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Above Average

Part 27

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It had been a rough day for Alan. He had searched the entire campus and even went so far as to question any guy who looked to be heavily muscled – naturally or otherwise – but he was still no closer to finding the mystery man who now controlled the power of the relic and the box. To say that Alan was in a bad mood would be an understatement. He was irritated that he could have lost the relic in the first place and exasperated at the lack of help he was getting from his roommate. As far as Steve could remember they had never even had the relic to begin with. Even once Alan managed to jog his memory about the relic and the supernatural growth that had left Alan in his current gloriously huge state, Steve still had no memory of where the box had gotten off to. With the sun setting and all current leads exhausted, Alan had no choice but to give it up for the day. He hoped that he'd have better luck tomorrow and that

he'd be spared a call from the radiant God King and his mysterious advisor. The last thing Alan wanted was to have to explain to a pair of supposed deities that he had lost to relic especially given the show they put on last time he had visited their realm. Alan still had the inch or two of height the advisor had given him as a taste of their power to prove that the dreams were very real, but that also meant that this pair had more powers than they let on. Alan could read the situation well enough to know that the bit of growth was merely the carrot on the stick. It was a taste of power to give him incentive to search for the relic – as if he needed more incentive than he already had. The real question that plagued Alan's mind is what would they do if their carrot didn't prove tantalizing enough to get Alan's cooperation. Alan was without a doubt 100% on board with cooperating, but could he prove that to a pair of literal gods? The lords could giveth, but could the lords also taketh away? The mere thought of it had Alan in a cold sweat. It was with these thoughts plaguing his mind that Alan trudged down the hallway of his dorm towards the showers. A warm rinse would not only do wonders for his mind, but it would also help with the layer of cold sweat that had him feeling gross and sticky all evening.

Alan entered the large, spacious shower room as he had done many a time in the past and made his way towards the knobs on the far end of the room, but Alan's massive cock mashed against the far side of the room long before Alan had gotten anywhere near arms' length to the knobs. It was one of the small nuisances that Alan had learned to deal with in his

days as a massive, muscular, hyper hung stud, but no matter how huge and unwieldy his cock grew to be, Alan wouldn't trade for anything in the world. In fact, the mere thought of it getting even bigger caused his already massive, nearly-twenty-foot schlong to chub up even more than it already had. The feeling of blood rushing to his super-sized member caused Alan's attention to drift towards his massive cock and balls.

Alan was once again awed by their sheer size. Either enormous nut was the size the carriage of a sedan. Even splayed out on tiled floor of the showers as they currently were, his magnificently massive nuts crested at nearly his shoulders, and they paled in comparison to his colossal cock. His dick was longer than a Winnebago and every bit as thick! His massive cock and balls were so huge that Alan had to walk at an angle to keep his cock from blocking his field of view, and even then, it became very difficult to see where he was going, but that was all a small price to pay for being so gloriously huge. And yet despite how massive Alan's cock already was, he was already dreaming about what it would be like to be even larger. His cock was already so massive and unwieldy that a lesser man wouldn't be able to move it. In fact, it took a small squad of at least four people to hoist the thing, but he never seemed to have trouble finding guys who were interested in being his personal ball-bearers whenever had need of some. As it was, though, Alan had no trouble carrying his cock and balls around thanks to his enormous muscles. His biceps bulged like mountains. His quads were as thick as oak tree trunks. His pecs formed a shelf that jutted out so

far in front of him that it tended to mash against his cock as he walked. Even his ass was a sight to behold. His beefy butt cheeks were so swole that either one was as wide as a king-sized pillow and twice as firm! But even the width of his ass paled in comparison to the sheer wing-span of his flared out lats. Even without flexing them, the muscles on the sides of his back bulged out like the wings of a sugar glider. His wingspan dwarfed even the girth of his colossal cock. He was so massive that he had to squeeze through even double doors sideways, but despite the inconveniences of having such a massive cock and bod, he would not trade it for the world.

