

The Roberts were your average family right down to the loving father, a doting mother, 1.5 children, and .5 pets. Although any mention of young Edward as anything other than a full-fledged member of the family and anything less than one of the Roberts's two sons would be met with righteous indignation by the other three family member.

Edward was adopted, but that wasn't really what set him apart from the rest of the family. The circumstances of little Eddie's birth were the subject of many a Sci-Fi novel or cheesy B movie. His actual case had been turned into a straight for TV movie when he was but a toddler, but the hype behind him had long since faded away. By the time he was ten years old, the world had all but lost interest, and now that he was the day of his sixteenth birthday he was regarded as little more than just a slightly strange looking youth.

You see, Edward, or EQX-013 as he was named by his "mother," Dr. Helen Morris, was the culmination of years of under the table research in the field of genetics and gene splicing. For some people, his birth was seen as a major milestone in the field of human evolution, but for most people, it was seen as a cautionary tale of science left unchecked by morals and ethos. Dr. Morris was subsequently fired from her position at Parasol Pharmaceuticals once it was discovered that she had been carrying out these studies on the company dime.

A series of trials began soon after. The whole thing exploded into a media circus which was soon to be dubbed "The Island of Doctor Morris." No one was really sure what to make of the whole situation. There were several groups calling for the experiment to be destroyed because its very existence was an affront to god. There were several groups that claimed the infant should be sent away to scientific facilities for further studies. The one thing that everyone could agree upon was that the disgraced professor was not fit to raise the child. She saw him as merely EQX-013, just another in a long line of disposable byproducts of her endless quest to unravel the dark secrets of the genome.

As fate would have it, the presiding judge had a very different idea in mind. The honorable judge Sara Roberts was perhaps the only person to take pity on the child and see him as a person and not a science experiment. In a court decision that shocked the nation, she placed the child in the custody of her brother, a relatively unknown small-town doctor.

If Dr. Mitch Roberts had one claim to fame it was that he was a very well rounded practitioner. He wore the title "Doctor" with pride, even though his actual doctorate was in veterinary medicine. He had taken the necessary qualifications to be a practicing nurse though so he was very capable of treating people as well as animals. It was for this reason that he was approached about overseeing the development of the strange newborn. Mitch was only all too happy to help, and the infant, which he and his wife renamed "Edward" was taken in as the fourth member of his tight-knit family.

The reason that Dr. Roberts was such a good choice for caring for young Edward was readily apparent to anyone who saw the child. Simply put, Edward wasn't quite human, but he wasn't really an animal either. He was the very first, and possibly the last, human and equine hybrid. He wasn't a centaur, though, as much as Edward wished he was. He didn't have the human face, and he didn't have the four equine legs. Nor did he have the giant horse cock... To be frank, that was the part he wished for the most. He was well below average in that regards.

Eddie sighed as he stared at himself in the mirror. It was his sixteenth birthday, but still he looked like a middle schooler. He was skinny, borderline gangly looking, and he didn't even have a single hair down around his groin; although he wasn't sure if that was a result of him not having hit puberty yet, or if that was just the way things were for people like him. As far as he knew, horses didn't grow pubes. His tiny little balls were completely hairless though, and he was pretty sure that horses tended to have fuzzy nuts. Then again, he had a human dick as opposed to a horse's sheath so his baldness was probably part of his human genes showing through again.

He ran his fingers across the smooth, black skin of his bald underbelly. His gut and groin were the only part of his body that didn't have any hair on it. The rest of his body was coated in a layer of golden brown fuzz. To top it all off, he had a dense, chestnut brown mop of a mane. The dense, wiry hairs were being particularly difficult today. He had already run a brush through it for almost ten minutes and still couldn't get half the tangles out. He needed to cut it, but last time he got it cut short it ended up looking like a Mohawk, which got him in trouble at school. He couldn't help it if his hair naturally grew like that, but the administration wouldn't hear his pleas. A mohawk was a distraction in class, plain and simple.

Everything seemed to take longer than it needed to for him. Even brushing his teeth was a royal pain. The human sized toothbrushes he got just didn't do the trick. Not only were his teeth a bit larger than average, but his elongated snout meant he had a lot more teeth to clean. Unlike most horses, he had a full line of teeth all the way around. He chalked this up as another side effect of his human and equine genes mingling together.

