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The Bay of  
Scherzo

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Prince Scherzo let out a long sigh as the last of his appointments left the grand hall. His father had insisted that Scherzo take a larger role in governing the country. As far as the rest of the nobility knew, Scher was being groomed to take over the role of king soon, but the truth was that Scher's father was trying to keep him out of trouble. Between overseeing petty squabbles in the grand hall and studying magic with Maester Timpani, Scher very rarely had time to escape the confines of the castle. Not that he minded the magic lessons. Time with Tim was some of Scher's favorite parts of the week. Even the castle wasn't so bad. Scher rarely saw his parents and other than making public appearances for the court, Scher was free to do whatever he pleased.

"Is he gone yet..." Scher muttered to his new attendant.

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“Yes, sir. He should be safely out of range,”  
The red-haired enchanter replied. Rudd, the figure that stood at Scher’s side, was clad in nothing except for a small cloak that barely covered his shoulders and a pair of sandals. The enchanter’s body was inscribed from head to toe with glowing runes. Even the enchanter’s cock and balls were aglow with magic sigils, and thanks to Rudd’s experience with the notorious thief, there was Plenty of real estate to inscribe. As the enchanter stood stoically at the prince’s side, the enchanter’s massive nuts rested solidly on the floor in front of him. Either enormous nuts the size of a yard bag filled to the brim with clippings. His cock was similarly massive. The enormous shaft was almost as thick as his toned midriff and stretched several feet in front of him. The mage’s shaft was almost as long as he was tall! His constant training and practice had paid dividends since the events of the Yuletide ball. It had gotten so huge that it impeded his ability to walk. Fortunately, there were plenty of spells to aid with that. The runes on his body flashed, and his cock and balls began to hover inches above the stone floor of the great hall.

Once the cat was out of the bag about Tim’s new apprentice “Al”, it didn’t take long for people to piece together that Al was actually Prince Scherzo. On one hand, the prince pretending to be a common mage was a bit of a scandal, but Scher being named the sole apprentice to the eccentric young High Enchanter was something that could make a great story to tell the general populace. The prince secretly

attending college was a much better cover story to explain the prince's clandestine outings than the truth. If the people knew that the prince had been having a fling with one of the country's most notorious criminals, there was no telling what the other nobles would say!

The king was quick to step in and make some arrangements with the Arcanum so that Scher could continue his studies from the safety of the palace. This unfortunately meant that Scher's visits to the campus were far rarer than they had been, but the plus side was that Scher was able to name his own assistant. It didn't hurt that Scher's friend from school was also top of his class. Rudd's top marks made it easier for them to smooth things over with the King.

Truth be told, the king hated Rudd's lack of social graces, decorum, and most of all his lack of clothes, but the benefits of having him around outweighed the negatives. Not to mention that after the stunt Claves had pulled at the Arcanum, massive cocks became a sign of station for the casters in enrollment at the academy. Rudd's colossal package was intimidating to those who came before the prince not just for the sheer size but for the magic power that it signified.

Scher hopped up unceremoniously from his throne and stretched. He was similarly attired to his classmate and friend. Scher had a similar small cloak and sandals but was also clad in a small pair of briefs which protected his "modesty". Truth be told, the

briefs he wore were the key to a powerful magic that he had to maintain at all times while appearing in public. As much as huge hogs had become a mark of power among the Arcanum, they were less welcome among the aristocracy. Scherzo had to keep his true size (and his dealings with certain criminal elements) a secret from society at large.

“I already put in a request to have all the guests and staff leave the gardens. We should have the place to ourselves by now,” Rudd said.

“I can’t wait to get out of this thing. It’s not only embarrassing but it’s exhausting as well!” Scher whined and gestured down towards his briefs. His briefs were little more than a thong which gripped the outline of his impressive looking cock. The briefs were enchanted with a powerful magic that the High Enchanter had developed to help the prince with his mobility issues, but it served double duty by hiding the prince’s true size from the king and other members of court. Truth be told, not even Scher knew how big he really was nowadays. It was so rare that he had time to really let loose. Even when asleep, he had attendants who worked tirelessly to maintain the spacetime compression magics that coursed through his skivvies.

It had been days since he had last been able to peel them off. He needed to air out his junk and give it a good scrubbing. He had showered and used basic cleaning spells to wash as best he could through the fabric, but the nature of the compression magic made

it incredibly difficult to give his gooch a solid scrubbing.

