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Thoros

By Ziel & SolumSol

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Thoros crept his way through the forbidden wing of the forbidden library. If there was to be anything good in the dusty, crumbling ruins it was sure to be there – after all, what other reason was there to make a place that was already forbidden even more forbidden? That’s like, twice as forbidden as your average ruin. It practically had a sign out front that said “Awesome Treasure! Inquire Within!” Thoros wasn’t sure what he was looking for, but he wasn’t about to let that stop him. He just had a gut feeling that he’d find something great, and his gut hadn’t led him wrong so far. All he had to do was keep an eye out for something that really caught his attention, and it didn’t take him long to find it.

Amidst the dust, Thoros caught sight of a small jade box. The thing was no bigger than a shoebox, but it was adorned with signs and sigils the likes of which Thoros had never seen before. The best he could

figure was that this box was completely covered in wards and seals. If that was the case then someone had gone through a lot of trouble to keep whatever was in the box from getting out... or as Thoros figured, from keeping others from getting at whatever goodies lie beneath. This was it. It had to be. This was the treasure that Thoros had searched for for so long. Now all that remained was to crack the code and claim his rewards.

Thoros didn't know the language the seals were written in, but he did know an unlocking rune when he saw one. The one on the box was far, far more complex than any he had dealt with before, but the base principal was always the same. All he had to do was find the starting point...

Thoros blew the dust from the box and traced a path with his fingertip across the surface until he found what he was looking for. "Jackpot!" Thoros said to himself as the box lit up beneath his fingertip. Now that he had the starting point, all he had to do was trace the rune which sealed the box and he would have whatever was inside, but that was easier said than done. It was a remarkably complex rune, and if he made even one mistake he'd have to start over from the beginning. He sat there for the better part of an hour just trying new ways to trace the rune without breaking the pattern, but eventually he got it. A grin spread across his face as all the symbols on the box lit up at once. This was it. The moment he had been waiting for. All that remained was to open it up and see what it held.

Thoros had expected to find something inside the box, but what he had not expected was for that something to find him first! No sooner had the light that covered the runes faded than the lid of the box flew off and tendrils emerged from the depths of the container.



Thoros didn't even have time to utter a simple protective spell before the tendrils were upon him. A few grabbed his arms. A few went for his legs. In a matter of seconds, he was hoisted into the air by the writhing tendrils. The tentacles were too strong to even struggle against. Try as he might the tendrils held fast. He couldn't even budge his arms no matter how

much he struggled and strained. With his arms pinned, the number of spells he could call upon were severely limited. Just about every move in his repertoire required at least some sort of hand motions, but he barely even had access to his fingers.

“Nngg... Not good...” Thoros groaned as he struggled against the restraints. “If only I could...” He grumbled, but his thoughts and his words were cut short by a new sensation. The tendrils had found their way inside his clothes! A few tentacles had slipped underneath the fabric of briefs and were starting to brush against his most sensitive places. A couple tendrils were starting to get cozy with his cock and balls while yet another one was slithering in between his beefy butt cheeks. Thoros tried clench his ass and thrust his crotch to shake loose the wriggling tendrils, but they weren’t going anywhere anytime soon. In fact, they seemed to be working their way deeper into his crack and further up his briefs. One of the tendrils crept its way up from the leg hole of his briefs and upwards until it slithered out from under his waistband and wriggled up past his sculpted abs until it was slithering its way between the cleft of his dense, sculpted pecs. It wasn’t long before the tentacle was toying at the strap that wrapped around Thoros’s neck! Soon the tentacles around his arms and legs followed suit. The tendrils on his arm slipped into the cuffs of his puffy sleeves. The tentacles around his ankles slithered into the cuffs of his poofy pants.



Just when Thoros thought things couldn't get any worse all the tentacles moved in unison. They strained against the fabric of his clothing causing the straps of seams of his clothes to bulge and buckle. The stitches on his briefs popped. The bands that help his loose, flowing clothes to his arms and legs began to pop and fray, and then as if all at once, his clothes gave out from under the onslaught of tentacles. His waistband snapped. His collar split. His cuffs broke. The tattered remnants of his sleeves and pant legs fluttered to the floor like ticker tape at a parade leaving Thoros's buff, brawny body completely naked and exposed.

Thoros was powerless. Stripped of ability to cast spells and shorn of his clothing he was as helpless and exposed as a newborn babe. All he could do was lay back and hope what the tentacles had in store for him wasn't too terrifying, but already he could tell things weren't going to be so easy on him. One of the more excited tentacles was already wriggling between his butt cheeks and poking at his exposed hole while another one coiled its way around his cock. Thoros gasped as he felt the tentacle slide its way into his tight little hole. He hadn't expected it to feel so good! The slight sliminess of the tentacle made it slide in as easily as a fully lubed dildo, and the less Thoros tried to resist the better it felt! The tentacle toying with his cock seemed equally interested in making sure Thoros enjoyed his time spent in captivity. The way it wriggled and coiled around his steadily boning cock made it feel like it was jacking him off, but this was better than any hand job he had ever had before.