It took him nearly half an hour to get cleaned up. Eddie would have preferred not to have bothered with it at all; it was Sunday after all, and he far preferred to just lounge around the house all day if he could help it. It was his birthday though, and there were already plans to go out and celebrate.

Eddie pulled on a shirt and buttoned it up easy enough. His human fingers made the job extremely easy, but getting his pants on was always a chore. He had to hobble and bounce on one foot as he pulled the pant legs up one at a time. He wished he had human feet to go with his human hands. His rounded hooves were not well suited for hopping like this. At least his knees bent forward like a human knee instead of back like a horse's. He couldn't even fathom how tough life would be if he couldn't even use a chair like everyone else.

Eddie turned around and looked over his shoulder into the mirror as he checked out his backside. He took a moment to adjust his bushy tail and fix his pants accordingly. He had to wear low riding pants to accommodate his tail, but he didn't mind. He secretly liked the way his cute little bubble butt looked. It filled out the back of his jeans perfectly and even peaked out a bit above the waistband.

Just as he finished getting prepped for the day, there was a knock on the door. "Yo. Eddie, bout done in there?" Came the voice of Eddie's older brother, Rex.

"Yeah. Just a sec." Eddie said happily as he bounded towards the door. He opened the door to reveal his older brother leaning casually with his shoulder against the doorframe. It was obvious to anyone who saw the two that they were not related by blood. Not only was Rex 100% pureblooded human, but he also had short, neatly curled, jet black hair and piercing blue eyes. He was also quite a bit larger than his short, skinny little brother. Rex was a bit over six feet tall, which gave him almost a full

foot of height on little Eddie. He also had a lean, lithe physique that he had sculpted from years on the swim team.

“Ready to get some pizza?” Rex said, flashing a huge, toothy grin as he did so.

“Hell yeah!” Eddie replied happily. Eddie was so glad that his stomach could handle pizza. He couldn’t do pepperoni or sausage or any meat for that matter, but he seemed to have no trouble digesting bread and cheeses. He loved to get the veggie lovers piled high with extra mushroom and peppers.

It was nice that the little pizza shop in town made excellent pizza. He didn’t like going into the neighboring city much. It seemed like he got a lot of strange glares and creepy stares out there. Here in town, though, everyone was used to seeing him around, and those that were uncomfortable around him knew enough to keep their thoughts to themselves.

All in all, it was a nice dinner. Being his birthday, his parents were a little more lax on how much he was allowed to order than they normally were. Eddie capitalized on this and devoured slice after slice after delicious, cheesy, veggie laden slice. By the time they were done, he had packed away almost three entire pies by himself. Even as he lay in bed that night, clutching his aching gut, burping occasionally as he waited for the indigestion to pass, he did not regret his choices.

He tossed and turned for much of the night. The vast quantities of pizza and Pepsi he had consumed were making it impossible for him to get comfortable or get his mind to shut up. He glanced over at the clock and saw that it was already past 2 a.m. His gut was still a little sore, but there was something else weighing on his mind, a new sensation he was not familiar with. His nuts had a slight ache to them as well. They didn’t hurt, per se. It felt pretty good, actually. It was as if his tiny little balls were as packed as his pizza-binged belly. His dick felt strange too. He couldn’t quite put his finger on it, but it was incredibly sensitive. He could feel the soft fabric of his flannel pajama bottoms rubbing against it with every slight motion he made. It felt great, but it was also maddening.

Without really thinking about it, he snaked a hand down the front of his pants and grabbed a hold of his dick. To his surprise it was hard as a rock. As if by instinct, he gripped it between his thumb and his middle and pointed fingers and began to rub it. There wouldn’t have been room for him to wrap his entire palm around it; his dick was far too short for that. Even in its current rigid state, it was just a bit shy of the three inch mark. He hated how small his cock was. He hoped that he would have a growth spurt, and soon at that. He hated being the subject of ridicule in the locker room, not just because of his horse-like features, but also because of his childish dick. The combination of the two was unbearable. Somehow people expected him to be... well... hung like a horse. The fact that he wasn’t just gave the bullies more ammo to use against him.

He continued to rub and stroke his fully boned cock. It felt better than anything he could have imagined. He began to moan and coo softly as he steadily ramped up his pace. He was only vaguely aware of the warm wetness that was washing across his fingers.

