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Danny

By Ziel.

Danny – Prologue

Danny stared at his reflection in the full-length mirror and sighed at what he saw. It wasn't that he was particularly bad looking. In fact he was frequently told that he looked pretty cute. His shaggy, dusty brown hair framed his boyish face perfectly, and the light freckles that dotted his cheeks gave his already handsome face even more charm. The problem was that he was just so darned small!

At 5'7" tall Danny wasn't particularly short, but he was built like a stick figure. He didn't have an ounce of visible muscle anywhere on his body. Even as he stood there and flexed his arms in front of the mirror he didn't see even the faintest bulge of a bicep form on his arm, and the rest of his body wasn't any better off. His chest was as flat as a board, and his belly was completely smooth. His legs were so skinny that they may as well have been walking on bamboo stalks, and then there was the little issue of what he had nestled

between those two spindly legs... Even Danny's package was a little on the small size. Fully hard it barely hit 5 full inches, and when soft like it currently was, his wiener was barely bigger than his thumb.

Danny knew that plenty of people out there found him attractive. He knew many people went through life at his current size and enjoyed it – some even thrived, but Danny didn't want to be one of those guys. He had long fantasized about having huge muscles and a big dick. He longed to be built like those football studs in his classes. In fact in his darkest, wettest dreams he imagined being even bigger! Danny couldn't imagine there ever being a size that was 'too big'. The sky was the limit for him.

Danny continued to pose in front of the mirror but as he did so a slight smirk played at the corner of his lips. He was no longer seeing the scrawny dude he had seen earlier. His mind had started to drift, and in his daydream he saw a bigger, beefier version of himself staring back at him. Just the thought of being so amazingly swole caused his little dick to chub up.

Danny flexed with all his might for the mirror. His reflection looked absolutely ridiculous. The mirror showed a scrawny little guy doubled over and flexing both arms with all his might. No matter how hard he tried to puff up his chest and flex his pecs, Danny's chest still looked flat as a board, but he was not about to be deterred. He had made up his mind. Starting now he was going to be hitting the gym with a vengeance.

Fueled by nothing more than dreams and determination, Danny was going to grow...

Danny – Chapter 1

Danny wiped the sweat from his brow causing glistening beads of sweat to fly free from his bangs. The maneuver caused a few murmurs from among the crowd that had been watching him. Danny blushed and chuckled nervously which just seemed to get his admirers even more excited.

Danny still was not used to all the attention he had been getting lately. After all it was just a few months ago that he was a shrimpy little thing that people would hardly give a second glance. His intense regimen had changed all that though. Once he had made up his mind to hit the gym, he hit it hard. His life these past few months had been a constant grind of pumping iron and power slamming supplements. He did reps til his body felt like jelly and then he did ten more for good measure. Every time he felt like he might almost be able to finish a set, he would add on more weight. The changes had been slow at first, but once he started bulking up he started to put on muscles as quickly as most people put on shoes. In a matter of weeks he had gone from a skinny, scraggly little guy to being a toned, fit Adonis. He had already packed on over one hundred pounds! He had more

than doubled his body mass, and almost all of that newfound weight was comprised of sheer, solid, sinewy muscle. He was now hands down the hottest guy the gym had ever seen, but Danny had not intended to stop there. He was driven by one singular desire – to get bigger.

Danny hardly looked like the same guy that had staggered into the gym months ago. Sure, he still had the same, sweet, freckled face, and the same shaggy, dusty brown hair, but everything below the neck had gone through monumental changes. The clothes that had once been ridiculously baggy on him now fit like a second skin.

When Danny had first showed up to the gym all those weeks ago, he had on a freshly bought muscle shirt and exercise shorts. The shirt had draped loosely on his slender frame. He had to keep adjusting the straps to keep the garment from falling clean off his narrow shoulders. His shirt was so huge on him that he looked more like a house elf trying to wear a pillow case than he did an avid gym goer, but nowadays his shirt fit him to a T. His thick pecs strained against the front of his shirt, and his well-defined lats spilled out through the extra wide arm holes of his muscle shirt. His shirt stretched so tight across his buff frame that even the very ridges and contours of his dense, defined abs could be made out through the taut fabric, and his shirt actually fit him better than his shorts did!

When Danny had started his shorts looked like they could fall down at any second. In fact Danny had

secretly dreaded that eventuality. The fear that his pants could at any given moment slip off his scrawny waste and plop down to the skinny ankles of his chicken legs haunted his mind. He took a small bit of comfort in knowing that had that ever happened, his oversized shirt would have no doubt covered up his little dick, but that was a small consolation.

