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The Birds and
the Beasts

By Ziel.

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“Read ‘em and weep.” Gar said as he laid his cards out on the table. Once his cards were spread out it was easy to see that he had the 5 through 9 of hearts.

“That’s a straight flush,” Gar explained. He had a huge, smug smirk of self-satisfaction spread across his green face, and his arms folded defiantly in front of his fuzzy, green, nude chest.

“Impressive...” Damian mused out loud as he eyed the cards. “I think the only thing that can beat that is a...” His voice trailed off as he laid his own cards out face up upon the table. He too had a flush, but his started with a 10 and went right on up to an Ace.

“A royal flush...” Gar replied as he looked over the cards. He seemed strangely ok with having lost.

“You know the rules.” Damian replied. It was his turn to showcase a smug smirk.

“Oh, I know.” Beast Boy replied nonchalantly and stood up from where he had been sitting on the floor beside the small coffee table he and Damian had been using for their poker match. He hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his boxer shorts – the last remaining article of clothing he had left on his fuzzy, green body – and slowly began to inch them lower and lower down his hips. With each millimeter that his waist band dropped, more and more of his crotch slowly spilled into view giving Damian a clear view of steadily more of the dense tangle of this green hair that clustered around Garfield’s crotch.

Damian’s heart was pounding in his chest. Everything else seemed to fade from existence. He became so fixated on his pal’s hairy crotch that he couldn’t even think about anything else. It was as if all time and space had collapsed in on that one singular spot. Gar’s waistband was already so low, and at any second, Damian would get a clear glimpse of his pal’s cock. He couldn’t quite put it into words, but the thought of it fascinated him somehow. It wasn’t so much that he wanted to see Gar’s dick – it was more accurate to say that he *needed* to see it, but right when the base of Gar’s dick was about to slip into view, Beast Boy stopped his saucy striptease.

“You know... if I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were cheating.” Gar mused out loud.

“As if I would need to cheat to beat you. Your poker face – or lack thereof – is what screwed you over.” Damian squawked in protest. He tried to sound like his typically defiant self, but his voice cracked on him. His words came out unsteadily and oddly higher pitched than he would have liked.

“Because you are sooo much cooler under pressure,” Gar said with a smirk.

“I’ve been raised in a strict martial environment. I have been trained to feel no fear and show no emotion,” Damian snapped back.

“But you’re showing some kind of emotion right now...” Gar teased.

“N-no I’m not!” Damian sputtered in reply, but his words weren’t doing him any favors. His voice cracked once more.

“Hmm... maybe it’s just my imagination,” Gar said playfully as if thinking out loud. He folded his arms in front of his chest and propped his chin up on his hand as if lost in thought and casually sauntered around the table to where Damian was seated. It wasn’t long at all before Gar was standing directly in front of his much shorter, dark haired pal, and thanks to the fact that Damian was still seated, Damian found himself staring straight at the bulge of Gar’s cock which now rested at exactly eye level to the crimson clad crime fighter.

It took every ounce of Damian’s willpower to take his eyes off his pal’s fantastic package, but

Damian didn't dare let himself get caught staring, especially now that Gar had him on the ropes like this. Damian quickly scampered to his feet and hopped up like he was ready to throw down with his furry, green buddy.

Damian forced himself to scowl as he stared up at his much taller friend's face. Part of Damian wished he had remained seating because at least then he could have pretended to be on somewhat even footing, but the fact that Gar stood a full head higher than he did made him feel a little outmatched. Even standing on his tippy toes, Damian barely even reached Gar's collar bone.

"Hmph. Go on. Tell me what I'm feeling right now since you're obviously the expert." Damian grumbled.

Gar had to stifle a laugh as he stared down at his little buddy. Damian was trying his hardest to scrunch his face into the most menacing scowl he could muster, but the fact that he was blushing beet red was working against him.

"Hehe. If I had to guess given that face you're making, I'd say you're feeling constipated." Gar teased to which Damian responded by grumpily puffing up his cheeks which just made him look even cuter – like an angry little tomato.

"Well, it doesn't matter what your expression says," Gar commented with a casual shrug. His smirk became even more playful and he had a devious glint

in his eye as he added, "At least one part of you is being very honest with me." He then reached out and ran his hand along the length of Damian's crimson clad chest. Damian had been winning their little bout of strip poker by a large margin and was still clad in his red superhero vest and his green boxer shorts, but that didn't mean he wasn't exposed and vulnerable. Gar seemed to know just where to hit him.