Admiring his size had done wonders to improve his mood, but Alan wasn't out of the dumps just yet. The nagging fear that someone else may soon outgrow him still gnawed at the back of his mind, and the fear of what the deific duo would do if they didn't approve of Alan's efforts to recover the artifact was still in the front of his mind. It was while Alan was grappling with these fears that he noticed the warmth of the water cascading over him.

The water snapped Alan back to reality. He knew for a fact that he had not turned the handle himself – doing so would have required him to swivel around and walk sideways until he could actually reach the damned thing – but sure enough the water was running. The only logical explanation was that someone else had started it for him, and it didn't take long for Alan to figure out who.

“Just sit back and leave the rest to us,” came a familiar voice which Alan knew to belong to a particularly lanky fellow.

“Yeah. We’ll have you cleaned up in no time!” came the enthusiastic reply from a second yet no less familiar voice.

“Huh?” Alan murmured. He was still mostly stuck in his thoughts, but the warm water and the new voices snapped him somewhat back to reality. He glanced to the side and could see the first of the two newcomers stepping out from behind his bulging lats. This dude was decidedly built, but by no means was he anywhere near Alan’s sheer mass. This guy came by his beef all naturally, and it showed. Meanwhile another form was stepping out from behind the tip of Alan’s massive cock. This figure was every bit the opposite of the beefy football jock. This dude was lean and lanky with scarcely a muscle on his body. Alan still did not know the duo’s name, and by this point he was too embarrassed to ask. He knew them only as Tex and Emo. Tex being the tall, broad-shouldered hunk from the football team, and Emo being the slim, pale, and dark-haired dude who often helped Alan with his cleaning rituals.

“You ok? You seem a little tense...” Tex said.

“Oh... Nah, I’m fine. I just have a lot on my mind,” Alan replied with a noncommittal shrug. Alan was so muscular that even just a simple shrug caused the muscle in his upper body to ripple.

There was a moment of awkward silence where no one was really sure what to say. Finally, it was Emo who spoke up. "Is it something you want to talk about?" He asked uncertainly.

"Not really... I dunno..." Alan mumbled.

"If there's anything at all we can do to help, we're all ears," Tex chimed in. He sounded so earnest and sincere that for a second Alan was tempted to spill the beans about everything; the relic, his growth, the dreams, and even the recent search to recover the source of his growth, but who would ever believe such a tale if they had not lived it firsthand? Even Alan himself had trouble believing it, and he literally had twenty feet worth of cock jutting out in front of him as scientific proof! And even if they did believe him, that brought up another problem. What would they say if they knew the truth. What would they do if they knew that not only was this not Alan's original size, but that there was a way to obtain this size for themselves. Would they still want to serve him? The thoughts nagged at Alan's mind, and made him even more stressed out.

"I take that as a no..." Emo replied with a dejected sigh.

"It's fine. You don't need to talk if you're not feeling it, but I do think I know something that will help," Tex said. There was an interesting tone to his voice that was almost playful. For a moment Alan thought that this was going to turn into another raunchy romp, but as strange as it sounded, Alan

wasn't too keen on that. Even though his cock was well past half-mast he just wasn't in the mood right now. He never thought the day would come where he wasn't in the mood, but there he was. To his surprise though, he felt Tex's fingers begin to dig into the dense muscles of his shoulders – muscles which were so thick and sculpted that they nearly came up to Alan's ears. It took a second for Alan to realize what was happening, but once he realized what was happening he started to relax almost instantly. Tex's fingertips felt like magic. Alan could feel the stress melting away as Tex worked the kinks out of his massive muscles.

“Oh yeah...” Alan sighed dreamily.

