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# Loading...

By Ziel.

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Russel had never felt more out of place. He was a shrimp in a hall of ripped muscle gods. It seemed like everyone at this gym had been going regularly for years, and here he was entering a gym for the first time since P.E. class in middle school. It didn't help that his work out shirt was comically huge on him. Russel was half tempted to go home and change... or maybe just go home altogether, but he had promised his pal he would at least try to start a gym regimen.

In many ways it was only because of Russel's friend that he was even here today. Russel had long said he was going to start working out. He had always dreamed of having a big, buff body like he saw in the magazines, but he just never seemed to put on any muscle when he tried lifting weights at home. He doubted even having access to professional lifting equipment would help his case at all either, but Russel's pal, Kurt, was insistent he at least try. Kurt

even went so far as to give Russel a new set of workout clothes, a shirt and jockstrap, for Christmas to help him kick off his fitness journey, and it was that outfit that Russel was wearing to the gym this very afternoon.

The shirt was a seemingly standard muscle shirt with the caption "Loading Muscles..." on the front as well as a comical loading bar underneath the text. The loading bar was actually completely empty which seemed almost like a cruel joke to the poor, puny Russel. To make matters worse, the shirt was so huge that it hung loosely off of Russel's wimpy frame. Russel still wasn't sure if he was wearing it because it was a gift from a cherishes friend, or because he was just too cheap to buy something for himself, or even if he was just motivated by sheer spite, but that hardly seemed to matter at this point. His oversized shirt just made him feel even punier than ever, and his shirt wasn't the only spacious part of his attire. His jockstrap was a little extra roomy around the Netherlands as well. Russel's painfully average cock just wasn't up to the task of filling the ample pouch of the "Enhance" brand strap. Fortunately, he had an old pair of jogging short on over top of the strap so nobody else had to know about his shortcomings in that department.

Figuring that even the longest journey begins with a few steps, Russel made his way over to the treadmill. He might not know much about lifting weights, but he did at least know how to jog so the treadmill seemed as good a place as any to get the ball rolling. Russel quickly settled into a routine of jogging

along at a reasonable pace while scrolling through a beginner's guide to working out on his phone. It was strange. He expected to get winded pretty easily since he had never been the most athletic dude, but the more he jogged, the more energized he felt. He felt like he could run nonstop for days! But before he even realized the timer on the treadmill dinged to alert him that he had done a respectable warm-up. Russel hopped off the treadmill and decided to put the newbie guide to weightlifting he had been perusing to good use and made his way towards the weight room.

The weight room had tons of mirrored walls all around the place. Try as he might, Russel couldn't help but catch a glimpse of his own reflection. When he saw himself, he did a double take. He couldn't put his finger on it, but something seemed different. He wasn't what he would call fit by any stretch of the imagination, but he was looking healthier than when he had walked in. He chalked it up to the rush of endorphins from the jog and the slight sheen of sweat which had settled onto his skin, but there was something else afoot that he had not yet begun to realize. Russel quickly adjusted his oversized shirt and went back to focusing on his next workout, completely missing the fact that the loading bar on his shirt now had an almost imperceptibly small bit of blue filling the otherwise empty loading bar.

The first exercise on his to-do list was a few simple bicep curls. Russel figured he's be ahead to start light and grabbed one of the smallest set of dumbbells he could find, but after a few experimental

curls he quickly realized that five pounds was far, far too light. He quickly moved up to ten and then fifteen pounds and found that those were too light as well. He was surprised to say the least. The guide he was reading didn't suggest going above fifteen pounds for a lightweight beginner like himself, but here he was hefting a thirty pounder like it was nothing. Perhaps even more surprising was the bulge of a bicep the poked out when he reached the highest point of his curls.

Russel was amazed by what he saw. It was a muscle! He had an actual muscle! It was small, sure, but everyone had to start somewhere, and the fact that he actually had some sort of muscle definition to show off on his first day at the gym was beyond a miracle. Perhaps he had not given himself enough credit. He tended to carry a few heavy books around campus. Maybe his nerdery was good for something after all.

Russel was not about to rest on his laurels just yet though. If anything, this newfound discovery spurred him on to work out even more. If just a few bicep curls could bring out his latent muscles, just imagine what a regular routine could do! He could be buffed like those babes on the cover of Men's Health in no time!

