

Above Average



By Ziel

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Part 1

Alan was as perfectly average as they come. He had perfectly average short brown hair which nicely complimented his equally average brown eyes. His skin was lightly tanned, which was average for someone his age. His height and build could only rightly be described as average. He was even average downstairs; his perfectly average dick was five and a half inches long; which as it turns out, is spot on with the national average.

Even his life was average. He got decent enough grades in high school which got him into a decent enough college. Now that he was well into his second year in college he was doing well enough there, too. He was holding down Bs and Cs in all his

classes; which as he had been told by his friends and classmates, was pretty much average.

On an average Friday or Saturday night he would be down with some of his buds at one of the frat houses near campus getting completely bloated. He typically held his liquor well enough, but last night was the first time he had ever been full on, black out drunk. Incidentally, last night was also the first time he was legally able to purchase his own alcohol. Yesterday had been Alan's twenty-first birthday, and like you're average college guy, he had spent it making a whirlwind tour of all the bars on and off campus with his buds. He could only really remember the first bar; it got to be a haze after that.

Alan groaned loudly as he stirred awake. His brain felt like someone had stuck it in a blender and then poured the sloppy pink slurry into a waffle iron and burnt it. His eyes hurt so bad that even the light against his eyelids seared his retinas. The normally soft ticking of his dorm room ceiling fan as it swung back and forth sounded like someone was firing a magnum off right next to his ear. Alan could proudly claim to have officially had his first hangover, and he had to admit, it was just as shitty as he was lead to believe.

He reached one hand blindly to his night stand and began fumbling around for something to drink; his throat was dry, and his mouth tasted sour and sickly. His fingers bumped painfully loudly

against various empty beer bottles before settling on some unknown solid object. He ran his fingers along it and managed to deduce its approximate shape. It certainly felt like a bottle, and it was heavy, which meant that it was probably full. Alan wrapped his hand around the object and tried to pull the cap off with the other hand. Try as he might he couldn't find any lid to pull off. He begrudgingly opened his eyes to try and see what he was doing. The extra light burned about as much as he expected, but he was surprised to see what it was he was actually holding.

The object was not a bottle at all. In fact, it appeared to be a small stone statue. It appeared to be very old and worn, but the features on the grey figure were fairly unmistakable. Somehow in his drunken revelry he had managed to find an ancient cock statue. He hoped that while he was out painting the town last night that he didn't steal it from some museum or curio shop, or worse yet, actually spend money on such a piece of junk. He chucked it haphazardly over his shoulder and reached for a half empty bottle of water instead; he really was not in the mood to survey the intricacies of some ancient dildo. The statue bounced once on his mattress and then rolled off the side, lodging tightly between the side of the mattress and the wall.

Now that he had a drink, it was time to find something to take for his headache. He staggered over to the little sink on the far side of the room. He

was in the cheapest dorm on campus, and the rooms were little better than prison cells. Prison cells might even be better, he thought wryly. His bed felt like a stone slab; he couldn't imagine prison beds being any worse, and at least in prison he had a toilet in his room instead of having to use the communal restroom down the hall.

Alan pulled open the combination mirror/medicine cabinet that hung over the sink and grabbed a bottle of aspirin. He poured an indeterminate number of pills into his hand; it was definitely more than the recommended dosage, but he needed some serious relief from his pain. He tossed the whole handful of pills into his mouth and washed it all down with every last drop of water that remained in the bottle.

As he strolled back to his bed he reached a hand down the front of his pants and mindlessly adjusted himself. The front of his boxers seemed a little more snug than he was used to this morning. It wasn't enough to bother him, though; he just pulled his respectable dick to one side and face-planted back into his pillow. He was out cold the second he hit the mattress.

He awoke again a few hours later. His headache had all but faded, but now he had to piss like a race horse. Alan didn't even bother getting dressed; plenty of other students liked to roam the dorm completely naked, and so being clad in just

boxers was hardly going to cause any issues. As he stumbled down the hallway, he passed one the guys on the level that never seemed to be clothed. Ever. John was a pretty typical jock, but a nice enough guy. John's blond hair was buzzed short. John said he did that because it felt more comfortable when he had his football helmet on. Alan thought it was kind of a shame, though. John looked a whole lot cuter when he had the long, shaggy, surfer bro haircut going at the beginning of the year. Alan secretly liked that he was able to get a free shot of that hot jock muscle and sexy dick on a regular basis. John's cock wasn't particularly large, but it was a bit above average and plenty thick.

Alan could feel the front of his pants getting tighter as his own cock started to stir to life. He was pretty sure everyone on the floor knew he was gay by now, but he still didn't want to be caught popping a boner in the middle of the hallway. For starters, it just wasn't polite, and there was always the risk that the other guys would be weirded out and actually start wearing clothes when Alan was around.

Alan slipped into the restroom and made a beeline for one of the open urinals. There were plenty open, but only one that fit the criteria for basic urinal etiquette as dictated by the bro code. He let out an audible sigh of relief as his sizeable salami log flopped free. Alan didn't think anything of it as he wrapped both hands around the shaft to aim it while he relieved himself. He closed his eyes and quietly

hummed some annoying pop song that had been stuck in his head all morning as he went about his business. He didn't even notice the large frame occupy the urinal right next to him. Now that his headache was pretty much completely gone he was feeling pretty good about the day. Once he finished up, he shook his large floppy dick a few times to take care of any residual liquid. He was just about to slip it back in his pants when he was startled by a deep voice booming beside him, "Woah! That's huge!"

Alan jumped and turned to look at who had been watching him, and was surprised to see John standing right next to him. This was the first time that Alan had ever been so close to the hulking wall of muscle, and it was more than a little disconcerting. At well over six feet tall, John was one of the biggest people on campus. There were one or two basketball players that could top John's 6'8" height, but none of them could rival his sheer muscled mass. The hulking freshman had almost a full foot of height on Alan.

Alan certainly didn't feel huge. If anything he felt tiny and insignificant next to what he assumed to be around three hundred pounds of solid muscle. He looked up and up until he finally was looking John in the eyes. Alan was surprised to see the gigantic jock was still staring straight as his exposed cock; Alan had forgotten to put it back in its pouch when he had been startled by the booming voice. "Look who's talking." Alan replied while rolling his eyes.

“No. I mean it, man. You’ve got a great dick.” John responded, looking a little embarrassed and somewhat sheepish.

“I’m perfectly average in every way. I’m like a frickin underachieving Mary Poppins.” Alan replied flatly as he turned to go wash his hands.

“That’s certainly not average.” The huge, muscled dude continued as he followed Alan. “Hey, uh... So, I know you’re gay, but have you ever... you know. Done oral?”

Alan spun around and glared right into John’s clear blue eyes. “Yes. I’m gay, but don’t think for a minute that I’m just going to go down and the first hot guy who flaunts his dick in my face. If you want to get your rocks off go flag down one of those floozies who hang out around the locker rooms looking for a quick score.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it like that.” John sputtered; his cheeks were turning slightly pink. “It’s just. I mean... I was actually asking... Would you let me? I mean... can I... um... blow you?” To Alan’s surprise, the hulking jock was grinning bashfully. The rookie of the year fully intended to go down on him. He could already feel his hefty dick struggling to burst free of the plaid boxers which were quickly becoming much too small to hold it all in.

“Here?” Alan yelled in surprise.

“Maybe someplace a little more private?”

John responded with a sheepish grin. Alan was surprised that someone so huge and hot could be such an awkward goof. It seemed like the more nervous John got, the more of his southern drawl would slip out.

“You don’t have a roommate, right? How about your place?” Alan said while a nervous smile played at the corner of his mouth. He had had John pegged as a typical jock, but now that he was actually taking the time to speak to him for more than just the typical “sup” he was finding the giant blond to be quite sweet, and John’s good ol’ boy southern charm was something that Alan was going to have to be careful not to fall for.

“Right! ... um. Lead the way.” John replied; his face was completely red. A quick look down south revealed why. John’s respectable six inches were fully rigid.

Alan and John made their way down the hallway back to John’s dorm room. The hulking youth stayed awkwardly close to Alan the entire time; John was using Alan to cover his hard-on. John was following so close behind, in fact, that his cock would occasionally bump into Alan’s back. John was so much taller than Alan that when his dick hit, it hit dead center on the brown haired dude’s back.

Alan stepped aside to allow John to unlock the door, but John just turned the knob and the door flung open with ease. Alan rolled his eyes. It would make sense that his door would be unlocked. It's not like he had any place to put the key.

"You can sit on the bed if you want." John said, gesturing towards the bed at the far side of the room.

Alan was surprised how neat the room was. He had expected a college football player's bedroom to look like the site of a constant party; beer bottles everywhere, underwear hanging from all the furniture, a broken light here or there. In other words, he had expected John's room to look a lot like his. He was also surprised by the number of books stacked neatly on shelves and the substantial movie library that lined the rest of the shelves.

Alan stood at the foot of the bed and put his thumbs in his waistband. He was ready to drop his drawers right then and there, but John stopped him. "Wait... Can I?" Alan nodded and grinned in response. This lumbering jock was constantly surprising him with just how cute and innocent he could be.

John got down on his knees and placed his hands on either side of Alan's hips and slowly pulled the boxers down. He gasped in awe as Alan's well above average boner sprung free. Alan gasped as

well, but for much different reasons. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. He was currently sporting the biggest dick he had ever seen and had no idea how or why. He wasn't going to argue with it, though. His miraculous growth spurt downstairs had just gotten him into bed with the school's up-and-coming star athlete.

Alan sat down on the edge of the bed and moaned as he felt John's lips wrap around his dick. While it wasn't the best blowjob he had ever received, John was certainly the hottest guy Alan had ever hooked up with, and the hulking blond's enthusiasm more than made up for his lack of experience. John's mouth slid up and down Alan's shaft as he continued to suck and run his tongue along Alan's dick. John was trying to take more and more of Alan's cock in his mouth with each pass, but he gagged a bit as Alan's huge cock poked down his throat.

"Sorry." John said sheepishly and then returned to his sucking.

"Don't be. You'll get the hang of it. You just need to do it more." Alan replied with a reassuring grin.

John lifted off of Alan's cock and beamed with joy. "Does that mean we can do this some more?" He asked. His eyes seemed to twinkle with anticipation.

“Sure. Whenever you want.” Alan replied, giving John a sexy wink. His voice was a little unsteady since he was so close to blowing his load. John’s face lit up like the fourth of July. Alan had never seen anyone so excited at the thought of sucking him off. Hell, he’d never seen someone so happy to get the chance to hang around him at all. John’s prize winning smile melted Alan’s heart and broke his resolve. Alan let out a long low moan of bliss as he creamed all over John’s smiling face.

Both guys were surprised by the volume. Alan’s large nuts seemed to seize upwards and unload, then refill and unload again. Jet after jet of warm spunk splashed against the jock’s face and splattered into his hair.

“Shit. I’m sorry, man.” Alan managed to say between gasps for air. He felt terrible for cumming all over John like that.

“Don’t be.” John replied with a huge smile. “But next time, try to actually get some in my mouth.” John shot Alan a sexy wink as he wiped off clumps of jizz with two fingers and then sucked the spunk off.

Alan was rock hard all over again after seeing such an incredibly lewd and amazingly sexy act. John noticed his still rock hard dick and looked nervous all over again. “Um... So... have you ever tried... You know... Anal?”

Alan grinned happily at John. "Man, after that blowjob you deserve it." Alan flopped back in the bed and lifted his legs for John.

John silently mouthed "Wow." as he stared at Alan's cute butt. Alan may not have had much muscle definition, but he was by no means fat. To top it all off, he had a naturally round and full bubble butt that just served to make his ass look huge and sexy. "Thanks, but... I meant for me..."

Alan sat back and looked at John in shock. "What? But man. You said it yourself. I'm huge. This isn't exactly something you take on your first try."

"It's not exactly my first try..." John responded; his face turning a deeper and deeper red by the second. "But I really want to do it with you... so please?"

Alan could not say no to those soulful blue puppy eyes. "Ok. Fine, but have you got any lube?" Alan sighed in defeat.

John perked up and smiled even wider than before. "I sure do! It's right there in the top drawer." John nodded to the little desk which was set up right next to the bed. Alan reached over and pulled open the drawer. Sure enough there was a bottle of lube in there and an impressive looking dildo. Alan pulled both the bottle and the toy of the drawer and playfully lined up his dick with the black, rubber faux

cock. The King Dong XXL had him beat, but not by much. He had seen this model at the sex shops before. It was supposed to be fourteen inches long, and since Alan almost rivaled it, his dick had to be over a foot long. "This should be a cakewalk for you." He teased as he rolled his eyes jokingly.

John jumped onto the bed like an excited puppy and lifted his legs for Alan. "Roll over, man. Let me get you warmed up properly." Alan said with a playful smirk. John wanted to get right to the reaming, but he was curious about what Alan meant. John nodded and rolled over so Alan could work.

Alan took one huge, muscled cheek in each hand and began kneading. He had checked out John's amazing ass on numerous occasions throughout the semester, but never once imagined that he would be able to get so up close and personal with it. He spread the glorious mounds wide and buried his face between them and began kissing and licking anywhere his lips and tongue could reach. As Alan flicked his tongue against the jock's eagerly twitching hole, the muscled blond tensed up and let out a high pitched half gasp half moan sound that could only rightly be described as a squeak.

Alan slowly shook his head as he chuckled silently to himself. The blond dude seemed more and more adorable by the second. It was a shame they couldn't actually be boyfriends. There is no way that this jock would ever commit social suicide and

actually come out. Alan just had to live with being fuck buddies for now. He was sure he could live with that arrangement.

Alan poured the lube liberally across his gigantic cock and slowly guided the tip in towards John's waiting ass. His dick slid in surprisingly easily, but then again, John did have some practice in this regard. Alan was amazed at just how great John's ass felt. Alan was usually on the one taking and not the one giving, but the star wide receiver was living up to his title. Alan could feel the stud's insides wrap around his dick as he continued to thrust in and out. With each thrust, John moaned loudly and breathlessly.

"These are thin walls, dude. People will hear you." Alan whispered sharply.

"Let them hear!" John screamed between gasps. "I'm being fucked by the biggest dick in school! I'm being ridden hard and loving every second of it!" John's deep voice boomed. The walls seemed to rattle with the force of his outburst. There was probably no chance that anyone on their level would think John was straight after this.

John's coming out shriek had been one of the hottest things Alan had ever witnessed. John's declaration had been emphasized by him completely taking control. Alan was no longer setting the pace; John was now rocking back and forth as he greedily

rode Alan's massive schlong. Alan didn't last much longer after that. Within moments he was blowing yet another load; this one deep inside John's huge, muscular ass.

John could feel an impressive amount of spooge pumping into him. The volume of cum was so much that he even began to feel a little bloated and cramped, but it was a mild discomfort compared to how amazing he felt all over. His ass had been torn up and now ached with a dull, pleasant pain. He felt so full and fulfilled that he was a little sad when he felt Alan's now soft cock slide out of him.

Alan pulled his huge dick out of John and hopped up on the bed next to the massive athlete. Even on a king size bed, there was barely enough room for the two of them. As Alan lay back e felt something hard under him. He reached back and realized he had lain down on the fabled King Dong XXL. He chuckled a bit to himself as he noticed how strangely small it looked next to his own massive, soft dick. He absentmindedly dropped the outdated sex toy off the side of the bed and sidled up against John. To Alan's amazement and excitement, John wrapped both beefy arms around him and pulled him in tight. Alan quickly dozed off, surrounded by pillows and muscles.

Above Average Part 1

Alan and John's post-coitus cuddling was interrupted by loud, obnoxious banging on the door. "Just ignore it. They'll go away eventually." John said contentedly as he tightened his arms around Alan. Alan was perfectly fine with letting their visitor come and go without so much as a word, until he heard a voice coming from the other side of the door. Alan groaned in annoyance as he recognized his roommate's shouting.

"Alan! Alan! Alan! Alan! Alan! Alan!" Over and over the dude on the other side continued to bark his name like a meerkat. Alan shook off John's arms and trudged over to the door while grumbling a litany of obscenities about his roommate.

“Steve! Steve! Steve! Steve! Steve!” Alan barked back angrily, and then added testily, “What!?”

Steve just raised an eyebrow and cocked his head back as he greeted Alan in the time honored way that one bro typically greets another, “sup?” Steve was about Alan’s height, but was very different in other ways. He had a very lean build typically of skaters and long wavy brown hair that was topped off with a red, yellow, and green rasta-colored beanie.

“Oh, you know. Hooked up with a hot football player. Had sex. So I’ve got that going for me. Which is nice.” Alan responded casually but then his demeanor soured as he followed up with an annoyed, “How did you even find me here?”

“You know how it is. It’s a small campus. News travels fast, especially if one of the star football players is involved. Not only that, but his voice carries well. I could hear you two love birds from the lobby.” Steven commented nonchalantly; a perpetual peaceful grin seemed stuck on his face. He then leaned into the room and peered over Alan’s shoulder at the huge, naked jock seated on the bed. Steve shot John a thumbs up and added cheerfully, “Congrats on the sex, dude.”

Alan shoved Steve back out of the doorway and added testily, “Why are you even here!?”

“Haha. Oh, right. Maaan. We were so fucked up last night.” Steve said jovially.

“I noticed.” Alan replied flatly.

“I think I may have, accidentally taken some freaky Tiki mask from the anthro wing and might have worn it as I ran around campus... As in... Just the mask.” Steve explained as a goofy grin spread across his face.

“And I’m supposed to care? It’s not the first time you’ve streaked around campus. We both know how proud you are of your cock.” Alan replied as he rolled his eyes. Steve was pretty well known for his ten inches, and Alan had had plenty of time to get up close and personal with the amazing tool. Unfortunately, Steve was straight, but he was a bit more open minded than most guys. Alan and Steve were really good friends, and Steve was never one to turn down a free blow job.

“Look, man. I need a favor...” Steve looked around to make sure the coast was clear before leaning in the room again and addressing John. “Hey man, I need to steal your boyfriend for a minute.” Steve grabbed Alan by the arm and pulled him into the hallway.

“Ok. I want you to come with me to return the mask. I could get in deep trouble for swiping it, and you are much better at handling people than I am.

So... can you pleeaassee come with me and help me smooth things over? Pleeeassee?" Steve clasped his hands together and made an overly dramatic show of kneeling down as he pleaded.

"Dude. Get up, you're being a tool." Alan replied, sighing audibly as he did so.

Steve could tell from the tone of his friend's voice that Alan was going to accept his request. He began to look up to thank his bud, but his eyes only made it half way. His jaw dropped the second he saw the massive tool swinging between Alan's legs. The huge cock reached over halfway down to his knee and had two huge melons for testicles to go along with it. "Jesus Christ!!" Steve shouted in shock.

The doors to a couple of the nearby dorm rooms opened up as the occupants looked out to see what the commotion was. They too stopped and stared in shock and awe of Alan's massive cock. Steve got back to his feet and quickly began herding Alan back into John's dorm. "I just need to steal your guy candy for a minute." Steve said to the small crowd that had begun gather around.

Once they were back in the room, Steve shut the door behind him and turned to Alan. "Ok. What have you been feeding that thing, and did you save any for your bestest bud?"

“Uh... I honestly don't know. It was just kind of bigger when I woke up today.” Alan shrugged as he explained. He didn't really care how his dick had grown; as far as he was concerned, the results speak for themselves.

Steve grabbed Alan by the arm and pulled him over to John's desk and shoved him into the swiveling task chair. He had a rare serious expression on his face as he did so. In one quick motion, he pulled his belt out of the loops in his loose jeans, causing the already low riding denim pants to fall to the floor. He grabbed a small ruler from the cup sitting on John's desk and measured the distance between the metal studs on his belt. “Ok. $\frac{3}{4}$ inches between studs...” He murmured as he held the belt against the base of Alan's cock. “No way... fifteen inches? Soft!?”

“Wow.” Both Alan and John said in unison. The word was the same, but the meaning was totally different. Alan was amazed at the sheer size of his dick now, but John was absolutely enamored with the sheer magnitude of his new friend's growth. He had watched it almost double in size since they had been together. He was already wondering what the new and improved cock would look like fully hard and just how big it could get.

Steve got down on his knees before Alan and pulled his friend's legs wide apart. He slowly began stroking his bud's gigantic dick. Both Alan and

John were too surprised by what they were seeing to say anything at first, but as Alan's cock got harder, and Steve wrapped his lips around the head, Alan asked shakily, "You are straight, right?"

"Straight enough." Steve replied as he sucked off his friend's gigantic tool. "What's a few blowjobs between friends, right?"

"Oh, hey... I could do that... if you want." John piped in softly. His own respectably dick was already fully hard all over again.

Steve ignored him and continued going down on Alan's huge knob. As he came up for air again he said. "I'll blow you, but if you so much as think of cumming in my mouth I will use these power pellets as punching bags." Steve said coolly. His calm demeanor already made it clear that he was only half joking, but he gave one of Alan's huge nuts a light squeeze to emphasize his point. Alan chewed on his lower lip as he struggled to not blow his load in his friend's mouth. Alan had gone down on Steve several times in the past, but this would be the first time that the glove was on the other foot. Alan was amazed at how good at it Steve was.

"I don't mind if you cum in my mouth... Just saying." John tried to interject, but neither of the other guys seemed to be paying much attention to him.

Steve pulled off when Alan was very close to blowing his load. Alan's cock was the hardest it had ever been. He wanted so bad to cum, but Steve seemed to have other ideas. Steve held his belt up to Alan's rigid shaft and counted off the rivets. "Wow. Not bad. 20 inches fully hard."

John stared at Alan's monster cock in awe. He could not believe all of that was inside of him just a moment ago.

Alan's toes were curling and uncurling as he hovered over the edge. He really really wanted to cum, but something about the situation made it very embarrassing. He had blown his load many times in Steve's presence, but never like this. He felt like a lab rat under the microscope. Cumming now would just feel demeaning.

Steve tapped John's firm, muscular abs with his knuckles. "Don't leave him hanging, Fagrid." Despite the dubious nickname, John jumped right into action. Within seconds he was on his knees before Alan. John was so tall that even though he was on his knees, he was still eye level with Alan, but Alan's cock was now so large that he didn't need to bend down much to suck it. John gave Alan his best, most seductive bedroom eyes as he sucked on the massive knob.

It didn't take long at all for Alan to bust his nut right into John's mouth. Alan was already about

to cum before John started sucking him off. The combination of the blowjob and the sexy look he was being given proved just too much. Alan's nuts started pulling inward as he unloaded his spunk. Jets of cum pumped into John's mouth. There was an amazing amount of Jizz, but Jon was determined to swallow it all. John swallowed as fast as he could, but Alan's plus size cum shot proved to be too much for him. The excess spunk leaked out the sides of his mouth as he kept his lips locked around the immense cock.

Finally Alan was spent. His now deflating cock drooped heavily in front of him. "I wouldn't mind doing that more often." He said breathlessly.

"All you have to do is ask." John replied with a grin as he wiped some of the excess spunk from his lips with one hand and reached down to jack Alan's cock again with his other.

"Oh no you don't!" Steve cut in. Both John and Alan were surprised by Steve's outburst. Steve didn't even make an effort to explain himself as he strode forward, shoving John aside in the process. He lined his belt up against Alan's thick cock once again. His belt looked much like a spool of measuring tape when placed up against Alan's impossibly thick dong. "Huh. I thought it looked bigger. Congratulations. You're now 20 inches soft."

"What? How did that happen?" Alan yelled in surprise as he sat up straighter on the chair.

“If I knew that I’d be working on doing it to myself.” Steve said as he shrugged. “Man. It’s like you got soft, but didn’t deflate. Same size soft now as you were hard a minute ago.” Steve paused and stoked his chin thoughtfully for a moment before muttering out loud. “Man. I don’t see how you have kept that beast secret for so long.”

“What do you mean ‘for so long?’ It just happened. You watched it happen.” Alan shot back testily.

“What? Oh right. I remember that... wait.” Steve scratched his head thoughtfully as he tried to remember. “Man. This is messing with my head. I remember announcing your sizes, but I don’t remember measuring you. Like, I know I must have, but like. Ok. You how when you have a really cracked out dream and you wake up and tell someone about it? Five minutes later you can remember everything that you told the other person but you can’t remember a damn thing about the dream itself?”

“I guess so, but I am still not sure I know what you are talking about.” Alan responded skeptically.

“It’s like... I have two sets of memories in my head, and both are equally true. I remember teasing you as you blew me on a regular basis. You know the whole spiel I do.” Steve’s posture and demeanor

changed as he mimicked himself in the process of being sucked off by his roommate. A smug, self-satisfied grin spread across his face and his back arched as he puffed out his chest in a pose the exuded machismo. "You like that you little queer. This is probably the biggest dick you'll ever see. Yeah. Suck it."

Alan fidgeted a little as his friend acted out their secret role play in front of his new friend. He could already feel his dick twitching a bit as it began to wake up. Alan had always found the tough guy act that Steve did when he sucked him off to be pretty hot, but he didn't want John to know that. Alan looked out of the corner of his eyes to see John staring at Steve's groin with rapt fascination. Apparently the big, blond jock liked the act too. It didn't hurt that Steve's large ten inches of dick filled out the front of his boxers well enough that the outline of his dick was clearly visible.

Steve continued talking, the annoyance clear in his voice. "See? I remember that I used to tease you about having the bigger dick, even though I know you have had twenty two inches for as long as I have known you."

Alan gasped. "We just measure it. It was twenty two! Er... Twenty inches on the dot." He wasn't sure if his mistake with the size was an honest mistake caused by Steve's comment, or if his own memories were beginning to jumble. He hoped

it was the former; the fact that their memories seemed to be changing as they spoke was very disconcerting for him. Alan then looked down and noticed that his dick did seem slightly larger. It appeared that even the slightest swelling of arousal could have an impact on his final size.

“Yeah, but you made me measure it last year. You said you were sick of me always bragging about mine.” Steve explained calmly.

Alan had to admit, that sounded like something he would do. Especially since Steve always bragged about how he was naturally gifted. Naturally gifted. Oh please. Alan thought snarkily. Last time Alan’s cock was ten inches was in middle school. He shook his head violently and even slapped the side of his head in an effort to knock the foreign memories out of his head. That just made it official. He needed to get to the bottom of this mystery before the changes became permanent, or worse.

“Look. We’re not getting anywhere with this conversation. We can figure this out later, but first, will you come with me to return the mask or not? I mean, if we were both in the anthro wing last night, maybe the answer lies somewhere in there?” Steve once again pleaded with Alan. Alan had to admit, that that made as much sense as anything. Something had happened last night, and the strange

mask that Steve had absconded with seemed to be their best lead.

“Fine, but let me find something to wear that will actually cover my junk.” Alan replied with a tone of defeat in his voice. He was so thrilled to have a huge cock, but now that it was beginning to be a little bit unwieldy, he was finding out that there are some downsides to being hung like a horse.

“That’ll be a first.” Steve retorted as he rolled his eyes. Alan wasn’t sure he liked the implication, but he shrugged it off and followed Steve back to their dorm.

John was left to silently ponder what had just happened. He wanted to follow them, but he was still very confused about what they were all talking about. He couldn’t even seem to remember most of it. As best he could remember, Alan’s roommate had charged in and tried to prove just how huge Alan’s dick was, but John didn’t need any proof. He had just had it deep inside of him. He never would have believed someone could have such a huge dick or that it would be physically possible for him to take it all. He could still barely stand after that intense fucking, but it had felt amazing.

Alan was glad that his room was just a few doors down. He didn’t like feeling this exposed. He passed a few guys in the hall as he walked. They gave him a few quick jealous glances, but that was

it. He was actually a little disappointed that no one seemed to notice his new size, but then again, he realized that most people were used to seeing it by now, especially since he was one of those guys that rarely wore clothes when walking around the dorms. He felt more and more comfortable with his nudity as he remembered his long standing exhibitionist tendencies. He began standing more upright and no longer made any effort to cover his junk with his hands as he walked. In fact, he even stuck his hips out a bit to show off his equipment even more. His posture seemed to dare people to stare at his prominently displayed dong as it swung heavily from side to side.

Once back in his room, Alan quickly threw on some clothes. They all fit surprisingly nicely given his recent growth spurt. Somewhere in the back of Alan's mind he wondered why he even bothered with these clothes. His junk was so huge by now that it wasn't like they were actually covering anything. If anything, his pants seemed to accentuate his bulge even farther. Alan didn't remember his clothes being nearly this revealing before, but these were the same clothes he had always had. It had to just be his imagination.

The two guys made their way to the anthropology building. Steve led the way as he clutched his backpack to his chest suspiciously. Alan rolled his eyes as he watched his friend try and look casual but was really only drawing more attention to

himself by looking like he had just stolen something. Fortunately for him, most eyes were on Alan. Alan was pleased to be doing his own small part in helping his friend, especially when his small part involved showing off his assets for all to see. He could feel his dick stirring to life from all the attention he was getting. Alan even noticed a couple of guys staring intently at him and nodded salaciously at them. The two guys quickly turned away and tried to act like they weren't actually checking him out, but Alan knew better.

Before he knew it, Alan and Steve were already in front of the office of Dr. Frampt. He was the closest thing this college had to an actually respected researcher. It was a small college, and for the most part, it was staffed by relative unknowns in the academics department. Dr. Frampt was a well published anthropologist, and many people wondered why he chose to hang his hat here. He claimed it was for sentimental reasons, and as far as anyone knew, it was the truth.

Steve hesitantly knocked on the door to the professor's office. At first there was no response, and Steve happily began to turn around and slink off for now. He was already thinking of other ways to return the mask without causing a scene, but he hadn't even managed to turn completely around when they heard the door unlatch.

A kindly looking old gentleman answered the door. He was very small and frail looking, but his eyes revealed a vigor that belied his age. "Can I do something for you gentlemen?" came his droning inquiry.

Alan just shook his head and pointed to Steve. Steve swallowed his nerves and took a step forward. "I'm just gonna come out and say it. I got a little trashed last night, and when I woke up this morning I found this." He opened his bag and revealed the large wooden mask. "This belongs to you right? I'm really sorry."

The old man's eyebrows raised in surprise as he saw the old mask. "I honestly was worried I would never see it again. Please. Come in." Steve let out a sigh of relief when he realized the old man didn't appear to be upset with them. He actually dared to hope that he could get out of this with his academic standing intact. Most people wouldn't know it by looking at him, but Steve actually did care about his grades; he was just one of those guys who could do very well academically without any actual effort so he was rarely seen studying.

They entered the man's office to find that it was very small and dimly lit. Papers and books were piled everywhere and the walls were covered with photos of his expedition and lots of little knickknacks and odds n' ends Dr. Frampt had collected from his travels. "Now boys, I am very pleased you have

chosen to return the mask for me. It has quite a bit of sentimental value, but maybe since you are here you can do me a favor?"

Alan and Steve looked at each other and shrugged and then turned back to the professor. "Sure. What's up?" Steve asked casually.

"Well, I can only assume it was you two who came tearing in here last night." The man said thoughtfully.

"Oh, man. Did we make this mess? I'm really sorry." Steve apologized fervently.

"Mess? No. It always looks like this, but you see, I have this box that was given to me on one of my travels. I have never ever been able to open it, but somehow I find it lying wide open when I got in this morning. So tell me. How did you do it?"

Alan and Steve looked at each other and shrugged again. "I don't remember anything that happened last night, and I doubt Steve here will be able to tell you much more than that." Alan explained.

Steve could see the doctor was crestfallen. He felt bad for the guy, and he did kind of owe the guy for swiping the mask. "Hey. Maybe we can have a look at it? It might jog our memory... Oh, and we're both stone cold sober today, so don't worry about us

running off with anything. We're not normally kelptos."

"Well, I suppose it couldn't hurt to show you. Maybe I just need an outside set of eyes. You know how it goes with routines and whatnot. Sometimes you get so caught up in what you know that you are blind to the obvious." The professor mused out loud. "Well, come on. Have a seat. I'll grab the box."

Alan and Steve sat down at the cluttered table in the center of the room. There was scarcely an inch of tabletop left uncovered by papers. Within moments the old man returned and set an ornate looking box on top of the clutter. The box itself seemed pretty normal looking. It was covered in a shiny black lacquer that seemed to make it shimmer in the light, and it rested on four white legs that appeared to be made out of ivory. It was then the two guys noticed what was so odd about the box. There was no keyhole nor did it have a discernable lid, but it did have a large circular hole on one side that seemed to go almost all the way through.

Alan picked up the box and ran his fingers along the surface as he searched for any line or crease that might show how or where the box opened. He continued to flip it and inspect his intently until Steve's raucous laughter broke his attention. "Look at you! All inspecting it like an honest to god scholar. You'll never open it like that."

“What? And you think you can? This guy’s a pro in his field, and I bet he’s had all his researcher buddies inspect this box too.” Alan snapped back.

“Exactly. All the king’s horses and all the king’s men couldn’t open that box, but a couple of drunk ass college blokes popped the lock without even trying.” Steve explained with a grin.

“So? We need to be drunk to open it?” Alan asked dubiously.

“Nah, brah. We just have to think about what a drunk guy would do in this situation.” Steve explained with a mischievous grin on his face. He took a quick look around to see if the doctor was still in, but he was nowhere to be found. Steve figured that the professor must be in the small room off to the side that housed the old man’s desk.

Steve got up from his chair and quickly pulled down his pants and began stroking his cock. “What are you doing!?” Alan hissed at him.

“Duh. I’m drunk, remember? I see a hole. I’m gonna fuck it.” Steve added with a wink. Alan was too shocked to respond. His eyes drifted down to Steve’s large dick. He wanted that in his mouth so bad, but he knew he would have to wait.

“Haha. Don’t worry, bro. I’ll let you finish me off once the box is open.” Steve said jovially. Alan

silently nodded in agreement. He could already feel his own immense cock pressing against the fabric of his pants.

Once his dick was suitably hard, Steve positioned the box and slammed it down on his dick. He shuddered as he felt the inner mechanisms of the box clench down around his cock. It felt amazing, but he had promised his load to someone else. He managed to hold it back, and almost immediately after he heard a click of something unlocking. The top of the box folded back to reveal a cloth covered tray with an empty cylindrical indentation in the middle.

“Now that that’s done, why don’t you help me out with the rest?” Steve winked as he moved his hips to side to side, causing his big boner to swing back and forth temptingly.

“Here?” Alan yelled in surprise.

“Why not? I’ll sit down and you can have at it under the table. He’ll never notice.”

Alan was strangely aroused by the idea. There was a time not too long ago where he would never have agreed to something like this, but today, the risk of getting caught just made it more exciting.

Alan crawled under the table and wrapped his lips greedily around his friend’s dick. Steve’s

cock was so large that Alan had plenty of room to get both hands around the shaft while he worked over the head. Alan was a little disappointed at how quickly it was over. Usually Steve lasted quite a few minutes, but today Steve was cumming almost as soon as Alan started pumping. Alan wrapped his lips tightly around the head and swallowed each and every burst of jizz that unloaded into his mouth.

Steve was panting for breath as he busted a nut down his bud's throat. He wished he could have let Alan enjoy it more, but it had taken all of his self-control to not cream the box. It was a good thing that he finished quickly this time, though. Almost as soon as he was done cumming, the old man turned the corner.

“Oh. Hello. You're still here?” He asked, clearly befuddled.

“Yeah. We got the box open like you asked.” Steve replied.

“Box? Oh? Hmm... It is a nice little chest, but it doesn't have anything to do with my field of research. Judging by the shape of the indentation here, it appears designed to hold something... Well, you can see for yourself. Anyways, I study aboriginals and other tribal folk. While it is a fascinating relic, your Victorian era sex toy holder is of no use to me.” The professor explained dismissively.

Steve just stared at the box dumbfounded. Now that the old man mentioned it, the indentation did look like it was the shape of a dick, complete with a spot for the balls, but why did the man have no memory that the box belonged to him. Probably gone senile Steve figured.

Alan slowly slid back up from under the table, trying not to draw attention to himself. The last thing he wanted was one of the faculty to catch him in the middle of sucking another guy off in their office, but fortunately the professor was already on his way back to his little office.

“So, get this.” Steve explained. “The doc here has no memory of this box, and there’s like, this dick print inside... I wonder if this has anything to do with your dick growing?”

Alan’s mouth dropped open as he remembered. “I almost completely forgot about that! I think I have seen the object that fits this hole actually...”

“Yeah. I had forgotten about it too until just now. It makes sense, though.” Steve shrugged. “I mean, come on. There is just no way that you have a twenty seven inch dick naturally.”

“Twenty seven? But we measured it. It’s only.... Shit.”

Above Average
Part 3

“Look. I still don’t get why you swiped the box.” Steve commented as he and his exceedingly well hung bud made their way back to their dorm.

“Because he couldn’t remember it.” Alan replied as if the answer was obvious to all.

“So. Just because Professor Farnsworth is going senile, you stole his stuff?” Steve remarked snarkily.

“It’s Frampt, and no. It’s like his memory changed.” Alan replied. He could see that Steve still hadn’t quite caught on. “Ok. So you know how it seems like our memories and past are changing to

match my... new developments?" Alan gestured down to the obscene bulge in the front of his pants. His cock was so large that he had to wear his jeans well below his waist and leave the fly down to accommodate it. His boxer briefs were doing a commendable job of trying to cover everything up, but there was just too much dick stuffed down the front. His huge cock filled out the front pouch and then some. The front of his briefs were so packed that the outline of his cock and balls were very clearly visible through the fabric and the top couple inches of his shaft poked out above the waistband. His shirt was not nearly long enough to help cover anything. As if his wardrobe was mocking him and standard notions of decency, the bottom hem of his shirt reached down to just above his brown, neatly trimmed pubes.

"Yeah. You keep talking about that. I swear, bro. You're starting to sound a little paranoid. Just because some senile old coot forgot about his Victorian era flesh jack doesn't mean that your dick is growing, and even if it did, why are you so upset? Pretty much every dude in the world would kill to have experience what you are dealing with."

Alan couldn't help but think that Steve sounded a little jealous. He had to admit, that having such a huge cock felt amazing, but there were no signs of his growth slowing down. He had only been experiencing the changes for a day, and already he

was very close to the two foot mark. If it got much bigger he'd never be able to use it for sex.

Alan could vividly remember the visible outline of his massive cock as it slid in and out of the hulking freshman's body this morning. It was a miracle that John was able to take all of his cock. Thinking back on it, Alan couldn't be sure if John really was that malleable or if his memory was playing tricks on him again. Either way, it was a hot memory. Alan replayed it in his mind a few more times, and watched as the size of his cock in his memory crept up a few more inches.

Alan's mind screeched back to reality as he heard and felt the fabric of his briefs give out on him. His huge boner sprung free, and his gigantic nuts spilled out of the front. His rock hard erection reached up to his chest, and capped up just barely above his nipples. His massive pumpkin sized balls dangled down to his knees. Alan silently chastised himself for popping a bone in the middle of campus.

To make matters worse it was right between classes, and the sidewalks were packed. People everywhere stopped and stared at him. The looks on their faces ranged from shock to awe to pure, unbridled lust. To make matters even worse, Alan didn't even particularly mind. He was proud of his cock and was feeding off of all the attention he was getting. Alan didn't particularly like this new aspect of his personality. He had never known himself to like

showing off in public before, but then again, he had never really had anything to show off.

His cock went beyond the standard midday sex daydream boner to a full on throbbing hard-on as the crowd looked on. He felt like he could blow his load at any second, and he looked it; his rock hard cock was twitching and oozing pre. Alan wrestled with the two opposing parts of his mind. He knew he should be mortified by his current position, but he also couldn't shake his excitement; some new, exhibitionist part of his mind really wanted to go ahead and give the student body a show they could really enjoy. He could already see several students whipping out their cellphones; this was going to be all over the net in a matter of seconds. He grinned knowingly as he thought about videos of his titanic public cumshot going viral.

He could feel his nuts seizing up and his cock twitching and oozing even more as he prepared himself to let loose, but a clap on his shoulder broke his momentum. "Damn, dude. That's the third pair this week. I swear you wear them extra tight just so that you can bust out of 'em like the cool-aid man." Steve commented sarcastically.

"Hey. It's not my fault that no place around here carries clothes in my size." Alan snapped back. Already he could feel his gigantic boner waning.

“Right. I’d believe that if you didn’t do all your shopping online.” Steve replied as he rolled his eyes.

“Believe what you want, but now what do I do about this?” Alan gestured to his mondo dong which was now flying at half-mast.

Steve gave a quick glance at his best friend’s huge cock and shrugged. “Whatever. Just let it flop about for now. It’s not like the whole school hasn’t already seen it. Everyone already knows there’s not much you can do about it so everyone just kind of turns a blind eye to it... Relatively speaking.” He added with a grin. Alan noticed that the crowd had begun to disperse already. It seemed people didn’t have near as much interest in a massive floppy dong as they did a gargantuan hard-on that looked ready to erupt at any second.

Alan and Steve made the trek back to the dorm in relative peace. Alan still noticed a few jealous glances in his direction, which just caused him to jut his pelvis out and swagger even more, but aside from that the trip was pretty uneventful. It seemed that people really were ok with him rocking out with his cock out.

As they rounded the last corner on their floor to get to their hall they noticed John pacing awkwardly outside their door. The large blond jock was in a rare state of being fully dressed as he

waited. Despite being fully clothed, very little was left to the imagination. His bulging muscles filled out every inch of his yellow polo shirt, and his huge, muscular ass and thighs similarly strained his denim shorts.

“Sup, Lurch? Enjoying the view?” Steve teased the anxious freshman who was trying not to stare too hard at Alan’s exposed manhood, but failing miserably.

“Look. Things kind of went fast this morning, but I would like... I mean... if you want to...” John was looking as socially awkward as ever, and Alan found it very endearing. He still wasn’t used to the idea of a college football star not being a loud, abrasive toolbox. “Um... can I come in?” John finally managed to sputter out.

“Sure. Come on in. I need to get out of these clothes, anyway.” Alan remarked calmly, but after seeing John’s face start to turn a little red he quickly corrected himself. “I didn’t mean it like that!”

“He totally meant it like that!” Came Steve’s voice from inside. He had wasted no time in leaving the two guys alone to talk about their budding romance.

“Uh. Sure... lead on.” John gestured to the door. Alan nodded and turned to head inside. He was already peeling his shirt off before making it

through the doorway, and his had his hands on his waistline. John shut the door behind himself and as he turned, he was greeted by the site of Alan's cute, exposed bubble butt as the brown haired dude bent down to pull off his pants and underwear. Alan scooped up the pants, giving John an even better view of his gloriously round cheeks and everything in between, and turned and lobbed all the clothes onto the communal laundry pile in the corner of the room.

John's eyes darted all over the room. He was trying not to stare at the hot, naked, extraordinarily well hung guy before him, but it was proving very hard to do; especially considering how gross the rest of the room looked. Everywhere he looked he saw dirty clothes or empty beer bottles strewn about. John was very particular about cleanliness and seeing the state of Alan and Steve's dorm made his skin crawl. "Anyway... I know we haven't known each other for long, but I would like to get to know you. I mean. Like, outside of sex." John stammered as his eyes darted around the room.

"Yo, Alan. He's asking you out. Say yes."
Steve chimed in from the sidelines.

"How does tonight sound?" Alan responded casually.

"I... can't do tonight. I have to get back home to help the folks, but I can do Sunday. I should be back in town early afternoon." John explained. There

was a pained look in his eyes that made it obvious that he really wanted to go out tonight. He hated that he had to go home every weekend, especially since Friday nights like this were so perfect for going out and doing things with friends or potential love interests. There was also the problem that he just knew his mom was going to needle him for information all weekend, and at some point he was going to admit that he had skipped classes today. He just hoped that she wouldn't somehow make him slip up and reveal that he had skipped classes because he was being reamed by a monster cock.

“Alright. Fair enough. Pick you up at eight?” Alan replied with a goofy grin. Steve immediately started laughing at the joke, but John was too nervous to process that they lived less than one hundred feet from each other. “Are you leaving right now, or can you chill for a few?” Alan asked warmly had he held a cool bottle of beer in each hand.

“I suppose I could stay for a few... but I'm going to be driving.” John responded. He wasn't even paying attention to the bottles of beer at this point; Alan was seated on the foot of his bed, which was little more than a cot and stood barely over one foot off the ground, and his immense nuts and cock were so large that they rested firmly on the floor.

“Sweet! More for me!” Steve exclaimed happily as he caught the bottle that Alan had lobbed at him. “Oh, and have a seat, dude. You're even

making me nervous the way you are just standing there.”

John noticed that Alan was patting a spot on the side of the bed next to him. John shrugged and walked over to sit down; the bed was the cleanest place in the room anyway. As he was getting ready to sit down he noticed a strange black box lying on the bed. “Huh. What’s this?” He pondered as he flipped it over in his hands, inspecting every angle of it.

“That’s Alan’s magic dick box.” Steve joked. “He says its making his dick grow,”

“That’s not what I said!” Alan shot back. “Look. I think I may have taken something from that, and now my cock seems to get slightly bigger every... so often.”

“He’s been paranoid about it all day, man. Help me talk some sense into him.” Steve explained to John. Then he turned his attention to Alan. “Ok. So say I believe you. How much have you actually grown?”

“I don’t know. I just feel like it was a lot smaller this morning, but I don’t remember ever having a smaller dick.”

“Then how do you know it’s been getting bigger?” Steve asked while he rolled his eyes and knocked back a swig of beer immediately after.

“I just do, ok. I remember you and I measuring this morning and taking notes on the growth. I remember that we determined that every time my dick softens after getting hard, it doesn’t shrink back down. I know this box and the item I took from it have something to do with it, but it’s all so hazy; almost like I am trying to remember a movie I tried to watch in kindergarten.” Alan explained emphatically.

Steve’s typically sarcastic smartass demeanor softened as he sighed. “Look. I’m sorry. I can tell you really believe what you are saying. I don’t remember any of what you described, but I believe you believe it. So hand me that box, and let’s pop the lock.” As Steve fiddled with his belt he added with a small chuckle. “Man, be glad you are a shower and not a grower. Could you imagine how fast you would grow otherwise?”

Alan was taken off guard for a moment. He was a grower, though... or so he thought. As he looked down at his hefty, floppy dong he realized that it hung down much looser than it had ever done before; it now seemed to be much more dangly. The notion struck him as odd for several reasons, but not the least of which was because he had no memory of what his dick looked like before. Apparently

somewhere in the back of his subconscious the memories still remained, though. How else could he explain these brief flashes of insight into his past life?

John looked up from the box and saw that Steve had unbuckled his belt. The lean skater's loose jeans quickly hit the floor followed soon after by his boxers. "The box?" Steve asked as he held his hand out indicating that he wanted John to give it to him. John stared dumbfounded at Steve's large dick as he silently handed over the box. Steve's dick was huge by most normal standards, but was nowhere in the same league as Alan's.

"See? We discovered the trick to opening this box." Steve recounted as he idly stroked his swelling cock. "I gotta admit. I love the way you have to open it. You have to ram your dick right into it and it pops open for you." Steve was almost fully hard by this point and so he went to work ramming his dick into the box while humming the tune to "dick in a box." To John's surprise, the lid popped open revealing a small compartment for a small cylindrical object. He couldn't help, but feel like the compartment looked like it was designed to hold a dick shaped object like a dildo or something.

"See that slot there?" Alan commented. "I am sure I saw the object that fits it in this room earlier today, but I was a little too hung over to pay attention to where I put it."

John looked around the room. The dorm was an absolute pig sty. How the hell would they find a small dick looking object in this mess? Almost as if in answer to himself, his eyes stopped on what looked like the rounded off tip of what looked like it could be the object in question. He quickly crawled onto Alan's bed and reached his hand in between the wall and mattress and pulled forth the object. Sure enough, it looked just like a human dick. It even had perfectly normal dimensions; it had nice solid golf ball size nuts, and a respectable eight inch length. John thought that it would make a nice dildo, but he had long since moved onto bigger and better things.

"Wow! That was fast! Remind me to call you whenever I can't find my keys." Alan responded with genuine surprise.

"Don't accept, bro. He'll be calling you five times a day to find his shit." Steve chided in a good natured fashion.

"So wait. You think that if we put this back in the box, you'll go back to normal?" John asked skeptically.

"Well, I hope so, anyway. At the very least, I'll stop growing" Alan responded.

"So, um... before we do this... could I..." John nodded towards Alan's gigantic dick. It seemed

to start inflating as if in response to John's request.
"You know. Once more for the road?"

Alan smiled knowingly. "I'll never turn down a blowjob, dude."

John happily placed the box on a small table on the far side of the room and quickly stripped off his clothes. He peeled the layers off surprisingly quickly, given how tightly they were wrapped around his skin, and then he placed his clothes neatly beside the open black box.

Alan was already at half-mast when John got down on his knees in front of him. Alan's cock was now so big that there was no way that John was going to be getting his lips around it, but he was not to be deterred. He placed a hand on either side of the thick, fleshy head and locked lips with the pre-oozing slit. He could feel the bitter tang of pre in his mouth as he made hot, sloppy makeouts with his current crush's monster cock. He was so turned on at that moment that he was gasping and panting sensually as he kissed the spongy head of the giant cock all over. The steady stream of pre had made the front of Alan's massive, rock hard, dick nice and slick, and John arched his back as he clutched the cock to his chest and began to grind his dick into the soft underside of Alan's cock right about where the shaft started to give way to the sack.

The tip of Alan's cock nestled between John's large, muscular pecs as he continued to grind his dick into the massive pole of human meat that was wrapped in his arms. It was so large that his own respectable cock was completely dwarfed by the spongy ridge along the bottom, but the sheer size of it just seemed to spur him on more and more. He could feel the steady steam of pre oozing out and coating his chest and abs as it trickled down and completely coated his cock and balls. His abs glistened as they rippled and roiled as he continued to gyrate his hips back and forth. He started to get his whole body into it, leaning forward and mashing his huge pecs into to the head of the giant cock. He settled into a rhythm where he was rubbing his chest into the head when his cock was pulled back and took the weight off of his chest as his dick dug in. The maneuver made it look a lot like he was a Go-Go dancer in a nightclub, except somehow even more scantily clad.

He could feel he was getting close as Alan's massive cock began to shudder, which just spurred John on more. He tightened his grip on Alan's shaft and began to roll his arms up and down as he ground against the shaft. As his arms would slide up the shaft, Alan's foreskin would roll up with it and almost completely cover the top of his enormous dick; just the area immediately surrounding the slit was visible. Soon, John could feel that Alan was ready, and with one final push, he dug his dig in hard against the soft underside and squeezed hard

with his arms; his pecs and biceps bulged as he wrestled the shuddering cock like an alligator. He could feel it in his entire body as the massive ropes of jizz launched forth.

Feeling that his work was done, John came too, but his sizeable wad was completely lost in the hail of spooge erupting from Alan's monstrous leviathan. The thick blasts of cum hit the ceiling with a series of loud splats. Spooge rained down on Alan and John like watermelon in the front row of a Gallagher show. In seconds John, Alan, and much of the bed was entirely coated in spunk. John could taste the warm, bitter cream seeping into his mouth. He opened his mouth even wider to catch as much as he could and let it roll down his throat.

John was so exhausted by this point that he was using Alan's meaty spire to hold himself up. As Alan's massive hard-on finally began to subside, John fell back onto the saturated carpet and struggled to catch his breath; that had been the single most intense orgasm of his life. He couldn't even imagine how it must have felt for Alan and his well over two feet of cock.

Alan lied in bed breathlessly. His entire body had been wracked by that cumshot and he felt like he might never catch his breath again. As he panted contentedly he looked over to his roommate's bed on the other side. Steve's side of the room was relatively unscathed. Despite that, Steve had a large

wad of cum on his face. A brief glance at Steve's plumped up, drooping cock, made it clear to Alan what had happened. "Are you sure you are straight, dude?" He asked between gasps of breath.

Steve raised a middle finger weakly. "Straight enough." He gasped as he wiped his wad out of his eye.

Eventually John managed to catch his breath and slowly get to his feet. "That was amazing, but I really have to go. I'm going to need to get cleaned up before I head home." He picked up the dark grey cock statue and nodded to Alan. "I'll put this back before I go." Alan nodded weakly in response.

John placed the small idol back in its resting slot and began to gather up his clothes; there was really no point in putting them back on in his current condition. He took another look back at Alan. He couldn't shake what Alan had told him. Alan's dick certainly did look a little bigger, but at its massive size, it was hard to tell. John looked back at the small statue and mulled it over for a moment. All he had to do was swipe it from the box and he would experience growth like that, too? He didn't want to admit it, but he was a little insecure about his equipment. Sure, six inches was great for most guys, but he was almost seven feet of rippling muscle. Six inches looked ridiculous on him... two feet on the other hand... He would have size everywhere that it counts...

He casually slipped the idol into his pile of clothes and shut the lid. He said a few quick rudimentary goodbyes to Alan and Steve, but they were both still too lost in bliss to really acknowledge him. Alan managed a meager wave, but that was it.

With his clothes and the loot contained therein still clutched to his chest, John turned and strode down the hall back to his dorm. He got several stares from other residents as he strode; seeing a nude guy walking the halls was no big deal, but seeing someone as completely drenched in jizz as he was quite a rarity indeed.

Above Average

Part 4

Alan stretched as he got out of bed. He was so glad to finally have the weird cock statue back in its box where it belonged. He could feel his huge cock and massive balls hanging heavily from his groin. Apparently, returning the idol didn't reverse his growths, but hopefully it would stop him from getting any bigger. Alan didn't particularly mind, though. It's not like he could even remember what it was like to have a normal sized dick anyway. As far as he could remember he had around three feet of cock dangling between his legs for years. He had always been pretty well endowed, even as a kid, but when puberty had hit, it had hit hard.

He remembered back in the first year of middle school how he would sneak peaks on the older kids as they changed for gym class. Many of them had already hit their growth spurts and had hair down there, but they were all far less hung than he was. They had teased him a lot for it. Many of them had accused him of shaving or waxing his hair off just to make it look like he hadn't hit puberty yet, but when he finally did start growing, they all shut up really quick. By the time he was sixteen his dick was well over the two foot mark with massive NBA certified basketball sized nuts to go along with it. By the time he was eighteen, his dick had finally capped out at the thirty-seven inch beast he now had swinging around with two beach balls to go along with it.

To say he was the envy of every guy in school would be understating it a bit, but his title made him an easy target for ridicule. It was especially rough on him, since he was gay, or maybe being gay was especially rough because he was so hung. However you looked at it, the end result was the same. He would have preferred to not come out as early as he had, but when you sprout an eighteen inch boner in the middle of middle school gym class, it's kind of hard to stay in the closet. Despite all of the bullying, Alan had a pretty good time in high school. He had gotten so much ass back then because of his monster cock.

He had had no shortage of guys who wanted a go with him and plenty of the lady folk, too. He had messed around enough with them to know that they were not for him. It probably comes as no surprise that quite a few of those guys that were into him were also the ones who gave him so much grief at school. Alan just rolled with it. He didn't mind getting knocked down every so often in the hallways because he knew that those same guys would be going down on him behind the bleachers as soon as their friends were gone. Alan smiled to himself and rubbed his swelling cock as he remembered what it was like to have the big bad jocks struggling to wrap their mouths around the head of his forty inches.

Alan was feeling pretty gross about now, and he figured he probably smelled just as bad. He was still covered in dried sweat and cum from the amazing blowjob John had given him earlier. Although, given Alan's size, it was less of a blowjob and more of a pole dance. Either way, it was incredibly hot, and Alan had blown his biggest load in years. There were still splatters of jizz stuck to the ceiling to prove it.

Alan grabbed a towel from the clean clothes pile and draped it over his shoulder. He hummed a relaxing tune as he casually strolled the hallway of the dorm floor. He could tell that many of the guys who were hanging around were trying not to stare at his humongous cock, but all of them were sneaking peeks. A few of the more brash ones were even full

on staring. Alan smiled and gave a quick nod to one of the guys that was unabashedly checking him out, causing the guy to quickly turn his gaze elsewhere.

Alan loved the feeling of his massive nuts jiggling around and his enormous cock swinging as he walked. His huge beach ball sized nuts dangled down to his knees, and his massive floppy cock reached halfway down his shins.

Alan entered the communal shower room and draped his towel over one of the benches and entered an empty stall. The shower room had once been completely open, and it showed. The partitions between shower heads had been crudely added at a later date; cheap looking cinderblock walls stood on either side of each shower head to create a rudimentary shower stall. There were no doors or curtains covering up the open side of the narrow cubicles. Many guys brought their own tension bars and curtains, but Alan was never much of one for modesty; he preferred to let it all hang out whenever possible.

Alan took the stall that was directly across from the entrance to the shower room; this ensured that everyone who came in would get a clear line of sight at him. He just loved to see the looks on guys' faces as they saw him standing there in all his nude glory.

He hummed the latest sappy pop-tune as he spun the knob and waited patiently outside of the stall for the stream to finally decide to stop spewing out ice water and start spraying water that was much more enjoyable to stand under. Alan kind of hated that he knew every word of this song by heart now. He actually really enjoyed the shittiest of pop tunes that got churned out by whatever teen heartthrob the record labels wanted to market. If anyone would ask him, he would fervently deny ever listening to such mindless drivel, but he honestly and unironically enjoyed the crap.

Once his shower reached suitably scalding levels, Alan hopped into the steamy cubical and stood under the toasty rain. The hot water was already doing wonders for him. He no longer felt dirty and sticky. All the dried up jizz was washing right away with the stream.

Alan pumped a few squirts of shampoo from one of the bottles that were mounted on the wall onto the palm of his hand. Many of the other guys here preferred to bring their own soaps and shampoos, but this stuff was free. Alan never did put as much stock in fancy soaps as other people seemed to, and this stuff seemed to be pretty decent quality. He slowly massaged the shampoo into his scalp while continuing to mutter along with the song in his head "I got a pocket fulla, I got a pocket fulla, I got a pocket fulla sunshine."

By this time he had a bit of an audience, but he didn't really care. None of them were there for his singing voice, no matter how deep or soulful it may be. All eyes were on the three and a half plus feet of schlong swinging along as he grooved to the music.

Alan was well aware of the other guys who had trickled into the showers after him and had taken up residence in the stalls directly across from him. It was obvious from their choice of showers, that they wanted the best view possible of the impressive equipment that the otherwise perfectly average looking dude was sporting. Alan knew how to work a crowd and was in an exceedingly good mood today, so he decided to really put on a show.

Alan started off lathering up his shoulders first. This area by itself wouldn't be particularly sensational, but Alan added a little something extra as he worked. As his hands slid over his shoulders and under his arms he moaned and swished his hips as if he was making out with some invisible paramour. His hands steadily dipped lower and lower, massaging every point of his body with suds and lather as he went. Soon he had reached his groin. As he massaged the soap into his neatly maintained patch of brown pubes with one hand, he lifted up his massive cock with the other. He held his cock draped over his forearm like a white cloth on a waiter's arm. He then used his free hand to sensually stroke his cock like an evil mastermind would stroke his cat. Alan could tell that he definitely

had the attention of all the guys by this point. One or two of them may have harbored some attraction for him, but the others were staring out of pure jealousy.

Alan found himself enjoying the attention a bit more than he had anticipated. Between the steady massaging of his dick and the looks from all the other guys, Alan was soon well past half mast. Since he no longer needed to use one of his hands to hold his dick up, Alan felt like this would be a great time to clean his nuts. Of course, he did a lot more than just clean them though. He reached down and dug his soapy fingers into his massive, beach ball sized nuts. He moaned seductively as he massaged and kneaded both of his massive orbs. His now rock hard boner bumped him in the face signaling that now would be a good time to move to other areas, lest he blow his load before he finished.

Alan stood upright and found that the tip of his cock reached just barely above his collarbone. The meaty spire was almost as thick around as his waist. Alan spun around and began kneading his slightly fuzzy buns. It was commonly accepted fact that his ass was one of his best features, second to his incredible cock and balls, obviously. His nice, round bubble butt had a nice layer of brown hairs covering it. Alan was not particularly hairy overall, but he never did care for shaving anywhere other than his face. He usually just buzzed his body hairs

short to keep them from looking messy and called it good.

As he played with his ass, Alan made sure to spread his legs nice and wide that the other guys could still get a nice view of his hefty nuts between his legs. He spread his cheeks nice and wide and even slipped a finger or three in his exposed hole as he continued to ham it up for anyone who might be watching. The shower gel didn't make the best lube, but it worked well enough for his purposes. Having fingers up his hole was just getting him even more worked up. It had been days since he had been properly reamed. Alan made a silent note to himself to remember to get Steve sufficiently drunk and horny tonight if they didn't decide to go hit the frat scene.

He was already streaming pre by this point and was dangerously close to blowing his load. Alan turned back around, exposing his massive, throbbing erection to the audience. It was so tall now that he didn't even have to bend over to lock lips with it; he just had to crane his neck down a little bit. He placed his lips right on top of the humongous, oozing opening of his cock. He kissed deeply, sucking up mouthfuls of his own pre-cum in the process. His slit was so huge that it was like kissing another human mouth. He slid his tongue as deep down inside as he could reach. The feeling was indescribable. The inner lining of his cock seemed even more sensitive than the outside. He could feel the pressure from his

tongue pushing against the inside of his cock head and it felt almost like he was desperately needing to cum, but from the top down this time. Alan was already wondering what it would be like to use something a little bigger than his tongue.

He was so close to cumming now that he could taste it, literally. He staggered back and leaned against the wall of the shower room. He slowly slid down until he was seated flat on his ass; his enormous nuts filled his entire lap at this point. He wrapped both hands around his cock and began pumped vigorously. His nuts were clenching up; his cock was spasming violently; the massive spongy head was flaring up and streaming even more pre than before; his hips were bucking wildly. All signs pointed to the biggest cumshot in human history. Finally, he could hold it back no longer. He pushed forward and his cock and lifted his hips up as he creamed all over the room. Giant ropes of spoooge flung through the air with the greatest of ease. Alan's cock continued to buck and twitch and shoot wildly. His massive load fired all across the far side of the room coating tiles, showerheads, students, light fixtures, and anything else that happened to be lucky enough to be in the path. Alan had to lie there for a few minutes while he waited for his legs to stop feeling like jelly and his breathing to return to a more normal rate.

The other guys in the room just stared at him in silence as they tried to process what had

happened. A few of them had had their mouths open as they watched in awe of the gigantic globs on jizz whizzing through the air. Of those who ended up with mouthfuls of cum, two of them tried to spit it out, but found that washing spunk out of their mouths was easier said than done. The others just went with it and swallowed. After all, it was already in their mouths; by that point the damage had been done. One other guy, had had his mouth closed at the time but wasn't about to miss out on a chance like this. He opened his mouth and let the massive load ooze down his face and down his throat.

Alan unsteadily got to his feet and proudly strode from the showers. His monstrous cock bumped against his ankles as he did so.

Above Average

Part 5

Alan proudly walked back into his dorm room after the show he had given some of the other guys in the showers. He saw Steve still lying in bed. By now Steve was no longer nursing his afterglow, but was too lazy to get up, especially since they had no plans for the rest of the day.

“Hey, man. It’s Friday night. The frat houses will all be throwing keggers. I for one am in the mood to get positively shit faced.” Alan said with a grin.

“Eh... I dunno man. I kind of want to give my liver and brain cells a night off after last night.” Steve replied warily.

“Oh, come on! When did you get to be such a pussy?” Alan snapped back jokingly.

“It’s like my mom always said, ‘You are what you eat.’” Steve responded with a sage nod.

“So what? You saying I’m a dick?” Alan replied with a healthy dose of good natured snark.

“Well, I was either going to say that or an ass.” Steve replied with a casual shrug.

