

Huge Stories

#3. Huge The Barbarian

The Huge family prior to Zack are the pinnacle of strength and physical power grown out of a brutal and savage time where it's killed or be killed and none of them could have made it through better than the mighty and unstoppable Haruga Huge, 450 pounds of ring-tailed muscle this mighty warrior cut his way across the European continent without any signs of stopping. This was something that Zack would admire and did. Not because of his barbaric nature but of pure respect among his fellow warriors as one of them and not a freak. Though if he were in Haruga's time he would have been treated like a god. At least he would more because he did not live in a time of heavy technology, unrealistic wants and intolerance the likes that would make the most dedicated zealots blush.

Zack often reads some of the fantasy novels during his lunch breaks that would get him close to the heritage as possible he only had one near miss when he was deeply fantasizing about the barbarian life and the sight of big bulging men gave him an erection that nearly tipped off the table. So he does most of the reading in the bathroom back home so he can fantasize without consequence because after reading his raging erection will be up for hours. His dreams are always filled with Zack wearing scanty garbs, heavy, fur-lined boots and gauntlets with his member daintily covered with a long loincloth, armored underneath for extra protection cutting his way through the forests, saving the day, destroying villages and having his personal harem of the finest males he can find worshiping him and his cock to no end. Sadly his dreams have to come to an end for reality to make its way and do his workouts.

At the beach gym, Zack was doing his normal routines and feeling a bit down that his barbarian dreams were just that: dreams. When a large group of bikers rolled by and started causing trouble even more when they came up to Zack and started to call him names. When he turned around to face them it only made things worse for him when they saw his massive bulge. But Zack was strong enough to throw an insult back that got the group of sixty really riled up. What happened next was a serious beatdown on both sides. sixty

fully-grown, tough-as-nails bikers against one big lemur who doesn't even know how to throw a punch let alone how to take on bikers with less impulse control than a crazy person. Zack manages to knock out a few of the attackers but Zack got the brutal beating of a life time ranging from heavy chains to metal pipes they just find.

Zack knows he can't keep this up any longer and something sparked inside of him while the group beat down on his back. The rage and power of his true barbarian heritage finally comes to light. This is no longer a matter of fantasy anymore, this is a matter of staying alive and like a ferocious animal violently breaking free from his chains, Zack shot up bruised but mad as hell to let out a powerful roar. The looks of the bikers faces changed from taunts to outright fear. Some fled for their lives and others were dumb enough to take the one plus ton lemur on. Zack grabbed a three with one hand while one pathetically beats on his thigh. He throws the three across the beach falling headfirst into the sand.

The one beating on his leg is violently told to get off and knees him in the face. Then by surprise one of them pulls out a switchblade and cuts down the leg of his spandex pants. quickly flopping out his massive black cock for all to see. Shocked to see a long sliver of blood trickle down off his right testicle and cock, Zack furiously twists his body around and slaps the slasher with his penis. The force of the hit was like getting hit by a speeding SUV made of warm meat and after hearing the sounds of broken ribs, sends the bastard fifty feet across the air before falling on the sand. The rest of his group just stopped just to realize that their leader was brought down by giant lemur dick now center on Zack breathing heavily all of his muscles bulked out making him twice as big than before. Veins pulsating to the max, covered in bruises and cuts only feed his rage and the blood dripping off the surface of his genitals shows that nothing could stop him now. Looking at a large deadweight he lifts up the six-hundred pound barbell and angrily bends it until it snaps in two making two instant makeshift maces to smash anyone who comes near him.

The remaining bikers who are able to get up, ran away with their bikes telling him they'll be back eventually. Zack's muscles finally take a chance to relax and shrink back to their normal mass. The titanic

lemur drops the weights and quickly realizes what he's done, seeing fifty of the sixty bikers down in a blind rage now gets sight of his bruised body and bleeding cock to make him want to pass out. Resting in the largest bed the hospital had available, his legs stick out as far as the mid thigh layed with pillows to prevent cutting circulation, his wounds were taken care of including the one on his genitals though the staff had to learn the hard way that being near them would cause the room to flood with his splooge so they have to dump buckets of novacane to prevent sensation to make the repairs. Zack comes to to feel the pain of the stitches but is lucky to be alive but now he has a lot to answer for the fight that happened moments ago.

Zack now wants to think back and remember his personal "barbarian" moments he went through and instead of feeling regretful of letting loose on those bikers, he feels really awesome to let it all out. But for now Zack needs the time to recuperate and not pop any more stitches while he fantasizes more of his dreams after the police has some time asking questions.