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 parentals 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…”