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Jizzer

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The two friends stumbled through the dense brush with only the beams of their flashlights to guide their way. They were looking for something... or rather someone.

“Come on, man. Let’s turn back,” Walter said.

“No, way! We haven’t heard from Lewis all weekend,” Ethan replied.

“Yeah? So, what? Cell service is shit out here. He’s probably getting plastered by a campfire somewhere.” Walt countered.

Ethan wasn’t so sure. The message he had received from Lewis earlier this afternoon was cryptic at best. The words on the voicemail were scattered and breathy – almost as if being moaned in a stupor.

“I’m so horny...” Lewis had moaned. At first Ethan had thought it to be no more than a prank call.

Lewis wasn't above the occasional joke between friends, but he couldn't shake the feeling that this was something else. As the hours stretched on and no further contact had been made with Lewis, Ethan's confusion gave way to concern. By nightfall, Ethan had loaded into his car and dragged his roommate and mutual friend with him to go on an expedition to the woods on the outskirts of town.

"Whatever," Ethan said eventually, "If you want to go back, be my guest, but I'm going to keep looking."

"AS IF!" Walt scoffed. "I'm not leaving you out here alone! The closest you've ever come to 'roughing it' is turning off builder mode in Minecraft!"

With that, the discussion was over. All that was left was to keep trudging and searching for any sign of recent life. Eventually Walt and Ethan stumbled across a clearing. Empty beer cans were strewn about the clearing, as was a hiking pack and an ice chest.

"See? I told you he got drunk off his ass," Walt said.

"Probably, but that doesn't explain where he went," Ethan replied.

Ethan glanced around at the would-be campsite. It made no sense. Lewis was an experienced outdoorsman. He might enjoy getting drunk under the starlight, but he would always make his camp first. His hiking pack was haphazardly tossed aside, and his tent wasn't even unpacked let alone assembled! Not to

mention, some of these cans had been here for ages. They probably *were* from Lewis but not recently. This was probably a spot that Lewis had visited many times in the past.

Another thing that Ethan noticed was how strangely muddy the clearing was. It had been an uncharacteristically dry month. They hadn't had rain in weeks! What had caused all this flooding?

Ethan knelt down to examine the mud and noticed that there seemed to be some white stuff all over the place. It was like a thick film of gunk. It was tough to say what exactly it was. The smell seemed strangely familiar, but it looked like it had been there for a while and had begun to dry out.

Ethan's investigation was interrupted by a call from the other end of the clearing. "Hey! I think I found something!" Walt shouted.

Ethan glanced up to see his pal waving him over towards the woods. Ethan got up and walked over to where his friend was and glanced down towards where Walt had pointed his light. Footsteps leading into the brush. Why would Lewis have gone into the woods without his gear?

"Let's follow," Ethan said. Walt merely nodded in agreement and the two began their trek deeper into the woods.

The footprints were surprisingly easy to follow. The mud from the clearing made the footprints really stand out. Lewis wouldn't have been trying to hide his

tracks anyway, but these steps seemed strangely deliberate. Rather than stepping carefully around rocks and branches and other debris, whoever had made these tracks seemed to be forcing his way forward.

After several feet, the two friend came across something incredibly bizarre – Lewis’s shoes! ... or what was left of them anyway. They found the soles of his hiking boots before they found the rest. The thick rubber pads were left lying in the middle of the trail they were following whereas the leather of the actual boots was found a few more feet further up.

Ethan scooped up the wreckage of one of the boots and turned it over in his hands. He couldn’t quite understand what he was seeing. The leather was shredded, but it didn’t look like it was some kind of animal attack. It wasn’t cut or anything like that. It was almost as if the shoes had popped like a balloon!

“Ethan!” Walt called out. Ethan glanced up from the remains of the boot and looked to where Walt’s flashlight was pointing. More shreds, but these were from Lewis’s clothing. Bits of flannel and denim littered the path deeper into the forest.

The two friends continued their search. As they went, the path became easier to follow. At first, they were just following small tatters of clothes, but soon they found the bulk of Lewis’s shirt followed by most of his pants. Both articles of clothing looked like they had exploded from the inside out. It made no

sense. Why were his clothes lying around like this? Had Lewis removed them or was it something else?

Ethan didn't have time to ponder it too much. His gaze fell upon more fabric further up the path. These tatters were of a different fabric than the previous patches. They were from a piece of clothing that Ethan had seen a few times, but Walt probably hadn't – Lewis's boxers! Was Lewis stumbling through the woods bare-assed naked?

Ethan picked up the pace upon finding this. He knew he had to find Lewis quickly. It was already cold out, and if Lewis was au naturale, then he was going to freeze in no time. Fortunately, the path was even easier to follow than before... although that worried Ethan even more.

Whole trees were pushed aside with ease. As they went deeper, it felt less like they were following their pal and more like they were following Earl Sinclair on his way home from work. Whoever – or whatever – was doing this had to be massive!

Soon, the two friends found themselves stumbling out of the woods into a large, open field. A quick glance at their surroundings made it clear where they were. They could see the road far on the other side of the large field. They could see the familiar sign marking the city limits, and more importantly, they could see the old, run-down barn they had passed so many times before. This was the old, abandoned farm on the outskirts of town, but it didn't seem completely abandoned tonight. Ethan and Walt could see that the

door to the barn was slightly ajar. Someone had opened it!

Now that they were out of the dense underbrush, the friends could see the tracks they had been following even clearer than before. The footprints were huge and getting seemingly larger with each step, but there was more to it than that. There was a third object. Something huge had been dragged along the ground. Almost like whoever was making these tracks was dragging something or maybe even *two* somethings along in a large sack.

