

Growth Spurt

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Henry the horse has an unexpected growth spurt. **CW for cock growth, scent fetish, and medical procedures (nothing graphic or permanent, don't worry!). All characters are 18+.**

The first thing he noticed was the smell. A deep musky slightly fishy odor that emanated from the crotch of his jeans. Henry Horse adjusted himself uncomfortably at his desk, willing himself not to get hard in class. As a stallion, it was difficult to hide his erection, not to mention the discomfort of a huge tube of flesh forcefully snaking its way down tight jeans not meant to accommodate such girth.

"Fuck," he muttered to himself as he sat there in class, his nostrils flaring. The smell was unmistakable and it was all he could do to keep his composure as he sat there in his boring English class. Henry could swear he saw everyone around him in a one desk radius, shifting and adjusting their own pants and they began to sniff and look around for the source of the musky sexual scent, and he sank in his seat, crossing his legs and hoping no one would suss him out. When the bell finally rang, he had a tough time standing up as his cock had snaked down his leg, making it difficult to walk. He put his books over the front of his crotch to try and cover up his embarrassing predicament, but the flare was down by his knee, well beyond his reach.

With class dismissed, Henry rushed to the bathroom to rinse his musky cock off in the hope that it would make a difference. He grabbed a paper towel and wetted it before ducking into a stall and locking the door behind him. When he pulled down his jeans, his cock sprang free, splattering precum over the stall walls and the toilet.

"Fuck fuck fuck," Henry said to himself, the paper towel hanging limply in his hands as he stared at the beast between his legs. He was never gonna get this cock back in his pants now. There was only one thing to do: He had to jack off. So that's what he did, he started pumping his cock in his hand. His dick was drooling so much precum at this point that it sounded like he was peeing in the toilet. Having to keep his cock aimed over the commode and jack off without spilling cum was difficult and he only just managed to do it before shuttering to a massive orgasm painting the inside of the toilet with white spooage. The moment it hit the bowl, the entire bathroom stank of semen.

"Oh God," Henry said to himself, his legs trembling. Next time he'd have to figure out how to cum without stinking up the whole bathroom. Henry quickly stuck his still dripping, softening cock back into his pants and zipped them up, his cummy cock head leaving a distinct imprint on the inner high of his jeans. At the sink, he did his best to wipe the semen splatters off his pants while doing his best to ignore the looks and comments of literally everyone else in the bathroom. He blushed deeply, his ears splayed as he finished washing his hands. Then that loudmouth Jimmy Jackal from second period looked in the stall and said, "Oh my god, look at all the jizz Henry left in the stall!"

Everyone in the bathroom crowded to look. Some laughed, some gasped and there were several murmurs of admiration wondering just how he produced so much. Henry even caught one or two guys licking their lips and rubbing the front of their pants as they glanced over at him. He left as soon as possible, not even bothering to dry his hands and he hurried out towards the next class to try and forget about this embarrassing situation. Henry mercifully made it to lunch before his cock started acting up again. This time he was ready. He ran right to the restroom and started jacking off in the stall. As he got hard, his cock was so long that he had to stand with his back against the stall door to fit inside. It seemed to Henry that his cock was getting longer and longer every time he got hard. If he got any bigger, he would have to stand in the middle of the bathroom just to aim for the toilet, but he had a better idea this time. His cock still had some flexibility, and he was able to bend it up enough to fit the tip in his mouth. It was a bit awkward to tilt his face correctly, but he managed to do it. As he teased the tip of his cock with his tongue his body let out a shudder, and his balls contracted, flooding his mouth with a big glop of precum.

The moment the cum entered Henry's mouth, his nostrils flared as he was overwhelmed by the smell and taste of it. It was like a fountain now, and he had to keep licking and nickered like he was gobbling an apple. Henry closed his eyes and gulped it down, licking his lips before going in again. This was so nasty and wrong, but it tasted so *good*. He needed *more*. He spent half the lunch period gobbling his own knob and drinking down the juice before finally his balls contracted and sprayed a thick load of cum down his throat. He swallowed as fast as he could, but he wasn't ready for the fire hose that hit him. Henry pulled his softening cock out of his mouth and lay back against the stall door, panting.

