



Claves

Volume 1

by Ziel

© 2013-2015 Ziel

Cover art ©2015 DarkChibiShadow

All rights reserved.

Claves

Volume One

By Ziel.

CLAVES - BOOK 1

The Midnight Marauder

Armor clattered noisily as three armed soldiers charged up the stairs. They were all clad in identical uniforms consisting of heavy iron gauntlets, boots, and helmets and green tabards emblazoned with a fierce lion's head covering their breastplates. The man leading the charge had a golden sash to denote his elevated rank and status. The soldiers slammed through the doorway at the top of the stairs and spilled out onto the rooftop of the sprawling manse. On the far end of the roof stood a lithe figure clad in stylish blue tunic and slacks and a brown traveling cloak slung over his shoulders. The young man's bright pink hair was easily noticeable even in the darkness of midnight. He slowly turned to greet his pursuers. A smug smile was easily visible

on his lips, but his eyes were hidden behind a black butterfly shaped mask.

“Good of you to join me, Captain.” The young man laughed. “I was beginning to get worried I would have to leave without anyone to witness my daring escape.” The mysterious figure continued. His lower lip trembled dramatically as he feigned a pout.

“Claves! You’ve got nowhere to run!” The captain shouted back.

“Nowhere to run? Now where have I heard that before?” The shady figure mused sarcastically. The pink haired man looked upward as if he were thinking about something and then suddenly perked up. “Oh! I know! That’s the exact same thing you said last time I gave you the slip.” Claves announced.

“Fan out! Try and cover his exits!” The captain commanded his two soldiers and then turned his attention back to Claves.

“Where can you go from here?” The captain snarled. The man’s eyes were obscured behind his metal visor, but his lips were curled into a menacing sneer. “It’s one hundred feet down on all sides.” The captain snarled as he continued to sneer at the overly smug thief.

Claves let out a long, dramatic whistle as he pretended to be impressed. “One hundred feet? I would hate to fall from here alright.” He mused in his casual melodic voice. “Do you think I could just jump down and skip the whole painful landing part?” He asked playfully.

“What are you planning?” The captain asked apprehensively. His sneer faltered somewhat, and he took a more defensive position. His two lackeys noticed the captain’s change in demeanor and also braced themselves.

“It’s so much more fun if you try to guess first.” Claves responded. His smug grin never once left his lips as he did so.

“My guess is you’re going to jail.” The captain shot back. No longer wishing to give the thief a chance to escape, the captain raised his fist to give the order for his men to engage.

“No, sorry, that is incorrect.” Claves replied casually. Claves suddenly leaned backwards and plummeted off the side of the building into the darkness below. The two officers hurried over to the ledge and peered over, but they could see no sign of the elusive thief.

“Shit...” growled the captain. “Spread out. He couldn’t have gotten far!”

Claves waited for the sounds of the soldier’s heavy iron footfalls to fade away before he pulled himself back up onto the roof. “Oh, baby. You are so talented.” He praised himself as he dusted off his shirt, and then with a soft chuckle he added, “And they are so dumb.”

Claves knew his pursuers would be scouring the grounds below leaving him plenty of time to focus on his real objective. He took his time and silently lobbed his grappling hook to the top of the

neighboring guard tower then rappelled his way up. Thanks to his little stunt the captain's office was completely unguarded... as were the keys to every room in the house. Claves couldn't help but chuckle as he used the captain's own key to unlock the desk drawer and pull out the single ornate key that was stored therein.

“Key, keys, and more keys.” Claves murmured playfully. He had half a mind to pocket the captain's key ring and take it with him as a souvenir, but the jangling cluster really didn't suit his aesthetic. Claves casually dropped the key ring in a nearby waste bin and pocketed the ornate master key. It's the only one he'd be needing to access the vault, and it wasn't his style to take more than he came for.

Several hours later the guards had given up their search. It fell to the captain to once again deliver the bad news. He slowly approached the heavy set old man who was seated at a large ornate desk which was covered in stacks of paper.

The captain bowed his head and delivered his report. “Lord Doyle... I regret to inform you that we have been robbed... again.”

The baron seemed surprisingly nonplussed at the news of the break in. “Did he take anything of value?” He asked lazily.

“Just the scepter, sir. It seems he knew what he was after.” The captain remarked sullenly.

“Well of course he did.” The baron relied with a chuckle. “I put him up to it.”

“Sir?” The captain replied in astonishment.

The baron grinned knowingly as he explained. “I commissioned him to steal the scepter for me. I used a fake name, of course, but he probably saw through it instantly.”

“So it was a trap?” The captain asked. The baron merely nodded in reply.

The captain fidgeted nervously for a moment as he collected his thoughts. Finally he worked up the nerve to ask the question that had been plaguing him. “If he knew it was a trap...” The captain asked. “Why did he do it? Surely he knows that you wouldn’t make good on your offer to pay for whatever he stole.”