Having to constantly maintain the magic meant that Scher was constantly in a state of exhaustion which didn't help his mood nor his attention span, and today had been the worst it had been in ages. As noble and noble came before him to air their petty grievances it was all Scher could do to avoid throwing them out of the castle. Part of him was even tempted to drop all pretense and remove the spell holding his junk in just so he could get some relief.

The difficulty Scher had been having weighed heavily on his mind. There was something gnawing at the back of his consciousness, and he wasn't sure if it was fear or excitement. This spell required all his strength to maintain which wouldn't be a big deal except that he could tell that he had gotten stronger over time. Maintaining powerful enchantments like this was a great way for someone to increase their magical power. It was like doing weight training for muscles. The problem was Scherzo was already the most powerful mage in the kingdom by a huge margin as was evidenced by the sheer size of his cock and balls. The nature of the curse that had gripped him and much of the kingdom was that his cock and balls grew in proportion to his magical power. As his power grew, so too did his package which meant that it took MORE power to maintain the enchantment to hide it, which meant that he was getting even more powerful! It was a perpetual feedback loop! It was ironic in a way that

the king's efforts to hide that Scher had such a massive cock was making it bigger and bigger and bigger with each passing day! The magic to hide his size was now so taxing that the palace had had to employ another three magi to maintain it while he slept! Fortunately, there was no shortage of interns from the Arcanum eager to work at the palace, and maintaining an enchantment didn't require much knowledge about what the enchantment actually did. All they really knew was that they got to watch the prince, who was a renowned hottie, while he slept and maintain a powerful spell which, of course, caused their own powers to grow and grow. It had gotten to the point where students at the arcanum were eager to be selected for palace duty!

Scher was starting to sweat as the duo made their way towards the large, double doors which lead out of the palace and into the palace grounds. His fatigue was incredible! Just how much power was he using to maintain this spell!?

Rudd threw an arm over the prince's shoulder to help Scher keep his balance. "We need to talk to the king about this. You need more time to recover. No one should have to maintain a spell this powerful for such a long period of time," he said.

"When has he ever listened to anything anyone else has said?" Scherzo said dejectedly.



“Well, if he won’t listen to reason, maybe we should show him what you’ve been hiding?” Rudd said.

“That would be hilarious. He’d probably have a heart attack right then and there!” Scherzo laughed.

“And then you’d be free to make your own rules.” Rudd replied only half joking.

Scherzo let out a long sigh of both exhaustion and exasperation. “If only there was some less drastic way to get him to listen,” he said.

The pair made their way towards the palace grounds. Scherzo was too exhausted from the spell to be much for conversation, so the only sound was the sound of their footfalls and the soft hum of the glowing runes on Rudd’s cock and balls as his package hovered in front of them.

Past the great hall, past the garden, up the trail that led to the cliffside the duo marched. Soon, the pair reached their destination. The steep cliffs overlooking the ocean made the palace easily defensible, but tonight they were going to serve a different purpose.

Scherzo plopped down on the edge of the cliff. His legs dangling over the abyss. His hand hovered over the small clasp on his hip. One flick of that, and his briefs would fall open, causing his cock and balls to spill out in all their glory.

Rudd cocked an eyebrow as he watched the prince's hesitation. "Is something wrong?" He asked.

"It's probably nothing, but... this week has been so exhausting. Like, more so than it should have been. I... wonder how much I have grown," Scherzo said.

"Are you afraid?" Rudd asked.

"No... not exactly. I think... I think I'm excited, and that's what worries me," Scher said.

"Oh. Is that all?" Rudd said. There was a huge, playful smirk on his face.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Scherzo yelped.

"Do you want to make an event of it? Should I give you a drumroll? Maybe some lights?" Rudd teased.

"Do you mock me? I am your prince?" Scherzo cried in mock protest.

"You don't have to act so uptight anymore. We're by ourselves," Rudd teased.

"Why I never! Guards! Arrest that man," Scherzo protested in a fake, nasally, foppish voice.

"Oooh. I'm really in trouble, huh? I better do something to deserve it then, huh?" Rudd said playfully. Then, before Scherzo had a chance to react,

he reached down and effortlessly flicked open the clasp that held up the waistband of Scherzo's briefs.

"Wai- wha-?" Scherzo sputtered, but it was too late. All he could do was watch in awe as his package spilled forth from the pocket dimension that had struggled to hold it.