As he caught his breath, Henry was glad that had worked out so much better than the last spunking session. Triumphant, he pulled up his pants and went to the mirror, nodding to the football team captain as he walked the sink to wash his face only to catch sight of himself with white spooge dripping down all over his muzzle and collar.

It looked like he had just left a bukakke festival. He did his best to towel himself off while this guy from the football team smirked at him.

"Looks like you were hungry. If you need any more spoooge the team would be happy to supply it."

Henry blushed and remained silent. He finished toweling off and hurried out. To his surprise there was only 15 minutes left before the next period but at least he wasn't hungry anymore. He had already eaten a liquid lunch of cum.

When Henry got to his next class, the teacher called him over.

"You gotta go to the nurse."

"Why?" asked Henry, his ears folding back.

"Just go. The nurse is expecting you." Henry snorted and looked over at his classmates before heading out. What the heck could this be about? Minutes later, he knocked on the nurse's office door and was told to enter. Nervously, he did so and the nurse said, "Come on in Henry, all the way in. I've been expecting you. Do you know why you're here?"

Henry shook his head no.

"It's been noticed by your classmates and teachers that you... Have a certain smell about you lately, and you've been... leaving copious emissions in the bathroom.

"Oh..." said Henry, folding his ears back.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of," added the nurse, quickly. "But we need to examine you. Please pull down your pants and get on the table."

"Here? Do I have to?" asked Harry, his embarrassment increasing and his cheeks heated up.

"Yes, you do. Now, please get on the table."

As he pulled down his pants, somehow, Henry's horsecock was already getting hard again. He sat there on the table, fidgeting with his massive several foot long pole sticking out between his legs.

"Oh, my," said the nurse, grabbing a tape measure and measuring his cock. "Lenth is... three feet... circumference... oh my..."

"Is something wrong?" asked Henry, craning his neck to try and read the nurse's notes. The nurse didn't answer.

"I'm going to have to take a sample," she said, grabbing a cup, and putting it under Henry's leaking cock head. The cum was already dripping down his shaft, down his balls and onto the table below him, so there was plenty to collect. When she grabbed the spongy head and squeezed it, Henry whinnied and a big dollop of cum splattered into the cup. With just a few pumps of her hand, the flow increased enough to fill the sample cup up to the top.

"Oh my," she murmured, looking at it in the light.

"What?" said Henry. "Isn't that normal?" She looked at him for a moment silently and then patted his leg.

"Don't worry about it, Henry. We'll have this analyzed. However, I think you're going to need some special accommodations to contain your... emissions... We'll send a message to your parents, but for now I have some sanitary pads that you can use in your pants to catch it all.

Henry's eyes widened and she grabbed some maxi pads from the cabinet.

"Period pads?" he said, blushing brightly. "But I'm a boy!"

"It's the best we have on hand," she explained. "We'll talk with your parents to get you more... Appropriate accommodation as soon as possible."

"What are you talking about?" he said.

I think that's a conversation to have with your parents. Now excuse me while I make a phone call and let them know.

"Please don't call them," he said, but the nurse didn't listen.

"Your smell is distracting the other students from their learning, so you'll be excused early today to freshen up."

Henry furrowed his brow. He was angry. He wanted to say something to her to defend himself, but he knew she was right. He was just ashamed and disgusted. Quietly, he sat there. Fortunately, his anger was enough to cause his erection to go down - enough for him to shove his cock back in his underwear along with an extra thick maxi pad. He waited in the nurse's office until mom showed up. The nurse had a short conversation with her before he was sent home.

"Nothing to be ashamed of honey," said his mom. "We just have to stop by the store. We'll deal with this as best we can."

Henry's face was buried in his hands as they stopped by the local medical supply store.

"Can I wait in the car, mom?"

"Yes I'll take care of it," she replied.

