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Big Changes:
Pride and
Prudishness

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“How did I let you talk me into this,” Troy grumbled.

“The same way you let us talk you into everything else,” Mike replied.

“Yeah. It’s something you wanted to do, but you just needed us to give you an excuse to actually do it,” Ike explained.

“Come on guys... at least let me keep *some* plausible deniability,” Troy whined.

“Nope!” The twins replied in unison.

Troy shook his head and steeled his resolve. The twins gently pushed him onwards – Mike with his arm over Troy’s shoulder and Ike with a hand resting on the small of Troy’s back. As they got to the makeshift checkpoint on the outskirts of the event, Troy’s eyes fell upon a sandwich board sign with a

warning that read, “You may encounter nude festival-goers beyond this point.”

Troy’s face immediately began to burn bright red upon seeing this. His body trembled. His cock chubbed up ever so slightly and his nuts grew heavier in the overstuffed pouch of his form-fitting shorts. “C’mon... keep it together. I’m sure everything will be completely natural when you get there,” Troy muttered to himself.

Meanwhile the twins glanced at each other and exchanged a knowing smirk.

“I don’t get how you can be so high strung about nudity,” Ike said.

“Yeah. You see us naked all the time!” Mike added.

Mike’s comment elicited a sharp “yipe!” from Troy. Troy’s face burned hotter, and his shorts got tighter. They hadn’t even made it through the front gate and Troy was already getting too hot and bothered.

“That’s it! I’m going home!” Troy sputtered.

“You can’t leave just yet!” Mike pouted.

“Yeah. We already paid for tickets, and they are nonrefundable,” Ike added.

“We can scalp them or something, right?” Troy whined.

“You can’t scalp them once they’ve already been stamped,” Ike explained.

“Stamped? But we haven’t even-“ Troy began to protest, but before he could finish, Ike turned and handed the tickets to the bored looking lady at the folding table that served as the admissions booth.

“Oops,” Ike said casually.

“Nothing to do now but enjoy ourselves!” Mike added.

“B-but!” Troy tried to protest, but the twins were already herding him through the gate.

Troy’s mind had been awash with images of the Sodom and Gomorrah that awaited him beyond the fence, but nothing could have prepared him for what awaited him. The view before him was... really rather tame to be honest. It was the same grassy field that Troy had gone to to see bands play at many times in the past. The stage was lit up and some local indie band sang off key about something that Troy could not make out any words to. People milled about in small little groups. The only real difference from this event from any other event Troy had gone to here was how diverse the crowd was. There were a bunch of makeshift stalls set up all around the outskirts of the music venue that advertised everything from legal help, local politicians, sex-ed workshops, some clothing booths, a few places advertising adult toys, there was a stall staffed by a bunch of tough looking grannies clad in leather biker gear taking donations to

fund a local orphanage. The garish sign beside them read “Dykes for Tykes”. All of these venues were packed with people. The only stall completely deserted was the Army recruiter who had been given a small booth off to the side of all the others. The only attention this booth got was the occasional look of disdain from the occasional passerby.

“Huh. I kinda expected there to be more naked people,” Troy commented.

Mike and Ike laughed at his comment. “Don’t sound so disappointed, bud,” Mike said.

“Yeah. Just because people *can* let it all hang out doesn’t mean they necessarily do.” Ike added.

“You’ll see the occasional twink in a thong and some assless chaps, but rarely do you see anyone in their birthday suit,” Mike explained.

“Why? You feel like stripping naked already?” Ike teased.

“N-no way!” Troy squeaked.

“Don’t be that way...” Mike pouted.

“Yeah. Be the change you want to see in the world!” Ike added.

Despite their teasing, Mike and Ike made no effort to actually get Troy to remove any of his clothes. The subject was quickly dropped when Mike saw a booth that interested him. From there the trio bounced from booth to booth as they explored the

venue. Before long they all had bags of random goodies that were either given to them or they had purchased from various stalls. Troy had purchased a t-shirt that read "I'm With Horny" which coupled nicely with the twins' matching "I'm Horny" t-shirts.

