

## A New Teammate

“Pleaseeeee!” I begged my older brother. “Please! Please! Please!” I watched as he packed his bags for his summer camp. I threw myself on top of his bag, interrupting his process and he glared at me. “Please! They said I could go! Your coach said that you guys even needed more players!” I saw his scowl pass for one moment but resumed with a blink.

“You talked to coach?” He asked me. His voice seemed – shocked or somewhat hesitant that I had spoken to his coach. But I brushed off his worry.

“Yeeeeeeeees,” I said rolling over his bag of clothes. I could see that it overflowed with clothes and could only guess what was underneath, alcohol, weeds, condoms even! My brother went away to this camp every year since he went to college and he always came back; bigger, manlier, more confident. I remember the first time he left his own freshman year and he came back with a budding beard and a much wider chest and muscles. He said that it was the constant workouts and the high protein diet that he ingested. I knew there had to be some sort of . . .supplemental help, but I didn’t care. I actually embraced the idea, knowing that it would give me the body I wanted.

My older brother chewed on his bottom lip and looked at me. I stared back at him, widening my eyes and pushing out my bottom lip. I hated begging, but I wanted to go – I needed to go. I saw the way the guys on campus looked at them and the way the girls stared. They were alphas, true alphas on campus and I wanted to be one of them. I needed to be one of them. I was tired of being a scrawny shrimp on campus, especially when my brother was like Hercules.

“Are you sure?” He asked. It was a simple enough question, but it appeared to view a real question. Was there actually some giant secret that happened on these trips?

“Fuck yes! The coach said that I wouldn’t be starting on the wrestling team, but depending on how well the next two weeks go I could start next season,” I said hopefully. My brother walked away without responding. He pulled off his shirt, revealing his muscle layered back. His wide upper body narrowed down to a trimmed waist and then exploded outward into a pair of thick quads. Every inch of his body looked like it was carved from bronze. His skin glowed with a permanent summer tan, and the lines that were carved into his body were masculinity personified. And when I looked down at my own skinny, pale body I groaned in disgust. I looked sickly compared to him.

How could we be brothers? We were so different, we were only two years apart but those two years seemed like a dozen when I looked at him. He slipped on a loose racerback tank top and turned

towards me, still silently chewing on my answer. He crossed his arms, which pushed his girthy pectorals up. The two heavy mounds stretched the material tightly around his upper chest, causing his large nipples to poke through the material. How I needed to know that feeling of tightness that muscles gave when the right article of clothing was put on.

I moved my arms toward my chest and felt nothing but skin and bone. My stomach tightened as I felt not an ounce of muscle on my body. I looked towards my brother, eyes begging him with every ounce of emotion I had in my body, and then he nodded.

“FUCK YES! Thank you, Kyle!” I shouted, geeking out on his bed.

“Well then go start packing. I will call coach and let him know that we have one more coming on the team trip,” my brother said as he knocked his head to the side. I bounced off his bed and gave him a hug. I squeezed him tightly before he pushed me away with a chuckle. “Clam it down little guy. I’m heading out to the gym. I’ll be back in a few hours.” He gave me a few pats on his head as he walked out of the bedroom. I could hear the front door open and shut, leaving me alone. I counted the seconds, waiting for the sound of his car to leave.

As he left, I knew I had to do it one last time before he came back, before we left, before I became something . . . better.

Quickly I went to his drawers, finding the underwear I always “borrowed”. Slipping off my underwear and my shorts with one movement, I kicked them to the side unsure of when Kyle may come back or our parents. One leg at a time, I put on a white athletic jock. The waistband was tight enough on my hips, but the straps and the pouch were completely stretched out. I knew from personal experience that my brother’s cock was double if not triple the size of my cock and his ass had ripped through several pairs of jeans from my count alone. Sifting around in the drawer, I balled up several balls of socks into the jockstrap, and seeing it swell larger and larger made my cock throb with excitement. With four pairs of socks, the pouch finally seemed full, and I was in lust with the sight.

Walking over to his closet door, I felt the stuffed pouch bounce against my thighs with every step. The stretched pouch hung low from the weight, and I could only imagine what it would be like to actually fill the pouch. My short cock hardened with the pressure of the socks and the sight of the massive bulge as it hung from my lap. I opened the door and stared at my reflection.

“Sup bro,” I said to my reflection as I grabbed my dick, jiggling in the mirror. The softened mound felt right in my hand as if I was born to be so blessed like my brother.

“Oh this, yah it’s real. I got a massive dick what’s it to yah?” I teased my reflection. My cock felt a jolt of pleasure every time I wiggled it around squeezed it tightly in my hand. “Fuck yeah its made to

fuck.” I turned to the side and basically growled at the sight. I adjusted my cock inside and watched as it pointed outward, furthering the size of the mound.