Eventually, the numbness in his left arm overrode the pleasure from his dick. He had been lying on his side the entire time, and his arm was beginning to fall asleep on him. As he flopped around and pushed himself up into sitting position, he became aware of the wetness on his crotch and on his fingers. He was confused and more than a little alarmed. At first he was afraid he had wet the bed. Boy

would that be embarrassing. Here he was, already sixteen years old, and he was peeing himself like a three year old.

He lifted his soggy fingers up to his nose and gave it an exploratory sniff. It sure didn't smell like pee, but he couldn't identify what it was. It almost smelled like hand soap and saline. He debated silently with himself for a moment before giving his finger tip a short, hesitant lick. The stuff tasted as weird as it smelled. It wasn't bad per se, but it wasn't good either. It was kind of bland with just a bit of bitterness to it.

The only thing he knew about what was going on was that he knew nothing about what was going on, and that made him uncomfortable; was this something that happened to every guy? What if it was something that only happened to him? He hated being the only one of his kind. There was no great font of knowledge that he could consult. Even google tended to fail him in his time of need.

The only person he could think to ask was his older brother, Rex. Rex was only about five years older than Eddie, and so he had been a teenager just a few years ago. If he didn't know what was happening then Eddie could safely assume that it was a condition that was unique to his hybrid physiology. If that was the case he would have to get his dad to look at it, and the last thing Eddie wanted was for his dad to be running tests on his embarrassingly tiny dick.

Eddie crept out of his room and down the hall. Fortunately, the light in Rex's room was still on, but then again, Rex was a college guy; college guys never seemed to go to bed before 6 am. Eddie lightly rapped on the door and waited for a response, but none came. He waited a minute or two before trying again, this time louder. "Psst! Hey!" He hissed in a loud whisper. He continued to rap on the door, steadily increasing the volume as he did so, all the while continuing his chant of "Hey! Open up! Hey! Listen!"

"What?!" Rex grumbled in annoyance as he flung the door open. The door opened so suddenly that Eddie almost toppled right into the room.

"I... um... can I come in?" Eddie asked meekly.

Rex was not used to seeing his brother act like this and was now genuinely curious and slightly concerned. He cocked an eyebrow questioningly and gave his little brother a quick glance from top to bottom, looking for anything out of the ordinary. "Yeah. Come on in." He said kindly as he stepped back from the doorway to give Eddie room to walk through.

Eddie shuffled into the room and stood awkwardly next to Rex's bed. He fidgeted a bit as he glanced around nervously. "So, what's up, little man?" Rex said as pleasantly as he could muster. Something had Eddie spooked so Rex was trying his best to be as gentle and reassuring as possible.

"I... don't know... can I show you?" Eddie muttered nervously.

"O...k? I don't see why not." Rex replied with a casual shrug.

"Ok... here goes." Eddie said. He took a deep breath as he gripped the hem of his loose T-shirt with one hand and the waistband of his pajama bottoms with the other. He took a moment to steel his resolve and gulped nervously before lifting his shirt up and pulling down his pants to let his tiny little three inch hard-on fly free.

Rex tried not to laugh, he really did, but an errant “snrrk.” Slipped out. Once that happened there was no holding back. He was all but in stitches.

“Stop laughing at my dick!” Eddie shouted indignantly.

“I’m not...” Rex choked out between guffaws. “Laughing at your dick... I’m laughing... haha... at you, ya doofus.”

Eddie stared at his brother with a look of mixed confusion and indignation. “What’s so funny?” He asked. He was completely bewildered and it showed in his voice.

After a minute or so Rex managed to calm his giggling down to the point where he could talk. “It’s just a boner, little bro. All dudes get ‘em.” He explained as he wiped the tears from his eyes. “Here, let me show you.” He added as he pulled down his shorts, letting his own dick fly free.

Eddie’s jaw dropped and his cock lurched. Standing before him was his brother’s fully boned dick. Eddie had seen Rex’s wang plenty of times before, but never like this. It was far bigger than he had remembered it. “I’m what’s known as a grower, not a shower.” Rex explained as if reading his brother’s mind. “It gets a lot bigger when hard.”

Eddie couldn’t take his eyes off of it. It was easily twice as big as his, probably even three times as big. It had to be at least eight inches long, but he wouldn’t be at all surprised if it was closer to nine or ten. It was incredibly thick, too. It was like a Coke can, it was so big around. Even Rex’s nuts put Eddie’s to shame. They were both the size of jumbo chicken eggs, unlike Eddie’s which were closer to the size of ping pong balls, if not slightly smaller. Eddie was so transfixed on his brother’s dick that he barely even noticed the steady flow of pre oozing out of his own cock.

