

Egged

By Blue Jay

Easter is for finding eggs, not trying on new thongs.

So yeah, Easter 2015 rushed up on me, what with all kinds of things happening in my life, mostly negative things. I'm just going to put this out there as a short, because trying to force out a longer tale will absolutely not work (and since I don't do stream stories, which would be of about this length anyway).

Enjoy.

Wyatt didn't need to close his bedroom door since he lived alone, but he went ahead and did it anyway; old habits died hard.

Grinning sheepishly despite himself, he put the Tyvek parcel on his bed before retrieving scissors and opening it. Inside was the item he'd waited over a month for, and holding it before him, he knew it was worth it.

The thong was elegantly cut, neatly stitched, and its bubblegum-pink satin gleamed in the mid-afternoon light coming in through his window. He'd instructed the seamstress to make it so that the front was flat as opposed to pouched, so that additional stitching wouldn't cause discomfort, particularly while he played with himself. A second and far more important request had been excellently followed: the front of the cheeky underwear bore a number of decorative eggs, perhaps eight total, he didn't bother counting.

Giddy, he stripped naked and tried his new lingerie on, making sure to spread his buttocks so that the back of the thong got into his crack good and deep, more comfortably. After all, what was the point of a thong if not to sexily part one's sweet little rump?

With only his socks to accompany the underwear, he moved to stand in front of the full-body mirror propped against the wall. He grinned at his lean form. It hadn't been fun or easy, but getting rid of his body hair had been a relief, allowing him to focus better on swimming—as well as look much more alluring in certain articles.

Wyatt ran a hand over his crotch, feeling a rising need to jack off, and decided to give into his needs. Bracing himself against the dresser, keeping both eyes locked on the mirror's reflection of his hand and thong, he gripped himself through the smooth, shiny fabric and began stroking. Tremors of bliss rolled

through his body and he closed his eyes and his pace picked up a bit, hips beginning to roll into his downward strokes.

The young man moaned as his breathing changed. He jerked it regularly, but today he was really feeling it. His grin turned into a lusty smile as he pumped himself harder, visions of some of his partners flitting through his mind's eye. He could feel his body reacting...

His gut gurgled abruptly, enough to throw him out of his erotic haze. Wyatt paused, blinking at his reflection. There was no sense of shame as he eyed himself, but as he studied his image, he could have sworn that he looked different. Peering a bit more closely, he thought that his stomach had suddenly developed the slightest extension. With a frown, he assumed that he hadn't been doing as many crunches as he thought he was.

He shook his head and resumed. The pleasure latched onto him quickly, and he visibly shuddered as he felt his cock swell to maximum hardness, yearning for more.

So...good...

Without warning for a second time, his belly gurgled, this time a much stronger rumbling. Wyatt collapsed to his knees, panting, eyes wide in confusion and disbelief. He shifted his hand from his junk to his stomach, cradling it as if to soothe it. As he did so, he noticed two things: first, that his belly had swollen further, a modest gut replacing the previous flatness; and second, that the eggs which were supposed to decorate the pouch of the thong were now reduced in number. It was as if they had simply vanished.

Just what the hell was going on?

Wyatt moved his hand back down to the thong's front, and felt a wave of lust roar through him. Moaning loudly, hand grabbed himself with both hands, legs shaking as he succumbed to the uncontrollable urge to masturbate, fondling his sack at the same time. His hips pistoned upwards to complement his downward pumps.

He could feel his belly growing even more as he pleased himself, something welling up inside him. He pushed himself harder, trying his best to cum, to get some relief, but the tension only built.

Crying out in pleasure, Wyatt thrust, his orgasm so close yet so far. Staring in disbelief, he peeled back his fingers just in time to see the last of the thong's eggs fade from sight...and at the same time felt his sack grow heavy with unnatural weight.

Oh god, no, it was NOT possible...!

