

Eddie bounded happily down the stairs and into the large, open kitchen which doubled as a dining room. He must have been bouncing a little too happily because the second his hooves made contact with the hardwood floor on the ground level, Rex was already glaring at him incredulously. It didn't take Eddie's much taller and more developed, at least in the muscular department, older brother long to see what had Eddie walking on sunshine. The bulge in the short, slender equine's pants was borderline obscene. Rex had only seen cocks like that in pornos. There was no doubt in his mind that Eddie had completely ignored his warnings and pounded another one out in the shower. Rex couldn't really say he blamed his little bro; after all, what guy doesn't dream of having a foot of sausage swinging between their legs? The fact still remained that they had no idea when or if these growth spurts would stop, and Eddie was already straddling the upper edge of socially acceptable dong sizes.

Rex let out a soft, slightly exasperated sigh and nodded towards the dinner table. Eddie's rectangular ears flattened against his head and the spring quickly left his step. He was actually feeling a little sheepish right now. He was so caught up in thinking about what it would be like to show off his huge package around school that he hadn't even thought about what his family would think. Rex was taking it surprisingly well considering that Eddie had blatantly disregarded everything that his older brother had warned him about, but Eddie still felt like an asshole for doing it. He wanted to say something, maybe something to console Rex and convince his older bro that he had everything under control, but he just couldn't think of a way to say it that wouldn't make his predicament even worse.

Once Eddie was seated, Rex came by and placed a fresh bowl of oatmeal in front of the young equine hybrid and took a seat opposite his little brother. Rex had made himself a nice, warm breakfast of bacon and eggs, which he had promptly slapped between two slices of bread for easier consumption. The two brothers gazed at each other for a few moments while eating in silence as if both of them were taking the opportunity to gauge the other's mood and thought processes.

Rex was the first to speak. "You really need to be more careful." He said flatly. His voice carried with it a mixture of feelings; annoyance, worry, and not the least of which, disappointment.

Eddie slunk dejectedly in his seat. He had actually hoped Rex would be angry with him. That at least would have been a lot easier for him to shrug off. He and his bro were at each other's throats about as often as not. It was pretty much a part of growing up together, but the bond between them was as strong as it could be. The sense of disappointment hurt, but the worry hurt worse. He knew Rex was just looking out for him, but he went ahead and did it anyway; given their previous spat, it would be easy to think that Eddie had even done it just to spite his brother. Eddie wanted to speak up and try and explain himself, but none of the reasons he could give seemed like a good idea at the moment. What could he say? He did it to show off? To make the bullies that had made fun of his little dick eat their words? Those reasons sounded petty and selfish.

Again Rex was the first one to break the tense silence. "Hey... it's ok. I'm not mad at you. I know why you would want to do it, believe me, but you really, really have got to be careful." Rex said, glaring intently at his little brother. "We do not know if or when we will be able to stop this, and you are at that age where boners are gonna be a fact of life. You're going to get a lot of them. A. Lot. You've got to learn to leave 'em alone." Rex said firmly. His mind was already racing with other problems, not the least of which being wet dreams. For Rex it was statistically impossible to get through a week without creaming, and judging by his little bro's sex drive, it was going to be a lot harder for Eddie.

"They go away?" Eddie asked. He was actually surprised to hear this, but it made sense. He had never even heard much mention of these before, aside from basic schoolyard talk, which was rarely accurate and often hyped up to ludicrous degrees especially where anything sexual was concerned.

"Uh... yeah... just leave it alone and they typically go down after half an hour or so." Rex replied with a shrug. He didn't realize just how much of a virgin Eddie was in this regard, but then again, he had had to teach Eddie how to yank his own chain just last night. Apparently there was a lot he would need to teach his little bro. Rex wouldn't even be surprised if he had to be the one to teach Eddie the birds and the bees. Given the events of last night, Eddie seemed more a fan of Tab A than he is Slot B. That conversation was bound to be a total disaster if left to their dad. Their dad wasn't the homophobic sort, but the talk had taken three hours when he had had it with Rex. By the time they were done, Mr. Roberts was sitting there with a pad and a pen and listening intently as Rex taught him everything he knew on the subject. There was no telling how hilariously badly dad would put his foot in his mouth if he tried to sit his son down and explain the finer points of when one guy thinks another guy is pretty fly.

"You could have just told me that last night." Eddie replied with a huff while he rolled his eyes.

"Well, generally speaking it's easier and more rewarding to just finish off." Red shot backed, matching Eddie's eyeroll in style and intensity.

"So all I have to do is keep my hands off my junk through school today. No problem." Eddie replied matter-of-factly.

"Wait... school?" Rex sputtered in shock.

"Yeah. That was the plan right?" Eddie replied casually.

"Yeah. Five inches ago. We've gotta get you to the clinic." Red replied tersely.

"Nooo.... Can't we just wait for dad to get home? I hate going there!" Eddie replied with a shudder. He hated going down to his dad's office, especially for a checkup. All the other clientele were... animals... He tried to think of himself as human despite his appearance, but it got very hard to do when he was waiting in line after Ms. Trunchbull's prized Lhasa Apso, Fifi, to finish getting another round of booster shots before he could go in for his annual physical.

"Well... we could call him and see if he'll clear his calendar for today. Tell him it's an emergency..." Rex said as he mulled it over thoughtfully.

"That's even worse! He can't just cancel all those appointments!" Eddie replied emphatically. "I can hold out until he gets home! Trust me!"

Rex furrowed his brow and glanced dubiously at his little bro as he weighed his options. If, in fact, Eddie could hold out for the full afternoon, that would be by far the best option. He knew Eddie hated going into the vet's office, and it would cause the little clinic a lot of difficulty if they had to reschedule all the appointments in the afternoon. "Ok..." Rex replied uncertainly. "I'll go in and talk to him on his lunch break and give him the update. I'll have my cell on. If anything happens, no matter how minor it seems, call me immediately. I'll come get you, and we'll go to the clinic."

Rex could see Eddie getting ready to cut in and complain about plan B, but Rex was one step ahead of him. "I'll prep one of the extra examination rooms for you. As soon as you get in, you can walk right on into the back. As far as anyone will know, you are just there to speak to dad for family reasons."