So he waited. Mom came out with a couple bags. Henry was concerned by the amount of stuff she had, but he didn't say anything, just folded his ears back and looked away as she entered the car.

"OK honey, let's go home."

The moment they got home, Henry's mom told him to go take a shower and leave his clothes in the hamper. In the shower, Henry did everything he could to cover up the smell. Soap didn't work. When he got out, he tried to put deodorant on his cock, but that didn't work either. He could still smell that musky cock stink wafting from his crotch. Frustrated, he wrapped the towel around his waist and left the bathroom only to see his parents waiting for him.

Henry's dad's nostrils flared, darting a glance to Henry's towel-covered crotch as his ears flicked. Henry saw a growing bulge in his Dad's pants as the older horse made a slight grimace, but all Dad said was "Let's go to your room." Blushing, Henry followed.

On his bed, Henry saw several things sitting there: A stand with a bag hanging from it connected to some sort of thick tube connected, a waterproof mattress cover, and a big pack of diapers.

"What's all this?" He asked, looking between the diapers and his parents. "Is this for me?" His mom spoke up first.

"Honey, you have a condition called hyperspermia. The diapers are especially designed for big boys like you with a special sleeve in them for you to expand into." Henry grimaced at the word 'big boy'. It made him feel infantile. Nevertheless, he could see the front of the package showed a happy elephant with a huge bulge sticking out of his diaper, the diaper seeming to stretch out impossibly to accommodate a gargantuan erection. Above the model was the name 'SPOOGIES' in large bubble print. And on the side in a large starburst, it announced, 'Now with special odor-locking cum-catcher pouch in the front!' Henry's face got hot and his ears went all the way back.

"This is crazy! There's no way I can fit any pair of pants over such a thick diaper. And... And... I don't need diapers anyway!"

"Honey... Are you aware that the pants that you left in your room are so crusted with cum that they can stand up on their own now?"

"No they don't!" said Henry. His Dad walked over to the hamper, pulled out the jeans, and stood them up. Henry could only gawk in response, his mouth hanging wide open in shock. His mom sighed and shook her head.

"Do you know how hard it is to get semen out of clothing? We might as well throw them out."

"Don't worry," said his dad, patting his shoulder, "you won't have to wear diapers at home. Only when you go out. You see this tube? It's called a come catcher. You put your penis inside of it and then as you ejaculate or dribble, it fills up this hanging bag here. We can just empty out the bag every time it gets too full."

"That's right, sweetie," said his mom, "You can go about your day and you won't even have to think about it."

"Oh my God, why is this happening?" moaned Henry, putting his head in his hands.

"It happens to some boys," said his mom.

"Mom, I can't talk with you about this." said Henry, his voice cracking with embarrassment.

"It's OK honey" said Dad, "let me sit with him for a while and talk with him."

Mom, understanding, left the two of them to talk.

"Listen son, this might just be a temporary thing. After all, you're going through a lot of changes right now. If you want, we could try and homeschool you for a while til this all calms down."

"No way, Dad! I'll miss all my friends."

"Well, son... we'll see if the doctor can't come up with something to help."

"Okay, Dad," said Henry, "But I really don't want to wear diapers to school." At that, his dad looked toward the door and then whispered behind his hand.

"I'll tell you what. I'll get you some Maxi pads too and see if they can keep everything contained for school."

"Isn't there anything I can do for the smell?" asked Henry, noticing that his room was already filling up with his cock stink.

"A condom should help that," said his dad. Don't worry."

"Thanks, Dad," said Henry. "I can't believe we're even having this conversation." His dad reassured him with a pat on the thigh and left for the store. Henry sat in his room thinking while his dad was off shopping. After a while, his cock hardened and the strong smell of crotch musk hit him again. Henry started drooling, and looked toward the door, straining to see if he could hear anyone outside. Reluctantly, he brought his cock back to his mouth and started suckling and moaning. His eyes closed as he was flooded with the taste and smell of his own semen, lost in pleasure for who knows how long until suddenly he heard the door open. It was his dad back with the condoms.

