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Big Changes: Dick or Skeet

**Dick or Skeet**

 It was a dark night in central Yarnham. The few survivors that could be found had been rounded up in the Cathedral to wait out the impending apocalypse… with the exception of one lone hunter who was currently being bashed against the pavement by a twenty-foot tall monstrosity.

 “I dodged that!” Troy whined indignantly and threw and empty Reese’s wrapper at the screen.

 Troy slumped defeated back against his massive sack which served as a makeshift sofa for his ghouls and gore gaming binge. His colossal cock snaked out in front of him like some kind of erotic rendition of God-Eater Aldrich.

 While the loading screen rattled off some obscure lore bits, Troy lazily reached into the bowl of Halloween candy that he had smuggled from the downstairs panty. There was little risk of his house running out of candy for all the kiddies who would drop by. Troy’s parents always bought way too much. In fact, they had started stocking up weeks ago, and despite Troy and his dad’s best efforts to eat every last ounce of chocolate before the big day, there were still several bags hidden in various spots around the house.

 Troy let out a sigh, popped another piece of candy into his mouth, and tried to hype himself up to go recover yet another puddle. He just didn’t have the energy, and it wasn’t purely the fault of the game itself. Try as he might, Troy just couldn’t get into the spirit of the holiday. He had tried everything. He had binged bad B movies and slasher flics. He had listened to Monster Mash on repeat for hours, and now he was immersing himself in a haunted Victorian hellscape while making himself sick on candy, but nothing was working. And while he sat there trying to work up the desire to deal with his game puddle, another puddle was also demanding his attention.

 Troy’s dick had been in a semi-boned state for a while now, and Troy’s legs straddling it like he was mounting a pommel horse didn’t help his low-tier arousal at all. Troy knew he needed to empty the tank before too much longer, but he didn’t even want to do *that*. Even jacking off was feeling like a chore today, and besides, bigger balls made for a much comfier chair.

 Troy rubbed his eyes, did a quick stretch, picked his controller back up, and once more ventured out into the abyss. He actually did really well this time. He had beaten the critter that got him before, he had even pressed on deeper and deeper into the city. He was in uncharted territory. Unknown danger lurked around every corner.

 Troy heard the telltale scraping of a shambling horror from behind the wall up ahead. They thought they were so clever, but not clever enough for him. Troy deftly thwarted the would-be ambush. He was in the zone now. His senses were in tune with his surroundings. Nothing could get the drop on him. He could hear the wolves in the bushes. He could hear the howling in the wind. He could hear the sound of a door opening in the distance followed by the telltale thump of something charging right at him. He could count the footfalls. Four distinct footfalls were getting closer and closer to him at every second. What could it be? Some rampaging demon? A bull from the depths of hell? A werewolf out for blood?

 Before Troy could place the sound, the door beside him flew open from the force of the two new arrivals barreling through it. Troy looked up from his game to see two scantily clad vampires staring back at him.

 “Ve vant to suck…” Mike said dramatically as he raised his arms into the air and made little claw-like gestures with his fingers.

 “Your deek!” Ike added from behind the cape which he held up to cover the lower half of his face.

 Troy heard the telltale sound of squishing and squelching from beside him. He had heard it enough to know that he had just been crunchatized in game, but the recent maiming barely even registered. Rather than worry about yet another corpse recovery, Troy picked up the bowl of candy beside him and shook it to indicate the twins should help themselves.

 “oooh,” Mike said eagerly and took a handful.

 “You know what would make all this candy even better?” Ike asked.

 “Hmm?” Troy asked through a mouthful of Twix.

 “More candy!” The twins shouted in unison.

 “Mmm?” Troy asked.

 “What are you doing in here, dude? It’s All Hallows Eve!” Mike said.

 “Yeah! Candy and costumes for miles around!” Ike added.

 Troy shot the twins an incredulous glare, gestured at his nearly nude form which was clad in a t-shirt and nothing more. His booty and legs were left completely exposed, which was to say nothing of his massive cock and balls which filled much of the center of the room. Troy finished chewing his big bite of chocolate, swallowed it with an audible gulp, and said, “Somehow I don’t think they’ll let me go trick or treating like this.”

