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Above Average

Part 28

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The lights were flashing, the music was pumping, and John was awkwardly fidgeting while trying his hardest to not stick out. Although no matter how hard he tried to blend in, it was pretty much impossible for people to not notice someone as massive as he. His cock alone was as large as most people in the crowded dance club, and that's saying nothing of the rest of his body. The seven-foot-tall wall of muscle absolutely eclipsed the people around him.

"Dude, can you stop pacing? You're making *me* nervous," Kyle said.

"Sorry... It's just I feel like such a spectacle here." John replied.

"Well you won't have to worry about that for long. A few glasses of liquid courage should be just what the doctor ordered." Kyle replied.

“I don’t really drink...” John explained.

“It’ll be fine. It’ll be just enough to take the edge off so you can relax and maybe even enjoy yourself while we are here.” Kyle said.

“I don’t know...” John replied.

“Well, just have a little bit, and if you’re still not feeling it after a bit we can call it off and head back to my place for the rest of the evening.” Kyle said.

“Alright...” John replied begrudgingly.

“That’s the spirit. I’ll make sure you have some fun tonight if it’s the last thing I do.” Kyle said and gave John a playful jab to the side of his arm before turning and walking through the crowd towards the bar on the other side of the dance floor.

John was left alone for the time being which just served to amplify his anxiety. Try as he might he couldn’t relax, and it wasn’t just all the gazes that were cast in his direction. He didn’t want to admit it, but he did enjoy the spectacle unfolding around him. He had heard stories about Members Only, but actually being inside the club was another thing altogether. There were tons of guys hanging out with very little bits of clothing on. They almost made John, who was clad in nothing but a pair of sneakers, feel overdressed! One particularly sculpted server was walking around with a bandana which tied his ample cock to the side of his leg, and that was it! And on the far side of the dance floor was a stage which had several dancers swinging and gyrating to the music. Those dancers were each a

fine specimen of masculinity and had nothing on but fanny packs for holding their tips. John's massive cock was rock hard and dribbling pre at the spectacle that unfolded around him, and as hot as the dancers themselves were, there was something about the stage itself that drew John's attention. The dancers all had their own section of the stage that they worked and wiggled while guys fawned over them, but the center stage was left strangely empty which was strange given how huge the central stage was! It could easily hold someone much larger than John himself! And John had half an idea of just who that stage could be designed for.

"Looking to get up there and strut your stuff?" Kyle asked. He had just returned with a few drinks in hand and had noticed John checking out the stage.

"No. I could never..." John replied.

"Never say never, my man. You might actually enjoy it." Kyle said.

"I'll believe that when I see it." John replied.

"And I think you should try it before the night is over, but that can wait. First, a drink." Kyle said and raised a glass towards John to take.

John stared at the pale orange beverage for a moment before accepting it. "What is it?" He asked.

"It's a screwdriver. Light on the OJ," Kyle explained.

Even with his limited knowledge of booze, John knew what a screwdriver was. He knew that was Kyle was given him was basically straight vodka, but at this point he just accepted it. At this point, getting drunk sounded preferable to being a nervous wreck all night, and it wasn't like he was going to be driving anywhere – not that he could even if he wanted to.

John raised the glass to his lips, and Kyle began to playfully chant, “Chug! Chug! Chug!” a chant which quickly started to ripple through the club. Before John knew it, it seemed like half the club had stopped what they were doing to egg him on. Without even realizing it, John tilted the glass and downed it all in a few quick gulps.

“Woah... I didn't think you'd actually do it,” Kyle commented.

“I didn't either,” John replied.

“Well, it's all good. It's probably best you did. Drinking it faster makes it hit harder.” Kyle explained. “Here. Hold onto this one. You don't need to down it as fast as the last one. Just having something to hold and sip on should help you relax while I make the rounds.” Kyle said and handed John the other glass he had in his hands.

“You're not gonna stay here with me?” John asked.