“He did it out of pride. Simple as that.” Doyle responded with a bored tone in his voice.

“If you intended for him to steal it, why didn’t you let us in on it?” The captain continued to question.

“Authenticity.” The lord replied flippantly, but then a dark grin spread across his face. The baron chuckled softly as he continued, “I didn’t want him to leave out of boredom. Not before he took the bait anyway.”

High above the city, Claves was hopping from rooftop to rooftop with the greatest of ease. He had always felt at home on the rooftops of the

busy city. It was the only place that he felt truly free. The buildings were all packed so closely together that he got to feel a little claustrophobic when down on the streets, but the skies... the skies stretched on forever.

Claves skidded to a halt on one of the higher rooftops and took a seat on the ledge. This was his favorite spot to sit and think. He could see the entire city spread out beneath him. The lights spread out for miles and miles making the ground below look much like the heavens above.

“Now what’s so special about this stick that the baron would try and trick me into stealing it from him?” Claves asked out loud as he reached into his satchel and pulled forth the golden rod. The scepter was pretty standard as far as over-priced gem sticks go. It was comprised of a simple, solid gold handle with a motif that was encrusted with emeralds and blue diamonds atop that. The gaudy object seemed harmless enough.

Claves flipped the scepter over a few times as he inspected every inch of it. Nothing looked out of the ordinary, but just to be sure he cautiously sniffed it in an effort to detect any toxins that may have been used on the surface. He knew the local lord well enough to know that the trap wouldn’t be lethal in nature, but it never hurts to check.

Seeing no discernable danger in the scepter Claves removed his gloves and ran his fingers over his prize. The craftsmanship was remarkable. He

couldn't find any blemishes or scuffs on the surface at all. This stick would fetch him a fair price if he ever decided to sell it. Part of him was keen on keeping it displayed above his bed at all times as a sort of trophy. He wasn't really hurting for money after all. His latest heist – like most of his daring jobs – was done purely for the thrill of it.

He slid the scepter back into his satchel, but no sooner had he let go of the rod than he started feeling a strange sensation in his pants. It felt really good actually – as if he was in the throes of powerful arousal, but the sensations weren't just limited to his cock. The sensations coursed through his entire body. He could feel a familiar sensation as his dick began to grow more and more sensitive as it chubbed up, but something was off. His cock was already straining hard against the front of his trousers even though it was not even flying at half-mast.

Claves watched in bemused fascination as the bulge in the front of his pants continued to grow and swell. This definitely seemed like the baron's style of trickery. Claves slowly got to his feet. The now enormous mass between his legs was making sitting quite uncomfortable. Once fully upright he became aware of the weight of his steadily expanding endowment. He couldn't even fathom how massive it must be, and it was still growing. Claves cocked an eyebrow as he watched the bulge continue to swell. This would be difficult to explain

to the folks back home, but Claves was not about to deny the results. A slight grin played at the corner of his lips as he imagined what his friend, confidant, and black market dealer, Leo would say about this new development.

Claves' pants were getting to be so cramped that it was actually starting to hurt, but he knew that wouldn't last long. The stitches in his crotch were already popping. It was only a matter of time before the fabric gave out completely. Sure enough a loud shredding sound split the still night air mere seconds later, and his now massively enhanced member spilled out.

Claves was pleasantly surprised by the size of it. The tip of his soft cock almost reached the floor, and the thick shaft was only a smidge narrower than his waist. His balls had grown considerably as well. His now enormous beach ball sized nuts drooped down to his knees.

Just staring at his new and improved cock and balls was getting him worked up. As the blood rushed to his groin, Claves watched in awe as the gigantic shaft steadily hardened and rose up. Before he knew it he was face to face with his own enormous cock. The tip of it reached right up to his lips. It was the absolute perfect size for him to lick and kiss it.

Claves wasn't about to let this turn of events go to waste. He wrapped his lips around the tip as best he could. It was far too large to ever take the

thing in his mouth, but he was able to lock lips with the oozing slit. The bittersweet pre flowed into his mouth and down his throat as he stroked the giant shaft with both hands. He could barely think about anything other than how amazing his over three feet of cock felt. The intense pleasure consumed all of his senses, and all he wanted was more.

Despite the pure, unbridled euphoria he was experiencing, Claves felt strangely empty inside – quite literally in fact. He reached into his pouch and pulled forth the only thing he had to use – the golden scepter itself. He pressed the handle against his eager hole and moaned in ecstasy as it easily slid into him. The ornate golden stick was almost two feet long and easily thicker than a baseball bat, and yet it still felt too small to satisfy him.

