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This Town's Not

Big Enough

By Ziel.

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"How do you do it?" Steven said to his friend.

"Do what?" Wallace replied.

"Live here." Steven replied.

"I don't get what you mean." Wallace said in reply.

"I mean. Look around you. There's nothing here." Steven said and gestured towards the buildings around him. The two friends were walking along the main street of the small town they had both grown up in, and there wasn't a whole lot there. The entire street had a grand total of twenty some buildings on it. There was the small mom and pop grocery store that the two had just left. Across the street was the tiny little library the two had spent many an hour at after school when they were kids. Down the road from that the old church they had both attended, and across the

street from that was the small school which housed every grade from kindergarten up to high school.

"It's not that bad. Everything I could ever need is right here where I can easily get to it." Wallace replied while thoughtfully stroking the faint hint of stubble on his chin.

Wallace was only two years older than his pal Steven, but he looked a fair bit older. His square jaw and strong features made him appear well into his twenties when really he was barely old enough to drink. Steven on the other hand was barely out of high school, and he looked it. His clean-shaven face made him look even younger than his best bud, and the full foot of difference in their height made the dichotomy even more pronounced.

"There's not even half the things I could need here. There's no supermarket. There's no GameStop. Hell, there isn't even a Mc-frickin-Donald's!" Steven griped.

Wallace chuckled in reply which earned him a seething stare from his shorter buddy. "If you miss your city life so much why don't you just go back to campus." Wallace replied. There was just a hint of snide disdain in his otherwise amiable voice.

"Oh believe me. I want to. I'm only going to be back with the folks for a week, but even that feels too long. It's only been three days, and I'm losing my mind." Steven whined.

“You’ve been spoiled by the city. You really don’t need all those stores and shit to enjoy life. You’ve lived here all your life until just a few months ago, and it never bothered you before,” Wallace replied.

“Maybe I don’t ‘need’ all that stuff, but they make life so much better. Face it. This town just isn’t big enough for me. I was destined for bigger things than this.” Steven explained matter-of-factly.

“Sure thing, Mr. Big-Time. Just don’t let *him* here you say that.” Wallace replied and gestured towards the old statue across the street which was situated right in front of the old library.

Steven glanced over at the old figure and rolled his eyes. “What’s he going to do?” Steven scoffed. The statue was just as ridiculous as he remembered if not more so. It looked like some sort of overly stylized piece of new age art that should be in a modern art display and not sitting in front of a nearly abandoned library. It didn’t even look human. Sure it had all the parts that made it look like a man, but those parts were way too big. The body bulged in ways that would make a WWF superstar look like frickin’ Gandhi, and then there was that log and two boulders the ludicrously buff dude was seated on which looked too much like a SUV sized set of cock and balls to be merely a coincidence.

“You know the old stories,” Wallace replied. His voice then took on the low and dramatic tone he always used when sitting around the campfire back

when they used to go camping all the time. "They say he will punish those who do not respect the land and its people."

Steven once again scoffed and rolled his eyes. He had heard all the stupid old stories that the geezers around town had told them of the Archaean, and he didn't believe one word of them. Scary stories like that were always created with the sole purpose of keeping bratty kids in line.

"I'm not disrespecting anyone or anything. If anything I'm finally respecting myself enough to know that I need something more out of life. I'm no longer satisfied with something so small and insignificant. I told you, I'm destined for big things. We're talking huge, and there's no way a small little blip on the map can handle me." Steven explained.

He waited a moment for Wallace's inevitable reply, but to his surprise his best buddy was strangely silent. Steven glanced over his shoulder at his taller, beefier pal and cocked an eyebrow at what he saw. Wallace was staring right at him as if he had seen a ghost.

"Dude, what's up?" Steven asked.

"The statue..." Wallace replied in a voice barely above a whisper.

"Dude. Quit it. You're not going to scare me with such a simple ploy. I'm not a little kid anymore." Steven replied testily.

“No seriously. Look!” Wallace shouted and pointed at the statue. His normally deep and soothing voice had become borderline shrill. He sounded close to a full-scale freak-out, and given how piss-poor Wallace’s acting abilities were, Steven knew it couldn’t just be a ruse.

Steven glanced over at the statue and balked at what he saw. The statue had moved! There was no doubt in his mind. Usually the figure sat there and stared across the street as if looking off into the distance, but now it was staring right at Steven. It was as if the solid, bronze figure was glaring right into his soul.