That felt like a lifetime ago now though. After only a few months at the gym Danny now filled out his shorts and then some. Either leg hole used to be wide enough for him to slip his entire torso through, but nowadays the legs strained and stretched across his thick, muscular quads. He filled out far more than just the legs though.

Danny had always had a nice butt, but back in the day he had what would best be described as a “cute, little booty.” It was hardly the kind of ass that could stop traffic, but all the muscle mass he had added had changed that considerably. He still had a bit of bubble to his butt, but with the added slabs of gluteal brawn boosting the sheer size of his booty, he had gone from having a cute booty to an absolutely amazing ass. The gloriously round mounds strained against the tight fabric of his formerly comically loose gym shorts. With every step he took those brawny cakes would draw gazes from girls and guys alike, but even the borderline obscene bulging of his backside paled in comparison to the changes that had happened around front...

If Danny's backside could be described as borderline obscene then his front side would be described as out and out erotic. His cock had grown to unheard of sizes. Danny had hoped that his efforts in bulking up would somehow translate to an inch or two of extra dick, but he had never dreamed that his cock would full on fucktuple in size! He had gone from having a dick so small that it didn't even make a bulge in his shorts to having a cock so huge that it threatened to spill out of his overstuffed shorts at any given moment. His cock had gone from being as skinny as his thumb to being as fat as his forearm! His nuts had gone from the size of cherries to the size of coconuts! His package was no so incredibly huge and hefty that it weighed down the front of his gym shorts causing the waist band to droop ever lower as it struggled to hold back the sheer mass of his magnificent package. The immense weight of his enlarged package often caused the top several inches of his massive shaft to slip out above the waistband. His cock was now so large that even when he had a minor dick-slip, he'd be showing off more dick than he even had even had cock to show back at his old size! It's no wonder he was such a hit in the locker room!

Danny had his admirers out on the gym floor, but his celebrity status increased seven fold once the clothes came off. It seemed like not a single guy in the locker room could take their eyes off of Danny's impressively muscled, obscenely hung visage, and who could blame them? Danny was hands down the fittest guy around, and his dick was the biggest any of them had ever seen. It was mind-boggling to this that just a

few months ago he had had a fairly smallish five incher. The tiny tadger was barely bigger than his thumb, but nowadays he had a meaty python that capped out at over two feet! When left to fly free Danny's thick shlong draped over his huge, coconut sized cajones and hung down so low that the tip of his fat dick dangled around his knees! His cock was as long as some of the other gym bros' arms and every bit as thick! And it wasn't just Danny's phenomenal cock that garnered so much attention.

Danny had taken to enjoying extra-long, hot showers after an intense gym session. The sweat made his skin glisten and shine, and a steamy shower somehow managed to amplify that appearance. Guys would stop and gawk as rivulets of water would cascade across his sculpted muscles. Droplets would race over his sculpted shoulders and run down across the grooves of his sculpted back muscles. Rivulets would cascade over the mounds of his thick, shapely, bubbly, muscle booty. The water would wash down the length of his fantastic cock. It would trickle over his huge, full balls and eventually drip onto the tile floor below.

Most folk would tie their towel around their waist, but after every shower Danny would drape his towel over his shoulders. The thick, muscular mound of his delts made it so his towel rested perfectly between the thick mass of muscle around his neck and his sculpted shoulder. It was as if the universe was telling him to let it all hang out, and there was not a single soul in the locker room who wanted to tell him

otherwise. Nobody could possibly dream of a bigger, beefier, or hotter dude... no one except for Danny who was already fantasizing about how it would feel to be even bigger...

Danny – Chapter 2

People were saying that Danny would soon give up on his quest for ever more mass, but they had been saying that for ages. When he had first shown up at the gym all those months ago they took one look at the scrawny little guy and thought surely he wouldn't last a week before he gave up. Then as he showed them up and kept at it folk began to say surely he will get bored of it all before too much longer, but as the months went on and the pounds racked up their tone steadily changed. Soon they were saying surely he's satisfied. Surely he can't still mean to grow bigger. He was so huge already. Surely he can't possibly keep growing, could he? The answer was of course yes. Yes, he could keep growing.

Danny's resolve had not faltered for a moment. He had been going hard at the gym for nearly a year, and he had the kind of bod that Greek poets sang hymns about. Even the most exaggerated statues of Hercules paled in comparison to Danny's chiseled physique, and yet Danny had not had enough. Still he sought to bulk up even more. He had more than tripled his body mass since he had started, and yet still he devoted his life to size.

Each day he pushed himself harder. Each week he had a few more pounds to show for his effort. Each month his frame grew wider and brawnier. He had gone from having a slim, slender torso to having a huge, hulking barrel chest. Even his midriff was growing with each passing day, and even his shoulders seemed to be getting broader by the day thanks to the pounds and pounds of muscles stacking onto his delts.

