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# Little Brother

By Ziel.

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Liam had heard only bits and pieces of what had happened in the past few days. When he first heard the call from his parents he was ready to drop everything and fly home that evening, but they had insisted he stay at college and finish out his exams. After all, he had spring break coming up anyway, and his younger brother, Connell, seemed to be in good condition all things considered. The doctors said Connell was lucky to be alive. Even though the runaway truck had managed to avoid careening right into the guy as he walked home from class, Connell had still been doused in a wide array of experimental chemicals – many of which had never been tested on live subjects. The actual effects of any one of those liquids was anyone's guess, and the combined effect was even more of a mystery. When Liam had finally had the chance to talk with his bro over the phone, Connell had quipped how this was his origin story.

With so many experimental chemicals, there was no doubt he was going to be a superhero someday, but Liam was not so sure. He didn't want to say so out loud and ruin his bro's fun, but people don't just get super powers from getting exposed to chemicals. They get third degree burns or stage 3 cancer.

To put it lightly, Liam had more than his fair share of fears for his brother's well-being, and what happened over the course of the next few days didn't help matters at all. First his parents called him up to tell him that Connell was fine. In fact, they said he was better than fine. He was healthier than he had ever been, and given Connell's medical history, that was saying a lot. Connell had always been a small, frail little thing. He got sick easily. He could never put on muscle. He never seemed to even grow taller after sixth grade. Simply put he was a shrimp; a small, puny, wiry little shrimp. Under normal circumstances Liam would have been thrilled to hear this news, but as the day went on, he was inundated with new news from his folks, and none of it made any sense. They left him a text message saying that they had some specialists coming to check Connell out. Then there was a voice mail saying Connell was getting moved to a special facility, and after that, Liam had heard very little at all.

By the time Liam had finally finished his last mid-term and had hopped a bus back home, his nerves were shot, and meeting his dad at the bus stop didn't help matters either. It wasn't so much that his dad had come to pick him up so much that it was only his dad that had come to pick him up.

“How’s Connel?” Liam asked before even exchanging hellos with his dad.

“He’s... fine. He’s doing well. The doctors are still running some tests, but they say he’s healthy as a horse.” Liam’s dad replied cryptically. Something in the way he said it made it clear that something was off. He couldn’t quite bring himself to look Liam in the eyes, and there was something else too. Liam had never seen his dad fidget like that before. Liam’s dad was one of those gruff and tuff sunovabucks. He was a mechanic by trade and an avid gym nut. He was the very model of a man’s man, but today he seemed strangely meek.

Liam rode with his dad to the facility. There was an awkward silence the whole way – an even more awkward silence than normal. Liam and his dad were never that close, but today Liam could barely get a word out of him. His dad would either divert any question that Liam had, and Liam had a lot of them, with a simple “You’ll see when we get there” or he would outright refuse to acknowledge the question at all.

As they approached the facility in question, Liam was absolutely speechless. He was expecting a hospital or something of that nature, but the massive structure before him looked more like one of the T-rex pens out of Jurassic Park. The walls of the enclosure were several stories high, and the gate leading in was easily large enough to allow a freightliner to coast right through!

Liam hopped out of his dad's truck and stared up at the colossal structure in awe. "Woah... what could they possibly have here that would need so much room?" Liam asked out loud, but like before, his dad refused to answer. He merely nodded for Liam to keep walking while he himself hung back by the car looking even more timid than before.

Liam was confused by his father's actions, but he was not about to say anything. Truth be told, he was glad to be away from the guy. His dad could be difficult to deal with on a good day, and his strange behavior was making Liam feel even more worried than before. Plus, with his dad out of the way, Liam was free to rush ahead at his own pace – and his own pace was a breakneck sprint up the path leading to the massive doorway.

Liam made it to the doorway in record time and was greeted by a single guard. "Are you Liam?" The guard asked.

