

Troy could hear the familiar, frenetic tapping on his bedroom door, but he had no intention of getting out of bed to go answer it. He pulled his pillow over his head and hoped against hope that the hyperactive twins would leave him alone for a few more hours and allow him to get a full night's sleep, but he already knew it was not meant to be. As much as he loved hanging out with the twins Troy wished that they weren't so damn chipper in the mornings. Some people liked to stay up into the wee hours of the night in order to defeat the uber boss at the end of the secret dungeon, and said people didn't like to be dragged out of bed at the impossible early hour of 10 am.

The pounding on the door abruptly stopped, and for a brief fleeting moment Troy thought that his best pals might actually let him sleep in, but it was not to be. The door swiftly swung open and thumped loudly against the door stop. Troy knew there was no avoiding it now, but he was determined to eke out even a few more seconds of bed time and pulled his covers even tighter around his body in hopes that the twins would not notice him.

Troy would have needed a lot more covers than he currently had in order to hide from the twins though. Not only would the lump that his body formed be unmistakable but his oversized cock and balls stuck out over the edge of the sheets. Troy hadn't gotten off since before bed so his cum-roiling nuts were currently the size of a set of beanbag chairs and his enormous cock drooped over the edge of the bed so far that the tip of it grazed the carpet beneath.

"Out of bed, sleepy-butt." Mike chided playfully.

"Yeah! Don't tell me you forgot what day it is." Ike chimed in.

Troy had to search his memory banks. He was so tired and groggy that his sense of date and time was hazy at best. He had stayed up so late last night because he didn't have classes to go to today so he knew it was a Saturday, but there was something special about today...

"It's the first day of the fair!" Mike announced emphatically.

"Yeah! Carnival rides! Cotton Candy! It'll be awesome!" Ike added.

Troy sat up in bed so fast that his covers flew clean off his body. "omigosh" He sputtered. "That's today!?"

"Hell yeah! Hurry and get ready. I don't want to miss it!" Ike pleaded.

Troy didn't need to be told twice. He hurtled out of bed and staggered awkwardly towards the shower. He was clad only in his pajamas which in his case consisted of only an oversized t-shirt which gave the twins a clear view of his cute, round, bubble butt and his oversized cock and balls, but neither of the brothers had any interest in complaining. The otters stood back and soaked up the view as Troy's cute little butt bobbed and swayed and his enormous balls swung and sloshed.

Troy was actually glad for the extra mass in his sack this morning. It meant his oversized dong had to droop out and over his engorged nuts instead of just dangling straight down. At his current size, the tip of his dick tended to graze the carpet when he walked unless he held it in his arms or he wore his fitted shorts. The extra cum in his banks meant that he could free up his hands for other important duties such as rubbing the sleep from his tired eyes.

Troy staggered into his bathroom and opened his medicine cabinet above his sink. The shelves were stocked with all the various items he would need to start his day; toothpaste, floss, toothbrush, deodorant, dildos, lube, beads, vibrators... all the typical things a highschooler in his situation would need.

Troy would have loved to take his time and languish in erotic ecstasy as he brought himself to climax with all the various tricks and toys at his disposal, but he was in a hurry. His primary concern was draining his nuts to a more mobile size so he could get cleaned up, get dressed, and get his ass to the fair before he missed all the good stuff. He was already salivating and for once it wasn't the thought of having a prosthetic penis shoved up his butt that was getting him so excited. He hadn't had funnel cake in months. The warm, gooey, deep-fried sugary goodness was like crack to him.

Troy hastily stumbled over to the large tub in the corner of his bathroom and aimed his semi-boned wang over the rim. Troy was so glad his folks had installed this tub in his bathroom. It was an industrial grade deep sink complete with non-stick resin polish and industrial strength drains that were guaranteed to not clog up even under the onslaught of his monstrous wads.

Troy hastily slathered some lube on his trusty dildo and began to slide it into him. He sighed and cooed softly as he felt it stretch him out and slip into his eager hole. It felt so amazing, but something was lacking. Troy knew what it was, but he didn't dare say it out loud. Ever since he had had a real cock inside of him his toys just didn't seem as exciting anymore. Troy could still vividly taste Mike's dick and pre as the dude's long, thick cock had slid in and out of his mouth. Troy could still feel the way Ike's meaty cock had felt as it passionately reamed his hungry ass. Just remembering the passionate scene the three of them had shared in the showers last week got Troy fully boned all over again. Troy was so lost in his reveries that he barely even noticed that the dildo was seemingly moving of its own volition. It wasn't until he heard the voices softly murmuring in his ears that Troy realized what was happening.

"Hope ya don't mind us butting in." Mike whispered sensually in Troy's ear.

"We're in a bit of a hurry, and it's so much more fun with friends, don't you agree?" Ike chimed in.