“I'll be around, and I'll keep an eye on you. If you ever feel overwhelmed or like you want to leave

just flag me down. I'll be back in a jiffy." Kyle explained.

"What should I do in the meantime?" John asked.

"Enjoy the music. Try to have some fun. Keep an eye out for a friend or someone you know." Kyle said.

"Oh god. That's the last thing I need," John said cringing at the mention of him running into someone he knows.

"Hey, if they're here, they are at least bi. There's no judgements on orientation once you walk through those doors so just enjoy it." Kyle explained.

"I know, I know. It's just being 'out' like this is a lot to take in especially when you stand out like I do." John replied.

"I getcha, but that's why we are here. It'll help you out of your shell, aaaand we can make more people like you. Spread the wealth so to speak. There's countless potential targets here, and the more of them we grow the less of an outlier you'll be. It's a win/win!" Kyle said.

"I wish I had your enthusiasm..." John groaned.

"Well the good news is, you don't need to. I have enough enthusiasm for both of us. All you have to do is enjoy the music and maybe shake that groove thang. Leave the actual work to me," Kyle replied.

"I guess... Just try not to be away for too long," John said.

"You won't even know I'm gone." Kyle replied as he ducked into the crowd.

Kyle was quick to get started with his master plan once he was sure that John would be fine on his own. All he needed was to find the perfect starting point, and that didn't take long at all. No sooner had he started canvassing the crowd than his eyes fell upon a particularly conspicuous duo. They stood out like a sore thumb, but not because they were huge like John. The duo was fully clothed which looked rather silly when compared to all the barenaked studs who were walking around. Kyle recognized the duo immediately and knew that they would be the perfect catalyst for his plans.

"Yo! Yuri! Over here!" Kyle called out to one of the two guys. The dark-haired dude perked up immediately and glanced over towards the sound of Kyle's voice. He was surprised to someone in a place like this refer to him by name and even more surprised to see someone he barely knew.

"Uh. What's up?" He asked.

"Not much. I'm just here to make your wildest dreams come true is all." Kyle said.

"Forgive me if I seem skeptical," Yuri replied.

"That's expected, but don't you worry. I just need your help for a moment. See, I'm trying to help

my buddy, John, fit in.” Kyle explained and gestured over towards where John was standing. Yuri’s eyes drifted over towards John and his gaze latched onto the beefy stud instantly. Yuri was transfixed like a deer staring down some headlights.

“I never expected to see him here,” Yuri said in awe.

“Yeah. It’s his first time, and I want to be sure he has a good time.” Kyle explained.

“So what do you want me to do?” Yuri asked.

“Well, I know you and your buddy help out Alan a lot. Maybe you could do the same with John. Just help him along, maybe coax him onto the stage.” Kyle explained

“The stage!?” Yuri asked.

“Yeah. He won’t admit it, but he’s been staring at it since he got here. Whenever I suggest he go up there he gets defensive, but I know he wants to try it. Maybe you guys would have better luck talking him into it, but there’s something else I need your help with first.” Kyle explained.

“And that is?” Yuri asked.

“I need your help opening this box.” Kyle said as he pulled the black box out from his jacket pocket.

“How do you open it?” Yuri asked.

“Well, you see this hole?” Kyle asked as he turned the box so that the hole was facing Yuri.

“Yeah?” Yuri replied.

“Well, you have to stick your dick in it. I’d do it myself, but mine’s kinda too big unfortunately.” Kyle explained.

Yuri was about to ask if Kyle was joking, but one quick glance towards Kyle’s crotch was all it took to see that Kyle was packing over a foot of soft cock snaked down his pant leg. Kyle’s cock was staggeringly huge. Just seeing the outline of Kyle’s amazing cock would have been enough to get Yuri rock hard if he hadn’t already been fully-boned from ogling John mere moments before.

“This sounds ridiculous,” Yuri said, but he sounded more like he was explaining the situation to himself than he was talking to Kyle.