"Oh, son, sorry to interrupt you. Here's what I got." His dad looked distinctly uncomfortable as he pulled out a pack of mega super stallion XXXL condoms about a big across as a thermos. Henry quickly pulled his mouth off his cock with a pop.

"Th-thanks Dad."

"Y-you're welcome son." After that, Dad left as quickly as possible. If Henry didn't know any better, he could swear that his dad was sporting a full erection in his pants too.

"Gods, when will this hell end?"

Henry, his stomach full from all the semen he had ingested, declined dinner when his parents announced it and instead slotted his cock into the cum catcher to try and get some sleep. In the morning when he woke up, he saw that the semen bag was completely full. He unhooked it and went to the bathroom to drain it, but his stomach grumbled and looking toward the door again, as if someone might come in, he brought the hose to his mouth and drained the bag, patting his growing stomach as he gulped down a night's worth of semen. He licked his lips after and wiped his mouth looking at himself in the mirror.

"What am I becoming?" he asked himself. As his dad had recommended, Henry put on a condom and slipped his pants on with a maxi pad between his legs, just in case the condom broke. The condom and maxi pad solution wasn't ideal, but Henry was relieved that there was a solution aside from diapers to manage his cum incontinence.

His dad insisted on taking him to school so his mom wouldn't notice that Henry wasn't wearing the diaper. Still, he had to bring a pack of diapers to the nurse's office in case of emergencies, and he noticed her disapproving look, glancing at his diaper-free crotch as he dropped them off.

The first class went pretty well. The condoms did a pretty good job of masking his musky scent. It still hung around him like a cloud, especially from his balls, but it wasn't quite as bad, and he kept his legs shut as much as he could to try and mask the smell. All was going as planned until the passing period where he saw his crush and long time bestie, Stephanie Stag grabbing her things from the locker across from him.

"Hi, Henry," she said, smiling at him.

"Oh, h-hi Stev-er, Stephanie. S-sorry, I'm still getting used to your new name."

"It's okay," she said, tucking her hair behind her ear as she blushed and looked down. "At least you're trying. By the way, are you going with anyone to the dance?"

"A-are you asking me?" asked Henry, gulping.

"Yeah," Stephanie said, stepping closer to him. As he caught her scent, Henry suddenly heard a loud rip and looked down in shock to see his humongous cock had ripped through his pants, his swinging erection flinging his maxi pad right onto Stephanie's chest, where it stuck.

His cock and balls stood out for all to see, bigger than ever.

"Oh gods!" he said, trying to cover himself up. His cock was now easily as thick as my dinner plate and stood as tall as his head, Stephanie gasped as the shadow of the gargantuan member stood over her face. All the other students around looked over to them and the smell that filled up the hallway was so thick that there were people coughing and covering their faces, while others mesmerically inched closer, rubbing themselves unable to take their eyes off his massive meat.

"Oh gods," he said, turning away, "I'm s-so sorry! I'm sure you don't want to go to the dance with a freak like me."

"No, wait!" called Stephanie as he ran off. "I still want to! I like your big cock! Henry! Come back!"

Henry didn't like being the center of attention for normal reasons, and especially not for something embarrassing like this. He didn't stop running until he got to the nurse's office.

He banged on the door frantically and she answered, her eyes widening as she was met with a gigantic cock in her face.

"Gadzooks, young man, come in!" The nurse put on a face mask and pulled out a diaper from her cabinet. "It's a good thing you brought those diapers earlier. Step out of those pants and lie down on the table and Nursie will get you changed." Henry cringed and groaned at the infantile title the nurse had given herself. He hoped being diapered wouldn't lead to people treating him like a baby. That would just be the worst.

Henry lay there as the nurse disposed of his ruined pants, his ears twitching uncomfortably as he awaited his crinkly fate. The nurse put on rubber gloves and carefully peeled the condom off of Henry's engorged member, taking care to tie it off so it wouldn't spill all over the office and stink the place up with stallion musk.

She then opened and fluffed one of the impossibly thick diapers, sliding it under his butt and speaking words of encouragement about how he was doing so well and being such a brave boy for nursie.

