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Social
Dickstancing

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With the pandemic in full swing, Dallas had been effectively furloughed. There was no telling when things would return to some semblance of normalcy, and there was even less telling when he was going to get around to getting another job. He had enough money in savings to coast on for a while. In fact, the only reason he had stuck with his current job as long as he had was because he had been caught up in the constant grind of his daily life. Now that that grind had ground to a halt, he found that he had a unique opportunity.

Dallas had long wanted to bulk up, but he never had the time. Now he had all the time in the world! He ordered a weight bench and some barbells from Amazon, and within a week he had his own indoor gym, and as fate would have it, no sooner had he placed the order than he started getting targeted ads in his inbox. He ignored most of these outright. He

had done his research before buying his equipment, so he knew what brands to get and what supplements were right for him, but for some reason one caught his eye. He had never even heard of this new supplement before, and the promises were too good to be true. Best of all, the price tag could not be beat. Against his better judgement, Dallas placed an order for the stuff, and within days he had a fresh jug of protein powder delivered directly to his doorstep.

With no social obligations to attend to, no work that needed done, and a fridge stocked full of food, there was nothing stopping Dallas from spending the foreseeable future holed up in his apartment, and that's exactly what he did. On the very first day of his self-imposed quarantine, Dallas set up his weight bench, popped some powder, and really went ham on his reps. He never knew he could have so much energy or bench so much! It was his first day on the weights and yet he was lifting weights like the pros.

From that point on, Dallas benched like a man possessed. The breaks he took were few and far between. If not for bathroom breaks and general hygiene, he wouldn't have even left the weight set he had set up where his couch once sat. He ate and slept at the bench, and all he ate was the powder sent to him by Bulk Enterprises.

The days went by in a sort of fever dream. By end of the first day, Dallas realized his clothes felt uncomfortable, but he didn't think much of it. By the end of the second day, his clothes felt positively

suffocating, but he could barely even think about what that meant. When he awoke on the third day, he tried to pull up his gym shorts and found that he couldn't even get them over his quads. Dallas shrugged and tossed aside his shorts. It's not like he needed them. He wasn't going anywhere, and it's not like there was anyone here to see him. Besides, even if someone did see him, he wasn't afraid to show a little skin. He looked fantastic, and he felt even better!

Dallas continued his fevered exercise regimen sans clothing. The feeling of his bare skin against the cool leather of the exercise bench spurred him on more and more. He loved the feeling of the pump of his swelling muscles. He loved the cool air-conditioned air against his glistening brawn. He loved the way his fat cock and hefty nuts swung between his legs as he did his squats and lunges.

He felt like his cock was in a perpetual state of chubbed up. He wasn't sure if it was just his imagination or if it was a side effect of the constant rush of endorphins coursing through his body as he continued to pump iron day in and day out, but he loved how it felt, and he especially loved how it looked. In the few breaks he took from working out, he marveled at how thick his cock looked. He couldn't be sure, but he felt like it was bigger than it was at the start of the week. For some reason he couldn't really recall what he looked like at the start of the week. He was sure that he was what you would call "average" but what was average, really? As far as denizens of his apartment went, he was as average as they come, and

it had been so long since he had seen anyone else, that he had no real basis for comparison. He hadn't even so much as turned on the TV since he started pumping iron.

The days continued to stretch on with no sign of the quarantine or Dallas's own exercise regimen letting up. Each day he would wake up, he would scoop some handfuls of powder into his mouth and wash it down with some milk, and then hit the weights. When the sun inevitably set, Dallas would stagger over to the shower and hose off and then pass out for the night.

Showering was a major ordeal. It seemed to take him forever to get clean, and it wasn't because of the stink of sweat. The stall he called a shower was too small for his buff bod and fat cock. Dallas grumbled every time he tried to get in. He knew he had had to make some concessions to get a cheap apartment, but this was ridiculous. What was this? A shower for ants? It was barely big enough to wash his balls! Fortunately, the shower head was mounted on a hose so he could get every angle of his body. Otherwise there was no way he could ever get clean in that cramped stall.