 “Not like *that*, no,” Mike agreed.

 “You need a costume, dude!” Ike added.

 Troy rolled his eyes. Somehow, he didn’t think a costume would quite solve all the problems that he could think of. “Let me just walk on down to Spirit and see if they have like a centaur costume for my cock or something,” Troy replied.

 “No need for a mall run, my man,” Mike said.

 “Yeah! We brought your costume with us!” Ike added. Ike then dropped the cape which he was covering his face and upper body with the reveal a shopping bag he had been holding in his hand.

 Troy cocked an eyebrow suspiciously at the twins, but his curiosity quickly got the better of him. He reached out for the bag, which Ike was only all to happy to give him. Troy peered inside to find a very nondescript red football jersey and helmet.

 “Kobakawa?” Troy asked upon seeing the name on the back.

 “We uh… borrowed it from our cousin,” Mike explained.

 “He’s about your size… above the waist anyway,” Ike added.

 Troy shot another incredulous glare at the twins, but they didn’t slow down long enough to even acknowledge it. The two were on the move almost instantly, and before Troy could muster a decent protest, the two of them were pulling his shirt up and over his head leaving him completely nude. Troy tried to cover up. On some level he knew it was a strange thing to be modest about, but he had been Donald Ducking his way through life so long, that his chest started to feel like a forbidden region.

 “No need to be so shy around us,” Mike said softly into Troy’s ear.

 “Yeah, we’ve seen you in much more intimate situations than this,” Ike added sultrily into Troy’s other ear.

 Their voices sent a shiver down Troy’s spine and a twitch up his cock. Troy could feel his nuts shift behind him as they inflated slightly more. The steady drip of pre from his cock sped up ever so slightly as well. Troy moved his hands from covering his chest to covering his blushing face. “F-fine!” he sputtered.

 That was all the twins needed to hear. With Troy no longer fighting them, it was an easy task to slip the red #21 jersey on over his head and then top it all off with the helmet, but despite their offers to do it for him, Troy refused to let the twins put his shoes on.

 “I’m not a toddler,” Troy grumbled as he propped his foot up against his cock so he could tie the laces.

 Once Troy was (mostly) dressed, he and the twins made their way downstairs and out into the cool, afternoon, autumn air. Troy took a few steps down the front path from his front door, but soon he became aware that the twins were not following him. Troy glanced back over his shoulder to see what the hold up was, and the twins responded by giving him some hand gestures that said it all. Mike flashed a pair of thumbs ups, and Ike gave Troy an OK symbol.

 “Now that’s what I call a tight end,” Mike said and flashed his brother a wink.

 “It looks more like a full back if you ask me,” Ike replied and playfully nudged his brother.

 Troy quickly turned back around to hide his blushing, but he did manage to shout at no one in particular, “We have to hurry or we’re going to miss all the good candy!”

 The trio made their trek from house to house. The routine was always the same. Walk up, hit the doorbell, open their bags and shout “Trick or Treat!” The person behind the door would make a comment about their costumes and make a concerted effort not to stare at the person-sized cock which was pointed right at them, and dumped a few candies in each guys bag. As the night went on, the three dudes’ sacks got fuller and fuller, but for Troy, the swelling wasn’t just limited to his candy stash. It was a combination of the standard swelling he always experiences even when he isn’t aroused mixed with the constant teasing from his two smoking hot besties which caused Troy’s balls to balloon to the size of clown cars. Troy was getting so tired from having to shove his gigantic ball sack around that he was moving at a snails pace, and the steady stream of pre from his oversized cock leaving a slick, slimy trail everywhere he went only added to the snail-like imagery.

 “I think that’s enough trick or treating for one night,” Troy said as he slumped exhaustedly into his own massive sack.

 “Come on! We’re almost done,” Mike cheered.

 “Yeah! We’re about to hit the big-ticket houses!” Ike added.