Rex smirked and cocked an eyebrow at his little brother. He was starting to wonder if maybe little Eddie swung that way, but he didn’t say anything about that. “Looks like you’re about ready to pop.” Rex said. “Let me show you how to take care of that.”

Eddie didn’t even respond; he just continued to stare at his brother’s amazing dick. Rex kicked his shorts off altogether, leaving him completely nude. He then traipsed over to his desk and flopped down in his chair. He made sure that Eddie had a clear view of his dick every step of the way.

Rex pulled up his browser window, revealing the homepage for Hello Kitty’s Island Adventure. Rex sifted through a few more dummy tabs before he got back to the one he was looking for. Displayed on the new tab was a woman sensually rubbing one out on the cam. Eddie glanced up at the screen for a moment, but he quickly realized he didn’t have much interest in what was happening. It was interesting seeing what a woman has down there and all, but Eddie was far more interested in watching his brother’s huge, thick, rigid meat.

Rex swiveled his chair a bit so that his little bro could watch as he pounded one out. As if in a trance, Eddie let his pants fall to the ground and plopped down on the edge of his brother’s bed. He didn’t let his eyes leave his brother’s dick for even a second. Before long, Eddie began to absent mindedly stroke his own little dick in time with his brother’s pumps. Eddie could feel the pressure building up in the base of his cock. He knew something was coming, but he didn’t know what. He was far too fixated on the lewd show that his brother was putting on for him to care though.

Rex swiveled his chair around even farther so that he was now staring directly at his little brother. He wasn't interested in dudes, but the lusty gazes that his little bro was shooting him was getting to him a lot more than the forced moans of the low budget porn star that was still rubbing one out on his screen. Rex's hips began to buck and shake, and his cock began to twitch and lurch. "Here it comes... watch this, little bro." Rex muttered between moans.

Eddie didn't need to be told twice. He had every intent of watching Rex whether he was asked to or not. Eddie's mouth went slack and his jaw hung open as he watched a huge spurt of goopy white liquid launch from his brother's cock and arc through the air. The gelatinous wad made contact with Rex's chest with a dull splat and began to slowly ooze down Rex's toned, tanned chest before finally getting tangled up in the dense, curly black hairs that sprung up right below Rex's belly button.

Eddie was suddenly overcome by the need to do something. He wasn't sure what yet, but whatever it was it was going to happen soon. He placed his hands on the bed on either side of him and dug his fingers into the comforter in an effort to steady himself. His cock was lurching and his whole body was shuddering.

"Just let it out." Rex coaxed his brother patiently. "It'll feel so much better once you do." Rex slowly slid down in his chair as he spoke and lazily ran his fingers through the puddle of spunk that had pooled around his midriff. Rex flashed a tired, euphoric grin for his little brother as he lifted his spooge coated fingers up towards his lips. He slowly stuck out his tongue and lapped at the spunk that dripped from his fingertips.

At the exact second that Rex's tongue made contact with his jizz, Eddie lost the ability to hold back. His mind suddenly exploded like a firework of pure, unadulterated sexual bliss. All the pressure that had built up inside him was released in an instant. His mind and his vision was so foggy that he couldn't even see what was happening.

Rex had a very clear view of the proceedings, though. What he saw was enough to dispel the haze of the afterglow in a mere fraction of a second. Rex quickly sat up straight in his seat and gawked at his brother's climax. Despite the smaller size of his little brother's junk, Eddie's cum shot blew Rex's out of the water. Rex watched in awe as a huge, solid rope of jizz erupted from Eddie's tiny dick. The wad was so huge and so thick that it didn't seem physically possible for all of that spunk to have been stored in Eddie's little balls.

Eddie's huge wad launched high into the air, coming dangerously close to impacting with the ceiling before it came crashing back down atop the young horse. Much of the spunk hit Eddie square in the snout.

It would have been impressive had that been the last of it, but little Eddie managed to fire off a second, and a third, and a fourth... it wasn't until the sixth solid spurt of jizz that the torrent finally began to die down.

