Alan and John’s post-coitus cuddling was interrupted by loud, obnoxious banging on the door. “Just ignore it. They’ll go away eventually.” John said contentedly as he tightened his arms around Alan. Alan was perfectly fine with letting their visitor come and go without so much as a word, until he heard a voice coming from the other side of the door. Alan groaned in annoyance as he recognized his roommate’s shouting.

“Alan! Alan! Alan! Alan! Alan! Alan!” Over and over the dude on the other side continued to bark his name like a meerkat. Alan shook off John’s arms and trudged over to the door while grumbling a litany of obscenities about his roommate.

“Steve! Steve! Steve! Steve! Steve!” Alan barked back angrily, and then added testily, “What!?”

Steve just raised an eyebrow and cocked his head back as he greeted Alan in the time honored way that one bro typically greets another, “‘sup?” Steve was about Alan’s height, but was very different in other ways. He had a very lean build typically of skaters and long wavy brown hair that was topped off with a red, yellow, and green rasta-colored beanie.

“Oh, you know. Hooked up with a hot football player. Had sex. So I’ve got that going for me. Which is nice.” Alan responded casually but then his demeanor soured as he followed up with an annoyed, “How did you even find me here?”

“You know how it is. It’s a small campus. News travels fast, especially if one of the star football players is involved. Not only that, but his voice carries well. I could hear you two love birds from the lobby.” Steven commented nonchalantly; a perpetual peaceful grin seemed stuck on his face. He then leaned into the room and peered over Alan’s shoulder at the huge, naked jock seated on the bed. Steve shot John a thumbs up and added cheerfully, “Congrats on the sex, dude.”

Alan shoved Steve back out of the doorway and added testily, “Why are you even here!?”

“Haha. Oh, right. Maaan. We were so fucked up last night.” Steve said jovially.

“I noticed.” Alan replied flatly.

“I think I may have, accidentally taken some freaky Tiki mask from the anthro wing and might have worn it as I ran around campus… As in… Just the mask.” Steve explained as a goofy grin spread across his face.

“And I’m supposed to care? It’s not the first time you’ve streaked around campus. We both know how proud you are of your cock.” Alan replied as he rolled his eyes. Steve was pretty well known for his ten inches, and Alan had had plenty of time to get up close and personal with the amazing tool. Unfortunately, Steve was straight, but he was a bit more open minded than most guys. Alan and Steve were really good friends, and Steve was never one to turn down a free blow job.

“Look, man. I need a favor…” Steve looked around to make sure the coast was clear before leaning in the room again and addressing John. “Hey man, I need to steal your boyfriend for a minute.” Steve grabbed Alan by the arm and pulled him into the hallway.

“Ok. I want you to come with me to return the mask. I could get in deep trouble for swiping it, and you are much better at handling people than I am. So… can you pleeaasseee come with me and help me smooth things over? Pleeeasseee?” Steve clasped his hands together and made an overly dramatic show of kneeling down as he pleaded.

“Dude. Get up, you’re being a tool.” Alan replied, sighing audibly as he did so.

Steve could tell from the tone of his friend’s voice that Alan was going to accept his request. He began to look up to thank his bud, but his eyes only made it half way. His jaw dropped the second he saw the massive tool swinging between Alan’s legs. The huge cock reached over halfway down to his knee and had two huge melons for testicles to go along with it. “Jesus Christ!!” Steve shouted in shock.

The doors to a couple of the nearby dorm rooms opened up as the occupants looked out the see what the commotion was. They too stopped and stared in shock and awe of Alan’s massive cock. Steve got back to his feet and quickly began herding Alan back into John’s dorm. “I just need to steal your guy candy for a minute.” Steve said to the small crowd that had begun gather around.

Once they were back in the room, Steve shut the door behind him and turned to Alan. “Ok. What have you been feeding that thing, and did you save any for your bestest bud?”

“Uh… I honestly don’t know. It was just kind of bigger when I woke up today.” Alan shrugged as he explained. He didn’t really care how his dick had grown; as far as he was concerned, the results speak for themselves.

Steve grabbed Alan by the arm and pulled him over to John’s desk and shoved him into the swiveling task chair. He had a rare serious expression on his face as he did so. In one quick motion, he pulled his belt out of the loops in his loose jeans, causing the already low riding denim pants to fall to the floor. He grabbed a small ruler from the cup sitting on John’s desk and measured the distance between the metal studs on his belt. “Ok. ¾ inches between studs…” He murmured as he held the belt against the base of Alan’s cock.  “No way… fifteen inches? Soft!?”