After what he assumed to be a suitable amount of reps, Russel put up his barbells and made his way towards the bench press station, completely

unaware that his loading bar had gained a few more pixels in the past few minutes.

Russel loaded the bar on the weight rack with what he thought would be a safe and easy starter weight, and laid down to do a few reps. To his surprise, the bar was incredibly light! He wasted no time in adding more weight to it and trying another few reps. Again, the bar was too light. Before he knew it, he had doubled and then tripled the starting weight before he began to feel even a little strain from lifting. He was so amazed by the amount of weight he was benching that he almost didn't notice the bulges forming in front of him... almost...

Russel's jaw dropped when he caught sight of the mounds in front of him. From where he was lying he had a front row view of his own chest and could see two very clearly defined pectoral muscles. He had pecs! Sure, they weren't the hugest pecs he had ever seen. They would even be classified as fairly small by most of the muscleheads at the gym, but they were there, and they were his! He couldn't believe his eyes. He quickly got up from the bench and turned to check himself out in one of the mirrors on the wall. There was no denying what he was seeing. He was cut! He wasn't bulky by any stretch of the imagination, but he had some honest-to-god muscles on his body. He had a lean, lithe, swimmer's build. Russel could barely fathom what he was seeing. He had gained a noticeable amount of muscle since he had arrived, but how!? As if to answer his question something caught his eye. A slight movement down below...

Russel glanced down at the reflection of his shirt, and for the first time he noticed the additional blue on the loading bar. "Loading Muscles..." indeed, and from the look of things, he had a long way left to go! The loading bar had barely even begun to fill in. If he was this cut with just a little bit of bulking, he could hardly imagine how huge he'd be when he was done! The sheer thought of it sent a shiver of excitement up his spine and surge of excitement down his groin. Russel quickly adjusted himself down there. His chubby was feeling particularly cramped in the confines of his running shorts, but he paid it no mind. He was far too enthralled by his muscles to worry about a little thing like that.

Russel couldn't wait for more muscles to stack on. His mind was racing with ideas of just how huge he'd grow and how to speed up the process. Was there some sort of catalyst besides the shirt? Did pumping the old irons cause him to bulk up faster? He didn't know for sure, but he knew there was no harm in trying. If nothing else the rush of endorphins and the pump that came with a good rep was starting to go to his head. He couldn't wait to really test the limits of what his body was capable of.

Russel glanced around the gym for the next station he would try out. There were so many options. He was like a kid in a candy store. Eventually his eyes fell upon the simple, unassuming bar attached to the far wall. A pull up bar. Such a simple device, and yet so full of promise. Russel had never in his life successfully performed a pull up. He was shaking with anticipation



as he placed his hands on the bar, and then with the greatest of ease he pulled himself up so that his chin was over the bar. It felt so effortless that he might as well have been picking up a tissue. He could scarcely believe that the pull up bar had been the bane of his middle school existence. He remembered struggling and straining for half an hour to accomplish even a single chin up, but now he was effortlessly doing a chin up and beyond. He could pull himself all the way up until the bar hit his chest. Russel was so caught up in the rush that he did another pull up and another and another. He was a well-oiled pull up machine. He kept going up and down like a piston, completely unaware of how his body was changing. His muscles were thickening all around him, and weight was packing on elsewhere as well. By the time the rush finally died down and he dropped down from the push up bar, he was feeling something very strange indeed. It was tough for him to put his finger on it at first. It was a strange pressure around his legs and groin, but all it took was a look in the mirror to put two and two together. His shorts were getting incredibly tight on his bulking frame!

Russel was amazed at what he saw. During his brief stint on the pull up bar he had gone from twink to twunk! He went from a lean, cut, swimmer's build to having a thick body that would grace the cover of a fitness magazine. He had quads that would amaze a quarterback! His formerly airy running shorts now dug into his thick thighs, but it wasn't just his muscles that were filling his briefs to the brim. It was plain to see that his dick had grown as well. Russel could only

stand and stare in awe at the outline of his own cock and balls that now pressed so hard against the front of his shorts that he could see the very shape and size of them. He could scarcely believe that thick set of sausage and eggs was his! He had a schlong that had to be closing in on a foot long and every bit as thick as his wrist and a pair of softball sized stones to match! It was hard to believe that just mere moments ago he had had trouble filling out his jock strap. Now he looked like he'd be spilling out in the very near future.

