

Lance laid in his bed and flipped the large, ornate coin absentmindedly as he stared off into the ceiling. There was nothing to do on campus this time of year; the few students that still remained on campus were busy cramming for their finals. Lance himself had finished his finals the day before last, but he wasn't going to be leaving campus until Friday; he hadn't wanted to spend money on a parking space on campus so he had to wait for a family member to come up with a truck and help him move.

He wished he had made a few more friends this semester or even tried to learn the local hotspots. He made a note to explore the surrounding city more next semester, but that didn't do him much good right now. He didn't even have the slightest clue what he would want to do. He never was one for going clubbing or hitting up the bars, but it wasn't that he was shy or anything like that; a lot of the problem was that he was only nineteen and most of those places required that he be over twenty-one.

He knew there was a gay club only a few blocks away that he liked to go to, but he was only able to enter when they had their youth friendly nights. It was strange being lumped together with the kids from high school though. To make matters worse a lot of the hot guys there wouldn't hit on him because they thought he was younger than he really was. Lance had that sweet face and boyish good looks that betrayed his real age, and his slim, slender build and short stature didn't help matters either.

"What I wouldn't give to be big..." Lance said wistfully as he continued tossing the coin. "Nice and big with an awesome, huge cock." He added with a bit of a chuckle. He had this image in his mind of himself as a hot, hung sex god shaking his bubbly butt up in one of the cages as fog machines and strobe lights caused the very air around him to crackle with energy and the music pounded in his ears. About the only similarities between his real body and the dream form was the shaggy black hair, the piercing blue eyes, and white fur with black stripes that covered his feline body. Lance did have a bit of a bubble butt but it was nowhere as huge and defined as the beefy, toned hunk that was gyrating for Lance's mind's eye.

Lance took a moment to turn the coin over in his hands as he let his mind wander. "Coin" was a bit of a stretch. The thing was more like a salad plate with cheesy, touristy engravings. He had picked it up for dirt cheap during summer vacation from some shady vendor near the beach on Paradise Island. Lance didn't believe a word that the sketchy old dude had muttered about the coin having chosen him as its master. The vendor was obviously trying hard to pawn his low-budget knock-off on the first gullible tourist he could find. The old guy had said the coin was solid gold, but Lance doubted it was even gold plated. It was probably some cheap golden spray paint. The coin itself was probably just a wooden disk with some cool etchings done on it.

That said, the thing did look pretty cool. It had two sides, each side had a distinct image etched onto it. Lance had no idea what the symbol's meant, but one pictograph kind of looked like a fancy, gemmed wine glass; a chalice it was called, if his memory of Indiana Jones movies served him correctly, and the other side had what looked like a big X on it. No matter how many times Lance had flipped it, the thing had always landed X side up. He thought it was cool at first, but he chalked it up to just being a matter of the chalice side of the coin being heavier and therefore more prone to landing face down.

"I really wish I was huge and hung." Lance said again as he tossed the coin up into the air. He threw it harder than intended causing the golden disk to thump audibly against the ceiling and ricochet

off course. Lance leaned over the side of his bed to try and catch it, but the disk hit his fingertips and bounced off. The coin landed on the carpet with a dull thump.

As Lance got up from his bed he noticed something odd. The coin was laying chalice side up. He hardly gave it a second thought though. It was just kind of an interesting coincidence since it was the first time he could remember not getting an X.

He kneeled down to pick it up and noticed something else odd. The huge coin fit easily in his hand. He stared at it for a moment in mute fascination as the coin seemed to steadily shrink in the palm of his hand. It was so surreal that Lance could do nothing but stare at it in silent awe.

It wasn't until he felt the tightness in his chest and his groin that he realized that there were bigger things to worry about than the coin. Having not been planning on going out tonight, Lance was wearing a loose and airy t-shirt and an equally loose set of boxers. His clothing was now anything but loose and airy. He looked down and could see his shirt stretched tightly across was little musculature he had in his lithe torso, but what really caught his eye was the bulge in his shorts. His dick looked ridiculously huge and he wasn't even chubbed up. Although the more he stared, the more he felt the blood rush to his groin. He had always wanted a bigger dick, and seeing it filling out the front of his boxers and then some was getting him a little hot under the collar.