Unlike most bodybuilders, Danny didn't skip out on any muscle group during his workouts. He focused on any and all muscles that he could possibly grow. As such even his obliques had grown enormous. The impressive slabs of brawn along the sides of his torso somehow seemed to magnify the sheer enormity of his already fantastic abs and pecs giving him the most amazingly swole build the gym had ever seen.

Danny's constant growth meant that he had had to buy several new wardrobes over the past year. He was gaining mass so fast that he simply could not keep an outfit for more than a few weeks before he outgrew it. He had recently purchased a new set of workout clothes, but even so he was in danger of bursting through his outfit at any moment.

His dense abs strained against the front of his workout shirt. His open-sided muscle shirt was stretched so tight over his eight-pack set of softball sized abs that it may as well have been painted on. The very shape, the very contours of his dense abdominal muscles were clearly visible through the shiny fabric, and yet somehow his pecs were even more exposed.

The solid slabs of pectoral brawn had grown so huge that his shirt didn't even bother trying to cover them. The strap of fabric across the front which would have covered a normal man's chest had been stretched into a narrow strip of fabric. The small swath of clothing was rendered even furtherly futile due to the sheer thickness of his pecs. The entire strip of cloth had been nearly completely swallowed by the dense valley between his two enormously meaty pecs leaving his shapely pectoral muscles nearly completely exposed for the rest of the gym-goers' viewing pleasure.

Danny's shorts were just as comically over-stuffed as his shirt. His cock hadn't added on any mass in the past few months, but that hardly mattered. The enormous tool was still over two feet long and as thick as his meaty forearm, and the rush of endorphins coupled with the flow of blood coursing through his body during a good pump meant his dick was always at least pleasantly plumped. Hardly a day went by where he wasn't flying at half-mast while doing his sets, and often times he was full on flying his colors while strutting bare-assed naked through the locker room. His two feet of phallus and his huge, full, coconut-sized cajones garnered him almost as much respect and awe as his phenomenal muscles... almost.

Of course as fantastic as his cock was, it wasn't even the real reason his shorts had a tendency to burst when he squatted down good and low during his intense leg regimen. The muscles in his ass were so thick that his shapely bubble butt cheeks were the size

of throw pillows, and the muscles in his legs were so massively swole that his thighs were the size of tree trunks. His pants stretched so tight across his quads and glutes that they were in danger of shredding at any given moment – a fact that the other folk at the gym were keenly aware of. In fact many other exercisers seemed to be eagerly awaiting the inevitable shredding of fabric and the glorious revelation of Danny's nude, beefy buttocks.

As much as Danny loved giving his fans a good show, that wasn't the real reason he had held off on buying more clothes so long. He was simply getting so huge that he was having trouble finding places to even buy new clothes! Sometimes he wondered why he even bothered with clothing at all. He doubted anyone would stop him if he strode out onto the gym floor bare-assed naked, and it wasn't just because he was bigger and stronger than anyone else there. It was no secret that Danny was the hottest guy at the gym. He had always had a cute face, but now he had the body of a Greek god to go with it. Danny's whole body was covered in the biggest, thickest, sexiest muscles anyone had ever seen. His pecs were as thick as pillows. His biceps bulges like basketballs. His legs were like tree trunks. If he got any bigger he ran the risk of outgrowing even the selection offered at the Big and Tall store, and Danny had every intention of growing bigger... much, much bigger.

Danny – Chapter 3

Danny had defied all odds and all expectations and had continued his steady growth. His sheer size defied all logic and shattered all the records, and every day he got slightly beefier. Previous records held by body builders in his area were all in the neighborhood of 300 pounds of solid muscle, but Danny had long since demolished those records, but as big as he was, he had no plans of stopping any time soon. He was nearing the 500 mark and had every intention of getting there and beyond.

Danny was so huge that he couldn't even remember what it was like to be a shrimp. The only reminders he even had of his previous life were the occasional collection of old Facebook pictures as well as his own online gallery of progress pics. He would scroll through the photos occasionally and marvel at his own transformation. It was hard for him to believe that that skinny little thing flexing weakly in the first picture was actually him from a year ago.

The scrawny dude staring back at him hardly looked old enough to be in high school let alone an eighteen year old senior. The Danny from back then

was a skinny little thing with a cute, boyish face, and a borderline kiddy dick. Nowadays Danny still had the cute, boyishly handsome face, but instead of a little dick that barely reached five rigid inches on a good day, he had a huge cock that even when just chubbed up was over two solid feet of fat fuck stick.

