know that they are baggy, but there’s nothing hidden in here. Just my little ol’ legs, I swear.” Chris patted the side of the pants, avoiding pressing on the front.

The guard stepped forward menacingly. “**Sir**. I asked you to remove the merchandise from your pants. I’ll only ask you one more time, and then I will have to detain you and wait for the police. Please remove the merchandise you are hiding **in your pants**.” The guard delivered the last few words at a volume which caused other shoppers to look inquiringly at Chris. Chris noticed a Target employee with a scrunchy full of keys walk quickly over. She was probably in her mid-twenties, with long brown hair and attractive features, if a bit of a prominent nose. Her khaki pants were very tight on her legs, and Chris noticed her high, firm breasts. Her gaze followed his, and he quickly focused on her name tag, which read ‘Tracy’.

“James, what is the commotion? Is the guest’s merchandise setting off the alarm?” She smiled at Chris, automatically. “I’m sure we can sort this out in a moment, sir.”

James glared at Chris. “This customer has merchandise concealed under his clothes. He **won’t** return the merchandise. I’m going to detain him if he won’t comply.”

Tracy seemed uncertain. “Are you sure that we can do that? I thought we had to…”

James interrupted her. “Yes, ma’am. I’m **sure**. At the academy it is called an ‘investigative detention’. We are allowed to hold this guy until he returns the merchandise or until the police show up.”

Tracy turned to Chris. “Sir, Officer Caldwell thinks that you have concealed merchandise on your person.” She looked at him closely, but Chris had trouble focusing on her, as the guard was giving him an angry glare. “Would you mind if we escorted you to a quiet room until the police could arrive and we could sort this out?” She seemed nervous and apologetic.

Chris could feel the sweat pouring off his balls, their weight seeming to almost pull him downward. He could see people staring at him as they walked by. He wondered if the thick curve of his cock or the huge globes of his nuts were obvious through his pants. *Goddamn it! I went to Target to avoid attention. At least getting out of the entryway might be a little less embarrassing. If there’s just one cop, I might get away with a patdown or something. Maybe I can tell him I have elephantiasis.*

“If he runs, it’s legal for me to grab him, Tracy.” The guard glowered at Chris, almost daring him to do it.

“I’m complying!”, Chris squeaked. “Take me to the room and I’ll wait for the police. I’m not stealing anything!”. *I wish that had come out about one octave lower*. He stepped hesitantly towards Tracy. “Just show me where to go.”

The guard stepped in between them and put one thick hand on Chris’s chest. “I’ll show you where to go…”. As he pushed Chris away from Tracy, he added”…you little faggot," in a whisper.

Tracy’s voice followed them. “I’m sure we can get this all sorted out in just a few minutes, sir. James will take you to our office and everything will be fine.”

James pushed Chris toward the side of the store, behind the customer service desk. He jabbed at Chris’s shoulder whenever Chris slowed down or seemed to go the wrong way. “You fucked with the wrong guy this time, you little emo prick. I’m wise to your shit.” He directed Chris through a door, then through a hallway, and into a small room with a couch and two chairs, as well as a coffee table. *Please, let this guy just shut me up in here. When the cops get here it will be OK. Mortifying, but OK.*

The guard pushed Chris into the room and stepped in behind him. He locked the door behind him. *OK, I’m fucked*. The guard turned around and jabbed Chis in the chest with one thick finger.

“I don’t know what your game is, faggot, but it’s over. Either you’ve got stolen stuff crammed in your pants, or you are a fucking pervert. It’s bad enough that all you Japanese guys have such tiny little dicks that you stuff a sock in there, but you’re not fooling anybody with that wad of laundry.” He jerked a thumb at Chris’s crotch. “Now, whip ‘em off, pussy. Either you can show me your tiny little prick, or you can get it photographed by the cops when they get here. I’m sure you’d rather embarrass yourself in front of one guy than the whole police force.” James leaned back, hooking his thumbs in his belt loops and pulling his pants tight against his prominent bulge. “Most guys look pretty tiny compared to me, anyway.”

Chris stood his ground. “I don’t have to do anything. You’re only allowed to detain me. The cops won’t take pictures anyway. That’s illegal. I might get a patdown, but that’s it.” *My dad would never put up with this asshole rent-a-cop. I bet he was in ‘the academy’ for about two days.*

The guard’s face reddened again, and the veins in his thick neck stood out. “I said **take off** your pants, **faggot!** You can’t hide your tiny little cock any more!” Chris jumped back, startled, and James began to chuckle. Chris could feel a slow heat rising up from his neck. *I’ll show this guy.*

“You asked for it, asshole!” Chris grabbed his suspenders and tore them off his shoulders, letting the baggy black pants drop around his ankles. Before the guard could say anything, Chris grabbed the waistband of the sweats with one hand, and plunged the other in to wrap under the massive girth of his anaconda. He put his hand under the middle of his shaft, and twisted his whole body as he pulled upward, wriggling his nineteen inch limp cock out of his pants. He lifted it as best he could, and struggling, freed both of his huge, heavy balls from the sweats as well. Swinging free, the sheer weight threatened to almost throw him off balance, and Chris staggered around the room a bit, further unbalanced by the pants around his ankles. Chris clapped both hands on his thick cock and lifted it upward, waving it at the guard.

“There! Here’s my tiny dick that I was hiding! See how little it is! I’m sooo ashamed of having a tiny penis! If only I could be big like you, Officer James!” Chris swung his huge prick from side to side, reveling in the weight of his cock and balls.

The guard stood stock still, eyes wide with amazement. He turned bright red, from his collar to the tops of his ears. He started to stammer. “S-s-sir.. I’m really…I apologize…it was my mistake. I..”

Chris cut him off, still holding his huge meat in both hands. “It’s damn right it was your mistake! Your mistake messing with the biggest fucking dick on the planet! You’re lucky I don’t beat you senseless with my huge cock!” Chris could feel the blood surging into his prick, and felt it beginning to swell and thicken in his hands. *Yeah! Thought* ***you*** *were the big boy, did you! Wait till you see how big this boy gets!*

Suddenly, Tracy’s voice came through the door. “James! What is going on in there?!? You’re just supposed to escort him to the office! Are you OK, sir? I’m coming in.” Chris heard her keys rattling at the lock.

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**Part 60.**

Suddenly, Tracy’s voice came through the door. “James! What is going on in there?!? You’re just supposed to escort him to the office! Are you OK, sir? I’m coming in.” Chris heard her keys rattling at the lock.

The guard suddenly paled. “No, Tracy! It’s OK! I was just talking with Mister….”. James whirled around, and pressed against the door. He looked back at Chris with desperation and disbelief. “I’m sorry! I had no idea you would be so fuckin’ huge!” Tracy unlocked the door and pushed against it. “Don’t get me fired. I need this job.”

Though flush with triumph, Chis thought it might be pretty hard to explain to Tracy what exactly was happening in the room. “It’s Song-Kim.” He struggled to get his sweats stretched back over his thickening cock. It was awkward and a little uncomfortable, but he was barely able to accomplish it. He pulled back up his baggy black pants, aware than his thick shaft was noticeably pushing against them. James continued to hold the door shut until Chris’s pants were back on, though Tracy demanded to be let in.

“Open this door, James!” She banged on the door. “I mean it!” She banged again. “I’m tired of you pulling this macho shit! You’re not a real cop!” She almost fell into the room as the guard opened the door. She stormed into a room where the guard stood, still red-faced, on one side, and Chris, flushed and sweating, stood on the other. “What the heck is going on in here?”

James replied politely. “Mr. Kim here was just demonstrating to me that he had no merchandise on his person. He was uncomfortable doing so on the sales floor, especially with **you** present, Tracy. He understands my misapprehension, and he is free to go.” The guard shot him a pleading look behind Tracy’s back when she turned around.

“Are you all right Mr. Kim?” She put a hand placatingly on his arm, and Chris could feel his cock respond, surging against his sweats. *Not if you do that much more. How can she not see me bulging out of these pants? Man, she’s really pretty close up.*

“I’m sorry for all of the confusion. Mr. Caldwell here has admitted his error. There’s no harm done.” He smiled at the guard’s obvious discomfort.

Tracy rounded on the guard. “Mister Caldwell is **very** sorry for his error, I am sure. James, will you please excuse us? I’m sure that you could be monitoring actual shoplifters, rather than disturbing our guests.” She turned back towards Chris. “I’m so sorry, Mr. Kim. I hope that this won’t impact your opinion of our Target. Are you sure that there’s nothing I can do to make amends for your inconvenience?”

Chris could feel his prick continuing to balloon. *I’m never going to make it out of the store at this rate.* “Actually, the name is Song-Kim, Chris Song-Kim. This whole experience has been a little too much excitement for me. I’m just a bit flustered. Is there a private restroom I could use? I just need a moment to compose myself, Tracy.”

“Oh, you can use the office restroom, Mr. Kim, I mean, Chris. It’s a bit more private than the public ones in the entryway. Let me show you where it is.” She walked out of the room, and Chris waddled behind her, his burgeoning member swaying heavily in his pants. *She has a really nice butt. Shame she’s not stacked like Jen.* Tracy stopped in front of a door and opened it into a tiled bathroom.

“Here you go, Chris. Again, if there’s anything I can do to make this right, please don’t hesitate to ask me. My name is Tracy Riggs, and I’m part of the management team here at Target.” She took his hand, and Chris could feel his prick surging again.

“You don’t seem old enough to be a manager, Tracy, but I appreciate your concern.” *I’d really appreciate it if you’d come in here with me and help out, but that’s probably not the level of customer service I should expect.*

Tracy smiled back. “I’m just an Associate Manager, I’m afraid, but I’m very sorry about James. He had no right to treat you in that manner.” She realized she was still holding Chris’s hand, and released it awkwardly. “I’m sure that you can find your way out.” She gestured to the exit from the customer service area. “I should probably leave you alone right now.”

*If you don’t leave me along right now, I’m going to have to get help getting through the door, Tracy.* Chris shuffled into the bathroom and dropped his shopping bags. He locked the door carefully, then began the arduous task of maneuvering his growing hard-on out of his pants. Once he had stepped out of his pants and sweats, his huge shaft was almost completely erect. He kicked off his shoes, and pulled off his socks, though the twenty-five plus pound weight of his engorged penis almost pulled him off balance as he did so. *Might as well get really comfortable.* Chris stripped his shirt off over his head, and carefully walked across the tile floor in his bare feet. The tile was cool on his feet, and he strode slowly, twisting back and forth to enjoy the feeling of his enormous ballsack swaying against his legs. He petted his throbbing cock lightly as it swelled to a full thirty inches. *Who’s going to get a special treat? You are! Such a good boy*. He patted his cock on the head, having to lean far forward to do so.

Chris squirted several pumps of hand soap into his palms, then swayed back to the toilet seat. He lowered himself onto the seat, gasping as the cool porcelain touched the skin of his ballsack. He spread his legs wide, and grasped his thick rod with both hands, almost panting with anticipation. *It’s been almost two hours! How could I have let you wait sooo long?* He began stroking with a sigh of relief. Then he heard keys jangling in the door lock.

*Who the hell?* Chris looked around frantically for an escape. The washroom didn’t even have a stall around the toilet. There was no where he could go. His monstrous hard-on, however, seemed totally unconcerned. It remained so firm and sensitive that Chis was gritting his teeth just from the sensation of its weight bobbing up and down. His hands, involuntarily, returned to stroking his colossal shaft.

The door opened, and the guard, James, entered, quickly shutting the door behind him and locking it. He turned around and suddenly dropped his keys. “Holy shit! It’s even bigger than just a few minutes ago! It’s gigantic!” The muscular blonde rushed at Chris with massive arms outstretched, but stopped himself short. He looked at Chris with hunger in his eyes.

“Dude! Lemme touch your cock. I’ve never seen one so fuckin’ huge! Please, I gotta touch it.” His hands were trembling as he knelt down in front of Chris, his uniform pants creaking with the stress.

Chris reopened his eyes and dropped his hands from where they were shielding his face. *I thought I was going to get my ass kicked. I guess this is an improvement.* “Uh, I mean, not that I have a problem with it, but I’m not into guys. I mean, my roommate’s gay, so I’m cool with it, but I’m not into having sex with guys **personally**.” *Of course, I did jerk off with two guys watching, but that’s showing off, not being gay. I think*.

James looked at him, affronted. “Dude, I’m not gay. I don’t want to fuck you up the ass. I’m not a queer. You’re gonna jerk off anyway, so let me handle it. I just want to touch a cock that big. If I was that big I’d never leave the house. It’s not like you can reach it all anyway.” James looked at him reassuringly. “I’m super good at jerking off. You will love it.” His gaze went back to Chris’s huge rod, throbbing with his breathing. “Jesus. That thing is amazing. How can **you** be so fucking huge?”

“Just lucky, I guess.” Chris considered his position. *I am going to jerk off, anyway. It’s not gay if I let another guy jerk me off, right? I’m not* ***asking*** *him to do it; I’m* ***letting*** *him do it. I can think of girls while he does it, anyway. Girls with huge boobs. Mmmmm.. Boobs.* Chris was momentarily entranced with an image of Tracy sporting a pair of beach ball sized breasts under a implausibly large red Target shirt. He came back to reality when James’s hands brushed against his foreskin.

“It’s OK, right? Just this once? I just wanna feel what such a huge cock feels like. I can’t believe a skinny little Asian got this monster. One this big should be on a big guy like me.” James was almost talking to himself, so absorbed was he with Chris’s incredible prick. *Douchebag. He can’t even be nice when he’s begging to jerk me off.*

Chris leaned back against the toilet tank and closed his eyes. “Sure thing. Go ahead, but you have to do what I s—“ Chris’s admonition was interrupted as James seized his cock with two firm hands and began stroking him with long, slow strokes.

“Thanks, dude. This dick is awesome!”. Even James’s huge mitts couldn’t wrap entirely around Chris’s girth. “I’ve **never** stroked one this big!” As he continued to pump Chris’s cock, James clambered closer on his knees. James crept closer until his broad torso was between Chris’s spread legs, his stomach pressing against the fullness of Chris’s huge, but not overfilled, balls. “You are so lucky. I’d do anything to be this huge.” James continued to caress his shaft, murmuring in wonder.’”God, if I was this big I’d never even take it out of my mouth.”

Almost lost in pleasure, Chris replied dreamily, “Are you kidding? I can’t even fit in in my mouth.” He thought of Jen licking his cum off after an orgasm. *Nobody can fit it in their mouth.*

“Well, I mean, next best thing.” said James, breathily. Suddenly, Chris could feel the guard licking his cock. Chris jumped a bit, but forced himself to sit back and keep his eyes closed. *Pretend it’s a girl. Pretend it’s Jen. It feels sooo good.*

Though not as delicate as Jen’s touch, James had a huge mouth and a broad tongue, and began noisily licking and slurping on Chris’s aching dick. “Fuck, I would lick this baby all the damn time,” said James between slurps. “I would suck on this dick day and night.” His tongue lapped all over Chris’s rod as if James was trying to sample the entire thing. “It would just be me and this prick all day, all the time.” The guard ran his tongue around the edge of Chris’s glans, kissing his shaft hungrily. “I would suck this huge cock until I couldn’t swallow another fucking drop.”

“You might get your chance,” gasped Chris. “I’m about to fucking explode.”. James suddenly stood up and pushed Chris back roughly, before grabbing his cockhead with both muscular hands.

“Back off, fag! This cock is mine! I get all the cum.” He opened his mouth wide, drooling, and began to suck directly on Chris’s slit, his nostrils flaring.

That was all it took. Chris’s cock began to erupt as his balls pumped huge quantities of jizz up through his thick shaft. James’s cheeks puffed out with the volume of spunk, but he swiftly began to choke it down. Somehow, the beefy guard was able to maintain his suction on Chris’s slit, and continued to guzzle down each wave of semen as it erupted from Chris’s balls. After a dozen or more surges, Chris’s nutsack finally lapsed into inactivity, but James was still not done. Forcing his mouth down harder on Chris’s huge red cockhead, James began to suck harder and harder, veins bulging out on his forehead. Chris could feel the reservoir of jizz still contained in his gigantic cock being slowly drained by the insatiable guard. Finally, the supply seemed to run out, and James reluctantly broke the suction. He leaned back and patted his bloated belly.

“Damn! I’ve never swallowed that much cum! If this was my cock, I’d be getting fat on it in no time.” He pushed Chris’s thick cock, still engorged, but not as firm, roughly away from him, and it slapped Chris directly in the face. Chris jumped, startled. James laughed.

“Thought you’d be used to cocks in the face, faggot. Thanks for the test run. If your cock ever misses a **rea**l man, you know where I am. Shame that cock got such a pussy owner.” He wiped his mouth against his sleeve, and strode out of the bathroom. Chris wearily lifted his huge dick off his face and began to clean himself up.

*This guy just sucked me off like he was getting to the bottom of a milkshake, and* ***I’m*** *gay? Still, it hit the spot, I gotta admit.* Suddenly he could hear voices outside the door.

“What are you doing here? I told you to leave Mr. Song-Kim alone. We’ll be lucky if he doesn’t sue us!” It was Tracy.

“I wasn’t bothering him. I just was walking by the bathroom. Don’t be so damn defensive. Do you have a crush on him or something?” retorted James.

“Walking by the bathroom? On your way to where? It’s at the **end of the hallway**. I’ve had it with you and your attitude. You won’t stop picking on men smaller than you, and it stops today.” Tracy was almost shouting.

“Smaller than **me!?**! That guy’s not smaller than **anybody**!” shouted the guard.

“That’s it! You’re not only a bully; you’re delusional. You’re **fired!**” Tracy was shouting, now. “Turn in your keys and your uniform and get out of here before i call the police!”

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“Goddamn it!” James roared. Chris could hear keys hitting the floor, and angry footsteps pounding away. He continued to stuff his slowly deflating cock and slightly smaller balls into his sweats, then pulled his shirt back on.

“Are you OK in there, Chris?” asked Tracy with concern.

“I’m fine! He just startled me. I’ll be out in a second.” Chris stepped into his baggy pants and arranged the suspenders on his shoulders. He slipped on his shoes, putting his socks in the Target bag. *Until I get all the way soft, I’m not sure I could bend enough to get these back on.* He opened the door and almost ran into a concerned looking Tracy. Actually, his semi-hard cock did run into Tracy’s thigh, but he concealed it with a shopping bag. She grabbed both of his arms and stood very close to him.

“I’m **so** sorry! I had no idea that James was so out of control. He had been a little rude before, but nothing like this. I’m glad you are all right.” She realized how close she was standing, and released his arms and stepped back a bit. “I hope that you won’t think everyone here is like him.”

Chris stepped back a step too. Much more of that and I’ll need another session in the bathroom. “No, everyone else has been fine. You’ve been really, really nice.”

Tracy walked with him down the hall to the customer area. “I hope that you’ll visit us again at Target. Be sure to ask for me, if you need anything” She hesitantly touched him on the shoulder.

Chris pulled away reluctantly. *Cannot get on the bus with a thirty inch boner*. “Thanks, Tracy. I will definitely be back. I will look for you, OK?”

“Have a good day, Chris!” Tracy called out as he left the store.

• • •

**Part 61.**

Chris was able to navigate the bus ride back to campus without incident. He waddled his massive package back to the room, and dumped the dozen socks on Greg’s bed. He placed a Post-it on the pile which read:

I promise not to fuck your socks any more.

Your robe, however, is asking for it. -Chris

Then he undressed and redressed himself in the new larger spandex. Although the mass of his cock and balls was still colossal, the spandex accommodated them much better. He didn’t have nearly as much swinging and bumping as he did in the looser sweat pants. Although it was going to be easier to walk, Chris did kind of miss the sensation of the gigantic weight swinging between his legs. After donning his Goth disguise again, Chris had to hurry across campus to make his 2pm class. Despite the improved support, the added mass of his huge cock and balls left him puffing and sweating, and he sat down with trembling, burning legs. *I gotta work out more!*

By the time Chemistry was over, Chris was starving again. His stomach was insistently cramping with hunger. *The cafeteria doesn’t even open until 430! I can’t wait that long. My balls have got to get replenished, at least a little. I can’t wait until 6 for Jen. I gotta refuel now!* Chris tried to pace himself as he walked to the snack bar again, but between his empty stomach and the thoughts of a full, heavy ballsack, he ended up rushing there even faster than he had to class. When he arrived, the snack bar was fairly busy, filled with students between classes. He saw Barbie at the counter, and a thickset boy with unruly red hair at the grill.

“Hey, Chris! Were you looking for Terry and Greg?” Barbie brushed a strand of hair out of her face again.

“Uh, no, actually. Hi, Barbie.” He looked around a little hesitantly, but his stomach was grumbling. “You know that big milkshake you made for me?”

“The vanilla one, or that chocolate one, or did you mean the smoothie?” She looked at him and wrinkled her nose.

“The chocolate one. Can I get two of those?” Chris looked around again. “And four foot long hot dogs with everything, and two baskets of chili cheese fries?” Chris’s stomach rumbled again. “Actually, make that six foot longs.”

Barbie looked at him strangely. “Is this to go?”

“I don’t think I could carry it all. If I can get a table, I’ll just eat it here, thanks.” Chris grabbed a handful of candy bars, then another, and a third. “Let me pay for these, too. I’ll eat them while I’m waiting.”

“Uh, sure, Chris. That order will be right up. There’s a table over there.” Barbie pointed to a small table at the edge of the snack bar. *This kid’s not going to be able to fit through the door much longer. I’ve never seen anyone eat like this.*

“Thanks. Can I get a XXXL soda too, for the candy bars?” Chris paid for everything as she filled another small bucket with cola for him. *I’m not going to be partying on campus. I’m spending all my money on food!* He walked over to the table and started unwrapping the bars, eating them as quickly as he could. He didn’t notice the elfin girl from the cafeteria watching him eat.

The portly redhead finished the order and asked Barbie, “Which table is this for, Barb?” She pointed to Chris, and the boy asked her, “Where’s his friends?”. She elbowed him. He carried the overloaded tray to Chris’s table and set it down. By this time, Chris had polished off about a dozen candy bars and half of the massive soda. “Did you need a to-go box or something, man?” asked the freckled server.

“No, I’m good,” replied Chris, grabbing one of the hot dogs and forcing about a third of the foot long into his mouth at once. *Finally, sustenance. Mmmmm.* Seated where he was, Chris was largely blocked from view to most of the snack bar by the drink and smoothie machines, so he let go and indulged himself fully. He shoveled handfuls of greasy fries into his mouth, and took bites of the footlongs so big his cheeks bulged. Trying to suck the thick cookie/brownie/sprinkle shakes through a straw took too long, so he resorted to scooping mouthfuls out of the huge cups with a spoon. First, his stomach felt like it had reached capacity, but Chris kept on gorging himself with determination. *It’s not my stomach I’m trying to fill up, anyway*. He was rewarded with the delicious sensation of his weighty ballsack growing heavier and fuller. Chris kept going until he had devoured all of his gargantuan meal, his belly protruding taut against his shirt, and his balls reassuringly hefty. He was holding one of the immense milkshake cups up to his face and scooping the goopy mass of chocolate, brownies, and cookies out of the bottom, so his view was entirely blocked. When he had polished off the last of the cup, and licked the spoon clean, he lowered the cup, and realized that a slender pale girl with inky black hair was sitting in front of him, staring at him intently.

She was tiny, probably about 5’ and very slender. Her hair was cut in a pixie cut, and Chris realized that there were two purple streaks in it, one in each of her bangs. She was wearing a tight black baby-doll T-shirt, with stretchy purple sleeves underneath., and her black lipstick, mascara, and nail polish contrasted vividly with her pale white skin. She had a pert, upturned nose, but this elfin feature was offset by the scowl on her face. Chris might have thought she was about 12, based on her size, but her attitude (and the perky breasts jutting from her chest) told him she was probably at least his age.

“Bulimia is really serious, you know. Guys get it, too. It’s not just girls. You can die from it. I’m Persephone.” She stretched out one tiny hand towards him. Chris took her hand, unsure whether to shake it, or kiss the back of it. He settled for squeezing it slightly. She seemed satisfied and pulled it back.

“I’m Chris.” He patted his stomach contentedly. “I’m not bulimic. I’m just a big eater.”

Persephone stood up and poked Chris in his full belly. He noticed that she had a minuscule black skirt on, which exposed both a delightful pale stomach with a pierced belly button, and very slender, but very sexy legs. “**You** have a problem. I saw all the food you ate. I saw how you ate yesterday for breakfast. You’re not a big eater. You’re **bulimic**.” She poked him again in the stomach for emphasis. She sat down again, abruptly. “I’m trying to help you.”

Chris rubbed his belly again. *Damn, those pointy little fingers hurt!* “I really do appreciate your concern, but I’m not bulimic, really. I just eat a lot.”

Persephone scrunched up her face and snorted. “Fine. When your teeth are all eroded from stomach acid and your knuckles have scars from your teeth and your esophagus is ruptured, don’t say I didn’t want you.” She stood up again abruptly and spun around to stalk out of the snack bar. Chris couldn’t help notice that she had an incredibly curvy, if tiny, ass. He watched her pale legs and noticed that she was wearing black combat boots with massive, chunky heels. *She’s probably about four inches shorter without those on. She looked like a sexy goth action figure.*

“Wait!” He stood up and painfully bumped his swelling balls on the table. “Ooof! Hang on a moment.” She stopped short at the door and waited impatiently with her arms crossed, as he waddled across the room. *Yup, I’m almost back up to full capacity. Jen’s gonna be pissed, but it feels so gooooood.* He pushed open the door and walked out with Persephone. “I really do appreciate your concern. I’m guessing that someone you know had bulimia, and I know that it takes a lot of courage to say something to someone about it. It’s really cool that you are willing to do so, but I’m really, really not bulimic.”

“Why are you trying to deny it?” She turned and rubbed his full belly with one hand. “Your stomach is bulging out so far it is pushing up your shirt. It’s tight like a drum. You’re so full you can barely walk. The baggy pants aren’t fooling me. You’re eating until you can’t take another bite, and then you’re making yourself throw it up. Call it whatever you want, but that’s bulimia, Chris.” Persephone stood up on tip toe and breathed a whisper into his ear. “I know what it’s like.”

Chris could feel her pert breast poking into his arm, and smell her perfume, as well as another candy-like scent. I think she’s using flavored lip gloss! He could feel his python starting to stir again. *If I look big to Jen, just think how big I would look next to this girl. My cock might be bigger around than her!* Chris realized that he was starting to get a hard-on, well away from his room, in front of a girl who was not Jen, and he was almost totally full, with not much more than two hours before Jen was due back.

He leaned in close to Persephone and inhaled her scent. She didn’t pull away. “Look, Persephone. I really do want to talk to you about this. I do. I want to be really honest with you, because you’ve been so honest with me. “ She smiled shyly. “But I can’t right now.” Her smile disappeared. “I’m not trying to avoid it or anything. I don’t mean it that way. I mean, like, *right this minute*, I can’t talk about this. Could we maybe talk like tomorrow at 1pm?”

“I guess you aren’t trying to avoid the issue then.” She stared at him and seemed to come to a decision. “OK, I’ll give you a chance. Meet me at the stone seat at the entrance to the campus at 1pm, tomorrow. And don’t do anything stupid to lose the weight, and don’t stuff yourself again, until after we talk. Promise.” She held out her pinkie finger. “Pinky swear”.

He hooked her finger with his. “Pinky swear.” She strode off with quick, tiny strides, looking back every few steps. Chris could feel his cock surging larger in his pants, pressing insistently against his spandex. *Now to go back to the room, jerk off a couple quarts of cum, and let Jen stuff me until my balls weigh ten pounds each. Sounds like a plan.*

*• • •*

**Part 62.**

Chris began to waddle slowly to his room, his huge, full balls hanging heavily between his legs. His flaccid anaconda had begun to swell again, and the added weight of his growing member was making it increasingly more difficult to move quickly. After his ungainly shuffle to the Tupelos, Chris was again faced with the challenge of getting up the stairs. While he had much more support than last time, and two free hands, his ballsack was even fuller and heavier, and his rod was slowly but insistently growing. Chris sighed and began the arduous climb up the stairs, as other boys passed him in both directions with annoyance. Swinging each leg up and around a package which easily weighed twenty five pounds or more was hard work. Chris was sweating by the time he reached the second floor. *OK, so maybe I do get the food to go, and bulk up my balls after I get up the stairs.*

Chris shambled down the hall to his room, his groin growing heavier and more insistent with each step. By the time he reached the door, he was leaning forward with the increasing weight between his legs. He fumbled with the key until he got the door unlocked, and staggered into the room, pushing it closed behind him.

*Gotta get these pants off, now!* Chris slipped off the suspenders and let his baggy pants drop to the ground. He hobbled across the room with the pants around his ankles, towards his bed. He eased off each shoe with the other foot, and the loose pants slipped off as well. Chris winced as he pulled the waistband of the spandex down over his stiffening cock and swollen balls. Trying to get the spandex off as his python continued to grow was an exercise in frustration. Finally, both his full, massive nutsack and his thickening cock were both free.

Chris hefted his balls onto the bed and sighed in relief. *Whoooo. Heavy.* His colossal rod, now resting comfortably between his nuts, continued to grow, now quickly swelling free from confinement. Chris patted it fondly. *Oh, yeah…Grow big for me.* With his meat resting on the bed, Chris had an idea. He stepped carefully around his bed, keeping his huge manhood supported on the mattress. He reached over and snagged one of the laundry bags, and, leaning far forward, slid the bag over his throbbing cock. Chris slid the smooth fabric down his huge girth, the sensation driving him wild. Then he pulled the drawstring taut at the base of his shaft. *Hopefully this will keep the cleanup to a minimum.*

Then, standing at the foot of the bed, Chris climbed onto his bed on his knees, sliding his hard cock along the bed in front of him. His gigantic sack flopped against his thighs, and his dick bumped gently across the sheets, driving him wild. Chris stopped and reached forward for his pillows. He sandwiched his thirty inch monster between his pillows, resting it on one, and squeezing the other pillow firmly across the top of his shaft. A substantial portion of his fuckstick protruded beyond the pillows. *Damn! I should have bought two body pillows for this.* Chris leaned forward, pressing down on the sides of the pillows, clamping his prick between them. Chris began to pump his hips, fucking his pillows. The laundry bag was smooth enough to allow his cock to slide back and forth, and the pressure he exterted was like a firm grasp all over a foot or more of his dick. *Unh! Feels pretty good.* Chris began to pump harder, thrusting his hips harder and sliding as much of his meat between the pillows as he could. *Unh, Uhn. Yeah. This feels goooood.* As his pleasure built up towards climax, Chris began thrusting as fast as he could, feeling his huge sack slap against his thighs with each thrust.

“Unnnnnnh!” The first flood of cum surged out of his cock, and Chris could feel its warm wetness oozing around the head of his dick. *Ohhh, yeah.* He continued to thrust as his huge organ pumped out more and more jizz. Each eruption of cum gushed out of his massive cock and spattered into the bag. A dozen or more surges later, Chris’s orgasm subsided. The laundry bag was sloshing with a pint or more of Chris’s spunk.The fabric seemed to be containing it well, though, and there was no signs of leaking.

Chris’s gigantic prick, however, was still achingly erect and throbbing. His colossal balls, swinging heavily from his groin, were still bloated with an almost full load, and he felt no urge to slow down. No sooner than his first orgasm had subsided, Chris resumed thrusting his thick shaft between the pillows. The cum-spattered bag was now warm and wet and his arousal hadn’t diminished a bit. Chris spread his legs a bit wider and exulted in the feeling of his gargantuan nutsack swaying heavily back and forth, gently brushing the covers. His first flood of cum was soon followed by a second, equally enormous series of ejaculations. Now the bag was filled with a quart or more of hot semen, but Chris didn’t feel the slightest bit sated. *I might as well just enjoy myself until Jen gets here. She wanted to help me get to my biggest, so I shouldn’t be too big when she gets here.* Without even a pause after his climax, Chris began thrusting again, losing himself in the sensations from his giant cock. He didn’t even notice when the door opened, then closed, behind him.

Chris had his legs spread wide apart and was furiously fucking the paired pillows with his wrapped prick. Between the warm, wet fluid in the bag, and the delicious feeling of his fat balls bouncing first against the pillows, then against his thighs, Chris was completely oblivious. His eyes were closed and he was fantasizing about an entire array of erotic images:

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*Sitting in his class with the two lesbians, wearing a stretchy pair of sweat pants instead of his baggy black pants, and slowly popping a monstrous boner as they stared in rapt fascination.*

*Sliding his massive rod between Jen’s breasts, which had somehow swelled to the size of large beachballs, yet remained round and bouncy.*

*Being jerked off by Jen and Tasha and Kimber, their eager hands and soft mouths delighting in his ample cock, the girls laughing as they shared their prize.*

*Striding into the dorm shower room totally nude with a full erection, as Javier, Kevin, and the other jocks from the stairwell watched with awe, stroking himself to orgasm after orgasm in the shower in front of them.*

*Barbie, totally nude in the snack shop, licking his oversized cock head with gusto while she spoon-fed him from an endless cup of creamy milkshake.*

*Tracy, clad only in her red Target shirt, astride his huge dick, masturbating him with her hands and legs on top of the customer service counter.*

*Greg and Terry and Javier, urging him on, cheering, as he drenched a cowed and subdued James with a limitless supply of thick, sticky jizz.*

*Persephone, insatiable, gorging herself not on food, but on the delicious supply of cum from his swollen balls, her stomach bulging with the vast quantities she had devoured.*

*Jen, wide eyed and adoring, murmuring to him as she kissed him, “Get big for me, Chris. Get big. Get bigger. Get* ***bigger****.”*

Seemingly inexhaustible, Chris jerked himself off to a third massive orgasm, then a fourth, and a fifth, and finally, a sixth. With each climax, the bag grew fuller and fuller as his nuts pumped out a flood of spunk. Though Chris never noticed, lost in his pleasure, at some point before his sixth and final ejaculation, the door to the room opened again and closed behind him. By the time he collapsed, exhausted, onto his bed, the laundry bag was filled with over a gallon of his thick, sticky seed, and his fat balls had shrunk in mass to about half their maximum weight. *Whew! I need a breather!* Chris rolled to one side, feeling the heft of his cock and balls pulling against his body as he did so. As he patted them contentedly, his cell phone, on the dresser, rang loudly.

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**Part 63.**

Chris tumbled out of his bed, his softening cock flopping against his legs. He struggled to hurry over to his phone with his bulky genitals swinging between his legs. He grabbed the phone and blurted “Hello?”

“Hey, sweetie pie! How is my big boy doing? Have you been a good boy, today?” It was Jen, her voice bubbly and curious.

“Jen! Hey! I was just thinking about you!” *And Persephone, and Tracy, and Tasha, and Kimber, and Barbie…* “Wait. How did you get my number? Uh, not that I mind, but…”

“You called the pizza place, remember? The system captures all the phone calls to the store, silly.” She snorted. “Either that or I Googled “biggest cock in the world”, and there you were on Wikipedia. Now, tell me that you haven’t been pigging out. I’ve been thinking all day about watching you get bigger, and what I wanted to do when you were at your very, very biggest for me.” Jen’s voice was very husky.

“No! I’m **starving**! I can’t wait to eat something. I’m dying to see you.” *I’ll just tactfully omit the last few hours on that. I am starving right now, so that part is all true.*

“Oh, sweetie! I’m dying to see you too. I’m headed back home from school. I’ll just stop and pick you up, if that’s okay.” Chris indicated his acquiescence. “Chris, is there any chance I might get you to wear your sweats instead of your baggy pants? Or maybe something a little tighter?”, Jen asked eagerly.

Chris was flummoxed. He wanted to make Jen happy, but he was really not looking forward to showing off his oversized prick on campus. “Uh, I don’t really have anything else that fits, Jen. I can wear some of my spandex leggings under the pants for you. Those are really, really tight. Would that be OK?”

“Sweetie, I know you are self-conscious about your size, but you should be showing it off to the whole world, not just little ol’ me. Anyway, it’s not like I’m going to parade you around town just yet. It would just be the two of us at my apartment with my roommates.”

“With Tasha and Kimber?” Chris couldn’t help himself. “Really?”

“Well, **yeah**. I mean, it’s not like I can just bundle you into the apartment and smuggle food into my bedroom for you. Tasha and Kimber live there, too. They’re gonna want to actually **meet** you eventually. I might be able to get away with dragging a boy into the boudoir a few times, but having him over for dinner? Introductions are in order, sweetie pie.”

“Oh, yeah. I guess that makes sense.” Despite his earlier fantasies, Chris was now experiencing a bit of anxiety about being revealed to Jen’s roommates. “It’s just that I…don’t have a second pair of sweat pants. I usually wear those baggy black ones.”

“Chris, sweetie, three things. First, those aren’t your sweat pants. You might have gone to Belmont High, but you weren’t on the lacrosse team.” *Oh, right. Team name on the leg*, Chris noted as he looked at the sweatpants strewn on the floor. *Glad I’m dating Nancy Drew*. Jen continued, “Second, I said I wanted to **see** you get to your biggest. I can’t watch those gorgeous balls get all fat and firm if you’re hiding them in your pants. Mmmm, I’ve been thinking about that alllll day.”

*Me too!* thought Chris. However, he asked, “What was the third thing?”

Jen stammered for a second, seemingly interrupted in her train of thought. “Uh, er, oh, the third thing is I’m not having my roomies think I’m dating a Goth. You have to look normal for them.”

“Jen, **if** I can stay soft around you, I’ve got a nineteen inch long dick, and you want to feed me until my balls get back to ten pounds apiece. I’m not going to look normal.”

“Sweetie, I said **you** had to look normal. Your wiener can be its usual, jaw-dropping, eye-popping, mouth-watering self. Now, let’s compromise: you put on your Goth camouflage, and grab a pair of sweats from your roomie. You can come over to the apartment in steath mode, but once you’re over here, I want your package on display. The girls will flip out.” Jen’s voice sounded like she would brook no argument.

“Okay. That’s fair.” *I’m not about to say no to a girl who is not only crazy about my big cock, but who wants to help keep my balls nice and full. Especially not when she looks like Jen.* “When will you be here?”

“Sweetie pie, if it wasn’t stupid to talk on the cell and drive, I’d already be there. I’m sitting in my car on my campus right now. It will be like, ten minutes, tops. Will you meet me outside, or should I come in and help you lug that monster down the stairs?”

*Ten minutes? Fuck! I’m naked and I’ve got a laundry bag with a gallon of cum in it to get rid of. Crap! Do I have some homework to do?* “Ten minutes should be fine, Jen. I’ll be waiting. I can’t wait to see you.”

“There’s a **lot** of stuff I can’t wait for, sweetie. See you soon!” Jen hung up the phone. Chris sprung into action, as best he could with a massive limp penis and two huge balls swinging between his legs. He grabbed the bag and carried it over to the sink in the room. *OK, this is more than a gallon.* He turned on the hot water fairly high, and started to pour the sticky, gloppy mass of jizz down the drain. He thought that he was about to clog the sink several times, but finally the entire load of cum had drained away. Chris turned the bag inside out and scrubbed the semen off the fabric, then hung it on the towel rack to dry. He looked at the clock and panicked. *Shit! Do I have time to stuff myself into some spandex?* He waddled across the floor, his huge package slapping against his legs with each step. Chris grabbed the spandex he had worn earlier and began maneuvering himself back into the garment. *At least this one is stretched out a bit. Not quite as hard to get into the second time.* Once his manhood was restrained by the spandex, Chris pulled on a shirt, then stepped into his baggy black pants, and hooked the suspenders over his shoulders. He put back on his shoes, and started for the door.

*Wait a minute! Damn!* Chris opened Greg’s dresser guiltily and grabbed another pair of his roommate’s sweat pants. He then grabbed his laptop too. *I’m not sure if I’ll actually get any time to work on homework, but it’s the thought that counts. Speaking of thoughts…*Chris grabbed another of the laundry bags, too. Chris stepped out of the room and immediately almost ran into Javier.

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**Part 64.**

“Hey, man! How’s it hanging?” Javier greeted him exuberantly, grabbing Chris’s free hand in a shake while clasping his shoulder with his own free arm. Javier was wearing a tight white T-shirt which showcased his muscles through the thin material, and a pair of skin-tight jeans whose button fly was strained over his prominent bulge. “I haven’t seen you around. I’ve seen **both** your roomates, though, man. That shit’s rough.” He adjusted his package unselfconsciously. “I thought I could satisfy the ladies, but that Terry? Damn! Greg could catch some tail too, if he was interested. Am I right?” Javier playfully punched Chris in the arm. “I thought my roommate had it bad. He only has to live with **one** guy all the girls are drooling over.” Javier paused at Chris’s expression. “Hey, man, I didn’t mean nothing by it. I was just kidding. Is Greg here? We were supposed to meet up after class.”

Chris made a conscious effort to wipe the impatient look from his face. “Sorry, Javier. I don’t know where Greg is. I’m not angry. I’m just late. I’m supposed to be meeting my girlfriend.” Chris blurted the last sentence out without thinking, and Javier’s face broke into a surprised smile.

“No shit, man? Hell, you work almost as fast as Terry! Lemme get out of your way, Chris. I’m sure you’d rather be hanging with your girl than standing around in the hall with me.” He patted Chris on the shoulder as he let him pass. “Go get her, bro.”

Chris waddled down the stairs with his thick flaccid cock and big balls snugly held by his spandex underpants. While his nuts were still huge in comparison to anyone else’s, his recent session had drained them substantially, and they didn’t sway and bounce nearly as much as they had going up the stairs. Plus, the anticipation of seeing Jen again was lending speed to his step.

*That Javier is pretty friendly for a guy I only met once in the showers. He seems cool, though. I feel kinda bad for him in a way. I guess he got used to being “big”, and then came to school here. It seems like word has really gotten out about Terry’s size. It’s too bad he doesn’t have any more cream. It would be cool to help Javier get up to about Terry’s size, so he didn’t have to feel self-conscious about it. Not my size though. I wanna be the biggest around. I don’t want anybody even getting* ***close*** *to my size. Probably for the best that I used up all the cream*.

Chris stepped outside and saw Jen getting out of her car at the curb. “Jen! Hey, Jen!” He waved at her and she waved back. “I’m coming!” Chris started to run, then quickly caught himself. *No more running with this monster.* He settled for quickening his pace down the sidewalk towards her. As he did, she walked around the side of her car and waited for him. When Chris drew near, she spread her arms eagerly.

“Hey, sweetie! What took you so long?” Jen wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him to her in a kiss. Chris responded by grabbing her around the waist, almost dropping his laptop in the process. Their mouths opened and her kiss grew into a protracted affair, their tongues lapping together. Jens’ arms released their hold on his neck, and moved down to wrap around his waist, then his butt. Her arms pulled him tight against her, and Jen ground her pelvis against his massive cock and balls. “Ooooh, I missed this sooo much,” she gasped out after their lip lock.

Chris could feel himself already start to harden. “I thought we were going to watch me get bigger at **your** place.” His hands, contradicting his words, sought out her firm, curvy butt and pulled her tight against his groin. Jen’s moist mouth sought out his for another long kiss, exploring his mouth with her tongue. She finally pulled out of the kiss and breathed softly into his ear, flicking his earlobe with her hot, pink tongue.

“We are. I was just saying hello.” She continued to grind her pelvis against Chris, his anaconda starting to strain against the spandex as it swelled. She abruptly pushed him back firmly, though not rudely. Chris’s slightly hard rod pressed against the baggy pants, his semi-erection quite visible. “I just wanted to point out that if I **wanted** to parade you around, it would be pretty easy to do, no matter what disguise you wore.” She smiled sweetly at him and batted her lashes. “Now, would you like to show that boner off to all the boys, or get in the car?”

*She’s got me there.* Chris put his laptop, sweats, and bag in the back seat, then struggled to get seated in the front. His huge rod, though not anywhere near maximum size, was preventing him from getting a comfortable position. Jen giggled at his predicament, then helped him slide the seat back to where he could, at least, sit down without discomfort. “Give me a little more time and we’d have to tie your monster down to the roof like a Christmas tree, Chris.”

“Not really. I’d just get in the back seat and let it ride up here with you,” he replied, laughing. This time, Jen drove back to her apartment at a more sensible speed. They pulled in to a parking spot, and Jen helped Chris get his stuff out of the back seat, along with her own messenger bag. She looked at the laundry bag and gave Chris a questioning glance.

“To avoid soaking your sheets like last night,” he explained.

“Oh, good. I was thinking that you were sorely mistaken if you were hoping to get me to do your laundry. You didn’t bring it; and it’s not happening anyway.”

“No, nothing like that. I’m thinking that I probably need to help **you** with laundry tonight, considering what happened last night. Now, how am I going to get up to the room?” Chris pointed at his erection, which, although nowhere near its full size, was pressing visibly against the baggy black pants, creating a large tent in the fabric.

“Easy-peasey, sweetie pie. We just cuddle on the way up.” Jen fitted action to words, and pressed her pert butt against his shaft, wrapping his arms around her. Chris could feel his monster stirring again, growing and straining against the spandex confinement.

“Uh, Jen? I don’t know how long that’s gonna work. You feel a little too good for me to stay calm.” *Plus, if this spandex gets much tighter, my eyes are going to start bugging out.*

“Well, then, we’d better just hurry.” Jen’s curvy ass bounced against his rod all the way into the elevator. Chris groaned in discomfort once they were there, leaning back against the wall and trying to adjust his pants to give him just a little more room. His fat python was at least twenty four inches long now and had grown well past his right knee. The thick shaft was clearly outlined, even in the previously baggy pants.

“What are we going to do about Tasha and Kimber? I don’t want to have dinner with them at full mast.”

“Aw, I was hoping to use it as a sideboard for the buffet.” She patted his penis fondly. “You hustle into my room as soon as we get in. I’ll run interference. I’ll have to start dinner; it’s my night to cook. While I’m doing that, you can let off some pressure in the bedroom, okay? When you get yourself back down to a size appropriate for polite company, put on your sweats and come out. I’ll tell Tasha and Kimber you had some homework you had to knock out first.”

“Uh, Jen, if I jerk off more, I’m gonna be even hungrier. I don’t know if you really realize how much I need to eat to keep myself stoked. It’s not normal.” Chris’s stomach rumbled, reminding him. The elevator doors opened and Jen jumped in front of him again, mashing her butt into his groin. He sighed with pleasure and wrapped his arms around her waist.

“Sweetie, I’ve delivered pizza for you before. I’ve got gobs of pasta and bread, plus plenty of side dishes, and desert. There’s a load of snacks in the cupboard, plus we just bought ice cream last night. If all fails, I can always order more pizza. Trust me, those big balls of yours are gonna be as full as I can possibly get them.” She opened her door and pushed Chris towards her bedroom as she hopped into the living room in front of Tasha and Kimber, dropping her messenger bag and Chris’s bundle. “We’re here! Lemme get dinner started. I hope you guys like baked spaghetti!”

Chris waddled down the hall, his growing rod preventing him from bending his right leg. He heard the girls behind him as he stepped into Jen’s room.

“Where’s Chris going?” asked Tasha.

“Yeah, what’s his rush? He didn’t even say ‘Hi’,” Kimber complained.

“He has some homework he has to jump right on,” Jen explained. “It has to be submitted tonight, so he needed to get it taken care of immediately. He’s gonna tackle it with both hands, and then he will be able to relax and have dinner with us.”

Chris shut the door behind him, cutting off their voices. He kicked off his shoes and nearly tore off his pants, desperate to get the too-snug spandex off his protesting prick. He finally was able to shuck off the spandex and his dick sprung up enthusiastically, rapidly ballooning to its full colossal size now that it was free of the fabric prison. Chris walked across the room to Jen’s closet, his monstrous pole bobbing with each step, and grabbed first one, then a couple, of her towels. *Ah, I’m doing laundry anyway.* He seated himself comfortably on her bed and, wrapping the towel over his cock head, began to stroke himself eagerly. *Wait a minute. I’m forgetting something.* Chris laid back and reached into Jen’s bedside table, grabbing a bottle of Astroglide. He opened it and began squirting it liberally all over his tremendous shaft. *Only the best for the biggest.* Once his entire girth was coated with the lube, Chris clasped his cock with both hands and began stroking himself even more enthusiastically. *Man! I’m so horny! It’s been…less than half an hour, actually. I guess I just need it more now. Feels soooo good.* He abandoned himself to the pleaure, immersing himself in his task. He didn’t hear the girls talking in the other room.

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**Part 65.**

Jen was working on her baked spaghetti as she lectured her roommates. “Look, this is really important. Chris is self-conscious about his appearance. He’s at a new school in a new city, and he doesn’t want to stand out. I don’t want you guys making a big deal about it, OK?”

“Wait? He doesn’t want to stand out, but he dresses like a Goth with those huge baggy pants?”, objected Kimber. I thought that was the point of Goth wear, to stand out as a Goth. I mean, it’s pretty obvious, especially ‘cause he’s Asian. I’ve never seen a Goth Asian guy before.”

“Yeah. I never though I would see you dating a Goth. I though you said they reminded you of Eddie Munster.” Tasha chimed in, helpfully.

“He’s **not** a Goth! He wears those big baggy pants to hide the fact that he’s…He’s…He is…” Jen was at a loss as to how to explain this delicately.

“He’s what?”, asked Tasha.

“Arrrgh! He has a really big penis, okay?” Jen just blurted it out. Both Kimber and Tasha perked up immediately. “His whole package is gigantic, all right? It’s like freakishly, unbelievably massive. He wears the baggy pants to hide the fact that he’s **huge**.” She focused on preparing the food and tried to avoid their gaze, blushing furiously.

“I knew it!” Tasha jumped around the kitchen. “I knew you liked guys that were totally hung! Whenever we were watching porn, you always acted like you weren’t staring when the really big studs were on screen, but I **knew** you were staring at them. So, Chris is hung like those guys? Wow! Do you think he would let us see it?”

Kimber grabbed a kitchen towel and snapped it at Tasha’s butt. “Would you shut up? Just because you are fixated on pics and videos doesn’t mean that everyone is. Anyway, you would know that Jen had a thing for well-endowed guys if you ever listened to her talk about Todd.”

“Who?”, asked Tasha, rubbing her butt.

“Todd, the guy she dated when she was a senior in high school. Jen complains about what a spineless creep he was, but she dated him all year. She said he was ‘pretty big’ more than once, so she must have been willing to put up with him for that. Is Chris as big as Todd was, Jen?”

Jen snorted out loud. “Ha! As if! Chris is over twice as big soft as Todd ever was, hard!” *Am I really that transparent about my size fetish? I thought I hid it pretty well*.

“Hang on, that doesn’t make sense.” Tasha scrunched up her face, remembering. “When we were partying Friday before last, you said that your ex was almost nine inches. If Chris is twice as big **soft**, he would be eighteen inches long before he had a hard on. Did you mean that Chris is twice as big **hard** as Todd was soft? No, that doesn’t sound very impressive. I’m confused.”

There was no way around it. Jen bit the bullet. “I meant what I said. Chris is over twice as big **soft** as Todd was hard. He’s nineteen inches.”

Both Tasha and Kimber erupted in unison. “No freaking way!”

“You have to be kidding. That’s impossible,” said Kimber, shaking her head.

“Pics or it didn’t happen!”, cried Tasha.

“No! No pics! No questions! No staring! “ Jen waved the wooden spoon in warning. “I told you; he’s really shy about this. I don’t want to have to smuggle him past you guys each time we come in. He’s going to come out here and have dinner and hang out with us. Nobody’s taking pictures of him, **or** video, Tasha, and nobody’s posting about it on their blog, or Facebook, or Twitter. I mean it, Kimber. If you make one tweet about this, I will never forgive you.” She took a deep breath. “I like Chris, and I want him to feel like he can be himself with me, and not put on an act like he has to on campus, okay?”

Both girls reluctantly nodded their acquiescence. *Oh, crap. I forgot to mention the other thing. Jen turned back to her roommates.*

“There’s just one other thing.”

“What now?” cried Kimber.

“He has **two** things?!?” exclaimed Tasha, shortly before Kimber snapped the towel at her again.

“Chris not only has a really big penis, but his testicles are really big, too. They are large normally, but when he hasn’t ‘expressed’ himself for a while, they get **enormous**. Please don’t tease him about it, okay?” She looked to her roommates for their agreement.

“Jen, I don’t mean to be the bad guy, but are you sure you aren’t just using this boy, Chris, for sex?”, asked Kimber, reproachfully.

“Hey! What’s wrong with using a guy for sex?”, demanded Tasha.

“**You** don’t use a guy, **you** film him having sex with you once and then never invite him back, Tasha! Your boy toys are **expecting** a one night stand.” retorted Kimber. “Jen is treating Chris like she really likes him, but it seems it’s just because he’s ‘sooo big’. I think she’s kind of exploiting this shy guy.”

“It’s not like that!” Jen started defending her actions, but whether to Kimber, or herself, she wasn’t quite sure. “I was interested in Chris before I knew he was ‘unusual’. He just seemed to have this spunky attitude that didn’t fit the image you have of a slightly smaller Asian guy. I didn’t find out that he was so big until after I decided to give him a chance. It was a **huge** turn-on, I admit, but I was interested in him before i knew about it.”

“Then, when I knew about his size, I realized he was still shy about it. For him to level with me about it took a real burst of courage. I mean, I thought it was hard on me in high school when I suddenly started growing boobs. That was nothing compared to how self-conscious Chris must feel.” Kimber nodded sympathetically. “I mean, I’d have to have breasts the size of beach balls to know what Chris must feel like,” finished Jen.

Kimber gave her a little hug from behind. “That’s so sweet! It’s like Beauty and the Beast!”

“Anyway,” said Jen, extricating herself from Kimber’s hug, “I’m not using him for sex. Chris is **waaaay** too big to have sex with.”

Tasha seemed to ponder the point. “I don’t know. I mean, I’m pretty tall. I bet that I could take a good percentage of nineteen inches…”.

Jen rapped her with the spoon. “I said he was nineteen inches when he was soft! Chris gets **bigger**. Lots bigger.”

“I demand proof!” shouted Tasha. “Photographic proof!”

“Are you sure you aren’t using the metric side of your tape measure?”, asked Kimber.

“Who is the size queen around here, anyway?”, Jen countered. “I think I know what I’m talking about. Look, the spaghetti is almost done. I’ll go get Chris while you guys take it out of the oven and get the plates ready. Don’t forget to pop the garlic bread in the oven and take the salad and the slaw out of the fridge.”

“Are we eating in the living room again?” whined Tasha.

“Your bedroom was the dining room, doofus. Remember?” Kimber shook her head.

“Oh, right! Dibs on the recliner!” shouted Tasha merrily.

