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Hyper-Active
Imagination Pt. 4

By Ziel.

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The grey clouds and the cold weather weren't doing James's already soured mood any favors. James sighed as he watched yet another happy couple go walking by hand in hand. He'd never been a fan of Valentine's day, but this year it seemed to make him more morose than usual. It seemed like no matter where he looked he would see cute couples enjoying each other's company. Even Lyon cut out on their training session to go see his girlfriend leaving James to fend for himself, but James just didn't have the drive or the energy to work out alone today. He instead traded in his jersey and jogging shorts for a pair of jeans and a hoodie and set out to find some other way to while away the afternoon.

James wandered the campus and took in the sights as best he could. He walked past all of his favorite haunts; the library, the arcade, and even the movie theater, but none of them seemed to interest

him. If anything, the movie theater with its huge posters featuring all the sappiest, lovey-dovey schlock that they could churn out for a low budget to cash in on the season of romance made his mood even worse. He was just about to resign himself to a fate of being miserable all day when something caught his eye – or rather his nose.

The warm, inviting scent of fresh roasted coffee beans filled his nostrils and beckoned him in from the cold. James was powerless to resist. James wasn't big on coffee, but just the scent of those fresh beans was enough for him to feel groggy and in need of a good caffeine buzz. He staggered like a zombie towards the door which led to the campus coffee house, a rather unassuming little storefront next to the student union known as The Mean Bean Machine.

James stepped through the doorway and was immediately greeted by a warm atmosphere and an even warmer aroma. The inside of the shop was much more spacious than the storefront had suggested. The little shop was designed more like an open parlor than what James had expected. He had just assumed there would be a bar where people ordered and an area where people stood around to wait for their orders. He figured there would be maybe a few stools for those who wanted to sit, but he hadn't expected to find plush couches and a few booths tucked away in the corner. One of the couches looked so inviting he was half tempted to skip the coffee and go straight to napping, but he figured he should at least make an effort to be a paying customer.

It didn't take him long to get to the front of the line. There were only a handful of people in front of him, and the lady at the register seemed to have this down to a science. The regulars would spew forth their orders which sounded like some kind of gibberish language. In fact, he was sure the girl in line in front of him had ordered a "Prisencolinensinainciusol." Whatever it was she ordered apparently required a special touch to it because the lady working the register stepped off to fix it herself leaving the new hire to take over writing down orders. No sooner had James stepped forward to place his order than he was face to face with the most beautiful boy he had ever seen. The dude at the desk looked like he had walked out from some renaissance painting. He had wavy brown hair, brilliant green eyes, and a smile that lit up the room. Whatever order James had prepared ahead of time immediately left him. All he could do was stand there and stare at the barista and stammer "I... I..."

The lady working behind the counter seemed to catch on to what was happening. Even though James had never once entered this particular establishment, she called out to him and asked, "The usual, hun?" It was all James could do to utter a soft, "uhn" In agreement. James had no idea what it was that he had ordered, but it didn't seem to matter. The coffee lady whispered something to her coworker who then began to write on the side of the cup.

"What name would you like on that?" The stunningly beautiful guy behind the counter asked.

James couldn't help himself. His eyes fell upon the nametag pinned to the guy's apron, and the word was out of his mouth before he even realized he was saying it. "Sebastian," James said as if in a daze, but he quickly realized his mistake and snapped himself back to reality. "J-James! I mean James." He sputtered.

Sebastian chuckled softly and flashed another winning smile. It was tough to say if he found James's antics endearing or just goofy, but at least he was being a good sport about it. James on the other hand was eager to find a hole somewhere that he could hide in and die. His face was even redder than normal. He was so mortified that it took him three tries to get his shaky hand to cooperate and slide his card into the chip reader in front of him after which he hastily scrambled to find a quiet chair to sit in and lament his own awkwardness.

Had James been thinking he would have taken a chair that wasn't facing the counter so he could hide his face in shame, but instead James found his gaze drawn to the smokin' hot beauty behind the bar. Watching Sebastian work was like watching poetry in motion. Sebastian didn't even have to be doing anything. He could have just been standing there staring at the ceiling and he would have still been the most beautiful thing James had ever seen. All James wanted to do was sit there and watch him forever. James couldn't help himself. He was entranced by the sheer beauty of this guy. James's gaze fixated on the dude's brilliant green eyes and then steadily drifted lower, past his cute nose, past his pouty lips, down the

nape of his neck, until his gaze reached the dude's chest. There was just a small bit of skin poking out behind the few buttons that were undone on the top of his shirt and above the upper edge of the guy's apron. James could barely see more than just the guy's collar bone, but it was enough to get James's mind whirring to life. Already images of how amazing the guy would look nude flooded James's mind which caused James's cock to stir to life in his jeans. James knew he was probably being creepy, but he couldn't take his eyes off the beauty behind the counter. There was just something about him that called to James like a siren.