"Yeah! Er... yes, sir." Liam stammered. He was so desperate to see his brother that he almost forgot proper decorum, and given the guard's stern demeanor and the presence of a military grade rifle made it seem like a good idea to give the man all due respects.

Upon hearing Liam's response, the guard's demeanor immediately softened. He looked downright relieved. "Whew. Come on in. He's been asking for you for days now." The guard explained. He then turned and hit the button by the door and gestured for Liam

to follow him. A smaller door beside the giant gateway slid open and the guard stepped through with Liam following right behind.

The two walked in silence for a few minutes. The actual distance they traveled wasn't that far, but they had to pass through a few more doors and check points. The guard opened each of these doors with a press of a button, but seeing the sheer amount of security on this place made it feel more and more like a prison than some kind of medical center. Still, the guard himself seemed nice enough, and eventually Liam worked up the nerve to speak to him.

"So... uh... when can I see my brother?" Liam asked.

"In just a moment. His room is right through here. He's excited to see you, you know." The guard said pleasantly enough.

"Really?" Liam asked. He was slightly taken aback. It's not that he and his brother got along poorly, but he hardly thought that his arrival would be that big of a deal. They saw each other all the time. Liam came home from college almost every weekend, and when he was home their interaction typically amounted to little more than the standard sibling rivalry.

Liam wasn't mean to his brother – at least he didn't think he was, but that didn't mean he didn't like to constantly tease his little bro. They may have only been a year apart, but Liam was without a doubt the big brother in every sense of the word. Little Connel

wasn't even five feet tall and was built like a twig whereas his big, burly bro was easily six feet tall and played tight end on the football team. Liam always put on muscle with the greatest of ease which was a fact that Liam loved to flaunt and was something that Connell was always visibly envious of. Connell could never so much as flex his bicep. He just couldn't bulk up no matter how hard he tried. It seemed he was doomed to be short and scrawny forever, and given how much their dad loved to ramble on and on about how a man's strength was the very measure of a man's worth no doubt made Connell feel even worse about how weak he must seem when compared to his big bro. Liam was always quick to try and shield Connell from the brunt of their dad's drunken rambling and macho posturing, but when they were alone Liam could often times slipped into his own brand of posturing. Even as recently as this past weekend, Liam had had his own bit of fun at his little bro's expense.

"Hey, there's my baby bro." Liam said as he walked in the front door. As usual, this greeting was met with a scowl and a stuck-out tongue from his little brother. That first few seconds of his weekend back home set the tone for the other two days, but things really came to a head on Saturday night.

Liam stepped out of the bathroom after a long, hot shower. His bare, buff bod glistened with fresh moisture which just made his dense pecs, his sculpted abs, and the thick V of his well-defined Adonis belt look even more amazing, and that's saying nothing of his cock! Liam had a solid ten inches even when soft,

and all ten of those inches were swinging heavily between his thick quads as he strode bare-assed naked from the bathroom into his bro's bedroom.

"Hey there, little bro." Liam said playfully as he strode into the room like he owned the place.

"What do you want?" Connell asked. He glanced over his shoulder at his bro, but as soon as he caught sight of his bro's fantastic bod and his stellar cock, Connell quickly turned away. He was blushing beet red and he didn't want his bro to see him like that.

"Is that any way to greet your bro?" Liam asked playfully. He strode across the room and wrapped his arms around his skinny, scrawny little bro as if giving the smaller guy a bear hug from behind and effortlessly picked Connell up like a rag doll. "I just wanted stop by and say hello." Liam quipped.

"You could have done that with clothes on..." Connell grumbled. He tried his best to ignore what he was feeling. His big bro's powerful arms were wrapped around him. He could feel his bro's thick muscles around him on all sides. He could feel his bro's huge, wet pecs pressed against the back of his shirt, and he could even feel Liam's huge cock brushing against the back of his legs. Connell felt even punier and scrawnier than normal, and there was something else he felt too. He tried to hide it, but his own meager dick was starting to stir to life in his shorts.