That shut Eddie up pretty quick. The young, brown equine sat in silence for a minute as he mulled it over. It seemed like the best course of action all around. Eddie got to avoid the walk of shame through the veterinarian waiting room; his dad got to keep all his appointments; and best of all, Eddie got to show off his big, thick bulge for half the school day. He couldn't wait to watch those big, dumb jocks shit themselves when they saw what he was packing nowadays.

"Deal!" Eddie said suddenly.

"Fine. Now get ready. I'd like to get you there for at least half of the day." Rex replied sternly.

Eddie didn't need to be told twice. He all but chugged the last of his oats and bounded upstairs to brush his teeth and grab his book bag. Meanwhile, Rex decided to slip into the upstairs bathroom and check in on the damage. He was expecting it to be a catastrophic disaster, and for the most part he was right. Fortunately, the damage seemed to have been mostly contained to the shower. He'd have to add that to the list of things that needed doing today. It was obvious by now that he was not going to be attending any classes. Although, on the list of things he did not want to be doing, it was hard to decide which ranked higher; sitting through three hours of boring ass lectures or scrubbing layers upon layers of jizz off of the shower tiles.

As Rex was heading back downstairs to grab his car keys, he realized that there was a glob of something on his shirt sleeve. He didn't pay it any mind; it was probably a bit of egg goop that had leaked out of his sandwich. He lifted the section of his sleeve to his mouth and sucked it right off. The second it hit his tongue he realized his mistake. He had just slurped up a little bit of Eddie's previous climax. It didn't taste bad, really. Rex was actually a fan of licking up cum, but he far preferred his loads to be fresh and home brewed.

He scrambled off to the kitchen sink and poured himself a huge, cool glass of water, which he promptly chugged and then refilled. After repeating the process a few times, he had finally cleansed his palette enough that he could no longer taste the mellow aftertaste of his brother's wad.

"Everything alright?" came Eddie's voice from behind him. Rex spun around to see his brother waiting patiently by the doorway with his backpack slung over one shoulder.

"Yeah. Fine. Was just thirsty." Rex lied. There was no way in hell he was going to let his little bro know that he had just slurped up some of his spunk.

"Alright. Well I'll be waiting by the car." Eddie replied.

Rex waited a moment for Eddie to leave the room and then snaked a hand down the front of his pants to adjust himself. He usually didn't have much trouble getting his junk to settle into a comfortable position, but he was having an exceeding good dick day; his dick and balls seemed to be hanging lower than usual. It wasn't by much, but it was enough to cause his balls to straddle the inseam of his boxers in an uncomfortable way. With his bait and tackle safely squared away, Rex grabbed his coat and rushed out to the car to give Eddie a ride to school.

The car ride was relatively uneventful. The two brothers made idle chit chat as they rode the winding roads of the rural farmlands that surrounded their house. Their county didn't have a high enough population to justify its own school district so Eddie, like all the teens in the area, had to attend the high school in the neighboring town. Rex had attended the same school back when he was in high school, but that was a few years ago at this point. The only thing out of the ordinary during the long ride was Eddie's posture and by extension, his package. Eddie was slouched down in his seat with his legs spread wider than usual to allow more room for his big, softball sized nuts and thick, foot long softy to breathe. The thin, lightweight fabric of his shiny, black basketball shorts were doing nothing to hide the sheer enormity of his junk. Rex was actually finding that he was having trouble keeping his eyes off the chode and on the road. His own respectable cock was chubbing up in the confines of his pants. He typically never had a problem with room, but today his pants felt positively constricting in the frontal region.

Rex pulled the car up right in front of the main entrance and slowed to a stop. "Aren't you coming in with me?" Eddie asked nervously. "I'm going to need an excuse for being so late."

"Tell them you overslept." Rex replied with a shrug. "It's the truth, isn't it?"

"Well, yeah, sort of..." Eddie replied. He fidgeted a bit and gave his bro the best soulful puppy dog eyes he could muster.

"That's not going to work. Finding parking here is a pain in the ass, and there's nothing I could tell them that you can't say yourself." Rex replied flatly. He was trying his hardest not to look his bro in the eyes, but his gaze kept drifting towards those huge, deep, brown pools of guilt.

"OK. Fine. Tell them you had a bit of a health issue this morning." Rex said in exasperation. He then opened the glove compartment and pulled out a pad of paper with their dad's office logo on it and pulled a pen out of his pocket. He made a series of squiggles that looked like they could almost pass as writing if the person reading it turned it upside down and squinted at it... so in other words, it looked like a doctor had written it.

"I suppose that'll work..." Eddie replied uncertainly.

"It better. Now gid oudda heah." Rex replied in an overly fake New Yorker accent. "You've got learning to do."

"Alright already!" Eddie replied in mock annoyance as he hopped out of the car, even going so far as to throw his hands up in the air dramatically to really play up the charade.

Eddie was halfway up the steps when he heard his older brother calling to him. "Remember. I've got my cell. If anything comes up, don't hesitate to call." Rex shouted out the window. Eddie turned long enough to shoot his older bro a double thumbs up and then returned to trotting up the steps.

Rex let out a sigh of relief and rolled up the window. He was very glad he hadn't had to get out of the car. He had a sizeable semi snaking down the side of his pant leg and would rather not have tried to be walking around the school while trying to hide it. With his luck he would probably have run into one of his old teachers, and they would have been a recipe for awkward. He just hoped that it would go down before he got to his dad's office. It should be fine since he had another half hour of driving to do, but he was feeling a little hotter under the collar than he was used to, and his dick was actually feeling a

little bigger too. He was sure it was just his imagination and no small amount of wishful thinking, but the thought was beginning to nag at the back of his mind.

Eddie's hooves clopped noisily as he made his way through the main hall of the school. The main office was just right around the corner so he did not have to go far, but he would have preferred it if he did not have to there at all. The old lady that worked the check-in desk was intense to say the least, and he was convinced that she didn't like him.

Eddie crept into the front office as quietly as his noisy, equine hooves would allow and stepped in front of the reception desk. He was actually glad he was so short because his junk was safely hidden below the desk. There was a long list of people that he wanted to get a look at his enhanced junk, but she was most certainly not one of them.