Rex couldn't believe that so much spunk could be stored in such tiny nuts. The sheer volume was insane, not to mention the thickness. If it was all stored in Eddie's little balls then there's no telling how much pressure it was under. As Rex pondered this, his eyes instinctively glanced over towards his brother's dick. It was finally beginning to soften after that record-breaking cumsplosion. Something seemed off. He didn't make a habit of keeping tabs on the size and shape of his brother's package, but it

didn't seem as tiny as he remembered. He was sure that Eddie's nuts were closer to the size of ping pong balls, but now they looked to be the size of golf balls. Eddie's dick seemed bigger too. The previously three inch hard-on now looked to be around four inches soft.

Rex didn't know what to think about what he was seeing or even what to do with what he knew so he decided to keep quiet for now. He knew how Eddie tended to overreact to things, especially when said things had to do with his unique physiology. Rex figured the best course of action for now would be to observe things quietly. It could all just be in his head after all; it was late at night, and Rex was still riding pretty high on his afterglow.

Eddie flopped back onto the bed. He was completely spent. He had never felt so great in his life. It was as if every cell in his body was wrapped in a warm blanket made of sunshine. He closed his eyes and basked in the afterglow as he let his breathing and heart rate stabilize. All the while thick, gooey spunk dripped off of him and seeped into the already soaked comforter that covered his brother's bed. Some of the spunk dripped off of his snout and oozed its way down into his mouth. He let it roll across his tongue before he swallowed it. It was surprisingly tasty; it was a little bitter, but it had a nice mellow flavor that more than balanced it out. If he wasn't feeling so lazy and happy he might have been tempted to do what his brother had and dab up some of the spoooge with his fingers and lick it off.

It was then that Edward became aware of the mess that he had made. He groaned in annoyance at his own actions. "Oh, man... I totally wrecked your bed." He mumbled in irritation.

"Hey. It's fine. I'll just chuck all the blankets into the wash. It won't take long and we've got plenty of spare blankets that I can use in the meantime." Rex said calmly. He reached over and gave his younger brother a reassuring squeeze on the shoulder to help drive home his point. "You look beat. Go ahead and go get some sleep."

Eddie had to admit that he was suddenly feeling really tired. Nothing sounded better to him right now than just drifting off to sleep where he lay, but he felt bad about leaving his brother to clean up a mess he had created. "Are you sure? I am more than happy to help." He murmured sleepily.

"That's enough of that. You're barely even awake. You'll just get in the way like that." Rex said gently. "Now off you go. You might want to hurry and wipe off the stuff on your fur before it gets hard and starts clumping."

Eddie grimaced a bit as he poked around at the drying jizz sticking to his hair. This was definitely going to be a pain to clean off. It looked like he would have to shower before bed. "Ok. Fine." He muttered. "But I'll owe ya one."

"Ssuure you do. Now get out of here. You're not the only one who needs to freshen up." Rex replied jokingly.

Eddie begrudgingly got up from the bed and pulled his pajama bottoms that had pooled around his ankles back up. He made his way towards the door, but paused right before leaving and shot another questioning glance back towards his brother. Rex just waved him off and went back to gathering up the covers on his bed. Eddie shrugged and ducked back into the hallway and hurried back to his room.

Once there he began to peel off his pajamas once more. His T-shirt was especially soaked with cum. Now that his hormones had more or less settled down he became aware of the powerful smell

wafting off of his clothes and hair. He was definitely going to have to do a load of laundry tomorrow, preferably without alerting his parents to his actions. Eddie was far too tired to do it now, though. It was way past his bedtime, and he was feeling surprisingly exhausted after blowing his load all over his bro's bed. He decided to hop into the shower real quick just to get the crud off of him and call it a night.

The shower was quick and relatively uneventful. The dried jizz was a bit of a pain to get out of his hair, but he quickly found that warm water went a long ways towards cleaning it up. Once he was done he patted himself dry with a fresh towel and trudged back into his room. For a moment he considered scrounging up another outfit to wear to sleep in since he had sullied his last one so badly, but he decided against it. He was still feeling really great, and it was a nice, warm evening.

He crawled under the covers and laid his head on the pillows, but he just couldn't quite go to sleep. There was something nagging at the back of his mind, like an itch that he couldn't scratch. His dick was feeling amazingly sensitive, and the constant rubbing of the soft sheets against his little chubby was driving him wild. He tossed and turned, trying to find some position that would ease his mind and his dick, but nothing seemed to be working. He rolled over onto his stomach, but that just made things worse. The way his already hardening cock felt pinned between his body and the mattress was amazing. It was as if his body and bed were working together to stroke his oversensitive cock.