"How does it feel?" she said as she sat him up.

"Well... not bad," he admitted. The thick diaper fit perfectly, and the pouch stretched over his cock, covering it in comfortable padding. Henry hated to admit that it was actually quite comfy, much more comfy than rough, tight jeans were, and he could see it was already doing its job as a wet spot began to form around the imprint of his cockhead. "But... my pants... they're ruined. I don't think I even have any pants that can fit over these things anyway... I can't go out there with my diaper showing... what am I going to do?" The nurse thought for a second.

"We have some XXXXL gym sweatpants that you can wear over your diaper for now. "You might have to do some shopping with your parents after class. But for now, those should be enough to get you through the day."

Stepping out of the nurses office, Henry was extremely self-conscious of the loud crinkle and the bulge in his pants, but there was no chance of his cock busting out now. However, it was lunch now and without a supply of cum to fill his belly, Henry would have to run the social gauntlet in his quest for food.

His ears folded back as he entered the lunch room, waddling awkwardly. All eyes were on him, and people began to murmur and whisper as they looked his way. Henry was sure word had gotten around about his embarrassing incident between periods and braced for the wave of ridicule and teasing that was sure to come, but instead, several popular people came up to him, shook his hand, patted his back, and nodded to him.

"Hey, come sit with us, Henry!" said the football captain from the day before. "I was just kidding yesterday.. Uh... unless, you know, you want to... try that... or whatever... anyway, um... come eat with us if you want to. That would be cool." Henry gaped as he watched the team captain walk back toward the popular people table. He had never seen the calm collected captain flustered like that before.

It got even weirder when he grabbed his tray and got in line for food only to be intercepted by Stephanie Stag.

"Hey, are you okay? You ran off so quickly earlier I didn't get to hear your answer about the dance."

"A-are you serious?" asked Henry, his ears going up in surprise. "Y-you still want to dance... with me?"

"Duh," she said, punching his shoulder. "You're my best bro. I couldn't think of anyone else I'd do it with. Er- I m-mean, dancing, that is."

"Uh... s-sure," said Henry, blushing as he felt his cock throb in his diaper. "Y-yeah, I'd love that. Uh... d-dancing I mean."

"Sweet," she said. "You'd better not chicken out!" Henry chuckled.

"Not on your life, Steph."

Over the lunch period, Henry suddenly found himself to be very popular. It seemed like everyone wanted to talk to him. Both guys and girls seemed to want to spend more time with him and were very flirty. Unused to this sort of attention, Henry found himself quite flustered, accepting numbers from people he considered way out of his league with incredulity.

Henry's diaper did its job well and by the end of the day it was heavy with precum but still thirsty for more. Henry moaned slightly on the walk to the pickup area as the cum-catching pouch had grown squishy and thick around his cock. It was as if it was teasing the cum out of him with each step and he shuddered at the amazing sensation. He managed to make it to his dad's car without cumming, and his Dad raised his eyebrows, noting the outfit change as Henry stepped in the car.

"Sorry son, we tried."

"Dad..." said Henry, looking down at the obscene bulge in his pants, "This is crazy."

"Are people making fun of you? I could take you out of class." said Dad.

"No, I'm more popular than ever. I don't even know what to do with all the attention." Dad sighed and gripped the wheel.

"I see... The doctor told us about this possibility... We're going to have to make an emergency appointment for you as a precaution. We can go clothing shopping before the appointment, though..."

"I thought you said this was temporary," said Henry.

"Temporary or not, you do need to have clothes for school don't you?" Henry reluctantly nodded, but he still didn't like how permanent it felt to buy actual clothing to accommodate his condition.

The shopping trip was embarrassing with his dad insisting he try on various bottoms over his increasingly heavy diaper. He ended up with several pairs of elephant-sized sweatpants, some skirts, which eliminated the problem of split seams altogether, and some baggy jeans and dress pants as well.

"All set," said Dad, as they got back in the car.

"I still don't know why we got me skirts," muttered Henry.

