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Toil and Trouble

By Ziel.

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Wyatt and Jordan fumbled through the dark cave with only the light of their cell phone flashlights to guide them. "I don't think this is part of the attraction," Jordan said.

"Lots of haunted mansions have a creepy cave to them," Wyatt replied

"Yeah but this is a low budget off campus Halloween event, not the fucking Spencer Estate," Jordan sassed back.

The two guys stumbled through the darkness for a while more until suddenly they saw a light shining off in the distance. There seemed to be a passageway off to the side, and whatever was down that way was well lit.

"Jackpot. I think I found the exit," Wyatt exclaimed happily. He booked it for the light leaving Jordan staggering in his wake.

"Wait up!" Jordan called after his friend and then proceeded to jog along right behind his buddy. It didn't take the two of them long to reach the room in question, but neither of them were prepared for what they found when they turned the corner.

The room itself was pretty unremarkable aside from the fact that it was well lit. The light filled the room and flittered across the wall as if a raging bonfire sat in the center, but there was only a mild smolder which resided directly beneath a bubbling black cauldron. In the cauldron a mysterious liquid glowed and churned. The stuff gave off an eerie green light as if it was filled to the brim with the goo from a thousand cracked open glow sticks, but that wasn't even the strangest part. Behind the cauldron stood a decrepit, stooped over figure of what appeared to be a wizened old woman.

"Woah. Do you think it's real?" Wyatt asked.

"Why are you asking me? You should be asking her!?" Jordan replied indignantly. It was a pretty good attempt at seeming brave despite the fact that he was cowering behind his buddy who had taken the lead and started approaching the strange figure. As the two friends approached the hunched over figure, it began to move in an awkward, jaunty fashion. The strange figure began to robotically stir her cauldron.

"It's just an animatronic," Wyatt said. This new info seemed to be enough to ease Jordan's nerves because he slowly trotted his way from the doorway over to join his pal in front of the bubbling cauldron.

"Oh. I guess it is... Yeah... It's not so scary, huh?" Jordan chuckled nervously, but what happened next made him jump almost clear out of his skin.

"Double double toil and trouble Making mushroom brew, I am," said the witch sung in a slow, rasping voice. Jordan was once again hiding behind his buddy, but Wyatt wasn't fazed at all.

"Heh. She talks like Yoda," Wyatt chuckled.

"Hehe, yeah.... Yoda lady," Jordan replied nervously.

"Yoda lady who," Wyatt yodeled back and then let out the loudest most obnoxious laugh that Jordan had ever heard... or maybe it was just that his nerves

were so shot that the laugh seemed even more obnoxious than usual. Wyatt was always a loud and in your face kind of guy, and it seemed like even a trip through a spooky cave did little to change that.

"Hey. Take my picture with the witch bot."

Wyatt said and trotted over towards the figure. He threw an arm over the witch's shoulder and threw up a peace sign as he waited for his buddy to get the phone out and get to snapping.

"How do we even know it's a robot. It could be some actor and we're making her job way worse by going off script," Jordan stammered nervously. As if in cue the witch began stirring her pot again.

"Double double toil and trouble. Making mushroom brew, I am." she repeated mechanically.

"Right. That's totally an actor in there," Wyatt said sarcastically. "Now quit whining and start snapping."

"Fine... fine... Now hold still." Jordan murmured while he lifted his phone up and aimed his camera at his pal and the hunched over witch.

"Hey. You don't gotta tell me. I'm great at staying still, but this old bat. Whew. She's a real live wire," Wyatt joked.

The light on Jordan's phone flashed a few times to signify that he had snapped a few pictures, and that was enough for Wyatt. He was already planning what to do next, and the devious smirk on his face made it clear that he had something even crazier in mind than just a few selfies with a witch.

"Dare me to drink it?" Wyatt asked impishly as he gestured towards the bubbling cauldron.

"What? The witch brew? Fuck no! It's a fricken animatronic display with glowing, bubbling shit in the bowl. It's probably glow stick juice and grey water! You know what happens when you drink glow stick juice and grey water? You get sick and you die. In that order!" Jordan squeaked nervously.

"You are such a weenie," Wyatt said teasingly.

"Yeah? Well I'm a weenie who's gonna love to the ripe old age of seventy-seven!" Jordan retorted.

"I've already made it to sixty-nine so I think I'm doing alright," Wyatt replied and then dunked his nearly empty red solo cup into the glowing cauldron. He paused just long enough to raise his glass, flash a cheesy smirk for his pal, and say "Cheers!" Before he knocked back the entire glass full of the glowing liquid.

Wyatt cringed for a moment and then doubled over as if he was about to puke, "Oh god... That stuff... so foul... It tastes worse than my mom's casserole," Wyatt groaned.

