

© 2016 Ziel

It's All a Bit

'Haze'y

By Ziel.

It's All a Bit 'Haze'y

It was a surprisingly formal event considering that the majority of the people in attendance were clad in cargo shorts and polo shirts along with sandals worn over socks. The fact that most of the college bros in attendance were seated in folding chairs that had been arranged in a semicircle formation around the large couch where Markus and the two frat leads sat didn't do much to diminish the solemnness of the occasion either. Markus tried his best to remain calm and collected – after all, this was his first real meeting with the guys who would soon become his frat brothers, but it was just so hard to sit still. Not only was he nervous as hell, but everywhere he looked he saw impossibly hot and hunky guys who were practically bulging out of their polo shirts! It seemed like everyone in this frat was built like a body builder and then some! Even the smallest of the guys in the seats dwarfed Markus in every possible aspect.

Markus glanced to the two guys who sat with him on the large, plush couch which served as the stage for his induction ceremony. On his left sat Jonathan, the frat chapter president, and on his right was Lucas, the guy who had petitioned for Markus's inclusion in the frat house in the first place. They both seemed like nice enough guys, but the fact that their big, burly frames filled up their part of the couch and then some had Markus feeling both positively puny and incredibly cramped. He felt like a sardine sandwiched between those two fantastically beefy jocks.

"Alright. I know it's rare to induct a new member this late into the semester, but we decided to make a special exception for Marky here." Jonathan explained. He gestured to the much smaller and slimmer guy seated at his side and then draped his arm casually over the new recruit's shoulder.

"Marky! Marky! Marky!" the frat bros chanted in unison as if they were cheering Markus on at a big swimming meet.

Markus fidgeted awkwardly as he listened to the chorus of cheers. He felt more and more out of place by the second. These veritable giants were cheering him on, and he hardly felt like he deserved to even be there. He was absolutely tiny next to them, and the constant pressure of Jonathan's herculean arm weighing down on him didn't help matters at all. Markus could feel the sheer weight of the frat president's incredibly muscular arm bearing down on

him. Even just Jonathan's arms had as much muscle crammed into it as Markus's whole body. Even just Jonathan's big, beefy bicep was as big as Markus's whole head, and Jonathan wasn't even flexing! That's how huge the huge slab of muscle was at rest! Markus couldn't even fathom how huge it would bulge out to be when Jonathan really decided to flex and put on a show. It had to be absolutely enormous! Even just thinking of it made Markus feel so tiny and puny, but it also made one particular area feel even larger than normal. The steady stiffening in his shorts made Markus fidget even more. The last thing he wanted to do was pop a bone in front of his new frat family, but these dudes are all just so damn hot!

Jonathan glanced out at the crowd and waited for them to all calm down. When the chanting finally tapered off he proceeded to the next part of the big event. "Now, I know a lot of you are eager for us to get this induction on the road, so let's stop wasting time." Jonathan said. He then turned towards his pal seated on the couch with him and nodded towards the door at the far side of the room. "Hey, Lucas, if you could get the bowl." Jonathan said.

Lucas nodded and got up from his seat to go fetch the item in question. When he did so Markus felt the entire couch shift as if he was seated on a teeter totter instead of a plush three-seater sofa. Jonathan and Lucas were just so damn heavy because of their sheer brawn that Markus's own weight barely even registered on the huge couch.

Markus's heart was pounding in his chest. His heart was pounding so hard in fact that Markus barely even felt the floor reverberating with each and every massive, heavy thud of Lucas's feet against the stiff floorboards of the living room of the dorm house. Markus was so overwhelmed by everything that was going on. He couldn't believe he was actually here. He couldn't believe they had actually agreed to accept him! Even as Lucas sat the enormous bowl down upon the coffee table directly in front of him, Markus couldn't believe this was really happening. Part of him wanted to write it off as a joke. There was no way they would really want a shrimp like him in a hall full of hulking gods, would they? Markus found it hard to believe, but they all seemed so genuinely nice. They didn't seem like the type of people to pull such an elaborate prank.