It was tough to say when James first started to notice something was different. The changes were subtle at first. The V of the undone buttons at the top of the Sebastian's polo shirt slowly became wider as the body beneath started to put on some pounds. The short sleeves on the guy's shirt started to dig into his upper arms as his formerly slim arms started to bulge with biceps and triceps, but it wasn't until James caught a glimpse of the waistband of the guy's khaki slacks that he realized what was happening. At that point the realization of what he was doing hit James like a ton of bricks. There was no doubt about it, Sebastian was noticeably taller than he had been just moments before. The counter had previously stood about even with his midriff, but now it was even with his hips. His coworker was once the same height as him, but now she only came up to his shoulders. James knew he needed to stop, but he just couldn't snap himself back to reality. The voice in his head telling

him to stop was so faint that it was completely drowned out by his desire to see even more of Sebastian's beautiful body.

James knew what was coming. Already he could see the stitches in Sebastian's shirt begin to pop and fray. Sebastian was outgrowing his clothes! Even now there was a wide swath of midriff between his bottom hem of his shirt and the waistband of his slacks! Alas, the glorious abs were hidden behind the dude's apron, but James could still see the bulging mound of the dude's obliques jutting out the sides of his apron. As much as James knew he needed to stop, he was too excited and too far gone to heed his own warnings. His cock was in control right now. All James could do was sit back and enjoy the show.

It wasn't until Sebastian's knees were about even with the counter that his clothes started to give in. They made a valiant effort to keep the stunning beauty fully clothed, but eventually the sheer size of the beefy bod contained within became too much for his uniform to handle. The sleeves of his polo shirt shredded as his biceps became too huge to hold back. The V shape of his undone buttons became wider and wider until the bottom began to shred causing the V to plunge deeper and deeper into Sebastian's swelling pecs. James wished he could see those pecs firsthand, but the guy's apron had become so small on him that it looked more like a bib than an apron. The apron blocked any view of the guy's chest that James may have been granted. Fortunately, the apron was now so small on the growing hunk that it no longer covered

the bulging expanse of his now deeply defined valleys of his eight pack abs, but as much as James wanted to ogle those abs, there was something else that demanded his attention.

The popping and snapping sound of struggling fabric reverberated through the air. It was clear that the guy's formerly loose khakis were not long for this world. James's gaze dipped lower to check out the battle firsthand. Thankfully, Sebastian was now so tall that the counter didn't even reach his knees giving James a clear view of the guy's overstuffed crotch and struggling pant legs. The guy's quads were as thick as tree trunks! It was a miracle that his pants had held out this long, but it didn't look like that miracle was going to last. Already the seams on the sides of his pants were pulling apart exposing large swaths of bare flesh for James's viewing pleasure. James couldn't wait 'til he got to see even more. Just the outline of the dude's massive cock was enough to get James's own dick dribbling with pre. Sebastian's cock had to be around two feet long and it was still soft! Even just the outline of his tightly-packed package was as thick as Sebastian's beefy forearm and every bit as long, and his nuts were almost as big as his head.

Finally, Sebastian's slacks gave up the ghost. The sound of shredding fabric split the air. Large tears formed in his khaki fabric of his slacks exposing more and more of the beefy bod that was hidden beneath. Soon all that was left of his slacks were tattered ribbons that clung to his waistband like grass on a shoddily made hula skirt, and even that didn't last

long. A crack split the air and his waistband snapped like an overdrawn rubber band causing the tattered remnants of his slacks to fall from his body like confetti at a parade leaving Sebastian clad in nothing but his comically tiny apron and his overstuffed, heart print boxers. Had James not been so hot and bothered by the nearly nude beefcake that towered before him, he might have actually chuckled at the cute underoos the now titanic stud was wearing, but James's was still completely enthralled by the angelic giant that loomed before him. By this point Sebastian was so tall that he had to hunch over to fit inside the establishment. The back of his head pressed against the square panels of the ceiling, and at the rate he was going soon even his shoulders would be pressed against the ceiling.