“You like that? And my mother said I'd never find a use for my sports medicine degree,” Tex said with a chuckle. Tex continued to dig his fingers into the dense muscles while Alan sighed happily along with the motions. Tex didn't want to say so out loud, but this was actually the toughest massage job he had ever attempted. Alan's muscles were so thick that it was like trying to sculpt cement with his bare hands, but Tex was determined to see it through if for no other reason than the sound of satisfaction that was coming from his idol. Tex couldn't help but marvel at Alan's sheer size as he worked his muscles though. Alan was so massive and so muscular that the grooves and contours of his physique were so dense that Tex could slide his entire finger into them. Tex could open his hand so that his fingers stretched flat and slide his entire hand into the deep crevasse down the center of Alan's back if he wanted to. Part of him wanted to do

that, and another part of him wanted to slide another body part into that deep ditch.

“Hey, Noah. Pass the soap?” Came the voice of Emo from the far side of the room. He was standing near the spigot with a wet washcloth in hand. He had apparently decided to devote his energies to getting Alan clean while Tex handled to destressing.

Alan could feel Tex, whose name was apparently Noah’s, fingers easing off of his back. Alan couldn’t see what was happening, but he could fill in the blanks based on what was being said.

“Hey, Yuri! Go long!” Noah said playfully. He hoisted the bottle of bath soap up in one hand as if it was a football and prepared to lob it the full length of the large, open shower room.

“No! Wait! Don’t!” Yuri, formerly known to Alan only as Emo, sputtered, but it was too late. The bottle was already arcing through the air leaving Yuri to scramble and try to catch it before it hit the floor and cracked open like an uncooked egg. The bottle slipped from his hands as he went to catch it and popped back up and hit him in the face. Yuri came close to slipping and falling flat on his ass, but after a moment of flailing about like a newborn faun on ice he managed to regain his balance with the bottle of soap in hand.

“Quit it with the throwing! You know I’m too gay for your sportsball nonsense!” Yuri grumbled as he spritzed large amounts of soap onto his washcloth and

set to work. Washing Alan's cock was more like washing a car than a cock. The beast was so huge it was as long as two full-sized sedans lined up bumper to bumper, but this wasn't some lifeless hunk of metal. It was very much alive. As Yuri ran his soapy cloth-filled hands up and down the behemoth he could feel it chub up ever so slightly at his touch. The beast was getting bigger, thicker, and harder before his very eyes, which just caused Yuri's own respectable semi to stir to life as well. Yuri could tell Alan wasn't in the mood to get frisky today, but it was so hard for him to keep it in his figurative pants when there was so much sexiness so close to him. He was literally reaching out and touching an object of pure, unmitigated sexuality, and it drove Yuri wild. Yuri was actually thankful for the constant spray from the shower heads because the steady downpour masked the steady leakage of pre from his fully-boned cock.

Yuri tried his best to keep things professional – or as professional as can be when rubbing a massive cock – but his libido was quickly taking control of the situation. Soon it wasn't just his hands rubbing along the length of Alan's bus-sized-schlong. Yuri was getting his whole body into it. He mashed his suds-covered chest against the steadily stiffening side of Alan's colossal cock. He ground his soap-covered cock against the shuddering behemoth before him. He was so lost in the moment and the sheer ecstasy of sharing space with such a fantastic specimen of masculinity that he completely forgot he was supposed to be scrubbing Alan's dick. Yuri's scrubbing quickly turned to kissing and licking every inch of flesh he could reach, and

given the sheer scale of Alan's cock there was plenty of flesh for the licking. Yuri buried his face against the massive cock and nuzzled against it as he continued to bump and grind against it. Every moment was ecstasy, and judging by how hard Alan's cock was getting, Yuri wasn't the only one enjoying it.

"Oh yeah... that's the spot..." Alan murmured. His voice reverberated through the foggy air of the shower room and seemed to goad on both of his attendants to work on their given tasks. Yuri was more than happy to climb atop Alan's colossal cock and begin the grind and lick a trail even closer to Alan's beefy body. Noah on the other hand continued to dig his fingers into the dense muscles of Alan's back. Alan had relaxed considerably since Noah had begun his massage, but there was still a lot of ground to cover. Alan's beefy backside was so massive that Noah suspected it'd take the entire evening to attend to all the stiff muscles bulging from Alan's back! But he had other plans.