“You always were more of a fan of ass than dick.” Alan replied as he rolled his eyes. “Speaking of ass... does mine look bigger to you?”

“You sound more like a woman, than normal today, dude.” Steve shot back but took a glance at his friend’s rear end anyway. It was big alright, but that wasn’t the real thing that caught his eye. Alan’s mega cock seemed even more mega today. “Eh, I suppose. You been working out lately?”

“Not really...” Alan replied thoughtfully as he ran a hand over his thick cheeks. His ass was definitely huge, even more so than normal. He had a naturally round, bubble butt, but underneath that, he had always had very thick glutes, a bit of a side effect from having to carry around that massive cock and balls of his; he had much more muscle definition in his ass, thighs, abs, and lower back as a result. Still, it seemed even more muscular than he remembered. He quickly shook the idea out of his mind. He didn’t have any particular reason to complain, anyway. His ass looked fantastic.

“I keep tallin’ ya bro. You should do a little cardio. You’ve got plenty of muscle to you. Just trim that layer of pudge off, and the hotties will come flocking to you. Maybe throw in some bench presses while you’re at it. You’re the only guy I know with muscular legs and no chest or arm definition. Usually it’s the other way around.” Steve responded.

"I suppose, but that sounds too much like work." Alan said with only partially feigned disgust, but then perked up and rapidly changed subjects. "Back on topic. Let's get wasted."

Steve sighed in response. "Do you really want to get trashed or do you just want an excuse to sit around with your dick out in public?"

"Both is good." Alan replied with a silly grin. "Nah, but I heard there are some good parties going on tonight."

"I'm not doing Lambda house again." Steve replied with a touch of annoyance audible in his voice.

"Why not? You seemed to hit it off pretty well last time we went." Alan asked curiously.

"Yeah. With the guys. I had to turn down pretty much every dude at that party." Steve replied. The snark was so heavy in his voice that Alan swore he could actually hear Steve's eyes rolling.

"There were plenty of the girls there, too." Alan responded.

"Yeah, but all the ladies were interested in other ladies." Steve groaned in annoyance.

"There were plenty of straight girls there. I talked to quite a few of them myself." Alan responded.

"I guess, but I didn't feel like going for it. The majority of them wanted nothing to do with me simply because I came equipped with the wrong parts." Steve said as he sighed dejectedly.

“Oh no. How awful.” The sarcasm in Alan’s reply was so thick that Steve could almost feel it dripping from his words. “Anyway, since you are so opposed to it, then you pick some place.” Alan continued with a shrug.

“Well, my sources say that Epsilon Phi is having a huge kegger tonight. That could be fun.” Steve said thoughtfully.

“Eh. I dunno. Frat jocks and I don’t mix that well.” Alan replied skeptically.

“What? I thought you loved frat jocks.” Steve shot Alan a sly grin and waggled his eyebrows a few times to make the double entendre even more obvious.

“Oh, I do. I love beating off to them, but they prefer beating up to me. See the problem here?” Alan sneered a bit as he commented.

“Oh come on. This isn’t high school anymore. They’ll be totally cool with you being there. Just remember, jocks are like snakes. They are more afraid of you than you are of them, so don’t overtly try to get into any of their pants unless they make the first move.” By this time, Steve was standing right beside his overly hung bud and threw an arm over Alan’s shoulder as he tried to reassure him.

“Ok, fine, but if they start being douche lords, I’m out of there.” Alan exclaimed in resignation. Truth be told, Alan wasn’t entirely opposed to the idea of going to that particular frat bash. They had a reputation of having great parties, and there would certainly be a lot of guy candy to ogle in the process.

He just hoped he didn't pop a bone at an inopportune time. It seems the bigger and manlier the dude, the more insecure he is about his sexuality.

"So. Enough talk about tonight. Let's talk about now. I haven't eaten since yesterday." Steve said while rubbing his belly. Alan's own stomach growled loudly as if to agree with his friend. Alan had not had anything to eat himself today either unless you counted a load or two from Steve.

"What are ya feeling?" Alan replied while he pulled on a moderately clean t-shirt.

"Burgers n fries my, good man. Burgers n fries." Steve gave Alan a jovial clap on the back as he turned to gather up some clothes of his own.

Steve quickly pulled on a shirt, a pair of boxers, and some jeans, but Alan took a little longer. He only had one article of clothing to put on, but getting his junk into his briefs took a fair amount of work. After a minute of adjusting and shifting he finally had the majority of his junk secured in the front pouch of his tight, red boxer briefs. Alan admired himself in the mirror for a moment. He was looking pretty good recently; he had been trimming down a little bit over the last few months which was causing his muscles to show off a little bit, and of course his absolutely gigantic bulge was undeniably hot. His big beach ball sized nuts were packed tightly into the front pouch of his boxer briefs, and his huge thick cock was nestled in between them. His junk was packed in so tightly that every outline of the veins in his cock were clearly visible; there was even a clear outline of the edge of his foreskin as it

covered most of the head of his dick. Even with the tightly packed fabric pulling everything upwards and inwards, his package still jutted out over a two feet in front of him and reached down to his knees. His nuts were so large that they made his bulge wider than his hips, which when given how thick and muscular his thighs and ass were now, was a pretty huge wingspan.

The pouch didn't even hold all of Alan's goods. The black waistband didn't pull all the way back to his waist, leaving the last seven or eight inches of his incredibly thick cock exposed to the elements. His T-shirt wasn't nearly long enough to cover his pubes, leaving those exposed as well. All the excess force in the front had caused the rear to be pulled extra taut as well. His huge, sexy, bubble butt was so clearly visible that it was as if every contour of his cheeks were engraved directly into the fabric. The legs of the boxer briefs reached about halfway down to his knees, but his muscles were so large now that the pant legs seemed painted onto his thighs.

Alan slipped on a pair of shoes and was ready to go. He had long since stopped wearing pants over top of his briefs. As he figured, it was similar in form and function to other guys going to class in pajama bottoms, and the short pant legs on his underwear were plenty long enough to be classified as shorts.

Steve took a brief glance at his friend's overstuffed pants and rolled his eyes. "You know, it wouldn't kill ya to order a size up. It'll give ya some room to grow into." Alan just cocked his head to the

side and furrowed his brow as he looked at Steve with an expression of confusion and apprehension.

Steve started to feel a little uncomfortable too. He fidgeted a bit and scratched the back of his neck as he responded. "Oh, come on. It was just a joke... wasn't it?" Something was gnawing at the back of his mind. He had meant it as just a joke, but somewhere deep down in his subconscious it was as if he was speaking an actual warning.

The two of them shrugged it off and made their way to the campus plaza. Alan got a lot of looks from girls and guys alike on the way. He of course didn't mind one bit; in fact, he even hammed it up as he passed by. He would sway his hips from side to side as he sauntered along, causing his muscular cheeks to clench and sway and his massive bulge to bounce from side to side.

The two dudes had a decent enough dinner at the little burger shop on campus. It was little more than a fast food joint, but it was good food. They hung around and talked for a while as they waited for the last few hours of the afternoon to go by. With his junk tucked away safely under the table, Alan had a great time just being a perfectly average college dude for a while. He was able to just sit around and hang out with his best bud, and nobody looked at him funny. It was strange and more than a little unsettling how nostalgic it all seemed to him.

The sun was beginning to set, and the two friends were finishing up their dinner. "You know... I think this is what I needed." Alan suddenly said.

“A burger? Hell yeah. There’s a reason these things are cure-alls in Earthbound.” Steve replied enthusiastically.

“Not exactly what I was referring to.” Alan responded with a strangely contented smile. “I dunno. Things have been feeling strangely stressful lately. I can’t really explain it, but I feel like I needed an afternoon of just sitting around and broing it up.”

“That’s what I’m here for.” Steve was grinning ear to ear.

“So, about tonight... still feeling like staying in?” Alan asked with an equal mix of curiosity and concern.

“Maybe... Definitely not feeling the frat scene tonight, if that’s what you’re asking.” Steve shrugged as he commented.

“Pretty much what I was asking. Last night was pretty rough. I feel like I could use a quiet night in.”

“Listen to us. We sound like an old married couple.” Steve laughed loudly.

“I guess we do kind of.” Alan joined in. Steve’s laughter could be petty infectious when he was in a good mood.

“Well the night is still young and tomorrow is Saturday. Let’s go back home for the weekend. I’ve still got the xbox and the big screen at my folks place.” Steve said with a grin.

“That sounds great, actually.” Alan replied enthusiastically.

“Let’s get some booze on the way, though. You know my parents try to keep the house dry.” Steve commented as he stood up to throw his trash away.

“I thought you didn’t want to drink tonight.” Alan replied with a sly grin.

“Oh, please. Like I’d turn down booze. I just didn’t want to go out and get shit faced. There’s a difference.” Steve rolled his eyes as he responded.

“Fair enough. We can get a case on our way into town.” Alan replied casually.

The trek back to the dorms was even more uneventful as the trip to the plaza. It was no longer peak hours on campus, and a large percentage of the student body had already skipped town for the weekend. When Alan and Steve got back to their room they immediately started packing for the trip.

Alan grabbed a spare t-shirt and a spare pair of shorts and called it good. He really didn’t have much in the way of a wardrobe, and he wasn’t at all opposed to wearing the same things for a few days in a row. Steve on the other hand scooped up the entire dirty clothes pile and loaded it into a trash bag to take with him. Laundry is always a much easier task when it is dumped on unsuspected family members.

While Steve was loading up on dirty laundry, Alan packed a few books and his laptop into his backpack. As much as he hated to do so, he did

actually have to do schoolwork once in a while, and if they decided to stay in town all weekend, he would be much better off having his school supplies with him. Alan was pretty sure that he had all the books he might need during the weekend, but just to be sure he scooped up a few more items from the small table in the corner of the room; a calculus textbook, a small, fancy looking black box, a graphing calculator, his external hard drive, and a few other tiny odds and ends.

The two of them were in Steve's car and on their way down the road in less than half an hour. Alan pushed the seat all the way back, but his immense junk was still pretty cramped in between his lap and the dashboard. This is exactly why he never bothered driving anywhere anymore. The steering column always got in the way of his massive package. It hadn't been so bad back when he was sixteen and had first gotten his license, but that was back before he had really hit his growth spurt. Nowadays it was just far too crowded down there for his tastes.

The drive back to Steve's place took roughly an hour plus an extra fifteen minutes to stop in at a convenience store and load up on beer. It would have only taken them three minutes to get in, pay, and get out, but of course, there was a little old lady trying to pay for her gas with coins from her purse.

They pulled up to Steve's parents' place. It was a nice, two story house. Steve's parents weren't particularly wealthy, but their house was far enough on the outskirts of town that the property values were nice and low.

Steve made a quick detour to throw the dirty clothes into the laundry room and then rejoined Alan down in the basement where a small home theater was set up. He was greeted by a territorial dispute over the xbox and the accompanying home theater set-up.

“We had it first!” cried the first guy, who looked very much like a younger, cleaner version of Steve. His hair was the same dark brown color that Steve’s was only his was kept short and neatly trimmed.

“Rod and Todd here refuse give up the rig.” Alan recapped for Steve.

“Come on, dweeb. You’ve had it all week. Let us have it for the night!” Steve called back to his younger brother.

“Too damn bad! I have a friend over tonight, and we’re going to play!” Steve’s younger brother, Todd, continued to argue.

“Actually... my name is Daniel.” Todd’s friend replied quietly. The boy was small and mousey with big glasses and hair that was such a light shade of brown that it almost looked ashy grey. He was trying not to stare at Alan’s massive bulge but was failing miserably.

“Whatever. You’re with Todd, so your name automatically defaults to Rod.” Alan replied teasingly.

“Let go, cockbite! You’ve got your own PS3 in your room. The Xbox is mine.” Steve said through clenched teeth as he wrestled Todd for

control of the console. Todd had the splotchy red and black controller clenched to his chest with an iron grip.

“Fuck you! There’s only one controller for that, and our guest wants to use the Xbox!” Todd shouted back as he tried to throw off the slightly taller and more wiry version of himself.

“I don’t mind... really.” Daniel muttered.

Alan cracked open a can and picked up one of a couple of extra controllers off of the shelf while the two brothers continued their Wrestlemania bout for supremacy. “Catch.” He said as he tossed one to Daniel and plopped down on the couch beside the smaller high-schooler. “They’ll be at it a while, so let’s get a few matches in.” Alan added with a grin as he started up the game.

Steve and Todd continued to tussle while Alan and Dan fired up the game. Despite his quiet demeanor, Dan proved to be a very aggressive player. He would even mutter long, quiet streams of obscenities as he mowed through people with whatever he had in his arsenal. By the time Steve and Todd had finally worn each other out. Alan had already downed three beers and was getting pleasantly buzzed.

“Man. It’s hot down here.” Alan murmured as he peeled off his shirt. Dan was trying hard not to stare, but the occasional side eye glances were all too obvious to anyone in the room. More and more his eyes were drawn to Alan’s massive package, especially now that his nicely trimmed, brown treasure trail was exposed. It provided a perfect path for Dan’s eyes to travel on their way to the goods.

“Come on, Dan. Let’s go back to my room. We can watch a movie or something.” Todd said dejectedly. His pride had taken a much harsher beating than his body. He liked to pass himself off as the cool guy on campus, and getting pimp smacked into submission by his older brother in front of his friend was about as far away from cool as he could get.

“You don’t have to do that.” Alan remarked warmly. There’s four controllers. We could easily all play.”

“Yeah... I would like that.” Daniel replied quietly.

“Fuck that. Danny here hasn’t played that game much. He’d get slaughtered playing against you two.” Todd replied indignantly. He really wasn’t worried about his friend at all, but he had already lost just about all the face he had after being whooped so thoroughly. He knew he didn’t stand a chance against Steve in game, and he couldn’t bear the thought of looking even more like a chump in front of his friend. He didn’t know how uncool he must look, but he figured he was at least three buses, a long walk, and eight quid in a taxi from cool.

“That’s fine.” Alan responded. “I’ve never done campaign mode on this, and it has four players. Let’s just hang out and beat the game.”

Todd looked at Alan skeptically for a minute before sighing. “Fine. I suppose that’ll be alright, but I got dibs on Sam.”

“Fine by me. I far prefer Jayce.” Alan replied.

“You would, fag.” Todd responded snarkily. “O-O-O-HOW!” he yelped as Steve punched him hard in the shoulder. “I was just playing, jeez.” Todd rubbed the sore spot on his arm for a minute. He rolled his sleeve up to survey the damage. He could already see the outline of a bruise forming.

Steve peeled his shirt off too as he hopped onto the couch beside Alan. The basement didn’t have working air conditioning. All the cool air they got down there was secondhand from the main floor, but even with the steady flow of cool air, having the water heater down there with them more than counteracted it. Dan looked at Alan and Steve and then nervously unbuttoned his shirt and added it to the pile.

Now that his shirt off, Alan could get a better look at Dan’s build. The high-schooler was extremely skinny and pale; His skin was ghostly white, and he was so skinny that the contours of his ribs were clearly visible. Dan’s torso was dotted with freckles and completely devoid of hair; even his armpits were clean shaven, and as Alan’s eyes drifted lower towards the boy’s waistline, he could see that Dan was clean shaven below the belt as well.

“You need to lighten up.” Steve commented as he dangled a can in front of Dan’s face.

“Oh, no... I couldn’t” Dan stammered as he stared at the can of booze suspended in front of his eyes.

“What? Not twenty-one?” Steve replied with a playful smirk. “News flash. Neither is Todd, but he’s been drinking for years. Isn’t that right, Todd?”

Todd just gave Dan a thumbs up as he guzzled his own can.

“Look. If you don’t feel comfortable, don’t have any, but this is a pretty good time to try some and see if you like it, and Steve and I will make sure you don’t get wasted. Best to try it out when you are with friends who will watch out for you and not at some random party where it’s a bunch of strangers getting shit faced.” Alan placed a hand on Dan’s shoulder and smiled reassuringly as he spoke.

Dan considered for a moment and then hesitantly nodded and accepted the can. He spent the better part of the first hour slowly sipping at his drink and grimacing from the taste, but he was enjoying hanging out with the two college guys, especially the obscenely hung one.

Finally the guys reached a major plot point which led to a long, drawn out cut scene. A few seconds into the cut scene a green X began to flash on the screen. “Come on, someone else hit it so we cans skip this gay shit.” Todd groaned in annoyance, which caused his brother to once again punch him in the shoulder. “Ow! Cut it out!”

“You know the rules. No skipping cut scenes if not everyone has seen it.” Steve scolded is brother.

“I don’t mind...” Dan replied.

“Yeah, but I do. I actually want to see this.” Alan responded. “And besides, this gives me a chance to stretch.” Alan got up from his seat and pulled a few more cans from the case. When he got

back to the couch, he distributed the drinks and then began to pull down his shorts.

“Dude! What gives!?” Todd shouted indignantly. He was more surprised than he was disgusted, but he was trying to play the super straight dude for his friend; he had a reputation to maintain, after all.

“What? It’s hot as hell down here, and these shorts are not neither comfy nor easy to wear.” Alan remarked as he bent down and pulled off his shorts. He was facing Todd as he did so which caused him to unintentionally shove his ass in Dan’s face as he bent down. As those glorious mounds hovered little more than a foot away, Dan had to summon every ounce of resolve to not lean forward and bury his face in that amazing ass. He had gotten a pretty good idea of just how huge and sculpted Alan’s butt was through the fabric of his briefs, but nothing could have prepared him for seeing it fully exposed and so close in front of his face.

“I kind of wondered how long it would take to get to this point.” Steve commented as he undid his own belt and began sliding his pants off. He didn’t even bother getting up from the couch to do so. He just lifted his butt up a few inches and slid his jeans and boxers off in one clean motion.

Dan’s face was beet red by this point, but the booze was not the culprit. He couldn’t believe how much hot guy skin he was getting to see tonight. He had heard rumors throughout the school that Todd was supposedly pretty hung, and if his older brother was any indication, the rumors were true. Dan was torn. On one hand, he was starting to feel a little

awkward being clothed in the company of these two nude college dudes, but on the other hand, he was afraid to go the full Monty. Not only was he in the presence of his best bud, but it was pretty clear he was way outclassed by the two college guys. Steve's big dick was easily ten inches, and Alan's was beyond the scope of conventional rulers; it might even be beyond the scope of conventional yard sticks at this point.

Dan took a deep breath and tried to steel his resolve. When that failed, he cracked open a can and downed half its contents in one long swig. He almost gagged from the taste; sipping was bad enough, but power slamming it was horrible. The beer was beyond bitter. This wasn't an acquired taste; it was Stockholm Syndrome for the tongue.

He didn't feel particularly different after that, but he hoped that he had ingested enough liquid courage to actually give him the resolve to nut up and strip down. He stood up and undid the buttons on the front of his cargo shorts. With the fastens undone, his shorts fell off completely on their own, but his underwear would take a little more work. He felt a little silly and more than a little uncool in his tighty-whities. Steve had had cool and colorful boxers, and Alan had had those bright and custom fitted briefs. Dan was embarrassed to be seen in his default white, K-mart bought fruit of the looms. He felt like he was wearing kid clothes. He was so embarrassed by his underwear that he quickly peeled them off and added them to the pile.

Being completely nude was strangely liberating; the size of his dick didn't seem to be anywhere near as big of a deal as he had made it

out to be in his mind. Not that he was lacking down there. He was pretty well off in that regard, actually. He capped off at just a bit above seven inches when fully hard. He knew that that was above average, but he was in the presence of his well hung best friend and his best friend's even better hung older brother. Alan no longer even counted as hung. His cock was so huge that it could be considered a separate entity. It was just so huge that Dan couldn't even begin to compare himself to it.

Dan's was a more of a shower than a grower, which he was very thankful for right now. His small frame made his wang look even larger proportionally. In its current chubbed up state, his dick was almost as big as Steve's, but he knew that Steve's cock hadn't even begun to inflate yet. Dan's dick was every bit as pale as the rest of him, and had plenty of extra skin to it; his foreskin completely covered the head of his cock and even had a little bit left over. Even though he was a senior, he felt like a kid next to these two college guys, and even though neither of them were cut as well, the heads of their cocks weren't completely covered like Dan's was which made them look more mature.

As Dan sat back down next to Alan, Alan turned to him. Alan was noticeably concerned as he spoke to Dan. "Woah, dude. You look like a tomato. I think it might be time to dial it back a bit on the booze."

Even though, the beer wasn't the primary culprit in Dan's flushed cheeks, the last bit was really starting to get to him hard. He was starting to feel a little fuzzy, but overall he felt pretty good. "I'm fine... really." Dan replied quietly.

“You may be, but it’s my job to look out for you.” Alan responded. Dan looked at him with a bit of confusion clearly visible on his face. Alan could see that Dan didn’t understand and so he threw an arm over Dan’s comfortably over Dan’s shoulder. “It’s your first time. You need to take things nice and slow and get a feel for it.” Dan knew Alan was talking about drinking and not other things, but in his currently slightly aroused and slightly tipsy state, it was hard for him to not think of it sexually.

“That’s enough beer for now. I’ll get you some water.” Alan concluded as he gave Dan a jovial clap on the back and stood up and walked up the stairs to go get a glass for Dan. Dan could do nothing but stare in amazement at Alan’s amazingly sculpted ass as it swayed and flexed with each stepped.

“Does he ever wear clothes?” Todd scoffed.

“Not usually.” Steve said with a casual shrug. “You get used to it pretty quick, actually. Speaking of which, you should join us. You look like a tool.”

“I’d rather be a tool than some queer.” Todd snapped back with forced bravado. He was still trying to save face with his friend. If word got out that he was hanging out naked with his brother’s gay friend, his social standing would be devastated.

“Oh, come on. That’s no way to talk about your friend.” Steve replied. Dan’s heart stopped in his chest. He knew he was busted for sure. Steve seemed to smile at him and give him a sly wink, but Todd completely missed it.

“He’s your friend, not mine.” Todd replied as he downed the rest of his can. “But, I’ll prove that I’m secure enough to let it all hang out.”

Dan’s heart would have put even the best of BMW’s German engineering to shame as it went from a full stop to pounding at sixty miles per hour in under a second. He had fantasized many times about seeing Todd in all his splendor, but never once did he imagine he would actually be seeing it. Now that Todd’s shirt was off, Dan could see that while Todd wasn’t really what he would call buff, but he definitely did have a lot more definition than his older brother.

Dan didn’t even know when he had stopped breathing, but his chest was starting to hurt. It didn’t matter though; he refused to inhale until the goods were on display. He had forgone any pretense of not staring at this point. His eyes were focused intently on Todd’s fingers as they undid the button on the front of his shorts. Dan’s heart pounded harder and harder as Todd’s bush came into view followed by his thick cock.

The rumors were true. Todd’s dick was every bit as amazing as Dan had hoped. It was not quite as long as Steve’s, but it was longer than Dan’s and amazingly thick. Dan could have stared at that beer can thick cock for hours, but fortunately, he was distracted before Todd could become suspicious.

Dan turned and looked towards the noise to see Alan coming back down the stairs with a glass of water in each hand. With each and every step he took, his massive cock and balls jiggled and bounced. Dan made no effort to avert his gaze from

the lewd spectacle before him; he couldn't even if he had wanted to. By the time Alan had reached him, Dan's cock was fully erect.

As soon as he realized it, Dan spun back around in his chair so he was facing the TV and bowed his head and folded his arms in his lap to cover his shame. Alan plopped down right beside him and handed him his drink. "Here you go." Alan said cheerfully, but then added in a whisper. "Act natural. You're just going to draw attention to yourself if you hide it like that."

Dan nodded in response, but was still having trouble willing himself to sit upright. Alan slid down in the seat a bit as if he was getting comfortable and pulled his massive dong up to his chest. Dan watched curiously as Alan crossed one leg over the other and then let his cock drop. His humongous wang was now draped over his leg. At first Dan figured that Alan's cock must now be so huge that he couldn't cross his legs with it in the way, but he quickly realized that Alan had just created the perfect camouflage for him. If Todd were to look his way, he'd be greeted with the sight of Alan's huge dick, and given that Todd was noticeably trying to avoid ever looking at Alan or his gigantic cock, Dan was effectively invisible.

Dan felt relieved that Alan was looking out for him like this. He felt so safe and comfortable around this guy. He just wished that he could get his boner to die down. The four guys resumed their game, and things went smoothly enough for the next chapter. Dan had stopped drinking altogether by this point. Now that they were pleasantly buzzed, Alan and Steve had seriously cut back too, but Todd

didn't have the experience or the restraint that his brother had and was still knocking back cans.

Dan had hoped that the game would get his mind off of all the amazing dicks hanging out, but it didn't seem to help. His eyes kept drifting from the screen and over to Alan's massive cock. It wasn't long before he was so hard that he even had pre leaking from his dick.

Alan noticed Dan's plight and decided to take things to the next level. Whenever there was a lull in the action he would casually stroke his enormous dick. As far as Todd could tell, Alan was just a little drunk and horny, but Steve knew better. He and Alan had been drinking together for ages now. There was no way he was trashed after just four cans. Steve glanced over and noticed that Dan wasn't going to hold out much longer and realized exactly what it was that Alan was doing.

Steve paused the game and started unabashedly jacking off right there on the couch. "Dude, what the fuck!" Todd shouted as he noticed his older brother pounding one out right next to him.

"What? I need to get off." Steve replied casually as he continued to stroke away. "You don't like it, you can leave."

"Maybe I will." Todd replied with a bit of disgust in his voice. "Come on, Danny. Let's get out of here."

"Um... Nah, I think I'm fine here." Dan replied quietly.

“Well, look at that. You’re the only one here with a problem.” Steve remarked with a smug grin on his face.

“You queers gonna start blowing each other now?” Todd sneered.

“I don’t plan on blowing anyone, but if Alan wants to he’s more than welcome to suck me off. You should let him do you, too. He’s far better than any of the girls I’ve been with.” Steve responded without ever losing his smug demeanor.

Todd was completely taken aback by what he was hearing. “You’re joking, right?”

“Not at all. A mouth’s a mouth. You’d be amazed at the advantages of a gay roommate. Some days I need to get off, and my girl isn’t available. I can just ride him instead.” Steve continued. He didn’t really think of Alan as his go to fuck buddy on the side, but he loved making his kid brother squirm. “His ass is seriously amazing. It’s so tight and warm.” Steve was already rock hard by this point and began to leak a little pre as if to really drive home his point.

“Dude. That’s gay!” Todd reacted in shock.

“Is it? I’m not the one getting butt-fucked, and besides, it’s not that big of a deal even if it is a little gay.” Steve shrugged as he continued so jack off.

Alan turned to Dan and whispered. “Look. Todd’s not going to remember most of this in the morning, and as far as he knows, you’re completely wasted. Just let loose and enjoy it.” Alan then turned

back to Steve. Steve noticed his cue and repositioned himself so he was leaning back against the armrest with his legs spread apart.

Alan got down on his knees and wrapped his lips around Steve's rigid cock. It was the best of both worlds. He got to have a dick in his mouth, and make some homophobic douchenozzle cringe. He decided to make sure it was extra loud and sloppy as he went down on his bud.

It hadn't been more than a few hours since Alan had sucked off Steve, but it felt like weeks ago. Steve had a great sized cock for sucking. Alan especially loved how it poked the back of his throat as he slid up and down along the length of the shaft. He made sure to really lock his lips tight and run his tongue all over his friend's cock as he deep throated it. Steve's moan just got him even more worked up and eager to please.

Alan could feel his own mammoth wang really stirring to life as he really got into sucking his friend off. He would have been fully boned in no time even without what happened next.

Dan decided to take what Alan had said to heart. Maybe it was the little bit of beer in his system. Maybe it was the fact that he felt so safe around the amazingly hung college bro. Maybe it was because there was quite possibly the biggest, buffest, sexiest ass he had ever seen wagging no more than a foot from his face. Whatever the reason, Dan needed in on the action before he creamed himself just from sitting on the sidelines.

Dan placed a hand on each of Alan's huge, muscular cheeks and massaged them with his

fingers as he spread them wide. He then leaned in and planted his lips right on Alan's tight, puckered hole. In between deep kisses he would lick and suck on any area in his reach. He could feel Alan's whole body shudder as he flicked his tongue along the rim of Alan's asshole.

Alan felt a shudder of pleasure run up his spine as Dan rimmed him. He was surprised at the intensity of it more than anything. Whatever this boy lacked in experience he more than made up for with zeal. Alan had to pull off of Steve's cock and catch his breath as he felt the tip of Dan's tongue slide into him.

Steve could feel something very strange. His mind wasn't really in top shape since he was mildly tipsy and majorly horny, but it felt as though something was pushing up against his butt. He looked down and realized that the head of Alan's massive shaft was pressed right against his underside. Steve could barely comprehend the sheer size of it. It was probably as thick around as his waist. There was no way something like that was big every going to slide inside of him; which was just as well, since Steve had no intention of ever bottoming for anyone.

He chose not to worry about it. After all, it felt kind of nice the way it was bucking and twitching. The head of Alan's cock was already flaring up so it was like it was rocking him back and forth; it was so squishy and yet firm that it was like one of those massaging pillows that everyone likes to try out at those gadget stores at the mall but never actually buy.

Feeling Alan shuddering under him was all the incentive that Dan needed to ramp up the oral action. Dan had completely put his own erection out of his mind, even though it was so hard that it was throbbing for release. His sole purpose in life was to make his new friend feel absolutely amazing. He redoubled his efforts and dug in even deeper. No longer content to just flick at the entrance, Dan focused on kissing deeper and even more passionately. Between kisses, he licked and sucked deeper and harder. Alan's panting was steadily getting heavier until finally he let out a loud, low moan.

Alan couldn't hold it back anymore, nor did he want to. He surrendered himself to the biggest climax of his life. He gritted his teeth as all the synapses in his brain fire at once. A rush of warm jizz pumped through his massive cock and crashed against his friend who was unfortunate enough to be sitting right in the line of fire. Some part of his mind knew that he was cumming all over Steve, but he couldn't even muster the most basic of resistance. Powerful jets of cum flooded out of his cock and crashed against Steve's underside.

Steve realized what was happening the second he heard Alan moan, but he was so wrapped up in his own sexual haze that he couldn't even begin to care. The streams of jizz splashed against his ass with impressive force. It was strangely soothing in its own way. The pressurized bursts were almost like hot, sticky massages for his posterior; kind of like those fancy ass cleaning toilets they have in France, only much more powerful, much more sticky, and doing the exact opposite of getting him clean.

When Alan's momentous climax finally died down, he rolled over and off of the couch. His hefty cock and balls followed behind as he did so. He looked up at Dan with a contented grin on his face and managed to choke out between gasps of breath. "Holy shit... I need you inside me."

With Alan's dick no longer propping him up, Steve slid down the saturated arm rest and coasted to a stop in the massive cum puddle that now covered much of the couch. Since the couch was covered in that really cheap, plastic faux leather, the large pool of spunk just made the gooey surface kind of like a slimy slip and slide. Steve didn't even mind that he was effectively bathing in his friend's cum. He was just glad to see Dan and Alan in such high spirits.

Alan staggered to his feet and off towards to side of the room where he had left his backpack. His massive, soft but still chubbed up cock scraped against the carpet as he did so. He passed by Todd who was leaning against the wall watching the entire scene with a dumbfounded look of awe on his face.

Todd couldn't believe what he had just seen. His brother and his best friend had just had a hot, sloppy three way with that queer his brother seemed to like so much. The worst part was he actually kind of thought it was hot. Just listening to them all moaning, and groaning, and sucking, and fucking was getting him hot under the collar. He didn't have any interest in dudes, but they all really seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Todd's horny and drunk mind couldn't quite remember why he was so defensive tonight. He

usually wasn't such an obnoxious and vocal homophobe, but he felt the need to put on airs in front of his friend. He and Danny had been best buds forever. They had shared a tent during pretty much every summer camp out they had ever gone on. He had heard all the rumors circulating school about Danny. The other students all called him a fag when they didn't think they could hear them. Todd always did his best to put down rumors and the people spreading them, but after what he had seen, it was hard to deny.

His mind was hazy, and he wasn't in the best state to be having deep, meaningful introspective soul searches; yet that is exactly what he was doing. It always seemed that getting drunk seemed to lay all of someone's insecurities bare for them and everyone else to see. He and Danny had been inseparable. So what happens if Dan turns out to be some queer? He thought back to all those sleep overs and camping trips throughout the years. Does that mean he was going to be deemed gay by association? Todd couldn't process it all. All he wanted was to keep on being friends. He could handle a few rumors.

Alan opened his bag and pulled out a small clear bottle. He had taken to always packing a tube of lube with him, especially if he was traveling with Steve. It was not all that uncommon for the two buds to bond a little when both were awake and horny in the wee hours of the morning.

Alan popped the top off as he staggered back to Dan. His massive dong seemed even more awkward and unwieldy today than he remembered. The tip kept brushing against the carpet as he

walked; it was irritating him both physically and mentally.

Dan was still rock hard as Alan got down on his knees before him. He was pretty sure he knew what was about to happen, but he still could not believe it. He watched as Alan poured large quantities of lube into the palm of his hands and rubbed his hands together. Once both of his hands were suitably coated, Alan closed the bottle and ran his hands along Dan's rigid cock. Dan felt his knees go weak as Alan's hands masterfully astro-glided up and down and over and under his cock and balls. Dan's cock twitched and bucked as Alan skillfully laminated his shaft while tugging and playing with his nuts.

"Be careful there. You wouldn't want to nut before we even get to the good part." Alan teased as he slowed his skillful stroking.

Dan's heart was pounding in his chest. He was about to have his first real time with a guy, and he couldn't even imagine how it could be better than that hand-job he had just received. He would have been fine if Alan had let him cum right then and there. Especially since Alan's face was right where it was. If Dan had cum he would have creamed all over the mega-hung stud's face. Dan could feel his dick lurch back as he imagined giving the brown haired beauty a facial. It took every ounce of his muscle control and will power to keep himself from busting a nut at that very second.

He snapped out of his reverie to see Alan standing right in front of him, or rather, he saw Alan's massive erect cock in front of him. The tip of the

shaft was so high up that it was eye level with its owner. Dan couldn't even fathom what it must be like to be so fantastically hung. He wanted to climb up and start making out with the head of that amazing dick, but Alan was already moving back to the couch.

Alan got back on the couch and got down on his hands and knees. His rigid cock was so impossibly huge now that he was basically lying across it like a cot. The tip of his spongy cock was the perfect height to serve as a nice pillow for him to rest his head on.

From Dan's current position, All he could really see of Alan was his huge, sexy ass and absolutely immense beanbag chair balls. It was such an amazingly sexy sight that he could have blown his load right then and there. He struggled to keep his raging hard-on in check as it streamed even more pre. There was no way in hell he was going to bust his nut early, not when he had the most amazing ass he had ever seen eagerly awaiting his arrival. He could even see Alan's hole twitching in anticipation, which to say the least didn't make keeping his load down any easier.

Dan climbed up behind Alan and lined his slicked up rigid dick right up with Alan's quivering hole. It was pretty obvious that both of them were very eager to get to the next step. Dan took a deep breath and watched intently as the tip of his dick slid into Alan's fabulous ass. The feeling was magical. Dan wanted to just let his eyes roll back into his head and let the amazing sensations overtake him, but he forced his eyes to stay fixated as he slid inch after inch into Alan. He couldn't even bring himself to

breath for fear that it would wake him from this dream.

Finally his dick was all the way in. As Dan looked down it all seemed a little silly and a lot sexy. His legs and hips were shoved up against Alan's massive nuts. Dan's own little sparrows' eggs looked positively miniscule next to the gigantic bean bag chairs that Alan had swinging between his legs. Dan was already thinking of how he wouldn't mind nestling up against them when this was all said and done.

Dan managed to steady his ragged breathing as he slowly rocked his hips back and forth. His cock slid in and out of Alan as he did so. He could feel Alan's hole clenching and gripping his shaft as he slid it in and out. Everything about this moment was absolutely perfect. He simultaneously wished it would never end and that he could hurry up and dump his load inside his new buddy.

Alan was content to just lie there as Dan steadily pumped in and out of him, but Steve had other ideas. He helped Alan slowly work his way upwards so that he was standing up on his knees. Dan managed to adjust his position and pacing flawlessly so that he too was standing on his knees. Dan wrapped his arms around Alan's thick torso and nuzzled his face into Alan's back as he continued to thrust in and out. With the two love birds positioned where he wanted them, Steve was free to move onto phase two. He was happy for those two and all, but he really wanted to get off, too.

Steve managed to straddle Alan's massive dick and stand up on the couch. This put his dick

right where he wanted it, lined up with Alan's mouth. Alan wasted no time picking up where he left off sucking and licking Steve's rock hard cock. The three of them settled into a nice little rhythm of Dan pumping in and out of Alan's ass; Alan rocking back and forth so he was able to better ride Dan's cock and sucking on Steve's cock; and Steve standing back and reaping the benefits of being the front car of the man train.

Todd was too far gone to bother wrestling with his inner demons any longer. The other three guys were having such a great time that it was making him horny too, and he just couldn't stop staring at the massive, squishy cock head. That oozing slit looked so warm and inviting. He couldn't even process that that belonged to another guy. In Todd's addled mind, all he saw was a hot hole for him to plug with his cock. He was already thoroughly boned from listening to all the sexy moans from his friends and family; all that was left for him was to take the plunge.

Alan's mind was already overloaded from the sensations from the front and back. He didn't even know how to process the new sensation. Something was plugging his dick. It was an amazing sensation to have every available hole plugged up. He had never even entertained the notion of someone fucking his cock before, but it was happening and it was fantastic. The head of his cock was even more sensitive on the inside than it was on the outside. The entire tip of his cock was alive with waves of pleasure. It felt as if he was already cumming, but he had not yet even begun to shoot his load.

Dan was already nearing his limits before he started reaming Alan, but now that he was doing it, he didn't want to stop. He struggled with his own limitations as he held down his load for as long as humanly possible, but eventually he hit a wall. He hugged Alan tighter as his balls clenched up and pumped their load deep into Alan's ass. Dan fired load after thick load. The first four shots were absolutely massive, but he was quickly running out of spunk to dump. He was so horny and so overloaded with passion and pleasure that he refused to stop, though. He continued to plunge in and out, firing more and more shots with each thrust. The streams of jizz got steadily thinner and thinner until finally his dick was shuddering and pumping but nothing was coming out. Still he refused to stop. He wanted this to last forever if he could manage it. Each thrust caused more and more of his load to foam and churn as the froth spilled out of Alan's ass. Dan was no longer able to maintain his erection, but still he kept trying to plow his friend's amazing ass. Even after his cock softened he pumped back and forth until finally his dick slid out in defeat.

Alan could feel Dan's loads flowing into him, which caused him to work Steve's cock even more fervently. Each thrust from Dan caused him to go down deeper on Steve's cock. Steve had been cocked, locked, and ready to rock for what seemed like hours now and didn't need much more goading to get him unloading. Alan's sucking this time was so deep and passionate that he had sent Steve over the edge in record time. As Steve dumped his nut in Alan's mouth Alan sucked and slurped it down as fast as he could, all while running his tongue along Steve's rigid shaft. Steve could feel Alan's saliva

mixing and mingling with his own load as the liquids washed over his cock. It was such an amazingly warm and pleasant feeling that he wished it didn't have to end so soon. Alan swallowed the last of Steve's load as Steve's now soft and spent cock flopped out of his mouth.

Todd was too drunk and horny to really think his actions through. He dug his hands into the soft, spongy flesh of Alan's cockhead to steady himself as he thrust in and out of the slit. It was so warm and tight around his beer can cock that he didn't even care that it belonged to a dude. With each sloppy thrust, more and more of Alan's pre would seep out and coat his abs and legs. Todd was already very much coated in the goop long before he was ready to cum. The head of Alan's cock began to flare up, tightening around Todd's dick in the process. It was so wet and tight that it felt like it was sucking him off. He couldn't even register what the changes in pressure might mean until it was too late. Todd moaned softly as he pumped his spunk down the fleshy canal.

He was ready for that to be the end of it when Alan's cock seized up violently. Large jets of spunk crashed against Todd's cock and splashed against his body with immense force. The warm and sticky spoooge continued to wash over him. In his booze addled state he did the only thing he could think of; he gripped the head of Alan's cock tighter to try and steady himself. This just caused him to have to ride out the entire storm. The additional stimulation of Todd clinging to his dick made it even more pleasurable for Alan. It was as if Todd was jacking off just the tip of his cock as he was rocked and buffeted by torrents of jizz. Todd's grip slipped

and he started to stumble backwards. The ground was so saturated with cum that he had no way to steady himself and fell backwards. He thumped against the wall hard as Alan's fire hose spray finally slowed to a stop. Todd was so drunk and tired by this point that he didn't even care what had happened. He slid down against the wall and nodded off.

The other three were all now very spent. Alan settled himself onto the couch and snuggled up against his enormous wang as if it was a body pillow. Dan and Steve found nice, relatively clean spaces in the room to lie down and also pass out for the night. Dan was in the process of settling in, his mind still fuzzy from a little bit of booze and a lot a bit of afterglow, when he heard Steve come up behind him.

"Hey. How ya holding up?" Steve asked, genuinely concerned.

"Huh. Alright." Dan replied. He couldn't think of anything wrong that might warrant Steve's concern.

"Look. I have kind of had my suspicions about you for awhile..." Steve explained. "I know my bro can be a toolbox, but I'll talk to him and work on him. There's no excuse for how he acted tonight."

Dan knew exactly where this was going. It would be very hard for him to try and continue playing at being straight with Steve after having just had wet and wild man-sex right on his couch. Steve took a deep breath and continued. "So whenever you're ready to come out... officially, anyway. Call me up. I'll come and help in any way I can."

Dan was too overwhelmed with emotions and far too tired and tipsy to fully process them all. His mind just sort of ground to a halt. He did the only thing he could; he nodded. He was scared of what might happen with Todd, but he was so glad to have Steve on his side. He had grown up with Steve and Todd, and in many ways, Steve was like an older brother. Steve in turn, had always thought of Danny as his other little brother, and there was no way he was going to let Todd mess things up.

Above Average

Part 6

Alan yawned contentedly as he stirred from his slumber. He had slept like a rock last night. He must have been more exhausted than he thought because that lumpy old couch felt like a king size four-poster bed at a five star resort. It probably didn't hurt that he had come equipped with his own warm, plush, plus sized body pillow that he could snuggle up against for warmth and comfort.

He sat up and slung his legs forward so his feet touched the floor. He could feel the slightly crusty carpet beneath his feet. Cleaning up the aftermath of his titanic cumshot would no doubt be a monumental undertaking. He just hoped that he and Steve could duck out quietly before any of the parents discovered the mess. Ideally they would

manage to get Todd stuck with the honors. It would serve him right for being such a homophobic little jerkwad last night.

Alan glanced over at the still unconscious teen resting against the wall. Todd really couldn't hold his liquor well, and he would probably be nursing a hangover whenever he got around to actually waking up. As it turns out, "Jerkwad" was a pretty apt description for Steve's younger brother. He was currently coated in a thick layer of jizz that had hardened and dried out over the last several hours. The white murk covered much of his torso and all of his crotch. It clung to him and stuck to the wall, making it look like he had been captured by the friendly neighborhood Spiderman. Although, his flaky cocoon was a lot drier and crustier than what one typically expects a web shot to look like.

Alan shifted his weight and shoved his dick off the couch. He was pleased to hear the dull thud from his immense cock and balls hitting the ground. He grinned a bit to himself as he stood up. It was then a curious thing happened. His dick felt lighter than he remembered. His still slightly groggy brain tried to process it all. He didn't think it had shrunk since last night. He looked down and what he saw caused his breath to catch in his throat. His cock had not shrunk. *Au contraire*, Delano. Quite the opposite, in fact. His dick was now so large that the head of it rested soundly on the ground even though he was standing upright. His absolutely massive low

hangers seemed to barely scrape the ground as well.

He could feel a pit forming behind his densely muscled abs as his mind tried to process what had happened. His dick had grown. Suddenly fragments of the past day rushed back to him. He had grown again! He quickly jumped into action. Although, in his current state it was less of a jump and more of a half stumble half waddle move as he tried to figure out how to walk with his newly enhanced encumbrance.

He reached his backpack easily enough and haphazardly chucked objects over his shoulder as he dug down to the bottom for what he was looking for. Of course it was at the bottom; whenever you need something from a bag it is always at the bottom. Alan found the solid black box and as quickly as he could manage, he stagger-lurched off to find Steve.

He tore through the side rooms of the basement floor apartment with all the grace of Matt Smith on a bender. He finally found Steve in the basement kitchen which was actually little more than an alcove with a counter top that had a sink, a microwave, and a coffee pot.

“sup?” Steve greeted his out of breath friend. He was completely oblivious to anything out

of the ordinary with his friend aside from the labored breathing and look of panic.

“Open the box!” Alan shouted in a hoarse whisper.

“What are you Batman today?” Steve asked snarkily as he took a sip of his fresh mug of coffee.

“I’m serious. I need to see what’s inside!” Alan hissed. He was on edge this morning, but even so, he didn’t want to wake the two younger guys.

Steve shrugged as he power slammed the rest of his mug. He still had a bit of a chubby from the morning wood he had woken up with, so it wouldn’t be that hard for him to get it back up. He set his mug down on the counter top and gave his cock a few idle strokes. It didn’t take more than a minute or two for him to get it back up to a suitable level that he could use his key on the strange, erotic locking mechanism. A few quick pumps of his cock in the box was enough to pop the lock.

Alan stared intently as the lid slowly opened. Just as he thought he could finally catch a glimpse of what was inside, Steve yanked the box out of his line of sight and set it on the counter behind him. Steve leaned back and used his body to block Alan’s line of sight.

Alan shot him a grumpy glare of “Dude! What gives?” Steve raised an eyebrow and gestured down towards his still erect cock. He didn’t even need to say “It ain’t gonna suck itself.” His smarmy grin did that for him.

Alan grumbled as he got down on his knees. It was a lot easier said than done, but Alan managed to shift his junk around so that he could go down on his friend. “You’re lucky I don’t just bite it off.” Alan muttered grumpily.

“You know you like it too much to do that.” Steve replied with a smug grin. Alan knew he was right, and Steve knew that no matter how angry Alan was, he wouldn’t hurt a fly.

Alan slowly took his friend’s cock in his mouth and slid down to the base. He had loosened his throat enough so that at least the top few inches could slide right down his throat. Alan could hear Steve moan in pleasure as the tip of his nose buried into Steve’s brown bush.

“So. What were you even looking for?” Steve asked between moans.

Alan lifted off of his friend’s dick. He continued to stroke it as he replied, “The statue. You know. Dick shaped. Eight-ish inches.”

Steve glanced over his shoulder. There didn't appear to be anything in the box aside from the cloth covered carrying compartment. "Box is empty dude." Steve managed to respond during the brief lulls between his frequent moans and "fuck yeah"s.

"That fucker!" Alan shouted as he jumped to his feet with surprising speed and began stomping back to the large open home theater room.

"Uh... aren't you going to finish me up?" Steve asked after him.

"Finish yourself." Alan shot back testily.

"Aww man, but you got spit all over it." Steve sulked dejectedly. He could tell that Alan was no longer listening to him. He sighed inwardly and then grabbed a cloth to wipe his dick off with.

Alan strode purposefully back to where his backpack was lying, but he was derailed as he passed the restroom. As if by some Pavlovian response mechanism, his body remembered that he had downed a six pack by himself last night and had not yet unloaded it. He momentarily cursed his biological needs, but then resigned himself to his fate. His phone would still be there when he finished, after all.

Alan's new size was proving to have some unforeseen challenges. He was finding out that it is very difficult to aim a cock of that size, especially when soft. He considered his options a moment and then squatted down and scooped up his dick into his arms. He held the shaft to his stomach and let the top half fold back over and droop down. This mostly put the tip of his cock even with the bowl, but lining it slit up with the bowl was proving a bit more difficult. It was like playing some bizarre top down claw drop arcade game, but in this case his reward would be getting to unload his cargo instead of getting some cheaply made plush toy.

In a brief flash of inspiration, Alan kicked the side of the toilet, causing the seat to fall down. Using the contours to guide him, he managed to ease the tip of his dong into position. The seat also had the added benefit of stabilizing his cock, which turned out to be exceedingly useful once the flow started in earnest.

Alan hummed to himself as he emptied every last ounce of beer he had consumed the day before. He was very pleased to be rid of it. Once he finished, he shook his cock the best he could, but given the size and position, he wasn't terribly successful at getting all of the last few drops in the bowl. By that point he didn't particularly care. He had accomplished what he came for and that was that. He released the shaft and let his dong flop unceremoniously onto the floor.

Alan was feeling a bit better after that. It's amazing what a quick pit stop could do for one's mood. He was getting overly worked up over something simple. All he had to do was track down John, get the statue back, and things could return to normal... whatever normal was, anyway. Alan had the knowledge that his dick had grown but not the memories. As far as he could remember, he had always been so obscenely hung.

Alan rubbed his arms as he walked over to sink to wash up. His arms were very slightly sore after holding his immensely heavy cock like that for a few minutes. Part of him was amazed he could even lift it, let alone steady it for that whole time. As he rubbed the muscles in his arms it slowly began to dawn on him that they seemed bigger somehow.

When he looked up, he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror above the sink. He barely recognized the face looking back at him. To be more precise, he recognized the face, but it seemed a bit more chiseled and shapely than he remembered. The body the face was attached to was not at all familiar to him, though. He watched in bemused fascination as the muscled hunk in the mirror rubbed the muscles on his arms and washed his hands in unison with Alan's similar motions.

Alan turned to scope himself out in the full body mirror on the far wall. He couldn't believe how big and buff he was. It looked like the lower half of

his body had once again bulked up to accommodate the extra weight of his immense cock and balls, but this time his upper body had caught up too. Alan had huge, well defined biceps, massive pecs, killer lats, the whole nine yards. Alan even had muscles he didn't even know the names of. He slowly ran his hands over his muscles in fascination as he watched the amazed reflection of himself do the same.

His eyes drifted lower as he checked out the rest of his muscles as well. His legs were all but hidden behind his humongous nuts, but was little bits of his thighs that poked out the side were unbelievably huge. He had the legs of an Olympic power lifter, except his muscles were all smooth and shapely instead of being awkward masses of veins like the ones he typically saw on pro lifters. He slowly spun around and checked out his rear view in the mirror. His ass was even bigger than it was yesterday as well. His huge, muscular bubble butt was so amazingly hot that Alan wished it was somehow physically possible to bury his face in those massive, pillowy cheeks and eat himself out. He could feel his enormous leviathan stirring awake as he thought about it.

Alan was still feeling up his huge muscles happily as he exited the restroom. By this time, Steve had already finished up and left the kitchen and was back in the large, central room. He quickly noticed Alan's odd behavior. "What's up?" He asked Alan curiously.

“My muscles are huge.” Alan commented in awe. It wasn’t clear whether or not he was responding to Steve or just announcing it to everyone who might listen.

Steve rolled his eyes and replied. “Duh. You’ve been a gym rat as long as I’ve known you.”

“I know, but it just sort of hit me, you know?” Alan responded. He still sounded slightly out of touch with reality as he spoke. He was still rubbing his biceps dreamily.

“It’s because you got tired of being Gundam Legs.” Steve replied teasingly.

Those words snapped Alan right out of his reverie. “Where did you hear that!?” Alan shot back in surprise.

“Oh, I’ve done more than hear.” Steve continued to tease as he picked up his phone off the nearby table and flipped through some files. He quickly stopped on the one he needed and flashed a picture of a young boy with average looking brown hair, unreasonably well-defined legs for someone his age, a comically huge bulge in his pants, and scrawny looking little twigs for arms.

Alan gasped in shock and embarrassment. He had begun hitting the gym hard at a young age to bring his upper body in line with his lower half. He

pretty much lived off a diet of junk food and protein powder for his entire childhood. By the time he had hit middle school he had the biggest biceps and pecs in town. Granted, it was a small town, but he even had all of the adults beat, too. The only person who could rival him was his personal trainer, and Alan had him beat by the time he got to high school. "Where did you get that! Wait... Cindy!?" Alan's face was turning red from embarrassment, but the color quickly began to drain to white. "You aren't banging my sister are you?" He asked nervously.

"Banged, banging, will bang. It's all a matter of perspective." Steve responded playfully. His grin made it clear that he was toying with Alan, but said grin didn't betray whether or not he had actually made any moves on the lady in question.

"Don't you Lutece on me. I will snap your dick right off, I swear on me mum." Alan threatened only half seriously. "Why do you even have that picture, anyway?"

"Blackmail, obviously." Steve replied with a smug grin. "And I plan to show it to your next boyfriend when the time comes."

"Show what?" Dan asked as he rubbed his eyes sleepily. He had to alternate eyes because he was keeping one hand down over his crotch at all times as he struggled unsuccessfully to cover his respectable boner.

“That’s a secret for another time.” Steve replied with a sly grin as he shut off the screen and slipped his phone into his pocket. Dan’s grey eyes seemed completely bewildered, but Alan’s mouth fell open as he caught Steve’s insinuation.

Alan’s eyes scanned the skinny, light brown haired teen quickly. Dan was obviously trying not to check him out but failing miserably. Alan could tell that Dan’s boner wasn’t just a standard morning wood. He felt quite flattered and a little aroused.

Alan turned his attention back to Steve. “Ok, so what’s up with you and Cindy.” He demanded sternly.

“Nothing, bro. You know I wouldn’t make a move on her without clearing it with you first.” Steve reassured Alan. Alan knew that Steve was just trying to get under his skin, but he was a little jumpier than normal today.

“What do you see in her, anyway?” Alan asked curiously.

“Well, she’s super sweet, fun to talk to and...” Steve gestured like he was holding to massive objects in front of his chest and then continued. “she has great tracts of land. Bigness must run in the family.” Steve added with a playful smirk.

Alan rolled his eyes. Discussion of his sister's assets had handily crushed any growing arousal he might have had. It was for the best, though. He needed to be careful, since there was no telling if he could ever get his dick any smaller, and the more aroused he got, the faster it would grow. "Whatever." Alan responded with a disinterested huff.

Alan turned and scooped up his phone from the pile of crap he had pulled out of his backpack. "Yo. What's John's name?" Alan asked Steve as he opened up his browser.

"I dunno. What's the color of George Washington's white horse?" Steve replied jokingly.

"You know what I mean." Alan grumbled.

"I don't know what his name is. Why do you want to know?" Steve replied.

"Because I think that assclown swiped the dick statue." Alan replied testily as he thumbed through Facebook.

"The what..? Oh! That thing from the box." Steve responded. His eyes got steadily wider as his memories came rushing back. "Holy shit, dude. You got bigger."

Alan managed to simultaneously glower and scowl at Steve. His entire face contorted into an unspoken glare of “No shit, Sherlock.”

Steve jumped back a bit from the intensity of Alan’s gaze. “Woah, slow your roll, Holmes. We know he’s on the football team. Go to their website and check his name with the roster. We should find it there.”

Alan’s glare softened as he accepted Steve’s advice. Within a matter of minutes he had the roster loaded. He scrolled the list of names and faces until he stopped on the guy from the day before. Alan couldn’t help but laugh at what he saw. Steve was curious and sidled up beside Alan and glanced down at the phone screen. “Oh, you’re shittin’ me.” Steve laughed. He could see John’s face on the screen and the name “Smith” right next to it. “Can you get any more All American?”

Alan shook his head as he continued to chuckle. He quickly reloaded Facebook and did a search for John Smith. His smile faded as he looked at the results. “There are four million John Smith’s in this state alone...”

“Can I see?” Dan asked meekly.

Steve and Alan both looked at him in surprise. Dan had been standing there so quietly that they had forgotten he was there. They looked at

each other and carried out a non-verbal conversation that consisted of a series of skeptical eyebrow raises and shrugs before Alan handed over the phone.

Dan had a little experience in the art of creeping via Facebook. He knew the shortcuts and special tricks for narrowing down his search to find the guy he was after. Many an afternoon was spent researching classmates while searching for the fabled Interested in: Undeclared or better yet, the legendary and far more elusive Interested in: Male. Suffice to say, Dan had never successfully had one of his current crushes have their Interested in listed as something he would dare pursue. With a few key strokes that included their state, the guy's name, the university name, and the word "football" Dan had pulled up a much more manageable list of seven John Smiths. Dan silently handed the phone back to Alan who looked at the new lineup in excitement.

The new lineup consisted of four geriatrics, a scrawny looking nerd and two grey faces. Alan checked the first grey face, and found nothing on the page other than "Graduated from: and Married to." Both were key signs that these were not the droids they were looking for. The second grey face was the holy grail. He was a current student, listed as on the football team, and had an undeclared Interested in. The problem was that his last activity seemed to be months ago. Alan was looking crestfallen. He needed to get in touch with this guy now!

Steve looked at the screen and noticed something Alan seemed to over-look. John actually had a phone number listed on his page. While Alan was busy have a silent meltdown, Steve slipped his finger over to the screen and double tapped the number. Alan just about jumped out of his skin when the dialer popped up and the sound of a phone ringing on the other side could be heard.

Alan stared at the phone in confusion and disbelief. It had been ages since he had actually spoken to someone on a cell phone. His brain was trying to process what he was seeing. His brain seemed to come to a consensus that yes, smart phones do in fact have the capability to let two distant people talk to one another; it was a special hidden feature that these miraculous internet and text message machines had, but only the older generations seemed to remember that it existed.

“...Hello?” Came Jon’s voice from the other end. Alan was still staring at the screen in bemused fascination while he processed that his phone was in fact a phone. “Hello...?” came the voice again.

Alan seemed to snap out of his trance and quickly put the phone up to his ear. “Hey! John! It’s me.” Alan said.

“Me, who?” John asked.

“Me. Alan.” Alan replied. “You, Jane.” He added jokingly.

“Oh, hey man! What’s up?” John responded. He sounded noticeably happier to be talking now that he knew who the caller was.

“Oh, not much. I just had a quick question.” Alan said. He paused for a minute as he ran scenarios in his head. The silence quickly became awkward so he decided to just say it. “You know that weird dick looking figure thing you found in my dorm yesterday? You wouldn’t happen to know what happened to it, would you?” Alan asked nervously.

The line went silent for what seemed like forever. Finally John responded. “Yeah, man... I’m sorry.” John sounded noticeably distraught. “I don’t know what came over me. You were talking about how it was making you grow and all, and like, I already put it back like you asked. I got to thinking. I would like it if it happened to me. Not a lot, mind. Just a little would be fine. So I kinda... took it.” John confessed sulkily. “Fat lot of good it did. Darned thing doesn’t even work.”

Alan actually felt bad for the guy. Not that he was particularly angry to begin with, but he could tell that John was genuinely sorry. He also found it quite endearing how John’s Southern became more pronounced when he was flustered like this. Alan found himself wishing that it had worked out for him.

“Look. It’s OK, dude, but we need it back. I can drive over there and get it now I just need to know where.” Alan responded as casually and comfortingly as he could manage.

“Oh no. Please don’t do that.” John sputtered. “Ma doesn’t take to strangers much, and she’s likely to flip if you all just show up out of the blue. She’ll start asking, and I’ll start telling, and well...” John’s voice drifted off a bit at the end, but Alan got the gist of it. John was a little too much of a good ol’ boy for his own good. He couldn’t bring himself to overtly lie to his mom, but he was also so deep in the closet that his only salvation was avoiding anything that might arouse suspicion.

“Fine. But I need it soon.” Alan responded. A slight bit of annoyance was audible in his voice.

“I’ll bring it tomorrow! I promise.” John sputtered but then went eerily silent. “Uh... we’re still on for tomorrow... right?” He asked. It was obviously that he was afraid of what the answer might be.

“Oh course we are!” Alan reassured. “I’m looking forward to it, actually. I was just worried when I noticed it was missing is all. Now relax and bring it with you tomorrow.” Alan continued amiably.

“You bet!” John nearly shouted in response. His spirits were noticeably elevated after hearing Alan’s response. “I’ll have it for you tomorrow for

sure! I'll see you then!" The line went dead after that. Alan couldn't tell if John had intentionally hung up or just dropped the phone from excitement. Either way he smirked to himself as he looked at the "Call ended" screen on his phone.

"So that went well?" Steve prodded.

Alan responded by groaning in annoyance. "He's such a goober I couldn't even get mad at him." His face then contorted and he made strange dying whale noises as he groaned in frustration. "Oh gawd... I have to go two full days without getting off..."

Above Average
Part 7

The day actually hadn't been going so bad for Alan. He was beginning to think that he had over reacted about not being able to get off for a few days. He didn't have to jack off or get laid every day; it just tended to make life more enjoyable when he did. Truth be told, though, he couldn't even remember the last time he had skipped a day. Every day of his college career he had gotten jacked off at least once, and it wasn't hard to spot guys who wanted to have a little fun with him. His mega-cock was like a beacon in the night for poor, sexually repressed bi-curious college dudes. Even back in high school he was pretty active for similar reasons, and he never was one to shy away from a good, healthy power wank in the morning... and afternoon... and before bed.

It helped a lot that his family was very open and accepting of his needs. His parents were very practical people and were firm believers in the medical benefits of sexual relief. Even when he was off visiting his extended family he practiced the fine art of masturbation quite frequently. As it turns out, it was far less embarrassing to quietly excuse himself than it was to try and act casual at a family function with a boner. Unlike normal people, Alan couldn't really hide his erections. If he popped wood in a social setting, everyone in a five mile radius would be painfully aware of his seeping, four foot tall hard-on. Everyone just casually accepted that it was best that he handle business before it ever got that bad.

Alan found it a whole lot easier if he just didn't give himself time to think about the fact that he was knee deep in a weekend of self-imposed celibacy. Surrounding himself with lots of non-sexual stimulation was going to be the key. Video games had helped a lot. After Todd had woken up and taken a very, very long and extremely thorough shower, the four of them had continued their campaign. Todd was on his absolute best behavior this day and had barely said a word the entire time. It wasn't clear if he could remember the events of the previous night, but he certainly had remembered waking up completely covered from head to toe in thick, drying spunk. Even if Todd had somehow managed to escape from such an ordeal with his bravado intact, there was a tacit understanding between the two brothers that Steve had taken

several pictures during the course of the morning, and said pictures could easily find themselves on Facebook completely on accident.

Alan had tried to put his shorts back on for the first little bit of the day. They were just as snug and revealing as he remembered and did absolutely nothing to take his mind off of his situation. It seemed that lying around in just his underwear actually made matters worse. He was still borderline nude, and the fabric constantly rubbing against his sensitive junk was keeping him in a constant state of hot and bothered. Steve and Dan hadn't bothered putting on any clothes since last night, which just served to make him feel even more out of place clad in just his custom fit, red briefs. Todd on the other hand was very much over dressed for the climate. He was noticeably sweating as he sat there gaming in his blue jeans, long sleeve shirt, and black hoodie.

By the time they had cleared the second chapter Alan had shed his underoos and returned to enjoying the au natural life. He was free to relax and focus on the game now that he no longer had to worry about his potatoes baking in his red, tight knit pressure cooker. His cock was absolutely massive even by his skewed reckoning. Even though he wasn't hard yet, his dick was definitely chubbed up. He occasionally wondered if his dick was steadily growing right under his nose. It did seem slightly larger every so often, but that could just be his

nerves. He couldn't quite remember if getting slightly hard would have any lasting effect on his size, but he was sure that hovering at or around half mast all day would be better in the long run than if he had gotten hard, gotten off, and then gotten a semi anyway. Alan sighed inwardly as he tried to bring his mind back to the game.