Thoros was just about to surrender himself to the tendrils – after all, what they were doing to him felt amazing and it wasn't like he could resist even if he wanted to, but suddenly something made him gasp once more and tense up. A tendril had found its way to the tip of his dick and was playing with the slit of his now fully boned cock. Surely it couldn't be planning what he thought it was planning, could it? There was no way! This tentacle was thicker than his whole dick – which was saying something given the sheer girth of Thoros's pride and joy. Even the narrow tip of the

tendrils were almost as thick as his cock, but that didn't stop it from trying.

"N-no... stop!" Thoros tried to plead, but his cries fell on deaf ears. The tentacle pushed its way downward into the slit of his dick. To his surprise the tendril actually slid inside his dick easily enough. The tentacle felt strangely squishy and slimy as if it was being squeezed down into a narrower form by the force of his cock clenching down on it almost as if the writhing tentacle was made out of play-doh. He could feel the compacted tendril pressing against the insides of his cock in all directions at once. It felt maddeningly fantastic almost as if he was in the throes of orgasm, but there was nothing coming from his cock nor could anything even if he wanted it to. The tendril blocked his cock so thoroughly that he had no chance of creaming. There was just no space for the spunk to squeeze past! Like it or not, his nuts weren't going to be draining any time soon which was a shame since they had never felt so blue in his life! His nuts felt so full and heavy that it was like he hadn't cum in weeks instead of just a few hours. Thoros was so hot and bothered by the tendrils working his cock and ass that he started to rock his hips without even realizing he was doing it. He could feel the tendril in the back sliding in and out of him and stretching his hungry ass further and further. It seemed to be getting thicker with each passing second, which was just fine with him because he found himself craving it more and more. As much as he hated to admit it, he wanted it to get bigger. He wanted it to stretch him out further and further. He had never craved a cock so hard as he did

that very moment, and he doubted he would ever find a dick that could satisfy him in a way that that steadily expanding tendril was able to.

What Thoros didn't realize at first that it wasn't just his stretched-out hole and the thick tendril inside of it that was expanding. He already had so much of the beast inside of his that his gut had to bulge as if he had just eaten a full four course dinner in five minutes, but even that wasn't the full extent of the changes. Thoros had written off the heavy feeling in his nuts as a result of his need to cum. He balls felt so backed up that he felt like he hadn't cum in months, but there was more at work than just that. The long tendrils that had snaked their way into his cock had reached down so far down the shaft that they had reached into his very balls themselves causing them to grow and swell with each passing moment.



Thoros had always been proud of his dick, and given how much he had to work with there was no surprise there. Even soft his cock was a solid twelve inches long and as thick as his wrist. He had huge, softball sized nuts to go along with his massive cock, but the set of stones he had swinging between his thighs now put his old pair to shame. His nuts had grown and swollen from the size of softballs to the size of soccer balls! And they were still steadily creeping up in size by the moment as the ooze from the gooey tendrils spilled into his nuts more and more.

It was tough to say who was in control at the moment. Thoros was so lost in ecstasy that he completely forgot that he was trussed up by the

tentacles. Even though the tendrils still had his arms gripped tightly, he reached his arms effortlessly down and dug his fingers into the huge mass of his oversensitive sack. His swollen nuts felt so great against his fingertips. He couldn't believe how sensitive they had become. Gently kneading his soft nuts felt so great that it was almost as if he was stroking his fully boned cock, but as much as he loved the feeling of his fingers feeling his balls and his balls filling his entire palms and then some, there was something tugging at the back of his mind trying to snap him out of his erotic stupor.

It was tough to say what it was that snapped him back to reality first. It could have been the constant feeling of the tentacles gripping his arms and legs. It could have been the writhing sensation in his gut. It could have even been the steady stretching of his ass, but most likely it was the feeling of his enormous nuts filling out the entire palm of both of his hands. Thoros had always had some pretty big balls, but these were more like play yard balls than softballs. There's no way his nuts had been that huge to begin with.

Thoros managed to shake himself from the stupor and glanced down at his rigid cock. His jaw dropped at what he saw. It wasn't just his gut and nuts that had grown. His cock was noticeably bigger than it had been earlier. His once proud foot-long dong was now nearly twice that. His cock which was formerly as thick as his wrist now put his muscular forearm to shame for sheer girth! His dick didn't just rival his

forearm for thickness though. It also rivaled it for length as well. Had he placed his forearm beside his cock, his dick would have reached from his elbow all the way up past his wrist and even all the way up to his fingers!