His shirt was getting so tight that it was beginning to hurt, but before Lance could start panicking, the threads began to pop and fray. Soon large tears began to form in his tight t-shirt. He stared down at his chest in awe as more and more of his bare, snowy-white fur began to show through. The knitted collar of the shirt snapped like a rubber band as his neck became too thick for his clothes to handle, and what little was left of his shirt fell to the ground in tattered ribbons.

His shorts didn't last much longer. His enhanced junk had already been straining hard for release. A single loud rip split the air as his cock and balls spilled free from the overstuffed confines of his skintight plaid boxers. Lance stared in awe at his now exposed cock. He had never been particularly hung before, and now even his floppy semi seemed larger than even his most impressive boner. The thing reached halfway down his thigh, and it wasn't even fully chubbed up yet. He could only imagine how fantastic it would look once it was completely rigid.

He didn't have much time to marvel at his newly nude form though. Almost immediately after he felt the top of his head bump against the ceiling of his small dorm room. The room may be small, but the roof still had to be over ten feet high. He felt his heart beat faster and his breath catch in his throat as he realized just how huge he was now. He knew on some instinctive level that he should be freaked out, but he could scarcely hold back his desire to laugh. Something about being so huge was invigorating. He put even NBA all-stars to shame now, and that's saying nothing of his cock. It looked like it would be over a foot long if he was still a 5'4 little shrimp, but now that he was nearly double that height, his dick must be closing in on two feet of solid dong.

Lance didn't have long to revel in his good fortunes though. He soon realized that he was quickly running out of room. He slowly stooped down more and more as he continued to expand upwards and outwards. Soon he was seated with his ass flat on the floor and his back arched over, but still his shoulder blades pressed against the ceiling. He could hear the cheap stucco cracking under the steady expanse of his massive frame. He doubted the ceiling would hold out much longer.

He shifted his position so that he was now lying on his side curled into a ball, but that didn't help much either. He barely fit in the room. His head bumped against the doorway and his feet were resting atop the bed on the opposite side of the room. Even just his foot filled the entire twin bed which used to be plenty large enough for his entire body to rest atop, and still he was growing. He hugged his knees to his chest and he could feel his back pressing against the bookshelf and squeezing it against the wall. The sharp, wooden angles of the cheap, Ikea piece of furniture dug into his skin. It was starting to hurt, but he had nowhere he could go. His knees and knuckles were pressing hard against the opposite wall. Even his shoulders were squeezed between the stucco ceiling and carpeted floor. He was dangerously close to panicking now, but not because of the inevitable property damage that leaving the room would cause; he had always been a tad claustrophobic and being crammed into this tiny little apartment like a sardine in a can was freaking him out.

The anxiety became too much for him to bear. He all but screamed as he scrambled to his feet. He let out a loud, almost feral roar as he stood bolt upright; plaster and stucco and wooden beams snapped and crumbled around him. As his panic subsided he realized that he was staring straight at a very tiny man who was huddled in an equally tiny bed. Lance recognized this guy immediately. It was Raymond, the RA for the seventh floor. Lance's room was on the second floor which meant his body now occupied six entire floors.

A grin played at the corner of Lance's lips as he realized that somewhere down there, probably on the fourth or fifth floor, there was someone who was sharing a room with his enormous cock. Lance's dick probably completely dwarfed the bewildered tenant. Lance wished he could see the guy's face.

"I'll be, uh... I'll just let myself out." Lance said with an awkward chuckle and then turned towards the window. It was clear by now that he wasn't going anywhere without making a scene or causing property damage so his best bet was to get out before he got too big for the entire building. He was already closing in on the eighth and final floor. The tiny RA could only stare in silent terror at the massive, boyish face of the giant, twinkly tiger.

Lance stepped through the outer wall as easily as most people step through those cheesy bead curtains that are only ever seen in old ladies' houses or in a fortune teller's lounge in a crappy B movie. His foot hit the pavement, and he let out a yelp of pain as his ankle twisted under him. Lance stumbled and wiped out onto the grassy courtyard below. He grumbled in annoyance and pain as he silently chastised himself for forgetting about the step down from the second floor. Even at his current height, which he assumed to be closing in on sixty or seventy feet tall, a twenty foot drop was a hell of a thing.