Claves looked around at his surroundings to see if there was anything else he could use. His eyes lit up as he noticed the small shapes on the corners of the roof. The small statuaries were very modern looking in their design. They consisted of three large spheres stacked one on top of the other; each sphere larger than the last like some avant-garde, cement snowmen.

Claves walked over to the nearest one and sat down atop it. The top sphere was no larger than a grapefruit and went in extremely easily. Claves slid down the sculpture and began to take the second sphere. This one was slightly bigger yet still only the size of a basketball. He could feel his ass stretch ever

so slightly to take the new, larger object. It felt amazing. He had never been filled quite so full before, but there was plenty of room left inside of him, and he was sure he could go further.

The third and final orb was almost as wide as his hips. He could feel his ass stretch out impossibly wide as he slowly sank farther and farther down. He breathing became shorter and more labored as he was overcome by arousal and desire to cum, but still he held off. He was determined to reach the bottom before blowing his load. He strained as he reached the widest point of the ball. It was a tight fit, but he slowly and deliberately managed to get it into him. His ass made impact with the concrete as he let out a long, sensual moan of relief. Deliverance came as thick ropes of cum fired from his enlarged shaft and rained down upon the darkness of the city streets. He could hear gasps of shock from a few night owls who were wandering the streets at this late hour. He figured some of them had probably even been hit by the hail of spooze, but he didn't care. He felt so amazing right now that all he wanted to do was cum and cum and cum some more.

Eventually even his massive nuts had managed to be fully drained. He had literally managed to cum gallons of jizz upon the streets below. The immense volume of spunk was far larger than what even his enormous nuts should have been capable of holding. Claves ran his hands contentedly over the bulges in his gut. He was so thoroughly

filled by the statue that his body had distorted to take it all in. He could actually see the outline of the figure as it pressed hard against the inside of his abs.

Claves let out a long moan of euphoria as he slowly lifted back off of the new-age retro snowman. He had to bite his lip to stifle a loud cry of ecstasy as he felt his ass once again stretch out to pass over the extra-large center of the lowest sphere. Part of him wondered why he had bothered. He was so used to be stealthy that it had just come as a reflex, but by this time most of the people on the street knew he was up there if for no reason other than the cum shower he had given them all.

His pants were in tatters and his shirt was soaked clear through with jizz. There was no helping it. His clothes were beyond salvaging, but that hardly mattered to him. He felt so fantastic and looked even better that it seemed a shame to hide his lithe body and his glorious cock from the world. It would be a crime even – a crime so terrible that even he, The Midnight Marauder, the most notorious thief in all of Sonata, would never dare commit it.

Claves discarded his sordid rags on the rooftop without even so much as a second glance and returned to hopping from roof to roof. He was pleasantly surprised to find that his new enhancements didn't seem to slow him down at all. On the contrary he felt much more alive and vigorous than he had ever felt before. He was definitely more virile sexually than he had been as

was evidenced by his hefty nuts which were already sloshing with pent up cum even just a few minutes after having dumped that previous immense load.

He landed with a dull thump as he dove through the open window of his friend's apartment. Leo was almost as big a night owl as he was so Claves doubted he'd be asleep. Sure enough, he found the blue haired gentlemen hard at work filling out papers by lamplight. Claves was sneaky, but not nearly sneaky enough to get the drop on the slender man at the desk.

Leo slowly tuned around in his chair, allowing the lamp light to illuminate his handsome features. Despite being very similar in age the man at the desk looked much more mature than his roguish compatriot. His long, blue hair was pulled back into a stylish ponytail, and his slim, elegant features of his face were accentuated by a pair of wire thin, golden spectacles. His eyes quickly darted down to Clave's enormous cock.

"That must be the baron's newest trap." Leo commented with a sigh.

"Yeah." Claves responded. His response was strangely casually given his condition. "What can you tell me about it?" Claves asked.

Leo shrugged and slipped on a pair of gloves. "I assume it is linked to an item? Most likely the scepter you were asked to steal by none other than the baron himself? The one that was obviously

a trap?” Leo asked with a bit of good natured “I told you so” snark prominent in his voice.

“Here you go.” Claves responded cheerfully as he tossed the scepter to Leo. Leo again was a little surprised by just how well his friend was taking this. He shrugged it off and pulled a small crystal pendant from the front of his shirt. After a few minutes and several incantations – all of which caused the pendant to change various colors – Leo had managed to scry the nature of the curse.

“Well the good news is it is reversible.” Leo said matter-of-factly. “It will actually go away on its own. All you have to do is not climax until the spell runs its course otherwise it will become permanent.”

“Oh. That is good news!” Claves responded happily. His contented grin made Leo a little uneasy.

Leo furrowed his brow and eyed his pal suspiciously. There was something not quite right about this whole situation. If he didn’t know any better he’d actually say that Claves actually...