The sight of his enormous cock wasn't so much horrifying as it was shocking. Thoughts flooded Thoros's mind. What reasons did the creature have for doing this to him? What were its plans for him in the future? How large would his cock and balls get by the time the beast was through? These thoughts and more swirled in Thoros's mind. There was so much going on and so little that he could do about it. The lack of control, the rapid transformation, the uncertainty of

his future should have had him totally freaked out. Thoros knew this and yet somehow his fear was fading. He had to admit his cock looked fantastic and his nuts looked amazing. What dude didn't dream of a bigger dick, and his was already the stuff of legend. Watching his pride and joy becoming something even larger than before filled him with no small sense of satisfaction. Despite how strange he knew this situation was, he couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like for his bait and tackle to get even bigger. He couldn't help but fantasize about what his cock and balls would look like if they were even larger. Just thinking about it made his cock even harder and his balls feel even heavier.

While Thoros wrestled with his internal dilemma, the growth his cock and balls showed no signs of slowing. His dick was steadily creeping upwards with each passing second, and his balls were steadily hanging lower. It wasn't long before his cock was well past two feet and bordering on three. His dick was half as long as he was tall! Even with his bulging gut pushing his dick forward, he could see the tip of his dick standing at eye level before him. Had he not had the extra spare tire his cock would have reached higher than his head! Just the mere thought of it made his heavy nuts shift in anticipation and his cock twitch with excitement. Thoros wanted to cum more than ever, and yet he didn't want to eject the strange creature just yet.

Thoros was still having trouble believing what he was seeing. His cock was massive! It was thicker

than his neck! At the rate things were going it was going to be as thick as his midriff in no time – bulging abs, sculpted V, and all! The view was so mesmerizing that he had to feel it to be sure it was real.

Fortunately, the creature was more than accommodating. It made no effort to hold him back as Thoros's hands moved into position to stroke and explore the massive shaft. Thoros's cock had been a handful and then some this morning, but even had he had both hands side by side wrapped around his fat cock there was no way to make his fingers meet. His cock was just far too thick.

Just seeing how small his hands were compared to his cock just made Thoros even more excited. He knew he should be freaked out. He knew he should fight it, but he just couldn't bring himself to care. His cock looked amazing, and his nuts were every bit as fantastic as his massive cock. Even now his balls had swollen from the size of basketballs upwards to the size of beach balls. They hung down so low that they nearly touched the floor even with the tentacles holding him a few feet off the ground. It wouldn't be long at all until they sat solidly on the cool, stone floor of the ruins below. Hell, at the rate things were going, Thoros didn't doubt they would soon be so massive that *he* could sit upon *them*!



While the image of his nuts growing ever larger filled his minds, his balls did just that. The continued to steadily grow and swell alongside his cock before his very eyes. Soon his dick reached well above his head and was as thick as his torso. The behemoth had to be at least four feet long, and probably even bigger than that! At the rate things were going his cock would soon be as tall as he was! A cock the size of his entire body! The mere thought of it confused and excited him. Sure, he had always wanted a bigger dick, but wasn't that too much? Was there even such a thing as too much? The bigger he got the less he believed such a thing was true.

The shock of the cool stone floor brushing against his massive balls as they swung low enough to touch the floor was enough to snap Thoros back to sanity if even for just a moment. The cold stone against his nuts was like a splash of icy water to the face. He was suddenly keenly aware of just how huge his cock had become. Even trussed up by tentacles as he currently was, his nuts dangled so low that they could reach the floor! His cock was now every bit as long as he was tall and thicker than even his beefy, barrel chest. The tip of his dick towered over him. Even just the sight of his enormous tool was enough to get him hot and bothered all over again. He would have been close to cumming from just the amazing view and that's to say nothing of the constant bliss he felt from the tentacles writhing inside his colossal cock and his stretched-out ass.

Part of him begged for release – begged to cum and be free of his bonds, but he was no longer thinking about reverting back to his original size or even stopping his growth. He had been stuck in a state of needing to cum so long and so badly that it was maddening. Even now that his cock dwarfed his body, the tentacles filled every inch of his slit so fully that even pre could barely seep through – something thicker like the thick load that was stirring in his sack had no chance of escape. The constant need to cum plus the sheer size and scale of his sack resulted in the most intense case of blue balls that Thoros had ever felt. He could never have imagined such an intense need to cream could even exist let alone that he would be trapped in the throes of it. The need to cum was so

intense that he didn't even notice the tentacles relaxing their grasp on his arms and legs. The grip was no longer needed to either keep him docile or to hold him up. Thoros was too far gone to think about escaping, and his balls were now so massive that he sat atop them like small love seat. His nuts were the size of jumbo sized beach party beach balls, and the groove between the two of them was the perfect size for his beefy butt. As he laid back and writhed in ecstasy while nestled in the valley between his two party-sized stones his cock and balls continued to swell.