Even Rudd was speechless. Scherzo had grown even in just this past week, and he had grown A LOT! The prince's cock continued to rapidly spill out from the dimensional tear, but there appeared to be now end in sight! Just the shaft was so thick that Rudd couldn't even begin to process how long it would be once fully exposed. It was like staring out at an open field of exposed flesh.

Scherzo balls crashed down with a splash. The sound of waves being sent careening from the point of impact caused the two friends to balk. The cliff was almost a hundred feet off the ground! Last week, Scherz's balls hadn't even reached the water, this week they hit and kept going! The meteoric strike of his sack hitting the sea sent tidal waves in all directions!

The two friends stared out in awe at Scherzo's new size. Scherzo's balls were beyond massive! They used to not even touch the waters below, but now they crested higher than the cliffs! They rested solidly on the seabed below and still had over one hundred feet exposed! And much like an iceberg only the tip was exposed! This was no shallow beach. This was a sheer cliffside overlooking a deep, deep ocean.

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There were wards at the palace – magics that controlled the weather, magics that cast illusions over the palace grounds making it always appear idyllic and calm to the outside world. That’s the only reason Scherzo’s size had remained hidden for so long. That was why he was able to let it all hang out when the palace was empty, but he had outgrown those wards. He had outgrown the illusions! His impossibly huge cock and balls had burst through the barricades and kept growing and growing. His dick was not just visible to the outside world, it was so huge that it was visible for miles around! His balls now filled much of the bay! His cock extended out impossibly far towards the horizon. Shipping vessels had been thrust aside by not just the waves of the impact of his balls but by the arrival of his World Serpent of a schlong! Scherzo couldn’t even fathom how huge he must be now. The only real point of reference he had was the bay itself and the shipping vessels which now circled his cock and balls. Each enormous freighter looked like an ant next to his cock. The entire capitol city of Sonata would have been eclipsed by his cock and balls had he not had the foresight to unleash it away from town.

“No way...” the two friends said in unison as they stared out at the absolutely colossal cock that spread out before them.

Scherzo’s mind was racing. How had he grown so much? Just last week, his shaft was only a few hundred feet long. It hung past his balls and rested into the sea below. Even then it was mind-blowingly

massive, but now... Hundreds of feet felt like nothing. His enormous hose draped over his balls and rose far, far into the air. His shaft was so thick that he had to stare up at his like staring up at a mountain! His entire field of view was filled with cock and balls, but he needed to see more. He needed to see how he compared with the world around him.

Scherzo floated forward. He didn't have the glyphs to augment his powers like Rudd did, but he still had enough power to levitate his monolithic cock and balls enough that he could shift forward. He floated onto his nuts which caused his center of gravity to shift. His cock no longer draped over his nuts, and instead jutted out in front of him and went straight into the ocean. Even just this minor shift of his position caused massive waves to wash into the nearby port and send vessels scrambling to stay moored.

Scherzo was now able to stare out past his balls and see just how long his cock truly was. The view was breathtaking. His cock extended out past the bay and into open waters. It was easily a half mile to the inlet, and his balls alone almost reached that far. His cock stretched out far, far beyond that.

The image before him was dizzying. Again, Scherzo's mind raced. How had he gotten so big in such a short period of time. True, he had been pushing himself beyond his limits every hour of every day for months now, and this week he had reached a breaking point where the exhaustion was forcing him to tap into reserves hitherto unheard of. He had heard of

something like this. The greatest mages in ages long past had found a way to push past their limits and in that breaking point had unlocked greater potential. Legends told of the exponential growth possible. Countless mages had burned themselves up trying to reach that enhanced state, and Scherzo had been living in that state for a week! No wonder he was so tired! No wonder he had grown by an order of magnitude! He had to have doubled in size every day! Instead of hundreds of feet, he had reached *thousands*! His massive cock now stretched for miles.

His mind was racing. There was no way he was going to keep this a secret. There was no magic powerful enough to mask his size. No enchantment powerful enough to make an entire populace forget what they saw. His balls alone were bigger than the entire city!

Scherzo tried to fight it, but a soft chuckle escaped his lips.

“Are... are you alright?” Rudd asked.

“I doubt even the king can sweep *this* under the rug,” Scherzo said with a laugh.

“I don’t think they even make rugs big enough,” Rudd agreed which caused Scherzo to laugh even louder.