His sigh had apparently been a lot louder than he had intended because both Dan and Steve were looking at him suspiciously. "You feelin' alright there, bro?" Steve asked with noticeable concern in his voice.

"Yeah, but I think I might need some fresh air." Alan replied as he stretched. Dan was trying not to stare too hard, but his eyes refused to pull away from Alan's amazingly muscular form. As Alan leaned back, his densely packed abs rippled and flexed, Dan's eyes traced a path further up Alan's incredibly buff physique. Alan's massive pecs puffed out even more as he stretched and yawned. Even the biceps and triceps in his arms seemed to shudder and flex. Dan had been rock hard pretty much all day just from being in the presence of this handsome, hung, wall of muscles. Alan's latest unintentional display had caused Dan to steadily leak pre. Following Alan's advice from the previous night, Dan did his best to pretend like nothing was out of the ordinary, even though he knew there was no way that the other guys in the room hadn't noticed his throbbing erection.

“Let’s whoop this boss and get some grub.”

Alan said casually as a giant spider-mech burrowed up from beneath them.

“With gusto!” Steve replied enthusiastically

as he unloaded the contents of his chain gun into the gigantic alien death-bot.

The actual encounter was surprisingly easy albeit annoyingly tedious. As they played a game of cat and mouse with a giant arachnid tank that spat radioactive acid bile, Alan found himself worrying less about his hypothetically expanding uber-dick and more about his scientifically proven empty stomach. Finally the beast toppled backwards over the edge of the cliff and landed in the muck below. It thrashed and flailed as the ooze steadily swallowed it whole.

“Is it dead? Cus I kinda want some pizza.”

Alan asked skeptically. The screen continued to show the bubbling slime as the splashes steadily subsided. It certainly looked like the monster was dead. “Whew. Now let’s save and get some deep di-
“

Right as Alan was about to set down his controller the beast leapt out of its sticky prison and landed back on the battle field. “Mother Fucker!” Alan screamed. He charged forward and threw every sticky grenade in his inventory at the thing’s face, followed by every rocket in his launcher, all while

shouting. “Just die already! All I want is some God. Damn. Deep. Dish. Chicago. Style!” His lilted speech was punctuated by the massive explosions from his heavy artillery. Even as the mammoth spider-beast had fallen on its back and was writhing in the throes of death, Alan continued to unload every bullet in his flak cannon into the alien biomech. “Get up again! I dare you!” Alan shouted at the TV even after the only visible motions in the spider were twitches caused by the steady rain of bullets.

“It’s dead, dude.” Steve explained calmly as he put hand reassuringly on Alan’s shoulder. He silently made a mental note to never try to withhold sex and food from Alan.

Alan’s teeth slowly unclenched as the screen went dark and the end of chapter recap screen popped up. He exhaled slowly as he gradually relaxed. By the time he had successfully saved their progress he was as upbeat and happy as anyone had ever seen him. “Alright! Who wants pizza?” He exclaimed joyfully as he hopped up from the couch.

“I guess that means I’m going.” Steve replied casually as he too got up. “It’s not like you can drive anywhere.”

Dan started to get up, but then he noticed Alan bending down to pick up his shorts. Time and space seemed to freeze as all Dan could see was Alan’s massive ass as he bent down. Each gloriously

muscles cheek was larger than Dan's head. Dan felt like he was slowly falling into those perfectly round pillows. All he wanted to do was dive in and bury his face between them. Dan could feel something else building up inside him, but he was too focused on what was in front of him to even care about it until it was far too late.

Dan suddenly fell back into his seat and bit his lip as he came hard. He only shot once, but it was such a long and powerful stream that it was more than enough to completely empty his perfectly average sized nuts. The giant strand of jizz launched upward and spun like a set of bolas as it arced through the air. The wad splashed against his face and hair, completely coating his left lens in the process. He could taste some of the slight bitter and salty spunk oozing into his mouth as he lay back in the chair trying to catch his breath. His cock gave a few more harsh lurches as it tried to eject even more non-existent jizz from his already painfully drained balls before it began to soften and settle down.

"I'm just going to stay home." Todd replied sulkily. He loved pizza as much as the next guy, but he wasn't too keen on being out in public with Alan and his enormous peen. His masculinity had taken a shellacking during the past day, and he wasn't sure how much more his ego could sustain.

"Good. My car only seats three anyway."
Steve called back as he scooped up his clothes from

the far corner of the room. Alan thought that seemed like a strange amount of seats for one car, but he didn't say anything about it. Something told him that Steve was telling the truth and that he already knew about the seating arrangements.

Steve turned back around as he hopped into his boxers; his cock flopped around a bit as he did so. Once the waistband was back up where it belonged, he reached down and pushed his dick down into his underwear and quickly adjusted himself. "Yo, Danny. You comin'?" He asked Dan, although it was a little late for that. Dan silently nodded in agreement.

"Good." Steve replied. "But you might want to clean up a bit really quick." Steve made a quick gesture like he was wiping something off of his face as he spoke to Dan. Dan instantly got the implication and turned beet red. He quickly got up from his seat and silently slunk into the kitchen alcove to give himself a quick wipe down. He pulled a clean wash rag out of the cupboard under the sink and used warm water to wipe his face and the surrounding area. The whole process would have been a lot easier if he had access to a mirror or some other reflective surface, but he wiped his face off as best he could. He took a moment open the washcloth up and held it to his face and let the hot steam soak into his pores. It felt amazingly soothing and relaxing.

Once his face was suitably cleaned, he once again dampened the cloth and set to work cleaning up the rest of the spunk off of his dick and torso. There was a lot less there than on his face so the process was pretty quick. He just had to wipe up a few stray splotches that had landed on him and dab up the pre that had pooled around his dick. He couldn't tell if he had gotten any in his hair, but he didn't really see the point in trying to clean it up even if he had. His hair was such a light shade of brown that it would be almost impossible to see if he did have any dried jizz stuck up there.

When he was finally satisfied with how clean he was, Dan draped the cloth over the faucet and shut off the water. He then turned and went back into the front room to gather up his clothes. A

Alan and Steve were already dressed and waiting for him. Steve was dressed in really loose fitting jeans and an equally loose t-shirt which was the typically style for him. Alan was also dressed in his typical style, but it was the exact opposite of Steve's. Alan's clothes were so tight that they appeared to be painted onto him. His humongous muscles strained against the fabric of his T-shirt in all directions. His red briefs clung tightly to his junk. His immense bulge protruded out over three feet in front of him, and even though his shorts did their best to pull his beanbag chair balls up and inward, the bottom of his nuts still reached down almost halfway down his shins. Dan's mouth hung open as

he tried unsuccessfully not to stare. Somehow Alan looked even sexier when clothed than when he was hanging out in the nude. Dan was painfully aware that he was rock hard all over again, but Todd was nowhere to be seen so he didn't bother trying to hide it.

"Hurry up, dude. I'm starving!" Alan playfully called out to Dan. Dan just nodded silently and set to work on gathering up his discarded clothes. Fortunately it seemed that his outfit had escaped relatively unscathed from the super messy cumbath that Alan had given much of the room.

"Should we ask Todd if he wants to come along?" Dan asked hesitantly as he pulled his pants on.

"Nah. He's already said no. Just let him sulk for a while. I think he could use the time alone, anyway." Steve replied. He knew his brother well enough to know that there was a significant emotional battle being waged behind Todd's seemingly bratty exterior.

"I guess... do you think he'll be alright?" Dan continued to press for answers as he pulled his plain white t-shirt on.

"He'll be fine. The best thing you can do is lay low for now." Steve responded.

“Oh... Ok...” Dan replied. He was looking down dejectedly as he finished buttoning up his shirt.

“Don’t be like that. He’ll come around, and if he doesn’t I’ll punch in the face for you.” Steve said cheerfully as he placed a hand reassuringly on Dan’s shoulder.

“I should have known better than to join in last night...” Dan said as he continued to sulk.

“Whatever, man. He’s more upset about what he did last night than what you did, and besides, creaming yourself just from staring at Alan’s ass did more to out yourself than any booze fueled orgy.” Steve replied with a sly grin.

“You saw that, did you?” Dan muttered nervously.

“It was kind of hard to miss.” Steve laughed. “Now shut up, quit moping, and get some pizza with us. Alan is getting antsy, and you’ve seen what he can be like when he is denied food.” Steve remarked pleasantly as he slung an arm over Dan’s shoulder and guided him towards the stairs. Dan shuddered a bit as he remembered the poor mutant death spider that had the misfortune of being between Alan and pizza.

Steve and Dan approached the car to see Alan already standing there waiting for them; he had slipped out during their heart to heart a few minutes earlier. To say he looked a little antsy would be an understatement. Seeing Steve approach, Alan turned around and placed his hand on the passenger side door.

“Back door, doofus!” Steve called out as he gestured for Alan to use the other door. Alan looked at him in confusion for a second and then glanced back into the car. There was no front seat on the passenger side. Alan found this odd. He was sure that there was one there last night and didn’t remember Steve going out to remove it, but he shrugged and opened the back door as soon as he heard the lock click.

Alan settled into his usual seat easily enough. He always sat in this seat whenever they went places, and the cushion had long since molded to fit his ample butt. The best part was with the front seat gone he had plenty of room for his junk. That was the whole reason they had taken that chair out in the first place. Alan had realized long ago that there was just no way he was going to be able to get comfortable with his package being smashed in between him and the dashboard.

Dan and Steve went around the other side and hopped in their respective seats; Dan was in the back with Alan, and Steve was of course driving. The

three of them were then on their way. There were several pizza places within ten miles of the house, but their favorite was a little farther down the road. It was a small Mom n Pop pizza shop that had a casual diner feel to it and, better yet, very large tables.

Steve was the first one to enter the restaurant followed by Dan and then Alan. Alan had to shimmy his way through the doorway a bit; it was only a single door and a fairly narrow one at that. His nuts were so huge that his package was considerably wider than his hips.

Steve sauntered up to the lady who was working the serving booth and ramped up the charm. "Hey, Dory. How's the job treating you?"

"It's alright." She responded with a playful dose of sarcasm. "At least it calls me and asks me to come over every so often and keeps me company on Friday nights."

"Ouch." Steve replied, taking the jabs in stride. "Ever consider taking on a second job?"

"Well, I'm typically booked nights and weekends, but knowing you, you'd want me for the graveyard shift." She replied with a wry smile.

"Not necessarily. You're more than welcome to work the stick shift." Steve responded seriously,

but then busted out laughing. “Anyways, I thought you were with that musclehead... Whatshisbitch... Dirk?”

“His name’s Derek.” Dory replied flatly. “And he turned out to be a massive... dick.” Dory’s mouth went slack and her eyes went wide as she saw Alan saunter up to the podium. She stood there silently staring at Alan for a minute while he fidgeted slightly, rocking slowly from one foot to the other. Alan raised his eyebrows and gave her a look that was simultaneously questioning and pleading. She quickly snapped back to reality and regained her composure. “Oh! Sorry... I had heard the rumors, but wow. That’s... that’s something.”

She quickly gathered up a few menus and gestured towards the dining area. “Follow me and I’ll get you seated.” Dory led the three guys to a table in the back corner of the dining room. Everyone there stopped what they were doing to stare at the amazingly buff, unreasonably hung college dude and his two friends, but some of the patrons did a much better job of hiding it than others. Alan was very much used to this kind of treatment by now and just ignored it. When they got to their booth, Dan crawled in first and took a seat against the wall. Alan sat down on the opposite side and managed to scootch about halfway down the bench. The seating arrangement gave him plenty of room for his junk to pool beneath the table. Dan should have had plenty of room to sit comfortably without pressing up

against the wall or Alan's cock, but his legs were making frequent and extended contact with Alan's dick anyway. Steve took a seat across from Alan on the end of the bench where he would be optimally located to mac on the waitress.

Steve turned to look at Dan and said, "Order one large of whatever type you want, and I'll split it with you."

"Dan raised an eyebrow questioning and quietly replied, "What about Alan?"

"I'll order for myself. It takes a lot to feed these muscles." Alan responded cheerfully as he playfully flexed his muscles. Dan was convinced that he could actually hear the fabric of Alan's overstretched T-shirt straining from the force of his bulging bicep.

"And even more to feed that cock!" Steve responded jokingly and burst out laughing. He had spoken much louder than he had intended, and a few audible gasps could be heard from the more family oriented patrons. A few parents quickly clamped their hands over their children's ears and gave Steve some very spiteful glares. Steve ignored them all and focused his attention on Dan and Alan. "You two kiddies have fun. I'm going to see about a little action tonight." He said with a sly grin and a wink. He then got up and strode back to the greeter podium to talk with Dory.

Without Steve's boisterous nature to carry the conversation, Alan and Dan were finding that they had little to talk about. Dan fidgeted a bit as he tried to think of anything to say. "So... uh... How long have you been... You know."

"Hung?" Alan asked with a bit of a smirk.

Dan's face turned a new shade of red as he sputtered. "No... I mean... You know."

"Out?" Alan asked calmly as he raised an eyebrow questioningly.

"Yeah..." Dan confirmed meekly.

"Man... I don't even know. It feels like forever ago. Pretty much since like fifth grade or something. Basically the first time I popped a bone in the locker room in PE." He remarked wryly. "Maybe normal guys could throw a towel over it and pretend nothing happened, but even back then, a towel would come nowhere close to covering it."

"So how was it... I mean... growing up?" Dan asked cautiously.

Alan shrugged and continued to describe his life plainly. "It had its ups and downs. I don't think I could have done it if my family wasn't there for me. I know some guys aren't as lucky as I am in that regard. I got teased a lot both for being gay and

because of how I look, but somewhere along the line I learned that those who hated me for being gay weren't worth my time and those that were teased me for my looks were just jealous." The corner of Alan's lips curled up into a proud smirk as he recounted his tale. "Another thing I learned. The friends you make as an outcast like that are some of the best friends you could ever hope for. Guys like Steve for example." Alan nodded towards the entrance where Steve was leaning on the podium and seriously schmoozing with the greeter. Dory didn't seem to mind though. In fact, she could be seen laughing and having a great time.

Alan and Dan took a brief break from their conversation as another young lady approached clad in the same obnoxious orange and yellow uniform that Dory was wearing. Tara, as her nametag claimed, had short cropped black hair and heavy eyeliner. "What'll it be, guys?" She asked plainly.

"Just a large pepperoni over here." Dan replied. He had to struggle a bit to speak a lot louder than he was accustomed to, but his voice came out at a level that would be pretty normal for most people.

"I'll have a large pepperoni too... Oh and pepperoni and mushroom and pepperoni and pineapple." Alan listed off his order eagerly.

“So wait. That’s a large pizza with pepperoni, mushroom, and pineapple?” She asked slightly confused by the way Alan had phrased it.

“No. Three pizzas. Pepperoni, Pep and mushroom, and pep n’ pineapple.” Alan explained.

Tara raised an eyebrow as she appraised the massively muscled college dude and shrugged. “Alright. It’ll be about twenty minutes.” She replied as she scribbled the order onto her little notebook.

Dan looked around anxiously, and when he was sure that they were as close to alone as they were going to get in a public place he leaned in. “So... What’s it like?” Dan asked just barely above a whisper.

“What’s what like?” Alan asked back, barely even trying to hide his smirk.

“You know... being big.” Dan replied. He couldn’t hide his fascination and excitement even if he tried.

“Well... it’s a little inconvenient at times. Can’t wear normal clothes, or drive easily, or fit through some narrow passages.” Alan explained nonchalantly.

“But worth it, right?” Dan asked.

“Hell yeah.” Alan replied with a soft chuckle. “Totally.”

Dan went even quieter than normal, but his eyes were bright and alert. He was obviously thinking about something that had him very excited. Alan didn't even need to ask what it was. Dan was obviously thinking about what it would be like to be so incredibly massive and hung. Alan's thoughts drifted as he tried to imagine what Dan would look with insanely huge muscles and an enormous cock. Even just casually thinking about it was enough to make Alan get excited as well. Dan was plenty cute as the scrawny little nerd he was now, but if Dan was to become huge like Alan was, he'd be incredibly hot.

Alan felt he needed to change subjects before things got a little cramped under the table, but fortunately, Steve returned and did that for him. “Hell yeah. I've got a date tonight!” he announced proudly as he slid into the booth across from Alan.

“Oh? What time?” Alan asked casually. He was only mildly interested in Steve's plans. He was mostly just glad for the diversion.

“In about an hour and a half. I'm going to pick Dory up right after she gets off work.” Steve explained.

“Wait, but what about me?” Alan asked.

“Bros before hoes has a statute of limitations, man.” Steve replied jokingly. “Besides, if you’re lookin’ to get fucked tonight, I’m sure Danny here will be more than willing to” Steve paused for a second to emphasize his pun with pelvic thrust. “Fill in for me.”

Dan gasped so quickly he actually emitted a squeak sound and averted his gaze down towards his lap in an effort to hide his blushing. Alan rolled his eyes and sighed audibly. He was trying not to get off tonight, and here his two friends were pushing all his buttons back to back. He had to admit, though, he wouldn’t mind an extra round with Dan. The mousey little high school senior had done things with his mouth and tongue that made Alan weak in the knees just thinking about.

“Anyways...” Alan responded forcefully in an effort to bring the conversation back to more civilized topics. “What I meant was, where am I supposed to go? There’s no way we can get back to your folk’s place, get my stuff, and then get me to campus in time for you to be back here for your date.”

“Well, yeah.” Steve replied. His voice was dripping with sass as if the answer was painfully obvious to everyone. “You brought enough stuff for the weekend, right? Just chill at my place for the evening. Danny will keep you company, and I’m sure even Todd will be enjoyable to be around once he stops moping.” Steve explained. Alan folded his

arms in front of his chest and frowned slightly, but didn't say anything to try and argue Steve's logic.

"Look man, I know I'm leaving you in a bit of a lurch, but Dory and I go way back. I don't want to miss this chance to fix things between us." Steve pleaded.

Alan sighed. "Fine. I guess I'd be just as bored at the dorm as I would be at your place." Alan was about to add something else, but he was interrupted by a loud outburst from Steve.

"What is this shit?" Steve gasped incredulously. Alan turned to look over at what Steve was looking at and saw that two servers had arrived with four trays of pizzas. "Pepperoni and pineapple? I thought I raised you better than that, bro. Pineapple goes with Canadian bacon."

"Hey. You don't like it. Don't eat it." Alan sassed back. "I was in the mood for it, so I got it."

Steve furrowed his brow as he looked at the mutant pizza. "What are you, pregnant?"

"Bitch, I might be." Alan shot back as he arranged his three large pizzas in a semi-circle formation around him. From that point on, Alan was too engrossed in snarfing down pizzas to be much of a conversationalist. Steve was used to watching Alan eat and went about downing his own pizza. Dan

on the other hand slowly chewed his slice as he watched Alan consume slice after slice. Dan had originally thought that Alan was joking about polishing off all three pizzas by himself, but Alan had already finished the first, was well on his way through the second, and was still showing no signs of slowing.

Dan swallowed the clump in his mouth and voiced his amazement. "Wow... if I eat like that will I get big like you, too?" He realized immediately after he said it how stupid it sounded, but it was too late for that.

"Nah. You'll just get fat." Steve joked. "Although you could stand to get a little more meat on your bones." Steve gave Dan a quick poke in the ribs and laughed. Alan caught a brief glimpse of something on Steve's face, but it vanished before he could be sure he saw it. It was almost as if Steve was already plotting something, but what it was, Alan could not say.

With the last scrap of pizza consumed, Alan lifted up his shirt and rubbed his densely packed abs. Dan's mouth hung open as he stared at Alan's amazing musculature. It seemed like Alan was even more buff than he had remembered. Alan opened his wallet and threw down some bills to cover his pizzas plus a little extra. Steve followed suit, throwing down enough to cover Dan as well.

On their way out, Steve stopped off at the greeter's podium one last time to say goodbye to Dory. "I'll be back for you in an hour, ok? Just gotta drop off these chumps."

"No real rush." Dory replied with a bored yawn. "I'm not going anywhere until the boss lets me off."

"You sound like you could use the company, which is all the more reason to hurry." Steve replied with a sly wink and an award winning grin. The smile on Dory's face made it obvious that Steve's charms were working.

"Alright, Casanova, Let's get back so you can prepare for tonight." Alan replied snarkily as he grabbed Steve by the arm and started pulling him towards the door. Steve blew one last kiss to the greeter before following Alan back to the car.

The trip back to the house was uneventful. It took them a little less than twenty minutes to get back to Steve's place and then within another ten minutes, Steve had managed to hop in the shower real quick, clean up, and get into some nicer clothes. Alan and Dan had settled onto the couch and were thumbing through Netflix on the Xbox. Todd was nowhere to be seen, and Alan and Dan weren't in the mood to continue their game with just the two of them.

Alan thumbed through the recent additions and found a pretty standard summer block buster from a few years back that could be a nice waste of time. It had aliens, explosions, romance, comedy, and all in small enough doses as to not be completely irritating. The movie was scarcely through the opening credits when Steve came barreling through the room while buttoning up the last few buttons on his shirt. "You two lovebirds be good." Steve said with a playful grin. Alan rolled his eyes in response, but Dan turned bright red. "Oh, and Alan. Try not to wear him out too much. He's still half a virgin." Steve shot his friends a quick wink before he vanished up the stairs for his date.

The movie started off well enough, Default Action Hero was doing default action hero things when suddenly aliens. Alan was hoping the movie would take his mind off of his current physical issues, but it was only helping to dull his senses a little. At the moment, though, he could barely focus on anything other than how stuffy it was in the home theater room. Alan stood up quickly which caused Dan to jumped back in shock; he had been so fixated on the movie that he had almost managed to put Alan out of his mind... almost. Now that Alan's immaculate chest and glorious eight pack abs were out in the open, though, it would be nearly impossible for him to focus on the movie.

Dan hesitated for a moment, but then got up and started stripping too. He didn't stop at just the

shirt, though; he went the full Monty. With his clothes completely off and arbitrarily thrown into a pile in the corner of the room, Dan plopped back down on the couch next to Alan. The seating arrangement started out platonic enough, but as the movie continued, Dan slowly crept closer and closer until he was literally leaning on Alan's bulky, muscular frame. Dan tilted his head to the side so that it was now resting against Alan's shoulder as if it was a pillow.

Alan grinned slightly as he noticed Dan trying to casually snuggle up against him. Alan was initially hesitant to go along with it, but he gradually softened and lifted his arm around Dan's shoulder and pulled him in close. Dan let out a contented sigh as he nuzzled in close to Alan. His head rested comfortably against Alan's left pec. Alan's chest muscles were so huge that either bulging pec was larger than Dan's head, giving the grayish brown haired teen plenty of room the rest his head.

Alan couldn't help but think how cute Dan looked, especially the way the images from the jumbo TV screen seemed to dance and shimmer in Dan's lenses and the pale, grey eyes behind them. Alan forced himself to once again focus on the movie. It was a pretty action packed scene, which helped immensely. There were alien spaceships raining down fiery death upon the earth and human jets fighting back, transforming the entire sky into a needlessly large series of explosions and lens flares.

After the battle, though, the movie started to drag on and get bogged down in needless exposition and character backstories. Alan tried to remain focused on the show, but it was obvious that Dan had once again lost interest. His pale, slender hand was slowly rubbing Alan's densely packed eight pack. Dan's hand dipped lower and lower with each pass. It wasn't long before the teen's hand was brushing against the base of Alan's immense cock. Even though Alan still had his briefs on, the top foot or two of his shaft was left exposed and gave Dan plenty of skin to feel up. Alan tried to ignore it, but he could already feel his cock chubbing up inside the cloth confines.

"You mentioned something earlier that confused me." Dan suddenly murmured. Alan perked up and looked at him with a curious expression as he waited for Dan to continue. "You said something that if you get hard you get bigger?"

"Something like that. It's like... if I get big, I stay big." Alan responded.

"I don't get it..." Dan replied softly.

"I'm not so sure either. It's like magic or maybe a curse is more accurate." Alan explained.

"Oh... that's not what I meant." Dan responded in barely above a whisper. He continued to rub his hand along Alan's enormous dick as he did

so. Alan's cock was getting noticeably harder at this point and was straining against the fabric of his briefs. "What I meant was... you can get bigger and bigger and yet you are fighting it... why?"

"It's plenty big already." Alan replied breathlessly as he tried to fight back his arousal. Dan's steady stroking of his cock was making things harder for him in more ways than one. "It's a little ridiculous."

"It's beautiful. You're beautiful. And you'll just get more and more beautiful." Dan murmured seductively. He was no longer whispering into Alan's ear, but staring straight into Alan's eyes. Dan had crawled over and was now straddling Alan's cock like a seesaw. Dan was using his ass and thighs to jack off Alan's immense dick. At the same time his feet were digging into Alan's massive nuts. Dan could actually feel the insane volume of pent of jizz churning beneath his toes.

"It's not just your cock, is it?" Dan muttered excitedly. His voice was barely a hoarse whisper, but Alan heard it perfectly and caught the implication. Dan wanted Alan to get huge. Not just his cock, not just his balls, but everything. Dan's eyes gleamed with excitement as he imagined what Alan would be like when his pecs were even larger; when his biceps were even larger; when, of course, his already fantastic ass was even more phenomenal.

Alan winced from the strain on his junk from his overly packed briefs struggling to hold back the expanding mass of cock. He could already hear some of the threads popping as the front pouch stretched past its limits. He resigned himself to his fate. It was such a shame, too; these were his favorite pair. A loud ripping sound split the air as his massive, raging hard-on burst free from his pants and pointed straight out in front of him. Noticing that his gyrations had finally paid off, Dan slid forward so that he was no longer sitting on Alan's enormous cock and was instead straddling Alan's midriff. With Dan no longer holding his shaft down, Alan's massive boner was free to stand fully upright.

Alan was amazed by the sheer size of it. He knew it had crept up in size a bit during the day, but he hadn't expected it to be this big. As Dan leaned back so that he was now had his back flat against Alan's colossal shaft, Alan could now see that the top of Dan's hair barely reached the large, spongy head of his own cock. Alan's cock was so much thicker than the lanky teen that Dan looked ridiculously tiny by comparison. The worst part was that Alan knew he was enjoying it. Seeing his friend dwarfed by his dick was exciting and invigorating and more than a little erotic. Alan's enormous cock was already seeping pre, but after seeing the size disparity, his dick was positively oozing.

Dan could see the pink flush spread to Alan's cheeks and feel the muscled hunk shuddering

beneath him. Dan had never felt so alive before. It wasn't just because he was dominating this big, beefy, hottie, although that was certainly part of it. Alan had been such an amazing friend to Dan for the two days they had known each other, and Dan just wanted to do something to repay him. Now, Dan knew exactly how. He had the power to make Alan bigger, buffer, hotter. He didn't want to stop until Alan was the most amazing specimen of masculinity the world had ever seen.

Even if Dan couldn't see or feel Alan trembling beneath him, he would have known how much Alan was enjoying himself based solely on the amount of pre that was washing over him. His hair was already soaked and he could feel even more of it oozing down his back. Feeling this spurred him on. Dan reach up and placed one hand against the head of Alan's cock and his other hand down lower against the shaft in order to steady himself. Dan then began rocking up and down, letting his back slide along the length of Alan's shaft. Dan was effectively using his entire torso to try and jack Alan off, and judging by the slight moans and shallow breathing coming from the buff hunk below him, it seemed to be working.

As Dan continued to rub against Alan's enormous dick, he continued to get more and more coated in the slightly slimy juice which was flowing from Alan's cock. Thick beads of pre rolled of Dan's bangs and down his face. Some of the slightly bitter

liquid got into his mouth. Dan let the juice roll across his tongue as he savored the taste. He swallowed hard and realized that he needed more than just a small taste.

Dan turned himself over so that he was face to face with Alan's titanic dick and propped himself up so that his knees were now resting on Alan's abs. Dan stood up on his knees and found that the tip of Alan's cock was now level with his own mouth; this was just perfect for what he wanted to do. Dan leaned in and began drinking straight from the tap. He gulped down mouthfuls of the warm liquid while steadily rubbing his hands in a circular motion along either side of the head of Alan's cock. Dan could feel Alan shuddering intensely under him, and he knew it wouldn't be long before Alan climaxed. Dan was getting excited just thinking about just how huge Alan's magnificent cumshot would be at his current size and just how phenomenal Alan would be after he grew once more.

Alan could barely focus. Dan was really doing a number on his cock and it felt amazing. Alan was long past caring about his growth. He was already rock hard anyway; no matter what happened next, he was guaranteed to have a sizeable growth spurt after this. What bugged him now was that he was about the cream all over the place, and he had not yet lifted a finger to help Dan along. Alan wasn't about to sit back and leave his current partner unsatisfied. He curled forward as if he was doing a

sit-up and grabbed Dan's hips with both hands. He easily lifted the scrawny teen up and Dan's ass right up to his face. Dan's butt was a bit on the boney side, but quite cute in its own right.

Dan gasped in shock as he felt his bottom half suddenly lift off. He clambered to grab onto something and launched his arms at the head of Alan's cock. His hands slipped and slid across the pre-soaked surface until his right hand dipped into Alan's slit. Realizing that that provided the best grip for him, Dan adjusted his weight so that his right arm was propping up most of his weight. His hand slowly slid deeper and deeper until his arm was buried up to the elbow inside Alan's shaft. Dan used this to his advantage. Using his forearm as a counterbalance, Dan maneuvered his left arm so that he was able to steady himself against Alan's magnificent cock.

Dan was shocked at just how quickly the tables had turned. Just a second ago he had Alan completely at his mercy, but now he was suspended like a hammock between Alan's giant dick and handsome face. Not that Dan was complaining, though. He had succeeded in getting Alan rock hard, and he was now experiencing the joys of rimming firsthand. Dan had never actually had it done to him before. It was simply magical. He could feel Alan's lips and tongue against his twitching hole. Dan's whole body shuddered with pleasure as Alan's tongue dug into him. Even Alan's tongue seemed to exude raw muscular strength. Dan could feel his

hole being stretched out as Alan slid his tongue in deeper. All Dan could do was whimper and hold on. Alan continued to lick and suck and kiss a path between Dan's cheeks as he slowly worked his way away from Dan's quivering hole, across his puffy taint, and over towards his full nuts. Alan took one of Dan's sparrow's egg sized balls into his mouth and sucked on it. By this point Dan's whole body was shuddering and convulsing as he was rocked by the throes of pure bliss. Pleasure arced through every inch of his body. His own respectable cock was aching for release, but he didn't want this to end just yet.

Alan stopped sucking on Dan's nuts and reversed his path back towards Dan's eager hole. Dan tried to hold out as best he could, but the second he felt Alan once again eating out his ass, he lost it. He let fly one large jet of cum that splattered against the shaft of Alan's massive cock. Dan's dick continued to lurch and spurt, firing smaller and smaller loads with each successive shot. The fourth shot was barely a dribble, and yet, his cock continued to shudder and shoot long after he had used up all the spunk in his nuts.

Alan stood up and picked Dan up off of his cock and placed the lightweight teen on the couch as gently as he could manage. Dan groggily looked up and saw Alan's enormous cock towering over him; the head of immense organ was flaring up and oozing pre. It was clear that Alan was on the verge

of letting loose what could only be assumed to be one of the largest and messiest bursts of spooge the world had ever seen. Dan grinned at his handiwork as he awaited his reward.

Alan took a few steps back and aimed his cock as best he could. It didn't take much to send him over the edge. It wasn't even the physical stimulation that did it, even though Alan was stroking his cock as best he could. What really sent him over the edge was the grin on Dan's face and the gleam in his eyes. Alan could almost hear Dan's voice in his mind, goading him on, telling him to get off, get bigger, get sexier.

Alan enormous nuts clenched up and pumped their contents up his five foot shaft. Alan's gigantic cock sprayed jizz like a fire hose. In a matter of seconds, Dan was completely coated in thick, sticky spunk, and still, Alan kept cumming. Alan's eyes rolled back in his head and his legs gave out as he was overwhelmed by the intense pleasure. As he fell to his knees, he lost the ability to aim his stream. His cock was left to fly free, spraying creamy jizz all over the room; it coated the roof; it coated the coach; it pooled at his feet as it saturated the carpet and continued to spill out onto the floor.

Finally, Alan was completely spent. He staggered forward and plopped down on the coach next to Dan. Dan was so coated in spooge that he was almost unrecognizable, but he looked as happy

and content as Alan had ever seen him. Dan was idly scooping up handfuls of jizz and letting the savory spunk slowly slide down his throat and into his belly.

Alan scooped his shirt up out of the muck and found a spot of the fabric that seemed relatively clean and used it to wipe off the controller. Once the controller was satisfactorily cleaned off, he rewound the movie to where they both had started to ignore it and continued to watch it. Dan groggily rolled over onto Alan and nuzzled up against Alan's big, muscular chest. Alan wrapped both of his huge, powerful arms around the smaller guy and held him tight. Alan was already wondering why he had bothered to restart the film. He was much more interested in watching the slim guy who was quietly snoring in his arms than any cheesy action flick.

Above Average

Part 8

Alan was sitting cross-legged almost as if he were meditating. He was in a large, ornate room, surrounded by big, buff, hung attendants who were there to cater to his every whim. He was revered as a god here. It's not surprising considering all he did for them. Their entire civilization was literally and figuratively built around his cock.

Alan relaxed and slowed his breathing. He began to slowly float up and out of his body. Even though he saw it every day, it still amazed him to see his body from the outside like this. He was incredibly ripped. Every inch of his body was covered in massive muscles. Even sitting there in the trancelike state he was currently in, his muscles were so big

that they bulged out as if he was flexing them all at once.

Alan slowly drifted outwards through the walls of the temple. His palatial shrine would put even the fictional manors of Shangri-La to shame. The temple was so high up that it seemed to rise up out of the clouds themselves, but Alan knew better.

He floated down below the layer of clouds and looked out upon his domain.

The jagged mountains that covered the countryside weren't particularly large as far as mountains go, but they still reach quite a few thousand feet above sea level. Even the highest peaks only reached about halfway up his absolutely titanic cock. He smiled as he surveyed the several miles of dick that lay amidst the mountain range. Somewhere above the clouds, resting at the point where that monolithic wang and the two colossal nuts met was the temple that housed his body.

He swooped down lower to survey his country. The fields were lush and verdant as a result of the infinite stream of protein rich pre that constantly oozed out of his few thousand feet tall slit. He floated over the mountains and saw that the entire country was surrounded by a vast sea of churning cum. His colossal cumshot filled the ocean several times a day, keeping the sea constantly fresh and warm; his attendants made sure of that.

Alan could already feel another powerful blast of jizz welling up inside of him. He watched in awe as his own city sized cock hardened and twitched. The mountainous head flared out and oozed even more pre than before. He could feel Dan's arms struggling and failing to wrap completely around his over six foot tall shaft. "Get bigger for me..." He could hear Dan chanting as he stroked Alan's enormous cock.

Alan's eyes fluttered open. What he saw caused his jaw to fall open. Dan was struggling like a champ to jack him off, but his huge dick completely dwarfed the lanky teen. It was not just thicker than Dan anymore but taller too. Alan almost creamed himself just looking at the ridiculous size disparity between his cock and his friend.

Dan was looking pretty ragged; sweat was dripping off his body, and the hot, stuffy basement wasn't the primary culprit. "Why not take a breather." Alan said groggily.

"Oh... Sorry... It's just... I woke up... and it was well... morning..." Dan muttered almost inaudibly. Alan smirked as he caught on to the gist of it. Dan had woken up and immediately noticed Alan's towering morning wood and set to work trying to jack it off while Alan slept. Dan was looking pretty meek now that he had actually been caught. Alan had to admire the guy's gusto if nothing else.

“Well, I guess I am already boned.” Alan said playfully. “But you look like you’ll blow an artery before I blow a load. Let me handle the rest.”

Dan turned looked hesitantly back over his shoulder at Alan while he weighed his options. He was pretty tired; he had been trying to stroke Alan’s massive cock by wrapping his arms around it and squatting up and down while holding on as tight as he could manage, but Alan’s dick was so thick that Dan couldn’t even get his fingers to touch on the opposite side. For all his efforts, Alan didn’t seem very close to cumming yet. “I... don’t you need help? I mean it’s...” Dan almost said too big, but he quickly caught himself. There was no such thing as too big in his book, and if there was, Alan’s cock still had a long way to go before it got there. “It looks like you’d need help.” He murmured.

“You don’t think I can get myself off?” Alan replied playfully. Something about the impish grin on his face made Dan believe that Alan wanted to show off. Dan was more than willing to sit back and watch his unreasonably hot, buff, and hung bud put on a show for him. “I’ve been jacking myself off since I was seven.” Alan added roguishly.

Alan quickly got to his feet. The sudden motion caused Dan, who had been standing on the couch with one foot on either side of Alan as he straddled Alan’s massive cock, to rise up with him. Dan was left sitting atop Alan’s massive shaft with

his legs spread wide and slung over either side as if he was riding a Clydesdale. Alan lumbered around the room, letting his hefty cock bob and waggle from side to side as Dan continued to ride it like a mechanical bull. The sheer size and power of Alan's cock overwhelmed Dan's senses. Alan's cock was now so huge and mighty that it could literally carry Dan around. Somehow this made him even more aroused. He let out a low moan as he fired a massive load which arced through the air and landed with a splat a few feet away against Alan's shaft.

Dan was too overcome with lust to really think about what he was doing. Using his knees to steady himself, he leaned forward so he was now lying face down on Alan's immense dick as he lapped up his own cum and worshipped the glorious organ. Dan's still rigid cock ached for release as he imagine what it would be like as Alan's already humongous wang grew larger and larger.

Alan could feel his cock flexing as he found himself suddenly very close to blowing his own load. Something about having this small, lanky teen literally down on his hands and knees worshipping his cock was so unbelievably hot. It really didn't hurt that Dan's cute butt was raised up and wiggling for Alan's viewing pleasure. Alan was so worked up that his dick was streaming pre like a faucet.

Seeing Dan's cute little butt wagging in front of him gave Alan an idea. Dan had already gotten

him so close to cumming that it only made sense that the pale brown haired senior got a nice reward for his efforts. Alan grinned as he sensually kneaded Dan's supple buns with his powerful fingers. He could hear Dan let out a soft relaxed sigh which let him know that his actions were well appreciated.

Alan's fingers slowly gravitated inwards until he was massaging Dan's tight hole with both of his thumbs. Judging by how tight Dan's ass was it was petty clear that his hole had seen little if any use. Alan grinned wider as he realized that he would be embarking on a journey where no man had gone before. He continued to massage and rub the area around Dan's quivering hole, slowly prepping it for what was to come next. Dan seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the process. As Alan slowly slipped his right thumb in and then his left, he could feel Dan's ass shuddering in anticipation.

Alan steadily and carefully worked on stretching out the entrance with his thumbs. Dan continued to moan sensually during the process. His cute, sexy moans were keeping Alan in a constant state of wanting to bust a nut, but Alan was more than happy to take his time. He knew the payoff would be worth it.

Once he was satisfied with how loose Dan was, Alan shifted from using his thumbs to using his fingers. Getting the first two fingers on each hand in wasn't too difficult, but it required plenty of patience

to get Dan loose enough for the addition of the index fingers. Finally Alan had his friend suitably prepped and ready. Alan withdrew his hands and lifted Dan off of his cock. Dan was not yet ready to part with Alan's dick and made a quick grab to try and hold on, but Alan's reassurance convinced him to play along.

"I know you like my dick and all, but I think you'll really love what comes next." Alan chuckled seductively in Dan's ear. Dan felt like his body turned to jelly just from hearing the deep, sensual tones of his friend's voice in his ears and stopped trying to resist. Alan easily lifted Dan like a rag doll and positioned the teen on the couch so that he was leaning over the backrest with his ass lifted and prepped for Alan's massive cock.

They both knew that there was no way that Alan's cock was going to be able to enter Dan's tight, little hole, but Alan had something else in mind. "Open wide." Alan instructed playfully. Dan didn't even need to ask what exactly he was supposed to open wide. He dutifully reached back and pulled his already nice and loose hole open wide for Alan's using pleasure.

Alan placed the massive tip of his cock against Dan's cute little butt and began rubbing against it. The huge, spongy head of his dick was far larger than Dan's ass, but that just added to Alan's pleasure. He could feel Dan's soft cheeks and tiny

knuckles bumping up against his cock. He could feel Dan's eager little hole quivering in anticipation as it mashed up against his oozing slit. He rubbed his cock against Dan's ass, smearing it with pre. The pre cascaded across Dan's nuts and along the length of his rigid cock before dripping down onto the couch below.

Dan could feel Alan's dick shudder as the massively hung, immensely muscled college dude ground his cock into Dan's ass. Dan couldn't wait for his bud to unload a record breaking barrage of cum into his specially prepared hole. With their current size disparity, this would be the closest Dan would ever get to having Alan plow him. Dan didn't want to let Alan have all the fun and began to rock his hips back and forth causing his soft buns to roll against the pre-soaked head of Alan's cock. "You're so big." Dan moaned breathlessly. "Please... fill me... and get bigger."

Dan's seductive moans were more than enough to send Alan over the edge. With one last shove he slammed his cock forward, pinning Dan between the tip of his dick and the faux leather seat back. Alan's cock shuddered as a massive geyser of spooge shot out and onto the awaiting teen. Despite how stretched out and well presented Dan's hole was, only a small percentage of the deluge managed to work its way into him, but it was still a substantial amount. Dan could feel the tidal wave of jizz crashing through his insides as the rest

splashed against his body, coating every inch of him in spunk, inside and out. Dan was quickly filled to the brim with warm, gooey spooage, but Alan kept cumming like a fire hose. He felt his insides get so packed with jizz that it was starting to feel like his stomach was cramping. Dan fell forward, sliding off of Alan's still firing cock in the process.

Dan flipped around as best he could and sat with his face angled skyward with his eyes closed, letting the steadily diminishing spurts of jizz cascade over his face and chest. He was so coated in the sticky goop that it would probably take hours to wash it all off. Dan realized dejectedly that he would eventually have to wash it off. As much as he would love to, he just couldn't go through life coated in his idol's cum.

Dan's eyes slowly fluttered open as he felt the steam of jizz taper away. Alan was looking incredibly pleased with himself but more than a little winded after what had to be the most amazingly powerful orgasm in the history of sex. Even after all that he had cum, Alan's cock was still almost entirely hard. The last bit of spooage that his balls had to offer was oozing out the tip of his cock. Seeing this, Dan moved forward and positioned himself directly under the slowly descending glob of spunk; his mouth was open and ready to accept his master's gift. The wad was so much bigger than Dan's mouth that only around half of it actually made it in. The rest slowly oozed down his chin and cheeks. Dan slowly and

carefully swallowed the load, in an effort to both savor the taste for as long as possible and to not choke on the enormous gob of cum in the process. He swallowed audibly letting Alan know how much he had enjoyed the meal.

Alan grinned down at his little friend. Dan looked absolutely ridiculous. He was so coated in cum that it looked like he had lost at some perverse X-rated knockoff of a Nickelodeon gameshow, but he seemed to be incredibly pleased with himself. He had the biggest grin plastered on his face. His smile was even clearly visible despite all the other stuff that was also plastered on his face.

“I think we should get cleaned up.” Alan said softly as his cock finally drooped down low enough that he could get a good look at Dan without having to peek around the side. “Steve will be back any minute now, and it’s probably best he not see you like this.”

Dan just continued to smile like a stooge. He really didn’t care how he looked or what other people thought of him. He just wanted to bask in his hero’s juices for a little while longer.

Realizing that he wasn’t going to get anything close to a rational response from Dan anytime in the near future, Alan shrugged and set off to the bathroom. He quickly realized that he was not going to be fitting into the stall, and so he gathered

up a few toiletries and laboriously forced his bulk up the stairs. The stairs were awkward and difficult given that he was literally dragging his cock and balls up the steps, but the door proved to be the biggest challenge. Alan's frame was just so massive that he couldn't even fit through normally; he had to turn sideways and sort of shimmy his way through. After he cleared the threshold he had to turn around and slowly ease his cock and balls through one piece at a time.

Fortunately, Steve's house had a plenty large sliding glass door leading out to the back yard. Alan used that to exit the house and worked his way back around front to where he remembered the garden hose was hooked up. The hose had one of those nice, adjustable spray nozzles that made the next step of his task a lot easier. He just wished there was some way to heat the water a little more. Fortunately it was plenty hot out, and so the cool hose water felt amazingly refreshing against his sweat and jizz covered skin.

Using the soap and washrag he had snagged from the shower, Alan lathered up and showered right there on the front lawn, in plain view of all the neighbors. He could catch glimpses of some of them staring at him through their windows, and a few others were unabashedly watching him from their own front yards. One man was in the middle of hosing down his shiny red Ferrari when he turned and caught sight of the absolutely massive

wall of muscle with humongous nuts that rivaled even the largest lawn bags full of leaves and almost seven feet of soft cock drooping out onto the lawn in front of him. The man's grip on the nozzle trigger slowly weakened as he realized that he'd need a much more expensive car to feel like the big man on the block after witnessing that display. Alan didn't mind that he was naked in a public place; it wasn't the first time, and it certainly wouldn't be the last.

Alan hammed it up for his suburban audience as he slowly and sensually rubbed down every inch of his enormously muscled frame. He would flex each muscle set and slowly rub the cloth across the flared out mass and looked around, making eye contact with each and every voyeur. He turned his back to the audience and playfully patted his rear, causing his enormous, pillowy cheeks on his massive bubble butt to bounce. He bent forward as he washed himself to make sure that everyone who was watching got an amazing view of his phenomenal ass cheeks and everything in between. Alan lathered up his hair and rinsed it out all while striking a pose that really brought out the definition in his gigantic muscles. The suds rolled down his body and pooled in the deep trenches of his muscles and cascaded down the creases of his abs like rainwater down a storm drain.

Alan began to start another round of wet, naked posturing when he felt the water suddenly run dry. He didn't have time to ponder this change of

events because he was slapped in the face with a towel almost immediately after. “Dude. Stop wasting water.” Steve chided playfully as he threw another towel over Alan’s colossal wang and mounted it side saddle.

“How long have you been here?” Alan asked as he rubbed the towel into his scalp, which just served to accentuate his muscles even more and send a nice jiggle through his cock and balls.

“Long enough to see you Johnny Bravo it up for the neighbors.” Steve replied with an amused smirk as he cracked open a can of Coke and began to power slam it. He turned to look at Alan and waved the can in front of his face. “You want some?”

“Sure.” Alan responded and reached for the can, but Steve swiped it away at the last second.

“Good. Then finish drying off and come on in. We’ve got plenty in the fridge.” Steve joked as he hopped back up off of Alan’s cock and strode proudly back into the house.

“At least help me dry off!” Alan called after him pleadingly, but Steve conveniently chose not to hear him. Alan muttered to himself as he slowly dried his massive, muscled bod. The wind had been taken out of the sails of his hyper-muscled gun show, and now he was realizing just how inconvenient it was to try and dry off a cock that was the size of a roller

coaster car. He worked at it for a few minutes, but the harsh sunlight did a far better job of drying him off than either of his towels could ever have hoped to.

Alan stomped back into the house and grabbed a new set of underwear to replace the ones that had exploded under the force of his growing erection the night before. He was still a little bummed out about that. He really liked that pair, and it isn't cheap to buy new custom fit ones. "I ought to just stop wearing these things altogether." He muttered to himself as he slowly got into his briefs. He realized that going nude would be a terrible idea, but it did sound enticing at times. Alan only wore them because they made it easier to walk around. The briefs keeping his junk relatively in check was the only reason he wore them. It was certainly not out of some sense of modesty he may have once had.

Alan took a moment to admire himself in the mirror once his bait and tackle was sufficiently back in the bag. He couldn't get over just how amazing he looked. His frame was so broad that he couldn't even see it all in the mirror. He had to turn and change the angle a bit to get a glimpse of his broad, muscular shoulders, thick, barrel chest, huge, rippling abs, and massive, bulging biceps. Every inch of his body was covered in muscles, but he didn't look like one of those pro bodybuilders. He had long since outclassed all of them anyway. They were only big in the arms, legs and chest, but Alan was

massive everywhere. With his incredible abs which were accentuated by massive obliques, he looked more like a power lifter than he did a bodybuilder, except for the fact that he didn't appear to have an ounce of body fat on him. His muscles were huge, but they were also smooth and toned like a model's.

His package was another point of pride for him. His cock came dangerously close to eight feet long when fully erect, but most of the time it was closer to seven. His dick was always chubbed up, even after rubbing one out. Alan couldn't even remember the last time his cock had ever gotten completely soft or stopped dribbling pre. It was like his body was stuck in a perpetual state of switched on. It hadn't even been an hour since he had painted the basement with his spunk, but already he was feeling like he could fill a pool with his jizz.

Alan strode nonchalantly into the kitchen, giving Steve and both of Steve's parents an eyeful in the process. Alan's briefs served no purpose other than to hold his junk in place. Under no circumstances could his minimal attire be considered modest or decent. His bright blue briefs strained against the enormous mass of erogenous flesh that was contained within. His briefs were packed so tight that the shape of his cock and balls seemed permanently etched into the taut fabric; even the folds of his foreskin and the veins running along his shaft could be seen in vivid detail. Despite the best efforts of the front pouch of his pants to hold

everything inwards and upwards, Alan's colossal nuts rested solidly on the floor when he was standing still. The fabric strained to wrap back around and cover his balls, but there was just too much sack for the pouch, leaving almost a foot of visible flesh between the inner hem of the briefs and Alan's thick, muscular thighs. Alan's humongous cock wrapped tightly over his enormous balls. Only the forward half of his shaft was actually covered by fabric. The rest was exposed to the elements as it draped over his tightly packed nuts. At its highest point, Alan's shaft crested at right about chest level before turning back downwards and slipping under the waistline of his briefs. By some miracle of modern fashion, Alan's immense ass was fully covered by the fabric, but the fabric was wrapped so tightly around his glorious cheeks that all it did was draw even more attention to just how huge and pillowy the cheeks of his phenomenal ass were.

Steve's parents had seen Alan a few times before, but they still just couldn't get used to how obscenely huge he was all over. "Do you ever wear a shirt?" Steve's dad asked testily and then immediately buried his face back in the news paper he was pretending to read.

"When was the last time you wore a shirt, anyway?" Steve asked with a mix of good natured snark and genuine curiosity.

"I think they made me wear one for my high school graduation." Alan replied distantly as he struggled to remember how long he had been going through life with such a small amount of clothing.

"Oh? And how far into the ceremony did it last?" Steve asked with a playful grin.

"It actually lasted all the way up until I got my diploma!" Alan replied enthusiastically. "You should have seen it. I walked up on the stage and the principal extended a hand for me to shake and held the roll of paper in the other. I reached in to shake with my right hand, right? Then I crossed my left hand over to grab the roll and the same time... and well... "Alan crossed his wrists over in front of him to demonstrate as he explained and then flexed so that his arms and chest bulged outwards. The display was enough to get his point across. He had shattered his shirt into ribbons by putting on a gun show right on stage in front of the entire school.

It took Steve a few minutes to stop laughing as he imagined the stunned gazes from all the prudish onlookers. He really wished he could have been there to see it; both because he would love to have seen the audience reaction, but probably more so because he was curious about just how silly Alan would look trying to cram inside a tiny shirt. Finally he managed to calm down enough to continue speaking, "Ok, but seriously. Get your stuff together. You still have that date tonight, right?"

“You bet I do.” Alan replied with a proud grin. “Going to get some grade A jock cock tonight.”

Steve rolled his eyes and replied. “Well just be sure to get the statue back before you let him ride you into the sunset. Wouldn’t want you getting any bigger, would we?”

“I’ll consider it.” Alan responded with a sly grin as he sauntered off to the basement to collect his bag.

Above Average

Part 9

Alan arbitrarily dumped his various schoolbooks and other objects back into his backpack as he rushed to get ready to leave. He had been showing off so much that he had completely lost track of the time. If he didn't hurry he was going to be late for his date. Packing would have been so much easier if he didn't have to work around his massive wang. He couldn't just bend forward and pluck things up. He had to squat down and pick up objects from the side. It was a minor inconvenience, but it was a small price to pay for looking and feeling as great as he did.

While Alan was busy gathering his stuff, Dan stepped out from the bathroom having finally managed to scrub the layer of cum off of himself. He was greeted by the sight of Alan squatting down; his already enormous thighs and glutes flex in the process, making them appear larger and even more amazing. Dan could actually see the fabric of Alan's

blue briefs straining against the force of his enormous, shapely, bubble butt. Dan had cum so much since yesterday that his cock and balls ached, but after seeing his idol's amazing musculature, he was already rock hard and dribbling.

Alan turned to greet the new arrival with a warm smile. "Lookin' good, Dan. As much as I love seeing you drenched in my cum, you're so much cuter without it."

Dan just about melted into a puddle of goo right then and there after hearing Alan say he was cute, but the laws of physics and biology conspired against him. Instead he just got a little weak in the knees and red in the face. "You clean up nicely yourself." Dan replied trying to be suave and sexy about it, but his delivery lacked the necessary punch. Instead he ended up awkwardly mumbling it.

"Yeah. I had a little trouble reaching some parts, though. Hey. Did I get all spunk off my back?" Alan asked playfully as he pivoted at the waist to show off the area between his shoulder blades. Dan's mouth fell open as he stared in awe. The way Alan was standing and twisting caused all the muscles in his back and arms to flex outward. Dan was sure that Alan was intentionally doing that purely to mess with him, and he was right.

Alan grinned triumphantly as he noticed Dan's horny stare and fully boned dick. The small towel that Dan had tied around his narrow waist was doing nothing to hide how painfully hard he was. "It's been fun, dude. As much as I'd love to stay around and get you off some more..." Alan said as he lifted his arms and flexed to emphasize his next point,

causing his massive biceps and pecs to flare out for his adoring fan. "And get even bigger, but I've really got to go." Alan added as he grinned smugly as he could see the steady drip of pre from under Dan's towel turn into a steady stream.

"Can't you stay a little longer? It's not that late yet..." Dan asked poutingly.

"No can do, bro. I have a date tonight." Alan replied proudly.

"Oh..." Dan mumbled in reply. The hurt he felt was clearly visible on his face.

"Ok. What's wrong?" Alan asked sternly.

"Oh... It's nothing..." Dan mumbled. "It's just... was I not good enough?"

"Not good enough? You were great!" Alan responded emphatically. "That was some of the hottest sex I've had in ages!"

"Just the sex?" Dan asked quietly. His eyes were focused down on the floor.

"Well. Not just the sex, but... ooohhhh." Alan said. His voice drifted off towards the end and his jaw hung open as he started to catch on. "This wasn't a casual hookup for you, was it?" He asked softly as he slumped back onto the couch.

"Well, it was my first time." Dan tried to laugh and play it off as a joke, but it sounded forced and pained.

"No, but I mean... This whole time, all I was hearing out of you was how hot I was. I went along with it all thinking I was indulging some crazy muscle

worship fantasy of yours.” Alan tried to explain awkwardly, but even he realized how silly it sounded.

“It was fifty-fifty.” Dan replied meekly with a wry smile.

Alan could tell how hurt Dan was, and he was feeling like total shit for unintentionally riding roughshod over his friend’s feelings. “I’m sorry. I didn’t take it as seriously as I should have. I’m just so used to people only wanting to mess around with me because of how I look. I never even considered that you might want more.”

Dan’s expression changed slightly as he listened to Alan. The pain in his eyes softened as he became more sympathetic. “I’m sorry, too...” He managed to stammer. “I... I guess I only did ever talk about how hot you were... but you do have an amazing body...”

“Damn right I do!” Alan shot back with unexpected enthusiasm. It was just what was needed to diffuse the situation. The wisecrack blindsided Dan while his defenses were at their weakest and left him giggling like a fool. Dan tried to choke back his chuckles which just made him laugh harder. Alan joined in too, less because he thought his own comment was funny, but rather because Dan’s goofy snorts and guffaws were just too hard to resist.

Eventually Dan managed to get it all out of his system, and his outburst tapered off to a few scattered titters. “No, but. I mean you’re hot. Don’t get me wrong.” Dan stammered as he wiped away the tears that had welled up in his eyes during his

sidesplitting outburst. "But, you're the first guy I ever really felt comfortable enough around to do... well... a lot of things. I had so many firsts tonight, and I owe them all to you. I feel like just being around you makes me a better person." Dan was practically gushing by the end of his little litany.

As Alan listened to his friend rattle off all these things, his dumbfounded expression steadily warmed up until he was positively beaming with pride and joy. "Wow... that's probably the nicest thing anyone has ever said about me." Alan said dreamily with a goofy grin plastered on his face.

"Well it's all true." Dan muttered, suddenly losing his nerve.

"Come here." Alan said suddenly as he spread his arms wide apart. Dan didn't even need to ask what Alan was asking for; he already knew. Dan clambered over Alan's cock with surprising speed and agility, losing his towel in the process, and fell into Alan's outstretched arms. Dan was seated with his legs spread wide atop Alan's immense cock as they locked lips passionately. Alan was actually a little surprised by how into it Dan was getting, but he went along with it and even returned the favor by matching Dan's tongueplay move for move.

Dan was so overcome by his emotions and lust that all he wanted to do was make love to every inch of Alan's immaculate body and soul. He continued to kiss Alan deeply and passionately as he ground his cock into the deep grooves of Alan's chiseled abs and squeezed Alan's enormous, muscled pecs. His whole body felt warm with fiery passion as he could feel the load building up in his

cock. He could tell Alan felt the same because the massively muscled hunk's breathing between kisses was ragged and his already chubbed cock was steadily hardening and inflating between his legs. Dan's kissed drifted down Alan's chin and then down his neck as he hugged Alan's broad, beefy chest tightly. Even through the dense layer of pectoral muscles he could feel Alan's heart pounding away. As Dan continued his journey, steadily kissing lower and lower down the nape of Alan's neck, he felt Alan's hands move down low and firmly grasp the soft, supple cheeks of Dan's bubbly butt. Alan deeply massaged Dan's pillowy buns as he pulled Dan in tighter. Dan was able to dig his cock in deeper and deeper into the vast trenches of Alan's abs.

Dan felt Alan shudder as he heard the loud snap of elastic breaking as Alan's enormous cock sprung free from its fabric prison. Part of Dan wanted to see the beast breaking free, but there was no where he would rather be than nuzzled in close to his big, buff lover. Dan came hard as he felt Alan's humongous cock buck and shudder beneath him. Alan's massive load flew out and splattered against the wall, painted it white with his thick, sticky jizz.

They held each other tight as they waited for their breathing to steady after what had been an intense orgasm for both of them. Dan continued to nuzzle in as close and as tightly to Alan as he could manage, letting his load smear against both of their bodies.

They could both hear an audible sigh. Neither one needed to look up to see who it was. "I can't leave you two alone for five minutes, can I?" Steve moaned with partially feigned exasperation.

He looked down and noticed the tattered wreckage of yet another pair of briefs. "That was your last pair, wasn't it?"

"Yeah... I think it was." Alan chuckled.

"Well it looks like you'll be getting back to nature for a while. Now hurry up and get in the car. You're going to be late as it is." Steve responded while rolling his eyes at Alan.

"Alright, alright..." Alan groaned as he stood. Dan was still comfortably situated with his head resting against Alan's shoulder as he rode atop Alan's colossal dick. Alan's junk was now so huge that standing up barely caused it to shift.

"You don't really have to go, do you?" Dan muttered pleadingly.

Alan sighed and replied dejectedly. "I promised the guy, and I'm not gonna flake out on him this late in the game."

"Oh... ok.... But what about us?" Dan asked so softly that Alan could barely be sure he had heard it.

"We'll see how tonight goes, for starters, and then we'll go from there." Alan responded. He was trying to be reassuring, but even he realized how stupid it sounded. "We'll keep in touch, alright?"

"Yeah. I'll Facebook you the contact info. Now let's go!" Steve cut in. Dan slumped his shoulders in defeat and slid off of Alan's enormous dick.

“I’ll talk to you tonight, ok?” Alan once again tried to reassure Dan.

“Ok. Don’t break too many hearts out there tonight.” Dan replied only half sarcastically.

“It’s apparently all I know how to do.” Alan shot back with a wry smile. “But I’ll try to let him down gently.”

Dan ended up grinning in spite of himself. Alan gave one last goody wave and squatted down to pick up his bag. Dan got a really good look at Alan’s phenomenal ass and the spaces in between as Alan did so. Dan was once again rock hard, much to the chagrin of his painfully empty balls.

Alan had a difficult time dragging his balls up the stairs and an even harder time getting into the car. Each nut was so wide that he had to struggle to get them through the awkwardly tiny car doors. Once in the car he had to sit with his back against the driver’s side rear door while his cock and balls filled up the rest of the back seat and the empty hole where a passenger side seat would normally go.

A few minutes later Steve came bounding out to the car. He hopped into the driver’s seat and fired up the engine and then tossed a small black box over his shoulder to Alan. “I swear, it’s like you’re actively trying to not fix this.” He said while rolling his eyes.

Alan stared at the case dumbfounded for a minute while he tried to remember why it was important. As his memories steadily righted themselves, Alan wasn’t sure if he should be freaked

out or overjoyed by the now almost nine feet of soft cock he had crammed in the car with him.

Back at the house, Dan was slowly strolling up the stairs clad in just a towel. He didn't have any clean clothes in the basement so he'd have to borrow some from Todd, but he wasn't in any particular rush. He was still on cloud nine after his heart to heart with Alan. Dan slowly ran his fingers through the clear, slimy pool of spunk on his chest. He had gotten off so much recently that his load barely had any substance to it, but just feeling the still slightly warm liquid against his skin made him feel happy. Part of the reason he was taking his time was because he knew he would have to wash it off before he got dressed.

"Yo. Danny." Came Todd's voice meekly from somewhere off to the side. Dan turned towards the voice and saw Todd awkwardly creeping out from the kitchen. "So... um... About today... and last night, too. I guess what I am trying to say is... sorry."

Todd furrowed his brow and waited for some sort of response from Dan, but Dan was still too wrapped up in his warm fuzzies over Alan to really understand what Todd was talking about. Todd took a deep breath and then tried his best to explain. "So... I guess I should just sort of say that I kind of knew you were gay... for a while, really." Todd fidgeted and looked around the room awkwardly before continuing. "I kind of figured that you and Alan meeting up would be enough to get you to come out, which is kind of why I was being such a douchelord to him. I... I wanted to keep you in the closet."

Dan's joyful haze quickly cleared up. "What? Why?"

"I know how bad this sounds, but... I... I was worried about how uncool it would be to be the guy with the gay best friend." Todd's brow was still furrowed and he had a bit of sweat on his brow as he explained. He looked at Dan pleadingly while he placed his pointer fingers against the thumbs on the opposite hand and repeatedly alternated the directions his palms were facing, which was a habit of his he had had for years. He did it whenever he was really nervous or upset.

"Steve seemed to handle having a gay best friend just fine." Dan replied flatly.

That's because Steve gives zero shits what anyone thinks of him." Todd responded. "I... I wish I could be like that..." Todd said meekly, but then quickly added "Don't you dare tell him I said that!"

Dan couldn't help but grin, even if it was a wry one. "You don't have to be the guy with the gay best friend, you know, or have a gay friend at all for that matter." Dan muttered as he turned to walk up the stairs.

"No wait. You don't understand." Todd called after him. "See... I felt like I had to sabotage it because, well... I couldn't imagine you not being my friend... gay or otherwise." Todd's fingers were flipping even faster now as he cringed under Dan's gaze. "I just wasn't ready yet... but it's never was my call to make, was it? So... I guess what I am saying is... if you're ready, then I'm ready."

“Ready for what?” Dan asked with an eyebrow raised skeptically.

