

© 2018 Ziel

Beyond the Gate

By Ziel.

Beyond the gate

The scriptures were unclear about how exactly the world came to be. What they do say is that there was another world, one which came before the one that the people currently inhabit. This world was full of people and places much like the current world, but like all things, it came time for it to end. One by one the stars faded and light left the universe until only one being remained. This being's will burned bright enough to repel the darkness which came to swallow him whole and thus a new god was born. It was his will that birthed a new universe, and ever since he has ruled this new world as a benevolent leader... at least, that is what the books say. The truth of the matter was up for some interpretation.

“So, what do you think he’s really like?”
Gwynn asked in a way that was uncharacteristically glib for an up and coming acolyte.

“Why are you asking me?” Lorian replied.

“Because you actually pay attention in class, and all that time you spend with your nose in a book has to be good for something,” Gwynn quipped and tousled his smaller buddy’s hair.

“Hey! Cut that out!” Lorian grumbled and swatter his pal’s hand away.

“Well, whatever. I still can’t believe that no one can tell us what he looks like. It seems silly to be meeting someone and not even be able to find out that. How will we even know we’re talking to the right guy?” Gwynn replied.

“If the reports are true, there is no way he could be anything other than a god,” Lorian explained.

“Because he is ‘beyond description’,” Gwynn replied in an eerie tone of voice one would take as if telling a campfire ghost story.

“That’s what they say, anyway” Lorian agreed.

“That is decidedly unhelpful,” Gwynn replied and rolled his eyes.

The truth of the matter was that both students knew this so-called god existed. There was no other explanation for the mysterious transformation those that had visited the holy land had undergone. People go in as average as anyone else, and come back as an Ascendant. Gwynn and Lorian had both only met one such Ascendant in their lifetime, and they barely came up to the guy’s shins! The Ascendant towered over

everyone in their home town. It was such an awe-inspiring sight that Lorian immediately devoted himself to studying the scripture. Gwynn's reasoning for taking up studies were slightly different. He was amazed, sure, but he wasn't about to abandon his life in search of some holy land. He wasn't about to let Lorian go it alone, either. There was too much Gwynn didn't know, and what he didn't know, he didn't trust. Gwynn signed on to college more as a protector to his overeager pal as opposed to as an earnest student, and the more he learned the less he felt like he knew. Everything was so vague. All he felt like he knew was that he could never be truly ready for what lied in the holy land.

Eventually the day finally came for them to graduate. Lorian had graduated with top marks, but Gwynn on the other hand had barely skated by. As they prepared for their graduation ceremony, everyone kept saying how Lorian was a shoe in for an Ascendant. No one was more earnest in his studies and more devoted to this mysterious god, but that hardly mattered to Gwynn. In the ends grades were just a means to an end, and whether he made As or Cs he was still going to make the pilgrimage all the graduates made, and once he made it to the holy land, he could ensure that Lorian didn't do something rash.

"So, what do you think we'll see when we get there?" Gwynn asked as he marched alongside his smaller, slimmer pal.

“Well, first we reach the chapel town, and then we work our way through the town towards the Gates of the Heavens.” Lorian explained.

“I know that. Everyone knows that, but what do you think we’ll see beyond the gates?” Gwynn asked.

“I dunno.” Lorian replied.

“Like everyone. You would think with how many people have gone through there to make their pilgrimage, there would be more information to go off of. It’s not exactly rare to graduate. Heck, there were twelve of us in this year’s class alone!” Gwynn mused.

“Maybe it really is as breathtaking as they say. Maybe once we see it we will understand why no one can explain it.” Lorian replied.

“Ugh. You sound like those old lecturers back in college.” Gwynn groaned.

“And you sound like a grouch.” Lorian sassed back.

“Har Har,” Gwynn replied and rolled his eyes.

The journey continued much the same way for the next few days as the small entourage made their way through vast open plains until they eventually came upon the chapel town itself. Its name was a bit misleading. It was little more than a small backwater built into the base of the colossal gateway known as the Gate of the Heavens. The only real source of income they had were trading done with pilgrims.

Needless to say, souvenirs lined the market stalls, but what was perhaps most shocking were the nature of the souvenirs.

“Hehe. I should buy one of these and get some use out of it when we get to the inn tonight, what do you say?” Gwynn said jokingly as he showed a small statuette that looked suspiciously like an erect cock.

“Have you no sense of decorum?” Lorian scoffed.

“No, but I have a great sense of Gay-corum. Besides, I can’t be the first guy to have this idea. Oh, and look. They have one in your size!” Gwynn teased and picked up a smaller such statuette. His jibe earned him a sharp jab in the ribs from his friend, but despite the punch, Lorian was struggling not to laugh as well.