The dour looking old lady seated there gave him an annoyed look, but didn't say anything. Eddie fumbled with the slip of paper for a moment before handing it to her. She looked at the slip of paper and scanned the lines of text on it intently. She made a soft, annoyed "hmmph" sound and slipped the paper into the front drawer of her desk. Eddie's blood ran cold. He was sure he was busted, but to his surprise, she seemed to accept what was written on the sheet and started jotting a note down for him to be admitted into class.

Eddie muttered out a nervous "thanks you..." as he accepted the late slip and gave her a brief polite bow as he backed away, making sure that his backpack was covering his junk as he did so until he was far enough away that he felt safe turning around and slinging his pack back over his shoulder.

He trotted slowly through the halls as he made his way to his English class. He was actually hoping to get to school a little bit later so that he didn't have to sit through the most boring period of the day. To make matters worse, he was only going to be about five minutes late. He would still have a whole hour of that drivel to sit through.

He tried his best to slink into class unnoticed, but it was an impossible task. The door was at the very front and the class was always painfully quiet. Even the very soft creak of the old hinges of the doorway was enough to disrupt the flow of the lecture. Mrs. Sanderson turned to glare at him, but seeing the pink slip of paper, made no move to chastise him for his tardiness. She merely held out a hand for him to place the slip into before he went back to his seat.

All eyes were on Eddie now, and he was suddenly wishing he hadn't been so gung ho about boosting his size this morning. Already he could hear his classmates murmuring amongst themselves as they all glared at his crotch with intense scrutiny. He could hear occasional words and snippets of conversations. The topics ranged from "Wow! That's huge!" to "That's gotta be fake." to "I bet he stuffed his pants to make it look bigger." He suddenly realized how silly it was to expect people to believe that his dick really had grown three sizes that day. He slunk back to his seat in the back of the room and hoped that once his package was safely stowed under his desk that he would be able to once again descend into relative anonymity.

For the most part it worked. High schoolers had an impressively short memory span when there was no direct access to the rumor mill to keep the fires of speculation burning. Once he was out of class, the story would begin to make the circuit anew, but for now he was once again just that kid with the horse face, and everyone had long since grown tired of talking about that.

This went well for the first twenty or so minutes, but as is typically the case with hormonal high school boys, Eddie's mind eventually began to drift. Soon after that his cock began to chub up. Even that wasn't so bad at first; it felt really nice, in fact. His chubby was so sensitive that even just the soft rubbing of the fabric against his junk felt amazing, but as his dick continued to harden, he quickly came to realize the downside to wearing underwear that was not designed for his expansive equipment. He was feeling extremely cramped, and it hurt quite a bit. It wasn't long before the pain became unbearable and he realized he'd have to do something different.

Eddie leaned forward so that he was resting his chin on his desk and snaked both hands down the front of his pants. He was trying to be as discrete as possible, but he still managed to attract a few gazes in his general direction. Fortunately, very few people were able to get a decent view of what was going down beneath the tray table that passed as a desk.

Eddie slowly pulled the front of his pants down with one hand while the other hand fished his junk out from the front. It took a little finesse, but finally his shaft sprung free from beneath its cloth prison. His already fully boned dick thumped hard against the underside of his desk as it quickly tried to spring upright. He heard a few gasps of surprise that coincided too perfectly with the release to be a mere fluke. He glanced around the room and realized that the few people who were in a position that they could actually see what was going on under his desk had their gazes firmly fixated on his raging hard-on. He had no idea how big it actually was at the moment; it had been a solid foot while soft, but like his brother, Eddie was a bit of a grower. Now his rigid shaft was noticeably longer than a foot and easily as thick as his forearm.

Eddie noticed something odd about the glances he was getting. No one seemed freaked out by the sight of his gigantic cock. In fact, the few students that were looking seemed to be staring at it in reverent awe. Many of the girls had a flush on their cheeks and a glint in their eyes as they stared intently at the beast.

As much as Eddie was enjoying the lusty gazes he was getting, he knew he couldn't leave it flying free for long. If the teacher called on him to go up in front of the class in his current state of undress, he would be in for some serious trouble. He still had to figure something to do with his dick, though. There was no way in hell he could just leave it as is.

Thinking quickly, Eddie once again gripped his dick and began to redirect it back into his shorts. His whole body shuddered in ecstasy from the intensity of the sensations that coursed through his cock. He had to let go of his dick before his grip alone was enough to cause his cock to erupt like a volcano. Once free of his viselike grip, his dick promptly stood back at attention and thumped loudly against the underside of his desk all over again. Eddie inhaled sharply as he reeled from the sensations that arced through his cock. It didn't hurt at all though, quite the opposite in fact. It felt so amazingly good that he just about let fly a spurt of jizz right then and there in the middle of his English class. If he hadn't already been bent over, he would have doubled over from the sheer intensity of his need to cream.

Eddie's cock was now full on seeping pre. He could feel it oozing down his cock and onto his shorts. He could even hear the thick, heavy drops splattering as they made contact with the cool tile floor down below. Eddie tried to do anything he could think of to get his mind off of how ridiculously horny he was. He started glancing around the class trying to find anything to occupy his mind. His glance fell upon Nathan. Eddie had always kinda liked the guy in a friendly sort of way. Eddie had wanted to try

and get to know him more, but every time they talked, Eddie found a new and embarrassing way to put his hoof in his mouth.

Eddie never really understood just what it was about Nathan that intrigued him so much. They had a few of the same interests, which is what Eddie tried to capitalize on every time they spoke, but there were plenty of other dudes around school that Eddie had far more in common with and didn't turn into a stuttering goofus whenever they attempted to converse.

Eddie allowed his mind to pursue this current thought process. He needed something to take his mind off of his dick, after all. Just what was it about this guy? By all accounts, Nathan was a pretty average guy. He wasn't particularly tall; although he was a few inches taller than Eddie. He wasn't particularly heavy; although he had far better muscle tone than skinny, little Eddie. He had short, slightly wavy hair that was kind of an ashen brown color which really brought out the warm hazel color of his eyes. He had a great smile too; it always made Eddie feel good when he saw it. It was actually the high point of his day when Eddie managed to get him to crack even the slightest of grins.

