

Troy sighed as he looked at himself in the bathroom mirror. He was not at all looking forward to going back to school. There was no way he could face his friends like this. It wasn't that he was bad looking. Troy wasn't a narcissist, but he rather liked the way he looked. He was a bit on the lanky side, but he found bulk to be tacky. His lean body was covered in a soft layer of white fur that was accentuated by purple stripes that matched his lengthy, wavy purple hair which he kept swept to the side. His stylish hair coincided nicely with the various piercings he had on his face. The ring on his left eyebrow and the two snakebites he had gave him a certain punk look that he rather enjoyed.

What really worried him was that he had grown a bit during the summer, and he wasn't sure how his friends would react. Sure, it wasn't unheard of for boy's his age to get a growth spurt, but Troy had figured he was pretty much done growing seeing as he had hit puberty over three years ago. What made his current growths even stranger was that it had happened in the span of a single month. He had first noticed the changes while on vacation in the sunny tropics with some friends. It had been mild at first. He had even welcomed it for the first week. What guy didn't dream of an extra few inches, right? Well the few extra inches turned into an extra foot which turned into an extra two feet. Now Troy was stuck with a cock that was as thick as his waist and hung down to his ankles, and it wasn't showing any signs of slowing. Troy had another doctor's appointment next week to discuss the results of his blood test, but from what he had heard over the phone, they were no closer to finding the cause than they were when they first started testing him. Without a real idea of what was causing it, he could forget about a cure. Troy just hoped they figured it all out before he was more cock than tiger.

"Hurry up! You're going to be late!" Troy's mother called from downstairs. Troy groaned, but began to get his clothes on anyway. He really didn't want to go, but he knew his parents wouldn't let him stay home. Besides, it wasn't like he could hide it forever, could he?

Troy had some special underwear that had been made for him that helped him get around a lot easier. The briefs had a special plus size pouch in the front to accommodate the extra mass he was now packing. He slid the boxer briefs up over his shapely bubble butt easily enough, but loading the front always took a little work. He started off by hoisting his now beach ball sized nuts, first the left one and then the right one. He could actually feel the jizz sloshing around in his almost painfully pent up balls. It seemed the bigger they got, the faster they produced spunk. It had only been an hour since he had gotten off, but it felt like it had been a week. With his balls safely squared away, he worked on snaking his three feet of cock down the front of the pouch. Even with the plus size ball pouch, it was quite a snug fit. His briefs wrapped so tightly around his junk that every curve and contour of his dick and balls was clearly visible through the fabric. Even the thick, bulging veins on the sides of his shaft were noticeable. He sighed as he noticed that the added weight of his dick and balls pulled the waistband down several inches. The last few inches of his massive cock now stuck out above the top of his briefs. He had just bought these last week, and he had already just about outgrown them.

With his bait and tackle effectively squared away, he went to work gathering up the rest of the stuff he needed for school. He put on a large, loose T-shirt over top of his briefs in hopes of covering the extra few inches that his boxer briefs couldn't hold. It

worked well enough, but it looked ridiculous. The T-shirt was just about ready to fall off his lean frame. It was obviously designed for someone far fatter than he.

Something clicked in his brain. He quickly sprung into action and ran to the hall closet. He staggered and stumbled awkwardly as he went. He still was not used to the added weight up front, and he doubted he would ever truly get a feel for it until he eventually stopped growing. That was assuming that he did ever actually stop. He felt a chill run up his spine as he thought about his cock continuing to grow until it dwarfed the entire school. His massive dick would be granted its own zip code by the government. He could actually feel his dick chub up a bit at the thought, which just freaked him out even more.

Troy arbitrarily grabbed and stuffed blankets and pillows up the front of his super loose t-shirt in an effort to make himself look extra chunky. He only managed to make himself look even more ridiculous. His massive, bedding stuffed belly did nothing to draw attention away from his humongous bulge. If anything it just made him look even sillier. Thinking quickly, he grabbed his dad's big, bulky trench coat and pulled it on. The heavy coat succeeded in making the otherwise wiry teen look like he was several pounds overweight. His massive faux gut pushed the fabric of the coat forward. The bottom half of his coat draped innocently over his massive package. As long as he remained standing upright, no one would be the wiser.