Steven could feel a chill run up his spine. His hairs stood on end. His body broke out in a cold sweat, and goosebumps covered his skin, but there was something else he could feel too – something that didn’t quite make sense. His shirt felt suffocatingly tight. It was as if his once loose, baggy t-shirt now stretched across his chest like a second skin.

Steven glanced down and balked at what he saw. His shirt didn’t just feel tight – it WAS tight. The taut fabric could barely contain his thick pecs which made absolutely no sense because Steven had always been a wiry little thing. Wallace had always been the bigger man of the duo. Wallace was the big, strong jock in high school. The type who was captain of the football team and on the varsity squad in three different sports while Steven was lucky to be a bench warmer on the chess team, but now Steven looked like

he had been hitting the gym religiously from the day he was old enough to walk.

Steven ran a hand across his thick, swole pecs and his dense, sculpted abs. Even though the fabric of his shirt he could see the definition of his rippling abs. He was so entranced by his amazing, chiseled torso that he wasn't even aware of the other changes until he heard the seams of his shorts popping and fraying. He glanced down and stared in awe at his thick thighs. His quads had gone from veritable bean poles to full on oak trees. His swole leg muscles were almost as thick as his hips, and they were still growing! But his thighs weren't even the most amazing transformation he had going on below the belt. The thick bulge in his formerly loose cargo shorts indicated that something else was growing as well.

Steven suddenly started to feel self-conscious. There was no doubt in his mind that other people would be able to see the obscene bulge as well. It was hard to miss. The lump of his cock and balls in the front of his shorts was so huge that it looked like he had crammed a pair of bowling balls and a prize-winning squash down his shorts. His balls looked even bigger than his biceps, and given the growth spurt his muscles had just undergone, his biceps were now the size of soccer balls!

The sound of shredding grew louder. Steven could see and hear his clothes steadily giving up the ghost on him. A large tear formed down the center of his shirt as his pecs surged outwards. The huge hole

right in the middle of his t-shirt formed a window which made it even more painfully obvious how thick and shapely the muscles in his chest had become. His pecs were the size of a pair of thick, supple king-sized pillows, and the cleavage he had showing through the newly formed hole in his t-shirt was so deep that it would put Power Girl to shame.

The seams and stitches of his shorts popped and frayed more and more by the second. The sides of his shorts pulled apart as his already tree-trunk-thick thighs surged outwards in size. The main seams right down the sides of his shorts had already pulled apart so far that much of the sides of his legs were openly on display. Only a few strands of fiber held the two halves of his shorts together, and those were quickly popping and snapping too, and it wasn't just the fabric that was breaking. The sound of teeth snapping off from the zipper of his fly made his shorts sound like a bag of popcorn in the microwave. With each passing pop, more and more of his rapidly swelling package spilled out from behind the canvas of his khakis. Steven's plaid boxers were doing nothing to help hide the sheer enormity of his package. His cotton undies had been stretched so far to their limits that the fly had long since shredded right open. Huge swaths of cock flesh could be seen plain as day, and yet there was still the majority of his schlong still hidden behind the multi-colored fabric.

Steven's cock had to be as thick as his forearm – which thanks to his recent surge of muscles were now as thick as watermelons. Steven had no idea how

long his cock had become, but he was sure he would soon find out. His shorts were so thoroughly thrashed that the few remaining tatters were quickly falling from his frame leaving him clad in just his overstuffed pair of boxers, and even those were not going to last long. The cotton fabric of his plaid underoos were shredding left and right. Loud rending noises split the air as huge gashed split through his boxers. More and more of his big, beefy booty and his thick, shapely thighs were coming into view as more and more tears appeared in his boxers, and his boxers were still nowhere near as demolished as his shirt.

Steven's t-shirt was almost literally holding on by a thread. There were so many tears in the few remaining tatters of his t-shirt that it looked like he had a bag of confetti glued to his torso. The only reason the few remaining shred of shirt were still clinging to his body was because the collar was still more or less intact, but even that wouldn't last long. The collar was so tight around his neck that it was close to choking him, and as his neck grew thicker and thicker the tightly woven fabric of his shirt collar dug deeper into his throat. It was so tight that it actually hurt. It hurt so much that Steven actually let out a loud sigh of relief when the collar finally snapped and sent the few remaining tatters of his shirt fluttering to the ground.

Steven's relief was short-lived though. Without the pain of his collar digging into his throat, he was free to take stock of his changes and his surroundings even more. Steven was now so muscular that he put

even the comically bulge-y statue of the town's resident protector to shame. Steven's swole shoulders were now so wide that he practically filled both lanes of Main Street, and that was saying nothing of how big the rest of him was. His boxers had given up the ghost completely leaving his big, beefy booty and his massive cock and balls exposed for all to see, and there was a lot to see! Steven's balls were so massive that they dangled down to his shins, and his cock was so huge that the head of it rested solidly on the pavement below, and he was still growing!

