

Chapter 1

Happy-Time Birthday

Warmish air of a Midwestern early autumn pressing against his scales, a lizard, frill huge and wide, scrabbled backward in his bed, gaping at his reptilehood as it hung out of his tearing boxer briefs and onto the sheets, throbbing and growing in the dark room. Was this a dream? It had to be a dream. But it felt...oh God, no, this was real. He was aching for release like never before. He could feel a strange...churning in his scrotum as his testicles grew and grew and grew. His round-headed penis, with some short, wide, blunt spikes of flesh going out from the flare, was growing more erect by the second, and it was already starting to leak a viscous, clear fluid. Okay, no, this *had* to be a dream. He almost *never* made enough precum that he noticed it. This stuff was starting to pour out, clear and very gently fragrant—somewhat sweet-smelling, oddly—as it stained his bedsheets.

In the bunk bed above him, he heard and felt a shifting. His roommate was rousing. *And he's gonna see me more aroused than ever before*, he paled. He tried to cover himself with his light blanket, lying to the side of his bed after being torn off to get a good look at what had woken him up. The bulge was too visible, though, and the precum made a dark wet spot. He made a tiny whine and threw the blanket off again. *Shit shit SHIT! PLEASE wake up, wake up!!* He looked down at his balls, now swollen to a pair of tennis balls, and swatted one. He hissed and made a strained squeaking squawk, lurching forward and holding the spot he had struck...but no matter how much he blinked, he was still in bed with a growing package. (The pain was receding much more quickly than usual, too, as the balls grew and spread the feeling thinner and thinner.) OW. Okay, *this isn't a dream. WHY ISN'T THIS A DREAM.*

"Ugh...dude, what the hell are you doing?" came a groggy groan from his roommate. He had yet to lean over the side and look. "It's, like..." He paused, and a light glowed in the room; he was checking his phone. "It's 3:42 in the morning, Biff, the hell you making so much fuss for? You're shakin' the bed and makin' a lotta noise."

Happy-Time Birthday

Biff bit his lip—carefully, since he had sharp teeth and all—and looked up. “Greg, please, for the love of God, don't look,” he croaked.

Greg paused. “You pawin' off down there??” he asked, voice a bit disgusted. “Dude, that might explain that weird smell....”

By now, Biff had leaked out a good cup and a half of pre, and his poor shaft, now totally erect, was a whopping eighteen inches long and two thick, with a couple of squiggly veins bulging slightly over its surface. It throbbed and pulsed, as if each heartbeat made it grow ever bigger. He felt his sperm duct stretch and swell with a quiet *crreeaak*, making it look like his member was starting to grow a belly. “Ohhhh, Gawwwwwd...!” he moaned. “Yeah, I'm pawin' off, sorry to wake you! Just go back to sleep!”

Greg paused again. “...Okay, that sounds like all-out *distress*, not embarrassment,” he said. He sounded fairly awake now. “I'm coming down.”

Biff squeaked and jumped a little, lucky he avoided banging his head on the bed above him. “Ahh! No, Greg, please, don't—!” he begged.

But it was too late. The bed had shifted and squeaked from motion on top before a pair of small feet had swung out. Now, they were on the floor, the owner facing away. Fuzzy tail flicking, the short, skinny, boxers-wearing field mouse turned, claws clacking on the tiled linoleum floor, a paw reaching up to sweep back some ridiculously long hair that reached from head to navel, big ears flicking up. He shone his phone with the other paw. “Dude, you alriiiiEEEEEYAAH!, HOLY SHIT!!” Greg screeched, jumping back and grabbing his hair and tail away from the twenty-by-two-point-one-inch dong, dropping his phone. He stumbled and fell to his flat rump with a yelp.

Biff, who was starting to weep now, sucked in his breath at his roommate's reaction. “I-I told you!” he pointed. “I'm sorry, a-are you okay?”

Greg groaned and stood up, rubbing his rear. “Yeah, caught myself with my paws a bit to save me from my Irish genes,” he replied. He grabbed his phone, which was thankfully unharmed, and shone it on Biff. “Are *you* okay, dude!?” he asked, approaching cautiously. “You're giving 'raging stiffy' a whole new meaning!”