“Actually, I have plans for the recliner.” Kimber’s voice trailed off conspiratorially.

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**Part 66.**

Crissy drifted to sleep, draped across Terry’s chest and breathing the soft purr of post-coital satisfaction.

Terry was up early the next day, he slid out from under Crissy, who had moved from purring onto snoring like a buzzsaw some time during the night. Sharelle was asleep in the other bed, barely visible beneath the mountain of stuffed animals that served as her blankets. She twitched at the sound of him moving, but didn’t seem to waken.

*When did she get back?* Wondered Terry. *I figured she was spending the night somewhere else... I hope I’m not helping Crissy to be a dick roommate.*

He pulled on his clothes from the night before and jogged back over to his room.

Today was the first day of actual field practice with the Lacrosse Team. The Varsity and JV teams had already met earlier in the week, now the time had finally come for the Novices to strut their stuff.

It was a majorly big day, not only because Terry was looking forward to strutting his stuff on the field, but strutting his stuff off the field as well.

For four years of high school he’d been ashamed to shower in front of what had been, and still were, his closest friends. Ashamed to even step into the locker room, ashamed to undress. Wondering if each day would be the day they finally let out all the taunts and ridicule they (mostly) held in check out of respect for his skills on the field and good teamwork.

Finally, it was different! He was excited, impatient even for practice to be over so that he could step into the locker room and let it all hang out, so to speak.

He sat impatiently through classes, bouncing his leg like a jackhammer and watching the clock. He barely acknowledged the flirtations of the girls sitting behind him and speedwalked from one class to the next as if arriving early would mean he could finish early. When he finally stepped onto the field, he was so excited he thought his boner would break right through his athletic cup.

The team gathered up its equipment and, after a quick pep talk from Coach Rosencrantz, filed out onto the field to be put through their paces.

Terry had met the coach already, but only in passing introduction ("Welcome to the team, congratulations on your scholarship etc...")

Coach Rosencrantz was a short, stocky boulder of muscle that was almost as wide as he was tall. Shaking hands with him was like arm wrestling a backhoe.

"Welcome to the team!" he barked in each of their faces "Bradford College has an over-abundance of money! 90% of you are here on full scholarships. 20% of you will be cut from the team before the season ends. We’re a Division I school. We don’t have time to give free rides to slackers, lallygaggers, malingerers or pansies!"

Terry snorted and elbowed Greg in the ribs. Greg smirked and elbowed back, almost knocking the wind out of Terry.

Rosencrantz was in front of them in a blur of red tracksuit.

"You’re gonna have to learn to take an elbow better than that if you wanna stay on this team!" he bellowed in Terry’s face "I’ve got my eye on you!"

Greg snickered as Terry wiped saliva off his nose.

"What’re you sniggering at, Muscle Milk!?" Rosencrantz barked at Greg "See if you can hit that hard when your target is moving! Go!" he stepped back and blew a screeching blast on his whistle. The team stood around stupidly for a beat and Rosencrantz leapt on the hesitation "All of you, one lap around the field!" he blew another blast on his whistle and took off towards the track at the edge of the field. The Novices swifter on the uptake took off after him, followed by the rest.

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By the end of practice, Terry felt as though he’d been put through a wringer. What a way to begin a season! It was probably just meant to be a shock to the system for all the folks who’d let themselves get soft over the summer. Still though. Even Greg was looking flushed and exhausted by the end. He’d had to stop and vomit on the last of the impromptu laps around the field. Terry shook his head. Greg had obviously spent his entire summer pumping iron rather than working on cardio. Greg may have knocked the wind out of Terry at the start of practice, but by the end, Terry could have knocked Greg over with a feather.

The team groaned and stumbled into the locker room, grateful to give their sore muscles a rest. The sounds of bare feet slapping on tile mingled with running water and the clink of the steel lockers banging open and closed.

Terry sat down on a bench in front of an unclaimed locker and started untying his shoes. It took him a few seconds to get a grip on the laces. His fingers trembled and his hands were soaked with sweat.

He felt the bench shudder as someone sat down heavily next to him. It was some blonde dude. Terry recognized him from somewhere... but couldn’t quite place it.

"Hey, Terry!" he said.

"Hey..."

Awkward pause.

"Kevin." said the blonde.

"Oh yeah, of course." Terry started kicking his shoes off.

"Heh, don’t sweat it. I;m not surprised you don’t remember my name. You were pretty hungover when we bumped into each other last time."

Terry laughed and winced in memory of his first hangover of the semester "Yeah, pretty much everything after I passed out in American Studies class is a blur."

"You’re hardcore dude, getting totally plowed on your first day of college. We’ve definitely gotta buddy up for rush week!" Kevin pulled his jersey over his head, revealing his well-toned chest covered in downy blond hair. Terry did the same, smiling inside at Kevin’s split second glance down at Terry’s stony abs. He’d been doing weighted curl ups all summer (hell, all of high school), and all the pain had definitely paid off.

Kevin stripped off his pants and underwear and dropped the sweat soaked gear in a small laundry bag hanging from the door of his locker. All the while he kept talking about how awesome college was gonna be and how laid he was gonna get and how he had totally brutally dumped his high school girlfriend and was already talking with a couple of girls here and...

His words trailed off as Terry dropped his pants and reached into his locker for a towel.

"Oh yeah, man. You definitely need to give yourself some breathing room in college, no sense in keeping yourself tied down to one girl so early on." Terry agreed, deliberately swaying his hips to give his 9" softie a bit of bounce and swing before covering himself up with a towel.

Kevin realized he was staring and closed his mouth. He recovered his composure and returned to yammering.

He followed Terry into the showers and tried to keep the conversation going until Greg interrupted him.

"Yeah, really interesting Kevin. That’s super cool." he said.

"Thanks, I-"

"What do you think of this coach, huh? Is he trying to channel R. Lee Ermy or what? Gimme a break with the drill instructor routine, huh?"

Terry laughed "You’re just mad he called you Muscle Milk. That name’s gonna stick to you like glue right through to your last season. I bet you were hoping everyone would call you T-bone for another four years."

"He doesn’t look like a T-bone." laughed another guy from the corner "You guys know each other?"

"We both went to Belmont together." answered Greg "Bet you’ll never get what Terry’s nickname was."

Terry blushed instinctively before remembering no one would realize "Long Stick" had been ironic at the time.

"Lemme guess... Towelrack?" laughed Kevin.

"Tripod?" someone else chimed in.

"Biggie Smalls?" Another.

"Torpedo?"

"Slugger?"

Terry had to turn to face the wall so that no one would see the massive grin that split his face from ear to ear. This was what he’d been waiting for his entire teenage life.

"Geez, why don’t you guys just blow him and get it over with?" grunted a surly voice.

The group in the shower turned to look at the newcomer. The speaker was the tall Arab kid coach Rosencrantz had called "Osama Bin Laggin." for most of the last half of practice. He looked nothing like Osama Bin Laden, but his features were definitely Middle Eastern. Rich, dark curly hair covered most of his chest and forearms. His nose dominated his face beneath thick, black eyebrows.

*Well, there’s a tall drink of coffee*. Thought Greg.

"Don’t hate just cuz you jealous." said Terry. Snickers from the crowd. Bin Laggin just rolled his eyes.

"Don’t mind Mahmout." said another guy, whom Terry was slowly recognizing as Kevin’s friend from the other day "I’d be in a bad mood too if the coach had been riding my ass as hard as his."

Mahmout let out a sardonic laugh and flip-flopped over to an unoccupied shower head. He set his soap and shampoo down on the tile and whipped his towel off to hang up on the hook.

The low murmur of laughter died completely as Mahmout’s cock flopped free from the towel.

It didn’t hang as long as Terry’s, but it was massive nonetheless. Stick a fat cockhead on the end of a pepsi-can, cover it with veins and tan the whole thing a rich brown and you’d have a rough approximation of Mahmout’s flaccid cock. It jutted out from a thick mane of pubic hair and rested on a considerable pair of balls.

The rest of the team’s gaze whipped from Mahmout to Terry and back again. A barely audible "oooooooooh" in the air.

Greg broke the tension.

"Ha!" he laughed.

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**Part 67.**

Terry was sullen for the rest of the afternoon. Greg was still chuckling to himself periodically as they walked back to the Tupelos as quickly as their sore muscles would allow.

"And what’re you so happy about?" Terry grumbled.

"What’re *you* so grouchy about?"

"Nothing. Why do you think I’m grouchy?"

"Because Mahmout stole your thunder?"

"Whatever. I’m still a ton bigger than him."

"You know I’m disappointed in you." Greg looked sideways at Terry.

"Oh yeah? Why?" Terry frowned off into the middle distance.

"You’d think by now you would have learned that the size of your dick doesn’t really matter."

"Ha! Dude, you saw everyone’s reactions in there!"

"You also saw that no one else was packing probably better than 8" hard, tops."

"So?"

"So, they all live normal lives. So does Mahmout, even if he’s lugging that barrel around. Hell, even *I’d* be living a normal life, if my friend hadn’t gotten me mixed up with a magic cream that can make cocks grow."

"It’s not magic."

"Well I can’t explain how it works. If you told me it did what it did because of magic or because of... I dunno... reverse... polarity... beams." Greg gesticulated momentarily with his hands "Something from something Chris would watch. Anyway, the point is I wouldn’t have any better idea how it works. All I know is that it does what it does."

"Transforms men into super studs?" Terry smiled.

"Or little Koreans into grotesque monstrosities."

Terry’s dark mood had dissipated and by the time he got back to the room, he was almost lighthearted. That is, until he heard Chris’s distinctive voice on the other side.

"Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Barbie! Gimme the milkshake! You know you love it!" mixed with Chris’s slow moans and what was presumably the sound of a twenty pound cock thudding against the wall.

Greg grimaced "Oh, come on!"

Terry smirked "What’re you mad about? Don’t you wanna go in and watch?"

"Do you?"

"No but then again I’m not..."

"I’m as gay as the next gay guy, but Chris’s cock is more novelty sized than sexy. Seeing it jerk off once is more than enough for me."

"Really? Cuz you seemed all over it last time."

"Look who’s talking. You’re probably hard right now."

"Am not." they both looked down at Terry’s crotch. A visible bulge had started to snake down his thigh.

"Why would you even think that lying about not having a boner would ever work?" Greg gave a self-satisfied smirk.

Terry opened his mouth to say something when Chris’s voice drifted through the door again "Oh, what’s that Greg, you and Terry want to join in?"

Terry shuddered.

Greg looked wide-eyed "Ok, that little dude is losing his mind."

"Let’s go somewhere else until this blows over."

"Well if it blows over my stuff again, I’m gonna punch him right in the balls." Greg laughed, but he wasn’t joking.

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Jen entered her bedroom just as Chris finished off with his fourth session of masturbation. Jen’s hamper was overflowing with towels soaked in cum. She watched him flood another with a huge gout of jizz, easily about a pint. He didn’t even seem to notice. When he reached for a fifth towel, however, she intervened.

“Whoah, sweetie! Time for dinner. Don’t have all the fun yourself.”

“Jen!” Chris seemed to notice her for the first time. “Sorry. I was trying to uh, make sure that uh, it stayed down during dinner.” Chris put down the towel and sat up in bed. His massive schlong bobbed up and down slightly, but it seemed to start deflating slowly. His nuts, while still much larger than any Jen had ever seen, were much smaller than she remembered last night.

“You’re sure you weren’t just enjoying yourself, tiger?”, she asked skeptically.

“No! I mean, I was, but I was really thinking about you ‘filling me up’. The thought of you watching me eat until my balls were as full as possible just kept turning me on. I guess I wanted to, uh, make that last.” Chris looked embarrassed as he looked around the room. “Where are my sweatpants?”

Jen handed him the bundle in her hands. “Somebody was in a bit of a hurry to get back here to the bedroom, weren’t they? Don’t put those on just yet. I’ve got a little measurement to take.” Jen grabbed her laundry scale again, and using the unmolested towel, took a quick weighing of Chris’s balls again. “Holy crap, sweetie! You’re down to about eight pounds! You’ve lost twelve pounds from jerking off?

Chris blushed. “I’ve been thinking about you all day.”

“I’m not sure I’ve got twelve pounds of food in the place, Chris. Me and the girls have to eat something.” Jen’s lips pursed in thought.

“I don’t have to be **completely** full, Jen. Besides, it’s not like the food goes right into my nuts. I have to digest it, I guess, even though that happens awful fast. We can just enjoy dinner.” His prick had shrunk to a more manageable size, relatively speaking, and Chris was starting to wrangle it into the sweats.

“Huh uh, mister. I want you **all the way** full. I’ve been thinking about this all day,and there’s no way you’re getting out of it. Those balls are going to be as full and heavy as they can possibly be, even if I have to send Tasha and Kimber on a snack food run. Now get dressed and meet the girls.” Chris swiftly complied. The sweats were snugger than the pair he had borrowed yesterday, and his prominent balls and thick, nineteen inch dick were pretty well outlined in the fabric.

Jen opened the door and, holding his hand, pulled Chris out into the hallway. “Holy crap, Jen! How much food did you make?” shouted Kimber. “You know how bad we are with leftovers.”

“I don’t think we’ll have any problems with leftovers, Kimber.” replied Jen decisively. She walked Chris down the hall to the living room. “Chris, this is Tasha and Kimber. Kimber, Tasha, this is Chris.” As she entered, she noticed Tasha and Kimber both sitting on the couch, legs akimbo. They each had a plate of spaghetti, and the dish itself, as well as the bread and sides, were on the coffee table in front of them. Both girls were goggling at the obvious bulge in Chris’s pants. Neither one even looked up, both frozen with forks half-way to their open mouths.

“Hey, it’s nice to finally get to meet you,” Chris said. Both Tasha and Kimber said nothing, but continued to stare. The spaghetti fell off Kimber’s fork onto her plate with a plop. “Man, that spaghetti smells good! I can’t wait to get some.” He rubbed his belly exaggeratedly, but realized belatedly that the action just caused the fabric stretched over his groin to shift slightly. Both girls leaned forward and stared more intently. Jen cleared her throat loudly. “Where should I sit?”

That seemed to break the spell, for Kimber at least. “Oh! The guest of honor gets the best seat in the house.” She waved her hand at the recliner with a flourish. Chris ambled over to the recliner. Tasha continued to stare. “Don’t need cable anymore,” she mumbled under her breath.

“Where am I going to sit, with you guys hogging the couch?” Jen practically shouted the question, waving her arms. Tasha and Kimber both jumped, momentarily losing focus on Chris. As Chris eased himself into the recliner, spreading his legs to avoid pinching his nutsack, Kimber replied, as if waiting for a signal.

“You can sit over here with us, Jen, right next to your boyfriend.” She got up from the couch, patted the seat, and walked around the coffee table.

“Wouldn’t it make sense for me and my **boyfriend** to sit together on the couch?” Jen moved over and sat down on the couch, sulkily grabbing a plate and getting some food.

“No, that’s silly. Chris is our guest, so he should get the good seat.” Kimber walked over to Chris, eyes locked on his crotch. “It’s a really comfortable recliner, Chris. Let me show you.” Kimber walked to the side of the recliner and bent over across his body. Chris could feel her breasts resting on his arm, and see her curvy butt squeezing against her shorts. Kimber grabbed the lever and pulled it, and the chair reclined backwards. The motion pulled Chris’s sweats tightly against his package, outlining every inch of his gargantuan member. “That’s a lot better, isn’t it Chris?”, Kimber asked, seductively.

“Oooh! Lemme get you a plate! “ Tasha bounded up off the couch, grabbing a plate just as Kimber was reaching for it. Kimber glared at her, but returned to the couch, eyes never leaving Chris’s crotch. Tasha filled a plate with heaping portions of all of the food on the coffee table. She bent her tall frame at the waist, rather than at the knees, giving Chris a peek down her shirt with every bend. She walked over to the recliner with his food, staring at his bulging groin with every step. She bent low over Chris, her long hair tickling his face, and laid the plate in his hands. “You let me know whenever you want more, okay?” Tasha walked back to her place on the couch, ignoring the glares from Jen. As she sat down, she elbowed Kimber and Chris could see them both giggling like schoolgirls. Chris felt more than a little self-conscious, but the spaghetti smelled so good…

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**Part 68.**

Benedict Pharmodyne had been extremely generous to Bradford. Terry and Greg discovered (read: Barbie told them) that there was a fully stocked game arcade in the basement of the Student Center. And they decided to try and kill some time there.

"It’ll probably be a couple hours before that kid’s done taming the anaconda." said Terry as they descended the steps, following the throbbing beat of techno music that pulsed from the arcade.

"Seriously? It only took him a couple minutes with us."

"Yeah, but as that stuff starts to soak in, you start to get crazy stamina. I started out just coming once, now when I’m with Crissy or I’m jerking off, I cum like six or seven times. My balls swell up if I don’t cum for a while, too. I haven’t jerked off all day and right now they feel like they’re the size of avocados." he winced with discomfort as he adjusted his package in his shorts.

"Wild. Well don’t start pulling a Chris and jerking off into my clothes."

"Oh... Did you not want me to do that?" Terry suppressed a laugh.

"Do whatever you want, dude, as long as you don’t mind waking up tied to your mattress out on the quad."

They reached the double doors of the arcade and pushed them open, Daft Punk’s *Derezzed* blasted out into the hall.

The arcade was dark and loud, with dozens of arcade cabinets arranged in a rough maze in the large room. Thin laser beams traced the air above their heads and pulsed in tune with the music. A handful of students was scattered among the games.

"And of course there’s only one pool table and it’s taken." said Greg, looking disappointed "Oh hey, it’s Javier."

Javier was crouched over the green felt of the pool table lining up his shot. A bored looking Latino with a shaggy mane of black hair and a neat VanDyke style beard leaned languidly on his cue as he waited for his turn.

They waited for Javier to make his shot before walking up and tapping him on the shoulder.

"Hey! What’s up J-man?" Greg smiled and the pair bro hugged.

"Yo! Greg!" Javier patted him enthusiastically across his broad back.

"This is my roommate, Terry."

Javier broke into a huge grin "Hey! We finally meet! My man! I’ve heard a lot about you, mostly through the walls though eh? EH?" He elbowed Terry in the side repeatedly.

"What’s up?" Terry smiled. More of a gramace, really, as he shifted himself so that Javier’s friendly jostles weren’t hitting his kidneys.

"Nothing compared to you, I’m sure. Here, you guys, this is Nacio. Nacio, these are a couple of studs who’ve been tearing up pussy across campus am I right?"

Nacio pursed his lips and waved using the fewest possible muscles. Terry wondered if he would drop to the ground like a ragdoll if it weren’t for the pool cue propping him up.

Apparently not. After losing interest with Javier’s friends, he lifted up his cue and sidled over to the table. In a smooth, almost liquid motion he knocked the last two stripes into two different pockets, and send the 8 ball spinning toward another corner.

"Ha! You fucked up this time, friend, you didn’t call it."

Nacio said nothing as the 8 ball spun and slowed to a halt, barely a hair from the corner pocket. It teetered on the edge, but didn’t go in.

"¡AH!" Javier cursed "¡Madre de Dios! You’ve beat me again!" he surveyed the table with dismay. There were still three more solids to sink. Nacio shrugged, wordlessly.

"Damn, that’s pretty amazing. You know, I can handle a cue pretty good myself." said Greg, approaching the table to admire Nacio’s ball placement.

"I’m sure ju could." said Nacio, not looking over. Javier raised an eyebrow. This was as many words as Nacio had spoken all day up to that point.

"But I bet you could show me a thing or two." said Greg.

Nacio only flared his nostrils and adjusted his posture, staring at the table.

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Javier clucked his tongue.

"I don’t know how you do it every time, Nacio." he said "I’ll beat you one day, but today is not that day. I should be getting back."

he flipped out his phone and examined the messages.

"So many girls, so little time." he smirked "Poor little thing. I was supposed to meet her a half hour ago. See you later, my friends."

"Later, Javier."

"Later, Dude."

Javier strode out of the arcade, waving back over his shoulder. Greg picked up a pool cue from the rack on the wall and reached into his pocket for change. Without a word, Nacio was already sliding the coins into the drawer with a heavy *ch-chnk*.

"Thanks, dude."

Nacio was already back to pretending the world didn’t exist.

Terry had settled into watching Greg and Nacio play, or rather, watching Nacio kick Greg’s ass when the group gradually became aware of a growing raucous coming from the back of the arcade. It had started to affect Greg’s concentration, though Nacio was unperturbed.

"What the hell is going on back there?" Greg grumbled, unable to concentrate on lining up his shot.

The murmur of voices grew until is was a steady chant.

"Steam-punk! Steam-punk! Steam-punk! STEAM-PUNK!"

"The hell is a ’steampunk’?" wondered Terry. He and Greg left the table to investigate the chanting. Nacio remained and waited patiently by the table for his turn.

The chanting came from a gaggle of students gathered around the Tekken6 machine in the back. In the center of the group, a girl with short, black hair and a brown leather jacket was working the controls so furiously her hands appeared to be nothing but a blur. She was facing the final boss. The screen was on fire with energy beams and explosions as an Asian woman in a red kimono battled some kind of blue dragon.

"Holy shit, are you seeing this!? I don’t believe I’m seeing this!" squealed a spotty nerd wearing coke-bottle glasses.

"She hasn’t taken a single hit the entire game!"

"Go Steampunk, go!"

Terry looked and was surprised to see that, despite the blazing speed at which the characters were moving, Player 1’s life bar was completely full.

One devastating multi-hit combo later and the crowd cheered as the evil boss Azazel was defeated once and for all. A tall kid with his hair combed over his eyes fainted in the excitement.

The girl (who Terry guessed was "Steampunk") wiped a bead of sweat from her brow and blew a lock of hair out of her face. She paused to examine her nails nonchalantly as the credits rolled. She turned around and took a bow.

Terry clapped, too, he was definitely impressed but was somewhat bewildered by the girl’s outfit.

Besides the brown leather jacket, she wore a pair of brown leather gloves and her jacket was open to reveal a Green Lantern shirt underneath. A pair of aviator goggles dangled around her slim neck. She stood a foot shorter than Terry and, apparently, was half Vietnamese. A faint scar traced a line up her left cheek under her eye.

Her eyes rested on Terry for a half beat before she returned to the adulation of the crowd

"Who’s she?" Terry asked the spotty nerd standing next to him.

"Seriously? You’ve never heard of Steampunk?"

"No, is that actually her name?"

"No way. Her real name is Kate Fereliss. I thought everyone knew about her. She’s the master of the arcade."

"I’m a freshman, this is the first time I’ve been in here. Why does she dress like that."

"I dunno. But she pulls it off. That’s why we call her ’Steampunk.’ You know, cuz she dresses steampunk style."

"Of course." Terry had no idea what this guy was talking about. Kate seemed kinda cute, though.

Greg had already returned to being roundly whipped by Nacio. He grunted in frustration as another of his shots failed to yield a point.

Terry yawned.

"Yo, I think Chris is probably done with his business by now." he said.

"If you wanna head back, don’t wait up. I’m gonna keep trying. I almost had him two games ago."

He hadn’t even been close.

"Whatevs." Terry mumbled as Nacio pulled out another dollar bill, ironed completely flat by his ultra-tight, slim jeans. Obviously they were gonna be at it all night.

Terry ambled out of the arcade and headed back towards his dorm.

His cell phone buzzed and he flipped it open. He was surprised to see it was Bruce calling.

"Wassup, big man?"

"Hey, Ter, have you heard from Jeff at all?"

"And hello to you, too. What’s this about Jeff?"

"You never got a package from him or anything? He didn’t call you from the hospital?"

"Woah woah woah, slow down. Start at the beginning. Jeff’s in the hospital!? Is he okay?"

"Yeah, he’s fine. It’s just a cracked rib."

"What was he doing that he could get a cracked rib? Dude never leaves his trailer."

"Yeah, it’s crazy. Apparently last night someone broke into his Winnebago and smashed up the place. He shot the guy but not before he took a crowbar to the ribs."

"Woah! What the fuck!? Jeff killed someone? Badass."

"No, the attacker escaped. They’re still searching for him. He never contacted you?"

"No, dude, I’ve been in class and practice all day. This is some crazy shit you’re laying down. If this happened last night, why’re you only telling me now?"

"I only just found out. Jeff’s not real good about remembering to keep in touch. I only know because he apparently gave the hospital my contact info and they finally got around to giving me a courtesy call."

"What a douche. So he’s fine?"

"Yeah, but he says he sent you a box full of his entire supply of the cream. He says ’it’ll be safe with you’."

"Dude, if he just sent the box today, how would I have gotten it by tonight?"

"I dunno, he says he sent it express."

"Wait, his entire supply of cream? Coming here? What the hell am I supposed to do with it?"

"My recommendation is flush the damn stuff down the toilet." said Bruce, bitterly.

"How much did he send?"

"I dunno, he’s been making the stuff nonstop all week. Probably a lot."

"Damn." Terry’s thoughts began to churn "Thanks for the heads up, I’ll keep an eye out..."

"No worries."

"So, you Big Man on Campus yet?"

"Ha! You shouldv’e seen the looks on the faces of the Lacrosse team in the locker room yesterday."

"I think I can imagine."

"Anyway, Jeff’s okay. I’ll talk to you later. I’ve got homework to do. And when you get the cream, don’t fuck with it!"

"Right. Later dude."

Terry flipped his phone shut and walked the rest of the way back to his dorm completely lost in thought.

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**Part 69.**

Chris devoured the first plate with gusto, almost inhaling his food. He shoveled in a second from Tasha, and a third from Kimber, before any of the girls had even finished their plates. Tasha brought him a fourth plate that finished off the entire pan, as well as the remainder of the loaf of garlic bread. Kimber refilled his glass of soda several times. Chris could feel his stomach starting to bulge, first pleasantly, then almost uncomfortably tightly. He continued to gorge himself, though, not even noticing the stares from all three women. *This is soooo good. I was starving!*

As the uncomfortable fullness in his round belly began to subside, a familiar, pleasant fullness started to tingle in his balls. *Now I can really start eating.* Kimber and Tasha’s eyes widened, and they stared even more closely at Chris. Jen got up and walked out of the room without a word.

When she returned, she had the entire second tray of baked spaghetti in one hand, and the second loaf of garlic bread in the other. Kneeling down, Jen plopped the tray on Chris’s full, round tummy and laid the buttery loaf on his shirt. She took the plate out of his hand, and returned the fork to him. “My big boy’s not full yet, is he?” She patted his balls gently and smiled knowingly at Tasha and Kimber.

“No. I’m really hungry.” said Chris around a mouthful from the second tray. “Everything is so good; I just can’t get enough.” All three girls watched him devour the food as his ballsack began to bulge larger and larger. *I can’t get enough of* ***anything****! I want more, more,* ***more****!*

By the time Chris had polished off the second tray of spaghetti, the loaf of bread, and all of the salad and slaw, his massive balls were substantially larger. He wasn’t nearly at his full size, but the sweats were already uncomfortably tight . Jen took the tray from him as he rubbed his protruding belly. “About ready for dessert, sweetie?” She looked at him expectantly.

“Wow! That sounds great. What’s for dessert?” Chris heard a gasp from both Kimber and Tasha. Jen walked into the kitchen, and Chris took the respite to adjust himself, shifitng his taut tummy and spreading his legs more to give his swelling balls more room. Kimber and Tasha leaned forward and dug their nails into each others knees. He turned away from them and smiled. Jen returned with an enormous cheesecake.

“I don’t think I want any, Chris, but you can share this with Kimber and Tasha.” She looked at the girls.

“Oh, I couldn’t eat any,” said Tasha. “I’ve got to watch my figure.”

“Me, too,” replied Kimber. “You go ahead.”

“Good,” purred Jen. “I only grabbed one fork, anyway.” She plunked the cheesecake down on Chris’s fat belly and stuck the fork in it. “Dig in, sweetie pie. I don’t want you hungry later.” Chris brought the entire cheesecake up to his lips and started shoveling pieces into his mouth. Jen watched him for a second, amused, and then turned back to the kitchen. “I’ll be back in just a minute. You two keep an eye on him, okay?” The girls nodded rapidly, never taking their eyes off him.

There was a bit of a clatter in the kitchen, but Chris was focused on his dessert. As he swallowed huge bites of the creamy cheesecake as quickly as he could bring them to his mouth, he looked over at Jen’s roommates. Neither of them noticed him doing so, as both Kimber and Tasha were totally enthralled with the swelling spectacle in his sweats. *They both want to see me grow too! All three of them like it!* The thought made Chris aroused, and he realized that his fat shaft was starting to wake up as well. Kimber and Tasha hadn’t noticed yet, but it wouldn’t be long. *I better give my audience a good show.* Chris attacked the cheesecake with newfound determination.

By the time Jen returned, Chris had wolfed down about half of the cheesecake. His balls were fat and heavy, and his cock had begun to push insistently against the material of his sweatpants. Jen walked in, and her eyes widened. She smiled and sashayed over to Chris. “Looks like somebody’s enjoying his meal.” She rubbed his arm softly. “And everybody else is enjoying the show.”

“I am. I am.”, Chris mumbled between bites. “This is great, Jen. I love it.”

“There’s more where that came from, sweetie pie. You’re not the only one loving it.” She ambled over to the couch and squeezed her way into the space nearest Chris. “So, girls, what do you think of Chris?”

“He seems nice.” said Kimber, dreamily.

“He should come over more often,” said Tasha.

As Chris used his finger to gather up the last crumbs of cheesecake off the plate, he could smell something delicious. Though his bloated stomach was aching and stretched, his mouth started to water. “Man, what smells so good?”

Jen smiled widely. “That would be the cookies, silly.” She turned to her roommates. “Kimber, could you go grab the batch of cookies I was baking? Tasha, there should be a half-gallon of ice cream softening on the counter, too. Could you guys bring those back for Chris?” The two girls nearly fell over each other in their rush to comply.

Jen leaned over and whispered to Chris. “So, I think my roommates like you.”

Chris rubbed his stomach contentedly. “They’re both really pretty.”

“As pretty as me?” Jen asked, a little defensively.

“I’ve never seen a girl as pretty as you, Jen. Besides, neither one of them is nearly as stacked as you are, either.” He poked her in the arm, and she gave him a pretend scowl.

Kimber and Tasha returned from the kitchen, one holding a huge tub of ice cream and a big spoon, the other with a platter heaped with soft, gooey chocolate chip cookies. They flanked Chris on either side of the couch. They both knelt down.

“Here’s some more dessert for you, Chris. I hope you have room for it.” said Kimber, looking at the gigantic package swelling in his pants.

“You’ve really been putting it away,” said Tasha. “Maybe you should take a break…” Jen glared at her and motioned for her to zip her mouth “…and let us feed you for a change.” Kimber grabbed the recliner lever and yanked it. Chris leaned backwards in the chair unexpectedly, and Tasha popped a huge spoonful of ice cream in his mouth as he gasped in surprise. Before he could even swallow it all, Kimber smooshed a gooey cookie into his mouth as well. Jen watched in amazement.

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The two girls alternated feeding Chris, Tasha first spooning giant portions of cookie dough ice cream into his mouth, then Kimber forcing him to take huge bites of the gigantic cookies Jen had prepared. Chris barely had time to chew and swallow before the girls were insistently tapping his mouth with the next portion. *Oh, my god! They really want to see me get bigger! They really like this!* His cock began to swell even faster as he realized all three girls were clustered around him.

“That’s it, sweetie pie. Get nice and big for us, uh, me.” Jen stroked his hair lovingly and leaned it to whisper into his ear. “Show ‘em what my big boy can do.” Chris redoubled his efforts, leaning forward to gulp down each spoonful and cramming a whole cookie in his mouth each time. His dick started to balloon up in earnest, already swelling past twenty four inches in length, with no signs of slowing.

By the time Chris had consumed all of the cookies and ice cream, his balls were huge and swollen, stretching out the entire crotch of the sweat pants. His colossal prick had grown enormously, stretching all the way down one leg of the sweats. He could feel his cockhead resting against his right ankle. *I’m not all the way hard. if I get much bigger, it’s going to pop out down there. I’m not sure how I’m going to walk as it is.* Both Tasha and Kimber were hovering over him, flush with anticipation. Jen seemed satisfied to watch how aroused her roommates had become.

“Can we get you something else, Chris?”, Tasha asked eagerly.

“I’m sure there’s something else in the pantry you can eat,” added Kimber.

“Actually, I think I’m full, ladies. I’m not sure I have room for another bite.” Chris patted his stomach with both hands. He could feel the swelling there subsiding, accompanied by a more pleasant swelling lower down. “That was fantastic.”

“Okay, girls. I think that’s our cue.” Jen stood up and grabbed Chris’s hand. “Come on, sweetie pie. I think it’s probably time for some private time for us.” She straddled the recliner and grabbed his other hand, giving him a good view of her large, firm breasts down her shirt. She leaned back and pulled. “Oooof!”

Chris struggled to stand up from the recliner. He could barely make it. His balls had nearly grown back to their full ten pounds each, and his gargantuan monster added over twenty pounds to throw him off balance, and it was still growing. Plus, he couldn’t bend his right leg at all, thanks to the huge pole in his pants. As he finally regained a vertical position, his broad cockhead tried to push its way out of the bottom of his pants. The massive weight of his ballsack pulled down the waistband of his sweats, almost giving a peek at the thick root of his prick as well.

“You girls will clean up, right?” asked Jen meaningfully, as she licked her lips and admired her man. *Just got to get him down the hall and he’s* ***all*** *mine.*

“I guess we can handle it,” said Kimber, reluctantly. She moved closer to Chris. “We usually do pizza on Friday after Jen gets off work. You should come over tomorrow and hang out with us.” She gave Chris a very affectionate hug, her breasts pressing pleasantly against his torso. “Unless you have something better to do on Friday night…”

Tasha elbowed her out of the way. “I’m cooking on Saturday night, Chris.” She hugged him as well, but she wrapped one long leg around him and ground her pelvis against his crotch. Tasha whispered in his ear. “I’ll make **sure** there’s plenty to satisfy you.” Chris almost grabbed her butt on the spot. His dick surged outward, almost forcing his cockhead out the leg of his sweats. He had to stand on tiptoe now.

“Tasha!” Jen pulled her roommate off her boyfriend. “What’s gotten into you?”

“I know what I’d like to get into me…” she replied, lustily.

“Tasha!” Jen stood in front of the taller girl with arms akimbo. “Chris is **my** boyfriend.”

Tasha had the good sense to look abashed. She dropped her gaze. “Sorry.” Then she perked up again. “Weren’t you the one that said that roommates needed to be comfortable sharing?”

“That was Kimber!”, objected Jen.

“It’s still good advice,” offered Kimber, hopefully.

“Come on, Chris.” Jen dragged him out of the room as he struggled to walk.

“What’s she going to do with all that, anyway?”, Tasha asked Kimber. Kimber looked back at her incredulously. “Dogs chase cars. What do they do when they catch one?”

“Yeah, I hadn’t thought about that. What **do** you do with a guy that big?” Kimber’s brow furrowed in thought.

“I bet I can find out,” said Tasha.

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**Part 70.**

Thursday night, Jen’s place, about 8pm:

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“What are you talking about?", demanded Kimber.

“Shush. Follow me.” Tasha beckoned Kimber with her finger, and indicated she should follow into her room. Once inside the taller girl’s bedroom, Tasha motioned Kimber to a spot on the bed as she woke up her laptop. She made a couple of selections on the computer, and an image appeared on the screen of Jen and Chris in the bedroom.

“What? How did you do that?” Kimber seemed surprised, but had difficulty taking her eyes off the gigantic boner tenting out of Chris’s pants. There was sound, but it was very faint and hard to hear.

“I remotely activated her laptop’s webcam. Good thing she had it open and pointed the right way. Shame her laptop’s not closer to the bed.” Tasha watched eagerly, but Chris only sat down awkwardly on the bed. Jen pulled her t-shirt over her head. “Damn! I know she’s got us both beat in the boob department, but wow! I’d kill for a rack like that!”

“She is really busty…Wait a minute! Are you watching me on my webcam too?” Kimber spun Tasha around on her chair.

“No way. Why would I do that? When you have a boy over, all you do is cuddle and talk about your feelings. Boooooring.” Tasha rolled her eyes and turned her chair back around. “Oh, Jen’s got her pants off now. Those panties are soooo cute!”

“Oh, okay….hey! How would you know that if you weren’t spying on me too?!?” Kimber’s outrage was interrupted by Jen peeling Chris’s shirt off. “Oooh! He does have a nice body. Not big, but nice. I’d like to run my hands over his chest like that.”

“I’m not watching you on webcam **any more**. That’s what you asked, right?” Tasha leaned in towards the screen as Jen peeled the sweatpants off Chris. “Showtime!”

“**Oh my God**!” Both girls squealed in unison, as the thick, thirty inch length of Chris’s gigantic cock was revealed in its entirety. Jen and Chris seemed to start at the sound, and both Tasha and Kimber clapped their hands over their mouths, eyes wide.

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“Did you hear something?, asked Chris, interrupted in his staring at Jen’s full breasts. *Please, no interruptions. Need sex now.*

Jen turned back from looking over her shoulder. “It’s just Tasha and Kimber arguing, as usual. Nothing to worry about, sweetie pie.”

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Tasha and Kimber watched Jen push Chris’s massive, erect shaft slightly out of the way and start kissing him passionately. The slender Korean wrapped his arms around her and held her close as he returned her deep, probing kisses. Chris pulled her even closer to him, and Jen pulled her right leg up and over his towering rod. Her pert buttocks now rested against the top of his colossal dick. The two continued kissing with such wild abandon that it almost looked like they were trying to consume each other.

“Wow! Look at them go! I wish I had a guy that would kiss me like that,” said Kimber, dreamily. “That’s so romantic.”

Tasha noticed Jen’s dainty feet moving. While devouring Chris with kisses, Jen curled her legs back and rested her feet on the underside of Chris’s massive cock, squeezing and massaging his swollen shaft between her soles and her butt. “Damn that girl can multi-task! She should be better at videogames! Look how teenie her toes look next to that monster!”

“I’m not sure we should be watching this, Tasha. I mean, I’m curious, but this is private between Jen and Chris.” Kimber looked away from the screen.

“Oooh, she’s spreading lube all over that huge wang of his. I bet she’s gonna go through a whole bottle on that beast.” Tasha seemed unconvinced by Kimber’s argument.

“Tasha, I’m serious. We shouldn’t be watching th—Oh my God, is she going to give him head?!?” Kimber almost shoved Tasha out of her chair as she lunged forward to get a better view. After spreading the lube all over Chris’s massive shaft, Jen had seated herself on his stomach and was stroking his gigantic member with obvious enthusiasm. She suddenly leaned back and pulled Chris’s massive cockhead towards her mouth. Though it was far too large for her to engulf entirely, Jen began to lick and suck his head, focusing her attention on his substantial cock slit.

“Well, she’s not going to deep throat him, that’s for sure. That thing is bigger than her head! Tasha crossed her legs in her chair, squirming with excitement. “This is better than porn. You don’t need any camera tricks to make Chris look huge. Jen better watch out, though. As full as Chris’s balls look, she’s gonna get a lot more than a pearl necklace.”

“Chris got her a necklace? Aw, that’s swee — Ew! That’s gross, Tasha!” Kimber wrinkled her nose in disgust. “Chris wouldn’t do that. He seems nice.”

“Thar he blows!,” shouted Tasha, pointing. Chris’s whole body bucked upward, but before the immense surge of cum could shoot out of his cock, Jen fastened her mouth firmly over his cock slit. To Tasha and Kimber’s increasing amazement, Jen gulped frantically again and again, her throat visibly bulging with the huge quantity of cum being pumped in a seemingly endless supply from Chris’s bloated nutsack.

“Woohooo! Look at her go! I’ve never seen any girl swallow like that!” Tasha pumped her fist in the air. “Of course, I’ve never seen any girl who needed to swallow like that.”

“Oh, look! I think she’s done.” Kimber pointed to the screen, where a flushed Jen was gasping for air. “I wonder what he tasted like?”

“Must have been pretty good,” replied Tasha. “She’s going back for seconds.” The girls watched as Jen again locked her lips around Chris’s slit and began to suck furiously, squeezing his massive shaft with her hands as she did so. Jen continued to drain Chris’s anaconda for quite some time, until finally stopping and licking both her lips, and his cock, quite clean.

“Ohmigosh! Look! She has a little belly, like Chris did!” Kimber pointed out Jen’s distended stomach, full of Chris’s seed. “That’s so cute, like matching shirts!”.

“You are one weird little girl, Kimber,” said Tasha, rolling her eyes. “Chris still looks like he’s about to pop. I wonder if she’s got room for more?”

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**Part 71.**

(Jen’s apartment, Thursday, about 8:30 pm)

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Jen rubbed her taut little tummy. “Whew, sweetie! If I had known there would be that much, I’d have skipped dinner. I’m stuffed!”. She sat down next to him on the bed, then laid down, resting her head on his arm. “I’m so full! Oof!”

“Sorry, Jen. I’m just really full to bursting, and tonight’s been pretty exciting. I didn’t mean to unload like that.” *I meant to unload in you, but I had no idea there would be that much! I must have cum at least a quart!*

“No, no apologies, Chris. That was awesome! You taste sooo good, I wish I could take more.” She patted him right above his massive boner. “I wish I could take a lot more. I really like that little thing you asked me to do. I felt like I was getting all of the frosting out of a cake decorator. Did one of your girlfriends do that for you?”

Chris blushed. “Uh, no. It was this one-time thing, but she was really wild.”

“Well, she knew what she was doing.” Jen licked her lips again and rubbed her belly with satisfaction. “That really hit the spot.” She rolled over on her side and reached for his massive prick again. “Now that Jen is satisfied, let’s see if we can satisfy li’l ol’ Chris.”

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“She’s back in the saddle! I knew she had stamina!” Tasha nudged Kimber, who had been daydreaming after Jen stopped licking Chris’s huge member. “I know I promised Jen, but I’m recording this time! I can’t believe I didn’t save that last one to disc.”

“You weren’t taping?!? We can’t watch that again?”, cried Kimber plaintively.

“I though you said it was **wrong?** What happened to your scruples?” teased Tasha as she altered the settings on her laptop, never taking her eyes off the scene on the screen.

“Well, I, mean, Jen really seemed to like it, and Chris, and….Oh, hell! He’s just so **big!** I wanna see everything!” Kimber bounced up and down with excitement.

“I wanna do more than see it…” murmured Tasha, licking her lips.

The two roommates were glued to the screen as Jen deftly handled Chris again and again, bringing him to one massive orgasm after another. First, Jen used just her hands to massage his towering organ, rubbing, squeezing, and caressing the fat shaft until Chris erupted into another of Jen’s towels. She was more circumspect in her snacking, and only licked a few choice morsels off his fat, reddish cockhead, before returning to her task.

Then Jen laid back on Chris’s chest and brought his huge prick up between her legs. She squeezed it with her thighs and calves while cuddling it between her full, round breasts, tickling the underside of his shaft with her delicate hands. Tasha, in particular, seemed quite taken with this maneuver, and slipped one hand into her own panties in sympathy. “Oooh! Just one more girl and we could have a Chris sandwich.” Jen barely got her towel in position to avoid being drenched in a pint of sticky spunk. “With extra mayo, I see.”

To Kimber and Tasha’s surprise, Chris and Jen then swapped position, Jen lying down on the bed, and Chris crouching over her, his massive log positioned between both her legs, and her breasts. “Wow. I didn’t think he could move with that thing,” said Kimber. “I thought he was pinned under the weight.” Chris began to pump his slim hips, thrusting his colossal rod between Jen’s thighs, and sliding it between the valley of her breasts. “Gosh. I think I would be scared to see that thing coming up towards my face.” Jen, however, seemed quite excited, and hugged Chris’s cock with her arms as it pistoned up and down. At the top of each stroke, she gave it an affectionate kiss, or a rather messy slurp with her tongue.

“She better be worried about catching a load in her hair,” responded Tasha. “I wonder if they custom-make condoms in “I can barely walk” sizes?”. Chris’s thrusts became more intense, and Jen was a bit more cautious this time with a towel, managing to corral his voluminous spray of jizz quite neatly.

Chris leaned back, lifting his gargantuan boner like a derrick, and Jen rolled over on her stomach, then rose to a crouch. Chris backed up, then backed up a bit further, and eased his fuckstick between her thighs. “Oh, that really looks good from this angle,” critiqued Tasha. “It almost looks like he’s penetrating her.” She continued to caress herself, but didn’t seem to notice Kimber shyly putting one hand into her own panties as well.

“Yeah. That looks really nice.”, the smaller girl replied. Jen was unable to wrap her arms around Chris’s cock in this position, as she had to use them to support herself off the bed. However, Chris seemed to come to a quick solution, and grabbed the pillows, sandwiching them between his oversized member and Jen’s petite torso. That seemed to be more comfortable for both of them, and Chris’s thrusts immediately became more energetic. Jen’s entire body was rocking back and forth with his motion, and his bloated ballsack bounced against her thighs with each thrust of his hips. Jen seemed to forget what she was doing, losing herself in the rhythm, and Chris almost shot a huge gout of cum all over the head of her bed before she could whip a towel up to intercept it. The close call seemed to amuse her, and Jen collapsed with laughter, falling onto Chris’s gigantic cock. The sudden drop caused Chris to jump, but evidently not in pain. He joined in her amusment, laughing along as Jen rolled around on his thirty inch dick, kissing it and giggling.

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“Ha, ha, ha! This is like having my own amusement park! I get to go on all the rides for free! Wheee!” Jen planted a kiss on Chris’s broad cockhead, taking the opportunity to slurp a little more of his delicious cum into her mouth. “Plus, all I can eat!”

Chris laughed along. “And no lines!”

Jen rolled slightly to one side and looked back at him over her shoulder. “Oh, believe me, if anyone knew how much fun this was, there would be lines. Of course, some times it’s fun to go to Disney World with a group…”

“You and Tasha and Kimber could get your picture taken on the Log Flume ride!” said Chris, lifting his fat log with both hands as Jen rolled onto her back. He thumped it down on her stomach audibly. “I bet I could get all of your clothes soaked!”

Jen squealed girlishly, “Don’t get my hair wet! I just got it done!”, then dissolved into a giggle fit.

“Seriously, Jen. I feel bad. I’m having all the fun and you are doing all the work. Could I maybe take care of you for a change?” Chris stroked her hips, tugging at her soaking wet panties.

“Chris, you don’t know how long I’ve fantasized about doing this. I’m having a great time! You don’t have to wor—“, Jen seemed to get what Chris was offering. He smiled broadly, and her own lips curled up in a smile as well. “Why, Chris, I do declare. How gentlemanly of you to offer.” Jen lifted her bottom off the bed, and allowed him to slip her panties down her legs, then off her feet. He was almost drooling.

“I’m gonna be honest, Jen. I don’t have a lot of experience with this, so tell me what you would li—”. Chris’s words were muffled as Jen grabbed his head with both hands and plunged it between her legs.

“Don’t you worry, sweetie pie. I’ll show you exactly what I like.” Jen’s voice took on a deeper, throatier sound. “I’m sure you’ll do fine, considering how you kiss. Anyhow, practice makes perfect.” She tilted her head back and began writhing her hips. “Lots and lots of practice.”

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“Ohmigod! Look at him go!” shouted Tasha. “I can’t believe he’s still hungry after all he ate!” She began to caress herself with both hands, completely unabashed.

“He looks like he’s starving. She’s so lucky!” Kimber pulled her own panties down and began masturbating herself vigorously as well.

As Chris’s amateurish, but enthusiastic ministrations brought Jen to a screaming climax, her voice drowned out the cries of pleasure from the room down the hall. Jen, trembling with exhaustion, reached over and turned off her table lamp, sending the screen of Tasha’s computer into darkness. Tasha and Kimber, sprawled across the chair and bed respectively, looked at each other with hesitation. Finally, Kimber broke the awkward moment by leaning forward and planting a deep, open-mouthed kiss on Tasha. “See, I **told** you roomies should share.”

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**Part 72.**

(Jen’s apartment, Thursday/Friday, a little after midnight):

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Chris woke up that night with a strong need to pee. He struggled to get out of bed without waking Jen. As he stood up, his flaccid cock hung long and heavy between his legs, curving over his ballsack and flopping against his knee. His nuts were still full and fat, though about half the size they were after dinner last night. Chris contemplated squeezing back into his sweats, but instead carefully cracked the door open. The hallway was quiet and dark. Jen’s roommates seemed to both be asleep. He padded quietly down the hall to the bathroom, fumbling for the light switch. After turning it on, he shut the door and walked across the cool tile floor to the toilet. He hefted his wang with both hands, lifting the end over the toilet seat, then allowed it to rest. *I don’t have to remember to put the seat up anymore. I can just let my dick dangle in the toilet. Good thing I’m not any bigger, or I’d be long enough to get it wet doing this.* Chris relaxed and urinated, the stream taking much longer to work its way down his huge shaft. After finishing, Chris stepped to the sink to wash his hands, but had another idea. Running the water until it got warm, Chris lifted his anaconda over the edge of the sink, and piled it into the basin, the lip of the sink cool against his colossal sack. He grabbed the soap pump and lathered up his hands, then scrubbed his entire python clean of any lingering lube. He finished by toweling off both his gargantuan prick and his hands. Letting his freshly washed dick flop back between his legs, Chris opened the door to return to Jen’s bed. Tasha was standing in front of him, wearing only a pair of tiny purple panties and a smile.

“Shhhhh.”, she instructed Chris, with a single long finger pressed against her lips. Her mouth was wider than Jen’s, her lips not quite as full. She reached down with one hand to grasp his shaft, then realized that even limp, Chris’s massive girth was too much for her to encircle with one hand. Dropping her second hand from her mouth, she gently grasped his prick just below the head, and gently tugged him forward. As she led him down the hall by his cock, Chris admired her tall, slender body. Tasha’s wide mouth was complimented by her high cheekbones and strong, but not too large nose. Her eyelashes were full and long, and her straight black hair cascaded down her slim back, and curled over her pert breasts. Not as nearly busty as Jen, Tasha nonetheless had beautiful breasts, their milky white flesh capped with erect pink nipples. Though taller than Jen, she seemed even slimmer, and Chris could see hints of her ribs on her slim torso. Her hip bones protruded a bit, though not unattractively. Tasha was more slender than Jen, although she still had a cute butt, barely concealed by the tiny panties she was wearing. Her legs were long and slender, trailing down to slim feet with long toes, topped with shiny purple toenails. Chris admired Tasha from head to toe as she dragged him down the hall away from the light of the bathroom.

He finally dug in his heels, feeling the tugging on his prick increase momentarily. “Tasha,” he whispered. “I’m not sure we should be doing this.”

Tasha stopped and turned around, reversing her grip on his member again. She raised his cockhead slowly, tracing it lightly across her panties, then up her stomach and torso and between her breasts. She lifted it to her mouth and ran her long tongue up the bottom of his cockhead before kissing him on the cock slit, her nostrils flaring as she did so. “Really?”

Chris could feel his dick surging to attention. “I don’t know what the hell I’m saying. After you.” He motioned to the doorway.

“That’s Kimber’s room, silly.” Tasha exhaled a warm breath on his rapidly swelling cock. “Mine’s right down here.” She tightened her grip on his member and, walking backward, dragged him down the hall and into her bedroom.

Once inside, Tasha continued to pull him towards her bed. Chris barely was able to reach behind him and swing the door shut before Tasha had seated herself on the bed and was drawing him towards her eagerly. Chris’s cock had already ballooned to the point where she could barely encircle its girth with both of her long, slim hands, and it showed no signs of stopping. Tasha began to lick his huge, fat cockhead hungrily, her tongue much longer than Jen’s. “Time for my midnight snack. I’m soooo hungry, Chris.”

Chris’s knees almost buckled with the intense sensations Tasha was producing on his cock. She lifted it and licked underneath it, then planted soft, nibbling kisses along part of the shaft. He grabbed for her desk chair and scooted it underneath his butt, startling himself as he sat in a cool wet spot on the seat. Tasha only stopped for a second, then yanked Chris and the wheeled chair across the carpet, using only his huge pole. “Mmmmmmm. I want dessert **now**, Chris.” She began to lap at his cock more insistently, surprising Chris with her enthusiasm. Tasha began to nip at him and nibble on his firm prick, causing Chris to yelp and moan. She opened her mouth wide, as if to take a bite out of his dick, and gently grazed her teeth across his sensitive skin, flicking his cock with her hot tongue as she did so.

*Ohhh, God! This feels sooooo good.* Chris could feel his entire cock pulsing with anticipation. *I want her soooo bad right now*. Tasha looked at him, writhing on the chair with desire, his head leaned back in ecstasy. She suddenly stopped pleasuring his cock, causing Chris to look at her and whimper in frustration. “What’s wrong?”, he asked, pleadingly. His gigantic schlong rose and fell with his every panting breath, visibly pulsing with desire.

“Nothing’s wrong, Chris. I just wanted you to watch me when I did this.” Tasha opened her mouth wide, her tongue protruding hungrily, and, grabbing a double handful of his cock, forced as much of his huge cockhead into her mouth as she could. "Mmmmmmph!"

“Aaaaaaaaargh!” Chris clenched the chair tighly with his arms as his whole torso contracted with a massive orgasm. His huge ballsack began pumping a flood of cum up through his shaft, and Tasha sucked it all down greedily. Her slender cheeks bulged out with the massive load of jizz that he produced, but she never wavered. Pulse after pulse after pulse, Tasha guzzled his cum down insatiably. When his climax finally subsided after a dozen gigantic spurts, Tasha allowed herself a gasping breath of air.

“Ohhhh! Chris, that tastes soooo good! I gotta have just a little more.” Tasha affixed her soft, wide mouth over his cockslit, and began sucking hungrily, as her long arms reached out, and began to methodically squeeze and knead every drop from his colossal rod. Tasha continued to slurp and suck on Chris’s cock until she coudn’t extract another ounce of spunk, then licked her lips . She watched his reaction the whole time. “Mmmmm! That’s the stuff.” She patted her tummy, which was bulging visibly, having been even flatter than Jen’s before. She rubbed her belly bulge with both hands with delight. “You filled me up in one go, Chris!”

Tasha stood up, and Chris watched her, mesmerized. She stepped over his towering dick, and grasped it firmly. She used it as a rudder to turn Chris around in the chair, pointing him at the door. Then she bent down, her long, black hair draped across his bare chest. Tasha gave him a long, sensual kiss, exploring every nook and cranny of his mouth with her probing tongue. She then pulled back. “You should probably go back to bed before Jen wakes up, stud.” She stood up and opened the door.

Chris stood up awkwardly, off balance with his massive erection throbbing in front of him. He started to say something, but Tasha, tilting her head, hid her face behind her hair. *Man, what do I do now?* He waddled into the hall, balls swaying heavily between his legs, and dick bobbing insistently in front of him. As Tasha closed the door, she whispered, “Come again soon, Chris."