In the end, Gwynn ended up buying one of the statuettes, but he didn’t make good on his idea to get some fun out of it that night. He, much like all the other pilgrims, were too tired to do much more than eat, bathe, and pass after a long, arduous march. The sun rose the next day, and the pilgrims were back on the open road, headed towards the towering gates that lie in the distance.

The trek to the gates took much longer than anyone had anticipated. They had seemed so close to town when they had departed, but by the end of the day, they had only made it half way when it came time to make camp, and as they continued the trek the next day, the gates loomed before them growing every

larger with each step they took. It was soon apparent that these gates were no ordinary doorway. The doors were so massive that it left the travelers wondering how they would even open them. It would take an army of Ascendants to even budge it! Finally, the pilgrims reached the end of their journey. They stood before the gates and stared up in awe. Even Gwynn was uncharacteristically quiet as he stared up at the giant stone doors which towered hundreds of feet into the air. He had never felt so tiny in his whole life. It was hard to believe he ever thought of himself as a big guy back at home now that he stood before a doorway where he was too tiny to even be a door stop. He felt like an ant.

The old man who was leading the pilgrimage, stepped forward and ascended a small altar which stood before the doorway. On the altar was a large horn which would have been impossible for the old man, or any man for that matter, to lift had it not been mounted to the altar to keep it upright. He took a deep breath and blew into the horn which let out a bellow that echoed through the entire area. It was so loud that Gwynn and Lorian felt like their eardrums could burst. Fortunately, the fanfare was short lived, and then soon after the massive, stone doorway began to open.

Gwynn and Lorian stared in awe as the gateway slowly slid open. The doors were so massive it was as if they were watching mountains move, but the doorway was not nearly as amazing as what lied beyond. Once the doorway was opened, a man stood

before them who was every bit as tall as the doorway itself! He towered hundreds of feet above the pilgrims! Even just his pinkie toe was large enough to dwarf the entire entourage!

“Holy shit! That’s gotta be him!” Gwynn cried out.

“He is merely one of the attendants.” The old man leading the group said. His words shocked both Gwynn and Lorian and not just because it was the first time they had heard him speak the entire time. What was this titan if not a veritable god? The answer was soon to be apparent as the pilgrims made their way through the gigantic gate.

Once through the gate, the first thing they noticed were several more such titans lounging around. With the exception of the gatekeepers, not one of them had a stitch of clothing on them which made it clear that every last one of these titans was not only massive, but muscular and hung as hell too! Their cocks dangled past their knees! Their muscles bulged with divinity. Their pecs were like mountains. Their quads were thicker than the mightiest redwoods. Surely these titans were without peer, but the truth was far different. The travelers were so enthralled by the titans around them that they were unaware of something else looming before them. It wasn’t until they reached the end of the trail and stood upon a clearing atop a high cliff that they realized what they were looking at.

In the distance stood three towering mountains, and amidst those mountains sat a singular figure. His arms draped over the two mountains at his sides as if they were armrests. His back rested against the tallest of the three mountains as if it was a throne. His legs seemed to stretch on for miles until his feet came to a rest against the base of the cliff the travelers now stood upon, but his sheer scale wasn't the only way in which this god dwarfed the titans which inhabited the highlands. His cock was beyond massive even for his scale! His dick was wider than his shoulders and longer than his legs! Even just the slit of his monstrously massive cock was like an entire valley within itself. His sheer size and scale made the travelers feel like less than ants, less than gnats. They may as well have been amoeba staring up at that godly personage. No doubt they were too tiny to even be seen by such a titanic person, but no sooner had the sheer size and scale of the enormous god shaken all the travelers to their core than the god leaned forward and stared down at the new arrivals. He rested his head on his hands and rested his elbows on his knees and glared down at the tiny entourage as if bemused by their presence.

No one said anything. No one could think of anything TO say. Even Gwynn was at a loss for words. He finally understood why the reports were as they were. Even having seen it himself there was no way that he could convey just how massive the god truly was. No words did him justice. He dwarfed mountains! His body was the size of an entire mountain range. If he stood up his head would reach into the upper

atmosphere! The very clouds themselves would struggle to reach his pecs!

Suddenly a smirk appeared on the god's titanic lips. Even just his lips stretched on for hundreds of feet. His mouth may as well have been a valley. His lips may as well have been hills. Something he saw piqued his interest, and it didn't take long to find out what. The god reached down and plucked one of the tiny travelers up between his thumb and forefinger.

