Snakeskin redux 2

With spring break in full swing the dorms were very quiet, most of the students that had plans for leaving were already gone by this point and the few that stayed had no reason to go out since there were no classes or events. While most would consider that to be a chance to relax and recuperate from the current classes, but for Bill it was not what he had wanted in the slightest. It hadn’t been his choice to be there anyway; he was supposed to go with a couple friends that were part of a fraternity to go to the islands, but as the star running back for Stormhaven’s football team his overly protective coach had found out about it and made sure to spike him from going. It had been a choice of either going to party or keeping his football scholarship, and though he hated the fact that he had to choose at all he went with the one that kept him in school and playing. Even though it had been nearly a month since that decision had been handed down to him the fact that the day he was supposed to leave was here and he wasn’t on the plane had opened the wound once more.

To top it all off one of his professors had decided to give homework that had to be completed before the end of spring break as well, which meant not only did he not get to have fun but he also found himself with an armload of books he needed to complete the project. “This is bullshit,” Bill said angrily to himself as he finally got to his own dorm and kicked open the door after punching in the code. “Who the hell actually assigns homework during spring break… I swear coach probably put her up to this on purpose.”

The door slammed shut behind him and he went over towards his bedroom, one of four that were connected to the common room, bathroom, and kitchen that they all shared. Two of the four were back home with their families and the third, an art major named Ryan, was still on campus in order because he was serving as a Teacher’s Assistant for one of his professors and wanted to use the time to catch up on his lectures. Of the other three he was the one that he least wanted to hang out with, which was yet another reason for his pissed off mood. At this point he wasn’t sure what else could go wrong this year as he got into his room and tossed the books onto his desk before going back into the kitchen to make himself dinner.

As he pulled out the pre-made meal that he had been given as part of his exercise routine and threw it into the microwave he heard another bedroom door open and saw a lanky, black-haired man no older than him come out of it. “Thought it might be you out here,” Ryan said as he went up to the counter. “It was either that or a bunch of bulls decided to stampede through the dorms.”

“Ryan, shut up,” Bill said as he put his hands against the microwave. “I really don’t feel like dealing with your shit right now.”

“Wow, someone is in a mood,” Ryan replied as a faint hint of a smirk played on his lips before they turned to a frown. “Seriously though, you aren’t just going to be tearing up the place or throwing parties here, are you? I have three lectures that my professor wants me to write and about three portraits that I need to finish.”

“You mean those weird-ass furry pictures you draw,” Bill scoffed, which caused Ryan to roll his eyes.

“Not all of us can rely on being a meathead that can throw a ball around,” Ryan shot back, but before Bill could respond he dug into his pocket and pulled out a small box that he tossed onto the counter. “Anyway, this came for you, must be the extra small condoms that you ordered.”

Bill could feel his face turn red as he caught the box with his hand and just as he was about to say something he heard the microwave ding and turned his head towards it. It was only for a second but when he turned back to confront Ryan he found that the other man had already went back towards his bedroom with surprising quickness. “Freak,” Bill commented as he looked at the box that had been slid to him. “What’s he even doing with this, they don’t deliver packages direct to door.”

With the food finished and Ryan already out of sight Bill just took both the package and the plate to go back to his bedroom with. While he could probably have taken over the common living room for himself and muscled the art nerd out, but he decided not to bother and retired to his own bedroom instead. Unlike most of the students that lived on campus his room was rather spacious and not only had enough room for his desk and bed but also a small entertainment center and even some free weights and other small pieces of workout equipment. It was one of the perks of being on the football team as the dorm he was in only housed athletes, TA’s and other such people.

Once he had quickly finished his food and tossed the plate on top of the others, stacking them up so that he could just return them all back to his coach without having to wash them. As he turned back on his bed in order to grab the remote for his television he saw the small package that his roommate had handed him. Since he hadn’t ordered anything he wasn’t expecting any packages, but that didn’t mean that he wasn’t occasionally sent things either by his coach or a few admirers. He smirked as he remembered the one time he was sent a pair of panties with a phone number on it, which let to one of the most intense sex sessions with her and her roommate.