Troy couldn't say anything even if he had wanted to. He could feel the twins sensually working him over. Each otter had one hand on Troy's rigid, shuddering cock and the other guiding the rubberized sex toy into Troy's quivering hole. The twins seemed to be perfectly synchronized, and their combined efforts were leaving Troy feeling like he could melt into putty at any second.

Troy didn't even try to fight it. He let out a breathy cry. His cock shuddered and then lurched hard. Huge, thick ropes of jizz erupted from his cock and splattered noisily into the basin. Troy's tongue lolled out of his mouth. His eye's lost their ability to focus. His entire body shuddered and convulsed, but the twins held him so that he wouldn't fall into the steadily filling tub.

It hadn't even been one of Troy's messiest loads, but the tub was still filled to the brim by the time he had finished. There was no doubt in Troy's mind that the basin would take several hours to drain completely. Fortunately he didn't need it again in the near future. He had a second shower stall which was what he used when he needed to get cleaned up, but Troy was still too winded and ecstatic to focus on cleaning up at the moment.

"This way." Mike murmured softly into Troy's ear.

"Let's get you cleaned up." Ike added.

The twins wasted no time in getting the tiger out of his shirt and under the showerhead and lathered up. Troy's dick was still feeling overly sensitive after that powerful orgasm he had just had, but the twins seemed to be doing their best not to needlessly arouse him. It seemed that even as much as they loved making him squirm and cream their desire to get to the fair at a reasonable time was winning out.

The shower was short and thorough which was just as well for everyone involved. With the help of the twins, Troy was dried off, suited up, and loaded into the car before 11 o'clock. Troy still felt a little silly going out in public given his condition, but he had gotten a lot more accustomed to it. The more time he spent with the twins the more comfortable he got with his own body. It was just as well he learned how to cope because the doctors still had no idea what was causing his junk to grow or if it would ever stop.

Troy looked over his body as he sat in the backseat of the Twin's car. The twins had taken care of getting his outfit picked out and had even combed his hair for him. Troy had protested the entire time, but deep down he actually liked the way they doted over him and he couldn't argue with the results. They had brushed his violet bangs to the side in just the way that Troy liked, and the clothes were spot on too. The tight, form fitting tank top they had picked out for him really showed off Troy's slim, slender physique, and the tight, sculpted boxer briefs hugged his cute ass perfectly. Not to mention the special pouch in the front held his oversized package upwards and inwards so that he could walk around easily enough. He just wished it was viable to pull pants on over them because he felt more than a little silly having pant legs that stopped just a few inches below his ass and the lack of pockets was problematic as well.

It was then that Troy realized another problem that his lack of pockets created. "We've got to turn around!" Troy squeaked from the back seat. "I left my wallet!"

Mike didn't even take his eyes off the road. Ike looked back over his shoulder and flashed a smug smirk, but that was the extent of his reaction.

"Come on, guys." Troy pleaded. "I don't have any money on me."

"And who said you'd need any?" Ike asked.

"W... What...?" Troy sputtered in reply.

"Yeah. Today is our treat." Mike replied.

Troy wasn't entirely sure where this was going, but his cheeks were already feeling redder and warmer in spite of himself. He turned his gaze and glared out the side window in order to hide his blushing face and huffed indignantly. "I can pay for myself." He muttered.

"Oh, we know that." Mike replied playfully.

"But we want to do something special for you." Ike chimed in. By this point he had spun around in his seat and was staring straight at Troy. There was a gleam in his eyes and a little bit of pink on his brown-furred cheeks.

"There's no need to do that." Troy muttered and once again turned to glance huffily out the window.

"We just want to, ok?" Mike replied.

"Yeah, and... if you want you could think of it as like, you know... a date." Ike added. Troy turned and glanced over at the tall, brown-furred odder. Troy couldn't even remember a time where he had heard Ike's voice crack like that before. The tall, lithe swim star seemed almost nervous. Ike had slunk down in his seat a bit so now the lower half of his face was obscured behind his headrest. Troy couldn't see anything below Ike's eyes, but he could clearly see Ike's fingers thrumming anxiously against the back of the headrest.

"I... could do that." Troy responded.

"Yes!!" The twins shouted in unison. They turned and gave each other a high five with such force that the resounding smack echoed through the entire cabin. Troy was too busy grabbing onto the seat for dear life to enjoy how cute the brothers were being. The brief moment that Mike had let go of the steering wheel had allowed the car to begin to drift into the next lane.

Mike quickly grabbed the steering wheel and swerved the car back into the center of the lane. The motion hadn't been much. To anyone watching from the outside the car would have appeared to be merely dodging a small bit of debris in the middle of the road, but the sudden jerk caused the two turgid cum-banks suspended between Troy's wide-spread legs to slosh and roil. Even though they had been recently drained they had already swelled back up to the size of NBA certified basketballs. Troy had to sit in the center seat in the back and let his package jut out in front of him as he rode. His nuts were pinned in nice and snug between his lap and the seats in front of him, but his cloth-wrapped cock poked in between the front seats and rested atop glove compartment.