"Come on, man... nothing's that bad..." Jordan replied with a nervous chuckle, but he quickly shifted into worried caretaker mode and scurried over to check on his bud. "But seriously... are you ok? I think we should get you to the hospital as soon as possible. That can't be healthy." He said as he slapped Wyatt on the back a few times as if he was trying to make Wyatt puke like an infant.

"Nah man. I'm fine. In fact, I feel much better than I did a minute ago. Man. I feel *real* good. You gotta try some of this." Wyatt said. He turned to dunk his cup back into the cauldron, but was shocked to see that neither it nor its stirrer were there anymore.

"Uh... dude? There was totally an old hag-bot here a second ago, right?" Wyatt asked worriedly.

"What are you on about this ti-..." Jordan began to ask, but as soon as he realized that he and Wyatt were alone in the room, his attitude quickly changed. The look on his face made it clear that he was going into full on meltdown mode, and the rambling rant that followed just confirmed it

"Oh man... oh man... she was real... it was a witch... and you drank the stuff... and now you're gonna turn into a toad or something, and I'll have to carry your fat warty body out of here and have to

explain that to your family and I'll drive up to their place and be all 'hey your son is a dumbass and now he's a fucking frog and here he is and I'm going to be going home and throwing up for the rest of the week good bye, good riddance, and IS THIS REALLY THE TIME TO BE DOING THAT!?" Jordan's panic-ridden rant stopped on a dime and he shouted indignantly at his pal who had a hand down his pants and was enjoying the contents of his Fruit of the Looms.

"Sorry man... it just feels really good right now. You know how it is." Wyatt murmured groggily.

"All I know is that we need to get poison control on the line and ask them the proper procedure for drinking a mysterious witch brew like a DUMBASS!" Jordan shouted. He once again had his phone out of his pocket and into his hand and was frantically googling the phone number for poison control, but Wyatt had other ideas.

"Come on man... put that away..." Wyatt murmured groggily into his pal's ear and wrapped his arms around his buddy's body.

"I'll put it away *after* I finish this call," Jordan snapped back, but before he could even finish punching in the numbers another thought started to creep into his mind. Something was very off here.

"Hey, uh... what are you standing on?" Jordan asked his pal.

"Nothing... why?" Wyatt asked.

Jordan didn't know what to say. Jordan kind of liked the way his buddy was spooning him, but that wasn't what had him so unnerved. Wyatt was a big guy, but he wasn't *that* big. He had maybe a few inches in height on Jordan so how was he resting his chin on Jordan's head.

Jordan quickly wriggled his way out of his buddy's arms and spun around to look his pal right in the eyes... or at least that was the intent. Jordan quickly found himself staring at his pal's chest instead

of Wyatt's eyes. Wyatt had grown almost a foot in the past minute or so, and that was just the tip of the iceberg. Jordan couldn't help but gawk at the changes his pal had gone through. Wyatt had always been pretty fit, but this was something else entirely. He could be posing on the cover of a Men's Fitness mag, and he wasn't even flexing. His enormous pecs strained against the fabric of his formerly loose T-shirt. Said T-shirt now didn't even cover Wyatt's abs entirely. The lower hem of the shirt was about level with Wyatt's belly button leaving the lower two rows of dense, sculpted abs open for Jordan's viewing pleasure, and below those beautiful abs Jordan could see that Wyatt's pants were suffering even more than his shirt. Wyatt's formerly loose basketball shorts were now filled to the brim. Wyatt's muscles were enormous even below the belt, but this was something else entirely. The obscene bulge in the front of his overstuffed shorts could only be from one thing.

"Now way..." Jordan murmured in awe as he stared at the enormous bulge in his buddy's shorts. Wyatt's cock had to be as thick as Jordan's forearm! His balls were looking to be the size of chicken eggs. The shaft of that amazing schlong had to be over a foot long, and it didn't even appear hard!

A loud rending sound snapped Jordan's attention away from his pal's package. Jordan's gaze snapped back up to his friend's chest just in time to see his formerly loose T-shirt shred down the center, but amazingly enough, Wyatt's swelling muscles and growing frame weren't the culprit. Something was writhing beneath the surface of Wyatt's skin! Wyatt's sides bulged out as if his body was a cocoon from which something was struggling to break its way out of. Jordan braced himself for what he assumed would be something horrific, like an Alien chest-burster breaking through Wyatt's flesh, but to his surprise there was no shredding of flesh nor exploding organs

or aliens. The lumps on Wyatt's side slowly took shape and solidified until it looked like he had two long, cylindrical lumps wrapped around his sides, and then those lumps steadily pulled away from Wyatt's body. The layer of skin over top peeled away like an over-stretched layer of Saran wrap revealing two new fully formed arms which were every bit as big and buff as the original pair that Wyatt still had directly above the new set. Jordan stared in awe at the exposed upper body of his now titanic four-armed friend. Somehow the extra limbs made Wyatt seem even hotter than before! And this fact was not lost on Wyatt. He stared in awe at his new arms and quickly began flexing and admiring them. It wasn't long after that he started to flex and pose for Jordan's pleasure as well.