He arrived at the car to find his mom giving him the stink eye for being so late and dressing so crazily, but she seemed to understand what he was trying to do. She made no effort to admonish or dissuade him for his choice of attire, but she did chew him out for being late the entire way to school.

Troy arrived twenty minutes late and had to go to the front office to get his homeroom assignment. Aside from a few snide fat jokes from the various other students and faculty he passed, everything seemed to be going smoothly for him, and things continued to go smoothly for most of his day. It wasn't until after lunch that things really took a turn for the worst. Troy had been happily living from class period to class period without a single worry about the future, but as he stood before the coach's large, frosted glass door. He had wished he had had the foresight to look ahead. He could have pleaded his case to the principal or something, anything to get him out of going to gym class.

Troy took a deep breath and knocked on the imposing doorway. "Come in!" barked the coach gruffly. Troy reached a shaking hand out and unsteadily pushed the door inwards and stepped into the office. "What is it?" Growled the heavyset bulldog that was reclining in a large swivel chair.

"I... uh... I can't participate in gym today... sir..." Troy squeaked nervously. The coach seemed even grumpier than usual. The bulldog's droopy brows and saggy jowls scrunched into a scowl. Troy recoiled at the sight, but worked up the nerve to meekly continue his explanation. "You see... I have a... medical condition and need to be excused."

"Your 'medical condition' is called obesity, and the best thing you can do for it is get out there and bust yer arse." The coach growled. "If you want to be excused, get me a doctor's note. Otherwise, suit up!" The coach threw one of the XXXXL standard issue tracks suits at Troy and gestured curtly for the young feline to get the hell out of his office.

Troy tried to argue, but he couldn't seem to form any words. He didn't have a doctor's note, and chances are he wasn't going to get one. The doctors he had seen about his condition had said he was the pinnacle of health, aside from the obviously enlarged package. In the end, he accepted the plus size gym suit and shuffled back into the locker room.

He was relieved to see the rest of the class was already suited up and on the field. He would have hated to have to let it all hang out with others around, especially his friends or worse yet, the jocks. Each gym class had a couple of meatheads in there who loved to flaunt how physically superior they were. Troy had been the butt of many jokes last year when he was merely small and lanky, but now that he had a ridiculously oversized wang dangling between his legs, he doubted his treatment would be any better.

He unbuttoned his coat and breathed a sigh of relief as the several pounds worth of pillows and blankets spilled out onto the locker room floor. He was amazed at how light his body felt without all of that excess padding, but he wasn't going to be rid of it for long. Troy peeled off the rest of his clothes and shoved them into his locker. He took a moment to admire himself in the small mirror that was built into the back of his locker door. At least from the waist up, he was pretty good looking.

Troy began pulling up the extra wide gym shorts over his now exposed junk. The pants were designed for someone far larger than he was, at least in terms of waist and leg size. The waistband was designed for someone who was easily twice as thick around the middle than Troy was, but it worked well enough for him. Once he got the waistband over his immense nuts, he pulled his shaft up to his chest and adjusted his shorts to press so that the waistband pinned his dick to his abs.

He could already tell he looked ridiculous. On a normal person these gym shorts were very short running shorts that were shorter than pretty much any pair of boxers that Troy owned. He loved how they looked on the fit guys in class, but they didn't work near as well for him. His immense nuts filled up every inch of the front of his pants and then some. The extra wide legs holes coupled with the force of his package against the front side of his shorts caused the backside of his pants to vanish into the deep cleft of his naturally large, pillowy bubble butt. His running shorts seemed to be little more than a thong from the back. The front was a completely different story, though. The front of his shorts were so thoroughly packed that the shapes of his gigantic nuts were easily visible to all who gave him even the most cursory glance.