Almost immediately after Sebastian's slacks gave in to the swelling brawn of the now hulking stud, what little was left of his shirt did the same. By this point there was barely anything left of his shirt to shred. His biceps and triceps had long since shredded his sleeves to ribbons. His growing delts had torn the shoulders of his shirt to shred. His lats had bulged out so far that they had shredded the sides of his shirt leaving him with a segment of fabric that was barely more than a bib, and even that didn't last long. As Sebastian's thick neck grew and grew, even the already shredded wide V of his button up front couldn't hold back the tide of brawn. His shirt split right down the center. The fabric fluttered to the ground like plastic shopping bags caught in the wind leaving him with nothing but his too-tiny apron to cover his chest, and even that barely covered anything

at all. By this point Sebastian was so massive that his apron couldn't even cover his pecs! The small square of fabric stretched across the deep valley of his massive, bulging pecs, but that was about it. Much of Sebastian's pecs were exposed for all to see including his nipples which remained surprisingly cute despite how massive his burly chest had become, but even his apron couldn't hold out forever. The straps that held the tiny garment to his swelling frame were stretched so taut that they were beginning to dig into the sides of his burly torso and his thick neck. In a matter of mere seconds, the straps of his apron gave in to the steadily swelling bulk of the hulking titan leaving his upper body completely nude, and soon the rest of him would be nude too.

Sebastian's boxers had long since been packed to capacity. The only thing that had saved them so far was how loose they had been to begin with, but now they were packed to the brim with not just his growing frame, his thick, sculpted butt cheeks, and his magnum dong. In fact, it would be a gross understatement to say that his over-stuffed skivvies were holding back his monstrously huge cock and balls at all. His bait and tackle had grown so massive that it was spilling out of his boxers on all sides. His cock was so massive that only just the head of it was still tucked away inside his underwear. His balls were so big that they had long since burst through the legs of his boxers and now dangled exposed out the sides of his underwear. Only a small segment of the boxers still remained in the center which served to both hold back the head of his cock and to separate his two nuts.

James could hardly fathom how massive Sebastian's schlong had become. His cock was so huge that it ran the risk of dwarfing James's whole body! Sebastian's nuts were as big as exercise balls, and they were all still growing faster than the rest of Sebastian's titanic body. Finally, even Sebastian's heart print boxers could no longer hold back the swelling mass of schlong. The waistband snapped causing his cock to spill free. Sebastian's cock was now so massive that the head of it reached down lower than James could see even though the counter was barely up to Sebastian's shins. There was no doubt in James's mind that Sebastian's cock was now longer than his legs. Hell, the beast was now so thick that it was almost as wide as even Sebastian's brawny midriff, and it was still growing.

James was so close to creaming at this point. It had been a while since he had had a chance to rub one out, so he was extra horny today, but even with the added surge of hormones, just seeing the angelic beauty of the amazingly hot coffee jockey in all his nude glory would have been enough to get James to make a mess of himself, and as Sebastian – who was now so tall he had to squat down to navigate the cramped confines of the coffee shop – lumbered his way towards James's table with a tiny cup of coffee in hand, James lost the battle with his own libido. James tried his hardest to be discrete with his moaning, but he never was the best at hiding his own voice.

Soon Sebastian was directly in front of James's table. His whole body filled James's entire field of

view. All James could see was the gloriously hot stud's muscles and cock and Sebastian's beautiful face. James wanted to sit there and soak up the view forever, but no sooner had Sebastian arrived than he set the cup of coffee down on James's table and turned to leave. He did have one parting comment for James before he left though.

"There you go. Just like you asked," Sebastian said hurriedly. James couldn't be sure, but it seemed like Sebastian was actually blushing. Was he aware that he was fully naked in the middle of work? That seemed odd since usually James's subjects were completely unaware of any changes that had happened, but what else could explain Sebastian's furtive nature?

James soon realized exactly what it was that had Sebastian seeming so shy. Sure enough, just like James had asked, the name on the cup read, "Sebastian" but that wasn't all. Underneath the name was a very distinct ten-digit series of numbers. James glanced back up at the blushing giant who shot a quick glance his way and held his hand to the side of his head. His thumb and pinky were extended in the universal symbol for "call me." Suddenly James wasn't feeling so bad about this Holiday. Maybe there was something to this whole season of love thing after all.