“Yeah, I know, but I promise I’ll make it up to you after you open it. There’s a special surprise inside that I think you’ll get a kick out of.” Kyle explained.

Yuri balked for a moment and seemed like he was going to make another counterargument, but he just shook his head and sighed. “I suppose there’s not really any harm in doing it... just... don’t look while I’m doing it, ok?” He said.

“Fine by me.” Kyle said as he handed Yuri the box. Yuri took the box and quickly unzipped his jeans and snaked his already hard cock out and slid it into the hole in the box. To his surprise it was a perfect fit, and no sooner had he stuck his dick in than he heard a telltale click and the lid popped open revealing a

strangely familiar stone cock inside. He couldn't say for sure, but his initial reaction upon seeing it was that it was his! Everything down to the folds of the foreskin mimicked his own dick!

"Woah! Check this out!" Yuri said as he turned towards his friend to show off the contents of his box. Yuri's beefier pal, Noah, was quick to glance into the box to see what all the fuss was about, and he was shocked at what he saw. The stone cock that rested in the display case could very well have been a model of his own short and thick dick.

"No way..." Noah said as he reached down and picked up the stone dick.

"Be sure to put it back when you're done with it." Kyle chimed in.

"Huh?" Noah asked as he put the relic back in the box.

"It's tough to explain, but let's just say that I want to share the love today, and so I want as many people to have the opportunity to see this for themselves as they can." Kyle explained.

"That... vague..." Noah replied.

"And for good reason." Kyle concurred. "But enough about that. Hey, Yuri. Make sure you pick it up and have a look as well."

Yuri did as he was told although he would have picked up the relic and taken a look at it even had he not been told to. His curiosity was too great, and the

allure was too strong. He picked up the relic and turned it over in his hands a few times. Even now that it was in his hands, he couldn't get over how close to his own cock it seemed in terms of length and thickness. It was as if it was sculpted perfectly for him. He could have stood there and stared at it for hours, but the sound of Kyle clearing his throat snapped him out of his trance. Yuri instinctively put the relic back in the box and handed it back to Kyle.

"Perfect. Now if you want to go say hi to John and make sure he's feeling alright, I'll be along in a few minutes." Kyle explained. Yuri and Noah both nodded in agreement and waved goodbye to Kyle as Kyle once again slunk back into the crowd.

Now that the box was open it was time for the real fun to begin. Kyle made good time going around the club, and anyone whose attention he could get he would strike up a conversation with them and then show them the box. Invariably, the dude in question would take one look at the relic and be compelled to at least pick it up and check it out. Once they had had their fun, Kyle would take back the relic, place it in the box and slink off to the next target. He was like a ninja in the club, darting from one cluster of guys to the next spreading the love for all to share. Over the span of half an hour he managed to hit up most of the groups at the club. Meanwhile John was starting to feel his drinks.

Yuri and Noah had come up and introduced themselves to John, but that was the extent of their

interactions so far. All three of the guys were too awkward to really take the conversation much farther than that. Being so close to such a staggeringly huge and hung wall of muscle and cock was getting Noah and Yuri both incredibly hot under the collar, but neither dared to get handsy with John. With Alan there was an unspoken understanding that all contact was allowed and encouraged, but with John it was clear that physical contact was the last thing he wanted at the moment. Even a reassuring shoulder pat seemed like it would be overstepping some bounds. The three guys just stood there awkwardly sipping their drinks in relative silence, but unbeknownst to them, some things were already afoot. Yuri's tight jeans were beginning to become even more snug than they had been before, but he chalked it up to his incredible erection which had not seemed to waver for even a moment since he had stepped in the mere proximity of John's brawny, bare form. Noah too was experiencing a similar situation in his muscle shirt and gym shorts. His shorts which were normally loose around his already impressive quads were starting to feel a little constricting, and his rock-hard cock was poking out in front of him in a conspicuous way. He actually had to take a moment to adjust himself and pin the shaft underneath the waistband of his short to prevent his tent from being too noticeable. It didn't even occur to him as he did so that his cock was poking past the waistband of his shorts further than it should have been able to do so.