The mere recollection brought a smile to his face and his mood lifted at that as he looked at the brown paper box. While it had his name on it there was no return address and it meant that someone on campus had to have delivered it to their door, but he didn’t feel like knocking on the other door to find out if he knew anything else about the sender. Instead he just leaned up against the wall that his bed was against and slowly opened it just in case it was some sort of prank. Nothing popped out at him, but as he finally finished the unwrapping and look at the front of the box his anticipation turned to confusion.

It was a box of supplements; while the athlete was no stranger to pills and powders designed to keep him in shape this one had a large muscular cobra man that was on the cover flexing his biceps and winking right at him. His first thought was that his roommate had done it up to make fun of him for being what he called a meat head but as he looked over the box it was far too intricate to just be a prank. It also actually had something inside of it and as he opened the box his anger turned to curiosity at what such a strange product be. As he spilled out the contents into his palm he found twelve small, gel-filled capsules that were shaped more like an egg then the traditional pill shape. There was also a small slip of paper and Bill carefully shifted the contents in his hand to his desk before he read what was on it.

“Get massive gains with our new cobra pills,” Bill read out loud as his brow furrowed. “Our new serum guarantees not only new muscle growth like you’ve never experienced before but also shiny, healthy skin and increased libido. Experience a full-body transformation unlike anything you’ve ever experienced before.”

There some more wording underneath it that talked about how someone could take up to the entire box depending on the type of gains wanted and Bill ended up shaking his head and tossing the paper aside. There was no way the coach would ever send him anything as shady as this and there wasn’t even a list of ingredients that he could find. He found himself rubbing the hand that the pills landed on as he looked over the dozen capsules that rested on his desk and it made him wonder who would have possibly sent him such a thing. Was it someone that was trying to give him a leg up on the competition? As he continued to stare at the pills they almost seemed to be calling to him, inviting him to try it out and see if it could back up the bold claims that it was making.

Even though the voice in the back of his mind told him this was a bad idea Bill found his gaze fixated on the amber liquid-filled capsule, slowly bringing it up to his lips even though anything could have been inside of it. Every time a warning came up in his brain that it could be poison though another growing voice made him wonder what he could be missing out if the claims were true. Even as outlandish as they were he was always pushing to get stronger, to become more muscular, and not just for sports either. He was the envy of men and the desire of women at this campus… and if he could find something that would make him even more irresistible it was a temptation to him.

Eventually his desires won out over caution as he finally took the pill and popped it into his mouth, then washed it down with the remains of his protein drink he had brought in with his food. The second that he felt the capsule travel down his throat it was like a spell had been broken and he let out a sigh as he sat there on his bed. It didn’t take long for the capsules on his desk or the one traveling down to his stomach to be forgotten as he flipped through the television looking for something to watch. As he eventually flipped to sports he settled in and watched the game, his eyes glued to the screen even as he felt his stomach begin to gurgle.

Meanwhile in the other room Zach sat on his bed looking down at a box wrapped in brown paper addressed to him. The smaller package he had tossed to his roommate hadn’t been the only one that was delivered to their dorm, and as he looked down at it he could still remember the big smile given to him by the student that had delivered it. It wasn’t just the grin either, there was an almost glassy look to his eyes that made him wonder if the other student wasn’t on drugs. They spoke coherently enough though and told him that they were both special deliveries from admirers before he turned and left as soon as the boxes were in his hands.

“A secret admirer huh,” Zach said as he continued to play with the edges of the paper. “That may be something Bill gets all the time, but who would be interested in me? And why were both delivered at the same time?”

Though Zach had the urge to shake this particular gift the word fragile written on the paper prevented him from doing so, and instead he found himself carefully opening up the package to see what was inside. To his surprise it was a polished wooden box that had paint supplies when he opened it, quite a number of them as he took one of the jars and lifted it from its holder. Though he didn’t see any labels that denoted where they came from the look of the box alone indicated they were high-end, and as he put the jar back down his fingers traced over the brushes that were included as well. This was a very expensive gift… did someone really admire him that much in order to give him such a thing?

