

## Thursday, June 1st

Kevin slammed his head into the door to his dorm room, swinging it open. He was carrying a big orange cooler with both hands, leaning slightly backwards to keep his center of balance as he waddled into the room. The ram's biceps flexed and shifted under his brown pelt, a sweaty gym shirt wrapped around his neck. He'd just finished another grueling workout, and even though he was in great shape, it wasn't enough.

He slipped into the shabby living room of his off-campus apartment and flopped onto the ratty couch, looking around at the mismatched furniture and the uncannily-clean kitchen. His roommate, a nerdy wolf named Ross, was sitting at the kitchen table, fucking around with graphical molecules on his tablet and referencing notes.

"Man, I just don't know what to do with myself," Kevin muttered, running a hand through his matted hair. "I don't know if I'm gonna become a star athlete at this rate."

The wolf uh-huh'd, frowning as he clicked the mouse, looking back and forth between the screen and the tablet. "Well that doesn't make sense, the parasitical hormone has to be refreshed during the cambrionic process or else-"

Kevin pulled out a chair at the table, flopping himself down on it. He was overheated, his body rank with post-workout sweat and musk. "These new dudes, they're big. Like REAL big. I dunno if I can compete with them. We're gonna have cuts next week. If I can't stay on the team, I lose my scholarship."

"Uh huh," Ross said, squinting irritably at the screen. "If that's true, then all I need to do is... add in a pH neutral thickening agent and ... it solves itself."

"Hey, Ross, are you listening?" The ram said. He did a flex, peering sadly at his powerful biceps. He was ripped, but he wasn't ripped *enough*. "I might have to drop out of college."

Ross pushed his lips into a tight smile, looking up at Kevin, his guns, his chest, and then shook his head. "Well, that would be a real shame. You know, though, I might be able to help you out."

Kevin snorted, looking Ross's scrawny frame over. "I somehow extremely doubt that."

Ross grinned and stood up, moving to the cabinets and rummaging between the dry spaghetti and the microwave popcorn. "What if I told you..." He pulled out a jar of white paste, grinning WIDELY as he walked back to the table. Coconut oil? He unscrewed it, and then took a nearby vial and shook the powder from it into the oil.

"What if you told me what?" Kevin said, frowning at the paste. "That you owe me ten bucks? That shit's organic dude."

"I think I just invented a completely undetectable steroid. You know what steroids are, right?" Ross imitated Kevin's muscle flex, pointing at his much thinner bicep. "Make muscles BIG?" Kevin snorted, folding his arms. "I know what steroids are." He watched as Kevin stirred the concoction with the blunt end of a disposable bamboo chopstick. "You can't be serious, you can't inject coconut oil into-

"You don't inject this." Ross said, as he put on a latex glove. "Drop your gym shorts and lemme see your nuts."

"My nuts?" Kevin said, but the ram was used to taking orders, scooting down in his seat and pushing his flimsy blue plastic shorts down his thighs. A creamy stripe of pelt flowed from his nips down along his abs and to his groin, and the low-slung ram balls flopped up and over the edge of the waistband easily enough. "Wait, no homo dude, I don't-

"Trust me, this isn't homo, this is science," Ross said. He gripped Kevin's nut-sack around the neck with one hand, squeezing and pulling down enough to make his eggs bulge tightly at the bottom of their loose fuzzy pouch. He pressed the concoction he had up into the underside of that plump pouch, kneading a shot's worth of the smelly paste up into the ram's scrotum, squeezing and smearing it to cover every inch. Satisfied, he pulled the ram's shorts back up, letting it snap closed around Kevin's flaccid cock. "Now, go for a run."

"I'm tired-

"I don't give a fuck, go for a run, get sweaty, and if you feel up for it, go to the gym when you're done."

Kevin sighed, but stood up. He shook one leg, then the other, then shrugged. "Sure. I need the cardio. But, um, will you be able to deal with this?" HE pointed to the cooler. "It's got that ice you wanted in it." He twisted his head to the left, to the right, then opened the door back outside, and started jogging.

Ross opened up a new document on his computer. Saving it as "Patient 001 - Kevin Hoofman", he began to fill in the specifics of the patient and the beginning of the trial. He should technically have had Kevin sign a release form first, but what were roommates for, if not to help each other out with their thesis projects?

Kevin slammed in through the door about an hour later, giddy with excitement. "ROSS!" He bleated, the wolf looking up from his computer. He hadn't moved from his chair, having just finished the last of his experiment notes. "ROSS I FUCKIN' DID IT! THREE HUNDRED! THREE HUNDRED! I LIFTED THREE HUNDRED POUNDS!"

"Um, great. You're shouting, by the way," Ross said, fingers rattling across the keyboard. Kevin was flushed, his shoulders and pecs looking swollen, and the dude was fuckin' *bricked*.

"Yeah well this is a great day, I've been struggling to hit two eighty for weeks and now I hit three hundred. That's twenty five pounds, in an hour!" He clomped over, his hoofs sounding heavier against the old linoleum flooring. He grabbed Ross' shoulder. "That's massive gains!"

"Yeah," Ross said, unable to not stare at what looked like a thick eight inches of uncut cock straining up against the blue nylon. "You're like, about to cum, dude."

"You have NO IDEA!" The ram laughed, pushing his shorts down. "I like, am hornin' up so bad, I need to call Sheila and see if she'll-"

Ross could see that the ram's nuts were already larger than an hour ago. The size of lemons before, Kevin's nuts looked more like avocados; larger, thicker, and softer. "Kevin, you don't have time for that. You're about to cum all over me, dude, just go sit on the couch and jack off."

Kevin looked down at his cock, Ross's mouth, and then the couch. There was a moment... but the ram pushed away, hopping over the back of the couch and slamming his hooves up on top of this. "Fuck, dude, get some paper towels, I'm gonna cum hard. Like, REALLY hard."