Despite how ridiculous it seemed, Ethan couldn't keep his mind from running wild with more and more outlandish theories as they followed the trail to the barn. These massive footprints. The object being dragged. Had some kind of massive, cannibalistic ogre absconded with their friend? Was Lewis's unconscious body being dragged off to the dilapidated farmstead to be served up for dinner? Whatever the truth was, Ethan and Walt were hurriedly jogging towards the barn.

As the duo pushed through the doorway into the barn, they came face to face with what it was that they had been tracking. The shape before them was huge! It was massive! It was enormous! It was far, far larger than whatever it was that they had made those tracks.

At first, they weren't even sure what they were looking at. They were staring down a large, fleshy wall with a massive slit that was drooling some clear,

viscous substance. The vertical slit was easily four feet long.

Both guys' jaws dropped as they slowly realized what they were staring at. It was a cock. An enormous cock. An absolutely colossal cock that was thicker than they were tall. Just the puffy, spongy tip was the size of a four-door coupe. The colossal schlong stretched from the entrance of the barn all the way to the far back where a pair of monolithic nuts filled every inch of the barn from floor to ceiling, and resting between those nuts atop the colossal cock was a familiar face – the face of Lewis sinking into a solid wall of muscle. His traps had grown so much that the enormous mound of muscle crested above his head. His massive, swollen pecs pushed up against the underside of his chin. His lats flared out so far that he couldn't even lower his arms. His abs were so dense and so deep that they looked like cushions on a couch. Lewis's thighs were so swole that they were thicker than Ethan's whole torso!

"Lewis!?" Walt yelled in shock. "What the fuck!?"

"Walt?" Lewis moaned groggily. He seemed barely conscious. It seemed like he was struggling to even remember Walt's name.

"Lewis!? What happened?" Ethan asked.

"I'm just... so horny..." Lewis moaned in reply.

Lewis's massive cock gave a lurch of excitement. Pre flowed faster from the tip of his

colossal cock. The behemoth seemed to surge in size in front of Walt and Ethan's very eyes. They duo had to step back to keep from getting knocked aside by the growth spurt.

Ethan turned to Walt. "We have to do something," he said.

"Do something? Do what?" Walt asked. The tone of his voice and the look in his eyes made it clear he was hovering close to a panic attack.

"I don't know, but we can't just leave him here!" Ethan replied.

Ethan turned back to the massive wall of cock and balls that their friend had become.

"Lewis! Lewis, look at me!" He called out.

"Ethan?" Lewis asked as if in a daze. His eyes looked roughly in Ethan's direction, but he didn't seem to be focused on Ethan himself. "Ethan... I'm just so horny... I never believed anyone could be this horny..." he moaned.

"Lewis! We're near the main road. I'll call an ambulance. We'll get you help!" Ethan called up to his friend.

"An ambulance? Do you really think that will help?" Walt asked.

"At this point, it can't hurt!" Ethan replied.

He then turned his attention back to the mountain of brawn and balls and called up. "Lewis! Lewis, stay with me! We'll get you help!"

"Ethan... Ethan... I..." Lewis groaned. He let out another loud, low moan. His cock once again lurched. The shudder from his schlong sent massive globs of pre flying through the air, and once again, Ethan and Walt were nearly knocked over as their pal surged in size.

After the growth spurt settled, Ethan took stock of the recent changes. Lewis was even more massive and muscular than before. His balls were now so enormous that they pressed against the walls of the barn and threatened to knock the walls clean over. Lewis's face was getting harder to see as his swelling pecs threatened to eclipse his face altogether.

Every massive muscle in Lewis's immobilized body shuddered with bliss. His colossal cock bucked and lurched. "I... I..." Lewis moaned orgasmically.

"Oh shi-" Walt began to say. He grabbed Ethan's shoulder and tried to jump out of the way, but he was not quite fast enough. A massive spray of jizz erupted from Lewis's colossal cock and blasted the duo head on. The thick, warm deluge of spooge sent the pair of pals sprawling to the ground.

Lewis came again and again. With each spurt his cock and muscles surged in size. The walls of the barn exploded into splinters as his balls and muscles

outgrew the confines. Soon the area surrounding the wreckage of the barn was covered in jizz and debris.

Walt scrambled to his feet. "Fuck! I had my mouth open and everything!" He whined and spit a few times. He then glanced over at Ethan who was slowly crawling up onto his hands and knees. "You OK?" Walt asked.

Ethan coughed up a mouthful of spunk before replying. "Ugh. I think so," he groaned.

Walt fumbled through his pockets and quickly fished out his phone. "Fuck this. I'm calling the cops. This is above my pay grade," he said and quickly started dialing.

"Shit! I don't get signal out here. You get anything?" Walt asked.

Ethan fumbled for his phone and fished it out. "Two bars... not much, but it'll work, I guess..." he said.

Ethan glanced back at the enormous mass of brawn in the middle of his field. Sounds of blissful moans came from somewhere in the mass of muscles. At least he knew Lewis was still OK... or as OK as he could be given the situation. Ethan quickly punched in the three-digit number and was soon connected with a dispatcher.

"Please state the nature of your emergency," the voice on the other end of the line said.

"I... I..." Ethan stammered.

He knew what he had to say. He just couldn't bring himself to say it. His mind was so foggy and his skin was so warm.

"I... I..." Ethan tried again.

"Please speak up, sir. I can't understand you,"
The dispatcher responded.

Ethan shuddered. His body felt so warm. His clothes felt so stifling. His breaths came out in heavy, ragged gasps. The buttons on the front of his shirt began to pop off.

"I'm just so horny..." He moaned into phone.