He grumbled audibly as he stood up and brushed himself off. Clinging to his bare skin were clumps of concrete and patches of soil. He had hoped to make a dramatic entrance as he unveiled himself for the crowd of now miniature students and faculty, but instead he had made a colossal dork of himself. He had even completely demolished the ornate fountain in the middle of the courtyard.

Lance knelt down and rinsed his hands in the gush of water that was spewing up from the fountain wreckage. He had scraped his palms up pretty bad in his awkward tumble, and the cool water felt good against his raw skin.

Lance balked suddenly as he realized the cowering form of one of his fellow students far below him. The guy was almost completely obscured under the immense head of Lance's enormous cock.

Lance's dick was now so long that it almost touched the ground in his current, squatting position which filled the slender teen with no small amount of pride.

Lance brushed off the debris from a section of the courtyard and rolled over into a sitting position. He took a moment to marvel at just how huge he had become. Even seated as he currently was, he was just about eye level with the fifth floor. There was no doubt in his mind that he was pushing the one hundred foot mark. Even the courtyard was getting a little too cramped for his tastes.

He looked down to his side and cocked an eyebrow as he noticed the tiny form of the student from earlier. The tiny, grey bunny was still huddled in the same spot as he had been.

"Dude. Just get out of here." Lance said with a dismissive wave of his hand.

The small rabbit appeared to be saying something, but he was far too tiny for Lance to hear. The massive tiger shrugged and plucked the miniscule student between his thumb and forefinger. It was tough to do, but Lance actually managed to grip the guy's hood so that he wouldn't run the risk of squishing the guy. Lance only managed to get the guy a few feet off the ground before the fabric of the hoodie began to shred. Lance quickly slid his other hand under the guy as the fabric finally gave way causing the tiny rabbit to tumble harmlessly into Lance's enormous open palm.

"Sorry about that. I guess I didn't think that one through." Lance said apologetically.

He lifted his palm up to his eye and looked down at the now miniscule dude. He appeared to be little bigger than a Lego figure and fit easily in Lance's palm. Now that Lance could get a clearer look at the guy he recognized him immediately.

"Holy shit. Is that you, Blake?" Lance asked. The tiny grey rabbit silently nodded. It was hard for Lance to believe it, but the tiny figure that was kneeling in the palm of his hand was one of the biggest and beefiest guys on campus. Blake was an All-American linebacker and was easily six and a half feet and three hundred pounds of solid muscle.

"Wow..." Lance gasped in awe. "I always thought you were pretty cute, but now you're frickin adorable." Blake seemed to recoil in fear in the giant's palm.

"Woah, woah. Dude, I'm not gonna hurt ya. Just let me find somewhere safe to put ya. I'm kinda new to this whole giant thing." Lance said with a chuckle. Blake seemed to relax, but Lance still couldn't hear a word the guy was saying.

Lance looked around. The courtyard was a little cramped, but at least it looked like he had stopped growing. Sitting around was getting boring though. He was now bigger than he ever dreamed possible, and he couldn't wait to get out there and see what the world looked like from his new perspective. Lance also had to admit that there was something exciting about letting everyone get a look at his huge, lithe body and his enormous, swinging cock. He wasn't vain per se, but he had it on good authority that he was pretty cute, and now that his soft cock dangled down to his knees he knew his dick would be a sight to behold.

Lance got up from his seat and placed Blake on top of the nearby dorm. Lance was easily eye level with the rooftop of the dorms which was eight stories tall. That had to put him at a little over one

hundred and twenty feet tall. 'The fifty foot woman's got nothing on me.' Lance thought proudly to himself. He stifled the urge to laugh, but still ended up chuckling slightly at the thought of it.

Lance quickly brushed off the debris from his hair and his shoulders. He still had tons of powdered concrete and plaster stuck to his fur, but at least he got the bigger chunks off of him.