Kevin was already stroking himself, right in front of Ross, the wolf grunting in annoyance. The wolf stood, looking around the room. Of course they were out of paper towels. Not even a dishrag was available. He scanned the floor, looking for anything, and his gaze rested on his own feet. Hurriedly, he lifted a foot, pulling the calf-length tube sock down off of his foot, and ran to the couch. "Here, use THIS!" He held it over the ram's shoulder, and Kevin stared at it blankly, before grabbing it and immediately sliding the warm cloth down over his cock.

Ross gawked as cum filled up the end of the sock like a balloon, the dirt-stained white cotton filling up, the tip flaring upwards before the cotton darkened. Hot cream began spilling out of it, as Kevin bleated, head back over the back of the couch and hunching up into the hot slick sock. Rams came a lot, but this was excessive. Both hands kept the sock in place as he fucked up into it, the cream drooling out through and fabric and along his chest and belly, reeking of ram musk and.. something else, a peculiar scent. Coconut, perhaps? Yes, that was it.

When all was said and done, Kevin was practically catatonic, the ram not helpful at all, his chest belly and thighs soaked with his seed, as well as the couch cursing underneath him. The sock looked like a soggy plaster wrap with the thick seed completely soaking it. Ross was able to go to the bathroom, grabbing a roll of toilet paper, and on his way back, he grabbed a couple test tubes from his backpack. While Ross moaned and shuddered in afterglow, Ross took care of him, scooping up all that thick slimy hot ram cum. He only saved a little for himself, enough to test on.

## Wednesday, June 8th

Kevin couldn't believe how easy it was to blow through his lifting goals. The ram was squatting nine hundred pounds, dead lifting seven hundred. He never got tired, and just wanted to exercise more. It was insane how easily he was gaining. Not just his muscles, either. Two hundred pounds of muscle equated to about two pounds of nut and two inches of dick. He could feel his nuts, swinging and slinging back, almost as much as the boxing bag he was punching around the room. Fuck, he needed to get off. As soon as he was done with this, he was gonna crank one out in the shower for sure. For SURE.

A fox slipped off of a treadmill, giving him a lookover as he walked past. The fox's eyes settled on the straining erection that jutted down past the hem of his shorts, and he licked his lips.

"Hey, I don't SWING that way!" Kevin yelled at the fox, and some of the others turned and looked at him. One of the newer guys, a big bruiser polar bear, glowered from the butterfly press. Kevin gave him the finger, as the fox scurried embarrassedly towards the pool area.

Kevin punched the hanging weight tube again, glaring at the bear unabashedly as he moved to the kettlebells. his nuts twisted, bouncing at the ends of their cords as he walked, his erection drooling a spurt of precum as the hem of his shorts rubbed back and forth along the ridge of his glans. He didn't even bother trying to keep his dick tucked in his foreskin anymore, it was always hard and chafing against whatever he wore. A chubby cougar was selecting between two different dumbbells, saw him coming, and immediately walked away.

Kevin picked up the two biggest kettlebells, each of them a hundred and fifty pounds, and began doing slow jumping jacks with them. Arms curling out and extended up along his sides, legs sliding wide and then pulling together. Each time he did this, it pushed his nuts against the bulge of his shorts, kind of rubbing and squeezing around them a little bit. It wasn't much, but it felt good. He growled, scowling at the polar bear as the dude meandered over, in his top of the line Gymshark compression shorts and fitted shirt. Man, *FUCK* this guy.

"Hey, this is an inclus-" The polar bear whuffed as a kettlebell slammed into his gut like a cannonball. Staggering back and cupping, hugging the massive piece of metal, he stared blankly up at the ram, storming over to him in rage.

"I OWN this gym!" He bleated, sledgehammering one fist into the left side of the bear's face. He roared, slamming his other into the right side, the bear going down on his ass. He looked terrified, and his fear fueled the horny rage that Kevin was already feeling.

He heard the noises around him, but wasn't listening, as he grabbed the bell and stood up, over the bear, huge massive rounded stone held up over the dazed bear's head. The polar bear stared up, blood oozing from his mouth, not comprehending.

"KEVIN!"

Coach stepped in front of him, the otter's massive arms reaching up to grab the kettlebell. Kevin blinked, at the long whiskered older man who was wrestling the weight away from him. The ram let go, and Coach stumbled backwards with it, turning to the side to lay it on the ground.

"Hit the showers, Kevin." The coach said, evenly, pointing in the direction.

"Yeah, coach, but he-" The otter shook his head and pointed again, his face stern, but his eyes set. Kevin had fucked up, that was for sure. "Coach, don't kick right now. I'm totally pumped up."

"Just for a week. Take a breather. Get your shit together. You're useless to me like this. Go cool down and stop... whatever it is you're doing. It's dangerous."

Kevin smirked and shook his head. "It's just coconut oil, boss. I just figured out how to use it." He started strutting towards the showers, sneering a grin down at the bear who was gingerly spitting teeth out into his open palm. He wanted to say something smart, but nothing came out.

The fox was not in the showers, which was all for the better, as Kevin didn't want to have to beat the shit out of him anyways. He grabbed his cock through his shorts, opening his locker. He stroked himself, as he rummaged through, finding that sock Ross had given him the week previous. He had cum so hard into that sock, every time he used it. Now he brought it with him everywhere, seeding it over and over again.

Kevin hadn't noticed the growing headache he was feeling, not until about that moment. His skull itself was in pain, a deep crackling fiery pain. He felt something snap, and then another, little snaps like bark off of a tree. He reached up, to where his twisting horns jutted out from his skull. They were slick at the base, and warm, and as he touched them he realized that they were soft, too. The skin around them was stretched, taut and bleeding, torn from being stretched around the new wider rim. He could feel another crackling 'ping' as a splinter of bone cracked from the tension of the growing bulk of his horns.

