

© 2023 Ziel

Yahahaa~!

Yahahaa~!

Leit staggered into town. This wasn't the first time he had had to drag his weary bones to the nearest tavern after his adventures, but it had never been like this before. It was more than just exhaustion or a battered body that weighed on the wandering swordsman, and the nature of his woes was all too obvious to the townsfolk who stood back and gawped at the elven warrior as he made his way slowly and laboriously toward a needed respite.

During his most recent adventure, Leit had – for lack of a better word – *befriended* a powerful spirit in the neighboring woods. Normally, Leit would welcome the favor of one of the lesser gods. After all, boons and blessings were a large part of a hero's repertoire, but this... Leit still wasn't sure *what* to make of his "Blessing". The forest spirit that Leit had befriended was a god of nature and fertility, and it was

the fertility aspect of the god's blessing that made life so difficult for the wandering swordsman.

The makeshift sling Leit had crafted groaned under the weight of his massive endowments. He had had to convert the treated leather tent that he carried into a super-sized jockstrap in order to keep his junk from dragging on the ground. His cock now rivaled his own hips for sheer girth. His nuts were so massive that either orb would fill a wheelbarrow and then some. The sheer weight of his battering ram and boulders would have crippled a weaker warrior. Leit's years of toil and travel had given him strength greater than that of most men, but even he felt fatigue setting in with each slow, shuddering plod through the muddy streets.

Leit was already nearing the limits of his stamina as he approached the battered wooden doorway to the local inn and tavern. He knew if he could just get through that door, he could find a warm meal and a passable bed for the evening. Yet, despite this knowledge, he was so tired that he was ready to just collapse face down atop his own leather-clad cock and balls and nap right there in the middle of the thoroughfare.

Leit balked as he approached the doorway. This was the first time entering what could be considered polite society since receiving his most recent Boon. He had expected the stares. He had anticipated the comments and catcalls. He had even steeled himself against the jeers he knew would be

forthcoming, but what he had not prepared himself for was the doorway itself! The narrow passage would have given your average half-orc trouble entering. Had Leit been at his prior size, his lithe form would have easily passed through the entryway without so much as a second thought, but now... his package was just too thick to fit! He could get his cock through, sure, but either one of the engorged orbs of his massive sack was far wider than the dried out, wooden frame of the tavern entry.

Leit was not one to be defeated so easily. He had solved a seemingly endless array of mind-bending puzzles and had evaded seemingly impassable traps for years now. He was *not* about to be done in by a mere tavern door. He steeled his resolve and took stock of his surroundings. Sure, his package was too wide to get through as it was, but he would handle this puzzle the same way he had done all the rest – one step at a time.

Leit grabbed his sword by the scabbard and swung downward. The pommel of the blade caught on the handle of the door causing it to unlatch. For a blessing, the door was one that opened inward. With the latch released, he could count on the sheer force of his massive cock to handle the rest. His bulge pressed against the wooden panel and pushed the door open further and further with each step. Soon, Leit's leather-clad cock was halfway through the doorway.

Leit could only imagine the spectacle on the other side of the door. He could hear the cries of shock and confusion as the patrons and staff tried to make sense of what they were seeing. A long, thick, vaguely cylindrical shape covered completely in a water-resistant hide now filled the entire doorway and jutted a good two to three feet into the foyer. Given the comments crying out from the peanut gallery, at least one of the current occupants thought a baby bulette had stumbled into the tavern.

Leit took a moment to catch his breath and prepare his muscles for the next step. His shaft may be more than halfway through the threshold, but his work was just beginning. He reached down and grasped both sides of his massive, leather, ball-pouch; took on a wide, low, lifting stance; dug in his feet; and lifted with his back. He groaned and grunted as he struggled against the weight of just *one* of his enlarged orbs. His teeth gritted. His veins bulged in his neck, but slowly and surely, he managed to hoist one colossal cojone up and over the other. Once his stones were stacked, he let gravity handle the rest.

The wooden frame creaked audibly as he leaned against his oversized sphere and shoved it through the threshold. His shoving was most likely unnecessary. The sheer weight of his gigantic gonad was enough to force it through the doorway. Leit was thankful for the slight squishiness of his supersized semen-tank. The slight give of his gonad was just enough to get it through the doorway. Thankfully, the immense size of his bait and tackle also granted him

increased durability. He quite literally had thick skin – at least as far as his cock and balls were concerned. Had his cock not been hidden beneath a layer of treated leathers, it would have been obvious that his foreskin alone was thicker than even the reinforced, studded armor that he wore on his torso.