As Scherzo watched his cock expand exponentially, he had expected to be horrified, and he had expected to be mortified that his cover was so

thoroughly blown. Now everyone in the capital knew how huge he was. Word would spread across the country by morning! This should be awful! But it wasn't! If anything, it felt *liberating*! He no longer had to hide. Not only was his secret out, but who could even say anything about it? Even if the king wished to admonish him, Scherzo had visual proof that he was the most powerful caster alive – maybe even to ever live! Maester Timpani had previously been the owner of the “largest” cock and balls, and even he had capped out at little over ten feet. His cock was the size of a carriage! Scherz's was the size of a *county*!

As Scher laughed, he could feel not just the rush of exhilaration fill his body but his cock as well. His cock was getting bigger and thicker, and this time it wasn't his power growing. He was getting harder and harder by the second. His cock raised up from the ocean. Water cascaded off of the immense shaft like waterfalls. The vacuum left by his cock lifting up caused all the water from miles around to rush in and fill the void causing ships to be carried along by the intense current.

Scher was soon rock hard. He was harder than he had ever been in his life. He was bigger than he had ever been in his life. Hell, he was bigger than anyone had ever been! His massive rod reached up into the sky. Even angled forward as it was, the tip of his dick scraped the cloud cover. Beads of pre dripped from his massive cock. Each tiny bead was so huge that it could eclipse an entire freighter. Even the bigger ships on the

sea paled in comparison to even the tiniest bead of pre of his enormous cock!

Each salty bead splashed down causing massive waves to surge forth from the point of impact. Some part of Scher hoped that these vessels were strong enough to weather his storm. The Sonata ships were known around the world for their arcane enhanced stability and seaworthiness. They could weather the biggest, strongest hurricanes, but the world had never seen something like this.

Rudd stood speechless beside his friend. His own cock had reached full mast in record time as he stared out at the dick that would dwarf even the eldest dragons. Rudd's cock was huge in its own right. In the time he'd been serving as Scherzo's attendant, the exertion of his duties and his rigorous training had seen him grow by leaps and bounds. Even soft, his cock was longer than he was tall, and he was much more a grower than a shower. Now that his rod was fully hard, it towered over him like an oak tree, and yet, it was hard to think of himself as huge while staring down a schlong that would rival mountains.

Rudd was so overwhelmed by the sight that he let out a load moan and his cock gave a hard lurch. He was cumming without even laying a finger on his cock! He came again and again! Each spurt as large as the last! He could have filled a swimming pool with even just three spurts, but he continued to cum and cum again. His jizz splattering against the side of the



prince's impossibly huge balls. Scherzo's nuts were so massive that Rudd's massive spurts looked like little more than dribbles against his sack.

The intensity of his climax was so much that Rudd found himself unable to stand. His legs felt weak and shaky. His head felt light and hazy. He began to fall backwards but was caught by a strange force that enveloped his body. Rudd was only vaguely aware of what was happening as he was carried like a ragdoll over the bay towards where the prince was perched atop his own cock and balls. As he floated closer, it became clear that the energy that was holding him was emanating from the prince!

Scherzo looked over his shoulder pleadingly at his friend. He didn't speak but he didn't need to. The prince's bare butt was raised into the air as if begging to be fucked. Rudd was only too happy to oblige.

Despite the fact that Rudd's cock was more than twice as tall as Scherzo was, the tip of his cock slid into the prince's hungry hole. Rudd watched as Scherzo's hips spread wider to accept a cock that was far thicker than his torso, but the prince's body did not expand as much as Rudd had expected. If anything, it was as if his dick had slipped into a hole that was far larger than Scherzo's hole body!

The magic that Timpani had created! The spatial compression! Somehow Scherzo had turned his own body into a pocket dimension. His desire to be reamed was so intense that he made himself able to take any cock, no matter how huge.

Rudd's eyes glanced up towards the prince's cock that now broke through the clouds... Well, almost any cock.

Rudd wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. Rudd dug his cock into the hilt into Scherzo's ass. Even with the spatial magic condensing Rudd's rod, Scherzo's gut bulged out in front of him. Rudd could see the outline of his own cock against the prince's gut, but that didn't last long. Rudd hadn't stopped cumming the entire time. As more and more jizz erupted from his cock deep into the prince's seemingly impossibly accommodating body, Scherzo's gut began to grow and grow with gallons upon gallons of jizz. Rudd was too lost in ecstasy to run the numbers. His cock only appeared a fraction of its true size while inside the prince, and he had cum enough to fill an Olympic swimming pool. Scherzo's tummy was so full of condensed jizz that it bulged out in front of him like a giant beach ball. His gut was so huge that Scherzo couldn't even wrap his arms around it while he nuzzled his face against his huge, sloshing, jizz-filled water balloon of a belly.