As he felt his dick getting even harder and a little bit of moisture soaking into his sheets, he became aware that his hips were rocking back and forth as if of their own volition. He could already feel another spurt welling up deep within his nuts. If things kept up like this he was going to trash his own bed just as badly as he had his brothers, but it just felt so good. He wanted to cum again and again and again. The very thought of spewing forth cum was getting him worked up. The pool of pre grew larger and larger as more and more seeped out of his respectable five inch stiffy.

The pressure in his cock continued to grow until his mind felt like it would explode. He needed to get off. He didn't even care about what mess he may or may not make. All that mattered to him was creaming long and hard. He rocked his hips one last time and ground his dick hard into the mattress. He let out a muffle groan of pleasure as he felt the jizz spew forth from his cock. It came out in a long, solid burst. It didn't take long for the sheets beneath him to get soaked clean through. In a matter of seconds the pool of thick jizz spread out from under him and began seeping into every blanket on the bed. His bare belly was already completely coated in the sticky substance, but more was still coming. He buried his face into his pillow to muffle his cries of ecstasy as he came again and again. This load was larger than the last by a good margin. Already the jizz was seeping through the covers and spilling over the sides of the bed. The smell was unbelievable. The pungent aroma pervaded his nostrils and clouded his already hazy senses. His cock finally sputtered its last little spurt of jizz and began to soften. Eddie's body went completely slack and he sunk face first into the jizz-drenched blankets and drifted off to sleep.

Rex was awoken by the annoying screech of his alarm clock. He knew he shouldn't have stayed up so late pounding one out, but it was an important part of his daily routine. He always felt a little listless if he hadn't cum in the past twelve hours. He groaned groggily as he rolled out of his bed. The guest blankets were kind of scratchy, but they worked well enough as a temporary fix. Fortunately, his normal bedding should be long dried by now. He pulled on his boxers and staggered down to breakfast all the while pondering if he really needed to go to his morning class today. He knew that if he skipped

his first class, he would just call it a bust and skip the whole day, but that wasn't sounding like too bad of an idea right about now.

When he got downstairs he realized that Eddie's book bag was still sitting on the dining room table. It was already 10pm, which was surprisingly late by non-college people standards. At first he was afraid that Eddie had just forgotten to take it with him, but then he saw that the bowl of oatmeal that their mom had set out for Eddie was sitting there untouched. It wasn't like Eddie to skip breakfast like this, which led Rex to believe that somehow, Eddie wasn't even awake yet.

He ran hurriedly upstairs to his little brother's bedroom and charged right on in without knocking. The smell nearly knocked him right off his feet. The entire room smelled like one of his three day old wank socks but infinitely more pungent. He quickly saw why. Little Eddie was lying face down, fast asleep atop his bed which was soaked clean through with spunk. The covers barely even looked like they were made out of fabric anymore; rather they appeared to be made out of some stiff, crusty plastic-like substance. Eddie himself didn't seem to be in a much better state. The cum had soaked into his brown fur and clung to it as well. His hair was matted to his body in a stiff, coarse layer. Rex was legitimately afraid that he would have to get an ice pick and carve his little buddy out of the spooge-cocoon he had somehow gotten himself into.

He rushed over and placed a hand on Eddie's shoulder and shook the young horseboy in an effort to rouse him from his post-wank power-coma. The layer of dried jizz fell off in flakes, similar to the powdered Styrofoam they used in lieu of snow at cheesy, low budget mall Christmas displays. Eddie groaned softly, but began to stir. As he slowly pushed himself up onto his elbows, more and more of the dried spunk laminate that covered his body cracked and crumbled into powder. It was almost like some sort of erotic gargoyle awakening from its daily petrification sleep.

"Ugh... my everything feels awful." Eddie grumbled. "What happened?"

"You're completely coated in crusty old cum, bro. Just how many times did you jack off last night?"

"Jack... off?" Eddie replied in what was a mixture of early morning grog and genuine confusion.

"Yeah. You know that trick I taught you last night?" Rex replied, making a gesture with his right hand like he was stroking one out in order to give his little bro an added visual reference.

"Huh? Oh... I guess I did do that, huh..." Eddie replied sleepily. "I wasn't meaning to. I just kind of laid down and it felt so nice and I kinda..." Eddie's voice drifted off and he started making a motion like he was pelvic thrusting in the general direction of the cum-caked bed.