Chris walked down the hall, almost whimpering with desire. As he padded past Kimber’s room barefoot, the door suddenly swung open. “Oh! Chrissy-poo!”

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**Part 73.**

(Jen’s apartment, Friday morning, about 12:30 am)

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Kimber flew into his arms, clad only in a short T-shirt and boxers, both pink. She wrapped her arms around him and started babbling, punctuating each sentence with a kiss. “You were thinking about me, weren’t you?” Kiss. “I knew it!” Kiss. “I was thinking about you, too!” Kiss. “I’m so glad you were brave enough to act on your feelings.” Kiss. “I was too shy!” Kiss. Kimber finally stopped long enough to draw breath, and gasped as she took a good look at Chris’s gigantic, fully engorged member. “It’s **so big**!”. She flung her arms around his neck and pulled him down into a passionate, open-mouthed kiss. Chris could no longer resist her, and cupped Kimber’s full, curvy butt with both hands. With a gasp of delight, she jumped up, wrapping her legs around his waist.“I knew you wanted me too, Chrissy-poo!”.

Chris could barely stand up. Kimber wasn’t a big girl; she was right about Jen’s size, though she was a little curvier in the butt, hips, and legs, and a little smaller up top. However, between her weight, the twenty seven pounds of his massive hard-on, and the heft of his partially depleted balls, Chris’s legs were trembling. He managed to stagger into her room, before collapsing onto the pink comforter covering her bed. Kimber rolled to stay sitting on top of him, and began raining soft kisses all over his face, neck, and chest.

“Oh, you carried me across the threshold! How romantic! You’re sooooo sweet, Chrissy-poo! Kimber gazed adoringly into his eyes, batting her brown ones back at him. She dove back down onto his chest, burying her head against his neck. Her full, curly hair smelled of flowery perfume. She rolled to one side, snuggling against his body, and looked down at his towering erection. “Since you’re showing **me** how much you like me, I guess I should do the same, Chrissy-poo.”

Kimber sat up and peeled her pink T-shirt over her head, revealing a pink bra, filled to the brim with her bouncy breasts. Though smaller than Jen, Kimber was probably a full C cup, and she unfastened her bra and smiled as Chris stared at her bare boobs with lust. She bit her lower lip shyly, then stood up on the bed, and slid her boxers off her full hips, revealing all of her creamy cocoa skin, and her carefully manicured muff. Kimber stepped over to Chris’s cock and ran her hands lovingly over the head. “You’re soooo big, Chrissy-poo! Nobody’s even been this big for me! You must really like me a lot!” Chris nodded mutely, overcome with longing.

“Oh, Chrissy-poo!” Kimber dropped to her knees, causing Chris’s cock to sway crazily. “I feel the same way! I want you so much that I can hardly speak!” She jumped back onto him, her breasts pressing against his chest. As Chris explored her bubble butt with his hands, Kimber kissed him again and again, cooing and sighing.

Chris moaned with pent-up desire, and Kimber halted her love talk, looking at him with wide eyes. “Oh, Chrissy-poo! How selfish of me! You’re so **hard.**” She gazed at his dick in amazement. “You need release, and I’m thinking only of my wants, my needs.” Kimber assumed a kneeling position and wrapped both arms around Chris’s colossal cock. “Let me satisfy your urges, Chrissy-poo.” Kimber began to lick his shaft, at first, delicately, like sampling an ice cream cone, then with increased enthusiasm. “Mmmmm. Chrissy-poo tastes so nice.”

At Chris’s subtle urging, Kimber walked on her knees across his body, so that her curvy butt was directly facing him. As she continued to lap at his member, Chris caressed her butt cheeks and began to gently stroke her labia. “Ohhhh, Chrissy-poo! You know exactly what I like! It’s like you can read my mind.” Kimber pulled his gigantic shaft to her, squeezing it against her soft breasts and dripping snatch. “I know what **you** like, too.” She opened her small mouth as wide as possible, and, with a gasp, planted her mouth over Chris’s enormous cock slit. As she sucked voraciously, her tongue teased at his slit again and again. Chris couldn’t hold back any longer.

“Kim-berrrrrr!”, he tried to gasp out a warning as a volcanic eruption of cum shot through his thick shaft. Kimber, forewarned by the bulge of jizz traveling up his rod, buckled down and held on. She was able to gulp down the first volley of cum as it blasted out of his cock, but the second surged into her mouth before she could swallow again, causing her cheeks to distend like a chipmunk’s. With an audible gulp, Kimber forced down her second load of spunk in time for the third to fill her mouth almost to overflowing again. The process continued until Kimber had forced down twelve full servings of Chris’s cum, swallowing each one barely in the nick of time.

She finally released her grip on his cock and gasped frantically for breath. “Oh, Chrissy-poo!”, she panted. “You’re almost too much for me.” After a few deep breaths, Kimber added, “Almost.” She looked back over her shoulder and smiled at him. “I’m sure I’ll get used to it soon.” She then turned back to his gigantic erection and licked her lips. “A girl never gives up on her man.” She began to squeeze his bloated cock between her thighs and massage it with her hands. As the thick spunk still in his shaft was forced upwards, she began to hungrily lick it off his cockhead. “You taste soooo good! Om, nom, nom!” Once Kimber could no longer squeeze any more jizz out of his slit, she brought it back to her mouth, and began sucking hungrily, slurping the last of his load down with delight.

Releasing his cock, Kimber fell onto the bed at his side. “Oh, Chrissy-poo!” she announced, dramatically. “You’ve filled me to the brim with your love!” She patted her round tummy, filled with a pint or more of Chris’s cum. “Now I know true satisfaction.” She nuzzled against his shoulder for a moment. “Does Jen know about our secret love, Chrissy-poo? Must I hide my feelings from her, or does she share my passion?”

*Holy crap! Jen! What if she woke up?* Chris bolted upright, smacking himself in the face with his huge, hard erection. “Uh, I should go check on her and see. I’m not sure that she knows about, uh, how we feel about each other.” He struggled to his feet.

Kimber spread her ams and wriggled luxuriously on the bed. “I’ll try to restrain my forbidden passion, Chrissy-poo, but I don’t think it can be denied for long. Maybe your love can shatter the bonds of convention and unite us in ecstasy.”

“Uh, yeah. That would be great, Kimber. I’ll see if I can do that.” Chris eased his naked body out of her room.

“Goodbye, Chrissy-poo, or rather, farewell untll tomorrow.” Kimber called softly.

Chris tiptoed down the hall and quietly opened the door to Jen’s bedroom. “Chris! Where have you been, sweetie? I woke up and you were gone.” Chris could faintly see Jen sitting up in bed, naked and pouting.

“Had to go to the bathroom,” Chris explained, pointing behind him towards the toilet.

“Oh, okay. I’m glad you’re up.” She gestured at his full erection. Jen patted her stomach and licked her lips. “Jen wants **more**.”

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Chris was wobbly and tired. *I’ve cum nineteen times today since I got up, and none of those were less than a pint. Two and a half gallons of cum is my limit!* However, his raging erection had a different opinion. Chris could feel his cock throbbing and his balls clenching with lust. Walking into the room felt more like being pulled by his gigantic dick than moving under his own power. One more time wouldn’t be so bad, he quickly rationalized. *After all, it’s with Jen. She’s so sexy and cute and her boobs are so big…* By the time he had waddled across the carpet to Jen, Chris didn’t feel a bit of reluctance. *Ohhh, yeah. Here comes your big boy, Jen!*

Seeing Chris building up a head of steam, walking towards her eagerly, cemented Jen’s resolve. *I wasn’t sure I should say that, but he seemed to like it. I guess I don’t have to hold back with Chris. Not only does he seem to want it just as much as I do, he seems like he’s actually got the* ***capacity for*** *it. God, I lucked out!*

As Chris toddled forward, Jen reclined and let his enormous dick rest on her body. Though she was hungrily licking his cockhead, Chris’s gigantic shaft ran all the way down her torso, past her groin. Chris was able to rest his heavy cock on her tummy, and his meaty balls on the bed, between her legs. *Thank God I didn’t have to hold this up much longer.* He exhaled a sigh of relief as the weight lifted off his legs.

Jen mistook Chris’s sigh of relief for one of pleasure. She squeezed her plentiful breasts together against his hot, thick shaft. “You like that, sweetie pie?” She caressed his huge erection as she slowly, deliberately licked all over his gigantic cockhead. *Imagine being able to titfuck Chris! I’d probably be unable to sit up under my own power, but to feel this monster sliding between my boobs, it would almost be worth it. Mmmmm… J*en wriggled around under the weight of Chris’s hefty cock. *He’s sooo heavy. A little bigger and he could trap me under here!* Jen smiled at her own imagination. *A little bigger, Jen? A little bigger and Chris probably couldn’t walk. I land a guy with a thirty inch dick and I’m imagining him a little bigger? I* ***do*** *have a size fetish.* Jen clasped Chris’s massive erection to her body, and began to grind her sopping pussy against it, merging her heat with his.

“Oh, Jen!” Chris gasped involuntarily as he felt the warm wetness of Jen’s labia against the skin of his prick. He struggled to reach her, careful not to shove his monstrous wang into her face. Chris was finally able to get his hands on Jen’s curvy hips, and lifted her pelvis, cupping her pert ass. As he squeezed her soft butt cheeks, he pressed her even harder against the firm, fat flesh of his gargantuan shaft. “I’m sorry I can’t….I mean, I wish I could…If I could…”

“Chris, sweetie, relax.” Jen panted with her exertion. “You’re feeling mighty good right now, sweetie pie. My little cookie is feeling pretty good. Ooooh!” She writhed as Chris began grinding her crotch in a circular motion against the vast expanse of his colossal rod. “Whooo! That’s nice! Anyhow, I know that I can count on you to nibble on my cookie if it starts to feel neglected. You did a nice job earlier.” *Sloppy, but enthusiastic. Veeeeeery enthusiastic. Technique you can learn, but appetite is great.*

“Oh, did you want me to go down on you again?” Chris started to shift his gargantuan boner out of the way. *She liked it! Awesome! God, I’d do that ten times a day if it keeps Jen happy.* He licked his lips in anticipation.

“Noooo. No,no,no,no. No!” Jen hugged his huge cock possessively. “No take-a the wiener from Jen. Jen want-a the wiener!” She started to lick his cockhead with long, slurping strokes of her tongue. “Nummy-nummy-nummy!”

The sensations, and Jen’s obvious excitement, were driving Chris to the edge of another gigantic orgasm. “Jen! I don’t wanna drown you or anything, so—“

“Relax, sweetie pie,” said Jen as she deftly manuevered his oversized cockslit to her mouth. “I’m one step ahead of you.” Her delicate tongue tickled his slit for a split-second, before his gushing orgasm erupted into her open mouth.

“Hurrrrrrrgh! Unnnnngh!” Chris convulsed as his oversized balls, much reduced from their after-dinner enormity, pumped a river of cum through his giant schlong. Jen swallowed her initial serving, then fastened her lovely lips on his senstive cockhead and began gorging herself on the subsequent buffet of spunk that continued to surge through his dick. Chris watched in awe as Jen guzzled down another pint or more of his jizz. Her formerly flat little tummy bulged with her second heaping helping of his cum. As Jen gulped down the last of his load, she flopped back onto the bed.

“Oh, I’m so full!” Jen patted her round belly. She struggled up to a seated position. “Ooof! My eyes were bigger than my stomach, sweetie pie!” Jen licked her lips, and reached for Chris’s thick anaconda. “Mmmm! Maybe just a little more…” Jen grabbed his cock and sealed her lips over his slit. She began to suck, her cheeks caving inward under the pressure. Chris perched motionless as his petite girlfriend vacuumed every drop of jizz possible out of his dick. *This feels soooo good! I can’t believe Jen wants more! Where’s it all going?* When Jen finally relented, she collapsed again on the bed, panting.

“Oh, sweetie pie! You’re sooo delicious! If I had the room…” She trailed off and rubbed her swollen stomach. “I feel like I’m gonna pop!” She weakly reached out an arm for him. “C’mere, you. Do you still want me now that I’m getting fat?”. Chris stretched out beside her, his hands roaming over her body.

“Jen, one big meal won’t make you fat.” He stroked her slim arm, and caressed her full breasts.

“What if I keep eating like that every day?” Jen licked her lips again. “I’m not sure I can resist.”

Chris cupped her chin and kissed her on the lips. “I guess I’ll just have to make sure you work it all off, won’t I? I don’t want my girl to get fat, after all.”

Jen closed her eyes and smiled. “I may have to open an all-you-can-eat buffet in my bedroom.”

*Oh crap! Does she know?* Chris panicked, but Jen had drifted off into a contented sleep. With his gargantuan cock temporarily satisfied, Chris’s exhausted body soon followed her into slumber.

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**Part 74.**

A long while after Terry had left, the score had gotten to 14-0 between the two. Nacio just had that same bored look on his face, but Greg was about ready to rip his hair out. He looked at Greg expectantly, but still silent. It was almost like he was saying, “Do ju *really* want to go again?” in that little Spanish accent of his, but wasn’t. It was weird how he did that. Talking without really talking. Greg frowned, and nodded. *Smug bastard. Who does he think he is, just standing there?* he thought as Nacio set up the balls.

Four shots in, he got beat yet again. He sat down for a second, buried his face in his hands, and let out a breathy, exaggerated moan. Nacio just quirked an eyebrow. Greg rubbed at his face for a minute, and then stood up. He took a look at the clock in the other corner of the arcade, and groaned when he realized that it was almost 9:00 at this point, and he still hadn’t won once. He turned back to Nacio. “Hey, look. Getting my ass kicked has been fun and all, but I really should be getting back to my room. I have… An early class tomorrow. And some homework to do. And stuff.”

The man looked at him, and just stared. After a minute, though, he must’ve figured out whatever he was thinking because he closed his eyes, nodded at Greg, and turned back to the table, bending over. He actually picked up his cue and started to play by himself. Greg checked out his ass in those jeans really quick. *You’ve gotta take opportunities when they present themselves, right?* he thought, and then started to walk away from the tables. At the entrance, though, he turned back to the man and yelled, “I’m gonna beat you someday, though!”

“Ju haf fun with that, Greg,” he replied simply, rolling the r in Greg’s name a little. Greg laughed, and left the arcade.

*Damn, he’s hot. That whole… Dark, brooding guy thing really gets to me,* he thought, beginning the walk back to his dorm. *Not like it I could do anything about it, though. No matter how chill the dude is, he’s a bit small to take what I’d bring to the table. Hell, I doubt a guy that isn’t a pro basketball player without any nerve endings in his ass could take this.* He chuckled, a little bitter, and opened the side door to the Tupelos. After he’d trekked up the nearby staircase and reached the door of his room, though, he could hear a lot of muffled sound coming from inside. He pressed his ear to the door.

“Oh, FUCK, Terry! Yes!” screamed one of the voices inside, and Greg jumped. He groaned, and tapped his foot impatiently.

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*Man, they fuck a lot,* thought Greg, and slid down against the wall outside of his room. He’d been standing outside the door, waiting for about ten minutes now, deciding to just not go in after hearing all the heated panting and grunts and squeals. It was really sort of gross. He was honestly trying his hardest to occupy himself with his iPod. He gave bothering the two a thought, but decided against it. *I mean, it’s not every day you get something you’ve always wanted, right?* he thought, sympathetic. *Even if it’s just a big dong.* He was just so *bored*, though, and the little MP3 player wasn’t helping much.

Halfway through Springsteen’s *Dancing in the Dark*, the damned thing chose to run out of power. Greg beat his head against the wall. “What the hell am I supposed to do now?!” he yelled at nothing. He closed his eyes, and sighed hard. Again, he thought about just barging in there and breaking up the two, until he heard a voice in front of him.

“Hey there, stud.”

It took a second for it to register. Greg blinked in surprise and looked up. There was a tall brunette standing across the hall. Not as tall as he was, but still. She was leaning over, and Greg could see a bit—scratch that. A *lot* of cleavage was showing over the rim of her shirt. Her eyelids were heavy, her lashes covering her eyes, and it was pretty clear that she was prepared to flirt. *Do straight guys really find that hot? She looks blind*, Greg thought. He gave her a quizzical look. “Hello.”

She smiled slowly. “I’m Liza.”

“Greg.”

“Hi, Greg,” she demurred, and giggled. “So, I was on my way to a *really* cool party across campus, and I couldn’t help but notice how *lonely* you looked, sitting here all by yourself.” He resisted the urge to roll his eyes. “It got me wondering if you might like to, you know…”

“Alright, I’m gonna stop you right there,” he sighed. He was already aggravated, and it was easy to get tired of all this. The boost to his self-confidence was only so great. “I’m sure that you’re very nice and whatever, but I don’t like girls.”

“Oh, Greg, I can assure you,” she said, standing straight. “I’m all—” she jutted out her chest “*Woman*,” she finished, breathy and biting down on her lip. Greg’s face screwed up.

“No, I mean that I like dick,” he said, his face still sort of contorted from her… Display.

Her face dropped. “Are you kidding?” she whined. He was about to reply, but she cut him off. “Oh, God, it’s true. No straight man could resist that show of seduction.” She slumped down next to him on the wall. “I can’t believe you’re gay! I ran back to my room to put on a push-up when I saw you! Ugh!” She buried her face in her hands, and Greg frowned. He did feel bad for her. In a pitiful, empathizing sort of way.

“Hey. Don’t say that,” he said, just a little bit awkward, patting her on the shoulder. “I’m sure that there are a lot of guys out there that would have sex with you in a heartbeat.”

Her head shot up. “You really think so?” she asked, a little desperate for a lift.

“Of course.” He replied, smiling in support. She *was* sort of attractive. Her face was a little long, but she had a nice body. “Even if I’m not the sort of guy who’d like to… Take a look at your plumbing.”

She cackled shrilly, and he winced, trying to keep the smile up. *Maybe I spoke too soon,* he thought.

“You’re funny!” she replied perkily, slapping his arm, “I like you. I mean, you won’t have sex with me, but I’ve always wanted a gay best friend!” He frowned at the stereotype, but didn’t really want to expend the effort it would take to say something about it. “Why don’t we start over?” she asked, standing. “Hi, I’m Lizzie. Nice to meet you.” She raised a hand for him, smiling hugely. He stood and shook it, but scrunched up his eyebrows.

“What happened to ‘Liza’?”

“Ha! Please. Like I could pull that off!” she brayed. “It sounds way more seductive, though, don’t you think? A Liza could be a porn star. ‘Lisa Licks.’ With, like, four x’s, though.” He could see the stars in her eyes at the thought. Her expression fell when she kept on, though, saying, “Lizzie’s the girl next door who stalks you and once tried to spy on you undressing through your window. Only once, though!” He smiled at her odd analogy.

*She might be annoying, but what girl isn’t?* he thought. *I guess she’s alright.*

She pulled herself out of her dramatic little reverie to address him again. “Why are you sitting out here, anyway?”

“My roommate’s decided that he needs to fuck something just about every other minute.”

“Oh, you, too? *My* roommate’s this total slut,” she complained, gesticulating largely. His mouth twitched up at the irony. “She has a whole drawer full of dildos set aside in her nightstand. She told me there’s one for every day of the week. They have *names*. She sleeps with them. It’s really very disturbing,” she sniffed.

“Hey. Me, too. Maybe we should meet up, discuss lube methods,” Greg replied smiling, trying to deadpan. He must’ve succeeded, too, because Lizzie’s expression turned into absolutely horrified in record time. “I’m kidding. Dildos go a bit too far for me on the Gay Train.” Her face immediately relaxed, and she laughed. It echoed a little in the carpeted hallway.

“You’re hilarious. ‘Gay Train.’” Again, Greg resisted an eye-roll. “Well, if you aren’t doing anything, you want to go to that party? I mean, I wanted to booze up a guy for later, but going stag could be fun! It’ll be just like Junior Prom.”

“I had a date to Junior Prom.” *It was a beard, but I had one nonetheless.*

“Well, duh, you big stud. But I bet they weren’t as interesting as me!” she cackled. He could safely say that was true. It might not have been in the way she meant, though. “Well, come on. We’ll be a bit early for the beer, but, you know, it’s always five o’clock somewhere, and—”

He stopped her, though. “Wait. I didn’t actually agree yet.”

Her jaw dropped at his refusal, and she even sounded a little insulted when she replied, “Oh, like you’re doing so much better right now. I could let you get back to losing brain cells, or you could come with me and actually have some fun.”

He sighed. She was *exhausting*. He tried to cheer up, though. *I mean, it’s a party. What’s the worst that could happen?*, he thought. “I guess if I’m gonna lose brain cells,” he smiled at her, “I might as well do it the fun way, right?”

She squealed in excitement, and dragged him down the hallway by his wrist.

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**Part 75.**

(Jen’s place, Thursday Night/Friday morning)

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Fortunately, Chris was functioning on automatic well enough to slip a laundry bag over his dick before losing consciousness entirely. That night, he had a dream that is familiar to many people: he dreamt that he was in class naked.

Chris was sitting in his Physics lecture hall completely nude. The seat was cold on his naked buttocks, and his heavy balls were filling his lap. His massive schlong was draped up over the curve of his nuts and hung down between his legs. Chris could feel the carpet on the soles of his feet and the cool air of the room wafting over his goosepimpled skin.

*How the heck did I get here naked?* Chris looked around, but there was no one else in the huge lecture hall. Before he could run for an exit, a statuesque brunette walked into the lecture hall. *Whoah! I don’t remember seeing her in class before!* She looked around the hall, spotted Chris, and proceeded down the stairs directly towards him. Her long hair swayed as she walked, and Chris noticed her full, round breasts bobbing in the tight shirt she was wearing. She proceeded down the stairs, then directly along Chris’s aisle, till she was standing right next to him. Chris blushed furiously as he sat naked in front of her.

“Oh, don’t let me make you feel self-conscious.” The brunette put down her book bag and pulled her shirt up over her head, exposing a silk push-up bra encasing two large, plump breasts. She unbuttoned her tight shorts and slid them down her legs, pulling them off as she removed her tennis shoes. Then she unfastened her bra, exposing her gorgeous breasts. Chris could feel his cock starting to harden immediately. The coed, staring appreciatively at his massive organ, stripped her silk panties off, revealing her shaved pussy. “There. Isn’t this better?”

She lifted one long leg over Chris’s body, straddling him, then sat down on the base of his prick. He could feel the wetness of her labia against his cock. The girl wrapped her arms around Chris’s neck, and pulled herself close to him. Her fat breasts mashed against his chest as her lips sought his. “Mmmmm. Give us a kiss, cutie.”

*This class is awesome!* Chris grabbed the lovely brunette’s butt with both of his hands and was rewarded by her oral ministrations becoming even more excited. Though his attention was almost entirely taken up by the delicious sensations of the girl on his lap, and his massive dick’s enthusiastic response to them, Chris noticed other students approaching his seat. *No! Don’t ruin it!*

Both of the other students were stunning beauties, one a blonde, the other a redhead. They both approached Chris and his lover with amusement, and each stopped, on on his left, the other on his right. “Room for two more, cutie?”, they asked in unison. As Chris nodded energetically, both of the girls began to disrobe, revealing two more perfect bodies, and two more pairs of large, mouth-watering breasts. One girl sat down on either side of him, then both of them leaned forward, and began kissing and licking the sides of his huge hard-on. “Mmmmm. Tasty.” Chris leaned back in a state of bliss, as the two girls showered his cock with kisses as the brunette lavished her attention on his face and neck. He noticed four more girls bouncing down the lecture hall stairs toward him.

The girls were a pair of beautiful Asian girls, very petite, but exceptionally busty, and two African-American coeds, one with lighter skin like Kimber, and another who was much darker, but very tall and slender. Even the tallest girl was blessed with an abundant bosom. All four girls made their way to Chris, two in his row, and the other two in the row in front of him. The girls all undressed, revealing their hot, toned bodies. Chris realized that the two Asian girls were identical in every way he could tell. “Twins?” he gasped.

The tall black girl on the left laughed. “Let the twins handle your twins. We’ll help out here.” She gestured to the other black girl, and then to his enormous shaft, which protruded out over his desk, and well into the row in front of him. The two diminutive Japanese girls, now completely naked, knelt down and began licking and sucking, one on each of his gigantic balls. The two African-American coeds took their place beside the blonde and the redhead, and began voraciously licking and sucking the sides of his gigantic rod.

Chris was in ecstasy, but he could hear two more sets of footsteps approaching. He looked over the mass of girls servicing his cock to see a breathtaking bleach blonde girl and a striking Indian girl both removing their clothes in the row in front of him. Like all of the other girls, they were flawless, and endowed with large, perky breasts. Both of the two new girls took up a position near the tip of his thirty inch cock, and began slurping and kissing his rock-hard shaft with gusto. *Oh, maaaan. This feels incredible. I just need a girl or two taking care of my cockhead and this would be about perfect.*

“Hey, roomie! How’s it going?” Chris was startled out of his blissful reverie by the sound of Greg’s voice. He started and found himself staring at Greg, shirtless, with an obvious, prominent bulge tenting the front of his tight stretch boxers. Chris pulled his gaze up from Greg’s enormous cock, clearly outlined in the shorts, up past his his chest, to his smiling face. “I was gonna ask who I needed to blow around here to get some action, but I think the answer’s pretty obvious.” Greg cupped his hands on Chris’s monstrous cockhead and began to lick Chris’s massive, red head.

*Damn! I knew he wanted some!* Chris relaxed and closed his eyes, wallowing in the sensation of six girls and Greg all giving him a blow job, while two more girls caressed his massive balls. The brunette was the icing on the cake, her hot mouth, soft hands, plump breasts, and moist pussy bringing Chris over the edge. Although he luxuriated in the sustained attention, Chris could hold back for no more than a few more minutes before releasing a gushing torrent of cum into Greg’s mouth. “Ungh! Unnnnngh! Urrrrrgh!” Chris continued to flood Greg’s mouth with jizz as the muscular lacrosse player struggled to choke it all down. When Chis had pumped a pint or more of spunk into Greg’s hungry mouth, his mammoth ejaculation finally tapered off. Greg wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and sighed in satisfaction.

“Ahhhh! That’s good stuff! Got any more for me, Chris?” Greg began to lick Chris’s cock slit hungrily. Chris nodded his head eagerly. *I’ve got plenty more.* Greg motioned to the women attending to Chris’s gigantic organ. “Okay, girls, time to rotate!” The brunette reluctantly pulled herself away from Chris, and the blonde to his left seated herself on his groin, her face flush with anticipation.

“I’m so glad I got to be next!”. She reached for Chris and began kissing him passionately.

“Lucky,” said the redhead, who was bumped from her spot at the right side of Chris’s huge shaft by the brunette, as all of the girls rotated position.

By the time Chris had ‘rotated’ through the blonde, the tall black girl, and the bleach blonde, Greg’s muscular torso was accompanied by a hugely bulging belly, bloated with a half gallon or more of cum. Greg rubbed his round tummy and sighed. “Whew! I’m about to burst. You’re too much for one man, Chris!” He motioned to someone behind Chris. “Help me out here, Terry.”

Terry walked around into Chris’s field of view, sporting a foot long erection barely contained within his shorts. He smiled winningly at Chris and licked his lips. “I thought you would never ask, buddy. I was worried you were going to hog all the good stuff for yourself.”

Greg eased himself into a chair and patted his taut stomach. “Dude, if I had the room, I’d still be bellied up to the bar. I bet you can’t swallow as much as I did!”

“You’re on!” Terry stepped up and eagerly began to lick Chris’s cockhead with his tongue. He winked at Chris. “Fill ‘er up, Chris!”.

Five girls later, Terry had won the bet. His bloated belly protruded out over the waistband of his shorts, though not nearly as far as the massive erection they contained. “Ohhh! I ate too much! Whoooo!” He struggled to a chair and leaned back, patting his cum filled tummy. Chris’s erection was still rock hard and throbbing.

“Hey, Terry! You got any more room?”, Terry called out to his roommate.

“I’m still stuffed!” complained Terry, in response.

“Well, then, I guess we can open up the buffet line,” said Terry. Chris cocked his head and realized that dozens of guys, and two or three times as many girls, were all queued up in the back of the room, clad only in their underwear.

“Good thing I found the rest of my cream, eh, Chris?” said Terry. He held up a five gallon bucket of the white lotion, and began pouring it all over Chris’s gigantic cock and balls. *Ohhhhh, yeahhhhh*, thought Chris.

“Chris, sweetie, wake up!” Jen was shaking Chris awake.

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**Part 76.**

(Jen’s place, Friday morning, about 7:30 am)

“Huh? Wha?”, Chris replied, inarticulately.

“Sweetie,” Jen replied, a bit tensely, “I forgot to set an alarm last night. So did the girls. We all overslept. We’ve gotta go to school, Chris. Up and at ‘em!” Jen had already pulled on her panties and a bra, and was struggling into a T-shirt.

“Ugh. I’m starving. Can we get something to eat?” Chris rubbed his grumbling tummy.

“Sweetie, I’d love to watch you fill back up, but we **have to go**! I have classes in just a little bit. I can’t miss them. You’ll have to grab some breakfast yourself.” Jen patted him on the shoulder.

“Lemme just take a quick shower, Jen.” Chris wheedled.

“Chris, sweetie pie, you and I forgot to do laundry last night, too. I don’t have any towels. You’ve sexed them all up.” Jen stepped into some shorts, and fastened them around her tiny waist. She then sat on the bed and started to put on her shoes and socks.

“Laundry? Oh, crap! I was going to help you with that. I needed to do homework, too!” Chris knocked his hand against his head. “Stupid! How could I forget that?”

“Oh, Chris. It’ll be ok. Just get your clothes on, okay? We **gotta go**!” Jen clapped her hands for emphasis.

Chris started to get up, but the laundry bag full of cum was still fastened around his monster. It sloshed back and forth with the substantial payload it carried. Chris unfastened it and slid it off his huge limp dick, which thudded against his substantially reduced nuts. Though each was still enormous at over four inches across, Chris’s balls were much reduced from the two ten pound monsters he had sported last night.

“Oh, sweetie, your balls are so little!” Jen laughed. “I can’t believe I’m calling anything that huge ’little’!”

“Hey, it’s not my fault that I’m so little. You really put me through my paces last night.” Chris blushed as he got dressed.

“Is my big boy embarrassed about having merely gigantic balls, instead of spectacularly huge ones?,” Jen teased. “I only got you off about six times.”

“Yeah, but during the night….” Chris protested.

“You must have had some spectacular dreams, sweetie pie. I hope I was in them.”

“You were!”, Chris assured her. *At least, I think you were. After the first few dozen girls, they all kind of blended together.* Chris got out of bed and began to stuff his massive member and ballsack into his tight, clingy lycra underpants. Jen looked at her watch nervously.

“Sweetie, I hate to ask this, but I’m going to be late. Can you catch a ride with Tasha and Kimber? Their classes are a little bit later than mine.” Chris agreed and Jen gave him a peck on the cheek. “I’ll see you a bit later, sweetie pie. I’ve got to work my shift at the pizza place this evening, but maybe we can hang out a little before then.” She left the room and Chris continued dressing. He could hear her berating her roomies for not cleaning up the mess in the kitchen, as well as their protestation, and then the door shutting.

Once he finally had his goth outfit on, he stepped into the living room, where Tasha and Kimber were both waiting for him, a bit nervously.Tasha was wearing a lilac t-shirt and silky shorts which clung tight to her hips and bottom, as well as thong sandals which displayed her slim feet and purple toenails. Kimber was wearing a white shirt with bright pink accents and a baggy pair of salmon shorts, as well as tennis shoes.

“Hey, Chris!” Kimber bounded across the room and gave him a big hug. She whispered into his ear. “Last night was magical. I can’t wait to be with you again.” She bounced back out of the hug and looked embarassed. “Sorry about that. I’m just overly friendly.”

“It’s okay. Are you guys ready to go?” Chris responded, awkwardly. The girls both hefted their backpacks and all three of them walked out of the apartment and into the elevator. Once outside, Tasha indicated her car, a beat-up old Volvo, with a wave of her hand, and the three made their way across the parking lot.

“Chris gets front seat,” called Tasha as she unlocked the doors. Kimber stuck out her tongue at her roommate. “I don’t want to hear any more Taylor Swift on the way to class.”

“Oh, pooh! You just don’t have good taste. Don’t you like Taylor Swift, Chris?” asked Kimber, clambering into the back seat.

“Uh, she’s really pretty,” replied Chris, lamely.

As Tasha started the car and buckled her seat belt, she reached across and slipped her hand down the entire length of Chris’s python. “I want your cock again. Soon.” The words slipped out of her mouth muffled by the engine noise, but Chris could hear them clearly. Kimber, however, asked her to repeat herself. “I said ‘Chris should come over again soon.’,” lied Tasha. Chris could feel his shaft starting to harden again.

“You could come over after class and help us clean up the kitchen!” suggested Kimber. She then leaned forward and whispered into his ear. “And you and I could pursue our secret love, Chrissy-poo. I want you **so bad**.” Her hot breath in his ear made his dick surge outward even more.

“That’s a great idea, Kimber. I’m sure that we can find all sorts of things for Chris to help out with around the apartment.” Tasha reached over and stroked his cock again, smiling. It stiffened further at her touch. By this time, they had reached Bradford, and Chris indicated where Tasha should turn.

As the car pulled up to the Tupelos, Chris finished giving Kimber his cell phone number. “I guess I should get out here.” *I’m not sure how I’m going to get out with a semi this size, but I’ll swing it.* Kimber made as if to whisper something else into his ear, but planted a kiss on his cheek. Chris opened his door and pivoted his right leg (and his stiffening prick) to get out of the car. Tasha quickly unbuckled her seat belt, lunged across the seat, and planted a open-mouthed kiss full of tongue on the surprised Chris. She then gave him a quick shove out of the door. Chris staggered to retain his balance, and swaying, shut the car door behind him.

“Hey, what did you do that for?” protested Kimber.

“Oh, like you weren’t smooching him every chance you got! Whadda you care anyway? He’s Jen’s boyfriend!”, retorted Tasha.

“But roommates are supposed to **share**!” whined Kimber as the car sped away.

*Great. Now I’ve got to stumble upstairs with my cock almost at my ankle.* Chris began the long shuffle to his room. *I think I’ll have time to jerk off and grab some breakfast before class.* His stomach began to rumble insistently.

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**Part 77.**

(The Tupelos, Friday Morning, about 8 am)

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As Chris entered the darkened dorm room, his swelling dick was aching in his tight spandex. He started to turn on the lights, but he could barely make out shapes in both Terry and Greg’s beds. *Crap! The guys must be asleep. I better be quiet.* He crept over to his drawers and grabbed some clothes, as well as his robe and toiletries. Chris eased himself out of the door and went into the shower room, hoping that he was early enough to avoid the rush. The room seemed empty. *Yes! No screwing around trying to hide the salami!* Chris quickly undressed, his gigantic cock flopping around semi-hard, a good twenty four inches in length. He stepped into a shower and turned on the hot water. Instead of washing up, though, he squirted the body wash in one hand and began stroking himself eagerly. *Ahhhh! That’s what I needed. Just a quick jerk to take the edge off.*

As his monstrous dick began to balloon up to its full length and girth, Chris noticed it start to poke out of the shower stall. *Holy crap! I’m too big to fit in the shower!* Chris quickly leaned back against the shower wall and cradled his cock in both hands, lifting the massive shaft upwards rather than outwards. *That’s a good cock. Too big for the shower. Such a good cock. Mmmmm.* Chris spread his legs wide to let his balls sway freely between them. He squirted more body wash on his giant rod and slipped his hands up and down the length. Chris bit his lip with the incredible pleasure he was experiencing. Though the girth of his cock was too great for him to reach around it, even with both hands, Chris clutched the shaft as best he could and began to pump it vigorously, thrusting with his hips. The extra motion allowed him to slip a full twenty four inches of his dick between his hands on each stroke, and the thrusts caused his weighty sack to sway pleasurably between his legs. “Unh! Unh!” Chris began to grunt softly in pleasure.

“Oh, yeah.” Chris heard a voice echoing softly across the tiled room. *Somebody else is in here! I didn’t hear them come in. What the h—* “Mmnh. Ungh” Chris could hear the other guy’s voice as he evidently began to enjoy himself as well. He hesitated, but the insistent demands of his monster were just too urgent to ignore. He resumed his masturbation, first just stroking his gargantuan boner, then resuming the hip-swinging thrusts that felt so incredible. Before long, both guys were audibly grunting and moaning. Chris heard the bathroom door open again. *Awww, man! Not now!* He stopped his thrusting, but continued to stroke his aching cock. *I can’t just stop.* As he heard feet patting across the tile floor to the shower right next to him, Chris was amazed to hear the first guy continue to grunt and moan as he stroked himself. *That guy has no shame! Or maybe he’s just too horny to care.* As Chris continued to caress his gigantic prick quietly, the water in the shower next to him came on, and he heard a loud expulsion of breath.

“Whew. Fuck, yeah.” A different voice in the adjacent shower startled Chris, momentarily interrupting his rhythm. Slow grunting told him that this guy was jerking off too. *Screw these guys! If they’re not embarassed about it, why should I be? I guarantee you I’m hornier than both of them put together.* Chris began to jerk off in earnest, bucking his hips to slide as much of his fat rod through his hands as possible.

“Unh. Ungh.” Chris started to grunt, even doing it a little louder, deliberately. The other two voices responded in kind, all three guys becoming quite audible. Neither guy said more than the occasional ‘fuck’ or ‘yeah’, and the acoustics and the running water muffled their voices, so Chris couldn’t identify either of them. None of them was very shy about what they were doing, though, even when one of the others came to a loud, gasping orgasm. Chris was about to follow him when the bathroom doors opened again. *Not stopping now. Feels too good to stop.* As his massive cock began to erupt in a geyser of cum, Chris could hear a fourth guy slide back a shower curtain and start up a shower. “Fuck! Unh! Uhn! Uhn!” Chris continued stroking as his balls pumped again and again, flooding the stall with a pint or more of cum.

“Hell, yeah!”, said a quiet voice from the next stall. All three of the showering guys continued to stroke themselves, grunting and moaning. Though a pint of jizz was slowly seeping down the drain, Chris grabbed his hard dick and began to stroke himself again. *I’m not stopping if they aren’t. Nobody can outlast this dick.* As he resumed his thrusting, he began vocalizing even louder. “Holy shit!” breathed one of the other guys. That expression of amazement galvanized Chris and he began to buck and pump with wild abandon. *Damn right! Nobody’s got a cock like this!*

With the loud sounds of the other three guys also jerking off, Chris eventually brought himself to a second massive ejaculation. A couple of them came before he did, but his was definitely the longest, again, and the loudest. With barely a pause to finish cumming, Chris resumed stroking his rock-hard wang, thrusting madly and grunting like an animal. He could hear the other guys, but after the first few strokes, he became totally focused on grappling with his giant beast. *Gotta take care of the monster. Need it all the time. Fuck, this feels so good*. Chris’s colossal rod was far too long to thrust horizontally, unless he wanted to stick half a foot of it out of the shower, so he was leaning back low against the shower wall and thrusting his hips upward, bringing his cock upwards on each thrust. This allowed him to roam his hands over the entire length of his fat prick on each stroke, before rubbing his glans at the end of each stroke. As he got more and more involved in his masturbation, Chris’s stance altered, and he could feel the huge expanse of his cockhead touching the shower curtain at the end of each stroke, pushing it outward slightly. He was too far gone to be concerned, however.

Chris finally reached his third, volcanic orgasm with a loud, guttural grunt. His first spurt of cum shot out all over the shower curtain with an audible splash, followed by a second, and third, and so on, until, a dozen surges later, Chris had pumped another pint or so of cum all over the interior of the shower, accompanied by loud moans and grunts with each ejaculation. *Oh, yeah! What do you guys think of that?* Chris finally paused in his frenzied masturbation, and realized that the shower room was quiet, other than his own shower. There was no sound of others showering, and no other voices echoing against the tiles.

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**Part 78.**

(Thursday night, The Tupelos, about 7pm)

Crissy stopped by Terry’s room later that evening with sex on her mind. She had two shot glasses gripped between the fingers of one hand and a half bottle of Svedka in the other.

"Wanna drink?" she grinned.

"I dunno. Last time I drank with you I woke up on the floor outside your room." Terry smirked.

"Don’t worry, we’ll take it easy this time. Plus we’re on your home turf. Just promise me I won’t wake up naked outside *your* room."

"I refuse to promise that."

"I’ll take the risk anyway."

The shot glasses clinked as she set them down on the desk and she unscrewed the cap on the vodka.

Terry settled down on his bed.

"Greg and I went to the arcade today. You ever heard of this girl called ’Steampunk’? She-"

Terry was interrupted by the sound of a shot glass skittering off the desk and onto the carpet. The antiseptic smell of spilled vodka filled the air.

"Shit" cursed Crissy, hurriedly shuffling papers out of the way of the swiftly spreading Svedka spill. Terry jumped up to help her by moving things off the desk. He grabbed his towel off the bar in the closet and tossed it to her.

"Sorry." said Crissy.

"No worries."

"You startled me is all. For a moment I thought you said Fereliss was back."

"I think that’s her name, yeah."

"Balls. I was hoping I misheard you."

"Why? What’s up with this Fereliss chick? She psycho or something?"

Crissy thought for a moment "Well... Short answer... I don’t know?"

"Ah huh..."

"Long answer is... There’s a lot of rumors flying around about her. I’m just a Sophomore, so I only saw her around for fall semester of last year. She was gone all spring semester. In that time though, I heard some weird, wild stuff."

She poured them both a shot of vodka after wiping down the outside of the glass that had fallen.

"Like what?"

Terry took a swig. He coughed and his eyes watered as the burning liquid boiled down his throat.

"Well, last year, it was just the thing with the blackout, everyone said Fereliss was responsible because she vanished immediately afterward, even though charges were never pressed."

Crissy downed her own glass. She poured them both another.

"Sounds like just rumors to me."

"There’s weirder stuff too. In her freshman year, she supposedly set fire to the Faust Benedict Memorial Gym. They’ve only just rebuilt it over the summer."

"So why isn’t she in jail for arson?"

"Again, no charges were ever brought. Investigators couldn’t determine what started the fire."

"Sounds like Fereliss didn’t have anything to do with it."

"Yeah but the fact that her name keeps getting attached to stuff like this should mean *something*."

"So far you’ve mentioned two incidents that really only point to a shoddily built school. A blackout and a fire."

"Well, there was the thing with the frog."

"The frog?"

"In the science building. One morning they opened up one of the labs on the basement level and the whole pace was wrecked, there were bullet holes and in the middle of the floor was this giant frog, thing apparently shot dead! A bunch of students saw it before they taped off the scene."

"And Fereliss?"

"She was nowhere near, but had her arm in a cast the rest of the semester."

"Ah huh. Well it all sounds crazy to me. How come a giant frog seen by dozens of people never made it into the newspapers? I would have heard about something like that."

"BenPharm paid a lot of money to keep it out of the press. It’s like there’s a media blackout around the whole campus. You probably never heard about the ghost sightings either."

"I may have seen something in the brochure..."

"There are a bunch of ghosts around. A lot of students claim they see things in the tunnel that runs under the lake, and Denworth Hall has some strong manifestations if you listen to Bellamy..."

"Bellamy?"

"The chubby girl you met the other night."

"Oh yeah. I wouldn’t have called her ’chubby’..."

"Fat then."

"Damn. Mean much? Or just jealous cuz she has boobies?" He tweaked one of Crissy’s modest breasts.

"Hey!" she giggled "I never heard you complain."

"Forget I said anything. Anyway. I find all this stuff about frogs and ghosts a little hard to believe, and even more so that some weird girl who hangs out at the arcade is some kind of Ghostbuster, or has anything to do with random acts of destruction. I’ve never seen anything weird like that..."

"Believe what you want. The truth is out there. All I’m saying is, that if Fereliss is around, keep your eyes and ears open, it’s gonna be a wild ride. Cheers!"

Crissy downed her second shot. Terry followed suit. It didn’t get any easier the second time. He felt all warm all of a sudden and sat back down on the bed. Crissy dropped down next to him and rested her head on his shoulder. The liquor had started soaking into her as well.

Terry opened his mouth to start telling Crissy about how she should draw a clearer distinction between fantasy and reality, but stopped short as he felt his boner creeping towards the open leg of his shorts.

*Oh, right*. He thought. *You’ve never seen anything weird like that...* *Giant frogs and ghosts are crazy, but you didn’t have any problem swallowing a 12" cock that grew overnight, did you?* *Hmm, I should work on my phrasing...*

Emboldened by the alcohol, Terry decided it might be time to come clean.

"Actually, Crissy..." he said

"Yeah?"

"I’ve seen some really weird things, too. Experienced them, in fact."

"Damn, Fereliss works fast."

"Heh, she didn’t have anything to do with this. This was more... Self inflicted. You know my cock?"

"I’m somewhat familiar with it." she grinned, and reached out a slim hand to stroke the growing bulge in Terry’s shorts.

"Well, truth is, I wasn’t born with it."

Crissy laughed "I hope not! Your dick would have been as big as the whole rest of your body! Imagine the looks on the doctors’ faces!"

Terry laughed, too "You know what I mean. Remember when I said it was a long story? Well-"

At that moment, Greg burst into the room.

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**Part 79.**

"Don’t let me interrupt your little fuckfest, Lovebirds." said Greg, striding across the room and settling heavily on Chris’s bed. He jumped up a second later when he felt something under the blankets go "squish". Apparently Chris had missed a spot when cleaning up after his jerk off session earlier that day. By "a spot" read "a massive puddle of spunk." If Greg hadn’t known better, he might have thought somebody had upturned a large bowl of cottage cheese onto the mattress and thrown the comforter over on top of it. He wiped his sticky hand on the towel.

"Fucking Chris..." he muttered.

Crissy giggled "What, he left some food in the bed? I’m not surprised, that kid eats like, all the time. I don’t know where it all goes."

"Trust me, you’d faint if you knew." said Greg.

"How was the pool game?"

"I lost. Friggin’ mute bastard. He’s so stuck up, you know? I could beat him if it weren’t for all that damn techno music and shit. Let’s see him play pool in a real hall, huh? I’d kick his ass right out of those tight little pants..."

"I bet you would." laughed Terry "And it’s funny you should mention Chris. I was just about to tell Crissy the whole story."

Greg stopped in the middle of wiping slime off his hand.

"Oh?"

"I thought you were gonna tell me the story of your dick?" Crissy giggled. She turned to Greg "Did you know your roommate has the biggest cock in the world?" she giggled again "Bet that must drive you wild, being gay and all."

Greg’s expression darkened. True, he hadn’t told Terry not to tell anyone, and it’s not like he was keeping it a secret... Still though, coming out was something he still preferred to play close to his chest. Terry gave an apologetic look and gestured the "drunk" sign, then shrugged his shoulders.

"Every day is a struggle not to rape him." said Greg, evenly.

Terry tugged at his collar.

"So...." he said, changing the subject "Anyway, I’m glad Greg is here. He can corroborate my story, though I imagine Chris would be more helpful."

"Why would your roommates help you tell a story about *your* cock. What’d you do? Jerk off in front of them on the first day?"

Terry opened his mouth, but Greg was too quick.

"Of course not. That’s crazy. Only a pervert would do something like that. Right Terry?"

Terry just glared.

"I dunno, it might be kinda cute. I’d kinda like to see Terry size up against Chris." Crissy giggled "It’s be hilarious to see the shrimp and the monster face to face..."

Terry and Greg could help but laugh as well. Crissy laughed along with them, even though she was completely out of the loop.

Terry settled down and waited for Crissy to stop giggling.

"So... Anyway. Like I was saying earlier, my big cock isn’t natural."

Crissy stroked the bulge again, ignoring Greg’s presence.

"So, what, you use a penis pump or something? Even without it, your cock must have been pretty huge to start with. Pumps aren’t really good for more than maybe an inch or two, if you’re lucky."

"No, I didn’t pump it."

"I didn’t think so. Pumps leave all kinds of stretch marks anyway. Your cock is so perfect!"

Greg rolled his eyes "How do you know so much about pumped versus unpumped cocks?"

Crissy’s thoughts flew back to the large cache of cock pumping videos on her ex-bf’s hard drive.

"You pick things up." she bit her lip and smiled nervously.

"Ah huh..."

"Annnyway." said Terry "I should probably start out at the beginning. When I was in high school..."

"Yeah?" said Crissy.

"I had... a... you know... small penis." he mumbled the last part.

"A what?"

"A small penis, babe." Greg contributed.

"Thanks." said Terry, dripping with sarcasm.

"No way." said Crissy "Maybe smaller than this. But it still must have been huge. How small is small?"

"Er..." said Terry.

"REALLY small." Greg smirked "Like, microscopic."

"It wasn’t that small." Terry protested.

"It was so small that, if you counted your clit, you’re probably more well hung than Terry was in college."

Crissy’s eyes went wide.

"I wasn’t that-" Terry started.

"His cock was so tiny..." Continued Greg, grinning "that if he didn’t shave his pubes, he couldn’t find it to piss with."

"You know...."

"It was so miniscule, that if he were balls deep in a mouse, the mouse would turn around and ask him ’is it in yet?’"

Terry had turned beet red. Crissy was just dumbfounded.

"Seriously, and this guy was so nervous about girls finding out about his tiny dick that he didn’t date or even talk to girls for his entire four years of high school!"

"OK! She gets it!" Terry barked. He turned to Crissy, who had drawn away from him and had fixed him with a menacing glare.

"Look, we’re not messing with you, it’s just-"

"How dare you!" Crissy fumed.

"Look, it’s true-"

"Did you just go and tell everyone how big my clit was? I *told* you I was self-conscious about it!" Crissy’s face was screwed up in anger now. Her single fang glinted from between her gritted teeth.

Terry and Greg had to take a beat before they realized what she was talking about.

"What? No!" Terry exclaimed.

"Terry never mentioned anything about your clit... I was just being hyperbolic..."

"Oh, what-ever! You two fags have probably been laughing about me the whole time, and now you cook this up to try and prank me!"

Crissy started to storm out. Terry grabbed her wrist.

"Let me go!"

"Crissy! I never said anything bad about you to Greg! He was just being an asshole! Weren’t you, Greg?" Terry shot a dirty look at Greg.

"It’s true." said Greg with genuine contrition. Without meaning to, he’d gotten his best friend in hot water.

"I was being an asshole. We’re not laughing at you or trying to prank you."

Crissy calmed down enough to let Terry pull her back to him, but she broke free and poured herself another shot. She allowed the liquid to scorch her throat and she sat down once more next to Terry.

"So how do you know so much about Terry’s cock?" she looked at Greg.

"We were on the Lacrosse team in high school together, remember? I’ve seen him in the shower. Trust me, his smallness was legendary."

"We get it." shot Terry.

Greg sat back and raised his hand in the "fair enough" gesture.

"So anyway, as has been established, I had a smaller than average penis."

"Sounds like it was more than a few standard deviations below small." smirked Crissy.

"Okay okay! It was tiny! Okay? let’s move on."

Crissy gave his salami an affectionate squeeze.

Terry continued "So my dad had a small cock, too. But this summer I found out my grandfather didn’t."

"And his genes skipped a generation and you got hit with a massive and extremely unlikely growth spurt over the summer?" Crissy interrupted.

"No..." said Terry "That would be impossible. No, what happened was it turns out *he* had a tiny dick, too, but he was some kind of traveling snake oil salesman or something. You know, in a Medicine Show or something."

"Nice title drop." mumbled Crissy.

"What?"

"I said ’let’s hurry up’... You know, get to the point of the story."

Terry huffed "Anyway, when he was inventing bogus baldness cures and shit, he apparently also invented a bogus penis growth cream."

"Only it wasn’t bogus." Greg interjected.

Crissy made a skeptical face.

"He’s right." Said Terry "I found the formula in my attic, and my buddy Bruce and I reproduced the formula! I may have gone a little overboard with it, but the results speak for themselves!"

"Uh huh..." Crissy crossed her arms "You expect me to believe you have a magic cream that made your cock bigger overnight?"

"Why does everyone think it’s magic? And you’re the one telling stories about how Kate Fereliss battled a giant frog in the basement of the science building!"

Crissy breathed in heavily "Touche. But I still want proof before I get sucked into this weird delusional world you guys have got going on."

Greg and Terry looked at each other.

"Chris." they said together.

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**Part 80.**

Of course, Chris wasn’t answering his cell, as, at the moment, he was by then getting busy with Jen (and, later that night, her two roommates).

"How is Chris gonna prove any of this?" Crissy asked.

Terry put away his cell after the third try.

"Well..." he said "He sort of found out about the cream, but didn’t get the full safety lecture beforehand..."

"Safety lecture? The stuff is unsafe?"

"That depends on what you mean by ’unsafe’..." said Terry, gesturing in the air.

"By which he means ’yes, very’." said Greg.

Crissy crossed her arms again and fixed Terry with an incredulous glare.

"So you put unsafe snake oil on your dick?"

"Sort of..." Said Terry "Except really... It’s more unsafe the way... you know... a gun or something is unsafe, or a hammer. If you don’t use it properly, there can be... complications."

"What sort of complications?" Crissy narrowed her eyes.

"Gross disfigurement for one." said Greg.

"And Chris has been disfigured?"

"That’s subjective, but the long and short of it-"

"Mostly long." Greg interrupted.

"Is yes." Terry finished.

"Gross." reflected Crissy.

Further attempts to contact Chris were unsuccessful. Greg excused himself to allow Crissy and Terry some time alone and went over to hang out with Javier across the hall.

The next morning, Greg and Terry rose at around the same time. Crissy had departed the night before, and stumbled safely back to her room.

Terry rubbed his head. At least this hangover wasn’t nearly as bad as the last. Fuck his damn eyes were dry, though. The pair grabbed their towels and went to the showers.

One of the stalls was already occupied, so Greg took one two stalls down. He dropped his undies and slung them over the curtain rod. He turned the tap and the cold water made him jump. He scooched to the back of the shower until the water heated up.

Greg’s mind was still racing with thoughts of Ignacio. *Damn stuck up Spanish prick.*

Greg’s own prick gave a little twitch. Soft, it was barely six inches long.

*Yeah, but you get bigger, huh, you bastard.*

He gave his dick an unconscious stroke as he soaped himself up, the Irish Spring giving his muscles a glistening sheen.

*I wonder how Ignacio handles taking showers? Skinny jerk probably lubes himself up real good to get into those pants.* *Between that and the grease in his hair, his shower probably looks like the Gulf of Mexico after a bad day at BP.*

Greg’s dick twitched again and he began to give it quick little tugs as it started to expand. It was slippery and warm in his hands and very soon he was making smooth, long strokes down the stiffening shaft.