“Wow.” Both Alan and John said in unison. The word was the same, but the meaning was totally different. Alan was amazed at the sheer size of his dick now, but John was absolutely enamored with the sheer magnitude of his new friend’s growth. He had watched it almost double in size since they had been together. He was already wondering what the new and improved cock would look like fully hard and just how big it could get.

Steve got down on his knees before Alan and pulled his friend’s legs wide apart. He slowly began stroking his bud’s gigantic dick. Both Alan and John were too surprised by what they were seeing to say anything at first, but as Alan’s cock got harder, and Steve wrapped his lips around the head, Alan asked shakily, “You are straight, right?”

“Straight enough.” Steve replied as he sucked off his friend’s gigantic tool. “What’s a few blowjobs between friends, right?”

“Oh, hey… I could do that… if you want.” John piped in softly. His own respectably dick was already fully hard all over again.

Steve ignored him and continued going down on Alan’s huge knob. As he came up for air again he said. “I’ll blow you, but if you so much as think of cumming in my mouth I will use these power pellets as punching bags.” Steve said coolly. His calm demeanor already made it clear that he was only half joking, but he gave one of Alan’s huge nuts a light squeeze to emphasize his point. Alan chewed on his lower lip as he struggled to not blow his load in his friend’s mouth. Alan had gone down on Steve several times in the past, but this would be the first time that the glove was on the other foot. Alan was amazed at how good at it Steve was.

“I don’t mind if you cum in my mouth… Just saying.” John tried to interject, but neither of the other guys seemed to be paying much attention to him.

Steve pulled off when Alan was very close to blowing his load. Alan’s cock was the hardest it had ever been. He wanted so bad to cum, but Steve seemed to have other ideas. Steve held his belt up to Alan’s rigid shaft and counted off the rivets. “Wow. Not bad. 20 inches fully hard.”

John stared at Alan’s monster cock in awe. He could not believe all of that was inside of him just a moment ago.

Alan’s toes were curling and uncurling as he hovered over the edge. He really really wanted to cum, but something about the situation made it very embarrassing. He had blown his load many times in Steve’s presence, but never like this. He felt like a lab rat under the microscope. Cumming now would just feel demeaning.

Steve tapped John’s firm, muscular abs with his knuckles. “Don’t leave him hanging, Fagrid.” Despite the dubious nickname, John jumped right into action. Within seconds he was on his knees before Alan. John was so tall that even though he was on his knees, he was still eye level with Alan, but Alan’s cock was now so large that he didn’t need to bend down much to suck it. John gave Alan his best, most seductive bedroom eyes has he sucked on the massive knob.

It didn’t take long at all for Alan to bust his nut right into John’s mouth. Alan was already about to cum before John started sucking him off. The combination of the blowjob and the sexy look he was being given proved just too much. Alan’s nuts started pulling inward as he unloaded his spunk. Jets of cum pumped into John’s mouth. There was an amazing amount of Jizz, but Jon was determined to swallow it all. John swallowed as fast as he could, but Alan’s plus size cum shot proved to be too much for him. The excess spunk leaked out the sides of his mouth as he kept his lips locked around the immense cock.

Finally Alan was spent. His now deflating cock drooped heavily in front of him. “I wouldn’t mind doing that more often.” He said breathlessly.

“All you have to do is ask.” John replied with a grin as he wiped some of the excess spunk from his lips with one hand and reached down to jack Alan’s cock again with his other.

“Oh no you don’t!” Steve cut in. Both John and Alan were surprised by Steve’s outburst. Steve didn’t even make an effort to explain himself as he strode forward, shoving John aside in the process. He lined his belt up against Alan’s thick cock once again. His belt looked much like a spool of measuring tape when placed up against Alan’s impossibly thick dong. “Huh. I thought it looked bigger. Congratulations. You’re now 20 inches soft.”

“What? How did that happen?” Alan yelped in surprise as he sat up straighter on the chair.

“If I knew that I’d be working on doing it to myself.” Steve said as he shrugged. “Man. It’s like you got soft, but didn’t deflate. Same size soft now as you were hard a minute ago.” Steve paused and stoked his chin thoughtfully for a moment before muttering out loud. “Man. I don’t see how you have kept that beast secret for so long.”

“What do you mean ‘for so long?’ It just happened. You watched it happen.” Alan shot back testily.