Rex tried his best to be patient and compassionate and console his bewildered little brother, but Eddie could be so hilarious without even meaning to. Rex started cracking up. The more he tried not to laugh the harder it came out. Eddie was at first bewildered, but quickly began to become indignant.

"And just what's so funny!?" Eddie shouted as he hopped to his feet. The sudden motion caused his respectable softie to flop about, which caught Rex's attention almost instantly. His little bro's cock was every bit as big as his, both in terms of dick size and in terms of the size of his nuts. His little bro had almost tripled his cock size overnight. There was no doubt in Rex's mind anymore. Eddie's dick was growing, and fast.

“Oh... sorry. It’s just that... You humped the bed.” Rex replied with a nervous chuckle. The severity of the situation was such that he was no longer finding it all that funny anymore. If anything this was reason to freak out, but he knew if he lost his cool, Eddie would freak out infinitely worse.

“What’s wrong?” Eddie asked, suddenly looking extremely concerned.

“It’s probably nothing, but... Look at your dick.” Rex replied gesturing towards his little bro’s exposed package.

“What about... woah!” Eddie replied in awe. His dick was much larger than last night. Even soft it had to be a good six inches. It was one of the bigger dicks he had seen, but by no means was it the largest. Still... it sure beat being the tiniest kid in class. He suddenly wasn’t so worried about gym class today.

The mere thought of class today caused his mind to grind to a halt and switch gears. What time was it anyway? Rex was awake, and that rarely happened before noon. He turned and looked out the window; the sun was shining; the birds were chirping; and he was late as hell. “Oh crap...” He muttered.

Eddie began to turn and bolt for the bathroom, but Rex cut him off before he could get too far. “Hold on there, champ. We need to talk about this.” Eddie furrowed his brow and glared skeptically at his bro, but waited for Rex to continue.

Rex took a deep breath and took a moment to collect his thoughts before he continued. “Look. I think it’s best if you not jack off anymore until we talk to Dad about this. I think every time you pound one out, your dick gets a little bit bigger.” Eddie’s triangular ears perked up the instant he heard about the possibility of even further growth.

Rex recognized the glint in his brother’s eyes immediately. He placed a hand on Eddie’s shoulder and gave it a firm squeeze. “I’m serious.” He said flatly. His eyes narrowed as he met Eddie’s gaze. “There’s no telling if it will stop any time soon. Trust me. I know the thought of having a massive cock is amazing, but there’s such a thing as too much. I don’t want you to be some kind of-“ Rex stopped himself before he could say it, but he knew it was too late. Eddie had no doubt made the connection already.

“I’m already a freak. What do I have to worry about?” Eddie huffed as he shook off his brother’s grip and ducked into the restroom. Rex made a motion like he was going to say something else, but he couldn’t think of anything that he could say to try and smooth things over. He knew that Eddie knew he hadn’t meant it like that, but it was still one of those things that the little horseboy could be very touchy about. He realized the best course of action for now would be to let things run their course. He would be able to patch things up later after they both had some time to cool their proverbial heels.

Eddie cranked the heat on the shower and hopped in. He really needed to get all this grime off of him before he did anything else, and he was already hella late for school so it wasn’t like he really had much of a reason to hurry. It didn’t take long for the warm water to begin to dissolve the schmutz that had accumulated in his hair, and the heat did wonders to soothe his sore muscles. He was never one to sleep face down and so he had woken up with more than a few stiff muscles.

On the subject of stiffness, he had another body part that was soon joining the ranks. His dick was rapidly chubbing at the mere thought of getting even bigger. He really wanted to choke the

proverbial lizard and grow even farther, but he realized that his bro had a point. He was already greeted with fear and apprehension wherever he went on account of his equine features. Did he really want to add a freakishly huge cock to the list of things that people could hate him for? On the other hand, there were already several people who openly mocked him for his comically small dick. It would sure shut them up if he were to show up to gym hung like... well, like a horse.

Eddie lips spread wide into a devious grin as he wrapped his hand around his already fully boned shaft. Once more wouldn't hurt him. He would stop once he was bigger than any of those jerks in gym class. He was going to show up to school today and flaunt his massive dong for all of those chumps that had laughed at him before. They want to see a horse cock? Well step right up and feast yer eyes.