It didn't take long after that for them to reach their destination. Troy was trying not to show it, but he was positively giddy. He felt like a kid again. He hadn't been to the fair since he was in grade school. He tried to keep himself from getting too excited. He knew that his memories were tinted with nostalgia. There was no telling if the fair was anywhere near as fun as he remember. The rides may have lost their thrill by now, and novelty might be gone.

The three of them got out of the car and made their way towards the front check-in. Troy must have looked happier than he had intended to because Mike just couldn't pass up the chance to take a playful jab at him.

"Someone's looking perky today." Mike teased playfully.

"I'm not." Troy said. He was trying his hardest to lie, but he wasn't fooling anyone. As they stood in line to get their tickets he was anxiously rocking back and forth and bouncing his heels. He was practically vibrating in place he was so excited.

"Suuuuure." Ike replied sarcastically.

“Whatever. Can you just get the tickets already?” Troy huffed.

Neither Mike nor Ike bothered to reply. They both just chuckled softly and stepped up to the counter. The check-in counter was less of a counter and more of a folding table with some staff members and strongboxes. The person working Troy’s line was a rather hunky looking rabbit whose nametag read “Aro”.

Troy couldn’t help but ogle the impressive specimen that was taking their money. Aro was shorter than the twins but still had a good few inches of height on short, little Troy. Despite the rabbit’s fairly standard height, the sheer amount of muscle mass stacked onto his frame was as intimidating as it was hot. The bunny’s big, broad barrel chest caused the black font of the “Staff” on the front of his otherwise plain white t-shirt to turn a shade of almost transparent grey as it stretched across his thick, shapely pecs. The rabbit’s shirt was so tight that his dense, defined abs showed through the front.

“Three tickets, please.” Mike said to the cashier and pulled the money out of his wallet. The cashier took the bills and after a brief check to ensure they were all legit bent over to get Mike’s change from one of the strongboxes behind him.

When Aro bent down to open the strongbox Troy and the twins all let out a collective gasp of amazement as they beheld the big, beefy ass on the hunky bunny. His shorts gripped his thighs and buns perfectly and allowed the sheer size of his meaty buns to show through. There was obviously a good deal of muscle mass in his backside, but what truly made his ass so spectacular was how round and bubbly it remained in spite of the sheer amount of muscles stacked onto his frame.

All three friends let out a wistful sigh as Aro stood back up.

“There you are.” The Aro said as he handed Mike a clump of tickets and some change. The three friends were just about to turn and head towards the gate when the cashier added, “Now if you’ll head over to the security station, all outside baggage must be checked before you can enter.”

“Baggage?” Troy asked.

“We don’t need no stinkin’ baggage.” Ike replied.

The Aro nodded at Troy and explained, “It’s just our policy. We’ve had some issue with some kids smuggling in contraband in the past.”

Troy was still baffled, but Mike and Ike were howling with laughter.

“B-Baggage?” Ike squeaked between guffaws.

“Does this really look like baggage to you?” Mike added. The twins both reached for Troy’s waistband in unison and yanked downward on his shorts causing his huge dick to spill out the front. Troy yelped in surprise and quickly pulled down on the front of his shirt to retain some semblance of modesty, but it was not meant to be. There was just no way his already tight shirt could stretch enough to cover an extra few feet of dong. The Aro’s face turned bright red both because of his embarrassment over mistaking Troy’s enormous cock and balls for a goofy looking fanny pack and also because he had just gotten a faceful of the biggest, thickest, hottest cock he had ever seen. However red Aro’s face had turned was nothing compared to the crimson hue of Troy’s own face.

"My mistake." The Aro muttered apologetically and waved the three friends towards the fair. The three pals quickly left the check-in counter and left the embarrassed cashier to return to his duties while struggling to hide the pronounced tend in his shorts.

Mike and Ike were still chuckling as the trio made their way into the main part of the park, but Troy was muttering under his breath and trying to shove his bait and tackle back into its pouch. He had hoped to make it a little further into their festivities before the twins decided to have some fun at his expense, but he had already had a wardrobe malfunction before even making it through the front gate.

Troy's face was still bright red as he made his way towards the turnstiles. The person working the check-in seemed incredibly disinterested as he repetitively took tickets, scanned the barcode, and nodded for the random fair-goer to proceed. This was just as well for Troy. He was still thoroughly embarrassed after the incident at the ticket counter.

Troy silently handed the attendant his ticket and shoved his way through the turnstile. It was a tight fit, much tighter than he would have preferred. Already his nuts were beginning to swell up to unwieldy sizes. He had to shift and shimmy his way between the posts and shove his way awkwardly through the rotating bars. The bars dug uncomfortably into his balls, but at least he was able to get through with only mild discomfort.