His dick wasn't even the most dramatic growth Danny had seen. He had stacked on pounds on top of pounds of muscle. He had gathered so much brawn that his body mass had very nearly quintupled in the past year. His thick, meaty quads alone were so massive that his thighs were thicker than 'Little' Danny's entire torso!

Danny was so beefy that he even made professional power lifters look like shrimps. Danny had stacked on so much mass that his very skeletal structure had had to shift to accommodate the sheer volume of muscles that had been packed on. Nowadays his barrel chest was almost as wide as a park bench, and that wasn't even factoring in his broad shoulders. Danny was so massive that he was easily twice as wide as the next biggest dude at the gym and then some!

As thrilled as Danny was by his mind-blowing massiveness, Danny's sheer size did have some negative impacts on his life. His broad shoulders were so wide that he had to hunch his shoulders inwards a bit to even fit through a large set of double doors! Even the sliding door at the entrance to the gym posed some difficulties, and that was saying nothing of the

normal, narrow doorways that most places – most notably his own house – were so fond of. Danny had to turn sideways and shimmy his way through the narrow openings. His thick, meaty, bed pillow sized pecs and his fat, juicy couch cushion sized ass cheeks strained against the door frame as he shoved his way through, and it wasn't just doorways that gave him trouble. He felt like he was driving in a clown car when he rode around town, and it was simply impossible to find a place to just buy new clothes.

He had to get everything he owned custom made which in and of itself wouldn't have been a problem except Danny had a tendency to outgrow those in a matter of weeks! It seemed like every time he would put on a gun show at the gym, his massive, play yard ball sized biceps would burst through his sleeves. Every time he popped his pecs, his thick pectoral shelf would shred through his shirt. Every time he would squat down his massive, meaty ass and his thick, swole thighs would shred through his shorts. Many folk had even gotten the idea in their heads that Danny was intentionally buying clothes that he would explode out of in a matter of days just to revel in his newfound size and to put on a great show for his adoring fans, and those people were correct. It seemed like not a week went by that Danny didn't burst through his entire workout outfit during his warm up and then had to finish the rest of his set clad in nothing but a pair of running shoes and a jock strap – not that anyone was complaining. In fact many of Danny's most adoring fans waited with baited breath and 'bated cocks for the moment where Danny's

enormous ass and splendid muscles finally made their public appearance.

Danny's massive cock always strained against the front of his over-stuffed jock strap as he did his workout. His enormous member was made even larger by the rush of blood from the nice pump he had going and from the rush of hormones from all the lusty gazes he was gathering. His enormous chubby always threatened to burst from his pouch much like the rest of his massive muscles had done with the rest of his outfit. By some strange miracle his cock had not yet demolished his jock strap, but most folk knew it was only a matter of time, and it wasn't like they never got the chance to see Danny in all his naked glory anyway.

Danny was hardly the shy guy he was a year ago. In fact he had become the biggest showoff the gym had ever seen. Danny had nothing to hide and made no effort to hide it. Danny would make no effort to cover his massive cock when he laid about in the sauna – not that anything could have covered him anyway. His dick was so huge that even the full sized bath towels would have been too short to cover his cock even had they been long enough to wrap around his wide, muscular hips and his thick, meaty ass, and it was painfully obvious by the way his massive dick stood straight up at attention the whole time that Danny loved each and every second that he spend with his goods openly on display.

Danny's dick had been over two feet for almost a year now. He had not gained a single inch in

length, but that didn't mean his growth had stopped. It seemed these last few months in particular that his cock and balls had been getting thicker and heavier right alongside the rest of him. His fat phallus was now so thick that it would not only have completely dwarfed 'Little' Danny's tiny dick but would have rivaled 'Little' Danny's entire torso for sheer girth! His nuts had shown considerable growth as well. They were now so plump and full of jizz that they had grown from the size of coconuts to the size of soccer balls! Danny could hardly contain his excitement as he pondered just how huge could his nuts grow.

It wasn't just in the sauna that Danny gave everyone a good look at his newfound size either. He never missed a chance to hang out naked whether it be at home or at the gym. In fact he always showered at the gym purely for the chance to give everyone a better look at his magnificent muscles and humongous cock. That in and of itself doesn't sound too unusual, but at Danny's new, hulking size, his body was simply too big to fit into the shower stalls! His shoulders were broader than the cubicle! His muscles were so thick that he couldn't even sidle in sideways! The gym management had offered to remove one of the partitions and create a double-wide shower stall to accommodate Danny's massive girth, but Danny had had a better, more cost effective idea. He would use the other shower. The one that didn't have partitions at all.