Scherzo couldn't think. All he could do was feel the indescribable pleasure that surged through his thousands of feet of fat cock. Each spurt of his colossal cock was so powerful that the very earth beneath him trembled. The sea churned. Even the winds themselves were knocked aside. Scherzo's cum shots tore through the clouds causing them to part. The formerly cloudy

day was suddenly sunny which just made his enormous cock all the more visible for miles around.

Scherzo came again and again and again. Each massive spurt arcing miles and miles into the open sea. The sea itself began to turn white and soupy from the sheer volume of cum sloshing around. The choppy waves caused the thousands of gallons of jizz to churn and froth. Seafoam mixed with semen turning the entire bay and the neighboring beaches into a white, hot bog of spunk.

Scherzo had no idea how long he had been cumming, but eventually his exhaustion overtook him. His shots slowly tapered off and then stopped altogether. His colossal cock drooped and softened and came to a rest in the ocean.

Rudd had long since collapsed. He now lay face up on the mountain that was the prince's sack, staring into the sky and breathing heavily as he struggled to catch his breath enough to be able to even so much as stand. He was vaguely aware that a crowd had gathered. Countless guards and soldiers... as well as a stern figure that led the troops.

The king stared out at the mess. The prince was resting face down against a massive cum-filled blimp of his own belly. Jizz oozed from the prince's stretched out ass. The prince's balls filled the entire bay, and his cock plugged the entire inlet with its sheer girth.

Scherzo was only barely conscious. He was aware that there was a crowd gathered, but he was so overwhelmed by the afterglow that he couldn't bring himself to care. He managed to glance over his shoulder and flash a groggy smirk at the king, but his attempt at smiling was interrupted when he coughed up a huge mouthful of cum.

The king had an entourage of advisors at his side which all took turns whispering into his ears. The expression on the king's face changed by the second. Shock. Horror. Surprise. Disgust. Curiosity. Acceptance. Suspicion. Understanding.

The last advisor said their piece, bowed, and slunk back into the crowd. The king nodded and mulled it over for a moment. "Yes... I see..." He mused.

"You're in so much trouble..." Rudd murmured groggily.

Scherzo was too euphoric to panic. He tried to chuckle but only managed to spit up another mouthful of cum.

The king let out a long sigh, "I have half a mind to banish you for the damage you have caused," he said sternly.

There was a tense moment where the king waited and let his words sink in. The gathered crowd murmured. Hushed whispers rippled through the crowd.

“... but my advisors are right. Your very existence is an incredible deterrent to our rival nations. Everyone can see your... aptitude... for miles around,” he said, pausing heavily on the word ‘aptitude’ to really let it sink in.

After another tense pause, he spoke up again. “Even were I to order you expelled from the kingdom, we lack the ability to even... well... move you,” he said awkwardly.

Another tense pause. More murmurs from the crowd. The king began to fidget. He glanced over his shoulder and looked to his advisors once more for guidance.

The king cleared his throat and tried to sound imposing, but it was hard to do while looking at the scene that now filled the harbor. He instead turned around and addressed the crowd instead.

“It was always my plan to abdicate soon. The royal family has long held a reputation of being a long line of powerful magi. When my son was accepted as a special pupil of the High Enchanter, I knew that he would continue that legacy, and we can... erm... see that he is... gifted...” The king muttered awkwardly.

One of the advisors stepped forward to address the crowd since the king was clearly fumbling, “This is all something that will be handled at a later date. It seems imprudent to discuss these matters while the prince is still... uh... leaking...”

Scherzo tried to give a nod of agreement but ended up spitting up another huge mouthful of cum instead. Realizing it was a lost cause and being too exhausted to fight it, Scherzo once again collapsed face down into his own cum-filled belly. He was so exhausted and overwhelmed by the afterglow that it was easy to ignore the crowd that had gathered. He instead let his mind wander to the sensations that overwhelmed his body. His body felt warm and tingly. He was so euphoric that even the tense scene with the king couldn't make him feel any less giddy, and the lapping of waves against his cock was so relaxing, and there was something else too. A feeling of his nuts being cradled...

...Cradled? Scherzo was still too dazed to focus, but something gnawed at the back of his mind. He still had room around his balls before, but now it felt like his balls filled the entire bay! His sack pressed up against the seawall on all sides! Had he grown even larger?