Butterscotch Delight

Butterscotch had spent weeks planning for this evening. Saving up the money was easy; getting into contact with an inside contact at CharnCo Pharmaceuticals? Difficult. He had finally gotten into an encrypted, self-deleting snapchat with someone who went by "CDL", who had given him a time, a place, and an unreasonable financial amount. Well, unreasonable to most. Butterscotch was loaded. His OnlyPaws page brought him in thousands of dollars a month, his page loaded with hot blooded simps pining over the cute little yellow fox with the BIG dick.

"Big show for you tonight," he sent out to his phone, as he strutted up the street. "Join me in an hour for the biggest cum shot you've ever seen!"

He grinned as he watched the post get liked and re-shared, over and over and over again. The moonlight shimmered against the windows of the buildings of the financial district, as Butterscotch walked down the street. There were bars and clubs a couple blocks in the opposite direction, but THIS is where his contact wanted to meet him. It made sense; this area was quiet and discrete and safe. Very little chance of anyone interfering with their little transaction. He silenced his phone as walked down the clean, empty alleyway. There were little black glass balls mounted over the various back doors, and the fox made sure to lift his tail, swinging his hips to make his junk flop heavily from thigh to thigh. He came to the door at the end, and rapped on it with his knuckles, then turned and leaned against the concrete wall.

He grinned at the cameras, reaching down and wrapping his hand around the thick, soft bulk of his cock. The foreskin never fully went the whole way over the big bell end, but the thought of the security guards who were watching him right now had his cock plumping up even more. He swung it in a lazy circle in the air, slapping it against his other palm as he waited for his contact to open the door on the other side. He couldn't help it, he was excited, and nervous, and when he felt that way, he started putting on a show. Sharing his body with his fans was his coping mechanism. His heart pounded and his mind raced as he contemplated the consequences of his actions. The risk was great, but so was the reward.

He had researched the mysterious and powerful blue formula, he was about to purchase. It was said to have the power to increase size and strength, but few knew of its secrets, and those who did were extremely close-lipped. Every time he had gotten in contact with someone who worked at CharnCo, they inevitably dropped contact. "CDL" was the only guy who had had the balls to actually meet him for a transaction.

The door opened, and cool, misty air swirled out into the alleyway. There was a shadow, some fellow wearing a trenchcoat and one of those silly wide brimmed detective hats. Butterscotch chuckled at the feline's discretion, and yes, he knew it was a feline by the orange and black striped wrists sticking out of the trenchcoat's cuffs. The sleek yellow fox stepped up to the door, his erection swaying, the cool frosty air tickling against his naked skin.

"CDL? I've got your cash. Three grand." the fox said, as he held out the wad of clean, unmarked bills. The feline handed him a black plastic cartridge, with a clear blue vial in the middle. The top of the cartridge had one of those fancy aerosol injectors in it.

"One dose at a time," The tiger warned from under his fedora. "Any more than that, and-"

"Sure thing, kitty," Butterscotch said, as the cartridge slipped into his fingers. He held it up to the moonlight, admiring the sparkles that seemed to glint in and out of existence inside the fluid. "Thanks! I'll message you for more when it wears off!"

"It.. won't wear off," the tiger said, pocketing the wad of cash, "And you won't need more than that. That will be enough to make you bigger than you could ever imagine."

"Oh, that's cute," the fox said. He pushed away from the wall. "You have no IDEA what I'm imagining. Toodles, CDL!"

The door swung shut, and Butterscotch headed home, excited to try out his fun new gimmick.

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"Hello, deviants!" Butterscotch said as his stream started. When he had started up the streaming service, his room already had fifteen hundred people in it, eager to see what the big-dicked fox had to offer.

In that regard, Butterscotch did not disappoint. Ten inches of beer-can thick meat hung, soft and limp, even while fully retracted. The perfectly rounded, doorknob-shaped head was nestled fat and purple down into the folds of his generous scrotum. The twin testicles hung low enough down that even at ten inches long, two massive navel orange-sized eggs hung just below, the weight of them creating a sort of cowl-like effect for the fox's dangling shaft, a soft, musky nut-cape that hung behind his prized maleness. He kept all of his groin fur shorn close to the skin, even on his nuts, where a rose pink glowed through the short yellow fuzz that remained.