Troy sighed and resigned himself to looking like a freak. At least he had a plan for covering himself. Next he slid the loose athletic tee over his torso and slipped his massive dick in there with him. The shirt held his dick to his chest, but the neck hole was so large that the tip of his massive cock poked through. The head of his dick pressed up against his chin. He couldn't help but think that it had grown a few more inches since he had had it measured last week. He sighed audibly, but continued getting ready. With a little effort he managed to slip his running shoes and trench coat on and then went about packing his coat full of bedding like he had his casual shirt. Before long he was looking just as big and bulky as he had before getting changed.

Troy looked in the mirror and adjusted his trench coat and decided that it would have to do. He took a moment to collect his thoughts and steel his nerves before jogging out onto the gym floor. All the students and the coach's assistant shot him a few glances as he finally got out there. It was no surprise to Troy that the coach wasn't teaching the

class himself. Troy had never seen that old hound do a day of work in his life. Not that Troy minded. The young husky that they had covering for him was hot as hell.

The assistant coach was a young college canine named Mason who had been studying sports medicine. He was only doing this job because he needed the internship credits, but he still seemed to take a genuine interest in the students, unlike a certain fat bulldog who shall remain nameless. Needless to say, Troy was very glad to see that the grey furred stud had decided to continue on for another term, although, this posed a problem for the young tiger. It was hard enough keeping his massive dick kept under wraps when it was soft, but just being in the same room as that bushy tailed babe was making Troy's sizeable cock chub up rapidly.

There were a few audible sniggers from his classmates as he waddled onto the gym floor and more than a few inaudible jabs at his weight. Troy could see the looks and the fingers pointing in his direction. He was so embarrassed that he wanted to just throw off his coat and whip his giant dick out in front of all of them. That would be sure to shut them up.

He resisted the urge, though. It might seem like a good idea to play the hung card, but that only works for people who are packing a foot or less. When they got to be his size it was just freakish. He decided he would much rather be thought of as a fatass instead of a freak.

The junior coach jogged over to Troy and sidled up beside him. "Hey. I know you're uncomfortable, but you really can't be wearing that out on the floor. You'll need to be in uniform, and that's coat's not going to give you good mobility."

Troy didn't respond. Instead he folded his arms over his bulky front side and tilted his head downward. Mason wasn't upset by Troy's reaction, though. If anything the husky seemed sympathetic. "Believe me, I know what you're going through, but you're not making it any easier on yourself covering up like that." The assistant coach consoled the bulky student. "The exercise will be good for you, too."

"I have a condition..." Troy murmured. He was feeling pretty awful. He had had the hots for Mason before summer break, but now the studly teacher thought that Troy had totally let himself go in the past few months. Troy couldn't even bring himself to face the babealicious college student.

"What? Asthma? Diabetes? I can help you with those. Some good exercise and a proper diet will go a long way in treating those." The coach remarked pleasantly. "I'll even help you a bit outside of classes. What do you say?" The husky's sparkling blue eyes and winning smile caused Troy's defenses to crack. The young tiger unwittingly went slack and allowed his arms to drop away from the front of his coat. Unfortunately, the eager young coach took that as a sign that Troy had agreed to ditch the goofy looking cover.

Troy caught onto what was going on right as Mason had undone the belt that held the coat shut. As if in slow motion, the front of his long jacket fell open under the weight of all the excess padding he had shoved into it. Troy was mortified. All eyes were on him as all the pillows and blankets spilled out onto the gym floor. At first the room was dead silent, but then some of the students started to piece it together. The room erupted into a cacophony of taunts. Apparently everyone there had assumed that he was pretending to be fat for the attention, but somewhere in the din a voice cut through. "Dude! Did you see that cock!?"

The room once again went dead silent. No one knew what to say anymore. The various students whispered amongst themselves as they decided whether or not this was grounds for derision or reverence. Some of the biggest, meanest jocks in the room were looking suddenly meek and mild.