Eventually the trio made their way into a small tent which advertised the hottest new toys. Troy was amazed by the sheer scope and scale of their products. They had everything from cock cages and ball gags to dildos and vibrators.

"Hey Troy. I think you have some competition!" Mike called out from across the shop.

Troy glanced over to see Mike and Ike holding up an XXXL Pussysmasher Deluxe dildo. The beast was so massive that the twins held it up like a couple of fishermen showing off their prized catch, but even that ridiculous beast of a sex toy was only a foot and a half at max. It paled in comparison to the massive bait and tackle that Troy was sporting.

"I personally don't think it's really *that* big," Ike commented.

"Yeah. Nothing like Troy's XXXXXXL Planetcracker 5000 Deluxe," Mike added with a laugh.

Troy began blushing again in spite of himself. Somehow, he had settled into a sense of normalcy. Despite the occasionally nearly nude stud walking around the booths and the copious amounts of sex positive signage, Troy didn't feel awkward or embarrassed. Nor did he feel particularly turned on.

Even as he and the twins had played around with the toys and cracked jokes with one another, it wasn't until now that some part of Troy's mind put two and two together.

"S-shut up!" Troy stammered and turned away from the twins in a huff.

Troy tried to clear his mind and steady his breathing. Despite how chill he had managed to be about everything, his nuts had still been steadily swelling throughout the course of the afternoon. His sack was now swollen to the size of a sofa. His two bean-bag chair sized stones were scraping the ground as he walked. The weight of his package weighed down so heavily on his shorts that the waistband got pulled lower and lower with each step. The back of his stretchy shorts had steadily begun to be swallowed by his ass cheeks. A solid foot of the base of his schlong was now exposed for all to see. Troy's over-sized t-shirt helped to cover some of the skin, but as his balls got bigger and heavier, it grew harder and harder for him to fully cover up.

"I need to get some air," Troy said suddenly and left the tent.

Troy didn't have anywhere in mind that he wanted to go. He just knew that if he kept handling dick-shaped toys, he'd probably end up making a mess. The twins seemed to be having a blast in there, though, so Troy decided to leave them to their own devices for a while.

It was strange. Despite how crowded the place was, it didn't take Troy long to start feeling bored and lonely. Troy wandered over to a nearby tree to hide out in the shade for a bit and sat down to do a little people watching. However, as Troy started watching the people, he quickly became aware that many of the people were also watching him!

It didn't take long for someone to work up the nerve to come talk to him. "Hey, man," a new arrival said. "Is that real?"

"Huh?" Troy asked. He looked around trying to figure out what the guy was talking about.

"Don't play dumb. That dick! Tell me. What's the trick? Some kinda prosthetic? Silicone?" The guy asked.

"I don't actually know..." Troy replied.

"Come on, man... you can tell me. It'll be our secret," the guy insisted.

By this point a few more people had wandered over, and the more people joined the crowd, the more curious others became. One person became three which became five which became eight. Troy was soon surrounded on all sides by onlookers and oglers.

"Hey! I've heard of this guy!" someone in the crowd shouted. "That's his actual cock!"

"Right! I've seen clips on YouTube. You mean they were real!?" another person said.

“Is it true you can cum for twenty minutes non-stop?” Someone else asked.

“Sounds like a dream come true!” another person said.

“Yeah, man. If I had a cock like that, I’d want to show it off everywhere!” another person said.

The voices grew louder and more demanding. At some point people had stopped talking to him and started shouting at him. Troy couldn’t keep up with all the questions and comments. His head was spinning. Soon he started to feel hands up and down his cock and balls. It didn’t take long before his cock started stirring to life despite his wishes. His nuts, which were already massive started to swell before his very eyes.

“Woah. They’re really growing!” someone in the audience said.

“I wonder what it’d look like when he cums!” someone else said.

“It looks like mind your own business,” a familiar voice said.

“Yeah. Hands to yourselves,” came a reply.