“I’m gonna be huge soon. Massive.” I lifted out my arm and flexed my arms, and imagined them swelling with size. I switched positions, thinking of how I had seen my brother pose in the mirror. What positions made his arms look biggest, what angles made his chest pop, how he would push out his ass, or thrust out his crotch; I only imagined what I would look like after the camp. My mind piled muscles onto my frame, inflated my chest, made my cock bulge, just as big, if not bigger than when it was stuffed. I slipped my hand into my brother’s jockstrap and placed a hand on the mirror and groaned.

“Gonna be gonna be huge. SO HUGE. I’m gonna be like him, just like Kyle.” I imagined him beside me grinning and posing, showing me how to be like him. Broing out with him, showing the rest of the world how much of a man I was, and how much of a man I could still become. My hand jerked quickly against my cock, as my toes began to curl on the carpet. “Oh fuck. Oh fuck,” I cried as my cock unloaded into the socks and the jockstrap. It was barely a dribble from my tip, and when I looked into the pouch my cock had already shrunk back to its 2 inches and barely a stain could be found. I undressed and pushed the clothes into the drawer, knowing he wouldn’t even notice a difference. I gave one look at my reflection and knew I wouldn’t be seeing that person for long.

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Sitting in his car, on the other side of town, Kyle dialed a fellow teammate knowing he had to spread the news. He had no idea it was going to be his brother, but it seemed that his coach had already signed off with his approval from what Kyle had said.

“Brian, it’s Kyle,” he said into the receiver. “Patrick is coming this weekend. Yup, that’s right, we have a sacrifice good and he is ready to go!” The other side of his phone exploded into screams and cheers of excitement. “Just let the guys know and make sure they save up those loads, they are gonna need them.” Kyle felt bad for his brother, but when he looked at his reflection and how sexy he looked with his inflated, muscular body he knew that there needed to be sacrifices for him to stay this size and get even bigger.

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Kyle was quiet the entire car ride up to the camp while I buzzed with excitement. I could barely stay still in the passenger seat while Kyle drove the two of us into the secluded mountain campground that the team used every year. I asked several questions about the location – about the next two weeks, curious about what I really agreed to but only received short vague answers. It got to the point where I realized that Kyle was not in the mood to speak, so I finally clammed up two hours into the ride.

It was nearly dark when we pulled into the campground, and it was exactly what I had expected. A dozen or so large wooden cabins, lots of plant life, and not another single building or a sign of life for several miles. It had been nearly thirty minutes since I had last seen a streetlight. So, for all intents and purposes, we were stranded. I stepped out of the car, popping my joints, and stretching towards the sky. The air was cool and relaxing as I looked around for any of the other team members.

“Why don’t you go – uh, meet the rest of the guys. They should be in the main hall,” Kyle nodded towards the center building. A taller cathedral-like structure with a tower that raised higher than anything within the compound. I took note of the puzzled look on my brother’s face but pushed my worries aside.

*He probably just doesn’t want to share what’s happening here. To share the secret of his size.*

Leaving my brother with the car I ran towards the center building, using the lights of the moon and the small amount of ambient light from the car to lead my way. I knocked on the door and heard soft feet and whispered noises. I pushed lightly and the door cracked open.

“Hello?” I asked, calling out into the darkness. “Anyone in there?” I called out once more.

“Patrick is that you?” A voice called out from the darkness.

“Brian?” I asked, walking towards the threshold of the large wooden doors. “Is that you?”

“Yeah who else would it be?” Brian countered.

“Ummmm, a serial killer,” I joked. “Is there a light or something?” I asked, touching the innermost wall of the building.

“It’s a little further inside,” Brian said from the darkness, “Just a little further inside,” he urged, and I obeyed. It wasn’t until I had fully walked into the room that the door slammed shut behind me, sealing me within the darkness and arms grabbed at my body.

“What! Brian, what are you doing? Who else is in here?” I shouted as I was pulled into the darkroom.

One by one, candles were lit, filling the room with an eerie glow. I looked over my shoulders and saw the people who held me. Each of them was nude, their bodies were swollen with muscles and their cocks were hard. Each one pointed at me like an accusatory finger, as if I were the one, they wanted. Their faces were covered with wooden masks, each shaped like that of an animal. Foxes, wolves, birds; voracious creatures stared at me in the dim light – hungry.

“Why are you naked? Why are you wearing masks? KYLE! KYLE HELP! Kyle something weird is happening!” I screamed as they pulled me towards a pair of chains that were bolted to the floor. I tried to pull away but before I could react my body was locked into the center and the front doors were

thrown open. I looked towards the entryway and saw my brother, but he had stripped away his clothes and placed a mask of some sort of feral beast over his face.