Roaring, he twisted around, slamming his head into a locker. The metal door collapsed into the locker, a water bottle and phone spilling out, and Kevin pulled his head back. It was stuck, so he RIPPED it back, horns scraping hard against the busted metal frame of the locker. He saw another one, and charged, slamming his head through that door as well. The impact gave him a moment of relief, but only a moment; he was immediately in need of slamming into something else. He bellowed again, blindly, charging into the lockers. Mosaic tiles sprayed out over the floor as he put his head through the cinderblock wall, finding himself looking out over the tennis courts. Two antelopes stopped playing to stare, their ball bouncing off into the bushes.

"FUCK YOU!" Kevin screamed at them, twisting his head back and pulling it into the room. Fuck this place. Fuck all of this. He shouldered past the people who were gathering in the doorway, shoulder checking them into the walls as he stomped out the front door.

The walk back gave the naked ram the time he needed to calm down. He was still holding the sock, thankfully, but everything else, including his phone, was still at the gym. He just didn't understand what everyone's problem was, he was going through Rut. This was natural. Ross would understand.

The wolf did understand. The front door was already open, and the couch was open, plastic sheeting already down to help protect the old stained upholstery. Kevin flopped down on it, wincing as his massive testicles slung down and hit the wooden base of the couch, below the cushions. Ross, the caring roommate that he was, was already kneeling to help massage those fat balls. Kevin sighed, leaning back with legs spread and closed his eyes. Ross would take care of everything.

"Specimen presents with massively increased muscle mass, horn growth, and testicular growth," Ross said quietly. The small mic clipped to his collar caught everything. "Balls are roughly... cantaloupe sized, weighing approximately three pounds each. Note, they feel extremely dense, even for their size." The wolf's hands slowly traced against the ram's nuts, feeling the bloated eggs warm against his palms. Fingers gently traced along the veins that he could feel through the soft pouch, to the cum-glutted epididymis in the back. "Interesting. Epididymis and associated cabling is.. extremely inflamed." Carefully, Ross twisted the entire bloated sack around, both balls flipped so that he could examine the backside. "Oh. Wow."

He could see the gnarled, bulging cords that pulled the generated sperm up from the testicles and to the wolf's body. Normally a discrete thing, these cords looked... infected. Bloated outwards with a massive backfill of seed, the wolf leaned closer. Staring as a molasses-like bulge of cum slowly edged its way up the straining cords. Above him, Kevin fapped furiously.

"Amazing." He leaned in closer, smelling the hot spice of ram musk, old seed, coconut, and need, all filtering together into a delicious concoction. He watched as one bulge of seed paused in the middle of the cabling. Kevin whined, the thickened cords struggling to manipulate the overly thickened cream up and out of the ungulate's rut swollen nuts.

Ross gently tugged down on those massive huevos. They feel like he could just pull a little firmer and they'd fall off, like ripe mangoes. The thought thrilled him. Leaning in, he pressed a tongue softly against the bulging cord. He didn't know if the soft pressure of his tongue would rupture the cords, but it didn't. He pushed in, and he felt the bulge slowly slide upwards, towards Kevin's body. The ram sighed in relief, stroking faster. Ross turned to the other cord, and licked up against the soft bulge of cum there. Feeling it slide slowly further, his tongue sliding through the pasty film of old rut that coated his sac, he alternated between the two cords.

"Oh, thank you," Kevin said, as those bulges were slowly urged and edged the rest of the way up. As they sank up out of sight, into Kevin's groin, the ram threw back his head. He scrambled around on the plastic sheeting, finding the old sock and jammed the crusted cotton down over the top of his cock. Clearly orgasming now, it nevertheless took over a minute before anything emerged through the sock. A thick, doughy creamy paste gradually wettened the cotton.

Kevin gasped and pulled the sock down, all the way, so that his cocktip jammed up flush against the stretched 'toe' of the sock. Another slow blob oozed its way out, and Kevin finally collapsed, gasping on the chair.

"Orgasm has concluded," Ross said, as he carefully untwisted the ram's nuts, giving them a pat. He opened up the coconut oil, as he had after every orgasm since Kevin started this process a week ago, and began to slather a thin sheen of the experimental paste over those massive nuts. As he did, he paused, feeling the cords, still bloated with small blobs of uncollected ram sperm.

"It is possible that residual cum is creating a 'plaque' in the cords, leading to build up. I will attempt to forcibly unclog the tubes using a squeegee maneuver." The wolf's fingers on both hands pinched down firmly on the cords at the top of the ram's scrotum, and then stripped downwards, forcing the small bulges to clump together into a larger, longer bulge that was forced down back into the epididymis at the bottom of the cords. Feeling that thickened bulge of seed, he nodded again. "There is very little semen leaving the epididymis. If I were to say, it feels as if the tissue is completely caked up with excess seed, or perhaps some other compound created by the enhancement process. I believe I have a solution."

"Hey, Kevin, I know what's gonna help you crank out a better load." Ross said, as he removed his gloves. "Just stay right there." The wolf walked briskly towards the guest room.

"God, yes, please help me," The ram said. He was still stroking the crusty sock along his chafed cock. "I'm always horny, Ross. Cumming doesn't even help, I don't even get soft."

"That's just the burden you have to bear for being a super potent mega-stud," Ross smirked as he returned with a ping pong paddle. The ram stared at it, slack jawed and blank-eyed, as the wolf resumed his spot between the muscle stud's thighs. "You're backed up, and that back up just needs to be... knocked loose. Like ketchup in a bottle."

"Like ketchup?" Kevin repeated, wondrously. "So I gotta hit the bottle?"

"Exactly. Damn, this stuff is making you smarter, too," Ross said, as he rested a palm against the neck of Kevin's sack, keeping it pinned in place. He began to tap the rubber-lined paddle against the front and sides of the massive nuts, the coconut oil already absorbed into the slimy skin and leaving that pasty residue behind. Kevin's cock jumped in his hand, the ram's head lolling back again as he groaned a strained bleat up at the ceiling.