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Greg began to stroke longer and faster. His erection grew with thoughts of Ignacio in those tight, tight pants.

"Oh yeah." he said aloud. His cock was now fully erect in his hands. He squeezed his thumb and forefinger along the length of the pliable shaft, savoring the give and the heft of it.

Marilyn Chambers once said that handling John Holmes’ cock was like "fucking a big loofah". A member as large as his never got fully hard, and John Holmes was only a quarter inch longer than Greg, who had passed 12.75" since the last time he measured (He still believed himself to be 12.5").

Still, it got more than hard enough, and Greg really started getting into the rhythm of it. In the other stall, he heard someone else grunting.

*That’s probably Terry stroking off. That’s pretty bold.*

It was Terry. His rock hard cock demanded his attention every morning now, and the easiest thing to do was just jerk it out.

Greg picked up his pace, and before long, the showers were a chorus of grunts and orgasmic groans.

Terry finished first, he turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. He turned to look at the stall next to him. Whoever that guy was, he was being-

"Holy shit!" Terry exclaimed aloud.

He’d just seen a colossal dong hove into view around the side of the curtain and realized it was Chris he’d been hearing.

*Oh gross*. *He’s gonna spurt all over this place. I’m getting to a safe distance.* Terry gathered up his toiletries and was gone. Greg, too recognized the grunts.

*Aw hell, that’s Chris*. *If he sees it was me jerking off next to him, I’ll never hear the end of it.*

Greg jumped out of the shower, his cock still turgid, and dashed over to his towel and toiletries. Chris was still going at it behind him, Greg could hear the wet "squeak" of Chris’s hands running the length of his thirty inch shaft. The shower curtain right next to Chris’s slid open and Javier’s roommate, Will, stepped out. They gave each other a quick nod before taking off in opposite directions, both pretending they couldn’t hear Chris’s increasingly voluminous groans of pleasure.

Terry was already dressed when Greg stepped into the room.

"Chris is back" he said.

"I know,I just texted Crissy. She says she’s on her way over."

"You’re taking a big step in your relationship with her if you let her in on this whole cream conspiracy" said Greg "She’ll still know everything even if you guys break up you know..."

"Yeah, I realize that, but if I don’t break up with her, I don’t want her thinking I’m crazy or a liar for the rest of the time we date."

"Fair enough."

The pair paused their conversation as they heard Chris’s triumphant yell of orgasm from down the hall, followed by the sound of a gallon of semen splattering on the tile.

"That’s gonna be fun for the next person who uses the shower." said Greg.

"Seriously, ’the Phantom Jizz Monster’ is gonna become an urban legend around here like Crissy’s ghosts or that frog."

"What frog?"

"Crissy was telling me about some business with that Steampunk girl and a giant frog or something."

"And ghosts?"

"Word on the street is that Steampunk Girl is a Hellboy wannabe. At least that’s what I got from Crissy, you know how she is."

"I don’t actually, I haven’t really spoken to her since the party in her room."

"Oh yeah. Well it turns out she’s a huge nerd."

"As big a nerd as Chris?"

"As much of a nerd as Chris, yeah. Nobody is as *big* a nerd as Chris."

"You guys could at least dis me to my face, you know..."

Chris had just walked in. He wore a beach towel around his waist that bulged hugely where his 19" softy hung like a fire extinguisher dangling between his legs.

"Merely observing the facts." said Greg "How was your sleepover with Jen?"

"Let’s just say I didn’t do much ’sleeping’. Heh heh."

"I bet not, she seemed like a super freak."

"Hey!"

"Be fair Chris, you’d have to be to want to tango with that." Terry interjected, pointing at Chris’s bulging bullcock.

"Well if she’s a freak ,then her two roommates must be as well."

"Are you implying you had a *foursome*?" Terry scoffed.

Chris smirked "I certainly did."

"Bullshit."

"Whatever, I don’t need your approval anymore. I’ve got Jen and Natasha *and* Kimber."

"Well, I hope the four of you will be very happy." Greg smirked.

"We shall. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have to get ready for class..."

"How soon do you have to go?" asked Terry.

"I don’t have time for a jerk off session with you guys right now. I know you’re eager to see me come again and stuff but-"

"Stop right there. I don’t wanna see you jerk off." said Terry "But there is someone else who needs to see your junk."

Chris looked nervous for a moment, before he puffed up his chest with bravado "Oh yeah? Who’s the lucky lady?"

"Crissy."

"The girl you fucked the other night?"

"We’re actually a couple now. I’m letting her in on the secret."

"Shouldn’t you have at least *consulted* me first? I don’t appreciate you going around and blabbing about the cream to every girl who bats her eyelashes at you."

"Excuse me, you ’don’t appreciate’? Why would I have to consult you before I told *anyone* *I wanted*?"

Chris was somewhat taken aback by this. In his mind, he’d sort of built up the image of the three of them as part of a very secret, very exclusive club. Co-conspirators... Equals in a secret society. Sure, he entertained the idea of telling Jen but... that was different, right? After all, he was the biggest! Didn’t that make him first among equals... the unofficial leader of the party... sort of? Of course that started to crumble when he realized that Terry probably thought nothing of the sort.

"W-well." he stammered.

"It’s *my* cream, and I’ll tell anyone I want, especially my girlfriend." Terry stated.

"Oh, er... I guess so..."

"So anyway, I just need you to hang around for a couple minutes to show Crissy I’m not just blowing smoke up her ass..."

"Fine." Chris went over and sat down on the bed, legs spread to accommodate a bulge beneath the towel that looked like a stick of pepperoni flanked on either side by cantaloupes.

"How long is she gonna take?"

"Probably not long, I texted her a couple minutes ago and it’s a short walk."

As if on cue, there was a knock at the door.

"Hey, Crissy." Terry greeted her, showing her into the room.

"Okay, so where’s this proof of your magic cream, then?" she was still in her pajama bottoms and and only thrown on a pair of sandals and a gray tank top to make the journey between the two dorms.

"Under Chris’s towel." Terry gestured.

Crissy narrowed her eyes, first the at the beach towel, with it’s graphic outline of Chris’s monstrous genitals, then at Terry.

"Wow, you guys really went all out with this prank, huh? What’s under there? A stick of pepperoni and a couple of cantaloupes?"

"You promise not to freak out?"

"Please."

"I’m warning you, brace yourself."

"Seriously." Greg added.

Crissy stifled a pretend yawn and folded her arms across her chest. Ready for the show to begin.

"Okay, Chris, the floor is yours." Terry gestured, grandly.

Chris pulled back the towel. Crissy’s expression shifted from denial, to shock to disbelief to acceptance in a space of about two and a half seconds.

"OhholyGod!"

She was out the door, dry heaving outside Terry’s room four seconds later.

Terry patted her on the back as she spit a mouthful of effluvium onto the blue and grey carpeting.

"Jesus H.P. Christ!" she exclaimed "Is that real?"

"Yeah." Terry chuckled.

"God, it’s like something from an H.R. Geiger illustration!" she wiped her mouth, still teary eyed.

"Are you sure you’re okay?"

"Yeah... Yeah. Sorry, I was just startled."

Terry led her back in. Chris was covered back up and looking sour. Crissy’s reaction hadn’t gone over so well with him. Greg was busy laughing silently in the corner by the radiator.

"Okay." Said Crissy, steadying herself "Sorry about that."

Chris still looked sour.

"Really." she added, apologetically.

"Whatever." Grumbled Chris "Can I go now?"

"Wait, so..." Crissy started "Terry’s cream did this to you? He’s telling the truth about it?"

"Yeah, he is. I overdosed *through no fault of my own* and ended up like this." he gestured to his overgrown package "But it’s not all bad. Most girls don’t react that way, and the orgasms are amazing."

"You can orgasm with that... thing? It still works?"

"Absolutely."

"Does it get hard?"

"Is the Enterprise powered by dilithium crystals?" Chris smirked.

"So, ’no’ then?" Crissy cocked her head.

"What? Of course it can. That means yes. You’ve never watched Star Trek?"

"Every episode of Tee En Gee and all of the good Original Series episodes."

"So how could you not know the Enterprise was powered by dilithium crystals?"

"Because it’s not?"

"It’s like the most famous thing about Star Trek! Aside from ’Beam Me Up Scotty’ everyone knows about dilithium crystals even if they’ve never seen the show! You’re obviously either a moron or watching it with the sound off." Chris crossed his arms. He was in his element now. Star Trek was his domain.

"Don’t lecture me!" Crissy’s hackles started to raise "You’re the one who obviously doesn’t pay attention! If you did, you’d know that they use dilithium crystals as a catalyst to stabilize a matter/antimatter reaction and not as a source of fuel!"

"You’re twisting my words. They still get their power as a result of-"

"And furthermore, the phrase ’Beam me up, Scotty’ have never been spoken in any episode of any incarnation of Star Trek. A *real* fan would know that."

Chris was flustered and started to backpedal over his original statement

"When I said ’powered by’, I didn’t mean..."

"Whatever, don’t try and change it now. You both heard him say it, right Terry?... Terry?"

Terry and Greg had already fled and camped out at the end of the hall. Meanwhile, Chris was grumbling and digging through his drawers for his copy of the *Starfleet Technical Manual*.

"I see what you mean now about her being as big a nerd as him." said Greg, looking pale "Is she always like this?"

"Not always, sometimes she talks about anime." said Terry.

• • •

**Part 81.**

(Tupelo East, about 8:45 am, Friday)

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“See? It’s right there! The dilithium crystal matrix is used to stabilize the matter/antimatter reaction. It’s not used as a **catalyst**. That would be stupid. It’s not like matter and antimatter wouldn’t react without a catalyst. The matrix is what is used to convert the reaction of the matter and antimatter into a stream of electro-plasma. So its basically the engine, and an engine powers the ship.” Chris pointed to the technical manual energetically, causing the huge bulges under his towel to bounce and sway.

Crissy grimaced and looked away. “Your whole argument is weak. I **might** have accepted it if you said that the dilithium articulation frame powered the Enterprise, even though most people would simply say the warp core does so, but you just said ‘dilithium’. Even if an engine is made of mostly steel, no one would say that steel powers the vehicle. So,” she ended confidently, “you’re just basically wrong. Admit it.” She winced again when she looked back at the grotesquely huge member outlined by Chris’s towel. “And put on some clothes. Ugh.”

“I’m not taking criticism from someone who hasn’t even seen the entire Original Series. What kind of dedication is that? There were only three seasons. What kind of a fan is that?” He crossed his arms defiantly and stood in front of Crissy. This had the effect of pulling the towel snug against his package, outlining the thick shaft dangling between his legs and his balls, each "only" about four inches across. Crissy covered her mouth. “I bet you just look up this stuff on the internet to sound like you’re cool.”

“Yuck. Can you **please** put on some clothes? That towel doesn’t leave enough to the imagination, assuming I wanted to imagine something that misshapen.” She made a face. "As if I was trying to impress **you**."

Chris huffed. “I’ll have you know that my testicles aren’t normally this small.”

Crissy swallowed anxiously. “Small? They look huge. You get bigger that **this**?” Her stomach roiled just thinking about it.

“This is, by far, the smallest they’ve been since Tuesday. I’m normally a *lot* larger.” Keeping his arms crossed, Chris thrust his oversized genitals forward against the fabric. *What do you think about me now, huh?* He looked at Crissy expectantly.

“Eww. Just when I thought you couldn’t get any grosser. Please don’t make me think about you being even bigger. I might like anime, but I draw the line at ‘Urotsukidoji”.” Crissy walked out of the room. “I’ve got to go find someone of reasonably human proportions.”

*What?* Chris caught a glimpse at the clock. *Oh crap! I’ve got Physics in 5 minutes. I wasted all this time arguing with a Philistine.* As Crissy left the room in evident disgust, he began the laborious process of immobilizing, as much as possible, his elephantine cock and balls under a layer of spandex, and concealing them with his goth disguise.

Hampered by the mammoth package between his legs, Chris was late to his Physics course. Embarrassed, he had to walk down the stairs as people watched and snickered. His baggy pants flapped around almost like a skirt, and his belt chain caught on several seats before he could find one to sit in. “Glad you could join us, Mr. Song-kim,” said Dr. Pabodie, testily. The rest of the class didn’t go much better. At least he had done the homework, on Wednesday when he was snacking his way through his mom’s cookie stash, but he hadn’t done any reading. Although he should have been able to follow it pretty easily, he couldn’t focus on the material as Chris was replaying the confrontation with Terry, Greg, and Crissy over and over again in his head. To make matters worse, his stomach was cramping with hunger. At one point, it even growled audibly, causing several nearby students to snicker again. Chris even noticed several of the coeds he had been admiring on Wednesday pointing at him during the lecture and rolling their eyes, or saying something funny to their classmates. *Great. Not only am I totally screwing up in what should be an easy class, but everybody thinks I’m a complete dork. Awesome. What could I say to the professor? “Sorry, but I got a little distracted by my giant cock?”*

Chris just got more miserable during Organic Chemistry. First, he had to make his way back up all the steps in the lecture hall, since the back rows were filled up when he got there late. Then, he had to make his way up to the third floor to the classroom, again lugging his huge limp dick between his legs. Then, he sat down, and the two smoking hot girls that had entranced him on Wednesday walked by.

“I didn’t see you at the gym.” chided the blonde gently. “Are you still working out?”

The raven-haired girl said “I heard that you were giving the snack bar quite a workout instead.”

Chris’s stomach picked that moment to rumble again, loudly. Both girls giggled.

“Sounds like your ‘sore muscles’ were just your empty stomach, kiddo.” teased the girl with black hair. “You’re not half-bad looking, but if you’re trying to score with two bisexual sophomores like Callie and me, you’re gonna have to up your game.”

Callie, the blonde, added, “Yeah, the ‘Asian twink’ angle could definitely work on me and Lissa, but “Goth Hot-Dog Eating Champion” is pretty much a turnoff. Maybe somebody else likes black clothes and big bellies.” The two girls twined arms and went to sit elsewhere, the eyes of most of the men (and not a few of the girls) in the room following them.

*Great. Now I’ve been shot down publicly by two bisexuals. Maybe someone could give me an atomic wedgie so my day would be complete.* Chris tried to scrunch down in the seat and disappear, but the rumbles from his stomach just wouldn’t go away. *Okay, I get it! Hungry! I know! Shut up!* Just as bad, he hadn’t done any of the reading, nor even looked at the online assignment. Dr. Inhoue was evidently not going to mention it, but his unctuous TA, Roger, made a point of throwing the class spreadsheet up on the projection screen. Chris noticed that his name was the only one with an ‘incomplete’ next to it. *Super! Why not just put a dunce cap on me, Roger? First, Crissy ruins my geek cred, and now this dorky TA is making me look like a dummy!* By the end of the class, Chris was red-faced and starving.

*I’m gonna march into that cafeteria and eat until they close up shop. Then I’ll hit the snack bar.* Chris surreptitiously rubbed his greatly reduced balls under the desk. *Time to get you guys back up to a proper size. I miss being huge and heavy, no matter what some weirdo like Crissy thinks.* He stood up, careful not to jam the edge of the desk into his thick python, and, picking up his bag, began to make his way out of the building and to the cafeteria. His mouth was already watering as he waddled across campus with his slab of meat secure against his thigh. *Sure, it’s a lot easier to walk when your balls don’t weigh ten pounds apiece, but it feels so much better just being* ***big.*** *I’ll gladly waddle like a duck if I can just keep my balls nice and fat and fu*ll. Approaching the dining hall, Chris was already planning his assault on the buffet tables in his head.

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**Part 82.**

(Friday, about noon, in front of the cafeteria on campus)

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“So, running over here to pig out, aren’t you?”

Persephone had stepped out from behind a bush to stand in front of him, arms crossed across her chest. *Man, that makes her boobs look nice. My luck to be stalked by a girl small enough to actually hide behind an azalea.* “Despite the **pinkie swear**, you were going to come over here and stuff yourself again, weren’t you? I told you that you had a problem!”

Persephone was wearing patent leather Mary Janes today, making her a good four inches shorter than yesterday. Chris noticed her shoes because she was angrily tapping one foot at him. His gaze traveled up from her shoes to the black hose that encased her slender legs. Those hose ended at midthigh, and Chris stared at several inches of creamy white thighs before they were covered by the smallest micro-miniskirt he had ever seen. *That thing’s almost a* ***belt***. Above the skirt, Persephone’s tiny waist (and the rest of her torso) were covered by a black baby-doll t-shirt. Chris finally pulled his eyes away from her perky breasts, propped up even further by her crossed arms, and looked at her face. Her lips were fixed in a pout, the black lipstick glistening on their plump curves. Like yesterday, Persephone’s upturned nose would have been cute, had she not been scowling furiously. She shook her head, causing the purple stripes in her black pixie cut to shimmer.

“Are you going to explain yourself, or are you just going to stand there and ogle me?” she demanded.

*What am I going to say? I was going to go pig out. I forgot all about meeting up with Persephone at 1. Heck, I pigged out yesterday right after promising not to.* “I can’t help myself.”

“That’s what I told you. You have a problem, Chris. We can get help.” Her scowl softened.

“Oh, not that. I mean, I can’t help myself ogling you. You’re so cute!” He smiled, hopefully.

“AAAAAARGH!” Persephone hopped up and down in anger. “Don’t say that! I **hate** that! I hate being called ‘**cute**’! Why can’t someone call me sexy, or hot, or…”

“Whoah! Whoah! Whoah! That’s not what I meant at all!” Chris put up his hands in protest, and in defense. *I felt those tiny little fingers poking me. I bet her tiny fists would be even worse!* “You are sexy. Really sexy. God, seeing those thighs of yours in that skirt. It’s soooo hot. And the way your breasts look in that t-shirt?” Persephone punched him in the arm with one balled up fist. “Aaaah!” *It is worse! It’s like being poked with a pool cue! Tiny size equals more penetration!* He rubbed his arm furiously.

“Then why not just say I look sexy, stupid?” Persephone demanded. “You don’t have to talk about how my boobs look.” She adjusted her t-shirt and, Chris thought, thrust them out a little bit more. “Why do you have to call me cute? Puppies and kittens and babies are cute.”

“It’s not that kind of cute. There’s kitten cute, and then there’s insanely hot cute. It’s like a really hot girl in a Catholic school uniform, or a Japanese school uniform. She’s really sexy, but she’s wearing something that’s not supposed to be sexy. The outfit is supposed to be innocent looking, but it just makes you want to grab her and have sex with her even more. That kind of cute. Like, naughty, sexy cute.” *Did I just say that all out loud?*

“Oh. So you’re saying that I look sexy, but sexy in a different way that say, a hot blonde in a bikini?”, Persephone asked, dubiously. Chris nodded. She hit him in the other arm.

“Owwww!”

“I’m wearing a micro-mini-skirt, a Miracle bra, and my tightest t-shirt. I’m supposed to look normal-sexy sexy. Why do I look cute sexy?” She pointed a finger at his face.

“You’re just so **little**! It’s **adorable**!” Chris held his hands up to prevent her from hitting him again. “Sorry! Sorry! That outfit on a normal sized girl, say 5’6” would look totally hot, especially if she was built like you. On you, you’re like, what? 4’10”?”

“Four foot eight.” answered Persephone bitterly.

“Okay, 4’8”, On you, it’s just as sexy. However, it’s **concentrated**. On a normal size girl, this would look way sexy. With you, however, it just looks like you are some kind of a little fantasy sex doll, it’s so hot.” Chris held his hands together, indicating a size somewhere between a Barbie and an action figure.

“So, when you say that I look cute, it’s not that you don’t think I look sexy,” Persephone offered.

“No, it’s that you look sexy plus some!” Chris replied. “Wait. Why are you so concerned about whether I think you look sexy? I thought this was about my bulimia?”

“So, you admit it! You have bulimia!” Persephone poked him in the stomach again, triumphantly.

“Owww! Tiny fingers!” Chris rubbed his empty stomach. “Look, you saw how much I ate yesterday at the snack bar, right? “ Persephone nodded. Chris pulled up his shirt, exposing his flat, trim tummy. “See how skinny I am?” Persephone ran her hand across his taut midriff, nodding. “How could I do that?”

“You made yourself throw up! That’s what bulimics do. They eat all that food because it feels so good to stuff yourself with all those goodies, to feel your belly getting big and full and round, but you don’t want to get fat so you make yourself throw it all up…” Persephone blushed and looked away.

Chris took her hand, the one that was still resting on his trim abdomen. “But I didn’t throw it all up. I didn’t throw any of it up. I don’t have bulimia.”

Persephone turned back to look at him angrily. “How can you say that? I watched you eat all that food. I watched you eat all six foot longs, and two baskets of chili fries, and both of those huge milkshakes, and all of that candy, and… Your belly was like,” Persephone tried to pooch out her tiny flat stomach and, failing that, gestured expansively with her hands. “And now, it’s all gone! You had to throw it up. How else could you gorge yourself on all that food and still be so skinny and hot?”

*Hot? She thinks I’m hot? She doesn’t even know I’ve got a thirty inch cock.* “Look, Persephone, let me show you, okay? Let me eat a little bit, just enough to really fill up my stomach, and you can watch. My stomach will be back to flat in no time. I promise.” *Just let me get something to eat soon, please.* “No tricks, and no making myself throw up.”

“Do you want to go to the cafeteria? Maybe the snack bar?” offered Persephone dubiously.

“No. I think I might have made enough of a spectacle of myself in both of those places already. You probably aren’t the only person who noticed me pigging out.” Chris rubbed his stomach absently as he thought. “Let’s go over to Dunkin Donuts. They’re right on the bus route, and they’re not far away.”

“The bus? Let’s just take my car.” Persephone jerked her thumb toward the parking behind the cafeteria.

Chris clambered awkwardly into Persephone’s Mini Cooper. Even with the tiny car, the seat was pushed all the way up so she could reach the pedals. “So,” said Persephone, as she backed the car out of the space, “you can eat like that and just not get fat?” She headed towards the Dunkin Donuts off campus.

“I can eat a whole lot more than that,” said Chris. “I can eat **way** more than that, and not have to worry about ever getting fat.” *Mmmm. Doughnuts. Lots and lots and lots of doughnuts. That should hit the spot.*

“Mmm-hmm.” murmured Persephone.

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**Part 83.**

(Friday, shortly after noon, at the Dunkin Donuts)

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After they pulled into the parking lot, Chris and Persephone went inside. “Wait here,” she instructed him, and she approached the manager. After conferring with him for a few moments, she motioned Chris to follow her. “This used to be a restaurant,” she explained, leading him back to a door at the end of the counter. “There’s still a dining room in here for private parties.” She opened the door to reveal some slightly dusty booths, as well as some tables with chairs upended on top, and cleaning supplies. “Not that it gets used, but it’s here.” She patted the upholstery on the closest booth. “You sit here. I’ll go get some doughnuts. Get ready to eat up, Chris.”

“I’m ready, Perspephone.” *Oh, damn, am I ready. You’d better be bringing the whole case.* “You’ll see. I’m not bulimic.” Chris reclined in the cushy upholstery, propping his feet up in the bench seat opposite, as she exited the room.

Persephone returned a few minutes later, carrying an entire wire tray full of doughnuts of various sorts. Chris was disappointed that there were probably not more than two dozen, though all of them looked to be coated with icing, or filled with cream, or both. “Is that all, Persephone? I can eat that many doughnuts before breakfast.” She knelt down beside him on the bench.

“Hush. Eat these first, and if you’re telling the truth, we can see just how much you can eat after that.” She took the first doughnut and guided it into his mouth.

“Mmmph!” Persephone seemed to be intent on feeding him the doughnuts, rather than letting him eat them himself. That was fine by Chris, but even with his gnawing appetite, her pace was a little on the rapid side. He had to take huge bites and wolf down the doughnuts to keep eating them at the pace she was feeding them to him. However, she seemed pleased with his progress, and gave him little coos and murmurs of encouragement. In what seemed like no time at all, Chris had polished off the two dozen doughnuts, and sat back on the bench with a full, bloated belly and a satisfied smile. *Well, not satisfied, I guess. I bet I drained my balls down to about a pound each with all that cumming I did. I’m gonna need eighteen pounds of food to fill ‘em back up. Heck, some of it’s gonna get digested. I’ll probably have to eat twenty pounds, maybe more. I guess I won’t be ‘satisfied’ for quite some time*.

Persephone scootched closer and patted him on his taut, bulging belly. “Oooh! That’s a big full belly, Chris. Did you enjoy eating all those doughnuts?”

“Yup. It’s a big belly, but it’s not full, Persephone. Can you go get me some more?” Chris asked, mesmerized by her hand slowly rubbing his stomach, and her pink tongue peeping out and licking her lips.

“Not full? You’re pretty full to me, Chris. Full,” she said, then thumped his belly with her palm, “and fat. I don’t like fat.” She withdrew her hand. “Are you sure you don’t need to go and take care of those doughnuts, so you don’t get fat? I don’t like fat, Chris.” She stared at Chris accusingly.

“Fat? Who’s gonna get fat? Not me, gorgeous.” Chris shuffled his legs slightly to give his balls some extra room. *They’ll need them, soon enough.* After a few moments, Chris felt the tighness in his stomach begin to relax. The familiar, delicious warmth began to spread in his ballsack. Though it took a few minutes to become apparent, his bloated belly began to shrink and diminish. As Persephone watched, amazed, his stomach began to flatten back out, until, within minutes, it was back to its normal trim self. His balls, however, had hardly started to refill, and Chris was still hungry. Even hungrier, it felt like.

“What? Where did it all go?” Persephone rubbed his tummy in amazement, and looked at him in surprise. Chris smiled back at her, smugly.

“I’ll tell you where it’s all going, cutie. It’s all going right in here.” He opened his mouth and pointed with his finger. “Now hop that sweet little ass out there and get me some more doughnuts. Chis is hungry and he wants you to keep feeding him.” He slapped her ass lightly for emphasis. Persephone hopped up immediately and grabbed the empty rack.

“Yes, sir!” She saluted him, and scrambled out the door. When she returned, breathless, she could scarcely open the door with the huge tray of doughnuts she was carrying. “Four dozen doughnuts for my big eater!” she declared. She plopped the rack down on the table, and straddled Chris’s legs. She sat down on the table in front of him and grabbed a doughnut. “Eat ‘em up! Eat, eat, eat!” Persephone shoved the doughnut into Chris’s mouth and grabbed another with her other hand. “Plenty more where these came from!”

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**Part 84.**

Chris was in heaven. He was so hungry, and this gorgeous little coed was exuberantly bouncing up and down, feeding him doughnut after doughnut. She seemed so happy as he ate each one, praising him and patting the fat belly he soon developed again. She didn’t seem to mind at all as his hands sought out, then lifted her miniskirt. Chris reached back and grabbed with both hands. He was rewarded with two handfuls of delightful, firm buttocks. He slid Persephone up just a bit, giving him a more comfortable grasp on her pert ass. *She’s so pretty! She smells so good!* Persephone kissed him as she smooshed another cream-filled doughnut into his mouth. *I think she wants me to have big, fat balls even more than Jen does. Can I fall in love twice in one week?* Chris could feel his huge cock starting to stiffen.

“That’s a good boy, Chris. Aren’t these delicious?” Persephone selected another doughnut from the tray. “I would get all big and fat if I ate so many doughnuts, but you can just keep eating them and eating them and eating them. Doesn’t it feel good?” Chris’s stomach was stretched to full capacity, but he could feel his balls steadily swelling as they expanded to handle his food supply. “That’s right, Chris. You just keep eating.” Persephone kissed him again and licked a little chocolate off his mouth. “Once you’ve eaten all of these, I’ll go and get us some more.” She licked her lips. “Won’t it be great to have some more?”

When Chris had finally wolfed down four dozen more doughnuts, Persephone hopped off the table. She looked at him appraisingly, and patted his full, round belly. She then leaned forward and slowly licked every crumb and drop of icing off his face, before mashing her lips against his and giving him a voracious, tongue-lashing kiss. When she pulled back, Chris was gasping for air. “I’ll be right back with more doughnuts, gorgeous,” she panted. Once she had left the room, Chris struggled to stand up. His cock, steadlly inflating in his pants, was being squeezed painfully by the tight spandex. He dropped his baggy black pants and quickly jerked his tight spandex off. *Ohhh, that feels better.* He took a few steps around, letting his semi-hard cock flop free. Chris experimentally hefted his growing nutsack. *Hmmm. Fatter, but not nearly full. Probably not even half full yet. Still plenty of room for more.* Chris tucked his semi into his pants leg and began putting back on his pants. *Still probably a bit early to give her the Full Monty, though.* When Persephone returned with another tray completely loaded with dougnuts, he was seated back on the booth, and his stomach had almost returned to normal.

“Oh, baby!” Persephone cooed at him, as she put down the tray and returned to her perch on the table, straddling him. She smiled affectionately as Chris’s hands again sought out her pert ass under her skirt. She patted his almost flat belly as she grabbed the first doughnut on the tray. “I almost let you starve to death! You’re getting so skinny! You must be hungry!” Chris leaned forward and almost inhaled the doughnut. *Actually, I am still pretty hungry. I bet I have room for another four dozen, easy*. “Where’s all this food going, cutie?” She selected another doughnut and guided to his waiting mouth.

Persephone cuddled against Chris as she fed him doughnut after doughnut. Chris gulped them down one after another, each seeming to delight her more than the last. Persephone laughed as his cheeks puffed out with cream filling, and her delicious lips were always ready to delicately lick up even the slightest of messes. “Oh, Chris. I can’t tell you how hard I’ve wished for a boy like you. A boy that I can just feed and feed and feed.” She plowed a huge cruller into his mouth. “A sweet, hot, boy who could eat and eat and eat, and not get fat.” By this time, Chris’s giant dick had swelled so much it had filled his right pants leg all of the way to his ankle., but Chris’s balls still seemed to want more food. He continued to gorge himself until he had finished all of the second tray of four dozen doughnuts. “Oops! My big eater has polished off all the doughnuts! I’d better go get him some more before he gets hungry.” Chris started to protest, but Persephone suddenly dove in and slurped two trails of sugar off either side of his mouth, before fastening her lips on his mouth and giving him another deep kiss. Chris took the opportunity to slide his hand inside her sopping wet panties, and gently fingered her dripping labia. Persephone leaned back and smiled at him mischievously. “Be a good boy until I get back.”

She hopped off him again and scooted out the door with the empty tray. Chris licked her pussy juices off his finger and rubbed his huge belly, even as he could feel it being churned into even more cum for his gigantic nuts. *I can probably gulp down a few more doughnuts for Persephone. Nice to have a girl who really appreciates a man with an appetite.* By the time she returned with a third tray of four dozen doughnuts, Chris was actually salivating with anticipation. *Damn, I was hungry*. The petite sexpot leapt back onto her spot on the table and began shoveling pastries into his mouth again.

The first dozen (or more accurately, the eleventh dozen) disappeared without much effort on Chris’s part, as did the second (or the twelfth). The third dozen doughnuts (or the thirteenth, for those, like Persephone, who were counting), however, were a bit slower going. Chris had to take his time and chew and swallow each one. His balls were approaching a pleasant sensation of fullness, and it seemed like it was taking longer and longer for the swelling to move from his gut to his nuts. Persephone, however, was just as excited as before, and continued to encourage him to eat while she cooed and kissed him. Though she didn’t notice it under the table, Chris’s gargantuan cock had now swelled to his maximum size, straining the seams in his baggy pants from the crotch all the way to the ankle. His massive cockhead protruded completely out of his pants leg where it rested on the adjacent bench seat.

Finally, what seemed like hours after he had started his epic binge, Chris reached the final twelve doughnuts. He felt like he was full, or almost full, but Persephone really seemed frantically excited to get him to eat each and every one. Now, swallowing them was an effort. His stomach was bloated and hard, and had never felt so full and round. It bulged up like he had swallowed a basketball, or a watermelon. “Don’t stop, Chris. Don’t stop now. Keep eating, baby.” Persephone fed him one doughnut after another: Chris sweating as he mechanically chewed and forced them down. *I can’t disappoint her. She really seems to love this. I bet when I get these all eaten, she’s going to blow my mind.* Finally, mercifully, Chris had reached the last doughnut. *I don’t think I can do it. I feel like my tummy’s gonna explode. I’m so damn hard I can barely move.* Chris could feel his colossal cock throbbing with every heartbeat, straining against his previously baggy pants.

“Come on, Chris. You can do it. Just one more doughnut.” Persephone waved it in front of his mouth. “You can eat it, baby. I know you can.” She began to plead. “Just do it for me, Chris. Just eat one more doughnut for Penny.” *Penny? Who’s Penny?* Chris wondered. *Still, if I can just get it down, it’s sexy time.* He opened his mouth and Persephone fed him the last of one hundred sixty eight doughnuts. He chewed it and swallowed, feeling it pushing against the mass in his bloated stomach.

“That’s a good boy, Chris!” Persephone jumped up. “I’ll go get another tray. Won’t that be nice? More for you to eat?”

“Persephone!” Chris pleaded. He tried to rise, but between his hugely swollen stomach, and his even more massively swollen cock, he was unable to do so. “I can’t eat any more, babydoll. I’m full!” He patted his huge, round gut for emphasis. *Now I just need you to empty me…*

“But, Chris! I want you to eat more! There’s lots more doughnuts they can make! You have to eat them. You have to eat them all!” Persephone stamped her foot. “Can’t you just eat a few more dozen? Maybe four dozen?”

“I can’t eat any more right now, Persephone. I’m full.” Chris could feel his huge balls, lying between his legs, shudderingly, achingly full. His cock was squeezed into the pants leg like it was a blood pressure cuff being pumped up.

“You said you wouldn’t get fat!” Persephone poked him in the stomach with her tiny, sharp finger. “You’re getting fat! I don’t wanna fat boy. I want a skinny boy to feed.” She pouted.

“I’m not getting fat. I just need you to help empty me. Once I get a little drained, I can eat some more.” Chris pleaded.

“You can eat more? Really?” Persephone clapped her hands excitedly. “Can you eat a lot more? Like another twelve dozen doughnuts?”

*Holy crap, how much does this girl want me to eat?* Chris’s cock, however, was begging for release. “I’ll eat as much as you want, Persephone, if you’ll help me relieve the pressure first. Once I get drained down, you can fill me back up as much as you want.”

Persephone paused in her excitement. “Drain you? What do you mean?”

Chris had finally had enough. He struggled to stand up and his baggy black pants, stretched to their limit by his massive erection, ripped along the entire leg seam, releasing his gigantic, thick, thirty inch long erection. Chris squeezed his heavy, fat balls between the table edge and the seats as he swiveled around to give his gargantuan boner more room. He reached down and cupped his nutsack with both hands, and plopped his ten pound balls and twenty-five pound cock onto the table with a thud. “This! I need you to drain this! Once I’ve cum a few times, you can…”

Persephone gave a little shriek as the colossal, thirty inch long, eighteen inch around monster swung into her field of view. “Eeeeeeek! That…! You…! Me…! I….!” Persephone ran out of the room.

“Wait! Persephone! Wait! I can just jerk off…” Chris could hear the exterior door of the Dunkin Donuts open, and then, the sound of the Mini Cooper starting, and accelerating away. *Well, great! I’m stuck here with a thirty inch hard on in a dusty old store room with a ripped pair of pants. What the hell am I supposed to do now?* Chris started to step forward, but tripped himself in the ripped baggy pants and fell back down into the bench seat. He sat there for a minute, massive prick throbbing insistently, as he pondered his predicament.

“Why the hell would you let that stupid bitch eat back here? Now I have to clean up the stupid storage room.” James, the muscular guard that had gotten fired from Target just the previous day, walked into the room carrying a mop and a bucket, wearing a paper hat and a Dunkin Donuts shirt. “What are **you** doing here, faggot?”

• • •

**Part 85.**

Chris quickly shifted in his seat, turning to fit his gigantic cock under the table edge. He hoped that James, standing where he was, wouldn’t see his cockhead, which rested on the bench seat on the other side of the table. “Uh, Persephone and I were just eating…”

“Bullshit! No way that you were back here with that hot little piece of ass. Pussy that fine would never be caught with a prissy little queer like you.” James took a few steps forward, menacingly. “You got me fired from my security position, pussy. I should kick your…” He noticed Chris’s hugely protruding belly, bulging out underneath the shirt that Persephone had pulled up when she was massaging his taut, flat stomach earlier. He pointed and laughed.

“Now you’re a little queer with a great big belly! You were back here stuffing your face with all those doughnuts, weren’t you, sissy? Whassa matter? Can’t get a girl, so you’ll just have to drown your sorrows in food? You got pretty damn fat in one day, queer. A few more days and you’ll be so fat you’ll have to roll down here to stuff your fag face with food.” James put down the bucket and leaned the mop against the wall. He reached for his belt buckle.

“Tell you what, you little queer. If you’re so determined to get fat, how about I stuff my cock in your fag mouth and let you suck my dick? You queers love sucking dick, right? You can get fat sucking my dick, fag. You’ll suck my big dick until you’re so fat you can’t fucking move. What do you think about that?”

*I’m hosed. I thought this guy was going to beat the shit out of me, but now he’s gonna make me suck his dick. What the hell do I do?* Chris remembered his previous encounter with James. *Maybe not the best solution, but I’m not going to be able to fight him, am I?* He lifted his left leg up onto the bench, swinging his gigantic dick around like a crane. He hefted his huge, heavy pole with both hands and leaned backward slightly, exposing the full length of his thirty inch long cock to the stunned James

James’s jaw dropped at the sight of Chris’s gargantuan erection. He stepped forward, licking his lips. Involuntarily, Chris flinched as the beefy blonde guy darted towards him. His hands slipped on the upholstery and he fell back against the bench seat. His fat balls spread out between his skinny legs, the seat cool on his skin, as his towering shaft bobbed up and down. James stepped forward almost reverentially and reached out a hand, tentatively, to touch Chris’s prick. His broad hand cradled the throbbing, hot shaft and eased it towards his mouth, already open with anticipation. “Gotta suck this cock.” He bent down and began to lick Chris’s cock at the base, where it protruded from the huge expanse of his nutsack. “Just too big not to suck.” His tongue ran up the underside of Chris’s fat prick. Chris could feel himself twitching with anticipation as James’ tongue slowly traced its way up his shaft, foot after foot. Once he’d reached Chris’s glans, James began to methodically lick all the way around the gargantuan cockhead. “All the cum I want. All mine.”

James grasped Chris’s aching schlong with both hands and sat down on the bench, pulling the huge rod lower, squeezing Chris’s swollen nuts in their sack. “Gonna suck this cock all day.” He pulled the thick, hot tube to one side and started to lick and suck on the left side of Chris’s dick. “Been wanting more of this delicious cum for days.” Once a healthy expanse of meat was glistening with saliva, he grasped it with his hand and pulled Chris’s aching log to the left side. “Didn’t get enough last time.” He started licking and sucking on that side as well, coating a stretch of Chris’s gargantuan boner with his spit. “Can’t get enough.” James squelched his left hand down on the wet stretch of Chris’s cock, and used both hands to steer the massive girth of Chris’s dick towards his face. “Can’t ever get enough cum.” James opened his mouth and began to lap on Chris’s cock like a starving man eating an ice cream cone. “Gimme all the cum.” His broad tongue was licking Chris’s huge cockhead all over. “Gotta fill me up with cum.” James closed his eyes and grasped Chris’s colossal fat prick firmly with both hands. “Want all the cum.” He opened his mouth wide and planted it directly over Chris’s cockslit. His tongue began to explore the slit, first teasing it, then pushing inside the slit.

Chris couldn’t hold back anymore. *I don’t care if it’s a guy, or a girl, or whatever. It feels good and I gotta cum!* He released the first spurt of a gigantic orgasm and it surged through his thick dick like water roaring through a firehose. James, however, was ready for it, and eagerly gulped it all down, his muscular arms kneading and pumping Chris’s cock, already encouraging the following surges of Chris’s volcanic eruptions. When Chris had finally stopped cumming from this first orgasm, he had shot a dozen or so surges of jizz down James’s throat, spraying a good pint or more of spunk inside the beefy guy’s gullet. James finally pulled himself off Chris’s cock and licked his lips for any stray drop of semen. “Tastes good!.” He began to stroke Chris again, insistently. “Gotta have more!” He burped a little then lowered his face to Chris’s cock again. “Gonna stuff myself full of cum.”

Chris closed his own eyes and focused on the sensations, rather than the fact that a musclebound homophobe was sucking on his dick like a berserk vacuum cleaner. *It’s better than getting my ass kicked. Definitely better him than me. He should be full soon, anyway.*

By the time Chris’s stomach had returned to its normal flat, skinny self, James was on his knees on the floor. His face and shirt were smeared with a thick layer of spunk. His belt was unbuckled and his pants unbuttoned, not to accommodate his erection, but to give sufficient room for the gargantuan bulging belly he had developed. A belly so big he had already popped the bottom four buttons of his Dunkin Donut’s shirt. His swollen belly was filled with at least a gallon of Chris’s cum. James was so bloated with Chris’s seed that on the last orgasm, he had been unable to swallow more than a few ounces before drooling it out all over his face and shirt. However, he seemed to desperately want more. “Want more cum in my belly,” James drooled.

Chris, however, had finally had enough. The first few times, James had been both enthusiastic and, honestly, pretty skillful. Chris had responded with massive, bucking orgasms, which James had gulped down eagerly. But after what felt like an hour of the bull-necked goon slobbering on his cock, he had largely lost interest. *I know this lummox said he was going to suck it all day long, but I thought he might do something other than just pump it like a condiment dispenser. Sheesh.* His prick finally had lost interest as well, though James was rubbing it frantically to keep it erect. “Don’t go limp. I need more cum. I gotta have more cum. I wanna suck dick. I wanna suck cock until I can’t swallow any more cum.”

“You already can’t swallow any more. Just let go of me and let me get out of here.” Chris tried to pull his member away from the larger man.

“You shut up, faggot!” James hurled himself unsteadily to his feet, his huge belly sloshing with cum. His unbuttoned pants slid down to reveal a hard, red erection roughly 8” in length. Only a few days ago, Chris would have been impressed with a cock that size, as large and as thick as his own ‘bigger’ brother’s was. Now, it seemed laughably minuscule, almost comically undersized. He started to chuckle involuntarily, but stopped as he realized how infuriated James had become. “That’s my cock you have, faggot! My big cock! I know you want to grab it and suck it! I know you want to take my big cock and bury it in your ass! You’re just dying to get fucked in the ass with my huge cock, aren’t you, faggot!”

The manager stepped into the room and bounced a chromed fire extinguisher off James’s head with a ringing ‘bonggg!”

• • •

**Part 86.**

(Friday, after 2 pm, Dunkin Donuts)

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James collapsed in a heap on the floor. The owner, a perspiring, mustachioed plump gentleman, averted his eyes. “Please, sir. I’m so sorry. I didn’t know where Jimmy was. I thought he had gone on lunch, but when he didn’t come back, I was too busy to look for him. I just hired him this morning. I thought maybe he quit. When I heard him back here, I came running. I’m so sorry. Get dressed while I call the police.” Chris carefully stuffed his anaconda into the left leg of his spandex and pulled up his baggy black pants. The ripped right leg only exposed his skinny legs and his odd choice of underwear.

“No, don’t call the police. I don’t want to press charges. I’m too embarrassed to do that.” Chris protested, while making his way around the unconscious James.

“Sir, but this crazy man assaulted you! He ripped off your pants and tried to rape you. You don’t have anything to be embarrassed about. It is him who should be embarrassed. He should be locked up! He’s a crazy man. You’re not even gay anyhow. Not that there’s anything wrong with that.I saw you in here with the pretty girl. ” The owner put a friendly hand on Chris’s shoulder. “Let me call the police.”

“Sir, I appreciate what you are saying, but if you call the police, they’ll file a report. When they file a report, the news will pick it up, and the news will say that there was an attempted rape on a man at the Dunkin Donuts. You will get all kinds of bad publicity, and people won’t want to eat here, because they will think it’s a bad neighborhood and a dangerous place.” Chris looked earnestly at the owner. “You saved me from him. It would be wrong for me to let your business suffer, your livelihood suffer, because of your good deed. Just fire him and keep him away from your place.”

The owner kicked James as he lay unconscious on the floor. “This dirtbag?” He spat on the unconscious goon. “Why would I ever want him here again? Not only did he try to rape you, he’s been eating all of the sugar glazing. Look at it all over his face! And that belly! I’m lucky I have any doughnuts left.”

“Speaking of doughnuts,” asked Chris, reaching for his wallet, “how much do I owe you for those?” *Thirteen dozen doughnuts? This is gonna cost me*.

“Please!”, said the owner. “After what you have been through? Nothing! I can charge you nothing for the doughnuts! Charging you for them? Never! After all, this crazy man must have eaten most of them, with that big belly he has now.“ He clasped Chris’s hand warmly. “I tell you, my friend, for your terrible experience here, and for your generosity in preserving my shop’s good name, you eat those for free! Any time, day or night, you come in and have some doughnuts on me! You hear me? My name is Luigi Donatelli, and my doughnuts are your doughnuts.”

“Chris Song-Kim, Mister Donatelli. I’m not sure that you want to offer me free doughnuts, but as long as you want to give them to me, I’ll eat them.” Chris shook Mr. Donatelli’s hand.

“Mister. He calls me Mister. My name’s Luigi, Chris. I own the Dunkin Donuts and the Big Boy Pizza. If there’s a fat guy in town, he knows Luigi. Are you gonna be okay?”

“I’ll be fine, Luigi. Thank you for your help, and your generosity. I should probably let you get back to work.” Chris walked out of the back room with Mr. Donatelli.

“Ah, yes, my boy. It’s time to make the donuts.” Luigi waved him out the door. “I see you soon, eh, Chris.”

“Very soon, Mr. Donatelli.” replied Chris.

“It’s Luigi!”

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(Friday, outside the Dunkin Donuts, sometime after 2 pm)

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Stepping outside, Chris felt very uncomfortable walking around in public. While his colossal nutsack had dimished in size quite a bit after James’s treatment, he was still swinging around about twelve pounds of heavy balls. To top it off, his pants were ripped on one side down almost the entire outside seam. Chis had to hold the two sides together to keep them from swinging open and revealing their implausibly bulgy contents. *I can’t walk back to school like this. It’s hard enough to walk swinging this meatstick around. I can’t do it holding my pants up too.*

*Who can I call? Greg and Terry don’t have a car. Not that they would come help out anyway. I’m just a situation for them to avoid. It was* ***Terry’****s cream. Greg is* ***his*** *friend. I’m just the nerd that they have to* ***endure*** *as a roommate. That, and the* ***freak*** *that they show off to prove their cream worked. I went from being their nerdy roommate to laugh at straight to their circus freak to laugh at.*

*I can call Jen! No, that might not be a good idea. I was in here with Persephone. Not only will that not go over well, Jen works for Mr. Donatelli. I mean, Luigi. If he sees her with me, he might tell her about Persephone. Or he might realize I’m actually dating his employee and cut off my doughnut privileges for being unfaithful to her.*

*Wait! I have Kimber’s phone number! Maybe she and Tasha are done with school. Maybe they can come pick me up. If she can come pick me up, I can go back to their apartment and do all of Jen’s laundry. Not only will I avoid suspicion, I can get bonus points for doing housework! Score!*

Chris dialed Kimber anxiously.

“Chrissy-poo! How are you, my sweet baboo?”, she cooed into the phone, delighted to be called. Chris explained the situation, strategically leaving out any mention of Persephone, or of James’s culinary habits. “Oh, Chris! That’s so scary! I’m so glad the manager was there to help. Tasha and I will grab you some pants and be right there. Just hang tight, my darling.”

“You don’t have to grab any pants for me, Kimber. Just come down as soon as you can, okay?”. Chris felt a bit weird standing around in front of the Dunkin Donuts talking on his cell phone with his pants leg flapping in the breeze.

“Oh, it’s no problem! You’ll need something to wear, and there’s no need to wear that goofy Goth outfit with us! Tasha and I will pick out something **cute** for you to wear! It’ll be fun, like playing dress-up!” Kimber seemed a little too excited about that. “So, should we come pick you up at the Dunkin Donuts?”

• • •

“Uh, actually, I was a little embarrassed about being in there. I’m outside right now.” Chris could feel the sun blazing down on the black shirt and black pants he was wearing. *No sense in getting the world’s sweatiest balls.* He saw the Big Boy pizza just a little way down the street. *Jen’s shift doesn’t start until this evening, she said, right?* “I’ll be waiting for you at Big Boy’s pizza, okay?”

“You poor thing! It must have been so frightening.” Kimber clucked sympathetically. “Tasha and I just have to pick out a few cute pairs of pants in your size, and we’ll be right down there. New clothes always make me feel better, Chrissy-poo. It won’t be too long, though it will be hard to find something that will fit you correctly.” Kimber hung up.

Exasperated, Chris walked down the street to the pizza place. As he stepped into the joint, he smelled the aroma of pepperoni and melting cheese. He suddenly felt very conscious of the relatively light weight of his nutsack and the considerable room in his pants. *Man, I could do with a slice of pie about now.* “Welcome to Big Boy’s! What can I get for you today?” asked the guy behind the counter.

“Yeah…Lemme get an extra large pizza with everything, and double meat. Can I get a pitcher of Coke with that?” Chris’s belly, now flat and trim again, began to rumble in anticipation. *I might as well go ahead and fill back up, right? No sense in not topping off the tank.* “Hey, you have a two for one special before 5, right? Lemme get two. No, I’ll just eat them here, okay? ”

By the time Kimber and Tasha pulled into the parking lot, Chris had finished off his first extra large pizza and was almost done with his second. His stomach was bulging back out of his shirt, but his nutsack had started to regain a more reassuring heftiness. *I gotta really work on keeping myself at my fighting weight. Staying in peak shape is turning out to be a full time job.* He shoveled another loaded slice into his mouth as Kimber bounced into the pizza parlor, followed by the lanky Tasha.

“Mph! Hey, girls!”, he said over a mouthful of pizza. Maybe I should order another to go. “I’m almost ready to go.” He grabbed another piece and began cramming it into his mouth.

“You look like you’re about ready to pop,” said Tasha, staring at his bulging belly. “Oh wait, I forgot where all that goes.” She quickly sat down and picked up another slice. “Kimber, why don’t you go get Chris another pizza or two?” She reached down and patted his crotch. “He needs to fatten up as much as possible.” She smiled wickedly as she pushed the slice into Chris’s open mouth.

“One side of his pants is already ripped, Tasha,” explained an impatient Kimber. “Chris has had a traumatic experience and he needs to be in familiar surroundings. We need to get him home where he feels safe.” She ran her fingers through his hair. “Poor little Chrissy-poo. Wait till you see the cute bottoms we found. You will **love** them!”

As he began to chew on the slice she was holding, Tasha asked, “Why didn’t you call me? I’ve got the car, after all.”

Kimber sighed at her roommate. “Chris and I share a special bond, Tasha. You wouldn’t understand.”

“I don’t have your number, Tasha. I couldn’t call you.” He suddenly had to grab the piece of pizza Tasha had been holding, as she let it go without warning. She wiped her greasy fingers on his shirt, then plunged her hands into the pockets of his baggy pants, groping around his groin quickly. “Hey! What the...?” She continued her search on the other side of his body, squeezing him through the fabric as she did so. Her hands finally emerged from his pockets clutching his cell phone.

“Aha!” She began to poke around on his cellphone. “This phone is ancient! Can you even shoot movies with this thing?” She tapped several buttons and slipped the phone back into one of his pants pockets. “Now you have my number.”

“The phone was in the first pocket you checked, Tasha,” grumbled Chris, dusting off his shirt from where she had spread pizza crumbs all over it. “The one you just put it back into.”

“I knew that.” She smiled mischievously. Tasha turned to look at Kimber accusingly, who seemed confused by the entire exchange. “What special bond? Did he show up naked last night at your door too?”

“Whaaaaaaaaaat?” wailed Kimber. Chris quickly scarfed down the last of the pizza and lurched to his feet.

• • •

**Part 87.**

Jen wasn’t having the best day at school. First, she was almost late for her first class, and then, she felt bloated and queasy. *Not too surprising, Jenny, considering what you ate last night*, she thought. Gorging herself just once on Chris’s immense load had made her extremely full, especially after having dinner beforehand. The second session later that evening was just entirely too much. *I don’t know what I was thinking! Chris produces about a pint of cum each time! A quart of it is just too much for me, even if it had been on an empty stomach*. Jen’s belly, still far too full for comfort, gurgled noisily. *I can’t keep doing this. It’s just too much.*

*What am I going to do? I can’t just subsist on Chris alone. I’ve gotta eat real food, but I want him sooo bad! I can’t help myself! There’s just so much there to enjoy*! A warm tingle swept over Jen just thinking about her boyfriend and his fantastic proportions. *God, if he was here right now I could barely keep my hands off him. As full as I feel, I’d go down on that beast in a heartbeat.* Jen looked around guiltily, as if her classmates were in on the secret.

*It’s making me crazy! I’ve got the biggest, thickest, longest boyfriend on the planet, and almost nobody knows! If Kimber and Tasha weren’t in on it, I don’t know if I could stand it!* Jen bit her lip and bounced her legs in the seat. *My whole life, dreaming about being with the biggest, hugest, most gigantic hunk, and now I manage it. I finally meet a guy almost as big as my biggest fantasies, and I can’t tell anybody! Aaaaaaargh!*

*I thought that I would be able to parade him around*, Jen daydreamed. *Squeeze him into skintight jeans, stuff him into tiny Speedos, and parade around with the most well-hung guy in the world. Other girls would be drooling over the huge package on my boyfriend, and I could just smile and watch them all go green with envy. I’d be the one getting fucked by the biggest cock on the planet, fucked silly every day, and not them.*

*Now I’ve got Chris, and he’s too big for* ***anyone*** *to fuck. Heck, he’s too big to stuff in a Speedo!* Jen unconsciously reached down and lightly stroked herself through her shorts. *And I don’t care! I don’t care if he’s so huge I can’t even reach around it, much less take him. In fact, it turns me on even more! Any guy you can just have sex with isn’t really* ***that*** *big. For a guy to be really huge, the* ***hugest****, he has to be inconveniently oversized. And that, I guess, is exactly what I really wanted. A guy so huge that taking care of his massive equipment was a constant undertaking. A guy so massive that it was okay for me to be constantly tending to his needs. A boy so enormous that it was normal for me to be obsessed with his huge cock.*

Another wave of nausea washed over Jen, disrupting her fantasies. *Ughh. And now, I can’t handle him? What am I gonna do? I can’t get enough of Chris’s giant dick and his beautiful big balls, but I can’t keep up with them, either. I feel like I’m gonna throw up.*

Between classes, Jen tried to organize her thoughts. *Let’s be logical about this. What are the problems, and what can I do to address them?* She took out a pen and wrote down in her notebook:

My challenges with Chris Ideas

Chris makes me want to have sex all the time …

Chris is READY to have sex any time ...