Another bolt of ecstasy coursed through him and he braced himself with both hands against the dresser, gasping over and over again as he felt his internals shift about to accommodate the now internalized eggs. His ass was feeling great, like someone was expertly massaging it, but his cock felt like heaven, about to melt faster than butter in an oven.

Wyatt felt a sudden movement within his waist. It felt as if the eggs were...

His eyes widened fully.

Another moan and he was flooded by the need to experience the act.

Wyatt gripped tight to the dresser as he felt the eggs move through him, lining up to be birthed out his anus. His cock ached almost painfully with the need to cum, his pre soaking the thong in a growing stain.

His bedroom was drowned in his groan of pure pleasure as the eggs slid down his anal passage, pressing firmly against the tight ring of muscle. He'd never shoved much more than small dildos and anal beads up there, nothing as large as a damn egg.

Gasping and groaning, the young man went rigid as the first egg was squeezed out, his eyes ballooning and his mouth never closing fully, making like a fish's.

The first egg passed, soft, wet noises accompanying its exit from his hole. The back of the thong was pushed out but held the egg in his crack. The second and third eggs quickly followed, their exits sounding off with lewd noises from his ass to bolster the unrestrained moans from his mouth.

The thong unable to hold them all back, the eggs slipped from its fragile grip, thudding dully onto the carpet. Wyatt felt amazing, his entire body wracked with pleasure, but it still wasn't enough, not even as the last egg popped out of his ass with a sharp splurting noise.

Where...where's the last one? he wondered. Somehow, against all the mind-cracking ecstasy, he'd counted only seven eggs.

His loins burned with need, and he realized where it was.

Quickly he pushed the thong's front down, his rock-hard dick stabbing towards the mirror. While not well-endowed before, the phallus seemed to have gotten slightly bigger—or was it his sex-addled imagination? Either way, he was oozing pre-cum at a steady rate, the engorged rod desperate for the chance to ejaculate.

Beneath it, his sack was larger than it should have been, the eighth egg swelling it to half-again its normal size. Using the mirror, Wyatt could only watch in a mixture of shock, arousal, and a bit of fear as the last ovoid drew upwards, back into his body for a moment, all the while sending jolts of pleasure through him.

That pleasure magnified as the egg slid into his urethral passage, his cock bloating as if he had grown a canine-like knot. He thought about touching himself, trying to forcibly move the egg along, but a quake of bliss brought on by the object sliding forward, his cock bobbing heartily in response, banished the idea from his mind.

After nearly an entire minute of slow travel, the encased item rested within his cockhead, his slit practically gaping at him via reflection. Wyatt found himself licking his lips, eager to finish, more so than ever before in his life.

Slowly he reached down, both hands gently taking hold of his prick...

And with a loud howl of pure carnal passion, he came and came hard. Made incredibly sensitive by whatever was happening to him, his cock reacted instantly to even the lightest stimulus. His balls drew up, cum surging through them aid his reproductive muscle to expulse the egg; it shot out several inches before thudding to the semen-splattered carpet, lying in a small pool of essence.

Wyatt milked himself for all he was worth, ropes of seed streaking the mirror liberally, distorting his reflection with a milky veil.

Spent, unable to put out even a single dollop more, the young man fell to his side, exhausted beyond belief. His private parts all ached, a little from the pain but much more from the pleasure. Absently he reached down and shifted the thong to a slightly more comfortable angle, ready to pass out for a couple of hours or more.

At that, he figured he should take the garment off completely, try and wash up before burying himself in his bedcovers. Weak but able he rolled onto his back, gingerly getting his legs into position. He hooked both thumbs into the sides of the thong and began pushing it up his thighs...and paused.

The egg patterns had reappeared on the pouch.

Wyatt stared at the eggs for a long minute, letting the sight and its meaning sink into his battered mind...

...And then he pulled the thong back down, nice and snug against his crotch and divisive in his ass, a lascivious smile on his face.

The End