"Oh come now. Even you can't be all grumbly in a place like this." Mike chided in response to a loud, low growly, rumbling coming from Troy's direction.

"Yeah! This is supposed to be a happy place!" Ike chimed in.

"I'm never grumbly." Troy grumbled. "I'm as ready as anyone to get out there and check out the rides!" He stated defiantly, but the wind was quickly taken from his sails when another loud, low rumbling split the air. All three of them were surprised by the volume and intensity. Mike and Ike exchanged a brief glance and then began snickering. Troy slumped dejectedly and rubbed his painfully empty stomach. He was so caught up in the excitement of seeing the fair that he had completely forgotten to eat breakfast this morning.

"... although maybe we could get something to eat first?" Troy asked with a nervous chuckle. The twins were only all too happy to oblige. They both gave Troy a kindly clap on the shoulder and guided their slimmer, obscenely hung pal over towards the main row of vendor stalls.

After the initial difficulty with getting through the gates, the rest of the day went rather smoothly for Troy and his two pals. With all the sights, and sounds, and games, and rides to keep Troy occupied he could almost put his enormous package out of his mind and enjoy just being a teenager hanging out with his friends. Despite all the fun and distractions Troy's ever-growing balls were constantly weighing on his mind and his waistband. The twins were on their best behavior which helped a lot, but even so the brothers never seemed to miss the chance to give Troy a congratulatory slap on the ass or a sweet celebratory hug after every minor victory on the midway. It didn't even seem to matter who had actually won the game. One time Mike had managed to bank a winning shot at the basketball hoop, but it was Troy who was hoisted up on his pals' shoulders and paraded around like the victor. The twins' constant antics, playful hugs, and even the occasional tender word were making it so that Troy's face was constantly burning red and his cock was constantly chubbed.

Troy's perpetual state of arousal meant that his nuts were swelling ever so slightly with each passing minute, but he was having too much fun to let it stop him. He was determined to see this day through to the end, and as long as he could still move he figured he'd be fine.

For the most part he was doing just fine even with the obscene bulge in the front of his pants, but trouble finally caught up him when the twins suggested they try the spinning cups ride. Troy watched the contraption as it swirled and twirled and it seemed harmless enough.

"Sure you're ready for this?" Mike asked. There was a devious tone to his voice that was not lost on Troy, but Troy wasn't about to let the twins psyche him out.

"As if there was any doubt. This is kiddie shit. I remember this ride from when I was five." Troy shot back defiantly as he scooted across the bench. The twins quickly sidled up against him on either side.

"You hear that, bro? I think that's a challenge." Ike replied with a devious chuckled.

"I hear it loud and clear." Mike replied. The tone of his voice and the glint in his eyes were just as mischievous as his twin's.

Troy had seen that glint many times before and was suddenly worried about what the ride had in store for him. The lock on the door of the vehicle latched shut ominously further fraying Troy's nerves. He glanced to his left and then to his right. On either side of his the same devious smirk greeted him. There was nowhere he could go. He was sandwiched directly between the twins. It wasn't like he could just climb up and over the central, circular table either. By this point in the day his nuts had swollen to the size of beach balls and filled up every inch of space between his lap and the cylindrical post in the center. Troy had to sit with his legs spread out as wide as they would go just to allow his bulge to droop down off the seat. Even with the fabric of his over-stretched boxer briefs keeping his nuts pulled inward, Troy's massive balls still spilled over the sides and pressed up against the otters' legs.

Mike and Ike weren't making any effort to get out of the way though. In fact the twins were scooched up as close as they could manage. They both had an arm casually slung over Troy's shoulders. They're firm, toned pecs were mere inches from Troy's face. The open sides of their loose muscle shirts gave Troy a clear glimpse of the rippling flesh tucked away beneath.

Troy could feel the warmth rushing to his face and his loins. His balls roiled slightly as they began to swell up ever so slightly. Troy could feel his perpetually chubbed up cock give a slight twitch of approval at their current seating arrangements. He had to focus and try and clear his head. He was afraid that he'd pop wood in the middle of the ride, but it turned out errant boners were the least of his problem.

The second the ride started moving both twins reached down and gripped the central wheel with all their might. No words were exchanged between them; no words were needed. The twins were perfectly in synch as they began to spin the wheel faster and faster. The world started to blur around Troy as the ride reached previously unheard of speeds. The spunk stashed away in Troy's oversized balls began to swirl and swish.

Troy had never thought of himself as a lightweight, but he could feel himself getting dizzy. He tried to think of anything he could do to keep himself from getting sick. He glanced downwards at the

wheel, but the frantic motions of the twins' hands frenetically spinning the wheel just made him even dizzier.