Damian's hair stood on end as he felt the soft, sensitive caress of Beast Boy's fingertips slowly running along the length of his toned chest and his sculpted abs. A slight shudder ran up his spine as he felt Beast Boy's fingers gently glide across his waistband and then continue drifting lower. Damian was already flying at half-mast by the time Gar's fingertips brushed across the noticeable bulge in Damian's green boxer shorts. Damian could feel the rush as his dick steadily boned up. His face burned even brighter. His cheeks were now so flushed that they actually feel them getting warmer by the second. Damian couldn't believe how sensitive his dick was tonight. He had stroked his own cock many times during the course of his teenage years, but it never felt this good. He wasn't even hard yet. Gar wasn't even gripping Damian's dick; he was just using the tips of his fingers to stroke the underside of Damian's hard shaft – but it felt even more amazing than it ever had when Damian had stroked his cock for all it was worth while poring over the hottest images the internet had to offer. Damian was so hot and bothered that he could barely even focus. His mind felt so foggy. His face felt so hot. His breaths were coming out shakier with each

breathy gasp, and his dick felt ready to start gushing at any second! Damian's rock hard cock was already twitching in anticipation!

... but just when Damian thought he couldn't take any more, Gar suddenly backed off. Damian felt Beast Boy's soft caress suddenly leave his over-stimulated cock and left his dick begging for more. Damian was so close to cumming that he couldn't even ask what was going on.

Damian managed to glance over at his pal – he wanted to glare at Gar for leaving him high and dry, but an unsteady gaze was all he could manage in his hormone-addled state. Damian was not at all surprised to see Gar grinning back at him like the cat that ate the canary. Somehow Gar's victorious smirk made the situation even hotter. Gar's smug expression seemed to be teasing Damian without even the need for words. He seemed to be goading Damian on to say or do something, but try as he might Damian just couldn't do it. Damian wanted to make a good comeback. He wanted to say something to wipe that smirk off Gar's face, but at the same time he just couldn't bring himself to do it. Watching Gar giving him that smug, sultry gaze was just so damn hot, and what Gar did next was even more amazing!

Gar kept his eyes locked on Damian's own as he lifted his fingers up to his lips and began to playfully lick at the tips of his fingers like a cat grooming its paw. Even in Damian's horny as hell state, he was able to recognize something odd immediately. The green fur

on Gar's fingers straight up *glistened*! There was no other word for it! His fingers were coated in something, and it only took Damian a moment to figure out what.

The realization was so staggering that it almost snapped Damian out of his lust-fueled stupor... almost, but the shock was quickly replaced with another, more powerful desire to cream himself. Damian's cock gave another quick jerk, but this time Damian was more than aware of what was happening below his belt. He could feel it so intensely that it seemed too real to be real. His cock was so sensitive that he could feel everything so vividly it was as if the info was being streamed wide-screen, surround sound, Dolby-digital, 4KHD directly into his brain via a Matrix-like apparatus instead of meandering its way through the ordinary series of nerves and synapses that senses usually travel through. Damian could actually feel how damp his dick had become. He could feel the soaked fabric of his silk boxers clinging to his fully boned cock like a second skin.

The whole time Gar just stood there staring at Damian while grinning like the Cheshire cat. Damian wanted to say something. He wanted to lash out at his smug cohort in crime fighting and once again establish himself as the best at what he does. Damian's trademark pride began to well up inside him seeing his friend tease him without so much as saying a word, but try as he might the words just wouldn't come. All that came out was a weak, whiny whimper.

“What’s the matter, little bird? Cat got your tongue?” Gar teased out loud. His grin somehow seemed even more smug than before – and even more sexy as hell.

Damian eyed his tormentor intently. He couldn’t seem to focus on anything other than how amazingly hot Beast Boy was, and the fact that Gar was clad in nothing but a pair of boxers that left nothing to the imagination didn’t help matters either. Gar’s own cock had steadily chubbed up during the course of his teasing, and now his thick semi strained against the front of his boxers. Damian could only see the outline of Gar’s cock – he could only see the print of Beast Boy’s dick against the front of Gar’s boxers, but even that made it painfully obvious how amazing Beast boy’s cock was. The thing was massive! Gar’s thick semi was far larger than Damian’s raging hard-on!