"H-hey..." Noah said.

"Hmm?" Alan responded groggily. The wave of relief that came from having Noah work out the kinks in his muscles plus the amazing treatment his massive hard-on was getting had Alan so lost in ecstasy that he was barely able to even focus on Noah's voice.

"So... Yuri and I were talking about hitting up the MO Later..." Noah said awkwardly.

Alan perked up slightly at the mention of this. He knew the bar well. Members Only was the gay bar off campus, and Alan had spent many a night there shaking his ass in front of the cages. There was not a cage in the place that could hold him, but nobody seemed to mind that he was bare-assed naked out in the open. In fact, many folks seemed to cheer him on as he gyrated and swung his cock from side to side over the heads of all the dancers below the stage. Alan was definitely in his element there. He was the hugest guy around and had an audience cheering him on. The thrumming beat and the throngs of fans were like a drug to him. He couldn't get enough. It was just a shame that his roommate didn't share his love of the place. When Steve got to pick the venue they always went to some cheap bar. Sure, Alan still got to showboat a bit, but it wasn't the same, and since Alan and Steve often hung out together it seemed that Alan wouldn't get out to shake his ass at the MO that often. In fact, the last time he had been there had been his twenty-first birthday, and he had gotten blackout drunk that night.

Just thinking about his last foray into a booze fueled bash jogged his memories on the events of the past few days. That had been the night his life had changed. Somehow during the course of his beer-addled birthday bash he had stumbled across an artifact that transformed him into a veritable muscle god. He had gone from being so boringly average to so blessedly huge that it was impossible for Alan to even remember what it was like to be normal. Even just the thought of being normal made his stomach feel like it

was tying itself in knots. How could he ever be normal when he had tasted greatness like this? There was no way! He wanted to stay huge! He wanted to do more than just stay huge, he wanted to get even bigger! He wanted to grow and grow until he dwarfed the entire campus. He wanted to grow so huge that he rivaled even the glorious God King for sheer mass, but none of that was possible without the artifact. To make matters worse it seemed like the rate of growth was speeding up. The professor from earlier went from Mr. Simpson to Mr. Samson in the span of one morning. It had taken Alan days to reach that level of growth! If Alan didn't hurry someone was going to grow as big as he was... or bigger.

Both Yuri and Noah could tell something had soured Alan's mood again. It was written on his face and was felt in his cock. Alan's boner had faded away to a semi. Feeling Alan's cock deflate underneath him had taken much of the wind from Yuri's sails. He slid down from atop Alan's cock and resumed quietly scrubbing as much as he could. Meanwhile Noah continued to give Alan a massage in silence. The silence was deafening. Alan wasn't saying anything, and Noah and Yuri were both too nervous to speak up, and as the minutes ticked by the silence became more and more stifling. Finally, things reached a breaking point. Someone had to say something, and in the end, it was Noah who broke the silence.

"So... that's a no?" Noah asked.

That seemed to snap Alan back to the present. His tense demeanor immediately softened. “Sorry... I’m just not feeling it tonight.” Alan replied. Which was technically not a lie. As much fun as showboating on the stage at the MO sounded, he needed some time to think. He needed to focus all his efforts on finding the mysterious new owner of the box, and that meant more time spent pounding the pavement.

“No problem. If you change your mind, you know where to find us,” Noah said.

Alan once more mulled it over. On one hand he knew his target was gay, and there was guaranteed to be a lot of gay guys at the club, but from what he knew of his target, the guy sounded like the quiet, nerdy type – definitely not the kind of guy to go to a loud and crowded club.

“Yeah, if I change my mind, I’ll let you know,” Alan replied.