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Above Average

Part 26

By Ziel.

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Even though the two guys were just casually having lunch together, John and Kyle were quite a sight to behold. It seemed all eyes were on them, and not because one of them was clad in little more than a pair of sneakers and some socks. Kyle looked like he had just walked off the cover of a Men's Fitness magazine. His beefy pecs filled out his button-up shirt so much that he had to keep the top four buttons undone just to keep his pecs from ripping the buttons clean off, and his jeans were no less struggling to hold back the beef below the belt. His thick, muscular quads strained against the denim, and his thick, shapely ass bulged against the backside of his blue jeans, but the bulge in the back paled in comparison to the one in the front. Kyle's enormous package strained visibly against the front of his pants. He had to keep the front button unclasped and his fly down to even get his pants on. There was no way he could close his

fly with the enormous amount of meat he had swinging around between his legs. Even through the fabric it was clear that Kyle's semi-soft cock was thicker than his wrist. It was tough to gauge just how long it was since his cock curved over the mound of his two, volleyball sized spheres, but his dick seemed to be at least as long as his forearm. His enormously muscular body stood in stark contrast to his cute and clean-shaven face. Even his thick-framed glasses seemed at odds with his swole body. His slight features and wavy brown hair seemed like they'd be more at home in a coffee shop than a coliseum despite the muscle-bound body he was sporting.

But no matter how huge and hunky Kyle looked, he paled in comparison to the massive man that sat across him at the table. John was enormous in every sense of the word. Standing at a solid seven feet in height, John had always been huge, but now that he had hundreds of pounds of brawn stacked onto his already big body, John was simply gargantuan. His broad, burly shoulders were wider than the table he sat at. His big, barrel chest looked as large as a VW Bug. His meaty quads were as thick as a sturdy oak tree. His burly bod would give The Incredible Hulk a run for his money, but John's body was nothing compared to his cock! John's enormous schlong was about as long as he was tall and as wide as his thick, muscular chest. His nuts were each the size of a garbage dumpster. In fact, his cock and balls were so huge that there was no way that John could hope to sit at the table in a normal way. He couldn't even fit his cock underneath the table since his dick was thicker

than the space between the table legs. Even if he had been able to squeeze his dick between the legs, his cock was so fat that the table would have just rested atop his cock. The legs would be too short to touch the ground! Instead Kyle had to sit sideways at the table. He was able to pivot at the hips enough that he could almost act like he was staring across the table at his pal, but his cock was left splayed out off to the side for all to see.

John tried his best to tune out the stares he was getting. It felt like everyone in a three mile radius was staring at his massive, exposed cock which probably wasn't that far off from the truth. The worst part was, all the attention was causing his already semi-boned cock to stiffen even more. As much as he hated the feeling of being so exposed, there was a part of him that also got excited about it. It was a recursive cycle of sexual frustration. The harder his cock got, the more embarrassed John became about being out in public in such a state which just seemed to spur on his steadily hardening erection.

"Hey, so... what did you do with the box today?" John asked in an awkward last-ditch attempt to force his attention towards something other than the crowds that seemed to be gathering.

"I made a few stops this morning. I thought of a few people who could benefit from a little more oomph in their lives, if you know what I mean." Kyle replied with a wink.

“Y-you’ve been exposing others?” John yelled in shock.

“Well, yeah. That was the plan, right? Get some more guys like you out there so that you’re no longer an outlier. The more muscle studs we get strolling around the less of a scene you’ll make just by being you.” Kyle explained casually.

“I suppose, but... how do you decide who you exposed. How did you control how big they got?” John asked.

“I focused my efforts on those I knew who could benefit from it. You know. The head of the GSA, One of my exes – nice guy, but he had no muscle and even less spine. Oh, and I gave some special attention to Ol’ Simpson.” Kyle explained.

“Simpson?” John asked.

“Yeah... uh... Actually, I don’t know if you’d know him, but he’s been kind of the de facto counselor for guys like us... you know, the queer kids.” Kyle explained. John winced slightly at the mention of his sexuality. Even though he was trying to be actively romantic with another guy, he still couldn’t quite get rid of his knee-jerk reaction to being called gay. Kyle seemed to quickly pick up on John’s sudden tenseness and quickly moved the topic along.

“Anyways I was thinking about something other than the box. You know, we only really just met last night, right? We haven’t had a chance to really get to know each other.” Kyle said.

John once again tensed up, but this time his tensing was accompanied by a very noticeable red flush in his cheeks. The sight of a 7-foot tall muscle god blushing like a schoolgirl was too much for Kyle. He started giggling so hard he could barely breathe.

“Haha, oh man... hehe... I didn’t mean like that,” Kyle sputtered between laughs. It took him a solid minute to stop laughing enough that he could actually finish his statement, but when he did quickly shifted the discussion to the next topic he had in mind.

“I was thinking that you and I should go out sometime,” Kyle said plainly.

“Aren’t we going out right now?” John asked.

“I mean, yeah, but we haven’t done an actual date yet. We’ve just hung out. I want to take you out and show you the sights!” Kyle explained.

“I don’t know... I probably should try to keep a low profile... you know... at least until...” John murmured awkwardly. His drawl slowly slipped back into his voice as he became more and more uncomfortable.

“I realize that taking you out to someplace that requires fancy dress may be a bit of an issue, but I was thinking something a bit more casual, and besides, I have an idea to help you fit right in.” Kyle explained. There was a devious glint in his eyes and an even more devious smirk on his lips...