Once free of the tight confines of the narrow doorway, Leit's unleashed teste landed on the wooden floor of the dimly lit tavern with a dull thud. By this point, Leit had amassed quite a group of looky-loos on both sides of the entryway. Some were staring on in awe. Some were ogling him with lust in their eyes, and some were even cheering on the hapless adventure as he tackled his most recent challenge.

With two thirds of his encumbrance through the doorway, Leit was free to focus his attention on the last remaining appendage. He placed a foot against the door frame, reached forward and grabbed onto the leather of his makeshift jockstrap, and pulled with all his might. Once more he groaned and grunted. His muscles and veins bulged. Some members of his audience cheered him on as he endured in his Sisyphean struggle against his own girth.

The door once more creaked in protest as his massive sack squeezed through the entryway. The audience waited with bated breath as Leit's gigantic stone seemed to lodge itself in the doorway. The crowd went deathly quiet as they waited to see which side would give first, but then, with one last, strenuous

heave, Leit managed to get his gigantic nut through the thickest point.

Leit suddenly found that his balls had shifted from immovable object to unstoppable force. He staggered backwards just in time to avoid being smothered by his own sack. He stumbled backwards, and had it not been for the immense weight of his own enormous bait and tackle, he would have landed flat on his ass, but his lean, lithe body was just not heavy enough to budge the rest of his endowments, leaving the lean swordsman leaning awkwardly backward.

Leit regained his footing and let loose a long sigh of relief, but his sigh was stifled mid-stream when he heard a familiar chime ring out through the tavern.

“Oh... oh no!” Leit gasped in shock. There was no way. Surely his new friend wouldn’t consider *that* a puzzle deserving of a reward! But Leit was not given a chance to ponder the question. A poof of smoke erupted in the air beside him, and a familiar, leafy imp appeared, suspended in mid-air.

“Yahahaa~!” the imp cackled. “Another puzzle solved! Another gift of seed earned!”

“Th-that’s really not necessary...” Leit replied meekly, but he knew his protests were wasted. After all, the hovering figure in front of him was merely a messenger.

With another puff of smoke, the imp vanished, and Leit almost instantly felt the changes. He could do nothing but stare on in shock and awe as a strange mix



of horror and excitement welled up within him. He could already barely move with all that mass! Just how much larger was he going to get?

It was like watching some sort of erotic balloon swell up before him. The tough leathers of his roughly crafted sack strained as his cock and balls swelled in size within. The treated leathers themselves were pretty strong, but the same could not be said for the custom stitching Leit had done. The strands that held the pouch together stretched and strained. Large swaths of cock and balls became visible as the sections of the pouch steadily pulled further and further apart, and yet, despite the audible protests from his pouch, the stitching held. Soon, Leit's cock and balls were so huge, that they bulged through the gaps of his overstuffed pouch. The stitching dug deep into the soft flesh of his flaccid cock and massive nuts. The supple flesh of his own enlarged cock and balls bulged through the gaps like warm dough through the fingers of a baker until a loud snap rang through the air followed by another... and another... and another. With each snap, the remaining threads struggled harder against the growing bulk of Leit's cock and balls. Soon, the remaining stitches burst in unison, causing the treated leathers of his pouch to burst outward like the tattered remnants of a popped balloon.

Leit's massive cock and balls were now openly on display. His pouch had done little to hide his sheer mass before, but now that he was denied even the most basic of modesty, Leit was suddenly keenly

aware of the crowd his growth had garnered. Try as he might, though, there was no way his hands could cover it all. Even if he had thrown his whole body onto his swelling package like a hero soldier onto a grenade, he would not have been able to hide it from view. His cock and balls were now so massive that they dwarfed his whole body. His nuts alone were like a king-sized mattress except far thicker. His cock was now easily as long as a horse-drawn cart and almost as wide, and to make matters worse? His already enormous cock was getting even bigger as it steadily stiffened before his very eyes.

Leit hated to admit it, but the growth process felt so fantastic. It was like that feeling one gets when their cock starts to get pleasantly plumped when it begins to harden, except the plumping didn't stop until the growth did. Even if he had been rock hard, he'd still feel like he was getting harder and harder and more and more mass surged into his schlong, and the blissful feeling wasn't just limited to the shaft. His balls too felt fantastic as they became larger... heavier... fuller... He could practically feel the spunk roiling in his oversized stones. His turgid reservoirs of cum were begging to be played with, but he lacked the ability to do so.