By the time Saturday rolled around, Dallas's powder keg was running on empty. For dinner he upended the tub and pounded the base of the drum hoping to catch the last bit of powder on his tongue. He knew he needed to order more of the stuff, but that would have to wait. They weren't open over the weekend so the soonest he could even order more

would be in two days. Dallas wasn't fully satisfied with the small amount of powder he had ingested, but he couldn't even think of eating real food anymore. He shrugged, showered, and laid down for the night.

Dallas woke up bright and early the next morning. To say he felt strange would be an understatement. It was as if he was waking up from a dream he had been wrapped up in for almost a week! For the first time since he had started power slamming the powder, he was fully conscious of what had been happening. He looked around his apartment and gawked at what he saw. Everything was so tiny!

Dallas' gawking was derailed by a terse knock at the door. Dallas recognized the gruff voice instantly. "I know yer in there. I can hear ya stompin' around. Your mailbox has been filled for days. If you don't empty it soon, I'm gonna start throwing it away!" barked the landlord.

Hearing another human voice for the first time in what felt like years was so disorienting for Dallas. Just how long had he been alone in here? It was just a week, right? Truth be told, he hadn't been counting the days. Each day was a fever dream of food and irons. Somewhere in the back of his mind he had assigned arbitrary days to each exercise. The only real calendar he had to go off of was the date on his phone, and he could no longer remember what day he had started working out.

Dallas figured he'd have time to sort things out later. First things first, he felt like he should collect the

mail he had been neglecting for what felt like forever. If nothing else, getting some semblance of normalcy back to his life would help him clear his head, but no sooner had Dallas resolved to do this than he discovered the first of many issues.

He had nothing to wear!

It wasn't that he didn't own clothes. He had plenty. He had clothes for every occasion, but the clothes he owned was now tailored for someone several sizes smaller than he. He couldn't even get a single foot in his gym shorts let alone a leg, let alone two! His t-shirts looked like they were toddler sized! Even his socks were too tiny to fit over his massive feet.

Dallas checked the time on his phone. It was still early yet. He doubted many people would be awake this time of day. He could sneak out, snag his mail, and sneak back before anyone even realized he was streaking. With that plan relatively in mind, Dallas set forth.

He was amazed when he reached his doorway and found that it was far too small for him. The upper rim of the door frame came up to about his belly button! He was now so tall that his head scraped against the ceiling even while he was hunched over like Sasquatch, and that was saying nothing of his girth! Dallas was now so massive and muscular that he was easily three times as wide as the door frame. Even just one thick, sculpted pec was as wide as the door

itself! Hell, even his cock was thicker than the door frame!

Dallas gawked at his soft cock which now dangled so low that the tip of it scraped the floor as he walked. Given the way his soft cock jutted out in front of him and draped over his colossal nuts, his softie had to be longer than his legs! Numbers raced in his mind. How tall was he now? Ten? Twelve feet? He couldn't remember how tall his ceiling was in his apartment. Then how long were his legs? Five feet? Maybe six? His soft cock was at least six feet long!? His cock was bigger than most people he knew! Just thinking about that made his soft cock swell up slightly. He didn't want to admit it, but the mere thought of dwarfing people with his dick alone got him hot under the collar... if he wore a shirt that is.

Dallas knew he'd have plenty of time to take stock of his size later. If he didn't hurry, he'd soon run into the morning crowd, and the last thing he wanted was to be spotted in his current state. He quickly opened the door and set to work extricating himself from the apartment.

Getting out of his apartment was easier said than done. Not only was he far taller than his door frame – almost twice as tall in fact! But he also was far, far wider as well. There was no way to get through the normal way. He had to squat down and try to squeeze through sideways. Even then it was a tight fit. His pecs were so thick that even sideways they filled up just about every inch of the doorway. The door frame

groaned in protest as he forced his brawn through the entryway. Finally, he had managed to get his body into the hall, but that still left his bait and tackle. His cock would be easy enough. It was thicker than the doorway, sure, but at least it was still relatively soft. He could squeeze it through. His balls were more challenging. Either enormous nut was far wider than the door, and he could only squeeze them so much before it went from pleasurable to painful. He had to slowly ease each enormous orb through the doorway.