The trio stood there awkwardly for a few more minutes before Kyle finally returned to break the

tension. "What's up you guys?" He asked cheerily with the still-opened box still in his possession.

Noah and Yuri both muttered something unintelligible that sounded close to "fine..." John meanwhile merely looked pleadingly up at Kyle.

"Looks like someone is not drunk enough to be having fun yet." Kyle said with a frown.

"I don't think that's the problem..." John replied.

"Well whatever the problem is, I think I know what we should do next." Kyle said.

"And that is?" John asked.

"First. I'm going to go get us some more to drink. Then I am gonna come back here, and we are going to go up on that stage." Kyle explained.

"W-what!?" John yelled.

"You heard me. You've been staring at that stage since we got here like it's some kind of Red Ryder. You want to see what it's like to be up there, and I want you to do it." Kyle explained.

"I'm not so sure that's a great idea..." John mumbled.

"It's a terrible idea. That's what makes it fun." Kyle responded.

John balked at the suggestion once more, but he couldn't formulate a real counterargument. He

couldn't deny that the idea intrigued him. He wasn't one for crowds, and he didn't normally like to stand out, but that stage just seemed to call to him. In a strange sort of way, being someplace designed for someone even larger than himself felt like the closest thing to normal he could hope for. Maybe by following in Alan's footsteps he could borrow some of that bravado and learn to love just being himself. The booze may have been partially to blame, but it was all too much for John to be able to put into words.

"Here. Lean down for a sec," Kyle said.

John was understandably confused, but he did what was asked. Kyle then stood up on his tippy toes and leaned in and planted a kiss on John's cheek.

"I'll be back in a minute with some drinks. While I'm gone I want you to think over what I said. I think this is a great opportunity for you. I know you're curious. I say let's indulge that curiosity and see what happens. If it doesn't feel right once you are up there we can leave. Simple as that." Kyle explained.

John was blushing beet red from the kiss and was too flustered to muster a real reply, but he had to admit Kyle had a good point. As much as John was afraid of going up there, he also knew that he would hate himself for passing up a chance like this. He could be uncomfortable for a moment and try it or he could let the regret haunt him for ages after.

"Just think about it. In the meantime, hold onto this will you? I'll be needing my hands here in a

moment.” Kyle said and handed the still-open box to John.

“Oh. Ok.” John said as he accepted the box and then watched as Kyle once again turned and vanished into the crowd leaving John effectively alone in a crowd of people. Yuri and Noah were still nearby, but they had been steadily inching further away over the last few minutes while Kyle and John had their moment together.

John stood there idly for a moment while he waited for Kyle to return, but his thoughts kept drifting towards the box he currently held in his hands. Without really thinking about it, he picked up the cock-shaped object and turned it over a few times in his hand before putting it back in the box. It was so strange to think that so much of what had happened to him was a result of such a small, strange object. He couldn't even remember what his life had been like before. He knew he had been smaller, but how small? He had always been seven feet tall, that much he was sure of, but was he buff? What was the 'real' him like? Was there even a real him? Everything was so confusing. The multiple possible timelines all blurred together, and the drinks he had had weren't helping clear things up at all either.

John was snapped from his deep musings when Kyle returned with two cups in hand. “Here you go. It's just beer this time. I'm trying to take the edge off, not get you black-out-drunk.” Kyle said as he handed one glass to John.

“Thanks,” John said and accepted the glass. The two of them enjoyed their drinks in relative silence while they stood there and listened to the music and watched the throngs of hot guys moving to the music. John still saw plenty of guys staring at him, but somehow it didn’t bother him as much as it normally did. It could have just been the booze, but he was sure that having Kyle there right there beside him was no small part of the equation.