Markus stared down at the bowl in question. 'Bowl' was a bit of a misnomer. It was more of a gilded chalice, but it was far too large for any one person to drink out of. The rim of the cup was as wide as a bird bath, and the bowl itself was as deep as a kiddie pool. There had to be gallons of cherry red liquid sloshing around in there. Markus wasn't sure what the beverage was, but it looked like Kool-Aid and given the venue he wouldn't be at all surprised if it was packed full of alcohol. As Markus stared down at the gigantic chalice he couldn't help but think of the old stories he had read as a kid. One story in particular really came to mind – the legend of Thor in the halls of the giants.

In the story, Thor had entered the dining hall of the giants to challenge them in their own home. For his arrogance he was tasked with three impossible challenges. The first of which was to drink from a seemingly infinite flask. Thor's drinking challenge certainly seemed an apt comparison with Markus's current situation. Not only was the cup set out before him far too large for him to ever drink, but Markus felt like a demi-god in a hall of veritable giants. Markus had always been the big man on campus back in high school. He wasn't just a jock – he was THE jock. He was the buff, stunning heartthrob that all the girls wanted and all the guys wanted to be, but all of Markus's muscles didn't account to jack squat when stacked up against the monolithic slabs of masculine brawn that now sat around and eagerly awaited his attempt at downing the drink that seemed to taunt him from within the gilded bowl. Markus couldn't help but feel absolutely puny. It certainly didn't help matters that he was currently squeezed between two hulking behemoths of men who more than took up their side of the couch. What really weighed on Markus's mind was the memory of how amazing Lucas looked without his clothes on!

Lucas wasn't just huge and muscular. He was HUNG! Markus had had plenty of chances to sneak a peek in the locker room. It wasn't like he really needed to go out of his way to get a good glimpse. Lucas was not at all shy about his body, and why should he be? He knew he was hot as hell! His abs were so thick that each individual lump of his eight pack set of abs was as big as a football! His pecs jutted out like shelves. Either

enormous slab of pectoral brawn was as big as an extra firm king sized pillow! His biceps bulged like bowling balls. His quads were as thick as oak trunks, and speaking of trunks, he had a cock to die for! Even soft the beast had to be at least a foot long – not that Markus had ever seen it soft. It seemed like Lucas was stuck at a perpetual state of semi-boned. His thick, chubbed up cock always seemed to wobble and sway enticingly before Markus's very eyes as Lucas paraded his glorious nude form around the locker room for all to ogle and enjoy.

The sound of the silent muttering and shifting was deafening. The silence was so overwhelming that it even snapped Markus out of his daydream, and none too soon either. Just daydreaming about what the beefcake beside him looked like sans shorts had gotten Markus all boned up all over again. Markus was glad that his jeans were tight enough to hide his tent, but the discomfort in his crotch was not a welcome addition to the current festivities.

Markus stared down at the bowl and redoubled his resolve. If this was to be his trial, he was going to tackle it just like Thor had done in the legends. Even if he couldn't finish the whole thing, as long as he gave it the good ol' college try, then that should be enough to impress the titans that stared intently at their would-be recruit.

Markus lifted the bowl shakily in both hands. It wasn't just that he was nervous, although that was certainly a huge part of why his hands shook. The bowl

was just so damn heavy! It had to weigh at least one hundred pounds! Even Markus's respectable muscles were taxed to their limits as he unsteadily lifted the bowl to his lips.

The murmuring in the room dropped off completely, and the silence became even more deafening. An overwhelming awe had settled over the audience. Apparently no one had expected him to actually be able to lift the damn thing! This new bit of knowledge emboldened Markus and filled him with another surge of strength that he never believed himself capable of. He steadied his hands and hoisted the bowl the last few inches towards his lips. He tilted the bowl and braced himself for what he was sure was going to be an awful taste. He didn't believe these guys to be cruel, but he wasn't about to put it past them to fill the bowl with something that tasted like cough syrup or even something that tasted like spiked punch.