“What? Oh right. I remember that… wait.” Steve scratched his head thoughtfully as he tried to remember. “Man. This is messing with my head. I remember announcing your sizes, but I don’t remember measuring you. Like, I know I must have, but like. Ok. You how when you have a really cracked out dream and you wake up and tell someone about it? Five minutes later you can remember everything that you told the other person but you can’t remember a damn thing about the dream itself?”

“I guess so, but I am still not sure I know what you are talking about.” Alan responded skeptically.

“It’s like… I have two sets of memories in my head, and both are equally true. I remember teasing you as you blew me on a regular basis. You know the whole spiel I do.” Steve’s posture and demeanor changed as he mimicked himself in the process of being sucked off by his roommate. A smug, self-satisfied grin spread across his face and his back arched as he puffed out his chest in a pose the exuded machismo. “You like that you little queer. This is probably the biggest dick you’ll ever see. Yeah. Suck it.”

Alan fidgeted a little as his friend acted out their secret role play in front of his new friend. He could already feel his dick twitching a bit as it began to wake up. Alan had always found the tough guy act that Steve did when he sucked him off to be pretty hot, but he didn’t want John to know that. Alan looked out of the corner of his eyes to see John staring at Steve’s groin with rapt fascination. Apparently the big, blond jock liked the act too. It didn’t hurt that Steve’s large ten inches of dick filled out the front of his boxers well enough that the outline of his dick was clearly visible.

Steve continued talking, the annoyance clear in his voice. “See? I remember that I used to tease you about having the bigger dick, even though I know you have had twenty two inches for as long as I have known you.”

Alan gasped. “We just measure it. It was twenty two! Er… Twenty inches on the dot.” He wasn’t sure if his mistake with the size was an honest mistake caused by Steve’s comment, or if his own memories were beginning to jumble. He hoped it was the former; the fact that their memories seemed to be changing as they spoke was very disconcerting for him. Alan then looked down and noticed that his dick did seem slightly larger. It appeared that even the slightest swelling of arousal could have an impact on his final size.

“Yeah, but you made me measure it last year. You said you were sick of me always bragging about mine.” Steve explained calmly.

Alan had to admit, that sounded like something he would do. Especially since Steve always bragged about how he was naturally gifted. Naturally gifted. Oh please. Alan thought snarkily. Last time Alan’s cock was ten inches was in middle school. He shook his head violently and even slapped the side of his head in an effort to knock the foreign memories out of his head. That just made it official. He needed to get to the bottom of this mystery before the changes became permanent, or worse.

“Look. We’re not getting anywhere with this conversation. We can figure this out later, but first, will you come with me to return the mask or not? I mean, if we were both in the anthro wing last night, maybe the answer lies somewhere in there?” Steve once again pleaded with Alan. Alan had to admit, that that made as much sense as anything. Something had happened last night, and the strange mask that Steve had absconded with seemed to be their best lead.

“Fine, but let me find something to wear that will actually cover my junk.” Alan replied with a tone of defeat in his voice. He was so thrilled to have a huge cock, but now that it was beginning to be a little bit unwieldy, he was finding out that there are some downsides to being hung like a horse.

“That’ll be a first.” Steve retorted as he rolled his eyes. Alan wasn’t sure he liked the implication, but he shrugged it off and followed Steve back to their dorm.

John was left to silently ponder what had just happened. He wanted to follow them, but he was still very confused about what they were all talking about. He couldn’t even seem to remember most of it. As best he could remember, Alan’s roommate had charged in and tried to prove just how huge Alan’s dick was, but John didn’t need any proof. He had just had it deep inside of him. He never would have believed someone could have such a huge dick or that it would be physically possible for him to take it all. He could still barely stand after that intense fucking, but it had felt amazing.

Alan was glad that his room was just a few doors down. He didn’t like feeling this exposed. He passed a few guys in the hall as he walked. They gave him a few quick jealous glances, but that was it. He was actually a little disappointed that no one seemed to notice his new size, but then again, he realized that most people were used to seeing it by now, especially since he was one of those guys that rarely wore clothes when walking around the dorms. He felt more and more comfortable with his nudity as he remembered his long standing exhibitionist tendencies. He began standing more upright and no longer made any effort to cover his junk with his hands as he walked. In fact, he even stuck his hips out a bit to show off his equipment even more. His posture seemed to dare people to stare at his prominently displayed dong as it swung heavily from side to side.