There was only one shower that matched that description, and it was never meant to be used for

actual bathing. It was little more than a showerhead mounted on a pole... right outside the gym by the pool. It was there so people who had come to use the pool could hose off real quick before they hopped into the chlorinated waters, but it served Danny's purposes perfectly. Not only did he have all the room he could possibly want to lather up and hose down, but it gave him the perfect venue for him to exult in his size and let others marvel at his magnificent muscles and phenomenal cock. Danny loved to take his sweet time and let the suds cascade down his thick muscles. He loved to let the waters course along the hills and valleys of his sculpted musculature. The soapy water would run along the deep grooves of his sculpted pecs, cascading back and forth through the trenches of his abs like a pachinko ball rolling through its obstacle course. The soapy water made his skin shine which in turn just made his muscles look even more fantastic, and the sizeable crowd Danny always drew caused him to get even more worked up making his massive cock get even harder and harder. No one who could see him could ever deny how huge he was... well, almost no one.

It wasn't that Danny had his detractors. Everyone marveled at his muscles and cock. Everyone was in awe of his sheer girth, but there was one area in which he was still lacking. Danny had heard the nicknames. All of them were a testament to how big his muscles were, but there was one in particular that bothered him. The 'Little' Giant. He knew it was meant as a compliment. He knew it was yet another way of everyone saying how huge he had become, and yet it

still stuck in his craw. He was supposed to be HUGE. How could they still call him “little”?

Danny knew how. Sure, he was as muscular as they come and then some. Sure, he had a dick that would give a Clydesdale a cock complex. Sure, he was hands down the heaviest dude on the block... but he was still only 5’7. His height had not budged an inch the entire time he was bulking up. He knew that 5’7 wasn’t short per se, but it sure as hell wasn’t huge. He wanted to get bigger. He wanted to get taller. He no longer wanted to be “The ‘Little’ Giant”. He wanted to be just “The Giant”!

Every time Danny heard that nickname The ‘Little’ Giant, every time he saw one of those towering basketball dudes looming over him he felt a familiar sensation building up within him. It was an intense burning desire he hadn’t felt in almost a year. It was a deep yearning that permeated his very core. It was the same feeling he felt when his cock had quintupled in size! He needed to get bigger! He craved it with every fiber of his being!

On one hand Danny knew that what he was asking was impossible, but at the same time he had done the impossible every month for the past year. He never should have broken 300 pounds. He sure as hell should have never passed 400 pounds. He was going to break the 500 mark even though everyone said that was impossible, and that wasn’t even the most amazing thing he had done this past year. By all accounts his cock should have stayed on the small side

his whole life. He may have been able to get an inch or so as he got into his twenties, but he had not added an inch or two. He had added a foot or two!

Danny focused on that burning desire he felt. He redoubled his time and his energy towards bulking up and working out. It was a long shot, and yet he somehow knew that all he had to do was keep striving and someday he'd have that size he so desperately craved. Maybe he'd only grow an inch. Maybe he'd only add on two, but maybe... just maybe he could add on more. Much, much more...

Danny – Chapter 4

Danny was so fixated on boosting his muscles that he hardly noticed the other changes going on. He was getting bigger and stronger every day and doing so at a rate that surprised even him. It seemed like each and every day that went by he added a few pounds of muscle, and each week that went by his muscles got thicker and more defined. He loved how broad his thick, barrel chest had become. He loved how wide his impossibly swole shoulders had become. He loved how huge his massive, tree-trunk thick quads had become. Danny already far outstripped even the next biggest body builder by a few hundred pounds, and still he wanted more.

As the pounds stacked on Danny found that the difficulties too stacked up against him. He was soon so huge, so beefy, so broad that he could barely fit through doorways! Even wide, spacious double doors required him to curl his shoulders inward to fit through, and average doors were even more of a challenge. Even squeezing through sideways was a chore. His thick pecs jutted out several inches in front of him, and his beefy, bubbly buttocks did the same in the back. The doorframes creaked in protest every

time he struggled to force his inhuman bulk through them, but these were all things that Danny had come to expect. Danny had had these issues back before he even broke the 500 pound mark, and now that he had shattered the 600 pound mark these were things he had just come to accept as a standard fact of life.

The first time Danny really started to realize that something was out of the ordinary was when he was headed down the stairs after an intense set of weights at the gym. There was a bit of an overhang right at the top of the stairs. There was a bright yellow warning sign complete with big, bold, black letters warning all gym goers to mind the ceiling, but Danny had long since learned to ignore that sign. After all, the ceiling had a solid six feet of clearance. Danny had never been a particularly tall person so he had never had to worry about low ceilings and the like, but one day that all changed.

Danny smacked his head against the edge of the overhang as he began his exhausted stagger back to the showers. He was confused at first. He figured there must have been some mistake. He figured that they must have somehow changed the overhang, but the more he stared at the yellow warning sign the more he realized that it was in fact he who had changed. He had gained almost half a foot in height in just a few months!