Troy wanted to cover himself, but he realized by this point it did no good. His cover had been completely blown in more ways than one. Not only had a decent chunk of the school already seen his ginormous schlong, but they had also beheld it in its full upright and locked position. Pre was seeping out the tip of his cock that was now mashed firmly against the underside of his jaw. The thick waterfall of pre cascaded down the front of his cock, completely soaking the front of his white gym shirt in the process. If it wasn't painfully obvious that he had a crush on the coach before, there was no way he could deny it now.

"Oh... Is this what you meant by a condition?" Mason asked softly. His voice was barely above a whisper and yet it carried with it a tone of genuine concern. Troy merely nodded silently. He was too ashamed to look the coach in the eyes. Instead he scanned the crowd that was still murmuring softly amongst themselves. No one was quite sure what to make of the overly hung dude.

"You can sit this class out if you want. I'll vouch for you." Mason said as he gave the tiger's shoulder a soft, comforting squeeze.

"No." Troy responded quietly. Somewhere deep within him he summoned a long forgotten font of resolve. His cover was already blown, and judging from the murmurs that were still filling the air, everyone was too shocked and awed by his size to say anything about it. It was strangely liberating and more than a little empowering. Troy smirked slightly as he looked over at the large, beefy bull that was one of the worst bullies in the school. The giant bovine was completely cowed by the sheer size of the tiger's endowments. "I've held up the class long enough. Let's get on with the lesson." Troy said with a touch of smug pride in his voice.

Mason gawked at the young tiger for a moment. It was hard for him to imagine that Troy was actually going to go through with gym class even with his three foot tall boner openly on display, but the tiger seemed resolute. Mason didn't necessarily dislike the sight of the teen's gigantic cock poking out through the neck hole of the tiger's gym shirt. The husky just needed to be sure that none of the other students noticed he sizeable tent in his own loose gym shorts.

"Very well. The game is dodge ball. Who wants Troy on their team?" Mason said loudly as he turned to address the whole class. Much to both Troy and Mason's surprise, a pair otter twins eagerly jumped up and waved their arms.

"Ooh! Ooh! Send him our way!" They called in unison. Troy knew these two by reputation only. They were often referred to as "Mike and Ike" even though that wasn't their real names. The one known as Mike was actually named Miguel, and his twin brother was named Inigo. The two were the school's star swimmers, and their bodies showed it. Their lean bodies were completely covered in small, dense muscles. Their tightly packed brawn looked as if they had been lovingly carved by a master sculptor straight into a block of marble and then given life. Troy had had numerous fantasies about the two of them in the past, but he had never dared try to approach one or both of them.

“Very well... Troy. Join the twins.” Mason said as nonchalantly as he could manage as he gestured towards the amazingly ripped specimens of manhood that were eagerly eying their new favorite toy.

The game started up a few minutes later, and Troy was sure he was going to take the walk of shame within seconds of the match starting. Sure enough, the enemy team was all gunning for him. His massive cock and balls made him an easy target as well as severely impeded his mobility. To his surprise, though, the twins were on him every step of the way serving as his elite personal guard. Every time a ball whizzed at him it would be suddenly deflected or straight up caught by the two lithe, agile otters. Troy’s field of vision was a blur of balls and fantastic pecs, traps, delts, triceps, and biceps. Somewhere along the lines, the two otters had peeled off their shirts and were bouncing around clad in just tiny pairs of gym shorts that were far too short to cover much of anything. The twin’s phenomenal bodies glistened with sweat as they bounced and jogged in a protective circle around the tiger.

The match would have actually gone surprisingly well for Troy had Mike and Ike not been so eager to celebrate every little victory. One of the twins would deflect a ball and then give Troy a quick, playful slap on the ass as if to say “you’re welcome.” And if one of them caught a ball and got someone out they would throw an arm over the tiger’s shoulder and bring him in close for a fraternal side hug. After one particularly powerhouse play, Troy found himself sandwiched between both twins at the same time. The height difference between the short, young tiger, and the tall, athletic otter twins was so great that Troy found himself stuck in the middle with glorious otter pecs mashed against either side of his face as the twins hugged each other vicariously through him.