"Admit it, dude. You're staring. It's hot, right? Bet you wish you had snagged some swill as well when you had the chance. Huh?" Wyatt said teasingly.

Jordan couldn't respond, and even had he been physically capable of doing so, he wouldn't have had the chance. He heard another telltale shredding sound, this time located below the belt. It was Wyatt's shorts turn to give up the ghost, and as much as Jordan didn't want to admit it out loud, he was excited to see Wyatt's new and improved schlong firsthand.

Wyatt's shorts split right down the sides leaving him with little more than a loin cloth – a loin cloth that did absolutely nothing to hide the enormity of his softy. Over half of it dangled below the lower hem of his tattered shorts! The shaft dangled down towards Wyatt's knees! Jordan knew that Wyatt had always been extremely gifted down below, but this was incredible! Jordan's mind was reeling and racing as he tried to piece together just how huge his pal's cock really was! If Wyatt had been at his normal height, his cock would have had to over a foot long while soft to dangle past his knees, but Wyatt wasn't at his old height – not by a long shot! He was so tall that

Jordan now stood eye to eye with Wyatt's belly button. Wyatt was easily ten feet tall and some change. It was a miracle that he could still fit inside the cavern, but if he grew too much more it'd be impossible for him to stand upright!

As much as Jordan wanted to contemplate the logistics of just how huge his pal's rod was, there was something else about his pal's pecker that was demanding he investigate. Wyatt's cock looked incredibly fat by anyone's standards. Even though it was nearing two feet in length, the shaft was almost as fat as Jordan's waist! It seemed impossibly fat for its length. In fact, it seemed almost twice as thick as it should be for its length, and the more that Jordan stared at his pal's cock the more he realized that the shape of it was really odd as well. It seemed less like one thick shaft and it seemed more like two shafts side by side. There was a narrow part down the center which made Wyatt's double-sided dick look like a fleshy, two-stick popsicle. The narrow strip of flesh which ran down the center was getting thinner and thinner by the second as the two halves of his fat cock slowly pulled apart. Eventually the narrow valley between the two schlongs vanished altogether leaving Wyatt with two fully formed cocks dangling side by side!

A snap split through the air and signaled the end of the last holdout of Wyatt's clothing. The elastic strap of his waistband gave out causing the tattered remnants of his shorts to fall to the floor like the finish line tape of a recently-won race. Now that Wyatt was fully nude, Jordan noticed something else that had escaped his notice before. It wasn't just Wyatt's dicks that had doubled! Wyatt now had four fully-fleshed nuts filling his sack to the brim! Each massive nut was now almost as huge as Jordan's head!

"Hehe. If you stare any harder your eyes are gonna bug out," Wyatt teased. Jordan blushed bright

red. He was beyond busted, but even being called out like this wasn't enough to get him to stop. His growing buddy looked so amazing that he wanted to do more than just stare. Jordan reached out and placed a hand on one of his pal's fat cocks. Somehow, he needed to feel it to believe it was real, and the second his hand touched it, his own cock began to stir to life in his pants.

"It's no fair that I'm the only one naked here, amirite?" Wyatt joked. His top two hands reached down and began to pull his pal's shirt up and over Jordan's head while his lower two hands pulled at the buttons of Jordan's jeans. Jordan didn't even try to fight it. He found himself going along with it as his massive buddy began to strip him right then and there. Despite Wyatt's enormous size and strength, he was amazingly gentle and delicately pulled Jordan's shirt up and over Jordan's head and gently tugged at Jordan's tight jeans to shimmy them down Jordan's slim legs. Jordan stepped out of the jeans and his shoes at the same time leaving him clad in nothing but his socks and underwear, and then he got rid of those too. He was blushing beet red as he pulled his boxers down to reveal his rock-hard cock which was already dripping pre. Jordan wasn't bad off below the belt, but it was hard to feel like he was hung when he was staring down his buddy's fat semis that were almost four times as long as Jordan's raging hard-on, and that wasn't even factoring in the sheer girth of the twin behemoths. Each enormous schlong that wobbled from Wyatt's crotch was over three feet long and almost as thick as Jordan's torso, and it didn't seem like he was quite done growing just yet.

It took Jordan a moment to really understand what he was seeing. Wyatt wasn't growing anymore. He had gotten as tall as he was going to get. He was now so tall that Jordan found himself eye level with the well-trimmed patch of pubes right above his pal's pair

of cocks. It wasn't the growth potion that was making Wyatt's cocks larger - it was Wyatt's own arousal!

