

JAYDEN'S POWER

by Sean Reid Scott

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**NOTE: This story contains sex acts between men, and is thus intended for
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AYDEN WAS BIG: BROAD SHOULDERS and huge arms. And a chest that drew double-takes whenever he entered a room. Yet in spite of his larger-than-average muscles, his waist was taut, tight, and smaller-than-average. Of course, it wasn't merely his magnificent muscle body that drew stares and gasps. His face, supported by that fireplug-thick neck, was absolutely gorgeous. Perfect black skin, a strong jawline, chocolate eyes, and a smile that lit up the room.

He wasn't your average man, that's for sure. As the old cliché goes, men envied him, and women wanted him. Okay—some of the men **wanted** him *too*.

Aside from his to-die-for body, Jayden had the smile, and personality that made him a magnet. Everyone liked him. Maybe that's because he liked everyone. His modus operandi was to make every moment a party. He'd slap the backs of everyone he knew, and it never took long for him to know everyone in the room.

Yeah, he knew how to work a crowd.

His jovial demeanor, gorgeous face and big build were irresistible. He enjoyed people, and people enjoyed him; the kind of guy you always wanted to hang with.

What Jayden really liked, though, was sex.

Usually, it was sex with men, but occasionally Jayden—perhaps to maintain his image as the consummate ladies' man—he'd bed some gorgeous, full-breasted girl too. But he really loved the men.

Big men.

Big, muscular men. Big, muscular men who liked big muscular black men.

The more muscular the man, the better.

And actually, the guy didn't even need to like men. Jayden had a special "talent" that made that issue moot.

It was about three years ago that Jayden found a way to enjoy this kind of muscle—overly-developed, professional-sized muscle. It just kind of came upon him. One day, he was at a local gym working out, and he saw a big guy doing bench presses. The dude was big, and Jayden decided he wanted to do him.

He introduced himself, and for some reason, still unknown to Jayden even this day, he told the dude he could make him bigger. The words just kind of fell out of his mouth. As if he knew more than he knew.

"Hey man," Jayden said, "you're really huge. But I can make you even bigger. Like—a **lot** bigger."

And for some reason, the guy believed Jayden! It was all kind of surreal, but somehow the two dude's minds came together, and they both agreed that Jayden was telling the truth.

Like I said, to this day Jayden still doesn't know where this power came from. But that doesn't stop him from using it.

"So, what do I do?" the bench presser asked.

"When you're done with your workout, join me back in the locker room."

The big guy scratched his chin and said, "Why wait till after the workout? Why not right now?"

Jayden smiled, "Okay. Follow me." he two of them walked to the locker room. There was a small janitor's closet in the back. Jayden stopped in front of it and turned to the guy. "I'm Jayden," he said. They shook hands.

"Travis," the guy said.

Jayden opened the door. "Let's slip in here," he said walking inside.

Travis didn't follow. "Wait a minute," he frowned. "What's this all about?"

Jayden locked eyes with Travis and said, "You know I can make you bigger."

Travis seemed to almost go into a trance. He stepped forward, almost like he wasn't in control of his own motions. He closed, and locked, the door behind him.

Jayden smiled and Travis blinked a few times. He sighed and smiled back. Travis' infectious smile immediately put him at ease.

"So, what do we do?" Travis asked.

Jayden placed his hand on Travis' crotch. He took the guy's genitals in his palm, through his shorts, and held them gently.

Before he could push back, Travis began to feel his body tingle. He felt stronger. Bigger. Better. Full of energy. Any sense of discomfort, violation, or embarrassment melted away immediately. The tingling felt good. Jayden's hand felt good. Jayden's gorgeous smile was hypnotic. The feel of Jayden's hand on his cock and balls was soothing and...felt really, really, good.

Jayden slowly massaged Travis' genitals, allowing the big guy to really enjoy this.

After a few minutes, Travis was hard.

Jayden kept his hand, on the outside of Travis' shorts, massaging the genitals slowly, but not pumping him.

The tingling continued. The pressure inside his cock increased. It soon became evident he was going to come—without any stimulation other than Jayden's talented hand on the crotch of his workout shorts. After a few more minutes, as his body continued to tingle and his energy level continued to increase, Travis moved into climax. He began to jerk with come. He cursed. His head dropped back. His whole body tightened with the most intense orgasm he'd ever had.

"Oh god! Oh fuck!" Travis said as he ended his ejaculations.

Jayden removed his hand from Travis' crotch. The college jock's shorts and tank top were wet with the stains of his orgasm.

Travis wasn't visibly bigger, but he did seem to have a new glow. His skin was perfect—there wasn't a blemish anywhere. His eyes twinkled with life.

"Now, go home and sleep well tonight," Jayden smiled. "In the morning you'll be bigger. A LOT bigger." Jayden opened the door to the janitor's closet and the two men emerged.