"I couldn't do it with my clothes on because I don't have any clothes to put on. You see, all mine are in the wash so I thought I would stop by and see if I could borrow some of yours." Liam said playfully.

"As if any would fit you..." Connell grumbled.

"Only one way to find out." Liam quipped as he turned and effortlessly and unceremoniously dropped Connell onto the nearby bed. Liam then turned and strode over towards his little bro's closet to sift through the contents. The whole way there he gave his little bro a good glimpse as his well-defined backside. Liam really lived up to his "tight end" title. His ass was impeccable. The two sculpted mounds were solid muscle, and so was the rest of his beefy backside. His lats flared out as he opened the sliding closet door which just made him seem even more massive than he already was. Connell was once again left in awe at how huge and hunky his big bro was.

"Is this really the biggest shirt you have? I don't think I could even get this thing around my cock!" Liam said and let out a round of raucous laughter.

"It's not going to fit you so just give it here." Connell grumbled.

"Don't be so quick to give up. Maybe I can wear it as a bib or something. What do you think? Think I can rock the crop-top?" Liam said jokingly as he held his bro's shirt up in front of his chest to showcase

how much bigger his broad, brawny chest was compared to his little bro's tiny shirt.

"Just give it back..." Connel whined.

"Would you rather I walk around naked?" Liam replied impishly. He struck a playfully seductive pose and swung his hips from side to side which caused his massive cock to slap back and forth against one thick, swole thigh and then the other. His two massive, chicken egg sized stones did the same.

Connell knew better than to say anything, but he knew his blushing face wasn't doing him any favors. He just had to hope that Liam was more interested in showing off than actually paying attention to Connell's reactions.

Liam quickly changed gears and once again began to pull the tiny shirt up over his head. The shirt was so small on him that the fibers of the collar audibly cracked and popped and he shoved his head through the opening. The shirt was so tiny that even as he got his head through is, the stretched-out collar dug painfully into his neck, but he didn't let that deter him. He then forced his left arm and then his right arm through the armholes and soon found himself stuck in an awkward potion. The shirt was too tiny for him to even lower his arms. The entire garment was clumped up like a scarf around his neck and his arms were left jutting upwards and outwards at an uncomfortable angle.

“Almost... got it...” Liam groaned. Then a loud shredding sound rent the air as he jerked his arms down and split his bro’s shirt like tissue paper. All that was left of the t-shirt was a few tattered bits of cloth clinging to a too-tiny collar, and even that didn’t last long.

“I guess it’s too tiny to even use as a bib.” Liam said with a shrug and a snide smirk and then grabbed the collar of the shirt and yanked it clear off his body as easily as if he were tearing a banana from a bunch.

“Dude... I liked that shirt...” Connell whined.

“Relax, short stuff. I’ll buy you a new one. What do you wear, toddler sizes, right?” Liam said. He then left the room as bare-assed as he walked in and howled with laughter all the way to his bedroom.

Thinking back on the event, Liam could see how Connell could be a little bitter about the whole event, and it was only one of many such scenarios in their shared past. Liam loved to let Connell know how much huger and hotter he was than his shrimpy little brother, and Liam would be the first to admit that he sometimes took things too far, but he was relieved that Connell didn’t take it too hard. After all, why else would he be excited to see Liam specifically during his forced stay at the militaristic medical facility?

Liam’s questions were soon answered as the guard opened the last set of doorways. “He’s right through here.” The guard said and gestured towards the doorway.

“Uh... Thanks...” Liam replied. He hiked his backpack strap back onto his shoulder and stepped into the doorway.

To say Liam was nervous would be an understatement. No one would say anything about what was going on with Connell. All anyone would say was “He’s fine” or “He’s healthy.” What had those chems done to him? Had he sprouted a third arm? Had he morphed into some kinda of freakish mutant fly creature? Liam’s imagination was running wild, but nothing prepared him for what really happened. As soon as Liam stepped through the doorway and stared up at his brother his jaw dropped.