“I think I’m ready,” John said suddenly and then downed the rest of his drink in one sip.

“Great! Let’s do this! I’ll be there with you to hold your hand through the whole thing. Literally, if need be,” Kyle replied. He grabbed ahold of John’s arm and began to lead the way towards the stage. John hesitated for only a second before allowing himself to be dragged towards the center of the dance club. The crowds parted to allow the two of them to pass, in part because of the sheer awe most people experienced upon seeing John striding up to the stage, and in part to avoid being swatted by John’s person-sized schlong as it swung through the crowd.

John’s heart was pounding in his chest as he climbed the stairs leading up to the stage. He couldn’t believe he was doing this. He couldn’t believe he was even *considering* doing this, but here he was, and there was no backing down now. He was just glad Kyle was there by his side. He really doubted he’d have the courage to do this alone, but with Kyle there he thought he just might pull this off.

John had a moment of sheer panic when he felt Kyle let go of his arm and begin to walk off. John turned and shot a pleading glance over towards his pal, but his fears were quickly assuaged. One wink from Kyle was all it took, but the rest of what Kyle did didn't hurt at all either. John stared in awe as Kyle slowly peeled off his clothing right there on the stage. The crowd began to cheer as Kyle's lean, sculpted body came into view. His body was impossibly cut. It didn't seem physically possible that his muscles could be so dense, and yet there he was for all to see... although he wasn't really there for all to see. Despite being in the center of the dance club, he was really only stripping for one guy. He had his back turned to the edge of the stage and was staring John dead in the eyes as he slowly stepped out from his tight jeans which allowed his huge cock to swing into view. Even standing in the shadow of John's nearly seven feet of cock, Kyle's impressive two-foot woody was a sight to behold.

"I told you I wasn't going to make you do this alone, didn't I?" Kyle said with a saucy wink. He strode over to where John stood, just as bare-assed naked as the titanic stud who currently stood center stage. When he was within arms' reach of John Kyle flashed a lopsided smirk and asked, "Shall we dance?"

In that moment, John could no longer even see the crowd that had gathered around the stage to watch them. It was as if all that had melted away, and it was now just the two of them. Even the box that John still held in his hands was a distant afterthought.

He barely even processed what was happening as Kyle reached up, took the box, and then set it down on the ground beside them. John was only vaguely aware of the music that was pounding all around them as Kyle crawled up on top of John's massive cock and began to ride it like a mechanical bull at a road house. Kyle rocked his hips back and forth which caused his big dick to dig into the ample cleft between John's enormous pecs. The head of Kyle's cock reached up so far that John could actually kiss it right on the lips, which is just what he did.

"Oh, yeah, babe..." Kyle moaned softly as he felt John's lips suckling the tip of his huge cock.

Everything in that moment was too much for John to take in. Feeling Kyle riding his cock, feeling Kyle's cock grinding against his huge pecs, the taste of Kyle's cock on his lips, and especially the sound of Kyle's breathy moans was enough to send John over the edge, but being called 'babe' was the straw that broke the camel's back. John let out a loud moan which echoed through the dance club and came hard.

Jizz arced through the air as John's massive cock bucked and lurched. Cum rained down on the dancers and the onlookers, and in that moment, it was as if a spell that had captivated the whole crowd was suddenly broken. They were no longer content to just sit back and watch as two of the hottest guys they had ever seen shared a passionate moment up on the stage. They needed in on the action, but none of them climbed the stage to interrupt the lovers. Instead they

turned to their friends and fellows on the dance floor. Soon there were guys everywhere making out and grinding to the music while cum rained down upon them. Even Noah and Yuri were able to break out of their shell enough to lock lips with one another, but there was more at work than just a little booze and a lot of hormones. In the rush of the moment and the chaos of the club, people didn't even notice the changes that had come over them nor the changes that were currently happening. Even as Yuri and Noah bulged out of their clothing they were more interested in sucking on the nearest cock than how huge they were becoming. Even Noah's formerly average cock was now thicker than his wrist and flying free for all to see and suckle.