Gar caught his pal staring at his dick and began smirking all over again, but this time it wasn’t the playful smirk from before. This was the look of a hunter on the prowl. He was ready to go in for the kill and was sure to enjoy every second of it.

“Come on...” Gar said in a sexy tone that was barely above a sultry whisper. The tone of his voice sent shivers of excitement up Damian’s spine and shudders of arousal through Damian’s cock. Gar reached down and stroked his thick cock through the fabric of his boxers to give Damian an even clearer

view of just how massive and meaty his dick truly was. The sheer size of the thing was staggering.

Damian couldn't do anything other than stand there and stare at it. This strange sensation began to well up inside of him. He couldn't quite explain it, but he wanted that dick. He wanted to hold it. He wanted to feel it in his hands. He wanted to feel the warmth of it. He wanted to feel it against his lips and across his tongue. He wanted to taste it, but more than anything he wanted to feel it deep inside of him. He wanted to have that fantastic rod buried to the hilt inside of him.

"Show me yours and I'll show you mine," Gar said seductively.

All Damian could do was whimper pitifully in response. Some part of him knew that that deal was bunk. He knew he had already won the right to see his pal in all his nude, sexy, big-dicked glory due to their poker match mere moments before, but that part of his brain was being shouted down by the rest of his thoughts which all seemed to be wanting to submit to Gar in any way the hot, hunky, green-furred crime-fighter thought to have him.

"Here... I'll even help you..." Gar said in a soft, sultry voice that was so carnal it was nearly a feral growl.

Damian's hair stood on end. All of the skin in his body now felt like it was coursing with electricity. He felt warm and tingly all over, and he felt so hot that

even just his shirt and shorts felt like they were going to stifle him to death.

Gar quickly closed the gap. He once more placed his fingertips sensually on Damian's chest, but this time the path they took downward was slightly different. Gar made sure to take a moment and pluck off each and every button down the front of Damian's shirt until the red super hero shirt was left completely open and Damian's lean, lithe physique was plainly visible.

A lifetime of martial training and strict discipline had done wonders for Damian's body. What lacked in size he made up for in sheer muscle. His small, slender frame was packed with dense, lithe muscles. The gap in his now unbuttoned shirt gave a clear view of his toned pecs and his sculpted abs as well as the well-defined V of his Adonis Belt – a V which pointed directly at the soaking wet spire of his pre-drooling boner beneath the damp fabric of his green boxers.

Gar took a moment to run his fingertips along the exposed flesh of Damian's sculpted abs. He chuckled as he watched Damian try his hardest to act tough, but Gar could hear the soft whimpers escaping Damian's lips and he could feel the soft trembles coursing through Damian's lithe body. Gar couldn't get enough of it. He had always thought that Damian was kind of cute, but now that he was so meek and submissive, Damian seemed absolutely adorable. It was now Gar's turn to be so excited that he could

barely contain himself. He just couldn't wait to get Damian out of those soaked shorts so he could get a good look at Damian's dick in all its nude glory.

Gar had to steady his hand as he gripped the waistband of Damian's boxers. He was so excited that his fingers were trembling as he slowly peeled the waistband of Damian's shorts lower and lower. Gar's fingertips felt the soft fluff of Damian's black bush even before he managed to catch a glimpse of it with his own two eyes.

It wasn't long at all until the waistband of Damian's boxers caught on the tip of his rigid cock causing Damian's rigid cock to tilt further and further forward as Gar pulled Damian's shorts lower and lower until Damian's rock-hard cock was jutting straight out in front of him like a diving board on the deep end of a public pool. Soon Damian's dick reached a point where it just could not move any further. The waistband of his boxers slid off the tip of his dick causing his cock to suddenly spring back up like a mousetrap clamping shut. The tip of his dick slapped against the thick muscular V of his Adonis Belt. Pre sprinkled from the tip of his dick and splattered against his sculpted abs.

With Damian's dick fully freed from its cloth confines, Gar took a step back to admire his handiwork. Without Damian's cock or Gar's fingers to hold it up, Damian's boxers quickly slid down his toned, muscular legs and pooled around his ankles on the floor leaving the short superhero clad in nothing but his open-fronted shirt.