Chris HAS to have sex when he’s horny ...

Chris cums more that I can take care of …

Chris is shy, but I want to show him off …

Chris is shy, but I want to make people jealous …

Chris has to eat A LOT to keep his balls full …

• • •

*Okay, Jen. Enough problems. I need solutions! Kimber and Tasha seemed to like helping him stuff himself last night. I was kind of surprised at that, but if they want to help me keep him nice and big, I should probably go ahead and enlist their help.* Jen wrote ‘Tasha and Kimber’ next to the ‘eat a LOT’ line. *What do I care if my roommates like feeding my boyfriend? I can’t be the only girl who gets turned on by the thoughts of him filling up those huge nuts with cum.* Her stomach spasmed. *Delicious, fantastic cum. Just too much of it.*

*Tasha and Kimber already know that he’s super huge, so I can maybe get a little bit of a kick out of telling them about how enormous he is. Tasha would* ***kill*** *to film him, so I can drive her nuts just telling her about us in the bedroom. Kimber always wants to talk about boys, so I guess I can just tell her a little bit about the bedroom. Thankfully he’s a good kisser too.* Jen thought about last night. *And he’s got a lot of potential going down on me. I’ve never been with a boy that* ***eager****. I can’t show Chris off if he’s gonna dress as a Goth on campus, but I could probably get him into some tight pants around the house. Watching them watch him bulging out of some sweatpants. Mmm.* Jen wrote ‘Tasha and Kimber?’ on both the ‘show him off’ and ‘jealous of us’ lines. Now her list looked like this:

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My challenges with Chris Ideas

Chris makes me want to have sex all the time …

Chris is ready to have sex any time ...

Chris HAS to have sex when he’s horny ...

Chris cums more that I can deal with …

Chris is shy, but I want to show him off Tasha and Kimber?

Chris is shy, but I want to make people jealous Tasha and Kimber?

Chris has to eat A LOT to keep his balls full Tasha and Kimber

*Aaargh! Who can I get to help with this? Kimber would love to give me relationship advice, but this is more* ***logistics****! Who knew getting exactly what you wanted would be so hard! Oooh. I wonder if Chris is hard right now? Focus, Jen!*

Frustrated, Jen put away her notebook and headed to her next class. *I’m totally obsessing on my needs anyway. I’m not even thinking about Chris, other than his gargantuan member. What must it be like to go around with something that unbelievably huge between your legs? I weighed it, but I didn’t really think about how it must feel to cart balls that heavy around. He said he can’t even stop it when he starts getting hard. Boys get turned on by the dumbest stuff all the time! What does he do when a pretty girl walks by? What does he do when he just thinks of something that turns him on? It must have been so hard for him in high school. I bet that he got teased all the time. No wonder he wants to be so secretive about it.*

By the time Jen had gotten to her class, she was resolved. *Chris and I are going to work this out. We’ll talk about it, and I’ll be really honest. We will just have to see how we can make it work.* Jen thought about her cute little boyfriend standing in front of her naked, his twenty pounds of fat, heavy balls making his legs bow slightly, his thirty inch long, twenty seven pound, thick, hard cock standing at attention. *Oh, man, I’ve gotta make this work. When will I ever get a chance like this again? I’ve gotta find a way to make this work. He’s so sweet, and so* ***huge****!*

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**Part 88.**

(Friday, about 3pm, outside Big Boy Pizza)

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Chris climbed meekly into the back seat of Tasha’s car, hoping that he could just get back to the apartment without any further embarrassment. Luckily, Kimber got into the car before really letting loose. “How could you do that, Tasha? I know that you just think of guys as sex toys to play with, but you knew that I had special feelings for Chris.”

“How could **I** do that? What about Chris? He’s the one who showed up naked. He didn’t protest any!”, counter Tasha.

“Uh, I just came out of the bathroom naked, actually,” Chris clarified, weakly.

“I knew Chris couldn’t help himself. He’s so big that I’m surprised he can ever resist his sexual urges. They must be almost overwhelming.” Kimber looked back at him affectionately. “I bet you can hardly restrain yourself right now, right, Chrissy-poo?” Chris immediately twisted around in the seat to better reach Kimber. He planted a kiss on her arm and fumbled around to stroke her abdomen. “See? He’s a slave to his own animal hunger.”

*I get off the hook by being horny?* Chris leaned forward and caressed one of Kimber’s breasts with one hand while stroking Tasha’s thigh with the other. *I think I can manage that.*

Kimber grabbed his hand, but sighed and held it against her boob, stroking it softly. “See, Tasha? Even during an argument, Chris is overcome with sexual desire. His sweet, noble soul is trapped in a body with a insatiable lust. Poor Chrissy-poo! Will I ever be able to fully satisfy you?”

“Oh, come on, Kimber!” Tasha snorted. “I know you love this Harlequin romance crap, but don’t tell me you believe it. You and I both watched how much fun Jen was having with Chris and his giant cock, and we both wanted to try it out. Admit it.”

“Whaaaaaaat?” shouted Chris, as they pulled into the apartment parking lot.

“Ooops.” said Tasha.

“You two watched Jen and I have sex? How?” Chris demanded indignantly, leaning back in his seat and crossing his arms.

“It was Tasha, Chrissy-poo! Not me! She hacked into Jen’s computer and activated the webcam.” Kimber offered, defensively. “I just watched because… you were so **huge**, and, and, and, it would have been on the screen whether I watched it or not,” she finished, sheepishly.

“Can you stop calling me Chrissy-poo?!?” blurted Chris.

“Waaa! You don’t like me any more!” cried Kimber, on the verge of tears.

“No! It’s not that! My roommate has this stupid girlfriend named Crissy, and it just reminds me of her.” Chris stroked Kimber’s hair. “I still like you. I just don’t want to think about her when you talk.”

“Is that because you slept with her, too?” demanded Kimber, suddenly angry.

“What?” asked Chris, surprised. “No! Yuck! Eww!”

“Oh, so you can control yourself sometimes, but not around Tasha!” Kimber needled him.

“Not around girls I **like**! I can control myself around people I can’t stand!”, Chris babbled defensively.

“**Look**! It’s hot in this car, and there’s tons of dishes and laundry to do in the apartment, where it’s nice and cool.” Tasha almost shouted. “We’ve all done things we regret. I hacked into Jen’s webcam. You slept with Jen’s boyfriend. Chris slept with Jen’s roommates. It’s water under the bridge. Let’s get inside where it’s nice and cool, get Chris some normal clothes on, and get the chores done. It doesn’t make any sense to sit here sweating in a car arguing about it.” Tasha fitted deeds to words, and got out. Kimber and Chris followed her.

“Hey, you slept with Chris too!”, Kimber pointed out as they walked to the building.

“Yes, but I don’t regret it.” Tasha rejoined as they entered the elevator.

“Aarrrgh!” Kimber shook her head angrily. “You do, at least, regret using Jen’s webcam to spy on them, right?”

“Oh, yeah, sure. Jen’s webcam is really crappy. I wish I had the HD one in there instead.” replied Tasha, breezily. “With **zoom.**”

Tasha opened the apartment door as Kimber shook her head at her. “Look. We can argue while we work.” She handed Chris a bag from the car. “You go in there and change, then get started on the laundry. Jane Austen and I will start on the dishes.”

“You don’t even know who Jane Austen is!” grumbled Kimber.

“Sure I do. You made me watch that boring movie. Keira Knightley played her. I paid attention, despite the total lack of nudity,” said Tasha, breezily.

“Oooooh! She played Elizabeth Bennet, you ninny! I only made you watch that one because you wouldn’t sit still for the Colin Firth one!”

“I barely made it through that one. If I’m watching DVDs for six hours, there had better be some sex scenes!” Tasha scratched her head. “So, which character was Jane Austen, then?”

Chris ignored the arguing girls and shambled into Jen’s bedroom to change. He slipped off the ripped black pants, then hooked his fingers into the waistband of his spandex underpants. *Hang on a minute*. Chris looked over at Jen’s laptop, and carefully shut the screen. *Enough of that for now.* He grabbed the waistband of the spandex and peeled the sweaty fabric off his body. Freed from their confinement, Chris’s hefty balls swung between his legs. He widened his stance a little to give them a bit more room to sway freely. His thick, limp cock rested to the right of his sack, extending down his leg past his knee, even when soft. Chris reached down and hefted his nuts with both hands, enjoying their softness and weight. *Stupid James. I was so nice and full down here. Now I’m not nearly back to normal.*

In truth, the two extra-large pizzas had restored much of the mass lost to James’ ministrations. Chris’s colossal balls were each almost eight pounds in weight, and each was over seven inches in diameter. However, Chris was correct that they were not quite at capacity, just yet.

*Maybe the girls have got something I can eat while I’m doing the laundry. I need to keep my equipment in top condition. No telling when I might have to spring into action. Gotta be ready for anything.* Chris released his heavy nutsack slowly and waddled back to the bed to open the bag Tasha had given him. *Let’s see what they picked out.*

What the girls picked out seemed to be several pairs of sheer, stretchy pants. While cut like sweatpants, with the same elastic waistband, these pants were made of a much thinner, stretchier cotton fabric. There were several colors to choose from, including burgundy, dark green, navy, and a charcoal grey. Chris selected the burgundy ones to try on. The smooth material slipped over his legs quite comfortably, and stretched easily around his dangling dick. It seemed as stretchy as the spandex, as the pants bulged comfortably around his massive nutsack as well. Though he pulled them up to his waist, the mammoth bulge in his crotch pulled the waistband back down. The pants clung to the very top of the curve of his butt in the back, and were pulled down low enough in the front to just barely reveal the base of his massive cock. He could pull them up again if he wanted, but the sheer fabric was so stretchy that it would just slide back down again. In doing so, the material had slipped up under his massive organ, and the stretchy fabric now clung to every inch of his gigantic cock, as well as clearly outlining his enormous, round balls. *Wow. Not only do these feel pretty nice, they show me off pretty well. Nice choice, girls.* Chris picked up the laundry hamper and held it in front of his own basket. *Maybe a little surprise is in order*. He leaned back and strode, wide-legged, out of the room, feeling his dick and balls shifting back and forth in his pants as he did so.

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Holding the hamper, Chris stepped out into the hallway. He walked down the hall until he got to the kitchen, on the left, where he could see Kimber and Tasha doing the dishes while they bickered. He put down the hamper, stepped back a bit, and put his hands on his waist, leaning back as he did so. “Excuse me, ladies? Where’s the washer?” Kimber and Tasha turned around from the sink, their hands covered in suds. Both girls stared at him and their mouths dropped open. Tasha dropped a soapy spatula on her foot. *Now that’s the right reaction. What kind of girl throws up when she sees a hunk like this?*

“Turn around,” commanded Kimber. Chris complied with a puzzled look on his face.

“Look at that ass! And you can see his sack hanging between his legs!” whispered Tasha.

“I told you that the girl’s jersey pants would fit him snugger.” said Kimber.

“I’m wearing women’s clothes?” shouted Chris, turning around.

“Nobody’s gonna mistake you for a girl,” Tasha assured him, bending over to pick up the utensil. “I still say we should have gotten the culottes.”

“He’d be hanging out of them! They barely go past the knee, and Chris goes **way** past the knee!” Kimber pointed out, helpfully.

“I know. That’s why we should have gotten them,” said Tasha, smugly. “The laundry room is on the right, Chris. It’s across the hall from the doors to Kimber and my bedrooms. I guess you still know where **those** are.” The two girls turned back to the dishes. “At least I talked you out of the hot pink ones.”

“Those were salmon!”, protested Kimber.

Once the laundry was started, things settled down a bit. Chris helped himself to a loaf of bread and the contents of the fridge and pantry. Once most of the dishes were done, Tasha and Kimber helped him with the laundry while the casserole pans from the baked spaghetti soaked in the sink, their sparse contents too crusted to scrape off. After eleven overloaded sandwiches, spread out over the course of the laundry cycles, Chris was feeling pleasantly full. Though not quite as stuffed as he was at Dunkin Donuts earlier, his stomach was satisfied, and his gargantuan nuts were quite full, fat, and round. The jersey pants had easily stretched to accommodate them, though it had pulled the waistband down far enough to expose both a stretch of his skin, and the base of his cockshaft. Neither Kimber nor Tasha seemed to object, though, as he sat on the recliner, the sheer fabric framing and flaunting his massive meat. *Chores like these, I can handle. I could get used to rooming with Jen and the girls.*

“Listen up,” said Tasha, interrupting his reverie. “I’d love to sit here and watch you bulge out all over the place, but I got business to attend to. A web mistress’s job is never done.” She kicked her long, pale legs off the couch and got up. She walked over to Chris and, bending over, placed her slender hand on the exposed expanse of skin between Chris’s belly button and the root of his cock. “If any more of you is coming out of these pants, call me.” Tasha leaned over and kissed Chris lightly on the lips. “Don’t let me miss anything, okay?”

Chris nodded eagerly. He watched Tasha’s bottom, squeezed into her purple shorts, as it strode out of the room. He could feel the faint stirrings of his cock as it swelled, just a little. *Probably not more than an inch, I estimate. Not worth calling her about*. He looked back sheepishly at Kimber, who was glaring at him from the couch. *Uh, oh*. He shifted on the recliner, bringing his legs together. This forced his nutsack up between his legs, stretching out the fabric even more as his balls bulged against the pants. His flaccid, but gigantic shaft stood out even more sharply against the material. He reached out and took Kimber’s hand. “So, Jen works at the pizza place, and Tasha does something online. What kind of job do you have?” Kimber lifted her gaze from the show in his pants to his face, and smiled.

“All of us just work part-time. Jen’s dad’s alimony payments cover her tuition and rent, and I won a Spirit scholarship that covers most of mine. Tasha got these grants online from some tech companies. They aren’t a lot, but they’ll cover community college, at least. We all just need some cash for gas and groceries. And pants for a little yummy Asian boy we know.” She reached out and stroked Chris’s leg, only brushing against his balls a few times as she did so. “I do custom sewing for costumes and dresses and stuff. Tasha helped me set up a web site, which has been a lot easier than word of mouth. I can take commissions at my own pace. Jen, as you know, delivers pizza for the Big Boy. I thought that was a weird job to take, especially since it increased her gas expenses, but she knew what she was doing. Delivering pizza to college boys in short shorts and a tight T-shirt gets her really good tips.” Kimber scowled a little bit. “Tasha runs some nasty web site. She posts videos of her with boys. Mostly the boys. I don’t know much about ad micropayments, clickthroughs, and subscriptions, but she usually has enough money.”

Chris seemed startled. “Really? I didn’t think Tasha would do amateur porn.” He had a sinking feeling. “She didn’t post me and Jen, did she?”

“Oh, no! She wasn’t even recording you and Jen. We were just watching you.” Kimber blushed furiously. “Anyway, Tasha is really careful about it. She has this software that blurs out her face, and the guy’s face too. She uploads everything through this complicated system and hosts it somewhere outside the US, I think. For a total dork, she’s pretty tech-savvy. She said that she has to have a clean profile if she’s gonna get a job with a major tech firm.” Kimber rolled her eyes. “You’d think she’d just get a normal job, but Tasha said that since she’s gonna film her sex partners, she might as well get paid for it. With my web site, she can at least link to it on her resume.”

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**Part 89.**

(Friday, Jen’s Apartment, a little after 4pm)

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Jen unlocked her front door and walked in. She was surprised to see Chris sitting in the recliner talking to Kimber. Surprised both to see him here, and to see how the lounge pants he was wearing were clinging to every inch of his massive, thick cock, and stretched tightly over the huge curves of his gigantic balls. *Uhmmm. What was I thinking about? Why the heck didn’t he wear those pants before? I’d have peeled them off before he even finished his first plate of spaghetti. Whooooo!* Chris saw Jen and struggled to his feet, the task made difficult by the nineteen inch rod in his pants, as well as the swaying bulk of his heavy nutsack. By the time the slim Korean had waddled across the living room, Jen’s nipples were already hard and she was breathing harder. *God! Look at him! There’s just so* ***much*** *there! It’s like Christmas morning!*

“Jen! “ Chris wrapped his arms around her, first squeezing her substantial breasts against his torso. Then, almost predictably, his arms slid down past her waist, allowing his hands to cup her butt through her shorts. “You’re here!” Jen could feel his huge anaconda thickening slightly in his pants.

A little reluctantly, Jen unwrapped herself. “Of course I’m here, sweetie. I live here.” She patted the crestfallen Chris on the arm. “What are you doing here? I was gonna call you when I got home.” She shot a questioning look at Kimber, who looked away guiltily, then innocently began examining the ceiling.

“Uh, well…Hey! I got all your laundry done! And Tasha and Kimber did the dishes.” Chris pulled her towards the couch. Jen followed him, and Kimber got up and moved for the recliner. He sat down on the couch, causing the fabric of his pants to stretch even tighter against his groin. Jen reached down and guided his left leg up onto the cushion, his colossal sack bulging out between his legs. She sat down between his legs, and lightly traced her finger over the outline of his prick.

“So, you walked over here in these, just to do laundry for me? Are you sure you’re shy?”. Jen could feel his dick slowly surging in his pants. Chris wasn’t hard, but he was definitely a few inches bigger than before.

“No! I wasn’t wearing these pants. Kimber and Tasha got me these.” Jen shot another look at Kimber, who smiled back nervously. “I was wearing my Goth stuff and I got into a situation at Dunkin Donuts with a guy, and my pants got ripped.” Chris gulped.

“It was so scary! This guy assaulted Chris and almost raped him!”, interjected Kimber. “He’s lucky to be okay!”

“Some guy almost rapes you and you call **Kimber**?”, said Jen, her voice rising. “I work next to the Dunkin Donuts. You didn’t call **me**?”

“I wanted to get your laundry done, as a surprise,” stammered Chris.

“It’s no use, Chris! She’s found us out!” cried Kimber. She rose to her feet. “I’m the **other woman**,” she proclaimed, dramatically. “Last night, Chris came to my bedroom and we made sweet, sweet love. I never thought I would be the one to steal another girl’s lover.”

“What?” Jen’s gentle tracing was replaced by a firm grip on Chris’s fat prick through his pants.

“It’s not exactly like that. Ow.” Chris squirmed a little. “I had to go to the bathroom last night, and when I came out of the bathroom, Tasha was there and I was naked. Ouch!” Jen’s’ grip got a little tighter.

“Tasha?” she asked.

“Yeah, Tasha,” nodded Chris nervously. “I was naked and she grabbed me, kind of like you are— Ow!— and took me in her room.” Chris looked around for Tasha to corroborate his story, but she was nowhere to be seen. “Yipe!” A squeeze from Jen prompted him to continue. “She was almost naked and she touched me and kissed me and I couldn’t help getting hard and she sucked me until I came.”

Jen’s left eye twitched slightly and she grabbed a healthy expanse of his meat with her free hand. “And Kimber comes into this how?”

“Aaaah! I’m coming to that.” Chris tried to squirm a little, but Jen was holding him quite firmly. “After that I left Tasha’s room and I was walking back to your room, so I **had** to go past Kimber’s door. She opened the door and saw me there, naked, and still pretty hard.”

“I thought you were hard because you wanted **me**!”, pouted Kimber. Jen glared at her and she quickly shut up. "Oops."

“She jumped into my arms and started kissing me. By the time I had put her down on the bed, I was totally hard again and she started undressing and I couldn’t help myself. Aaaargh!” Jen eased up her two handed grip on his dick, slightly. “Kimber started kissing and sucking me and I came again with her.” Chris looked at Jen nervously.

Jen’s face was red and her jaw was clenched tightly. She furrowed her brow, then exhaled. “So, after you got off with **both** of my roomies, you swung this big fat cock back into my bedroom and pumped a **second** load down my throat?”

“You swallowed him twice!?!” blurted Kimber in amazement. “I never thought I would get it all down once!”

“**Shut up, Kimber**!” said Chris and Jen in unison.

“Yeah, Kimber. Shut up.” echoed Tasha, walking casually into the room. “Wha are we talking about? Hey, Jen. How were classes? Listen, I tried out Chris’s cock last night. It was fantastic! I didn’t know a guy could taste that good. And volume? Wow!” Tasha walked around the three college students and sat down on the far side of the couch, folding up her long legs. All three of them looked at her, amazed.

“What?” Tasha tossed her hair. “Look, we might have a problem. When I was recording you and Chris having sex last night on my webcam, I might have accidentally uploaded the video to my blog.”

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**Part 90.**

(Friday, Jen’s apartment, around 4:30)

Chris let out an involuntary sigh of relief as Jen released her grip on his dong. “Whaaaaaat?”, yelled Jen. She stood up and stubbed her toe on the coffee table. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.” She whirled back towards Tasha, her finger pointed accusingly. “Explain yourself right now, Natasha Foray.”

“It’s not a big deal, Jen. I run everything through the pixellation program, so nobody can tell that it is you. Of course, how many Koreans with thirty inch long wangs are there in the world?”, added Tasha, shrugging at Chris. *Oh, I’m so doomed,* thought Chris. *At least she’s mad at somebody else right now.*

“How **exactly** did you get the recording in the first place? I thought you promised me that you wouldn’t take any pictures or video. Where did you hide a camera in my room?” She glared at Tasha angrily.

“I didn’t hide a camera. I remotely turned on your web cam, which happened to be aimed at the bed,” said Tasha, helpfully.

“It’s not **aimed** at the bed; it’s aimed at the desk chair, which is **in front** of the bed!” defended Jen.

“Toe-may-toe, toh-mah-toh,” said Tasha breezily. “I didn’t **capture** any video at first. Kimber and I were just watching you and Chris roll around having fun. We wanted to see what you were going to do with a guy that big.”

“You were **both** watching us!?!” Jen glared back at Kimber, who tucked her feet under her legs and looked embarrassed.

“She was going to watch anyway,” Kimber pouted.

“**Anyway**, once we saw that you were going back at it, I had to capture it. I thought that I hit the macro to save the external feed to disk, but evidently, I hit the one to process the raw feed and upload it to the site.” Tasha became more animated as she explained. “When I post videos of a guy, I usually just clip out some choice video and post those to the site. They are short enough that people just download them, so they are really there just to attract traffic and generate ad revenue. I don’t normally post the whole movie until later, and those are pay only. A lot less people will try to steal longer stuff, and it gets reposted less.”

Jen tried to bring her back on topic. “But you posted video of Chris and I having sex on the internet! The internet! Chris and me!” *What did I spend money on Goth clothes for? Now everybody will know!*, lamented Chris, silently.

“Jen, I’m not stupid.” Tasha rolled her eyes.

“You accidentally posted video of your roommate having sex on the internet,” Jen pointed out.

“That makes me **careless**, not stupid. Whenever I record video, I use facial recognition software and graphics programs to detect the faces and pixellate them. Once that process is over, it automatically erases and overwrites the original files. That way, not only do I prevent my identity from being revealed on the internet, I couldn’t even hand over the original files even if I wanted to, or if someone stole my computer. I don’t even have the pixellated files on my drive. It’s all in the cloud.” Tasha waved her hand around abstractly.

“And what if something goes wrong with the cloud?”, Jen demanded.

“Jen, please. I’ve been posting sex videos of boys since I turned 18. I worked all of this out when I was shooting video of guys in high school wrestling matches and swim meets. I think I made all my mistakes with guys in their underwear.” She patted Jen on the leg. “You’re not looking on the bright side.”

“What bright side!?!” yelled Jen. “My boyfriend has sex with **both** of my roommates, who also watch me have sex, and now, my likeness, with a big blur for a head, is on the internet playing with his gigantic cock! What is the bright side, Tasha?”

“One: you don’t have to sneak around or hide anything with your roommates. We’ve seen you having sex, and it looked pretty **awesome**.” Tasha counted this off on her index finger.

“Two: you don’t have to worry about roommate/boyfriend conflicts. We both like him, a lot. I don’t know about Kimber, but I think he’s **delicious**.” She counted off another finger.

“Three: you might be able to retire from the pizza delivery business if you can get over your stage fright. I won’t get the ad revenue till the end of the month, but the ‘director’s cut’ has already generated a couple thousand dollars. I have to pay for the increased bandwidth, but that’s not very much.” Tasha counted the third point off with satisfaction. “You’re welcome.”

“A couple **thousand** dollars?” Jen was apoplectic. “You’re **selling** this video? How many people have bought this? Anyone can see this for ten bucks?”

“Ten dollars?” Tasha rolled her eyes again. “Who pays $10 for porn anymore? It’s the iTunes era, Jen. 99¢ is the sweet spot. Much more than that and people will just pirate it anyway.”

“Several **thousand** people have bought this video? Oh, my God.” Jen held her head in her hands.

“Several **thousand** people are still trying to buy this video. My credit card processor went out under the strain. Anyway, that’s not so many. Now that I have some edited free clips for viewing, I’m sure it will go totally viral.” Tasha beamed at Jen.

“Aaaaaaaaah!” Jen lunged at Tasha. “You haven’t pulled it off the web!?! What the hell are you doing in here? Go fix it!” She waved her hands towards Tasha’s bedroom.

“Jen. It’s the internet. You can’t pull it off the internet. You can either leave this completely anonymous video on an easily located site where people will pay you thousands of dollars to download it with one click, or you can make them spend 10 seconds searching for it and let them download it for free. Wouldn’t you rather have several thousand dollars?” Tasha held back Jen with one long arm. “Tell you what. If it makes you feel any better, next time we can post a video of me having sex with Chris.”

“Oooooooh!” Jen stormed out of the room.

“Tasha! Seriously, you can be impossible sometimes,” chided Kimber.

“Shut up, short round. You’re next on camera, you know,” replied Tasha.

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**Part 91.**

Chris let out a breath he hadn’t realized he had been holding. “Well, that went well. Thanks, Tasha. At least you deflected her anger a little bit.”

“No problem, Chris. As repayment, what do you say we step into my room and work on your oral techniques a bit? Jen seemed to enjoy it, but I think I can give you a few pointers.” Tasha rubbed her hands together. “Got to get you ready for the camera.”

“Tasha!” Kimber was strident. “This whole thing was your fault. If it wasn’t for your sex drive and your compulsive need to post sex online…”

“Hey, this was your **fault,** Kimber,” interrupted Tasha.

“How is this my fault, you wacko?” demanded Kimber.

“Easy. Jen likes Chris, but he’s waaaay too much guy for just one girl. With me, it’s just some nice, cool sex. Nothing heavy. No commitment. Then you have to come in and make this all about ‘true love’ and ‘romance’ and ‘the other woman’.” Tasha shook her head in exasperation. “Jen needs to know that Chris is **her** boyfriend, and we’re just there to take up the sexual slack created by his gigantic wang.” Tasha gestured at Chris. “See? Your fault, Kimber.”

“Why the hell can’t a girl get a sandwich around here?” shouted Jen from the kitchen.

“**Chris’s fault**!”, shouted both Tasha and Kimber simultaneously. Jen marched back into the living room and scowled at Chris.

“That actually was my fault,” he said, sheepishly.

“This whole thing is your fault, Chris! Why couldn’t you just say ‘no’ on occasion?” Jen stamped her foot in frustration. “What is wrong with you?”

“It’s not my fault. I can’t help it!” Chris shouted, defensively.

“You can’t help it? Really?” Jen had built up a full head of steam now. “How can you not help it? How did you make it through high school, Chris? How did you make it through a single day of high school without having sex with girls? I thought you wanted to change your image in college, Chris? How’s **that** going?”

“I wasn’t this big in high school! I wasn’t this big on **Monday**! All of a sudden my cock is gigantic and I want sex all the time. I don’t mean ‘wish I could have sex’ all the time, I mean ‘starting to get a boner’ all the time. I can’t help it!” Chris gestured at the massive package distorting his pants for emphasis.

“Chris, sweetie, what are you talking about?” Jen shook her head, pityingly. “I know ‘I can’t help it’ is a pretty common excuse for men, but this is really pushing it.”

“Look, I’m not lying! It would be a pretty stupid excuse if I couldn’t prove it. Hang on a minute.” Chris pushed himself to his feet and swayed a bit as his massive sack rocked back and forth. He walked down the hall, his fat shaft clearly stretching out the leg of the pants well past his knee. All three girls watched him walk away.

“Such a tight little butt for such a huge hunk of man,” whispered Kimber. Jen and Tasha stared at her. “What? You were thinking it.” All three of the girls lapsed back into stunned silence as Chris waddled back into the room, his mammoth meat tugging his pants down far enough to expose the base of his cock. Chris attempted to pull his pants back up, but only succeeded in once again stretching them closely around his genitals.

“See?” He waved a small plastic card at them.

Jen tried to pull her gaze away from the huge balls and thick, long shaft outlined in Chris’s pants. “What’s this?”

“It’s my license. I got a new one when I turned 18,” explained Chris.

“They don’t put your penis size on your driver’s license, silly,” snorted Tasha. “If they did, I would just card boys at the door. Besides, you don’t have a car.”

“I don’t own a car, but I now how to drive one, Tasha,” Chris sighed. “Look at my weight. 138. You weighed me, Jen. If these,” Chris grabbed his package, causing all three girls to gasp, “weighed twenty seven pounds, then the rest of me would have to weigh 111. I’m skinny, but not that skinny. I gained all this weight in my junk when it grew.”

“You weighed his frank and beans?” whispered Tasha.

“I’m obsessed with huge cocks, okay?” hissed Jen. “So,” she said, skeptically, “you’re claiming that you gained twenty seven pounds of manhood since Monday? How’d that work out?”

“Is there somewhere I can sign up some guys I know?” asked Tasha.

“Look,” said Chris, sitting down on the couch in frustration, “have you ever seen a guy who was even eighteen inches long?”

“No.” said Jen, authoritatively. “No one much bigger than thirteen, at least that could be verified.” She blushed when Tasha and Kimber looked at her. “I said I was obsessed, okay?”

“So, you think it’s plausible that some guy at college just happens to have a thirty inch long cock, despite there not being any porn stars that are **half** that long? And that same guy has gigantic balls what he can fill back up by overeating? And he gets totally erect, even though most big guys don’t even get totally hard?” Chris waved his hands around. “You can believe I grew this big naturally?”

“But how, Chris?” demanded Jen. “If guys could just grow big penises, they would **all** be huge. If there was some way to make a guy get huge, I would already have used it on some guy and he would be **gigantic**. Bigger than you, even.” All three of them looked at Jen. “Okay, maybe not that big, but big. I’ve looked.”

• • •

**Part 92.**

(Friday, Jen’s apartment, about 5 pm)

• • •

Chris sighed. *I guess I should tell her. Now she’ll think I’m a thieving little jerk*. “My roommate, Terry, found this old jar of medicinal cream in his attic. His granddad had made it back in the day. He tried it out and thought it didn’t work, so he threw it away.”

“Of course it wouldn’t work. If somebody made a cream that could make your penis bigger, they would be rich and guys would all have huge ones.” Jen rolled her eyes again. *Yeah…how come a guy who invents this hides it? You would be rich!* Chris thought. *Maybe he didn’t want all the competition?*

“However, Terry’s dick grew overnight, though, and he realized that the cream really worked. His friend Bruce got his brother to replicate the formula, and Terry and Bruce both used it. Terry ended up with about a twelve inch cock, and he was smaller than me to start with,” said Chris.

“Who’s this Terry? Do you have his number?” asked Tasha. The three all glared at her. “What? I mean, Chris is nice and all that, but ‘right tool for the job’ and all that.”

“He has a girlfriend, Tasha.” replied Chris.

“As do **you**,” Jen pointed out.

“Yeah, but his girlfriend is totally annoying and an argumentative know-it-all. Not a cool, beautiful goddess like mine.” Chris batted his eyes at Jen. She punched him in the arm. "Oww!"

“Bruce used the cream, too, but overdosed on it and got a fourteen inch dick,” said Chris, hastening back to the story.

“That’s not much of an overdose,” said Kimber. The two girls looked at her askance, and she added, defensively, “I mean, in comparison. You were saying, Chris…”

“Terry’s sisters found out about the cream and mixed it with hand lotion to cut the dosage, and they both used it to get bigger breasts.”

“Hold up! You can use this cream to get big boobs, too?” asked Tasha, a little too interested.

“Can you use it to get taller?” asked Kimber, hopefully.

“I don’t know. All I know is that it works on guy’s genitals and girl’s breasts. And butts,” Chris added. “Maybe just soft tissue. I’d be scared to experiment with it on something else. What if you spread it on your legs to get taller and it just gave you really thick legs? I don’t know if it works on muscles or bones.”

“It just works on boners, not bones!” said Tasha with a laugh. “Anyway, we know it works on boobs, right?” Jen gave her a look. “Not everybody is as lucky as you, Boobarella.”

“They aren’t **tha**t big!” said Jen, defensively.

“Well, then, you can use some cream, too. We’ll both be packing racks, then,” said Tasha.

Chris was distracted by the thoughts of the slender Tasha with a big, fat set of breasts, and Jen with a huge, round pair of boobs.*If only…I don’t think there was enough cream in that entire bottle for what I’m thinking about.* Jen poked him. “Terry brought the growth cream mixed with hand lotion to school. His friend Greg is rooming with us, and he didn’t believe Terry, because he knew Terry was tiny in high school. Terry told him all about it, and showed him the proof. Greg is even bigger than Terry, and he didn’t even use the cream.”

“So, does Greg have a bitchy girlfriend, too?” asked Tasha.

“He’s gay, Tasha,” Jen explained.

“Damn it!” Tasha punched the cushions. “Would he like to come over and jerk off on camera, maybe?”

“Ahem!” Jen cleared her throat, theatrically. “Assuming that this story is true, which I’m not, still doesn’t explain how **you** got the cream, much less how you know so much about it.”

Chris turned red. “Monday night we went out drinking with Terry’s new girlfriend and her friends. I had too much to drink, but Terry hooked up with her that night. When I woke up, somebody had gotten me back to the room and I was in bed. Greg and Terry were talking about his ‘growth spurt’. Terry told Greg the whole thing. He even showed him how big he had gotten. They both jerked off in the room together. They thought I was passed out.”

“Oh wow, that’s so hot!” said Kimber. The girls looked at her, amazed. “I mean, two guys jerking off together, not Chris being passed out.” The girls continued to stare at her. “They are roommates and friends and they are comfortable sharing their sexuality with each other. That’s hot.” Tasha and Jen looked at Kimber with skepticism. “And it’s two guys with foot long dicks jerking off. You were saying, Chris?”

“I overheard Terry talking about the cream. I wasn’t nearly as small as Terry had been before the cream, but my stupid step-brother Carl was pretty big, and he had always teased me about being small. It got around in high school, and pretty much everybody called me “Spring Roll”. Chris waited for the girls to laugh about that, but none of them did. They all seemed to be nodding, sympathetically. “It was really tough being the guy with a tiny weiner in high school, even though I don’t think I was all that small for my height. I mean, almost nobody even saw my dick, but everybody **knew** that it was tiny. A girl didn’t even want to be hanging out with me, since she knew she would get teased about being with ‘Spring Roll’.

“Awwww, Chris.” Kimber had reached out from the recliner and was stroking his arm. Jen was stroking the other. They both looked at each other in surprise.

“So you decided to max out the cream and become Cockzilla, destroyer of pants! Rrraaargh!” finished Tasha, pumping her fists in triumph.

“No! It wasn’t like that at all. When the guys were in class, I found Terry’s cream and put it on my dick. It made me get bigger, but just a little bit. I reapplied it, and it grew a little more. I wasn’t trying to be huge like Bruce, or even as big as Terry. I just wanted to be a little large, maybe just a bit bigger than my stupid step-brother. I kept applying more cream until I got to about nine inches.”

“That’s **still** a nice size,” offered Kimber. When Tasha and Jen glared at her, she cleared her throat. “Ahem, I mean, it’s no twelve inches, but it’s nice…I’ll be quiet now.”

“Yeah, but I thought the growth cream worked instantly. I knew that the ‘straight stuff’ worked overnight, but I thought the hand cream mix was done working. It wasn’t. I just kept getting bigger and bigger.” Chris indicated with his hands.

“If you had **asked** Terry about his cream, then you would have known how it worked, Chris. If you hadn’t stolen his stuff without asking, you wouldn’t be so big,” said Jen, reproachfully.

“Yeah, but if I wasn’t so big I wouldn’t have met you.” Kimber sighed dramatically, and poked Jen in the arm. “I know that I stole the cream. I know that was a dick move. But seriously, what would you have done? I’ve been teased about my tiny dick my whole life. I get to college where no one knows that I’m ‘tiny’, and both of my roommates have foot long cocks. Suddenly I’ve got a chance to be bigger down there.” Chris gestured to the mammoth bulge at his groin. “What if he had said no? What if it was my one and only chance to get a bigger dick and I miss it? What if I have one chance to feel normal and confident my entire life, and I blow it by asking permission? Would you have done that?”

Jen looked at him a bit wistfully. “So Greg wasn’t really lying. You really did want to reinvent yourself in college. You didn’t want to be the little guy who got picked on anymore.” She leaned forward and hugged him.

“Yeah, but I got screwed over for being a sneak thief instead,” said Chris, glumly. “I used waaay too much of the cream, and got freaking huge. When Terry and Greg got back, I had a boner that was over twenty inches, and I had used up almost all of Terry’s cream. Terry was pretty pissed off, but they both got a good laugh at my expense.”

“Aw, sweetie pie, I don’t think you used too much cream.” Jen released her hug and patted him lightly on the crotch. “I think you used just about the right amount. Hang on, did you say you were **twenty** inches?”

“Did you say that you didn’t use up all of the cream? The ’get bigger boobs than Jen’s’ cream?” asked Tasha.

“I didn’t, at first,” Chris explained. “After I used the cream, I was really hungry. I gulped down a ton of Chinese food with Terry and Greg. I don’t guess that they noticed the skinny Asian kid was eating as much as the two big, muscular jocks. Greg helped me pick out some clothes at Target to disguise myself, but after we got back to our dorm room, I was so horny. I couldn’t stop jerking off. My cock was so huge and hard, and as soon as I finished one off, I was totally raging for more. Finally, I gulped down some water and ordered pizza.”

“That’s where you came in!” said Kimber excitedly, pointing at Jen.

“Yeah, that’s where she comes in. I thought that I was horny before. After seeing you in that tight shirt and those shorts, and you being so nice to me, my hard on was totally raging.”

“I was nice to you because I thought you were sweet!” said Jen, defensively. “Well, I thought that you were kind of cute, and I thought that you had been jerking off, which was kind of hot.”

“I had been jerking off! When you delivered the pizza, that was my fifth session of the night!” Chris waved his hand for emphasis, then realized what he was doing. “After I saw you, though, I was crazy horny. I immediately jerked off about another nine times! Then I ran out of lotion, and grabbed another bottle of hand lotion, and squirted it all over my dick.”

Tasha interrupted. “That was the rest of the growth cream! You put even more on your huge wang!”

“Yeah. I got it all over my dick, and I wasn’t sure what would happen if I tried to just wipe it off. Maybe I would have gotten weird lumps or something. I scraped out all the rest of the cream and tried to spread it evenly all over my genitals. I was so horny that it seemed like a good idea at the time.” Chris shrugged his shoulders.

“At that point, it didn’t seem like I was getting that much bigger. Maybe just a few inches. Anyhow, I was so freaking horny that I jerked off twenty four times that night! ” He rolled his eyes. “Next day, however, I wake up totally dehydrated.”

“I’m not surprised! I’m surprised you didn’t dry up and blow away. I’ve seen your wet dreams first hand, sweetie,” said Jen. *Twenty four times? she thought. My sweetie can cum twenty four times in a row!?!*

“It wasn’t just the session from the night before. All day I was starving hungry. I pigged out at breakfast, gorged myself at lunch, snacked all evening, and then ordered pizzas from you. I was still getting bigger and bigger.” He held Jen’s hand. “When I got over here that night, and said that I had never been as big as I was with you, it wasn’t a line. I had never even seen myself that big and hard.”

“I just thought you were trying to be sweet. I mean, once you’ve hooked a girl, you don’t have to be quite as nice to them,” said Jen.

“Are you kidding?” Chris asked, astonished. “Once a girl picks you, you have to be twice as nice to her, because she really likes you. It’s super important to be nice then. Before that, it’s kind of a waste being extra nice, because she might not really like you, and you’re just wasting your time.”

Jen tilted her head. “Chris, you didn’t date much in high school, did you?”.

“No. I told you. Everybody ‘knew’ I was tiny. Even girls that liked me didn’t want to be the girl that was dating ‘Spring Roll.’ I mean, I’m not a virgin, but I didn’t have a steady girlfriend.”

“Ooookay. Forget I asked.” Jen patted him on the arm. “You’re totally right. It’s way more important to be nice to a girl once you are dating her. Way, way, way more important.” *I wish I had found someone who thought that a few boyfriends ago*, mused Jen, regretfully.

“So… you believe me, right?” Chris asked, hesitantly. “I was never this big before, and it’s kind of overwhelming. I don’t know if guys that are just large, like Terry, get really horny, but I get completely horny. I can’t even dial it back down. I swear, it’s not because I don’t like you, or anything, Jen. I just can’t stop it once it starts.”

Jen laughed and tousled his hair. “I believe you, sweetie pie. If you could make up a story like that, there’s no way that you would let yourself get caught with **both** of my roomies. Hung you might be, but slick you are not.”

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**Part 93.**

(Friday night, Jen’s apartment, a little before six)

“You ought to believe him. While he was telling that story, I looked up his high school. Check out the Science Club pictures.” Tasha showed them on her smart phone. “Geek alert! No giant wang spotted. Nice Babylon 5 shirt there, Chris.”

“Thanks! It was signed by—“

“I was being sarcastic,” said Tasha.

“Tasha! That’s mean,” Kimber admonished.

“That’s mean? They actually voted him Biggest Nerd. Who does that?” said Tasha.

“That’s not necessarily an insult,” clarified Chris, huffily.

“It is when second place has braces, tape on her glasses, an asthma inhaler AND a pocket protector, and is making that Spock finger gesture,” Tasha rejoined. “You won in a very competitive field.”

“Okay. I get it. I’m a nerd. I was a nerd in high school and I’m a nerd now.” Chris crossed his arms defensively.

“Yeah, but now,” said Tasha, snaking an arm past Jen to paw at Chris’s crotch, “you’re a nerd with the biggest bulge on the planet. Rrrrrow!”

“Tasha!” said Jen.

“What?” Tasha drew her hand back with an injured look on her face. “Chris just got a giant dick, and he can’t control it. I just **discovered** his giant wang, so why should I be able to control myself? That’s not fair.”

“It’s attached to Chris, dummy,” sighed Kimber.

“If I could figure out how to manage it, I’d be attached to it right now, Short Round.” Tasha leered.

“Well, I’m pretty attached to you already.” Jen climbed into Chris’s lap. She straddled his massive package and gently lowered herself, her weight putting a comfortable pressure on his prick and balls. Chris could feel his massive shaft rachet upwards in size just a little more. Jen leaned forward and gave him a long, passionate kiss. “We’ll just have to figure out how to manage your endowments, and your appetites.” Chris wrapped his arms around her slim waist and kissed her again. He could feel the blood surging to his cock even faster. After the kiss was finished, Jen licked her lips and looked at Kimber and Tasha. “Fortunately, I think that my roommates are willing to help.”

She climbed off Chris’s bulge, his semi-erect dick visibly tenting his pants. Both Tasha and Kimber stared at her in amazement. “What? It’s not like one girl can handle that thing by herself.” Jen rubbed her stomach. “I was so full today I skipped breakfast, and lunch! And that was with both of you helping.”

Kimber looked hungrily at the bloated balls and massive shaft stretching out Chris’s pants. “I’m not sure the **three** of us can handle that.” *Ooh! I’ve got a short list of candidates*, thought Chris. *Persephone, and Callie and Lissa, and Barbie, and Tracy…Maybe I should keep those in my head for right now.*

“However,” Jen added, “that doesn’t give you two carte blanche.” She pointed at Kimber. “No secret rendevous. No hidden love notes. No ‘girl talk’ about Chris with other girls. None of this Harlequin romance hysterics and drama. Got it?” Kimber nodded anxiously. Jen wheeled towards Tasha. “No posting of video of Chris without my approval. No more secret cameras in my room. No other boys over for sex. Capisce?”

Tasha thought about it for a moment, then nodded. “It’s not like any other guy is gonna get the view counts that Chris will, anyway.” She thought about what Jen had said. “You said ‘no posting’ of Chris videos, not ‘no taking of Chris videos’. Does that mean…”

Jen shook her head in exasperation. “Do you think I could stop you from shooting them?”

“Probably not. You also said ‘no **secret** cameras’ in your room. Does that mean that normal cameras are okay?”, Tasha asked, hopefully.

“Mmmmmaybe.” Jen bit her lip. “I have to see what that first video looked like first.”

“It would look a lot better with the good camera. It shoots in HD, and it has a zoom. Plus, I could adjust the lighting.” Tasha was quite animated. “Lemme cue up the first one on the TV.”

“Tasha!” Jen planted a hand on her roommate’s chest and pushed her back into the couch. “I’ve got to get ready for work. I have to be there in less than 30 minutes. This will have to wait.”

“And **you,**” Jen said, rounding on Chris. “I have got to be able to trust you, Chris. I understand that this is a big change for you, and it’s gotta be really hard suddenly being ten times bigger than you were before.” *Seven times,* thought Chris. *I’m only seven times longer. I wasn’t* ***that*** *small.* “I believe you that the sensations are overwhelming, but you are going to have to learn some control, sweetie. Here’s what I want you to do. Do you think you can go without having sex until I get back from my shift? I’ll be back a little after 1 am. That’s only seven hours, Chris. Do you think you can try to control yourself that long?”

Chris pointed to the massive slab of meat stretching out his pants. “Jen, I’m already kind of hard. I’m probably over twenty two inches right now. You were kissing me and sitting in my lap and… Seven whole hours?” Chris whined. “I don’t know if I can wait that longggg.”

Jen patted him on the head again. “Sweetie pie, I bet you went seven months in high school without sex.”

“Yeah, without sex with a **girl**, maybe, but…”

“Chris.” Jen grabbed his chin and held his gaze to hers. “Do your best. I think that you can do it, even with Tasha and Kimber right here in their skimpy little shorts.” She smiled at him. “You’re going to have to learn to resist the urges, or you’ll just spend your entire college career eating pizza and jerking off.” *I bet someone delivers something other than pizza*, thought Chris. “You have to start somewhere. Just try to wait until I get back. I’ll make it worth the wait…” she teased.

Chris nodded to Jen. “I have to get changed and go. Later, sweetie.” Jen bounced out of the room. “Didya want me to bring back pizza as usual, girls?”

“Well, yeah!” shouted Tasha. “Make sure to bring enough for us and the walking sperm donor!”

“Tasha!” shouted Kimber.

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After Jen had left, Chris was still sitting on the couch with Tasha. Kimber was sitting in the recliner. Chris’s gargantual balls were stretching his pants irreconcilably out of shape, and a thick, almost two foot long semi-hard dick was throbbing in his pants. “Sooooo. What do you girls normally do on Friday night?” he asked.

“Well, Jen always brings back pizza when she gets off shift, but that won’t be until later. We usually have a light dinner first, then we might play video games or watch a movie,” said Kimber. She got up and headed into the kitchen.

“Sandwiches are right out,” said Tasha.

“Hey, I’m **sorry**. I was hungry,” said Chris.

“Oh, Chris. It’s okay. We still have stuff to eat in here. Tasha, what if I make us an omelet?”, asked Kimber. We’ve got those croissants and jam, too.”

“That sounds good,” said Chris. He cupped his bloated nuts experimentally. “I think I’ve still got some more room.”

“Do we have enough for us and Chris?” shouted Tasha. “His balls aren’t quite gigantic enough yet!”

“Uh, I can make one for us and one for him, I guess. Will a nine egg omelet be big enough, Chris?” asked Kimber, hesitantly.

“Yes! That would be fine, Kimber.” Chris scowled at Tasha. “I’m not doing this on purpose, you know. I’m not **trying** to eat everything. I just got too big. I wasn’t trying to use up the last of the cream, either. Sometimes things just happen.”

“Chill out, Chris.” Tasha scooted over closer to him. “I have no problem with your huge manhood. In fact, I’m quite happy that you want to keep it as big as possible all the time. That’s pretty awesome.”

“I’m not trying to be as big as possible, Tasha. When I cum, it comes out of my balls. When I cum a lot, they aren’t full.”

“Duh. Like every other guy on the planet.” Tasha made a dumb face. “You’re the only guy I know who is insistent on getting back up to full capacity as soon as possible. Most guys seem to like not being ready to pop at any minute. Jerking off takes the edge off, you know. For someone who is having trouble keeping his boner under control, you sure want to be loaded for bear all the time.”

*I hadn’t thought about it that way*. “Maybe I shouldn’t have that omelet, after all,” mused Chris.

“Shut up! Not only has Kimber already started cooking, I have **no problems** with your lack of restraint. Jen might want you to cool it a little bit, but I’m quite happy having your gigantic wang doing all the thinking.” Tasha patted Chris’s prick gently and watched approvingly as it swelled a little larger. He grabbed her hand and put it on the cushion. “Why are you so worked up about the cream, anyway, Chris?”

“Hello? I used it all up, Tasha. Terry can’t use any more of it if he wanted to. He can’t use it on Crissy to give her boobs. She might be less annoying if she at least had boobs. He had cream that makes dicks and boobs grow and I used it all. He hates me!”

“Hey, I don’t have big boobs,” said Tasha, the hurt evident in her voice.

“Oh, Tasha, I didn’t mean it like that. First, you have way more boobs than Crissy. Second, your breasts are really pretty. They looked fantastic when you showed them to me. I really liked them. Plus, you are so tall and slender and sexy. I mean, you look like a supermodel. Crissy looks like a snaggletoothed smart-alecky know-it-all.” Chris made a disgusted face.

“Her name is really Crissy?”, asked Tasha. “That’s gotta be awkward.”

“I know. That’s why I asked Kimber to stop calling me Chrissy-poo. I didn’t want to think of her. Ugh!”

“No, I meant awkward for Terry. He’s boning this girl named Crissy, and his super-hung, super cute, Twink roommate is called Chris.” She got a faraway look in her eyes. “I wonder if he ever thinks about you when he’s doing her?”

“Uh, I don’t think so. Greg is gay, not Terry.” *Is Terry so mean because he’s hiding a crush on me?*

“Yeah, but didn’t you say that Terry and Greg both jerked off together? Sounds like he’s maybe a little bi-curious to me.”

“Hey, they both watched me jerk off when I wasn’t even this big, too! Greg jerked off with me, but Terry was doing it too! He just hid it under a pillow.” *Maybe she’s right. Maybe both of them are totally gay for me and my huge cock!*

“What? They both watched **you** jerk off? Why didn’t you tell us that earlier? That’s so hot!” Tasha grabbed him by the wrists. “Do you think they would re-enact that scene on camera? Two foot long hunks and a three foot long Asian? It would take down the entire internet!”

“I’m not three feet long, Tasha. There wasn’t that much cream. Thirty inches was plenty.”

“Would you have been three feet long if there was enough cream? Thirty six whole inches long?”, she asked, breathlessly.

“I didn’t realize it was the growth cream! I would have squirted whatever was in the bottle. Who knows how big I would be if there had been a little more in there?”

“I still don’t see why you are making such a big deal out of using it up, though. Kimber’s using up all the eggs. It doesn’t mean we can’t have any more omelets. We just go buy more eggs and follow the recipe. Terry’s friend has the formula, right?” Tasha shrugged. “So what’s the problem?”

Chris grabbed Tasha, pulled her close, and kissed her. “Tasha! You’re a genius.”

“And beatiful, and talented, and modest. Get some of that growth cream and I’ll have big boobs, too.” Tasha kissed him back, urgently.

Chris struggled to push her back off. He could feel his dick swelling even larger in his pants. *Focus! I might not make seven hours, but I gotta make one!* “All I have to do is buy the supplies for Terry and his friend Bruce can get some more made. He won’t have any reason to be mad at me any longer, because he’ll have more of the cream. I can get some for you too, Tasha.”

“Can I have some, too, Chris?” asked Kimber plaintively. “I want to have big breasts like Jen and Tasha so you’ll still like me.”

“Kimber!” Chris struggled to his feet and waddled across the floor, barely able to walk with the massive growing erection in his pants. “I like you! I like you now! I like your breasts right now! You can have as much as you want! If all three of you want to get gigantic breasts, I’m okay with that.” He hugged her and sniffed. “Hey, is the food done? That smells good!”

The omelet was delicious. Tasha and Kimber shared a three egg omelet and each had a croissant with jam. Chris gulped down a gigantic nine egg omelet, loaded with tons of cheese and about a pound of sausage. He also polished off the other six croissants and all of the jam and jelly in the fridge. The three of them just stood around in the kitchen eating, but by the time he had finished gorging himself, Chris’s tummy was full again, and his colossal nutsack was getting even heavier. *Maybe I don’t need to be this full, but it really feels good. I feel like I could cum for hours!* Chris’s semi-erection hadn’t subsided a bit, and was pushing hard against his sheer pants. He was at least twenty four inches long, and his fat shaft was between four and five inches across. His thick salami bobbed up and down in his pants as he talked with Tasha and Kimber, as his massive balls swung heavily below it.

Chris rubbed his bulging belly. “Oh, Kimber! That was so good. If I had known you were such a good cook, I wouldn’t have eaten so much at the donut shop and the pizza joint. I would have saved space for more of your cooking. I think I need to sit down.” Chris waddled back to the living room and carefully lowered himself into the recliner. The mammoth weight of his cock and balls was pulling his pants down even lower, and he had to hold the waistband up with one hand to make it there. He had to straddle the recliner and carefully lower his bloated nutsack down first, spreading his legs wide to avoid pinching himself. He tried to get comfortable inconspicuously, but finally gave up and grabbed his massive package with both hands, rearranging himself as both girls watched. *It’s not like they haven’t seen it already.*

“Oh, Chris, that’s so nice of you. I’m glad you didn’t though. I think I would have had to go shopping if you wanted much more. You have a really healthy appetite.” Kimber beamed.

“I don’t know about healthy,” said Tasha, dubiously. “He was eating at a Dunkin Donuts, then scarfed down two whole pizzas before we could get there. Then an entire loaf of bread worth of sandwiches, and now nine eggs, all of our cheese, a pound of sausage, and almost two jars of jam.” She straddled Chris and ran her hands over his chest. “I’m not complaining. It’s all going to the right spot, as far as I’m concerned, but a health nut our boy is not.” She looked back at Kimber mischeviously. “Maybe he needs a little workout?”