"Fuck, yeah, slam my nuts. Hit 'em harder, it feels good. Smack the mayo outta my balls, bro!"

Ross began to hit them harder, holding them in place as he slammed the paddle back and forth along the sides of the swollen mangoes. They were so full of seed, he just needed to soften them up a bit. He twisted the paddle, and began slamming the edge of it into the bulky rounded eggs, slamming it in deep. That seemed to do the trick.

Seed gouted out through the tip of the sock, the first spurt blasting thick and cloying against the underside of Kevin's chin, leaving a white splash of cream along his chest. It looked gellid, as though someone was squirting cum-colored jello out of the ram's shaft.

Kevin sighed, stroking the sock against his shaft, each spurt dragging more and more of it out as it was 'shot' further away from his hands. Ross realized that the sock was filling with the thickest clumps of his seed, gluey blobs too congealed to be able to sluice out between the cum-starched threads of the worn sock. He rummaged around in his backpack, pulling out a flashlight that he had gotten a science bud to delt out for him. He paused, amazed as the hot splats of seed spurted out of the sides of the filthy sock in streamers, festooning the ram's entire torso and arms in his musky cream.

The wolf acted decisively, reaching in through the sprinkler hose of spurting semen to peel the base of the sock up and off of the ram's cock, and slamming the flashlight down over the pulsing flesh instead. The silicone tube had been lined with a heavy duty latex condom, and the end of it immediately began to fill up, ballooning out the end of the flashlight as cups of sperm spurted and flowed out of the ram's cock in unending torrents.

"Oh my God, THANK you, THANK you," Kevin mumbled, his eyes rolling, the ram groggily flopping his arms to the side. Caked in his own cum, he was a magnificent sight, with the heavy pudding dripping in thick clumps from his pectoral ridge, oozing from his horns, drooling down over the gleaming testicles.

The wolf grasped the toy, each heavy STRUM of orgasm threatening to launch it like a toy rocket. The balloon glorshed over to the side, the hot sticky seed inside swirling with a dense texture like curdled milk inside the straining latex.

Ross picked up the paddle, slamming it into the meat of the ram's testicles, not concerned about hurting him, just working to get every last ounce of potent seed out of him. More thick sloshing glurts of sperm poured out of the tip.

When it was over, the condom was bloated with three or so milk jug's worth of hot ram cream. Kevin was incomprehensible, muttering words, tongue laying against the plastic sheeting on the back of the couch. Ross quietly collected the massive cum balloon, and took it to his room, where he could do some experiments.

He examined the patient over, slowly spreading more of the salve over the ram's purplish, bruised, misshapen and swollen testicles. The ram groaned, but didn't try to stop him. Ross knew this would not end well, but he had to take the experiment to its natural ending, regardless of the sacrifice that Kevin would have to make for it.



## Friday, June 17th

"Rawwwwss," a deep voice bleated from the living room, amongst the sound of slick flesh being flogged. Ross steps into the room, the jacked ram fervently trying to masturbate, one hand twisting and pulling on the purpled, bruised length of rope that used to be his cock. His other hand was slamming the heel of a combat boot against his massive testicles.

Kevin had not been able to leave the couch without having to carry the watermelons in his hands. The sheer weight and density of them made it a catastrophic risk to Ross's experiment for all that virility to dangle from just the cords. Ross had turned the heat to full blast, to help relax and loosen the ram's sac. The flat was a sweltering, rut-soaked mess. Everything stank through with cum. Ross had not been able to eat dairy for the last two days, because of the sheen of butter that seemed to coat everything. The heat had helped with his balls; the melons dangling all the way to rest on the floor. Corralled between the ram's muscled thighs, he was able to whale on them all day long.

Only it wasn't working anymore. Kevin just wasn't cumming. No matter how he pounded his nuts and scraped his calloused, slick paw against his cock, nothing was happening. It wasn't that there wasn't cum coming out, he just couldn't come at all. The rut stupor was melting his brain, keeping him gooning and bleating mindlessly for hours.

Ross had decided it was time to end the experiment.

He stepped over the plastic sheeting on the floor. Old pools have congealed seed made wet shrllrping sounds as he lifted his shoes up from it, the cream stretching in gelatinous strings before snapping. Reaching the couch, he fished around in the thick gel that coated the plastic cushions, until he found the sock. He lifted it up, as chunky seed drooled like wet snot down off of it. Kevin lowed like a bull and arched his back, crying out in frustration as his dick throbbed again. In another hour or so, the ram was likely to just pulp the chafed meat in his hands.

Ross took the sock to the sink and laid it in the stainless steel, between the coffee cups and dirty silverware. He took the poultry shears from the knife block, and held the open end of the crusted over sock. At this point, the dozens of creamings had created a sort of plaster around the cotton fibers of the sock, a thick crust that was sludgy on the inside and outside. The shears cut through it as easily as they could cut through chicken bones, though. Carefully, he cut it away from the collection tube that was hidden inside the sock. The condoms had run out a couple days ago, but at that point, there were diminishing returns anyways. There was just no way to keep the tubes cleared from his glue-like semen.

He peeled the crusted casting away from the collection tube, and held it up. There was a solid plug of gelled seed filling the plastic tube. It was as heavy as a brick. The wolf put it into a tupperware container and then opened the large chest freezer.

Some condoms had been put there, one per day, the colors darkening the later into the experiment it got. He pulled out several bags of crushed ice, and then put the collection tube in the freezer with the condoms, marked with the day's date.

The ice he dumped into a large orange cooler that Ross had brought to the flat, several weeks earlier. He pulled a garbage bag up over the bottom of the cooler, tucking it into the lid so that it would be pushed loose, and then put a small black nylon kit on top. Carefully, quietly, he started pushing the cooler into the where the ram sprawled.

