

Anonymous asked: when did troy first fill up a bathtub? when was his first revelation that he needed somewhere bigger to cum?

Troy had actually managed to fill a tub before the events of [Big Changes] although it was not nearly as common occurrence then as it is nowadays.

The first time he actually filled the tub was a few weeks into his growth. He was enjoying his growths up until he hit the legendary twelve inch mark. A foot long dong looked absolutely fantastic especially with his huge nuts that went with it. When he got off regularly his balls only seemed to stay roughly the size of grapefruit, but during the course of the next week or so, his cock steadily crept up further and further. By the time his dick reached fifteen inches soft it was starting to be a problem. His nuts were getting to the point that they were the size of a cantaloupe in their default state.

It was at this point that he started becoming more of a recluse. His cock was so huge that he started having an obscene bulge in his shorts even when it was soft. He started avoiding friends and skipping hanging out in favor of staying home and gaming.

The only thing that managed to get him out of the house was the big launch for the newest game in his favorite series. There was a big midnight launch at the local game store, and he had pre-ordered and pre-paid the collector's edition. He was so excited that for an evening at least he was able to forget his growth. He got in line with all the other people and stood around and chatted it up. It was so dark and the fabric of his pants was so thick and stiff that no one could really see the size of the bulge in his shorts. He spent the better part of three hours there since he had shown up two hours early, and then the line took an hour to clear out. By the time he had gotten home he realized that his balls had swollen up to the size of pumpkins, but he was too excited for his new game. He ignored them and dove right into the newest installment.

Now, Troy has the uncanny ability to tune everything else out when he's in gamer mode. He had nothing to do the next day, a six pack of Monster, and the complete, unrestricted freedom that being in the comfort of his own room allowed him. He popped in the disk, pulled the tab on a can, chucked his pants, and sat his bare ass down on the beanbag chair he kept in front of the TV.

The hours stretched on. He continued to zone out and focus on his mass slaughter of the creatures of hell pausing only to take another drink of Monster. By the time he had down his twelfth boss and third can the sun had long since risen and the constant intake of liquids were beginning to get to him. He fought it off as long as he could, but finally he reached a breaking point.

Troy paused the game and rubbed his eyes. He hadn't realized how late it had gotten. It was getting close to noon. He had been at it for almost ten hours. He stretched his back and popped his neck. He was so stiff from sitting in that position for so long that his legs had begun to fall asleep. He awkwardly hopped up to his feet and almost tripped over something huge and heavy. It felt like a large dog had fallen asleep on his legs. He glanced down to see what was in his way and gawked at

what he saw. He had almost tripped over his own nuts. His balls were every bit as huge as the chair he had been sitting on. They rested solidly on the ground even though he was standing up straight, and the worst part? ... he kinda like it.

Getting over to his bathroom was a bit of a chore. He had to waddle like a penguin to make any progress. He was effectively shoving his nuts forward with his feet as he slowly shambled forward. It didn't hurt though. It actually felt fantastic. His bare toes against digging into his massive nuts felt like a gentle massage. The constant stimulation caused his nuts to roil and slosh. His balls were steadily swelling even as he waddled the twenty feet to his restroom.

He was going to wank into the toilet like he normally did, but last time he had gotten backed up his spunk clogged the throne. He knew his current load was far too big for the old porcelain to handle so he turned and aimed his almost two feet of cock straight over the tub. He couldn't angle his cock down at all, but he settled for pointing straight at the wall and hoping the jizz would slide right on into the tub. He quickly stroked his fully boned cock and let his own overcharged hormones and oversensitive dick take care of the rest. It didn't take him long to finish. He closed his eyes and moaned softly as spunk erupted from his massive cock which by this point was as long as the distance from his wrist to his shoulder and thicker than his neck. He came and came again for what felt like hours. No matter how much he came it never seemed to even make a dent in the enormous backlog of spunk that sloshed in his sofa-sized nuts.

Finally the constant spurts of jizz from his dick tapered off. His eyes fluttered open. He was so dizzy from the constant, mind-blowing pleasure and groggy from the post-wank afterglow that he couldn't even freak out at what he saw. He just giggled a little and wiggled his toes enjoying the feeling of warm, creamy jizz soaking into the gaps between them.

His bathroom was trashed. For the most part his plan of banking the arcs of spoooge off the back wall had worked. Most of the spunk had indeed gone into the tub, but large gobs of cum had splattered all over the room, and the entire wall he had been aiming at was completely saturated in spoooge that was slowly oozing down the tiles and into the tub. The tub itself was filled to capacity. Jizz dripped over the sides of the tub and onto the cool, tile floor below. The standing pool of spunk was already over an inch deep, and it looked like it'd be getting even deeper by the time all the cum finished dripping down from the ceiling and the walls.

That had been hell to explain to his parents, and had taken over a week to fully clean up. The spoooge had even oozed out of his bathroom and saturated the carpets in his room. They had to replace the carpet completely. Fortunately while they were at it they installed some water proof stuff and got a hydrophobic coating on the walls of the house to limit the damage of further messes.

Since that day he has been much more careful about getting off in a timely manner, but recently he can't go more than a few hours lest he flood the bathroom again. It's gotten so bad that he has to jack off right before bed, right when he wakes up in the morning, and even get up once or twice in the

middle of the night to take care of business. It's hell on his sleep cycle, but he's gotten into a good rhythm. It's clear he's going to need a bigger tub soon or at least better drainage though.