Travis went to his dorm room and hit the sack. He slept the rest of the day and all night, till the next morning.

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As the sun peeked through the curtains of Travis' dorm room, it landed on his face. He instinctively rolled over to face the wall.

But something was different.

There was more of him to roll than before. He could tell there was more mass to his body.

Hard mass.

And a *lot* of it. He remained motionless for a few seconds, and then opened his eyes. He looked at his hand, then his arm.

God—his forearm was thick! It was rippling with veins!

Travis' opened his eyes wide. He examined his forearm closer. His heart started beating faster as he began to take in its massiveness.

His eyes moved onto his upper arm.

"Holy FUCK!" he blurted.

His biceps and triceps were bigger than he'd ever imagined possible!

He lifted it. It was heavy, but his body immediately adjusted. He would have no problem moving and exerting his strength. He bent it. Two freakishly-split peaks of muscle split into the biggest biceps muscle Travis had ever seen.

For the first time since he was a toddler, Travis wet the bed.

"What's up?" Travis' roommate said from the other bed.

"Uh, nothing," Travis said, trying to cover himself under the sheets. He was enormous, and he knew that anyone who saw him would wonder what was up. He knew he couldn't fit into any of his clothes.

Travis held completely still. *Should I play sick? Maybe stay in bed till Blaine leaves? But what then? I can't go out in public! What should I do?*

After a few minutes, he decided to face the inevitable. His roommate Blaine, and others, would eventually see him in this new, huger state. No use delaying it. He jumped out of bed. His boxers were wet with his urine. Fortunately, Blaine had his eyes closed, so Travis grabbed some new ones and scurried into the bathroom. He immediately jumped into the shower, and when he started lathering his body with white, sudsy soap, the immensity of his new body struck like a freight train. His pecs were *enormous!* Just running his soapy hands over them made him start to get hard.

His shoulders kept bumping against the walls of the shower. He flexed one arm and felt it with the other hand. Holy fucking christalmighty! The *before* Travis had worked his physique into something any bodybuilder would want. His arms, then, had grown to nineteen-and-a-half inches. Now, though, the *after* Travis had to have arms more than two inches bigger! And it was all, lean, vascular, rippling muscle! He moved his hands down his torso and discovered that his abdominals had become two columns of astounding river-rock muscle. When his fingers entered his pubes, he realized that he'd become totally erect—and only then did he sense that the weight between his legs had been there. Good fucking shit! His cock was *huge* now. And his balls hung low and big. He gave himself a slow stroke. *Damn!* He was loving this! But he had to stop. He felt so fuckin' horny that it'd only take a few seconds of this before he started creaming the shower walls.

His hands felt out his new, enormous legs. They were like oak trees, and with each tiny shift of his weight they undulated with striations and veins. Just the most massive legs he'd ever seen.

He stepped out of the shower and dried himself off. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror and gasped. New Travis stared back at him, and fuck...the dude was huge! And ripped! Travis hit a few poses and flexed for himself a minute or two, his mouth slack-jawed the entire time. Again, he had to stop enjoying his own body, to keep that poll pointing at his reflection from shooting.

Realizing how immense and rippling-with-muscle he was, Travis quietly, cautiously emerged from the bathroom. He'd wrapped a towel around his waist—the one part of his anatomy that was actually *smaller* than the *before* Travis, so even though his upper legs pushed the white cotton all over hell there was ample fabric to secure it at his gorgeous obliques.

"Uh, Blaine?"

"What..." his roommate said without opening his eyes.

"Something's wrong."

"What do you mean?" Blaine rubbed his eyes. He slowly opened them and looked up at the huge man standing next to his bed. "HOLY SHIT!" he yelled, jumping up.

It was obviously Travis—Blaine could tell that. But this Travis was a man he'd never seen. Easily three inches taller than the six-one roommate he had before, Travis also looked probably 75 pounds heavier. Seventy-five pounds of pure, lean, ripped muscle—all perfectly proportioned and perfectly defined into hard mounds of power.

Blaine was speechless. His jaw was slack. He looked up and down Travis' ripped body. Travis' abs were deep valleys and thick ridges of muscle; his waist was narrower than before; his gigantic legs were much, much bigger than before. As for the upper body of his "new" roommate, it was astounding. Travis was big before, but now...now he was enormous! Like—**professional bodybuilder** enormous!

"D—d—dude!" Blaine finally uttered. "Wha—?"

Travis tried to calm Blaine down. "It's okay, man, I'm alright." He watched while Blaine struggled to comprehend the transformation. "You okay Blaine?"

"I—I—you—"

Travis sat down. He might be a little intimidating standing there like that, so he sat on the edge of his bed.

"What ha—happened to you man?" Blaine was finally able to blurt out.

"I don't know, man. I mean, I do know—but you'll never believe it."