The art student almost wanted to just close the box and put it away, a mental image appearing in his mind of the one that gave it to him coming back to say he had made a mistake, but as he picked up a jar of shimmering silver paint he found himself cracking it open to take a look. The smell that greeted him was something unusual; while he had expected something oil-based it actually had a faint aroma of liquid latex, although this didn’t have the harsh ammonia aroma that accompanied it. As he looked over at his easel he saw the canvas he had prepped for his latest project and even though it was something for school he wanted to see how such paints worked.

Zach took the silver paint and dipped the brush into it as he went over to where his impromptu studio was set up, making sure to mix it before he applied the first stroke. As his brush slid over the canvas however he was shocked when none of the paint applied itself. He tried several more times and got the same result, like the paint had hardened or had a skin that formed over it for the few seconds that it was out in the air. Maybe it was some sort of prank paint, he thought to himself as he looked back at the box, though he wondered who would set up such an elaborate stunt and not be able to see his work.

Just then he shivered slightly as he felt something cold on his finger and looked down to see that there was a splotch of silver on the back of his hand. In his distracted state he had accidently marked himself with the substance but just as he was about to rub it off he suddenly had a thought that caused him to pause. What if this wasn’t paint that was supposed to be applied to a different canvas, he thought to himself as he took the brush and ran it from his wrist to the tip of his middle finger. To his surprise the paint transferred almost instantly with a smooth and even coat that was hard to get on a surface that wasn’t human skin.

A set of body paint… as he looked over at his laptop Zach found himself biting his lip when he wondered if a client of his hadn’t somehow found him. While he was a traditional artist in school on the internet he created artwork that depicted anthropomorphic creatures, often in lewd acts, for the money he needed to cover the gap between the meager scholarships he did have and also to pay for food and entertainment. As he stood there he remembered someone asking him about bodypainting and said that it was an interesting medium… could they have given him a gift in the desire to maybe show his work when he was done? He had never exposed his real self online, not only for safety concerns but also because he didn’t believe anyone wanted to see his scrawny body.

The thought somehow brought Bill to mind; more than once the star athlete had walked from the bathroom to his bedroom with only a towel on that left just enough to the imagination. He would look great covered in this stuff, Zach thought to himself as he went back to sit down on the bed as he imagined the handsome man covered head to toe in scintillating colors. With the paint inside he could make that man look like a work of art while covered in designs or made to look like statue or even painted up similar to an animal. The last thought caused him to blush when he remembered after he had talked to the guy online that mentioned body paints he had looked up a few videos and found some rather risqué ones that were secretly bookmarked.

“Too bad he’s an asshole,” Zach thought with a sigh as he looked back at his hand and the silver streak that ran up it. “I suppose it wouldn’t hurt to try a bit of this out on myself though, maybe just a hand…”

Back in Bill’s room a few hours had passed since as he finished watching the game that was on the television, shaking his head at the team he was hoping would win getting massacred before setting the remote down on the desk. When he did he saw the other capsules that were there and was reminded of the one he had taken as he chuckled. “I should have known that it was a dud,” Bill said out loud as he began to get up from his bed. “No substitute for hard work, speaking of which the gym is probably still open so… I… can…”

Bill trailed off as he looked down at himself as he stood up and saw that there were two things there that shouldn’t be; the first was that his stomach was pushing out the tank top he wore and the second was that something similar was happening to the front of his gym shorts. His main concern though was his belly and when he pulled off the shirt that covered it he found himself looking like he had swallowed a football that stretched out his otherwise flat stomach. As he pressed down on the object it caused the erection that he had to throb as a wave of pleasure went through his body. Panic immediately began to flood his mind as his first thought was to call a hospital before he remembered that he had taken something that didn’t have any markings on labels other than being an aid for muscle growth.