“Brothers! Tonight, we have gathered here as we do every year to give thanks to the old gods who have given us these bodies, this confidence, this strength. Tonight, we reaffirm the tradition and offer up this boy! We give to you his masculinity!” I watched, shocked at what my brother said to the room of naked men. He walked towards a table and brought back a large stone cup. “Drink, drink and we shall give thanks.” He pushed the cup towards me, and I shirked away. He nodded to his friends and they took hold of my face and tilted my head back, opening my mouth by force. “I’m sorry,” he said softly before he dumped the liquid into my mouth and closed my lips. The liquid was thick and salty and filled my mouth to the brim. I tried to spit it out, but they held my nose and I was forced to swallow.

Warmth spread throughout my body as the creamy liquid slid down my throat and fell into my stomach. My entire body seemed to be set on fire as my body began to expand in size in all directions; my chest widened, my shoulders broadened, my neck thickened. I could feel my cock grow rigid in my pants, painfully erect as it pressed into my jeans as they tightened around my lower body. The clothes that once practically hung off my body grew tighter and more restricting until the sound of popping seams joined my moans. I clawed at my skin as I felt hair sprout on every surface, growing longer and thicker with every swipe of my hands. My face erupted into a 5 o’clock and then into a fully grown beard that connected towards my chest and the rest of my body.

“What . . .is . . .happening,” I groaned as I gripped my shirt and ripped the clothes from my body. I ran my hands over my upper body, feeling the muscles swell under my hands. My chest inflated like two balloons on my chest, growing heavy and rounder. I felt my two small nipples grow swollen and tender, turning even more sensitive as they grew more pointed. With just one swipe of my hands I sent a jolt towards my cock. Moving my hands further down my body I felt hard muscle branch my furry skin, muscles that spread into my lower body. A moment later I felt my jeans explode froth from my jeans, revealing two thickly corded legs and a cock that locked ready to burst throw my briefs. Though it was difficult to see over the mounds of muscle I could see my cock as it struggled to break free of my underwear. “Fuck!” I cried in ecstasy as I felt the growing continue on underneath my last shred of clothing.

Pushing my hands into my underwear I felt my cock throb with girth and length, extending within my grasp. I tucked my cock underneath the waistband of my underwear, and gasped. Even through the mind-altering pain and pleasure I felt, I couldn’t stop myself at marveling at the size. It was even bigger than I ever imagined in my fantasies. I squeezed my cock, feeling the way my balls pushed

cum from my red tip. My other hand moved towards my balls as they inflated like the rest of my body, but they did not seem to halt to match the rest of my body. They swelled heavy and round until they grew nearly to the size of oranges. I could feel the insides of them churn with a need to cum, boiling with a hot load that begged to be released. I threw my head back into the ground feeling every eye on me as I withered in pleasure. I turned to my brother as he looked away, unable to meet my eyes. The man beside him pulled off his mask, showing himself to be Brian. I watched as he licked his lips, nearly drooling at the sight of my transformed body.

“Whose ready for round two men?” Brian asked the rest of the masked figures, and they cheered in response.

The group of jocks responded with a loud cheer, chanting Brian’s name. He walked between my spread legs and stared at my cock hungrily. He bit his bottom lip as he reached for my cock. I held it tightly between my hands, but they were pulled from my cock and held firmly to the ground.

“God it’s massive. Your cock is just fucking - Christ it’s hot,” He groaned as he leaned towards my shaft and dragged his tongue the underside. My body threw itself back, jolting as the pleasure assaulted every nerve ending. Brian swirled his tongue around my engorged head, savoring lick, and flavor that he found.

Clenching my hands and curling my toes, I felt my balls push out cum. My cock felt like a fountain as cum dribbled along my cock. Brian’s eyes widened as he opened his mouth - eager for the taste of my cum on his lips. He squeezed and pulled his hand up my shaft, pushing cum into his open mouth. Every mouthful was met with a grunt of enjoyment followed by his open mouth, readying for another load to fall into his mouth.

“Oooo,” I groaned, high-pitched and animalist as my balls were milked of their load. The orgasm I felt was endless. Waves and waves of pleasure radiated through my body as I began to thrust my cock along his cum covered fingers. “Why. Wont. It. Stop!” I gasped as I wanted for the pleasure to dissipate but it only continued to rise. The flow of cum seemed to increase as my thrusts and grunts turned louder. The men that surrounded me stared lustfully and wanting at me as I fucked Brian’s hand. My brother kept his face turned away. I tried to scream his name but only moans and grunts were able to come from my lips.