Eddie wondered what Nathan looked like without his trademark flannel shirt and blue jeans. The jeans were tight enough that Eddie knew that Nathan had a cute butt, but what about the rest of him? If the tone in his arms was any indication, Nathan probably had a well-developed chest and nice set of abs. Eddie couldn't help but wonder what Nathan's dick looked like too. It probably wasn't as big as Eddie's was now, but that was fine; it was to be expected, in fact. He was sure Nathan's cock was absolutely perfect; nice and long, thick and juicy, and completely with nice, full nuts.

Eddie was so lost in his daydream about his classmate that he almost didn't notice that he was leaking pre even faster than before. His cock was practically shuddering in anticipation, and Eddie hadn't laid so much as a finger on it in minutes. It was actually the sound of an older lady loudly and angrily clearing her throat that snapped Eddie back to reality. He snapped back up in his seat and sat bolt upright.

"Mr. Roberts." She said tersely. Her voice seemed to spike up an octave on the first syllable which made it sound more like a pterodactyl screech as opposed to a polite title.

"Yes ma'am." Eddie replied robotically.

"If you're not going to bother staying awake for class, you shouldn't have bothered showing up at all!" She snapped at him.

"Ye ma'am." Eddie replied sheepishly. Her voice was like nails on a chalkboard and had a similar effect. His ears were ringing, and he had a general feeling of ick spreading through his whole body. He was actually thankful, though. Her admonishing shriek had been enough to take the edge off his precariously boned wang.

Eddie sat bolt upright for a few more minutes as he waited for the mood in the room to once again mellow out enough that he could slouch down in his chair again. Eddie readily capitalized on his reduced libido and snaked his hands back down around his dong. It felt good still, but lacked the electric intensity of before. This was just fine by him though; he was trying to get through the day without blowing a load, after all.

He slowly and methodically pushed his cock downward enough so that he could get it back into his underoos, but this time, instead of trying to fit it into the front pouch, he poked it through one of the stretched out leg holes. When he let go of his cock, he was relieved to find that his gamble had more or less paid off. I was quite uncomfortable, but the leg holes actually pinned his dick against the side of his leg. He adjusted his nuts real quick and stuffed them into the front pouch of his undies. Fortunately, his balls were more or less cooperating today. With his junk safely squared away, he slumped back into his seat and settled down for the rest of the boring class period. Fortunately, the class was winding down already. It would only be a little more than fifteen minutes until the bell rang and he would be free to move about the cabin.

Eddie tried to focus on the class, he really did, but it was just so boring. Even fifteen minutes of this drudgery was too much for him. Hell, even just five minutes of it was too much for him. After only about only three minutes of gerunding and paying attention to infinitives, his eyes began to glaze over. His hormones were already running at full power so there's no real mystery as to where his thoughts inevitably turned. Eddie could feel his already boned up cock getting even more rigid as his libido once again ramped up. His mind was practically swimming in a haze of hormones.

Some motion off to his side caught his attention. It wasn't really a major amount of movement, but he was desperate for anything to take his mind away from the monotony. The girl two seats over was leaning, not very discretely, out of her seat trying to get a good look at the huge bulge that snaked down the side of Eddie's inseam. Eddie could tell that the girl sitting directly next to him was trying to point it out for her friend. Eddie was already so horny that he was hardly thinking clearly, and he was quite flattered that someone would be actively trying to sneak a peek at his humongous dong.

A smug smirk crossed his lips. He had come here to show off, after all. What could it hurt to give the girls what they wanted? He gave both girls a quick nod to alert them to the fact that he was well aware of their peeking. At first the two girls seemed embarrassed to have been caught like that, but Eddie's devious smirk and subtle nodding gesture towards his crotch let them know that he was A OK with them looking. Eddie snaked a hand under his desk and gripped the bottom hem of the pant leg of his shiny, black, basketball shorts and slowly began to pull it back.

The shorts were so large on him that they went past his knees so he had a few inches to go before he got to any of the actual goods, but this was perfectly fine by him. He wanted to build up the suspense for his audience. There was no fun in just whipping it out. With every tiny millimeter that he slid the fabric up along his leg, the two girls leaned in and craned their necks even farther in hopes of sneaking in one small, early peek at the legendary tool.

The two girls gasped in unison as the pre-oozing tip came into the view. The black, spongy tissue of his humongous cockhead was just about to his knee. Even girls in high school, especially in this age of information technology, knew that this was absurdly large for a dick. They were instantly enamored.

Eddie was never one to leave well enough alone. He had already revealed the tip, and in doing so, revealed just how huge his forearm-thick dick really was. That would have been enough to satisfy the girls, and no doubt would have given the rumor mill enough fuel to burn for months, but he was enjoying the gazes he was getting far too much. He continued to sneak his pant leg up and up ever so slowly, causing ever more of his over a foot of solid, boned cock to make its appearance.

Eddie was getting surprisingly worked up from the peep show he was giving. His heart was pounding in his chest, and his chest felt like it was wrapping ever tighter around his lungs, causing his breathing to get ever shallower and more unsteady. His dick felt amazingly sensitive too. Even just the soft rubbing from the fabric of his pants felt amazing. It was like each and every polyester fiber was a tiny little hand massaging his cock.

Eddie's cock bucked and lurched. The sudden jerks were enough to snap him out of his daze just enough to realize that there was a very serious problem here. Not only would he make a tremendous mess in class if he let loose right here, but he would also have another growth spurt as a result. Not to mention he would probably be suspended or worse for jacking off in the middle of class, but that wasn't anywhere near the forefront of his sex-addled mind.

Eddie pulled his pant leg back down over his cock in one swift motion causing the fan club he had garnered in the last minute or two to sigh dejectedly. The swift brushing of the rough fabric across his dick was enough to send a shudder through his entire body, but nowhere moreso than his cock. His dick felt ready to burst. In fact, he was sure he felt a small bit of jizz escape. Whatever happened, there was already a huge pool of pre forming at his feet. His legs were already coated in the clear, viscous liquid, and it was soaking into the sides of his faux leather tennis shoes.