Steven glanced pleadingly over at his friend, but his expression soon changed as he locked eyes with Wallace. Steven had to look down at his buddy! Wallace had always stood a full head taller than the smaller, slimmer dude, but now Steven was easily twice as tall as the biggest, beefiest dude their high school football team had ever seen! Wallace now only came up to Steven's crotch! Steven's dick was longer and thicker than the former quarterback's whole body!

Something about seeing how tiny Wallace was compared to him caused a rush of conflicting feelings to rage within Steven's mind and body. On one hand he knew he should be mortified. He was bare-assed naked in the middle of town. Everyone he had ever known growing up could see him in all his nude glory, but on the other hand, he had A LOT of nude glory for everyone to see. He had the body that would make an Olympian god weep with shame. He had a cock that rivaled pick-up trucks for sheer size, and he was still growing! With each passing second he grew taller, and

stronger. His muscles grew thicker, and his cock grew and grew. His already massive schlong surged in size. His already colossal balls swelled with each passing second. Soon his nuts were so heavy that they rested solidly on the ground. Soon his hardening cock was so thick and so long that it was closer in size to a fire truck than a Ford truck. His lats flared out like wings on either side so wide that he started to spill over out of the middle of the street and onto the side walk on either side. His bare, beefy butt was so huge that either cheek of his massive ass was the size of a king-sized mattress only twice as thick and three times as firm. His thick muscular thighs were no longer the size of oak trees. They were now rapidly approaching the thickness of red woods!

Steven was already beyond massive, and he was still growing. The rooftops of the nearby buildings barely reached his top row of abs. Wallace was now so tiny compared to his titanic bro that he barely stood past Steven's knees. Steven's cock was now so thick that it filled both lanes of traffic and his balls were so huge that either massive orb was easily the size of the small church up the road – the church which despite being three buildings away from where Steven was standing was now situated right beside the thick, spongy head of Steven's massive, fully boned cock!

Seeing how tiny the building looked compared to his balls filled Steven with a rush of pride and excitement which caused his cock to swell up even more, but this time the supernatural growth that was coursing through his body was no solely to blame.

Steven's cock was quickly reaching half-mast and then some. It wasn't long before his tour bus-sized schlong was at its full upright and locked position. His massive cock was standing tall and proud for all to ogle, and there was a lot of it to ogle! Steven was still nowhere near done growing. He had already become so massive that his body had spilled out into the sidewalks. Either enormous foot filled an entire lane of traffic. His feet were the size of sedans, and even the biggest building barely reached his knees. Poor Wallace – the guy who Steven had often compared himself to growing up – stood little higher than Steven's ankles. He was little more than a mouse to the monolithic Steven.

Steven could scarcely believe he was once in awe of Wallace's sheer size on strength. Back in high school he had looked up to Wallace – both literally and figuratively, but now he – much like the rest of the town – seemed so small and insignificant. Wallace had to stare up at Steven's ankle. The little notch of bone that denoted where the foot and leg met now loomed over him like a backboard. Steven was so massive that the entire town spread out before him like a diorama. Even the old freight line that ran parallel to Main Street looked like it would be right at home in Gomez Addams' playroom. The few cars that lined Main Street were looking like little more than Micro Machines to the towering titan.

Finally, Steven felt his growth begin to taper off. He was a little disappointed to feel it slowing down. The rush of excitement that came with getting larger and larger with each second had been

intoxicating. Even now as he started to come down from the rush he was still so hot and bothered by it all that his huge cock stood hard and tall for all to see. Huge beads of pre leaked out the tip of his massive cock and rolled down the length of his sky scraper-sized schlong and crashed down on the concrete below like watery meteors. Each drop of pre – which appeared little more than the size of a cupcake sprinkle to the towering colossus – was the size of an entire car! Each splashdown caused pre to splatter across the street and splash against the windows and walls of nearby buildings. Poor little Wallace had to run for cover to avoid the deluge. Steven could barely even see the little guy. The mere thought of Wallace being so tiny that he could be completely swept away with a mere droplet of pre caused Steven to chuckle out loud. His deep voice reverberated through the entire town. Tiny little Wallace – the dude who had been almost two feet taller than Steven throughout all of high school – was now so small and insignificant that he had to stare up at Steven's toes! Even just the nail of Steven's smallest toe loomed over Wallace's head like the gutter on the side of a two story house.