"Dude—I *already* don't believe it!" Blaine said loudly.

Travis looked up at Blaine—a well-built college stud in his own right. "It was this guy—I met him yesterday at the gym. He said I'd grow overnight tonight. He gave me something, and, well it happened." Of course, Travis didn't tell Blaine the hand-on-crotch means of this transformation.

"I don't get it. What kind of guy is this? What in hell did he give you? What kind of serum, or whatever—could do this to a man?" Blaine babbled. "Even ROIDS don't work that fast!"

"It isn't roids, man," Travis insisted. He realized this was going to be hard for people to understand. Hell, it was hard for *him* to understand. "Dude, you have to keep this under your hat. Until I find this guy again and figure out what's up. You can't tell anyone about this!"

"How—how are you going to hide this? How are you going to hide THAT?" Blaine said, pointing to Travis' gigantic bent arm resting on his knee.

"I need some sweats. A hoody."

"Some BIG sweats," Blaine said.

"Can you go snag some for me? Down at Target or something?" Travis asked. "I've got to be able to get out of the dorm without people recognizing me. After that, I should be okay."

An hour later, Travis arrived at the gym. He waited in the parking lot for Jayden for about a half hour, but the guy didn't show. Finally, despite the risk of being recognized by the gym staff, he decided to go inside and see if Jayden was there.

Just as he opened the door to the gym entrance, he heard, "Hey, Travis!"

He turned around and saw Jayden walking across the parking lot. He closed the door and the two met in the middle of the lot, next to a light standard.

"DUDE!" Travis exclaimed, "what in hell did you do to me?!"

"You like it?" Jayden said smiling, undressing the giant college stud with his eyes. "I sure do!" he grinned.

"DUDE!" Travis repeated, "WHAT IN HELL DID YOU DO TO ME?!"

"Settle, man," Jayden said. "It's okay. It'll all be okay."

"OKAY?! I—I can't live like this! This is freaky!" He looked like he was ready to rip Jayden to pieces. His eyes flashed with the anger that boiled in his massive body.

Jayden looked deep into Travis' eyes. He spoke calmly, with authority. "I said it will be okay. And it will. You have to trust me. If I have the power to make you like this, you have to know I have the power to change you back."

Travis took a deep breath. Then another. "Okay. Then change me back."

"Of course I will," Jayden said. "It's no problem at all, man!" He smiled his bright teeth at Travis, and for some reason the new giant kid seemed to relax.

"Dayum, you're big," Jayden smiled, admiring his own work. "One of the biggest yet," he said. "Ummm hmmm," he added, stroking his chin.

"Biggest yet?" Travis queried.

"Never mind," Jayden said, taking Travis by the arm. "Here, let's go for a ride."

"Wait a minute," Travis said, stopping. "Where are we going?"

Jayden looked up at Travis and said, "Look, I'll change you back, but you have to trust me. Really, man. I'm your only option, right? If you don't want to come with me, you don't have to. But you're going to have a hard time explaining your new 'look' to your buddies, aren't you?"

Travis understood the predicament he was in; he reluctantly agreed to get into Jayden's car.

They arrived at a modest house on the outskirts of town and Jayden led them inside.

"First, let's have a look at my work," Jayden said, motioning with his hand and eyes for Travis to take off his hoody.

Travis didn't like this very much at all, but at the same time, he was so full of life and strength that he kind of wanted to see himself again. The feeling of his powerful muscles was amazing, and despite this unusual man Jayden, he wanted to experience the fullness of his new body.

He unzipped his hoody and took it off.

"Dayuumn!" Jayden said again. "Fuck, you're amazing!"

Travis had to agree. He looked down at his torso. He had to actually lean forward to see over his billowing pecs in order to examine his mogul-like abdominals. He took his hand and felt his pecs and abs. Without being asked, he pushed his sweat pants down over his legs and stepped out of them. He slipped off his sneakers. His bright white boxers was all he had on now. And inside those boxers, his new-found horniness had provided him with yet another hard-on.

He lifted up the lower edge of his boxers and tightened his leg. It sprang to life, hardening into some kind of marble sculpture that Travis had never seen before—even in the muscle magazines. "Holy shit!" he whispered.

"Dude, you sure you want me to change you back?" Jayden smiled. "You got some fiiiiiiiiine muscle going on there."

Travis had to agree. But he also knew it'd be hard to live like this—people would never leave him alone. There'd be question after question; maybe even doctors and stuff—wanting to know what happened.

"Ah—well, uh—" he stuttered, trying to take in all that had happened, and what it meant. "Yeah—I need to change back." He looked down at his amazing, new body and added, "Not that I don't like this. I do. But people wouldn't understand."

Jayden took a step toward the big muscle stud. "I can make it so you can go back and forth, if you want."

Travis lifted his eyes and looked at the smiling Jayden. "You can?"