Russel couldn't wait to work out more and grow even larger. He already had the body of his dreams, but still, he wanted to be even bigger, and if the loading bar was any indication he had a ways to go yet. Russel didn't want to waste any time moving onto the next exercise and getting any bigger. He turned and set up shop at the very next station his eyes fell upon – the pull downs.

Russel sat down on the seat and glanced up at the bar above his head. Despite how swole he was looking, he was still pretty much a newbie when it came to working out so he was glad to see that there were guide marks on the bar telling him where to place his hands for ideal results. Russel wasted no time getting to work. He placed his hands where the marks said to and began to pull down on the bar until his hands were even with his thick pecs. He was amazed how easily the bar came down. He hadn't even bothered changing the weights on it before he began working out, and the guy who had been using this station before him was one of the biggest bros at the

gym! Russel could now hit the weights with the best of them and then some! And at the rate things were going he was soon going to dwarf even the biggest musclehead the gym had ever seen. Just imagining what it would be like to be so huge got his huge cock to stir to life in his undersized shorts. His semi was straining hard against the fabric of his too-tiny running shorts. He could already tell that one way or the other something was going to have to give. His shorts were reaching their breaking point in more ways than one, and as he pulled down on the bar over and over again he could actually feel himself getting bigger and thicker by the moment. He could actually hear the sound of his shorts straining against his thickening brawn. The sound of straining fabric just spurred him on to work even harder and reach new amazing sizes. He couldn't wait to see what he would look like when he finally filled the loading bar.

Russel was so fixated on his pull downs and his shorts that he hadn't even noticed what was going on with his shirt. By the time he finished his reps on the pull-down station and returned once more to the mirrors to check his progress he was in for quite a shock. His once far-too-huge shirt was now looking a few sizes too small. The fabric of his muscle shirt strained across his thick pecs and his sculpted abs. The straps of the shirt now rested firmly in the groove between the thick mounds of his delts around his neck and the bulging mass of his traps around his shoulders, but perhaps what was even more amazing was how much his thick lats spilled out the sides of his open-sided muscle shirt. His wings had grown so thick that

they would have shredded clean through the sides of his shirt had his shirt not already been open on the sides to accommodate it, but as amazing as his torso had become, it was hard for him to keep his eyes off the improvements below the belt.

Russel's cock was beyond huge at this point. He put even the most ridiculously hung porn star to shame. His dick was looking more like a third leg which each passing moment. His junk was so massive that it didn't even fit in his shorts anymore. His package rested on the fabric of his shorts as if using them as a hammock instead of actually fitting inside his shorts. Only the tip of his melon-sized cock head actually fit inside his shorts, and his basketball sized stones were even less contained. With how huge his dick had become it was a miracle that any of it could fit in his shorts, and that was saying nothing of his jock strap. His strap had been a bit roomier than his shorts to begin with, but it was still a miracle that it held his bait and tackle in place as well as they did. The red fabric of the front pouch of his jock strap was so strained that it had taken on a sheer, pink texture. The color of his cock and ball flesh was starting to show through.

Russel didn't waste too much time ogling his new size in the mirror. If the loading bar on his shirt was any indication, he still had plenty more growing to do. He was already larger than the biggest bodybuilder in the gym, and he was still just shy of the 50% mark on his loading bar.

Russel next made his way over to the squat rack to do some squats. He loaded the bar down with every weighted plate he could get his hands on. The bar was so heavily loaded by the time that he was done that the metal bar actually started to bend and warp under the sheer weight of the plates. Russel figured that that would be a good enough starting point and proceeded to load the bar onto his shoulders and squat down low. He made it halfway through the first squat when a loud, rending sound split the air. His over-stuffed pants had reached their limit and then some. His body was already too big for his britches, but bending down was the final nail in the coffin. His shorts split open clean down the back leaving his big, beefy ass exposed to ass to see. Russel quickly stood back up and set the weight bar back on the rack. The sheer weight of the bar caused the entire gym to rumble. Russel glanced at his reflection once again in the mirror and realized that his shorts were beyond ruined. They were doing more harm than good at this point, and it's not like he was ever going to fit into them again, so he reached down and unceremoniously ripped them clean off. The waistband snapped with ease leaving him clad in just his shirt, his strap, and his sneakers. With his shorts no longer interfering, Russel once again set to work on his squats. He once again shouldered the weighted bar and squatted down low. He was amazed at how light the bar felt. He had apparently packed on even more muscles during even just the short interlude. The lightness didn't bother him though. If anything, it spurred him on to work out even harder to grow even