Eddie glanced nervously at the clock. He had less than five minutes left until he could make a break for the restroom. He was already sure that he wasn't going to survive this school day without quite literally making a mess of things.

Eddie stared at the clock, both in an effort to take his mind off his dick which was about ready to go off like a bottle rocket and to mentally will time to move faster. Eddie managed to slightly take his mind off of his need to cum, but he failed spectacularly at willing time to move faster. In fact, it felt like the opposite was true. After ten minutes of having an intense staring match with the clock, the minute hand had only managed to travel one mark.

Eddie nervously tapped his hooves on the tile floor, but this too proved to be a bad idea. Not only did it direct the teacher's blood chilling glare his direction, but it also jostled his nuts and dick. He was just about to give up and let out a flood of spooge right there in the middle of class when he heard the distinct, shrill, rattle of the old and busted school bell. Eddie shut his eyes and silently uttered a prayer of thank you to whatever deity might be listening. In his full-boned panic, he had completely forgotten that the old clock on the wall was at least three minutes fast.

Eddie had his backpack in his hands and was bolting for the door before the chime even finished. He all but bowled over the teacher as well as a few of the students, but he didn't care. All he could think of was how much he needed to cum.

He galloped down the hallway and ducked into the first restroom he found. He rammed his shoulder into the door of the first stall he saw as if he was a member of a SWAT team busting into a meth lab. Under normal circumstances, he would have taken a moment to carefully hang his backpack on the hook on the back of the stall door so it would never make contact with the befouled tile of the restroom floor, but today was a special case. He was so close to unloading a monumental wad that he couldn't even be arsed to spend the two seconds it would take to hang the bag. He let go of the shoulder strap and let the bag land with a dull splat in on the dingy floor. He put his hands around his

waistband and dropped his pants and underwear so fast that his underwear was down around his ankles the exact second that his backpack made contact with the less than sanitary floor.

Eddie's cock sproinged up into its full upright and locked position and slapped against his belly. The tip of the beast reached up past his belly button. This was the first time that Eddie had seen it at its new size. His jaw dropped. He could do nothing but stare at it in reverent awe. He had never seen something so amazing in his life. He had wanted to be bigger than all the jerks who teased him before, and there was no doubt in his mind that he had more than succeeded. He couldn't wait to show this to those toolboxes and let them eat their words... but when he showed it to them, it would be even bigger.

Eddie couldn't have held back even if he had wanted to. Just the sight of his already huge, super cock was enough to bring him to the breaking point, and thinking about how much hotter it would be when even bigger more than sent him over the edge. He didn't even have time to wrap a hand around his humongous shaft before it began spewing forth jizz like a geyser. The pleasurable sensation that coursed through his body was so intense that he almost immediately lost the ability to remain standing upright. His legs buckled under him, and he tumbled backwards against the door to the stall. The entire cubicle shuddered violently from the impact, but the door remained firmly in place allowing Eddie to lean against it as he continued launching a salvo of spoooge like rockets from a Howitzer.

Eddie tried his best to aim his dick so that much of the spunk went into the bowl, but he was so overcome by the orgasmic pleasure that he couldn't even focus his eyes, let alone aim properly. As such, most of the jizz ended up coating the walls, and quite a bit of it ended up spraying across the ceiling. Huge, thick ropes of the spunk even launched over the partitions and rained down upon the neighboring stalls as well as the open section which housed the urinals. If there was anyone else in there with him, they no doubt were getting coated in the thick, heavy hail of spoooge. Eddie didn't hear the telltale sounds of disgust and confusion that would have accompanied such an event, but then again, Eddie was hardly in any condition to be paying attention to such things. He could barely even keep his eyes open as his entire body and mind was wracked to the core.

It was easily the largest, messiest, and most amazing climax Eddie had had in his life. He continued pumping spoooge out of his cock for a solid five minutes. By the time he was done the toilet bowl was completely filled with spunk. The walls on all sides of him were coated with jizz as well, and the ceiling wasn't in much better shape. Huge blobs of spunk were dripping down from the ceiling and crashing against the ground like thick, sticky water balloons.

Eddie slunk down into the standing pool of jizz that was easily an inch deep. He was far too exhausted to stand after that. He was getting completely coated in spoooge, but he didn't mind; for starters had already been pretty well coated in pre, and he was feeling too giddy and groggy after that mind blowing orgasm to really care about his hygiene at the moment.

Eddie just sat there for a while enjoying the warm spunk sloshing against him and dripping down his fur as he basked in the afterglow. He wasn't sure how long he was out of it, but he was sure that he was far too late for his next class to even bother trying to attend. It was math... Pre-Calculus to be exact so he really wasn't too upset about skipping it. He really needed to clean up anyway, and the best chance he would have to sneak into the showers was during classes when the halls were nearly deserted.

Eddie staggered out of the stall and gazed into the mirror. Having been directly behind him, the mirror was relatively unscathed and afforded Eddie a good view of his current visage. He looked ridiculous. His hair was matted with soaked in jizz. The layer of spunk covered his entire body and made him look like those white, gooey villainous pirates from the Cap'n Crunch commercials... Well, except he had a much longer face and a third leg.

Eddie caught sight of his recently enhanced dong for the first time. In the afterglow he had almost forgotten about that little side effect. The humongous cock was thicker than his thigh and still soft! Granted, he wasn't the most muscular sort, and so his thigh was a bit on the scrawny side, but even had he been jacked, his beefy quad would have barely been able to beat out his thick dick in terms of size. The humongous tool dangled halfway down his shins. The two massive nuts that rounded out the package were easily as large as basket balls, if not just a tad bigger. The two turgid orbs hung loosely in their sack down to his knees.

On some level Eddie knew he should be freaked out. This cock was far too large to be useable in any of the normal sexual ways and was well within the range of what many people would consider freakish, but he couldn't get over how amazing it looked and felt. He could feel the blood rushing to it as he stared at it in silent awe. The already enormous schlong began to swell up even larger. Eddie could barely stifle a giggle as he watched it. A part of him wanted to pound out another one and grow yet again, but he had a better idea. He wanted others to see him before he got any bigger... and he was sure he was going to get even bigger before too much longer.