"So. How do I look?" Lance asked jokingly. To his surprise Blake was standing by the edge of the roof and flashing him a big thumbs up.

"Oh... That was a rhetorical question, but... thanks." Lance muttered awkwardly. "I uh... didn't think this would be something you'd be in to." He looked up and flashed a furtive grin at the tiny jock who was still giving him a cheesy thumbs up.

Lance's humongous dick twitched to life some more. He was already pretty chubbed up from being so huge; something about his new size and power was exhilarating and invigorating. He felt so amazing and his libido was running wild because of it, but something about having an adoring audience to marvel at his size was even more amazing. He wanted to really show off for his little fan.

Lance stepped back away from the building so that Blake could see even more of his colossal, slender physique. The tiny, buff bunny seemed more than pleased by the view. Lance flashed a furtive grin as he slowly began to turn around. "Oh, I think I've got some more stuck to my butt." He said in a very dry and theatrical voice. Lance began to rub and knead his huge, bubbly cheeks and even made sure to spread them wide to give the tiny little football player a clear view of his exposed pucker.

Lance glanced over his shoulder and was mildly surprised to see that the small college bro has his dick out of his jeans and was furiously pounding away. Not one to be outdone, Lance slowly and seductively turned back around and revealed his own semi-boned cock for his tiny voyeur. Lance lifted his drooping semi up and ran his fingertip along the pre-dribbling slit seductively as he shot the tiny rabbit a lusty gaze.

"That's a pretty nice rod you've got there." Lance said in a sultry tone. "But I think mine is just a bit bigger." He added playfully.

As if to emphasize the sheer size of his massive cock, Lance placed the tip of his thumb and pointer finger against the slick, spongy tip of his cock and pulled the slit open slightly so that Blake could stare straight into it.

"I bet your whole body could fit in there." Lance said playfully as the tiny stud stared down in awe at the cavernous maw of the giant's oozing cock. "So, whaddya say? Feel like going for a ride?" Lance asked in a sultry, teasing tone. Blake seemed about ready to leap right off the top of the roof and base jump straight into the massive twink's dribbling dick.

"Woah there, sport. Don't do anything reckless." Lance replied as he gasped in shock. He never in his wildest dreams could have imagined that Blake could be into such kinky stuff. Had he known this he would have made a move on the hot stud months ago... that said, if the tiny bunny loved being the little guy so much, Lance doubted he would have ever had a chance with the guy back when he was just a 5'4 wiry little twerp.

Lance was fully boned by this point, and now that his cock was in its full upright and locked position it was so thick that he couldn't even wrap a hand halfway around it. Even if he used both hands together to grip the thick shaft, there was no way he'd be able to get his fingers to meet on the other side. The humongous tool stretched up so high that it even reached up to his collar bone. His immense, cum-laden nuts dangled down over halfway down his thighs. Had he still been normal sized, either orb would have put an NBA certified basketball to shame, but now that he was a towering titan, either massive nut would have dwarfed a hot air balloon.

The tiny jock's horny gazes were getting Lance even more worked up. Suddenly the titanic teen had an idea that was so lewd and lurid that he just knew Blake would love it. Lance shot the tiny stud a seductive wink and began pumping his cock vigorously with both hands. His dick lurched and shuddered as more and more pre began to flow like water from a faucet. Soon the entire soft, spongy head of his gigantic cock was coated in the slick, slimy liquid. Blake was staring on in hormone addled awe as he watched the colossal folds of the slender, sinewy tigers's enormous foreskin roll back and forth across the gigantic head of the teen's immaculate cock.

"Feel like going for a ride?" Lance asked seductively as he gave his cock a playful shake. The lewd jostling of his immense dick cause massive beads of pre to arc through the air and splatter against the sides of the building. The impact was so powerful that it actually sent shockwaves through the concrete structure and sent Blake staggering backwards.

"Woah. Sorry about that." Lance replied apologetically. "I guess it's no longer safe there for you, so why not come with me?" He asked pleasantly as he held his hand up to the edge of the roof. Blake wasted no time in jogging across the giant's fingertip and down towards Lance's outstretched palm.