Gwynn's instincts overpowered his awe for a moment. The second he saw those mountain-sized fingers clamp down around the hood of Lorian's robes, Gwynn leapt into action. Literally! He jumped up and latched onto his pal's legs and didn't dare let go. Soon the duo was dangling what seemed like thousands of feet in the air, and traveling at speeds that felt like miles per second. It required superhuman strength for Gwynn to hold onto his pal's legs, but he didn't dare let go. Then, just as quickly as the journey had begun, they stopped. The duo found themselves face to face with just the god's eye. Even just the pupil was so massive that it was like staring into a jet-black lake.

The god chuckled. His voice rumbled through the entire region. He spoke, but his words predated the very universe itself. There was no way that Lorian and Gwynn could understand what he was saying, but that didn't seem to matter. The god had something in mind for the duo.

The god reached up with his other hand and gently placed the duo upon his palm. He stared down

at them with a smirk on his face and a light in his eyes. The duo was transfixed by the god's eyes. Not just because of the sheer size of them but because they seemed to shimmer and shine with an opalescent light. They were so fascinated and fixated on the god that they barely realized what was happening to them until their clothes were beginning to pop and fray. The stitches snapped. Their robes shredded as their bodies steadily outgrew them. Soon the duo went from being the size of gnats to the god to the size of ants and then to the size of bumblebees in the palm of the god's hand, and still they grew and grew. It was impossible for them to comprehend just how much they had grown because no matter how large they got they still felt miniscule next to the towering god. They could be hundreds of feet tall and yet they still both easily fit in the palm of his hand.

The duo grew and grew until they struggled to find room for both of them upon the god's palm. The god tilted his palm and tried to shake Gwynn loose onto his other palm, but Gwynn held fast to his friend. Then, the god spoke in a voice that was impossibly soft and sweet for someone his size. Gwynn could not understand his words, but the tone of his voice seemed to indicate that he was trying to soothe Gwynn's fears. Gwynn reluctantly loosened his grip and allowed himself to be relocated to the god's other palm, but all the while Gwynn kept a close eye on his pal. Lorian too didn't want to let go, but he was not about to disobey a literal god. Once safely deposited into their respective palms, the growth resumed. They duo grew and grew until they filled out the god's

entire palms and then some! They were so huge that they were like the size of Barbie dolls in the god's hands. They felt so tiny in the hands of someone so massive, but they had to be even larger than the titans they had seen at the entrance! But no matter how huge they were now, it seemed the god still had further plans for them. His gaze shifted and his glowing eyes focused instead on Lorian's cock. Lorian's respectable dick steadily began to creep up in size. His softy went from being slightly longer than his middle finger and slightly thicker than his thumb and began to grow and grow until it dangled halfway down his thigh and still it kept growing. Soon his cock dangled down to his knee. Then soon after it dangled past his shin. Even once his cock was longer than his legs it continued to grow and grow! Soon Lorian's cock dwarfed his entire body. By the time Lorian's cock finally stopped growing, it was as long as the god's forearm and just as thick! It was several times longer than Lorian's whole body and far, far thicker, and he had the nuts to match! Either enormous nut was large enough to fill the god's entire palm as if it was the size of a grapefruit to the titanic deity.

Gwynn and Lorian had no idea what the god had planned for them, but they knew the look in the god's eyes. He looked horny as hell, and given how much time he spent growing Lorian's cock, it seemed clear that he had a mind to use Lorian's dick for something carnal.

The god leaned forward and flopped facedown upon his own cock. His dick was so massive that the

god could rest atop it as if he were lying on a mattress. His cock reached so far up his chest that his head rested atop his own glans as if head of his cock was a massive pillow. It was the perfect position for what he had in mind next. The god reached forward with his hand that had Gwynn in it first. He moved his palm around so that Gwynn was staring down the slit of his massive cock. Even at Gwynn's recently enhanced size, it was like staring down a cavern, and then with one last tip, the god tossed Gwynn into the darkness of his own cock. Next the god moved his other palm into position so that Lorian's massive cock was aimed right at the pre-drooling slit of the god's colossal cock. It was obvious to tell what he had in mind from there.

Gwynn recovered quickly from the tumble and hastily got his wits about him. He could scarcely believe he was actually inside the cock of a literal god! The air was hot and humid inside the god's cock, and the light at the end of the tunnel was suddenly blocked out by something else – something which was thick enough to fill the entire slit of the god's megalithic cock! Gwynn barely had time to comprehend what was happening when suddenly he felt the head of his pal's colossal cock mashing against his face! There was no doubt about it. This was Lorian's dick! Gwynn had watched in awe as it had grown almost as thick as the god's entire arm, and now it was so huge that even just the head of it dwarfed Gwynn's entire body! Gwynn didn't know what the god had in mind, but it didn't take him long to figure out. Soon Lorian's cock began to draw back away from him, and once more,

light seeped into the god's cock through the recently opened slit at the tip of his dick.