Somehow the act of getting his package out of his apartment was therapeutic. It was so absurd in its own way that he couldn't even think of it as his cock and balls. It was more like moving a sofa out of his apartment than it was pulling his nuts through the doorway.

Once every inch of Dallas's enormous body was into the hallway, he stood up to his full height for the first time in days. The ceiling in the open areas between apartments was quite a bit higher than the apartment ceilings, but it was still a tight fit. His head brushed against the ceiling, and he did have to duck a little bit under the domed lights the dotted the ceiling, and Dallas was so broad and brawny that even the hallway was a tight fit for his wingspan. His triceps pressed against the walls on either side, and his nutsack was even wider! He had to shuffle awkwardly along by pushing his nuts forward with his feet as he moved. He waddled like a penguin trying to carry an egg on his feet only the egg was proportionally several

times larger than any egg a penguin would try to carry. Not to mention he had two of them!

Despite the awkwardness of the situation, Dallas found himself getting excited. He couldn't tell what it was that did it. Was it the fear of getting caught? Was it the glimpses of his own buff bod he occasionally caught on reflective black ball covering the occasional security camera? Was it the feeling of his enormous nuts resting solidly on his feet? Whatever the case may be, he was flying at half mast as he waddled. He had always been a bit of a grower and not a shower, and it seemed his growth spurt hadn't changed that. He had gone from a six-foot softy to almost ten feet of semi-boned wang wobbling in front of him. He had a cock bigger than most couches! Hell, he had a cock bigger than some minivans!

Fortunately, Dallas lived on the ground floor. He didn't have any stairwells to deal with, and he only had a short walk to the mailboxes. No sooner had he reached the mailbox than he realized a flaw in his plan. He had no pants, and that meant no pockets. He had forgotten his key! He knew he'd need to force his back into his apartment, get the key, force his way back out, and then waddle his way back to the mailbox! It was already getting so late that he was surprised no one else had walked out on him.

Dallas soon realized yet another flaw in his plan. His cock was now beyond semi'd. His rock-hard twelve-foot rod now jutted out in front of him in such a way that there was no way he'd be able to turn

around in these narrow hallways. Even out in the front lobby where the mailboxes were, there was not enough room to turn around. He doubted he'd even be able to get back into his apartment with his hard-on in the way. So where did that leave him? Did he have to wait for it to go down? Did he step outside, get out into the open, and then turn around and go back in? Even if he did that, he'd still not be able to get into his apartment until his stiffy died down.

It seemed like the most efficient method of moving things along would be to blow his load, but that presented a whole slew of new problems. Did he do it right there in the lobby? The mere thought of it caused his already rock-hard cock to give a lurch of delight. A gigantic, softball-sized bead of pre formed on the tip of his colossal cock. He didn't want to admit how much the thought excited him, but it was hard to deny the physical evidence.

As luck would have it, Dallas didn't have long to ponder his plight. The sound of the big gob of pre splashing down on the dingy carpet blow seemed to snap him from his reveries and bring his attention to the tiny figure which now stood directly in front of him. Dallas had not been paying too much attention to his surroundings, and even if he had it would have been easy to miss the sight of the guy who now stood eye to eye with his one-eyed monster. Dallas could only barely see a bit of the dude's hair poking out above the rim of his puffed-up cock head.

“Oh, hey... didn’t see you there...” Dallas said awkwardly.

There was a moment where neither person said anything. Dallas fidgeted a bit in place. He felt a bit out of place for more reasons than one. Not only was he bare-assed naked, but his rock-hard cock was now mere inches from this dude’s eyes. Dallas wasn’t sure what the social protocol was on something like this. Even without social distancing rules in effect, what do you even say to a dude you almost bowled over with a cock that’s bigger than his whole body?