His fans, predictably, went crazy, and Butterscotch's cock grew and lengthened and thickened and hardened as the tips and gifts poured into his account.

"I know you love my dick, don't you, you filthy degenerates?" Butterscotch said, swinging his hips provocative as he simpered closer to the web cam. "You love seeing how HARD it gets, how BIG it is?" He said, stroking a hand under it's length.

To be fair, it got REALLY BIG when it was hard. While Butterscotch's mantra was, "When you're as big as I am, you don't have to measure it", his fans had nerded out that he was likely nearly a foot and a half long at full extension, which was admirable, for a fox.

That was about the length he was now, anyways, as he slapped his cock down on the desk in front of the webcam. The stream 'shook' with the impact, and emojis and dollar signs flooded the screen. It was such an easy performance, and Butterscotch had mastered it long ago. But, like all silly foxes, Butterscotch wanted more. He showed off the black plastic cartridge, grinning a short, sharp-fanged grin as he waved it through the air.

"This is the surprise tonight. That's right, I got it. Neon Blue." He shook the cartridge, grinning as his membership immediately began to swell. "I was sworn to secrecy about this; nobody was allowed to know I had such an ILLICIT material. I have enough doses for a dozen streams. Well, I know some of you snitches are already alerting the authorities... which means I'm doing all of them. TONIGHT! HERE AND NOW! ON STREAM!" Butterscotch said, as he twisted the black compartment free, giving himself just the vial of glowing blue formula. The bottom of the vial was sleeved, meaning he could push up on it to push the fluid out, and the other end had a small silver disk of micro needles, used for the aerosoler part of the black cartridge. What it all meant was that Butterscotch could inject all twelve doses directly into his package.

And that's exactly what he did.

He pushed the tip of the vial, the part with the micro needles, right into the top of his shaft, near the root. The needles barely hurt, feeling stinging, and his thumb pushed down, smoothly emptying the juice into his cock. He could feel the coolness of the fluid coursing down the length of his cock; unlike most males, it took SEVERAL throbs to get it all the way down into it. The plunger moved past the various notches on the vial, showing how many 'servings' he was injecting himself with. Five... six... seven...

He could feel it working already. "Ohhh, maaan, look at this, it's already making my dick huge!" He said, as his cock throbbed, the tip jutting forward an inch further than usual, then another. His balls throbbed in a pleasantly aching way, and he could feel them churning as the chemical infused them as well.

Nine...ten...eleven... he pushed down hard, jamming the last of the serving into his cock, then pulled the vial out and tossed it into the corner. He wasn't thinking about the stream anymore, all he could feel, all he could imagine, or think of, was how big his dick was getting. He took a step b ack as it swung upwards, puffing up into colossal proportions, the veins popping out along it's length as his beautiful glans swole into perfect glossy shiny proportions. His nuts were pushing into the sides of his inner thighs, and Butterscotch squeezed his legs together, groaning in lust as he felt the pressure pushing back against his beefy eggs. He could only see the front half of them, hanging in front of his thighs, but he could feel the other half hanging behind them, the massive testicles swelling bigger and bigger. They weren't just inflating, like some kind of marshmallows in the microwave, they were actively producing more and more semen as well.

He felt a glut of seed slam into his prostate, his cords swelling as well, the tubs inside his body burning as they stretched around the sheer bulk of the mass of his fluid. Butterscotch couldn't fathom what was happening; was he cumming?! He didn't feel like he was, but his body was certainly ACTING like it was. His hands went to his balls, cupping them and feeling how hard and solid they were. Not like big swollen nuts, these felt dense, compacted. Impacted.

Oh, shit, they were growing... faster than their shells would allow them to. Butterscotch couldn't even panic, he could only stammer incomprehensibly as the testicles strained his formerly loose scrotum. The skin was quickly growing taut, the purplish veins throbbing as the testicles increased their output twice again, and then twice again that, and then twice again that! The pressure inside him was bulldozing it's way through his tissue, up to his cock. He could feel the searing stretch as a wad of cum at least as thick as a fat, plump sausage pushed it's way up his cock. He could feel trickles of it beginning to flow out of the tip, but this was much, much MORE than that. Butterscotch glanced to the stream, hoping someone had said that they were sending help, but there was a popup message blocking the chat, from someone named SackLuncher.