“Hey there, bro.” Connell said with a huge grin spread across his face. Connell was grinning like the Cheshire Cat, but that wasn’t what really made his grin so huge. Simply put, Connell was massive! He stood easily 20 feet high... that is if he was even standing. He was seated cross legged on the floor in front of Liam, and even then Liam didn’t even reach his bro’s pecs.

In his moment of stunned awe, Liam’s whole body went slack. His arm which was holding up his backpack dropped to his side, and then the backpack itself dropped off his shoulder and landed on the cold, concrete floor of the facility with a dull thud.

“What do you think of the new me?” Connell asked playfully. He raised both arms up and flexed his biceps for Liam to get a good look. Not only did Connell now actually *have* biceps, but they put Liam’s to Shame! Even had they been the same height,

Connell's newfound muscles would have made Liam look like a lightweight. Connell's dense biceps bulged out like boulders, and his pecs were veritable mountains of masculine brawn! He was so huge and hunky that even each and every individual ab had more muscle mass than Liam's whole body!

"Now who's the 'little bro'?" Connell asked. There was just a hint of spite in his voice as he spoke, but it was enough to let Liam know that Connell had neither forgiven nor forgotten about all the fun Liam had had at his expense.

"Oh. Is that your bag? If what they were saying is true you came here right from the bus stop, yeah?" Connell asked impishly.

"Uh... yeah?" Liam responded uncertainly.

"Hehe. Someone hasn't had a chance to drop their things off at the house then." Connell said with a devious chuckle.

Liam didn't even have a chance to reply before Connell was on the move. Despite his sheer size and bulk, Connell could move easily within the oversized room. Connell's new bedroom was basically an airplane hangar and it afforded the super-sized stud enough room to stand up to his full height, but Liam didn't have time to ogle Connell at his full size. Connell quickly knelt down and plucked up Liam's bag from off the floor beside him.

If Liam hadn't already been paralyzed by awe he would have frozen in fear as his bro's hand blew

past him. Even just Connell's palm was about as big as Liam's whole body. Even just Connell's fingers were as big as Liam's arms! But even that wasn't what really held Liam's gaze. As Connell knelt in front of him, Liam found himself face to face with his "little" bro's massive cock. Even considering Connell's colossal height, his dick was incredibly huge. The massive tool dangled down so low that the tip of it brushed the floor while Connell knelt down. The thing was easily half as long as Connell's whole leg and then some! There was no telling how huge it really was while Connell was kneeling, and it wasn't long, it was thick too! The thick cock rivaled Liam's broad, barrel chest for sheer girth, and it was still soft!

"Hm? Oh? You like what you see?" Connell asked deviously.

Liam couldn't reply. All he could do was stare at his massive bro in awe. It was no wonder their dad was so meek lately. As someone who built his entire persona around being the biggest, burliest man around, being knee-high to a high schooler had to be devastating to his pride, and the fact that even just Connell's cock was bigger than his old man's entire body was even more humbling.

"Hehehe. I'm glad you brought some clothes. They stopped giving me any after I outgrew the last few pairs in a matter of hours. It seemed no matter how huge they made em, I would just shred right out of them in no time at all. Eventually they just gave up, but I'm sure my big, brawny bro's clothes will fit me

just fine. After all, you were always so much bigger than me, right?" Connell said devilishly as he ripped Liam's backpack open like a packet of airplane peanuts. Liam's clothes fell to the floor of the complex like a bunch of ticker tape at a parade.

Connell once again sat down, but this time he was positioned directly in front of his once bigger bro. Connell's massive, meaty legs were spread wide forming a sort of play pen for his much smaller brother. Liam was effectively trapped by his bro's beefy, gigantic body. The door behind him was closed, and Connell's massive legs were so huge and so muscular that the walls of thick, sculpted flesh on either side of Liam were as high as he was tall. Worse of all, Liam was face to face with his bro's colossal cock as Connell playfully plucked up Liam's clothes between his thumb and forefinger as if he was picking up a piece of tissue off the floor.