larger. He squatted down low and stood back up over and over again while eyeing his reflection in the mirror. He was enamored with how his muscles flexed and rippled with each rep, but there was something else that caught his eye too. With each squat, his hefty nuts came ever closer to touching the floor, and it wasn't because he was squatting lower. He could actually see his cock and balls getting bigger with each rep! He soon reached the point where he squatted down low and his nuts touched the floor, but he didn't stop there. He went again and again, squatting down and standing up, and each time he watched as his nuts reached the floor sooner and sooner in each rep. He soon reached a point where his beachball sized nuts were so massive that they reached the floor halfway through his squats and sat there as he finished his motion.

Russel was amazed that his strap had held on so long. The fabric was so strained that it had become nearly see-through. Rips and tears had spread through the fabric giving large, uninhibited glimpses as the bare cock and ball flesh tucked away beneath. By the time Russel had finally had his fill of the squat rack, his jockstrap had more than had its fill of his cock and balls! The fabric of the front pouch split wide open, causing his cock and balls to spill out. Russel stared in awe as his dangly bits spilled forth. He had known his junk was huge, but the pouch had hidden just how huge they really were! His beachball sized nuts dangled down to his shins, and the head of his cock rested solidly on the ground at his feet. He had more than a third leg! His cock was not only longer but

thicker than his impressively thick thighs as well. His dick nearly rivaled his thick, sculpted midriff for sheer girth!

Russel placed the bar back on the rack one final time and took another moment to admire how huge he had become. His torso was so burly that his muscle shirt was having trouble adjusting. The front of the shirt had become nearly completely swallowed by the dense chasm between his massive, meaty pecs. Only the loading bar, which was now stretched taut across his top row of abs, could be seen. Russel smirked at his progress. He was already so massive, and yet he was barely 60% done? He couldn't wait to see how much larger he would become.

Russel grabbed a pair of the largest dumbbells he could find and took a seat at one of the benches near the free weights. The bench groaned under his massive, muscular bulk, but held its ground. Russel glanced down and smirked at his bare cock and balls which now rested solidly on the ground at his feet before he hoisted the pair of dumbbells up over his shoulders and began to lift them above his head. He quickly settled into a routine of lifting the dumbbells up over his head and then bringing them back down to around his shoulders, but there was something slightly off. He was getting so massive now that his muscles were getting in the way! The bulge of his traps around his shoulders made it hard for him to raise his arms straight up, and the bulge of his delts around his neck was so thick that the dumbbell kept bumping into it when he returned his arms to the low position.

Eventually his traps got so huge that the his could only lift his arm to a 45-degree angle. He figured by that point that it was time to move onto a new exercise.

When Russel stood up to move onto the next exercise he was in for a shock... two shocks, actually. First of all, his lats had grown so much during his brief stint doing shoulder presses that he couldn't even lower his arms all the way! He lowered his arms as low as they would go, and he looked like he should be saying "Welcome to Chili's", but the lack of mobility didn't bother him. If anything, it got him even more worked up. His already semi-boned cock got even harder than before which brought his attention to the second thing which shocked him.

His cock had grown even more! He had sort of assumed that once he had lost the pouch of his jockstrap the growth would stop. After all, his jock strap was now less of a strap and more of a belt that barely wrapped around his swelling hips, but the Enhance brand strap hadn't stopped enhancing his junk! Even now that he was standing straight up, his nuts rested heavily on the floor at his feet, and his semi-boned cock jutted a few feet out in front of him. He could scarcely believe his eyes. His semi was as thick as his midriff, bulging obliques and all!