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**Part 94.**

(Friday, Jen’s apartment, almost 7 pm).

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“Eeeeeeee!” squealed Kimber. “This will be so much fun!” The short girl jogged in place with excitement, causing her breasts to bounce tantalizingly in her shirt. Tasha hopped up off of Chris and jumped up and down experimentally. “Okay, Chris, you already have some workout pants on, so Tasha and I need to go change. We’ll be right back and we can all play.” Kimber burst out giggling, and ran out of the room. Tasha followed her quickly.

*What the heck?* Chris wondered. *I’m stuffed, and they want to work out? Ooooh!* He rubbed his swollen tummy and gazed ruefully at his thick prick. *This thing won’t go down, and Jen wants me to wait. The only workout I want is on my dick! Argh.* By the time the girls returned, the fullness in Chris’s stomach had subsided just a bit, though his balls were getting tantalizingly heavy.

Kimber bounded in first in her bare feet. Her curly brown hair was pulled back and held in place with a scrunchy. She was wearing a pink babydoll t-shirt that revealed her smooth stomach and bellybutton. The gym shorts she was wearing were very short, exposing all of her curvy legs, and very tight, clinging tightly to her hips and firm, round butt. *Does this girl own anything that’s not pink?*, thought Chris. Kimber grabbed Chris’s arm and pulled him out of the recliner.

“Come on, lazy! We’ve got to get the Wii set up!” After hauling him to his feet, Kimber knelt down and started grabbing Wii balance boards from under the TV stand. Chris looked down at her shapely, caramel legs and the two tantalizing orbs of her butt. He could feel his dick, which had never settled down, begin to stir again.

“Lemme help you,” he said, hoarsely, reaching for her.

“We got it, Chris,” said Tasha, entering the room. “I don’t think you can bend your legs that far. Your right one, anyway.” The taller, pale girl was wearing a sleeveless baggy shirt that gave Chris a glimpse of her purple satin bra through the large armholes. Instead of tight shorts like Kimber, Tasha was wearing baggy purple shorts. However, the shorts were very sheer, and slit up the side almost to the waistband. Chris could see a long expanse of creamy white hip, as well as the tiny string of Tasha’s thong panties. She knelt down and quickly connected up the game system. Before Chris could tear his eyes away from her long, slim, smooth legs, Tasha had fired up the game system. She quickly created a Mii avatar for Chris. “Remind me later to see if I can find a mod for Chris. This one looks Asian, but there’s no setting for ‘gigantic package’ on here.” She grinned devilishly and smoothly rose to her feet as Kimber set out three balance boards. Tasha tossed Chris a Wiimote which he clumsily caught. “Think you can keep up with a couple of girls, Chris?”

“I’m sure that Chris will do fine, Tasha,” said Kimber. She walked over to Chris. “It’s not really a high intensity workout. It’s more just for fun.”

“I’ve played Wii Fit before, Kimber. I think I can handle it okay.” Chris was finding it hard to focus with her standing so close to him. She reached out and grabbed the hem of his shirt, her hands brushing against the skin right above his cock.

“You should probably take this off. You’ve got extra pants over here, but you don’t want to have to wear a sweaty shirt all night.” Kimber yanked on his shirt and Chris obligingly bent over and raised his arms to let her pull it off his body. “Oooooh!” Kimber tossed his shirt on the couch and ran both her hands over his narrow torso. “Tasha! Chris is so nice and smooth! He’s not all hairy and gross. Feel!” Chris could almost hear the blood rushing to his cock as it expanded even more, straining against his pants.

The much taller Tasha walked up behind Chris and hugged him. He could feel her nipples poking into his back. Tasha’s hands roamed over Chris’s cock and balls through his pants, groping and pinching him. “You’re right! He does feel nice. Soooo nice.” His prick continued to swell and rise in his pants, growing another inch or two. Kimber finally noticed the massive log rising in front of her.

“Tasha!” She smacked her roommate’s hands. “Jen asked Chris to try to wait!”

“She asked him to wait, not me.” Tasha planted a kiss on the back of Chris’s neck and squeezed his butt with both hands.

“Come on! It’s time to play with the Wii!” Kimber dragged Chris to the middle balance board. “Let’s do snowboarding first. That’s fun.” She let everyone get in position, and started the snowboarding game. At first, Chris felt a little clumsy. His massive, stuffed balls weighed heavily on his legs, and his thick, semi-erect dick, straining against his pants, made it feel like they were going to pull down at any moment.

As Tasha and Kimber snickered at his poor performance, Chris felt himself getting annoyed. *I’ve never done this with a monster cock between my legs! It’s throwing me off balance!* Chris sighed audibly and settled his feet as far apart as possible on the balance board. His mammoth nutsack swung heavily between his legs. It pulled the stretchy pants even lower on his body, exposing the base of his broad prick. Chris felt a bit self-conscious about that, but it felt so good to let his gargantuan ballsack brush against the fabric of his pants and against the sides of his thighs. He soon noticed another benefit. With both his colossal rod and his fat nuts between his legs, his center of gravity had shifted downward considerably. Once he relaxed and allowed his gargantuan manhood to sway freely, its huge weight counteracted his upper body motions, acting like some genital gyroscope. In no time, Chris was ’snowboarding’ much better than he had ever done before, surpassing both Tasha and Kimber. As an added bonus, the swaying, sliding sensation felt fantastic.

“Wow, Chris! You’re really coming from behind!” cheered Kimber, who, facing in the same direction as Chris, and positioned in front of him in the row, did not see his technique.

“I’m about to cum just from the view from behind,” drooled Tasha, ogling Chris’s butt and the mammoth, swinging bulge between his legs. “I think he’s a natural.”

After a few minutes more of snowboarding, Kimber announced, “Okay, that was a good warm up. Let’s get our hearts pumping.” She stopped the game and stepped off her board, then bent down and turned it parallel to the tv. Tasha followed suit and Chris complied clumsily, finding it difficult to bend over with a semi-hard boner between him and the board. Once the boards were positioned, Kimber launched a step aerobics routine, and Chris groaned immediately. The huge girth of his balls forced his thighs apart into a bowlegged stance, and the heft of his twenty pound nutsack and thick, fat prick was a burden to swing up with each step. While each of the girls fairly bounced up and down the board, Chris was laboriously heaving himself up and down, feeling like he had a thirty pound sack of potatoes between his legs. *Ugh. Whew! I’m not sure how long I can do this.* After a few quick, clumsy steps up and down, Chris stepped back off the board.

“I’m not sure I’m quite built for this one, Kimber,” he said apologetically.

“Oh, Chris” she said while bouncing up and down the step, “that’s okay. Sit this one out. You can jump back in whenever you want.” Chris waddled around the coffee table and sat down on the couch, spreading his legs wide to give his bloated balls plenty of room. He sighed with relief as the cushions absorbed the weight of his oversized genitals. Chris adjusted himself with both hands and settled down to watch the two girls bounce up and down on the step. *This is the kind of workout I can handle! Just get Jen in there too, and my heart rate will be plenty high.*

Tasha and Kimber continued their step routine for several more minutes, until Tasha gasped, “That’s it! I’m picking the next one,” and stepped off the board with slightly wobbly legs. She gave a quick glance back at Chris on the couch, his fat, semi-hard salami bulging visibly through his stretchy pants. “I think this one is more our speed.” She launched a hula hoop routine, and Chris was transfixed as both girls began gyrating their hips and butts.

“Ooooh! This one is fun!” squealed Kimber. *Fun? This one is freaking amazing!,* thought Chris. He could feel his cock immediately start to swell and thicken again. Kimber’s firm bubble butt looked incredible in the tight pink shorts she had on, and it bounced tantalizingly as she swiveled around. Tasha’s posterior wasn’t quite as curvy, though it was still nice, but her silky, high-cut shorts gave Chris a better view of her creamy white hips. *Nnnnngh! Gotta get some of that.* Chris’s thick prick began to creep even farther down the leg of his pants, easily surpassing the twenty six inch point. His girth continued to swell, stretching the leg of the pants entirely out of proportion. *I’ll just slip out of these and I can have Kimber and Tasha right here on the couch. I wonder if I should do Kimber first, or Tasha? I bet Tasha will want to watch me with Kimber. Ohhh, but maybe Kimber will let me kiss her boobs while Tasha swallows first. I wonder if either of them has enough room for a second helping?*

Suddenly, Chris realized what he was doing. His mammoth schlong had almost reached his ankle in the sweats, and was easily over a foot around. It looked like he had two legs in one leg of the pants. His massive dick was throbbing urgently, and continued to surge and grow. *I told Jen that I would control myself until she got back, and I’m already working out seconds with these two. I can’t do that! Jen would freak out!* He stroked the side of his ballooning cock wistfully. *What am I gonna do? I can’t resist this for six more hours. I gotta get off!* He stroked his huge anaconda with both hands, a bit more vigorously. *I gotta satisfy my cock. It has to get off soon!* Chris’s eyes went back to the two mouthwatering asses shimmying in front of him. *Oh, god. I need them soooooo bad. Jen would kill me, but I* ***need*** *some sex sooooon!*

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**Part 95.**

Chris could feel his huge heavy balls, bloated with cum, straining against his stretch pants, aching for release. His gigantic cock, steadily expanding larger and larger, was stressing one leg of the stretch pants with its massive girth. His pant leg was stretched so tight that he could see the veins of his fat prick outlined in the thin fabric. His collossal cock head was now peeking out the leg of the pants and slowly expanding past his ankle. *I can’t wait any more! It’s been forever!* Chris tore his gaze from Kimber and Tasha gyrating irresistably in front of him and stole a glance at the clock. *OK, so it’s been almost five hours. Still,* his hands involuntarily caressing his shaft, *I think five hours might be about my limit. It’s not healthy to wait so long between ejaculations. Gotta keep this baby tuned up, right?*

*Nnnnngh!* Chris flinched as his mammoth cock began to get uncomfortably tight in the ‘salmon’ pants Kimber had picked out. He licked his lips as he stared at the two delicious looking girls in front of him, and reached a decision. Chris lunged off the couch, one leg held stiffly at an angle. He winced as his gargantuan cock head ground into the carpet as he tried to get his balance. “Aaah!”

“What’s wrong, Chris?” said Kimber with concern, looking back at him while continuing to swivel her curvaceous hips.

“Nothing! Nothing’s wrong!”, said Chris through gritted teeth as he frantically hobbled away from the two temptations. *I can’t. I just can’t. I got a girl who loves my huge cock and all she asked me to do was wait until she got back. She’s already okay with me getting oral from both her roommates. I gotta do what she wants.* “I forgot that I gotta make a call.” He waddled down the hallway with a stiff-legged limp, his still-hardening dick pounding against the ground with every step. “My phone’s in Jen’s room. I’ll be back in a minute. Don’t stop on my account.” Chris fairly leapt through the door to Jen’s bedroom and quickly shut it behind him, gasping with both the pain of compressing his massive hardon, and the urgent, insistent desire coursing through his groin. He limped to the bed, dragging his stiff leg, and the enormous, swelling organ squeezed against it, behind him. When he sat down on the bed, he quickly pulled his stretchy pants down as far as he could reach. Still, his tremendous prick was trapped, the pants leg tight around his ankle and the swollen, almost eighteen inch circumference pole. *Unh! Gotta give my dick some room! I need this out!* Chris lunged forward and desperately pulled at the pants, trying to free his gargantuan schlong and give himself some needed relief.

WHACK! Freed of its confinement, the tree trunk of Chris’s cock slammed into his face. Chris was stunned by the hot, solid mass of his colossal prick. The wide, firm shaft pushed against his face, rising to its full thirty inches proudly. Trying to right himself, Chris grasped his dick firmly with both hands (although unable to fully encircle its eighteen inch girth) and felt any resolve he might have had melt away. *Ohh, man. I* ***gotta*** *jerk off. My cock* ***needs*** *to be jerked off. It’s so hard and it’s been waiting sooo long. I won’t call the girls. Jen will understand. I can’t help it. There’s no way I could wait that long. It’s* ***impossible****. If I can just jerk off once…a few times… some, I can wait for Jen to get back. Just a few times and I can wait. Maybe an hour or two and I will be fine.* Chris’s hands eagerly roamed up and down the expanse of his giant dick, caressing himself and causing him to gasp in anticipation. *Yesss. Been waiting so long, haven’t you?* Chris wrapped both hands under his throbbing monster and bounced it up and down, feeling every ounce of its massive, twenty-five pound weight. *Gotta take good care of this cock.*

*Oooh! Wait! Jen has lube in here! Nothing but the best for my huge cock. You’ve been such a good boy, waiting all this time.* Stroking himself lovingly, Chris levered himself upright, spreading his legs wide to accommodate the twenty pound weight of his full, heavy ballsack. *That lube will feel sooo good on my fat dick. Oh, yes it will, won’t it?* Chris patted his titanic rod proudly, and stood up, feeling the sudden weight of his hugely bloated cock and balls. *Ohhh, yeah. Who’s got the biggest package in the world? Me.*

He caught a glimpse of himself in Jen’s mirror and straightened up proudly. His gargantuan, smooth ballsack hung heavy between his legs to his knees, pushing his thighs apart due to its incredible size. His thirty inch long cock bobbed up and down as he straighened up, standing up fully erect despite its monumental dimensions. His slender frame was dwarfed by his mammoth package. Chris’s swollen cock was thicker than his arm, and looked to be almost as thick as his thigh. *Oh, yeah. That’s what a real man looks like. Nobody else has a cock half as nice as this one.* Chris continued to stroke himself as he turned to admire himself in the mirror, watching his gargantuan rod bob up and down hypnotically. Chris experimentally thrust his hips back and forth and was rewarded with the consuming sensation of forty five pounds of hot cock and balls bouncing and flopping between his legs. *Ohhh, that feels great! No wonder the girls can’t resist me. Look at all this meat. I’m surprised that Terry and Greg can keep their hands off this beautiful dick. James can’t keep his hands or mouth off my prick, and he* ***hates*** *gays. I must drive Greg crazy.*

Chis watched his thick, stiff prick slowly bob as he pumped his hips again and again, letting his immense nutsack shift between his legs. Chris reveled in the feeling of his huge, heavy ballsack sliding over the skin of his thighs He reached down and cupped his immense, bloated balls. He slowly lifted them up, feeling their mass in his arms, and letting their upper curves lift his gargantuan slab of meat. *Oh, yeah. Nice and full. Tasha’s right. I do like to keep my balls nice and full.* Chris bobbed his nuts up and down, admiring himself in the mirror. *Why not? Bigger is better, right? Like Jen said, too big is* ***best****.* Chis was mesmerized by the sight of his gargantuan genitals, looking so oversized on his small frame. *Time to give this fantastic dick a little TLC.* Chris confidently leaned forward to grab a bottle of Astroglide from Jen’s bedside table.

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“Aaaaargh!” Chris’s erection, longer than his reach, slammed into the table. *Oh, baby! Daddy’s sorry!* Chris wrapped his arms around his shaft and hugged it tightly, caressing it with his fingers as he winced. The motion brought his thick, warm shaft to his face as he did so, and without thinking, he leaned forward and kissed it several times. *I’m so sorry, gorgeous. I never want to hurt you.* Chris continued to kiss his fat salami, moving from quick pecks with closed lips to open-mouthed kisses. *Is my baby okay? Can I make it feel better?* Chris continued to plant sloppy, wet kisses all over his veiny, throbbing rod. His wet lips wandered over all the hot flesh he could reach. Finally, Chris opened his mouth wide and gave his glans a long, lingering lick. *Mmmmmm. Daddy will make it all better. Mmmmmmmmm-hmmmmm.*

*What am I doing?* Chris pulled his head back from his dick, with an unexpected reluctance. *I’m not gay. Why am I licking my own dick?* Chris sat down on the bed and looked at his own mammoth erection. *Only gay guys want to suck dick, right?* The urges from his huge, throbbing prick were too strong to resist completely. Chris squirted lube all over his right hand and rubbed his hands together, then grasped his thick, veiny shaft and began to stroke slowly. *That’s better. It’s not gay to love jerking off. All guys jerk off. I just love it more because my cock is so big and thick.* Chris stared at his monster dong with admiration. *So much bigger than* ***anyone*** *else*. He continued to stroke his shaft with delight, the huge amount of lube squelching as he spread it all over his dick.

*I like it when Jen licks me. It feels soooo good. I like it when Kimber and Tasha lick me. They both do it so nice. I like it when the girls lick my cock.* Chris reached down and clenched his thick shaft at the base. He slid his hands up the length of his pole as he laid back on the bed. When he couldn’t reach any higher, he reversed direction and began to stroke downward towards his overstuffed balls. *I’m too big to even reach my cockhead this way. It’s so great to be* ***too*** *big*. Chris massaged his swollen, churning nuts.

*It felt pretty good even when James sucked my dick. I wasn’t looking for a guy to suck me off, but that felt pretty good, too. He was crazy for it, just like the girls. Anybody would be crazy for this cock.* Chris started another slow, leisurely stroke up his cock, but this time he pulled his huge, thick prick close to his body, bringing his gigantic, broad cockhead close to his face. *This way I can stroke it all the way to the head.* His massive prick felt so heavy and hot on his torso. *I like having my cock sucked*. Chris’s gargantuan dick was now throbbing less than an inch away from his face. *I* ***love*** *having my cock sucked.* He began to stroke it steadily, faster and faster, keeping it held close to his body, and his face. *My cock* ***loves*** *to be sucked.* He crossed his legs in a loose lotus position, squeezing his massive ballsack with gentle pressure. Chris continued to stroke his thick salami, roaming his hands all over his sensitive shaft. *My cock* ***needs*** *to be sucked.* He brought the tip of his tongue out of his mouth and lightly licked his own cock head.

*Ohhhhh, yeah!* The feeling was amazingly intense. *That feels incredible!* Chris continued to massage his veiny monster, trying to restrain himself from licking his dick again. *It’s not gay if you suck your own dick, is it?* He licked himself again, tentatively. *Fuck, that feels good! It’s not gay if you jerk yourself off, right?* Chris squeezed his legs together, increasing the pressure inside his swollen ballsack. *It’s gay if you beat off another guy, but it’s not gay to jerk off yourself.* Chris allowed himself a long, lingering lick, roaming from one side of his huge shaft to the other. *It’s totally not gay to suck your own cock, then.*

Chris began to lick his own cock with increasing vigor. As his huge dick was almost six inches thicker than a two-liter bottle, he was unable to reach everywhere, but he was obviously making an effort. *Mmm. Feels so good*. As he continued to stroke his dick harder and faster, Chris began to slurp and kiss his own cock head, planting wet, sucking kisses all over his cock head. *Such a good cock. So tasty and delicious.* Soon, Chris was arching his back, hugging his fat monster to his chest to let his frenzied tongue lick the very tip of his broad, red cock head. *I wish I could lick every inch, buddy, but I’m doing my best! You’re just soooo big.* Stretching, Chris devoured his cock head with his tongue, from the fat, sensitive rim to the very end of his cock slit. His tongue strained to reach everywhere, but Chris’s dick was just too massive for his mouth to be able to reach every spot. *I need some help licking this cock. The girls might be able to handle all of it, but I bet a few more girls could just about lick all of it at once.* The thought of a bevy of beautiful girls all determinedly slurping on his giant schlong turned Chris on even more.

*Mmph.* Chris slurped his open mouth all over his cock head, eagerly tonguing himself into a frenzy. *Mmmmmph.* Chris rocked his legs back and forth, pumping his bloated, overfilled balls with sensation. *Mmmmmmmmmmmmph.* Chris lapped his tongue up and down his hypersensitized cock slit.

*Oh, fuck! I’m gonna cum all over Jen’s bed!* Chris could feel a massive, unstoppable orgasm building deep in his balls. He did the only thing he could. He took a deep breath and planted his mouth firmly over his own, gigantic cock slit.

*Uuuuuuuuuuungh!* Chris felt the flood of cum begin to geyser up from his balls, flooding inexorably up his thick, hot shaft. Automatically, his arms continued to stroke his colossal rod and his legs clenched to squeeze the most spunk out of his super-sized nuts. Before he even thought about it, a torrent of thick, hot jizz had erupted into his mouth. *Mmmph! There’s so much!* Chris struggled to gulp it all down, already feeling a second pulse of cum building up in his balls. *It tastes…good! Ughpf!* Chris guzzled down the second surge of jizz, and the third, but he could tell that his weighty nutsack had plenty more to come. *I’m not sure I can swallow all this. Its too much!* As a fourth, then fifth flood of semen bulged out his cheeks before being sucked down, Chris felt a familiar fullness building in his flat tummy. *I’m cumming so much I’m filling up my tummy! How much jizz have I swallowed? I’m getting full!* Involuntarily, Chris thought of the gorgeous little Persephone, seated on the table, stuffing him with doughnut after doughnut. *No, I’m not! If I can stuff myself with doughnuts I can stuff myself with cum. I can do this!* Chris tightened his grip on his gigantic rod and began to pump even more vigorously. He choked down enough spunk to let himself take a gasp of air, and began to suck desperately on his own cock. *Mmmmmm, yeah! Come on, baby, gimme all you got!*

After a dozen huge pulses of cum had surged up his cock and into his eager mouth, Chris’s stomach was full and bulging. However, he carefully and deliberately squeezed his entire shaft, from root to tip, while sucking as hard as he could. Chris carefully drained every drop of cum he could out of his huge cock before releasing his liplock on his fat cockhead. He licked his lips to recover every ounce of spunk, then rubbed his hands over his full belly with satisfaction. *Aaaaah. Just a little bit and all of this will go right back to fattening up my balls. I could probably do this all ni…*

“Can you start over? I forgot to grab my camera.” Chris glanced around the massive column of his still firm dick and saw Tasha and Kimber watching from the open door.

Kimber began to clap. “Oh, Chris, that was amazing! I think you swallowed even more than me or Jen! “

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**Part 96.**

“What are you doing?!?” Chris heaved himself upright, his fat tree-trunk of a dick thudding onto the bed between his legs. *The girls just can’t keep themselves away from this cock, can they?*, he thought, smugly. He grabbed the edge of Jen’s bedspread and covered himself up carelessly, leaving a substantial amount of thick cock peeking out. *Damn, I’m sitting here and this monster is past my* ***feet****. I’m so fucking* ***huge****!* Chris smiled inwardly in delight.

“You said you were coming in here to make a phone call. It’s been a while. We came in to check on you,” said Tasha. Kimber nodded from slightly behind her. “Did you call in a quart of cum for delivery?” Tasha asked, suggestively.

Kimberly wrinkled her nose. “We were just worried about you, Chrissy-, I mean, Chris. You weren’t out working out with us, and we came back and you were really enjoying yourself, and it looked pretty amazing, and…”

“Oh, it looked amazing, all right. Un-be-lievable. It should be documented and reviewed.” Tasha leered at Chris.

“We missed you at our workout,” interjected Kimber, evidently trying to steer the conversation back to safer ground.

“Maybe you two could help me with a workout in here,” said Chris, slyly, as he tossed the covers back and exposed the full, massive slab of his gargantuan prick. He licked his lips in anticipation. *They won’t be able to resist it. I can barely resist it.*

Kimber looked uncertainly at the colossal dick lying between his legs and pursed her lips tightly. “I don’t know, Chris,” she said, nervously. “I just had dinner. I don’t think I could take something like that on a full stomach.” She rubbed her smooth, flat tummy gently. “Anyway, aren’t you supposed to be waiting for Jen?”

“Oh, Jen would understand,” said Tasha, breezily. “Look, Chris, I wanna **film** you, not pound down another Big Gulp of jizz, not that your’s isn’t nice. Besides, if you keep trying to feed us like that, we’re both gonna be chubby in no time. A girl has to watch her diet.” Tasha brought her hands down her slender waist. “You, on the other hand, can gobble down all you want. It all just goes to fatten back up those big balls. So why don’t you let me get my camera, and you can start chowing down on the Chinese buffet again. Nobody will believe this, even though they will be able to watch it on the internet.” Tasha misunderstood Chris’s look of concern. “Don’t worry, I’ll still blur out your face. Not that anybody will be able to see it with that enormous cock head in the way.”

Chris was a little more plaintive this time, though the monster schlong bobbing up and down with every hand gesture spoiled the effect a bit. “You guys don’t have to swallow if you don’t want to.” *I guess it is a bit much to swallow each time. The girls can’t eat like me.* “I mean, you don’t even have to use your mouths really.” *I wanted both of them sucking on me. It’s not fair!* “You could just come over and help me out a few times.” Chris gestured at his immense, throbbing dick invitingly.

“No way, Cockzilla,” said Tasha, emphatically. “I don’t want to use the tripod, Tripod.” She giggled at her own joke. “I want to film that beast up close and from all angles. If I’m yanking you off while using the handheld, it will be all jittery. You might have a giant monster, but I’m not shooting ‘Cloverfield 2’. Kimber can jump in there and help you wrestle it into submission if she wants. That wouldn’t be as kinky as a vid of you giving yourself head, but anything featuring that big pole means instant web hits.”

“Tasha!”, exclaimed Kimber. “I don’t want to be in your internet sex videos! Besides,” she refocused her glare at Chris, “you **promised** Jen you would go without having sex until she got back.” Kimber realized she was wagging her finger at Chris’s huge member, and redirected it at his face. “I guess jerking off doesn’t count as having sex, but I’m pretty sure that you and me playing with your great big penis does.” She looked at his dick a little pensively. “I think jerking yourself off would be okay, though, especially since you’re so **big**. If Tasha and I just watched it wouldn’t be having sex.” Kimber shook her head, disrupting that chain of thought. “Who did you need to call, anyway?”

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Chris exhaled, a little deflated. *But my cock is right here! Don’t you both want to grab it and stroke it and squeeze it and lick it all over?* He smoothed the covers back down on Jen’s bed. “I was gonna call Terry and apologize. Offer to pay for ingredients so he can get more growth cream made.”

“You haven’t called him yet?,” asked Tasha, sternly. “What are you waiting for? The sooner he gets more cream made, the sooner I get big boobs like Jen. You do like the big boobs, right?”

“Hey,” protested Kimber. “I wanna have big boobs too, remember. I don’t want to be the small-chested one.”

“Oh, suck it up. I’ve been the small-chested one since we moved in together. It’s about my turn to be the busty one.” She looked at Kimber inquiringly. “So, when you use the cream and get bigger breasts, will you be on my sex videos then? Or are you just going to waste them and keep your huge boobs hidden under a pink t-shirt?”

Kimber blushed. “I guess if I had really big boobs, nobody from high school choir would know it was me. You would still blur out my face, right?”

“Get your boobs big enough and nobody would even notice you had a face, Kimber.” Tasha mocked her lightly. “Wait a minute. Didn’t you go to a private Christian school?”

“Yeah, so?” Kimber asked.

“Should church choir members be watching online porn? Isn’t that against the rules or something?” huffed Tasha.

“Tasha, you’re not **supposed** to. That doesn’t mean you **don’t**. I’m not supposed to have oral sex with my own boyfriend, much less my roommate’s boyfriend. I’m not supposed to be standing here staring at his gigantic dick. I’m probably not supposed to rub some cream all over my boobs so I can get really stacked. Doesn’t mean I’m not gonna. Duh!” Kimber gave her roommate a stupid look, mocking her.

“So, why are you not dialing your roommate, Chris?” Tasha looked back at his naked body, his massive prick glossy with lubricant. “You’ve got two girls waiting to get huge boobs, and you haven’t even offered to buy the raw materials yet. Where are your priorities, kiddo?”

“I’m getting my phone.” Chris struggled to get up with his massive, though slightly softer, erection.

“Hey, I just said ‘big’. I didn’t say ‘huge’,” protested Kimber.

“You said ‘really big’. We both know that there’s no way you’re gonna be satisfied being smaller than Jen, and there’s no way I’m **not** gonna be bigger than Jen. So you’ve gotta get bigger than Jen too, and bigger than Jen is ‘huge’. It’s mathematical.” Tasha shrugged.

“What if I wanted to be the same size as Jen? She’s got nice breasts, and they are big, but they aren’t huge. What about that?,” countered Kimber.

“Fine with me, short stuff. But being the same size as Jen once I get big boobs from the cream means you are tied with her for smallest chest. If you don’t wanna be the small-chested one, you’re gonna have to be bigger than Jen. Of course, I don’t think she will want to be the smallest one either. Jen’s gotten pretty used to being the ‘busty girl’ around here.” Tasha rubbed her chin thoughtfully. “This could get tricky. You better get a lot of that cream, Chris.”

“You might want to calm down a bit, Tasha,” Kimber counseled. “He hasn’t even called his roommate yet. Don’t count your chickens before they hatch, or,” Kimber giggled, “don’t measure your boobs before they grow.”

“What are you waiting on, Chris?”, demanded an exasperated Tasha, looking at Chris fumbling around naked in the center of the room.

“I’m trying to figure out how to pick up my phone without bumping my dick into the furniture, or smacking it into my face! This isn’t easy, you know,” said Chris, gesturing at his thick, thirty inch long cock.

“I know. It looks really hard,” said Tasha, before she and Kimber collapsed, laughing.

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**Part 97.**

(Jen’s place, Friday night, after 8 pm)

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After abandoning his attempts to get the girls into bed with him, Chris settled back down onto the bed with his cell phone. His hard-on had subsided a bit, though it still was still a thick, twenty seven or so inches long. His giant ballsack wasn’t so tantalizingly over-full, either, though he lay with his legs spread wide apart to accommodate his own huge package. Chris found Terry’s number in the ‘missed calls’ and hit redial. *I feel bad not answering his calls yesterday. I had no idea whose number that was. Terry and Greg probably wanted me to come over and jerk off for them again, I bet. They both act like they are grossed out by my monster wang, but I can tell they are pretending.*

“Hello? Who is this? Chris?” Terry’s voice answered the phone, though there was loud music in the background. “What is it, dude?”

“Hey, Terry. Sorry to call you on Friday night. I know you’re probably out partying, but…”

“Yeah, I’m kind of busy. Is it urgent?”

“Look, I wanted to apologize. I stole all of your cream and it was a dick move on my part. No matter why I did it, it was the wrong thing to do. I wanted to offer to pay for the ingredients to make another batch, in case you wanted to use it…” Chris began.

“Why would I want to use more of it?” interrupted Terry. *Because you secretly wish you were as big as me*, thought Chris. “You’re so freaking huge you can’t **walk** normally, much less have sex. I like having sex, dude.” There was a pause. “Sorry about that. I know you didn’t plan on getting that big. That’s cool for you to do, Chris.”

“Well, you said that it worked on girls too, so I thought you might want some for that.” *Maybe if you gave Crissy boobs so big you muffled her voice, she might be okay to bang*. “Plus, I don’t know, maybe Greg or somebody would want some. I just wanted to replace your supply because it was my fault. I was thinking that maybe when you get some more made, if I bought the supplies, I could get some for Jen. She and her roommates might want a little bit more up top, too.” *Or maybe a lot. Tasha seems like she might want a lot. And maybe some for Persephone, and Barbie, and…who was that girl at Target? Tracy! Maybe I could buy a lot.*

“It’s cool you are willing to do that, Chris,” said Terry, his voice a little clearer over the music. *He must be holding the phone different*, thought Chris. *Maybe he’s jerking off thinking about my huge dick.* “But it’s not really necessary. I just got a whole shipment of the cream today, so I have plenty of bottles now.”

“Oh. Is somebody else gonna be using it? Greg? Or maybe guys from the lacrosse team?” Chris asked, slightly panicked. *Nobody’s gonna get bigger than I am, are they?*

“**Dude**!”, said Terry, “It’s my cream. I’ll tell who I want about it, and I’ll share it with anybody I want. What is it with you?”

Abashed, Chris backpedaled. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for it to come out that way. I just wanted to make sure you warned people, so they didn’t overdose accidentally like I did.”

“Yeah. I’ll bet. I bet you’re worried about someone else being bigger than you.” Terry sighed. “Chris, **no one else** wants to be that big. I’m glad that you are happy with your giant-sized dong, but all of the rest of the male population wants to be able to have sex with girls. Or with guys, in the case of Greg. I only know one guy whose barely more than **half** your size, and he’s miserable with eighteen inches. Nobody’s out to steal your thunder, King Dong.”

*Eighteen inches? I guess there’s at least one guy who has a cock more than half as big as mine.* *I can’t believe he’s miserable though. He’s probably just not doing a good job taking care of himself like me. Regular diet, plenty of exercise. I know how to take care of a monster dick.* “If you say so, Terry,” said Chris, dubiously.

“Look, Chris,” said Terry in exasperation. “Here’s the deal. Greg and I are friends from way back. We planned on being roomies. The room is made for two guys. We never planned on a third room-mate. When I need the room for Crissy and me, Greg makes himself scarce. You need plenty of space to take care of your, uh, needs, and we don’t have that space, with three guys in the room. Since you have a girlfriend or three, evidently, why don’t you stay with her? I’ll throw in a jar of the cream for your troubles.”

“Hey, you have a girlfriend, too? Why should I have to clear out when you don’t have to? That’s not fair!” *I knew it. That Crissy doesn’t want me around. She’s probably afraid that Terry is going to go completely gay for my huge prick. She knows she can’t compete with that.*

“**Dammit**, Chris! Greg and I have been friends all through high school. I just met you, and you **stole** my stuff and **jerked off** on all his socks! Why do you think Greg and I would rather room with each other?”

“I said I was sorry!” exclaimed Chris. “What do you want from me? I offered to pay for more cream, and I bought Greg new socks. You’re just kicking me out?”

“Hey, man. I’m not kicking you out. You can still use the room. I’m just saying, you have three girls who love your huge dick, right? My girlfriend’s room-mates aren’t crazy about me. I’m not even sure they like me, but you’ve already had sex with all of Jen’s room-mates, right?” Terry placated.

“Yeah. Tasha and Kimber both really like me,” Chris agreed, uncertainly.

“So, if you have three girls who are crazy about sex with your gigantic member, and you have some growth cream to give them all big boobs, you’re gonna be spending most of your time over there, sexing up three hot, huge breasted girls, right? That way, Greg and I can plan on using the room. I don’t have to have Crissy’s room-mates giving me the evil eye. Everybody wins!” Terry finished, triumphantly.

“So, I can still leave stuff in the room? I can come over sometimes?”, asked Chris, hesitantly.

“Sure thing, dude. Just call first, to make sure that I’m not banging some chick, or Greg’s not getting banged by some guy,” Terry laughed.

“That sounds okay. Can I come by the room tonight and get a jar of cream from you? The girls and I are spending Friday night together.”

“Dude, it’s Friday night! I’m not sitting around the place like a **lose**r; I’m out having fun!” Terry paused, realizing how that sounded. “Look, the jars are in my closet. If you are hanging out with three chicks, it doesn’t matter where you are, especially if all three of them want to use that cream. Stop by and grab a jar.”

Terry paused, then repeated with emphasis. “**A jar**. Not the whole box. **One jar**, dude.”

“I’m not taking more than one jar. I’m not going to rip you off again, Terry.” promised Chris.

“Chris, seriously. Take one jar. This is the concentrated stuff, not the stuff diluted with hand cream. It doesn’t do anything at first, but it burns like hell. Then you get a lot bigger. You might want to dilute it with the hand cream if you don’t want to grow huge.” Chris paused again. “And you might not want to put on a whole bottle of it at once, either.”

“Thanks for the advice,” said Chris, sarcastically. “I wish I had gotten it before I had to buy a new wardrobe.”

“Well, when you don’t steal the cream, you get the instructions,” said Terry, sweetly.

“I said I was sorry!”

“Later, dude.” Terry hung up.

Relieved, Chris relaxed back onto the bed. Still pleasantly full from the 168 dougnuts, two pizzas, and huge omelet he had consumed, he spread his legs, giving his plump enormous balls plenty of room. *That wasn’t so bad. I apologized, and I got the cream. Heck, I don’t even have to wait for his friend to make more. Terry and Greg probably wanted me out of the room to reduce their temptation. I can’t imagine they could resist with this lying on the sheets next to them.* He closed his eyes in satisfaction, and his hands began to drift towards the massive slab of meat still semi-erect between his legs.

**Part 98.**

For those who are just recently joining us, the following is a DREAM SEQUENCE. Please don’t get bend out of shape.

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Chris walked into his dorm room and stopped suddenly, in shock. Filling the entire room were about a dozen lacrosse players, all laughing and hanging out, Terry and Greg among them. However, each one of them was really **hanging** out. Every single tall, muscular male was completely nude; all of the buff hunks stood or sat around, completely at ease with their own nakedness, and the naked bodies all around them. However, each one of them was sporting a gigantic erection and massive, swollen balls.

The very smallest lacrosse player was sporting a gargantuan prick, easily longer and thicker than Chris’s own, bobbing fully erect above a bloated, swollen nutsack substantially bigger than Chris’s own balls, even when he was totally stuffed. However, that was the **smallest** lacrosse player. Many of the players were substantially larger. They stood bowlegged with ballsacks hanging below their knees, easily weighing twenty five or even thirty pounds. They laughed and clapped each other on the back while bobbing around massive cocks, thirty six inches or larger, and all twenty inches or more around. Everywhere Chris looked, stupendous dicks, each huge, veiny, and rock hard, waved proudly. Every buff stud was weighed down by two massive balls and a gigantic erection. Some of the players were sitting on the beds, their enormous cocks straining in front of their faces. The guys would casually grasp another dude’s prick and shift the towering log out of the way to talk to them. Others stood or leaned around the room, their jutting dicks forming a meaty barricade that bounced as they talked and gestured. Terry saw Chris and pushed his way through a thicket of gigantic cocks, unselfconsciously shifting one huge, fat dick after another out of the way with his hands, though Chris could see something massive clearing a space in front of Terry by itself.

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“Hey, Chris! How’s it hanging?” Terry gestured to his own, colossal erection, which bounced up and down in front of Chris’s face. Terry’s cock was gigantic, easily one of the largest in the room.“Mine’s not hanging at all, as you can see.” He grasped the thick shaft with both hands and slowly bobbed it up and down in front of Chris, smiling broadly.

“Wha— What happened?” Chris couldn’t stop staring at all of the thick, fat cocks and huge, bulging nutsacks, especially Terry’s unbelievably huge dick.

“Well, little buddy, you kept going on about how great it was to have such a huge cock, so a few of the guys decided to try it out.” Terry grasped another player’s huge wang and shifted it away from his face as the guy turned to talk to another player. “You were right. It is fantastic! We all wanted to have one. Of course, since I have all that cream, there was no reason for us to stop and be as small as you, Spring Roll. Might as well go big or go home, right guys?” Several hugely over-endowed men echoed their approval, their gigantic pricks bouncing up and down as they pumped their fists in agreement. “Your foxy little girl’s been delivering us pizza all night. Jen was really excited to be around some genuinely big guys.”

Terry hefted his monster cock with both hands. He slowly swung it directly in front of Chris’s face, and bobbed it up and down slowly. “Forty-two inches long and twenty one inches around. Weighs over fifty pounds now that I’m nice and hard.” He reached down and hefted his gigantic nut sack. “Got almost fifty pounds of cum in these nuts too. My cock and balls almost weighs as much as your girlfriend, Spring Roll. She weighed them for me.” Terry chuckled and rested his huge cock against Chris’s chest. Chris couldn’t stop himself from staring at the massive reddish head. He almost brought his hands up to stroke the massive, veiny shaft. “Why don’t you carry it for me, little buddy?”

“Oh, hey! Someone’s been looking for you, Spring Roll.” Terry gestured over his shoulder. “Greg will be glad to see his jerk-off buddy.”

Chris’s jaw dropped. Waddling across the floor was Greg. His huge, muscular body was straining to carry a gigantic, hugely thick cock, much larger even than Terry’s, as well as two huge, overstuffed balls that hung almost to his ankles. Greg was sweating with the exertion of moving his gargantuan package around.

“Hey, Chris! Good to see you, dude!” Greg saw Chris staring at him open-mouthed. “I can tell you like what you see.” He lifted his tree-trunk up with both hands and staggered towards Chris. “Give a buddy a hand here.” Greg plunked the massive boner down on Chris’s right shoulder and Chris staggered under the weight. “Whew! I definitely need some help handling this monster.” said Greg.

“You know, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, Chris, so you should be really flattered. I loved watching you jerk off that big cock, and I decided that there was no reason you should have all the fun.” Greg stroked his monstrous, veiny shaft lovingly. “Forty-eight inches long. Twenty six inches around. This baby weighs ninety pounds, Chris. Ninety.” Greg stroked his colossal, thick cock proudly.

Chris felt like he was going to fall over under the strain of holding it up. Greg patted his gigantic ballsack with pride. “I’ve been stuffing myself silly filling up these beauties, too. Each of these babies is filled up with forty pounds of cum, Chris. That’s eight **gallons** of cum in each of my balls. Each of my big balls has **twice** the cum of both of your little ones. You’ll probably have to spend all day helping me jerk off, now that I’m the big man on campus, huh? I hope you’re up to helping me with this monster.”

*I can’t be the smallest again! I can’t be! I gotta be the biggest. It’s not fair!* Chris looked around frantically, and spotted an unopened jar of the cream resting on one of the sinks. He reached over and grabbed it before anyone could react. “No way, guys. I’m not Spring Roll any longer.” He twisted off the cap. “This stuff makes you double in size, right?” Chris pulled down his baggy black pants and poured the entire contents of the jar on his dick and nuts. “That should take me to about sixty inches. Who’s big man on campus again?”

Terry laughed at him. “You’ve gotta have the mass if you want the growth, little buddy. Where are you gonna get enough to grow that big, huh?”

Chris wrapped both arms around Greg’s mammoth cock, resting heavily on his shoulder. He carefully sat down on his bed, and then leaned back, letting the gigantic dick rest on his chest, almost pinning him down. “I don’t know. I think there’s probably enough cum in this room to pump me up as big as I want. Are you guys that determined to keep me small, or would all of you guys like me to suck…you…dry?” Chris wrapped both arms around the massive prick on his chest and began to lap hungrily at the huge slit of Greg’s cock.

“Oh, yeah!” Cheers echoed around the room. Massively hung guys began to queue up around Greg, rubbing their hands together in anticipation and high fiving each other. Greg looked at Terry with a smirk of satisfaction. “I told you he was up for it.”

Terry grinned back. “So? I lost the bet, but I’m next. After he’s sucked down all of your jizz, Chris is gonna slurp down all my spunk.”

Greg’s massive dick rested on the length of Chris’s body, weighing him down. Chris stroked the shaft with both arms, and squeezed it gently between his legs, as he lapped the gigantic head with his tongue. Chris could feel himself growing rapidly to a stiff erection as he did so. Greg’s first ejaculation, soon after Chris began slurping hungrily on his dick, rocketed a gallon of delicious cum into Chris’s eager mouth. Almost choking, Chris greedily gulped down every drop. He felt his belly balloon with the huge load of jizz, but no sooner than he felt full, he felt the familiar tingle of his dick and balls beginning to swell.

“Are you okay, little buddy? Sure it’s not more than you can handle?” asked Greg.

“Ah!” Chris choked down the last mouthful and smiled back. “Are you kidding? I’m just getting started. Gimme all of this cum. I need more. More! **MORE!**” He returned to his task with wild abandon.

First, he drained Greg’s gigantic organ of every tasty drop of jizz, then eagerly guzzled down Terry’s waiting cock as soon as the fullness of his belly had abated. Greg and Terry were replaced by a parade of buff, hot hunks, each endowed with a towering, tasty dick and fat, juicy balls bursting with semen. He lost all track of time, and focused only on his buffet of cock. Though he could only barely cover the slit of each massive cock head with his mouth, Chris made sure to lick and suck every inch of every cock he could reach. His hands and arms, as well as feet and legs, were busy stroking every massive shaft until each guy was completely satisfied. His stomach was stretched to bursting with juicy spunk, but all he wanted was more. Finally, once every single hunk was completely drained and satisfied, Chris passed out, belly distended and a smile plastered on his face.

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When Chris could finally focus again, his face, arms, and chest were sticky with spatters of semen. He struggled to get up from the bed, but was pinned down by a heavy mass. “Greg, get off me!”, he muttered.

“What’s up, big boy?” said Greg’s voice, from an unexpected direction. Chris looked blearily to his left. Greg was standing with several of the other lacrosse players, gorging themselves on pizza. Stacks of pizza boxes rose from the floor to about three feet, and his girlfriend, Jen, was scooping out slices and handing them to the muscular, naked men, who, judging from the increasing fullness of their balls, were in the process of filling back up.

“Jen! What’s going on?” Chris struggled to get up again, and finally looked down to see what was pinning him to the bed. His own cock and balls, now swollen impossibly huge, held him to the ground. Each of his balls was easily larger than a beanbag chair, and lay across his legs, holding them down. His enormous shaft, now bulging out from his groin to a girth wider than his torso, was still fully, throbbingly erect, though it seemed to stretch a yard past his feet.

Jen walked over to him, smiling. “Good morning, sweetie pie!” She kissed him on the lips, and whispered, breathily. “Sixty inches long, Chris. Your magnificent cock is **five feet** long now. It’s thirty six inches **around**.” She brushed her fingers across it in admiration. “Your dick weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds, Chris. Your cock is bigger than most guys. Your cock’s bigger than the rest of **you**.” Jen knelt down and patted him on the stomach. “And your balls. Each one is pumped full of a hundred and twenty **pounds** of cum, Chris. You’ve got **forty-eigh**t gallons of cum down there.” She patted him on the head. “I’m so proud of you, sweetie pie. I never dreamed you would get **this big** for me. I never dreamed I would meet a guy who would event **want** to be this huge.”

“What’s all the pizza for, Jen?” asked Chris, rubbing his sore tummy. “I’ve been eating for **hours**. I don’t think I can swallow any more. My balls are full to bursting right now.”

“Oh, sweetie.” Jen tousled his hair lovingly. “The pizza’s not for you; it’s for the boys. They’ve been refuelling all morning.”

“What? What for?” asked Chris.

“Duh, silly,” said Greg, approaching Chris. His gigantic, delicious dick was once again rock hard and forty eight inches long, and he shuffled under the weight of his bloated, eighty pound ball sack. Chris’s mouth began to water at the sight of it. “We all like how you handle our meat, Chris. We want you to suck us all dry again. Terry and I could barely wait for you to sleep off your meal. All of the guys want you to drain their balls again.”

“What?!?” exclaimed Chris. “Are you crazy? I’m so big I can’t **move** and my balls are so stuffed I couldn’t take another drop. You want me to suck off a dozen giant dicks again?” Though Chris protested, his tongue was already licking his lips.

“Chris, sweetie,” said Jen. She waggled a familiar looking jar of white cream. “We do have another bottle.” Chris looked at Jen, her face bright with anticipation. “Do you want to get even bigger for me, sweetie? You already can’t move, so…” Chris looked back at Greg and Terry and the other guys, each of them filling his fat balls to bursting, their massive, thick cocks bouncing up and down. The hunks all looked at him expectantly. His stomach rumbled, eager for the taste of more cum. He smacked his lips hungrily.

“I don’t guess I have anything planned for the rest of the weekend,” he said, with a wide grin. “I hope you guys don’t have any other commitments. I’m gonna need **all** the cum I can get.”

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**Part 99.**

(Bradford Campus, Friday at around 8:50 am)

Crissy huffed out of the room and joined Terry in the hall. Greg had already started down the stairs.

"Did you win your nerd off?" Terry smirked.

Crissy waved his question out of the air "Pshhh. He’s out of his league. That freak cock of his is sapping all the blood from his brain."

"That’s my girl." Terry gave her a peck on the cheek "But I take exception to the ’freak cock’ remark. He and I share similar circumstances."

"The day your ’circumstance’ starts to resemble anything like his is the day I drop you like a hot potato." Crissy made a sour face at the memory of Chris’s outsized genitalia flopping over the edge of the bed "That thing is disgusting. He’s disfigured for life."

Terry didn’t have a response for that. It was true, and he felt at least a tiny bit responsible. The smart thing to do would have been to destroy the cream once his sisters discovered it. It was just... So damn tempting. The ability to resculpt one’s body almost instantly? The possibilities were limitless! If his grandfather had only decided to pursue and develop his invention instead of squandering it as a patent medicine, who knows where the science might be right now?

The pair made their way out of the Tupelos and across the quad to the campus center.

The campus Postal Annex was around the corner behind the Snack Bar. Terry gave a brief wave to Mahmout, who was just coming onto his shift. Mahmout acknowledged Terry with a wary nod.

"This is the first time I’ve checked my mail since they gave us our combos." said Crissy "I think I still have the ’welcome to Bradford’ flyer in the bottom of my mailbox."

"I never even checked mine. I wasn’t expecting a package this early in the semester. Watch my parents will start sending me care packages every week. Like I’ve gone away to war or something instead of just across the state."

"I guess you just have a thing with unexpected packages, huh?"

"Weak." said Terry.

"Gimme a break, I’ve been trying to come up with a ’package’ joke since we walked in. You came at me too fast!"

"That’s what she said!" Terry grinned.

"Damn." Crissy snort-laughed.

Terry looked distracted.

"Huh, it’s that girl again." he pointed.

It was Steampunk. She still wore the aviator goggles and bomber jacket from the night before, but had swapped out the Green Lantern shirt for a Batman one. She was leaning against the door frame, chatting with a Japanese girl whose shoulder length hair was dyed bubblegum pink.

"Steampunk? Yeah. Weird." said Crissy.

"Weird?"

"Yeah, what do you think she’s doing here?"

Terry raised an eyebrow "Probably checking her mail?"

Crissy rolled her eyes.

As the pair passed by, Steampunk concluded her conversation with the Japanese girl.

"Good talk, Yoshimi. Keep fighting the good fight." she said, patting Yoshimi on the back.

"You too, Fereliss."

Terry consulted his card and his combo and began searching the rows of boxes for his number. Just as he found it, a voice from behind made him jump.

"Hi!"

It was Steampunk.

"Oh... uh... hey." Terry’s eyes darted over to Crissy, who made "loopy" motions next to her head with her fingers.

"Looks like you got a package there." Steampunk was chewing cinnamon gum, and snapped it loudly to punctuate her statement.

Terry’s gaze flashed downward for a moment before he realized that Steampunk was looking past him and through the window of his P.O. Box. A yellow slip rested up against the glass.

"Oh, yeah." Terry replied.

"I bet it’s a big one." Steampunk grinned.

"Aw man!" Terry heard Crissy hiss under her breath.

"We’ll see..." Terry said, slowly turning around. He fumbled awkwardly with his combination. Steampunk was hovering uncomfortably close behind his shoulder.

"Do you mind?" he said, allowing a little edge in his voice. Maybe Crissy was right about this girl... The crazy part anyway.

Steampunk raised her hands in a "fair enough" gesture and backed off. Crissy moved up to fill the gap and pushed Steampunk back a few more inches.

Terry retrieved his slip and took it over to the counter. The pimple-faced, gawky clerk blew his hair up out of his eyes and examined the slip before disappearing into the back. He returned presently with a large box, which in a previous life had been used to ship Hot Pockets (1 gross). The box looked just like the boxed depicted in cautionary posters that warned against suspicious packages. It was taped haphazardly and addressed in Jeff’s crude, illegible scrawl to "Terpy Andrewson". One corner of the box appeared to have been dipped in coffee, while two other corners were squashed flat. The whole thing was sprinkled liberally with postage stamps. Terry didn’t know who was more foolish, the U.S. Postal System for shipping the box in spite of the distinct possibility that it might contain something dangerous, or him for accepting the package despite his certain knowledge that it *did* contain something dangerous...

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"Wow! I hope nothing inside broke." Commented Steampunk, peeking over Terry’s shoulder and tut-tutting the sorry state of Terry’s package.

"Yeah, me too. Excuse me." Terry and Crissy extricated themselves from the meddlesome girl and made their way towards the exit, Terry awkwardly trying to fit his box under one arm. Steampunk followed.

"You know, that looks like it’s pretty dangerous. You should throw it out." she called after them.

"Thanks for your concern." said Crissy, waving back over her shoulder. The pair walked hurriedly out of the Campus Center and back towards the Tupelos.

Once safely back inside Terry’s dorm room, they breathed a sigh of relief.

"How weird was that?" said Terry.

"I told you!" said Crissy "She’s psycho. There’s something going on with that girl."

"She seemed super interested in this box." said Terry "Does she just bug everyone like that?"

"I dunno. I’ve never even been near her until today."

"Well, if she did know what was inside. I wouldn’t blame her." Said Terry, placing the package on the bed "Could you pass me the scissors?"

After much cutting and tearing, the box finally came open (though it would never ship anything again). Inside were fifteen jam jars full of the white growth cream, each wrapped liberally in newspaper. There was also a note. Terry and Crissy struggled to decipher the handwriting...

"Dear Terry," Terry read aloud "I’m sending you my entire supply of the growth cream. I don’t feel safe keeping it here. Those damn kids broke into my place last night and smashed up the lab. They didn’t find my stash, but they almost took me out!... Something something... gun was crazy loud.... thinking of suing gun company for damaged eardrum... yadda yadda... P.S. the stuff in the spice tin is all I could scrape out of the lab after it was smashed. It’s super concentrated, be careful with it..."

As Terry read the last part, he noticed Crissy pulling a square Paprika tin out of the pile of crumpled newspaper.

"Is this it?" Asked Crissy.

Terry’s eyes went wide and he snatched the tin away from her.

"Jesus! Be careful! You don’t know what that stuff can do!"

"What, would it give me a giant hand?"

"I don’t know! This stuff is concentrated growth formula. Who knows how potent it is? This is going somewhere safe..." Terry set it aside to deal with later. He put the rest of the jars in the corner of his closet and tossed the remains of the box onto the floor.

Crissy went over to the closet and picked up one of the jars. She examined it against the room’s overhead light.

"So am I gonna get to see this stuff in action?" she asked, nonchalance dripping from her voice.

"In action? No way. I’m not putting any more of that stuff on me. You said I was big enough!"

Crissy gave an exasperated sigh "Not you. Someone else..."

"Who?"

"Greg?"

Terry snorted "Trust me, Greg doesn’t want or need any of this."

"Aw come on, he must just be oozing with jealousy that yours is so huge and excellent." Crissy cooed "Is he hung?"

"Enough that he doesn’t want to be any bigger."

"He could take another inch I’m sure. Every man wants at least one more inch... Present company excepted of course..."

"Trust me, Greg doesn’t want even one more inch."

Crissy sighed "Fine... Someone else then." she thought for a moment "Does the cream work on other stuff?"

"You mean like.. boobs?" Terry suggested, giving her a pointed look. Crissy crossed her arms self-consciously.

"Sure." she said.

"Yes. It does work on boobs. As good as or even better than it works on dicks."