“To beat the shit out of any tool who gives you shit.” Todd replied, giving an emphatic fist pump.

“Pass. I’ve seen you fight.” Dan replied with a tone of playful snark. “Besides. If anyone does give me trouble, I’ll just send my boyfriend after them.”

“Boyfriend...? You’re officially tapping that?” Todd asked, sounding clearly surprised.

“More or less.” Dan responded nonchalantly.

“How does that work anyway? I mean he’s so...” Todd made some very exaggerated gestures to denote how huge Alan was, yet somehow his gestures didn’t nearly do Alan justice.

Dan put his thumb and pointer finger up to his chin as he thought for a moment, and then a smug smile spread across his face. “I suppose that makes me the top.”

“Oh, yeah? ...What’s the top?” Steve asked, obviously confused.

“I’ll tell you when you’re older.” Dan replied with a healthy dose of smug snark.

Above Average
Part 10

Alan shifted his weight as best he could. By the time he had managed to get somewhat comfortable, he was resting sideways on the back seat of Steve's car with his enormous, muscular butt pressed against the door. His gigantic balls spilled over into the seat beside him and his immense dick flopped off to the side and rested in the empty space where a passenger seat would normally go. Even with the missing seat, Alan's cock was just too big for the spot. At well over eight feet soft, his dick had to curve and twist as it filled in just about every available inch of space on the passenger side. It was so cramped that the head of his cock was mushed up against the front windshield.

Steve glanced over at his friend's ridiculously huge wang and rolled his eyes. "Seriously, bro. Whatever happened to not getting off all weekend?" He said with an exasperated sigh.

"I guess I got a little carried away." Alan replied with a slight chuckle. "But Danny can be quite persuasive when he sets his mind to it."

"I find that hard to believe. I've never even heard him swear outside of video games. What kind of things could he have even said to you, and why didn't you record it. Little Danny trying to talk dirty would be absolutely hilarious. We could have made millions in ad revenue off of that shit on YouTube." Steve replied snarkily.

"Oh. He didn't really talk that dirty. It's more like... well... he worshipped me. He treated me like a god." Alan explained excitedly. "He was practically praying to me to get bigger. How could I refuse?" Alan's eyes seemed to sparkle as he spoke. His gaze drifted as he appeared to stare at some point far away. His grin spread wider and wider as he basked in the memories of the idol worship his slim friend had been pouring on him during the previous day.

Steve furrowed his brow as he looked back at Alan through the rear-view mirror. Alan looked positively giddy as he recounted the way Dan had made him feel. Something about the way Alan was

talking made Steve uneasy though. For as long as Steve had known him, Alan had always been pretty humble despite his lack of modesty. Sure, Alan had an exhibitionist streak a mile long, but he never referred to himself as anything other than just one of the guys or let others treat him as such. This talk of worship and godliness was something completely new. Steve took another glance in the rearview mirror and for a brief second there, he didn't recognize the face that he saw.

Steve instinctively slammed on the brakes as he pulled off to the side of the road. "Woah. You ok, dude?" Alan asked with genuine concern as he rested a large hand on his buddy's shoulder.

Steve looked back over his shoulder and could see the face of his best friend staring back at him with a worried expression. "Yeah. I guess my eyes were playing tricks on me." He replied and let out a long, slow sigh as he tried to settle his nerves. "Come on. Let's get back to our place."

"Maybe you should let me drive. I think your girl kept you up too late last night." Alan replied jokingly.

"As if. You remember last time you tried to drive? You couldn't even reach the pedals." Steve shot back playfully. Trading good natured barbs just like the good old days did wonders for his nerves.

“Haha yeah. That was a mess. Maybe if we retrofitted a car so that I could put a foot on my right nut for gas and my left nut for brakes I can actually start driving again.” Alan replied as he burst out laughing.

“Like that’d work.” Steve replied snarkily as he rolled his eyes. “You’d just end up getting yourself boned in traffic. I’m pretty sure a ten foot tall oozing cock in the middle of rush hour classifies as a safety hazard.”

“Oh yeah. Can you hear the news report now?” Alan asked, still laughing, but then tried forced himself to stop giggling long enough to mimic a stuffy old newscaster and said, “And now for a special bulletin. The I-47 interchange is closed until further notice as crews struggle to clean up what some people are claiming to be the biggest load in recorded history.”

“Oh please. I doubt even you could shut down more than one lane of traffic.” Steve playfully ribbed his super buff buddy.

“Is that a challenge?” Alan replied with a smirk as he slowly began rubbing his cock.

“Oh, hell no. I will make you walk the rest of the way back if you even start to get hard in here. It’s already going to take me hours to get all that crud off my window.” Steve moaned as he gestured towards

the steady stream of pre that had been seeping out of the tip of Alan's cock and sliding down the windshield and onto his dashboard.

“Fine. But someday we'll have to test this out. For Science!” Alan called back playfully.

Steve pulled into a parking spot in the paid parking garage. He didn't even bother driving into the main part of campus. At this time on a Sunday afternoon, almost all of the students who had driven home for the weekend would be back, and the lots would all be packed. The campus had started out as a small enough local college, but had steadily spread alongside the city it had been adjacent to. As such, nowadays the vast campus now mixed and mingled with the urban sprawl of downtown. Parking was hard to come by, and many students, like Steve, had had to purchase special parking permits from off-site garages. The garage that Steve had a year-long pass to was one of the closer ones and was connected to the large shopping mall that was just a few blocks from campus.

Steve climbed out of the driver's seat easy enough. He was pretty slim, going on lanky so he could slide out of the narrow space between his car and the next easily enough, but he could already tell that there was no way Alan would be able to pull his massive bulk out. Steve got back into the car and pulled out halfway so that Alan could have plenty of room to exit.

The entire car shifted as Alan slowly moved his mass out of the back door. His immense, muscled body was actually the easy part. His cock and balls were what was going to take the most effort. It took plenty of shifting and pulling on his part while Steve shoved from inside to get his enormous nuts through the car door. The extra stimulation was getting to him a lot more than it usually did. He could already feel his dick hardening as he tried to back out and slowly feed it through the open car door. Now that he was hovering at around half mast, the doorway was becoming quite a tight fit. Alan had to actually struggle the last few feet as he slowly backed away from the car. The door frame was getting so tight that weather stripping was digging into his hardening shaft. Somewhere in the back of Alan's mind he was seriously considering just standing there and thrusting in and out a few times as he used his friend's old, beat up sedan as an industrial strength flesh jack, but he knew that would be a terrible idea. Steve would be pissed off at him for weeks if he drenched the entire interior of his car in a tidal wave of spunk.

Finally the head of his cock slipped free of the cab and spronged upward, spraying the road and the top of Steve's car in a shower of pre as it did so. Alan's cock bobbed as it pointed upward and outwards in front of him, drooping a bit due to its only semi-hard state. Steve looked at the splatters on the roof of his car for a second, but then shrugged and hopped back in to park. He was just glad Alan hadn't

gotten fully hard. Last time that had happened they had to open the door on the other side and let him bust his nut onto the pavement. It made for a funny video, but they had received complaints from the parking garage management about the mess it had caused.

Steve finished parking the car and grabbed their bags. He turned and looked off in the direction of the exit ramp for cars, but didn't see Alan. Steve sighed inwardly as he turned around and looked over towards the elevators. Sure enough, Alan was waiting patiently to get on one. "What are you doing over there? Let's just stick to the road." Steve called out to his massively muscled bud.

"This way is quicker. We're in a hurry, aren't we?" Alan called back with a sly grin.

Steve already knew that Alan didn't care about how quick they would get back. Alan was just looking to show off for a bit. While it was true that taking the elevators would be a lot quicker, the elevator would put them out in the front lobby of the mall. If they stuck to the parking garage, they would have to wind down five floors of parking. They stood to save at least twenty minutes by cutting through the mall... that is, if Alan didn't decide to showboat once he got into the crowd.

Alan's cock had softened a bit by the time the elevator light dinged to alert them to the arrival of

the next available lift. The doors slid open and revealing a young couple who were too engrossed in each other to notice the hulking figure that filled just about the entire doorway. "Excuse me." Alan said politely as he sidestepped through the doorway. His muscular shoulders were now so broad that he had to so shift slightly to get through. His enormous dick was now soft enough that he could angle it over his shoulder and allow it to droop behind him. It still stuck up way above the top of the doorframe, but it was fortunately soft enough that it could be bent without any discomfort.

The young couple looked up at Alan. A mutual look of shock and awe spread across their faces as they beheld the massive, nude form of the absurdly muscled twenty-one year old. Alan was pretty much the same height as the guy, but Alan was easily three times wider than the toned frat bro. Each of Alan's huge, toned obliques was easily as thick as the dude's waist. Each solitary bump of Alan's deeply cut eight-pack abs rivaled the bro's pecs. Alan's own pecs were like a couple of extra firm, king sized pillows.

It wasn't until Alan got fully into the elevator and laboriously turned around that the couple could see that he was just as tanked below the waist. Now that Alan's colossal balls no longer obscured his legs and hips, His tree trunk thick thighs were openly on display. Each bulging quad was thicker around than the frat dude's well-toned chest. Alan's powerful legs

were topped off with the biggest, thickest pair of gluteals the world had ever seen. The thick slabs of muscle would have made for an absolutely phenomenal ass on their own, but Alan's extra cushioning back there made for the an absolutely gargantuan, round, shapely bubble butt. Alan didn't even have to look back to know that the frat bro was staring at his glorious ass, and it wasn't just because the dude's girlfriend was shameless copping a feel of Alan's impeccable rump. After all, even straight dudes can appreciate a truly beautiful butt. Steve had proved that fact on numerous occasions.

Just thinking about Steve's ten inches plowing into his own massive, shapely hindside was getting Alan all chubbed up all over again. His cock was noticeably thickening and twitching as he tried to steady it against his shoulder. Alan tried to force his brain to change subjects. He really didn't want to end up getting fully boned in the cramped little lift. There was just not enough room for his cock to truly stretch out. It was already getting a little uncomfortable as his dick continued to harden. His cock was so huge that it even in its semi-soft state, it reached up to the roof, hit that and curled back towards the back of the elevator, bumped into the rear doors and then angled back down. His dick was bent like a candy cane. It was fine for now, but if it got any harder he'd be in for some severe discomfort.

Steve barely managed to slide into the elevator doors right before they closed. He had to press against the wall to be able to fit in due to Alan's immense, muscled bod filling up the vast majority of the lift. The lift's maximum occupancy was estimated at around ten people, but Alan counted for at least seven. Perhaps it might be more specific to say that his body counted for around four people, and his cock and balls counted as another three.

Alan struggled to shift his mind to other topics, but he could actually feel the stares on his massive, jiggly, bubble butt. Alan wondered if that dude was at all curious about what it would be like to have a go at him. He'd been with straight guys plenty of times, and they all seemed to appreciate his hot, tight, ass. Some of them seemed to only be interested in the act of dominating a guy who in all other respects was several times the man that they were, but Alan didn't mind. Those kinds of guys were often the most passionate. He just had to accept that there would be no cuddling or even talking afterwards, and if they ever saw each other around campus, they'd pretend to have never met.

Alan found himself wondering if the bro behind him was one of the more adventuresome ones. He'd been eaten out by ostensibly straight guys before, but it was a bit of a rarity. Alan couldn't help but daydream about it anyway. He imagined the frat bro head buried deep in his enormous, pillowy

cheeks; the dudes head almost completely engulfed by his gigantic buns as the bro went to town licking and sucking his twitching pucker.

Alan wondered if he'd be anywhere near as good as Dan. Probably not. Alan had never encountered anyone who was as passionate about eating a guy out as Dan had been. Alan's cock was twitching and hardening as his mind replayed the scene in vivid detail. He could feel his hole shuddering in anticipation as his mind replayed the events of the previous evening and morning. His memory was so lucid that he could almost feel Dan's tongue running laps back and forth along his deep crack.

The gears creaked as the elevator began its slow descent into the mall. The first five floors of the structure were all parking and the next three after that were split between mall space and parking lot. One side of the doors opened into parking and the other into the mall. After going down two floors, the elevator came to a halt and the doors behind Alan slid open. It took some work, but Alan managed to shift his bulk enough the he could look over his shoulder. A young couple was standing there; the man was pushing a small stroller. The look on their face confirmed what Alan already knew. There was no way that they were going to be getting on that elevator. Not with Alan's immense, muscular bulk filling the majority of the lift, anyway.

“Just a second.” Alan called out pleasantly. “This is my stop anyway.” Ideally, he would have ridden the lift down another two floors, but if his overactive imagination didn’t shut up, his cock would be fully boned before he got there, and this gave him an excuse to do a good deed for a couple that looked like they could use it. His massive semi and the small crowd in the elevator made it too difficult for Alan to turn around so he slowly backed out of the elevator. The lift shook with each massive, labored footfall of the stud’s large feet.

There was no way Alan could make it through the doorway with his massive, semi-erect cock flung over his shoulder like he currently had it, so he let go of it, causing it to fall forward and slap against the closed doors on the opposite side of the lift. As he slowly and laboriously backed out of the elevator, his cock was able to spread out and straighten. To those who were watching from outside of the elevator, it looked like foot after foot of Alan’s impossibly huge cock slid out of the too small elevator like a hat rack from Mary Poppins’s handbag.

With the gigantic, spongy, oozing tip of his cock finally free from the doorway, Alan let out a sigh of relief and then stretched with an audible groan; every massive muscle in his body ripple and flexed as he unintentionally gave all the shoppers in the vicinity the most massive and explicit gun show any of them had ever seen.

“All yours.” Alan said to the young couple with a nod and a pleasant grin as he gestured towards the still open doorway. The man and his wife were too stunned and shocked by the absolutely massive wall of naked muscle and cock to say anything. They silently walked onto the lift and waited for the doors to close. Once they were situated well enough, Steve released the hold door button and quickly hopped out of the elevator to catch up to Alan.

“Can you believe those guys? Not even a thank you.” Steve commented jokingly as he handed Alan his backpack.

“I know right?” Alan shot back with a grin as he slid the tiny pack over his massive arms. He had the straps loosened as far as they would go; so far in fact, that Steve could slide his entire body through the arm holes, and not even risk grazing the straps, but even so, Alan had to force his bulging biceps through the too small holes in order to get his arms through. The black sack looked ridiculously tiny wedged between his enormous, rippling lats. “You’d think they’ve never seen guns like these before.” Alan added with a laugh as he flexed his gigantic, bulging biceps.

“Haha. Yeah. To be fair, you take a little getting used to.” Steve commented with a chuckle. He pressed the button to call the next lift, but quickly turned around when he heard Alan’s heavy footfalls

headed off in another direction. "Hey! What gives?" Steve called back after his colossal buddy.

"The elevator is a little too cramped for my tastes." Alan replied nonchalantly. "And besides, the food court is on this level and I'm hungry."

"You're always hungry! And what about your date? You don't want to ruin your appetite before you even go out to dinner, do you?" Steve snapped back.

"You said so yourself. I'm always hungry." Alan called back over his shoulder with a grin. Alan continued to stroll casually in the direction of the food court despite his buddy's protests. His gigantic ass rolled and swayed with each massive step he took. His gigantic, still semi-erect cock bobbed and swung and drooled pre in time with his steady footfalls. Even though his less than rigid cock drooped down a bit, it still jutted out over eight feet in front of him. It was easily thicker around than most people's bodies, but Alan's cock was pretty much the same width and girth as his own buff, thick waistline.

The shoppers parted like the Red Sea to give him easy passage through the mall. Some did so out of a sense of reverence and awe, but many others did so in order to avoid the heavy swinging of the massive, pendulous wang. Everyone who laid eyes on the hulking college stud knew that he was bare-ass naked in a public place. Even if it hadn't

been for his car sized semi swaying before him or his gigantic boulder sized nuts dragging along behind, his huge, phenomenal ass would have given him away, and yet despite the global acknowledgement of the massive, muscle stud's nudity, his presence carried with it a certain sense of understanding that filled everyone who beheld his immense form. Clothing was not something that was viable for someone like him, and even if cramming his humongous bulk into a few pieces of fabric was viable, doing so would be a travesty. As such, Alan was free to roam nude with the tacit understanding of all who beheld him.

Alan had almost made it to the open hall of greasy fast food when another scent caught his nose. The all you can eat buffet farther down away was calling his name, and it gave him a great excuse to shake what his momma gave him for an even larger crowd of people. Alan turned and headed away from the sparsely populated food court and down the densely packed hall full of shoppers. Hundreds of people stopped their daily life just to bask in his presence.

Alan tried his best to not let the gazes and stares of lust and awe go to his head, but it was hard to ignore. He could feel the blood once again rushing to his cock, and he could even see the head of his cock slowly and steadily creep upward as it began to straighten out and harden. He thought to himself that if he kept letting himself get worked up like this there

was no telling how big he would get. He had intended that line of thought to be a stern admonishment to himself, but somehow it ended up sounding wistful. It seemed like the bigger he got the more he wanted.

Alan strode proudly through the crowd of onlookers and turned to enter the large open doorway leading to the buffet. There were some audible gasps from the workers as his immense, muscular visage filled the entryway. He sidled up to the checkout counter to pay for his plate. He had to stand sideways and pivot at the hips in order to talk to the young lady working the register; his colossal cock would just have gotten in the way otherwise. He gladly paid for five separate buffet trays. He had been here enough that the management all knew how much he was capable of eating, and as such, they had entered into an agreement that he would pay an increased rate if he ever wanted to come back.

He grabbed his drink and his tray and strode into the maze of heated food carts that displayed the entire lineup that the buffet had to offer. The area was packed, but people made way for Alan. His body was just so wide and his cock and balls so huge that if he went down an aisle, there was no room for anyone else. He filled the entire valley between tables and then some. His colossal dick alone was bigger than the serving tables that the food was spread out on.

Alan's wide, muscular forearm provided a nice, platform for stacking plate after piled on plate of food. By the time he had cleared his first lap of the buffet he was balancing twelve overstuffed plates of varying types of food. He looked around and found a nice cozy spot along the back wall to sit down. It took some work, but he rearranged the seats in a way that would suit his purposes. He took one bench from a booth. He needed the extra space to handle his immense butt. The bench would typically take three people to move effectively, but he lifted it easily with one hand. He set two large tables, one on either side of the bench. With everything neatly situated, he sat down to enjoy his gigantic meal.

His had his plates spread out amongst the two tables as he sat in the bench between them. Placing a table directly in front of him was simply out of the question since his enormous balls which rested firmly on the ground, now crested higher than even the largest of tables that they offered, and that isn't even factoring in his massive cock that was resting atop his enormous sack. His gigantic dick stuck out so far in front of him that it extended past his tables, into the walkway, and almost hit the neighboring table almost ten feet away from him. Now that Alan was more focused on his meal than he was on the gawking onlookers around him, his hard-on had begun to wane, but it was still pretty rigid and steadily oozing pre.

The group of college buds sitting at the neighboring table tried to ignore it, but it's pretty hard to tune out a gigantic, seeping cock head staring you right in the face while it drooling pre onto the table and all over the carpet. One of the dudes seemed to be doing a decent enough job ignoring the gaze of the giant, one-eyed monster that was watching on as they ate and bro'd it up, but the others were less successful. Alan could even tell that one of the dudes at the table was trying hard not to stare directly at it, all while trying to hide the painfully obvious tent in his jeans.

Alan scarfed down plate after plate of greasy, food-lamped, buffet food all while scanning the crowd. There were several guys in the group that looked like they would cream themselves at any second if Alan so much as looked at them and a few who actually did. Alan polished off the last of his trays. He was still slightly hungry and could easily have gone back for more, but he was now so badly boned that he needed to get off more than he needed to eat. He knew he only had time to do one or the other so he reached into his wallet and set down a few bills on the table as a tip.

Steve, who had been sitting in a chair he had pulled up to the table on Alan's left, may as well have been invisible in the presence of the attention stealing pile of muscles. Steve noticed Alan getting up, but immediately recognized the look in Alan's eyes. He checked his watch and then silently

shrugged as he went to get another plate. He gathered a few bits of the buffet's most edible food and settled back to watch as Alan sauntered out of the buffet; Alan's huge, rigid cock bobbed enticingly as he did so, and his enormous, jiggly, bubble butt swayed seductively as he went. Steve's eyes canvassed the room and noticed a few guys silently get up to answer the siren's call of Alan's enormous assets. He even caught a few glimpses of people staring in through the windows, and one of the chefs from the back throwing off his candy-striped apron as he too followed that glorious ass as if it was the Pied Piper leading a group of horny mice to their reward.

Alan strode out of the buffet and turned towards the public restroom in the service hallway that all malls seemed to have. He'd spent enough time at this mall to know where the public showers were located. He strolled down the dank hallway and into the locker room. While officially being a public area, the lockers and showers were very rarely used by anyone other than employees who were hosing off between shifts. There was only one person in the large, open shower room at the moment who was actually there to shower. The rest of the spacious, white tiled room was left open for Alan's personal use. He picked a nice spot in the center of the room and waited for his entourage to finish stripping and come in after him. Alan recognized the bro he had been enticing stumble in first. The beefy, jock was still struggling to hop out of his boxers as he hobbled

into the showers after the massive, hulking stud. The jock was well toned all over and had brown hair that was buzzed so short that the actual tone was hard to determine. It could be anywhere from pure blonde to medium brown. Not that it really mattered to Alan. He was more interested in the thick, rigid eleven inches the dude had standing proud below a neatly trimmed patch of brown pubes. Sure, it paled in comparison to the almost ten feet of cock Alan was swinging around, but by normal person standards it was fantastic.

Next Alan noticed one of the servers from the buffet awkwardly shuck his white and red striped paper hat, leaving him 100% naked. The server was lean and lanky with thick, curly reddish brown hair. His body was almost completely hairless except for a few thick patches of equally dense, reddish hair under each arm and another clustered around the base of his long, slender cock.

The other three men to stagger in were also people that Alan immediately recognized as students at his university. One of them was actually a grad student that Alan had had for a TA the previous semester. He had often wondered what would have happened if his poor, pent up Teacher's Assistant hadn't been so bound by student teacher conduct guidelines and just dove right in. Alan was pleased to finally find out.

Alan didn't know the other two from anywhere, but they were both hot enough in their own right. One was a short, lithe Hispanic boy with deep olive skin and shaggy black hair. His perfectly average cock and balls were topped off by a thick patch of black pubes. He had obvious muscle tone, but none of his muscles were particularly developed. They showed as well as they did more because of his complete lack of body fat than because of their actual size.

The last guy to follow Alan in was not particularly memorable in any way. His average looking short brown hair and equally average deep brown eyes were quite common in this region. Even his build was perfectly average. He was just about Alan's height, but he had no real muscle tone to him, nor did he have much pudge to him. Even the guy's cock was particularly average. Alan had never seen him before in his life, but something about how completely average the guy was seemed eerily familiar.

There was no need for words. As such, there were no formal introductions made. Alan quickly assigned each of his partners a temporary moniker. As far as Alan was concerned for the duration of the following festivities they were to be known as Bro, Cookie, Teach, Carlos, and Average. The fact that nicknaming the lithe Hispanic boy Carlos might be considered racist didn't even enter Alan's thought process. He just thought the guy looked a lot like that

kid from Mrs. Frizzle's class. Not that he really had any reason to try and justify himself. The names were all in his head anyway.

Each guy had their own area of expertise, so to speak. Bro wasted no time in getting up close and personal with the oozing slit of Alan's gigantic cock. Cookie made his way around the back to spend quality time with Alan's glorious ass. Teach was more interested in Alan's massive musculature. Carlos and Average teamed up to take on Alan's enormous package.

Something about Alan's titanic cock really got Bro hot under the collar. He'd had some homosexual tendencies for as long as he'd been sexually active, but he had always considered himself bi at most. This was the first time he could ever remember being so painfully hard, though. No one had ever gotten him as worked up as this hulking mass of cock and muscle had. The scent of the pre oozing out the enormous slit was making his head fuzzy and his dick hard. All he wanted to do was suck down as much savory pre as he could while making sweet love to the gigantic dick.

Bro placed a hand on either side of the seeping opening, allowing his hands to get completely laminated in the process. He slid his now pre-slick hands across the massive, spongy head. He could feel it pulsing and twitching under his palms. He deeply and sensually massaged the giant

puffy glans with both hands. He could feel the entire massive cock twitch and buck appreciatively. He was overjoyed at the sensation. Somehow pleasing this cock that was far larger than he was had become his life's mission; every twitch, every shudder, every buck of appreciation sent waves of euphoria through his whole body. He had never felt such validation before.

The steady stream of pre continually increased until soon it was a veritable cascade. Bro dug his face into the slit and sucked in the fluids as the liquid cascaded over him. The opening was so huge that all of Bro's head could easily slide in, but it was not yet large enough to allow his broad shoulders to slide in. Bro could feel the head of the cock shudder around him. Having him inside of it was pleasing to the gigantic dick, he realized. He wanted to get as much of himself inside to farther please the glorious cock.

Bro pulled out to catch his breathe. He wiped the pre from his eyes and stared in awe at the gigantic shuddering glans that was staring him in the face. The slit seemed to cry out for him. Bro knew he needed to fill that hole somehow. In his current lust addled state, Bro did the one thing that made sense to him. He reached his hand into the oozing slit and slowly slid his arm down the quivering shaft. He could feel the inner lining of Alan's cock sucking squeezing down around his arm as the shaft lurched and shuddered in preparation for the massive load it

had building in the enormous nuts resting at the base of the shaft.

Slowly and meticulously, Bro slid his muscular arm deeper and deeper. His muscles were quite large by normal gym rat standards, but he looked like a total lightweight next to the hulking musclegod that he was currently servicing. Bro clenched his hand into a fist, causing his coconut thick bicep and equally toned tricep to bulge out, filling up the narrow passage of Alan's cock. Alan let out a low moan of pleasure, both from the pleasant pressure building up in his cock from the obstructed flow of pre, and from the various other bits of service he was receiving from the rest of the gang.

Bro's arm was now so deep into the drooling cock that his shoulder was mashed into the slit. He could feel the tremors arcing through the godly cock becoming greater and greater as he continued to twist and flex his arm deep within the beast. Bro was pressed so deep into the slit that he was able to easily turn his head and run his tongue across the vast expanse of pre-slick glans. He kissed and licked every inch that was within his reach as the spongy head continued to shudder and swell and pulse. Bro was so overcome by the intense erotic nature of his position that he came hard without once ever laying a finger on his own dick. Thick ropes of cum spurted from his sizeable cock and splattered against the underside of the monolithic dick that he was in the midst of worshipping. He let out a choked moan of

pleasure as he continued to lick the tip of Alan's enormous cock.

While Bro was busy up front, Cookie was proving himself to be quite the ass man. He wasted no time in getting down on his knees in front of Alan's phenomenal ass. Alan's gigantic, supple mounds were so huge that each individual cheek dwarfed the guy's head. Cookie placed his hands against Alan's massive buns and sensually dug his fingers into the warm, soft flesh. His fingers dug into the supple surface of Alan's bubble butt and dug into the thick, heavy muscles hidden beneath. Cookie's cock was already painfully hard just from basking in the presence of the glorious ass.

Cookie spread the massive cheeks to reveal the quivering hole that was hidden beneath. He knew immediately what he had to do. He dug his face in between the two enormous, wonderfully pillowy cheeks and began licking Alan's eager hole. Cookie flicked his tongue playfully against the quivering entrance. He could feel Alan's entire body shudder with pleasure, giving him the affirmation he needed to go deeper. Cookie pressed his tongue against Alan's hatch and slowly and steadily pushed it in. Alan's ass slowly opened wider to allow him access. Cookie could actually feel Alan's hole shuddering with bliss as it wrapped around his tongue. Cookie was so excited to be buried so deep between those massive, cushiony mounds that he could already feel his own cock shuddering and

lurching. It took everything he had to not bust his nut right then and there, but he knew it wouldn't be long.

With his tongue fully inserted, Cookie flicked along the inner lining of Alan's wonderful ass. He could feel Alan shudder in approval. That was the straw that broke the proverbial camel's back. Cookie could no longer hold it in anymore. His tongue slid out of Alan's ass and back into Cookie's own mouth as he let out a loud, low moan. His cock gave one more hard lurch as a wave of seed crashed against Alan's monstrous nuts. Cookie fired shot after shot, each spurt of jizz getting progressively less and less until his dick was spasming and firing blanks.

His whole body had been so completely and thoroughly wracked by that orgasm that he was having trouble catching his breath. Cookie refused to be done so easily, though. He continued rimming and eating Alan out even while struggling against his own ragged breathing. He sucked and kissed and licked Alan's hole in between his breathless gasps. His cock remained rigid throughout the entire experience. He felt himself climax several more times before Alan finally came, but Cookie had long since run out of spunk to shoot.

Back around front, Teach was having the least luck of the lot of them in holding his load down. He was about ready to cream himself just from standing so close to the amazingly ripped wall of muscle. Teach had had to stare longingly at that

amazing bod for an entire semester without ever laying a finger on those gloriously massive pecs or those deeply trenched abs or those thick lats. Every class session that Alan had been in attendance of had been blissful torture for Teach. On the rare occasions that Alan had worn any clothes at all, the fabric had been far too thin or far too revealing to really do anything other than tease him. Teach had taken to wearing multiple layers of underwear just so that he could hide the wetness that inevitably formed when he creamed his pants two or three times in an hour.

Teach could already feel that this was going to be a lot like it had been when Alan had been his student. He hoped that this time he could at least make physical contact, but as he slowly moved his palm closer and closer towards Alan's enormous pectoral, Teach could already feel his breath getting hollower and his heart beating harder. He could barely steady his breathing by the time he pushed his hand the last few inches towards the hunks glorious muscles. His hand hovered a mere inch above Alan's chest. Teach could actually feel the heat emanating off of those wonderful muscles. He longed to touch them, but he wasn't sure if his body could take it. His hand quivered as he steeled his resolve to finally reach in for a good solid feel.

Teach groaned as he felt the pressure in his cock get to be too much for him. His hefty load crashed against the stud's deeply trenched abs.

Teach watched in horror and fascination as the hunk's beautiful abs were marred by his thick wad. Teach's load slowly slid down the hulking dude's torso as it flowed through the deeply defined grooves of Alan's pecs. Teach's paralysis was broken and he was overcome by an even more powerful compulsion. He launched himself forward and grabbed on to Alan's thick, rippling torso and ran his tongue along the grooves and ridges of Alan's impressive musculature. Teach lapped up his own cum, making sure to not leave a drop to mar the stud's wonderful skin. His consciousness faded away as he became a being of pure sensory data. He could see nothing but the well-defined muscles that encased Alan's frame. He could hear nothing but the labored gasps of the amazingly buff stud. He could smell nothing but the fresh sweat coming off of the hunks quivering body. He could taste nothing but Alan's skin and sweat mingling with his own bitter wad. He could feel nothing but the shuddering of Alan's body and the pounding rhythm of Alan's blood pumping to all of those immaculate muscles.

Teach continued to lick Alan's abs and pecs and suck on his nipples long after he had cleaned up every ounce of his own cum. His mind was simply gone. He existed solely to pleasure the massive stud.

Carlos and Average were teaming up to take on Alan's enormous package. Each nut probably weighed as much as the two guys, and his cock

absolutely dwarfed them both. Carlos proved to be the most agile and nimble of the bunch as he quickly scampered up on top of Alan's rigid shaft and latched his arms around it as best he could. Alan's cock was so huge that Carlos couldn't even get his arms more than halfway around it, but still he dug in with his fingers and toes and set to work grinding his cock into the warm flesh of Alan's shaft. Carlos was perched up high enough on the shaft that Alan's thick foreskin was nice and loose. With each thrust of Carlos's hips, the skin rolled back and forth, covering over half of the spongy head before receding like the tide.

Carlos could feel the blood pulsing through Alan's cock as he gripped it tight and continued to grind against it. He was little more than a mosquito to the monstrous cock. Carlos had always been small but never like this. Somehow the sensation of being so completely miniscule was exhilarating and yet, at the same time, empowering. This cock was easily twice his size, and he was dominating it by sheer force of will. He would bring this beast to climax no matter what it took.

It didn't take long for his lithe muscles to ache. He wasn't the most athletic guy by any means, and using his full body to try and jack off a colossal dong was using every muscle in his body. His body ached, but he was fueled on by adrenaline and lust. His own cock was painfully hard from the constant grinding against the godly cock that he was riding.

Sweat dripped down his brow as he shuddered and struggled to stave off his own climax. His whole body glistened with sweat both from the intensity of his workout and from the heat emanating from the gigantic cock that he was so vigorously stroking.

Carlos dug his toes in deeper and gritted his teeth as he busted his nut all over the upper side of Alan's cock, but still he kept pumping. His own sizable wad churned and foamed as he continued to rub his cock and gut against the soft, thick skin. His whole body ached, and he was beginning to lose his resolve when finally he felt Alan's cock shuddering and lurching as it prepared for climax.

During Carlos's bout of cock-jockeying, Average was hard at work sliding himself underneath Alan's enormous sack. It had actually proved far easier than he had anticipated. Most of the weight of Alan's enormous package was evenly dispersed between the two gigantic orbs of cum. There was a spot right between Alan's immense balls that was wide enough for him to slide in comfortably. In a matter of moments his entire body was enveloped in the loose skin from Alan's monolithic sack.

It was hot and stuffy under there and smelled like sweat and balls, but for Average it was the most erotic thing he had ever experienced. His sense of sight had been stripped from him, greatly increasing the potency of the remaining four. His ears rang with the roiling of cum that sloshed inside the massive,

pent up balls. Every inch of his skin was making direct contact with the loose skin of Alan's sack. The heat emanating from Alan's nuts made it like a sauna for him. Alan's enormous cum factories pressed against his body. Average found that he could barely move, but he didn't mind. He was perfectly satisfied right where he was. He was so overcome by the experience that he dumped his load against the massive sack that was pinning him down.

Average fidgeted and squirmed as best he could, not because he was trying to get out but because he wanted the hulking muscle hunk to feel him under there. Alan definitely could feel the eerily nostalgic guy squirming under him. Average's body was doing a surprisingly good job of massaging and kneading Alan's enormous pent up balls. Alan's brain was swimming in a thick fog of ecstasy. He was being worked over so thoroughly by five guys who were so overcome by their own lust that each of them had already cum without Alan so much as lifting a finger.

Alan was glad that his little entourage had enjoyed themselves so much. As much as he loved putting on a show and letting guys fawn over him, he also didn't like feeling like he had left a partner unsatisfied. Seeing and feeling all five of them already completely satisfied made it that much easier for him to let his own climax come.

Alan didn't last long under the combined assault of his five partners. With Bro working the head of his cock, Carlos manning the shaft, Average massaging his huge nuts, Teach making passionate love this muscles, and Cookie giving his the second best rimming he had had all weekend, Alan didn't stand a chance.

The pressure was steadily welling up in his cock from all the attention Bro was giving him, and having that beefy arm shoved down his chute felt amazing. The rhythmic flexing of Bro's beefy arm inside his shaft sent shockwaves waves of pleasure along Alan's entire cock. This just served to make Carlos's steady thrusts even more amazing. The passionate tonguebath that Teach was giving Alan's entire torso made him feel all warm and giddy, not to mentioned incredibly turned on. As Alan's arousal reached new peaks, he could actually feel the pent up spooge sloshing around in his nuts. This feeling was amplified by the lurches and fidgets of the fairly average looking guy that was nestled beneath Alan's enormous nuts. To top it all off, the lean buffet worker was voraciously eating out Alan's ass while sensually massaging his enormous, cushiony cheeks.

Alan's cock lurched and his abs flexed as he felt his arousal reach critical levels. His balls began to seize up as he knew that it was his time. He tried to fight it, but the combined efforts of the five guys was far too much. Alan let out a blissful moan hat

reverberated through the locker room as his first massive gush crashed against Bro. Bro was immediately knocked back as Alan's cock spewed thick, sticky jizz. Alan's torrent of spunk was so powerful that it quickly backed up all the drains and began flooding the entire shower room.

Carlos tried to hold on as the massive cock bucked and lurched violently under him, but his muscles were already at their limit and the giddy lethargy that accompanies post-coital bliss had already begun to set in. He landed with a splat in the steadily rising pool of spoooge.

Sensing that their work was complete, Teach and Cookie both backed away from Alan of their own accord. Having successfully brought the musclebound stud to climax, they felt satisfied in their achievements. They let the afterglow overtake them as they sank back into the warm pool of jizz.

Alan came and came again. Each shot seemed more powerful than the last as his load flooded the showers and spilled into the locker room. Finally his body stopped shaking and his cock stopped lurching enough that Alan was able to move. He stepped off to the side, dragging his nuts with him so that Average was freed from his erotic cocoon. The lake of cum quickly rushed in to fill the void. Average was almost instantly submerged in the backwash.

Despite how spent Alan felt, his dick had only just barely softened. It still jutted out in front of him and oozed pre, but his nuts felt the most amazingly empty they had in ages. Alan staggered out of the showers and into the jizz flooded locker room. He could see the various cum-soaked rags that his entourage had arrived wearing.

Reclining casually atop one of the benches safely above the flood of spooage was Steve. "Took ya long enough." He commented as he looked up to see Alan staggering out. "I was beginning to wonder if you forgot that you've got a date tonight." Steve added with an exasperated sigh.

"Yeah, yeah." Alan responded with a slightly annoyed groan. "I was kind of hoping to get this to go down a bit before hand."

"Man, when has it ever gone down?" Steve replied with a smirk as he quickly sat upright. "Now come on. You'll need to hose off before your date, but if you hurry you can still make it."

Above Average

Part 11

Alan and Steve exited the employee washroom and made their way farther down the service hallway. Alan was soaked in cum everywhere below the ankles, which included the underside of his immense balls, and his huge semi-rigid cock was still drooling pre as it lolled and swung heavily with each step. The net result was that Alan was leaving quite a mess in his wake.

“You’re lucky I remembered to bring my key today.” Steve commented with an exasperated sigh as he swiped the card into the reader on the side of the large freight elevator at the back of the hall. The machinery behind the large doorway hummed as it stirred to life.

Shortly after having started attending classes at the local college, it became apparent to the mall management that it was not feasible for Alan to use the stairs or the escalators. Using the stairs was very difficult for him due to the absolutely enormous set of balls he had dragging along with him as he walked, and the escalators were just too narrow for his thickly muscled frame and gigantic endowments to fit onto. Alan's size also made using the elevators a difficult ordeal. Sure, Alan could fit well enough on the lifts, but he took up so much space that no one else could get on with him. As such, the management had decided to extend to him the privilege of using the extra wide, industrial strength freight lift that was tucked away in the back. They had originally only given Alan a card key for it, but since he often lacked pockets, he very rarely kept it with him. The mall management then decided to grant a spare key to Steve to keep on hand since the two of them were often found together.

Alan flawlessly executed a maneuver in which he backed into the lift and turned sideways so that he could quickly and effectively get his immense frame and massive endowments through the doorway. He had done this several times a week since he had started living on campus and so had had plenty of practice. Steve quickly ducked in after him and hit the button to take them to the ground floor. The freight lift was so much more spacious than the standard elevators reserved for customer use, and Steve found himself wishing that it went all

the way up to the upper levels of the parking garage. They could have saved themselves so much trouble if Alan didn't have to cut through the main mall area in order to access the lift.

Steve glanced at his watch as the lift slowly and noisily made its descent down to the ground floor. "Ok so you've got a little over twenty minutes before you are supposed to meet up with John. It'll be tight, but if you don't make a scene, we can get back to the dorm in fifteen minutes."

"I make a scene everywhere I go." Alan commented with a chuckle.

"Believe me, I've noticed." Steve responded with a wry smile. "But seriously, keep it on the down low for a few minutes, ok? I mean, even if you aren't really interested in the date, it'd still be rude to stand him up."

Alan sighed heavily in response. "I know, I know. I'm not really trying to stand him up or anything. I'm actually kind of nervous. I just keep trying to take my mind off of tonight."

"You? Nervous to meet up with a guy? That's new." Steve replied playfully as he nudged Alan's densely muscled arm with his elbow.

"I'm not worried about meeting him. We've already been well acquainted." Alan replied with a

smirk. "It's just, I feel kinda bad. I mean. It almost feels like I cheated on him in a way. I know we hadn't even gone out yet, but I mean I already found a new guy without even giving him a chance. Does that make sense?" Alan asked, his brow furrowed showing his concern.

"It is what it is. You weren't intentionally out on the pull, it just happened, and running away isn't going to solve anything." Steve replied calmly. The elevator dinged signaling that the two were now on the ground floor. "Ok. Chin up, shoulders back, now march out there like a man on a mission."

"Heh. Thanks dude. Man, what'd I do without you?" Alan replied with a genuine smile on his face.

"Probably sit in your room jacking off until your dick outgrew the dorm." Steve responded sarcastically while rolling his eyes.

"Well, that's still an option." Alan replied with a devious smirk.

"Whatever dude, now get out there before the doors shut." Steve said with a chuckle as he placed both hands in the deep trenches between Alan's bulging traps and lats and gave him a shove. The shove was more for show than anything else. Even if Steve had shoved with all his might there was no way he could hope to even budge Alan's immense bulk.

“You really are a good friend.” Alan said happily as he stepped off of the lift.

“A good friend?” Steve replied playfully. As he caught up and began walking alongside his humongous buddy.

“The best friend.” Alan responded laughing.

“And don’t you forget it!” Steve added with a wink.

“I never will.” Alan replied as he shoved open the double doors that separated the service hallway from the mall proper. Alan followed Steve’s advice almost to the letter as he stepped out from the hallway and began his proud march through the center of the crowded mall. All eyes were on him as he puffed out his already massive chest, causing his already enormous pecs to swell out even farther.

Despite being very similar in height, Steve was absolutely dwarfed by his massive pal. Even if it were possible to ignore Alan’s colossal cock that was now going on eleven feet and was easily three times as thick as Steve’s chest, the layers upon layers of muscles that were packed onto Alan’s frame made him a veritable wall of dense, rippling brawn. Alan’s muscles were so gigantic that each individual, deeply set ab was as large and as thick as a professional bodybuilder’s bicep. His huge, tree

trunk thick quads flexed with each and every thunderous step.

All eyes in the mall were on Alan as he proudly strode towards the front entrance. Men and woman alike stared at his with their mouths hanging open in awe. Many seemed to grow faint just from being in the presence of such raw masculinity. Several men tried unsuccessfully to hide their tents. To Alan's credit, he actually managed to stay on course and made decent time, but he still didn't hesitate to shoot a sly wink or a seductive grin towards a few of his choice fans. He made sure to accentuate his glances with either a bulging bicep flex or a massive pec pop for good measure. A few of his male fans had a pop of their own down below from the show.

Alan made it to the lobby in record time. Traffic ground to a halt all around him as he stepped forth into the bright late afternoon sun. The low angle of light from the setting sun just seemed to accentuate his deeply cut muscles. His light brown, sun-kissed skin, was covered in deep, dark shadows from the thick valleys of his dense muscles. The shadows were so dark that it appeared as if his muscles had almost been lovingly painted on by an artist's brush.

Alan took a step out into the sunlight, but quickly hopped back into the shade. "Sweet zombie Jesus! That's hot." He yelped.

“No shit, bro. It got up to 95 today.” Steve replied casually, adding on a very visible eye roll for good measure.

“Yeah, but that hurt like hell! I think I just baked my potatoes!” Alan moaned while he rubbed his toes against the underside of his scorched nutsack.

“And this is why they invented things called clothes.” Steve replied sarcastically. “I know you own a few pairs of underwear. You should actually wear them sometime.”

“But they’re tight and uncomfortable.” Alan whined.

“Tough shit. You gonna stand there whining or man up and deal with it?” Steve taunted playfully.

“I’m staying right here until it cools down. John will just have to wait.” Alan huffed. He crossed his arms dramatically across his chest which actually looked really silly given how huge his pecs and arms were. He was barely able to cross his wrists in front of him so it ended up looking less like a defiant pose and more like a failed attempt at Gangnam Style.

“Don’t be that way.” Steve chided with an overly dramatic sigh. “Don’t you have anything in your bag you can use?”

“I’ve got a pair of shoes in there, I think, but I shredded all the underwear I packed.” Alan replied sheepishly. “Or rather, I should say your little friend shredded them.”

“I’d say it was your little friend that did it.” Steve joked as he poked Alan’s drooping semi to drive home his joke. “And what’s this ‘your friend’ crap. I thought you two were officially hooking up?”

“Oh, come on! I’m being comically bitchy here.” Alan replied with a bit of a chuckle as he dramatically threw his arms up in the air in mock disgust. The maneuver somehow just served to cause his enormous lats to flex magnificently.

“Oh, I know, bro, but you are wasting time. We need to think of... oh, wait a tick.” Steve began to say, but then his rant dropped off unexpectedly as he began to wander across the street like a mosquito to a bug zapper. Steve stepped inside the lobby of the neighboring hotel and reemerged moments later riding a luggage rack down the handicap ramp like a mine cart out of the Temple of Doom. Steve hopped out at the last second and grabbed a hold of the cart handle, causing it to screech to a halt no more than a foot from Alan. “Your chariot awaits, good sir.” Steve said in an affected accent as he bowed dramatically while gesturing towards the rack.

“What are you doing with that?” Alan asked skeptically.

“Do I have to spell it out? Get your shoes on, put your junk on the cart, and let’s roll.” Steve replied slowly as he pantomimed each action for emphasis.

Alan raised a hand and pointed a finger upwards like he was about to launch a counterargument, but upon realizing that he really didn’t have anything to complain about he just shrugged and set to work. Getting his shoes on was the easy part. He had to have Steve reach into his backpack and fish the shoes out for him, though. There was no way Alan would be able to reach back there without having to undo the straps that held the backpack on him.

Getting his junk loaded up turned out to be much more of a problem. At first Alan tried to shove his balls onto the rack while Steve pushed against the cart on the other side to keep it from rolling away, but it quickly became apparent that he was not strong enough to keep the luggage rack from rolling away. “Holy shit, dude, your balls are heavy!” Steve moaned as he struggled to catch his breath. His shirt was beginning to get quite damp from all the sweat that was now rolling off his skin.

“They’re not that bad. You are just leetle, girly, twig man.” Alan replied in his best Hans and Franz voice.

Steve didn’t say anything in response, but he did make a show of raising both middle fingers in a

show of mock indignation. They finally settled on wedging the cart against the wall while Alan and Steve slowly shoved Alan's huge nuts onto the rack. All in all, they had wasted almost ten minutes in their endeavor.

"Thanks for the help man. Sorry about making you have to get all up close and personal with my balls and all." Alan said pleasantly as he gave Steve a gentle slap on the back. Unfortunately a gentle slap from the supermassive muscle hunk was enough to knock the wind out of the lanky skater.

Steve coughed a few times and then sputtered his reply. "No problem, man." He managed to regain his breath and his composure and continued. "Sad to say it isn't the first time I have had to press up against your sweat ass nuts, and probably won't be the last." He looked down at his hands and stuck out his tongue as he grimaced. "The worst part was the communal cum sludge you got going on there. Seriously, bro. You are rank." Steve disgustedly shook his hands out and then wiped them off on the side of Alan's enormous, buff arm. Alan just laughed it off as they made their way across campus.

The cart groaned and squeaked noisily under the weight of Alan's immense nuts as they traveled. Alan made a few brief flexes and poses for people who were staring at him, but Alan wasn't

feeling particularly sexy now that his balls were basically wheelchair bound.

Alan and Steve entered the dorm building and headed towards their ground floor apartment. Alan opted to ditch his ball trolley because the hallways here were too narrow to be bothering trying to steer that contraption in here. He shifted his nuts enough so that they spilled off of the cart, sending it clattering against the far wall in the process.

Alan had been given special treatment in his room assignment due to his difficulty with stairs and the fact that he single-handedly exceeded the weight limit for the elevators. As they approached their room, Steve stepped in front of the doorway and blocked Alan from entering. "Here's the plan." Steve said flatly. "John's supposed to be here in two minutes, and you look like shit. Go get cleaned up, and I'll chill with the lurch for a few minutes."

Alan actually didn't have anything to say in protest. It was a sound idea, and it was generally considered poor form to show up to a date with a guy covered in the jizz of another guy, let alone the jizz of four other guys. "Alright." was Alan's simple reply as he turned and trudged off to the showers.

"And no showboating this time!" Steve called back after him.

"I promise nothing." Alan replied casually, but loudly enough that Steve could clearly hear him. Steve just rolled his eyes and ducked back into the dorm room. The room was just as messy as they had left it. The lack of their communal dirty clothes pile reminded Steve that he had taken all their clothes with him to get washed and that the clothes were all still in his car. He let loose a series of undecipherable grunts and groans as he chastised himself for forgetting about the laundry, not just because it meant he now had to go back for it, but because he was pretty sure Alan had at least one pair of shorts in there.

Steve quickly hopped up from his bed the second he heard a knock on the door. He knew it had to be John. No one else would come by their room at this time of day, and Alan would never bother knocking, even when Steve had ladies over, which made for some awkward dates. Under normal circumstances, Steve wouldn't mind his roommate showing up when he was getting intimate with a girl, but Alan was a special case. It was hard to keep a girl interested when an over ten foot long cock was filling up much of the room.

Steve opened the door, and sure enough, John was waiting patiently on the other side. "Is Alan ready?" he asked expectantly.

"The goofus is still in the shower. He should be along in a minute if you want to come inside and

wait for him.” Steve replied, nodding towards the room behind him as he stopped leaning on one of the doors and opened it all the way so John could come in.

John stepped into the room and balked at the doorway. He had forgotten how filthy the place was which was amazing considering how state of the art and self-cleaning this room was supposed to be. Alan’s loads were legendary, so much so that the school’s engineering department had developed a self-draining dorm room for just such a situation. The patents for the design had netted the school millions, but as good as the state of the art room was at draining jizz, it still didn’t pick up all the old beer bottles and Doritos bags that littered the floor.

John fidgeted as he scanned the room. Steve’s standard sized dorm bed was tucked away in the corner of the room and was covered in wadded blankets that obviously hadn’t been washed since the semester started. Much of the rest of the room was taken up by the two, side by side, king size mattresses that functioned as Alan’s bed. Alan’s mattresses were left to lie on the floor due to the lack of any form of bed frame that could support his immense bulk.

“Pull up a thumb, dude.” Steve called over to John kindly as he flopped down into his bed.

“Um... no, I think I’m fine here.” Jon responded as he crinkled his nose at the mess. “Actually. I’m going down to Pablo’s to get a table. Just tell Alan to meet me there when he is ready.” John added.

Steve raised an eyebrow questioningly at John, but a quick assessment made it clear that the football star was clearly uncomfortable being in their messy den. “Alright, man. I’ll send him along after you. Hopefully won’t be more than five minutes.” Steve replied as he gave John a casual wave goodbye.

Steve pattered around the apartment for a few minutes waiting for Alan to return. Steve was actually surprised by how quickly Alan came back, and with his cock relatively unchubbed, no less. “Wow. No show for the fans tonight?” Steve playfully ribbed his roomy.

“Ah you know how it is. Gotta pace myself. Can’t give ‘em a good show every night or they’ll get complacent.” Alan replied with a wink.

“Well whatever. John just left. He said he’d get you two a table at Pablo’s.” Steve replied lazily as he flipped on the TV.

“Not exactly fine dining. What was he wearing?” Alan inquired.

“Uh... clothes?” Steve said with a shrug.

“No. I’m serious. Like casual? Dressy?” Alan pressed for information.

“I dunno. Like... nice jeans and a button up? Business casual?” Steve replied uncertainly.

“Shit. I’ll have to dress up.” Alan moaned.

“Dude. You could put on a thong and it’d be dressing up.” Steve joked.

“Well. That’s still an option...” Alan mumbled as he pulled through the overhead cubby that served as his dresser. Alan’s immense package made it very difficult for him to bend over and pick things up, so he had had bins mounted to the ceiling for all his storage needs. Alan pulled out a couple of huge clumps of cloth and chucked the unceremoniously over his shoulders. The articles of clothing unfurled in midair and floated to the ground like parachutes. Each of Alan’s pairs of briefs had such a massive pouch in the front that, as they lay on the floor, they looked more like deflated hot air balloons than they did articles of clothing.

“Ah-Hah!” Alan announced triumphantly as he pulled out a pair of black and white briefs. Steve perked up for a moment, but then went back to focusing on the current detective drama that played on the tiny TV that was set up at the foot of his bed.

Alan unceremoniously jiggled and stuffed his balls into the pouch, but left his cock to fly free. After a few minutes of packing and shifting he turned around and posed flamboyantly for his bud. “Tadaa!” Alan chimed as he showed off his choice of attire.

Steve looked up from his show and just about spit out the mouthful of beer he was halfway through downing. “Holy shit, dude. I got you those as a joke!” He sputtered as he tried to choke down his laughter.

“What? Not dressy enough for Pablo’s Bar n Grill?” Alan asked with playful snark. Alan’s current ball pouch was plain white in the center with black sides and a very cartoony black bowtie that was stitched into the front just below the upper hem of the pouch, making the whole thing look like the front of a tuxedo. The fabric was stretched so thin, though, that the skin tone of his nuts were fairly visible through the white fabric.

“Nah, man. I think you’ll be just fine.” Steve replied, still trying not to cackle. “Now just remember. Be home by 10 pm sharp and no feeding that thing after midnight.” Steve said as he pointed to the humongous, semi that was flopping over the waistband of Alan’s undies.

“Alright, mom, gawd!” Alan shot back in his best angry teenager voice. As he opened the extra wide double doors that led back out to the main hall.

“Fuck you.” Steve shot back.

“After I wear out Mr. All American, I am sure I’ll have plenty left over for you to have a turn.” Alan replied with a saucy wink. He then stepped into the hall and shut the doors behind him.

The trek to Pablo’s was fairly uneventful. The restaurant was actually one of the many small establishments that were on campus, so Alan only had to walk a few blocks. The sun had all but gone down by now so the ground probably would have been cool enough not to roast his marshmallows had he decided to make the trek au natural, but he had to admit, there were some advantages to being somewhat dressed. As thick as the skin of his nutsack was, the constant scraping along the pavement when he dragged his exposed balls along got to be a little itchy to say the least.

Alan stepped into the entryway of the small mom and pop eatery and was immediately greeted by an audible gasp from the hostess. “Wow. Uh. Hi, Alan. Your table is right this way.” She murmured. It was no surprise that just about everyone in town knew his name by now, and yet they always still seemed surprised whenever they saw him. It was

almost as if they had never seen him so big and buff and hung before.

Alan made his way into the main dining room and was greeted to by the sound of several people gasping and quite a few dishes dropping as all the diners and workers got their first look at him. Alan tried his best to give everyone a polite smile, but he was enjoying the attention far more than he wanted to let on. He could already feel his cock starting to chub up a bit more from all the lusty eyes that were fixated on him. On the far side of the room he caught sight of John, who had stood up to gesture him over, but John's arm and his jaw had gone slack the second he saw how absolutely massive Alan had become.

Alan had forgotten just how amazingly hot the blond haired, blue eyed, All American jock was. John's clean cut, short blond hair framed his handsome features perfectly, and his well-toned muscles filled out his shirt and pants fantastically. As Alan's eyes drifted lower he caught sight of the outline of John's quickly hardening dick. Alan couldn't help but smile to himself as he saw the effects his body was having on the football star as the bulge from John's rising erection began extending down the jock's leg well past his knee.

Above Average

Part 12

John stood and stared as Alan approached. He had originally intended to do the gentlemanly thing and help his date get seated, but as the absolutely massive wall of muscle and cock strode towards him, John could think of nothing other than how amazing and sexy Alan looked. John's own respectably huge dick was straining hard against the fabric of his pant leg.

Alan's immense dick reached John's position long before the rest of him did. The beast was longer than he was tall and more than twice as big around than even John's impressively muscled chest. As the behemoth slowly glided by him like a coasting bus, John couldn't help but fixate on it. The head of it began to pass directly beside him. It was just a few scant inches from bumping into Jon's side.

John tried to keep his eyes on his date, but that enormous cock was just too good to be true. As it passed by him, he could almost imagine it plunging into him as foot after foot of it vanished from his view. Alan reached the table, but John was still too lost in his erotic daydream to move. Not that he could have gone anywhere even if he had been able to snap out of it. Alan's immense shaft was now directly between him and the table, and Alan's humongous, muscled bod filled his entire view. Alan made a motion to move towards the table, which caused the gigantic pouch of his briefs that housed his colossal nuts to bump against John.

"It's all the way in." John thought as he felt Alan's huge nuts collide with him. Just the fantasy of having taken that enormous tool was enough to send him over the edge. He closed his eyes and let out a soft moan as huge quantities of jizz began to flow down his pant leg.

When John came to his senses he was immediately mortified by what he had done. He had just creamed his pants in public, and it was the hugest, messiest load of his life. He looked around, and was relieved to see that no one seemed to have even noticed. All eyes were on his massively brawny date. He still felt embarrassed that he couldn't control his sexual urges like that. It had only been a few hours since he had gotten off, and yet he was feeling exceptionally pent up. He had always had a bit of trouble keeping his libido in check, though. It was an annoying side effect of his huge, basketball sized balls

that always seemed to be producing huge quantities of cum.

Alan glanced down at the cascade of cum that was oozing down John's leg. He was less interested in the flow of jizz than he was in the volume of it. Once the waterfall slowed to a halt, Alan noticed that the massive bulge down the side of the jock's pant leg had noticeably softened, but it had not shrunken down at all. Alan grinned at this knowledge. John had become affected by the same spell that was changing him, but the football star didn't even seem to realize it.

Alan had to wonder how things would have been different for him had he not had his best friend to help remind him of what was happening to him. If he had been unaware of his changes, would he have done things differently? He wondered about how huge he would be now if he hadn't felt the need to hold back. The thought simultaneously excited and terrified him.

Alan slowly took his seat. The table John had picked out was one of the extra high tables situated near the bar. John had probably picked it because it offered him a good view of the big screen TV hanging above the taps, but these tables had the unique advantage of being the few tables in the establishment that Alan could fit his junk under.

Alan had to gather up five barstools and arrange them in a cluster so that he would have a seat that could hold his massive bulk. His huge, muscular ass filled out all the chair tops and then some. They

creaked in protest but appeared to hold out alright. The chairs probably would not have been able to hold his incredible weight had his balls not been so large that they rested on the ground. Alan's cock rested comfortably above his humongous nuts and then angled downward until it too settled on the ground.

Alan picked up a menu and began to peruse what the place had to offer. This was more of a formality than anything at this point. Alan had been here plenty during the few years he had been attending this college. While Alan absentmindedly scanned the lines of text, John slowly and unsteadily pulled an extra barstool up to the table and took a seat. John was originally going to set his seat directly across from Alan, but Alan's cock more than extended past the other side of the table. If John had wanted to sit there, he would have had to take a seat directly atop the huge, muscle stud's enormous dick. As tempting as that was, John wasn't sure he wanted to do that in a public place, especially not one with so many people watching intently.

Instead, John opted to place the seat on the end of the table closest to the main aisle. Alan's cock and balls filled up so much of the space below the table that John had to tuck his feet away under the stool to keep himself from touching them. John was using every ounce of self control he had to not just start feeling up Alan's immaculate cock or his glorious muscles. John had known Alan was huge, but somehow he had forgotten just how huge. His mind was reeling from the sheer size of his date. He could

already feel his cock chubbing up again just from being in such close proximity to the godly dude.

Alan reached down and gave John a quick, comforting squeeze on the leg. To anyone looking and to even John himself it would have seemed a completely harmless and maybe even endearing gesture, but Alan knew better. He grinned as he felt John's huge swelling cock beneath his hand. Alan gave John's thigh a gentle rubbing, which had the added benefit of causing his hand to tenderly stroke the jock's dick in the process.

Alan beamed a winning smile at his date, which made John smile back at him. To anyone else watching it would seem like the two of them were really hitting it off, and to a point they were. Alan wasn't too interested in the football star, though. He was more excited by the power he unintentionally held over the jock. Alan could make John grow more and more, and the linebacker would never even know it had happened.

Conflicting thoughts flooded Alan's mind. As exciting as it was to be able to grow John, he wasn't sure if he wanted to. On one hand the jock would look even hotter with some extra muscle packed onto his already buff frame, but Alan liked being by far the biggest guy around. Alan also wasn't sure if John would even like the changes. He wasn't just making the guy bigger; Alan was causing John's entire history to be edited. Alan had been pretty fortunate in his new

past, but who could say John would be too? All that said though, who wouldn't want a bigger dick?

Alan continued to think and ponder the moral and ethical ramifications of what he knew and what he chose to do with that knowledge. All the while he continued to mindlessly stroke the thickening bulge in the side of the linebacker's pant leg. John had to shift and fidget to get comfortable as his huge cock continued to harden and extend. He wasn't sure, but it felt even bigger than he remembered. It filled out more of his pants than he was used to, and he had to extend his leg to allow room for his humongous cock to snake down past his knee.

Alan was snapped from his thoughts as he noticed the waistline of John's jeans pulling away from his crotch, revealing the dense patch of blond pubes hidden beneath. John's bulge had been huge when he had arrived, but his pants had at least been able to hold it all in. As the jock's nuts and shaft continued to swell and grow, the jeans were unable to cope. The base of John's thick shaft came into view, and Alan could see the bend of the already nearly rigid cock as it angled down the linebacker's pants. Alan couldn't imagine that it was comfortable.

Alan leaned closer to John and casually mentioned it. "Why not let it out?"

"Here!?" John asked. His voice was barely more than a hiss of hushed surprise.

“Yeah. Why not? It’s not like anyone will care. I mean, I let mine hang out all the time, and it looks like it’s hurting you to keep it tucked away like that.” Alan explained calmly.

“That’s because you’re you. Everybody knows about your condition and knows to turn a blind eye to it.” John whispered in reply.

“Our condition.” Alan corrected.

“Our condition? I’m still pretty much normal.” John replied incredulously.

“Still? So you do already know about the growths.” Alan replied. He was a little surprised to hear this, but his face and tone of voice barely showed it.

“Growths? What are you...?” John’s voice slowly trailed away as a look of understanding crossed his eyes. John’s mouth hung open as he sat through a few sets of memories running simultaneously. They were all almost identical except for a few key differences. The most noticeable was the size of the tool tucked away in his pants. It was like he was sitting there and watching a movie and its later reboots side by side.

“I see you understand now.” Alan replied casually as John seemed to snap out of his stupor.

“I’m growing...” He repeated. His mouth was still slack and his eyes were still glazed over, but he

seemed to be steadily snapping out of his daze. "I don't get it. How big will I get?"

"I dunno." Alan replied with a shrug. "I'm still growing. It's like my dick keeps getting bigger and so do my muscles. You'll probably get this big eventually."

"As big as you?" John repeated in a dazed awe. He let out a very soft, low moan and closed his eyes. A devious smirk crossed Alan's lips as he noticed the linebacker's reaction. Alan didn't even have to guess what had caused John's moan meant. Alan could already feel the thick, heavy jizz streaming down the jock's legs and dripping out onto Alan's humongous nuts.

"I don't have specifics." Alan explained. "But it seems to happen faster the more you cum."

"You must have gotten off a lot." John replied in awe.

"Either that, or you've been living a very puritanical lifestyle over the weekend." Alan responded with a chuckle.

"Well, yeah. That could be it too..." John murmured in reply. Alan could hear just a small bit of his Southern twang slip through. "Y'see, I spent the whole weekend up with my ma. It doesn't hardly seem right to do such a thing while she's around, you know?"