Markus was pleasantly surprised when the liquid tasted nothing like either of those things. It tasted like nothing he had ever drunk before! It was rich and creamy like whole milk and sweet like honey. It had a bold flavor of mulled wine while not having even a hint of alcohol. Markus had no idea what it was he was drinking, but whatever it was he wanted more! He gulped mouthful after mouthful of the stuff, and did not let up even to get a breath of air! His training as a swimmer was put to use as he settled into a rhythm of gulping a mouthful and then breathing through his nose and then gulping another mouthful.

The process repeated over and over as he drank more and more of the magnificent beverage.

The silence in the room was deafening. The entire audience stared on in awe, but finally a single voice broke the silence. Lucas was the first to speak up, and he uttered that four letter word that was sure to whip any crowd into a fervor, "Chug!"

"Chug!" another of the bros echoed.

"Chug!" came the reply from another part of the room.

Soon the entire room was drowning in a cacophony of shouts as the entire frat joined together to chant, "Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!"

Markus wasn't sure if it was because of the rush of adrenaline caused by the cheering or if it was because he was drinking so much of the stuff that he had emptied a considerable portion of the bowl, but the gigantic chalice felt lighter in his hands with each passing second. Soon his arms were no longer straining to hold the weight. Soon the bowl felt light as a feather, and still Markus kept drinking. He had to have downed gallons of the stuff. He had gulped down at least fifty mouthfuls of the stuff and still he kept chugging right along as the audience cheered. It wasn't until the very last drop of the drink trickled past his tongue that Markus finally allowed himself to take a moment and catch his breath.

Markus set the bowl back on the table and rubbed his swollen belly. He had drunk so damn much

of the stuff that his gut was sloshing like a washing machine. He was sure he was going to have a pot belly for hours, but even as he sat there rubbing his upset stomach, he could feel the bulge of his bloated belly steadily deflating until he was soon back to his usual washboard abs.

Once Markus's gut had settled he became aware of something else. Jonathan and Lucas had gotten up from the coach and had joined the rest of the frat in staring intently at their new recruit. Markus was feeling a bit like a bug under the microscope as all these hunky titans stared at him so intently, but he quickly became aware of something that took his mind off of the gazes of his new frat family – his shirt felt tight! It wasn't tight like it had been a minute ago though. His gut was back down to normal. It was his chest that had grown!

Markus stared down. His jaw dropped at what he saw. His already toned pecs were swelling before his very eyes. His pecs grew and swelled until the two separate slabs began to smoosh together. He soon had legit cleavage. His chest was so huge and thick that it strained so tight against the front of his button up shirt that the top button flew clean off... followed by the second... followed by the third... Soon much of his chest was left exposed for all to see and enjoy, and enjoy it they did. The frat was practically howling with glee as all the bros chanted and cheered.

“Marky! Marky! Marky!” They chanted.

Markus was so caught up in his growth that he could barely even hear the chants. He was too amazed by his own muscles. He needed to touch them to be sure that they were real! He gripped his pecs and dug his fingers into the firm muscles. They certainly felt real, and they were more amazing than he had ever dreamed possible. He continued to poke and prod his swelling pecs. He dug his fingers into the deep chasm between his thick pecs and was amazed to see that his fingers vanished down past even the first knuckles before he could even poke the bottom of the valley, and his chest was still getting bigger!

Another button flew off... and another. Soon Markus's shirt was completely open leaving the front of his amazing body fully exposed for all the see. His torso was so big and bulky that his shirt only managed to cling to his shoulders and his upper arms, but even that wasn't going to hold out for long. The stitches around his sleeves were popping by the second as his biceps and triceps blew up like balloons. The back of his shirt began to shred as his already beefy back grew wider and thicker with each passing second. His lats flared out and threatened to burst clean through the fabric. His delts rose up and shoved what was left of his collar further and further away from his neck, and it wasn't just his upper body that was growing. Marky could already feel the effects of the growth in his lower body too. It was soon clear why Jonathan and Lucas had vacated their seats so swiftly. Markus's beefy ass was growing right alongside the rest of him. His thick, sizeable glutes had grown so huge that his

beefy butt now spilled over onto the cushions on either side of him. The stitches up along the sides of his pant legs began to pop and snap. The denim creaked and groaned in protest. His pants sounded like a freshly milked bowl of Rice Krispies as more and more of the stitches gave out. Soon large swaths of exposed flesh began to poke out the sides of his pants as large chunks of stitches pulled apart to reveal the thick muscles that were trapped beneath.