Soon, Leit was rock hard. He found himself staring out across the length of his massive shaft which now stretched almost ten feet before him. His dick was almost twice as tall as he was! His rod was about as tall as an ogre and every bit as thick!

Despite being mortified by the ordeal, Leit was as hard as he had ever been. Pre oozed from the slit of his monstrous rod. Each massive bead dripped from the tip of his cock and crashed down like a water balloon on the tavern floor below. As his pre seeped into the floorboards, the wood soon became so saturated, that the liquid began to pool on the floor below.

Leit's cock bucked and lurched. It was now so huge that with each shudder, the tip of it slapped against the ceiling above. Each lurch caused a spray of pre to arc through the air.

Leit could hear sounds all around him. There was someone yelling, but he couldn't tell if they were yelling at him or at others in the room. He was so hot and bothered that he could only focus on the massive, dripping rod and enormous, heavy nuts that protruded in front of him, but even as horny as he was, he could definitely tell when a bunch of hands began to grab at him and his package.

Leit suddenly found himself surrounded by tavern patrons. The owner had seen what was happening and had called his patrons to action to prevent a mess. On all sides of him, people of all races and backgrounds had gathered together to grab his nuts and attempt to maneuver his bloated baggage back towards the door. Leit could feel all those fingers digging into his sack as they all grabbed handfuls of supple scrote. The crowd lifted with all their might, and yet they were not strong enough to lift his cock

and balls. The best they could hope for was the manage to pivot Leit's package so that it was now facing directly at the door.

Leit was getting close to cumming. The feeling of all those hands on his sack was maddening. His nuts were already more sensitive than normal thanks to the growth, but the feeling of so many people gripping and groping his nuts drove him wild.

After a few collective heaves and hos, the crowd managed to shift Leit's cock and balls around so that his dick was now aimed at the doorway he had just entered through. Suddenly, Leit felt a series of new sensations. The crowd was no longer focused on his sack. They were now focused on his cock! Hands gripped and grabbed his massive rod, but there was another sensation that was so amazing and so baffling that Leit forced himself to open his eyes and stare at the scene that was playing out in front of him.

Leit found himself staring up the length of his massive rod and up at the backside of a burly orc. The orc had scrambled up his shaft and was now attempting to grapple the tip of Leit's cock. The feeling of the orc's burly arms wrapped around the extra sensitive tip of his cock drove him wild. Leit cried out. His cock gave a hard lurch which threatened to launch the orc clean off. The orc managed to maintain his grasp, but only just barely.

There were more shouts and more activity around him, but Leit was still too far gone to comprehend any of it. The orc gestured towards the

patrons around him. The tavern customers quickly regrouped and tossed some ropes over the sides of Leit's enormous cock and began to pull down almost as if they were trying to tie down some logs for a long journey. However, their true goal was quite different. With the orc providing a counterweight against the tip of Leit's cock and the other patrons pulled down on the ropes, Leit found himself being lifted off the ground and up onto his own nuts as the massive seesaw that was his own cock was pulled downward on the other end. Leit was soon staring down the length of his own rod and out the doorway into the main thoroughfare of town. His cock was far too thick to ever fit through that door. However, it wasn't his rod that the crowd wanted out the door.

The sensation of the orc clinging to his cockhead and the grips and gropes from the rest of the peanut gallery soon became too much for Leit to handle. He let out a loud cry. His whole body shuddered, and his cock trembled. His enormous nuts shifted inward, and after a brief pause which was merely the calm before the storm, cum erupted from the tip of his colossal cock.

The tavern-goers held on with all their might against the bucking bronco as it struggled to tear free from its bonds. Leit's cock shuddered and bucked and lurched with him and the orc along for the ride. Jizz fired in thick, massive, warm, sticky ropes out into the cool night air and crashed down on the muddy streets of the town square. With each spurt, the massive mire and spunk and mud grew thicker and wider. Soon, his

wad flooded the street in front of the tavern and was seeping into the grass on either side.

Leit had no idea how long he was cumming, but eventually, even his colossal nuts were completely drained. It was a wad for the record books. Yet, thanks to the actions of the tavern patrons and staff, Leit had avoided making a mess of the establishment... a fact that had not gone unnoticed...

With his load spent and his stamina exhausted, Leit began to drift off atop his own enormous package, but before his exhaustion could completely overtake him, Leit heard a familiar sound. A telltale *poof* of one of the forest sprites arriving on the scene... followed by another... and another... and another! Suddenly, everyone who had gathered to help Leit had their own leafy imp hovering over them. The sound of what came next was deafening.

“Yahahaa~!” they all cheered in unison.