Alan couldn't help but grin as he listened to the way John's accent flared up in full force as he

spoke about his mother. John always seemed to become very sheepish and Southern when talking about his family. Alan listened intently, all the while slowly slipping a hand up John's leg and over towards the jock's fly. With a quick flick, Alan managed to undo the button on the top of John's fly. It was one of those that clicked into place instead of being tucked into a narrow hole in the fabric, so just a little force managed to pop it loose.

"You've mentioned her a few times." Alan said casually as he slowly slid down the zipper on the front of the jock's pants. "What's it like at home, anyway?"

"Oh, you know. It's just Ma 'n me. Pa left us long ago. We've got a small little business out in the sticks. Ma can't handle all the heavy lifting alone, so I go back as often as I can to help out." John explained. He fidgeted slightly as he felt Alan's hand working its way into the front of his pants, but he made no effort to stop it.

"How heavy are we talking?" Alan asked. There was a bit of a devious tone in his voice in the way he posed the question. "I bet a little extra beef would help life at home, huh?" Alan slowly pulled Jon's slowly chubbing hose from down the jock's pants. John's cock was wet and slimy from having been basting in its own jizz in the stuffy confines of the linebacker's overstuffed jeans.

"Aw. Well I don't know about that, but sometimes I feel like I could stand to get a little bit stronger. It would make the work go so much faster."

John mused. His cheeks were starting to turn pink with arousal as he felt Alan's hand slowly stroking along the length of his over two foot cock.

"Exactly." Alan agreed warmly. "So why not let yourself get a bit bigger." Alan wasn't sure why, but he was finding the power intoxicating, and John seemed to like it so there really wasn't much of a reason for him to stop. He slid his hand down the jock's pants again and fished out one of John's basketball sized nuts. Alan could scarcely believe how warm and heavy the cum-laden orb was in the palm of his hand. Alan reached forward again and pulled out the other nut in the same fashion leaving John's equipment completely freed of his pants.

"Sorry for the wait, guys. I'll be taking care of you tonight." came a voice from off to the side. They both turned to look at the new guy. He was a fairly lanky college freshman with wavy brown hair and stylish, square glasses. "My name's Kyle. If you need anything feel free to give me a holler. Are you guys ready to order?"

"Yeah. I'll have a number three... a number five... and two number eights." Alan replied casually.

"Oh? Is that all?" The waiter asked. A friendly level of sarcasm was noticeably in his voice.

Alan laughed pleasantly in response to the server's good natured jab. "What can I say? I'm a growing boy." Alan replied with chuckle.

“Alrighty then. What to drink?” The waiter asked.

“Beer with a side of beer and a little garnish of beer.” Alan responded with a smile.

“Hate to break it to you, but we are out of beer, would beer be alright?” The server joked.

“Sure. As long as it has beer in it.” Alan joked back.

“And for Agent Smith?” The waiter asked, turning to John.

“Ah. Just a number three for me...” John replied. He was trying to remain calm and collected and let on that there was anything out of the ordinary, but Alan had not stopped stroking his dick since the waiter had arrived, and John was already thoroughly boned.

“Sure thing, man. Oh, and great game Thursday! Man, that sack in the third quarter was epic.” The server gushed. “Anything to drink?”

“Water is fine.” John replied politely.

Kyle shrugged. “Ok, man. If you change your mind just let me know.” The server raised a hand for a high five which John meekly returned. “You know where to find me if you need me.”

Alan began stroking John’s dick even more vigorously as the server walked away. The linebacker’s dick was so warm and so thick that it more than filled

up Alan's entire hand. There was no way he could even hope to wrap his fingers all the way around it. John's cock was easily as thick around as the jock's biceps. The size made it so that the soft ridge on the underside of the jock's erection fit almost perfectly in the palm of Alan's hand. Alan tightened his grip and watched as John's face turned slightly redder from the increased stimulation. Alan could feel the steady trickle of pre flowing off the tip of John's hefty cock and onto Alan's beefy forearm.

Alan wished he could see it for himself. At its current size, John's cock had to be simply fantastic looking. Alan's dick had been fully boned for awhile without ever once laying a finger on it. He was getting pretty worked up just from teasing John and making the already studly football star get even more studly. Alan's rigid dick was so huge that it extended past his table and bumped into the back of a stool at a neighboring table. The person sitting there was doing a remarkable job of trying to ignore the massive cock that was nudging his seat and oozing pre all over the place.

The server returned with two mugs of beer and placed it on the table in front of the two guys. "This one's on me." He explained happily as he gave John a friendly clap on the shoulder. The slap was but a minor distraction, but it was enough to make John lose his focus just enough that he could no longer fight back the rising desire to cum. He let out a soft moan and shuddered as his whole body was rocked by the power of his orgasm. Thick jets of spunk spattered

noisily against the side of Alan's immense cock and oozed down onto Alan's colossal balls and down onto the floor below. John fired shot after thick, gooey shot all while the server looked on obliviously. With each jet of heavy spunk, John's abs flexed visible through his skintight, yellow polo shirt.

"Thanks, man." John managed to reply weakly after his torrent of cum had finally died off.

"No problem. It was the least I could do after that last second victory last game." Kyle remarked happily. Alan furrowed his brow for a moment as he thought back over the events of the previous game. He was about as far away from being a sports fan as one could be, and yet he was sure that he had heard that they had actually lost the last game in over time.

The server walked back towards the kitchen area but turned back around about halfway there and raised a fist triumphantly and shouted. "Cowcatcher! Woo!" The extra cheer at the end almost sounded like an old timey train whistle like they had in old Looney Tunes shows.

"Cowcatcher?" Alan asked with a bemused smirk.

"Aww heck... It's an embarrassing nickname I've picked up." John replied sheepishly. "See... I gotta wear this big 'ol cup when I am playin'. Someone said it looked like that grate thing on the front of a train and it kind of caught on."

Alan had a vague image in his mind of John striding out onto the football field in full gear. The size of his cup was simply gigantic. The comically oversized, reinforced codpiece looked like something out of a mecha anime.

“Well, there are worse nicknames... I can’t think of any at the moment, but there must be some, right?” Alan joked.

“Yeah, I suppose, but if they were gonna give me some kind of train nickname, why not something cool like Cole Train?” John replied halfheartedly.

“Well, for starters, your name isn’t Cole, and for seconders, why not just embrace it? I mean, can you imagine how demoralizing it must be for the other team to be bowled over by some dude’s gigantic cock-guard?” Alan explained pleasantly.

“Haha. Never thought of it like that. I almost feel bad for them now.” John replied chuckling. “I can only imagine what it must be like to be slapped around like that.”

“Yeah. Just imagine what it’ll be like when you get even bigger.” Alan responded wistfully.

“... I’m not so sure that’s a good idea...” John replied thoughtfully.

“Huh? What do you mean?” Alan asked. His brow furrowed in a look of concern and confusion.

“Well, I mean. I don’t remember growing n’ all, but I kind of have this gut feelin’ that says you are

telling the truth, you know? It's kinda hard to describe, but I mean... I don't want to get any bigger than this... I'm not sure I even want to be this big, to be honest." John explained pensively as he tilted his glass around, causing the foam to swirl in the mug. "I mean, on one hand it feels great to be so huge all over, but on the other hand... I'm afraid if I get too big I won't be able to play football no more. I mean, just look at you. You are huge, but you can't move very fast. Sure you could cream people on the field, but can you even run? Those little guys'd do laps around you... and there's another thing... I kinda feel like a freak, you know? Like my whole life I have stood out, and I never really wanted to... I kind of feel like maybe that's why I wanted to hook up with you. I look normal next to you."

John let out a sigh and shook his head. "No... No, that's not right at all. It's weird. When I think back to why I wanted to talk to you so bad, I can't recall your muscles or your dick... It's like... I was jealous of you, but not for that... it was something else..." John seemed to wince as he thought back over the week before. "I've wanted to get to know you for ages, actually. The first time I saw you movin' into the dorm down the hall from me..." John continued to recall as he kept his eyes clenched shut.

Alan felt a pit forming in his stomach. His room wasn't on John's floor. He had a special room set up on the ground floor like he had always had, but he knew what John was saying was true.

“I can actually remember a bit now.” John said as he opened his eyes and looked at Alan. For once, it was like John wasn’t looking at Alan’s body, but rather straight into his eyes, into his very soul. Alan felt bumps form over every inch of his skin as a chill ran up his spine.

“The real reason I wanted to talk to you so bad was because I wanted to be like you. You know, all open and outgoing. I’ve always kept everything hidden from everyone, you know?” John looked down at his mug and fidgeted as he spoke. “I was always looking for an excuse to talk to you, but you never seemed interested in me. Then I saw your dick that one time, and man, it was amazing. I just kinda lost it.” John smirked slightly as he remembered how he acted.

“Aww, heck. I bet I came off lookin’ like a total creep.” John muttered.

“Oh, you weren’t that bad.” Alan responded kindly. “Honestly. The reason I never really showed you any interest is because I was so used to all the jocks and frat bros being totally stuck up and rude. You’re actually pretty cool.” Alan placed a hand on John’s shoulder to show that he meant what he said.

“Thanks. I just... I just wish I could have been more open in my life, you know?” John explained with a sigh. “I hate to say this, but I don’t think I ever wanted to get with you... not romantically, anyways.”

Alan was actually overjoyed to hear this, but he didn't dare let on to the jock. "So what? Too much man for you?" Alan replied with a smug smirk.

"Oh, nah. It's ain't that. I've wanted to be your friend for awhile, but I feel like I might have ruined that by going right into the sex." John explained sheepishly.

Alan tried not to laugh at the phrase "the sex" especially when used unironically, but he understood what John was saying. "It's cool, man. It won't mean anything if you don't want it to. I'm pretty casual about stuff like that... and uh, while we're being honest. I feel like I should tell you something..." Alan took a deep breath and let out a sigh before continuing. "I'm actually really glad to hear you aren't really interested in going steady or anything."

John looked a little surprised, but said nothing. Alan took a moment to gauge John's response before continuing. "You see... I kind of met someone over the weekend, and it was all really sudden, but I think I'd like to see him..."

John was too stunned to reply at first. He finally seemed to piece together a response, but before he could muster up the nerve to say it, the server returned with two trays piled with food. "OK, guys. Here's the first batch. I'll go grab the rest in a second." Kyle said as he placed handed out the plates. "Plates are hot, yadda yadda. You know the drill" He droned on as he did so.

Alan didn't even wait for the server to leave before he dove in and began devouring his various entrees. John sat back and crinkled his nose a bit as he watched on in awe. "Got enough food there?" He sassed.

"I'm thinking about getting some dessert, actually." Alan responded, only half jokingly. "It takes a lot to power these massive guns." He explained as he flexed both of his arms and his humongous pecs. "Just wait till you get this bad and see how much you eat."

John watched Alan's muscles bulge out fantastically as the massively buff college dude put on a little bit of a gun show at the table. John had no intention of getting as huge as Alan, but there was some part in the back of his mind that wasn't too averse to the idea. That part of his brain seemed to have control of his dick which was steadily chubbing up as he surveyed the bumps, ridges, and contours of his date's absolutely amazing muscles.

Above Average

Part 13

John watched with a mix of awe and disgust as Alan shoveled large quantities of food into his mouth. At first John was surprised Alan had ordered so much, but now it didn't look like even the seven entrées would be enough for the massive, muscle stud. John slowly picked at his own burger and was wondering why he hadn't ordered more for himself. He wasn't anywhere near as huge as Alan, but the blond linebacker was pretty swole by most people's standards.

John took a bite of his food and used the time that he spent chewing to try and recover his scattered thoughts. For some reason he seemed really distracted all of the sudden. He knew they were having a pretty important conversation, but he could already feel the details of it leaving his memory. What he could remember, though, was that Alan had just admitted to

wanting to see someone else. "So... what's this other guy like?" John asked. The words came out slowly as if he were struggling to form them. He wasn't sure how he felt about it. On one hand, he hadn't really intended to go anywhere with his relationship with Alan other than maybe fuckbuddies and just college buds, but on the other hand it hurt to be one-upped.

John never thought of himself as an egotist, but he did have it on good authority that he was widely sought after around campus. Just trying to think of what kind of guy Alan would choose over him flooded him mind with all sorts of images. What kind of guy was Alan interested in, anyway? John wondered. It made sense on some level that the absurdly buff Alan would be interested in other muscle dudes. The thought of there being someone out there even larger than himself made the linebacker's head swim and his cock ache for release. John had been in a state of perpetually boned the entire dinner, and his most recent reverie had caused his dick to begin to lurch and shudder as it streamed pre.

Alan could sense a bit of John's trepidation and flashed the football stud his most disarming grin. "He's a scrawny little nerd." Alan replied pleasantly. Alan could actually see the gears in the football star's head grind to a halt. John's jaw went slack as his mouth hung open in shock. "Don't worry. It's nothing to do with looks. I mean, look at you. On a scale of ten, you'd be an eleven." Alan quipped jovially. John began to blush in spite of himself.

John usually let compliments slide right off of him. He received plenty on a daily basis, but then again, that is typical for a star athlete. He didn't like the way the rest of the football team seemed to revel in their own accolades, especially when the team itself wasn't very highly ranked. John had to think for a moment to remember what they were actually ranked. He seemed to remember that they weren't even in the top fifty, but the more he thought about it, the more he realized that the most recent victory put them at number thirty, still not an amazing rank, but much higher than he thought for some reason.

The fact remained, though, that he got plenty of comments on a daily basis, whether it be catcalls from girls and guys alike, or whether it be cheers from his teammates and gym buddies. It seemed like he never went more than an hour or two without someone giving him a "Looking good, stud" or "check out those muscles, bro." He accepted the compliments graciously enough and then went back about his daily life, but hearing it from Alan was something else entirely. It was like being acknowledged by a hero or an idol. John simultaneously felt amazingly happy and completely undeserving. It was hard for him to think of himself as particularly buff or hot when he was in the presence of such an amazingly huge, muscular dude like Alan.

John looked across the table at Alan and realized he really had no other words to describe his friend other than huge or some variant thereof which was slightly ironic given their height differences. John

had always been the biggest guy wherever he went. At well over six feet tall and lousy with muscles, he had never felt small before, but this dude who was a good foot shorter than him, had over twice the muscle mass stacked onto his broad frame. That wasn't even factoring in his cock, either. Alan's monstrous dick simply dwarfed him in every way.

John immediately wished he hadn't let his mind drift to his bud's massive dick. The vision of the towering cock was seared into his brain. John hunched over the table and tried to fight off his own overpowering need to cum. His whole body shuddered as he struggled in vain against his own arousal. Finally he let out a low grunting, groan of pure sexual release. His jizz erupted from his cock and crashed against the side of Alan's monstrous wang. John's cock was already mashed against the side of Alan's humongous dick so his cum splattered everywhere. He could feel large gobs of his own spunk rolling down his own massive nuts. John's mind was reeling trying to process all the sensory data that was flooding into it. His nuts felt impossibly full even as they continually pumped out more and more spunk. His dick was somehow pressing harder and harder against the side of Alan's humongous cock. His clothes felt inexplicably tight. His jeans were literally popping at the seams as they struggled in vain to hold back his swelling delts and calves. As more and more stitches popped, large openings appeared along the seams, exposing much of the blond athlete's bare skin beneath.

Even his shirt felt impossibly tight. He didn't even dare try to move for fear that his skin tight polo shirt would not be able to adjust. John took small, shallow breaths because even the rising and falling of his massive, pectoral shelf seemed to put excessive strain on the fibers of his shirt. His tip of his dick was now mashed so roughly against the side of Alan's massive cock that the sensations were driving John mad. If he didn't do something soon he'd find himself cumming all over again.

He pushed off against the table and slid his chair back a few inches. The maneuver caused his biceps and triceps to bulge outward. The strain was too much for the short sleeves of his yellow polo. The fibers popped and shredded audibly as large tears formed on his sleeves. Finally the thick fabric band at the end of his sleeve gave up as well. Both sides popped open in unison with a loud snapping sound causing what was left of his sleeves to burst into tattered ribbons. John was so startled by the noise that he tensed up and inhaled sharply. He immediately wished he hadn't. He could feel and hear various threads and fibers popping and fraying, especially those along his chest. He sat as still as possible and slowly exhaled, hoping that he could limit the damage, but it was for naught. Just as he began to relax he felt a slender, but firm hand grab his shoulder.

"Hey, man, are you feeling alright?" came the concerned voice of their server. John instinctively jumped in his seat and sat bolt upright. The sudden movements proved to be far too much strain for his

long suffering polo. The fabric exploded into ribbons as the forth of his tensing muscle slammed against the alright stretched too tight fibers.

John was immediately struck by both the relief of being freed from his cloth prison and by embarrassment from being topless in such a public place. To make matters worse, he was now painfully aware that by moving his seat back several inches, he no longer had the relative coverage of the table to hide his enormous hard-on and massive nuts. Enough of his junk was hanging out past the edge that anyone who so much as casually glanced his way could tell that his cock was huge and flying free. The sudden eruption of his shirt had also managed to pry the various gazes off of his far more massive date and onto himself. John was now the center of attention, and he did not wish to be.

There was no position that he could get himself into that would not show off his immaculate musculature. He had originally thought to hunch over the table and try to hide his face, but that just caused his lats and traps to bulge out. He could hear the murmurs of approval from some of the crowd. They were enjoying the view of his newly exposed muscles as well as the top of his two, buff, shapely ass cheeks that had begun to show over the waistline of his jeans when he leaned over.

“Just relax and try and act natural. You are just going to draw attention to yourself if you don’t.” Alan said calmly. His voice was somehow soothing to John.

John could already feel his heartbeat mellowing out and his nerves calming slightly. John began to notice that people were losing interest in him quickly. Most lustful gazes were once again fixated on his much bigger and much better endowed buddy. About the only person who was still fixated on John was their server who was still observing him skeptically.

“Man, are you ok. Like, is there anything I can get for you/” Kyle asked. His brow was furrowed, and the concern he felt for the blond stud was clearly visible on his face.

“Naw... I’m fine now, thank ya.” John replied politely. He was so distracted that a bit of his Southern twang slipped out unintentionally. Alan cocked an eyebrow as he noticed that the server seemed to stand up just a tad straighter and his cheeks looked just a tad pinker when John’s slow, deep drawl slipped through.

“Well, if you need anything you know who to call, yeah?” The lanky waiter replied with a cheesy grin and an even cheesier thumbs up before turning and heading back into the kitchen. John thought it odd the way the waiter had a large serving tray held down over his crotch, but quickly put it out of his mind.

“I think he likes, you.” Alan said with a sly smirk. John cocked his head to the side and gave Alan a befuddled look. “Anyways, that was quite the show you put on. I kinda wish I coulda grown so fast. I never got to burst from my clothes like that.”

John instinctively crossed his arms over his chest in order to cover up his exposed pecs, but it didn't really do much to help his condition. If anything, it caused his biceps and triceps to flex as well as his pecs, so that his arms and the visible parts of his chest became even more stunning. "What do you mean?" John asked shakily.

"Well, for me, my clothes kind of kept pace with me for a bit. You know, like how everything else around you seems to update to your new size?" Alan explained casually. John just furrowed his brow a little more to show that he was still very confused, but he began to relax a little and lowered his arms, leaving his amazingly buff chest and deeply cut abs openly on display. "I guess you just grew so much so fast that your clothes couldn't adjust." Alan explained with a nonchalant shrug as if this was the most natural thing in the world. John couldn't believe what he was hearing, but he couldn't bring himself to disbelieve it either. The more he heard the more he knew that Alan was right, and more and more of his memories began to flood back.

"Aww, heck. What am I gonna tell Ma." John muttered as he surveyed the new changes to his body. As frightening as it was to think that he was now officially this big and buff and hung it was also kind of exciting. His body far surpassed anything he could have ever come up with in his wettest and wildest dreams. He ran his hands tenderly over each and every massive, rippling ab. He traced a path upwards towards his massive, bulging pecs and rubbed them

while staring intently at their sheer size and density. He knew he used to have defined pecs before, but now he had what could only be considered cleavage. What was once a small dip between his two toned pectorals was now a deep, narrow crevasse between his two massive, brawny slabs.

“No need to worry about that.” Alan replied with a smirk. “Everyone else will think this is how you always looked. Hell, even you thought this was how you always looked before I jogged your memory.”

John looked back up from his muscular survey and stared at Alan in stunned disbelief. Once again he couldn't believe what he was hearing, and yet, deep down, he knew it to be true. The thought that he could have transformed into his current, glorious muscled form without even noticing seemed inconceivable, but the more he tried to remember, the more he realized that he had no idea of how big he was when he started. There was nothing left to prove that he had once been anything close to normal; nothing save for a gut instinct that was buried deep in his subconscious that is.

“Hope. I'm not interrupting anything, guys.” The server cut in pleasantly. “Looks like you're feeling better.” He added as he clapped a hand onto John's massive, exposed shoulder and gave it a gentle rub which could have been seen as either reassuring or sensual depending on the context.

“Not interrupting at all.” Alan replied kindly, but the smirk that was playing at the corners showed

that he was up to something. "I was just talking with John here about whether or not you were going to ask him out."

The server and the star athlete both went rigid and gazed at Alan in shock. "What...?" They replied in unison.

"What? It's obvious that you dig him." Alan continued to jovially prod Kyle.

"Well... I mean, maybe. I mean, he's hot and popular, and I'm just... me." The waiter stammered. This was the first time Alan had seen Kyle get flustered, and he couldn't help but chuckle a bit.

"And besides, he's not even gay." Kyle continued. His gaze shifted from Alan to John as he talked and his eyes seemed to plead with John to prove him wrong. John was too stunned to say or do anything.

Alan began to regret putting the two of them on the spot like that. He had thought it would be fun to play matchmaker, and it was obvious that Kyle had his sights set on the buff, blond, football star. Alan had a pretty good idea that their server swung that when they first got seated, but as the night went on, it became clearer and clearer that Kyle was more than a little infatuated with John. Alan had also figured that John was ready to be a bit more open about his sexuality, especially since he was on a date with someone who was so huge that it would be impossible to try and sneak in under the radar. Although, Alan

realized that, clandestine under the table hand jobs aside, the two of them hadn't done anything that would really tip anyone off to their sexualities. As far as any of the onlookers could tell, the two of them were a couple of super jacked muscle bros out for a casual dinner.

Kyle regained his composure quickly enough and stood up straight and adjusted his tie before speaking. "Sorry for interrupting. I have other tables to attend to. Feel free to call me or any of the other servers if you need anything." The waiter replied flatly. He adjusted his fashionable, square frames and gave the two a curt nod before turning and heading to other tables.

"Aww, shit. I bet he thought I was messing with him." Alan lamented. Alan's gaze shifted back to John who was looking visibly conflicted. "Come on, man. Are you interested or not?" Alan prodded his blond buddy.

"He is kinda cute... an' seems sweet." John muttered as he mulled it over.

"but...?" Alan prodded.

"But... what do I do? Do I flag him back down? Do I apologize?" John rambled rapidly.

"First you have to decide two things. Are you interested in him?" Alan stated plainly. John didn't hesitate to nod at this. "And second, are you ready to be out yet? I know you said you wanted to be more open, but this is a big crossroads for you. If you ask

him out now it's pretty much an official coming out statement, but if you don't act quickly, he's going to think we were just a couple of dumb jocks picking on the obvious queer."

John looked back and forth between Alan and Kyle. The waiter had moved to the far side of the room and was making a conscious effort to not look back in their direction. John made a slight motion to get up from his seat, but the soft thump of his still fully boned cock against the underside of the table convinced him not to. He raised a hand and tried his best to beckon the brown haired server back to their table, but Kyle was still completely ignoring them.

"Hello, did you need something?" came the sweet voice of a young woman in her early twenties. She had long black hair and a uniform very similar to Kyle's. The name on her tag read "Tiffany."

"Huh. I thought as much." Alan mused.

"Huh? What." John asked. He was confused and it showed on his face.

"This is our real server, or rather the person assigned to our area." Alan stated plainly. "Let me guess. Kyle over there specifically asked to work this table, even though it's way out of his zone, right?" Alan asked their new server.

"Yeah, actually. Poor guy." She replied sweetly.

“Sorry, miss, but could ya ask him to come over here?” John cut in. His voice was little more than a hurried mumble, but she seemed to understand him.

“I can try, but I can’t guarantee anything.” She replied skeptically, but turned to catch up to her coworker.

“She’s a good friend.” Alan mused as he watched the waitress jog across the restaurant to catch up to Kyle.

“Huh?” John asked. He was still pretty uncertain as to what exactly was going on.

“Watch her.” Alan explained as he pointed over to where the two servers were talking. “she’s telling him that we want to speak with him again, but she’s warning him against it.” The two servers looked up and back towards the two muscular guys. Kyle seemed to look momentarily interested, but then turn his gaze downward. “I’d do the same in her situation, honestly. If you want his attention, you have to go over there yourself. Show some initiative. Even if it’s just to apologize, you should be the one to go to him.”

“You should be th’ one apologizin’. Ya called him out.” John muttered.

“But you dropped the ball, and you’re the one who wants to ask him out, right?” Alan explained. “Now get out there and make me proud, champ.”

"I'm not your champ." Jon muttered, but a slight smile was playing at the corner of his mouth, and his accent had begun to submerge again.

"You're everyone's champ, 'cowcatcher.'" Alan replied with a playful wink. John groaned at the nickname, but steeled his resolve to go out there and talk to the guy.

"I'm not going out there like this, though." John said flatly as he focused his attention on his crotch.

"But that's how you always look." Alan explained matter-of-factly.

"Not what I was referring to." John grunted. It was then that Alan realized what John was doing. The linebacker had a both beefy hands on his massive, meaty cock and was trying his hardest to stroke the enormous shaft. He pumped vigorously and rapidly, trying to bring himself to climax in record time. It didn't hurt that he started at such an already rock hard and aroused state. He was already streaming pre before he even laid a finger on his dick.

"I don't think that's such a good..." is all Alan managed to get out. John was already hunched over and moaning loudly. A second later, his cock erupted like a volcano of jizz. Huge, gooey splatters of cum crashed into the side of Alan's already saturated cock. Still, John continued to pump his shaft vigorously. The muscles in his arms and chest bulged and flexed from the exertion of handling his gigantic tool in such a way.

John's previous shots throughout the evening had all been accidental. This was something else entirely. This was a focused, intentional effort to drain every last ounce of cum from his enormous beach ball nuts. John was dead set on getting his cock soft before he made his trek across the diner.

Wad after thick, gooey wad arced from his cock and pooled on the floor. The thick bog of cm that had formed under them had already begun to spread outwards from under their table, coating much of the surrounding carpet in spunk, and John was showing little sign of stopping. His breath was coming in in ragged gasps in between intense powerful shudders that rocked his entire body each time his cock flexed and erupted anew.

John's deliberate, public masturbation had gotten Alan hot under the collar in ways nothing else that evening had. Alan had been doing an amazing job of keeping his own libido in check, even in spite of the constant teasing he was giving his steadily growing friend, but John's sensual moans and primal grunting burst a dam deep within Alan's resolve. All that pent up sexual desire came bubbling to the surface. Alan's long dormant cock, which had been steadily seeping pre all evening had finally stirred to life. His gargantuan cock shuddered and lurched as it struggled to hold back the tidal wave of spoooge that had been building for hours. The massive, spongy head of his dick puffed up aggressively as if to warn the other diners of the impending flood. Alan hopped off his

seats and staggered to his feet as best he could, but his legs were already feeling weak.

“Well, wish me luck.” John said unsteadily as he too got to his feet. He was completely oblivious to the chain reaction he had set off inside his massively brawny, pal. Alan didn’t even register what John had said. He was shuddering and his breath was getting short, but he had just barely managed to hold back the wall of spooge. He let out a sigh of relief, but he was distracted by a distinct sound coming from the linebacker’s direction.

John hopped down from his seat and turned to walk towards their former server. He was momentarily dazed by just how huge his cock and balls were now. The thick, heavy shaft was so big that it rivaled his own impressive waistline for sheer girth. His massive, bean bag chair sized balls hung down past his knees, and his dick was now so large that it drooped over his hefty nuts, then hung down to the ground and still had enough length left over for the plump head to rest solidly on the ground.

John barely made it more than two steps before he started to feel the tightness in his pant legs. He had forgotten one of the other side effects of his growth and was beginning to realize what it was that Alan had tried to warn him about. What was left of the seams began to pop, and the large tears and gaps became larger as the fabric was stretched even thinner. John froze like a deer in headlights. He had somehow come to accept that his monstrous cock and

balls were going to be hanging out no matter what he did, but he wasn't ready to be completely naked, definitely not like this. He tensed up and hoped that his jeans would keep it together, but it was not to be. The denim shredded loudly, and once again, all eyes in the restaurant were fixated on him as the tattered remnants of his pants split wide open from the force of his expanding brawn. The shredded ribbon fell from his buff legs like confetti, leaving him standing in the center of the restaurant completely nude with the exception of his two white, cum-soaked tennis shoes.

John tried to put it out of his mind. He was already committed to what he was about to do, and once he decided to do something, he always made sure to see it through to the end. He took a deep breath to steady his nerves and then continued his slow, deliberate march across the diner. His massive quads flexed with every step as his magnificent muscles propelled him forward. Each sway of his hip caused his humongous, shapely, beefy ass to bob and sway and flex. Try as he might to ignore the awkwardness of the situation, John was in fact slightly turned on by it. A fact which his steadily chubbing cock refused to allow him to keep a secret. His dick had already hardened to the point where it had begun to lift off the ground. His humongous, thick dick bobbed and swayed in time with his heavy footfalls.

Alan looked up when he heard the shredding fabric, and he was greeted by the amazing sight of the huge, buff linebacker's last vestiges of clothing falling off of him like the last leaves from a dead tree. John's

absolutely glorious ass was suddenly revealed for Alan's staring pleasure. Alan tried to pry his eyes away and return his focus to keeping himself from creaming the entire restaurant, but the second John continued his march. Alan was completely fixated. John's thick, glorious glutes swayed seductively before Alan's eyes. He continued to struggle in vain against his own arousal. His painfully pent up nuts began to rock back and forth as they began to seize up. Despite Alan's best effort to keep all his spunk down, large gobs of spooge were already dribbling out the tip of his painfully erect cock.

Jon finally reached his target, but once he was there he couldn't seem to find the words. He just stood there, shifting his weight awkwardly as he silently stared down at the far shorter and much thinner server.

Kyle couldn't bring himself to say anything either. His idol and crush filled his entire field of vision. The massive, buff, jock towered over him, and even the linebacker's enormous cock was thicker than the server's lithe body. Kyle chewed his lower lip nervously and played with a lock of his wavy brown hair as he stared into the John's vast, beefy chest. Each individual pectoral muscle was as big as Kyle's entire torso. Kyle's eyes managed to drift lower and score out the deep ridges of John's eight pack abs and then drift even lower to gaze at the linebacker's glorious cock. The football star's dick was topped off with a dense but neatly trimmed patch of blonde pubes, and the shaft itself was lined with huge, thick veins that ran along

the length of the four foot monster. Kyle watched in awe at the steadily hardening behemoth. The head of the cock brushed against the inside of Kyle's legs as it steadily rose higher and higher. Kyle gasped slightly as the head of John's colossal dick pressed up against his own package. The front of Kyle's pants was quickly coated in the pre that was steadily oozing out the tip of John's cock. Kyle looked up and up past the massive shelf of pecs and gazed into the linebacker's eyes. John appeared to be embarrassed, but his cock was telling a completely different story.

"So..." John began awkwardly.

"So..." Kyle repeated as if in a daze.

"Sorry about earlier. I mean it, man. I just froze, y'know? I really would like to get to know ya... if'n yer still interested?" John fought a losing battle against his nerves, his accent, and his erection as he struggled to find the words to say to the cute little waiter. Kyle definitely had a lot of the features that John found attractive in a guy; cute smile, nice fashion sense, nice build, and very good hygiene.

"Yeah... I mean... This is what I think it is, right? This isn't another joke, is it?" Kyle wanted to believe it was true, but he also didn't dare get his hopes up. It was pretty hard to deny the evidence though. Even if John appeared to be the type that could flawlessly pretend to be so awkward and cute when trying to ask someone out, it would be pretty hard to fake the towering erection the Kyle was now staring down. The head of John's rigid cock was standing at just a bit

above eye level for the massive linebacker. Kyle placed a hand on John's cock. He couldn't even really say why he did it, but he just had to feel it for himself to be sure that it was real. This was turning out to be the most surreal night of his life. It far surpassed even his wettest dreams.

"It's not a joke..." John murmured. "Would ya... like to hang out sometime? Maybe a movie er somethin'?" Kyle didn't even have a chance to respond. Almost immediately after John's question they both heard the sound of glass clattering to the ground and barstools toppling over. John turned around and Kyle quickly scurried to his side to see what had happened.

Alan couldn't take it anymore. He was going to blow any second and he didn't really want to do it here, especially not with so many innocent bystanders. He liked drenching his fans in cum as much as the next guy, but most of the people here were just looking for a nice evening with their friends or loved ones.

Alan hopped down from his perch atop several clustered bar stools. He almost slipped and fell as his feet made contact with the thick puddle of Jon's cum that had accumulated under their table, but he managed to steady himself by grabbing onto the edges of the table. Alan found himself in quite a predicament. The table was mounted securely to the floor, and his dick was nestled snugly underneath it. It had swollen and hardened so much during their dinner that it was now snugly caught between the table legs.

He slowly backed up, knocking the barstools out of the way as he did so. Sweat was trickling down his brow and his breathing was becoming labored as he felt the metal bars of the table legs digging into the sides of his shaft as he moved. He was beginning to accept that he had no chance of getting out of here without drenching the room in his jizz. His cock was already spurting globs of spooage out onto the floor as it moved even despite his best efforts to keep everything down. His legs were also feeling so weak that he doubted he could make it more than a few steps.

Just about everyone's attention was still fixated on John and the linebacker's bizarre and erotic attempt at flirting. The only person other than Alan who was aware of the problem's the super massive muscle stud was facing was Alan and John's new waitress. Tiffany's eyes fell upon the gargantuan shuddering shaft of Alan's cock and immediately realized what was happening. She quickly jump into action and tried to get people who were in the line of fire out of the way.

Alan had finally managed to pull the last foot of his colossal cock out from under the table. It looked like he might actually be home free as the head of his dick slipped free, but his relief was short lived. In the brief second of weakness he had not taken into account that the table was all that was holding his cock downward. As soon as he pulled the head loose, his cock sprung upward and slapped against the roof of the diner audibly. The impact sent shockwave up and down the eleven feet of his massive dick. The waves of

sheer pleasure arced through his entire body. His legs gave out from under him, and he landed with a splat on the jizz soaked floor. He tried to stop his fall, but he had nothing nearby that could support his weight. The barstools that were around him clattered noisily to the ground as he fell. He let out a low roar of pure, sexual release as he cock tensed up and erupted. Massive wads of jizz rained down upon the diner, coating anything, everything, and everyone in the line of fire.

Most of the patrons had been evacuated from the initial blast area, but Alan was so pent up that there seemed to be no end to the amount of jizz that was flowing from him cock. Spurt after thick, gooey spurt, rained down upon the diner. The spooge flooded the floor and continually rose higher. Alan's mind was too overcome by the glorious euphoria of release to even fight it anymore. Alan could feel the spooge pooling over his ankles as he continued to moan blissfully from the release.

John and Kyle stared in awe as the torrent of jizz rained down upon the diner. Tables and chairs and food and drink all became saturated with the stud's cum. "God that's hot..." Kyle moaned.

"yah..." was all that John could muster in response. His own cock was rock hard and shuddering for release after witnessing such a lewd scene play out before him. Pre was flowing from the tip of his cock like a waterfall as it cascaded down his shaft and over his balls before pooling on the floor below him.

“Yanno...” Kyle said with a bit of a sultry tone. “It’s already such a mess here... what’s a little more?” He asked as he ran his hands along the length of John’s massive, shuddering dick.

“I don’t think...” was all John managed to get out before Kyle’s tender touch caused him to inhale sharply. John was struggling too hard to keep his load down to even manage the most basic of words.

“The place is practically deserted.” Kyle explained. “And you look like you’re going to blow even without myself. At least let me enjoy it a little.” Kyle was slightly surprised at how easily John had complied. He had originally not intended to actually go through with it. He had just started feeling up the linebacker’s glorious cock, but the more he felt the more he needed. Something about how the massive, hung dude being so meek and subservient was really turning him on. John sat back on the floor and offered his cock up to Kyle to do whatever he wished with it. Kyle was at first too stunned to do anything other than stare at the massive shaft which was bigger around and barely a foot short than he was. Kyle wanted to shed his uniform and make sweet passionate love to the blond bombshell before him, but he knew he was officially still on the clock. Whatever lurid catastrophe might befall the diner, he still had to stay in uniform. That said, the state that his uniform must remain in was up for discussion.

Kyle wrapped both arms around John’s massive cock and began stroking it vigorously. The

heavy flow of jizz saturated his white, button up shirt causing it to become see-through and cling to his lithe body. He could feel the linebacker's immense dick shuddering in his arms as he continued to pump up and down. The fully exposed head of John's massive, cut cock pressed against Kyle's chest as he hugged it tightly. The scent of John's pre was intoxicating. Kyle needed to have more of it. He leaned forward and placed his mouth against the slit of John's cock and began slurping down the delicious pre. The maw of John's cock was far larger than Kyle's mouth. It was so large in fact that Kyle could just about bury his face into the opening as if he was washing his face in a sink. He nuzzled up closer to the huge, spongy head and could feel it puffing up against his chest.

Kyle could feel that John wouldn't last much longer and so he stepped back and waited to be bathed in his jock's cum. John shuddered and struggled against his own urge to cum, but finally it got the better of him. He moaned as his jizz arced through the air and crashed down upon the lithe server. Kyle fell back into the lake of Alan's jizz and let John's spunk rain down upon him. In no time at all he was completely covered from head to toe in the two muscle gods' mixed juices as well as a little of his own. It would have been impossible to differentiate his own meager wad from the flood of spunk that he was currently bathing in.

Finally the torrent of cum tapered off, leaving all three of them winded and overcome with joy. Kyle

staggered over to John and curled up beside the massive, blond stud.

“Oh, man... we trashed yer place.” John murmured lazily.

“It’s fine.” Kyle replied as he pulled himself up onto John’s massive chest. Jon’s torso was now so broad and brawny that Kyle could easily rest atop him and have plenty of room to spread out. The waiter rested his head atop one of the linebacker’s massive pecs and lay there for a moment listening to the beating of the stud’s heart and feeling the rise and fall of John’s chest. “There’s a cleaning system in place for something like this. This isn’t the first place around campus you megas have wrecked, and I doubt it’ll be the last.” Kyle explained with a soft chuckle.

“What about you? Your job? This won’t get you fired will it?” John asked, suddenly becoming very concerned that he had gotten his new friend canned before they even got the chance to date.

“Just let me enjoy this a little while longer.” Kyle replied lazily as he licked the jizz off his glasses.

Above Average
Part 14

Kyle rested for a moment as he listened to the hulking jock's slow, rhythmic breathing. He could feel the star athlete's massive pecs rise and fall in time with the breathing. Kyle's head rested right at the point where the two large slabs of muscle met. The crook between John's immense pecs made for a very comfortable spot for Kyle to rest his head, but he knew he needed to get up soon. He didn't want to be in his current position when the managed inevitably barged in to check on the damage.

He was still having a hard time believing all that had transpired during his shift. He had seen the absolutely enormous local muscle god, Alan stride into his place of work clad in just a small thong that didn't even fully hold in his colossal nuts. Alan's monstrous cock was flying free for all to see. It would have been a night to remember even if the hulking, brown haired

slacker hadn't drenched the entire establishment in a tidal wave of cum.

Even more surprising for Kyle was that the school's star football player had come in too. Kyle had had the hots for John since the first time he had attended a football game earlier this year. The school football uniform hugged every inch of John's colossal, brawny frame. Even more fascinating was the contraption that John had to wear down below his waist. It wouldn't be right to call it a jock strap. It was something far more complex. It was more like an armored carriage for his nuts. The large, plastic and foam device hooked to the giant stud's waist and held his immense balls upwards and inwards as well as soaked up the impact to his gigantic nuts. There was a large counterweight on the backside that completely obscured any view of John's beefy ass, but so much of the rest of the beautiful stud's other bulging muscles were openly displayed that it didn't bother Kyle too much. It didn't hurt matters that Jon's enormous cock was given its own cloth pouch on the front of his ball carrier that did nothing to hide the size and shape of the glorious organ. If anything it just drew even more attention to it. The very sight of John's phenomenal cock had been seared into Kyle's memory.

Over the next few months Kyle had seen the massive jock around campus a few times, but he had never once dared to make a move. Not only was it not considered smart for a dangerously twinkly freshman to attempt to make contact with the campus jocks, but there was the small matter that Kyle would probably

cream himself if he got within twenty feet of the gigantic Adonis. Even without the hundreds of pounds of muscle stacked onto his frame, John would have been a giant to Kyle. Standing at only 5'2 there was over a foot and a half of difference between their heights.

Despite their lack of direct contact, Kyle had seen plenty of John around campus. For one, it was hard to miss someone of that size, and for another, Kyle was not above scoping out choice asses, especially ones that were as massive, beefy, and scantily clad as John's and Alan's. It seemed that once dude's got a certain size, it just sort of became natural for them to wear as little as possible. Kyle did not mind one bit though. It made sense on some level, and he just loved seeing those massive, beefy bods exposed for all to see. He had eyed Alan's absolutely colossal dong on numerous occasions, and he had certainly scoped out John's titanic cock just about every time he had seen the dude walk by. He had often dreamed about seeing the behemoth fully erect, and yet, he had never dreamed that he would actually see that leviathan completely hard.

It was hard for him to imagine that he was currently straddling the enormous tool that haunted his wettest dreams. The linebacker's dick was easily thicker than the lithe waiter's entire body. Kyle had to spread his legs wide as if he was riding a horse in order to rest against the stud's broad, brawny chest like he was currently. John's beefy torso was so brawny that, at least in terms of width, it was like a full sized bed to

Kyle. There was no way he could hope to ever wrap his arms around it. That didn't stop him from trying, though. He had his arms spread as wide as they would go, and even then, he only managed to get his fingers to reach around to the underside of John's impeccable lats.

Kyle was so overwhelmed with how huge the linebacker was that he let slip a small whimper and a thick load. He could feel the warmth flooding the front of his work pants, but he was beyond caring by this point. He was more amazed that he had any jizz left in him to cum.

"Wilkins!" barked a harsh voice from somewhere near the kitchens. Kyle immediately leapt from his comfortable human bed and snapped to attention.

"Yes, sir!" Kyle replied automatically as if he was being called by a drill instructor as opposed to a restaurant manager.

"What are you doing there!?! This is no time to be taking a nap!" The short, heavysset, balding man admonished. The older man was dressed in the same white button up shirt and black slacks that Kyle was wearing, although the manager's outfit was definitely far less drenched in cum.

"Sorry, sir. I tried to help this gentleman back to his feet, and he was far heavier than I could lift. I must have, uh... slipped." Kyle replied as smoothly as he could.

“Clearly...” The manager replied skeptically. “Either way. We’ve got all the guests out of here. The cleaning crew will be along in a minute. In the meantime, I think it’s time you went home. Nicole and Brad are handling settling accounts with the patrons outside, and you’re in no condition to be greeting anyone.” The manager said flatly as he gestured to the large amounts of spooage that coated just about every inch of Kyle’s body.

“Yes, sir.” Kyle responded dutifully. He even threw up a formal salute. As he stood there in his most militaristic pose, he could feel his own, warm, thick loads oozing down the inside of his legs. He was actually pretty glad that he was drenched in spunk. It covered his own mess nicely. Although, he wouldn’t have been too upset to be drenched by these two hotties anyway.

“Come along, sirs. We need to clear the dining hall so the cleaning crew can handle the mess.” Kyle said as politely as he could muster to the two massive, muscle dudes that were still in the room with him.

John staggered to his feet, still slightly in shock of what all he had done and the mess he and Alan had made. He was also in awe of the sheer size of his cock now. It had gotten slightly bigger yet again, but that was to be expected. It was now longer than his legs. If it had been fully soft, this would have been problematic, but he was still slightly chubbed up so it just bobbed and swung along lazily in front of him as he walked. He was amazed at how professional Kyle

was acting, especially after the intense moment they had just shared, but the short, slender server obviously knew how to play it cool when on the clock. John tried to keep his mind clear, but the way the cute little waiter's drenched clothes now hugged his body, John could clearly see how lean and toned the guy actually was. He could also definitely see just how wonderfully bubbly the guy's round butt was.

Alan staggered to his feet and gawked at the sheer size of his own cock and balls. His nuts were simply immense now. They were so huge that they rested on the floor, but there was plenty of slack in his sack so he knew they were hang even lower if physically possible. It was only because of the gigantic front pouch of his special cut undies that his balls were even pulled so close to him. He was already looking forward to getting home and airing his nuts out a bit. They were making it a bit hard to move, though. Even resting on the ground, each nut now crested higher than his waist. It was getting to the point that he was more waddling than he was walking.

Even ignoring his enormous nuts, his cock was simply gigantic. It was almost dizzying staring out at it. The beast was now over twice as long as he was tall and thicker than his waist. The mammoth shaft was giving his own inhumanly broad, brawny chest a run for its money in terms of sheer girth. It was as exciting as it was terrifying. The strange dream from the night before flashed into his mind. He wondered if maybe it was more than a dream. Could it be a prophecy? Maybe it was a warning. He wasn't sure how he felt

about it. When he was dreaming, the thought of being a veritable wall of muscle suspended atop a city size cock had been exhilarating, but now that he was back in reality, the sheer mechanics of it were mind boggling. Did he dare let himself continue growing? Did he even want to stop?

Either way, Alan figured his existential quandary was better left for a more private time and place. He loved public attention as much as the next guy, but he had completely trashed the place, and he was just about covered from head to toe in slowly cooling cum.

As he walked by the manager, Alan pulled forth a cum-soaked wad of bills from a small pouch he kept clipped the side of his waistband. The manager at first seemed a little put off by the state of the money, but as soon as he caught a quick glimpse of the numbers on the corners of the bills he perked right up and gleefully accepted the spoiled stack of paper.

The odd trio stepped forth into the cool night air and turned to face one another. More precisely, John and Kyle turned to face Alan. Alan's colossal dong was proving to be too cumbersome for him to really move around that much, and flying at half mast as it currently was, he was liable to bodycheck someone with it if he turned too fast. "Looks like I'm off for the night. Where to, guys?" Kyle said. He was surprisingly chipper considering all that had just happened at his place of work, but then again, he did hook up with the

babe of his dreams and get the night off early so it really wasn't that surprising.

"I don't really have any plans, but I could leave you two alone, if you'd like." Alan replied with a sly wink.

"Well. I do kind of need to change clothes and maybe clean off a bit." Kyle replied as he looked down and crinkled his nose at the state of his attire. "Let's head back to my place. I'm not sure if the shower will be big enough for you two, but maybe we can figure something out."

"Nah. I'm just going to mosey back home. You two should take this time to get to know each other." Alan replied with a pleasant grin as he looked back and forth between John and Kyle. His gaze then focused squarely on the short, slim waiter. "Go easy on him, OK? It's his first night out of the closet."

"What? Really?" Kyle's grey eyes went wide in shock. "I guess I had never heard considered that someone as open as you could be closeted. Now that I think of it, I had heard rumors that you were gay, but I mean, what popular guy doesn't have people say that behind their back, right?" Kyle rattled on rapidly.

John's head was spinning. Sure, he had heard the rumors, but he had been dealing with those for years, but something else Kyle had said bothered him. "What do you mean by 'someone as open'?"

"Oh. I mean. Look at how you're dressed. If I went around dressed like that all day I wouldn't think I

would have any secrets from anyone.” Kyle stated matter-of-factly as he gestured towards John’s obvious nudity.

John could feel the blood rush to his face and his groin. Somehow he had all but forgotten about his lack of clothing. It just felt so natural that he didn’t even pay it any mind, but now that the cute, brown haired guy had called him out on it, he couldn’t help but ponder. The more Jon thought about it, the more he seemed to recall about his past. He had all but abandoned clothes in high school. He had always been huge all over, but when puberty hit it had hit hard. His mom just couldn’t bring in enough money to keep him fully clothed. As the size of his cock and balls exploded in size, he had eventually just given up trying to keep them covered. It’s not like any clothing he could come up with would give him any semblance of decency anyway. After awhile nudity just didn’t bother him anymore. Yes despite this new and improved past, he still clearly remembered exploding out of his too tight jeans and polo shirt not even half an hour ago.

“I... couldn’t hide mah body even’f I wanted...” John muttered. His accent flared up a lot now that he was so flustered. Kyle was so amazed at how adorable such a huge, burly man could be. John seemed so meek and bashful that it made Kyle want to rush forward and hug him and tell him it would all be ok.

“It’s OK. I get it.” Kyle said reassuringly as he placed a hand on the linebacker’s massive, bulging bicep. “As someone who’s been out and proud for

ages now, feel free to ask me anything you want.” He said proudly.

“Er... then... How do ya do it?” John asked awkwardly.

“Do it? I’m surprised you haven’t enjoyed the wonders of internet porn by your age.” Kyle remarked with a smirk. “I’d be more than happy to give you some pointers once we get back to my place, though.”

John turned bright red as he caught what the small, cute guy was implying. John tried to clear his mind. He could already feel the blood rushing to his slightly chubbing cock once again. “No. I meant... how do you be gay?” He muttered awkwardly.

Kyle stared up into John’s huge, blue puppy dog eyes and sighed. He flashed the huge linebacker a soft, understanding smile and grabbed John’s huge hand. Kyle’s own hand was completely enveloped by the athlete’s own as the waiter snaked his fingers into the gaps between John’s own.

“Huh. What’re you doing?” John mumbled as looked down at his own hand with a dumbfounded expression on his face.

“What does it look like?” Kyle sassed playfully. “I’m being gay.” He could tell that John pretty much understood what he was implying, but the huge, blond football star was still having trouble letting go of some of his previously conceived notions. “Alright! Lock those fingers! This will be your first lesson. We’re going to hold hands as you walk me home.”

John furrowed his brow as he looked down at his short new friend. He looked back up at Alan expectantly and looked for any sort of sign as to what he should do. Alan merely flashed his two cheesy thumbs up. John tightened his grip and relaxed his body. It was such a simple gesture, but somehow it felt good.

“Alright! This way!” Kyle said cheerfully as he began to lead the gigantic, brawny athlete along by the hand as if he were a kid. John staggered a bit at first, but quickly stepped up the pace to move up alongside his little friend. As soon as they were side by side, Kyle moved in and rested his head against the side of John’s muscular arm. John tensed up for a second, but then quickly relaxed. He was still super nervous, but it felt nice to be like this.

John looked back over his shoulder and tried to catch a glimpse of his bulky friend. To his surprise, Alan was still there watching them. John silently pleaded with Alan for some sort of sign about what he should be doing. To his surprise, Alan seemed to know what John was feeling. Alan lifted his huge, brawny arm and pantomimed an over-exaggerated gesture. John understood immediately.

Following Alan’s lead, Jon relaxed his grip on Kyle’s hand and lifted up his arm. He then pulled the smaller guy in tight for a side half-hug. To John’s surprise, Kyle moved in closer and wrapped his arms around the hulking athlete’s midriff as best he could. Jon was far too large for Kyle’s arms to even make it

halfway around. Butterflies were throwing a party in John's stomach as he felt the smaller guy hug him. He was still so nervous that he figured he'd have an ulcer by the time they got back to whatever apartment or dorm Kyle lived at, but at the same time it was exhilarating and exciting to be so close and tender with another guy while out in public.

John glanced around as they walked. He could tell there were quite a few eyes on them as they went, but he couldn't be sure how many of them were staring at the couple of homos that were flaunting their lifestyle and how many of them were just gawking at his massive, exposed cock which was now flopping around at half mast and beginning to dribble a bit of pre.

Alan watched his buddy awkwardly walk off with his new friend. He really hoped that things worked out well for them. In the meantime, he needed to get back to his place. It was probably going to take him awhile to get there with his current bulk, but he was in no particular rush. Alan took a moment to admire Jon's beefy, naked ass before turning and heading back to his own dorm.

Above Average
Part 15

Kyle and John made their way across campus. The big, blond stud had one beefy arm slung over the slim guy's shoulder and held him in close. Kyle in turn, nuzzled in close to the massive, nude athlete as they walked. They got a lot of looks, but neither of them paid much attention to the people around them. By this point, John had all but adjusted to his new life as a full time nudist. Being so unabashedly nude even gave him a surge of confidence.

Kyle absentmindedly rubbed the larger dude's amazing abs as they walked. He was completely overwhelmed by the sheer size of the linebacker. Kyle had seen him around campus and on the field several times, but nothing could have prepared him for finally getting the chance to be up close and personal with the hulking stud. Every inch of the brawny student seemed to exude pure, masculine power. Kyle's hand

steadily drifted lower and lower as he rubbed the stud's bulging muscles. The palm of his hand brushed against the neatly trimmed patch of blond pubes right above the jock's massive cock. He was surprised at how soft and fluffy they felt even after getting jizz on them not even half an hour before. John obviously spent plenty of time cleaning conditioning.

"So, tell me about yourself." Kyle said dreamily as he nuzzled his head up against the side of the athlete's enormous pec.

"Not much t'say, honestly." John mused. "Born n raised in a small town. Got a football scholarship n now I'm here."

"Surely there's much more to you than that." Kyle cooed as his hand dipped lower and began to rub against John's gigantic shaft. He could feel the heat emanating off the stud's gargantuan cock. The beast was as big around as Kyle's torso and was not much shorter than the waiter either. Everything about John was so amazingly huge. Kyle found it intoxicating.

John chuckled softly at the smaller guy's insinuation. It was actually nice for him to hear someone talk about his size and not be either jealous or freaked out by it. Some guys were even outright emasculated in his presence. "Not much t'say 'bout that neither." John replied casually. "I've been big all my life."

"Mmm. Must be nice." Kyle murmured sensually as his back hand slowly slid down the stud's

brawny back and copped a feel of the athlete's immense, beefy ass. Even the one, huge cheek that Kyle was rubbing was so huge and thick that his hand could not grip all of it. He dug his fingers into the dense, slab of brawn that comprised a single side of the linebacker's massive ass.

John tensed up for a second, but decided to just go with it. The sensual massage that Kyle was giving his front and back did feel pretty nice, after all. "It has its moments..." John concurred, but his mind was playing back all the tough times he had faced because of his size.

"Great! Here we are!" Kyle said suddenly. He gently tugged John in the direction of the gates to a sizeable apartment complex. Kyle then ducked out from under John's arm and started punching in the code on the large gate in front of the driveway. "I think it'll be easier for both of us to just use this one." Kyle commented as he hit the pound key. The large gate began to slide open, allowing the two to enter.

John went along with it. It wasn't the first time he had to enter some place through a side entrance or a freight lift, and he knew it wouldn't be the last. He was actually surprised that Kyle would have the foresight to recommend something like this before they got to the front door and found that John couldn't squeeze through.

Kyle grabbed John's hand and began leading the massive athlete through the parking lot. They were quickly nearing the back of the lot, and there had

already been plenty of people who had stopped to gawk at the giant, nude linebacker as he trudged awkwardly through the complex. “Just how far back is your apartment?” John asked as they approached the final building but made no effort to enter it.

“Oh, we passed it already. I was heading somewhere else.” Kyle remarked casually. Before John could ask where they were going, Kyle pointed to a small building that looked much like a stand alone garage except there was no door over the large entryway. Even in the dim light of the street lamps he could see hoses and buckets hanging along the walls.

“Is that...?” John began to ask even though he already knew the answer.

“Yep. A car wash.” Kyle said happily, confirming John’s suspicions in the process. “If you want to go ahead and start warming up the water, I’ll go grab some stuff from my apartment and we can get started.”

“Get started?” John asked dumbfounded.

“Yeah. I need to get cleaned up, and you look like you could benefit from a hose down as well.” Kyle said with a sly wink. “My apartment is right around the corner. It won’t be but a minute.”

John was too stunned to speak. He understood the logic behind it, but he felt more than a little self conscious about showering in public. Which was really strange considering he had just walked across the campus completely nude and dripping with cum. He

shrugged it off and kicked off his shoes. The cool air on his now exposed feet made him feel exposed and naked. In a way it made sense seeing as shoes were now the only article of clothing he wore on a regular basis.

He stepped into the car wash, which was basically just a garage with a drain and some spigots built into it, and began poking around. Much to his dismay, it appeared that none of the spigots had any way to control the temperature. It looked like he was going to be in for a cold shower tonight. He did notice a deep sink in the back corner where he could fill a bucket, though. He grabbed a clean bucket and a fresh sponge and began filling up the bucket with hot water from the sink.

It took several minutes to fill the bucket. John hadn't bothered to check how big it was, but he wouldn't have been surprised if it held around ten gallons. It gave him plenty of time to think back on what he had been talking about with Kyle. John hoped that things went well between them. He didn't really know anything about the lean guy other than the fact that he was a waiter at the restaurant and seemed very interested in him. He seemed sweet, though, and he was definitely not freaked out by John's size. John smiled as he thought about the look of adoration in the guy's eyes as the waiter had scoped him out.

John also couldn't get over how nice it felt to walk hand in hand with another guy in public. Sure, he was nervous, but somehow it felt right. He could still

feel the warmth of the little guy nuzzling up against his side. John had always been a total closet case. He admitted this to himself, but knowing that didn't make it any easier to open up. Kyle was the polar opposite, though. He was so unabashedly open about his sexuality that John felt like he could siphon off some of that enthusiasm just by being close to him.

"What are you smiling about?" Kyle asked playfully from somewhere behind the hulking linebacker.

"Heh. Nuthin'." John responded cryptically as he shut off the faucet. "... er... Nothing, I mean." He quickly corrected himself.

"You stop that." Kyle chided playfully. The lean guy sidled up beside the massive jock and wrapped his arms around the buff stud's gigantic arm. To Kyle it was like hugging a tree. John's bicep alone was as thick as Kyle's thigh. The addition of the linebacker's bulging tricep made John's upper arm as big around as Kyle's waist.

"Huh? Stop what?" John asked. He looked down at the smaller guy. What he saw made his heart skip a beat. It wasn't just Kyle's sweet face and warm smile that got him all flustered. The slim guy had taken the liberty to slip into something more comfortable while he was in his apartment. The slim, brown haired guy was now clad in nothing but a tiny speedo and a pair of flip flops. John could get a good look at Kyle's chest and stomach. The guy had no real definition to speak of, but he was exceptionally hot in his own way.

John's eyes followed the faint treasure trail from Kyle's belly button down to his tiny shorts. He could see that his new friend had a very pronounced tent in the front of his small swimming briefs. John immediately felt the blood rush to his face and his crotch and quickly looked away.

"It's fine. You can look all you want." Kyle said sweetly. He reached up and guided the blond's gaze back towards his own lean body. "As long as you stop trying to hide your accent." He added with a wink.

John's face went even redder. "but I sound like a hick." He mumbled awkwardly.

"I think it's cute." Kyle stated matter-of-factly. "and I want you to feel comfortable around me. That means I want you to do and say what comes naturally."

John gave Kyle the biggest, most soulful, blue puppy eyes he could muster. "Do I have to?"

Kyle sighed but kept a sympathetic smile on his face. "Come on. Baby steps. It'll be fun." He shot John a reassuring grin and then turned and headed back towards the entrance. He stopped after a few seconds and looked back over his shoulder. "Your first exercise will be to let your eyes wander wherever they want to." Kyle added teasingly as he swished his hips from side to side seductively. John furrowed his brow and resisted at first, but his eyes slowly drifted lower and lower to his new friend's butt. And what a butt it was. Kyle's cute, bubbly butt filled out the back of his

speedo perfectly. The low waistband of his tiny swimming shorts even allowed the top few inches of his soft, supple cheeks to peek out over top.

John was blushing profusely by this point, but he was under orders to watch. It was strange for him to have to will himself to stare at a cute guy. His instinctive reaction had always been to look away and act like he hadn't seen anything. The longer he stared the harder it became for him to look away. Those round cheeks were so amazing. John's heart was pounding in his chest, and his dick was rapidly stirring to life. He was already at half mast and had a bit of pre drooling out the tip. His eyes moved back and forth in time with the steady, rhythmic rocking of Kyle's amazing ass.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" Kyle said playfully. He was already over by the door and was looking back over his shoulder, leaving his shapely mounds available for John's viewing pleasure. He didn't wait for John's response. The steady lifting of the stud's five foot long cock said it all. Kyle slowly and seductively bent down to pick up the small shower caddy he had set down by the doorway. He made sure to keep his legs straight and his ass lifted high as he did so. As he slowly bent lower and lower, his waistband slipped down over his butt, revealing more and more of his sexy, bubble butt. By the time he was all the way down, the waistband had slid so far down that well over half of his ass was revealed to his reluctant voyeur.

“Hmm... No one’s going to see us way out here anyway, right?” Kyle mused out loud. John couldn’t have responded even if he had wanted to. Not that Kyle was waiting for an answer. The lean, brown haired guy hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his briefs and slowly slid them the rest of the way down so his bubbly ass was fully revealed to his audience. Kyle could actually hear John’s sharp intake of breath. This just spurred him on to finish his little strip show.

Kyle turned around so that John could now see Kyle’s now painfully erect dick straining against the fabric of the front of his shorts. His dick was about the only part of his still covered. The waistband was now so low that the entire patch of Kyle’s neatly trimmed pubes was revealed to the awestruck, muscle-bound blond. Kyle’s seductive grin broadened into a huge toothy smile as he beheld the effect that he was having on his new friend. John had to actually push his gigantic, rigid cock off to the side so that he could watch the lewd striptease that was being put on before him.

Kyle slowly pushing the waistband forward along his shaft until his own respectable cock sprung free. Beads of pre arced through the air as his dick assumed it’s fully rigid, upright position. He wasn’t the biggest guy on campus, especially not in the company of someone like John, but Kyle was pretty happy with what he had to work with. Although his dick was only a smidge over six inches, it was impressively thick. While not what one would call a monster cock, it was as thick

as a Monster Energy. His two, egg sized nuts filled out every available inch of his tight, clean shaven sack.

Kyle stepped out of his briefs and twirled them playfully on one finger before tossing them at John's face. John couldn't process what he was seeing fast enough to decide whether or not he should let go of his dick and try to catch the projectile panties. The little swimsuit smacked him right in the face and slowly slid down. John was too busy trying to keep down his massive wad to even worry with the swimwear. His cock shuddered and lurched and the steady stream of pre ramped up so that his dick was oozing like a fountain.

John was momentarily distracted by a soft, melodic laugh from the other side of the room. He looked over to see Kyle doubled over with one hand over his gut and the other over his mouth. "Ha... haha... sorry... That look... priceless..." Kyle sputtered between giggles. John started to laugh too. The guy's laughter was soft and sweet and totally infectious. The laughter gave John's libido time to normalize. He was no longer in immediate danger of erupting, but he was still totally boned.

Once Kyle finally managed to get his giggles under control, he straightened up and wiped the moisture from his eyes. "Hookay... Where were we...? Ah right!" He quickly kicked off his flip flops and struck a seductive pose. John was once again leaking pre like a faucet. Kyle knew how to turn on the sex when he wanted to. The slender guy slowly swaggered his way

across the retrofitted garage like a model down a runway with the shower caddy swinging in one hand like a trendy handbag. His slender hips and thick cock rocked back and forth like a metronome. John was completely transfixed by the show. Once Kyle was finally so close that Jon could actually feel the smaller guy's warm breath against him, Kyle said with a breathless whisper. "Now... let's get you cleaned up."