 “Go on without me… I’m comfy here…” Troy murmured in response. His voice was muffled by the flesh of his enormous nuts which he was currently lying face down in.

 The twins glanced over at their bud and then exchanged a brief glance and a knowing smirk.

 “Ok. We’ll go on ahead…” Mike said.

 “But we’re taking you with us!” Ike added.

 That comment got Troy’s attention. He propped himself up on his elbows atop his gargantuan bulge and looked over to see what the bros were up to. Troy could see that the bros were standing on either side of his swollen sack, but he couldn’t really see much else.

 “W-woah!” Troy sputtered when he felt the bros dig their hands in and each grab thick handfuls of ball flesh.

 “Left nut!” Mike grunted as he lifted Troy’s sack with all his might. He managed to lift Troy’s ball off the ground just enough that he could walk it forward just a few feet.

 “Right nut!” Ike parroted a few moments later. He too grabbed and lifted Troy’s massive teste enough to walk it forward a few steps.

 “Left nut!” “Right nut!” “Left nut!” “Right nut!” the twins chanted as they slowly walked Troy’s sack up the pathway to a particularly large and gaudy house. By the time they reached the large, double doors both bros were starting to feel exhausted and had a fine sheen of sweat on their exposed arms and legs.

 From there, the twins repeated the process that had served them so well in the past. They walked past Troy, past Troy’s cock, set Troy’s back open on the tip of Troy’s colossal cock which was pressed up against the doorway, and rang the doorbell.

 “Trick or Treat!” The twins shouted and opened their own candy sacks when the guy came to open the door.

 And then it happened. There had been a few near misses in the past – people who would give them one look and roll their eyes, but no one had dared follow through on it… no one until now anyway. The man at the door gave the trio one look and scoffed.

 “Aren’t you a little old to be trick or treating?” He asked haughtily, and with that he shut the door.

 “Figures…” Troy said with a shrug.

 “How rude!” Mike shouted.

 “Looks like the Grinch came early this year!” Ike shouted too.

 “Well, that was a bust,” Troy said.

 “A bust, you say?” the twins said in unison.

 Troy perked up. It’s rarely a good thing when the twins both have the exact thought at the exact same second. “You’re planning something,” Troy said.

 “Aren’t we always?” Mike replied.

 Troy couldn’t argue with that, nor could he argue with what the twins did next. They once again got in position on either side of his sack, grabbed a couple handfuls of ball flesh, and began to walk Troy’s sack back down the driveway, but rather than take Troy all the way back to the main road, the twins stopped about halfway.

 “You know what they say,” Mike said.

 “Yeah. It’s trick OR treat,” Ike agreed.

 “We didn’t get our treat,” Mike said.

 “So, it’s time for our trick!” Ike added.

 “Wait… what kind of trick do you have in mind!?” Troy asked.

 “Bustin’ makes me feel good,” Mike sang in reply.

 “Bustin’ Bustin’ Bustin’,” Ike sang along.

 “What…?” Troy murmured, but the realization slowly dawned on him. Troy’s eyes grew wider and his jaw dropped lower as he pieced it together. “Oh no. no, no, no. Nonononono.” Troy sputtered, but there was very little he could do at the moment. He was stranded atop his own sedan-sized sack. He wasn’t going anywhere until he managed to release some of the spunk that now sloshed in his sack.

 “Come on. He knew what he was getting into when he turned us away. You refuse to give the candy, your house gets Tee Peed,” Mike explained.

 “Or in this case ‘D’ Peed,” Ike added.

 “Oh, we’re gonna do that too,” Mike replied saucily into Troy’s ear as he gently teased Troy’s twitching hole with his fingertips.

 Troy tried to act uninterested, but when your cock is as big as you are, it’s kind of hard to hide when your boner gives a buck of delight.

 “See? ‘Little’ Troy is on board with the plan,” Ike said and gave the side of Troy’s colossal cock a firm patting as if he was petting the flank of a playful stallion.