Gar admired his pal's nearly-nude form. Gar had always thought that Damian was pretty cute, but now that all the goods were openly on display, Gar could truly appreciate just how hot Damian truly was. Damian's body was amazingly lean and toned, and his dick was simply beautiful. Damian's cock stood straight up at attention. The tip of it reached the lowest row of his eight-pack set of sculpted abs. Damian's dick was by no means the largest cock Gar had ever seen – Gar's own ten-inch python held that title – but Damian's thick and solid five incher was amazingly well put together. His stiffy had a good girth to it, and his heavy balls filled his smooth, tight sack to the brim. His dick looked so great that Gar was half tempted to kneel down right then and there and give it a good lick or three. He very nearly did just that if for no other reason than to hear what he was sure would be the cutest sounds that Damian had ever made, but he resisted the urge. After all, it was so much more fun to toy with little Damian a bit more, and judging by the horny gleam in Damian's eyes, it was clear that Damian was more eager to show some Gar's dick some appreciation of his own.

“The little bird looks like he's found something he likes,” Gar teased. He swayed his hips as he spoke which caused his massive semi to wobble and sway enticingly within his loose boxer shorts.

Damian wanted to reply. Some small part of him even wanted to lash out with some snarky comment just to show that he was still somewhat in control of the situation, but all he could do was nod

silently in agreement. Gar was just so damn hot! There was nothing Damian could do other than stand there and admire how amazing his furry green pal's lean, toned body was, and even had Gar's hot bod not been so amazingly sexy, there was no way Damian could deny Beast Boy's fantastic cock!

"Does the little bird want a worm? I warn you though, this might be too big for you." Gar teased as he lowered his boxers ever so slightly further – just low enough that Damian could get a fleeting glimpse of the base of Gar's cock.

Even that brief flash was enough to captivate Damian's senses. Seeing it in the flesh was so much more amazing than just staring at the enormous imprint of Gar's cock against the fabric of his shorts. Damian needed to see more of it. He needed to see the whole thing. He needed to feel it in his hands. He needed to taste it on his tongue.

As if in a trance, Damian got down on his knees and stared directly at his pal's cloth-clad crotch. Damian was so excited and so horny that he could barely breathe. His breaths came out as short gasps, and his cock felt ready to burst at any moment as he hooked his fingers into the waistband of Gar's boxers. Slowly, steadily, Damian pulled down on Gar's shorts. With each and every inch that Damian pulled his pal's boxers down lower and lower, more and more of Gar's fantastic cock spilled into view. It was so massive that Damian forgot to breathe. His breath caught in his throat. His heart skipped a beat and then started

pounding twice as hard as before. His throat felt dry and tight as if it was pleading with him to be plugged full of cock.

Eventually Damian had pulled Gar's shorts down so far that Damian could even see Gar's enormous nuts dangling between his thighs. Either huge stone was easily the size of a chicken egg and hung heavily in their loose sack. Damian was half tempted to stop everything right then and there and take even just one of those fantastic nuts into his mouth, but no matter how amazing the thought of suckling on Beast Boy's fuzzy green balls seemed, Damian just couldn't leave's Gar's gigantic cock only half-exposed. He needed to see the whole thing!

Damian's hands were full on shaking as he pulled Gar's boxers down below the taller teen's fuzzy green knees. Finally, the last bit of Gar's semi-boned cock slid out from behind the waistband. As soon as Damian caught a glimpse of the puffy pink tip of Beast Boy's fantastic cock, Damian's own dick gave a quick lurch of approval. Damian had to struggle against his own urges to keep from creaming right then and there. Damian chewed his lower lip and stifled a soft moan as a shudder of arousal coursed through his entire body. He was so close to cumming, but he couldn't let it end so soon if for no other reason than he knew that Gar would never let him live it down if he blew his load before the real fun even began.

Gar chuckled softly as he stared down at his smaller pal. Damian was staring at his cock with such

raw lust and pure, wondrous awe that Gar could hardly stop himself. That expression on Damian's face was so cute and hot as hell that Gar's cock began to stir to life all over again. He was quickly going from a droopy semi to a full on hard-on in record time, but Gar still had a few more playful barbs in his arsenal before he really showcased his true glory.