The god settled into a rhythm. He held Lorian in the palm of his hand and used his super-sized cock as a sex toy. He slid the massive dick deep inside his megalithic cock and then steadily pulled it out, and continued the process once more. The entire region echoed with his sighs of bliss.

Meanwhile, Gwynn was trying to resist his own urges. He didn't want to admit it but something about being inside someone else's cock was fascinating and hot as hell. His own impressive cock was rock hard and aching to be plunged into something, and Gwynn had the perfect candidate in mind. He had long wanted to give his good buddy a good dicking and now he had the perfect opportunity in a way he had never dreamed possible. He waited for the next pass. He waited for Lorian's dick to once again be buried to the hilt down the god's cock, and then Gwynn leapt into action. He latched onto his pal's cock head and maneuvered his own dick so that it aimed directly down the slit of his pal's colossal cock. Gwynn's arms were just barely wide enough to reach around his pal's glans and grip onto the rim of the puffy head of his pal's cock, but it was enough to give himself a grip so that he could hold on for the ride of his life. While he rode his pal's cock as it slid in and out of the god's megalithic dick, Gwynn began to rock his hips and plunge his own cock deep down his buddy's dick.

Lorian writhed and wriggled in ecstasy in the god's palm. He couldn't believe what he was feeling. Not only was the god's cock gripping every inch of his cock which now dwarfed his entire body, but he could feel Gwynn's own cock filling his dick to the brim from the inside. He had never imagined anything could feel so good in his entire life, and the feeling was amplified by the knowledge that it was his best friend who was fucking his cock like that. As much as Lorian wanted to make this moment last forever, he was quickly reaching the limits of what he could withstand. He hadn't had the chance to rub one out on the duration of his pilgrimage and so his balls were not only larger than his body, but blue as the sky! Lorian gasped and moaned and struggled to keep his load down, but he was fighting a losing battle.

Meanwhile, Gwynn was still humping his pal's cock for all it was worth. His arms were aching from holding his own weight at such a strange angle, but he wasn't about to quit so soon. The way his buddy's cock was gripping his dick was better than any ass he had ever plowed. He hoped the god let them keep their current sizes so they could do this again and again.

In the end, Lorian was the first to cum. He let out a loud moan. His cock gave one last shudder and lurch, and then cum erupted from his dick and slammed straight into his pal's chest. Gwynn was sent hurtling deeper down the god's pre-flooding cock. Cum washed over him in thick, murky sprays. As Gwynn was sent tumbling head over heels through the cum-flooded shaft of the god's cock, he lost his own

battle with his libido, but his own wads were negligible compared to the titanic waves of cum crashing against him, but even Lorian's cum shots were nothing compared to the storm brewing at the base of the god's cock. The god was reaching his limits too. The entire region rumbled as his moans echoed through the air. It was so loud that even the windows of the small chapel town rumbled from the noise. The god rocked his hips and dug his cock into the earth below as he continued to ream his dick with Lorian's deflating cock. Soon, he too was at the limits of his endurance. The god let out one last cry and cum erupted from his enormous cock. Gwynn was sent hurtling once more, this time out of the god's cock instead of further in. Fortunately, Lorian's cock was still buried deep in the god's dick to keep Gwynn from launching into the wild blue yonder.

Gwynn grabbed onto his pal's cock as he rode out the storm. He was coated from head to toe in a mix of his, Lorian's, and the god's cum, and it was the best he had ever felt. He never wanted the moment to end. He wanted to bask in the deific jizz forever, but all good things come to an end... at least for now.

The god pulled Lorian's cock out of his dick, and let the pent up cum dribble out onto the palm of his hand and Gwynn with it. The god didn't say anything to the duo, not that they would have understood him even had he tried, and placed both of them back up on the cliffside with the rest of the pilgrims. As the duo slowly came back to their senses, they got a glimpse of those they had traveled with and

for the first time got a real feel for just how massive they had become. The entire entourage could be eclipsed under just the tip of their pinky! Even the gate guard, who earlier they had mistaken for a god, barely came up to their shoulders.

“Hehe. He must have really taken a liking to you two.” The gate guard said as he reached down and helped Gwynn and Lorian get up on their feet.

“Is this normal?” Gwynn asked. His voice came out sounding a bit more excited than he had intended, but after what he had been through it seemed a little silly to try and hide it anyway.

“He sometimes picks someone from a pilgrimage to have some fun with, but this is the first time in all the years I have been here that he has taken two,” the guard explained.

“What happens now?” Gwynn asked.

“Most people stay here, but there’s nothing stopping you from going back home, I suppose,” The guard explained.

“Except for me... I don’t think I could move much even if I wanted to...” Lorian chimed in meekly.

“I guess we’re staying here then,” Gwynn replied.

“In that case, welcome home!” The guard replied happily.