Troy glanced over to his side and happened to catch Mike's gaze. Mike was grinning from ear to ear. It was obvious that he was proud of himself and was staring intently at Troy in an effort gauge the purple haired tiger's reaction. Like always the twins were out to get a rise out of him, but Troy refused to give him the satisfaction. Troy turned huffily to his other side and was greeted by Ike's identical face which had the same identical smug, tooth grin. Troy rolled his eyes and stared up into the sky.

There was a cloud directly above that Troy was trying to focus on in order to keep himself from getting sick, but it wasn't helping much. His eyes were beginning to hurt from trying to fixate on it as it rapidly spun above him. The whole sky seemed to blend and bleed into a giant swirl of colors.

Just as Troy was just about accustomed to the rapid swirling going on in his brain and his balls, he heard a jovial cry from his side. "rrrrrrreverse course!" Mike shouted in an obnoxiously fake accent. He even went so far as to roll his Rs to make the accent even more annoying.

"Aye Aye Keptin!" Ike shouted in reply. The twins' hands gripped the wheel in unison causing the ride to lurch to a halt which in turn caused Troy's stomach to lurch as well. The ride suddenly began to spin once more. The new motion was too much for Troy. His stomach began to churn and roil almost as badly as his balls. He could feel a burp building up in his gut. He suddenly wished he hadn't spent the better part of the afternoon consuming deep-fried, powdered sugar-lace, grease bombs.

"...guys?" Troy yelped weakly, but the twins didn't seem to hear him. They were both fixated on the wheel as they pulled and spun in an effort to send the ride spiraling at new and unheard of speeds.

"...seriously guys..." Troy mumbled, but still the twins were tugging away at the wheel. Troy's gaze started to drift. All he saw everywhere were colors streaking across his field of view at breakneck speeds. Troy tried to say something else, but it only came out as a weak, "urp..."

Ike glanced over at his side and flashed yet another smug grin, but the mirth soon faded from his face. The reddish tinge to Troy's cheeks that they loved so very much had faded and had been replaced with a sickly green hue.

Ike wasted no time in gripping the center wheel with all his might. He winced in pain as the spinning disk continued to wiz past his raw fingers. Mike turned to scowl at his bro, but the second Mike saw Troy's face, he too slammed on the breaks. When the ride had finally stopped it's spinning, Ike turned to help Troy while Mike flagged down the operator.

"Hey... Focus on me. You'll be alright." Ike cooed softly as he patted Troy's cheek. Troy's gaze slowly drifted over to Ike's eyes. Everything still felt like it was swirling, but Ike's deep brown eyes were a steadfast foundation for Troy to fixate on while he tried to regain his senses.

"Let's get you out of here." Mike said as he grabbed Troy's shoulder and helped him to his feet.

Ike grabbed Troy's other shoulder and added, "On your feet... You're doing fine."

Troy's legs felt like jelly, and his nuts had not stopped roiling. The cum inside his oversized balls were still swirling like chocolate milk in a freshly mixed glass. The constant churning and sloshing made it even harder for him to keep his balanced, but Troy was determined to make it by himself.

"I got it. I got it." Troy murmured. He shook off his pals and stumbled forward on his own. He made it all of two steps before he staggered and muttered, "I don't got it." Troy fell to his knees and flopped facedown atop his own enormous package. The constant sloshing and roiling of the spoooge within his balls rocked and buffeted him this way and that as if he were floating in a choppy, stormy sea. Troy gripped and clung to his own chubbed up cock as if it were a large piece of debris from a shipwreck. The constant jarring and jostling did nothing to help his already sickened state.

Mike and Ike quickly rushed to Troy's side and pulled him back to his feet. They then carried him over towards a nearby bench where they gently set him down.

"He needs water. Keep an eye on him while I get some." Mike said.

Ike was already way ahead of him. He had propped up Troy's head and was gently rubbing his shoulders while they waited for Mike's return. Mike wasted no time in grabbing a bottle of water from a nearby food stall. In a matter of mere moments Mike was back and had the bottle already uncapped and ready for Troy.

"Here you go... not so fast... there we are..." Mike gently coaxed as he poured the water into Troy's mouth. Troy grumbled between sips, but the green hue slowly gave way to the familiar pink tinge.

"Whew. For a second there I thought you were gonna hurl all over the ride." Ike said with a chuckle.

"And whose fault is that!?" Troy huffed. He glared grumpily up at his pal, but his glower gave way to a look of confusion and then to a shocked expression of understanding once he realized that his head was resting in his pal's lap. Troy quickly sat up straight and grumbled a soft "hmmph."

Mike sidled up beside him and threw his arm over Troy's shoulder. "You know. You should have told us you get motion sickness. We would have gone easy on you." He said gently.

"I would have been fine." Troy said. "I just went a little overboard on the greasy fair food."

"I'll say. I never would have believed a skinny guy like you could pack away so many funnel cakes." Ike said with a slight chuckle as he poked Troy in the ribs for added emphasis.

"I'm a growing boy." Troy huffed.