"How's that, Little Bird? I told you I had a worm for you, but I suppose it's more of a python." Beast Boy said playfully as he once again wiggled his hips back and forth, but this time his cock was well past flying at half-mast causing it to wobble and sway back and forth and gently slap Damian on either side of his face and it swung from side to side.

Damian could feel the soft slap against his cheeks. He could feel the sheer weight and size of Gar's fantastic cock which just made him want to suck on it even more. Damian couldn't stop himself nor did he want to. He reached up unsteadily with both hands and gripped Gar's fantastic cock in his hands. Gar's dick was so huge that there was enough room for Damian to get both hands around the thick shaft and still have a little room to spare. Soon Damian found himself gripping Gar's dick in both hands with the tip of it aimed right as his face. He was staring down Beast Boy's One-eyed monster and losing the stare off. Damian could feel how amazingly warm Gar's cock was. He could feel Gar's dick getting thicker in the palms of his very hands as Gar's semi steadily swelled into a full-blown hard-on. In no time at all Gar's cock was as rock hard as Damian's own long-suffering dick.

A small bead of pre began to form on the tip of Gar's dick. Damian watched it intently as it steadily grew and then began to trickle down the tip of Gar's cock until it hung suspended from the underside of Gar's puffy pink cock head. Time and space seemed to slow to a crawl as the small bead of pre hung there threatening to drop at any second. Damian could see it slowly losing the battle with gravity. With each passing microsecond it hung ever so slightly lower until it was unable to hold on at all.

Damian moved with superhuman speed. Seeing the bead drop spurred him into action more than anything else had the entire day. Before he even knew he was doing he moved forward and wrapped his mouth around the thick spongy tip of Gar's cock.

The first thing Damian noticed was the slightly salty taste of Gar's cock against his tongue. It didn't taste at all like what he expected it to, but Damian didn't even know what he had expected. He had never so much as licked a dick in his life. It didn't really taste much different than if he had been sucking his thumb, but there was just that faint bitter tang of pre that made all the difference.

Somehow just the knowledge that he had a fat cock in his mouth was enough to make Damian want to cum all over again, and had he had the free hands to do so he would have happily wrapped a hand around his own cock and started pounding one out right then and there, but Gar's magnificent dick was

more than a two-handed task. Damian just didn't have the hands necessary to give Gar's cock the servicing it deserved let alone to stroke his own dick while he was at it.

Beast Boy dug his fingers into Damian's tousled black hair and began to gently stroke his teammate's hair. "Oohh... that's nice... Just like that, Little Bird..." Gar cooed softly as Damian greedily suckled the tip of his dick.

Gar couldn't believe how hot the whole situation was. Damian obviously didn't have much, if any, experience with sucking dicks, but what he lacked in experience he made up for in enthusiasm. His lips wrapped around the puffy, pink head of Gar's cock, and Damian's tongue lapped at the tip of Gar's dick. His hands gripped and stroked the fat shaft of his huge cock with a stunning mix of raw, sexual vigor and soft, sensual motions. Every so often one of Damian's hands would find their way sliding down Gar's shaft until it brushed against the fuzzy flesh of his sagging sack at which point Damian would grasp one of Gar's egg-sized stones in the palm of his hand and sensually stroke Beast Boy's ball. It was easily one of the best hand-jobs Gar had ever had. Damian may not know how to suck a dick, but he sure knew how to stroke one.

The sensations were hot enough, but the most amazingly sexy part about the whole ordeal was the way a soft, subtle whimper would escape Damian's mouth during the brief seconds he would back off to

suck in a quick breath. It was obvious that Damian was loving every second of the sloppy blowjob he was giving his buddy, but Gar couldn't leave it at that. Part of his was feeling a little guilty about being the only one getting some action, and part of his really wanted to hear what other adorable noises he could get out of his little buddy.

Gar slowly squatted down until his butt made landfall with the floor of the Titan Tower common room. Damian never so much as let an inch of Gar's enormous cock slip through his lips or fingers the entire time. In fact, he was so transfixed by Beast Boy's fantastic cock that it didn't seem like Damian even realized their positions were shifting. Damian went from kneeling in front of his pal to being down on all fours with his face buried in his buddy's crotch without even consciously thinking about it.