"I told you to only take one dose at a time..."

Butterscotch gasped. It was CDL?! But before he could say anything, his promised, frightful orgasm finally happened. He looked down at the kettlebells between his legs, as the stretchy scrotum reached it's limit, splits and tears appearing on the strained outer edges of it.

"NOOOOOOO!" Butterscotch screamed, but reality rarely cares about what the people inside it have to say. His testicles exploded.

Time slowed down for Butterscotch, as it always seems to do in moments of crisis. The fox knew it was about to happen, could feel the overwhelming pressure building up past any conceivable 'safety point' inside his balls, which radiated in a constant whine of pain. It was the pain of accidentally sitting on one's nuts on the toilet, only it was constant, and it was coming from inside the balls. The brief sensation of relief, of 'release' was Butterscotch's only warning. His testicles were completely inundated with ten times the greatest allowable does of Neon Blue, and every cell in them was multiplying and producing at an amazing rate, using the highly nitrogenious formula as their fuel. This created the internal pressure required for such an explosive decompression.

Butterscotch got ONE spurt out of his cock, before it happened. One massive, beautiful, gouting geyser of seed that punched the ceiling tiles up into the ceiling, the colossal spurt containing all of the pleasure that Butterscotch would ever feel from his testicles again inside of it.

Then....

The seams of his testicles ruptured along the back, the 'shells' that kept his internal tissues... internal... splitting from the epididymus downwards, along the underside and then up across the front. This split allowed the testicle meat, the 'lobster tail' if you will, of the fox's testicles to balloon outwards with the force of an expanding airbag. Butterscotch had time to see it all: the brief glimpse of his horribly bruised looking, shiny gray testicles as they split out through the too-taut shroud of his scrotum, before they violently exploded outwards in a shotgun blast of sperm and tissue. It wasn't just a pop, like confetti, this was an ONGOING explosion of flesh and semen, unfolding from inside a far too compacted container, as huge wads of material unfurled from inside his testicles and plattered up into the air and across the room, thudding heavily into his computer monitor, his walls, his keyboard, everything. Viscous goop splattered out from those steak-sized pieces of flesh, and the entire thing sounded like a long, wet, roll of thunder.

He could only stare in horror at what happened next.

The beachball-sized testicles that had hung between his legs just moments before were now tiny writhing pieces that seemed to disintegrate before his very eyes. Even separated from his body, his 'chunks' were STILL expanding, growing and outgrowing themselves, fizzling and popping and erupting. Miniature explosions popped and crackled all around him, as the massive mess of his legacy broke apart into smaller fragments with every passing second, dissolving into nothingness until there was nothing left of his testicles except a cruddy, slimy sticky glaze of seed that covered everything. His cock, somehow, amazing, had survived it. That one gurst had split his urethra, pinkish ooze drooling out, the tip a dilated mess of stretched, torn, abraded flesh from the power of that one cum shot, but at least it was there. Below it, though, all that remained was a horrible emptiness between Butterscotch's legs. His beautiful balls were not just gone, they had been absolutely eradicated. He hugged his massive cock against his chest, nuzzling against the cockslit. Oh yes, it had grown. A proud sixteen inches before, it was now a massive three and a half feet long, and as thick around as the fox's thigh. He hugged it to himself, grieving the loss of his prized balls, before remembering that he was still on stream.

He waddled to the computer, his cock dredging through the sticky slime on the floor as he hurriedly wiped off the gooey seed from his monitor. The stream was offline. When his balls had exploded, one of them must have... hit the escape key, and closed out of the streaming software. Whatever had been recorded, was lost now, save for whoever was in the stream screen-capturing the debacle.

Butterscotch sighed, as he felt around under his cock. He had gone too far, and he had achieved his wish, but it had come at a terrible price.

He felt along the tip of his cock, surprised as his hand slipped down into it, easily. His eyebrow twitched, the cum covered sock slowly sliding his hand up and down along his stretched urethra, which seemed, somehow, to \*cling\* to him. He began to grin.

Sure, OnlyPaws loooved big dicks and balls, but you know what they REALLY loved? Cock vore.

And that is the Villain Origin Story of Butterscotch, the neutered cock-vorist, stalking the streets for males to suck down his cock and fill his empty (reformed) scrotum, if only for a little while.