"I'll say!" Mike chimed in before Troy could even continue his statement. Troy turned and tried to scowl playfully as his buddy, but the slight grin on his lips gave him away.

"But in all seriousness, are you feeling ok?" Ike asked.

"Yeah. I'm much better now." Troy said.

"Great because it's getting late, but..." Mike said. His voice trailed off at the end. It was obvious that he wanted to say something but was hesitant to do so which just served to make Troy even more curious.

"We'd like to get one more ride in before we go." Ike chimed in. Troy turned to him and furrowed his brow skeptically.

"It's nothing like that last one. This is an easy one, I swear!" Mike explained.

"Yeah. No fast motion. No swirly nonsense. Just the three of us and a quiet ride." Ike added.

"I... I could do that..." Troy responded. The way Ike described it made it so romantic that Troy was turning ever brighter shades of red.

The twins gave Troy enough time to finish his drink and let his stomach settle, but the second he looked like he was fit to travel, the two brothers all but dragged the shorter, slimmer, ludicrously hung white tiger off to the next ride of the evening. Troy was left staring up in awe at the towering structure before him.

"You want to go on *that*!?" Troy gasped.

"Yeah. You said you've never been on one before, right?" Mike said.

"Yeah. And it's almost sunset. Can you imagine how great it'd look from up there?" Ike asked.

"It'd look... like a sunset." Troy replied with a disinterested shrug.

"Don't be like that." Mike chided.

"Just use your imagination. The whole horizon spread out before us. The sun sinking lower. Everything bathed in gold." Ike gushed. Troy was nodding along with Ike's spiel. The way Ike was getting so into it did make it sound interesting to say the least.

"When you say it that way it almost sounds romantic." Mike said.

"R-romantic?" Troy yelped. Mike's words had mimicked his own thoughts, but Troy didn't dare say so out loud.

"You don't think so?" Mike asked.

"Besides. You already agreed. One last ride." Ike pleaded.

Troy sighed. He had already agreed, and how could he say no after the speech Ike had given. The twins were giving Troy their biggest and most adorable puppy dog eyes. As Troy looked from one face to the other he knew he could not say no.

"Ugh. Fine. I'll do it." He grumbled.

"Yeah!" Mike shouted.

"Hell yeah!" Ike echoed.

The twins rushed forward and scooped Troy up in their arms. Troy was about to protest, but decided to just go with it. Thrashing would just make things uncomfortable, and having the twins carry him sure beat walking. His nuts had swollen to the size of beanbag chairs and dragged across the ground when he walked even with his super stretchy shorts holding his junk inwards.

The line to the Ferris wheel was so short that Troy and the twins were ready to board in a matter of minutes. The small booth coasted to a stop in front of them, and the attendant opened the door for them to enter. Troy balked when he got a look at the interior. Inside was little more than a

bench against the side. He had expected there to be two benches, one on either side of the booth. On one hand this meant that he actually had room for his nuts in the small compartment, but it also meant he'd be sharing a seat with the twins. Although given the way things tended to go with those two, Troy suspected he'd end up sharing a seat with them even if there were forty chairs available for them to use.

Getting through the doorway was a tight fit. Troy winced as he felt the twins shoving his nuts from the other side. It didn't hurt per se, but it wasn't the most comfortable feeling either. He just hoped that he didn't grow too much more during the course of the ride or he would have a difficult time getting back out again.

Once his nuts were through the doorway, Troy flopped down in the middle of the bench and let out a sigh of relief. His huge, sloshing, churning nuts filled up just about every inch of the cabin in front of him. He was glad that his nuts were still small enough that they didn't block his view of the windows, but the way his nuts filled the entire floor meant that he had to rest his feet atop them as if they were large, cum-filled ottomans which in term meant that the twins would have to do the same.

Despite his best efforts, Troy let slip a small moan as he felt the Twin's clamber up and over his huge, roiling balls. Their hands and feet felt so small against his massive nuts that even with their entire body weight bearing down on his balls it felt like little more than a gentle massage across his sensitive nuts. Troy quickly clapped his hands over his mouth, but the damage was done. Both twins were grinning from ear to ear as the plopped down on the bench on either side of him. They had heard the soft, sensual moan and they could see the bright red tint to Troy's face. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that he had enjoyed the sensual massage they had inadvertently given him.

"Are you ready for your first ride on a Ferris Wheel?" Mike asked.

"Are you comfortable? Do you need more room? Mike asked.

"Yes. I'm ready. I'm fine." Troy mumbled.

"That didn't sound too convincing." Mike replied.

"Yeah. Let's get you nice and comfortable. We're gonna be here for a while after all." Ike added.

"What?" Troy sputtered.

"We may have asked the dude at the front for a little extra time in here." Mike explained.

"By asked we mean bribed." Ike replied.