Troy had been thoroughly boned before the match had started, but with every playful jostle and triumphant bro-hug he was finding it harder and harder not to pop. His already rigid cock flexed and strained against the taut fabric of his shirt as he struggled not to cum. To make matters worse, his balls continued to swell and churn as they continued to produce vast quantities of spunk. His already overstrained shorts were stretching thinner by the second. His nuts were already spilling out over the waistband before they had started growing, and by the time they had gotten into the third round, they had swelled up to such a large size that his gym shorts seemed like little more than a crappy thong. His pants were stretched so thin that they were but a series of narrow strips that dug into his round butt cheeks and framed his cock and balls in such a way as to accentuate their size even farther. By this point, his shirt was so soaked with pre that it was all but transparent. For all intents and purposes, Troy was completely nude.

Troy watched in awe as the red rubber play ball seemed to float towards his face like a graceful butterfly of speeding death. Time and space seemed to slow to a halt as he braced for impact, but at the last second a large, brown furred hand zipped into his line of sight. The ball made contact with the palm of one of the twins’ hand with an audible smack and then hung there as if suspended in time and space. It wasn’t until the shrill whistle pierced the air that Troy realized what had happened. Inigo had caught the ball causing the last remaining player on the other team to be out of the game. They had won best of three.

The twins ran towards each other and went in for a powerful, emphatic bro-hug with poor Troy sandwiched right in between. He felt their glorious pecs mash against the sides of his face and their rigid dicks digging into his sides. He had actually managed to

keep from blowing right then and there, but only just barely. The twins broke away and Troy thought he was safe, but then, in perfect unison, the twins each grabbed one of Troy's jiggly, bubbly butt cheeks and gave it a playful squeeze. Troy squeaked as he jumped in shock. The force of him jutting his hips forward to avoid the fraternal groping was enough to finally break his long suffering clothes. What remained of his shirt and shorts snapped in unison causing his large, rigid cock and his massive, turgid balls to flop free.

Troy's huge nuts made contact with the cold, polished faux hardwood with an audible slap. It was then that he realized just how huge his pent up nuts had swollen to. He had little time to admire his size, though. He could already feel his nuts seizing up. He watched as the assistant coach ran towards him with a large towel in a futile attempt to cover the now nude boy. The towel would not have been nearly enough even if the coach had made it that far. Troy's legs shuddered and gave out from under him as his cock gave one last violent lurch. He fell flat on his ass right as his cock erupted like Mount Vesuvius. Huge, thick gobs of spunk arced through the air and splattered across the rafters that were easily thirty feet above them. He managed a half-hearted groggy chuckle as he noticed one of his thick wads splattered against the backboard of the basketball hoop across the court and oozed into the rim. The entire net was completely coated in Troy's massive load.

He continued to come and come again. Each shot seemed more intense than the last. His seed rained down upon his classmates, completely coating some of them, but no one more so than Mason. The husky looked like he had just swum twenty laps in an Olympic swimming pool full of jizz. No part of his body was dry by the time Troy's torrent had let up. Mason wasn't too upset though. In fact he was glad that the downpour had covered him enough to mask his own thick wad that had pooled in the front of his gym shorts and was now seeping down his legs.

"That was awesome!" Mike said as he and Ike plopped down beside Troy and once again sandwiched him in their powerful bro-hug. The twin otters gave Troy a long passionate kiss on either cheek as the ground their still rigid cocks against the tiger's sides. By the third thrust both of them were spewing forth their wads in unison. Troy could feel the thick otter spunk seeping through the twin's shorts and into his fur. He could do nothing but grin stupidly as he surveyed the mess he had made. One thing was for sure. There was no way his size would be secret after this.