Lance didn't even give Blake time to comprehend what was happening. The second the tiny gym bunny was situated on the enormous teen's palm, Lance tilted his palm and dumped the miniature stud right onto the tip of his towering erection. Lance had already pulled his loose foreskin upwards so that it more than covered the tip of his dick and had gripped between his fingers as if he was sealing off the mouth of a water balloon. The constant flow of pre gurgled upwards into the makeshift, fleshy basin forming a small pool which the tiny jock landed in with a sloppy plop.

Blake was momentarily dazed as he floundered around in the shallow pool. Once he got his bearing and realized where he was he was suddenly hornier than he had been in his entire life. He was currently surrounded on all sides by soft cock flesh while a constant stream of pre filled the area. He was laminated from head to toe in the warm, vaguely slimy, clear liquid. The scent and the taste flooded his senses. He moaned softly, and his cock lurched completely of its own volition. He came hard without so much as even laying a finger on his dick. His wad was the largest one in recent memory for him, but it was but a few small drops in the hot tub sized pool of pre that he was currently lounging in. He looked upwards and could see the massive face of the cute giant staring down on him intently. Lance was grinning from ear to ear like a Cheshire Cat. It was obvious that the godly titan had seen what Blake had done and liked what he had seen.

Blake was far beyond feeling modest by this point. He hastily peeled off his damp, sticky clothes. His jeans clung awkwardly to his fur making them difficult to peel off, but after some flopping and kicking he finally managed to shed those as well as his t-shirt. Blake then settled down to relax in the warm liquid that lapped at his exposed fur. He would have been happy to stay there for hours, but

suddenly the water began to get choppy and loud, rhythmic noises began to pound at his eardrums. He looked up to try and figure out what was happening. The hot, slender giant was no longer watching Blake intently and instead seem fixated on something in the sky nearby.

Lance cocked an eyebrow at the helicopters that had begun to circle around him. They seemed like little more than moths to him. If he had half a mind to do so, he could have swatted them right out of the sky, but he had a better idea.

A lascivious smirk spread across Lance's lips. He waved pleasantly to one of the brightly colored news choppers and then pointed down towards the tip of his enormous cock. The figures were small, but Lance could tell that the tiny reporter was shouting to her cameraman to zoom in on what Lance had gestured to.

Blake held his hands to his ears as the noise became deafening. The liquid around him was chopping and frothing wildly. His eyes scanned the horizon for what could possibly be the source and suddenly he saw it. Hovering just beyond the rim of the titan's clumped up cock-skin was a brightly painted blue and white helicopter with a large 6 emblazoned on the side. Blake recognized the reporter holding the mic instantly. His already flushed face turned four shades redder as he realized the camera was trained directly on him as he lolled around in a fleshy pit of cock flesh and pre like a bird flopping around in a bird bath. Blake was so embarrassed he felt like he could curl up and die, but he managed to waggle his outer three fingers in an awkward hello while still keeping his pointer finger planted in his ear to block out the noise of the chopper blades.

The giant's booming laughter split the air. Blake was startled, but he was not at all afraid. Despite its volume the laughter had a soft, melodic quality to it that was free of any malice. It was the sort of laughter one expects to hear from a playful little brother who had just finally managed to pull off the greatest prank against his idolized big bro. Blake flashed a slightly annoyed smirk, but he couldn't tell if Lance could even see it from all the way up there.

Once Lance stopped chuckling he reached down and pressed a finger against the tiny stud. Blake was now so sticky from marinating in pre that he stuck right to the tip of the giant's fingertip. Blake was sad to leave the warm, relaxing pool, but judging from the shudders that were now arcing through the giant's cock it was clear that it was not going to be a safe place for long.

Lance deposited the buff, tiny bunny back on the rooftop of the dorm and then leaned his back against the tall, concrete building. He was so turned on from watching the miniature little hotty enjoy his dick that he was about to pop at any minute and the recent addition of all the cameras just turned him on even more. Soon the entire world would see how huge and hot and hung he had become. He wondered what his old friends would think as they saw his towering nude form on the evening news. He wondered what people on the internet would say as they saw his colossal cock shuddering and lurching in full, uncensored, vivid high def. His video would no doubt be viral in a matter of minutes.