As the realization slowly dawned on him, Danny was filled with a sense of excitement he hadn't felt in ages. He hadn't been this psyched since he had

first realized his cock was growing. Boosting muscles was one thing. That was something that he could steadily gain through hard work and dedication – his current bulk was proof of that, but his height was something else altogether. No amount of squats or bench presses would give him that.

Over the next few weeks he became steadily more aware of his height especially compared to the other folk at the gym. People who were once his height soon only came up to his shoulders. Guys that he once had to look up to he could now see eye to eye with. Even the towering basketball players no longer seemed like such giants. They were still taller than him, but Danny doubted that would last long. The urge to grow had kindled within him anew, but it was different this time. This time he knew he could actually do it. This time he knew that he could outgrow even those seven foot tall NBA stars, and he doubted he'd stop there.

After that Danny started recording his height as well as his weight. In the next few weeks he shot up from an even 6' to 6'2"! It seemed like such a small change on paper, but changes were absolutely incredible in person. Somehow the slight change in height felt more real than the hundreds of pounds of muscle he had packed on. The muscle just made him heavier and bulkier, but the height made him *feel* larger. Everywhere he looked seems seemed smaller than before. Desks were shorter. People were shrimpier. Even the massive weights he used looked and felt smaller in his hands.

As Danny got bigger and stronger and taller with each passing day he began to realize one minor downside to his most recent growth spurt. His cock was staying the same size it had been for nearly a year. It seemed strange to him that he could ever consider two feet of schlong to be “small”, but that’s exactly what he was feeling. It was still massive – far larger than anyone else’s dick at the gym, but it was somehow less impressive now that the rest of him was growing. Just a few months ago his fat cock would dangle to his shins, but now the head of his huge dong barely dipped past his knees! He hated that his surge in height made his cock look smaller by comparison, but fortunately he knew how to fix that.

A smile played at the corner of Danny’s lips as he admired himself in the mirrors that lined the wall of the gym. He was far too huge to use a single mirror to admire himself. His body was so broad and burly that had to use a full wall of mirrors just to marvel at it, and Danny was already imagining what it would be like to be so huge, so massive that even this wall would be too small to display his full glory.

An intense desire to grow had infused every fiber of his being. He ached to be bigger. He needed to be larger. He craved more muscles. He yearned to be taller, and more than anything he desperately wanted a bigger cock. His body trembled with excitement just thinking about it. He felt like a kid on Christmas!

Danny’s mind raced. Images of him growing larger and larger filled his thoughts. Yet no matter how

huge he envisioned himself it never seemed enough. For him there was no goal in mind other than to be bigger. As far as he was concerned, when it came to growth the sky was the limit... perhaps even literally...

Danny – Finale

It had been months since anyone had even uttered Danny's old nickname of "The Little Giant." He was now simply just "The Giant", and he lived up to the name in every sense of the word. He had become a veritable titan in a world of mere mortals. Even the biggest, burliest bros at the gym were a mere fraction of Danny's colossal size.

Danny's thighs alone had more muscle mass than even the biggest, baddest, professional body builders the Mr. Universe circuit had to offer. Danny's meaty quads alone were thicker around than even the burliest power lifter's beefy, barrel chest, and the rest of Danny's muscles were even more massive. His broad chest was as wide as a freight car. His enormous, meaty, muscular pecs were as wide, as thick, and as firm as a motel mattress. His enormous abs were so huge, so sculpted, so well defined that each individual abdominal muscle was bigger than a basketball. His biceps were the size of beach balls when he wasn't even flexing them!

Danny's muscles were phenomenal. He had shattered all known records of size and strength and

yet he continued to pack on the brawn. Each week his muscles grew denser and thicker. Each month his broad, brawny frame grew wider and wider. He had a body that was so incredibly swole that he could make even The Incredible Hulk feel weak, but that wasn't the real reason that people had taken to calling him "The Giant".

Danny had grown in other ways than just his muscle mass these past few months. The inches stacked on and on. He steadily got taller... and taller... and taller. He had gone from being one of the shorter guys at the gym to being by far the tallest guy around. There was once a time where Danny had looked up to those super tall basketball players both literally and figuratively, but that time was long past. They weren't even close to rivaling his incredibly height. In fact, the basketball hoops themselves were closer to Danny's height than the actual players on the court! Danny stood nearly ten feet tall! Even the tallest NBA player would barely be eye level with Danny's incredibly thick, muscular pecs! And his height wasn't even his most dramatic growth.