John turned slowly to watch as Kyle sauntered the last few steps over to the sink. The smaller guy's shapely butt rocked seductively from side to side with each step. Kyle reached slowly into the sink and grabbed the handle for the bucket of water and lifted up.

Kyle looked like he was about to fall into the sink. "fucking shit." He muttered under his breath. He reached in with the other hand and grabbed the pail with both hands at once. "Jesusssss chrrriiii" He groaned loudly as he struggled with all his might to hoist the gigantic tub of water.

"Um... I can get that?" John uttered softly, but Kyle either didn't hear or chose not to acknowledge what John had said. The huge blond awkwardly staggered forward a few feet. His still fully boned cock was getting in the way. It stuck up over a foot above his head and ran the risk of smacking into the long, halogen light bulbs if he didn't watch where he swung it. He was finally close enough that he could reach around Kyle and effortlessly plucked up the bucket with one hand.

“Thanks...” Kyle said weakly between gasps for breath. Kyle shook his arms out and took a moment to catch his breath. “Ok. Let’s try this again.” He said as he wiped the sweat from his brow.

“What should I do?” John asked uncertainly as he stood there looking down on Kyle expectantly with his cock grasped firmly in one arm and the bucket in the other.

“Just sit back and let me take care of everything.” Kyle said, flashing John a warm smile. John silently set the bucket down and awaited further instructions. Kyle pulled a large sponge out of one of the drawers and soaked it in the bucket before squirting a healthy dose of soap onto it. “You’re not allergic to coconut or oatmeal are you?” He asked casually.

“Not that I know of?” John responded skeptically.

“Don’t give me that look. I think you’ll love this stuff.” Kyle shot back. He then shoved the sponge into John’s skin and began scrubbing away the layer of crusty spunk that he had accrued from the restaurant.

Kyle could barely comprehend the sheer size of his massive, blond friend. At close to seven feet tall, John was almost two full feet taller than the slender guy. Even without all the extra bulk, John would have been massive, but with the hundreds of pounds of muscle stacked on top of that he was simply

enormous. John's massive muscular torso was easily three times as wide as Kyle's slim chest.

Kyle slowly and sensually traced the contours of John's deep muscles as he scrubbed away the old spooge. John was completely relaxed, but the contours of his muscles were etched so deep and his bulky muscles bulged out so far that he looked like he was flexing for a Mr. Universe competition. Kyle couldn't even imagine what he would look like if he was legitimately trying to flex his muscles. The much smaller guy felt his respectable cock shudder in response.

He traveled lower with the sponge until his hand was drawing soapy circles along the surface of John's massive brawny butt cheek as if he was waxing Mr. Miyagi's van. He wasn't sure at what point he had dropped the sponge, but he was currently rubbing his bare soapy hand against the firm mass of the stud's phenomenal ass. . Each side of John's bulky ass was bigger than Kyle's head. He felt his breath catch in his chest as his hand slid towards the center and felt the warm crevasse between the two burly cheeks. His hand completely vanished between to huge, brawny buns. His fingertips grazed against John's quivering hole. Kyle was so fascinated by it that he had to stop and investigate. He rubbed his fingers against sensitive spot and listened as John moaned softly. Kyle wanted to bury his face in that glorious ass right then and there. He was sure that the buff stud would gladly let him eat that ass out if he but asked, but Kyle knew he

needed to show at least some restraint or else they'd never get anything done.

Kyle gave one last, longing gaze at the brawny jock's fantastic butt before making his way lower down the linebacker's tree trunk thick quads. Kyle was so entranced by John's humongous, bulging muscles that he wasn't even fully aware that he was grinding his rigid dick against the stud's leg as he soaped the gigantic linebacker down. Kyle slowly made his way back around to the front. His mind was swimming as he stared at the absolutely massive erect cock that towered before him and the two, massive, bean bag chair sized nuts that were so huge and heavy that they nearly touched the ground. He could feel his own dick screaming for release. No one had ever turned him on so much in his life.

Kyle crawled up onto John's cock and straddled it as if he was riding a horse. The sheer size of it floored him once again. He didn't think he'd every get over how huge John was in every way. Kyle's cheeks turned redder and his breathing became more labored as he continued to soap down and scrub John's fantastic muscles. He traced the contours of the athlete's deep cut abs with both hands and watch in horny fascinated as the soapy water flowed through the grooves. By the time he made it up to John's gigantic pecs he was all but incoherent. He desired so much to cum, but he was determined to see this task through to the end. By this point he wasn't even sure what was driving him; whether it was some deep seated need to please his absolutely stunning new

friend, or whether it was his own desire to worship each and every last square inch of the blond stud's glorious muscles.

Kyle rubbed and massaged John's bulging pecs sensually as if in a trance. He was vaguely aware that he had run out of suds to spread around by this point, but hopping off of the phenomenal cock was simply out of the question. Kyle did the only thing that made sense in his lust addled mind. He buried his face in those gigantic, meaty pecs and began to run his tongue slowly and sensually across them. His head drifted from side to side as his tongue aimlessly wandered over the jock's fantastic chest. He could feel John's heart pounding away even under the over two foot thick layer of brawn. Kyle could even hear John's ragged breathing as he felt the massive, brawny pecs unsteadily rise and fall. Eventually, by sheer virtue of random chance and circumstance, Kyle's lips found one of John's nipples. He did the only thing that made sense to him at the time and wrapped his lips around it. He gently suckled the little nub as he dug his cock into the deep grooves of the massive stud's abs.

Kyle moaned loudly as he blew his thick, sticky wad all over John's abs. He was still so turned on that he couldn't even register what had happened. He continued to worship every inch of John's chest while grinding his dick into the sticky goop that was now slowly sliding down the stud's beefy abs. Kyle could feel the massive dick he was riding shudder and lurch, but he couldn't really comprehend what it meant.

John reached down and gently guided Kyle's face upwards so that the two of them locked eyes for the first time in what felt like ages. The two of them exchanged a deep, powerful gaze of pure, carnal lust. John's face was every bit as flushed as Kyle's and his breathing every bit as ragged. John wrapped his thick, beefy arms around Kyle and pulled him in for a passionate kiss. Kyle returned the favor by throwing his arms over the stud's shoulders and pulling himself up. They made out passionately with Kyle's still boned cock and gooey wad wedged tightly in between him. John felt Kyle's tongue work its way into his mouth, but he was too horny and worked up to even worry about it. Their tongue's clashed as their lips mashed together. Neither one dared to breathe for fear that they would break the spell that brought them together.

Finally John broke away, gasping for air as his loud moans split the night air. His massive cock shuddered and lurched violently. Kyle wished he could have seen the behemoth in action, but he didn't want to lift his head off of John's broad, muscular chest. Thick ropes of jizz launched forth from John's cock, splattering against the ceiling and flying out the open doorway. His massive wads made it all the way across the two lane road and into the bushes that served as a fence for the apartment buildings. A few errant, massive gobs of jizz even made it over the hedges and smacked audibly against the stucco walls and thick paned windows.

It took John a full five minutes to stop creaming. His colossal load flooded the street between them and the nearest apartment building. The huge pool of jizz slowly oozed its way down the sloped street towards the back gate of the complex.

Once spent, John slumped down onto his knees; his cock rapidly deflating. Kyle collapsed onto his back and rested upon the colossal dick. His mind was still a haze of sex and lust, but he could sense the sheer size of John's cock as he lie upon it. He could scarcely comprehend the scale of it. John's dick was bigger than him in every way. It was thicker than his chest. It was longer than he was tall. Somehow, being so completely and thoroughly dwarfed was intoxicating. His cock and balls rallied one last wad which arced through the air and splattered against his face and chest. It was impressively thick, especially considering he had just cum mere minutes before.

The fog of sex began to fade from John's mind and he beheld his latest growth. He was terrified. He was getting huge, too huge. He had never wanted to get this big. His cock was already pushing six feet. If he didn't find a way to stop this soon, his cock would be bigger than the rest of his body. "My dick is bigger..." He murmured is sickened awe.

"Hell yeah it is." Kyle muttered groggily. Somewhere in the back of his mind things began to fall into place. A moment of clarity split the fog that clouded his mind. "Wait... what?"

John looked down into Kyle's eyes intently. "I need you to listen and remember. I've been getting bigger, all over. I am sure you've noticed." He said seriously.

"But you've always been that big?" Kyle replied skeptically.

"In another few minutes that will be true." John responded sullenly. "I don't know how to explain. I don't even know what is happening."

Images flashed before Kyle's eyes; brief glimpses of John back when he was still small enough to wear clothes. Then he saw John's huge surge of growth shred his clothing to ribbons. Kyle had been there to witness all of this, but he had forgotten all of it. How could this have happened? He wondered. Even now his memories were fading away as if he was waking from a dream. Kyle snapped himself out of it and focused on keeping his memories. "Explain. Fast. What started it? Can you stop it?"

"I... I don't know. I took a statue from Alan. It looked like a dick. He said it could make my cock grow and I was just kind of overcome by the need to have it. I don't even know why I did it." John sputtered. "We were talking earlier. He thinks he can stop it. He says he has a box. What was it? Return the statue to the box?" John explained erratically. His memories were fading and melting into his new past.

"Dream Diary!" Kyle yelled suddenly. John was too confused to ask what he meant, but it wouldn't

have mattered. Kyle was already tearing off towards his apartment. Kyle leapt and staggered awkwardly as fast as he could towards his building, completely oblivious to his own nudity. He was repeating the key bits of information in his head over and over as he stumbled up the stairs and into his apartment. He was glad that he left the door unlocked. It opened easily for him and he stumbled through the doorway towards his desk. He quickly flipped open a random notebook and shredded a page from it. He grabbed the first writing utensil he could get his hands on and scrawled a muddled note to himself before he could forget what he was thinking.

He stared in bemused fascination at the shredded chunk of paper in his hands. Amidst the various calculus notes and formulae was a large message scrawled in red ink. Dick Statue + Box. Find Box. Put Statue. Bigger Dick. Alan. He wasn't entirely sure what it all meant, but he knew it was important. He ducked into his bedroom for a moment to grab a pair of pants to put on before heading back downstairs to see John. He just hoped that the buff, blond hottie would be able to shed some light on the mystery.

Above Average

Part 16

Kyle stared at the erratic note and reread the lines several times as he pattered around the apartment and picked up a few key belongings that he knew he would need such as his keys and his phone. The more he read the stranger it all seemed. Dick in a box? Bigger? The message had something to do with Alan, the impressively huge student that Kyle had run into earlier. Somehow it was related to John as well. Kyle shrugged and stuck the note into his pocket. He wasn't going to get anything done by just staring at the paper like that, and the best lead he had was waiting for him down in the parking lot.

Kyle bounded down the steps and excitedly jogged over to the car wash where he had left his date. He rounded the corner and got as far as "Did you miss m-" before slamming to a halt. His words stopped just as abruptly as the rest of him. His eyes fell upon the

hulking, blond linebacker and it was as if Kyle was seeing him for the first time. He didn't remember how simply massive John was.

The linebacker was a solid wall of cock and muscle. Kyle's eyes tried desperately to soak up every square inch of exposed flesh that was displayed before him. John's pecs alone looked large enough for Kyle to curl up and sleep on. The deep trench between the two massive slabs of brawn was so deep that Kyle wouldn't be at all surprised if he could bury his entire head between them, and the more he looked the more he wanted to do just that. The massive, bulging rows of the blond's deeply trenched, eight pack abs seemed to flex of their own volition. Each individual muscle contained therein was as large as Kyle's entire head.

As Kyle's gaze dipped lower he saw the last row of abs give way to the football star's simply massive cock. The beast dwarfed Kyle in almost every way. The thing had to be at least as long as he was tall and far, far thicker around. Kyle's rock hard cock gave a lurch of approval. He felt like he could cream his shorts at any second even though his balls ached from being drained so thoroughly a few short minutes before.

"...you're huge..." Kyle murmured in a voice just above a whisper.

"yeah..." John replied with a nervous chuckle. He stared at his immense bicep as he gave it an exploratory flex. Even he gawked at the sheer size of it.

Even at rest the massive muscle would have put any Mr. Universe competitor to shame, but once it bulged outward even farther the humongous muscle on his arm looked like it could put dwarf a basketball.

“Sorry... I just... I forgot how big you are.” Kyle said. The look of sheer awe on his face was echoed in the tone of his voice.

“I kind of forgot too...” John replied. He sounded just as amazed as his short, slender pal. John continued to flex and then relax his bicep over and over as he watched in mute fascination. Slowly his fascination gave way to concern. “I’ve... I’ve gotten bigger...” he said quietly.

“You’ll have to teach me your secret.” Kyle replied brightly. Since he had no memory of John’s past growths, Kyle had completely missed the nature of John’s comment. “I can’t seem to put on mass no matter how hard I try.” Kyle added just as perkily as before.

“I’m huge...” John muttered in awe.

“You can say that again...” Kyle agreed. The humor was gone from his voice though. He could tell that something was seriously bothering the buff blond, and it was starting to eat at him too. Something was definitely wrong; he could feel it. He just wasn’t sure what.

John’s confusion steadily gave way to panic. “I need to stop.” He muttered anxiously.

Kyle had no idea what was going on, but he could tell that the hulking blond was clearly distraught. Kyle quickly rushed over to his friend and sat down in front of him. "It's ok. Deep breaths. Tell me what's going on." Kyle said as he placed a hand on either of John's broad shoulders. Kyle could feel the linebacker trembling. Every humongous muscle in the gigantic blond's body shuddered.

John's eyes kept darting all over as he soaked in his new size. Everything was slightly bigger than before. It wasn't much, but it was enough to reawaken his previous fears. He still didn't know if it'd ever stop and with each growth he'd become more and more of a freak. He shuddered to think what would happen if he ever got to be as big as Alan... or even bigger.

"I'm a freak..." John muttered sullenly.

"You're freakin' hot more like it." Kyle quickly cut in in an attempt to console his friend, but it didn't seem to work. If anything it seemed to send John into a further panic.

"Look at me. Look. At. Me." Kyle said firmly as if he was scolding a temperamental child. John's eyes stopped darting around and stared straight into Kyle's piercing gaze. "Ok... Focus... deep breaths... just breathe..." Kyle said slowly and rhythmically. John's short, rapid breathing slowly and steadily normalized until he was taking long, slow breaths in time with Kyle's own.

“Feeling better?” Kyle asked. John nodded slowly. The huge blond was still looking distraught, but at least he was no longer hyperventilating. “Great. Now I need you to explain what is going on.” Kyle said. He made sure to keep his voice as even and metered as possible in an effort to keep John relaxed.

“I’m growing... all over...” John explained. He started slowly at first, but his speech began to speed up as did his breathing. By the time he finished that one short sentence he was getting close to hyperventilating again.

“Ok... Just breathe... Growing how?” Kyle asked. Once again he kept his tone and tempo even and metered.

“Everywhere... My muscles... My... d... You know...” John muttered. He gave a slight nod downwards to indicate what it was that he tripped up on. Kyle looked down and immediately caught on. He could do nothing but gawk. Kyle was in such a rush to get to John’s side and help calm the buff stud down that he hadn’t even bothered to look where he was sitting. He merely got down on his knees and rested his butt in the crook of his ankles so that he’d be eye level with John, but now that he had time to take stock of his surroundings he realized that he was perched atop his pal’s enormous cock. His knees and the balls of his feet were digging into the soft flesh that encased the rock hard shaft. John’s rigid dick was so huge that Kyle could rest atop it as if it was a twin sized bed. John seemed to realize this as well because Kyle could

feel John's entire cock shudder when they both looked down.

Things started to fall back into place for Kyle then and a look of understanding crossed his face. There was no way that this was normal. He didn't even know how he could ever think that it was, but somehow he had never questioned that John's dick could be the size of a church pew or that Alan's could be even larger. Various scenes from the past evening and even the past semester rushed into his mind. He could remember different scenarios playing out in tandem. In each one John was a different size. Kyle could even remember a time where John was still fully clothed.

"What the hell..." Kyle murmured.

"You remember?" John asked. His question sounded almost like a plea as if he was desperate for some proof that he wasn't crazy.

"Yeah... How did the happen? How did I forget?" Kyle muttered. He wasn't nearly as freaked out as John though, rather he was fascinated.

"I don't know, but this ain't the first time this has happened. Alan was explainin' it over dinner. Somehow whatever is making me grow is making me forget." John rattled on. Just seeing that Kyle not only believed him, but was also sharing his experiences helped put John's mind at ease. He was still freaked out, in no small part due to his constant growths, but at least he knew he wasn't losing his mind.

“Are you sure...?” Kyle asked cryptically. The lean, brown haired guy tilted his head to the side and furrowed his brow as if he was thinking of something.

“What do you mean? I know I’m growin’, and I know I keep forgettin’. I’m not making this up!” John explained. He once again sounded like he was desperately pleading his case before a jury.

“No. I believe you...” Kyle replied, but he still seemed unsure about something. “Is it the spell that is making you grow that is also making you forget?”

“Spell...?” John replied. He was clearly taken aback. He had never been one to believe in magic, and despite all that had happened he still couldn’t accept it, but what else could it have been?

“Oh. I just figured it had to be magic. I don’t know of any science that could do something like this. Even the most overhyped GNC testimonial is nowhere near as big of a change as this.” Kyle explained quickly in an effort to calm John’s already frazzled nerves. “I mean... How do you know it’s not just your own mind making you forget?”

“I don’t understand...” John muttered.

“That was a bad way to explain it, huh.” Kyle mused out loud. “I mean. The memories are still there, but they are hidden, right?” Kyle then glanced at John expectantly as he waited for some indication that the blond was following his thought process.

“I guess...? I never thought ‘bout it like that...”
John replied skeptically.

“It’s just that it reminded me of something we were discussing in class.” Kyle stated matter-of-factly. “One’s mind will sometimes hide memories from oneself as a sort of defense mechanism.” Kyle explained robotically as if he was reading directly from a textbook. “... or words to that effect.” He added flippantly.

John stared uncertainly at him for a moment and eventually replied with a skeptical, “Where are ya goin’ with this?”

“Ok. Hear me out. For a moment there I remembered everything. E-ve-ry-thing.” Kyle explained emphatically. “I remembered you.” Kyle stated. He held arms open in front of him as if presenting John as a prize on *The Price is Right*. “And I remembered... you.” Kyle said again, this time narrowing his gesture to indicate he was referring to a less bulky version.

“Yah... That happens to me every time I remember...” John concurred.

“Every time? Does this happen often?” Kyle asked.

John shrugged. “Usually not unless something reminds me. I don’t think I even noticed it until Alan pointed it out.” John explained.

“Huh...” Kyle said. He furrowed his brow and rolled his eyes up as if he was contemplating

something. "So you needed something to jump start your memory..."

"Is this important?" John asked. "I mean. Yeah, I know me losing my memory and all is important, but I mean is the whole jump starting thing... does it matter?" John asked expectantly. He looked down at his smaller buddy anxiously. His big, blue eyes sparkled with anticipation. He couldn't help but think that maybe this guy had the key to cracking this mystery.

"Elephino." Kyle replied with a noncommittal shrug.

"wha?" John uttered in confusion.

"Ele. Phino." Kyle stated. He even went so far as to throw in a little karate chop maneuver with each segmented two-syllable pair to emphasize the chunks as if it would somehow make his meaning any clearer. "Elephino...? Hell if I know?" Kyle added and waited for some indication that John had gotten the joke. John merely stared at him. The blond's mouth hung open and left eyebrow arced slightly as he waited for some rational explanation.

"No? Nothing? Whaddya get if you cross an elephant with a rhinoceros?" Kyle asked expectantly.

John replied with a mumbled, slurred, "I'unno" which was more of a grunt from the back of his throat than an actual word.

Kyle sighed dejected. "Muppets? Pepe Le Prawn?"

“Muppets... That’s that frog thing, right?” John replied uncertainly.

“You did not just refer to Sir Kermit the Frog, patron saint of comedy, as ‘that frog thing’ in my presence.” Kyle announced in a sassy tone of mock indignation.

John hunched down a bit and tried to flash an apologetic smirk. “...we didn’t really... get TV out home...” John muttered sullenly.

“Relax. I’m just messing with ya.” Kyle replied with a chuckle. “That’s it. We are going to get you some cultural education. I’ve got the whole series on Blu-Ray up in my apartment. We are going to go up there, and we are going to watch it. All of it. Even that short lived Muppets Tonight shit, and you will like it.” Kyle decreed dramatically.

“Will I fit?” John asked. His tone was an odd mix of excitement and trepidation. A quiet night in did sound like a lot of fun, but for as long as he could remember he had had trouble navigating tight places especially doorways.

Kyle shrugged. “It’s a wide stairway, and I live on the outer edge. The doorway’s a little narrow, but I think you’ll still be able to squeeze through. If nothing else we can take it back to your place.” Kyle explained as if John’s size was the most normal thing in the world.

“That would work.” John replied. “... but what were you saying about our memories?”

“Oh, right.” Kyle replied as he casually shifted topics. His expression soon changed. His brow furrowed and his lips pursed as he tried to remember what they were talking about. His expression steadily relaxed and his eyes got wide as his memory returned. “... oh right...”

Kyle sat there in muted shock for a moment as the conflicting memories raced through his mind. “Woah...” he said in awe. “That’s a hell of a thing...”

“Yah... you can say that again...” John concurred with an irritable grumble. “I just wish I could figure out why my memories are so messed up and how to stop it.”

“You seem to have an easier time remembering than I do.” Kyle replied as he mulled it over for a moment.

John gave a dejected shrug. “Maybe it’s because I have more practice.” He muttered sullenly.

Kyle suddenly perked up. “That might be it!” He replied brightly. John cocked an eyebrow but waited silently for his brown haired bud to continue. “Ok. Hear me out. You said you didn’t even notice until Alan mentioned it, and then I didn’t notice until you mentioned it. So the memories are there, they are just getting buried.”

“You mentioned something like that already. You called it a defense mechanism?” John asked.

“I honestly don’t even know. It’s just something we were talking in psyche class. I uh... I slept through most of that lecture to be honest.” Kyle explained with a nervous chuckle. “But what I was thinking was... you know how everything changes, right? I mean. I remember a lot of things other than just your appearance that changed. Like... they put in a new set of dorms for the big guys like you and Alan. Those totally exist, right?”

John had to think about it for a moment. He had not been home since he had really hulked out, but the more he thought about it the more he remembered that he had a new place on the ground floor. The stairs and elevators were not designed for someone of his sheer mass, and he tended to make a bit of a mess when he emptied his nuts... which given his enhanced libido was quite often...

“Yeah... that’s true...” John softly replied as he searched his memories.

“And that big goofy ball pen. The big bumper cage dealie for your junk.” Kyle rattled on. He made big, exaggerated hand gestures as he tried to describe the apparatus he was thinking of, although given John’s size, especially in regards to his balls, the gestures weren’t really exaggerated at all.

“The cowcatcher...” John chimed in. He winced internally at the mere mention of the ridiculous device. It still annoyed him that that nickname had begun to be attributed to him as well.

“Yes! That! That’s a real thing, too. So it’s like the whole world adapted to fit your new body. Like everything.” Kyle rattled on excitedly.

“It’s more than that...” John muttered nervously. “My whole past has changed... I have new memories for growin’ up, and I c’n only assume those are all just as real. I betcha if I went back to my old middle school I could even find that big ‘ol desk that I had to use on account of me not fittin’ in the others...”

“Exactly.” Kyle chimed in. John was shocked by the sudden outburst, but listened intently to what his new friend had to say.

“So get this. It’s just a theory and all, but what if your brain and all that updates just like your body and your past? I mean, everything you used to remember is no longer real, right?” Kyle excitedly explained.

“I’m not sure I follow. Not real? I lived all of it!” John replied. He was usually pretty good about keeping his temper, and in fact very little ever really got him angry, but he was getting positively indignant at the mere mention that his life was something other than real.

“Woah, woah. No. No. I mean. I know that. I was just saying, as far as your brain is concerned it never happened.” Kyle tried to explain nervously. “I mean. Like say it was a dream- I’m not saying it was a dream!” Kyle quickly corrected himself upon seeing John once again tense up.

Kyle took a deep breath and tried to calm his nerves and clear his head. "All I am sayin is, if your brain updated itself to match the rest of your body, then the past you grew up with can't be the real thing as far as it's concerned, ya feel?" Kyle explained apologetically.

"I'm... not sure?" John replied skeptically.

"So look. Your body has always been big... in the current reality anyway, ya?" Kyle tried to explain.

"Ok...?" John replied uncertainly.

"So you're mental processes are like, 'nah man. That ain't me.' and sloughs those past memories into the discard pile." Kyle explained.

"What about that defense mechanism thing you mentioned?" John asked.

"I guess to keep the mind from flipping its shit? I mean, how much would it fuck you up to have several alternate realities worth of memories jangling around in that noggin of yours?" Kyle explained. He then shrugged dismissively and kept talking. "Honestly, I'm just talkin out my ass here. Throwing ideas around to see what sticks. You gotta admit, it makes some sense. I mean, the memories are there, but they aren't there there. It's like. When you wake up from a dream you're all, man that was a total badass dream. I kicked the shit out of those dragons and rescued the prince and we were gonna make out, but then I woke up and now what was I talking about?"

“Uh... was that you trying to show what happens when you wake from a dream or did you really just lose your train of thought?” John asked skeptically.

Kyle responded with a halfhearted “eh” and held out his flattened palm and wobbled it back and forth to indicate that it could go either way.

“But as I was saying.” Kyle continued. “Say that the memories get chucked into the junk memory bin. You know. They get tossed in with all the dreams and stuff. That could explain why you remember them a bit better. I mean. There’s ways to train your mind to remember your dreams and stuff.” Kyle rattled on his explanation.

“Like your dream diary!” John chimed in excitedly.

“Yes! Like my dre- wait. Who said I have a dream diary? I mean. Not that I’m ashamed of it or anything. I have really awesome dreams. I bet if I fleshed out some of my notes I could get sell it as a screenplay, and Oooooohhhhh.” Kyle’s eyes went wide as he remembered something that he had forgotten, but this current memory lapse had nothing to do with the ever changing nature of reality. Kyle reached into his pocket and pulled out the calculus page with the bizarre, garbled message scrawled onto it. “My *dream diary*.” Kyle announced as he held forth the page.

“Yeah. Read this because it makes no damn sense to me.” Kyle said as he all but shoved the page in John’s face.

John furrowed his brow and looked over the page. His lips moved as he silently recited the words that he was seeing on the page. “Huh... dick statue plus box...” John mused out loud. “Wait... I did have a statue like that!”

“Oh?” Kyle chimed in excitedly. “Where is it?”

“I had it with me at dinner. It was... in my pocket...” John said. His face lit up like a kid’s on Christmas, but his demeanor soon dimmed again. “Back when I still had pockets...” he added sullenly.

“Which would mean it is at the restaurant.” Kyle stated matter-of-factly.

“Why there?” John asked.

“Eleph... er... I dunno. I just figured if you had it in your pockets then it’d be in the last place you... uh... had pockets” Kyle explained uncertainly. “I mean. That was really hot honestly. I mean... Wow.” Kyle muttered. His face flushed red as he recalled watching John burst from his clothes like The Incredible Hulk, only the linebacker’s jeans were much less resilient than the green skinned gamma-monster’s.

“Oh no...” John murmured. Hit face went pale as he thought of what might have happened to the statue during the course of the evening. “We have to go back!”

“Relax. I got an ace in the hole.” Kyle responded casually. He flashed John a smug smirk and whipped out his cell phone. A quick scroll through his contacts list and another quick double tap was all it took to dial one of his friends.

After a moment of awkward silence, Kyle perked up and began to speak to the person on the other end. “Hay gurlfran!” He said perkily.

John couldn’t hear the other side of the conversation, but he got the impression that it was someone that Kyle was extremely comfortable with. The lean, brown haired college freshman began to pace around the makeshift carwash as he swapped gossip with the girl on the other end.

“So I need a favor.” Kyle said abruptly. “What do you mean I already owe you one? I got you together with Brad!” He said indignantly.

“It’s not my fault it only lasted two days. That one’s on you.” Kyle retorted. After another pause he grumbled in annoyance. “Look. This is a super easy, super teensy, super small favor, ok?”

Kyle rolled his eyes as he waited for the person on the other end to finish talking. “Yeah. So there’s this thing I think was left at the restaurant tonight. Did you find anything unusual while cleaning up?”

“What do you mean ‘unusual how’? How many weird items did you find tonight? ...that many?” Kyle gave a short whistle of genuine surprise. “Well, ok. I’m looking for a dick.”

Kyle gritted his teeth as he waited for the speaker on the other end to stop talking. "I do not need to go clubbing again. I have you know I am on a date right now." Kyle replied defiantly.

"Yeah. You know John? The linebacker? I'm with him now." Kyle stated.

"I get to see him naaaa-keeeed." Kyle replied in a sing-song voice. John's face turned a few shades redder upon hearing this part.

"What? I know *everyone* has seen him naked, but I get to see him... naked" Kyle explained. His voice took on a deeper, sexier growl for the very last word which made John's face turn even redder and his dick get even harder.

"I just need it ok, and it's not a dildo. It's a statue. It's made out of... wood?" Kyle said. He shot John a pleading glance to indicate that the buff blond should give him some indication as to whether or not he was on the right track. John shook his head no.

"Metal...?" Kyle said uncertainly. Again John shook his head.

"It's made of rock!" Kyle said triumphantly. John nodded in agreement at this, but then again, Kyle was pretty much out of materials to make a statue out of.

"You did find one? Great. What do you mean what color is it? Why do I have to prove what color it is? How many frickin' dildos did you find tonight?" Kyle

replied indignantly, but he was quickly quieted. He stood there for a minute and cocked an eyebrow as he listened. "... that many?"

"Still. It's not a dildo. It's stone. It wouldn't even work for that... I don't think so anyway." Kyle shot John another pleading glance. John merely turned red again and averted his gaze. Kyle had to take a moment to stop himself from chuckling. After a moment the two of them had regained their composure. Kyle then returned to his telephone conversation, but not before shooting John a sly wink which caused the blond to begin blushing all over again.

"It's... blue?" Kyle said uncertainly and looked to John for feedback. John shook his head.

"Ok, black." Kyle said. This time John furrowed his brow like he was contemplating something.

"So not quite black. More like grey?" Kyle said. John furrowed his brow again, but then slowly began to nod.

"It's a darkish grey." Kyle stated triumphantly. "Oh? You have one?" Kyle replied perkily, but his mood quickly soured. He held the phone away from his ear and glared menacingly at the Facebook photo of his friend that currently adorned the screen.

He then put the phone back up to his ear and continued his conversation. "I KNEW it was the only one. You did this just to fuck with me didn't you?" Kyle

grumbled into the phone. "Yeah yeah. I'll pick it up soon. Tonight. I promise. You get off at what, eleven?"

Kyle held his phone away from his ear again and checked the time. "Huh. It's later than I thought." He mused out loud before putting the phone back up to his ear.

"Yeah. I'll be there by then. See ya in a few. Yeah. I tolerate you two. K bye." Kyle recited in a snarky and robotic way that only works when the two speakers are really good friends. He then slipped his phone back into his pocket and looked back up at John.

"Ready to make the trip?" Kyle said perkily.

John looked uncertain. "I don't know if I'm feeling it..." The huge, blond said uncertainly.

Kyle shrugged. "Still a little rattled, huh?" He asked.

John didn't say anything but nodded sullenly. Kyle put a hand reassuringly on his friend's shoulder and said, "Look. It's cool. Let's get ya back up to my place. You can relax, watch some TV, and I'll be back once I get the stuff. Sound good?"

"If that's ok with you." John replied politely.

"It's more than OK!" Kyle replied happily. "I can't imagine anything better than coming home to someone like you." He added cheesily as he reached out a hand to help John get back to his feet.

Above Average

Part 17

Kyle was actually a little surprised at how easy it was to get John upstairs and into his apartment. The stairs had creaked under the weight of the massive, muscular linebacker and his six feet of schlong, but they had held well enough. The hard part was getting the beefy college freshman's bulk through the doorway. John had to go through sideways in order to squeeze through, and even then the doorframe had groaned in protest. The stud's huge, brawny pecs were almost too thick to be able to squeeze through.

Once his body was through, Kyle was more than happy to help get John's junk through the threshold. The huge, full nuts were so large that only one could get through at a time. Kyle helped as best he could by pushing from the outside while John backpedaled through the door. Kyle didn't want to let on, but he was enjoying every second of it. How often

does one get to press their whole body against some super hot dude's colossal nutsack? Kyle could feel the warm, soft skin beneath his palms and couldn't help but dig his fingers in a bit to feel the full, churning nuts beneath.

It was very tough for him to do so, but Kyle managed to keep his libido in check long enough to keep from really going at it and worshipping every inch of his new pal's cock and balls. He knew how freaked out that John was about his recent surge in size, and the last thing that Kyle wanted to do was make it worse. John was convinced that even the slightest surge of arousal could cause his already immense proportions to creep up even further, and during the course of trying to squeeze through the doorway, John's already massive chubby had ballooned into a gargantuan semi. Kyle's full-contact, full-body assistance was no doubt partially to blame.

John's fear was part of the reason that Kyle had insisted on carrying out the task of collecting the missing items for him. Not only was John hesitant to be seen in public in his current state, but the less time he spend in situations where he could become aroused then the better his chances were of keeping his size relatively manageable.

"There we are." Kyle said happily as he slipped the DVD into the player next to the TV.

"What's that?" John asked curiously. He was currently seated on the large, leather sofa situated directly across from the big flat screen TV. He was

genuinely impressed with how neat and tidy Kyle's small apartment was. What few bits of furniture were in the room were well polished and well maintained. Not to mention there were no old soda bottles or beer cans left lying about. There weren't even any dirty dishes left in the sink.

"It's a DVD obviously." Kyle playfully sassed. The TV screen came to life behind him and a large yellow marquee came into view. John would have been able to tell immediately what the show was had Kyle not been blocking much of the screen.

John gave an exasperated huff and then replied, "I know that, but what's on the DVD?"

"It's the Muppet Show!" Came a slightly nasally voice from the TV.

"What the frog said." Kyle quickly chimed in as he pointed his thumb towards the TV behind him. "This'll give you something to take you mind off your dong while I'm out running errands. I'd love to sit here with you and watch you get acquainted with my childhood, but I think it'd be best for both of us if I get that statue as quickly as possible."

John shrugged noncommittally. "You've already seen it all anyway." He replied.

"Of course I have, but half the fun is watching how other people react to the stuff you love." Kyle explained.

“Oh. I guess that could be kin’na innerestin’.” John said as he mulled it over.

“It’s more than interesting.” Kyle replied as he began to peel off his loose t-shirt.

“Huh? What’re you doin’?” John sputtered as his eyes drifted away from the colorful opening dance number and towards his friend’s lean, slender torso. Now that the belt buckle was undone Kyle’s loose shorts were barely hanging on his narrow hips. They hung so low that John could see a large chunk of his pal’s clean shaven crotch sliding into view. They looked as if they could drop to the floor with the slightest provocation. John could feel his dick stirring to life as he replayed the images from earlier. He could see Kyle’s cute cock flopping about as if it were actually happening in front of him.

“I’m not going out in these old rags.” Kyle explained as he gestured towards his loose cargo shorts. “I’ve got an image to maintain. I don’t dare go out in anything less than fabulous.”

“But I’ve seen you in less.” John countered. He meant to imply that he had seen Kyle looking less than fabulous, but the words came out all wrong. He and Kyle both realized what he had said at the same time. John’s eyes went wide and his jaw hung open in shock.

“Oh, you’ve seen me in *a lot* less.” Kyle replied playfully. He shot John a sultry wink. He even gave his hips a playful swish to accentuate his seductive pose. John’s face turned another shade of red, but he

couldn't bring himself to look away. His eyes were glued to his pal's smooth crotch. Kyle's shorts had slipped down another inch. They were even more precariously perched than before. It appeared as if they would fall at any second. John couldn't help but try and see if he could catch even a faint glimpse of the base of his pal's dick. He was sure Kyle's shorts were now low enough, but before he could really see, Kyle spun around and began to head back towards his room.

Kyle glanced back over his shoulder and shot John another sly wink. "... but we'll keep that between just the two of us." He said saucily. He gave his big, round booty another seductive shake which caused his shorts to finally give up the ghost and come plummeting to the ground. John's eyes went wide as saucers and his cheeks went another shade redder as he stared at his friend's jiggly, bubbly booty.

Kyle stepped out of his shorts and bent down to pluck them up which just served to give John an even bigger eyeful of ass. Kyle knew he shouldn't be playing with his big, beefy bud in such a way, but John was so sweet and innocent that Kyle couldn't help but tease him.

Kyle was sure he heard a sigh of relief as he stepped into his bedroom. No doubt the lack of exposed ass made it easier for John to focus his attention on getting his dick from getting any harder. Hopefully cheesy sketch comedy would help with that.

It was almost fifteen minutes before Kyle reemerged which was surprisingly quick for him. When he reentered the front room his wavy, sandy brown hair was neatly swept to the side and he was dressed in a very stylish ensemble which included slim jeans and button up shirt. "I clean up quite nicely, if I do say so myself." Kyle said as he adjusted his collar.

John looked over, and once again his jaw dropped but for very different reasons than before. "Wow..." He said in awe.

"You don't have to look so impressed. I don't go around wearing slacks and an apron all the time." Kyle sassed playfully.

"No... I didn't mean..." John sputtered.

Kyle's grin spread into a broad toothy smile. "Relax." He said. "I'm just playing... but if you actually did like the apron I could wear that later if you want."

Kyle's tone was as salacious as ever, but John couldn't quite figure out what he was implying. He could feel his cheeks burning anyway. Something about the slanted smirk got John hot under the proverbial collar.

Kyle could see that John was working hard at deciding the innuendo so he decided to help matters along. "Of course by that I mean... just the apron." Kyle added deviously. He even shot John a playful wink which just made the buff, blond's cheeks burn even redder.

Kyle couldn't help but chuckle as he saw his pal's massive chubby give a lurch of approval. "Ok. Ok. That's enough of that." Kyle uttered between giggles. "I can't have you drooling all over the carpet. I just washed it yesterday."

John drooped his head dejectedly. Despite his size, the hulking stud looked like a puppy which had just been scolded.

"I didn't mean it like that." Kyle said with a sigh. "Look. Just hold tight for a bit. I'll go get this sorted out and then we can have all the fun we want." He added. He shot John a friendly grin and a sly wink to really drive home the point. John seemed to perk up immediately.

Kyle then set to work running around the apartment and gathering up the few last articles he needed. He patted down his various pockets and silently mouthed the items he needed; wallet, phone, bafflingly, poorly written note that explained their predicament. Once he was sure he had everything he needed he turned to John to say a few last things.

"Everything's accounted for. I've got to get going because Tiff gets off work at any minute now." Kyle explained.

"Oh. Ok." John muttered. He seemed to have settled into the couch well enough, but he still seemed uneasy.

“Just relax. Enjoy the show. If you get hungry there’s plenty of stuff in the fridge. Now, any last questions before I run off?” Kyle asked.

“Yeah... I guess... Are these... puppets?” John asked skeptically as he pointed at the screen.

“No. They’re a cultural phenomenon.” Kyle replied playfully. “Just watch it. There’ll be a quiz when I get back.”

“Really?” John sputtered in shock.

“Not really.” Kyle sighed.

“Oh.” John muttered awkwardly. He was feeling silly for not realizing it was a joke. He felt he should say something just to change the subject. “This show seems really old though... you said you grew up watching this?” He murmured.

“I’m only nineteen, you ass.” Kyle sassed back. “It’s from the seventies I think, but they ran reruns all the time. One of the benefits of being a latchkey kid is that they had lots of oldies on the parentally approved channels.” Kyle shrugged as he finished his explanation.

Kyle then checked the clock on his phone. “But I’ve really got to run. She gets off in fifteen minutes, and it’s gonna take me at least that long to get there.” Kyle said. “I’ll be back as soon as I can. Try to make yourself comfortable in the meantime.”

“Ok...” John murmured. He was feeling a little uncomfortable being left alone in a new place and his

body telegraphed it. He was sitting with his shoulders curled inward and his hands folded in front of him. Yet despite his efforts to scrunch up he still took up the entire couch by himself. Even just one of his thick, beefy buns filled up an entire couch cushion, and his broad shoulder stuck out even farther than that. His massive, beanbag chair sized balls rested heavily on the ground before him. Even though his dick was still mostly soft, his gigantic chubby jutted out in front of him several feet. The enormous tool extended over halfway in front of him towards the flat screen TV attached to the opposite wall.

Kyle fought internally with himself for a moment. On one hand he wanted to sit with John a while longer and help the guy unwind, but on the other hand he really needed to get out of there fast. If he missed his chance to collect the statue who knows how long it'd take before he could get it again? Kyle knew that the sooner he got the statue back in the box, the sooner John could stop freaking out about his growths so that would be one less source of stress that would be eating away at the hot, hulking blond.

Kyle slung his messenger bag over his shoulder and waved goodbye one last time before he ducked out of the apartment. He made his way as quickly as possible back to the restaurant where he and his friend Tiffany worked. He was in luck because he got there just as she was leaving.

"Hey, girlfriend!" Kyle called out as he waved to her. Tiffany looked up from her purse. She rolled

her eyes when she saw her friend bouncing and waving.

“Geez. At least try to be a little discrete will you?” She muttered. “If one of the managers sees you back here they’ll tell you to put on an apron and get back to bussing. You’re still on the clock, you know.”

“Ehhhh. I’ll do a punch correction tomorrow.” Kyle grumbled dismissively, but then he quickly perked up. “So, you got the thing or not?”

“Yeah, yeah. I got your frickin’ cock rock.” Tiffany replied. She reached back into her purse and pulled out the statue in question. Kyle cocked an eyebrow as he examined it for the first time. It was surprisingly well made. It seemed almost real despite the fact that it was a dark, speckled grey. He could tell it was extremely old, but despite this it didn’t appear to be worn or eroded at all. The folds of the foreskin were so expertly crafted that he expected to be able to push them back and reveal the head of the rigid cock that was tucked away beneath.

“You know me. I’m always looking for a nice, hard cock.” Kyle replied playfully. He reached over and grabbed the statue from his friend. When his fingers made contact with it he was actually surprised at how cold and lifeless it felt. It looked so alive that he half expected it to be warm and supple.

“Trust me. I’ve noticed.” Tiffany replied. She added in a sarcastic eye roll for good measure. “So.

You and stud-muffin make any progress?" She asked in a much more pleasant tone.

"Yes actually. He's hanging out at my place while I pick this up for him." Kyle replied. "I'm going to see if he wants to stay the night."

"Wow. That's pretty fast. I figured he'd be the type you have to warm up a bit first." Tiffany replied. She was genuinely shocked and it showed on her face.

"Oh. He totally needs someone to hold his hand and walk him through the whole courtship ritual. I don't think I've ever seen someone who is so out of the loop on dating." Kyle explained.

"Huh. That sounds kind of cute actually." Tiffany mused thoughtfully.

"Cute? Are you kidding me?" Kyle asked incredulously. "It's fucking adorable."

"Just go easy on him, ok? He's fresh out of the closet." Tiffany said in a stern, even tone.

"I'll be the perfect gentleman." Kyle retorted. His indignation was only partially feigned.

"Says the guy who took time out of his first date to get a dildo." Tiffany replied while rolling her eyes.

"Hey. It's not a dildo. If I needed one of those I'd just bust out the toy box in my closet. Let me tell you, I have no shortage of those." Kyle responded matter-of-factly.

Tiffany tensed up and grimaced. "Ugh. Not a visual I needed right now." She groaned. "Just... Just take your dick and get out of here. I'm already late for my own date, and you're going to kill the mood before I can even get there."

"Oh? You should have told me you had plans tonight!" Kyle gushed. "I wouldn't have been here running my gums this whole time. I'll be going, and tell Emma I said hi."

"She's still mad about you and Mitch breaking up. She worked so hard setting you two up. What happened anyway?" Tiffany asked.

"He had this moral aversion to showers." Kyle explained as he sidled up beside his friend. "He'd like throw an arm over me in the theater and it'd be like this miasma wafting up from his pits." Kyle threw his arm over Tiffany's shoulder as he explained. She recoiled and crinkled her nose as if she was smelling exactly what Kyle was describing.

"Oh god..." she choked out between gags.

"I know!" Kyle replied. "And he was really into it too. Like we get into the bedroom and he'd be like 'You like that. That's how a real man smells, faggot.'" Kyle's voice went an octave lower and took on a raspier quality as he mimicked his previous boyfriend.

"He did not..." Tiffany responded. Her eyes were wide as saucers and her jaw went slack in shock.

"He did." Kyle replied flatly.

“He actually called you a...” Tiffany murmured. She was so shocked that her voice was barely above a whisper.

“He did.” Kyle replied flatly.

“Fuck that asshole.” Tiffany spat.

“I wouldn’t give him the honor.” Kyle replied with a wry smirk.

“Oh, shit. You got me talking again. I am so late.” Tiffany muttered.

“Yeah. I’ve been told I don’t know when to shut up.” Kyle replied with a chuckle.

“Yeah. You do tend to go on and on. Still, I really need to go, but before I go let me say this again. Go easy on the new guy.” Tiffany replied. Her tone of voice managed to be both sweet and friendly as well as stern and severe.

“His name is John.” Kyle remarked.

“Whatever his name is he seems sweet, and you tend to rush into things. Don’t do anything stupid.” Tiffany admonished.

“You worry too much. I’ve been the perfect gentleman. He’s currently comfortably waiting at my place watching The Muppets. How is that rushing him?” Kyle replied.

“Really? How’s he liking it?” She asked.

"I dunno. He seemed to be having trouble grasping the concept of puppets that aren't really puppets." Kyle replied. He mulled it over for a moment and then shrugged.

"Well not everyone has as lax a grasp on reality as you do." Tiffany replied once more rolling her eyes.

"You may say that I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one." Kyle responded in a slow dramatic voice as if he was reciting a Shakespearean sonnet.

"You can take your iambic pentameter and shove it up your ass. You made me late." Tiffany grumbled as she checked her watch once more.

"Alright. Alright. It was nice to see you too. Enjoy your date." Kyle replied with a chuckle.

"No. We're not doing this again." Tiffany grumbled.

"Doing what?" Kyle asked.

"Every time you say your goodbyes you start talking about something else and then the conversation keeps going. I'm done. I'm leaving." Tiffany said. She was slowly walking backwards while glaring intently at Kyle as she spoke.

"Ok. Fine. Fine. Good bye." Kyle replied. He threw his arms up in feigned indignation, but his tone of voice was still friendly and chatty.

Tiffany didn't respond. She continued to back away while glaring at him. She made a zipping motion across her lips to further drive home her intent.

"Yes. I got it. I—" Kyle began to say but he was interrupted by a loud, hissing "shhh!" from Tiffany. Once Kyle had stopped talking she once again made the zipping motion across her lips.

"Oh come o—" Kyle groaned in only partially feigned annoyance. His outburst was once again silenced by a "Shhh!" and a zipping motion.

Tiffany figured she was far enough away that even Kyle wouldn't try and chat her up. She turned around and set off in a brisk pace towards her apartment. She hadn't made it more than five feet before she heard Kyle's voice calling after her. "Love what you've done with your hair by the way!" He shouted. Tiffany didn't even break her stride. She stuck her arm out behind her and executed a flawless backhanded bird.

Kyle chuckled quietly to himself as he watched Tiffany and her outstretched middle finger slink into the darkness. He really did have a problem with needing to get the last word in, and it was causing his quick errand to take far longer than it needed to. He pulled out his phone to check the time and realized just how long he had been out already. Not wanting to waste any more time, Kyle turned and made haste towards the dorms. He had never been to Alan's dorm before, but he knew where it was; everyone in school

knew where it was. It had become sort of a landmark of sorts.

There had always been rumors surrounding Alan and his colossal cock. Students and faculty alike liked to make up stories about how Alan had most likely made a deal with the devil to get such a fantastic cock and bod. Some other stories say that he had found a magic lamp and the genie had granted him a wish, but being a sadistic and spiteful genie, the magic entity had turned the wish into a curse and doomed the college slacker to expand indefinitely. Kyle knew that the people spreading those stories were just jealous. After all Kyle knew the truth, and what guy didn't want a slightly bigger dick?

A small smirk played at the corner of Kyle's lips. He knew that his cock was pretty average. He had what was often referred to as a "boyfriend cock" which is to say it was nice, thick, and not so big that it hurt to go down on, but he couldn't help but dream of having a little more. His mind was already flooding with thoughts of what he would do once he had the power. He could add just a few more inches to his dick, not enough to make it too big to be useable, but definitely large enough to make him the envy of most normal dudes out there.

He was so lost in thought that he hadn't even realized that he had already reached Alan's dorm. There was no doubt in Kyle's mind that this was the place. The large, sliding double doors that lead into the dorm were far larger than your average doorway, but

then again, they needed to be to allow Alan and his massive cock and balls to get through.

Kyle took a deep breath and knocked on the door. His dick was stirring to life in his pants as he imagined finally coming face to face with the massive stud. Alan even put John to shame in terms of sheer size. Kyle had seen the hulking student around campus a few times and even at work once or twice, but he still took some getting used to. Especially now that Kyle knew the truth. His mind was already reeling with thoughts of just how huge Alan would be now. Unlike John, the shorter, stouter slacker had no qualms with growing unchecked.

Kyle's dick gave a lurch as he heard the doors slide open. Kyle imagined Alan standing before him; the brown haired beefcake's bulky frame filling the entire entryway; his humongous cock and balls spilling out into the hallway and threatening to bowl Kyle over with its sheer magnitude. Kyle's eyes were clenched shut tight as he shuddered in anticipation, but what greeted him was nothing like what he imagined.

"It's a little late for a booty call, bro." Came a kind albeit slightly bored voice from the doorway. Kyle slowly opened his eyes. His jaw dropped at what he saw. Standing before him was a dude about his own height only slightly lankier. The guy's long, tussled brown hair was crammed unceremoniously into a colorful beanie. His loose clothes seemed to barely be hanging onto his skinny frame. Kyle recognized the style of dress immediately.

Kyle glanced around the hallway. He was sure this was the right room. Who else would need such a large door, but this skater punk was nowhere near the right size to be Alan.

Steve understood the new arrival's confusion. It seemed people often forgot that Alan had a roommate. Steve apparently wasn't interesting enough to the general populace to warrant a spot in their creepy urban legends.

"Alan's not back from his date yet." Steve replied.

"His date?" Kyle asked. He was obviously confused but not for the reasons Steve thought.

"What? He didn't tell you? Man, I know that guy gets around, but it's not like him to double book a night like that." Steve replied.

"No. No. It's not like that." Kyle sputtered. "I am actually a friend of John's. He asked me to pick something up for him, but their date was over hours ago. Alan's not back yet?"

Steve shrugged in reply. "Who knows, man. Knowing that guy, he probably found an audience and decided to put on a show. No doubt we'll be seeing the aftermath on the news later." Steve chuckled slightly as he finished his explanation.

Kyle's cock gave a lurch in his pants as his mind drifted towards images of Alan hamming it up for a crowd. Alan had been gone for hours now. There's no

telling how often he had gotten off or how large he had grown. Kyle's mind was reeling at just the thought of it.

Kyle managed to shove the images of an ever growing Alan out of his mind and return himself to reality. He quickly became aware that Steve was staring at him suspiciously. Kyle decided to quickly cover for himself and get the conversation rolling again. "I know how that is." Kyle chuckled. "He trashed the restaurant earlier. Not that I'm complaining. It gave me the night off, but that was... that was something alright."

A look of understanding crossed Steve's face. "I knew I knew you! You're the burger bitch!" Steve blurted out excitedly.

"That's... one way to put it?" Kyle replied uncertainly.

"I mean. You work at Pablo's, right? I knew I've seen you around. I didn't recognize you out of uniform." Steve explained in an effort to quickly smooth things over. His explanation may have been lacking, but his good natured laughter went a long way towards soothing any hurt feelings that may be had. Fortunately Kyle wasn't even upset, really. He was just taken aback.

"That's me." Kyle said. He then held out his hand. "Name's Kyle by the way."

“Yo. Steve.” Steve replied as he reached out and shook Kyle’s outstretched hand. “But what brings you here anyway? You said John sent you?”

“In a manner of speaking. I... Well there’s no way to explain without sounding insane so I’ll skip that part. He said Alan has a black box that he needs.” Kyle explained.

“Ah haa.” Steve replied. “I know exactly what you’re looking for. Man though. I’m glad you got here while Alan was out. Between you and me I think he’s actively trying to forget about it.”

“What do you mean?” Kyle asked.

“Well. You know what it does right?” Steve replied. Kyle didn’t say anything but stared apprehensively at Steve.

Steve merely shrugged. “I suspect that you do based on your reaction. The going theory is that if we get the statue back in the box then we can stop the growths.” He explained as he hopped over various discarded bottles and wrappers. He then crouched down next to his bed and pulled something out from under his night stand. Steve turned around and gestured Kyle in, but Kyle was hesitant to set foot in the filthy apartment.

Steve set the box down on the nightstand and pulled his shirt off over his head. He then undid his belt buckle which caused his loose cargo shorts to flop to the ground instantly. He was still clad in his boxers, but those soon followed suit.

Kyle could do nothing but stand there and gawk as this dude he had just met stripped nude right in front of him. Steve was surprisingly hot in his own way, and his lean, lanky build just made his big dick seem even larger. Kyle was actually feeling a little embarrassed as he stared at the skater's thick, soft ten inches. The thing was bigger soft than his was hard.

Steve noticed Kyle's gaze and flashed a cocky grin. "Heh. You like that? Nowhere near as big as Al's, but this one is all natural."

Kyle was salivating at the mere sight of the dude's huge cock. As Steve steadily stroked his chubbing cock, Kyle found himself wishing more and more that he could have it in his mouth. Without even really noticing it he began to unbutton the top buttons of his shirt.

"There's no need for you to get naked." Steve replied casually, but his tone and expression quickly turned saucy. "... that is, unless you want to."

Before Kyle could even reconsider he was pulling his shirt off and draping it over the back of a nearby chair. It was the closest thing to a clean spot that the dingy dorm room had. In a matter of moments Kyle had added the rest of his clothes and his messenger bag to the pile.

"Don't get the wrong idea." Steve explained as he casually stroked his cock. "I'm just doing this to show you how to open the box... but if you want to

help me finish up afterwards then that's fine by me." He added with a saucy wink.

Kyle was ready to throw himself onto the bed on top of Steve, but the lanky skater had other ideas. Steve reached over and picked the box up off the nightstand. It was then that Kyle noticed the deep indentation for the first time. He watched in silent fascination as Steve shoved his huge cock into the hole in the side of the box and began humping it. Kyle's own exposed cock began to dribble pre as he watched. The sounds of Steve's grunts and the soft, rhythmic slapping of his balls against the black lacquer were driving Kyle mad. He never thought of himself as a bottom, but he was willing to make an exception for this hottie.

Just as it looked like Steve was about to bust a nut and deprive Kyle of his fun, the box clicked loudly and the top folded back to reveal a soft, velvet lined tray with a very distinctly shaped indentation in it.

"There you have it." Steve muttered groggily. He was still hovering close to blowing his load, but for the time being it seemed he had it under control. Kyle looked at the indentation again and realized it could not just be a coincidence. The size and shape were too perfect. It had to be where he was supposed to return the statue to. Kyle quickly turned around and fished through his messenger bag. It only took him a moment to find the statue and pull it back out.

Steve cocked his head to the side as he watched Kyle rummaging through his bag. He perked

up immediately upon seeing the grey, speckled stone object that Kyle had in his hands. "You actually brought it?" Steve asked in shock.

"Uh yeah... That's why I came here." Kyle muttered in reply.

"Hurry up and put it back before Alan gets home." Steve sputtered. He seemed ready to throw the box at Kyle had the new arrival not been so quick to dart across the room. As Kyle placed the statue back in the box he felt something coursing through him. He fingers hovered over the statue for a brief moment as a series of ideas flooded his head. He didn't have to shut the lid... not yet anyway. He had this new guy right beside him who was more than happy to let Kyle get off. Kyle knew enough of how the statue worked that he was sure he could eke out a few more inches before shutting the lid and returning to his date, but he knew he couldn't afford to do it. How would he even explain it to Steve?

Kyle sighed internally and gently shut the lid. The box clicked loudly, and it felt like a huge weight had suddenly been lifted from Kyle's shoulders, but the images had not faded. Already his mind was plotting how and when he could sneak the statue out again. He had already sealed it away, right? He could slip it back out later and then only he would be growing. That would be the perfect situation for everyone. John no longer had to worry about getting bigger, and Kyle had all the time in the world to casually creep up in size until his dick was the perfect

size to both be phenomenal to look at and play with but still be small enough that he could enjoy giving John the ride of his life.

Just daydreaming about what he would do with his new power was getting Kyle so worked up that he felt like he could bust his nut at any second. When Kyle eventually regained his senses enough to look up from the box he saw that Steve was staring at him intently. Kyle tensed up instinctively. Had the guy figured out what he was up to? Kyle couldn't be sure, but it seemed like Steve was waiting expectantly for something.

Steve was the one to break the tense silence. He nodded towards his huge, still boned dick and flashed Kyle a salacious wink. "You're not gonna leave me hanging, are ya bro?" He asked.

Kyle understood immediately and was completely overjoyed. Not only did it mean that Steve either didn't know about his plans or just didn't care, but it meant that he was going to have a chance to get up close and personal with that fantastic cock.

Kyle wasted no time. He got down on his knees beside the bed. Steve meanwhile slung his legs over the side so that Kyle would have easy access. Kyle could hardly contain his excitement as he stared up and up at Steve's huge dick. Kyle had never had the chance to play with one this size before. He didn't even know where to begin.

Kyle gripped the head of Steve's cock with one hand and cupped the skater's balls with his other. Steve's nuts were huge by normal standards. His hefty sack more than filled Kyle's entire palm. Kyle could feel the warm, soft skin in his hands. He could smell the pre that was beginning to trickle out the tip of Steve's cock. He could even taste it as he tongue glided up and down the length of the skater's huge, thick cock.

On some level Kyle realized it was silly to be so enamored by a cock that wasn't even a foot long when he had a guy with almost seven feet of schlong waiting for him back home, but it was hard for him to even fathom such a massive dong when it wasn't directly in front of him. For the time being, Kyle couldn't imagine a more perfect dick than the one stretched out before him. He wanted nothing more than to feel it in his mouth and taste the skin and pre against his tongue.

Kyle straightened up and ran his tongue across the tip of Steve's dick. Kyle could feel the skater's cock shuddering and lurching as he stroked it with both hands. It was clear that it wouldn't be long before Steve popped, but Kyle wasn't in a huge rush. He wanted to savor this as long as he could.

Kyle eased up on his stroking and allowed Steve to catch his breath. Kyle could actually see the cock shuddering less and less as Steve brought his arousal under control. Only the very tip of Steve's cockhead poked out from his foreskin, but even still Kyle could tell that the puffy glans was flaring up as Steve struggled to hold down his load. The soft, spongy

skin was so pink and shiny that Kyle couldn't help but want to see it fully exposed.

Kyle once more gripped Steve's cock and pulled down on the skin causing his foreskin to roll back and reveal the spongy tip of his cock in its entirety. Kyle could scarcely believe how thick it was. The thing would be difficult to fit into his mouth, but he was sure he could do it.

Kyle wrapped his lips around the humongous cock and slowly slid more and more of it into his mouth. He could feel Steve's dick shuddering as it pressed against his tongue. Kyle could even taste more and more of the pre washing against his taste buds as the stream ramped up.

Steve was panting and moaning passionately as he felt Kyle's tongue flick and brush against his cock. Steve was in heaven. He had been sucked off before, but never like this. "f..Fuck... you're even better at this than Alan..." Steve groaned under his breath.

Kyle pulled back and flashed a grin at the skater, but Steve was too far gone to notice it. "Well, I have plenty of practice." Kyle replied saucily before once again returning to working over Steve's dick. Kyle slid his hand up along the lanky skater's dick causing the skin to once again roll up and over the head of his cock. Steve glanced down expectantly, but he could barely focus his eyes enough to see what was going on. Kyle flashed him another salacious wink and he lowered his mouth down towards Steve's cock once more.

Kyle didn't bother pulling the skin back this time. Instead he flicked his tongue against the tip of Steve's cock and began to press the tip of his tongue against the rolls of skin. Steve watched in silent, sex-addled awe as Kyle's tongue slipped under the edges of his foreskin. Steve could feel the stylish new guy's tongue sliding laps around the sensitive head of his fully-boned, shuddering cock.

"jesus..." Steve moaned. He grunted and groaned as he struggled with everything he had to keep from cumming. This was hands down the best blowjob he had ever had and he didn't want it to end so soon.

Kyle pulled back and glared intently at Steve. He could tell that the skater would pop at any second, and Kyle was more than ready to mop up. He held his mouth open and continued to stroke Steve's huge, thick dick while he waited. It wasn't long after until his hard work paid off. Steve's soft moans turned to grunts. His dick lurched hard and began spurting rope after thick, creamy rope of jizz. Kyle managed to get quite a bit of it into his mouth, but much of it splashed across his face and splattered into his hair. His entire left lens of his glasses was quickly coated in spunk.

Once Steve had quit spurting, Kyle leaned back and moaned sensually as he felt the load slide down his throat. He was so turned on by the whole ordeal as well as the images that were still playing in his head of what he could do with that box that his own dick was lurching and shuddering hard. Spooge shot forth from

his dick, and he hadn't so much as laid a finger on it since he had begun sucking Steve off.

Kyle's dick only managed three solid ropes before his shots began to taper off, but it was still the largest load of his life. Even after all that Kyle still felt horny as hell, but his dick was already deflating. He couldn't help but feel jealous of John and Alan. He had seen them both cum and cum again without getting tired. Kyle couldn't help but wonder if that's what was in store for him as well once he gained the power. Just the thought of it was so fantastic. He couldn't imagine how anyone would ever want to keep such an amazing gift to themselves.

Kyle slowly climbed to his feet and staggered over towards the sink in the corner of the room. Part of him wanted to just lay there for a while longer, but he needed to get the jizz off his face and out of his hair before it started to dry. He didn't think Steve was the cuddling type anyways, and he still had to get back home to where John was waiting. Just thinking about his huge, muscular date got Kyle's dick chubbing up all over again. He was excited to go home all over again. Now that the statue had been returned, John would be theoretically free from further growths... this would require plenty of experiments to be sure though, and Kyle was more than happy to run the tests firsthand.

Above Average

Part 18

Alan had been wandering the campus for hours. He didn't have anywhere in particular he wanted to be. All he knew is that he didn't feel like going back to the dorm. His date with John had gone well enough, but it had all felt anti-climactic which was a tad ironic considering the size of the climax he had had while there. The whole ordeal had left him feeling listless.

He had taken to wandering the campus in hopes of clearing his head. It wasn't until he got out and about that he realized that this was the first time that he had had time to himself since he had really begun growing. It seemed like there had always been someone or something keeping him occupied. The silence and solitude was a nice change of pace, and he felt like he needed the time to himself.

Alan wasn't really alone though. As he walked around his eyes kept drifting to the various college students that he passed. Almost all of them were staring at him. He found it hard to believe that he was once their size. He couldn't even remember what it felt like to be that slim. He didn't know if he had even been skinny per se. For all he knew he could have been morbidly obese. Alan quickly shook the notion from his head. He was a slacker, but somehow he couldn't see himself letting himself go like that. As much as he loved to lay around the house, he also loved to play some ultimate Frisbee with the bros and even hit the beach from time to time.