Crissy thought very carefully about her next statement, examining her a-cup tiddies as she did so.

"I’ll be the guinea pig." she said.

Terry cocked his head, sure he’d misheard.

"What?" he asked.

"I’ll be the first of your new customers..."

"The first of my new whatstomers?"

"Well, yeah, if you’re planning on selling this stuff around campus. You could make a fortune. Like I said, every guy wants at least one more inch... And I know a bunch of girls who are insecure about their bodies. A cheap, safe alternative to breast implants? You’ll be a hero!"

"I think you have a strange definition of the word ’safe’. You saw what happened to Chris. What nearly happened to me even!"

"So? Chris was irresponsible. You said so yourself. From now on we’ll be, you know, responsible." Crissy looked down at the cream once again "I get 50% of the profits."

"There won’t be any profits and there wont be any customers!" said Terry, raising his voice slightly "That cream is out of here as soon as I can come up with a way to dispose of it safely."

Crissy growled with exasperation "Oh for goodness-sake! You’re so selfish! You got your turn with the cream and as far as you’re concerned the rest can just go down the toilet?"

"Yes!"

"You’re throwing away a golden opportunity! Heck! This stuff is *more* valuable than gold! People have been searching for years trying to discover something exactly like this and now you’re holding it in your hands." she looked down "Well... I’m holding it it my hands, but you know what I mean." she glared at him.

Terry’s expression softened.

"Fine, but we don’t try to make any more once our supply is used up."

"Deal."

"And tell me, why do you want to use it again? I never figured you to be vain."

Crissy’s memory instantly replayed every moment of jealousy she felt over her older sister’s larger, much more well developed rack and all the attention she got from boys who simply ignored the flat-chested girl with the weird pigtail problem and the Naruto headband.

"Just because I’m not vain doesn’t mean I like everything I see about the girl in the mirror." she said "Though I’m sure you can’t imagine what that’s like..."

Terry didn’t have to. He adjusted his nine inches of flaccid cock. The feeling of being hung was still so alien to him he was constantly distracted by the warmth of his member against his thigh. Less than a month ago he could have had an erection under a shot glass without touching any of the sides.

"Alright" he said "But we’re going to do this carefully..."

• • •

**Part 100.**

Friday night, Jen’s place, after 9 pm.

• • •

“Jesus, Chris!” Tasha exclaimed as she opened the door. Chris started out of his dream, and found his hands wrapped around his massive erection, and his huge cock-head sticky with cum and saliva. His stomach felt full to bursting. *Oh, crap! How long have I been sucking myself off?*

“It’s been over an hour, Chris! You said you were gonna call your roommate!” Tasha strode into the room, unashamed, and pried his colossal shaft out of his hands. “I told you, **call me** before you suck yourself off again! That kind of kinky stuff is internet gold, and you’re wasting it off-camera! If you wanna be an internet sex legend, you’ve gotta let me shoot this stuff.” Tasha made a face and dropped his fat prick on the bed, letting it thud heavily between his legs. “Ewww. It’s all sticky with jizz and slobber. Go shower up and we’ll stuff you till your balls are ready to burst again. Then we’ll start again from the top, okay?”

“Uh…” said Chris. His stomach was painfully full. *Have I really been sucking myself off for a whole hour?*

“What did your roommate say about making more cream? Is he game? Do the ingredients cost a lot or something?”

Chris pushed himself to a seated position. He could already feel his belly slowly shrinking as his metabolism worked overtime to convert his ‘meal’ back into fresh cum for his huge nuts. However, his belly still swayed and sloshed from all the jizz he had gulped down. *Ohh, I think I’ve got about a gallon of spunk in there. Ooof.* “Actually, he’s already gotten more cream made. Terry said I could drop by tonight and pick some up.”

“Don’t fuck with me, Long Wang. This is big boobs you’re talking about.” Tasha stared at him intently.

“I’m not kidding, Tasha. We can go over and get the cream right now. You can use it and get big boobs tonight.” Chris watched as Tasha’s expression turned from one of disbelief to excitement. She reached over and grabbed his left hand, and pulled him out of the bed. Chris’s massive, still firm erection and weighty balls swung heavily between his legs as he stood. He clutched his bulging stomach with both hands. *I’m so full of cum. I just need a little bit to digest all of this.*

“What are we waiting for, doofus?” She pushed the naked, over-endowed boy out of the bedroom. Chris staggered as his mammoth nutsack and gargantuan dick flopped between his legs. “Shower up so we can go. Tasha needs a big set of boobs! Chop, chop!” As she bundled Chris into the bathroom, she shouted over her shoulder, “Kimber! Wrap it up! We got errands to run and bras to burst. Move it!”

Chris stumbled into the girls’ bathroom. *Okay, it’s not gay to suck myself off. Is it gay to fantasize about sucking off a dozen guys when I’m doing it?* He stopped short as he saw himself in the mirror. Looking back at him was a slender Asian teen with a lean, wiry build, except for an almost comically bulging belly, and, of course, two gargantuan balls and a colossal, almost completely erect cock. Chris’s chest and arms were smooth and hairless, as was his tight butt, and his huge, heavy nutsack. Though not completely erect, his massive, fat prick jutted out proudly from his body, stretching to at least twenty-seven inches, and swaying with every move he made.

Chris put his hands on his hips and leaned back a little, emphasizing his gigantic dick, and his round belly. *Damn! Look at me! I look fantastic!* Chris turned left and right, admiring himself in the mirror. He could feel his massive dick begin to stiffen again. *No wonder I can’t keep my hands off it. This cock looks amazing!* Chris turned to face the mirror and spread his legs, grasping his stiffening cock with both hands and stroking it lovingly. He gently turned it slightly to the right, then to the left. *Fuck! This is just about the perfect size. I was made to have a cock this big! Look how hot it looks. I can’t believe Greg and Terry don’t want one this big. It feels soooo good!*

Chris interrupted his stroking to run his hands over his protruding belly. *Damn! How much cum did I swallow? Did I gulp down as much as James did?* Chris patted his tummy gently. *Doesn’t much matter, I guess. It will all be more cum in my balls soon. It’s not gay to jerk off, so it’s not gay to suck yourself off either. I can do it as much as I want. No matter how much I suck my own cock, that’s not gay.* Chris’s cock began to stiffen even more at the thought. He looked up at the rising, swelling head of his penis, then noticed the spurts of jizz in his hair, on his face, and all over his chest. *I’ve gotta be a little more careful, that’s all. No sense wasting any. If I swallow it all, it keeps my balls nice and full.* He turned and waddled towards the shower. *Still, I should probably wash this off, though. Next time, maybe the girls can help, and clean me up afterwards. They all seemed to like the taste.*

Chris turned on the shower, and after it got warm, he stepped into the spray, careful to keep his nutsack from dragging on the edge of the tub, or his dick from bumping into the shower wall. The shower was full of girly shampoo, body wash, scrubbers, and other, mysterious trappings. Chris had to be careful not to knock anything over with his fat slab of meat. He waddled around the shower gingerly, his meaty balls swaying between his legs. He selected some fruity-smelling shampoo and worked it into his hair. *That smells nice. Makes me hungry, actually. My balls probably need some more fuel.* Chris rinsed his hair thoroughly, and selected another, equally fruity smelling bodywash. First, he carefully scrubbed his face and chest, but shortly after reaching down to clean his legs, he was distracted. *Gotta take care of my boys.* Chris squirted the body wash all over his huge balls and began sudsing them up. *Ohhhhh, yeah. That feels good.* Chris continued to vigorously massage his huge, heavy nuts until his massive cock was fully erect. *Now to take care of my baby.* Chris squirted most of the rest of the body wash all over the thirty inches of his huge, thick shaft, and began to soap and scrub his gigantic dick with gusto. *Get my baby squeaky clean. Clean enough to eat off*. Chris continued to fondle his soapy prick with pleasure.

The mammoth weight of his fully engorged prick was unbalancing, so Chris leaned back, pressing his smooth, tight buttocks against the back shower wall. He began stroking his swollen shaft with both hands, in long strokes from the root upwards. *Mmmm. Just need a little something special for my special cock*. Chris brought the massive cock head upwards towards his mouth and began licking his own cock head again. *Oh, that’s what I need! Feels so good.* Chris began to slurp hungrily. *Just gotta get some more cum. Just need to shoot a few more loads in my tummy and I might be soft enough to leave the house.* Chris dipped his tongue into his huge cock slit hungrily. *A few more hours maybe. Just gotta get enough cum. It’s not gay to suck your own dick, no matter how much you swallow.*

Chris felt his balls begin to tense up and he ‘choked up’ his grip on his elephantine dick and started sucking with anticipation, his mouth clamped over his cock slit. *Yeah! Feels so good! Gimme that cum. Fill up my tummy!* His massive orgasm began, sending surge after surge of jizz pumping up through his massive, swollen dick. Chris excitedly pumped his cock again and again, expertly slurping up the colossal load of cum pumped out by his balls. *Mmmmm. Sooo good.* Chris’s eyes rolled back in his head as he stroked away, gulping down a warm, salty quart of semen. *I could do this all night. It feels soo good.* Chris brought his hands back down from the head of his dick and began to stroke again. *Should be ready for more in just a minute or two.*

“Chris! What’s taking so long?” Kimber burst into the bathroom and stared at Chris, sucking on his own massive erection in the shower. “Oh, wow!”

• • •

**Part 101.**

“You’re sure you want to do this?” Terry asked once again, snapping on a pair of rubber gloves, surgeon style.

“Don’t demean both our intelligences by pretending to try and talk me out of this.” Snorted Crissy “You probably want this even more than I do.”

He did, but he didn’t like getting called out for it. So he was excited at the prospect of lubing up his girlfriend’s tits and watching them swell to the size of cantaloupes. Was that so wrong?

“I just hope you know what you’re getting into.”

“Less talking, more creaming.” Crissy crossed her legs and laid back on the bed. She’d stripped down to her panties and laid newspaper down all around to mitigate the risk of a stray drop of the cream turning up in bed later. The newspaper crinkled cold and crisp against the bare skin of her back as she laid down.

Terry lifted the lotion bottle with care and depressed the plunger as slowly as if he were disarming a bomb. They’d spent the past half hour funneling a quarter bottle of cream into the aloe vera scented hand lotion and mixing it thoroughly with a disposable chopstick from one of Chris’s many, many empty Chinese food boxes. The chopstick went in the trash and they rinsed their makeshift funnel (cut from the top of a water bottle) before disposing of it as well.

A dollup of slick lotion oozed into Terry’s gloved hand and he spread it evenly across both palms.

"Ready?"

"As I’ll ever be..." replied Crissy, trying to keep the nerves out of her voice.

Terry started slowly, massaging the cream into her nipples first, swirling slowly around the aureolae before cupping her breasts in his hands and spreading the cream across her soft skin. His large hands covered her breasts easily and within a few seconds, her chest was coated in a translucent layer of the white cream. Crissy shuddered as the cream began to take effect.

"Wow! That really tingles!" she brought her hands up to her chest reflexively. Terry stopped her with the backs of his hands.

"Oh, right." she stared at her chest, watching for any signs of growth. She shuddered again.

"Jesus! It feels like someone’s clamped a car battery to my nipples! Oh my God!"

"Are you ok? We can rinse it off." concern tinged Terry’s voice. He knew how painful first exposure to the cream could be.

"No, it’s ok... I kinda like it.."

Crissy’s nipples popped erect and the aureolae swelled. Within minutes, her chest began to expand. Imperceptibly at first, but as surely as rising dough.

"Ohmygod! Oh my God! It’s really real! It’s working!" Crissy waved her arms and squealed as she stared down at her rapidly growing chest.

"Well, what did you think? You’ve seen my dick."

"Yeah I’ve seen it, but I didn’t believe it. Holy shit! This is incredible!" another shudder vibrated her body "Holy shit, this *feels* incredible!"

Crissy’s Barely There B-cup was rapidly expanding towards a respectable C. Terry felt his cock expanding as well as it snaked its way down the left leg of his jeans.

"More! More!" Crissy squealed "This is amazing!"

"You haven’t even finished growing." Terry frowned "You don’t want to end up like Chris."

Crissy frowned "Don’t pile on the whole bottle. Just one more coat. I can feel it slowing down anyway."

Terry frowned, but squeezed out another dollop, slightly larger this time and massaged it into Crissy’s bulging bosom.

This time, the response was almost immediate. Her nipples popped out like pencil erasers and the tingling sensation exploded across her chest.

"Ohhhhh man! Yes!" Crissy basked in the buzzing that vibrated her nerves like an electric current. Her stomach rumbled a counter-harmony to the delicious tingling in her boobs.

"Wow." she said "I’m suddenly starving." her stomach rumbled again "I think I just realized why Chris eats all the time..." her eyes cast around the room for something to eat. Her expression suddenly lit up and Terry realized her gaze had rested on his crotch.

"You’re horny *now*?" Terry smirked.

Crissy made a puppy dog face.

"I need protein! I need it *so baaaaad!*" she mock groaned. She rolled over on the newspaper and reached out for the weighty bulge in his jeans.

"Woah! Be careful! You don’t wanna get that stuff anywhere else!" Terry took a skittish step backwards.

"Oh sack up, you big baby. I don’t have any on my hands!" she wiggled her slim fingers at him "Oh my mouth..." she cooed.

Terry felt his pants growing even tighter and knew he couldn’t talk her out of it.

"Alright, you twisted my arm." he laughed and carefully unrolled his gloves and dropped them into the wastebasket.

Crissy grinned and stood up on her knees on the bed, rustling the newspaper and kicking a few sheets onto the floor. She fumbled at his belt and yanked his jeans and underwear down before she’d even unzipped the fly all the way. Terry’s footlong cock popped out to greet her.

The massive, purple head glistened as the taut, swollen flesh of his cock pulsed with his heartbeat. She gripped the pepperoni-thick slab in a warm hand and stroked it slowly. Impossibly, it grew harder in her hand, like a rod of steel beneath a rubber grip.

"Oh, yes!" she moaned.

In a blink, she was working his shaft with both hands while her hungry tongue and lips explored his fat cockhead. Terry felt the warmness in his balls and knew he wouldn’t last long against her vigorous ministrations.

Spurred by the groaning of her stomach and the faint tingle in her breasts, Crissy swallowed cock like the world hotdog eating champ. Terry couldn’t hold it back any longer and blasted a load of hot jizz straight down her throat.

It felt like he came for a full minute. He pumped shot after shot of spunk and Crissy was still hungry for more. The tingling in her breasts exploded into buzzing once more, and the speed of their growth leapt from invisible to obvious. She kept stroking.

"Crissy, you’re gonna suck me dry!" Terry moaned.

"Mmmmh mh Mmmhmmmhmh!" she mumbled around a cockhead the size of a ripe plum.

Terry stopped fighting and let it happen. Before he knew it, another half-pint of cum was coursing through his cock and flooding Crissy’s hungry mouth.

She kept sucking until finally Terry’s exhausted shaft gave up the ghost and began to soften again. Crissy smacked her lips in satisfaction and licked the last few drizzles of cum that dangled from his cock.

The pair had been so occupied with their impromptu frolic that they hadn’t even noticed the progress of Crissy’s breasts. Terry looked down.

"Holy shit!" he exclaimed.

Where once stood mosquito bites were a pair of juicy melons that would make any county fair competitor faint with envy. They stood out from her chest huge and proud. As big and beautiful as fully-grown mangoes, they were easily double Ds, if not Es. Her nipples stood out huge and hard, nearly half as big as baby carrots. The cream had been completely absorbed and the growth had nearly stopped.

"Ohmigoshohmygoshohmygosh!" Crissy squealed, cupping her massive mammaries and giving them an exploratory squeeze. In spite of their huge size, her breasts were firm, just pliant enough to give them a satisfying jiggle.

Crissy grinned broad from ear to ear. Terry was dumbfounded. In spite of its exhaustion, his cock fattened once again at the delicious sight.

"Ohmygosh!" said Crissy.

"You said that already." Terry shook his head to come back to reality.

"Well?" she said.

"Well, what?"

"You gonna just stand there and stare all day or are we gonna take these babies for a test drive?"

Terry so wanted to, but the sharp ache in his groin told him that would be out of the question for an hour or two at least.

"Umm, I dunno if I have anything left right now..."

Crissy was pulling on her pants.

"Not sex, you dope. We’ve gotta show these babies off! Come on! I know where there’s a great party..."

"A party?"

"Yeah, it’s Friday. There’s gotta be a party going on somewhere and I think I have a lead on where the best one’s gonna be..."

"Yeah sure..." Terry turned and started getting his pants on.

"Oh shit!" Crissy cried out.

Terry turned in alarm "Is something wrong? Is the cream still growing?"

He turned and saw Crissy, halfway through donning her bra and pouting heavily.

"No." she moped "I’m going to need all new bras!"

• • •

**Part 102.**

Terry looked Crissy up and down.

"Are you sure? Those seem pretty... buoyant."

He reached out and gave one of her plump bosoms an exploratory jiggle. It was pliant, but firm and perky. Terry’s touch sent another electric tingle through her chest and down her spine.

Terry caressed the other.

"And they definitely pass the pencil test." he observed, cupping them in his hands and caressing the undersides.

It was true. In spite of gaining several pounds each, Crissy’s marvelous new Double D’s barely sagged any more than her Barely B’s.

Crissy suddenly became aware of a weakness in her knees and a warmth in her crotch. That tingling, buzzing sensation wasn’t so bad once you got used to it, and maybe it’s not all gone anyway...

Crissy leaned forward, her hard nipples pressed into Terry’s chest and her breasts squished softly against his stony abs. In spite of itself, Terry’s overworked cock hardened further. He let his hands slide down to her waist and pulled her closer.

"Your face is so far away now." he laughed. Crissy snorted and stood up on her tiptoes to kiss him without squeezing her chest any more. God, they were firm! She wondered if she would be would be able to sleep on her stomach any more.

The moment was ruined by a sudden, loud rumble in Crissy’s gut and she realized that her body had just displaced three cup sizes worth of fat and protein into her boobs.

"You wanna get something to eat before we hit the party?" she grinned, sheepishly.

"Sure."

Crissy pulled on the rest of her clothes (sans bra, of course) while Terry grabbed his pants and shoes.

"We can take Sharelle’s car into town. It’s my night to use it. She caught a ride with some friends tonight." Crissy offered "We just need to stop by my room and grab the keys."

"Sound’s great. I didn’t want to walk into town anyway..."

Crissy admired her new boobs all the way to the end of the hall. It wasn’t until she overheard the sounds of drunken merriment coming from an open door somewhere that she started feeling self-conscious. Her shirt was white. It didn’t matter when she was wearing a white bra to match, but she was suddenly very aware of how pink and visible her still rock hard nipples were through the thin stretch-fabric of her top... Halfway down the stairs it got worse and, much like someone who leaves for work in wrinkled clothes telling himself nobody will notice, it had evolved into full blown paranoia by the time she’d taken ten steps out into the chilly night air.

"Why’re you zipping your coat up? I thought you wanted to show off your new rack?" Terry asked as Crissy finished making sure the zipper tab was all the way to the collar.

Crissy shivered "Nothing, just chilly is all..." she took a nervous glance around. Her new, improved chest felt unnaturally heavy, new muscles were working in her back and shoulders that had never been strained before and the male gaze, which manifests as a minor itch in the back of the minds of most women, had never felt so intrusive or obnoxious. They passed five people on their way to her room and she was sure she’d caught each one in the process of looking away from her chest. She’d never been so grateful to be ensconced in the safety of Sharelle’s hand me down Civic.

She buckled her seatbelt, frustrated slightly by her muscle memory’s lag in catching up with the new dimensions of her chest while adjusting the shoulder belt. She had to adjust her natural grip on the steering wheel as well.

Terry picked up on her discomfort and placed his hand on her shoulder.

"You okay? You’ve suddenly gotten really quiet."

Crissy looked down at her massive chest.

"It’s fine..." she sighed "It just... doesn’t seem *real*.. You know? I just learned about the existence of this magic cream a few hours ago and my world just became a living sex fantasy!"

"Tell me about it..." Terry chuckled "I’m still not used to this..." he gestured to the salami-sized bulge in his jeans.

"I dunno if I’ll ever get used to it..." she rubbed her aching inner thighs.

Terry chuckled again and placed his warm hand over hers.

"We don’t have to go out if you don’t want to." he said.

Crissy’s stomach rumbled in protest.

"I think we do; I’m starving! No wonder Chris eats all the time! Gawd. It’s bad enough being slave to your monster cock, but now I’m slave to my stomach!"

She jammed her key into the starter and the engine growled to life.

• • •

**Part 103.**

Friday night (Jen’s Apartment)

• • •

“Um.” Chris reluctantly brought his mouth away from his insistent, throbbing dick. Kimber seemed focused on it, rather than him. She continued to stare at the broad head of his dick. “I, uh, needed to get it soft so I could put on my, uh, pants, and uh.”

“Oh! Okay!. I’m still surprised by how huge you are.” Kimber smiled shyly , but pulled back the shower curtain, and held out a folded bundle. “I fixed your pants. I stitched up the seam.” She looked questioningly at his mammoth, erect cock. “Do you think it will be soft soon? Tasha and I really want to go get the growth cream." She blushed. “Tasha’s not the only one who wants a little more up top.” Kimber looked back to his huge anaconda as he held it, his hands gripping, but not able to encircle the thick shaft.. Chris turned off the shower and Kimber handed him a towel. “Here you go!” As he took the fluffy towel, Chris turned and his swollen, thirty inch boner swung well out of the shower and hovered an inch or two from Kimber. She smiled and patted the fuzzy cover on the toilet seat lid. “Why don’t you come out here and dry off, silly?”

Chris did as he was told, awkwardly stepping around Kimber to avoid poking her with his fat tree trunk of a dick. Maneuvering around the bathroom without allowing his nearly yard long cock to slam into Kimber, or anything else, was tricky. He sat down on the toilet, but his warm, swaying balls suddenly contacted the cold porcelain of the toilet. He gasped and leaned back suddenly, causing his enormous cock to swing upwards towards Kimber’s face. He grabbed it hastily, anxious to avoid smacking her in the face with his heavy, thick member. Kimber laughed nervously, but then put both of her own soft hands on his huge dick, too. “We might as well get started, right?” She began to stroke and knead his throbbing prick, which immediately returned to rock hardness.

“Uh, wha?” Chris found it hard to form coherent sentences, between the wonderful sensation of Kimber’s small, gentle hands on his cock, and the smile on her full lips. He unconsciously resumed stroking his own shaft and was rewarded with the novel but invigorating sensation of four hands on his dick.”Um, I thought that we weren’t supposed to have sex until Jen got back. Not that I mind—“.

Kimber shook her head and giggled. “We’re not having sex, silly. You’re just masturbating. I’m just **helping** you.” She pushed his cock head back towards his face. “Shouldn’t you be sucking right now?”

Chris had already leaned way back, opened his mouth, and extended his tongue when a thought occurred to him. He leaned away from his mammoth, reddish head, and gave Kimber a pleading look. “Wouldn’t you rather do it?”

“Nuh-uh!” Kimber pushed his cock head back towards his mouth. “That’s oral sex. We both promised Jen no sex without her.” She continued to stroke her hands up and down his fleshy pole. “Masturbation is okay. It’s healthy for you to masturbate. You can masturbate all you want. I’m glad you like to masturbate so much.” Kimber blushed. “I like to masturbate a lot, too, but not nearly as much as you do.”

“Uh, can we call it ‘jerking off’? ‘Masturbation’ sounds a little clinical.” Chris asked.

Kimber smiled eagerly. “Of course, Chris. You sure like to jerk off a lot. Your big cock must feel really good when you jerk off, doesn’t it?” Chris nodded. “Now be quiet and suck your big dick like a good boy. You can’t get any cum on the towels, so you’ll have to suck it all up. Okay?” Chris had already planted his mouth on his cock head and was slurping for all he was worth, so he only nodded. “That’s a good boy, Chris!” Kimber started pumping his prick more energetically. “You just keep jerking off until you are good and satisfied, and I’ll help so your arms don’t get tired. We’ll get this big dick to relax in no time.” Chris, remarkably unselfconscious for once, hungrily licked and slurped his own dick, reveling in the sensation of additional hands on his massive, lengthy pole. *This is what I need— some help getting some satisfaction! Maybe Tasha can come in and help out too.* Just as he was about to call out to Kimber’s roommate for more assistance, Kimber reached up and gently guided his mouth over his huge cock slit.

“Now, come on, Chris. No fooling around. You’ve gotta eat all this yummy cum. Don’t you want to eat it all up?” Chris dutifully started sucking eagerly. *I wonder if Greg would want to help out? I bet you he couldn’t resist the chance. Terry would probably help out too.* Chris envisioned Jen and both of her roomates, as well as Persephone, Greg, and Terry, all stroking his dick. *If I could just get about six people to jerk me off, I could relax and really focus on sucking my cock. I wonder if there’s enough room for six?* Chris’s musing was interrupted by the start of another massive, delicious orgasm. *Mmmmmm!*

Given Kimber’s enthusiastic coaching and encouragement, Chris felt like he could have gone all night. Kimber cooed and praised him while the two of them massaged his enormous schlong, and oohed and ahhed as he gulped down huge quantities of spunk each time. Kimber not only was eagerly massaging his hot, throbbing cock, but she seemed excited and amused to watch him cum again and again. *She really likes this! I wonder if it would be a turn on for Jen, too?* Chris was more than willing to keep going, but after five massive ejaculations with Kimber’s help, there was an impatient banging on the door that startled him.

“What’s going on in there? Are we ready to go yet? It’s been almost an hour! Come on!”, shouted Tasha.

“I’m working so Chris can fit into his pants!” shouted Kimber back, winking at Chris and not missing a stroke on his thick sausage. She stuck her tongue out at the general direction of Tasha.

“I thought you already sewed them up?”, demanded Tasha.

“They have to fit! We’ll be done soon! Gimme a minute!” Kimber yelled. She continued, more quietly to Chris. “You take as long as you need, Chris. It’s healthy to mas— jerk off. You’re lucky that your cum is so tasty, and you can eat as much of it as you want. If I swallowed this much, I’d be getting fat!” She paused, then leaned forward and planted a kiss on his cheek. She whispered, “I like helping you jerk off. It’s fun. Your face looks so funny when you cum. Your cheeks puff out like a chipmunk. I like jerking you off. I’ll be glad to help you jerk off whenever you want, Chris.”

That was enough to bring Chris to another volcanic eruption of cum. He gulped the entire quart of spunk down hungrily, but was disappointed to feel his incredible hard-on subsiding. *Aww, really? Darn that Tasha for interrupting the moment. I just needed a few more to be satisfied for a little bit.* As he felt his cock finally start to soften from thirty inches towards a slightly more manageable nineteen inches, Chris started to sit up. “I think I’m about ready, Kimber. Let’s see if we can go get you and Tasha some big boobs.” As he sat up, he became aware of the sloshing of a gallon or more of semen in his hugely swollen belly. His tummy bulged out comically from his slim torso, and he could feel the heavy weight of five pounds of cum swaying around in it.

“Oh, look at your big belly!” Kimber giggled and patted his round stomach. “It’s so full of yummy cum. Look at all the cum you ate, Chris!” She bent over and whispered to his swollen stomach. “Hurry up, tummy, and pump all that cum back in Chris’s balls, so they’ll be big and fat again, and he can suck up some more.” She straightened up and looked quizzically at Chris. “You do like your balls to be really big and full, don’t you?”

Chris blushed. “I guess I do, Kimber. It just feels better being all the way full, I think. I know it’s probably not sensible, but—“.

“That’s okay, Chris. I like you really big, too. So do Jen and Tasha. We all like our little Chris with his big, huge dick and his big fat balls. You wouldn’t be nearly as cute without your great big huge cock and balls.” She smiled at him, then planted a quick peck on his cheek. “Now get your clothes on, silly.”

Though Chris’s nuts were not swollen to their fullest girth, it was still a struggle getting into the spandex and his baggy black pants. His belly was so bloated with his own cum that he couldn’t pull the stretch pants up over it. Even the baggy black pants were tight around his stuffed belly. His shirt wouldn’t stretch all the way over his belly either, exposing a slight gap of cum-stuffed tummy. Chris walked out of the bathroom waddling not only from his massive dick and balls, but also from his bulging gut. Tasha noticed immediately.

“Hey, have you been guzzling your own cum again?” She narrowed her eyes and waggled a finger at Chris.

Chris patted his full belly and tried to look innocent. “Does it show?”

Tasha strode up to him, looming over the shorter boy. She came in close, her slim pelvis pushing against Chris’s protruding stomach. Her long hair flowed around her face as she looked down at him. “Damn it, Chris. I want to **watch** when you are sucking yourself off. I want to get it on **camera**. I don’t care how much you do it. You can suck yourself off all night, so long as I get to film it. What does a girl have to do around here to check out you slurping on that gigantic rod?”

Chris looked up at her and quickly wrapped his arms around her slender waist, squeezing his taut belly against her. Standing so close to Tasha, he could smell her perfume, and he felt himself start to stiffen just a little as he squeezed her against his body. “Maybe a girl’s got to be willing to help out a little.” Chris looked meaningfully at Kimber, who blushed, and then back at Tasha.

Tasha looked incredulously at Kimber. “I knew it! Helping him with his pants! You should be ashamed of yourself, you slutty little seamstress!”

“Hey, I said I was helping him fit in his pants. His thing was way too big to fit in these pants when it was hard, so I helped! He fits now.” Kimber stormed past Tasha. “Let’s go get this boob cream.”

Tasha poked Chris in his bulging gut. “Barely fits, you mean. I’m not sure if the cum is going from your balls to your belly, or to your brain. I think you might be getting addicted to your own dick.”

Chris patted his own belly protectively. “Hey, you said it tasted good yourself! You can’t blame a guy for trying it.s” He began to waddle after Kimber.

“It tastes amazing, but I didn’t spend two hours gorging myself on it either. I like pizza but I don’t eat the whole pie,” grumbled Tasha.

“You would if you couldn’t get fat!” sang Kimber, teasingly.

The three piled into Tasha’s old beater and made their way to campus. Chris, thankfully, was able to sit in the front seat, and didn’t have to try to crush his massive package into the back seat. However, it was such a short drive that his stomach was still bulging from his self-serve buffet. He struggled out of the car as Tasha pulled up to Tupelo East. “I’ll get the cream and be right back. Just stay here,” he admonished the girls. He waddled up the sidewalk and up the stairs, his bloated belly sloshing with sperm. *Damn, when I do that again, I’d better leave some time to digest. I wonder if anyone else can hear the jizz gurgling in my gut. I’m soooo full.*

Once Chris had lugged his huge package, and his full belly, up the stairs to the second floor, he was dismayed to see Kevin, the tall blonde guy from the lacrosse team, hustling down the hall. Kevin was obviously headed somewhere in a hurry, but he stopped and looked Chris up and down, a malicious gleam in his eye. “Whew! You sure are packing on the pounds there, Chow Yun Fatso!” He stepped up to Chris and patted his round gut, which protruded from his shirt. “What are you majoring in? Eating?” He patted Chris’s stomach a bit harder. “I thought you were wearing baggy pants because you were a Goth. I didn’t realize you were planning on growing into them, porker.” Chris started to retort, but Kevin threw up his hands in mock horror. “I better shut up, or Fatty will eat me! See you around, piggy!” Kevin dodged around Chris and barreled down the stairs, obviously headed somewhere in a hurry.

Chris felt his face get hot with embarrassment. *That stupid Kevin! I should show him! He thinks I’m fat! I’m not fat, I’m just refilling my balls. I oughta stuff my cock down his throat and fill him full of cum. He’d be fat in no time. I’d pump him so full of cum that he wouldn’t be able to fit in the hallway. Stupid jerk.* Chris could feel his dick begin to tingle at the thought of cumming over and over again, filling someone up with gallons of jizz. *Him and that asshat James. They both need a few gallons of cum dumped in them. They wouldn’t be able to smart off with their mouth full of my big, thick cock.*

Chris entered the room he shared with Greg and Terry. He noticed their exercise clothes scattered all over the floor, but he was focused on his goal. He opened Terry’s closet and extracted a single full jar of the growth cream. *Look at all that cream! The girls could get huge. Jen could get big enough for me to tit-fuck. She could get so big that I’d need…Just think how big I could get with all this cream! Maybe a little more…****No!*** He shut the closet door firmly and rummaged through the remains of his mom’s care package, selecting a couple snack cakes and quickly unwrapping them. *Man, I can’t wait till Jen gets home with pizza. My balls really need filled back up. I’m nowhere near full down there,* he noted, patting his round, full tummy as he stuffed the snack cakes in his mouth. *Plenty full up here, but not quite full down there. Gotta get all the way full.* Chris hurriedly unwrapped a few more snack cakes and shoveled them one after another into his mouth. Chris waddled back out of the room, locking the door behind him, and licking crumbs off his fingers as he made his way awkwardly down the stairs. *It’s just so much work keeping my cock and nuts in shape, but it’s worth it.*

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**Part 104.**

Terry and Crissy parked out in front of the McDonald’s and Terry unbuckled. He’d gotten the door open before he realized that Crissy was still just sitting there.

"You coming in?"

Crissy looked over through the big front windows of the McDonald’s at all the people inside. She recognized two people she had classes with and one of her professors as well. There was no way she could face them! Even with her coat zipped all the way up, it looked like she was smuggling grapefruit. How would she explain her transformation? It was all too much to deal with right now.

Her stomach rumbled again. She needed food!

Terry read her hesitation "Just tell me what you want and I can bring it out." he offered.

Crissy brightened up immediately.

"Or we could just go through the drive thru!" She realized.

Terry bopped himself on the forehead for not thinking of it himself. They popped the car out and pulled up in front of the giant plastic menu.

Crissy was famished.

"Ohmigosh, what do I want? Let’s see... I’ll have two Big Macs... Large fries... um... a quarter pounder with cheese (that looks good) two fillet o’fish and a McFlurry." Crissy paused to consider "And an apple pie."

She turned around in her seat "What do you want, Ter?"

"Just a quarter pounder with cheese is fine..." Terry replied, a little apprehensive at Crissy’s new appetite. Chris was creepy enough without his girlfriend becoming a big eater as well.

The line wasn’t long, but long enough for Crissy to complain about how hungry she was and thud her head on the steering wheel a couple of times.

"Oh my Gawd! This is the slowest line ever! Is that guy paying with a roll of quarters? I should have you cockslap him into next Tuesday!"

Their turn finally came and the girl at the window passed bag after bag across the gap to the car. She gave them a slightly odd look when she realized it was just the two of them.

*A couple of stoners.*

"I bet she must’ve thought we had the munchies." Terry laughed as they pulled back around to the parking lot.

Crissy tore into her meal like a ravenous raccoon. She wolfed down the first Big Mac in about 15 seconds and was halfway through her McFlurry before Terry had even finished unwrapping his burger.

"Damn girl." he exclaimed.

"Muchuhhh" she mumbled through a mouthful of bun and meat.

It felt soooo good to eat! Her nipples started to tingle again as the frantically dividing cells inside her boobs were reinvigorated by a new supply of protein, fat and carbohydrates. She suddenly felt extremely hot and had to rearrange the buffet in her lap so that she could remove her coat. Beneath her skin, her body worked overtime to bring blood and nutrients to her rapidly swelling chest.

"Holy cow!" Terry exclaimed "Are you still getting bigger?"

"I guess so." Crissy frowned as she jammed more burger in her mouth. As she ate, her body added another inch or two to her bustline. Her boobs were really tingling now and the feeling had started to make her wet.

The car smelled like fast food, and terry had ketchup on his face, but damn if she wasn’t getting horny as fuck. Suddenly, showing off her huge rack didn’t seem like such a bad plan after all.

"You still up for that party?" Crissy asked. Eagerness welling up in her voice and in her loins.

Terry hesitated "I guess so, but you seemed sort of..."

Terry lost his train of thought as Crissy’s pink, fat nipples strained against her slowly tightening top.

Crissy came back to reality long enough for a moment of introspection, but it was fleeting and she was horny and full of sugar and energy.

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**Part 105**

Where am I?

Am I dead?

Everything’s so white...

Is this heaven?

My stomach is killing me.

These were the thoughts that drifted through Greg’s mind as he flickered back to consciousness at Lawrence General Hospital.

"He’s awake."

Terry’s voice.

Greg realized he was lying on his back and staring up at the ceiling. The blinding white rectangle of a florescent light fixture glared down at him. He raised his arms to rub his eyes. They rose with difficulty, trailing wires and IV tubes.

"Take it easy, man," Terry put his hand on Greg’s shoulder. Greg sat up. The motion sent a stab of pain through his abdomen and he winced.

"What the hell happened?" he asked.

"Benedict’s goons are what happened," said Kate through a mouthful of bear claw. She stuffed the last bite into her craw and sucked the frosting off her fingers with a loud smacking of her lips.

"Who?" asked Greg, still groggy.

"Remember Eva Benedict?" asked Terry.

"Not really..."

"The rich bitch?"

Greg thought back "Oh yeah, with the huge bodyguard."

"Right. Somehow she found out about the cream..."

"Yeah, somehow..." Kate rolled her eyes.

Terry shot her a dirty look.

"Anyway, she found out and sent some thugs to try and steal it."

Greg was still getting his awareness back. He stared at Terry.

"What?"

"Eva Benedict sent thugs to steal the cream and they beat you up," Terry reiterated.

Greg blinked.

"That’s nuts," he said "I don’t believe for one second that Eva Benedict has ’thugs’."

"Well, you’ll find the police agree with you," Kate smirked "They say it must’ve been the work of a gang. They’ll keep us posted on any leads. Eva probably bribed them."

Greg still wasn’t following. He felt like a man trying to follow the action of a television drama after sleeping through the first half of the episode.

The green curtains around the hospital bed parted and a doctor walked in. He carried a clipboard in one hand and sucked absentmindedly on the tip of a pen he held in the other. He noticed Greg.

"Ah, Mr. Dunbar. You’re back with us. That’s good," he smiled.

"Hey," said Greg.

"How are you feeling?"

Greg shifted, wincing at the jabs of pain that racked his torso.

"I’ve been better. It hurts when I try to sit up," he said.

The doctor nodded.

"I’m not surprised," he said "You took quite a lot of punishment. You’re lucky you’re in such excellent shape. A lesser man might not have survived. As it is, you’ve still got two cracked ribs and some serious deep-tissue bruising."

Greg’s eyes widened.

"Broken ribs!" he exclaimed, then immediately regretted raising his voice.

"Not broken, just cracked."

"Does this mean I can still play lacrosse?"

Terry bit his lower lip. The doctor kept a straight poker face.

"I wouldn’t recommend any strenuous physical activity for at least a month," he said "especially not contact sports."

Greg’s face fell.

"I’ll miss the start of the fall season!"

"I understand how difficult it can be, especially for an athlete, but if you don’t give your body time to heal and end up making your injuries worse, you’ll end up missing the whole season."

"It’s only for a month or so," said Terry, helpfully.

"That’s easy for you to say. You didn’t just go through a full-body tenderizing," Greg huffed "This is all your fault anyway."

Terry hung his head.

The doctor glanced between them and took a step back.

"Anyway... I’m sure your friends want some private time with you. I’ll come back after their visit and we’ll go over the specifics and treatment."

He turned and pushed his way back through the curtains.

"This is mostly Terry’s fault, it’s true," said Kate. Terry frowned at her.

"But he’s not the one who beat you up and right now you’ve got bigger things to worry about," she continued "like a murderous corporate conglomerate."

"Yeah, I was thinking about that..." Terry spoke up "Is a hospital the best place to be when our enemy owns a pharmaceutical company?"

"Don’t worry," said Kate "I’ve taken care of things for now. Doctor Braff is one of ours."

She jerked her thumb at the gap in the curtain left by the doctor.

"And we’ve got people stationed in key places around the hospital to make sure BenPharm doesn’t try anything dangerous," she finished.

Greg wondered what sort of painkillers the doctors had been giving him.

"Excuse me..." he said "Who the hell is this girl anyway and what’s this about people trying something dangerous?"

Terry looked over at Kate.

"Sorry," he said "I forgot you guys never really met. Greg, this is Kate Fereliss. Her dad was Rambo and her grandfather punched Hitler in the face."

Greg twisted around in his bed to try and read the labels on the IV drips.

"It’s true," said Kate.

"Ah huh..." said Greg, eying them both warily. Any second now, they were going to leap at his throat or turn into snakes or something.

"I know it sounds crazy, man," said Terry "but if it’s not true, who beat you up?"

"I thought the police said it was a gang?"

"A gang that breaks into a college dormroom with a battering ram, beats up the person inside, ransacks the place but doesn’t take anything?" asked Terry.

"Except the magical cream that makes things grow," added Kate.

"Right..." said Terry.

"They didn’t take the cream," said Greg.

"What!?" Kate and Terry both asked together.

Greg cleared his throat and tried to adjust his posture so he could talk without it hurting so much.

"After they hit me a couple of times, they pinned me down and asked me where the cream was. I told them I didn’t know, so they tried to beat it out of me. I still didn’t know, so they tore the place apart and then left."

"But the cream wasn’t in the closet..." said Terry.

"That was one of the first places they looked, it wasn’t there."

"So then..." Kate pondered.

"Chris," said Terry "That little sneak must’ve taken the whole box, after I specifically told him not to!"

"Easy, big fella... Chris’s greed may have just saved all out bacon. If he did take the cream, then Eva doesn’t have it," said Kate.

"Why is Eva after the cream?" asked Greg.

Kate rolled her eyes.

"I dunno. I can’t figure out why a pharmaceutical heiress would want access to a functional penis enlargement formula," she said, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

Greg frowned, but held his tongue.

"So, what do we do now?" asked Terry.

"Well, you’re not going back to your dorm. I’ve arranged somewhere safe for you to stay."

"What the hell!" said Greg "Now she’s moving us out of our dorm? Who is this girl?"

"Kate Fereliss," she answered "And considering your dorm is where you were when a gang of black-ops mercenaries nearly killed you, you’d think you’d be a little grateful to be leaving."

"So where are we supposed to stay?"

**Part 106**

"Welcome to your new home!" squealed Diane, hopping with excitement, the bouncing of her colossal chest set seismometers twitching all over the state. She enveloped Terry in a marshmallowy hug.

"Mmmmmph," he said.

She and Kate helped Terry move his stuff into the upstairs.

The house seemed eerily still after the previous night, but the party had left its mark. The naked cowgirl was still naked, sleeping splayed out across the couch, her bare ass swaying in the air as she snored. She sounded like a buzz-saw with a sinus problem. The floor was covered in streamers and confetti. A lone, unpopped balloon drifted in the corner like a tumbleweed. A girl with purple hair dyed with pink streaks studied quietly at the kitchen table.

"I hope you and Greg don’t mind sharing a room," she said as they crested the top of the stairs "But this was the only one with two twins."

She pushed the door open.

"Huh... I can see that..." said Terry.

Each bed was occupied by a pair of identical twin girls. That is four girls total. Each one was naked and spectacularly attractive. They slept peacefully, cuddled up with each of their sisters like kittens.

"Aw Goddamit!" cursed Diane "I just changed those sheets!"

She walked up and flicked the tit of the closest twin.

"Ow!" she jerked awake "What the shit?"

"Come on, Roxy. You’re being evicted. Take Lexy, Leta and Ghanima with you."

Roxy grumbled and shook her sister awake.

The four girls found their belongings and stumbled out into the hall. They wandered downstairs for breakfast.

"Sorry about that," said Diane "They’re really great, but you have to keep an eye on them."

"I’ll be sure to do that..." said Terry, dropping his bag on the floor and opening it. The first things he took out were the spice tin full of concentrated enlargement powder and the lotion bottle with the diluted formula. The goons hadn’t taken them during their search because they didn’t know what they were looking at.

"Planning a little private time later?" giggled Diane, spotting the lotion bottle.

"Not with this," Terry snorted.

"Oooh, is that the stuff?" asked Diane, snatching it with grabby fingers.

"Yes, and don’t get any on you! And how do you know about it?"

Kate walked in behind a small mountain of boxes. She tossed it lightly to one side of the door.

"Hey! Be careful with that!" Terry rushed over to make sure nothing had broken. He lifted a box from the pile.

"Whooof!" he grunted. The label on the top read "Greg’s barbells."

Terry staggered the heavy box over to the opposite side of the room. Kate stretched her wiry limbs and dusted her hands with a "that’s that" motion.

Terry stared at her in disbelief.

"Is that the stuff?" asked Kate.

"Yeah," answered Terry "I guess you can take it if you want."

"No point now," she said "I only wanted it before to hide it from BenPharm. Now that they know it exists, this is where I wouldv’e hidden it anyway."

"Well, why not destroy it?"

"This stuff’s hard to come by," she answered "and there’s good guys who need it just as much as BenPharm. I guess letting you keep some is fitting payment for lending us the use of it once in a while."

"I’m not sure I even want it anymore..." said Terry.

"I’d gladly take it off your hands!" giggled Diane, turning the bottle over and looking up the spout.

Kate snatched it from her.

"You need bigger tits like you need a bigger mouth," she said.

Diane pouted and folded her arms beneath her melon-sized breasts.

Terry looked around.

"Anyway..." he said "I’m really grateful to you for putting us up."

"Oh you bet. You’ll love it here. Living in a sorority chapterhouse is every college dude’s wet dream. Your teammates are gonna die with envy!"

Terry’s pants tented a little as he imagined the possibilities.

"How’s Crissy taking all of this?" asked Diane.

Oh shit.

**Part 107**

Crissy wasn’t taking it well.

After Terry left, she tried calling him several times, but he never picked up. What the hell was going on? He bangs her, says he’ll be right down and then leaves with some other girl that he must have met in the two minute window they’d been separated?

She tried to give him the benefit of the doubt at first, but it didn’t add up. What could be so important that he couldn’t even do her the courtesy of telling her he had to leave suddenly? Why was he holding Kate’s hand? Why didn’t he call later with an explanation? He could at least answer his cell.

It didn’t add up, and as the night wore on and Crissy got more and more drunk, she began to assume the worst.

*Truth be told, she assumed the worst when she first saw Terry leave with Kate, but did her best to push it out of her mind as long as possible*.

The fact was, as much as she wanted to trust him, she didn’t know him that well. Even if it felt like longer, they’d only met a week ago. There was a lot she didn’t know about Terry, and she didn’t need to be a man to have an idea about the kind of temptation that must come with being a hardbody lacrosse player, much less one dangling a foot of cock. She checked her phone again. No missed calls, no new messages.

The next day, she slept late. Still no calls.

She was sore, and not just from the late night of drinking. The muscles in her back were tight, unaccustomed to carrying the new weight on her chest. They made her topheavy and if she moved too quickly, she would overbalance. They were so heavy and huge and proud, it felt like the eyes of the world were on her.

Her boobs had seemed like such a good idea the night before, but now, in the harsh light of day, they looked ridiculous and oversized.

Crissy sat up and rubbed her eyes. Her roommate, Sharelle was already awake and surfing the internet in her PJs. When she noticed Crissy’s new double-Es (they’d finally stopped growing at around a 34-EE) she jumped and accidentally knocked a mug full of pens off her desk.

"Ohmygosh! You scared the shit out of me. For a second, I thought those were real!" she laughed, nervously.

Crissy looked down at her boobs, their still-erect nipples straining against the fabric of her pajama top, and sighed.

"I wish these were fake."

"Pshhhh," Sharelle waved her hand in the air "Did Terry make you put those on last night? That boy has problems."

"Terry didn’t make me wear these... Well, he sorta helped... but they’re real anyway."

"Whatever, take ’em off. They’re starting to gross me out."

"I can’t."

"Whatever."

Sharelle went back to surfing the internet, pointedly ignoring Crissy’s new bulging bosom.

Crissy rolled out of bed and got dressed. She sniffed her armpit and gagged. The party left her smelling like every kind of smoked substance, liquor and BO imaginable. Having sex in a smush room at the wildest sorority house on the East coast was probably responsible for 90% of the odors clinging to her body. She needed a shower.

It felt good to let the water run over her body. The cream had left her nipples hypersensitive. They were erect and hard as little rocks. They didn’t look like they were going to soften any time soon.

There was no denying that sex last night was the best she’d ever had. Terry’s cock had plowed through her like a freight train and she’d come so hard she could still feel it. Her boobs tingled with pleasure and some animal part of her, the part of her that had orgasmed with the force of a tactical nuclear device, didn’t care if Terry was sleeping around as long as he would still sleep with her.

No!

She shook the idea out of her head. She wasn’t going through that again. She’d learned her lesson with Steve, her boyfriend of the summer. He used her and she’d let him use her, deluding herself that he really cared and that those other girls were just a passing fancy. A phase. He’d mature and realize that she was the girl for him.

Instead, he just kept fucking her and fucking those other girls. Making promises and breaking them. Crissy was just another warm body to him. Someplace to keep his cock for a few minutes (and they were minutes, short minutes compared with Terry). Crissy didn’t know why the other girls let him do it, he made no effort to hide what he was doing, but that was their problem.

Terry wasn’t going to be her problem.

Steve had strung her along. He always had an excuse, or an apology, or an explanation. If she showed signs of leaving him, he knew exactly what gift to buy or what promise to make, and it hadn’t taken much. He always looked her in the eye, everything he said felt like the truth.

She knew how men could lie.

The first thing Terry would say to her when he called would be "baby, I’m so sorry," and then a story that sounded too crazy to be a lie "you won’t believe this..."

And if she listened, she’d believe him.

She stayed in the shower for a good thirty minutes. She held out against touching herself as long as she could, but the tingling in her breasts and the heat coming off her pussy was just too much. Her hands wandered over her body, feeling the strangeness of her massive boobs, caressing the soft button of her clitoris. She gave her nipple and experimental tug and the spark of pleasure ignited a fire in her loins that she had to extinguish. If she didn’t, she knew she’d have to call Terry and beg him to put it out.

Her orgasm was brutal, animal, shameful. She came so hard she had to steady herself in the corner of the shower stall, her hand furiously working her pussy as if it had a mind of its own.

The fires died and her longing faded into the depths of her Id. Terry’s cock wasn’t far from the surface of her mind, but she knew she could handle her feelings.

When she got back to the room, wrapped in her Inu-Yasha towel (tying it around her chest had never been easier) there was a missed call and a message from Terry.

*Baby, I’m so sorry, I know you won’t believe this, but...*

She deleted the message without checking it.

**Part 108**

Terry tried Crissy a few more times, but she never picked up.

"Shit," he murmured "She’s probably super pissed."

*Thanks a lot, Kate.*

He resolved to drop by her dormroom after lacrosse. The team didn’t get Saturdays off, and there was a short practice session scheduled that afternoon.

The team lined up while coach Rosencrantz gave his motivational rant. Kevin was the only guy on the team who dared open his mouth to complain about Saturday practice, but he made the mistake of opening it within earshot of Rosencrantz. Kevin spent the rest of practice doing suicide sprints.

The rest of the team jogged out onto the field to run drills. Terry’d only gone a few steps before Coach slapped an iron paw on his shoulder and stopped him in his tracks.

"Where’s your buddy?" he barked.

Terry had to swallow a little bit of fear at the fierceness in his coach’s gaze. He’d been dreading this conversation, and was afraid of what it might mean for Greg’s position on the team. Better to get it over with...

"I’m sorry, Coach. Greg got in a fight yesterday and got busted up pretty bad. He’s not gonna be at practice for a while."

"He’s only been here a week and already he’s picking fights? That sonofabitch can smash anyone he wants on the field and he wastes that energy picking fights?"

"It wasn’t like that! These guys just-"

"This is a Division I league! I don’t care what the reason. All these coaches getting fired these days, I can’t afford any troublemakers! Tell your buddy Greg he’s cut, understand? Cut!"

"Coach!"

"Are you still here?"

"Sir, you don’t understand," Terry stammered.

"I understand I’ve got too many men on this team as it is and I have to start culling the herd. Troublemakers, boozers and drug addicts are the first to go. Greg may be built like a brick shithouse, but I’m not putting the future of our season at risk for the sake of someone who can’t control their temper."

"Greg didn’t start the fi-"

"I know you want to stand up for your friend, but trust me, this is for his own good. Now get out on the field!"

Needless to say, Terry’s performance at practice was underwhelming, and he came within the razor’s edge of joining Kevin running endless laps around the field.

By the time he got back to the locker room, he was beaten, tired and depressed.

He was sure Rosencrantz wouldn’t cut Greg once he understood what really happened, there were procedures that had to be followed and it wouldn’t happen overnight, regardless. Still, he was scared for his friend. He didn’t know how he would break the news. Greg already blamed him for getting beat up, he didn’t know how he would take the news that he’d been cut from the team on top of that.

Terry stripped down and flung a towel over his shoulder.

The showers saw Mahmout in high spirits, which did nothing to improve Terry’s mood.

"Man, Terry, coach was beating you like a rented mule," crowed Mahmout, scrubbing his Pepsi-can cock with a block of Ivory soap.

"Whatever, man. I’m just tired from last night," Terry grumbled, twisting the shower on.

"And I heard Greg’s getting cut."

The rest of the team paused their showering to listen. Greg getting cut was big news. He’d distinguished himself well in the few hours they’d shared on the field.

"He’s not getting cut."

"So what was all that about him getting in trouble for fighting?"

"He didn’t get in trouble."

Mahmout just clucked his tongue and turned around to rinse his front.

"If you ask me, it was ’roid-rage," he said.

"Hey, shut up, alright?"

Mahmout turned around.

"Don’t get mad at me, man. I didn’t pick any fights."

"Greg didn’t pick a fight, he was attacked!"

"Whatever, if he didn’t start it, I bet he finished it, and as far as the school is concerned, that’s just as bad."

Terry’s patience was running thin.

**Part 109**

Friday night at Jen’s place, after leaving Tupelo East.

Once safely inside the apartment, Tasha, Kimber and Chris stood in the living room looking at the little jar. “Wait. This is all? There’s gotta be more than that.” Tasha sighed. “Why didn’t you get more, Chris? This isn’t going to be enough to give me really big boobs. You used a whole bottle.”

Chris sighed right back at Tasha. “First of all, Tasha, Terry is **giving** this to me, for free. You can’t complain when someone’s just **giving you stuff for free**. Second, this is the pure growth cream, remember. It’s not diluted like the stuff I used. I bet if I had used a little jar of this, I would be even bigger than I am now.” *Not that I really need to be any bigger than I already am, do I?* “We need to dilute it with some hand cream. That’s what Terry used.”

“Why do we need to dilute it?”, questioned Tasha. “Put the cream on the boobs, boobs get big. Don’t overcomplicate this.”

“Because the straight cream makes you grow twice as big—“

“Awesome. Twice as big is a good start. Twice as big as twice is big is probably better.” Tasha impatiently tapped her foot.