Danny now had by and large the biggest dick the world had ever seen. His cock had surged in size these past few months until it had grown to nearly seven solid feet of fantastically thick fuck stick, and his nuts had grown right alongside his cock. His balls were now the size of beanbag chairs and dangled almost down to his ankles. His dick was thicker than even the beefiest power lifter's entire body! When fully hard, the tip of his fantastically huge cock rose up above his

head, and the shaft was so fat that it filled his entire field of view. He had to push his dick forward if he ever wanted to have any chance to see where he was going, and that wasn't the only way that his massive cock got in the way. His cock was too fat too even fit through doorways, but that hardly mattered since there was simply no way the rest of him could ever hope to squeeze through your average doorway either.

Danny required special assistance to get in and out of most places. He was simply too huge to go through normal doorways. Even the wide, sliding door at the gym he attended which was designed to allow groups of gym-goers through at a time was simply too small for his enormous frame. Danny had to be let in through the loading docks out back, and even that was a tight fit. Danny had to crouch and squeeze his way through a doorway that was designed to fit a UHaul trailer into it, and navigating the hallways of the gym proper was even more of an undertaking.

Fortunately for him the gym had gone through a number of renovations to accommodate his enormous bulk, but their motives weren't entirely altruistic. Simply put Danny was the biggest draw – literally and figuratively – that the gym had ever seen! People were lining up around the block to register at the gym where a small, shrimpy little teen had supersized into a towering behemoth of cock and brawn in under two years! Not only that, but Danny had become quite the local celebrity. People were always eager to catch a glimpse of the resident Giant,

and Danny was more than happy to let them see everything.

Clothes were more of an afterthought than anything for Danny. He had so much trouble finding anything that fit him that most of the time he didn't bother even trying. If Danny wore anything at all, the clothes he did wear was so small and poorly fitted that he may as well have been completely nude. In fact, Danny's favorite outfit was so lewd that it somehow managed to be even more ridiculously revealing than if he had left the house stark naked, and it was that particular outfit that Danny was wearing on this particular day.

A familiar, telltale, rhythmic thumping filled the air. The walls shook. The floor trembled. The water in all the bottles around the gym began to ripple in time with the stomps. It was as if a T-rex was on the prowl, but everyone at the gym knew better. There was only one person whose footfalls carried so much weight, and he made even a T-rex look puny.

A hush fell over the gym. All the various exercisers and audience members held their breaths in anticipation. A gasp reverberated through the crowd as Danny finally stepped into the main weight room.

Danny had only two pieces of cloth on his body as he stepped into the gym; an oversized beach towel which he had draped over his neck, and a comically small pair of shorts. The towel would have been plenty large for any normal person to set on the ground and lie peacefully atop as they soaked up the sun, but on

Danny the towel barely even managed to drape over his shoulders. It looked more like a hand towel than a beach blanket, and his shorts were even more ridiculously small.

“Shorts” may have even been an overstatement. The clump of fabric that Danny had stretched across his hips didn’t leave anything to the imagination. In fact it barely even tried to cover anything. About the only part of his body that his shorts actually managed to cover was the thick, spongy head of his massive cock. The tip of his enormous schlong was crammed awkwardly into the front of his shorts, and the rest of his massive chubby was folded over like a slinky and left exposed for all to see each and every last long, meaty, veiny inch.

The head of Danny’s cock was so huge that his shorts strained to cover even just that. The leg holes of his over-stuffed shorts were stretched so wide that his balls all but hung through the gaps. Large swaths of his ball sack could be clearly seen poking through the gaps of the leg holes, and the backside of his briefs didn’t fare much better. The strain put on the front of his shorts caused the back to ride up into his thick, bubbly butt so far that it hardly looked like he was wearing anything at all. The only bit of fabric that could even be seen from the back was the waistband. It looked more like he was wearing an ass-less jock strap than a pair of shorts.

No one seemed to mind Danny’s state of complete undress. After all, all those people had

gathered to get a glimpse of the stunningly hot giant, and the more of him they got to see the better. Even Danny preferred being fully nude. The only reason he had even decided to wear shorts at all was to give him something to inevitably burst out of as he put on a show for the crowd. The looks of lust and awe he got from his fans as well as the cheer from the throngs of admirers were already causing the blood to rush to his crotch. He knew it wouldn't be long before his current pair of shorts joined countless others in that large laundry basket in the sky.

Danny struck a pose for the adoring public. His pecs puffed up like air mattresses. His biceps ballooned like beach balls, and his cock stirred to life in his shorts. His dick grew steadily harder with each passing moment. As the seconds ticked by, the head of his enormous cock struggled to break free of its cloth confines, and it was clear to everyone that was watching that Danny's dick would win its war in the very near future.