Even as awed by his own body as he was, Russel couldn't help but notice how eerily quiet the gym had become. For the first time since he had started growing he looked around the room at the others who occupied the gym with him. All eyes were



glued to him and his massive muscles and cock. There were a wide range of emotions displayed in those eyes. Jealousy. Wonder... Lust. Just seeing how hot and bothered the other gym-goers were got Russel even more worked up than before. His semi soon reached rock hard status and then some. His massive cock was so hard it was dribbling pre onto the rubberized floor of the gym weight room.

Russel was already so massive that it was getting tough to move, but he couldn't quit now – not when he was so close to maxing out his download bar, and definitely not when he had such an eager audience to please. The question was, what to do next? He had already gone through every exercise on his list, and he doubted he could even fit on most of the gym stations. That was when an idea popped into his head. At his size, he didn't *need* gym stations. He was his own station. All he needed was himself and the two barbells he still had in his hands.

All eyes were on him as he moved his massive, nearly-nude form into position. He leaned forward so that his enormous cock was resting on the ground in front of him and then laid down directly on top of it. His dick was so massive that while straddling it as he currently was, his feet could barely reach the ground below him and the tip of his dick reached so far forward that his chin rested comfortably on the puffy glans. Once he was happily in position, Russel set to work on his next exercise. He dropped his hands as low as they could go until he was nearly hugging his fat cock and then raised his arms back up until his arms

were spread wide by his sides. The murmur of approval from the crowd made it clear they were enjoying the show. Russel could only imagine what they must be seeing though. With his body as exposed as it currently was, there was no doubt his enormous muscles were rippling with each motion, but that wasn't all. Russel could feel his cock getting thicker between his legs. He could feel the head of his dick poking further and further forward with each fly he completed, and that was saying nothing of his nuts and muscles. He couldn't see his nuts to check on them, and he had no way of checking his loading bar either. He just had to trust the invigorating rush that was flowing through him to prove that he was still getting larger and larger. Soon Russel reached a point where his chin no longer rested on the spongy head of his cock. His dick had grown so massive that the tip of it poked out past his own head by several inches, and yet it was still growing.

As Russel continued his reps he became aware of something interesting. It was getting tougher and tougher to complete a fly. His arms just wouldn't go all the way back down. At first, he chalked it up to just his cock getting too fat for him to wrap his arms around, but he eventually began to realize that there was something else at work. Part of him wanted to continue his reps, but the curiosity was getting the better of him. He had to see with his own eyes and verify his suspicions. He awkwardly propped himself up and hopped off of his own cock and turned to stare into his own reflection. Sure enough, it was just as he

had suspected. His pecs were now so massive that they impeded his ability to bring his arms together.

Russel couldn't believe how massive he had become. He couldn't believe that he had been a stick when he had walked into the gym this afternoon. Now he was easily five times wider than he had been before. His broad shoulders were so wide he wouldn't be able to get through a normal doorway without shifting his weight around, and that was saying nothing of his cock which was every bit as thick as his broad, barrel chest, and then there were his nuts which were each about as large as a Lay-Z-Boy recliner. His pecs were the size of mattresses. His individual abs were so huge that each one bulged out like basketballs. His biceps alone were bigger than his whole head, and his quads were as thick as oak trees! And yet, as massive as he was, he could still see himself steadily creeping up in size.

Russel knew he had to be reaching the end of his growth. He was already so massive that he was having trouble moving, and yet he didn't want it to end just yet. Unfortunately, he couldn't read the loading bar on his shirt. His shirt had been completely swallowed by his pecs. He awkwardly fumbled as best he could with the fabric and tried to pull his shirt out from underneath his pecs so he could read the loading bar, and to his surprise, when he finally did get a chance to read it, the bar was nearly complete! This was about as big as he would get? On one hand he was glad he wouldn't grow to immobility, but on the other hand, the rush of getting larger and larger was too

great to be ignored. Part of him wanted to keep going. Part of him wanted to get even larger than before. He didn't care if he outgrew the whole gym!

A telltale ding came from his shirt to alert him that the download had been completed. For better or worse, this was his new size. Russel wasn't too bummed out about it though. He was bigger than he ever dreamed possible. He couldn't wait to show his new bulk to all his friends on campus, but first things first... he needed to rinse off some of the funk from the powerlifting he had done. He put up the barbells and made his way towards the locker rooms for a quick shower.