Since there was no pain and it didn’t look like it was getting bigger he decided to go to the fitness center after all, but not to work out. One of the people there would be a physician that might be able to help him, though as he put his shirt back on he found that while his stomach was easy to hide his maleness was a bit tougher. He reached down into his pants and grabbed onto the throbbing tool and ended up securing it with his waistband, though that only caused it to press against the bulge in his stomach and create even more pleasure. It also seemed thicker and bigger than before, but he didn’t have time to think about that as he quickly put on his coat to hide the head of his cock poking out of his shorts before heading to the fitness center.

Even though the building was fairly close to the dorm he lived at every step Bill took caused him to falter slightly. He could feel sweat starting to form on his skin as every movement he made seemed to stimulate him and cause the length sandwiched between his shorts and the bulge to push up further. By the time he was at the front doors of the building he could feel it start to drip off of his shirt as he made his way to the doctor’s office. A growing part of him wanted to head to the bathroom and jerk off, but he found himself pressing forward until he was knocking on the door to the infirmary and praying that Michael was in.

“Hey hey, woah,” Michael said as soon as he opened the door, stepping aside to avoid being knocked over by the man that came barreling in. “Bill, what’s going on? You look like you just spent hours in a sauna.”

“I… I need you to check something for me,” Bill said, his words trembling as he quickly stripped off his jacket while his back was to the doctor. Any sense of modesty he might have had went out the window as he let his gym shorts fall to the floor and took off his shirt before turning back around. He could see the doctor’s eyes widen in shock at what he saw but quickly attempted to retain his demeanor as he went over and put on some latex gloves.

“Are you… in any pain?” Michael replied as he moved forward and touched the swollen abdomen as Bill shook his head. “Does it hurt when I press into it?”

“Just the opposite actually,” Bill said, biting his lip to try and not moan as the doctor jostled the lump inside of him around. The movement combined with being stimulated from being aroused caused a spurt of pre to come out of his cock and land on the doctor’s arm, which he promptly got up to wipe off as he found himself blushing in embarrassment. “Sorry about that doc, it just feels so damn good in such a bizarre way.”

“Don’t worry about it Bill,” Michael replied as he went back, this time holding the swollen member that was still throbbing. “My first guess was a hernia or STD, but I’ve never seen anything like this. Oh… now that’s something…”

Michael’s comment was directed down to the lump that appeared to be deflating while Bill gripped the table to keep himself from falling over. As the doctor continued to hold his dick sudden lewd images came to his mind, ideas of the man continuing to stroke up and down the large member with his face right in front of it that he couldn’t seem to banish from his mind. More of the alien thoughts began to infiltrate his mind the doctor was so preoccupied with watching the stomach flatten once more that he failed to see the rest of the other man start to relax, or the smirk that formed on his face. As the sclera of the student began to discolor to a bronze hue and the pupils elongated he began to shift his hips back and forth, which caused Michael to let go and back away.

Before he could rebuke the student for his inappropriate behavior though he was shocked to see Bill grunt and flex, his already impressive physique stretching and swelling underneath his tanning skin. It was unlike anything he had ever seen before, but as the biceps of the growing man quivered with new growth they suddenly reached out and grabbed him. The doctor was unprepared for the sudden lunge and found himself pinned up against the wall before those lips pressed against his and a tongue was pushed into his mouth. Even with the other man’s mouth pressed hard against his Michael looked down as he felt something sharp caress his hips before ripping into his pants and causing them to fall.

Bill’s strength impressively flipped him around and once more the doctor found himself pinned, this time with his stomach against the wall as something began to push up between his bare cheeks. “Relax doctor,” a voice that was much deeper than Bill’s hissed into his ear. “You’re going to enjoy this…”

The doctor tried to think of something to do to get out of the situation but as the tainted cum that soaked through his sleeve and into his skin clouded his mind with lust the only thing he could focus on was the cock head that was pressed up into him. What thoughts did swirl in his mind were at first ones of someone walking in, of being fired and sued, but as Bill sank the tip of his cock past the ring of muscle those mental images were replaced with another guy coming in and joining, and even being bent over his exam table with another thick member in his mouth. As more of the pre soaked into his inner walls from the cock spreading him open the enhanced muscles of the other man flexed at once as something seemed to bulge the base of his already thick cock. The possessed man let out a hiss of pleasure as the egg that had been inside of him slowly traveled down his mutated shaft, ready to be implanted into the man being impaled as a pair of bronze serpentine eyes watched the entire process…