As he skidded the cooler over the slimy, squelching plastic in the living room, the ram began to gasp and tense up. Kevin's powerful chest, caked and crusted over, tensed up, his mouth opening and closing, gawping soundlessly as he experienced... something. There was no seed coming out, not a single drop, but the massive eggs twitched, churning slowly on the ground between his feet.

"There, there," Ross said as he knelt down between the ram's hooves. He reached up, feeling heat radiating up from the overworked, clogged up nuts, and felt along the tender tubes. The left one had split, two days ago, a vertical split that let the goo ooze out into the sack itself, and Ross had not been willing to help clear them out ever since. The burst tube had clotted over with seed, but the risk of some kind of tubal failure was simply too great.

"It's all right, big guy, we're almost done..." He soothed, as felt along the tubes, finding the hard knot of gelled seed, about halfway up. He pinched with his fingers. "This might ache a little bit."

"It all hurts so much," Kevin said, sobbing, then groaning out in pain as the wolf calmly flattened the tubes, crushing the potent seed in them back down, into the overladen nuts. "Fuuuuuuck!"

"It's just that the pressure is too great," Ross said. "Your balls are over pressurized. It's making them feel all that pain. I can help with that, though. You want me to help relieve the pressure, right, Kevin?"

"Ugh, I just wanna cum," the ram whined in his deep, hoarse voice. He stroked his purplish, bruised cock, his head lolling back and forth in half consciousness.

While he did that, Ross opened up the nylon kid, and began laying some equipment out along the top of the cooler. A scalpel, a clamp, some surgical tubing. All necessary for this next part.

There was no way to lift up the ram's balls now, or even to flip them over each other. Ross had to deal with the constraints he was given. The scalpel pressed into the bulky underside of the ram's scrotum, about three inches above the pool of seed cementing them to the floor. He zipped the scalpel along the thin-stretched scrotum, which was pulled so tautly over the huge ram eggs that it actually pulled back, retracting up along to reveal the purple-gray, marbled flesh of the testicles themselves.

Ross kept the scalpel moving in a smooth, quick circumcision of the ram's nut-sack, until he had completed a circle around the equator of the massive scrotum. The bottom section fell into the goop, while the top section retracted, attempting to pull back to a more regular size. Like an overstretched waistband, though, it only pulled back about half way, left dangling limply on top of the ram's balls like an overgrown hat.

Ross lifted up the lid from the cooler, putting it carefully on the couch next to Kevin. The oblivious ram wasn't aware of anything except for his need to get off again. Even with the pain of having his tubes flattened, he was trying, stroking himself with a painful sounding squishing sloppy sound. The strained grunts and bleats weren't helping either.

Moving the chest over, Ross carefully jammed his fingers under the swollen, saggy, bloated mass of Kevin's left testicle.

"This might tickle a bit, just stay calm buddy," Ross said, as he hefted, tightening all of his stomach and chest muscles and lifting the nut up into the air, hauling it up and over the edge of the cooler. It crushed down into the ice, the chips flattened out of the way. Ross used a hand to scoop them back up and over the bulging, overheated testicle, before turning back to do the same with the other nut.

Kevin lowed, eyes trying to focus at what Ross was doing with his balls, only really able to tell that something felt DIFFERENT. Cold and hot meant nothing, but the shock of pain of the ice against his nut seemed to get his dick one last surge of power, the ram hurriedly fistfing his flopping, ruptured dick in his crusty hand.

Ross sighed, reaching to grasp both of the tubes one last time, and firmly pinched and stroked along them, forcing that cum back into the ram's balls a final time. Kevin bleated, both hands fumbling with his dick as the wolf shifted and pushed the last of the seed down into his bloated, inflamed epididymis. He picked up the scalpel again.

Ross thought that removing the cum glutted storage tanks on the back of the testicles would be more difficult, and messy, than it was. He expected blood, popping blisters of cum, stuff like that. But it was almost entirely cemented, filled in with that cum caulking, and it was more like getting a spatula under a burned pancake than anything else. A terrifically visceral peeling sound, as tissues were pulled away from the naked testicles, and one fist sized clump of wadded up epididies were hanging against the couch between Kevin's knees. Kevin groaned, and the ram, massively muscled and fully locomotive, could easily stop the little spindly wolf from castrating him. He just couldn't think about anything except getting off.

Ross used his fingers for the second epididymis, holding one palm against the testicle and pinning it down into the ice. The other, he dug with his fingertips into the flesh of the ram's whitish, greasy tubes, and he peeled it loose, the sticky stringy seed stretching and snapping between the two until he was left with a testicle with a raw looking, mostly caked over raw spot, and a handful of rubbery, squishy tubing. It swung down to join the other.

Fuck, he had castrated the biggest, most muscular dude he had ever seen, and the guy had LET him. The huge balls were his now. Ross carefully pulled the lid back onto the cooler, locking it into place with a twist of the handle.

"You okay there buddy?" Ross asked, as he took the nylon tool kit bag and carefully stuffed the epididymii into them.

Kevin let out a pained groan, his hands coming to a stop on his dick, defeated. "It hurts."

"Oh, I bet. Must hurt a lot, but at least that big full feeling is gone, huh?" Kevin used a clamp, pulping the metallic tines through the cords that led out of Kevin's body. Kevin sighed, but didn't sound very convinced. Ross shrugged, and clamped off the other cord too, the nylon kit bulging with the miscellaneous remnants of Kevin's testicles, the oozing, sticky tubes and cords still completely coated in Kevin's pheromones.

"Well, I think we can help with the rest of the pain. Your dick's looking pretty rough, but I got a friend who will make it feel real nice. That sound good?" The ice chest tucked away, Ross poked at the ram's shoulder. "Hey, come on, that sound good? You wanna let my friend help you get off? You wanna CUM, Kevin?"