 Troy tried to protest, but his words failed him. The most he managed was, “but… I… you…”

 His whines were quickly silenced by a pair of lips against his own. Troy’s whines gave way to whimpers and soon were replaced altogether by soft moans as Mike’s tongue slipped past his lips. Whatever defense Troy had been trying to mount completely crumbled in that moment. He could no longer think about anything other than how much he wanted to experience even more of what the twins had to offer.

Troy’s massive cock gave another hard lurch. He was now as hard as he had ever been. His massive, person-sized rod was rock hard and leaking pre like a faucet. The slick liquid poured onto the lawn and soaked into the grass.

Troy could have cum right then and there. Some part of him wanted to do just that, in fact, but the only thing keeping him grounded was how amazing he felt and how much more he wanted to experience. There was something about the cool, crisp autumn air against his exposed skin that made him even hornier, and the feeling of Mike’s lips against his and Ike’s lips against the nape of his neck drove Troy even wilder.

When Mike finally broke the passionate kiss, Troy found himself gasping for breath. The kiss had felt far too short, but judging by the ache in his longs, they must have held it for at least a minute. Troy may be on the swim team, but he was more of a mascot than an actual competitor. He had nowhere near the lung capacity of either of his two lovers.

“Don’t worry. We’ll let you catch your breath,” Mike whispered saucily into Troy’s ear.

Troy wanted to ask what he had in mind, but between the intense arousal and the need to catch his breath, Troy could not muster the words. It wasn’t like he really needed to ask, though. The twins rarely left Troy wondering what their next move was for long. Before Troy could even catch his breath, he could feel Ike’s hands sink cup the soft, supple flesh of Troy’s thick, bubbly booty.

“I guess he really is a full back,” Ike commented playfully.

“Told ya!” Mike replied. That was as far as their banter went. Ike had other plans for his mouth, and for once, they did not involve trading japes with his brother.

Troy shuddered with ecstasy as he felt Ike’s tongue slip between his cheeks. It wasn’t the first time Troy had been eaten out, but it was an experience that never lost its luster. Troy was always amazed as just how sensitive his booty could be, and he was double shocked at just how tender the twins could be when it suited them.

While Troy moaned and whimpered and writhed from the amazing sensations along his backside, Mike took the opportunity to slowly stroll along the length of Troy’s cock. While Mike made his trek, he seductively slid off his black booty shorts, giving Troy a nice view of Mike’s toned, muscular ass. Mike glanced back over his shoulder and shot Troy a saucy wink. Despite how fuzzy Troy’s thoughts were getting, the gesture was not lost on him. Troy’s cock trembled, and the thick, spongy head of his massive dick puffed up ever so slightly more.

“You might be a full back, but you’ve got an even fuller front,” Mike teased as he stared down the barrel of Troy’s six-foot sex-cannon. Mike dug his fingers into the sensitive, spongy tissue of the tip of Troy’s colossal cock. He passionately kneaded the soft, supply flesh. The sensations drove Troy absolutely mad. His dick had always been incredibly sensitive, and it seemed that sensitivity had grown as his cock got larger and larger.

Troy wanted to cry out and tell the twins how great they were making him feel, but words would not come. All he could do was whine and moan, but that seemed to be enough to satisfy the twins.

“Don’t worry. I’ll take good care of you,” Mike said. He then leaned in closer to the puffed-up head of Troy’s colossal cock until Mike’s hips were mashed against the sensitive flesh. Troy’s pre flowed freely from the tip of his cock and completely coated Mike’s thighs and legs in a matter of seconds, which was to say nothing of the thorough slathering Mike’s cock received.

The massive slit of Troy’s enormous cock was so huge, that if Mike had tried to shove his dick down it, it would have only barely touched the sides, but Mike had another idea. Troy’s slit was almost as long as Mike’s own foot-long cock. Mike’s cock rested between the lips of Troy’s cock as if it was made for his cock. Mike then began to rock his hips, causing his thick cock to grind against the lips of Troy’s massive slit. With each thrust, Mike’s hefty balls slapped against the soft flesh of Troy’s massive cock head.