Once John finally came down from his mind-blowing climax he managed to mutter a bashful, "sorry..."

"Heheh... There's no reason to be sorry. I take it as a compliment, and besides..." Kyle said. His voice trailed off and he gave John's still rock-hard cock a playful pat. "It seems like you're nowhere near done just yet."

John couldn't argue with that. Despite having just cum the biggest load of his life, he was still as hard as ever, and if anything, he felt even hornier than before. He felt like he could cum and cum again and never be fully satisfied.

The music continued pumping. The crowd continued humping. John and Kyle continued their

two-man spectacle on the stage. Everyone was lost in the moment. Occasional sounds of shredding fabric split the air as the few garments that existed on the dance floor buckled under the swelling mass of muscles and cocks. Everyone was too intoxicated by the raw sexual energy that had settled over the place to notice the changes that were happening, and no one was more oblivious than the couple up on center stage.

Kyle gently caressed John's enormous pecs. They were so huge and thick, and it almost felt like they were getting thicker against his very hands, but that shouldn't be possible. Even as John's cock grew too fat for Kyle to ride it like a bull, he was too lost in the moment to question it. All he wanted to do was continue to share this passionate moment with the handsome stud who was currently stroking and suckling the tip of his cock.

It was impossible to say how long the two of them were at it. John seemed insatiable, and Kyle didn't want the moment to end anytime soon either. John was loving every second of servicing his friend's cock and the feeling of Kyle's hands caressing his chest and occasionally playing with his nips. He had cum what felt like enough to fill a water tower, but even the most voracious sexual appetites have their limit, and judging by the bucking and lurching of Kyle's cock, Kyle was reaching his limit as well.

"I think I'm gonna..." Kyle moaned. He made a movement like he was trying to back away, but John

quickly clasped his hands down on Kyle's firm, sculpted butt to keep him from getting away. John had worked hard for the load that was building in Kyle's balls, and he intended to take all of it. John gesture was enough to get it through to Kyle that John wanted it, and Kyle was not about to disappoint. Kyle planted a hand on both of John's enormous, muscular shoulders and braced himself for what was sure to be a load for the record books. Kyle's cock bucked and lurched. Cum erupted. Jizz sprayed all over John's face and cascaded down his pecs, and John wouldn't have it any other way. He loved every second of it. He loved the feeling of the warm, sticky liquid coating his skin. He loved the taste of Kyle's spunk as it flooded his mouth. Just the feeling of being coated in Kyle's cum was enough to get John over the edge all over again. His colossal cock shuddered, and jizz sprayed out over the audience once more.

John was in heaven, and he never wanted the moment to end, but end it did. Kyle reached his limit after a mere six or seven shots of spooge. Kyle was winded and dripping sweat, and John was even worse off. John slumped back on his ass, and in doing so, let go of Kyle's butt which was all that was keeping the exhausted guy upright. Kyle flopped over onto his back and just took a moment to soak in all that had happened. That had been a climax for the record books. The whole scene had been so intense that Kyle was still trying to parse through it all. His thoughts were racing and yet at the same time, his mind was so befuddled that it didn't even occur to him that he could lie back atop John's cock as if it was a mattress.

Judging by the noise of the crowd, it seemed that the audience had reached their collective climaxes as well. Even the music seemed to die down as friends, lovers, and new acquaintances basked in the afterglow of what had just happened. Kyle glanced out over the crowd and smirked at the collection of obscenely hung, massively burly dudes that now littered the dance floor. His plan had seemed to be a rousing success. All that was left was to seal the deal.

Kyle slid down from atop John's enormous cock and landed with a splat on the cum-coated stage. He staggered exhaustedly over to where the little black box still sat wide open. He reached down, and then, pleased with his work, clapped the box shut tight.