He was so excited about the prospect of showing up to school with a magnum dong that his dick was already drooling pre before he even got three pumps in. He slowed his strokes for a moment so he could really savor the intense pleasure that coursed through his cock, but he was quickly approaching his limit even with the reduced stimulation. His legs felt weak beneath him and he had to press his back against the wall to keep himself from falling flat on his ass.

His breathing began to get shallower and his whole body shuddered as he struggled to hold back for just a few moments longer. His newly enlarged dick felt so amazing that he didn't want to blow just yet; he wanted to savor the feelings for another moment more. He quickly lost the fight with his own libido though. He cock gave one final lurch and sputter and then began launching huge, sticky gobs of jizz which splattered against the opposite wall of the shower. The wads hit with such force that much of it splashed back into his face, but the constant stream of steamy water quickly rinsed it off before it could even begin to cling to his brown hair.

Eddie had been half asleep last time, but he was sure that this one felt even better. His mind felt like it was exploding like a fourth of July fireworks celebration. His brain was a veritable jubilee. His whole body shuddered and trembled from the sheer intensity of the pleasure that now wracked him to his very core. It was as if every cell in his body was crying out in joy as more and more spunk launched from his eight inch boner. The spunk was coming forth far too fast and was far too thick for it to go down the drain properly, and so the small glass cubicle was already beginning to fill up with jizz. Already the pool of spunk reached the top of Eddie's hooves and it showed no sign of slowing down.

It wasn't until he had fired a good ten or eleven long, solid ropes of thick spunk that he finally began to show signs of stopping. Already the jizz had reached over the shallow basin and was oozing out through the narrow gaps between the top of the tile and the bottom rim of the glass door. Eddie struggled to remain standing despite his fatigue and his euphoria. The last thing he needed was to sit and stew in the thick broth of water and jizz that now flooded the shower. He was already going to have to wash his hooves in the sink as it was.

Eddie shut off the water and staggered unsteadily out of the shower. His legs felt like jelly, but he felt amazing. He could already tell that his steadily softening cock had experienced yet another surge of growth. By the time it had completely deflated, the humongous tool dangled almost halfway down his thigh. It was very nearly a foot long while fully soft. The thick shaft was slightly bigger around than a Coke can, and the whole package was topped off with two, large baseball sized nuts.

Eddie took a moment to just stand there and enjoy the feeling of his massive meat and huge nuts slapping against the insides of his thighs as he pivoted back and forth. He was quite possibly the best hung kid in school now. Hell, he was probably the best hung dude in town!

Eddie wiped the jizz off of his hooves and hopped briskly back into his bedroom to rummage for clothes. He wanted something nice to wear for his big day, but he also wanted something a little revealing. He sifted through several pairs of boxers before finding an old pair of briefs. These had been a little loose in the front back in the day, but he doubted he'd have that problem anymore, or ever again for that matter. He pulled the briefs up his legs and over his big, bubbly butt easily enough, but the junk in the front took a little more finesse. He held the waistband forward and he scooped his big ol' apple sized balls into the front pouch and then began to feed his huge, thick snake down there with it. His briefs were by no stretch of the imagination big enough to hold all the schlong even without the addition of his hefty balls. The resulting bulge was positively obscene. The leg holes were so stretched out that large swaths of his nutsack were visible through the resulting gap between his crotch and the fabric. His huge dick shoved the waistband so far forward that the top inch and a half of his impressively thick meat was visible above the upper edge of the briefs. Even had he not been spilling out so bad, the sheer enormity of his package would have been painfully obvious. His junk was packed so tightly into his briefs that the very shape of his cock and balls were engraved into the fabric like some kind of ancient Roman relief sculpture. The bulge was so detailed that even the very veins could be seen through the fabric.

Eddie was half tempted to try and go to class in just those, but he knew that would never fly with the admins. He opted instead to pull on a tight T-shirt, which he knew would ride up on him, exposing the upper end of his cock for anyone who happened to glance his way, and a pair of loose basketball shorts; the thin fabric of the airy pants would no doubt cling to his junk and show off just how huge his package was without actually giving enough away to be considered indecent. He couldn't wait for the other students to check out how huge he now was below the belt. He was actually excited to go to school today and even more excited for gym class. That hadn't happened for as long as he could remember. He was going to make those bullies eat their words. Eddie was grinning from ear to ear as he bounded down the steps to grab some last minute breakfast before he went to class.