"Yeh?" Kevin said, struggling to get up. Hands slipping, skidding on the greased over plastic, as he stumbles to his feet, immediately crashing forward and into the wall in front of him. He swayed, regaining his balance and staring down between his legs, where his flap of scrotum hung down completely empty. "Hey..."

"Don't worry about that, Kevin. Come on, we'll get your balls later." He held out a hand, and Kevin took it, letting the wolf lead him away from the couch. He peered around, staring at the couch, the sink, the counter, as if trying to figure out where his balls were.

"Yeah, thinking is hard, isn't it? I noticed after the first couple days that your IQ was tanking. Like, a little is okay, right? You can always hone your brain back up later. And, even a lot is okay to lose, because by corporate standards, that makes you the ideal long term user."

"I don't do drugs," Kevin said adamantly, as the wolf led him down the stairs and towards the back lot with the extra parking behind the dormitory.

"That's right, you don't DO drugs, you ARE drugs," Ross said. "It's not like you care, but I have to use your balls to replace the compound I stole. That's the one PLUS side of this whole experiment, Kevin. My formula did work, in a way. I kept the cilleass protein from denaturing itself, which means that your big, massive balls are completely full of the protein that I took from the lab. Which means I can replace it without anyone even noticing it was gone. That's great, right Kevin? Your balls are gonna be worth a lot of money!"

"Gotta find those," Kevin said, looking exhausted, the ram staggering slowly with Ross towards a large black unmarked van. The back of the van was open, and a cheetah was standing near the back door. He flicked a cigarette away as Kevin approached, the ram's yellow eyes squinting against the light.

"This the dude?" The cheetah asked, and Ross nodded.

"Kevin, this is my friend, uh, cheetah. He's the one who's gonna help with all the pain you're having."

"Yeah? Finding my balls?" Kevin asked, earnestly, as he was led up the ramp by the two smaller predators. The bulky, beefy ram filled up the entire van, and the cheetah whistled softly in appreciation.

"No steroids? No juice?" He said, opening up a coffee can and counting out large, green bills.

"Nothing traceable." Ross smirked. He took the wad from the feline, surprised at just how many bills there were in it. "Uhh..."

"Yeah, it's more than we agreed to, but you didn't say he was so MASSIVE, I thought he was just a college punk. This guys' got muscles for days, I will be making so much bank. Just watch, all the restaurants in a mile radius are gonna have mutton the menu this weekend!" The cheetah laughed, and Ross laughed with them. Kevin chuckled too, but in a polite, 'I don't get it' kind of way.

The cheetah looked at the ram. "Yeah, that is pretty funny isn't it?" He glanced at Ross, confusedly, then grinned and shook his head. "Hey, come on back here, I got a pill that can help you with your pain."

Ross carefully tucked the cash into his vest pocket. "The experiment plagued his brain. Cum brained. Don't think it's reversible. He should be cooperative though."

"Noice." The cheetah said. "Is that true, Kevin? Are you high on cum right now?" He glanced down to the ruin that was Kevin's groin, lips peeling back in shock at the bludgeoned cock and the empty sack.

"I dun do durgs," the ram said, slowly stepping to the far end of the van. Each step had the van rocking beneath his increased weight. "My balls back here?"

"No, no balls back here," the cheetah said. He adjusted a dial on a small carbon dioxide container, and then picked up the little steel contraption at the end. Holding it up in the air, he pulled a trigger, and from a circular hole at the end, a metal spike shot out about two inches, with a hard CLUNK. He released the trigger and it retracted back easily. "Hey so lemme take a look at you, you wanna have a seat here on this chair?"

"Kay," Kevin said, sitting his massive frame down on the wobbling folding chair that the cheetah had gestured to. He looked over at Ross on the other end of the truck, as the cheetah stepped up to him, holding the contraption in his hand.

"So this is a thermometer, okay? I'm just gonna push this against your forehead, and take your temperature. You might hear a silly little sound."

"Good, good." Kevin said, smiling widely. "Thank you so much. Thank you. Th-" ~THUNK~

"Dammit," Cheetah said, as Kevin's head twisted to the side, just as he pulled the trigger. Ross could see blood pouring down from a hole in the ram's forehead, "Dammit he MOVED!"

Kevin wheezed, his body stiffening, his fingers jutting out and his arms moving as he played along an invisible piano. A hole had been punched between his eyes, and Executive function oozed off it and down over his flared, wheezing nostrils. The ram's eyes looked straight ahead, then up, then back and forth wildly. Finally, he grunted out something.

"Hyrrrrg!" The ram bellowed, staggering and trying to get his feet underneath him.

"Rrrrraaawww.... Rawwwwww..." He shouted, his eyes fixated on the wolf at the other end of the van.

Ross stared back, curiously, as Kevin tried to alert him. He made no move to help. After all, he had gotten his money; his involvement with Kevin was over. It was fascinating, watching the ram struggle. Part of his brain had just been liquified, and he didn't know if the ram even knew it.

"Rorrrr...tttthhhh..." Kevin managed to stand up, slamming his head up against the ceiling of the van. There was a wet, splurging sound, something briefly bulging out of the hold in his forehead, before it slipped back into the ram's skull and blood sloshed out instead. The ram jerkily reaching for the wolf, as the cheetah pushed against one hip, guiding the wolf onto a long, wide wooden table that ran up the whole side of the van.

"Heeeeeeey buddy, it's okay! It's okay, it's just a booboo." Ross said. "Hey, you want me to help?"

Kevin bleated, miserably, as he found himself somehow sitting back down, looking at the low-slung wooden table. His muscular torso flexed as he tried to stand up again, but the cheetah pressed a palm against his broad nose and used it to push him back down, leaning back against the wall behind the table.

"Don't worry, buddy. I'll help. Just calm down. You're gonna be okay." Ross sighed and climbed back into the van. "Heeey, here you are."