Mike’s nuts were huge by most normal people’s standards, but they paled in comparison to the set of stones Troy was now riding atop. Troy’s nuts had been steadily swelling the entire time he had been stranded in the yard. When he had arrived at this house, he had nuts the size of sofas, but now they were closer to the size of a pair of single car garages. Troy’s nuts were so huge, that Ike could no longer reach his ass while standing on the ground. Ike had had to scamper up Troy’s nuts and join Troy atop Troy’s steadily swelling sack.

As much fun as it had been making Troy whine with just his tongue. Ike was ready for something a little more up close and personal. With Troy’s ass now nice and slick, all that remained was to take the plunge.

Troy tensed up for a second as he felt the tip of Ike’s fat cock press against his slicked-up hole, but Troy quickly relaxed. He was feeling too amazing to even try and protest, and he had done this enough by now that even in his hormone addled state, he instinctively knew to relax and enjoy the ride.

Troy continued to breathily whimper in ecstasy. Not even he was sure which whimpers were from Ike teasing the tip of his cock and which were from Mike plunging his cock into his ass. All he knew was that he was in heaven. He loved every second of it. He loved the feeling of Mike’s cock thrusting into his ass. He loved the slap of Mike’s fat balls against his puffy taint. He loved the feeling of Mike’s arms wrapped around him and the sound of Mike’s moans in his ear. Troy loved the feeling of Ike’s hands and cock digging into the soft flesh of his over-stimulated cock head. He loved the pleasant swelling of his now house-sized stones. At the rate he was going, his sack was soon to rival the size of the two-story house which stood before him.

Troy knew he wasn’t going to last much longer. He tried to say something to the twins to let them know, but all he managed to do was whine even loader. Troy couldn’t be sure whether or not they got the message, but he could feel Mike’s arms wrap tighter around him as Mike buried his cock deep for one last plunge. He could also feel Ike’s hands gripping the rim of his puffed-up glans for extra leverage as he too dug his cock against the soft flesh of Troy’s cock.

It was impossible to tell who came first, but it was obvious that Troy came the hardest. The first spurt hit Ike dead on, causing the lithe stud to go sliding across the muddy, pre-soaked lawn. Ike, fortunately, was not in the line of fire, but the sheer force of Troy’s cock lurching with each spurt nearly knocked him to the ground as well. Had Ike not been hugging Troy so tightly, he no doubt would have joined his bro sprawled out in the mud.

Troy came and came again and again. He cried out in ecstasy with each spurt. Massive ropes of jizz arced through the air and crashed down on the house of the offending candy man. The ropes of cum were so massive that a single strand arced completely over the house. Half the rope splashed down in the back yard and half landed in the front with the center draped over the roof. By the time Troy’s shots finally started to taper off, the house in front of him had transformed from a spooky Halloween haunted house to looking more like a frosted gingerbread house. Thick globs of spunk oozed off the roof and pooled on the driveway and seeped into the already pre-soaked lawn. The lawn and house were coated in mud and cum as far as the eye could see.

When Troy’s nuts had finally shrunken small enough, Ike slid back off Troy’s sack and onto the muck coated lawn below. Troy was so staggered by the intensity of his own orgasm that he was barely conscious, let alone coherent. He would have collapsed flat onto his ass once his nuts reached the point where they were too small to support him had it not been for Ike hoisting him up to support him.

“I told you you were a tight end,” Ike said playfully into Troy’s ear. Troy made a half-hearted attempt to bap Ike, but he had neither the accuracy nor the energy to really make an impact.

“I got the bags,” Mike said as he came slogging through the mire. He held up the three slightly cum-coated shopping bags that held their candy.

“Good. We should probably get headed back to base camp,” Ike said and nodded towards the road.

Mike sidled up beside Troy and slipped Troy’s arm over his shoulder. “Up you go, Slimer,” Mike teased as he and his bro helped Troy walk towards the road.

“Best Halloween ever…” Troy murmured groggily.

“And it’s not even over,” Ike replied.

“Yeah! Time to get you cleaned up and then we can watch horror movie until we get sick on candy!” Mike cheered.

“Hell yeah…” Troy cheered groggily.