Eddie quickly scrubbed the top layer of spunk off of his clothing in the sink and then put the damp clothes on and scurried off towards the locker room. His bulge was ridiculous before, but now it was positively obscene. His dick was now so huge that Eddie hadn't even bothered to try to put his underwear on. He simply tucked the cummy briefs into his pocket and called it good. His dick was still far too large to fit into his pants properly though. His humongous balls filled up the previously overly loose pant legs of the shiny basketball shorts; little bits of his nutsack actually poked out under the hem of his pant legs. These might have appeared to be huge, flabby thighs if not for his dick, which was by no stretch of the imagination fully covered. Only the bottom half of his massive cock even managed to fit into the front of his pants. The gigantic head of his cock filled up every last inch of the crotch of his shorts. His dick was so huge and heavy that it actually pushed his pants down so that the waistline in the front was almost halfway down his thighs. The last foot or so of his cock bulged and folded awkwardly over his waistband.

He was fortunate and didn't encounter any of the faculty in the hallway, but he did pass another classmate as he was leaving the restroom. The other guy gawked and stared at the immense, obscene bulge. Eddie merely grinned smugly and walked by. The other guy made no effort to hide the fact that he was staring as Eddie passed him. In fact his gaze continued to follow the young horse boy's package all the way up until Eddie rounded the corner.

It wasn't a long trip to the locker room. Once there, Eddie quickly shucked his damp clothes and ducked into one of the shower stalls. He didn't even bother shutting the curtain. If anyone came in early, Eddie was more than happy to give them a nice show. In fact, he was a little saddened to find that the locker room was completely deserted. Judging by all the empty lockers he figured that there wasn't even a class using the gym during this period. On the plus side, this meant that he had plenty of time to

himself to get nice and clean, but the downside was that he would have to wait until next period to show off.

Eddie shut his eyes and let the warm water roll off his hair. He had long since cleaned off all the caked on spunk and was now just relaxing there enjoying the warmth of the water. Eddie's ears perked up as he heard the sound of students shuffling into the locker room. He must have missed the sound of the bell dismissing the previous class. He could feel himself getting jittery, but it was not a matter of being nervous. This was the moment he had been waiting for all day. It was time for him to flaunt his massive cock for all those who had made fun of his tiny little pecker just last week.

Eddie was grinning from ear to ear. Part of him wanted to just stroll out there right then and there with his huge dong swinging between his legs and just let everyone stare, but he couldn't help but wonder if there was something better he could do. His mind was racing as ideas zoomed by left and right. He had so many options and only one great reveal. His thoughts ground to a halt as he heard a very distinct set of snickers emanating from the entrance. He knew those voices anywhere. Brenden and his flunkies were here.

As far as bullies go, Brenden was one of the least malicious ones. He wasn't a particularly bad guy really... he just liked to ham it up at others expense. He never set out to make life miserable for other people, it was just an unfortunate side effect of his quest to be the center of attention, and Eddie had been the unfortunate subject of constant ribbing on account of his previously tiny equipment. Brenden's eight inch tool was quite big by normal standards, but when placed alongside Eddie's diminutive three inches, it looked positively massive, which is exactly why Brenden liked to parade the young horse boy around whenever it was possible.

Eddie quickly and quite noisily pulled the shower curtain closed. To anyone who had just staggered in, it would have appeared as if he was trying to hide, but Eddie had the exact opposite in mind. The loud rustling of the plastic curtain had alerted the other students to his presence.

Brenden turned in the direction of the sound. He had taken the bait hook, line, and sinker. As far as he was concerned, someone was trying to hide the fact that they were showering before class, and it wasn't hard to figure out who it was. The pair of hooves visible below the bottom edge of the curtain said it all. A huge grin spread across Brenden's face as he prepared himself for a good dose of hearty posturing for his adoring public.

Brenden wasn't the hottest guy on campus, but he was a good enough looking guy all around. He didn't have supermodel chiseled looks, but he had an All-American good ol' boy charm to him that counterbalanced his slightly round face. His curly, brown hair was overdue for a trimming, but it still framed his features nicely. His best asset was easily his eyes, though. The deep, green pools seemed to have their own warmth to them.

Brenden was quite athletic, but his body didn't really show it until the clothes came off. He was very muscular, but he had just enough extra padding on him to smooth out the edges, making the lines of his beefy, six pack abs so faint as to be all but invisible. Still, he was hardly what one would consider fat, and was very proud of his physique. In fact, he never missed an opportunity to show it off alongside his afore mentioned sizeable wang.

Brenden quickly shucked his clothes and stuffed them haphazardly into his locker. A few eyes drifted towards his huge, seven inch softie as it flopped free. Brenden merely grinned at this. He knew people tended to look, and he was totally cool with it. In fact, he thrived off the stares. He even went so far as to make needlessly exaggerated gestures while he shoved his clothes into the locker and jostled the door shut causing his huge cock and hefty nuts to swing and flop about enticingly.

Brenden made a quick note of the boys that had glanced a little too long in his direction and singled one out to use as an excuse to draw even more attention to himself. "Hey. You." He called out to one of the smaller guys in the locker room. "Yeah you. Specks. Might need to get your prescription fixed if you gotta stare that hard to see. It's not like it's small or anything." Brenden added with a raucous guffaw for good measure. The random victim of Brenden's jabs turned beat red and slunk out of sight, which was just fine for Brenden. The guy had served his purpose, and now it was time for the main event.

"You know? Maybe you could use a good comparison to help bring home the point." Brenden said loudly. A mischievous smile covered his face. The big, beefy dude crept swiftly towards the currently occupied stall like Dee Dee making her way into the laboratory, but the guy's huge physique and overall lack of grace completely undermined any attempt at stealth he may have attempted.

Eddie was only all too aware of the douchey dude's scheme. Everything was going right in accordance to Eddie's own master plan. Eddie had to bite his lips in order to stifle a giggle which would have given him away. Eddie reached over and turned the nob to shut up the water and began to dry off with a towel he had slung over the partition. This all seemed fairly innocuous to his soon to be audience, but it served a very important purpose.