Ross helped Kevin to get comfy, keeping direct eye contact with him as he helped the muscular ram to lean back. Hands on either side of his cheeks kept him corralled as he laid down, staring up at Ross, trustingly.

"There we go. You sure did cum a lot, didn't you Kevin?" Ross said. Kevin smiled widely.

"Ye."

Ross shifted, so that the cheetah could circle around behind him. "Hey, look at me. There you go. Hey, Kevin, I just wanted to thank you for all the money you're going to make me. You did great."

Kevin smiled, blood on his teeth, his eyes struggling to focus on Ross. "I-" ~THUNK~

This time, the piston punctured deeply through the skull, and deeply through Kevin's brain. Hot mush streamed out of the first hole that had been made, splashing across the ram's snout, flecking across Ross's face. One eye seemed to stare at him, the other jerking off to the left in a spasm. There was, other than his eyes, no real reaction though. His breath eased out from his muscular chest, and that was it. Stillness.

"Okay, good stuff." Ross said. He yawned, and stepped around the cheetah. "So you need me for anything else, or...?"

The cheetah was already a hammer and wedge to separate the ram's left arm from its shoulder socket. "Huh? Nah, you're good. Lemme know the next time you need one of these experiments cleaned up after."

The massive arm slithered free, hanging from loose tendons for a moment before dropping down to the floor. That was the last Ross saw of Kevin, probably. He did have a gyro on Saturday, with a heaping helping of tzatziki sauce. It reminded him of his missing roommate.

## Tuesday, June 28th.

The locker room was ripe with the stink of hormones. The football team had taken the complete disappearance of their ram teammate very well, considering what a douchebag he had been. He had been easily replaced with a bull. The bull, Byron, was jacking off while sitting on the bench. Ross was fascinatedly cupping the bull's grapefruit-sized nuts, the heavy orbs hot and dense and glossy smooth in their smooth skinned sack. Ever since the nerdy wolf had convinced the coach to let him apply his *improved* patented jock itch cream to the teams' dangling nut-sacks, the players had improved in their gains exceptionally.

Everyone was bulked out, slabs of muscle straining and flexing as the team bulked out on every single piece of equipment the gym had available. Even the slim little foxy towel boy was tossing a massive truck tire back and forth with a rabbit.

"I don't think this is going to work out," Ross said, as he gently rolled the bull's cords between his fingers. Byron groaned, leaning back, mooing up into the air as he stroked his cock urgently. As hard as it was, the bull seemed to be unable to find those last few strokes he needed to climax.

"Are you sure?" Coach said. The otter had bulked up in size, though he had assured Ross repeatedly that he was not using the compound himself. He watched the bull's cock raptly, arms folded as he watched the poor jock try to get off.

"Nope. One second." Ross gave the bull's nuts a firm pinch, pulling him briefly out of his reverie. "Okay, go back to the butterfly press. Send whoever's there over." The wolf scratched some notes onto a clipboard. The paper had a list of names and species, with a series of measurements - two dimensions, a time, and a volume.

The bull strolled off, weaving smoothly between the other buffed out jocks before taking his place at the press. All around, the only sound was that of grunting, metal squeaking, weights clanking, and, if you listened closely, the sound of powerful muscles tightening and flexing, crackling like soft popcorn throughout the gym. .

The moose on the butterfly press stood up and walked over. All of the men were naked, and all of them completely erect. Their massive, swollen balls dangled and swayed in front of jacked, muscular thighs, or were casually crushed between them as the men worked out. The moose sat down on the bench, spreading his legs and wrapping his hand around his cock with a happy smile.

Ross took the moose's temperature. Feverish, just like the rest, but not excessively so. He knelt and cupped, nothing the weight mentally. Fingers caressed along the back of the rut-swollen testicles, fingertips stroking along the swollen epididymis. Just like the others, his tubes were swollen, the cream inside his heavy nuts too thick to easily work their way up and through.

The moose switched his stroking hand, and Ross looked up, watching the muscular pecs flexing, and swelling outwards. The dark pink nipples slid along the underside of the swelling, blooming muscles, until they were almost underneath the moose's pec ledge. His biceps were twitching and flexing, and the moose grunted, switching hands again.

"I keep yanking too hard," He said, smiling apologetically before his face gooned into a blank mask of focus and arousal.

"Fascinating." Ross sighed, and gestured for the coach to come closer. The otter was stroking himself through his shorts, as he crouched and leaned closer. "See the cords?" He isolated one



with a thumb, using his claw tip to show how the swollen cord had a heavy bulge in it. "They're gumming up way too early." He sighed. "I don't think he could cum, if we even let him."

"I would, coach," the moose said, jaw hanging open as he closes his eyes. "I just gotta... find a way to get off... I'm so fuckin' horny, you don't know."

"Damn," the coach said, grinning back. I mean, here, lemme help out." The otter reached out, stroking the moose's slick cock with his webbed paw, and the moose shuddered. He leaned back, so far that Ross was sure he'd fall off the bench, his big nuts trying to lift up but unable to.

Coach's hand was slick and hot against the moose's aching flesh, and those twitching nuts were trying to get up to cum. Ross rested a hand at the top of his balls, two fingers along the back of his sack, and two fingers along the front. He closed them together, and the gummed up cords slowly pinched closed from the pressure. The moose's twitching, jerking nuts were stilled, unable to retract, unable to expel, forced to swell in mute agony as they produced far past their normal limits.

Whatever was left of the moose's cum in his prostate was flowing out of the tip of his cock, as he bellowed out a lusty, needy moan of orgasm. Ross had no doubt it would have been very pleasurable, if the moose could have actually cum, but all that came out, slowly, from his contracting, convulsing shaft, was a slender stalagmite of plasticity, resinous semen, compacted into a mostly smooth spear-like shape by its passage through the moose's groin.