Russel stopped off by his locker briefly to put up his clothes. He had to pull and tug at his shirt to get it unstuck from between his massive muscles, and when he finally did remove it he had to chuckle at what had become of it. The shirt was so badly stretched out that it looked more like a series of spaghetti straps than an actual shirt. Next came the jockstrap, or what was left of it anyway. That part came off much easier than the shirt. All he had to do was shimmy it down across his thick thighs and then step out of them. With that off, all that was left was to kick off his shoes, which he did with ease.

It was strange. He had been pretty much bare-assed naked for half of his gym set, but somehow shedding the last few tatters of his clothes left him feeling awkward and exposed. He never was the most outgoing guy, and he had always been afraid of

showering in public like this. He had to remind himself that he was no longer a little shrimp with something to hide. He was massive! He had the muscles of a god and the cock of a whale! He had nothing to hide anymore. It didn't take long for him to psyche himself up and make his way towards the showers.

He was not too surprised to find that he was too large to fit into any of the stalls. He was so huge that he couldn't even get just his dick into one of them! Still, he wasn't so quick to be discouraged. There was a showerhead on the side of the wall that was out in the open. It was obviously designed for those who were going to hit the pool and just needed to hose off real quick while still in their suits, but it worked just fine for Russel's purposes. He shimmied his bulk towards the showerhead, turned the knob, and then did his best to soak up underneath the flow, but he was so massive he could only get small parts of him wet at a time, and that was saying nothing of lathering up. There was no way he could reach his arms around his cock to wash it, and his backside was even harder to reach! Fortunately, he didn't have to worry about what to do for long. He soon felt the warm touch of a wet washrag against his bare skin.

Russel glanced over to see one of his admirers from the gym had made the journey into the showers with him. It was hard to believe how tiny the guy looked. He was without a doubt one of the burliest bros Russel had ever seen before, but even this guy looked puny next to Russel's new mass.

Russel didn't know what to say. Part of him wanted to thank the guy for stepping in to help out, but at the same time he felt kind of weird having someone rubbing him down like this. Fortunately, the new arrival didn't seem to be too keen on conversation. His eyes were glued to Russel's enormous pecs. The guy ran the soapy cloth across Russel's massive pectoral muscle and sensually stroked the thick mass of brawn. Russel's pecs were so massive that the guy couldn't even reach all the way across to wash both pecs. The best he could do was focus on the one closer to him. He'd have to walk around to the other side if he wanted to have any hope of washing Russel's another pec, but for the time being he was content just to wash half of Russel's front.

The suds cascaded down Russel's pecs and coursed through the deep trenches of his sculpted cum-gutters before reaching his crotch and dripping off his cock and down his immense nuts before splattering onto the tiled floor below, but soapy water wasn't all that was splattering onto the floor. Russel was trying to keep a level head as he focused on soaping up the parts of his body he could actually reach, but the sensual rubbing from his new friend was getting him even more hot and bothered than he already was. His rock-hard cock was drooling pre so fast that it rivaled the showerhead for sheer output. Pre oozed out from the tip of his supersized cock head and down onto the floor, and things were only going to get even steamier in the showers. Another set of hands soon found their way towards Russel's enormous body. This time the hands fixated on his

backside, and Russel could only assume that the owner of said hands was just as enrapt as the Russel's first helper. Try as he might though, Russel could not catch a glimpse of the guy behind him. He just couldn't turn around enough to look behind him, but he was fine with letting his new helper remain anonymous. The mystique just added to his arousal. Russel soon found himself so hot and bothered that his cock was shuddering with joy as the new arrival soaped down his backside. By the time the newcomer had reached down low enough to start massaging Russel's massive ass, Russel was so close to cumming that he had to try his hardest to tune out the sensations that were overcoming his senses.