Markus's clothes weren't the only thing creaking. The couch beneath him groaned in protest. This was the very same couch that had held not just him but his two big, beefy frat bros as well, and the chair had held well enough back then. Markus could scarcely comprehend what that meant. Was he somehow heavier than the three of them combined had been back then? That didn't seem physically possible, and yet he had grown so amazingly huge that it wouldn't surprise him at all. Even now he had grown so massive that only a few tattered remnants of his shirt still remained. He had grown so amazingly swole that his jeans had burst to reveal his sculpted, tree-trunk thick thighs. The lower half of his pants had shredded straight down the center as his dense, basketball sized calf muscles became simply too massive for the pant legs to cope with, and even his fly was shredding as Markus's favorite muscle became too much for it to handle.

Markus gasped as his cock spilled out from behind the shredding denim. His dick was massive! The beast was as thick as his wrist and well over a foot

long! Markus had never been a slouch below the belt, but his dick had more than doubled in size in just the past minute! His balls which had once been the size of ping pong balls were now the size of soft balls. His rod which had once been as thick as a roll of quarters was now as thick as a baseball that. His cock which had once been a mere six inches was now closer to thirteen! His cock was about as long as his forearm and was every bit as thick as his forearm had been just this morning.

The couch began to creak and moan louder. Markus could actually hear the wood begin to splinter and crack. Not wanting to trash the furniture before he had even been fully inducted into the house, Markus quickly hopped to his feet. The entire house shuddered from the resulting thud. The picture shook on the walls and threatened to fall off. The trophies which lined the cabinets and shelves shook and shuddered, and the last remaining vestiges of Markus's clothing shredded and fell away like confetti leaving the now hulking hunk as nude as the day he was born.

Markus was simply massive! His lats bulged out so far that his wingspan was now wider than the couch he had just been seating on – a couch that had been designed to easily seat three full-grown men! His forearm was wider than his face! His biceps were as big as a beach ball and he wasn't even flexing! His legs were as thick as oak trunks. His abs were so massive that even just the grooves between the thick muscles were so deep that light could not reach the bottom. The thick muscles that comprised the sculpted V of his

newly formed Adonis Belt were as thick as his whole neck had been before his transformation.

The crowd continued to chant as Markus stood before them. “Marky! Marky! Marky!”

Markus couldn't help but oblige. He began to pose and flex for his adoring public. He raised both arms up high and flexed his biceps with all his might. His biceps bulged and rose so high that they even rose above his head! He could feel his thick biceps poking against the sides of his face as he flexed! He couldn't believe how massive he had become, and he wasn't done growing yet. There was one area in which Markus had always been a bit of a late bloomer, and now it was making up for lost time and then some.

Markus felt so fantastic that he could barely keep his eyes open. His dick felt absolutely orgasmic, and he hadn't so much as laid a finger on it. He knew he should be a bit embarrassed to be bare-assed naked in front of his new frat family, but he felt so amazing that he couldn't care. His dick felt amazing and looked even better! With each passing second it grew and grew! It was already over a foot long and quickly approaching two! His huge schlong was every bit as thick as his thighs had been before his growth, and now his massive cock rivaled even his hulking forearm for sheer girth. His massive cock was every bit as long as his legs and still growing! His massive balls were the size of basketballs and still growing by the second. His huge nuts swung low in their sack and slapped against his knees, and still they kept growing.