"Oh come on, they're cool... kind of like a Roman soldier, right?"

"Whatever," muttered Henry, rolling his eyes.

By the time they got to the doctor's office, the diaper was reaching its capacity. That was just fine, according to the doctor, as they needed to take the diaper off anyway.

Henry watched as the doctor and a couple assistants donned smell-blocking masks while Henry disrobed and put on a paper gown. His stomach fluttered as his feet were set in stirrups, sensing something was different about this visit.

"What are we here for, dad?" asked Henry, getting more nervous by the second. His dad's leg was moving nonstop and Henry could tell that the older horse was not as calm as he was acting.

"Son, with your condition there is a high chance of you accidentally impregnating someone."

"What? I don't have sex. I'm a virgin!" said Henry.

"Well, that may be, son, but even if you don't have sex, you could spray on someone and make them pregnant very easily. There's just a quick outpatient procedure that could prevent that."

"W-what are you suggesting?" asked Henry, tensing up.

"We're going to have to get you snipped son," said the Doctor.

"Snipped?!" asked Henry, his heart leaping into his throat. "You're going to take my-"

"No, no. Don't worry it's reversible and you won't feel a thing," said the Doctor. "It's just to prevent any accidental impregnation. You don't want to get half the school pregnant do you?"

"Well, no, I-"

"Then just relax and it'll all be over in a minute. Unless, of course, you want to stay at home quarantined."

Henry's ears flattened as the doctor massaged his balls. They were huge, swollen, and painful. As big as grapefruits or small watermelons.

"First thing's first, we're going to have to clear out this build up." Henry blushed deeply as his dad sat in the chair, averting his eyes while the doctor started rubbing Henry's cock in the thick diaper. He moaned, his sore balls churning.

"Don't worry son," said the doctor. "this will all be taken care of shortly. It should alleviate the soreness in your balls too. It's not good for you to be backed up with this condition. You know you'll just have an involuntary orgasm later if you don't drain your balls regularly."

Henry covered his face, embarrassed that his dad was there to hear this embarrassing information. The diaper jacked Henry off into his diaper until he came, grunting and filling the front of his diaper, which caught it all until it started dripping down Henry's butt and thighs, covering the chair below him.

"Whoops, looks like we have a leak. That's good son. Good job. Don't worry about the mess, we'll get you in a new diaper and wipe everything down in just a moment but first we have to do a little snip snip."

Henry was laid back with his legs above his head and his huge balls were suspended in a sling to heft them up out of the way. A numbing agent was applied

under his balls and with a paper cloth draped over his knees, Henry couldn't feel or see anything happening down there. He heard a quick couple snips and it was all done.

"Great job," said the doctor, who was sporting a huge erection in his pants from the smell of Henry's crotch that made it past the mask he was wearing. With the procedure complete, Henry was put in another thick diaper before heading home with his dad.

Over the following weeks, Henry's junk continued to grow until his testicles were the size of basketballs and his cock was basically a tree trunk between his legs. Although his academics suffered, Henry was quite busy with his newfound social life, being popular with both the boys and girls at school, though he saved his virginity for Stephanie and started seriously dating her thereafter.

Every night, Henry would lay back and shove his cock in his mouth, and he also took time between periods and during lunch for his secret snack so as to keep his balls from getting too backed up. The doctor said that for most patients, this part of his condition would only get more intense as they got older until finally they would spend all their time with their cocks in their mouths, guzzling down piss and cum in an endless cycle when they weren't filling diapers or other receptacles with incredible amounts of semen. But the doctor reassured Henry that his condition was covered as he never had to work again, not that the young stallion felt much better about it.

Fortunately, Henry's story has a happy ending. After he graduated, he found great success as an adult film star. His Spooigemaster series was a breakout hit and packed theaters, where his scent was pumped in for many happy viewers to enjoy that 3-D smell-o-vision experience. In the end, Henry learned to accept his big huge cock, along with his thick diapers, which he loved to jack off in when he wasn't swallowing his own load.

THE END.