Some students that Alan passed were staring at him in shock; some were staring at him in awe; and some of them were full on ogling him. Alan was used to all of these by now, and in fact he welcomed the stares. He loved the horny gazes he got the most, but the looks of sheer awe and adoration were in close second. Alan could feel his already chubbed up cock give a twitch of approval after one particularly lusty gaze.

Alan couldn't help but return the favor. He gave the guy a wink and playfully flexed his bicep. Alan's bicep bulged out to the size of a beach ball. The guy who had been staring suddenly turned bright red and tried to look away as if he had not actually been staring at all, but he wasn't fooling anyone.

Alan went ahead and flexed his other bicep while he was at it. He wasn't really showing off for

anyone in particular. He just loved the way his massive muscles looked and felt. His huge, burly frame was far wider than anyone else's that he encountered. His broad chest was so wide that he actually had to shift sideways to get through even wide, double doors. His huge, brawny pecs were easily as wide as king size pillows and far thicker. He couldn't help but run his hands across his chest as he thought about it. He could feel the dense, powerful muscles against his fingertips, and it drove him wild.

Alan's hands continued to explore his enhanced body. His soft touch slowly worked its way downward across his dense, rippling, eight-pack abs. His cock was getting more and more chubbed up by the second. Some part of his mind was warning him against such actions. He knew that with each stunt like this he pulled he'd grow larger and larger. By this point he was so massive that each growth was hardly noticeably, but it was like sand in an hourglass. If you watch it they seem to build up slowly, but blink for a second and the whole thing has dumped into the lower half. Alan knew he had to be careful and try and hold back, but the worst part was that the more he thought about it the less he understood why he should try. With each growth he got bigger and sexier. With each inch he added to his cock, with each pound he added to his muscles he felt the desire to hold back dwindling.

Alan's mind was swimming in a haze of endorphins and arousal. He was so huge and sexy already. What would it be like when he got even

larger? How much larger could he even get? There had to be a maximum size sometime, right? His cock was already larger than his body by a good margin, and he was not a small dude. His dick was easily twice as long as he was tall, and the immense, thick cock was thicker than even his massive, brawny frame.

As Alan thought about it, the dream he had had the other day forced its way back to the forefront of his mind. He remembered himself seated in the palace suspended atop his mountainous cock. At the time it had seemed so crazy that it might as well have been a nightmare, but now Alan wasn't so sure. Maybe it wasn't his mind warning him against growing too large. Maybe it was a sign of things to come. Whatever the case, Alan found his cock getting harder and harder as he thought about it. The thought of having a cock that dwarfed buildings didn't seem that bad to him. After all, with each inch he added to his dick the sensation seemed to magnify. When his cock got to be that big even the weakest orgasms would be earth-shattering... literally.

Alan chuckled to himself as he realized that he was no longer thinking about "if" he got that large. He was now thinking about "when." He was actually looking forward to it. He could feel the excitement and anticipation coursing through his body. He was practically shuddering with anticipation. He felt like a kid on Christmas morning. Part of him was sad that it'd take so long to get that large, but on the plus side, he got to have many, many massive, messy orgasms along

the way, and each one was sure to be bigger, messier, and more powerful than the last.

Alan was so excited that he hadn't even realized that his dick had gotten fully hard. Huge dribbles of pre were cascading down his monstrous cock. It was fortunate that the sheer size of Alan's enormous cock caused it to stick out directly in front of him or else he'd never be able to see anything. His view would be hidden behind a massive wall of cock.

Alan knew he couldn't stop now even if he had wanted to, but that didn't mean he was going to just pound one out; not when he had as large of an audience as he currently did. Alan looked out at the crowd that had assembled and smirked. He was going to give them a show that they wouldn't soon forget, and in doing so he was going to grow even larger.

Alan pushed down his briefs and stepped out of them. They hadn't covered much; his briefs had only covered his balls and his ass. They gripped his butt cheeks so tightly that they may as well have been painted on, but somehow he looked even more stunning once he was rid of them. His thick, muscular, bubble butt was out in the open for all to ogle. Alan didn't have an ounce of fat anywhere on his massive, muscular body, but somehow his huge ass managed to remain round and perky.

Alan's gaze fell upon one guy who seemed more fixated on his amazing muscle booty than on his enormous cock. Alan's smile grew even wider and he shifted his position just enough to give the guy an even

better view. Alan gave the guy a subtle half-nod and made a quick motion with his eyes to indicate that the guy should stare all he wanted. Alan reached back pulled one of his thick, bubbly butt cheeks aside to give the guy a clearer view of his crack. Alan not so secretly hoped that the guy would throw his inhibitions to the wind and eat him out right then and there, but it was not to be. It seemed that despite the huge, muscular, massively hung, and completely nude hottie strutting his stuff before them, this crowd was still constrained by most social mores. Alan was slightly put off, but he didn't let it slow down his show or even diminish his boner. He just moved onto the next stage.

Alan turned to face the crowd directly and quickly singled out one particularly horny audience member. The guy was situated right in the front row and unabashedly had a hand down the front of his pants. It didn't take a rocket surgeon to figure out what he was doing. The flushed look in his face and his labored breathing said it all, and that's saying nothing of the wet splotch forming on the front of his pants. Alan's smug smirk returned in full force as he focused his gaze on the horny dude who was fervently pounding one out to the mere sight of Alan's fantastic muscles and enormous cock.

Alan strode proudly forward, his cock bobbing and swaying enticingly with each step until he was so close to the dude that his massive cock was pressed against the guy's chest. The enormous, puffy cockhead was so huge that Alan could no longer even see the guy it was aimed at, but he could sure feel him. Alan

could feel the guy's hot, labored breath against the sensitive flesh of his engorged cockhead. He could feel the rhythmic pulsing of the guy's arm bumping against the tip of his massive cock with each and every feverish stroke the dude made of his own painfully average dick. Alan could feel the fabric of the guy's clothes begin to stick to the tip of his enormous cockhead as the steady leak of pre soaked the guy's shirt and shorts.

Being in such close proximity to such a godly cock soon got to be too much for the guy to handle. He threw all pretense of modesty to the wind and began to lick and lap at Alan's enormous cockhead. Alan chuckled as he felt the guy's tiny tongue sliding across the enormous, spongy head of his massive cock. Alan couldn't help it. The guy's tongue felt so good, and it was so invigorating the way his cock dwarfed the guy in every aspect.

Alan's chuckle stopped abruptly and was replaced by a sharp intake of air as he felt the guy's fingers slide along the extra-sensitive ridges of his slit. The guy was obviously getting even more adventuresome, but Alan wasn't about to complain. It felt amazing.

The guy's licks and kisses slowly gravitated inward until Alan felt the guy's lips and tongue brushing against the ridges of his slit. As much as he would have liked to, Alan's cock was far too large for the guy to lock lips with it. The massive slit of Alan's monstrous cock was so large that the guy's whole head

could slip in there if he tried. That didn't stop the guy from giving it the good ol' college try though.

Alan could feel the guy's face burying into the cavernous maw of his gigantic cock. Alan's whole body and cock shuddered from the orgasmic pleasure that coursed through him. He never would have dreamed it could have felt so good. He found himself wanting more. He found himself wishing the guy would go deeper. The guy's head would no doubt fit into his cock, and Alan wouldn't be at all surprised if he could fit his shoulders in or more.

Alan silently goaded the guy on, but he never let it show. He continued to pose and flex for the rest of his adoring public while the guy continued to bury his face into his cock. Alan's mind drifted towards Dan. Alan was sure that that scrawny little deviant would be all too gung-ho to slide right down the cavernous slit of Alan's colossal cock, and Alan would be all too gung-ho to let him. Alan figured that Dad's scrawny bod would slide in easily enough at his current size, but Alan decided he needed to be slightly bigger before he would propose the idea to Dan. After all, Alan's goal was to have fun and experiment with his size, not to hurt the little guy.

Dan's face filled Alan's mind's eye. Alan could vividly see his slender little lover's pale grey eyes sparkling with lust as he stared at Alan's enormously muscled body. He could see the red tinge fill Dan's pasty white cheeks as he lustily gazed at Alan's impeccably sculpted abs and pecs. He could hear Dan's

breathing become more labored as the slim teen gazed longingly upon Alan's huge, pillowy, muscle booty. Alan could hear Dan's voice echoing in his mind, pleading with him to grow even larger, and Alan was only all too happy to oblige.

Alan flexed every muscle in his body for his lover's specter. The entire audience gasped in awe at the view, but Alan wasn't too interested in them. He wanted to get bigger and sexier for Danny. He wanted to hear his lover's soft whimpers in his ear. He wanted to feel Dan's lips against his. He wanted to feel Dan's tongue against his ass.

"Grow bigger for me." Dan's specter pleaded.

Alan's cock lurched and shuddered. Alan knew he couldn't hold back much longer, and he didn't really feel like trying. Alan's whole body trembled as he braced himself for what was sure to be the biggest orgasm to date, but that record wouldn't hold for long. Alan shuddered with anticipation as he prepared himself for the growth that was about to overtake him. All the while Alan was laughing. He wasn't content to just chuckle silently anymore. His laughter split the air as wave after wave of spunk erupted from his cock.

The guy who had been servicing Alan's cock ate a blast head on and was knocked back. He was dazed and winded but was relatively unscathed aside from the thick layer of spooage that coated his entire body. Some of the other audience members tried to get out of the splash zone, but most of them stayed in and even went so far as to huddle in closer so that

they could feel the hot Adonis's copious cum wash over them. Gawker after horny gawker was doused in Alan's cum as metric tons of jizz arced forth. The entire courtyard where Alan had been posing was soon covered in a thick layer of spooage, but Alan showed no signs of stopping.

Alan's laughter slowly died away and gave way to heavy gasps. The sheer intensity of his own orgasm was leaving him winded. The fog that came with mind-blowing climax steadily overtook his mind. As the constant jets of spunk slowly died away, Alan found himself having to struggle to remain standing. His entire body felt heavy as the afterglow fully set in.

Alan was positively giddy, and it wasn't all just the orgasm's doing. He stood there and stared intently at his muscles while flexing and unflexing them. Errant chuckles slipped out between his labored breaths as he stared on in anticipation. He was waiting, watching for any sign that they had grown.

His laughter steadily died away. Something was definitely wrong. He didn't look any different. He certainly didn't feel any different. He tried to search his memories. He had never really paid attention to how the growths had happened. He had always noticed them after the fact. Maybe they had already adjusted to their new size right under his nose, but that didn't seem possible. A moment of clarity usually accompanied his growths; a brief moment when reality and history shifted and adapted when Alan was given brief fleeting glimpses of everyone he ever was,

but that did not happen this time. There was no shift. There was no change. He had not grown.

None of this made any sense to him. He could do nothing but stare on at the enormous muscles and colossal cock that he currently had. Was this as huge as he could get? But what about those visions? Had those just been empty promises? Alan didn't understand. He felt cheated. He felt sick to his stomach. He didn't even want to be out in public letting people ogle him anymore. All he wanted to do was go back to his dorm where he could think about this in relative privacy.

Above Average
Part 19

After what could best be described as a quick but cordial goodbye, Kyle tucked the box under his arm and set out from Alan and Steve's shared dorm room. He was amazed at how easy it had been to talk Steve into letting him take the box and the relic stored within. Kyle had expected to use his silver tongue to talk Steve into giving up the box. If that had failed Kyle was more than willing to use his tongue for some far less verbal persuasion, but Steve had seemed all too eager to get rid of the onyx coated container. He had all but shoved the damn thing into Kyle's hands and sent the bewildered, bespectacled waiter on his way.

Kyle had a strange mix of feelings swirling around inside him as he left the dorms. He was glad that everything had gone so smoothly, but he still couldn't help but wish he had gotten the chance to see Alan up close and personally. Kyle had gotten an eyeful

in a half at dinner, but at the time Kyle had been more fixated on the much less swole blond that Alan had come in with.

Alan and John had a very different sort of allure to them. John was quiet and sweet and somehow those traits just made him absolutely adorable despite his immense size. Alan on the other hand was very unabashedly huge and proud of it. The way Alan was so in your face about his enormity drove Kyle wild. John was the kind of guy that Kyle would like to take him and cuddle – which Kyle had every intention of doing just that, but Alan was the kind of guy that Kyle would love to get down on his hands and knees and service.

Kyle was able to keep his head clear and his cock in his slacks while at work, but it was always torture when Alan decided to show his handsome face and humongous bod at the diner. Kyle was glad they had him wear an apron while on the clock because it covered the wet splotch that formed on the front of his slacks after prolonged exposure to the massive stud.

Kyle sighed and shook the notion from his head. He'd have plenty of time to get a good look at the massive stud some other time, and he had his own humongous dude back home. Kyle's lust for Alan did not diminish his attraction to John one bit; he just wished John would show a bit more vim and vigor. John was an absolute beast on the football field. He was an unstoppable wrecking ball of muscles and cock

that brushed the biggest, baddest bros in college football aside like they were ragdolls. Kyle hoped that some of that energy carried over to the bedroom too.

The first time Kyle had seen John, he had been standing on the sideline with his friends. He had been cheering at the top of his lungs like one of the bros, but his dick was rock hard and dribbling pre the whole time. He had always had a thing for big and brawny guys, but never in his wettest, wildest dreams had he imagined that someone could be that huge and that hot. When John had taken his helmet off at halftime and Kyle had gotten a chance to see his neatly trimmed, blond hair; handsome, chiseled jaw; baby blue eyes; and sweet smile, Kyle had just about melted into a puddle right then and there. He was crushing hard, and his attraction to the hulking blond had not diminished in the slightest over the next several months.

Kyle's introspective comparison of the two massive hotties was interrupted by a series of rhythmic, lumbering thuds that reverberated through the dorm courtyard. Kyle didn't even need to look up to know who was approaching. There was only one student on campus with enough mass to shake the concrete as he walked, but Kyle looked up anyway. He wasn't about to pass up a chance to get a good look at Alan.

Kyle was not at all disappointed. If anything Alan seemed even larger than he remembered. The massive student filled up the entire sidewalk with his

brawn and balls. Either of Alan's cloth-covered nuts looked large enough that Kyle could relax atop one of them and have plenty of room to spread out. Kyle could feel his dick getting harder just thinking about what it would be like to be able to press up against those massive balls. Kyle was so horny that he was ready to go right up to Alan and ask the massive stud would allow him to ride in those tight little skivvies. Kyle could only imagine how great it must feel to be nestled in between those glorious balls and tucked in nice and cozy against the fabric like a joey riding in its mother's pouch.

Alan's cock was even more massive than his enormous balls. The sheer scale of his gigantic dong took Kyle's breath away and caused his blood to rush to his nether regions. Alan's semi-boned cock dwarfed Kyle's entire body. The enormous tool was wider across than even Kyle's shoulders. The colossal schlong was far longer than Kyle was tall. Even just the massive slit that Kyle was staring down was as long as his abdomen. Its semi-boned state was the only thing keeping the tip of the humongous cock from dragging across the ground.

Even with the foreskin covering much of the head, Kyle could still make out the shape and size of the massive, spongy tip. The gargantuan cockhead was roughly the size of a large exercise ball. If Kyle were to be pinned down by that enormous glans, the huge, squishy head would have easily eclipsed his entire torso and then some. Kyle couldn't help but fantasize about what it would be like to be pinned down by that

glorious tool. He could almost feel the weight of the enormous cockhead bearing down on him. He could almost smell and feel the warm, slippery pre as it oozed out onto him and soaked into his clothing.

By this point Kyle was rock hard and dribbling some pre of his own, but he couldn't be bothered to even try to hide the tent in his pants or the growing splotch on the front of his slacks. He was too busy taking a slow, lurid detail of all the magnificent, massive body parts that comprised the hulking student. Kyle couldn't even see Alan's abs and legs behind the giant mass of cock and balls, but he knew from firsthand experience that Alan's quads were as thick as an oak tree and each individual muscle on his shredded abs was as large as a basketball.

Alan's massive pecs jutted out in front of him that even without his massive cock he would not have been able to see his feet. The incredibly dense, thick slabs of brawn were each as wide as Kyle's entire torso. Each individual pectoral muscle had more muscle mass than Kyle's entire body. Kyle felt so small and scrawny next to the burly stud, and it was driving him wild. Even just Alan's enormous bicep was bigger around than slender student's waist. Kyle was so overwhelmed that he was sure he was going to cream his jeans at any second.

The black box rubbed and shifted uncomfortably under Kyle's arm. He felt an urge to drop everything and rush the box over to the massive, godly dude. Kyle didn't even care about his own plans

anymore. He just wanted to see Alan get even larger, but as Kyle got closer and closer to the gargantuan guy he noticed something which made him reconsider.

Alan was looking pensive at best, but his expression might be better described as agitated or grumpy. Kyle balked. As much as he wanted to throw himself at the huge dude's feet and pay him all due respects, he definitely did not want to get on Alan's bad side. Alan had more muscle in his pinky than Kyle had in his entire arm. Kyle didn't think Alan was the violent type, but he did not want to test his luck.

Kyle quickly ducked away under the cover of a nearby bush and waited for the hulking stud to pass him by. The ground rumbled menacingly with each heavy footfall of the mountainous student, but the tense situation did nothing to diminish his arousal. If anything the closer Kyle got to the enormous stud, the hornier he got.

Kyle could feel the box burning the underside of his arm and the side of his chest as if it was demanding his full attention. Kyle wasn't even thinking rationally at this point. His mind was full of visions of big muscles, bigger balls, and even bigger cocks. He unzipped his jeans which allowed his rock hard cock to fly free. His boner was already slimy and glistening with pre. It was so slick that it was practically daring him to start beating off right then and there right in front of the dorms.

Kyle tossed the box aside and was about to give his dick his full attention, but something stopped

him. His eyes fell upon the hole on the side of the box. It was perfect for him; the size, the length, the texture. It was calling his name. He trembled with anticipation as the effects of the relic once more worked their way to the front of his mind.

Kyle never thought his dick was particularly small. It was a solid six inches and plenty thick for its length, but he had in his possession a way to make it even bigger. It was every dude's dream. Kyle's hands moved as if of their own volition. He reached down and picked up the box and aimed it at his shuddering cock. He felt the hole grip his dick. It felt so amazing that he was sure he was going to blow his load, but he held on. He just needed to last a moment longer.

Kyle let out a sigh of relief when he heard the telltale click of the lock turning. The wonderful pressure on his dick suddenly abated leaving him feeling listless and unfulfilled, but that wasn't going to last for long. Any second now he was going to have one of the biggest, best orgasms of his life; he could feel it.

Kyle hastily pulled the statue from the box. The second his fingertips made contact with it he felt a rush of energy through his body. His fingertips tingled. His muscles felt warm. His cock felt more sensitive than it ever had in his life. Kyle didn't even need to lay a finger on his cock. The rush from the relic was enough to bring him over the edge. He brought his hand to his mouth to stifle his cries, but a loud whimper escaped anyway. Cum shot from his thick

cock. Rope after rope arced through the air. Each shot seemed heavier and thicker than the last. He lost count after the fifth or six shot, and still he kept cumming. The spunk coated his shirt clear through causing the front of his shirt to cling to his chest and stomach.

By the time he was done shooting Kyle was winded and sweaty, but he felt amazing. He had never experienced such a rush before. It was more than just the afterglow he was feeling. His whole body felt great. It was as if he was stronger and healthier than ever before.

His groggy gaze drifted down towards his softening cock. Already he could tell it had grown. It looked as long and as thick soft as it had when he was rock hard. His softy was a solid six inches and as thick as a Coke can. Kyle couldn't help but smirk at the changes. Just seeing how huge his cock now was got him hot under the collar all over again. His dick quickly reinflated in front of his very eyes. In a matter of seconds he was rock hard once more. He was so horny and hot and bothered that it was hard to believe he had just creamed all over the front lawn of the dorms. He balls felt so blue that it seemed like weeks since he had drained them.

Kyle wanted to pound one out again, but he needed some basis for comparison. He wished he had a ruler, but he knew how to make do with what he had. He fumbled in his pocket for his phone and lined it up with his rigid boner. The top of the device didn't

even reach the bottom of the head of his cock. He had well over an inch of dong past the edge of the phone. He knew his phone to be around six inches which meant he was closing in on eight inches of cock.

Kyle was positively giddy. At this rate he would have a footlong in no time at all. He had no idea how huge he wanted to get it, but he knew it needed to be bigger. He had the world's second largest, muscle booty back at home, and he needed a cock big enough to give it the fucking it deserved.

Kyle moaned softly as he fantasized about John's huge, muscled, bubble butt spread out before him; the tight pucker between those shuddering eagerly in anticipation of his intrusion. Kyle feverishly stroked his shuddering cock while envisioning the massive hottie he had waiting back home crying out blissfully with each thrust of his huge, thick cock. Kyle had heard John's euphoric cries before back at the diner, and he could hear them echoing in his mind as he brought himself once more over the edge.

Kyle wasn't even trying to be discrete anymore. He cried out in ecstasy as huge, gooey spurts of jizz arced through the air. The spooge rained down upon him and everything around him coating his face, his clothes, the grass and bushes around him, and even splattering on the sidewalk directly behind the enormous, muscle-bound student who had just passed by.

Alan heard the familiar cries of orgasmic release and even saw the jizz flying over the edge of

the bushes beside him and grinned at his handiwork. Even if he wasn't still growing, he still had the ability to bring guys over the edge with just his mere presence. His raw, erotic powers and dead sexy physique were nothing to sneeze at. Alan had half a mind to duck behind the bushes himself and say hello to his audience, but he thought better of it. The dude would probably be mortified if he knew that he had been caught jacking it in public, and Alan had other plans for the evening. Alan wiped a bit of errant jizz off his shoulder and sauntered proudly back towards his dorm.

Kyle was left huffing and gasping for breath. That last climax was even more fantastic than the one before. His whole body quivered with residual ecstasy, and his mind felt fluffy. It was like his brain had been spun into cotton candy. All he could do was giggle groggily as he licked the jizz off his fingertips. His cock was looking simply massive now, and there was no limit to how much larger he could get it. He was already fantasizing about what John would say when he got back. Would the huge, hot blond even know that Kyle had changed? It was impossible to say, but what Kyle did know was that he was going to make John's jaw drop one way or the other.

Kyle grinned as he saw his big dick once more swelling up and standing at attention. He had no intention of stopping just yet. He had a long night ahead of him. He laid there on the front lawn of the dorms and noisily brought himself to completion over and over again over the course of the next half hour.

Each climax added ever more inches to his dick and ever more mass to his balls. By the time he stopped he couldn't even wrap his fingers around his huge cock. He could grip it with both hands and just barely get the fingers to touch on the opposite side. The huge tool was thicker than his wrist by a good margin and easily as large as his forearm, and that was soft!

Kyle groggily got up to his feet. He was coated in jizz, but he was too giddy to care. He pulled off his shirt and used it to wipe the mess off his face and chest. As he did so he became aware of another change he had completely forgotten about. He was a naturally skinny person, and his lack of body fat made it immediately obvious that he had packed on pounds in other ways. His formerly flat tummy was now rippling with lean, shredded abs. His bumps of his ribs no longer showed through. Instead they had been replaced by slim yet defined pectoral muscles and lats. Kyle gave his arm an experimental flex and could see a modest bicep bulge outward as he did so. Kyle's defined muscles weren't huge by any stretch of the imagination, but he couldn't deny that his lean, toned physique looked hot as hell.

Kyle glanced down at his legs and saw that his skin-tight jeans had adjusted somewhat to match his new bulk. The jeans hugged his lithe legs perfectly and even hugged his round, supple, bubble butt. His ass had grown quite a bit thanks to the added gluteal muscles he had accrued, and now his pants weren't even able to hold in his pillowy cheeks in. His round,

fully booty peeked out over the top of his low-riding jeans.

Kyle loved the way he looked. He couldn't help but smile as he scoped out his lean muscles and huge cock. He just knew that John would love the changes, and Kyle had no intention of making the burly, blond stud wait any longer than he needed to.

Kyle quickly tucked his thick schlong down his pant leg and buttoned up his fly. The outline of his big dick showed clearly in his form-fitting pants. The tip of his soft cock reached almost down to his knee.

Kyle slung his shirt haphazardly over his shoulder and scooped up the relic and container. He was normally not one to go out dressed anything less than fabulous, but he'd make an exception tonight. Kyle couldn't help but think that it was a shame that it was so dark and that there were so few students still out and about to appreciate his lewd choice of attire, but there would be plenty of other times for people to appreciate his new and improved body.

Kyle smirked and strode off back towards his apartment. All the while he silently chanted "Keep cumming. Keep growing. Return to dick to stop." He kept the mantra going the whole way home in hopes of keeping his memories and his knowledge of the magic that was coursing through him intact as reality adjusted to match his new body. It was hardly a fool proof plan, but it was the only plan he had at the moment. Only time would tell if it would work.

Above Average

Part 20

Kyle made pretty good time on his way back to his apartment. He could have made even better time if he had really wanted to, but as much as he wanted to get back to the his apartment and the hulking stud waiting therein, Kyle also loved the looks he was getting. His shredded torso was openly on display for any of the other students that were wandering the campus this time of night, and his jeans didn't leave much to the imagination. The added muscle mass he had packed on had made his naturally bubbly butt so huge that his shapely mounds poked out over the edge of waistband of his pants. He filled his pants so well in fact that he had to leave the front open just to be able to pull them up and over even that much of his impeccable ass. Thanks to that anyone could see the exact point where the V-shaped ridge of his Adonis Belt came together at the patch of his neatly trimmed

pubes. The base of his cock was just barely hidden from view – much to the chagrin of the passer-bys that tried to sneak a peek. They needn't have tried so hard though; His huge dick bulged out noticeably down the inside of his right pant leg. It was obvious that he was packing. The bulge stretched over halfway down to his knee, and he didn't even appear to be hard yet.

Kyle happily bounded up the stairs and into his apartment. He didn't even bother knocking. After all, why should he knock to enter his own apartment? The thought hadn't even occurred to him, but the second he set foot into his own front room he immediately felt like he had walked in on something he shouldn't have.

John was reclining on the couch against the far wall. He had his arms spread wide and resting across the entire back of the seats. The sheer magnitude of his bulging lats left Kyle speechless. The jock's insanely muscular torso filled just about every last inch of the couch that was designed to seat three people. If Kyle had wanted to join him on the couch he'd have to climb right on the blond stud's lap. Not that Kyle was going to complain. He wanted to do just that anyway.

John's massive, beanbag chair sized nuts rested solidly on the plush, carpeted floor. Kyle could feel himself drawn to them. He wanted to rub up against them. He wanted to feel those full balls and that hot sack mashed against every inch of his bare skin.

The real thing that caught Kyle's attention was the massive, towering cock in the middle of the room. John's dick was taller than Kyle was. The towering tool probably came close to rivaling even the massive, seven feet tall linebacker in terms of height, and that's saying nothing of its sheer girth. Even after Kyle's recent muscular gains, John's gigantic cock completely dwarfed his body. Kyle doubted he could even wrap his arms around the beast, but he was sure willing to try.

The TV was still showing puppet-driven, sketch comedy gold, but John was no longer trying to watch it. In his current reclined position he wouldn't have even been able to see the TV over his enormous, muscular pectoral shelf, but that didn't really matter. Even had he been sitting upright his towering cock would have blocked his view completely.

"Wow... I think you grew some more..." Kyle said. His awe-filled voice was barely above a whisper, but John still managed to hear him.

"Ya... I tried to keep it down, but there weren't much to do. No offense! I mean. I liked the show, but I could only see the screen whenever my thing went down..." John explained.

Kyle could tell by the state of his apartment that John hadn't actually cum. Nothing in his front room would have been spared the devastation had John's colossal cock and monstrous balls unloaded their payload, but the constant drip of pre from John's enormous dick had saturated the carpet quite a bit.

There was no doubt in Kyle's mind that John had spent most of the evening fighting his own supercharged hormones. John's dick had probably gone from a massive, drooping semi to a towering fully-boned hard-on and then back to a semi several times during the evening. It was a remarkable that John had held back this long, but even with his superhuman restraint, his size had crept steadily upwards during the evening. Kyle was so overwhelmed by his date's sheer size that he could barely focus on anything else. His own supercharged hormones weren't helping matters much either.

John was expecting a response, and when one wasn't forthcoming he glanced over towards the entryway to see what Kyle was up to. John was shocked to see the almost blank stare in Kyle's eyes as the lean, shredded guy stared at the linebacker's towering cock. John was immediately struck by how hot the bespectacled dude was. John had thought Kyle was cute before, but now it was like he was staring at a different person.

It took John a moment to get his memories in order. His head hurt from trying to sift through the different iterations of the same memories. Finally it hit him. He really had seen a slimmer, slender version of Kyle earlier today. Somehow John's brown-haired beau had managed to pack on several pounds of muscles in under two hours, and it didn't take John long to figure out how.

Kyle was grinning from ear to ear as he slid his jeans down about his ankles and kicked them off to the side. Kyle's lean, lithe quads had just as much definition to them as the rest of his shredded body, but that wasn't what really caught John's attention. Nestled between the shredded dude's thighs was a huge, fat chubby that almost reached to his knees. John was immediately struck by a sense of longing. He hadn't been properly fucked in what felt like ages. He couldn't even remember the last time he had seen a dick that large. Somewhere in the back of his mind he knew he had ridden one like that before, but when he searched his memories he pulled up a blank.

"I got the box." Kyle explained. His words came out so flirty that John found himself blushing bright red.

"I reckoned ya did..." John said meekly.

"It's fantastic. Just a few jack off sessions and I look like I should be on the Olympic swim team!" Kyle said excitedly. His broad, happy grin shifted to a lopsided, saucy smirk. He then wiggled his hips causing his huge, chubbed up cock to flop around enticingly before John's eyes. John tried to help himself, but a soft moan escaped his lips.

"You know... I've been thinking..." Kyle said in a sultry, seductive tone. He slowly strode forward. He shifted his hips with each step letting his big dick swing like a pendulum.

"Thinkin'...?" John asked meekly.

“Yeah. I’ve been thinking that we won’t know for sure if you’re growth has stopped until we do some experiments. I mean, we could wait and watch, but how would we know? If it creeps up undetected we wouldn’t even be able to trust our own memories, right?” Kyle said. His lusty gaze never once stopped its catalogue of John’s fantastic muscles and massive equipment during his explanation. His voice dripped with playful sass and sly seduction.

John knew where this was going, but he wasn’t going to be the one to make the suggestion. “Uh... so what do you suggest?” He asked awkwardly.

“Obviously we need to get you off. A good, hard shot of spooge to get that cock down in size should let us know if you’re still affected.” Kyle explained seductively.

John’s face turned another shade redder. He had figured that was where Kyle was going with this line of reasoning. He couldn’t deny that it made some scientific sense, and it didn’t hurt that John was feeling so pent up that he was ready to dump his load right then and there anyway. Still... his current proportions made things difficult.

“Are you gonna... help me with that?” John asked. As soon as the words left his lips he realized how flirty they sounded, but it was too late now.

“I figured I might, and I am just dying to try out the new equipment.” Kyle replied with a smirk. His

lopsided grin spread wider as he added, "Is it to your liking? I've heard you like em big."

"Huh? Who told ya that?" John murmured.

"Your face did. Just now." Kyle replied with a saucy smirk. He shook his hips causing his huge, fat, drooping semi to swing enticingly back and forth. Kyle watched excitedly as John's eyes followed that path of his swinging dick. The gigantic, beefy football star's eyes went back and forth and back again over and over like the eyes on a novelty cat clock.

"It's pretty big alright." Kyle said. The smug satisfaction was dripping from his voice. He couldn't keep his hands off his fantastic cock. It was well over a foot long and not even fully hard yet. It rivaled his own forearm for length and girth. His dick hardened the rest of the way as he wrapped his hands around it. The massive tool was so thick that he couldn't even get his fingers to touch. That was fine with him though. He could still hold it which was all that mattered.

Kyle turned his attention back to John and flashed another smug smirk. "Think you can handle all of this?" He asked. To his surprise John slowly nodded in reply.

"It's even bigger than..." John muttered under his breath.

"Bigger than what?" Kyle egged him on.

“I’ve uh... I’ve got this... a thing... It’s the biggest they make, and that’s even bigger.” John sputtered.

“A thing...?” Kyle prodded salaciously. John averted his gaze and his face turned even redder. Kyle cocked an eyebrow, but his saucy grin didn’t falter for a second. He had his suspicions, but this was better than he had expected.

“Are you telling me you’ve got a friggin mega dildo back at your place?” Kyle asked playfully. John didn’t reply, at least not vocally. He silently nodded his head in agreement.

Kyle couldn’t stifle his own giggles. He knew he was huge, but he didn’t realize he had surpassed even the biggest of the big-ass dildos that those sex toy companies turn out. There were some out there that he didn’t see how anyone managed to handle them, but John was far larger than your normal guy. If anyone could take a foot and a half of cock it’d be him.

Kyle’s dick gave a lurch of approval as he thought about what the massive, blond stud would look like while reaming himself on a Double XL plus sized plastic dong. Kyle couldn’t wait to hear the moans and cries that would slip out of John’s mouth as he got sent over the edge. John was such a quiet and reserved guy, but the quiet ones were usually the loudest in bed. Kyle had his suspicions that once John’s inhibitions crumbled he’d be shouting for more.

Kyle silently turned and sauntered off to his bedroom. He made sure to swish his hips as he strode to really let his full, bubbly booty do some talking for him. He could hear John calling out to him behind him, but Kyle chose not to acknowledge his massive buddy until he made it all the way over to the doorway leading to his bedroom.

“I’ll be back in just a minute.” Kyle called back to John. He then glanced over his shoulder and shot John a sly wink. “You’re gonna need a buttload of lube if you’re gonna take this thing.” He added salaciously.

Kyle could see John’s massive cock give a lurch of approval. John’s titanic dick was already fully boned and dribbling pre. There was no doubt about it; the massive, muscle stud was horny as hell. The lusty gaze in his eyes was practically begging for Kyle to come over there and fuck his brains out.

Once he was through the doorway and out of sight of the hulking hottie, Kyle’s suave composure crumbled. He was too excited to suppress his giddy giggles. He was going to actually get it on with that fantastic babe in the next room. They had fooled around before, but that’s nothing compared to the real thing. They were going to go all the way! He couldn’t wait to feel John’s huge, muscley ass wrapped tightly around his big dick. He couldn’t wait to hear what sounds John would make as he reached his limit.

Kyle knelt down beside his bed and began fishing out the trusty shoe box he kept his tools of the trade hidden in. He chuckled softly as he felt the tip of

his huge cock brush against the carpet while he fumbled around. He couldn't get over how huge his cock was now. Sure, it was nothing compared to John's and even John's wasn't in the same ballpark as Alan's, but Kyle's massive schlong would make a porn star weep.

Kyle knew his new size would take some getting used to... or maybe not. Already he could feel his memories blurring. He had near identical memories swirling in his mind and running in tandem with one another. There was that one time during his freshman year of high school where one of the jocks had decided to pants him during gym class. He remembered being embarrassed at the time because he had just started to hit his adolescent growth spurt, but at the same time he remembered how good it felt to watch that jock's jaw hit the floor when he saw the huge piece that Kyle had tucked away beneath his shorts. There was no embarrassment in that iteration. All Kyle had felt was total, 100% cocksure pride.

Kyle's hand bumped into the box he was looking for, and he hastily pulled it out. Inside were his various toys and lubes, but he ignored everything that wasn't his favorite bottle. This was the high quality stuff that could be used to oil engine parts, not that slimy goop they sold at convenience stores. This stuff was sure to make his first time with the massive blond dude in the other room an amazing experience for both of them.

Kyle quickly skipped over towards his doorway, but he balked right before he could enter the front room. He almost forgot that he was supposed to be acting smug and self-assured. He took a moment to stifle his giggling and steady his breathing and then strode suavely into the front room. His dick was still hard as a rock and bobbed and swayed enticingly with each step he took.

“Are you ready?” Kyle asked seductively as he posed beside his humongous beau.

John looked so excited that he could burst, but he resisted his own urges and asked, “Won’t we make a mess?”

“I’ve got a plan for that, but that can wait” Kyle replied cryptically. He sidled up beside John and began to crawl up into the hulking stud’s lap.

Kyle was a fairly limber guy, but John was so huge that Kyle could barely stretch his legs wide enough to straddle the beefy dude’s waist. It was like trying to ride a Clydesdale, but Kyle was not about to complain.

Once Kyle was in position he was overwhelmed by the sheer size of his date. It was one thing to behold those enormous muscles and fantastic cock from afar, but it was quite another thing to be sandwiched between them. John’s massive musculature was like a solid wall in front of him, and the linebacker’s colossal cock stood tall directly behind him. Kyle could actually feel the warm flesh of the

titanic dick pressing against his back. He could feel the warm pre cascading down the side of the phenomenal cock. The warm liquid dripped into Kyle's hair and caused it to cling to his scalp. Kyle wanted to lean back against the fantastic dick and just let the juices cascade down over him, but he knew he needed to show at least some restraint. If he creamed too soon he could run the risk of growing too much too soon. Kyle loved watching the growths in others and wouldn't mind seeing John get as big as Alan or even larger, but Kyle himself didn't want to get quite that big. After all, he needed his dick to still be able to fit inside John's perfect ass.

"You're so hot..." Kyle moaned breathily.

John was too shocked to reply. He still was having trouble seeing himself as anything other than a freak, but the way Kyle gushed and praised him drove him wild. The way Kyle looked at him made him feel like the sexiest guy in the world. It was intoxicating. John wanted to hear more and more.

John's pecs jutted out so far that Kyle had to actually lean over the massive overhang of his pectoral mass just to plant a kiss on John's lips. The tip of Kyle's dick sunk into the cleft between the massive stud's humongous meaty pecs. Kyle could feel the warmth coming off of John's muscles. He could feel the two brawny slabs pressing down on his cock on either side. Part of Kyle wanted to just let loose right then and there and grind his oversensitive cock into the valley between those two fantastic pecs, but he didn't dare

allow himself to bust his nut just yet. For the time being at least, Kyle was satisfied with just locking lips with the fantastically huge stud.

Kyle could hear the soft moans escape John's mouth each and every time they broke the embrace to catch a quick breath. He couldn't imagine a hotter sound. He wanted to hear more and more. Kyle got more and more into it by the second. Before long he was panting heavily between passionate kisses. His tongue slid its way into John's mouth. The massive, blond beefcake was too stunned to return the favor at first, but as he slowly relaxed his tongue began to furtively slip into Kyle's own mouth.

Kyle could feel John's entire body shudder with anticipation, but there was something else at work there too. Kyle could tell from the stud's heavy breathing and orgasmic sighs that the huge beefcake was getting close to cumming. Kyle's suspicions were confirmed by the increase rain of pre cascading down John's cock. Kyle's hair and back were getting laminated in the fluids. There was so much of it washing across his hair that large rivulets trickled down the sides of his face. Some of John's pre even worked its way into his mouth where it mixed and mingled with his and John's saliva. The addition of the mildly bitter fluid made their passionate kissing even hotter. Kyle felt like he could go on for hours, but John quickly broke the embrace.

The huge, blond stud threw his head back and grunted as he struggled to hold back his own arousal.

His gigantic cock shuddered and lurched. He could feel it. He was going to blow at any second. Part of him wanted it. It always felt so amazing whenever he blew his wad. He could only imagine what a good, hard spew at his current size would feel like, but doing so now would no doubt trash his new friend's apartment. Kyle recognized the look on John's face immediately. It was so hot that Kyle was half tempted to let the big beefcake drench his whole apartment in cum, but he had a better, less messy solution.

"Just hold on for a second longer." Kyle cooed softly. The soothing nature of his voice was doing wonders for John's arousal. It didn't stop him from needing to cum, but it took enough of the edge off that John could begin to focus.

Kyle climbed off his massive pal's lap and gestured for John to follow. John nodded and shakily got to his feet. John gasped as the sheer extent of his recent changes became apparent. His nuts now grazed the floor as he stood. The tip of his dick brushed the ceiling of Kyle's apartment. He filled every inch of space between the carpet and the ceiling with cock and balls. John was so shocked that he almost forgot to hold back his need to cream. His dick gave another hard lurch which snapped John out of his trance.

"This way." Kyle said as he pulled the sliding door which lead to the balcony open. John didn't waste any time. As soon as the door was open he staggered forward and shoved his dick through the open doorway. He inhaled sharply as he felt the sides

of the door dig into the sensitive flesh of his cock. His dick was now so wide that it didn't even fit easily through a doorway, and this sliding door opened wider than most normal doors.

Kyle's balcony wasn't much to look at. It was just a small rectangular overhang with a guard rail around it. It wasn't even large enough to put a table on, but that worked just fine for John. By the time his dick was only halfway through the door, the head of his massive cock was able to rest on the railing. Once he began gushing, all his spunk would fire off the balcony and into the lot below. Kyle's apartment would be saved, but the same couldn't be said for whatever lied below.

"That's great." Kyle whispered sensually into John's ear. Kyle's soft voice sent shivers of anticipation down John's spine. He could feel Kyle's gentle caress work its way over his shoulder and down his back until Kyle's hand came to a rest on one of John's massive, beefy butt cheeks. Kyle gave John's beefy booty a playful squeeze and whispered seductively into the hulking stud's ear. "Are you ready?" Kyle asked.

John's response came out as a breathy, pleading whine. "Oh, god yes." John moaned. He was so desperate for a good reaming that he had completely forgotten about the ostensibly scientific nature of their activities. He couldn't remember the last time he had been truly fucked. It was strange. He knew he wasn't a virgin, but there was this strange gap in his memory. He could remember bits and pieces of

his first time such as the height and build of the guy he was with, but the guy's face was a mystery. The most vivid part of John's memory was the cock that the mystery guy had swinging between his legs. The massive tool was easily as big as Kyle's own. It had felt so fantastic being split wide by such a fantastic cock. John couldn't wait to feel it again.

John was so eager for a good fucking that he didn't even realize that he was getting in position. Before he knew it he was bent over his own enormous nuts; his huge, bubbly muscle butt was raised for Kyle's using pleasure. John shuddered. He could feel Kyle's hand steadily drifting inwards towards his crack. Kyle playfully rubbed John's shuddering hole with his fingertips. John shuddered from the sheer intensity of his arousal. He wanted it so bad, but Kyle didn't seem to be in any rush to give it to him. All John could do was whine pitifully. He couldn't even focus enough to form the words he needed to beg for it.

Kyle whistled appreciatively as he scoped out John's ass. He could feel the hulking jock's tight hole quivering excitedly against his fingers. "This is gonna be a tight fit." Kyle said playfully as he continued to tease the towering jock.

John felt like he could go insane. He was so pent up. He needed to get off soon, but he wanted a dick inside of him before he did so. It took every ounce of willpower he could muster just to utter a strained "please..."

Kyle cocked an eyebrow and took a second to check out the massive, muscled stud. Every muscle in the linebacker's enormous, hunky body shuddered with anticipation. Kyle soaked up the sight of each and every muscle the adorned the blond's fantastic build. Even the smallest muscles on John's body would put any pro lifter to shame. Even just one of John's biceps dwarfed even Kyle's incredibly dense pecs.

Kyle could stand there and soak up his buddy's muscles for hours, but the pleading moans coming from the massive blond were hard to ignore. Kyle knew he had kept his buddy hanging for long enough, and it's not like his decision to move on to the next stage was purely altruistic. The more he scoped out his pal's fantastic body the hornier Kyle got. He couldn't wait to feel that massive jock wrapped around his big dick. He couldn't wait to hear John's sexually frustrated sighs turn into orgasmic roars of carnal release.

Kyle didn't even bother to say anything. He merely poured the contents of the bottle onto his huge dick. He watched as the slimy liquid oozed slowly down his dick and laminated every long inch of it. The icy cool liquid felt fantastic, but it was nothing compared to what he was about to feel. Kyle lined up his dick with the jock's shuddering hole. John's ass was massive, but the tight little entryway had not grown along with the rest of him. Kyle was starting to have doubts that this would even work, but he was determined to try.

“Let me know if it’s too much.” Kyle softly murmured as he rubbed the tip of his fat cock against John’s trembling ass.

“Just do it...” John moaned in reply.

Kyle couldn’t say no to a request like that. He took a deep breath and slowly began to slide his huge dick into the muscle-bound stud’s hungry hole. It was an even tighter fit than Kyle had expected. John’s ass seemed to be fighting him as the tip of his cock slowly slid in.

John inhaled sharply as he felt his ass beginning to stretch. He had underestimated just how huge Kyle’s cock was. Even the last guy he was with hadn’t been this big. John was worried that he had made a terrible mistake, but the second he felt the last bit of the fat head of Kyle’s huge cock slide in, John knew he was in the clear. He let out a guttural sound that was half a sigh of release and half a moan of anticipation. He knew the best was yet to come, and he couldn’t wait to feel Kyle really start tearing into him.

Kyle slid his cock steadily deeper into John’s ass. He liked to think that he had pretty good control, but the stud’s fantastic booty gripped his dick so tight that Kyle felt like he could cream at any second. After what felt like ages Kyle finally felt his balls slap against the beefy mounds of John’s fantastically massive ass. Kyle could hardly believe he had made it all the way in, but that was merely the beginning. The real fun was about to begin.

Kyle took a second to let the shudders of arousal and anticipation finish coursing through his body. He took a deep breath and focused on what he had to do next. He was so excited that he could barely focus on actually doing the do. He had dreamed about this from the very first time he had laid eyes on the colossal, muscle-bound stud. Kyle still couldn't believe he was actually doing it. Even now that he had his massive cock buried to the hilt in his crush's ass, Kyle still had trouble believing that he was actually fucking the hot star athlete.

Kyle shook his head to dispel his own doubts. He gritted his teeth and steeled his resolved. He pulled his cock slowly back. It was so surreal to watch his own cock as it slid out of the jock's ass. It seemed even larger than he remembered. As inch after inch slid out, Kyle kept expecting to see the end of it, but he could still feel John's ass gripping the rest.

Kyle stopped when he felt John's ass around the spongy head of his own cock. Kyle took a second to marvel at his own dick. There was over a foot of it stretched out in front of him and still more was buried in the stud's beefy butt. Even though there was a cock that dwarfed his entire body not even three feet away, Kyle still couldn't believe how huge his own cock was.

John's pleading whines broke Kyle out of his reverie once more. Kyle knew he'd have plenty of time to check out his new and improved cock after he was done. For the time being he had bigger fish to fry.

Kyle slammed his cock back in at full force. He heard John yelp in shock, but the beefy stud's voice quickly changed to a contented sigh. Kyle's dick had hit something deep inside of him, something fantastic. John could feel the cum oozing out of the tip of his dick. He felt so fantastic and so pent up that he couldn't even hold his jizz in. It took every ounce of his willpower just to keep his cock from erupting like a volcano of sticky, sexual fluids. Thick, heavy glops dripped off his cock and onto the asphalt below.

Kyle quickly settled into a nice rhythm. He slowly slid back out and then slammed his cock back in. With each thrust, John's massive, muscular body shuddered from the impact and his own sexual pleasure. The momentum of Kyle's thrusts carried over into John's enormous, pent up nuts causing the cum stashed within to roil and slosh audibly.

John was getting a little dizzy from being rocked back and forth by Kyle's intense fucking and being buffeted side to side by his own nuts, but he wasn't about to complain. He felt like he was in heaven. He could barely even focus on anything other than how fantastic he felt. Kyle's amazing dick stretched him out wider than ever before. The thick, meaty pistol didn't just rub John's sweet spot with each pass, Kyle's massive cock straight up mashed John's g-spot into orgasmic oblivion with each powerful thrust. John could do nothing but cry out in ecstasy. He had tried to keep it quiet at first since people were sleeping nearby, but with each pounding he lost more and more the ability to care about

anything other than how great he felt. His moans grew louder. His whines grew more fervent and pleading. He didn't want Kyle to stop. If anything he wanted Kyle to ream him harder and harder. John begged for it with every fiber of his being, and his desire for a good hard fucking carried over into his pleading wails.

Kyle's breathing grew more and more ragged by the second. He knew he was reaching his limit, but he didn't want this to end. John's ass felt so great around his huge cock, and John's moans were the hottest thing he had ever heard. Kyle wanted to make John cry out more and more. He wanted to hear John's orgasmic whines grow louder and higher. He wanted to hear John cry out in raw, unbridled, orgasmic ecstasy.

Kyle's whole body shuddered. His pace faltered. He had to grit his teeth and stifle his own moan as he held back his need to cream. He couldn't blow. Not yet. He needed to make John cum first.

John felt the slight break in Kyle's rhythm, but he couldn't quite piece together what was happening. During the brief lull he had let his resolve falter for only just a second, but it was enough. John was not prepared for when Kyle's fantastic cock began slamming into him once more. The next thrust sent a shockwave of pleasure straight up John's spine that reverberated through his colossal cock. John's thick, meaty behemoth shuddered and bucked. The massive head flared up and trembled. John knew he couldn't hold back any more. The dam was ready to break. He

threw his head back and cried out with such carnal passion that his shouts echoed through the still night air. His dick lurched hard and massive, heavy spurts of jizz began to launch from the tip. John came again and again. Each time just as hard as the last. His heavy loads crashed down on the lot below with a deafening splat. His jizz crashed against the sides of nearby buildings and buffeted unoccupied cars. The sheer force of John's massive load was enough to trigger the alarms on several cars within the splash zone. Alarms set off left and right, but the obnoxious beeps and sirens were all drowned out by John's orgasmic wails and moans.

Kyle had never believed John could look and sound so hot. John's whole body shuddered and tensed up. Each individual muscle on his body flexed and bulged out causing the muscles to look even huger and even more phenomenal, and then there was his voice. John's cries rung in Kyle's ears. The erotic cries resonated with Kyle's already shuddering cock. There was no hope for him then. He knew he was finished.

Kyle inhaled sharply and dug his cock the rest of the way in. His nuts slapped audibly against John's own as he did so. Kyle's own moans came out soft, breathy, and nearly inaudible especially compared to the din of John's orgasmic wails. Kyle's whole body shuddered and tensed up. His dick lurched hard deep within Kyle's fantastic ass. Kyle was wracked by sheer, sexual bliss as spurt after warm spurt of spunk spewed out into John's ass. Kyle had no way of determining just how much cum he was pumping out, but he felt

like there was gallons of jizz flowing from his nuts and coursing through his cock. By the time his load finally began to taped off, thick ropes of cum were oozing out of John's stretched out hole.

Kyle collapsed into an exhausted heap atop his massive lover. John's back was so wide that Kyle could curl up like a cat and nap on it if he wanted to, but he didn't want to pull his cock out just yet. It felt so nice and warm where it was. He could still feel the insides of John's muscular physique tightly gripping his cock. It was like a passionate hug for his deflating chubby.

John soon finished shooting as well. His cries grew weaker and breathier as his wads slowly tapered off. There was no telling how much he had shot, but it felt like enough to fill an Olympic swimming pool. There was no doubt in his mind that he would be seeing the damage tomorrow, but for now he just wanted to rest with his new pal in his arms, but Kyle seemed to have other ideas. John could feel Kyle's huge cock sliding out of him, and he could feel the weight of his pal's body lifting off of him. John glanced back over his shoulder as best he could and shot Kyle a dazed, sex-addled, questioning glance.

Kyle flashed an exhausted, blissful smirk and staggered off towards his bag. He fumbled through the contents and fished out a familiar looking stone relic and a solid black box. He quickly placed the relic back in the box, latched the lid, and then staggered back over to where John was resting. Kyle flopped over on his pal's back and tried his best to give the hulking

linebacker a great, big bear hug. Kyle's reach was nowhere near long enough to wrap his arms around the beefcake's incredibly thick midriff, but his hug served its purpose.

"There... Now I won't grow any more either..."
Kyle murmured groggily.

John wanted to reply, but he was still too exhausted and was feeling too amazing to start questioning anything. The two of them just lay there like that for a bit and listened to each other's breathing. John only wished he could hold his little buddy in his arms.

Eventually John recovered enough that he felt comfortable standing up and moving about. He effortlessly scooped Kyle up into his arms and trudged back over to the couch. He was amazed out how light Kyle felt. The dude was absolutely shredded. He was covered from head to toe in dense, sculpted muscle and had almost two feet of thick, floppy cock dangling between his legs, but to John he felt light as a feather. Kyle didn't seem to mind being carried. In fact he nuzzled in close to John's meaty pecs and sighed contentedly.

John sat down on the couch and took a moment to check out his body. He was absolutely massive in every way, but that was nothing new. His muscles and his cock looked just as big as he remembered them. If anything his cock and balls seemed a little smaller by sheer virtue of no longer being filled to the brim with pent up sexual fluids.

"I think it's stopped..." John muttered.

"Hmm?" Kyle asked groggily.

"The growth. I think it's stopped." John replied.

"That's good, right?" Kyle asked.

"Yeah... I guess..." John replied. Something was eating at him, and it showed through in his voice.

"If you want to get bigger I can pop the lock again." Kyle replied.

"No!" John sputtered in reply. He was so forceful about it that Kyle actually jumped in shock.

"I mean... No... that's not it..." John muttered in reply. He took a moment to think things through and get his thoughts in order before he continued speaking. "Uh... It's just that... I don't feel any smaller. I don't feel any bigger either which is nice, but I was kinda hopin..." John said. His voice trailed off at the end, but Kyle understood what he meant.

"I don't think you can get smaller... I mean. I think it was a one way trip..." Kyle replied.

"I know... I guess I just kina... I guess I just hoped... you know..." John replied sullenly.

Kyle reached up and gave John a soft kiss on the cheek. "It's ok. I understand." He said.

"Thanks..." John said and flashed Kyle a wistful smirk.

Kyle wished there was something he could do, but the box seemed to only have the power to grow others. There was no way to shrink John back down. He knew how John felt about his size. He knew that John felt like a freak because of it, but what could he do?

Kyle's eyes went wide and his jaw went slack. The idea had entered his mind earlier but for different reasons, but now that he thought about it the answer was so clear. He didn't have to shrink John.

"Have you ever seen *The Incredibles*?" Kyle asked suddenly.

"Naw. Heard of it, though." John replied. He didn't seem particularly interested in making small talk at the moment, but he was trying to humor his friend.

"We should watch it sometime. I think you'll like it, but that's not the point. There's a line from that movie that I really like, and I think it might just be the answer to your problems." Kyle explained. John perked up and began listening intently. He didn't know how a super hero movie was supposed to solve all his problems, but at this point he'd take anything he could get.

Kyle glanced across the room at the black box. A devious smirk crept across his face. "When everyone's super... No one will be." Kyle said cryptically.

Above Average
Part 21

Alan reached the entrance to his dorm room and paused to consider his options. He had stayed out later than he had expected. He had planned on just grabbing dinner, parting ways with John, and then heading back home, but he got gotten a little carried away with showing off for his adoring public. It was now well past midnight, and he had classes bright and early. Alan grumbled just from even thinking about his morning classes. He wanted to just flop facedown onto his mattress and sleep the night away, but he had worked up a sweat during the evening and had been splattered with a fair bit of cum too. He was filthy and didn't want to sleep with this much crud on him.

He turned and lumbered off towards the showers. He really didn't need to grab a change of clothes before cleaning up or anything. It was so rare that he wore anything at all that it seemed a huge

waste of time to get something to wear for the trek back.

Alan's heavy footfalls reverberated through the hallway. He heard doors opening behind him and couldn't help but grin. He knew where this was going. Everyone on this hall knew the sounds of Alan's footsteps, and they all knew where he was headed and why. If he had just needed to use the restroom he would have used the stalls close to his room. The fact that he was here meant that he was headed towards the showers, and there were a lot of dudes in the dorm who were more than happy to help him lather up. In fact it seemed like just about every guy on this floor was absolutely enamored with the hulking college stud. No doubt they were assigned to this floor because of their obsession with huge muscles and massive cocks. These guys were put in close proximity of Alan with the tacet understanding that they would assist him with his more... physical needs, and Alan was glad for the assistance. Not only was he too huge to be able to reach all the nooks and crannies, but he loved having guys fawn over him.

Alan had never considered himself to be much of a narcissist, but there was just something about having guys fawn over him and worship his huge cock and muscles that drove him wild. It seemed like the more praise he got, the more he needed. He thrived on the adoration.

Alan stepped into the large, open shower room and kicked off his undies. It felt so great to let his

balls air out a bit. The cloth pouch helped when walking around, but his nuts got to be quite cramped in them. Alan heard a few gasps of shock when his ass came into view and couldn't help but grin. He knew his butt was fantastic. His cheeks were two massive mounds of sheer muscular brawn with just a bit off added bubble to them to make them the largest, roundest cakes the world had ever seen. Alan heard a soft moan as well and had to fight the urge to chuckle. No doubt one of the dudes in his impromptu entourage had just creamed himself at the sight of Alan's exposed ass.

Alan glanced over his shoulder and flashed the other guys a smug smirk and asked, "We gonna do this or are you just gonna gawk?"

The other guys wasted no time in peeling off their clothes. Alan soaked up their bodies as they stripped. They were nowhere near as muscular or as hung as he was, but each dude was hot in his own way. Alan didn't know their names. He had never thought to ask even though they had been doing this all semester. It wasn't that Alan was the stand-offish type. It was just hard to strike up a casual conversation with dudes when the only interaction he had with them was letting them worship his cock and muscles. He hardly ever saw these guys around campus, and even when he did, what would he say? "Hey. Remember me? I'm that guy whose dick you were licking just last night. How ya been?" Names were unnecessary at the moment anyway. All that really mattered was that

Alan needed to get cleaned, and these dudes were more than happy to help.

The first guy was a lanky dude about Alan's own height. His jet black hair was kept swept over one eye. He normally dressed in loose, dark clothes that matched his dark hair, but he was quickly discarding those and revealing the pale white skin beneath. His cock would have been considered large by most normal standards, but it paled in comparison to Alan's behemoth. Alan mentally referred to him as "Emo" since it matched the whole persona he had going.

The other guy was one of the dudes from the football team. Alan had seen him on the field alongside John, but this guy was hardly noticeable when standing next to the towering wall of cock and brawn. That said the football player was pretty hot in his own right. His dusty brown hair was kept short and tidy. His hair really brought out the warm, hazel color of his eyes, and he kept a nice bit of stubble on his face that accentuated his strong, handsome jaw. Something about him made Alan think of the cowboys in those cheesy Western movies he liked to watch growing up which is why he gave the guy the nickname of "Tex".

Tex was a bit taller than Alan, and since he was a regular on the football team he was pretty well built too. That said he was nowhere near as muscular as John and he looked absolutely puny next to Alan. The athlete looked a little puny next to Alan in other ways as well. Even amongst the unenhanced folk, Tex's dick would be a tad on the short side. Now that he was rid

of his clothes his four inches were standing fully at attention. He was so turned on that his dick was leaking pre. His dick looked ready to blow at any second, and he hadn't so much as laid a finger on it.

Alan glanced at the two guys' cocks. They were so vastly different by normal standards. Emo's dick was over twice the size of Tex's, but the difference seemed so trivial when both of them were compared to Alan's own gigantic mass of cock and balls. Alan's dick was over twice as long as he was tall. His nuts were the size of dumpsters. These two dudes and their "normal" sized cocks seemed so tiny compared to Alan's junk, and Alan wasn't even fully boned yet. That wouldn't last long though. Just thinking about the two hot guys and the fun they were about to have caused to blood to rush to Alan's cock. His massive semi steadily inflated and hardened by the second.

Emo and Tex silently made their lap around the showers and began turning each shower on to full blast. The warm water washed against Alan's flesh and cascaded down his body and across his cock and balls. The rivulets of warm water crisscrossed along his immense muscles and coursed through the deep trenches between his huge muscles like rushing rivers.

Alan could feel the warm water and steam soaking into his thick muscles. Already he could feel the sweat and cum from earlier begin to wash off of him, but the true fun was just about to begin. He could see the lust in Emo and Tex's eyes. They couldn't wait

to get up close and personal with Alan's amazingly hot body.

Tex grabbed a washrag and soaked it down with water and soap. In a matter of seconds the cloth was dripping with suds. Tex strode over towards Alan's backside. His eyes were glued to Alan's immense, muscular ass every step of the way. Tex could hardly contain himself. His rock-hard dick felt ready to pop like a champagne bottle, but he resisted the urge. He wanted to savor every second that he could.

Tex placed the cloth by Alan's shoulder directly atop the bulging mass of Alan's beefy traps. Tex slowly began to slide the washcloth down along the ridges and contours of Alan's broad, brawny back. He made extra sure to savor every inch of his idol's beefy bod. He watched as the suds soaked into the deep trenches of Alan's immaculate musculature. Alan was perfectly relaxed. He wasn't flexing even in the slightest, but his muscles put even the most die-hard body builder's to shame. Even the ridges of Alan's lats were so deep that Tex could slide his fingers in between them, and he was sure to do just that. Tex had to get in deep if he wanted to be sure that his idol was nice and clean, but there was more to his attention to detail than just that. Tex loved the feeling of Alan's dense muscles against his fingertips. Given the opportunity he would gladly throw himself at Alan's feet and worship every inch of the massive stud, but for now he was happy just helping with his daily cleaning ritual.

Tex continued his slow, lurid ritual down the ridges of Alan's back until his hands reached the huge, thick slabs of Alan's brawny ass. Each beefy mound was far larger than Tex's own head. The thick slabs of booty brawn were every bit as large as couch cushions. If Tex wanted to he could bury his face between those juicy cheeks, and he did want to. He could only imagine what it would feel like, but he held off. He needed to maintain some semblance of restraint, but his dick was screaming for release.

Tex buried his fingers into the solid tissue of Alan's beefy booty. He could feel the stud's fantastic ass against his fingertips. He could feel the thick, tough muscle that was hidden behind a soft layer of booty bubble. Even just being so close to the stud's amazing ass made Tex's dick shudder. Tex inhaled sharply. His cock gave a hard lurch. He moaned softly as he struggled to keep his wad down for just a little longer.

Alan smirked as he listened to Tex's soft moans. He hadn't even had to do anything. He just stood there and Tex had nearly creamed himself just from worshiping Alan's massive muscles. Just thinking about how sexy he had become and the effect his mere presence had on those around him got Alan even more worked up. His cock was already fully hard by this point and began to leak pre like a faucet. The constant flow of clear liquid flowing from the tip of his enormous, rigid cock even put the showerheads to shame. The constant cascade of pre quickly coated the floor of the large open air showers. There was no doubt in Alan's mind that once he came he could flood

the entire shower and then some with his spunk. He had drenched larger rooms on numerous occasions, but that wasn't his goal tonight. After all, he was trying to wash off the jizz from his last, lewd escapade.

Emo grabbed a washcloth of his own and went to work on Alan's front. He eyed Alan's enormous, meaty pecs hungrily, but his gaze kept drifting downward. It was obvious what his real target was, but they both knew it was all part of the dance. Emo would not yet make a move on Alan's cock... not directly anyway.

Emo hopped up atop Alan's cock and stared directly into Alan's eyes as he ran his sudsy cloth sensually across the humongous overhang of Alan's incredibly thick pectoral shelf. Alan's rigid boner was so massive that there was no way that Emo could ever hope to straddle it like he would a horse. Alan's enormous dick was far thicker than even the healthiest of Clydesdale's. Emo had to mount the leviathan sidesaddle in order to perch atop it, but that was hardly an inconvenience.

Emo loved the way the enormous shaft felt beneath his bare booty. He could feel his crush's colossal cock twitching ever so slightly below him. He could feel the warmth emanating from his crush's massive dick. He could even feel the faint rhythm of Alan's heartbeat pulsing through the massive veins that crisscrossed along the length of the colossal shaft.