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Biff gulped to wet his dry throat, pulling back a strand of his own shortish hair, as he beheld his growing junk again. It was getting bigger faster. "I...I don't know!" he whimpered. "I was having a dream about being in class and turning in the wrong assignment, a-and suddenly I feel this strain down below and I wake up, and...a-and...!" He gesticulated sharply down at his crotch with two chopping paws. *"And my twig and berries are turning into a branch and apples!"*

Greg bit his lip, careful with his own special teeth not to hurt himself. "Crap, man...how'd this happen? You weren't one of those guys from a couple weeks ago who got hit by that...that weird event!" he described. His phone dimmed, and he tapped a button to light it up again. "You'd've had it huge for a while!"

"I know! Crap, crap!! What's going on!?" Biff yelped as his cock throbbed and groaned, swelling even bigger. It was now two and a half feet long, precum starting to silently splurt out in pulses, dousing the rest of his bed and threatening to do the same to the bottom of Greg's if he wasn't pushing it down. His testes had graduated quickly from tennis balls to softballs...and now to grapefruits. And they were getting bigger even faster. The churning was now strong enough that he could *hear* it, not just feel it—*glrrg-glunk-gluk*, it went. "Oh God, it's going to keep growing...oh God, I'm going to freaking CUM!" he whined. "Help!!"

Greg grit his teeth and grimaced. "Shhhhhiiiiit, man...." He looked around, then raced to the light switch. "Sorry, we gotta be able to see!" he explained when Biff made a squeak of protest, Greg pausing to make sure their dorm door was locked. "C'mon, let's point that thing out the window! It can't get too big for that, that thing's like two and a half feet wide!" Greg suggested. He scampered across the room to the other side and, seeing as he was only three feet tall, vaulted up onto the windowsill. Like many mice, he was quite good at this, so even though he had only a few inches of sill to stand on, he was able to remain stable. He crouched down and grabbed the window before slowly lifting it up, the sides grinding and resisting with all their might. "Stupid...crummy...old...ass...building!" the mouse grunted.

Meanwhile, Biff carefully swung out of bed. In the light, he could see his coloration. His scales were green, patterned with some black, straight, horizontal, gash-like stripes down

Happy-Time Birthday

his back and his arms. He had black hair that measured only three inches and brushed against his species' signature frill, the hide of which was a yellowed lime. His underside was a darker green than the rest of him and unpatterned, aside from the ridges that many lizards had. His genitals were the same as his hide, save for the head, which was a striking blue, like his tongue. (He had a family member that was a blue-tongued skink.) His golden eyes were wide with fright, pupils slitted to thin lines.

Biff got to his decently-sized digitigrade footpaws, stumbling a little from the new weight...then frowned at his legs. They felt tense...and tenser. He paused and felt one for a moment before widening his eyes. *My leg muscles are growing?!* He yelped as his parts groaned and swelled even bigger, even faster, at the very first thought of something appealing shooting through his head. He whined and turned to Greg. "Got it big enough yet??" he asked.

Greg grunted and finished getting it open. "There, okay, let's get this screen up!" he said. He crouched down again and searched the screen sides for some sort of lever or something. "...Freaking...! How do you lift this!?" he grunted.

Biff could feel it coming. His gonads were getting ridiculously huge now, starting to reach basketballs in size, and his cock, now pointing straight up, was getting to three feet, three and half.... The swelling sperm duct was now as thick as the actual meat and growing. Precum was splurting a foot into the air, *splip splap*. He screeched at all of this. "*GREG JUST GET OUT OF THE FUCKING WAY!*" he ordered.

Greg turned, then squawked both at the gigantic genitalia, then its owner barreling over. He dived out of the way, but was unable to avoid getting splatted by precum. "AUG-PLBTH! But the screen!" he spluttered, wiping his face. His nostrils were filled with the scent of freshly-cut grass.

"I'll have to pay for a replacement!!" Biff cried. He pushed his growing shaft down and, with a bit of effort, rammed it into the screen. It held, but barely, and the window frame squeezed his swollen girth, which was now a solid foot even without the sperm duct. He felt a sharp twinge of pleasure from the stimulation...and that was enough.

GA-BLORT!!

Biff screamed in pleasure and horror, bracing himself as his trembling member fired a half-foot-thick blast of dense, white semen a good twenty feet away, smashing a hole through the screen. His junk continued to grow, but it had slowed down considerably after the climax. The frilled lizard grabbed onto his shaft and cried as he came again and again, pump after pump, *bloosh glorp blorsh*. The courtyard in front of his dorm building was covered in his seed, which emitted both a smell of, well, himself, and that same sweet cut-grass scent. To his horror, he found himself enjoying it. This only made him cum harder, though, and he wailed.