Troy recognized those voices. Just hearing them made his heart flutter and made him feel much more relaxed even with the crowd still clustering around his cock. Troy then felt a pair of arms around him. The two new arrivals quickly helped him to his feet and ushered him through the crowd.

“Some people have no class,” Ike said.

“Seriously. That’s only fun when we do it.”
Mike added.

“T-thanks...” Troy said weakly.

“Don’t mention it,” Ike said.

“You look redder than usual. Do you need something to drink?” Mike asked.

“Gotta keep hydrated. It’s hot as balls out here,” Ike agreed.

“I saw a food truck around the corner. Let’s get lunch,” Mike said.

With that the trio was once again on the move. Soon they had their meals and jugs of water and found a nice quiet spot in the shade far away from the noise of the stage. Despite the crowds mere yards away, it was easy for Troy to feel like he was once again alone with the twins. He no longer felt lonely or bored or scared. The memories of the tense ordeal mere moments before quickly faded from his mind. Soon the only real proof that the event even happened were Troy’s own enlarged balls. The stimulation had spurred their growth onwards and now he had a pair of nuts each the size of a loveseat. His balls were getting so big that it was getting difficult to walk which was another reason he was glad to just be able to lie back in the shade.

Eventually the trio finished their meals. Mike and Ike stood up and brushed the grass off their

clothes. Mike trotted over to a nearby trashcan to dispose of their wrappers and Ike helped Troy back up to his feet.

“We’ve got a little bit of time before the parade. Want to do one more lap?” Ike asked.

“Uh... sure. I might need a little help getting around, though...” Troy said and gestured towards his enlarged sack. His balls were so massive that even sitting flat on the ground, the top of his nuts still crested at above his belly button. His shorts were stretched so tight that most of his cock was now exposed. Only the puffy head of his dick was left still covered.

“I’m sure we can figure something out,” Ike replied.

As soon as Mike was back from his garbage run, the three of them were on the lookout for something to help Troy move around. Walking was very slow going since Troy had to shift his nuts with each step, but the twins were more than eager to help him out. It wasn’t long before the twins managed to flag down one of the roadies for the music venue and get them to lend them a flatbed. A few minutes of strained lifting later, the twins had Troy’s sack loaded onto the flatbed and Troy’s mobility issues were (temporarily) solved.

The trio resumed their walk around the stalls, but after having seen everything there was to see the first time around, there wasn’t anything that

particularly held their interest. Troy in particular felt his gaze wandering to other events around the festival. Try as he might, he kept finding his eyes drift towards a group of rather rugged and rather scantily clad older gentlemen. The crew were clad in various black, leather garments. Studded straps adorned their necks and wrists. Sculpted glutes protruded from assless chaps. The few that wore vests didn't bother to close them leaving their burly chests exposed for all to see. It was like the entire posse had stumbled straight out of the online image galleries Troy had come across when he was first questioning.

Troy was somehow captivated by this crew. They had a certain degree of authority and self-assuredness that Troy could only dream of. Maybe if he had that kind of attitude, he wouldn't be so easy to push around. He could have stood up for himself rather than letting the twins have to do it for him.

Unbeknownst to Troy but knowst to us, the twins were aware of Troy's "subtle" glances and began guiding Troy towards one of the stalls not too far away. It wasn't until Ike finished with his purchase that Troy realized something was amiss.

"Here. Put this on," Ike said as he handed Troy a small, plastic bag.

"What's this?" Troy asked.

"Just put it on," Mike said playfully as he reached into a bag of his own.

Troy gave the twins a skeptical glance but then reached into his bag and pulled out the latest purchase.

Troy's face once again turned three shades redder. "I-I can't wear this!?" he sputtered.

"Why not? It'd look good on you," Ike said.

"Yeah. And you won't be alone," Mike added as he pulled off his shirt and shoved it into his bag.

"Still..." Troy protested meekly.

The twins paused mid-disrobing and exchanged a glance. They then both rolled their eyes, dropped what they were doing, and walked over to Troy. Before Troy could even begin to protest, they had their hands on his shirt and had pulled the garment up and over his head leaving him completely bare from the waist up.