Emo was quick but thorough in his cleansing of Alan's pecs and abs. He got the job done, but didn't

waste more time than he needed to. It was no secret that he was currently seated atop his real target, and so Alan made no effort to impede Emo's hasty cleansing. Alan was actually getting more and more excited as Emo's cloth got closer and closer to Alan's crotch. They both knew that once it got that far it was time for the main event, and it showed in Emo's eyes. As his gaze and hands drifted lower, a feral, hungry look came over Emo's eyes. He was practically salivating as his hands grazed Alan's crotch. Emo's big dick stood at attention and shuddered excitedly as he finished cleansing the last few inches of his crush's abs. His dick looked ready to pop at any second. Emo could barely contain his excitement or his wad as he wrapped up his task. He had done it. Now he could move on to his favorite part.

Emo flashed Alan a playful grin and then slowly began to twist around atop Alan's cock. Alan's monstrous dong was so huge, so wide that Emo could easily get down on his hands and knees atop it, and he did just that. The pose gave Alan quite the view. Emo's round, shapely ass was raised high for his viewing pleasure. Emo's beautiful booty was kept neatly shaved. No matter how hard he looked Alan couldn't spot a single hair, and he had stared at Emo's cute ass quite intently. It wasn't just Emo's cute little booty that made the view so spectacular. Emo's pose really accentuated his puffy taint and showcased his big, thick fully boned cock and his full, tightly-packed ball sack. It took every ounce of self-control Alan had not to just lean forward, scoop the much smaller dude up in his arms, and spend the next half hour eating out

Emo's hot little hole and suckling on those cute little balls.

Alan made a note to try and strike up a casual conversation with the hot, lithe dude on some other occasion when they were free of the trappings of their little ritual and see if Emo would be down a more personal session. Alan could only imagine the whimpers Emo would make as he licked that cute, shuddering little hole. Alan could only dream about how big of a mess Emo would make when he inevitably creamed himself at the hands of his crush, but that would have to wait.

At first Emo kept up the illusion of being only interested in doing his job, but that didn't last long. It took only a few playful swipes of his soapy cloth before he abandoned all pretext of modesty or restraint. He threw himself face down upon Alan's massive cock and began sensually licking and kissing every inch of the enormous schlong that he could get his lips on. He ground his thick dick into the sudsy flesh of his idol's cock. He could feel Alan's cock shuddering beneath him. He could actually feel the intensity of Alan's gaze upon his ass. The effect he was having on his crush was exhilarating. It spurred Emo on to work harder and pose sexier. He arced his back even further in an effort to really showcase his bubbly booty. He knew how much Alan loved asses, and he knew that his was a great one as far as butts went. That was the real reason he spent so much time getting it nice and smooth. Waxing hurt, but it was so worth it to know

that his crush was staring at his perfectly manscaped ass with hungry eyes.

Alan couldn't take it anymore. Emo knew how to push his buttons, and Alan figured it was time he pushed back. He reached forward and cupped the lithe dude's pale, white, bubbly booty with his strong hands. Alan let out a contented sigh as he felt those supple cheeks in the palms of his hands. The sigh was soon echoed by Emo himself. Alan couldn't help it. He needed to make the cute dude make even more cute noises. Alan's hands drifted inward. His thumbs playfully grazed across the lithe dude's cute, clean-shaved hole. Alan could feel the expectant shudder of the guy's ass which just made Emo seem even cuter.

Alan pressed a soap-slicked thumb against Emo's tight hole. He heard the lithe, dark-haired dude sigh in ecstasy as his thumb slid deeper into the tight little pucker. A shudder of bliss arced through Emo's entire body which in turn reverberated through Alan's cock. Alan grinned from ear to ear as he watched his handiwork. Sure, he knew that he was the one who was supposed to be serviced by these two, but that didn't mean he couldn't have his own fun too. As much as Alan liked being fawned over and worshiped, he didn't like being so passive about it. He wanted to make these two hotties cum. He wanted to listen as their orgasmic moans filled the shower. He wanted to see them in exhausted, sex-addled heaps by the time he was done.

As much fun as Alan was having with Emo, he wasn't about to leave Tex high and dry. Alan knew what Tex liked, and by now he had realized that Tex was a little too timid for his own good. It seemed that the big, buff, football star needed a gentle prod in the right direction.

Alan pivoted at the hips a little bit so he could reach behind him. His torso was just so broad and muscular that it impeded his range of motion at times, but he could manage. He reached behind him and placed the palm of his free hand on Tex's head and gently rubbed the stud's soapy hair. Alan then guided the athlete's face into the cleft between his enormous, meaty ass cheeks. Alan could actually feel Tex tense up. He could hear the sharp, sudden intake as Tex gasped in shock, but Alan waited. He patiently held Tex's face to his ass as he waited for the athlete's inhibitions to melt like butter.

It didn't take long. After just a few seconds Tex began to relax. His body became less rigid. His breathing became less metered. He sighed contentedly as he nuzzled up against his idol's enormous ass. Those thick, beefy cheeks felt so great against his face, and that tight little hole looked so enticing. Tex couldn't help himself. He had to do it, and he knew firsthand that Alan's hole was clean enough to eat. Tex had seen to that himself.

Tex ran his tongue sensually up and down Alan's crack. His tongue slid across Alan's shuddering pucker. Tex couldn't leave it at just that. He playfully

flicked at his crush's tight little asshole with the tip of his tongue. He could feel Alan's ass shudder in excitement from the gentle teasing. Just feeling the effect he had on the massive, beefy stud made Tex's heart soar and his dick lurch. Tex couldn't help it. He couldn't hold back anymore. He let out a low, contented moan. Cum spurted from his rock-hard cock. He hadn't cum so hard in his life, and yet his dick was still stiff as a board. He could feel the need to cream building up in the base of his cock once more. He wouldn't last long at this rate.

Emo let a soft whimper slip out. He was having trouble holding back as well. It was a miracle he had held off this long. Each time he ground his dick against his crush's massive cock, Emo's entire body shuddered with ecstasy. Each time he felt Alan's enormous dick give a lurch of approval, Emo's spirits soared. Every time he felt Alan's thumb sensually digging around his pucker his nuts ached for relief even more. He was so excited and so turned on. He just couldn't take it anymore.

Emo inhaled sharply. He tried his best to stifle his moan, but a soft whimper slipped out anyway. Thick wads of spunk erupted from his cock and splattered against the enormous expanse of his crush's monstrous schlong. Emo continued to grind his rock-hard cock against Alan's enormous dick even after he had finished spurting. He was just so excited and turned on that he doubted his dick would ever be soft again.

As Emo continued to grind his dick against Alan's colossal cock Emo's wad mixed and mingled with the sudsy water. The constant motion caused the diluted spunk to churn into a goopy froth. Emo could feel the goop soaking into the flesh of his cock and against his thighs.

While he steadily ground his wad into a froth, a thought crept into Emo's mind. He was supposed to be cleaning his crush's cock not making a bigger mess. He should clean up his own mess, and he knew exactly how to do it.

Emo slowly spun around. He flashed Alan a sultry smirk and gave the titanic stud the best bedroom eyes he could muster. Emo continued to gaze longingly into Alan's eyes as he greedily lapped his own spunk off his crush's cock. The mellow taste of his own spunk mixed with the soapy taste of the water, and through it all Emo could even taste Alan's own skin. Despite the bit of soap mixed in Emo couldn't imagine a better flavor.

The lurid service his ass and cock were receiving mixed with the lewd gazes Emo was giving him was proving to be too much for Alan. He could feel the need to cream building up inside of him. Alan's cock began to buck and lurch. The violent motions threatened to throw Emo clear off, but the lithe, dark-haired dude held on tight.

Emo could tell Alan was close to blowing. As much as he wanted to sit back and let Alan bust his nut all over his body, Emo knew he had a job to do. It was

part of his agreement when he had been given the room on this hall. Emo sighed and resigned himself to his task. It wasn't like this was the end. He'd be able to have plenty more fun afterwards, but sadly this meant he wouldn't be getting to bathe in Alan's seed... not yet anyway.

Emo turned and crawled up Alan's cock. His crush's enormous schlong was so huge that by the time Emo had reached the massive, spongy tip, he was over ten feet off the ground and all the way on the other side of the room from where he had started. It put him in reach of the enormous suction cup that hung on the wall though which is exactly what he was after. Emo grabbed the hose and slowly fished the cup up to where he was perched. The suction cup itself was the size of a bathtub, but it needed to be for what it had to do.

Emo slowly slid the cup over the flared up head of Alan's fully-boned, shuddering cock. The cup was huge, but it was still a tight fit. The cup fit snugly atop Alan's cock. It would have taken a lot to knock it loose even before Emo turned the small knob on the side, but once he started the device, the vacuum it formed sealed the cup to Alan's enormous cockhead.

The sudden sucking caused Alan's breath to catch in his throat. It was like a blowjob only far more intense. It felt so good that Alan's mind began to overload. His breaths came out in short, ragged bursts. Loud, low, guttural moans escaped his throat. His cock

bucked and lurched violently. Alan couldn't hold back. He gave up on even trying and surrendered himself to the bliss that was to come.

Huge volumes of cum pumped through his cock, but no matter how much he came, the spunk all gut sucked straight up the thick hose attached to the suction cup. Alan had no idea where all the spooge was being pumped off too, and he didn't really care. At the moment he was too overloaded with orgasmic bliss to really care about anything other than how good it felt.

Emo begrudgingly slid down Alan's cock and hopped back down to the slick, tile floor. As much as he wanted to spend more time atop his crush's cock, he risked being flung clean off if he stayed up there. The enormous wang lurched violently with each shot Alan fired. It was just far safer to stay on the ground. Emo wasn't about to complain though. He had another part of his idol's body that needed his immediate attention.

Emo stared at Alan's enormous nuts. Either massive testicle was the size of a small car. The two colossal orbs rocked back and forth hypnotically. Emo stared in awe as he watched the two titanic testes pull up tight against Alan's body and then relax and slide back once more.

Emo picked up another rag and quite literally threw himself into the task of cleaning his crush's enormous nuts. He sank face down against the roiling sack. He let the two seizing nuts buffet him this way

and that. Emo used his whole body as a sudsy sponge to cleanse the sweat and jizz from his idol's sack.

Tex pulled back when he heard the orgasmic moans of his hulking idol. He took pride in knowing that his zealous tongue-fucking had helped in bringing the massive stud to climax. He sat back and marveled at his handiwork while stroking his fully-boned cock. The shuddering wall of muscles s before him was such a fantastic sight to behold. Tex couldn't imagine anything hotter. His eyes slowly canvassed the stud's rippling back muscles. He soaked up his idol's massive, clenching booty, and then his gaze fell upon the constant motion of Alan's enormous balls. Those colossal cum-banks called out to him like sirens. He needed to get closer. He needed to feel them up close and personal.

Tex staggered around to Alan's front and found Emo already hard at work servicing Alan's sack. Tex was not one to be outdone. He wasn't going to let that skinny git have all the fun. He sidled up beside the much slimmer, shorter guy and joined in in scrubbing down every last inch of Alan's roiling balls. Tex was so turned on that his hands weren't enough to adequately feel those fantastic balls. He needed to do more. He needed to not just feel but to taste the stud's massive sack.

Tex leaned in and began to plant fervent kisses upon the hulking stud's roiling sack. He could taste the mellow flavor of Alan's skin. He could feel Alan's enormous nuts sliding back and forth. The two,

massive testes rolled back and forth like waves on a beach. The motion was hypnotic and soothing. Tex found himself getting lost in the steady, rhythmic flow as he continued to plant kisses up and down his idol's sack.

Neither one was sure how or when it had happened. Both Tex and Emo were so into their fervent kisses that they hardly realized when another set of lips brushed against his own. Their eyes fluttered open and both saw the other staring back at him. They were both confused at first. They couldn't register anything other than the enormous nut sack which dwarfed their bodies, but they slowly began to realize what had happened. Their mutually exclusive paths had drawn them steadily inward. Their trail of kisses both led them towards the center like a strand of spaghetti between two star-crossed pooches.

While they stared into each other's eyes, the constant tide of Alan's roiling sack slowly sucked them in. Each time his nuts released, the sack slid over them ever so slightly. Each time his nuts seized up to pump more spunk, the two dudes got pulled along with them. Before long the two guys were pinned beneath Alan's enormous sack. The titanic nuts continued to roll back and forth across them, but it didn't hurt at all. The two dudes were huddled in a small, safe pocket between the paths of the two immense nuts.

Tex and Emo were so turned on that they needed to cum. They were surrounded on all sides by Alan's fantastic nut sack. The air around them was hot

and humid with sex. Alan's colossal balls buffeted them this way and that. It was the hottest thing either of them had ever had happen to them. They were so horny that they needed to cream. They couldn't keep their hands off their dick. They both reached down to grab their cocks and gasped. They both felt fingers against their cocks that weren't their own. It was a shock, but it didn't feel bad. In fact it felt... right. No words were said between the two of them. No words were needed. They both knew what the other needed, and they were more than happy to offer their services.

Emo could feel the short, fat cock between his fingers. It felt great in the palm of his hand. It was just the right size to fill his palm and just short enough that he could playfully run his thumb along the pre-oozing slit. He loved the way the fat cock shuddered in his hand. He loved the way the pre oozed out over his fingers. He switched hands so that he could lift his pre-soaked hands up to his face and lick the erotic fluids from his fingers.

Tex loved the way Emo's cock felt in his hand. It was so much longer than his own. He could slide his hand up and down the shaft in long, languid strokes. Whenever he jerked his own his stokes always ended up being short, speedy tugs, but he could really take his time with the long, thick dick that filled his hand. He could even fit both hands around the enormous cock if he wanted to, but he far preferred to use his other hand to play with Emo's golf-ball sized nuts. Emo's sack filled the palm of Tex's hand perfectly. He loved the way the two orbs rolled across the palm of

his hands as he shifted them around like a pair of the Goblin King's magical spheres.

It was too dark to see much underneath the canopy of Alan's enormous nut sack so Tex was a little shocked when he felt a finger brush past his lips. He wasn't sure what it was at first, but as he felt the familiar taste of his own pre on his lips he realized what he was feeling. Emo's hand was hovering in front of his face. It was so close in front of him that it was practically begging him to lick the pre off of it. Tex was so horny that he didn't even try to argue with his own dubious logic and began to lick the slimmer dude's fingers.

Emo went to work slurping the erotic fluids off of his pre-slicked fingers. He started at his pointer finger and steadily moved on to the middle finger. Once that was clean he started to work on his thumb but was surprised to find someone had beaten him to it. Instead of wrapping his lips around his own finger, his lips ended up colliding with someone else's.

Emo didn't even try to fight it this time. He knew who it was, and he already had his hand wrapped around Tex's cute little cock. It didn't make sense not to go the next step. Tex was also more than happy to just let the kiss happen. The two locked lips. The second they surrendered themselves to the kiss everything else clicked into place. Neither one was sure who began to use tongue first, but it hardly mattered. Before long their tongues sensually grazed against each other as their body's entwined. Tex

savored the feeling of Emo's long cock in his hand. He loved how it felt as he stroked up and down the sizeable shaft. Emo loved the feeling of the beefy jock's compact tool in the palm of his hand. It was just the right size and just the right thickness. They could feel each other's cocks shuddering in their hand. They could hear each other's labored gasps. They could even feel the heat of the other person's breath against their cheek each time they took a brief pause from their passionate kissing.

Emo let out a soft moan. Tex let out a low whimper. Their cocks lurched in unison. Their nuts pulled up. Spunk erupted from their cocks and splattered against their abs. They had both drained their nuts completely mere moments before, but they were so hot and bothered that their nuts had managed to produce huge thick wads. The two guys collapsed into each other's arms. Their deflating dicks pressed against one another. Their fresh loads mixed and mingled as their flat bellies pushed together.

As the two dudes lay there in post-coital bliss, they could feel the constant motion of Alan's enormous balls slowly grinding to a halt. It wouldn't be long until their nightly ritual would draw to a close, but there would always be other showers. As long as Alan stayed at this dorm Tex and Emo would have an excuse to keep running into each other, and they both absolutely loved servicing the big, brawny, muscle-bound stud.

Alan gasped and panted. That was one of the longest and most intense loads of his life. He was beyond spent. He was so exhausted he could barely even stand, but he managed to keep it together long enough to turn off the pump and return the suction cup to the rack.

Once put the equipment away he looked back to see his two attendants lying in each other's arms. They were still conscious but only just barely. It looked like it'd be a while before either of them was ready to get up and head back to bed. Alan decided to let them have their fun. Once he shut off the faucets he lumbered his way back to his room.

Alan was so spent from that intense climax he had just endured that all he wanted to do was get some sleep. He staggered into his dorm room, trudded over to the array of King-sized mattresses arranged on the floor which served as his bed, and flopped flat on his back atop the mattresses. The impact caused all the furniture in the room to jump off the ground a few inches. The sudden motion caused Steve to sit bolt upright in his bed, but upon seeing Alan collapsed on the ground beside him, Steve merely rolled his eyes and fell back asleep.

Alan didn't last long after that. His eyes felt so heavy that his eyelids began to droop the second he made landfall with the mattress. He was out cold mere seconds after that. He drifted off into a deep slumber filled with strange yet familiar dreams...

Above Average
Part 22

Alan could feel himself drifting through the skies above a familiar landmass. He knew instinctively that he must be dreaming, but it felt too real to be just another dream. There was something more at work here; he was sure of it.

As Alan dipped below the clouds, the country below steadily came into view. It was exactly it was last time.... Almost. It didn't look any different, but he could tell something was off. The massive, colossal cock that the city was built around seemed somehow smaller. It still rivaled the nearby mountain range for sheer size, but it wasn't the scale of it that gave Alan that impression. He remembered how it felt from the previous trip here, and it just felt smaller.

As Alan steadily drifted closer and closer towards the base of the mountainous cock he started

to feel a sense of anticipation building within him. It was like a homecoming for him, and that feeling grew as he soared through the large, ornate, open doorway that lead into the palace. Alan drifted pass corridors lined with huge, hulking, hung guardsmen. They were all massive, but none were anywhere near as massive as he. Alan took no small amount of pride in how much larger he was than even the biggest, burliest palace guard.

Alan started to feel something was off as he drifted through the doorway leading into the throne room. The last time he had been here he had felt at home and at peace. He had taken his rightful place at the center of the large room. His countless attendants all stood on hand to serve his every need which was fortunate since there was very little he could do for himself. His enormous cock made it impossible for him to get up and move around without the aid of astral projection. This time however there was a different figure seated in the center of the room. There was a different owner of the miles of cock that loomed over the country. Alan couldn't comprehend what he was seeing at first. That was supposed to him seated at the center of the room. That titanic cock that the palace rested upon was supposed to be his!

Alan tried to scramble towards the body in the center of the room. He tried anything he could think of to redirect his slow floating. He tried to doggy paddle in mid-air, but his motions did nothing to change his path. He kept drifting towards one of the other bodies which circled the throne room.

Alan's spirit landed back in his body. He glanced down and looked over his hulking physique. He was massive – there was no doubt about that, but he was only as large as he was in the waking world. He was over a thousand pounds of solid muscle with a cock over twice as long as he was tall, but he felt positively puny next to the regal figure that sat in the middle of the room.

“What news have you of the successor?” The monarch asked.

“It appears that they have all rejected the gift, my lord.” Replied an enormous figure who had been silently kneeling beside the ruler. The guy was absolutely shredded and his cock was huge, but he was nowhere as buff or as hung as Alan was. He was built like a pro power lifter, and his thick cock was easily as wide as his meaty midriff and dangled down to his ankles. He completely dwarfed Alan in other ways though. He was so massive that even while kneeling beside his ruler he was still easily twice as tall as Alan was. Alan could only guess that had he been standing up straight and tall he would have been well over twenty feet tall.

“... all of them?” The ruler asked.

“Yes. Three potential successors have come in contact with the relic. The second one was obviously a poor fit. He resisted the gift every step of the way. The first one however seemed more than happy to ascend...” The giant replied.

“So what happened?” The ruler asked.

“There was some interference from an outside party. It seems he seeks to use the power of the gift on others.” The giant replied.

“Is it possible that this interloper will find us a more suitable successor?” The ruler asked.

“It is possible... but there is a risk that the gift will be diluted before another viable candidate is discovered.” The giant explained.

“I see. I have already felt the effects that you describe.” The ruler replied.

Suddenly both the ruler and the giant turned to glare straight at Alan. He had thought he was a little more than a fly on the wall during their whole discussion, but it was obvious they had been aware of his presence the whole time.

“Surely you have felt it too.” The ruler said.

Alan wanted to reply, but the words wouldn't leave his mouth. All he could do was silently voice the words, but no matter how hard he tried he couldn't make a sound. The ruler wasn't looking for a response though. He merely glared intently at Alan and warned, “The gift was never meant to be shared.”

The giant man slowly stood up and trekked across the room to where Alan stood paralyzed. Alan's heart was pounding in his chest as the giant stomped closer and closer. The giant stomped the last few steps towards Alan and loomed menacingly over him. Alan

didn't even reach the guy's knees! Alan had to crane his neck as far back as he could just to stare up at the titan. The giant's cock was every bit as big as Alan's own, and that was saying nothing of the rest of the titan. For as long as Alan could remember he had been the biggest guy around. He wasn't all that tall, sure, but he had always been brawny as hell. This guy made him feel like little more than a flea.

The giant narrowed his gaze at Alan. For a moment Alan thought the guy was actually considering stepping on him, but then the titan spoke. His words did little to ease Alan's nerves though. "The God King grants his essence to those who bear the gift." He explained. His low voice rumbled through the palace halls. The giant's deep vibrato resonated deep in Alan's very core.

Alan tried to ask for an explanation, but it was no good. He still could not speak, but it wasn't like he really needed an explanation. The God King was correct. Alan had felt the effects firsthand. The miles of mountainous cock that served as the life spring of the entire country had been diminished. It was just a minor change for now, but the more people that used the gift the more the God King's size and powers would be sapped.

Alan knew he had to do something. He knew he had to somehow regain possession of the relic and once more become the successor, but his motives were far from pure. As he stared out into the throne room and took stock of the various members of the

God King's honor guard, Alan felt something he hadn't felt in ages – jealousy. Back home he was the biggest guy around, but here he was a shrimp. He was an insect to the God King's titanic advisor. Alan's prized cock didn't even begin to compare to the God King's absolutely colossal dong. Alan had never felt so small, so pathetic, and his frustration was only made worse by the knowledge that he should have been so much more. He could have been every bit as huge as the God King himself.

“You know what you have to do.” The God King said, and that was the last thing Alan heard before being sent spiraling through time and space. One second he was standing in the corner of the throne room, and the next he had fallen through the floor and plummeted into the abyss.

Alan sat up on his bed so fast that his covers went sailing across the room. Sweat was dripping from his face and cascading across his immense muscles. His massive, meaty pecs rose and fell in time with his labored breathing.

“Dude, what's up?” Steve asked groggily.

“I... I don't know...” Alan murmured in reply. His memories were jumbled. Already the details of the dream were starting to slip away from him. All he knew was that he needed to do something. He just hoped he could figure out what that something was before it was too late.

Above Average

Part 23

Alan could only remember bits and pieces of his dream from last night. He could remember the giant palace. He could remember the circle of guardians who stood vigilant around the perimeter of the throne room, and he could remember the God King seated in the center of the room. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but something about seeing the ruler seated before him irritated the hell out of him. Alan couldn't shake the idea that somehow that was supposed to be him up there. Somehow that was supposed to be him with the cock the size of a small continent. Somehow he was supposed to be the biggest, strongest, and best hung dude around.

Alan tried to talk himself down from his own ire. He tried to tell himself it was just a dream. There

was no way there was anyone else out there near as large as he was, right? He was the biggest around, and he always had been.

It was then that a few other memories started to bubble to the surface. He remembered the relic and the box it came in. Memories of his own transformation to massively muscular super stud surfaced soon after. That's right. He hadn't always been so huge. He merely remembered it that way – as did everyone he had ever met. Reality had changed, and his memories had changed with it. That didn't change the truth though. There was an artifact out there that could make people bigger – much bigger than even Alan had become.

Alan knew he needed to do something. He knew he couldn't leave things as they were now. He had to recover the relic and the box to store it. He had to become bigger and stronger – bigger than anyone had ever been before... but first he needed to get to class.

Alan's alarm was already on its third phase of chirping. It had gone from slow, rhythmic beeps; to long, mellow chimes; and now it was straight up blaring like a fire alarm in a last ditch effort to get Alan to hit the button.

"Dude. It's too early for that much noise. Turn it off already." Steve groaned. His voice was muffled from the pillow he had clamped down over his head.

“Uh... right...” Alan murmured. He reached over and awkwardly slapped the button on the top of his clock. The clock made a snapping and a crack sound as Alan slapped it. He pulled his hand away to survey the damage. There was a sizeable crack in the top of the device, and the button he had pressed was now crooked and tucked away beneath the surface of the clock itself. It was clear that he’d need to get a new clock in the near future, but there were other things weighing on his mind at the moment.

Alan stared at his hand in wonder. He was usually pretty good about gauging his strength. He hadn’t smashed a clock in ages – not while sober anyway. It was as if he didn’t know his own strength.

Alan quickly shook the notion from his head and stood up from the mattresses he called a bed. As he stood up he noticed something else strange. His room seemed smaller somehow. His dick touched the far side of the room which he was sure it hadn’t done that last night. His shoulder were nearly as wide as the room itself, and strangest of all, his head came dangerously close to touching the ceiling fan which swung precariously around the room.

Alan was about to say something. He was about to ask for a second opinion from Steve, but he was cut off by another voice – a voice that was neither his nor Steve’s but a voice Alan recognized nonetheless. It was the voice of the advisor to the King!

“Do not speak. Your friend cannot hear me.”
The voice of the Advisor said. The voice sounded like it was echoing in Alan’s head.

Alan nodded silently to indicate that he understood, but it didn’t matter. The Advisor was already talking again. “I see you have noticed your new size. Consider it a small token of my esteem as well as a promise of what’s to come.”

Alan waited patiently for a moment for further instructions, but it seemed the Advisor was keen on watching him squirm. Alan wanted more details. How could he get bigger? How big could he get? Could he get as hung as the King? Could he become as tall as the Advisor?

“Heh. Eager aren’t we?” The Advisor chuckled. “I knew from our little audience that you weren’t done growing yet. You never wanted to give up the gift, did you? Yes, I see it now. It was taken, stolen from you by those who claimed to be your friends. You must take it back. You must recover it. Do so and I will see to it that you grow. You will grow larger than you have ever imagined. Stronger than you ever dared hope. You will grow bigger than you ever *dreamed!*” The advisor all but roared that last line and for good reason. Alan understood the implication immediately. He had the chance to surpass even the God King. He had to opportunity to maybe even outgrow the Advisor himself!

Alan nodded emphatically in agreement, but there was no reply from the Advisor. The only reply

Alan got was from his roommate who was calling out to him. "Hellooooo. Earth to Alan. Can you hear me? All the blood rush to your dick so there's none left for your brain?" Steve asked.

Alan turned to look at his roommate and was struck by how small Steve was. He and Alan had always pretty similar in height, but now Alan had a few inches on him. More importantly though, Steve looked ridiculously scrawny standing beside his colossally beefy bro. Alan's pecs alone were easily five times wider than Steve's shoulders! Each individual lump of Alan's incredibly dense abs were bigger than Steve's head! And that was saying nothing of Alan's enormous cock. Alan was sure it had grown more overnight, and now he had his proof. The beast was easily three times as long as Steve was tall. It had to be closing in on eighteen feet of solid cock. Alan's dick was nearly the size of a school bus!

"Yeah. I'm fine." Alan managed to reply. It was difficult for him to focus on anything other than how huge he was. The thrill of his growth was clouding his judgement and overpowering his senses. He felt so huge, so powerful, so sexy. He couldn't imagine that it was possible for him to get even larger! Just thinking about it caused his already semi-boned cock to get rock hard in record time. In a matter of mere moments Alan's massive cock was sticking out in front of him and drooling pre all over the carpet. The tip of his dick was so massive that it nearly blocked the entire doorway! The doorway was one of those sliding doors like the type at the entrance to the mall. It was

designed to let entire groups of people pass through at once, but not even Alan's flared up cockhead could get through in his current state.

Alan thought about it for a moment. There was no physical way he could get through that door in his current state. He would have to get his dick somewhat soft first, but that could take ages given how horny his recent growth spurt had made him. That meant he needed some help.

"Hey... so... I seem to be stuck. Can ya help me get off real quick so I can get out of here?" Alan asked. Even Alan was surprised by how casually he had said that. He couldn't help but think of how weird the request must sound, but at the same time it seemed so commonplace for him. He was always asking for help handling his massive boners, and he usually had no trouble getting help handling them. Even his roommate Steve who was, as he put it, "mostly straight" had no qualms against helping Alan bust his colossal nut, but Steve had other ideas.

"You're not going to trick me with that again bro. I'm in a hurry. I got a calc exam in 20 minutes so you'll just have to deal with it." Steve replied as he slapped a large button on the wall beside him. Alan was just about to protest, but before he could he heard a mechanical whirring from behind him. He did his best to glance over his shoulder and see what the commotion was, and what he saw surprised him.

The wall was folding inwards and upwards! His entire outside wall of his dorm room was raising up

like a garage door! The miracles of modern engineering never ceased to amaze him.

As the wall steadily lifted, Alan's memories slowly started to adjust. That was part of the reason he got put in this room. He was just too large for normal doors so the school had retrofitted this old dorm to accommodate him. That was one of the benefits of being technically classified as disabled. He required special services to get around campus, and the campus was legally obligated to help if they could.

Alan slowly backed out of his dorm room. This was his first time ever doing it, but it felt like an old hat for him. He didn't even need to look where he was going. He could navigate the room just based on the feeling of the floor against his nuts. For the most part he just felt carpet and beer bottles and various articles of clothing which had been left lying about, but once he stepped out of the room he felt the floor change dramatically. It wasn't grass or concrete like he was expecting. It was a metal platform with some sort of rubberized covering on it.

Alan glanced around to see what it was, and was impressed to see that there was a large dolly laid out right outside his door for him to rest his nuts on. His balls had gotten so massive that there was no way he could hope to walk around without them scraping the floor. They were so huge that even resting on the floor below the top of them crested at around his shoulders. They had gotten so huge that any form of clothing to hold them upwards and inwards was a lost

cause. That was just fine for Alan though. He preferred to spend his life Au Natural. He didn't have any intention of hiding even an inch of flesh from his adoring public.

As much as Alan would have liked to marvel at the miracles of modern engineering that was his dorm side door and his motorized nut-chariot, he had classes to attend. He quickly turned and made his way across campus. Every step of the way he had people stopping to gawk at him, and he loved every second of it. He couldn't get over how great it felt to have people openly envious of him and flat out lusting after him. Passersby couldn't keep their hands off of him. Every step of the way he felt some girl or some guy bump up against him. He could feel various hands brush against his nuts or his cock or his abs or his ass. It seemed there was no shortage of folks out there who wanted to feel up his gloriously beefy booty. His butt cheeks were so swole that either enormous ass muscle was as wide as a window pane. The slight bit of bubble that Alan had over the incredibly muscular mass meant that his booty was as shapely as ever despite being bigger than most folks' torsos.

As Alan stared out at the crowd he couldn't help but get excited by how much larger he was than anyone else out there. They were all shrimps compared to him. It was almost a shame that they were all so tiny. He couldn't help but wonder how much more exciting it would be to have a group of chosen subordinates who were much larger than the rabble but nowhere near as massive as he was. He

could use some bigger folk to have around if for no other reason than to make his own bulk even more amazing by comparison.

For a brief moment he considered tracking down the box and then still going through with his own version of Kyle's hair-brained scheme, but as soon as the thought entered his mind another thought overpowered it. If he did that then he could kiss his continental god-cock goodbye. He would be stuck with a dick the size of a moving van at best which would be absolutely fantastic, but it just wasn't the same. With one he would need his own lane of traffic, but with the other he'd need his own ZIP code!

Just thinking about having such a magnificently massive cock got Alan even more worked up. He was beyond boned. His dick was trembling and in need of relief. He was so pent up and so close to blowing that milky, white goop that was half pre half cum was oozing out of his dick. He desperately needed to get off, and fortunately there was never any shortage of folk to help him.

Alan's admirers didn't need any more invitation than they had already. Just seeing their idol so close to climax was enough to spur them on. Before Alan could even snap his fingers he had hot, horny dudes climbing all over him.

Alan couldn't see him, but one particularly beefy bro had done a full on rock star power-slide across the pavement to get in and claim Alan's ass for himself. The dude's jeans frayed around the knees as

he skidded to a stop, but it was a small price to pay for one of the best seats in the house.

The dude quickly nuzzled up against Alan's enormous ass cheeks. The warmth of those massive mounds of muscles was so soothing, and the sheer eroticism of those gloriously thick and round cheeks was intoxicating. He couldn't hold back nor did he want to. He dug his fingers into Alan's fantastic ass and pushed the cheeks aside giving him clear access to Alan's tight little hole.

Despite how horny he was, the dude treated Alan's ass with all the honor and reverence that it deserved. He gave Alan's ass a few soft kisses before he began sliding his tongue up and down the sides of Alan's thick, meaty butt cheeks. The dude even went so far as to suckle Alan's puffy taint whenever his path would lead him low enough to reach it.

Alan nearly creamed right then and there. He was so horny that just a little ass-play was libel to make his dick pop like a champagne bottle, but he held back. Not only did he not want to disappoint his fans, but it just felt so fantastic that he didn't want to stop. He gritted his teeth and stifled his moans and fought against his own arousal with all his might, but he already knew he wouldn't last long. He had more and more horny followers clambering over him. Dudes were scaling his nuts and climbing on his dick. One particularly eager fan had buried his face in Alan's dense, muscular pecs and was soaking in his presence. Another fan was eagerly suckling one of Alan's nipples

while toying with the other one between his fingers. Every suckle and squeeze the guy gave sent a shockwave of pleasure through Alan's chest and up his spine.

The pleasure in his chest and ass paled in comparison to his cock though. One particularly wiry dude had scaled Alan's cock like Kink Kong up a skyscraper and was digging his hands and knees into the soft, spongy flesh at the tip. He reminded Alan of a cat kneading its claws in a blanket, but Alan wasn't about to argue with the results. It felt fantastic. It had been days since he had had his dick played with so sensually. Just thinking about the expert treatment his dick was receiving caused memories to bubble up in his head.

Alan knew exactly who would love to see him at his new size. Alan knew exactly who would know how to properly worship his fantastic cock. Alan's thought were consumed with the idea of letting Dan explore every inch of his enhanced body. Alan could remember how Dan had damn near dived headfirst into the slit of his fully boned cock. Alan had been too small back then for Dan to fully slide in, but now... now Alan was big enough and then some. If Dan wanted to he could climb right in and make a nice little home there. He could make it his own private man cave, and Alan was more than happy to let him do just that.

It was the thought of Dan worshiping his cock that finally sent Alan over the edge. He let out a grunt, and then a groan, and then a full scale low, throaty

moan. His cock lurched. His body shook. There was a brief moment where everything went still. Everyone stopped to see if he was going to burst, and then he did. Cum shot from his cock and arced through the air. Jizz flew across the street and pelted nearby buildings. Spooze even flew over the rooftops and crashed down in the nearby plaza. Students had to dodge to avoid the hailstorm, but many of them did not get out of the way in time and many more actually ran towards the rain of jizz.

Alan couldn't stop cumming. He creamed again and again. Thick, heavy ropes fired from his colossal cock. Each rope of jizz was as thick as a fire hydrant and had enough fluid to fill a fire truck and then some! Soon the street he was on was drenched in jizz. Students and faculty were coated in cum. Alan himself was heavily speckled with large gobs of spunk, but still he kept cumming. It must have taken him five full minutes to finally start slowing down.

Alan was left winded and sweaty after that mind-blowing climax. It was hands down the biggest orgasm he had ever had, but he doubted it would be long before he surpassed it. All he had to do was get the box back. All he had to do was regain the relic and with it regain his rightful place as the successor. Once that happened each cum shot would be bigger than the last. Each climax would be more intense than the last, and as his cock and balls grew larger and larger so would his followers. It was only a matter of time before he too had a dick that dwarfed cities.

Above Average

Part 24

Alan strode through the wide, sliding doors that led to the architecture building. The doors were wide enough to fit a mini-van through, but Alan was so huge that he had to shimmy a bit to even get his bulging lats through the entryway, and that was saying nothing of his enormous cock. His dick itself managed to get through easy enough, but his cajones were so huge that he could only get one through at a time. He had to get his dick all the way through the door and then angle to the side so that he could slide his left nut through and then swing back around to get the right one through too. Even with the wheeled platform atop which his nuts now rested Alan required the aid of at least six co-eds to get his junk through the door. As Alan juked and weaved from side to side to squeeze his nuts through the doorway his massive freight car of a fat cock swung from right to left. His enormous cock

shoved aside chairs and overturned tables which had been set up in preparation of the orientation tours which would be getting into full swing over the course of the next week. Pamphlets flopped to the floor. Flyers fluttered all around the room, but no one seemed to complain. They were all too mesmerized by Alan's colossal cock to care too much about the incidental damage his incredible cock caused during his attempts to shimmy through the door.

As Alan made his way down the hallway towards the auditorium where his first class of the day would be held, he made sure to spend a little time putting on a show for his fans. Every few steps he took a moment to strike a pose for his adoring public. He made his way towards room 101 and then stopped to flex both huge biceps for the crowd that had gathered. Either bulging bicep was larger than his head. Hell, his biceps were larger than most people's entire torso! It looked like he had a yoga ball crammed away underneath his skin, and his thick, swole triceps were every bit as huge.

Alan managed to make it all the way to room 112 before he stopped again to put on another little show. He puffed up his pecs for his adoring public. Either enormous slab of pectoral brawn was every bit as wide as a king-sized mattress and every bit as thick. Alan had more muscle in just the left side of his chest than most Mr. Universe competitors had in their entire body. There was nobody on the face of the Earth who could come close to rivaling Alan's sheer muscular mass, and there definitely wasn't anyone could come

close to rivaling the size of his cock. Even John's enormous schlong wasn't even half the size of Alan's colossal cock, and if Alan had his way, he would keep his superior size for the rest of his days.

Alan continued his smug saunter towards class. His balls were so huge that they filled out every last inch of the spacious hallway that he was traveling down. The sides of his nuts scraped against the walls as he went. Flyers and posters got pulled off the wall as he went. Students and faculty either had to duck into a nearby room as he passed or pin themselves against the wall and let his soft, squishy sack smooch over them. Not surprisingly, most of them opted for the second option, and once Alan had passed by they took a moment to admire his amazing ass and his impeccably sculpted back muscles.

Alan's back was so beefy that even just the grooves between his delts and traps were as deep as the gaps between couch cushions. Coins could get lost in those trenches. Light couldn't even reach the bottom of those valleys. The dark shadows between the bulges of his muscles actually made his brawn seem even more fantastic.

Alan squeezed through the doorway leading into the auditorium. The doorframe creaked in protest of his massive, muscular bulk. His broad, burly chest was so wide that he could barely even squeeze through. He had to curl his shoulders inward just to fit, and even then it sounded like he was going to rip the frame off the wall on his way through.

All eyes were on Alan as he sauntered towards his unofficial assigned seat at the back of the auditorium. Like most college classrooms – especially large, auditorium style lecture halls – there were no official assigned seats, but Alan was a special case. He was so massive that he simply didn't fit in the standard seats. Even just one of his immensely muscular ass cheeks would fill out a single bucket seat and then some. He had to sit on a large, metal bench in the back of the room – one of those benches they used at bus stops which were designed to hold five or six people – and even that was dangerously close to being too small to handle his mass. His bare butt filled the entire seat and spilled over the sides ever so slightly. The metal creaked audibly in protest as he sat down upon it. It didn't sound like it wanted to hold. In fact even with the added steel reinforcements that had been welded to the seat to make it capable of withstanding the sheer, crushing weight of Alan's tons of muscles, it was a miracle the bench had held his weight this long. If Alan packed on any more pounds they were going to need to reinforce the seat with something even stronger to keep it from snapping like a twig out from underneath him.

Alan secretly couldn't wait for that day. His enormous size and impeccable physique made him nearly impossible to ignore, but he knew that when he finally snapped the seat like a toothpick, the resulting crash would have all eyes in the auditorium firmly glued to him, and Alan never was one to turn down the chance to be the center of attention.

Alan had managed to take his seat right as the bell had rang, but like any good college lecture, students were still trickling in long after the bell had rung. In fact it seemed many of them had intentionally waited until after Alan had taken his seat to enter the auditorium. It seemed like there were more students trying to squeeze past him than were already in the seats before Alan got in. It wasn't that surprising, all things considered. Who didn't want a chance to feel up Alan's glorious cock and balls?

Alan's package was so huge that his nuts filled the entire upper platform of the auditorium. If anyone wanted to go down through the central corridor they had to mash up against his nuts or use the corridors on the outside of the room. Not surprisingly most folks opted to do the former. Some students were literally clambering over Alan's nuts to get to the main aisle, and then they had to shimmy along the length of Alan's enormous cock all the way down the aisle. Alan's dick was so huge that it filled up the entire aisle and then some. His cock actually spilled over the sides and into the first column of seats on either side of the aisle. This meant that there was hardly any room for any other students to use the seats, but that didn't stop them from trying. The seats closest to Alan's cock were usually the first ones taken. This meant that other dudes were jostling and nudging up against Alan's cock for the entire duration of the lecture. As one could imagine this meant that hardly a single lecture went by where Alan didn't drench the auditorium in cum, and today was already starting to seem like it would be no exception.

The steady trickle of students had finally started to die down by the time the professor strode out of his office which was connected to the front of the lecture hall. A strange hush fell over the class as he took the podium. An awkward murmur spread through the crowd. Everyone seemed to be thinking the same thing Alan was.

Alan tried his best to peer over his balls to get a better look at the greying, girthy babe that now stood at the podium before him. He wished he could get closer and get a better look, but he was simply too massive to maneuver around the room. It was times like this that Alan wished he had actually followed up on Steve's suggestion. Steve always liked to joke about how Alan couldn't see anything in front of him due to the sheer size of his equipment and had off-handedly mentioned that Alan should strap a GoPro to the front of his dick and stream the footage to his phone so he could actually see where he was going. Alan always laughed it off whenever Steve said that, but he secretly had made notes to go buy a good video camera and do just that. The only problem was he had trouble getting out and about by himself, and the mall which was connected to campus didn't have nearly a good enough selection of electronics to suit his needs.

From what little bit Alan could actually see, the dude at the podium was absolutely jacked. Alan didn't remember the professor to be such a hunk, but there he was standing before the class. The guy was built more like a power-lifting professional a fine arts professor. His thick pecs strained against the front of

his button-up shirt. His arms were so thick that he had to roll the sleeves up all the way towards his shoulders lest his biceps bulge too far and split the fabric straight up the sides. His quads strained against the sides of his fitted khaki slacks, but his bulging quads were not nearly as amazing as the other bulge in his slacks. The dude's cock was huge! Even from his seat at the top of the class, Alan could tell that the dude was packing at least a solid foot of schlong. The visible outline of his cock snaked down his right pant leg and stretched all the way down to his knee. The thick shaft was so fat that that it even rivaled the guy's muscular forearms for sheer girth, and his balls looked every bit as big as soccer balls.

Alan scratched his head and tried to search his memories. Something didn't seem right, but at the same time he couldn't remember the guy ever looking any differently. As Alan thought back on the classes he had attended in this lecture hall, he could remember the professor looking exactly the same – albeit with a slightly different shirt color for each day of the week. Alan could remember always being impressed by the older gentleman's musculature, but that made no sense because Alan could also remember that the guy had always been a small, frail older gentleman whose ill-fitting clothes hung loosely off his seemingly emaciated frame. Alan tried to reconcile his conflicting memories. It was like the dude was simultaneously jacked and scrawny at the same time in his mind. He was like Shrodinger's DILF.

Slowly the realization dawned on him. Alan had firsthand knowledge of what was happening. His memories, and the memories of everyone else in the world for that matter, were shifting to match the new reality. Somehow the professor had come in contact with the relic. Whoever it was that took the box from Alan last night had already begun to make his move.

Above Average
Part 25

Alan did the one thing he had never done before – he hung around after class, and he wasn't even trying to make a scene or draw attention to himself. He was as discrete as he could be considering his cock alone took up nearly half the auditorium, and his muscles filled up a large percentage of what was left. Some of his fellow classmates hung around for a while too, but once it became clear that Alan wasn't just biding his time to pull one of his signature stunts, the throngs of admirers steadily thinned until the only person left in the Auditorium was Alan himself.

Once the last other student left Alan leapt into action – figuratively anyway. With his sheer girth it was hard for him to do anything particularly speedy. Even with immense muscles it still took a lot of effort to maneuver his massive cock around, and his enormous

muscles tended to be a problem in their own right since they were so thick they impeded his range of motion. Even without his massive cock factored into the problem Alan was in for a tight fight. His burly body was so broad and brawny that he didn't even fit down the center aisle that went from the back of the auditorium down to the front podium. This pathway was wide enough for three or more students to walk down side by side, but Alan's massive, meaty quads bulged out so far that the chairs groaned in protest as he squeezed between them, and his balls were even worse off. His enormous sack spilled over into the adjacent rows of chairs as he made the trek. It was almost as if his nuts were sliding down the slope of the auditorium with the rest of him along for the ride as opposed to him laboriously moving his package along. About the only part of his massive body that wasn't having trouble navigating the auditorium was his enormous cock which was thankfully in a semi-chubbed state so that it didn't even touch the rows of chairs in front of him. Instead his massive semi lolled back and forth in front of him as he walked. Had there still been any students seated they surely would have had a huge, drooping dick swinging back and forth right above their heads that was so close they could reach up and poke it without even needing to strain to raise their hand.

It took a while, but Alan eventually managed to make his way down towards the front lecture stage, but then the real difficulty began. The professor's office was tucked away in the side of the room, and he had nearly twenty feet of fat cock sticking out in front

of him. His dick was touching the wall and he had barely even begun the trek from the center aisle towards the corner. Alan found himself having to scoot sideways along the front pathway between the chairs and the stage. His big, bare, beefy butt brushed against the wooden stage and his enormous cock jutted out in front of him over top of the student desks. The tip of his massive dick brushed against the folded up seat cushions of the chairs in the fifth row, and his enormous balls engulfed the chairs in the first row of seats as he sidled his way towards the corner.

By the time Alan made it in range of the door to knock and get the professor's attention, the hot, hunky lecturer was already out of his office and admiring Alan's attempts at navigating a classroom that was far, far too tiny for his massive bod to navigate. Alan's heavy footfalls were hard to ignore, and sound of chairs and folding desks groaning in protest as his colossal balls slid over them was even noisier. To put it lightly, Alan's approach was obvious long before he actually got close to the professor's office.

"Ah. To what do I owe the pleasure?" The professor asked.

"Uh... right... Mr....." Alan murmured awkwardly as he glanced around for something to refresh his memory of the professor's name. Luckily he managed to spot the nameplate on the wall beside the professor's door before things got too awkward. "Mr. Simpson." Alan finished.

Alan was suddenly struck by a new memory that made him wonder how he had ever forgotten the guy's name at all. The professor was a certified stud. Even well into his fifties he had a body that would make men half his age weep out of jealousy. The professor's big, barrel chest was bulging out of his button-up shirt. The buttons could barely contain his thick, muscular pecs, and his khaki slacks weren't faring much better against his tree-trunk thick quads, and then there was that bulge of his thick cock. The monster looked ready to burst out from behind the zipper of his fly at any second. All this coupled with the professors flowing, grey-flecked mane had garnered him the nickname of "Mr. Samson."

Alan balked at the sudden realization. He had to remind himself that that was a brand new memory. He had to force the image of Mr. Simpson as a hunched over, wizened old fogey into his mind. The Professor Simpson that Alan knew was more akin to Mr. Burns than Brock Samson, but that was a different reality. In the current reality his professor was the beefcake that stood before him now. The question was, when did the professor become such a stud?

"Hey so... did something happen this morning?" Alan asked awkwardly.

"Excuse me?" the professor replied.

"Oh. I mean. You just seem more... robust than usual. I was wondering what your secret was." Alan said. It was partially the truth and it seemed to

alleviate the professor's confusion. In fact, Mr. Samson went from baffled to bawdy on a dime.

Mr. Samson let out a hearty guffaw and puffed up his chest which caused the top button to fly off. "Noticed that didya?" He boasted with no small amount of pride. "I usually start the day off with a glass of six raw eggs, but recently I've been trying eight instead. Takes a lot of protein to fuel a body like this, but I suppose I don't have to tell *you* that, do I?" He said and let out another hearty guffaw.

"No. I know all about that." Alan replied with a smirk. He took a moment to puff up his own chest and even went so far as to flex his biceps as well. He never could pass up a chance to flaunt his muscles, but as much as he really wanted to put on a show, he knew he needed to get some info from the professor, and the sooner he did it the better. There was no telling how much the old man would remember, and the longer Alan waited to jog his memory the less the chances became that Alan would be able to get any useful info out of the guy. It may already be too late. Whatever chance encounter the professor had had with someone carrying the magic box and relic may not even have happened in the current version of reality.

"So... you didn't happen to meet with another student today, did you?" Alan asked as casually as he could, but he didn't really succeed. He sounded like he was up to something, and Alan could tell from the sudden change in the professor's disposition that the

older guy didn't trust where this line of questioning was leading.

"I can't share any information like that. Teacher student confidentiality and all that." The professor explained.

"Oh. No I didn't mean anything class related." Alan quickly explained, but his explanation just made matters worse.

"What are you implying...?" The professor asked suspiciously. He narrowed his gaze at Alan and silently peered at the beefy student as if appraising Alan's intentions.

Alan knew he was on thin ice so to speak. He was just trying to coax some information out of the older guy, but that would require not just subtlety but also knowing the right questions to ask – both subjects that Alan was sorely unprepared for.

Alan fortunately had one trump card he could play. It was no surprise that the older guy was as virile as ever – if not more so thanks to the effects of the relic, and being in such close proximity to the huge, hyper-hung, beefcake of a student was having a pronounced effect on the man's cock. Alan could see the snake stirring to life in the man's trousers. Mr. Samson's cock seemed even larger than Alan remembered, and Alan wasn't convinced that that was purely because the professor was more of a grower than a shower. It was almost as if the older guy had had another mild growth spurt.

As if to confirm Alan's suspicions, the seams around the shoulders of the older guy's shirt started to pop and fray. The professor was struggling against his own supercharged libido, and this was causing him to hover in a semi-boned state. The slight vacillations between slightly hard and slightly soft were enough to add a few millimeters to his final cock size every few seconds, and that was really adding up in a hurry. His already massive muscles were threatening to burst free from his clothes at any second, and Alan had a mind to help matters along.

"Well, it's just that I couldn't help but notice how hot you look lately. I was wondering if anyone else had tapped that yet today." Alan said impishly. He reached down and ran a brawny hand across the bulge in the older man's slacks. It was a ballsy move – even for someone whose testes were the size of clown cars, but Alan had reason to believe that the professor's supercharged sex drive would make him agreeable to what he had in mind.

"Y-you really shouldn't do that..." The professor murmured, but he didn't sound particularly opposed to the idea. Whatever defense he was putting up was paltry at best. He made no effort to shy away from Alan's touch nor did he try to push Alan's hand away.

"Oh... That's nice..." The professor murmured softly as Alan stroked the older man's cock through the fabric of his khaki pants. With each passing second the older guy's cock grew harder and harder. It strained

against the fabric of his slacks so hard that it threatened to tear free of his pants at any second. The huge tent of his fully boned cock was far larger than the slacks had room to accommodate causing the fabric to groan audibly in protest. It was only a matter of time until something gave out, and Alan was eager to see what would give first.

Alan's eyes traced a path up and down the older guy's body as he stroked the professor's rigid cock through the guy's slacks. Even within the confines of his slacks it was obvious the dude had well over a solid foot of schlong, and it would probably be even larger than that once it was free to show its true size.

Alan grinned from ear to ear as he listened to the older guy's breathing steadily get heavier and raspier. He chuckled as he watched the man who had a body that made bodybuilders weep quiver like Jell-O against his touch. Someone with so much brawn and power and yet was so easily brought to his knees – both literally and figuratively. It didn't take long for Alan's touch to have its intended effect. Alan wasn't interested in dragging this out so he kept the pressure on even as the older man's legs began to wobble beneath him. He continued to stroke the guy's cock even as he felt it buck and lurch in his hands. Even as he felt the warm, slick pre seep through the khaki fabric, Alan continued to stroke and pump the man's dick. It was soon apparent to both of them that Mr. Samson wasn't getting out of this situation without making some form of a mess.

The professor suddenly jumped into action, but he didn't try to stop Alan's groping. Instead he fumbled awkwardly with the button at the top of his fly – a button which was now clasping far too tight causing the waistband of the slacks to dig into the defined muscles of his abs and Adonis belt, but try as he might Mr. Samson had neither the time nor the manual dexterity available to him to undo the clasp and drop his drawers. He let out a soft moan as he lost the fight against his own need to cum. His cock lurched hard in the tight confines of his slacks, and thick cum oozed through the fabric and started to drip down his front. He was so overcome with ecstasy that he nearly collapsed flat onto his ass – in fact, he would have had Alan not been on hand to catch him.

“Easy, old timer. We wouldn't want you to fall and break a hip now, would we?” Alan teased playfully as he helped to older man lean back against the wall.

“Oh... you know how it is when you get to be my age. Old grey mare ain't what she used to be.” The professor mumbled in reply.

Both Alan and Mr. Simpson realized what he had said at the same time. The both did something akin to a double-take and quickly looked at one another. There was a brief flash of mutual understanding.

“You remember something.” Alan said firmly.

“I was... I was weak...” The professor murmured.

That was putting it mildly. The professor that Alan knew was so scrawny and scraggly that he looked like he could be blown away by a gust of wind. It was a wonder he was able to get around without a cane. The former Mr. Simpson was a stark contrast to the current massive, muscular Mr. Samson that now sat beside Alan.

“But I’ve always been strong... ever since I was a boy...” The professor murmured.

“It’s alright. Your memories are a little jumbled right now. It happens.” Alan explained.

Alan tried to be reassuring – he really did, but it was not his expertise nor could he really focus too much on the professor’s mental state – not when the professor was steadily swelling before his very eyes. The older man was beefing up by the second. The latest climax had caused him to once again have a growth spurt, and the pounds of muscle steadily stacked on. He was bulking up so fast that even with reality warping around them trying to play catch up his clothes just could not keep up. The already suffering seems on his shirt popped and frayed. The fabric of his slacks creaked and groaned in protest as the fibers were pulled tighter and tauter with each passing second. The teeth of his zipper popped and snapped as his already massive semi grew and swelled beneath. Soon the professor’s fat chubby fell out from behind the broken zipper, but it did little to alleviate the strain on the fabric. Now his balls were massive enough to be

a bulge and a half unto themselves and his muscles were even more massive than ever.

The professor was breathing heavily due to an odd mix of impending panic and overpowering afterglow. He felt amazing and his swelling muscles felt fantastic, but the knowledge of his past self was more than he could handle right now.

“I can’t go back.” He pleaded.

Alan was taken aback. He hadn’t even thought about that. He still didn’t know a whole lot about the relic, but it did seem clear from his last visit with the God King that it wasn’t meant to be shared like this. What would happen if Alan claimed the full power for himself? Would bulky Mr. Samson once again be weak Mr. Simpson? Would the titanic quarterback, John, once again be the fairly average quarterback?

Alan didn’t have the time nor the mental fortitude to think too hard on all that right now. The professor was still under the effects of the relic which means that whoever had exposed him hadn’t shut the box yet. There was no telling how much longer Alan would have to talk with the older man before he was cut off from the magic, and once that happened it would be much harder to get him in this semi-lucid state where the various realities converged in his mind.

“It’s ok. I won’t let you go back. You’re huge, like me, right? We gotta stick together, right?” Alan tried to console the older man, but the words felt

strangely hollow. There was a pang of guilt gnawing at his gut. Could he really claim everything was ok? And that “big guys gotta stick together” bullshit was too much. Alan hadn’t intended to share, but surely he could spare a little size for Mr. Simpson, right?

Alan awkwardly patted the older man’s shoulder in a half-hearted attempt to seem sympathetic. Alan’s palm made contact with a large swath of exposed, muscular upper arm. Mr. Samson had grown so massive that his sleeved had pulled completely away from the rest of his shirt. It looked more like he was wearing an undersized vest and some tatters on his arms as opposed to a button-up shirt.

“Yes... of course...” the professor said shakily. The fabric of his khaki slacks shredded audibly as his quads and calves grew too large for the fabric to even cope with.

“I need you to tell me about the person you spoke with earlier. Did someone show you a black box? Do you remember a dick shaped rock?” Alan asked.

“Yes. I remember something about that. A young man about your age came to see me... It’s strange... it was just this morning, but it’s so hazy... but that can’t be right... I didn’t have office hours this morning. I skipped it to go for a jog.” The professor murmured.

Alan glanced at the older man’s body. He could tell that his muscles had more or less stabilized.

Even the professor's huge, flaccid cock had steadied out for size. The fat, floppy cock dangled now down almost to the older man's knees, but it didn't seem to be getting bigger. Alan knew he was losing his window of opportunity. Soon reality would finish adjusting itself, and if he didn't get the original memories locked into Mr. Samson's mind before things stabilized then it would be nearly impossible to dredge up the memories from the original reality.

Alan did the only thing he could think of. He reached down and took the professor's drooping cock in the palm of his hand. Even soft the thick schlong was so fat that Alan couldn't fully get his fingers to wrap all the way around it. The dude's cock was thicker than his wrist by a good margin. Mr. Samson's soft cock was now thicker than Mr. Simpson's whole arm had been just this morning, and the behemoth was almost as long to boot.

"Wha-? Oh. Ohhh..." the professor cooed softly in response. His confusion gave way to bliss as his cock once again stirred to life. His muscles once again began to swell beneath his overstuffed clothing. The next button on his shirt popped off causing his big, beefy chest to spill out completely from behind the fabric of his button-up shirt. Mr. Samson was breathing so heavily as Alan toyed with his steadily hardening cock that each time he inhaled his chest heaved which caused another button to fly free and another. It seemed with each orgasmic gasp his muscles surged outward. His slacks split. His shirt

buttons popped off completely so that his shirt looked more like Aladdin's vest than it did a long-sleeve shirt.

It wasn't long at all before Mr. Samson's cock was rock hard in Alan's hand. The tool was enormous by anyone's standard. The thick cock was easily as wide as 3-liter coke bottle and stood all the way up to the older man's swelling pecs.

Alan slowed his strokes. This time his goal was not to make the man cream. This time he needed to bide his time.

"Professor... Hey! Professor!" Alan cried out to get the older man's attention.

"What?" the professor asked. His mind was adrift in a sea of bliss and swirling memories. He could barely focus on anything other than how great he felt.

"I need you to remember what happened this morning. You met with someone – someone with a magic box. Who was it?" Alan asked sternly.

"I... don't remember his name. I see so many students for so many years... they all blur together..." the older man murmured.

Mr. Samson suddenly gasped. His cock gave a hard lurch in Alan's hand. His pants shredded even more. His vest began to split straight down the back as the massive muscles in his chest grew simply too vast for the piddly garment to even try to cover.

Alan slowed his stroking and waited for the shuddering to stop. As much fun as it would have been

to watch Mr. Samson blow another thick load, Alan needed information, and that meant keeping him in a state of steady growth.

Once Mr. Samson's breathing stabilized and his cock stopped shuddering, Alan continued his steady stroking. He took a moment to let Mr. Samson savor the feeling before he started his interrogation.

"Surely you can give me some info. What did he look like? What was he wearing? Anything that would give him away?" Alan asked.

"He was... He was strong... Not like us. Not like me, but he was definitely built. I remember him sitting there. I could not take my eyes off of him. His tight shirt gripping his firm body..." the professor murmured softly.

This caused Alan to cock an eyebrow. The last memory was obviously from the original reality. The professor had been checking out the mystery man even before he had been given access to the vitality that the relic granted. Alan tried to search his memories to see if he could remember anything about Mr. Simpson from the original reality. He tried to recall if anyone knew that Mr. Simpson was gay, but Alan just could not recall, but this time it was not the reality altering magics messing with Alan's memories. Alan had just never even cared to remember the older guy's name let alone his orientation back in the original reality. However, Alan did not think it was a simple coincidence that the professor was given access to the relic.

Just thinking about how hot the mystery man was seemed to send Mr. Simpson over the edge. He gasped once more. His cock shuddered again, but this time a small spurt of cum shot out before Alan could back off.

“Small” spurt was a relative term. For any normal person the solid rope of jizz that shot out of Mr. Sampson’s cock would have been more than seven loads worth, but the older guy had all that and a lot more tucked away in his nuts. Even after firing off a rope of cum that would fill a Big Gulp the dude’s dick was still rock hard and ready for more – much to Alan’s relief.

“I need more info.” Alan said calmly as he continued to gently stroke the older man’s cock.

Mr. Sampson was hit with another growth spurt. This one caused the waistband of his slacks to snap like a rubber band. His Adonis belt and abs had growth simply too thick for the waistband to handle, and that was saying nothing of his thick, meaty ass. For all intents and purposes he was completely nude save for a few tatters of clothing which still clung to his massive body. Mr. Samson was now so huge and hulking that his broad shoulders would have trouble fitting through a double door. His barrel chest was wider than the podium he stood at to teach class. His cock was now even longer than his arm and as thick as a milk jug. His nuts were now the size of ripe grapefruits. Each enormous orb would more than fill

one hand. Alan would have had to cup both hands together just to hold even one massive stone.

“He had... brown hair... Wavy brown hair. And glasses.” Mr. Samson murmured groggily.

“Great. I can use that, but I need more. Anything else I can use. How thick were his glasses? How tall was he?” Alan pressed.

“What? I didn’t meet with anyone this morning. I don’t have office hours in the morning since I always take a jog before classes.” The professor mumbled.

“Come on. I need you to remember. I need to know about the relic.” Alan insisted.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” The professor said uncertainly.

Alan stroked the older man’s cock even faster hoping to trigger another growth spurt and force another semi-lucid state, but the professor didn’t seem to be in any condition to talk nor remember. He just moaned and writhed in ecstasy as Alan pumped his huge cock with both hands. It didn’t take long for Mr. Samson to blow his thick load all over his chiseled abs and thick pecs. The guy came and came again, and all the while Alan kept a grip on the guy’s fat cock and kept pumping in hopes to drain every last ounce of spunk and spur yet another growth spurt, but even when Mr. Samson ran out of spunk to shoot and his huge cock softened and drooped, his muscles stayed the same.

Alan stood up and took a step back. He glanced over at his side to see Mr. Samson enjoying a pleasant afterglow. His huge cock now drooped well past his knees, but that seemed to be as big as it was going to get. Somehow he had stopped growing. Somehow he had been cut off from the source of the power.

“Hey. What’s that noise?” John asked Kyle as the smaller, slimmer guy trotter over to the table that John was sitting at.

“Oh. Something’s been rattling around in here all day, but I haven’t had time to dump everything out and look at it.” Kyle replied.

“Give it here. That’s gonna annoy me the whole time if I don’t fix it.” John replied and rolled his eyes.

Kyle held out his book bag which John quickly took and began to rifle through. It wasn’t long before John let out an “ah ha!” and pulled forth a couple of objects; a familiar solid black box and an equally familiar cock shaped stone. John didn’t say anything nor did he waste any time. He put the relic back into its compartment and began to shut the lid.

“I swear that thing does not want to stay closed.” Kyle replied.