Once back in his room, Alan quickly threw on some clothes. They all fit surprisingly nicely given his recent growth spurt. Somewhere in the back of Alan’s mind he wondered why he even bothered with these clothes. His junk was so huge by now that it wasn’t like they were actually covering anything. If anything, his pants seemed to accentuate his bulge even farther. Alan didn’t remember his clothes being nearly this revealing before, but these were the same clothes he had always had. It had to just be his imagination.

The two guys made their way to the anthropology building. Steve led the way as he clutched his backpack to his chest suspiciously. Alan rolled his eyes as he watched his friend try and look casual but was really only drawing more attention to himself by looking like he had just stolen something. Fortunately for him, most eyes were on Alan. Alan was pleased to be doing his own small part in helping his friend, especially when his small part involved showing off his assets for all to see. He could feel his dick stirring to life from all the attention he was getting. Alan even noticed a couple of guys staring intently at him and nodded salaciously at them. The two guys quickly turned away and tried to act like they weren’t actually checking him out, but Alan knew better.

Before he knew it, Alan and Steve were already in front of the office of Dr. Framfrit. He was the closest thing this college had to an actually respected researcher. It was a small college, and for the most part, it was staffed by relative unknowns in the academics department. Dr. Framfrit was a well published anthropologist, and many people wondered why he chose to hang his hat here. He claimed it was for sentimental reasons, and as far as anyone knew, it was the truth.

Steve hesitantly knocked on the door to the professor’s office. At first there was no response, and Steve happily began to turn around and slink off for now. He was already thinking of other ways to return the mask without causing a scene, but he hadn’t even managed to turn completely around when they heard the door unlatch.

A kindly looking old gentleman answered the door. He was very small and frail looking, but his eyes revealed a vigor that belied his age. “Can I do something for you gentlemen?” came his droning inquiry.

Alan just shook his head and pointed to Steve. Steve swallowed his nerves and took a step forward. “I’m just gonna come out and say it. I got a little trashed last night, and when I woke up this morning I found this.” He opened his bag and revealed the large wooden mask. “This belongs to you right? I’m really sorry.”

The old man’s eyebrows raised in surprise as he saw the old mask. “I honestly was worried I would never see it again. Please. Come in.” Steve let out a sigh of relief when he realized the old man didn’t appear to be upset with them. He actually dared to hope that he could get out of this with his academic standing intact. Most people wouldn’t know it by looking at him, but Steve actually did care about his grades; he was just one of those guys who could do very well academically without any actual effort so he was rarely seen studying.

They entered the man’s office to find that it was very small and dimly lit. Papers and books were piled everywhere and the walls were covered with photos of his expedition and lots of little knickknacks and odds n’ ends Dr. Framfrit had collected from his travels. “Now boys, I am very pleased you have chosen to return the mask for me. It has quite a bit of sentimental value, but maybe since you are here you can do me a favor?”

Alan and Steve looked at each other and shrugged and then turned back to the professor. “Sure. What’s up?” Steve asked casually.

“Well, I can only assume it was you two who came tearing in here last night.” The man said thoughtfully.

“Oh, man. Did we make this mess? I’m really sorry.” Steve apologized fervently.

“Mess? No. It always looks like this, but you see, I have this box that was given to me on one of my travels. I have never ever been able to open it, but somehow I find it lying wide open when I got in this morning. So tell me. How did you do it?”

Alan and Steve looked at each other and shrugged again. “I don’t remember anything that happened last night, and I doubt Steve here will be able to tell you much more than that.” Alan explained.

Steve could see the doctor was crestfallen. He felt bad for the guy, and he did kind of owe the guy for swiping the mask. “Hey. Maybe we can have a look at it? It might jog our memory… Oh, and we’re both stone cold sober today, so don’t worry about us running off with anything. We’re not normally kelptos.”

“Well, I suppose it couldn’t hurt to show you. Maybe I just need an outside set of eyes. You know how it goes with routines and whatnot. Sometimes you get so caught up in what you know that you are blind to the obvious.” The professor mused out loud. “Well, come on. Have a seat. I’ll grab the box.”

Alan and Steve sat down at the cluttered table in the center of the room. There was scarcely an inch of tabletop left uncovered by papers. Within moments the old man returned and set an ornate looking box on top of the clutter. The box itself seemed pretty normal looking. It was covered in a shiny black lacquer that seemed to make it shimmer in the light, and it rested on four white legs that appeared to be made out of ivory. It was then the two guys noticed what was so odd about the box. There was no keyhole nor did it have a discernable lid, but it did have a large circular hole on one side that seemed to go almost all the way through.