"Ooh. I always liked this shirt. I was a bit too big on me though. Maybe it'll fit me now." Connell teased as he picked up Liam's college t-shirt. The shirt not only signified that Liam went to a specific school, but the "Property of Athletics Department" stamped on the front designated him as one of the jocks to boot. Liam had always filled out that shirt to a T. His thick pecs strained against the front of the fabric as he wore that shirt around campus, but now his bro was holding it in the palm of his hand as if it were little more than a postage stamp.

“Hmm... now how do I even put this on, I wonder?” Connell mused as he turned the tiny shirt over in his hands. “I guess just pull it over my head like always, right?” He said as he gripped the hem of the shirt with both hands as best he could. The shirt was so tiny to him that he could barely even get his thumbs into the shirt itself. The shirt was stretched so tight across the tips of his thumbs that it looked like a condom with sleeves and a hole on the top. Connell acted like he was lifting the shirt up to pull over his head, but as he lowered his hands, his heads pulled apart ever so slightly, and Liam’s shirt split like the wishbone of a thanksgiving turkey.

“I guess that is a little too small for me, huh?” Connell teased.

Liam could only nod stupidly in reply. Watching how easily his bro shredded that shirt was beyond humbling. It made it clear how much power his bro had – power that could easily be brought to bear against him.

“Huh? What’s that look about?” Connell asked. He sounded genuinely concerned which was strangely jarring for Liam. Liam could only wonder what kind of face he was making to cause his colossal brother to be taken aback like that.

“I’m not gonna hurt you, little guy.” Connell said. The way he said it was strangely sweet in its own way. It was clear that Connell genuinely cared for his bro, but at the same time it made Liam feel even smaller and punier than before. The way his brother

spoke to him was the same way he would speak to a small child or even a pet.

“Come here. Sit beside your big brother, and he’ll make sure you’re safe and sound.” Connell said in a tone that was equal parts playful and coddling. Liam didn’t have a chance to protest even had he not been too cowed to speak. Connell quickly reached down and plucked his brother up in the palm of his hand as easily as he would a doll. Connell was so massive that his hand easily wrapped completely around Liam’s whole chest. Liam was little bigger than a Barbie doll to his megalithic bro.

Liam’s head was spinning as his bro picked him up into the air and dropped him on his thigh. It was such a small motion for Connell, but for Liam it was like being flung five feet in the span of three second, and once he found himself on his new perch, the sight was even more staggering than the motion.

Liam was perched on his bro’s thigh like a frog on a log. Even seating on his bro’s massive, muscular quad, Liam’s head didn’t even reach Connell’s armpit. Being so close to his bro’s enormous, burly body made Liam feel even tinier than before, and Connell apparently had a similar thought.

“Hehe. Wow. Look how small you are... You know. I bet you’re even smaller than my dick now.” Connell said. There was something about the way he said it though. It wasn’t the same playful tone he had had before. Rather he sounded excited, but that impish glint in his eyes was quick to return.

“Oh? Are these your shorts?” Connell said and reached down to pluck a pair of boxers off the floor. They were unmistakably Liam’s if for no other reason than there were no clothes in the world let alone the room that would fit Connell’s behemoth of a bod.

Liam could actually feel Connell’s body trembling. It was like an earthquake, and it wasn’t hard to figure out what was making Connell quiver so. He was so giddy he was practically giggling, and it was more than just a good-natured amusement that had him so worked up. There was another sort of excitement at work, and it was easy for Liam to see the nature of that excitement. As he stared down in awe he watched his bro’s already enormous cock steadily swell up larger and larger. It wasn’t long before Connell’s cock was standing up straight and tall. The tip of his enormous dick reached up top his pecs. The tip of his massive cock stood so high, in fact, that Liam had to look up to see the lower ridge of his bro’s puffy cock head.