"Eep!" Troy yelped. "Give it back," He pleaded.

The twins both laughed. "Your dick has been out for the last half hour, and you're worried about being shirtless?" Ike asked.

"My dick is always out. Just give me my shirt back," Troy grumbled. Had one arm crossed in front of his chest while with his free hand he swiped wildly at the shirt that Mike was playfully keeping away from him.

"Haha. You're so hot that it's almost a shame that you cover that chest of yours," Ike laughed.

“But the way you do is so cute that we’ll forgive you,” Mike added.

Troy’s face turned a different shade of red at being called cute, but he stopped trying to actively resist the twins’ antics. He reluctantly dropped his arm away from his chest and said, “ok, fine. So how do I put this on, anyway?”

“Aww. Baby’s first harness. I remember my first time,” Ike said, reminiscing playfully.

“Yeah. It was attached to a leash that mom held to keep you out of trouble.” Mike teased.

“Keep US out of trouble,” Ike concurred.

In no time at all, the twins had Troy outfitted in his new harness. Troy looked down at himself and admired how he looked, but he had to admit, there wasn’t a whole lot to it. “It doesn’t really cover anything, does it?” Troy asked.

If anything, the harness accentuated his chest instead of covered it. Troy wasn’t the buffest guy around – he was nowhere near as toned and defined as the twins, but his workout regimen was showing results. Now that his comically oversized, baggy shirt was off, it was clear that he had a very lean, lithe, athletic build.

“It’s not about covering up,” Mike explained.

“It’s about owning your sexy!” Ike added.

Troy scrunched up his nose a bit and once again looked down at his nearly nude bod. He then looked back at the twins questioningly.

“You need to be more comfortable in your own skin,” Mike said.

“And we’ve got an idea how to do just that,” Ike added.

“But first...” The twins said mysteriously and then reached into their bags and pulled out their own outfits. They both had a harness much like Troy’s but they also had tiny little black leather short shorts.

“No peeking, now,” Mike said playfully.

And then without waiting for Troy to respond, the two quickly dropped their drawers and stepped out leaving them clad in nothing but their tennis shoes. Mike was turned away from Troy giving Troy a good look at his sculpted ass. Meanwhile Ike was facing Troy so that Troy got a good look at his thick dick and hefty nuts as they spilled into view. Troy silently thanked the powers that be that there were two of them so that he was given the chance to see both sets of goods.

The peep show didn’t last long, though. The twins quickly slipped into their new shorts and then took turns helping each other get their harnesses on. It wasn’t long before the twins were clad in their new sporty get-ups.

Troy's face was once again burning red, and it wasn't just the heat that was doing it. Troy felt like his face had been flushed red more often than not today.

"I-it looks good on you," Troy murmured. He was trying not to stare directly at his friend's fit bobs or the pronounced bulges in their tight little booty shorts, but he was failing spectacularly.

"It looks better on you, though," Ike replied.

"I can't get over how cute you look," Mike added.

Troy turned a few shades redder and averted his gaze from his friends, but the sound of their laughter echoed in his ears. It wasn't that he disliked their japes. Quite the opposite, actually. He wished he could accept their compliments, but it was so tough to break his own shell.

"a-anyway... let's go check out the parade," Troy stammered.

"Right..." Mike said cryptically.

"About that..." Ike added equally cryptically.

"Huh?" Troy asked.

"Well. We never said we were going to watch the parade... did we?" Ike asked impishly.

"No? When you dragged me out of my room this morning you specifically asked if I wanted to go to the parade." Troy replied.

“Were those the exact words?” Mike asked. There was a devilish glint in his eyes that immediately got Troy on the defensive.

What did they say? There had to be something specific they said, but Troy couldn’t quite put his finger on it.

“We asked ‘would you like to attend the parade?’” Ike explained.

“Yeah? Isn’t that what we are doing?” Troy asked.

“Exactly!” Mike exclaimed.

“It’s much more fun to participate than to just watch, wouldn’t you say?” Ike asked.

“Wait... You don’t mean...” Troy stammered.

“Oh, but we do.” Mike said.