"Sure. You can change back and forth, whenever you want, if you let me have what I want," Jayden smiled.

"Well...what do you want?"

Jayden took another step closer. He put his hands on the white cotton of Travis' boxers and caressed the 19-year-old's crotch for the second time in as many days.

Travis started to pull back. "Hey—you did this yesterday. I'm not gay, man." But immediately, Jayden's hand produced that powerful, tingling, sensual feeling again. Travis held still. He liked it. It was amazing.

"What I want, is you," Jayden smiled. He stood on his tiptoes and gingerly kissed the teen as he held the cock and balls in his magic hand. Jayden moved his mouth to Travis' ear and whispered, "That's why I made you like this. I love big muscle studs. And you're some of my best work yet. You're going to be my muscle fuck whenever I want you." He squeezed Travis' genitals and the electricity doubled in the huge boy's body. Travis nearly passed out with the delirium. But as he recovered, he realized that this sensation—and his huge body—were two things he could never live without now.

Whatever Jayden wanted, Jayden was going to get. Travis had to have that hand. He had to have this feeling. He had to have this new, huge body that Jayden had given him. And the fact that Jayden said he could change back and forth—it would be the best of both worlds.

Travis looked down at Jayden and smiled.

Jayden pulled the teen's boxers down and then undressed his own muscular body. The two reclined on top of Jayden's bed and Jayden put his lips on Travis' enormous, much-improved, cock. Travis nearly swooned again as the talented man began to lick, suck and nibble at his dick. It was at this exact moment that Travis realized he had a hidden, latent lust for not only men, but for big, muscly black men. And he knew that this lust was no longer latent. Funny how that happened.

It was an hour later before Jayden allowed Travis to come; the young muscleman was nearly insane with the need to burst.

And burst he did. His come filled Jayden's mouth and flowed out the corners of his lips. Seems an improved body was accompanied by an improved production system. He'd never come this much in his whole life. Jayden's hands massaged Travis' over-grown muscles and the huge kid kept coming, while Jayden's mouth pulled more and more jizz out.

"Now it's my turn," Jayden said, standing at the side of the bed. Jayden's dark skin stood in stark contrast to Travis' lighter complexion. Travis lay on his back.

Jayden took Travis' ankles in his hands, lifted them up, and spread Travis' legs apart, positioning his dark, hard cock on top of the teen's. He began a slow, erotic back-and-forth, rubbing his cock against Travis'. Their balls would meet at the apex of Jayden's push, and then Jayden would pull back. He'd push his cock head against Travis' sphincter for a second, give it a nudge, and then pull back and run his cock

up over the teen's cock again. He did this 10 or 15 times before finally stopping and holding his bulging head at Travis' asshole; it was time to take a peek inside.

Jayden knew Travis could easily take him in—even though it might hurt the teen a bit. So with one strong, yet gentle thrust, he pushed the full length of his strong, stiff cock inside.

Travis moaned.

The teen's ass was virginal.

At the end of the thrust, Jayden froze. He tipped his head back, enjoying the feeling of Travis' ass as it tightened around his dick. He squeezed his hands around Travis' ankles—hard. But of course, in Travis' improved condition, he barely felt it. Without so much as a single thrust, Jayden exploded inside the teen. He fell forward while his black muscle body force-fed Travis' larger muscle body its first-ever meal of jizz.

Travis gently wrapped his legs around Jayden and hugged him with his big arms. He felt his ass being filled with warm liquid. God, this was so amazingly hot. So much better than hetero sex. Why hadn't he looked into this before! He really, really liked it!

A lot.

As Jayden's sweaty body lay in his embrace, Travis stroked the dark, defined muscles of his back. Then he stroked Jayden's hair. They kissed a few times, and Travis felt Jayden's cock tighten inside him as it spurt out a few more teaspoons of semen.

"Now you'll be able to change back and forth whenever you want," Jayden smiled. "But there's just one catch."

Travis stroked Jayden's forehead and smiled. "I can only imagine what that is..."

Jayden chuckled. "Yeah... In order to change back and forth, you'll need to have my jizz inside you—once a week should do it."

"And if I don't get any?"

"You won't be able to change back to your original self. You'll be big forever."

"Not such a horrible prospect," Travis smiled.

Jayden grinned. "Except...not only will you have some 'splainin' to do...to others, but..."

"But what?"

"But...well, let's just say, your body isn't able to sustain this kind of metabolism for long. If you don't change back, I'd give you...maybe... a month, before, well...before your body overheats. It wouldn't be a very pretty death; let me just put it that way."

Travis froze. But as Jayden's cock tightened and pushed out one final deposit, he realized that he didn't have any other options. He was stuck.

Jayden kissed Travis' forehead, then his nose.

Travis opened his mouth, and the two men embraced again, frenching and kissing tenderly.

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Your comments are encouraged.

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