Right on cue, Brenden yanked the shower curtain aside to reveal the soggy equine. Eddie reacted just like he had mentally rehearsed several times already; he gasped in feigned shocked as he spun around and gripped his towel to his crotch. The towel didn't completely cover his junk; there were several inches of his ginormous tool dangling below the bottom of the towel, but the towel did cover everything around his crotch, which he knew was the only area that the showboating jock would bother checking.

Brenden threw an arm over Eddie's shoulder and guided his target away from the showers towards the center of the room where he could get the largest number of eyes on them. Just as Brenden had expected, everyone was already looking in their direction and were silently awaiting the festivities that were about to begin, and just like Eddie had expected, Brenden hadn't so much as given the horse boy a second glance since the jock had slung an arm over his shoulder.

"Alright! Listen up, gentlemen. It's time you learned something." Brenden announced loudly for all to hear. "It has come to my attention that some of you don't seem to know a truly huge cock when you see one! So I have asked my esteemed colleague here to help with a little demonstration."

Eddie was trying so hard not to laugh, but he was fighting a losing battle. This is exactly what Eddie had wanted all along. He wanted to make the assholes and bullies eat their words, and Brenden was unintentionally giving him the perfect intro. Fortunately, Brenden mistook Eddie's silent, stifled giggles for shudders of shame and was spurred on to showboat even harder.

A hush had fallen over the locker room. Everybody but Brenden had gotten a glance at Eddie's lower half and they were still trying to process what they were seeing. The little towel was in no way hiding the sheer size of Eddie's junk, but there was no way what they were seeing could be real, could it? Everyone could see the two, massive basketball sized nuts dangling down to the equine's knees. The black flesh of his loose sack still glistened with fresh water. It looked so authentic, but there was no way it could be real, could it? And then there was that cock. The thing was huge, and it dangled halfway down Eddie's shins. The sheer girth of the beast rivaled the thickness of even Brenden's meaty quads.

"Goddamn that's huge..." One of the guys said in a voice barely above a whisper.

"Is that even real?" Came another hushed whisper.

On and all the murmurs went. Eddie was beaming with pride, but so was Brenden. The cocky jock was still blissfully oblivious to the real nature of the commentary.

"Now as I was saying!" Brenden all but shouted as he reached over and yanked Eddie's towel out of the horse boy's hands. Eddie offered a paltry defense in order to keep the ruse going, but easily relinquished the towel. He was left standing completely exposed right alongside the equally nude, huge, buff athlete. "Here you can see the true difference between a big, thick, man's cock and a little baby dick." Brenden finished.

The few students who weren't still in a state of stunned silence at the sheer enormity of Eddie's package began to laugh; it had started as a soft giggle or chortle here and there, but as more and more guys joined in, it quickly grew into a deafening cacophony of guffaws and cackles.

The Brenden's credit, he made an effort to try and smooth things over. After all, his goal was to make himself look better, not completely humiliate the smaller guy. "Hey. Hey. Hey. That's enough of that. It's nothing to be ashamed of. You can't help genetics. Some dudes are just born lucky." He said proudly, even going so far as to puff up his chest for emphasis.

This whole time, Brenden had been trash talking himself and hadn't even realized it. Eddie just couldn't take it anymore. He bust out laughing louder than anyone else in the room. Brenden all but jumped in shock at what he was hearing. His mind was rushing trying to piece it all together. Had the guy completely cracked? Was he laughing at how small his dick was? Brenden guessed it was kind of silly looking, but he had never expected that kind of response. As he spun around to look at Eddie, everything became clear. Brenden's jaw dropped as he stared in awe at the over two feet of thick cock that dangled between Eddie's brown furred legs.

"What...? No way... That can't be real..." Brenden murmured in dazed awe.

"It can't? It feels pretty real to me." Eddie gloated as he swished his hips from side to side causing his enormous cock and massive balls to bob and sway back and forth.

"But... That's impossible..." Brenden muttered. "It can't just grow like that over the weekend.

"It can, and it did." Eddie replied smugly. He was beaming from ear to ear as he felt a rush of pride. Just the mere existence of his humongous cock had completely taken the wind out of Brenden's sails, and it felt amazing. Eddie was so excited from the rush of pride as well as all the intense gazes

fixated on his junk that he could feel his hormones kicking into overdrive. As if on cue, his cock began to inflate further, adding even more girth to its already impossibly massive size.

“There’s gotta be a trick.” Brenden argued. He stomped forward and wrapped both arms around the already chubbed up supercock. To his surprise, it even *felt* real. He could even feel the warmth emanating from the skin and even the faint pulsing of the blood rushing into the engorging tool. Brenden still refused to believe it, though. It was physically impossible for there to be a cock that huge, let alone for it to be attached to that pencil dicked loser. He tightened his grip and gave it an experimental tug as he tried to figure out how it was attached.

“Woah now... not so hard.” Eddie cooed softly. The jock was unintentionally jacking him off, and it felt really nice. His cock began to harden even faster from the extra attention. As the blood rushed to his dick, his already enhanced libido began to skyrocket as the hormones flooded his brain. Eddie could feel his rational thoughts begin to fade as his gigantic dick spurred to life.

Some part of Eddie’s mind knew that he really needed to not jack off right now. For starters, he had a bunch of classmates watching him, but he also had to consider the added growth. It seemed that with each climax, the amount of growth increased ever more. At the rate he was going, he would be more cock than horse by the end of the day. This part of his mind was quickly drowned out by his ever growing libido. He was so horny now that he didn’t care about the downsides. In fact, having an even larger cock sounded amazing, and the audience just made it hotter. His mind was swimming in a mix of hormones and erotic notions about just how huge and sexy his dick would become by the end of it all.

Brenden let go as he felt Eddie’s cock lurch and bump him in the chest, smearing a large gob of pre across him as it went. There was no doubt in his mind now that it was in fact the real thing, but there was no way that it seemed possible. He stared in muted awe as the already gigantic cock hardened and rose before him. By the time it was done, the head of it was all but eye level for Eddie, but only reached up to Brenden’s chest. Brenden stared at it; his awe gave way to fascination. It was all so surreal that he was still having trouble accepting it, but he couldn’t refute what his eyes were telling him. Almost as if of its own volitions, Brenden’s arm reached out in front of him. His palm made contact with the glistening head of the massive cock. It was soft, and warm, and 100% genuine, of this he was sure.