"STOP! PLEASE! MAKE IT STOP!" he howled. The embarrassment from the scene, shock at the event, and dread of the consequences flowed from his eyes. *"MAKE IT STOOOOP!"*

A tree branch cracked off from a powerful surge of liquid Biff. Loud splatters and splooshes were heard with each landing of his semen. Lump-like puddles were spreading out on the walkway. It was complete and utter chaos. Around the dorm, more and more windows lit up and faces peered out.

Bangbangbang went Biff and Greg's door. *"BIFF! GREG! WHAT'S GOING ON!?"* roared a deep, loud voice. It wasn't angry, though, more frightened than anything.

Biff, face wet, looked at Greg, who was standing and watching transfixed. The mouse jerked his head as he snapped out of it and nodded, then ran to the door. He unlocked and opened it, looking up. To see air. He looked down again and saw a short, but *quite* toned, chipmunk in boxers and tank top at eye level to him. *"Oh! Uh...forgot your name, but I know you're the RA,"* Greg said.

"Devin," supplied the chipmunk. He looked past Greg and dropped his jaw. *"Aw, shit, another one of those hypers?!"* he cried.

"I CAN'T STOP!" shouted Biff over his shoulder, eyes wide. *"I-I-IT JUST KEEPS COMING!!"* The double entendre made him cum a single surge harder. *"HEEEEEELP!!"*

"Aw, shit, hold on! I'm getting the nurse!" the RA said. He turned and ran down the hallway.

Happy-Time Birthday

"The fuck can a *nurse* do?!" Greg called after.

"You freshmeats don't know college nurses!" Devin called back. "Keep him cumming out the window in the meantime! We can clean up outside a lot easier!"

Greg gulped. "Alright...." He looked back at his roommate. Biff was bawling into his arms, begging for it to stop, as he kept cumming and cumming, pulse after pulse. His package had finally stopped growing, however. Fully erect, his penis was now five feet long and two feet wide, ignoring the sperm duct. The window frame cracked and strained against his girth. His testicles were massive, swollen to the size of exercise balls. The scrotum looked rather taut, though; perhaps it was only that big from how much cum was obviously in there? It wobbled and sloshed with each shot, roiling. Greg frowned. He'd only known Biff for a few weeks, and they didn't talk much, but he was still worried, seeing him in such a state.

But all they could do was wait. Wait and watch Biff fill the space in front of him with cum—*blorsh sploosh glunk splat*. Some of it sprayed off to the sides, coating the other leg of the angle-shaped dorm with seed. Someone got hit by a melon-sized glob square in the face with a *splack!* before he could shut his window, knocking him down—Biff noticed that it was someone from one of the frats and paled. *Ooooh, I'm going to get my ass kicked after this....*

About five minutes later, Devin came trotting back. "C'mon, here!" he was beckoning down the hall. A normal-sized (that is, to say, obese) hippo woman came after, whole body jiggling under her nightgown. The chipmunk got out of the way to let her in. "He can't stop!"

The hippo raised her eyebrows at the scene. "Oh, *damn*, this ain't good," she muttered. She came over to Biff. "Your name's Biff, right, hon?" she asked.

Biff looked over and nodded, face puffy from crying. "Uh-huh," he replied, sounding like a lost child. "Are you the nurse?"

"Yes, I'm Nurse Practitioner Fern," the hippo replied. "Alright, now, how long has this been going on?"

"Si-Since like eight minutes ago!" Biff answered. "Make it stop!!"

"It's the initial surge, it's not going to stop easily," Fern replied sadly. "You have to stop thinking about it and about *anything* sexy whatsoever. Eventually, your libido will lower, and

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you'll stop. Don't worry, it'll be a *lot* easier every subsequent time," she assured. "Or you can somehow fall asleep. So you can either try it yourself, or...um...I can knock you unconscious."

Biff blinked, wide-eyed and frill up. "Knock me...are you a Hippocratic or a hypocritical hippo?!" he squeaked.

"The Oath's a case-by-case basis," Fern responded flatly, arms crossed. "Now, hon, please, calm down. Take some deep breaths. You got a book to read or a game to play or something?"

Biff shook his head. "N-Not in reach.... Besides," he added morosely, "all my games and books have characters, and...dammit, I'm practically finding *anyone* sexy right now, even you!" He paused, then, blushing and opening his frill wider, added, "Er, no offense, n-not saying you're ugly, I mean...uh...*you know what I mean!*"

"Hmmm," frowned Fern, holding her chin, ignoring the flustered frill. "I was afraid of this. The initial surge is far more powerful than usual, and it looks like it's too far in for you, now. The only choices we have are to knock you out—which you don't seem too keen on—or to make you so horny, you faint. Whatever curse is making this happen is setting in deeper by the second."