With Damian down on his hands and knees, Gar had a good view of a side of his smaller, slimmer buddy that he hadn't seen before – Damian's bare, bubbly backside. Damian had one of the cutest asses that Gar had ever seen. Damian's backside was just as muscular as the rest of him, but his ass had that natural roundness to it that made it even larger and much shapelier than if it was just a normal muscle butt. Gar was so captivated by his buddy's butt that he wanted to do more than just look. Gar wasted no time in reaching out and gripping his buddy's squishable ass with both hand. His fingers sunk into the soft, supple flesh of Damian's bubbly booty as if it was made out of fresh dough. He gently kneaded and played with

Damian's ass while the smaller guy continued to suck on Gar's cock, but as great as Damian's soft butt cheeks felt in his hands, Gar was already plotting his next move. His hands steadily moved closer and closer towards the center of Damian's shapely ass until Gar's fingers were upon the outer rim of the chasm that lead directly to Damian's tight little hole. Gar pulled the cheeks apart and tried to catch a glimpse at what was sure to be the cutest little hole he had ever seen, but the angle just wasn't working in his favor. He just couldn't get a glimpse of it, but that didn't mean he was out of tricks. Gar slipped a hand into the cleft between Damian's shapely booty until his fingertips came to a rest against what he was sure was Damian's hungry little hole. Gar could feel it quivering against his fingertips.

"Hehe. If I didn't know any better, I'd say the Little Bird has another mouth that wants a taste." Gar chuckled between unsteady gasps. Try as he might, he couldn't pretend that Damian's passionate worship of his cock and balls weren't having an effect on him. Gar's breathing had become shallower as Damian continued to service his cock and balls, and a red flush had spread across Gar's green face. Soft shudders of arousal coursed through Gar's entire body as he struggled to keep himself from blowing his load straight down his buddy's throat.

Damian didn't respond to Gar's comment. He instead continued to focus all his efforts on Gar's cock and balls, but even he couldn't ignore what was happening when Gar began to push him back away

from the dick he so desperately wished to suck.

Damian let out a pitiful whine as the dick slipped from his mouth. He glanced up and stared pleadingly at his buddy, but Gar's expression turned Damian's pitiful whine into an expectant whimper.

"I've got a better idea. Come over here and I'll show you how to really enjoy a huge cock." Beast Boy said playfully. The smug smirk on his face was almost as hot as his amazing dick and fantastic body. Gar's grin seemed to be daring Damian to try to protest, but Damian was too far gone for that. He knew he wanted this as badly as Gar did. Just looking at Gar's amazing cock made Damian feel empty inside. That amazing, green rod looked like it was the perfect size. It was exactly what Damian needed and exactly what he desired.

Damian didn't say anything in reply. He merely silently waited as Gar stood up and sauntered his way around to Damian's backside. Damian kept his gaze fixed squarely on Gar's cock for as long as he could. He even went so far as to crane his neck over his shoulder so far that the muscles in his neck hurt. Damian could see Gar kneeling down behind him. He could see Gar getting into position. He just wished he could see Gar's fantastic cock as it steadily moved closer and closer to his expecting hole.

Damian might not have been able to see Gar's cock, but he certainly could feel it. At first he just felt the fat tip of Gar's huge dick playing with his twitching hole, but Gar steadily grew bolder. Soon he wasn't just

rubbing his fat cock up and down against Damian's ass. He was starting to actually push in ever so slightly. Damian winced and whimpered, but not because it hurt. It was a strange feeling almost as if the muscles were stretching before an intense workout which probably wasn't far from the truth. Soon he could feel Gar's cock steadily slipping into him. Damian was shocked by how it felt. It was strangely soothing to feel his ass stretched like that, and the further Gar shoved his cock into Damian's tight little butt, the more it stretched, and the more it stretched the better it felt. Damian could actual feel the exact point when Gar's cock head fully slid inside of him. He could actually tell the change in texture as the cock the was sliding into him went from soft and spongy to rock hard and throbbing. Damian could actually feel Gar's cock shuddering as it slid deeper and deeper inside of him which just made Damian even hornier than he had been before. Damian hadn't so much as laid a finger on his own dick this entire time, but he was still close to blowing his load that pre oozed from the tip of his cock like water from a leaking spigot.