“God, I need more,” Brian growled as he pulled his lips from my shaft, pulled his lips open, and placed on my massive head. His lips were stretch thinly around my cock as his tongue played with my piss slit, lapping away the cum as soon as it came from my balls. He moved his mouth up and down my cock, pushing my cock into his throat, giving me my first blowjob. The tightness of his throat renewed

my strength for a brief moment. The other jocks released my hands and allowed me to hold onto Brian's head. I jabbed my cock into his mouth, relishing the depth and the tightness of his mouth. My eyes grew hazy as the endless orgasm continued. I felt myself drifting from consciousness and unconsciousness as he teammates chanted like he was doing a keg stand.

"Chug. Chug. Chug. Chug." Their rhythm lulled me to sleep as I felt Brian release the hold on my cock and he was met with cheers from his friends and another mouth wrapped itself around my cock while I fell asleep - likely due to dehydration.

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It was hours later when I woke. My body felt like I had been through the most exhausting workout known to man. My bones ached, my muscles were sore, and my cock . . .

Throwing back the blanket that covered me I gasped at the size of the monster that hung between my legs. It was thick like a beer can and reached passed my knees. It laid lazily on my thigh due to the fact that my swollen nuts took up all the space between my thighs. I reached for it, not believing it to be real but when my hand grazed the tip, I felt another bolt of pleasure surge through my body. My cock lurched up slightly and burped up a glob of cum onto my thigh. It was nearly four times the size as my normal load and much thicker. I watched shocked as it oozed down my thigh and onto the bed where I laid.

Memories of the night before were still fresh in my mind and still unbelievable even though the truth sat between my thighs.

"Guys he's awake!" A deep manly voice called from the entry to the small room where I was situated. I looked and saw a backlight figure. The man's broad shoulders and massive upper body seemed unnatural in contrast to his thin waist and the explosion of muscle in his lower body. He turned sideways and waddled into the room, strutting, and showcasing his expansive muscle. I pulled myself into the corner of the bed like a scared animal.

"Dude calm down. Its just me," the shadowed face raised his meaty arms in the air in surrender as he walked into the light.

"Brian?" I gasped, staring at the hulk-like man that stood before me. Though his face had transformed like the rest of his body, I could still see his crooked nose and his beady eyes - eyes that ate away every inch of my body before they topped at my cock. "What happen to you?" He lifted his arms up, giving a double bicep pose. One that showed off every vein and thick cord of muscle that was held underneath his tight skin. "What happen to you. You're . . .you're -."

“Massive? A god? STRRRRRONG!” He groaned at the last word as he switched poses, showing off his overly muscular back which tapered into two massive cheeks, which looked ready to explode from his boxers. I was mesmerized by him as he moved his transformed body. Every angle, every pose, his muscles moved and flexed seemingly inflating with every pose.

“Huge,” I gasped. He smiled.

“And that’s all thanks to you,” he grinned as he walked closer to me. I felt less afraid as he strutted towards me, knowing who he was but seeing him made me ask more questions.

“Me? What did I do? How did I do that? How did you do this?” I said, motioning towards the massive cock that flopped around my thighs as I moved closer to the edge of the bed.

“That thing you drank last night, it’s a special brew from coach. We load you up, and then you load us up. But it does have some side effects,” he said hesitantly as he eyed my cock. I felt a throb of excitement jolt through my body. As I stared at him. His heavy body was perfect in every definition of the word. He was a god, and I wanted to be just like him.

“How do I get them this,” I said as I motioned to my body, “And get to you,” I said, waving at his huge form. Brian gave me a side smile and a deep breath.

“I don’t think it will work like that. I don’t think I have the proper equipment anymore.” He hooked the waistband of his shorts and dropped his shorts to the floor. I covered my mouth, holding in the laughter that begged to release.

It was so small. It was barely even a cock. The shaft maybe stretched an inch or two from his lap and his lap while his balls were so shriveled, they were nearly hidden by his cock. The small nub was a contrast to the manly form the rest of his body held.

“What happen?” I laughed.

“Cant gain all this without losing something. But hey, these muscles are worth it in my opinion. Who the fuck cares if I cant fuck, I still have a lot of other ways I can pleasure someone.” He placed his fingers into a V and wiggled his tongue back and forth. The idea sent thrills through my body and my cock began to thicken once more. My hand hovered towards my cock and stroked it slightly as it grew and grew, hardening to a size well above the natural world.

“No, no, no, none of that,” he said as he pushed my hand from my cock. “We need to save that for the other guys. I was a little too greedy last night and the other guys didn’t get as much as me. I’ll be back in fifteen with another dose of the juices, so don’t touch it,” he said with a wink before he closed the door of my bedroom door. I looked down at my cock and at the small, scrawny arm that clutched it.

“Fuck them,” I cursed before I began to stroke my cock.