Markus couldn't help himself. Part of his was mortified, but he felt so amazing, he felt so powerful that he couldn't bring himself to stop posing and flexing even as his cock shuddered and pre leaked out the tip. Soon Markus's whole body was shuddering. His dick was lurching like a bucking mechanical bull at a roadside bar. Markus stopped flexing long enough to let out a long, low groan that sounded more like a lion's roar than a moan of sheer bliss. His cock lurched and sputtered and spurted thick ropes of cum out towards the audience. Everyone was so surprised that they didn't even try to dodge. A few guys ate a blast of jizz head on and just stood there admiring their new frat bro's transformation. Marky was already three times as large as even the next beefiest frat bro, and he didn't look like he was finishing any time soon.

Markus shuddered. His legs felt weak from that last climax. They wobbled like jelly and threatened to give out at any second. It wasn't long after that Markus finally gave up and fell flat back on his ass. He landed with such force that the legs of the couch snapped like toothpicks. The combined weight of his beefy bod and the plush couch came crashing down and slammed against the floor of the frat house. The shockwave shook the house with such force that pictures fell off the wall, dishes tumbled out of the cabinets in the kitchen, trophies toppled over, and even a few of the frat bros lost their footing and fell onto the jizz-slicked floor.

Marky was so overwhelmed by both his own amazing growth and his mind-blowing climax that he

could barely even think. He was left gasping for air and struggling to focus. He was only vaguely aware that he was now so massive that his beefy ass filled up all three cushions of the couch and then some. His burly butt spilled over the sides of the armrests, and his enormous torso was even wider! His lats flared out wider than a school bus! His chest was so massive, his pecs so this that either pectoral muscle was now closer in size to a king sized *mattress* rather than a pillow. His quads gave redwoods a run for their money, and his cock... his cock was still growing!

Even now Markus's dick was as long as he was tall and as wide as his bulging lats. His dick was almost the size of a mini-van and still growing. His balls were each the size of smart cars. His huge sack dwarfed the very couch Markus currently sat on, and still his junk was growing and growing. Perhaps even more amazing, Markus was still cumming! He was showing no signs of stopping! In fact as his balls got bigger so did his spurts! The floor was drenched in his jizz as were many – if not most – of his frat bros!

Markus's muscles stabilized soon after, but his cock kept growing and growing! Soon his dick stretched all the way across the living room! It was easily twenty feet long and as wide as his bulging lats, and still it kept growing! Soon his balls were so massive that either enormous orb was closer to the size of a Humvee, and still those kept growing too!

Markus wasn't sure how long it was from the beginning of his transformation to the end, but by the

time his cock growth finally started to taper off he was staring down a schlong the size of a city bus and not the size of a mini-van. The entire bottom floor of the frat house was flooded with a standing pool of spunk that was easily knee deep. Markus's cock was so huge that it not only stretched from one side of the room to the other, but it also went out the large entryway to the living room, stretched across the large foyer, and extended into the dining hall. His dick was so thick that it plugged the entire entry way – an entryway which was designed to allow multiple people to pass in and out of. The entryway was even wider than a double doorway and yet his cock filled every last inch of it as if the hallway was a jumbo-sized flesh jack! His cock and balls were so massive that he could barely see anything other than his own schlong. His fat cock filled his whole field of view, and what little bit on either side of his dick he could still see was filled with his enormous nuts!

Markus was beyond massive. He had grown so huge and shot so much spunk that he had made a mess of the frat's front room and entire downstairs. His jizz was even seeping out the front door and soaking the lawn, and yet he still could not stop cumming. His spunk was splashing against the wall of the dining room on the opposite end of the frat house! Markus was sure that that would be the end of his frat career, but to his surprise the bros were still chanting his name.

“Marky! Marky! Marky!” they shouted with glee.

Markus was too massive to move and too baffled to even try. As he sat back and listened to the praise he became aware of a cum-drenched figure slowly approaching from the side. Markus glanced over as he felt Lucas's hand on his shoulder. The frat bro who had sponsored his inclusion into the ranks of "Ultra Mega Alpha" was beaming at him like a proud parent.

"You know..." Lucas said softly between chuckles. "Most people only drink a sip or two."