“You know? I bet these will still fit me.” Connell said playfully and pinched the waistband of his bro’s boxers between his fingers. Liam couldn’t even bring himself to protest. All he could do was sit there and stare as his formerly little brother pulled his boxer shorts over the tip of his cock as if he was putting it on like a condom. It wasn’t long before the elastic waistband of Liam’s boxer shorts was stretched to their limits as Connell continued to pull the shorts down over his cock, and by the time it reached that point, Connell hadn’t even fully stretched the shorts

across his spongy cock head! Connell didn't let that deter him though. He continued to tug and pull at the tiny pair of boxer shorts and steadily slide them further and further across the head of his cock until the inseam of the boxers came to rest directly against the slit of his cock.

Connell was beyond hot and bothered by this point. Pre dribbled up from his cock and soaked the crotch of his bro's boxer shorts. The white fabric of Liam's boxers quickly became completely sheer as Connell's precum soaked into the fabric.

It soon got to the point where the boxer shorts were stretched so taut across Connell's cock that he couldn't even pinch the waistband anymore. The only way he could get it to go any lower across his cock was by squeezing the sides of it and sliding his fingers down along this tip of his dick almost as if he was using the damp fabric as an undersized flesh jack. Slowly and steadily, inch by inch, Liam's boxers scooted further and further down across his bro's cock. The lower it got across Connell's cockhead, the fatter the glans got. This tip of his dick was soon so thick that the waistband audibly groaned as he shimmied it down across his cock. Soon the crotch of Liam's boxers pressed so tightly against the slit of Connell's cock that the stitches along the inseam began to pop and fray. It was clear that it wasn't going to be physically possible for Connell to get the shorts and further down his cock as they were. The waistband was stretched to its limit, and even with the mother of all camel-toes that Connell had going on in the crotch of the undersized

boxers, the crotch of the cotton shorts was not going to hold out for long. It was a race to see which side of the shorts would give out first, and in the end it was impossible to tell which one snapped first. Connell was so excited and so horny as he watched his bro's tiny shorts stretch and snap across his cockhead that he tugged down on the fabric and caused it to shred in multiple places at once. The crotch split open right down the middle. The waistband snapped. Large tears formed in the sides of the shorts as Connell's thick cock head got to be simply too fat for Liam's shorts to handle.

“Hehe. Would you look at that. Your shorts can't even hold the tip of my dick. My cock really is fatter than your whole body, isn't it?” Connell said with a shaky chuckle. It didn't take a rocket surgeon to know what was causing Connell to shudder and his voice to shake like that though. His massive, seven-foot schlong was bucking in his hands. The head of his cock flared up even more in anticipation of the comic climax. The puffing glans shredded through the tattered remnants of Liam's long-suffering shorts leaving nothing but damn scraps in its wake. Connell was so horny he didn't even need to stroke his cock. In fact he didn't even keep ahold of his dick as he gasped and cried out. His massive cock lurched with such force that Liam was afraid it was going to swing back and slap him off his perch atop his bro's thigh. Connell's entire body shuddered with such force that Liam was forced to cling to the side of his bro's bulging Adonis belt to keep from being flung clean off of his perch. This ropes of cum launched from Connell's colossal

cock. Each massive rope of jizz looked like a blast from a firehose. Spunk arced so high into the air that it even splattered against the rafters of the retrofitted plane hangar.

It didn't take long for Connell to finish, all things considered. Three or four solid spurts was all he managed, and then a few weaker ones before the torrent tapered off to a trickle, but even that was enough to drench the floor of the hangar and all of Liam's spare clothes in the process. Once his load was successfully blown, Connell steadily started to come down from the rush of being so huge compared to his once hulking older brother. He glanced over at his older bro who was still seated atop his thigh and patted the little guy on the head as he would a puppy and said, "You better get used to being the little bro, because I'm still a growing boy."