Just thinking about how huge he was compared to all the people around him and how simply massive his cock had become caused his mind to overload with hormones. His cock was shuddering violently by this point. The helicopters began to back off and even the crowd that had gathered at his feet began to retreat as they all realized what was about to happen.

Lance's leg's buckled under him causing him to stagger backwards and slam into the dorm. He could feel the concrete crunch under his weight, but the structure still held. His hips bucked wildly as he stroked his massive cock feverishly with both hands. Gigantic droplets of pre dribbled off his cock and crashed down into the courtyard below.

They were but tiny specs to Lance, but to those gathered below each dribble shook the ground like a bomb going off. The droplets smashed into the concrete and dirt below and splattered outward, coating the audience in the process. The people began to back off even farther now that the giant was really getting into it.

Lance grunted loudly as his dick gave another hard lurch. A huge gush of spoooge launched from the tip of his cock and arced through the air. The more adventuresome pilots had to pull back suddenly to avoid being knocked out of the sky by the enormous, sticky rope of giant jizz. The spunk splattered across the rooftop of the dorm on the opposite side of the courtyard and crashed down in the street on the opposite side. Even had he been able to focus his eyes, Lance couldn't really see from where he was, but he wouldn't be at all surprised if much of the Fine Arts building across the street got soaked in his spunk.

Lance's cock lurched again as another massive, thick rope of spoooge shot through the air. His eyes rolled back and he moaned loudly as he fired again and again. He had never in his life cum so hard or so much. His mind was fogging over from the overwhelming pleasure that was wracking his body. He could barely focus on anything, but what little control he had left was focused on keeping his cock aimed away from the crowd and avoiding putting too much weight against the already ravaged building.

After what felt like half an hour of solid skeet shooting, Lance's dick finally began to soften. The heavy spurts of jizz tapered off until it was just a few dribbles of spunk from the tip of his deflating wang and then stopped altogether. The exhausted giant teen slunk down against the side of the building. He could feel the front stairway leading up to the main entryway of the dorm crumbling under his colossal ass, but he couldn't be bothered to care. He was just so exhausted and feeling so amazing from the afterglow of what was surely an orgasm for the record books. Even had he been normal sized that torrent of jizz would have been a sight to behold.

After a moment Lance had managed to regain his senses enough to get back up. He rolled over awkwardly and got down on his hands and knees beside the building. He stared into the crumbling wreckage that had once been the room he had lived in. The small apartment was covered in dust and debris and all his furniture was smashed and scattered. He reached his hand and plucked through the carnage. He couldn't help but marvel at the way just his slender fingers filled up the entire room.

He plucked out his bed and then his bookcase and then his TV stand and haphazardly chucked the miniature items over his shoulder as he continued his search. The tiny appliances and furniture looked more like they belonged in a shadow box as opposed to a college dorm room. After twenty minutes of intently poking through the wreckage, Lance finally found it. He stared in awe at the tiny disk that once filled his entire hand and then some. The thing was the size of a small dinner plate, but to him it looked like a tiny sequin.

With the relic in hand, Lance stood back up to his full size and grinned down at the buff, nude bunny that was still waiting atop the damaged dorms. "I feel like stretching my legs a bit." The giant said pleasantly. "Want to go check out the town?"

Blake silently nodded emphatically up at the towering teen. Lance smiled broadly. The huge, gleaming, toothy smile filled Blake's entire field of vision, but he couldn't imagine anything more beautiful. Blake quickly scrambled across the rooftop and onto the giant tiger's fingertip like he had done earlier. His hand bumped against the large, ornate coin as he did so. He was fascinated by it, but he had no idea what it was or what it did.

Lance strode proudly through campus and out into the busier parts of town with his tiny pal and his magic token securely in hand. He was already dreaming about what he would do once he managed to get Blake a little bigger... but not too much bigger. Lance loved being the huge one, and he just knew that Blake loved being so small... Still, having someone he could actually talk without the aid of a megaphone would be nice. Lance smiled broadly as he strode down the center of Main Street; his heavy footfalls cracked the asphalt below, and his humongous cock wobbled enticingly from side to side with each stride.