Troy suddenly realized that there was more to this ride than just a casual trip on a giant, mechanical wheel, but it was too late to get off. He heard the mechanical lock click shut with a reverberating thunk. The ride began to move immediately after.

"But what about the view? Weren't we supposed to watch the sunset?" Troy squeaked nervously.

"Sunsets are overrated." Mike replied.

"Yeah. The best view is right here." Ike chimed in.

Troy's face flushed an even darker shade of scarlet upon hearing the twins' seductive quips. Troy could feel his nuts swelling up faster and faster and his cock steadily stirring to life. His whole body trembled with excitement and arousal.

The twins wasted no time setting to work. Before their little gondola had even fully left the loading dock, the twins had their hands under Troy's shirt and were sensually stroking his soft, fuzzy, flat tummy while the passionately kissed the nape of his neck on either side. Troy trembled at their soft touch. The twins' hands slowly worked their way upwards and lifted Troy's shirt up and up as they went. Before long, they had his shirt up and over his head.

Troy's cock was nearly fully boned at this point. The steadily hardening semi strained audibly against his already overstuffed shorts. He wanted to try and fish his cock out before it inevitably burst free of its prison, but it was not to be. Troy didn't have the ability to focus enough to snake his nearly rigid dick out from beneath his waistband, and the twins seemed to have no interest in even giving him the opportunity to do so.

Both twins pulled back in unison and flashed Troy a synchronized wink. Troy's breath caught in his throat as he watched his pals shift around and sit down directly atop his growing, sloshing nuts. Troy had a clear view of the front of both brothers. He could see their lithe, toned, muscular bodies slowly come into view as they pulled their shirts up and over their heads in perfect unison. He could see the large tent in the front of their shorts caused by their rigid footlongs pressing hard against the fabric. Troy's cock lurched hard and his whole body shuddered in anticipation as the twins undid the clasps on the top of their flies. They slow, sensually, and in perfect unison slid the zipper down causing their huge, thick, fully-boned cocks to come into view.

That was the last straw for Troy. His already fully boned cock lurched hard. A loud snap split the air as his waistband gave up the ghost. His humongous cock broke free of its cloth prison. Now that he no longer had the fabric of his shorts keeping his dick painfully curved downward, Troy's massive cock was free to stand up at its full upright and locked position. His dick was so huge that it stuck straight out the window on the opposite side of the booth. The huge, puffy head was fully exposed to any and every one who would so much as glance in the direction of the Ferris Wheel.

Troy's nuts were getting bigger and bigger by the second. Already the twins had to crouch down to avoid smacking their heads on the roof while sitting atop the swelling cum-banks. The lack of space didn't seem to slow the twins down at all though. They deftly managed to kick their shorts the rest of the way off and slid over to where Troy was seated.

"You're so hot." Mike growled lustily as he pulled Troy's face to his own and planted a passionate kiss right on Troy's lips. Troy could feel Mike's tongue sliding into his mouth and rubbing against his own tongue. Troy was so caught up in the moment that he let out a soft moan and returned the favor by mashing his tongue against Mike's own.

Their passionate embrace was broken when Ike pulled Troy's face towards his own and whispered sultrily, "You're so beautiful." Troy's cock gave another lurch as he felt Ike's tongue slide into his mouth much the same way his brother had. While Ike continued to passionately kiss Troy on the lips, Mike was passionately licking and kissing the nape of Troy's neck. Troy's head was swimming in a fog of hormones and ecstasy. He could feel the twin's huge, thick boners digging into his side. Troy wasn't even

able to fully formulate a rational thought by this point, but he knew that he needed to do something to reciprocate.

Troy reached down and grabbed one of the twins' cocks in each hand. They were so thick that he could barely wrap his fingers around them. He could feel the warmth coming from them. He could feel the cocks shuddering in his hands. The warm, slick pre cascaded down their cocks and coated his hands.

Mike and Ike were so horny that they were gasping for breath. Their shuddering cocks were close to blowing at any second, but they refused to let it end like this. They shook off Troy's gasp and got up on their knees on either side of Troy. They barely had room to move. The roof was so low that they had to duck their head down, and Troy's enormous balls were filling just about every inch of the cabin behind him, but they weren't about to let a little discomfort stop them.

The twins pressed their cocks against Troy's mouth. Troy was only all too happy to open wide and let his pals shove their dicks right in, but there just wasn't enough room in his mouth for both huge, thick schlongs. He could barely even get the soft, spongy heads of their cocks in his mouth.

Mike and Ike wasted no time settling into a rhythm where one would pull out right as the other pushed in. There was never a moment where Troy didn't have at least one fat cock in his mouth, and he was loving every second of it. He could taste the mellow flavor of his pal's dick against his tongue and the slightly bitter tang of the pre that oozed off of both brothers' cocks. Troy's tongue eagerly flicked and lapped at whatever dick he had the most access to. He could feel the thick cocks shuddering in his mouth and could taste the flow of pre steadily ramping up. He knew it wouldn't be long before the twins both blew their loads, but Troy needed more.