Danny's dick slowly swelled and straightened. The puffed up tip of his massive cock inched steadily further away from his crotch. His shorts stretched tighter and tighter as they tried in vain to keep Danny's cock from swinging up into its full upright and locked position, but it was a losing battle. The sounds of fibers snapping split the air. Tears began to form on the sides of Danny's shorts. Soon the only thing holding Danny's dick in check was the elastic waistband of his shredded shorts, but not even that could hold out. A loud snap split the air. His waistband snapped like a rubber band.

Danny's semi-boned cock swung up straight and tall like a palm tree. Large flecks of pre were sent sailing from the tip of his plumped up cock. The tip of his dick reached so far off the ground that Danny could actually feel the heat emanating from the fluorescent light bulbs affixed to the ceiling beaming down on the pre-drooling head of his fully-boned cock.

The entire crowd – even those that had seen Danny's cock rock hard many times before – gasped in shock as his cock reached its full size. His dick was beyond big. It was beyond huge. It was simply enormous. It more than dwarfed anyone else's cock. It dwarfed anyone else's *body*!

Danny continued his lewd series of poses. Breaking out of his only remaining bit of clothes filled him with a rush of pride and arousal. He wanted to give his fans a show that they'd never forget, a show that would haunt their wettest dreams for years to come, and he did just that. Danny thrived off the cheers. He soaked up the adoration. The compliments he received were nothing out of the ordinary for him. In fact he had come to expect such adulations, but suddenly he felt something strange.

It was so soft that Danny couldn't put his finger on what it was he was feeling at first. It was a gentle sensation on the puffy ridge along the underside of his fully boned cock. At first he thought he was just imagining it, but the feeling didn't go away. In fact he could feel the gentle caress moving up and down the length of his humongous cock.

Danny peered down, but he could not see anything. His enormous boner filled his entire field of view, and try as he might to peer around his huge dick, he just couldn't see who or what was underneath. Whoever was rubbing his dick was so tiny compared to his enormous cock that the person was completely hidden under the massive, throbbing shaft.

Danny's admirer was so enamored by the massive cock which towered far above his head that he was blind to anything else around him. He was so entranced that he was deaf to even Danny's voice. The dude was so fascinated and enthralled that all he could do was softly stroke the massive cock in an effort to somehow prove to himself that what he saw before him was really real, and yet no matter how warm and soft Danny's flesh felt against the guy's fingers, the dude still couldn't wrap his head around it.

Danny took a step back. The sudden motion was finally enough to snap the admirer from his trance. The admirer staggered back a few steps and hastily sputtered a few quick, heartfelt apologies. He stared up at his idol to plead for forgiveness, but to his surprise Danny didn't seem upset at all. In fact Danny seemed to be staring at him with a serene smirk and a gaze that seemed to understand everything perfectly.

Danny was shocked by the guy he saw. It wasn't so much that the dude was ballsy enough to try and stroke his cock. That was nothing out of the ordinary. What fascinated Danny was the admirer's body. The dude was tiny! He was a shrimp! The guy

didn't have an ounce of muscle anywhere on his lanky frame. In fact, Danny had more mass in his left testicle than this dude had in his entire body! The guy looked like a stick figure with some poorly fitted workout clothes hastily thrown on top, and if the dude's slight frame wasn't bad enough, the way the steady stream of pre oozing off of his cock soaked through the front of his cotton gym shorts caused his shorts to damply cling to his rock hard boner made it clear that this guy was not at all gifted below the belt either. Not only was he short and scrawny, but he was sorely, poorly hung to boot! In short he was everything Danny had been mere months ago. In fact even the dude's face reminded Danny of himself. The guy had slightly longer, darker hair than Danny, but his cute, freckled face was so much like Danny's own that they could have been twins – if not for the obvious height difference and the fact that Danny had well over half a ton of muscle and a dick that dwarfed his admirer's entire body, but that wasn't the only bit of himself that Danny saw in this new arrival.

The guy was different than the other folk at the gym. Sure, he was smaller and scrawnier than pretty much everyone there, but he had this glint in his eye that Danny recognized immediately. This was a guy who was here to grow, and it wasn't a matter of 'if' he was going to get bigger. It was a matter of how much. This guy had a willful determination that knew no limits.

Danny flashed the guy a knowing wink and a reassuring smile. No words were needed between the

two. The new guy understood instantly. If he tried hard enough he too could be as massive as his idol... maybe even larger...

With that the two went their separate ways. The new guy set to work on learning his way around the gym, and Danny set off to push his limits once more. He had grown complacent in recent weeks. He had been more focused on soaking up praise than he had been in boosting his mass. He had become so huge that he had begun to forget what it feels like to crave even more size. He had begun to forget the rush of getting larger and larger, but that changed now. He had a new goal and new motivation, and he wasn't about to let the new guy outgrow him.