Finally, Dallas decided to break eye contact between his cock and his co-resident. Dallas pushed down on his rock-hard shaft so that his dick head was no longer pointed directly at the dude’s face.

Dallas was shocked to see the identity of the new arrival. Dallas had long had a sort of crush on his neighbor, but he had never been able to work up the nerve to say more than the cursory small talk whenever they passed in the hallway. They knew each other’s names, but that was about it. As Dallas stared down at the dude who now didn’t even reach his belly button, Dallas found it hard to believe that just a week ago Corbin had been a solid foot taller than him! Hell, Corbin had been bigger than Dallas in every day. Corbin was a 6’5, buff bombshell of a bro. Corbin looked like he had walked off the cover of a men’s fitness magazine, and the bulge in his jogging shorts made it clear that Corbin was well above average beneath the belt as well.

Now it was Corbin's turn to ogle how huge his neighbor had become. Now that Dallas had moved his cock out of the way, he could see the look of pure lust in Corbin's eyes. Corbin looked downright feral. Just seeing the horny glint in his neighbor's eyes made Dallas's goliath cock give a lurch of approval.

It seemed like that was all the incitement that Corbin needed. He leaned forward and ran his tongue across the tip of Dallas's enormous cock – all the while keeping his eyes fixed on Dallas's own.

Dallas's mind was racing. On one hand this was like a dream come true. In fact, he wasn't even sure if he was actually awake. For all he knew he was still dreaming and the whole last week had just been part of his dream, but it felt so real! But then what if it *was* real? Was his crush really blowing him right here in the lobby!?

Dallas panicked and blurted out the first thing that came to mind, "Hey, uh... aren't we supposed to be keeping apart?"

Corbin chuckled. His laughter was like music to Dallas's ears. Those sweet tones made Dallas weak in the knees and hard in the cock.

"What are you talking about?" Corbin teased, "As I see it, we're at least ten feet apart."

Dallas couldn't argue with that – not that he wanted to. No sooner had Corbin planted another kiss on the tip of Dallas's cockhead than Dallas felt his legs give out from under him. He was so hot and bothered

that his knees felt like jelly. The entire building shuddered as Dallas's massive, muscular form landed flat on its ass.

Seeing how much power he had over the titan made Corbin smirk, and seeing the devious smile made Dallas even harder.

"That's right. Just lay back and let me have my fun," Corbin cooed.

Dallas could feel what little self-control he had left slipping. Corbin's voice was music to his ears, and his massive cock felt so amazing. Just feeling how tiny Corbin's lips and tongue and hands and fingers felt against his own colossal cock head drove him wild. It was equal parts the feeling of his crush tending to his cock and the sheer scope and scale of his own cock that was driving Dallas over the edge. Corbin just felt so damn *tiny* compared to how huge Dallas had become. Just thinking about it made pre flow freely from Dallas's cock. What had once been a single softball-sized bead of pre was now a full-on fountain. Dallas had never been one to leak pre, but that seemed to have changed with the size of his schlong.

"Fuck, you're so hot," Corbin moaned.

Dallas wanted to return the sentiments, but all he could do was moan in bliss as Corbin dug his fingers deeper into the soft, sensitive tissue of Dallas's glans.

"I doubt we have long before people come to investigate..." Corbin mused out loud. For a brief second, Dallas thought this meant Corbin was having

second thoughts. Dallas's heart sunk and his cock ached for relief, but it was soon apparent that Corbin was not ready to quit just yet.

“Let's move things along, shall we?” Corbin asked impishly.

Dallas wasn't about to argue even if he had wanted to. All he could do was lie there and writhe in delight as Corbin played with his colossal cock. It seemed that not only the size had increased astronomically but the sensation as well! Dallas was so wracked with euphoric bliss that he could barely keep his trembling cock from blasting spunk all over the lobby.