"Wait, curse??" frowned Biff, frill lowering a bit.

Fern reached into a bag she had with her and brought out a folded up square of plastic that she opened up. It was, to everyone's surprise, a black condom sized for people who had erect penises at least a solid foot and a half wide. "Yes, curse," she nodded. "What, you didn't think magic existed?"

"Noooooooooo?!" Biff replied like it was the most obvious thing in the world, raising an eyeridge.

"Well, believe it," Fern stated, tearing open the condom's packaging. It smelled sterile, and the material looked to be half an inch thick. "Alright, I'll be back, and don't look, it'll just make it more difficult," she instructed. "Gotta do this before it gets to phase three. And for God's sake, *hold still.*"

Biff, knowing full well what she was about to do, closed his eyes and grabbed his cock

Happy-Time Birthday

with both arms, amazed he could do that, now. He heard Fern tromp away. For a moment, there was nothing but the sound of his cannon pulsing off with half-second pauses between shots and the sound of the ammo factory working away. *Gloosh splash blort ploosh glunk splut, gkkl-gloop-glorg-grn*. Then, he felt a smooth sheet cover his glans from below. Immediately, he began cumming harder, but he felt a little backup, though a good amount of real release, still. A few seconds of feeling something rolling to cover his shaft, he heard Fern say from outside, "Okay, you can open your eyes."

As he had suspected, Biff's cock was now spewing into a condom, inflating it pulse by pulse, *guloonk buloonk galork balork*. The little pocket at the tip of the condom seemed to stretch and swell, but remained an opaque black. Fern was rolling it down his length, wading into the bushes right below the windows. "I-I can do the rest," Biff offered, holding a paw out.

"Alright, please do," Fern nodded, handing the reins over as she passed it through the broken screen.

"What if the screen tears it?" Biff wondered, rolling the condom up.

"It won't—and this isn't the part that will hold the gunk, don't worry," called Fern. "Hang on, coming back in!" She trotted away again.

Biff continued rolling the condom until it stopped...a good foot away from his hilt. This wasn't the first time he'd ever put on a condom (thanks to the nurse's office supplying free ones for him to enjoy himself with), and it had always gone all the way down. Usually, it actually had a good amount at the tip open if he didn't pull it the rest of the way down. It was thick and tight, but not terribly uncomfortable, and he felt his blood and semen pumping through their respective tubes under the rim of the condom.

Outside, the condom was spilling over into the bushes and soon onto the ground, filling like a giant inflating trash bag, *bloonk bulork gulunk*. He had finally stopped making a mess of the entire quad. Biff, after making sure the condom was securely attached to himself and would not fly off from the force of his spurts, fell against himself with a sigh of relief. "Oh, thank God," he breathed.

"Ahhh, that seemed to help," Fern smiled, patting his back, when she returned. "You

were really concerned about making such a mess, huh?"

"Yeah...." Biff blushed. "It...otherwise it feels really good...obviously...."

"Of course," chuckled the nurse. "Now, don't worry, this condom is enchanted. It's able to hold enough heavy fluid to fill a lake, and nothing can puncture it. Now, that said, let's get you outside and on top of it." She lifted the window the rest of the way with only a small grunt.

Biff widened his eyes again. "WHAT!? And show everyone who's been *doing* all this!?" he cried. "No!"

"But the angle you've bent your penis at is stemming the flow a bit, and it's just going to back you up," Fern pointed out, pointing down. Indeed, his balls had gotten a good bit bigger, it seemed. "We have to hoist you out through the window and rest you on the condom so your penis is at a comfortable angle, letting you get all that buildup out of your poor scrotum. It's going to start hurting soon, and while we haven't had a case of a burst scrotum yet, it still hurts and can distort the skin."

Biff whimpered, but nodded. He let the strong hippo woman help him through the window, tearing the rest of the screen apart to let him through. It was a tight squeeze, and he came even harder when it happened, but fortunately, Biff was scrawny; he could just slip on through, assisted by some of the lube on the prelubricated condom. It took a couple minutes to get himself through, and then another minute to hoist his unwieldy scrotum through behind him, but soon he was pushed out gently onto what was becoming a gigantic rubbery waterbed. Or, rather, cum-bed.