“Well, what if I refuse?” Troy asked.

The twins looked at each other and shrugged. “We go home and play video games, I guess?” Mike said.

“We’ve been meaning to check the new season of *Metroidvania*,” Ike replied.

Troy slumped dejectedly. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to attend the parade. It sounded exciting to him, but he wasn’t sure he was ready for something like that, but at the same time, if he just left now he’d be beating himself up for it later, and yet...

As Troy silently wrestled with his own anxiety, he became aware of a pleasant sensation – two pairs of arms wrapping around him. Troy suddenly found himself the filling in a twins sandwich. The two brothers were standing on either side of him and hugging him tightly.

“I know this is a big step for you,” Mike said as he gently ran his fingers through Troy’s hair.

“I think you’ll really enjoy yourself, but if you aren’t up to it, there are plenty of other ways to spend the afternoon,” Ike added.

“Yeah. There’s always next year.” Mike added.

Troy shook his head and gritted his teeth. “We’ll do it this year,” he said.

“You sure?” Mike asked.

“No,” Troy replied. “So, let’s go before I flake out again.”

“That’s the spirit!” Ike cheered.

Troy spent the next twenty minutes in fight or flight (mostly flight) mode. He was a nervous wreck and wanted to bolt, but he struggled to calm his nerves... It wasn’t like he could go anywhere even if he wanted to. By this point his nuts were so huge that they crested at almost chest level. He needed to get off something fierce. There was no way he’d be able to get back on the bus at his current size. The best he could hope for would be to hitch a ride in the back of a pickup truck, but even then, getting to the truck would

be an ordeal. He had had to leave the flatbed behind when he had climbed the steps onto the float he now stood upon.

The float hadn't even left the parking lot that served as a staging area yet, but Troy was already stressed the hell out. He could hear the cheers from the crowd. He could hear the loudspeakers from the floats ahead of him. He watched as float after float left the parking lot and made its way onto Main Street. Pretty soon there was only one float left ahead of his to go out onto the main road – that of the local Shittybank branch.

As his float pulled out of its parking spot and started towards the exit, Troy reached such an intense level of stressed out that he actually felt incredibly calm. He could barely comprehend what was going on around him. His ears were ringing. His brain was buzzing. The twins were trying to talk to him, but their voices felt like they were coming from miles away, and yet despite how tuned out his brain was, some part of him was definitely excited.

Troy's cock was already flying at half-mast by the time the float pulled out of the parking lot. His nuts were steadily creeping up in size. His package was now so massive that his cock made no effort to stay within the pouch and his nuts were straining against the fabric. His pouch was about to burst at any second. The stitches popped. The fabric stretched, and right as the float turned the corner onto Main Street, his garments gave up the ghost. A loud, rending tear split

the air. The sound was enough to snap even Troy from his dissociative haze. As Troy quickly snapped back to reality, he stared in awe at his massive nuts that now spilled out before him.

Troy was now completely nude except for his small, black harness and his tennis shoes. His bare booty and big balls were openly on display for hundreds of paradegoers to ogle and enjoy. Part of Troy wanted to run and hide, but where could he even go? He couldn't leave. His swelling nuts were now far too massive for him to move.

The twins noticed the look on Troy's face and were quick to jump into action. Troy once again had a bro on either side of him, each with an arm thrown supportively over their pal. The twins waved happily to the crowd while Mike patted Troy's shoulder and Ike rubbed the small of Troy's back. Troy felt like he was siphoning confidence off of his outgoing best buds. He was slowly able to work up the nerve to raise a hand and wave awkwardly to the crowd.

As Troy looked out over the audience, he was surprised by how delighted most of them looked. Troy had half expected them to look at him like some kind of freak, but instead he was greeted by throngs of cheering attendees.

Troy heard someone cry out "Lookin good!" and as well as a few scattered "Woo!"s from the crowd. The cheering made Troy stand taller but also made his cock harder and his balls larger.