When Steven finally felt the last surge of growth fully taper off, he took a moment to take stock of his new body. He was beyond huge – he was MASSIVE! Even had he not been well over a hundred feet tall he would have been enormous. He quads bulged out like redwoods. His chest puffed out in front of him like an extra-firm king-sized mattress. The crevasse between his two massive, meaty pecs was so deep that it put the Grand Canyon to shame. The

trenches between his thick, sculpted abs were so dense and so deep that light couldn't even reach the bottom. The defined V of his extra-firm Adonis belt was so thick that he could barely even grip it in his hand, and speaking of things that were too big to grip, his monolithic cock now stood eye level, and it was jutting out in front of him at a less than 45 degree angle! Had the behemoth been standing fully vertical the tip of his monstrous schlong would have stood far above his head. His big, swollen balls drooped so low that they rested solidly on the street below. Either massive orb was the size of a McMansion. The sheer size and scale of his colossal cojones bore down on the pathetic buildings which clustered at his feet. The old grocery store he had been shopping in mere moments before was little more than splinters under the weight of mountainous nuts. In fact, very little was left of the main strip of shopping in the heart of town. His nuts had eclipsed the entire area and had crushed everything in sight underneath. Cars, buildings, even the very pavement itself crumbled beneath his colossal balls.

Steven glanced around at the world below him. He could see the people fleeing from the devastation of town. He could even make out the shape of Wallace scurrying away although Steven could barely make out any specific features of the tiny figure. Wallace was so tiny he seemed to be the size of an ant. In fact, he seemed even smaller than that. He was barely even a gnat. Just seeing how absolutely insignificant his former idol now seemed sent Steven over the edge. He wrapped both hands around his

cock as best he could, but the behemoth was so massive he couldn't even get his arms all the way around it. He ended up wrapping his arms around it and gripping it to his chest of if giving it a bear hug, and then the real fun began. He threw his back into the task of stroking off his colossal cock. He rocked back and forth and slid his arms up and down the length of his gigantic cock. All the while pre oozed out the tip of his dick like warm chocolate from a fondue fountain. His cock was soon coated in the stuff as was the rest of his body... as was much of what was left of his tiny hometown, but the real mess was soon to come.

Steven knew he was close. His brow was dripping sweat, but it was hardly noticeable due to all the pre he was coated in. His cock shuddered in his arms as he stifled his need to cum. He wanted to make this moment last just a bit longer, but it was already taking all he had to hold back the surge of spooge. Steven let out a loud, low moan that echoed through the countryside. His cock lurched so hard that it jostled free from his bear hug, and then the shooting started. Steven could do nothing but moan in ecstasy as huge spurts of spooge shot from his cock and arced through the afternoon sky. Each rope of jizz was as thick as a 747 and as long as a freight train. The huge ropes of cum flew through the sky and crashed down all over everything and everywhere. Much of the spunk splashed down right there in town, but a few of the more powerful shots managed to arc their way towards the freeway on the outskirts of town and crash down on the other side. His furthest shots easily

traveled fifteen miles before crashing down in the cow fields outside of town.

Steven wasn't sure how long he had been cumming. It felt like ages, but even so he didn't want it to stop. When his cumming finally started to taper off, he found himself wishing for even more. Even though he was so exhausted that he could barely stand, he still found himself wanting to cum and cum again. After he finally stopped, he had to take a moment to catch his breath, and then he took stock of his surroundings.

The entire town was buried in jizz. There was a dry spot anywhere. His jizz had completely flooded the entire region. The standing lake of spunk was so deep that the residence had had to swim to their rooftops to reach safety – rooves that didn't even reach the titan's toenails. Steven glanced down at all the tiny people who had huddled onto their rooftops for safety. They were so tiny that he couldn't even make out their expressions. He couldn't tell if they were staring at him in awe, horror, or a combination of the two, but it didn't really matter either way. This town meant nothing to him anymore. It was as he had said. This town wasn't big enough for him, and he doubted any cities were. Even the college town up the road where he had attended classes seemed so small to the newly grown colossus. He needed something more – something bigger.

Steven turned and began lumbering towards what he could only assume was the North West. He had always said that given the chance he wanted to go

to New York City, and there was no time like the present. The Big Apple, now THAT was a big city. Maybe it would be big enough for him, and if it was, maybe he could outgrow that city too. Steven chuckled to himself at the thought. His massive cock which swung heavily in front of his as he strode began to stiffen ever so slightly. Wherever he found himself next he was sure it was going to be a lot of fun.