The creature was obviously not done with him yet. The tentacles once again gripped Thoros's ankles, but this time they were helping him out. The tentacles pulled at his ankles until Thoros's legs became unstuck from the bow-legged position he had been trapped in upon the top of his constantly swelling cock. Thoros's cock had been swelling between his legs this whole time, and before he realized it, his cock had become so thick that he could no longer wrap his legs around it. He could feel the strain in his groin as his legs were pushed farther and farther apart. Thoros was no stranger to riding horseback, but his cock was now thicker than any horse he had ever ridden, and he had ridden a Clydesdale before! His cock was beyond massive. His cock was gigantic! It was longer than he was tall by a good foot or two, and still it was growing.

The tentacles set Thoros back down face down atop his growing cock and balls. He had no idea if they had done this to help him out or to give the beast

easier access to his ass so the tentacles could continue to ream him for all he was worth, but he didn't care. He didn't even have the mental capacity to think about it. He was so lost in bliss that he couldn't think about anything other than how great it felt to be plugged so feel and to be so hot and bothered and how great it was to have such a massive cock – a massive cock that was still growing before his very eyes! By this point his dick had to be almost twice as long as he was tall, but in his new position it no longer stood above his head. His massive cock now lay flat against the stone floor of the ruins. The head of his dick reached past the discarded treasure box which had originally housed the beast. His cock was thicker than an ox and as tall as a basketball hoop. In fact, the tentacle-filled slit of his massive cock would have been every bit as big as the hoop itself. Pro-regulation balls would have slipped down his slit as easily as sounding beads, and even just the thought got him hornier than before if such a thing was even possible.



Thoros wanted to grow more. He craved it with every fiber of his being, but his need to cream was overtaking even what the tentacles were capable of holding back. Pre was flowing like water from a faucet from the tip of his dick. The sheer force of the liquid bubbling up to the tip of his dick was enough that it was threatening to push the tentacles clear out from his cock, and that was saying nothing of the growing deluge of cum that was building up in his backed up, beanbag-chair-sized cojones. At the rate things were going his cock could grow so huge that it would eclipse his hometown. His balls could swell up so massive that they were like mountains rising up thousands of feet above the horizon. Just thinking

about how amazing it would be to have a dick that measured in *miles* got him even more worked up. His colossal cock began to buck and lurch like a spirited bronco. The head of his cock puffed up even more than before. His entire cock – inside and out – felt even more sensitive than it had just moments ago. His enormous, toolshed-sized nuts pulled inwards in preparation for what was sure to be biggest climax of his or anyone else's life.

Thoros's eyes rolled back in his head. A loud, low groan escaped from the depths of his throat, and then the dam broke. Thoros came with such force that the writhing mass of tentacles that plugged his cock and reached all the way down into his balls themselves were launched through the air in a torrent of jizz. The beast would have been launched clear across the ruins had it not been for the few tendrils in Thoros's ass which served to anchor the beast to him, but perhaps it would have been better had the beast been flung clear. As it was, the creature landed with a splat on the stone floor mere inches from the box which had been its prison just moments ago. The lights on the box once more glowed bright blue and a beam erupted from the open box. The box began to pull in everything around it with category five force winds. The beast could not fight back. Even with its tendrils still anchoring it to Thoros, the winds were too strong. Its grip faltered and failed and then in an instant the flash of light was gone as was the creature leaving only the recently re-sealed box in its wake.

Thoros wasn't in a position to check out what was happening though. He was still too busy cumming and cumming again. He had lost count of how many times he had creamed after the first five or six shots, and still he was cumming like no tomorrow. Huge, thick, sticky spurts of thick cum shot forth from his ten feet of fat cock. The torrent raged for what felt like hours of unending ecstasy, but in reality, it was probably closer to fifteen minutes of solid cumming before his loads finally started to taper off. Over the next few spurts his wads became weaker and weaker until his cock was merely dribbling jizz onto the cum-flooded floor below.

It took a while for Thoros to come down from the afterglow. That had been hands down the most intense orgasm of his life, and he couldn't help but wonder if that was what he was in store for every time he came with this new and improved set of cock and balls. The mere thought of it excited him so much that his recently-spent cock began to chub up excitedly at the prospects.

Thoros glanced around the room and saw firsthand the aftermath of his growth. Not only had the ruins now been coated in a layer of cum so thick that it looked like a blizzard had rolled through, but his cock was now almost twice as long as he was tall, and it was still soft! It would be even larger when fully hard, and his nut sack was the size of a small sofa. Either enormous cojone could fill an entire tub with the spunk it could hold! Even with all the magic at his disposal the trip home would be incredibly difficult

with all his added mass, and that was saying nothing of the stares he was sure the garner on his journey, but that didn't bother him. He could see the treasure he had cum for floating atop the pool of spunk, and next time he opened the box he would be in a better position to grow even more.