Having two helpers was almost more than Russel could take, but soon he had yet another newcomer working over his enormous mass. This guy didn't seem interested in Russel's muscles though. Russel could only watch in awe as another cute gym jock strode towards him. Even before this newcomer began soaping down a part of Russel's enormous brawn, Russel knew exactly where he was going to focus his efforts. The guy's gaze never left Russel's enormous cock even for a second. The look in his eyes was even hornier than Russel felt! Russel half expected the guy to start washing his cock with his tongue, but instead the guy soon joined in the other two helpers in lathering up Russel's body with a washcloth and soap. Russel stared in hormone addled awe as the guy stared down Russel's enormous cock head, a cock head which eclipsed the dude's entire torso! The guy silently went about his business as he soaped up and

stroked down the spongy tip of Russel's cock. Just feeling how tiny the dude's hands felt against his cock drove Russel even crazier than before, and the feeling of the dude's hands sliding under his foreskin to stroke around the fringes of swollen cock head. Russel almost came right then and there. It was only by sheer force of will that he kept himself from dousing the new arrival in a torrential spurt of spunk. Although, judging by the devious glint in the guy's eyes, Russel wouldn't doubt that the dude was hoping for just such a shower.

Russel's mind was almost as foggy as the steamy showers as the three guys works over their respective portions of Russel's colossal body. Guy A had shifted sides and was now working over Russel's other pec and the other half of his abs and occasionally even dropping a hand low enough to caress Russel's inner thigh – the guy's hand wedged tightly between Russel's thick quads and enormous cock and ball sack as he did so. Guy B had gotten more adventuresome in his worship and cleansing of Russel's backside and was now giving Russel's meaty ass a washing he would never forget. Russel was a very hygienic guy, but even had never spent so much time scrubbing the crevasse between his butt cheeks before. Russel was sure he had even felt a tongue in there amidst the lathers and strokes of the washcloth. Meanwhile, Guy C had gotten even more hands on than he was before. He had climbed onto Russel's cock as if it was a roadhouse mechanical bull. The guy used his entire, soap-covered body to rub and lather Russel's cock which dwarfed the dude in terms of



sheer girth. Even in terms of length, Russel's dick had a few inches on the guy's whole body.

It was all too much for Russel to take. Dude A stroking his muscles so tenderly, Dude B massaging his ass, balls, and taint so fervently, Dude C gyrating and grinding his whole body against Russel's cock so erotically, it all worked together to send him over the edge. Russel tried to hold back, but all he managed to do was forestall the coming torrent long enough to let out a loud, low groan. His moan echoed through the misty showers, and then cum erupted from his colossal cock. Russel was so lost in the ecstasy of his own colossal climax that he couldn't even comprehend what was happening around him. For all he knew everything faded away into the fog of the steamy showers, but he wasn't the only one in the throes of orgasm. His three attendants had cum as well. Each one without so much as laying a hand on their own cocks. The group came and came again and again, but the trio of attendant's loads seemed inconsequential next to the flood of spunk that erupted from Russel's gigantic cock. After a mere two spurts, there was a standing pool of spunk up to Russel's ankles, and he was nowhere near done draining his nuts. By the time he was finally spent, the thick layer of spooage had seeped out of the showers, into the locker room, and even out into the gym lobby.

The four guys slumped down in an exhausted, post-coital haze and basked in the afterglow and the warm sprinkle from the showerhead. Eventually, Russel's attendants had recovered enough to continue

their work, but Russel took much longer to come to his senses. He was only vaguely aware that the three of them were still rubbing him down, and by the time he had mostly come to his senses, his body had been once more washed and was free from spunk. Unfortunately, the same could not be said for much of the locker room.

Russel staggered his way back towards the locker room and over towards his locker. He soon realized a small problem that he had not taken into account during his growth – he now had no clothes to wear! His gym shorts were a tattered wreck. They were useless to him even if he wasn't too huge to wear him, and he hadn't brought anything else to wear home – not that anything he owned would even fit him anymore. Even the muscle shirt he had been given by his friend which had once been the largest garment he owned was now far, far too tiny for him. He figured he could maybe force it on over his bulky brawn, but what then? The thing would be so stretched out that it would appear to be little more than spaghetti straps.

Russel stared down at the stretched-out garment in bemused fascination. He could hardly believe that this little bit of fabric had completely transformed his life and his body. He had gone from the smallest shrimp to the biggest bodybuilder in the span of an hour! He was even bigger than the biggest bodybuilder by a huge margin! Russel was just about to shove the stretched-out ribbons of a shirt back into his locker when he noticed something odd. The loading bar had vanished! It instead had been replaced by

what looked to be a pop-up window. Russel unraveled the shirt as best he could and stared in awe at the new message on the fabric.

“A New Update is Ready to be Installed” it read.