“Tasha, it’s math. If your boobs get twice as big in all three dimensions, they’ll be eight times bigger in volume. That might be okay for you, but that’s the **minimum**. If you dilute the cream, you’ve got some wiggle room.”

“I want jiggle room, not wiggle room, Pointdexter.” Tasha rolled her eyes. “I’m tired of being the tall one with no tits. Eight times the volume sounds fine by me.”

“And if you just went ahead and glopped on two full doses? That would be two doublings, in each dimension. Your boobs would be sixty-four times the volume.” Chris noticed the skeptical look in Tasha’s eyes. “That’s sixty-four times **heavier**, Tasha. If your breasts weight eight ounces now, they’d each weigh **thirty-two pounds**.” Tasha seemed to pause at that thought. *Why am I talking her out of this?, thought Chris, imagining Tasha with two huge, spherical, thirty pound breasts. I should be convincing her to go for three doses.*

“All right, Chris. You’re obviously the expert. How does this work? I want big boobs . Bigger than Jen, but not ginormous. Not right now,” said Tasha. Chris, still involuntarily imagining Tasha with ‘ginormous’ breasts, could feel his thick, fat shaft begin to swell in his pants.

“You might want to take off those pants before you rip them again,” said Kimber testily.

“That’s probably a good idea,” agreed Chris. “While I’m doing that, we need to get some hand cream and rubber gloves to apply the cream. I don’t need my hands to swell up.” Kimber immediately left for the kitchen.

“Hang on, King Dong,” admonished Tasha. “We’ve all seen how **you** apply cream. I want big boobs, not Goodyear blimps. I’ll put the cream on. Now how much should I use? Like I said, I wanna be bigger than Jen.” Tasha cupped her hands in front of her chest, for illustration. *Damn, thought Chris, that’s a lot bigger than Jen.* His dick continued to slowly fatten in his pants. Chris sat down and shucked off his baggy black pants, revealing a slowly growing erection stretching out his sweat pants.

Kimber returned with some gloves for cleaning in the kitchen, and some hand cream and a plastic container. “Will these work? We have a box of kitchen gloves.”

Tasha pulled her purple t-shirt over her head, exposing her black lacy bra and her tall, slim frame. Her skin was milky pale and smooth, and her small, firm breasts looked delicious to Chris. He could feel his massive snake began to slowly expand again.

“I need to make sure I don’t get any on my nipples. I want big fat breasts with little nipples. It will make my boobs look even bigger.” She reached for the gloves. Kimber pulled them away.

“Uh, if you don’t want any on your nipples, maybe I should apply the cream,” suggested Kimber, uncertainly. Tasha nodded slowly.

“How much cream should she use, Chris?”, asked Tasha.

“It’s one **thin** application of cream. It needs to coat everything evenly. You have a little time to work it in, but if you spread it unevenly, you might get uneven growth.” Chris was stern, trying to calm Tasha down. *I know what an excited application can do.*

“Be careful, Kimber! Don’t give me one boob way bigger than the other! They should be nice and symmetrical. Just big.” Tasha still seemed too excited.

“Look, they aren’t gonna grow right away,” he soothed.

“They aren’t?”, protested Tasha, indignantly. “How long do I have to wait?”

“The diluted cream works pretty fast, but it keeps on working if you have enough to feed it to keep it going. I put on quite a few doses, and I was hungry all day.” Chris patted his significantly smaller belly. *I’m still hungry. My balls wanna be full again.*

“Hey, if the diluted growth cream makes you hungry, maybe you could give some to that girl Penelope. She could stuff herself with food like she wanted to, but not get fat. She’d just get big breasts.” suggested Kimber. “She had no boobs at all. She looked like a middle schooler.”

“That wouldn’t work for long, Kimber,” replied Chris. “Once her boobs got big enough, they wouldn’t need any more food. She’d have to stop overeating or get fat again. I have to keep eating to refuel my nuts. Whenever I cum, I need food to make more.” *Man, I could use some more food right now. I can’t wait till Jen gets back with the pizza. My poor balls need to be full again.*

“Oh, right,” nodded Kimber. “She’d have to keep using the cream to be able to pig out. You’d get gigantic pretty soon.”

“Enough about the Goth chick!” Tasha pointed at her perky breasts. “Boobs right here! Need cream! Grow big! Now!” She sighed. “If not now, maybe by when Jen gets back. Won’t she be surprised!”

Kimber put on the gloves, but Tasha stopped her with a waggling finger. “Hang on, short stuff. Not out here.” She jerked a thumb at Chris, who sat on the recliner with an eager look on his face. “Let’s go in my room and you can apply this stuff.”

“What?!” exclaimed Chris. “I got the cream for you. I can’t even watch, much less apply it?” He crossed his arms angrily. “This is no fair.”

“Look, Chris. We can all see that you are already turned on by the thought of me with huge boobs.” Tasha pointed at the increasingly obvious bulge in Chris’s tight sweat pants. “And we all know that the bigger your dick gets, the less you think about anything but sex.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”, huffed Chris.

“Hello?” Tasha waved her hands around. “Experimenting with growth cream? Applying multiple doses without seeing what happened with the first one? Using more ‘accidentally’?” She crossed her own arms, in imitation of Chris. “I’m not the one who spent two hours sucking his own dick.”

Chris frowned. “That’s not fair, Tasha. I can’t…”

“Look, Chris, if you get involved, you’ll spill this entire jar of growth cream on my boobs. I’ll have breasts the size of the Goodyear blimp. Either that or you’ll somehow get even more on your huge junk, and we’ll have to buy a wheelbarrow to tote your gigantic nuts around. Just let Kimber put the cream on my breasts. You can still play with them once they get nice and big,” Tasha ended on a placatory note.

Kimber poked Tasha in the arm. “You can do me after I do you.”

“You already have nice boobs. What do you want more for?” protested Tasha.

“They’re not **really** big. I wanna be nice and big like Jen. All the guys stare at her rack.” Kimber looked meaningfully at Chris. “I want guys to stare at me like that.”

“Your boobs aren’t that much smaller than Jen’s. What if you get bigger than her?” asked Tasha.

“That’s fine; I don’t mind being a little bigger than her. It would be nice to be really busty.” Kimber blushed.

“Damn! I was planning on being bigger than Jen! Now I have to plan on being bigger than you!” Tasha shook her head.

“Why do you have to be bigger than me? Why can’t I have the biggest boobs?” protested Kimber.

“Because **you** want to have nice, big breasts that all the boys stare at. I want to have huge boobs that people will pay to see on the internet. I’ve gotta be bigger than you, or they’ll all just watch you for free, silly,” sighed Tasha, rolling her eyes.

“Why can’t we both have big boobs? Why do yours have to be bigger?” Kimber pouted.

“Ask Chris. It’s always important to be the biggest. Right, Chris?” Tasha turned to him.

Chris was absorbed in a fantasy of Kimber and Tasha competing for size with the cream. His sweat pants were already stretched substantially by a massive, and growing, hard on. “Oh, uh, I mean. It’s nice to be really big, but you have to be careful. I probably shouldn’t have used as much cream as I did.”

“What do you mean, probably?”, said Tasha, her voice raised. “You can barely fit into any pants; you walk around bowlegged, and you spend most of your time jerking off. You probably used too much cream?”

“I mean, I definitely used more than I should have,” Chris backpedalled. “I could still have been the biggest without using this much cream. I didn’t need to use this much just to be bigger than anyone else.” *I don’t think that I really used way too much cream, though,* thought Chris. *I wouldn’t want to be that much smaller. It would be hard to suck off myself if I were too much smaller.* Chris stroked his swelling shaft absentmindedly. *It’s not like I’m too big, really.*

“See? You’ve gotta make sure to be really big if you want to be famous on the internet, like Chris,” said Tasha, authoritatively.

“He’s not famous! You blurred out his face! Nobody knows that the Asian guy with the gigantic penis is Chris! Nobody knows **who** that guy is, just that he’s got the biggest dick in the world!”

“Chris knows.” Tasha smiled smugly. “Chris knows that **anyon**e who is looking at the hugest, fattest, thickest cock in the world is looking at **him.** That’s what matters.”

Oh, yeah, thought Chris. He unconsciously slipped a hand into his sweats and started stroking his stiffening cock. *This baby is all mine.*

“Look, Kimber, Chris is about to zone out and jerk off again. Let’s go to my room and make with the boob cream. He’s gonna be busy for at least another hour.” Tasha smiled knowingly. “I’d yell at you for not waiting until I get my camera, but I’m getting the impression that I can get footage of you sucking yourself off pretty much any time I want.”

“Hey, Tasha, that’s not fair,” Chris protested.

Kimber knelt down next to Chris and lightly stroked his massive rod, now almost stretching to his ankle in the pants. “Chris, Tasha and I are going to go put the cream on our breasts. When we come back with big, round, bouncy boobs, you can play with them while we play with you. Right now, why don’t you take your big dick out of your pants and suck it a few times? You know how much you love sucking your dick, right? It’s so good and tasty.” Chris nodded dutifully and licked his lips. He reached his other hand into his pants and started stroking with both hands. “That’s a good boy, Chris.” Kimber patted him on the head and leaned in to whisper in his ear. “I love it when you suck your own cock, Chris.”

Chris began laboriously pulling his huge hard-on out of his pants, or more accurately, pulling his pants off his gigantic schlong. Tasha and Kimber walked out of the room.

“That’s amazing, Kimber,” whispered Tasha. “How did you learn to do that?”

“Oh, Chris just loves sucking on his own dick,”, Kimber whispered back merrily. “He’s so cute when he is trying to gobble it all down. It’s like a little kid with a big ice cream cone.” She giggled. “He can’t resist it.”

**Part 110**

Terry made a feint at Mahmout. Mahmout flinched, but held his ground.

Terry realized all eyes in the shower room were on him. The room was silent except for the susurrus of water on the tiles.

Terry and Kevin stood nose to nose. Down below, Terry's eight inch softie dangled inches from Mahmout's soda can of a cock. If either of them had an erection just then, they'd be touching.

"Hey, Ter, calm down..." Kevin stepped forward, hands raised in a gesture of peace.

"Nah, man, I want him to hit me," Mahmout stuck out his jaw "Take your best shot. I won't hit back. You can beat the shit out of me, but Greg will still be cut and you'll be there keeping him company."

Terry clenched his fist, just one snap decision away from hauling off and bashing Mahmout good. He took a few deep breaths. Mahmout kept his eyes on Terry's fist, clenching and unclenching as Terry wavered on the edge of anger.

He sighed and stepped back.

The rest of the team let out the breath they'd been holding. Mahmout shook his head.

"I don't know what your problem is, man, but you need to calm down," he said.

Terry didn't respond, he finished off the rest of his shower in silence.

No, he wasn't going to beat Mahmout up, but he'd suddenly got the glimmer of a way to get back at him...

In the locker room, after Mahmout finished lacing up his sneakers and took off for his shift at the snack bar, Terry took a good long look at the combination lock on Mahmout's locker. He made a note of the style, make and model.

Mahmout might be in for a big surprise.

Somebody clapped him hard on the shoulder and he jumped.

"Woah, calm down, Ter. It's just me," Kevin smiled "Bet you thought it was Mahmout come to settle things with fists after all, huh?"

Terry let out a weak laugh and shook his head.

"Nah, man. I think I could take him."

"Probably. I dunno why you guys don't get along, though. Mahmout is a cool guy."

"He just rubs me the wrong way," answered Terry.

"That's what he said," Kevin stuck out his tongue and made the "queer" gesture.

"Har har."

"Anyway, so what're you doing later, man? You seem like you're really bound up tight. Wanna come back to the dorm and hang out?"

"Nah, I gotta finish unpacking my stuff."

"Oh yeah, that's right! Where they got you livin' man?"

"At the Mu Lambda Phi sorority house."

Kevin burst out laughing.

"Oh man, yeah right, right? If only."

"No, I'm serious. I've got a hookup with whatsername. Diane. She's letting me stay," Terry smirked.

Kevin's face went deadly serious.

"Don't bullshit me, man. You're living with the MuLambs?"

"Yeah."

"A dude? In a sorority house?"

"Yeah."

"The wildest, most out of control slut smorgasbord on the eastern seaboard?"

"I dunno about that..."

Kevin tried to process the revelation.

"Dude... that's... shit man!"

"You alright?"

"Nah, I dunno whether to kiss you on the mouth or punch you in the gut, you son of a bitch, how'd you pull that off?"

"Animal magnetism, I guess. They took one look at me and Greg and begged us to move in."

Kevin raised his eyebrows in sudden understanding.

"Ohhh, I get it. They wanted Greg. See, that I can believe."

"Whatever, man," Terry gave Kevin a play punch on the arm. Kevin popped him back and they went back and forth until Terry hit him a little too hard and he decided enough was enough.

"Anyway, catch you later, dawg," Terry waved over his shoulder.

"Wait, Terry, you've gotta get me an in over there! Put the word out to a couple of the bitches, you know?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'll see what I can do," Terry rolled his eyes and slung his gym bag over his shoulder.

He'd barely gotten out into the hall when something grabbed his legs and swept them out from underneath him.

"Augh!" Terry dropped like a sack of flour and landed roughly on his side.

"What the fuck!?" he groaned, turning over on his back.

He found himself staring up between the legs of the scariest woman he'd ever seen.

Tanya Savage.

Tanya was six foot four. Her spandex lacrosse uniform hugged her body like paint, emphasizing every curve and every muscle. Her eyes were as cold and gray as steel. They burned down at him like jewels set in the graven image of some antediluvian goddess. She looked like she'd been carved out of mahogany, or cast from bronze. She hefted her lacrosse stick like a spear. Standing there, Terry could almost imagine her on the airbrushed cover of Heavy Metal magazine, or a Frazetta painting come to life.

"What the fuck?" he choked again, regaining his breath. He inched his elbows underneath him to stand, but Tanya whipped her stick around like lightning and jabbed it in Terry's face.

"Terry Anderson?"

"Y-yeah?"

"You're scum. Crissy is my best friend and you've jilted her. It is only at her behest that I've refrained from beating you to within an inch of your life."

"Who the hell are you?"

"If you want a name to put to your nightmares, I'm Tanya Savage," she crouched low, fixing him with eyes that seemed more predatory than human.

"Look, Tanya, I didn't cheat on Crissy. This is all a misunderstanding! If she'd just talk to me, I can explain-"

"You will not talk to her!" Tanya growled "She wants nothing more to do with you. No contact! Do you understand?"

He could feel her hot breath on his face. He wondered if this is what people felt like before getting mauled by a tiger.

"Look, I didn't-"

Tanya grabbed his crotch. Her large hand encompassed his cock and balls easily. She squeezed so hard he saw stars.

"If you come near her, if you so much as send her a text message, I will hunt you down and cut off your dick!"

She squeezed again and licked her lips.

"And from the feel of things, you've got a lot to lose, so consider carefully," she growled.

Terry could only nod. Tanya released her grip and rose again to her full height, towering miles above him like the Colossus of Rhodes.

"Good. Glad we could have this little chat," she spat on his chest and strode away.

Terry spent a few minutes on the floor, wondering how it was that every single woman he met was a complete psycho.

Terry had to take the bus into town and walk to the Mu Lambda Phi sorority house.

Nobody seemed to be home. He mounted the creaky stairs up to his room. The door stuck in the doorjamb and he had to throw his weight against it to get it to open. He burst through the door right into a massive pair of marshmallowy tits.

Diane yelped.

"Ahh!" Terry yelped in response.

Diane clasped a hand to her ample chest.

"You scared the shit out of me," she laughed "Knock next time!"

"Sorry, I wasn't... This is my room!" he exclaimed.

"No, it's my room in my house."

"Fine, but what were you doing in there?"

"Just seeing if you'd need any help unpacking is all..." she grinned. Behind her back, she slid the lotion bottle of enlargement cream into the waistband of her jeans.

"I think I've got it, thanks..." Terry eyed her suspiciously.

"If you're sure," she skipped out, rotating as she went to keep her colossal badonk facing away from him.

Terry closed the door behind her and listened for the sound of her on the stairs. Satisfied that she'd gone, he dug through the piles of boxes until he came to the hiding place of the spice tin of concentrated growth powder. Taking it carefully and turning it in his hands, he wondered just how powerful this stuff was.

Now that he had a guinea pig picked out, he wouldn't have to wonder much longer...

**Part 111**

Diane snickered to herself, it had been close, but she was proud of her petty theft. Well, maybe "theft" was a bit of an exaggeration. She just wanted to borrow the cream for a bit. She'd bring it back before Terry missed it, and if he did miss it, she was sure he'd guess where it was. She'd give it back when he asked. In the meantime, who could blame her for having a little fun?

She looked at herself in the mirror, doing a little turn so she could see herself in profile.

The tiniest beginnings of a spare tire had begun to inflate around her waist. Fat pressed around her bra straps and her boobs overflowed from her bra like rising dough.

She only had a year or two left before calling her "curvy" would be a euphemism instead of a complement. Maybe less if she kept eating the way she did. But how could she help it?

Diane was a hedonist in the purest, most animal sense. She loved all the pleasures of life and they loved her. Sex, food, liquor, gambling. The only vice she didn't embrace was illicit drugs, and only because they dulled the joys of everything else.

She'd had sex at least once a night every night since junior year of high school. Men, women, both at once. It didn't matter to her as long as it felt good. She'd had dicks of every shape and size from every point on the spectrum, and eaten enough pussy to make her the punchline of a pretty tasteless joke about the Chinese. Still she somehow found time to masturbate three times a day (even during class, by now she was so good at it that nobody could tell) she ate like a horse and drank like a fish. Life was really good.

But how long could she keep it up?

She stripped off her top and cast off her bra. Without their support, her cantaloupe-sized breasts sagged down until they were level with her ribcage.

Not for much longer! She smiled, picking up the bottle of enlargement cream.

She was sure this was what Crissy had used to expand her chest out overnight. Obvious now that she knew about the cream. Terry had probably used it, too. She made a note to check on just how much he'd "enhanced" himself, later.

What interested her wasn't so much that Crissy had managed to more than double the size of her chest, but that in spite of their mass, didn't seem to sag at all. It was like she was wearing a push-up bra all the time.

If it could work for Crissy's boobs, would it work for hers?

Time to find out.

Diane snapped on a pair of rubber gloves. Her understanding of the cream was limited to what Kate had briefed her. For her own safety and the safety of others, Kate made it very clear that the cream was not to come in contact with any skin one didn't want enlarged. As for how much larger the cream made things, she was about to find out.

She squirted a dollop onto her palm and went to work.

It was tough to get her breasts done without getting nay on the skin of her chest. The cream tingled and buzzed her skin. She could feel it going to work right away, and she moved fast to get an even coat around her gigantic gazongas. Doing the undersides was a bit tricky. In the end, she spread a layer of cream on the kitchen countertop and rolled her boobs in it until it was thoroughly absorbed.

She could feel the buzz and tingle reverberate through her body as the rapidly dividing cells in her chest drew nutrients from the rest of her, channeling all excess fat and protein into her swelling melons. Around her waist, the spare tire vanished. Her thighs shrank back, no longer touching in the middle. A wave of pleasure washed over her body, emanating from her expanding boobs.

"Ohhhhh, my God!" she sighed. Kate hadn't told her the cream could feel so good. She braced herself against the kitchen counter, taking deep breaths as her body rebuilt itself.

In front of her, her boobs seemed to swell like balloons. Her nippled popped erect and rose up, lifting the rest of her chest with them as if on invisible strings. The skin of her chest got tight as her bosoms grew firm, toning up the muscles beneath them and tightening the skin around them. Her boobs hadn't been this firm since she'd outgrown her first bra at age twelve.

She rubbed her nipples, teasing them and sparking new waves of pleasure through her body. Her pussy demanded attention, too and she gave it what it wanted, working her burgeoning breasts with one hand and sliding her hand over her wet clit with the other.

She was still wearing her gloves, and she felt a sudden tingle and shock as the thin film of creamy residue soaked into her clitoris. It began to swell and she felt her pleasure grow with it.

"Holy shit," she shuddered. She looked down to see what was happening, but couldn't see past her breasts. Swelling up faster now, she could see them growing larger every second.

She felt a sudden urge in her crotch. Fiddling herself wasn't going to be enough to quench this fire. She needed dick, and lots of it, and fast!

Terry dug through the boxes in his room, sorting out his things from Greg's so he could make a start on how the room needed to be divided up. He heard footsteps on the stairs, but didn't pay any attention to them until it was too late.

Diane stood in the doorway, she was topless, her boobs jutting proudly like twin zeppelins from her chest.

"Holy what the fuck!" Terry jumped to his feet. He knew Diane was busty, but these... these were out of control! They made Crissy look downright petit. Each breast was as big as his head. They bounced softly, defying gravity with every jiggle.

"Oh my God, you used the cream!" he exclaimed "Why the hell would you do that?"

"It isn't obvious?" she smiled down at her perky tits, almost a quarter again as big as they had been before.

"You can't just use that stuff!"

"Why not? You did." She advanced on him, swaying her broad hips like a pendulum.

As if in admission of his guilt, he felt his footlong hard-on snake its way down his thigh. Diane noticed and her eyes lit up.

"You should have asked. Besides, it's not like you needed it," said Terry.

Diane took the lotion bottle out of her waistband and set it on the dresser nearby.

"Sorry, I was curious and it's easier to get forgiveness than permission," she shrugged.

"Well, don't use any more," he instructed.

"Aww, not even here?" she turned and thrust her ass at him. It looked juicier than a peach and twice as shapely.

"Uh..."

"Maybe you should feel it!" she whirled around, grabbing his wrists and clasping his hands to her butt. Terry's cock swelled another inch in his pants.

"So how much did you use?" she asked.

"M-more than enough..." he stuttered.

"Can I see it?"

Terry paused. He was horny as fuck, but this wasn't right.

He pulled away.

"I don't think that would be a good idea," he said.

Diane frowned. No way she was letting that anaconda escape.

"Why not?"

"Uh, because I have a girlfriend?"

Diane waved the idea away.

"Pshhh, she'll never know! It's not like we're gonna do anything, I just want to see it!"

"I'd know. If it's something I can't tell her, then it's wrong," he planted his feet, hoping that a firm stance would help hims keep his nerve.

"Word on the street is she dumped you," Diane put her hands on her hips, jiggling her boobs at him again.

"Well... I'm not gonna get her back if I immediately run off and sleep with another girl!"

"Woah, woah, who said anything about sleeping with me!? Presumptuous much?"

"Sorry."

Diane advanced on him again, wrapping her arms around his shoulders. Terry tried to back away but he bumped into the bed behind him.

"I just want to see it, okay? You don't have a girlfriend right now. It's not cheating."

Terry still wavered.

"Tell you what. If you do this teensy favor for me, the whole of my social network will be at your disposal to get her back," she smiled and pressed her chest to his. Her breasts squished hugely against him. He could feel the heat rising off them as the cells inside worked themselves into overdrive to divide divide divide.

Terry wavered.

"You just want to see it?"

"Mmm hmm." she lied.

Terry reached down to unbuckle his belt. Diane stepped back to give him room. He dropped his pants.

About four inches of thick cock protruded from the bottom of his briefs, with more hidden from view, straining against the fabric of his underwear. Diane's mouth watered. She thought she'd had dicks of every size and shape... until now.

Terry peeled off his underwear and let it fall down around his ankles. His hard cock sprung up, rising at an angle that should have been impossible for a dick that size. His huge balls dangled underneath, tightening to the shaft as his erection grew.

"Jesus," she whispered. Her pussy tingled in urgency. She had to have it, every inch of it! Maybe more...

She pushed Terry down on the bed.

"Hey, what are you-" he protested.

"Relax, I just wanna touch it."

"You said you only wanted to look at it!"

"I'm a tactile learner. I'll understand better if I touch it," she reached down and caressed the long shaft. She tried to close her hand around the base, but her fingers couldn't quite touch. It was warm. She could feel his heartbeat in every hot pulse.

"So, I think that's enough..." said Terry.

Diane pounced on his cock. In the blink of an eye, her lips were around it and she was slurping away as if it were a giant-size Popsicle.

"Hey! Stop!" Terry pushed her off. Even in his anger at being violated, he had to admit that felt too good.

Diane kept her hands on his shaft.

"Come on, just one orgasm, let me see it come once, please?" she grinned.

"Come on, you said you only wanted to look," he objected halfheartedly. They both knew he'd already lost this battle, but he felt that if he didn't put up something of a fight, then he could never hope to look Crissy in the eye again, even if he did get her back.

He wasn't technically cheating, he told himself. After all, the crazy Amazon girl had sent a pretty clear message that she'd broken things off... He just wondered if she'd see it the same way.

Diane recognized his look of resignation and squealed in delight.

"I'll grab a condom!" she said, jumping up and rummaging through the dressed behind her.

"A condom, do you really think you can take all that?" he asked.

Diane laughed.

"Obviously you've never seen the trick I can do with a bottle of Skyy," she smirked.

Or the trick with the zucchini, or the cucumber, or the "Mandingo" dildo or...

"Ah ha!" she held up a Magnum XXL.

Who's room was this before me? Terry wondered. He realized he probably didn't want to know the answer to that question.

Diane spent a few more seconds over by the dresser before turning back around, condom in hand and already unwrapped.

"Here we go," she grinned, slipping the condom over the throbbing mushroom-head of Terry's cock and sliding it down. The condom was lubricated inside as well as out, and the lube felt warm on his shaft. He felt a renewed surge of hardness. Diane dropped her pants and panties and positioned herself above him. She lowered her pussy down on top of Terry's beer bottle thick erection.

God, what a massive clit! It makes Crissy's look small. Thought Terry. Diane's clitoris had swelled to the size of the end of her thumb, it gleamed wetly as it slid down the length of his python.

Inch by inch, his impossible dick disappeared inside her. Diane grunted. This was almost more than she'd bargained for... Still, nothing she couldn't handle. She took some deep breaths and continued to ease herself down until she was sung against his balls.

Terry could only stare in disbelief. Her pussy was warm and tight. It felt amazing. His dick tingled with excitement as she began to piston herself up and down, rising and falling on his monstrous member.

Terry surrendered to the pleasure and grabbed Diane around her ass. She moaned with delight.

That tingling was stronger now. It felt amazing. It felt... familiar.

Oh shit!

"Diane, what did you do?" he grunted. She thrust harder.

"Hm?" she pretended not to hear.

"Did you put enlargement cream in the condom?" his voice rose, tinged with panic.

"Maybe just one pump," she grinned mischievously "To make things interesting."

"No!" Terry bucked. Diane whooped with delight. He tried to wrestle her off of him, but she was too heavy. She pressed her boobs into his face, almost smothering him. He continued to thrash, but she gripped him tight and he couldn't escape.

"Diane, I don't want to get any bigger, I can't!" Terry's cries were muffled by her gargantuan melons.

"Stop being a bitch!" she laughed, riding him like a mechanical bull.

Terry tired to pull out. Maybe if he got the condom off fast enough, he'd only grow a little...

Nothing doing.

Diane clenched her kegel muscles and his dick was suddenly stuck in a steel trap. He put all his strength behind it, but he couldn't get it to budge an inch. How the fuck was she so strong?

"Did I ever tell you about the year I spent abroad in Thailand?" she grinned "I learned some pussy techniques that would make you weep."

Terry believed it. If she squeezed his dick any harder, he was sure it would pop.

"There's no reason we can't both enjoy this. I know I am, ahhhhhh!" she squealed as an orgasm surged through her body.

"Diane, you're crazy!" he bucked again, sending another orgasm boiling through Diane's bottomed-out pussy.

"Oh geez!" she exclaimed. The first surge of growth pulsed through Terry's cock. There was no stopping it now. She felt it start to thicken and lengthen inside her. She had to lower herself down some more until once again her swollen clit was flush with his crotch.

Terry bucked again and Diane rode the wave. There was nothing he could do anymore but finish off as quickly as he could.

He began to thrust. Quick, angry bursts, sliding in and out of her faster and faster. Diane moaned with delight.

"I've never had a dick this big, never ever ever!" she yelled "Terry, you're the god of cock, you know that?"

Terry wasn't listening. He threw every ounce of energy he had into making himself come as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, his engorged dick had other ideas. He had too much stamina now to be a minuteman. He saw more and more of his shaft protrude from the bottom of Diane's swollen pussy, he could feel her tighten around him as his girth swelled. Veins at the base throbbed as blood rushed into his rapidly growing member.

Diane was in heaven. She didn't even care that the sex was starting to hurt. It was about time a cock hurt her. She hadn't felt this way since eleventh grade!

"More, more, more! Keep growing for me, baby!" she yelled. She came again, the force of orgasm was like getting hit by a dump truck.

He kept growing.

After what felt like an eternity of shouting and sweating and moaning, Diane's pussy was unbearably tight. He thought he would pass out. Finally he came. He felt the shock wave of it travel up his cock. Diane felt it, too, like a small explosion inside her. The feeling gave her another orgasm and she was lost again in a sea of pleasure.

"Get off, get off!" he yelled at her.

"Oh, I got off alright," she mumbled, dazed.

Terry finally managed to extricate himself, drawing his dick out of her as quickly as he could. No matter how much he slid out of her, more seemed to follow. The flared mushroom tip of his cock caught at the opening of her pussy and he had to give it a little tug to pop it out.

The skin of the condom was streaked with a thin film of blood. Terry wasn't surprised. The monster he pulled out of her had to be at least as long and thick as his forearm from the bottom of his elbow to the tips of his outstretched fingers. Fifteen inches? Sixteen? He prayed it wasn't that big, but it was.

The reservoir top of the condom dangled from the end of his dick like a water balloon full of milk. He stripped it off and tossed it in the trash where it landed with a splat.

Diane lay on the bed and moaned softly to herself.

He looked down at the huge, throbbing monster in front of him.

This is what I get for cheating. He thought.

**Part 112**

Terry sat on the bed and held his head in his hands. His erection subsided begrudgingly, keeping most of its length even as it softened. It settled down with its head between his knees like some enormous, pink snake.

"What the hell am I supposed to do with this?" he demanded.

Diane stretched and propped herself up onto her elbow to get a better view.

"A better question is, what *won’t* you do with that monster?" she grinned.

"Are you kidding?"

"No, that thing’s awesome. I can’t remember the last time I came so hard."

"Yeah well, that’s you. Crissy’s never gonna be able to take all this! She could barely take me before!"

"So... Does this mean you don’t want me to hook you guys back up, then?"

Terry glared at her.

"Hey, don’t get mad at me, I don’t know what you want!" she raised her hands in a gesture of surrender.

"Why shouldn’t I get mad at you? Look what you did!" he gestured to his monster member, still throbbing between his knees.

"You’re pretty grouchy for a guy that just got laid."

"Oh, and how should I be, exactly?"

"Um, happy?"

"’Happy?’ I can never have sex again thanks to you!"

Diane laughed.

"It’s not that hard, just find a girl who’s into vaginal fisting," she said.

"I don’t want a girl who’s into vaginal fisting!"

"Or anal, whatever floats your boat..."

Terry growled in frustration and stood up off the bed. His still half-hard member swung down and flopped back and forth between his thighs as he paced. A small rope of cum drizzled from the tip. Diane eyed it like a playful cat eyes a dangling string. Her mind was already churning with schemes.

"This is ridiculous," Terry muttered to himself. His mind raced with the problems brought on by his new cock. How would he fit into his jock? How would he fit into his cup?

He wouldn’t be able to make a full assessment of the problem until he was fully soft. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad.

Diane purred to herself on the bed and teased her fat nipples.

"Wanna go again?" she asked, feeling a sudden impulse in her ravenous vagina.

"No, thanks," Terry huffed. His cock disagreed, and slowly started to lengthen again. He pulled his pants back on and stuffed the disobedient beast down the leg of his jeans. The bulge ran the entire length of his thigh, terminating at his knee with a swollen head the size of his fist.

Diane laughed again.

"You look ridiculous," she sniggered.

"Thanks."

"Seriously, though. I can’t believe you’re mad at me. Look at that beast! My mouth is watering just thinking about it."

"Yeah, well, forgive me if I don’t care about your opinion."

Diane shrugged and got up off the bed.

"Whatever. There’s no point in crying over spilled cream. You’re stuck with a monster cock now. What you choose to do with it is your problem. I’ll be here to help whenever you decide to cheer up."

"Just get the fuck out!" Terry snapped. Diane gathered up her clothes and skipped out the door, her colossal tits bouncing with every jump. Terry slammed the door behind her.

What was he going to do now?

Diane poked her head back in.

"Can I borrow this?" she asked, grabbing the bottle of cream.

"Whatever!" Terry threw his pillow at the door and Diane vanished, taking the bottle with her. She giggled all the way down the stairs.

**Part 113**

Chris had shucked off his pants and was sitting spread-legged on the recliner, luxuriating in the sensation of the fabric on his huge, sensitive ballsack. His hands were roaming all over the massive, thirty inch length of his prick, and he was occasionally lifting the hot, firm head to his mouth, to lavish with kisses. *Oh, who’s the best dick in the whole world? Yes, you are!* He was suddenly struck by a stray thought. *Hey, where did Tasha and Kimber go? Weren’t we all going to play with my cock?* He looked up as he heard girlish giggles and squeals in the next room. *No fair! You girls distracted me and ran off!* He clumsily pushed himself to his feet, and waddled down the hallway, his mammoth nutsack swinging heavily between his legs and his colossal rod bobbing up and down with every step. Between the weight between his legs, and the swinging, bouncing meat, he could barely stagger to Tasha’s door. *I can’t take care of my dick by myself. I need some help*!

As he drew abreast to Tasha’s door, he could faintly hear the girls talking in the room. Chris knelt down carefully, listening quietly at the door. He heard Tasha say something about breasts, and Kimber giggle nervously.

*Oh, God!* thought Chris, *Tasha’s getting bigger boobs!* He carefully sat down on the floor, spreading his legs wide to accommodate the huge bulk of his weight balls. He slowly reclined on the floor, keeping his head pressed against the door. His gigantic, thirty inch long erection, bobbing slightly, was irresistible. *Just listening to them is driving me crazy! I gotta get some relief, or I’ll explode!* Chris’s hands fluttered back to his tree-trunk of a cock and resumed stroking. *Just a few more times and I’ll be fine until Jen gets back.*

Inside the room, Tasha and Kimber had cautiously mixed an equal proportion of growth cream and hand lotion into a shallow bowl. Kimber was thoroughly mixing it with the spoon in her gloved hand.

“Hurry up, doofus! My breasts won’t get any bigger by themselves!” Tasha had already removed her bra, revealing her perky, pale white breasts.

“Shut up, Tasha! It has to be mixed properly, or you might get more growth cream on one boob than the other,” sighed Kimber.

“So? You just put more cream on the smaller one then. Top it off,” Tasha explained.

“And what if that one gets too big, then, silly?”, said Kimber, rolling her eyes.

“Look, you just keep applying cream until they are both the same size. Big! Hurry it up!”. Tasha crossed her arms in impatience.

“Yeah, right. I do it that way and you’ll have to squeeze through the doorway one boob at a time.” Kimber sighed as Tasha seemed to smile at the thought. “I thought you didn’t want to be gigantically huge.”

“I don’t want to be gigantically huge **yet**,” Tasha clarified, holding up a finger. “I wanna see what it’s like to be really nice and busty like Jen first. Then, if I like that, I’ll probably go up to huge boobs, and then maybe to ginormous. I’m not sure exactly where I wanna stop.” She looked at Kimber with an evil smile. “Depends on how attached I am to being able to paint my own toenails.”

“Tasha!” Kimber exclaimed, stopping her stirring. “That’s ridiculous! Nobody wants boobs that big.”

Tasha pointed at the door. “I bet someone would like us both to be that big.”

Kimber rolled her eyes. “That’s Chris. I’m not sure you could get too big for him. Anyway, that doesn’t matter. He even likes that skinny Goth girl, and she doesn’t hardly have any boobs at all. Look, do you want to use the cream, or do you want to argue about how big your boobs are going to get?”

“Cream!” Tasha sprang to attention, thrusting out her small breasts. “Cream!” She stood up ram-rod straight, almost bouncing on her toes. “Cream!”

Kimber spread a dollop of the growth cream on Tasha’s small, conical left breast.

“Ah! Cold!” Tasha jumped. “Cold! Cold!”

“I can tell it’s cold,” said Kimber, eyeing Tasha’s erect, pink nipples. “Now stand still before I get this all over you.” Tasha exhaled with determination and held her arms stiffly down at her sides. She grimaced a little as Kimber carefully spread the cream evenly all over both of her pert breasts, careful to avoid getting any on Tasha’s nipples and areola, as directed. Kimber scrunched one eye closed and carefully examined her work. “Looks good.”

“Ah! It really tingles!” Tasha fanned her breasts frantically with both hands. “Whew! Quick! Put another dose on.”

“Tasha!” Kimber scolded her. “It hasn’t even started working yet. You need to wait until you see how big you get with the first—“.

Tasha interrupted her, grabbing her forearms. “Look, Kimber. You and I both know that one dose isn’t gonna be big enough. This really tingles, so I might as well get it over with all at once. Now apply more of the cream, or gimme the bowl.”

“Okay, okay!” Kimber relented and began carefully spreading the cream all over Tasha’s small, pale breasts. “Just don’t blame me when you can’t button a shirt by yourself.”

Through gritted teeth, Tasha whispered. “Two doses aren’t enough to make me too big to button my own shirts. Is anything happening yet?”

Kimber took off the rubber gloves carefully, and threw them into Tasha’s waste basket. “Hmph. Typical. It’s all about you.” She extracted a pair of gloves from the box and offered them to Tasha. “You got your growth cream. Now it’s my turn. C’mon.”

“Kimber! Can’t this wait for a more appropriate time? Like after I have big breasts?” Tasha looked down at her small breasts, glistening with the residue of the cream, with impatience. “This sure tingles a lot for nothing to be happening.”

Kimber pulled her shirt up and over her head, exposing her round breasts snugly contained within a hot pink brassiere. “Tasha, stop stalling. I want some of the cream, too.” She tossed her shirt onto the bed.

Tasha whistled appreciatively. “Damn, Kimber. You sure you want those to be bigger? You’ve got nice boobs right now.”

“They might be nice, but they’re not **big**, Tasha. I want nice big boobs like Jen. I want to stretch out my tops like her. I wanna bounce when I walk like her,” said Kimber, with a hint of longing. She reached behind her back and unfastened her bra, allowing her breasts to assume a more natural, teardrop shape. “No more average girl C-cup bras for me.”

“You wanna buy those wide-band industrial-strength bras like Jen? You’re gonna be huge if this cream really works,” said Tasha, slightly dubiously.

“I won’t need support bras! You’ve seen Chris. He can walk around with a twenty pound set of balls and a thirty inch dick; I’m sure that I’ll be fine with huge boobs,” assured Kimber.

“You’ve thought about this, obviously.” said Tasha.

“You weren’t in cheerleading squad with Jen when she had her growth spurt,” replied Kimber dourly. “I’ve been thinking about bigger boobs for quite some time. Now put on your shirt and do me.”

“Why should I put on my shirt? I wanna see these things swell up!”, Tasha objected.

“Your little boobs have growth cream on them,” explained Kimber, patiently. “If they start getting bigger when you are moving around, they could bump into your arms, or my arms, or whatever. I don’t want my arms to get bigger.”

“I thought you rubbed it all in!” Tasha seemed outraged. “What if I’m not getting the full benefit?”

“I rubbed it in!”, said Kimber, defensively. “I just don’t know how much to rub it in. I feel weird rubbing my hands all over your boobs.” She blushed. “Especially when I’m wearing rubber gloves. It feels freaky.”

Tasha pulled her shirt on, and then put on the gloves. “I’ll show you freaky.” She took a dollop of the cream, divided between her hands, and planted them both on Kimber’s round breasts, with a sinister chuckle.

“Wow! That’s really cold, Tasha!” Kimber giggled nervously as Tasha continued to massage the cream into both of her breasts. Slippery from the lotion, Tasha’s gloved hands roamed all over the soft, round curves of Kimber’s caramel-colored bosom. “It really tingles! Ow! It kind of stings.”

“Probably because you’ve already got some boobs to work with. OK, short stuff, your boobs are set to go from nice to knockers. Now, do me again.”

Chris moaned softly and pumped his dick even more energetically. *She already wants more! Tasha’s gonna be huge! Oh, god!* Chris continued to stroke his gargantuan prick, squeezing it and caressing it. He pulled his huge, firm rod down to his face and licked its massive plump head. *Do you hear that, big guy? Tasha’s gonna go bigger.* A momentary look of concern crossed his features. *I should have gotten more cream! What if there’s not enough?* The irrestistable throbbing of his monster dick soon pulled his full attention back to his masturbation. *I’m sure Terry would give us some more once he sees how big Tasha will get. Nobody would want to stop a hot girl from getting bigger boobs, no matter how big.* He caressed his thick shaft happily. *Big enough for us to tit-fuck, I bet!*

“What?” Kimber stared at Tasha incredulously. “You haven’t even started growing yet!” She stared angrily at Tasha as the tall, slender girl began to strip off her shirt again. “You haven’t even rubbed all my cream in yet!” Kimber gestured to her own bust.

“Hah! You just want me to grope your boobs! I knew you were a bit on the lezzie side.” Tasha snickered evilly.

“Tasha!” Kimber stamped her bare foot down on the carpet, causing her exposed breasts to bob enticingly. “Fair is fair. I took my time and carefully applied the cream to your breasts. I even avoided getting any on your nipples, just like you asked. Now, stop being selfish.”

Tasha sighed and rolled her eyes. “It’s not fair. Your boobs are already bigger than mine, so I have to do more ‘rubbing in’ than you did.” She grudgingly began massaging Kimber’s breasts again.

“The sooner you do it right, the sooner you can get your second dose, Tasha.” She grimaced. “It really does tingle pretty badly, though, doesn’t it?” Tasha nodded judiciously as she determinedly groped her roommate’s rack.

**Part 114**

Chris, listening intently outside the door, cupped his hands as best he could around the hot eighteen inches of his massive girth. He pumped his tree-trunk of a cock with long, firm strokes, squeezing from the base of his thirty inch long monster to the fat, broad head of his dick. *Unh! Tasha and Kimber are gonna get sooo big!* He licked his lips hungrily at the thought. *They’re gonna get so big that Jen will just have to use some of the cream. She won’t be able to stand being the smallest.* Chris’s powerful strokes pushed his heavy, hot prick into the air on each downstroke, and pulled the colossal shaft close to his face with each upstroke. He licked his lips again, salivating at the thought. Then Jen will be **gigantic.** Her boobs are gonna be so big! Chris leaned forward just a bit and lightly licked his own cockhead, sending a tingle down his huge shaft all the way to his weighty balls. *Won’t that be great? My girlfriend with giant breasts? Maybe Tasha and Kimber will be jealous*…He began to lick at his cockhead more intently, stroking himself more vigorously.

Tasha had finally finished rubbing in the cream to Kimber’s satisfaction, and Kimber had donned another pair of gloves and was holding a generous dollop of cream in her palm. “Tasha, are you sure about this? I mean, it’s not like you can decide to go back to being smaller. Maybe we should wait and see how it works.” She winced. “Works other than making my boobs hurt, I mean.”

“Kimber!”, said Tasha in a firm, commanding voice. “Growth cream on the boobs, now.” She flicked her thumb at her pert breasts. “There’s **no way** two doses is gonna be too much. Have you seen how big some porn stars’s breasts are?”

“Ewww,” Kimber grimaced, making a face. “You want to have nasty things like that?” She hesitated.

Tasha grabbed Kimber’s wrists and pulled them towards her breasts. “Of course not. But that’s what’s awesome about the cream. No scars, no stretch marks, no weird shapes.” Kimber nodded and began applying the cream carefully. Tasha smiled. “If I’d wanted to have big, weird looking boobs, I could have gotten a crappy boob job already. This way, they get to be big, but perfect.” She supervised Kimber’s application approvingly. “If guys will pay to see some nasty looking chick with swollen chesticles, they will definitely pay to see **me** with a big rack.” She smiled. “Or you.”

“Tasha!” Kimber looked up at her roommate accusingly. “What makes you think I would do that? You’re the one who can’t resist filming yourself, not me.” She continued to massage Tasha’s breasts carefully. “Stop distracting me when I’m doing this or you’ll make me screw up.”

“I’m just sayin’, now that you’ve used the cream, you’re gonna be packing some big breasts, Kimber. You aren’t gonna be able to hide them, so you might as well show them off.”

“Whatever.” Kimber rolled her eyes, and carefully peeled off her gloves. “Are you getting really hungry?”

“I’m starving. It always takes Jen forever to get home with the pizza after work—“ Tasha smacked herself on the forehead. “Food! We gotta eat food!” She pulled her shirt back down over her newly oiled breasts. “Our boobs gotta have the food to grow! How could we forget that with Chris over here hoovering up all the food in the place?”

Jen struggled to unlock the door to the apartment. Both her hands were full with the mammoth stack of extra-large, extra-toppings pizzas she was carrying. She was leaning forward, bracing the stack of boxes between her chest and the door, while she fumbled with her keys. The boxes of pizzas were piled up to her chin, forcing her to look upwards, rather than down at the door. *I know I should have made two trips,* she thought. Normally, she brought a pizza or two home for her roomies, both to enjoy that night, and to have as leftovers the next morning, but with Chris around, too much food was suddenly turning into ‘not enough’. *I hope he doesn’t gulp all of this down tonight. I’m exhausted. I’d like to sleep in, rather than running out in the morning to grab more food for my boyfriend’s bottomless nutsack.* Jen got a little excited just thinking about Chris’s titanic endowments. The key turned in the lock, and Jen wriggled the door open.

Chris was luxuriating in the sensations of his massive wang. He had laid down full length on the floor, content to imagine rather than listen to Tasha and Kimber any further. He was steadily pumping his thick snake, bucking his hips with every stroke. Though his hands couldn’t even wrap entirely around the fat girth of his cock, Chris was giving his dick his full attention. *Unh! Feels so good!* He pulled his broad cockhead down to his face and slurped at it with his tongue. *I’ve been needing this for hours! Well, at least an hour, I think.* Chris licked his huge cock slit hungrily. *I just need to suck myself off a few times before Jen gets home and I’ll be fine.* He wrangled his dick back into a vertical position and admired it while he continued to jerk off. *Look at that cock! Who wouldn’t be proud of that?* Chris smiled broadly as he pumped his dick more.

“What the hell is going on?”

Jen stumbled into her apartment, almost dropping her tottering stack of pizzas. Chris was laying spread-eagled naked in the hallway, stroking his gargantuan cock, as his bloated balls spread out between his legs.

“Uhhhh?” was all Chris ventured, and even that was uttered while he continued to jerk off his thirty inch long dick.

Jen sidestepped into the living room and slammed the pizzas down on the coffee table, temper flaring. She was having trouble verbalizing her issues while looking at the massive slab of meat on display.

“Jen’s home!” Tasha hooked her fingers into her shirt, and pulled it down over her glistening breasts. “Time for pizza!” She jinked around Kimber and flung open her door.

“Hey!” cried Kimber, petulantly. She pulled her shirt down too, and whirled around to follow her roomate.

“I —“ was all Jen said before a towering Tasha burst out of the door next to Chris and hooked her elbow around his wang, using it to to redirect her forward motion and slingshot her down the hallway.

“Food now; fun later!” Tasha, clad only in T-shirt and panties, bounded, arms outstretched, towards the surprised Jen and lightly swept her to the left as she swung right into the living room. Following close behind Tasha was Kimber. She clasped Chris’s throbbing erection with one hand and demurely leaned it out of her way.

“Excuse me!” Kimber fairly bounced down the hallway, stopping abruptly in front of Jen and helping her regain her balance. “Hi, Jen!” She then bolted to the right. “Chris is right back there. We’ll take care of the pizza.” Also clad only in t-shirt and panties, Kimber grabbed a pizza box and threw it open. “Don’t hog it all, Tasha!” She seized a slice and stuffed it into her mouth. “Sooo hungry,” she moaned around a mouthful of pizza.

Though he seemed able to divert enough attention to watch two panty-clad bottoms bounce by him, Chris seemed to be still mostly focused on his own masturbation. He continued to stroke his massive anaconda, though he did lean it slightly to the left, so that it no longer blocked his view of Jen. Without breaking his rhythm, he pushed his enormous shaft towards her, as an offering. “Jen?”, he said, looking at her suggestively.

“Get up!” Jen crossed the distance between her and the massively over-endowed young man in a few angry steps. She clutched his thick, hot shaft firmly between her hands and pulled. *He’s sooooo big!*!, Jen thought, surpressing the urge to squeal with delight. She dug her heels into the carpet and pulled harder. “Get up!” With effort, she succeeding in pulling Chris erect, using his erection. His massive nuts swung heavily between his legs.

“Whaaaaa?” Chris said, dazedly. His hands, momentarily diverted from their task to help him get up, crept back to his throbbing, needy dick. They resumed their urgent stroking. Chris leaned back to keep his balance and began to pump his hips, causing his fat, swollen balls to sway more energetically between his legs.

“Chris!” Jen lifted his huge log and stepped around it, like passing through a turnstile. As it neared his face, Chris eagerly opened his mouth and extended his tongue expectantly. “No!” Jen tugged his dick back down, and a disappointed look passed over his face. “Get into my room!” Chris had already returned to his steady pumping, and it took another two-handed tug on his swollen member to get him to move forward a few steps. After that, however, he leaned back and resumed his hip-swaying masturbation. “Chris! Argh!” Jen had to tug her boyfriend into the room by the meaty pole between his legs, timing her tugs with his own uninterrupted stroking. “Can’t you stop that for a minute?”

“Not right now, no.” Once in the room, Chris seemed to notice where he was, at least. “I’ve been waiting soooo long.” He stepped toward Jen, aiming his elephantine dick at her face while he continued to stroke. He licked his lips. “You’ve been waiting sooo long too, Jen. Aren’t you hungry?”

“Chris!” Jen grabbed his fat, throbbing meat and used it, two-handed, like a pole to push Chris back and down onto the bed. “Can’t you just wait!?!” She sighed and stepped past him to the doorway. “I have to speak to Kimber and Tasha. Just occupy yourself a minute until I get back.” She turned and closed the door behind her.

As she did so, Chris leaned back on the bed and eagerly brought his massive cockhead up to his face. “Sure thing, Jen.”

**Part 115**

Jen stomped angrily down the hallway, her temper warring with her urge to go back and suck on all that huge, tasty…*Jen! Focus! What the hell are Kimber and Tasha doing letting Chris jerk off in the hallway? All that delicious cum…*She shook her head. *Getting all that cum on the carpet!* She came to a sudden stop as she walked into the living room. Tasha and Kimber were both sprawled across the couch, shoveling slices of pizza into their mouths as fast as they could chew and swallow. Though she had only been gone what seemed like a minute at the most, it seemed like each girl had already eaten almost half of an extra-large pizza with extra toppings. Jen could swear that Tasha already had a visible bulge where her normally flat tummy would be seen.

“Sooo good!” murmured Tasha around a mouthful. “Gotta eat all the pizza so I can grow.” She opened her mouth and took another whopping bite. Her cheeks puffed out with the effort of containing it all.

“Mmm-no, Tasha! You gotta share it with me!” Kimber’s mouth crinkled up petulantly for an instant, before she stretched her mouth open and stuffed most of one slice inside. “I gotta grow, too”, she mumbled through her chewing.

“What the hell are you two doing?” When neither girl made any sign of stopping their gorging, Jen stepped forwards towards the pizza boxes. Both Tasha and Kimber then leapt menacingly towards them. Jen stumbled back, taken aback by their sudden possessiveness.

“Not stopping unless Tasha stops.” grunted Kimber through a mouth full of food. Tasha shook her head maliciously and stuffed another slice of pizza into her mouth, smearing her lips with tomato paste.

“Tasha!”, said Jen, a note of warning in her voice. Tasha groaned in frustration, but took the (now half) slice of pizza away from her lips. Kimber furtively took another bite, but quickly followed suit.

“We used the cream. It needs food to make our breasts bigger, so we’ve gotta tank up. Like Chris.” Tasha started to lift the slice back to her mouth, but Jen reached out and held her hand down.

“The cream? Chris’s growth cream?” Kimber nodded affirmatively to Jen’s question, though she eyed another slice of pizza longingly. “I thought Chris used it all—on his, uh, thing?”.

“He used all of **that** bottle. Turns out his roommate had more made. Chris has another jar now. A full jar. Well, almost full.” Tasha smiled dreamily. “We both used some.”

“You used **twice** as much as I did!” pouted Kimber.

“My boobs were half the size of yours! It’s only fair!” Tasha retorted.

*There’s another whole jar?* Jen smiled unconsciously, thinking of Chris back in the room. *A* ***whole jar****?* She snapped back to attention as she saw Kimber trying to snake a piece of pizza unseen. She slapped the other girl’s hand. Kimber squealed. “Kimber! Why are you doing this foolishness? You have beautiful breasts.”

Kimber pulled back her hand and rubbed it, pouting. “Easy for you to say. You have beautiful **big** breasts. Big breasts that all the boys look at.” Kimber sat up and scowled. “Why shouldn’t I have **big** breasts like you, Jen?” She reached out and took a slice of pizza deliberately, daring Jen to stop her.

“She’s eating! She’s eating!” Tasha bounced up and down on the couch. “No fair! If she gets to eat, so do I!” Tasha grabbed a slice of pizza with each hand and began to work them both into her mouth. “I had twice as much cream, so I need twice as much food!”

Jen rolled her eyes. “You two are impossible.” She stood up and stretched, then rubbed her aching back muscles. “You girls aren’t going to like everything about having big boobs, believe me.”

Kimber snorted. “See how you like being the Itty Bitty Titty representative in the house, then, Jen,” said Tasha as she gulped down another huge bite.

“Don’t overdo it, at least. You don’t want to wake up in the morning with just a few extra pounds on your hips and thighs.” Jen turned to go back to her room.

“Don’t worry, Jen,” said Kimber brightly. “By morning, all of this,” she said, rubbing her belly as she thrust it out exaggeratedly, “will be up here!”. Kimber thrust out her chest animatedly. “You’ll see!”

Jen walked back to her room, kicking off her shoes as she did so. *Growth cream? I can understand Tasha. She’s always been an exhibitionist, and big boobs would be Exhibit A. But Kimber? She’s always been so understanding when I complained about how hard it was to find sexy bras, and tops that fit, and how much bouncing there was when I was a cheerleader. Why would she want to be bigger?* Jen stopped at her door. *It’s not like she’s obsessed with size, like I am.* Jen smiled to herself. *More cream. Hmmm…*

She opened the door with a look of anticipation. “Chris, sweetie, I’m ba——Ack!”