Dallas heard the sound of fabric shuffling, but he couldn't quite tell what was going on. He leaned over to the side and craned his neck to try and peer around the solid wall of his own fat column of cock. He managed to catch a brief glimpse of the scene on the other end of his cock, and even just a glimpse was enough to cause his cock to lurch once more causing a spray of pre to arc across the lobby.

Corbin had pulled his jogging shorts completely off. Corbin's own impressive rod was flying free for all to see and standing completely at attention! It seemed that Corbin was almost as hot and bothered as Dallas was! Just seeing a glimpse of Corbin's cock was enough to make Dallas want to feel it with his bare hands – to taste it on his tongue! Dallas tried to get up, but he only got so far as propping

himself up on his elbows before Corbin chided him playfully.

“Ah, ah, ah. Remember. Six feet of separation,” Corbin said with a smirk.

Dallas wanted to argue. If Corbin was serious about this social distancing, he’d at least be wearing a mask or something, but as it was, Corbin was now wearing nothing at all! Dallas didn’t have the remaining mental faculties to organize such a complaint though. He was completely at the mercy of his own libido and his lewd neighbor.

“That’s right. Just sit back and let me have my fun,” Corbin said with a chuckle.

Dallas almost came right then and there just from hearing Corbin’s voice, but he was soon glad he didn’t.

Dallas wasn’t sure what he was feeling at first. It felt like some pressure around the opening of his cock followed by pure pleasure pushing into the slit. Dallas was so wracked with bliss that he could barely even focus his eyes, but the brief glimpse of his crush that he caught made it obvious what was going on.

Corbin had a hand on either side of Dallas’s fat cock and was rocking his hips back and forth and he rammed his cock deep into Dallas’s own dick. Dallas had long dreamed of having his hot neighbor have his way with him, but never in his wildest dreams had he imagined it like this! Dallas could only whine and writhe as the object of his desire fucked his cock as if it

was a sopping wet pussy. Dallas could only imagine what it would feel like to have an actual pussy. He doubted it could ever feel as amazing as his dick did in this moment. He wouldn't trade his massive cock for anything in the world, and that went double now that he knew what Corbin was capable of. Dallas wanted to feel like this forever. He wanted to feel his crush's thick rod plunging deep into his own colossal cock. He wanted to feel the slap of Corbin's thighs against the tip of his over-sensitive cock head. He wanted to hear the melodious grunts of Corbin's ragged breathing as the stud pounded away at Dallas's pre-drooling slit.

Dallas didn't last much longer. The sensation and the scenario worked together to bring him to climax in record time. Fortunately, it seemed like Corbin was finishing up as well. Corbin rammed his cock in nice and deep one final time and held it there and he grunted and moaned. Dallas could only imagine the torrent of jizz being shot deep into his dick.

It was then that the dam broke for Dallas as well. Dallas let out a moan that reverberated through the apartment complex. Cum erupted from his cock and splashed against Corbin's thighs. Dallas came again and again, completely drenching the object of his desire with spunk with each consecutive shot. Cum oozed down Corbin's legs and pooled on the carpet. Jizz splashed off of Corbin's thighs and splattered against the tacky wallpaper, and still Dallas kept cumming. Soon Corbin was spent, but Dallas showed no signs of stopping. Corbin staggered back and braced

himself against the wall as he let the warm, thick shots of spunk wash over him.

There was no telling how long the two stayed there enjoying the afterglow. Even after Dallas's cumshots eventually tapered off, the two remained, panting for breath and basking in the euphoria. Eventually it was Corbin who first recovered enough to talk.

"When this all blows over, we'll have to get together for some real fun," he said with a saucy wink.

Dallas could only grunt and nod in reply. He was once again struck by how damn sexy Corbin was. Corbin had always been hot as hell, and somehow seeing him coated in Dallas's own spunk just seemed to amplify his already astounding allure.

Dallas watched as Corbin picked up his drenched jogging clothes and trotted away towards his apartment. Dallas once again admired Corbin's buff bod. Corbin really had an ass to die for... and did he seem a little bigger than before?