“Heh. You got me like this and now you’re just gonna leave me hanging?” Eddie muttered groggily. He was so horny that he had lost any semblance of modesty. Now all he cared about was getting off and getting huge. “Whatever. I can handle it myself.” The horse added as he reached down and wrapped both hands around the huge, thick cock. The beast was so thick that he couldn’t even get the fingers on both hands to reach each other.

Brenden watched the skin roll up over the head as Eddie pumped up along the shaft. The motion broke his line of sight with the oozing slit and snapped the huge jock out of his trance enough to stagger back a few steps. Brenden continued to stare on in awe, but the reasoning was now completely different. He was no longer marveling at the sheer size of the equine’s massive dick, but instead was gawking at the lewd, brazen display that was playing out before him. Judging from the almost vacant, lusty look in Eddie’s eyes, Brenden was sure that the little horse boy fully intended to finish up. Brenden was at a loss for words. He couldn’t even muster up the nerve or the clarity of mind to warn his classmates or even try to get out of there himself.

Eddie began to sigh and coo as his mind became ever more enveloped in the haze of hormones. All he could think of was how great his massive cock felt and how much better it would feel when it even bigger. He never wanted to stop cumming and growing and growing and cumming. Images were swirling in his mind of his cock dwarfing people, and then cars, and then houses. There was no telling how big he could get and that just got him even hornier.

Eddie's immense dick was already streaming pre like a faucet. The clear, slimy liquid was oozing down his shaft and coating his hands. Still he kept pumping. His legs trembled as he struggled to stay upright, but he was fighting a losing battle. His legs felt like they were turning to jelly right out from under him.

Eddie felt to his knees. His humongous nuts slapped audibly against the floor as he did so. He was so close now. His breathing became ragged as he hovered at that magical precipice between wanting to keep stroking and wanting to just let it all out. He slumped back so that his butt was now resting atop his hooves and have his gigantic tool one last, powerful pump. Everything faded into a burst of white after that, both for Eddie and his audience, but for very different reasons. Eddie's mind overloaded with pure orgasmic bliss as he experienced the most powerful climax of his very short sexually active life. His audience meanwhile was blinding by a titanic burst of spoooge that launched into the air, splashed against the rafters, and came crashing down upon them.

Brenden was front and center and therefor took the brunt of the deluge. He instinctively covered his mouth to prevent himself from accidentally ingesting any of the potent spunk. His masculinity had already taken a shellacking. The last thing he needed was to be seen guzzling cum in public. Although, really, no one would have even noticed if he had slurped down some of the thick, sticky substance. Everyone else was in a similar boat. A few of the luckier ones were so shocked by the massive burst that they had their mouths hanging agape when the blast hit them.

Eddie moaned loudly as he fired spurt after massive spurt of cum all over the locker room. He couldn't even think anymore, but if he had been able to, his thoughts would have been completely consumed with his need to cum more and grow even further. As it was, all he could do was lay back and cry out in ecstasy with each and every massive, messy wad.

The lurid, messy shower went on for almost three minutes. Each spurt of jizz that erupted from Eddie's cock lasted a solid ten seconds and had only just begun to taper off when the next one started. It wasn't until the twelfth or fifteenth burst that Eddie's torrent finally began to taper off, but the damage had more than been done by then. There wasn't a dry guy in the entire locker room, but no one was more coated than the previously showboating Brenden. The last thing on his mind now was his own sizeable cock. It would be a long time before he would try and pass himself off as the big man on campus... that is if he even did so ever again.

With his nuts finally drained, Eddie's cock finally began to deflate. Eddie rocked unsteadily on his knees for a moment before collapsing forward atop his massive, deflating dick. He was only vaguely aware of how the soft, puffy glans made for a great pillow as he rested his head against it, or how the shaft was thicker than his torso which made it serve as a great bed. He merely wrapped his arms around the beast the best he could and hugged it as he lay there in a half-asleep, orgasm-addled stupor with a doofy grin plastered on his face.

No one else in the room was grinning, but they had stuff plastered to their face nonetheless. The entire room was enveloped in a blanket of spooze that coincided with a hushed sense of confusion and awe that had descended upon everyone in the audience.

The silence was suddenly shattered by an obnoxiously cheerful, chirpy, chiptuned song. The guys looked back and forth amongst each other nervously as they tried to determine the source of the song. Eddie recognized the song immediately. After all, it was his ringtone. He was in no condition to care about such trivial things at the moment though. He merely shrugged it off and went back to nuzzling up against his colossal dong.

After a minute the music stopped and was followed by another minute and a half of awkward silence before once again starting up. This time Eddie grumbled in annoyance and pointed weakly towards the jizz-saturated pile of clothes that he had chucked into the corner before his shower. "Can someone get that?" He asked groggily.

One of the cleaner guys in the back row silently rummaged through Eddie's shorts and pulled the phone out and then brought it over to the barely conscious equine. Eddie accepted the phone, poked the answer button and pulled it to the side of his face before groggily respond, "yeah?"

"Eddie? Are you OK?" Came Rex's voice. He sounded a little concerned but noticeable relieved to be hearing back from his bro. "I'd been texting you for over an hour just to check up on you, but I haven't gotten any response. Is everything ok?"

Eddie groaned and pushed himself up onto his elbows. Hearing his brother's voice helped to snap him out of his daze and remind him of his previous resolve. It was safe to say he had failed spectacularly at keeping his libido in check throughout the school day. Now that he was mostly awake and was staring out at his massive cock as it stretched out before him, Eddie was suddenly worried. He could feel the panic welling up inside of him. His cock was easily bigger than his torso and probably rivaled the size of his entire body, and that's not even factoring in his nuts. Eddie didn't even dare to turn around and look behind him to find out just how huge those had grown. His throat felt dry. He tried to think of what he could tell his brother, but nothing came to mind.

"Eddie...?" Came Rex's voice once again.

Eddie fumbled awkwardly for a moment as he tried to form the words, but nothing was coming out. Finally he managed to utter a few simple lines. "Come get me... and bring some clean clothes."