Back in the dorm room Zach continued to sit on his bed and used the tiny brush that came with the kit in order to finish up the details on the hands he had been meticulously painting the entire time. He hadn’t stopped at just one and along with the silver paint he had opened the black, red, and blue jars to add more details. As he put the last of the black paint on his fingers he wiggled them to see the scaled hand move in response. He had originally just wanted to make something reptilian in nature but his muse inspired him and he added a few runic designs on the back of his hand in red and made little pad spots in the blue to make it look like rubies and sapphire.

They almost didn’t feel like his hands, Zach thought to himself as he looked at it. As he put the caps on the black, red, and blue paints with it he imagined a rubber lizardman was the one that was moving everything even though he could feel the dried latex on his fingers. He couldn’t help but smile at what he had done; it looked so real that he could almost see the claws on the tips of his fingers and the shiny gems glinting in the light. The more he watched himself the more enticing his imagination was getting until he noticed that his pants were starting to get a bit tight.

At first Zach shook his head at getting aroused like that, but as he started to put the lid on the silver jar a rather lewd thought came to his mind. He put the paint aside on his nightstand and watched as the painted hands slowly undid the button of his pants, pulling them down just like the creature in his mind did as he bit his lip. Once he had managed to get them completely kicked off his cock flopped out, the semi-hard shaft pulsating as it grew harder with the ideas coming to him. Normally he just drew the art for others but as he touched his shaft with his rubber finger the idea of some lizardman doing it to him was nearly causing his hips to buck upwards against his palm.

A moan escaped from Zach’s lips as he curled his fingers around it, trying to keep his gaze so it was just the hand stroking his hardened flesh. The rubber against his sensitive skin felt great but as he began to pump up and down he found himself not lubricated enough to make it really glide. While he had some lube in his desk drawer his eyes went to the silver paint that was still out and it caused another burst of inspiration. Though he didn’t want to waste the premium substance he couldn’t help but reach over and take a small scoop of the thick, shiny liquid and spread it over his palm before going back.

This time the sensations were so intense that he flopped back on his bed from the sheer pleasure as the rubber hand slid up and down almost effortlessly. The artist was so caught up in the sensations and his own imagination he didn’t see his cock starting to swell and grow thicker with the silver paint being spread over it, or that the rubberized flesh seemed to grow ridges along it. Instead while one hand continued to pump along his growing shaft the other played with his sack and between his legs. When he ran into the similar problem of his latex flesh not sliding as easily along the uncovered flesh he took his other hand and gave a few strokes to cover it, then kept going as his legs kicked from the stimulation.

As his fingernails grew to rubber claws the someone small cock that Zach sported had now grown to something that he almost could touch the tips of his fingers. His other hand continued to press and rub against his balls and as they pushed up against his body the rubber started to coat his thighs as well, and as the rubber tightened it drew the orbs up between his legs until there was only smooth, shiny silver flesh there. That didn’t dissuade Zach though and when playing with himself down there wasn’t enough those fingers slid further back until they touched somewhere he normally didn’t play with when by himself. As his cock surged with new growth that provided another wave of pleasure he plunged them inside his hole, causing his back to arch as he let out a sharp gasp.

While he has had things back there, including other men, nothing prepared him for when those rubber-covered digits plunged inside. He pushed himself in even deeper and it wasn’t long before his hips raised up and humped into the air. In his mind he imagined the lizardman wasn’t fingering him but using his cock instead, spreading open his cheeks like he did as his hole seemed to stretch easily to accommodate him. It wasn’t long before the silver rubber was spread all over his cheeks as he brought himself to orgasm, his eyes squeezed shut as he was overwhelmed with his climax. Had he watched his cock he would have seen the thick silver liquid dribble out of it and add to what was already there, his hands seemingly operating of their own accord to stimulate the man further as he laid there panting while a lump began to form at the base of his spine…