By the time the float had made it a few blocks, Troy was really starting to feel hot under the proverbial collar. His cock was beyond boned. Pre dripped from the tip of his person-sized schlong. His balls were starting to fill much of the float he stood upon. It wouldn't be long before his nut sack started to spill out over the sides.

By the time they reached the halfway mark, Troy was so hot and bothered that his dick was shuddering in anticipation. He was getting so close to the edge. He wanted to hold back and wait til he was safely out of sight, but at the same time, the throngs of cheering crowds and the constantly line of hot, beefy, scantily clad dudes running up and down alongside the float was driving him wild. It didn't help that the twins seemed intent to get him worked up too. At some point during the festivities, Mike and Ike had stopped giving Troy a reassuring pat-down and started to give him a more *personal* type of rubbing.

Mike still had an arm over Troy's shoulder, but his other hand was stroking Troy's massive cock. Meanwhile Ike was waving to the crowd with one hand while playing with Troy's bubbly booty with the other. Troy wanted to protest, but he was so worked up that he didn't know what to even say. All that he could do was whine and whimper as his hormones overwrote his thoughts.

Soon the crowds started to blur and fade away. All Troy could think of was how horny he was. All he could feel was the twins' bodies pressed against

his own. He could feel Mike lovingly stroking his massive cock. He could feel Ike sliding his fingers deep inside his hungry ass. Troy knew what was coming. He knew he was about to have a climax for the record books. He couldn't remember when the last time was that he had let his nuts get so backed up.

Some part of Troy's mind still remembered that he was in a very public place. People were watching from all sides. Cameras were pointed his way. Hell! There were even a few local news helicopters circling above. Not only was this going to be one of his biggest floods, but it was also going to be the most widely viewed one as well! Some part of that notion excited Troy. He knew it should freak him out. He knew it should make him want to cover up and try and stifle his own libido, but he was just so. Damn. Horny!

"F-fuck..." Troy moaned.

The twins glanced at each other and were grinning from ear to ear. They knew it was time. All that remained was to aim the cannon.

The twins shoved Troy forward so that he was now lying atop his massive cock and enormous balls. This caused his rock-hard cock to point dead ahead – right at the float directly in front of them! The twins exchanged a mischievous smirk and lit the proverbial fuse.

It had long been the subject of much debate, but the twins had a very simple and very effective way

of getting corporations out of pride. Once their cannon was aimed, Ike stuck a couple of fingers into Troy's expectant hole, and pressed down on that sweet spot that he had come accustomed to finding.

The results were instantaneous. Troy cried out in ecstasy. His cock shuddered and bucked and lurched. A massive, sticky spurt of white-hot spunk erupted from his cock and launched towards the corporate sponsored bank bus. The force of the blast was enough to send the bus into a tailspin and careening down a nearby alley. The crowd was quick to get out of the way, allowing the bus to slide off the parade route unimpeded.

With the offending bus disposed of, the twins decided to share the joy with the audience. They crawled up onto Troy's nuts and angled Troy's massive cock to spray upwards into the air. Thick, sticky spunk rained down on the crowd and the parade participants alike. All the while Troy writhed and moaned in ecstasy as spurt after massive, sloppy spurt of spooge erupted from his cock. Troy's mind was a white-hot haze of pure euphoria as he came again and again.

Troy had no idea how long he was cumming or how long he was out of it. All he knew was by the time he slowly started to regain consciousness the sun was already setting and everything he could see was coated in spoo. Yet in spite of the mess, there were still throngs of paradegoers cheering from the sidelines.

It may have just been the afterglow, but Troy was feeling pleased as punch. He slowly staggered back to his feet and waved to the crowd around him. They all cheered him on. On some level, Troy wanted to bask in the adoration for ages, but his old anxieties started to creep back to the surface. It wasn't that he was embarrassed to be out there per se... it was more that he was tired and hungry and just wanted to go home.

“That was fun, but can we go home now?”
Troy asked.

“Way ahead of you,” Ike said.

“Yeah. We already ordered pizzas while you were KOd,” Mike added.

“New season, right?” Troy asked.

“Yep! It's time to Netflix and chill.” Ike said.