Damian was ready to just crouch there on all fours while Beast Boy did him doggy style, but Gar had other ideas. Seeing Damian's small, slender body shuddering before him and listening to his buddy's soft whimpers drove him wild, and it wasn't just in a purely sexual way. Gar wanted to more than feel Damian around his cock. He wanted to feel Damian in his arms! Gar leaned forward and did just that. He wrapped his arms around Damian's chest and pulled the smaller, slimmer crime-fighter in for a tight hug. He could feel

Damian tense up in his arms, but once the initial shock was passed, Damian quickly began to relax and melt like putty in Gar's embrace. Gar kept Damian held tightly in his arms as he sat back up and rocked back onto his bare butt. In one slick movement, Gar went from hitting his buddy from behind to having Damian sitting in his lap and wrapped in his arms, but although their position had changed, one thing remained the same. Gar's cock was still buried deep inside Damian's greedy little hole. It seemed that Damian didn't want to give up so much of an inch of Gar's cock. Even as they moved, Gar's cock actually slid deeper and deeper inside of him until by the time Damian was seated on Gar's lap, Gar's cock was nearly buried down to the hilt. There was just a few scant inches left before Damian's bubble booty made landfall against Gar's enormous nuts.

Damian could feel Gar's tender embrace around him. He could feel Gar's gentle nibbling against the nape of his neck, but he could feel something else too – something far more amazing. The tip of Gar's cock was brushing against something deep inside of him. Something that felt almost as fantastic as Damian's own fully-engorged cock. It was something he had never felt before, but he knew he needed to experience more. He just needed to get Gar's cock ever so slightly deeper inside of him.

Without so much as a word, Damian began to rock his hips back and forth while he sunk back against Gar's chest. Damian could feel Gar's cock sliding in and out of him. With each plunge, Gar's thick cock dug

ever so slightly deeper and in doing so nudged against that sweet spot deep within Damian ever so slightly harder. Damian was lost to the pleasure. All he could do was continue to rock his hips and moan softly while Gar continued to softly nuzzle him.

Finally, Damian felt Gar's big, full balls slap against his taint which let him know that he had managed to take Gar's full cock – all ten thick inches of it! The knowledge was amazing enough, but the feeling of Gar's fantastic cock mashing against that sweet spot deep inside of him was more than he could take. He let out a gasp. His cock gave one hard lurch, and then that was it for him. Cum spewed forth from his rock hard cock. Jizz shot forth and splattered against the floor of the Titan's common room, but it didn't end there. Damian came again and again. He had never cum so hard or so much in his entire life. Again and again, thick, sticky wads of jizz erupted from his cock. It wasn't until the fourth rope of jizz spewed forth from Damian's dick that he finally started to run out of steam. The next spurt was weak and watery, and the one after that was barely more than a dribble, but Damian was so lost in the throes of ecstasy that his dick continued to buck and lurch even though his balls had nothing left to give. He felt so amazing that he just wanted to cum and cum again.

Feeling Damian writhing in his arms was hot enough, but the deep, breathy moans that escaped Damian's mouth as he came and came again was even hotter. Gar had already been close to cumming for ages, but that was the straw that broke the camel's

back. He hugged Damian tighter and dug his cock in deep for one last thrust and held it there. Then it was Gar's turn to cum harder than he had cum in ages. He couldn't even count the spurts that he spewed deep into his buddy's butt. He couldn't tell how much cum he had pumped into Damian's cute, little booty, but there was obviously a lot of it. There was so much of it that it even began to seep out of Damian's tight, little hole even though Gar's steadily deflating cock was still buried down to the hilt deep inside of Damian's ass.

The two friends slowly began to relax as the afterglow overtook them. As Damian steadily came down from the most mind-blowing climax he had ever had, a sense of peace began to overtake him. He soon realized just how exhausted he was. He wanted to just drift off into blissful slumber right then and there in his buddy's arms, and judging by the way Gar was hugging him tight, Damian had reason to believe Gar felt the same way. Gar wasn't about to let things go so easily though. He had one last playful barb for his favorite Little Bird.

"Hehe. Looks like I finally found something that can shut you up, huh?" He asked breathlessly. Damian was too exhausted to snark back and too euphoric to really get upset. He merely groaned in reply which got another teasing chuckle out of his green-furred friend.

"Hehe. That's alright." Gar murmured softly before giving Damian another soft kiss on the nape of his neck. "I think you're cuter like this."