"Look what you gone and made me do," Wyatt said playfully as he smirked down at his tiny friend. Wyatt reached down and grabbed his cocks. Each enormous schlong was so huge that he could fit two hands around the shaft and still have room to spare. In fact, it seemed like his four hands were not quite enough to handle his enormous cocks - a fact that both he and Jordan were quick to pick up on.

"Well... since we're both already like this, we may as have some fun with it, right?" Wyatt asked impishly.

Jordan knew he should protest. He knew that this was a crazy scenario and they should be looking at ways to fix it instead of fooling around, but staring at his enormous huge, hung, and handsome buddy standing before him in all his nude glory was more than Jordan could take. His hormones were calling the shots now, and there was nothing to do about it but see where things went from here.

Wyatt took a step back and slowly squatted down on the cool, stone floor of the cavern. His bundle of balls was so big that it filled his lap and then some, and his two huge hard-ons were so massive that they reached up past his nipples. The tips of his cocks were eye level with Jordan, but that didn't last long. Jordan soon found himself scrambling up Wyatt's thigh and nestling in between his pal's cocks. Wyatt's enormous rods were so huge that posed atop his pal's lap as he currently was, the tips of Wyatt's cocks came up to Jordan's collar bones.

Jordan stared at one massive cock and then the other. They were both so amazingly huge, hot, and sexy that he wanted to rub his body up against each of them at once. They were both so great that he just couldn't pick one. Fortunately, he didn't have to. Wyatt was way ahead of him. Wyatt reached down and

gripped his cocks with his hands – his left hands gripped his left cocks and vice versa, and pressed his cocks together so that Jordan was sandwiched between them like a hotdog in a bun.

Some part of Jordan's mind knew how messed up this whole scenario was, but he couldn't focus on that. All he could think about was how amazing it felt and how wonderful it was. His body was pinned between his pal's two massive cocks. He could feel the warmth of Wyatt's cocks enveloping him. He could feel the warm wetness of Wyatt's pre oozing out of both cocks washing over him. Jordan was in heaven. His body seemed to be moving by itself. His hips rocked causing his dick to dig into the side of his pal's massive cock and his butt the rub against his pal's other enormous dick.

Meanwhile, Wyatt was enjoying every second of it as well. He loved watching his little buddy squirm and writhe in ecstasy. He loved how it felt to have Jordan squeezed between his cocks. He loved how huge he had become. He loved how massive his cocks were. He loved how his two enormous cocks looked and felt. He loved how huge and hefty his four-pack of stones had become. He loved how massive his whole body had become. He had gone from being a pretty standard six-foot tall to being a towering twelve-foot tall titan! His height had doubled as had his arms, cocks, and balls! This was a dream come true! He was ready to cream just from ogling how enormous and sexy he had become, and having his little buddy wriggling between his dicks didn't help matters either.

Wyatt knew he was reaching the limits of endurance, and he wasn't too interested in holding back. He was excited to see how it felt to cum from two cocks at once. His massive cocks shuddered and lurched. His enormous nuts pulled in in preparation for their first climax since multiplying. Wyatt tightened the grip of all four hands and his two cocks and let out

a low grunt as the dam broke. Huge, thick spurts of spunk erupted from both cocks. He came again and again. With each spurt his dick gave a sharp lurch causing Jordan to buffeted back and forth between the two.

Jordan was already close to cumming while being squeezed between his buddy's twin spires, but the sudden jostling broke his focus for a moment. Cum rained down and oozed down Wyatt's massive cocks. Soon Wyatt's enormous cocks were completely coated in jizz and so was Jordan. Jordan was completely soaked from head to foot in his buddy's spooze as well as a bit of his own. Something about being soaked in cum was so fantastic that Jordan couldn't hold back any more. He let out a soft moan and began to cum again and again. His wads splattered against the side of his pal's massive cock, but the loads were so insignificant compared to the torrent of spunk that oozed down Wyatt's cock that Jordan's spunk was all but unnoticeable.

Wyatt slouched back against the wall of the cavern and took a moment to just bask in the afterglow. Jordan didn't take long at all to join him. Jordan was already in his lap, after all, and was just as winded – if not more so – than his titanic pal. Jordan flopped down against his pal's exposed torso. Wyatt was so massive, that Jordan could rest his head in the cleft between Wyatt's massive pecs while laying against Wyatt's abs.

The two friends stayed like that for a while, both of them enjoying the afterglow and the other's company, but as the rush wore off and the night's chill started to settle in, they both realized that they would have to rejoin the rest of the world eventually, but one of the friends was more interested in doing so than that other.

“What do you say we give those haunted house goers something really cool to look at?” Wyatt playfully asked his little buddy.