"See? The formula is even more concentrated than before. They're simply producing it too fast. Their nuts are simply growing TOO fast for their bodies to adapt to."

Coach panted, stroking incessantly, the moose's sticky precum crackling under his fingers as he squeezed and milked the big thick cock. His eyes were half lidded, and Ross knew that if he wasn't there, the coach would be sucking the moose off. "So we'll... hydrate them or something. IV fluids, you know? the more hydrated they are, the longer they'll be able to keep cumming."

"Eh, I'm not worried about them cumming. I'm worried about their testicles rupturing. Honestly, every time they cum, they're losing me money." Ross sighed and reached up, pressing a fingertip against the top of the stalagmite, pushing it slowly and firmly back down into the moose's cock, sheathing it. The moose groaned, shuddering and then slumping down, panting.

Coach pulled his hand away, licking his fingers and slapping the moose's ass. "Okay. Go to the bench press and send over Yarrick." He turned to Ross. "I know, there's a point where they have diminishing returns. I just am surprised it's so soon. I don't have... replacements lined up yet. The deal is still on though, right? I get-"

"You get fifty thousand for each athlete, yeah. I get their balls, the cheetah gets the muscle, and you get the films."

Yarrick, the polar bear, lumbered over. He was panting, his eyes dull and glassy, and his cock was sagging, purplish and solid stiff. His nuts hung like pineapples, so large that they could not fit between his thighs, pushed up on either side of his cock in their taut, painfully stretched sac. Each time he stepped forward, one nut would rub up against one side of his dick, and the other would slide down.

"I don't even need to test him, he's ready for harvest." Ross said. He crossed the name off the list. "I doubt he can even-"

"Let me just confirm," Coach said. He grasped the moose's cock with both hands, jerking them back in shock. "Oh, shit. He's hot."

"Yeah. You can tell. See the darkness?" Ross pressed a finger into the bear's massive left nut, and his finger dimpled the scrotum into the soft flesh far too easily. When he pulled his finger away, the dimple remained, slowly filling back out, in the way that ketchup might fill down into a hole. "Dammit. I don't think these nuts are gonna be worth anything."

"Is that gonna affect-" Coach said, as he helped Yarrick back to his feet.

"Nah, the rest of him is fine, it's just my supply that is affected. I need to start doing faster rotations. If the predators are already starting to turn, then I need to check all of them stat. You take Yarrick out back to meet Cheetah."

Coach led the dazed, erect polar bear towards the back exit of the gym, where a much larger van was waiting. A freezer truck, specifically, with a special tile floor with a hole that led to a storm drain outside. Meanwhile, Ross took his clipboard and grabbed a handful of zipties.

He hoped that the bear was an outlier, and not the baseline. He had invested far too much time and research grant money into this experiment to be able to recover if it all went 'balls up' right now.

We went around the gym, examining each of the males in turn. All of them were erect, but he noticed that some of them had cocks that were slightly darker and purplish than others. Purple dick meant their nuts were close behind. The fox's nuts were sagging, heavy coconuts, and were still very firm, still warm but not hot, but he could tell they were just starting to cook off.

The fox looked down at him, as he quickly ziptied the fox's nut-sack, up high. He did not have the time, or the patience, to wait for the cheetah to take care of him. He gripped the fat nut-sack around the neck, feeling the solid, rubber-dense cords, and pulled a claw through the neck of it. It was entirely bloodless, the scrotum coming loose with only the 'tug' of the rubbery cords giving and resistance, and the fox raised his eyebrows in mild concern.

Ross looked up at him, then down at the nuts he had severed, then held them up to the fox. "Go put these in the cooler by the water fountain, and then go out back to meet Coach."

"Okay." The fox said, taking the balls. His cock remained jutting, crusted over at the tip with white spackling, and he walked towards the back as directed.

Ross was not happy about that. He checked on the lion, Durlan, who was busy doing bench presses. Ross didn't even bother saying hello, he simply pushed the lion's legs over either side of the bench and cupped against those large, rounded grapefruits between the feline's thighs.

These were good. Ross rolled them in his hands, squeezing them. Ripe, firm, and completely ready to be picked, but not topping over yet. He examined the lion's cock, finding a wad of crusted over white plaster at the tip, same as the fox. The cock itself was pink and healthy though. Ross stroked it, while the lion stared ahead, lifting and dropping the weight.

Holding the firm cock in his hand, stroking along it, he could feel a baculum-like obstruction inside it. The wolf squeezed down firmly, stroking upwards, and pried and pinched at the plaster'd over tip. He couldn't get it loose though.

Better safe than sorry, regardless. He zip tied the lion's nut-sack, pulling the plastic tie tight until the sack bulged tautly around the swollen eggs inside it, then patted the lion's belly. Durlan winced and sat up, blinking and reaching for his groin.

"No, don't touch. We're going to fix you up. Go to the back with the fox, and stand there. Make sure that Coach takes care of you first."

And so it went. Almost all of the predators were sent to the back today, with the peculiar patch over their cocktips. The hoofers were gummed up, but not 'sealed over' like the predators. And the smaller prey animals, the rabbits and mice and such, were perfectly fine. The rabbits, specifically, were still able to climax, and Ross almost accidentally let a white hare spill his load right there onto the treadmill as he ran. It took Ross grabbing both of the hare's fist-sized eggs between his paws, and squeezing blindly at the neck, pinching and flattening the cords against his palms with his tight grip, to keep the precious seed from being spilled.

The room stank of the men's rut, the hormones and body scent creating a thick funk. This, in itself led to a surprising boon. Newcomers, who were not inoculated already to the scent like Ross and Coach were, slipped into the same quiet trance, taking spaces vacated by the cheetah's newest guests and assuming their workouts. Ross could not be happier. A self-perpetuating experiment? It didn't matter if the board cut his funding.

For all of the reasons that actually mattered, this experiment was a success.