Troy reached around and gripped his pals' firm asses in either hand. He could feel the thick, shapely masses of muscles against his still pre-laminated fingers. Troy's hands steadily slipped inwards until his fingers were pressed against the twin's shuddering puckers. Troy could hear the twins let out a gasp of shock followed by a sigh of bliss as his pre-slicked fingers slid into their eager holes. Troy could feel the twins' cocks shuddering and lurching within his mouth as his fingers slid ever deeper in.

The twins' dicks were lurching so hard that they slid right out of Troy's mouth.

"I don't think..." Mike moaned.

"I can hold..." Ike gasped.

Troy was grinning from ear to ear as he watched his pals' shuddering boners. He could see the heads of the twins' identical dicks flaring up. There was no way they could hold back any more. The twins both cried out in orgasmic bliss as their dicks fired in unison. Troy closed his eyes and sighed contentedly as rope after thick, creamy rope of jizz slashed and splattered against his face. It was so warm and thick that it clung to his skin and slowly oozed down his face. He could taste the bitter tang of cum as it oozed into his open mouth and down his throat.

"He got us off..." Mike murmured in awe.

"We were supposed to do that..." Ike muttered between gasps for breath.

"That's it." Mike shouted defiantly.

“We’re not leaving til we make you cream!” Ike added.

It was as much a statement of fact as it was a challenge. Troy’s nuts were now so large that they fully blocked the door. The huge mass of sloshing, roiling ball flesh filled up so much of the gondola that there was barely even room to move in the small cabin. Mike and Ike had to crawl over Troy’s nuts like commandos sneaking across a battle field. Their backs pressed against the roof of the cabin as they made their way towards the window on the far side.

The twins could barely slip their arms out the window to reach out towards the huge, puffy cockhead that pointed out into the evening sky. This was the first time that any of them had realized the Ferris wheel had come to a complete stop. Their gondola rested at the highest point on the wheel. The twins could see people gathered hundreds of feet below to stare in awe at the giant cock that stuck straight out the side of the cabin, but the twins had no interest in those people. They were only interested in one thing, making their buddy cream.

Troy writhed and moaned as he felt the twins’ hands rubbing along the sides of his massive, sensitive cockhead. He had been precariously boned this whole time, but the more the twins rubbed and kneaded the sensitive tip of his cock, the more the cum in his nuts churned and roiled. The constant sloshing and churning of the jizz in his massive balls buffeted his cock from all angles. He was being effectively jacked off by his own enlarged nuts. It was maddening, but Troy didn’t want to cum just yet. He wanted to enjoy the moment just a bit longer.

Troy gasped sharply when he felt the twins’ fingers slide into the oversensitive slit of his massive, shuddering cock. He wanted to hold back, but he knew there was no way he could. He cried out in ecstasy as he cock lurched hard. The entire gondola rocked and shook from the sheer force of his colossal cumshot. Troy continued to cry out and gasp for breath as his enormous cock fired geyser after massive, sticky, gooey geyser of spunk across the evening sky. Huge gobs of jizz rained down upon the fair and coated stalls and rides alike. Even the very cabin that the three friends were in got drenched in the downpour. Troy writhed and shuddered as his body was continually wracked with unending erotic bliss. His nuts ached for release, but it seemed no matter how fast or how much he shot, he couldn’t seem to get ahead of the constant swelling of his already supermassive balls.

After what felt like hours, Troy’s nuts finally began to shrink back down. He had already coated much of the surrounding area in spunk, but still he kept firing and firing. All the while his nuts slowly returned to a more manageable size. Once his nuts had finally shrunken down enough that the twins could move around again, they crawled back down and sidled up beside their short, slender pal. They nuzzled up close to Troy and sensually lapped at the jizz that was oozing down his face while Troy continued to sit there and tremble and sigh.

By the time Troy finally stopped shuddering and shooting his nuts had returned to a much more manageable basketball size. His huge, soft cock drooped down in front of him and splayed out across the cum-coated floor of the cabin.

The three friends sat cuddled up against each other as they waited for the ride to once again begin moving. No one knew how long they were waiting, but Ike perked up upon hearing the telltale hum of the Ferris wheel’s engine returning to life. Ike glanced around at the damage in the cabin. Troy’s clothes had been reduced to tatters, and the twins’ clothes were too soaked in spoooge to be wearable.

"I think it's about time we head on home." Mike said as the gondola coasted to a stop at the platform. He glanced out the window and chuckled softly at the white expanse that spread out before him. Much of the fair had been coated in Troy's spunk.

"So soon?" Troy murmured softly.

"It's only the first day of the fair." Ike replied.

"Yeah. We can come back anytime you want." Mike added. Troy didn't say anything in response, but he didn't need to; the grin on his face said it all.