Alan picked up the box and ran his fingers along the surface as he searched for any line or crease that might show how or where the box opened. He continued to flip it and inspect his intently until Steve’s raucous laughter broke his attention. “Look at you! All inspecting it like an honest to god scholar. You’ll never open it like that.”

“What? And you think you can? This guy’s a pro in his field, and I bet he’s had all his researcher buddies inspect this box too.” Alan snapped back.

“Exactly. All the king’s horses and all the king’s men couldn’t open that box, but a couple of drunk ass college blokes popped the lock without even trying.” Steve explained with a grin.

“So? We need to be drunk to open it?” Alan asked dubiously.

“Nah, brah. We just have to think about what a drunk guy would do in this situation.” Steve explained with a mischievous grin on his face. He took a quick look around to see if the doctor was still in, but he was nowhere to be found. Steve figured that the professor must be in the small room off to the side that housed the old man’s desk.

Steve got up from his chair and quickly pulled down his pants and began stroking his cock. “What are you doing!?” Alan hissed at him.

“Duh. I’m drunk, remember? I see a hole. I’m gonna fuck it.” Steve added with a wink. Alan was too shocked to respond. His eyes drifted down to Steve’s large dick. He wanted that in his mouth so bad, but he knew he would have to wait.

“Haha. Don’t worry, bro. I’ll let you finish me off once the box is open.” Steve said jovially. Alan silently nodded in agreement. He could already feel his own immense cock pressing against the fabric of his pants.

Once his dick was suitably hard, Steve positioned the box and slammed it down on his dick. He shuddered as he felts the inner mechanisms of the box clench down around his cock. It felt amazing, but he had promised his load to someone else. He managed to hold it back, and almost immediately after he heard a click of something unlocking. The top of the box folded back to reveal a cloth covered tray with an empty cylindrical indentation in the middle.

“Now that that’s done, why don’t you help me out with the rest?” Steve winked as he moved his hips to side to side, causing his big boner to swing back and forth temptingly.

“Here?” Alan yelped in surprise.

“Why not? I’ll sit down and you can have at it under the table. He’ll never notice.”

Alan was strangely aroused by the idea. There was a time not too long ago where he would never have agreed to something like this, but today, the risk of getting caught just made it more exciting.

Alan crawled under the table and wrapped his lips greedily around his friend’s dick. Steve’s cock was so large that Alan had plenty of room to get both hands around the shaft while he worked over the head. Alan was a little disappointed at how quickly it was over. Usually Steve lasted quite a few minutes, but today Steve was cumming almost as soon as Alan started pumping. Alan wrapped his lips tightly around the head and swallowed each and every burst of jizz that unloaded into his mouth.

Steve was panting for breath as he busted a nut down his bud’s throat. He wished he could have let Alan enjoy it more, but it had taken all of his self-control to not cream the box. It was a good thing that he finished quickly this time, though. Almost as soon as he was done cumming, the old man turned the corner.

“Oh. Hello. You’re still here?” He asked, clearly befuddled.

“Yeah. We got the box open like you asked.” Steve replied.

“Box? Oh? Hmm… It is a nice little chest, but it doesn’t have anything to do with my field of research. Judging by the shape of the indentation here, it appears designed to hold something… Well, you can see for yourself. Anyways, I study aboriginals and other tribal folk. While it is a fascinating relic, your Victorian era sex toy holder is of no use to me.” The professor explained dismissively.

Steve just stared at the box dumbfounded. Now that the old man mentioned it, the indentation did look like it was the shape of a dick, complete with a spot for the balls, but why did the man have no memory that the box belonged to him. Probably gone senile Steve figured.

Alan slowly slid back up from under the table, trying not to draw attention to himself. The last thing he wanted was one of the faculty to catch him in the middle of sucking another guy off in their office, but fortunately the professor was already on his way back to his little office.

“So, get this.” Steve explained. “The doc here has no memory of this box, and there’s like, this dick print inside… I wonder if this has anything to do with your dick growing?”

Alan’s mouth dropped open as he remembered. “I almost completely forgot about that! I think I have seen the object that fits this hole actually...”

“Yeah. I had forgotten about it too until just now. It makes sense, though.” Steve shrugged.  “I mean, come on. There is just no way that you have a twenty seven inch dick naturally.”

“Twenty seven? But we measured it. It’s only…. Shit.”