Biff noticed he was shooting harder and harder, the membrane of the condom distorting out a good ten feet with each shot before snapping the cum back into the balloon. *Gu-LOONG buLORRG daDUNNG*. The night was coolish, but he was warm enough from the cum beneath him that he was fine. In fact, if he thought about it, he felt extremely comfortable.

"Alright, go ahead and let your imagination run wild," called out the nurse from the window. "Get hornier! Hump the condom! Try and cum as hard as you can! You've got a limit, and the first time's a doozey, but it'll cum!"

Happy-Time Birthday

Biff could hardly believe what he was hearing. “You *sure* this'll work!?” he called back.

“They've done a lot of observations with the others on their first times in the past couple weeks, and this seems to be effective, and healthier than just knocking you out, since that would cause a good bit of backup!” Fern replied. “Not to mention head trauma's never good!”

“A—Alright,” nodded Biff. He saw Fern shut the window and turn to talk to Devin and Greg. He looked around. Many others were watching from their windows. A few had come outside to get a better view, standing in silent awe. From those whose lower bodies he could see, it was plain a good number were quite aroused. Some even touched the condom balloon. *Welp, guess I know who's gay now*, he chuckled. He blushed deeply, however. *I wish this wasn't happening*, he lamented. *This...This feels, physically, so GOOD, but...this is going to change the rest of my life....*

A multitude of questions swam in his brain. There must have been more blood in his penis at the moment than he had in his entire body—where did it come from, and where will it go? Does it have anything to do with Cotton-Eyed Joe? Hell, where is all that *semen* coming from? How are his testicles synthesizing proteins or whatever they do to produce sperm when he hasn't eaten all that much? And...magic? Really? I mean, it would explain everything, but even if it WAS magic, what are its rules? Even magic follows certain laws, after all. And, most importantly, WHY THE FUCK DID HE SUDDENLY TURN INTO A HYPER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, ANYWAY?! He shook his head, knowing he's got to shelve these questions for the time being. *Trust the nurse. Get horny. Enjoy it.*

He began humping the condom balloon beneath him, causing an amusing *squeak-a squeak-a squeak-a*. His frill rose and tautened as he stroked his bloated sack with his tail, shivering in delight; in such a state, his entire package was ultra-sensitive. He bent his legs and kneaded at his scrotum with his footpaws, and he made a funny growling sound of sudden bliss. He lubricated the tip of his tail with precum left on his stomach before inserting it deeper and deeper up his tailhole...something he was rather well-practiced in already. He let his mind marvel at the size of him, at the idea that he was so productive, so fertile, so *huge*! He

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moaned and humped harder, tail starting to thump side to side as it stuck further up his rectum. It whumped his nutsack each time, *thump thump thump*, giving him waves of pleasure. He watched the condom swell bigger and bigger and bigger, a dark mass swallowing up everything around him. And each action made him cum harder *and harder and harder AND HARDER AND HARDER*.

Letting out a roar of sheer pleasure, Biff felt himself absolutely erupt with a *BLOOOSSHHAAAA!*. He was no longer spurting—he was emitting a constant, two-foot-thick stream of hot cum that pulsed a little. The scent of freshly-cut grass filled the air and overpowered the fake rubbery smell of the condom and the sterile scent of the lube. He cried in euphoria, steam coming from his lungs, humping as hard as he could, hugging the condom, squeezing it tightly with his sharp, claw-tipped, white-knuckled fingers. Bigger! He wanted it to get bigger! More! *More! More cum!!*

He was so enraptured that he didn't notice when the entire balloon, himself on top of it, glowed a gentle purple and floated up. It slowly moved a good distance away onto the broad, grassy mall between the men's and women's quads, before setting down with a deep *gu-lunk-a* like a big water bottle. Next to it stood Fern, mopping her brow, purple glow in her eyes fading. She seemed considerably thinner. "Shit, that's the biggest thing I've had to move ever," she commented. She looked at herself. "Damn, had to tap into my fat to do that.... I'm gonna be pretty chilly for a while...." Already, she was starting to shiver. She looked up and patted the side of the condom balloon. "It'll be over soon, big guy, or so they say," she assured quietly. Then, turning, she walked off back to her office and quarters.

Biff didn't notice any of this, not a sound or a touch. He was lost in pleasure, mind filling with more and more dopamine, humping and groping and panting. *Glooooooshaloooooshalooooosha, squeak-a squeak-a squeak-a, thump thump thump*. Finally, however, when the clock struck 4 AM, his brain was filled with just too many neurotransmitters. So it did the only thing it could do.

Biff blacked out.