“No way... you didn’t...” Leo murmured as he started to piece it together.

“Yeah. Isn’t it great?” Claves asked as he stood up and posed seductively. Leo had to admit Claves had always been hot; his lean, toned body was just the right level of muscular to really accentuate his boyish good looks. Now that Claves had ditched the mask, his cute face was openly on display. His

large, bright eyes, cute button nose, and deceptively sweet lips belied his true age.

“This is not great.” Leo replied with a sigh. He was trying to divert his eyes away from his friend’s now permanently massive wang, but he just couldn’t do it. As much as he hated to admit it, the immense schlong was extremely hot especially on Claves’ cute body.

“You’ve officially blown your cover. Don’t you see?” Leo explained. He let out a soft, exasperated sigh and then continued, “This was his game all along. Now whenever you go out in public, people will be able to see that you are the midnight marauder.”

Claves chuckled a bit at the nickname that the local papers had given him. It was a nice enough title. It was cute, quaint even, but Claves was sure that his new nickname would be so much better.

“Don’t worry about that. I already have a plan.” Claves responded dismissively as he took the scepter back from Leo. A sly grin was plastered on his face. Leo cocked an eyebrow questioningly, but a look of understanding slowly spread across his face as he caught on. It was too late for him though. Claves had already given Leo a playful pat on the cheek with the bejeweled end of the fancy rod.

Leo moaned sensually as he felt the rush of hormones and pleasure that accompanied the rapid growth of his loins. His baggy pajama bottoms provided only the most meager of resistance before

shredding under the weight of his massive equipment. He looked down upon his new cock and balls in wonder. He didn't want to admit it out loud, but it looked amazing and felt even better. He sighed and resigned himself to his new enhancements. He already knew that it was going to be permanent anyways. Once Claves got an idea in his head, he didn't let anything deter him from carrying it out. It was part of his charm.

Claves got down on his knees and lifted the head of Leo's cock with both hands and held it to his mouth. He slowly and passionately locked lips with the beast. He kissed and licked and sucked every inch of the spongy tip, all the while, Leo shuddered and moaned in unbridled ecstasy. As Leo's cock got steadily harder and began to lift up off the ground, Claves stood up to keep pace with it. Before long he was standing up with their two massive cocks sandwiched between them and staring directly into Leo's eyes as he continued to make love to his friend's enormous cock. Leo was too far gone to fight back. He let out a low moan as he fell back into his chair.

Claves grinned victoriously as he slowly climbed up on top of the blue haired young man. Claves stood above Leo with a foot braced firmly on either armrest of Leo's office chair. Leo could do nothing but stare up in awe and confusion. It was hard to see much of anything with Claves's enormous cock towering over him and the thief's gigantic balls

swinging in his face, but it looked as if Claves was all set to sit down right atop his massive cock. Leo's cock gave a lurch of approval at the thought of his pal's shapely, bubble but pressed against the sensitive head of his now overgrown cock. It was such an erotic and sensual thought that Leo felt like he could pop just from the mere thought of it, but the truth of what Claves was planning was even more lurid and raunchy than Leo could have ever dreamed.

Claves lowered himself down, slowly and sensually, on his friend's mighty shaft. He moaned softly as he ass began to spread wide to accept his friend's newly enhanced cock. It felt so much better than that statue he had used earlier. His friend's cock was warm and soft and yet still firm and alive. His whole body wanted to scream in ecstasy from the feeling of being pumped completely full of giant cock.

Leo stared on in awe as Claves slowly mounted his gigantic dick. He had to crane his neck to the side at an uncomfortable angle to see around Claves' enormous schlong, but Leo didn't dare take his eyes off of his pal's previously flat tummy. It didn't seem physically possible, but Claves was slowly taking his cock inch by inch. Leo could actually see the outline of his cock in his friend's body as Claves' gut bulged outward to accommodate the massive dick. It was such a bizarre sight and yet somehow it was also undeniably erotic. Leo's mind

felt like it was going to overload with sheer, hormone addled bliss before he even managed to get his rocks off.

Leo shuddered as he felt Claves' muscles and body move and shift around his enormous cock. He could feel it as every inch of his pink haired bud's body quivered and shifted around his massive dick as if his friend had been reduced to little more than a living, breathing, fleshjack. Leo never imagined anything could feel so good. He didn't care that he was going to be stuck with a giant cock for the rest of his life. If anything he was actually excited by the prospect now especially if it meant he could feel like this on a regular basis.

Leo moaned loudly as he unloaded his spunk into his friend's ass. The sheer volume of spooge he was pumping out blew his mind. There had to be gallons and gallons of the stuff. It seemed impossible even with the massively enlarged size of his nuts, but still his nuts kept seizing up and pumping more and more of the thick, heavy liquid up into his massive cock.

Leo's eyes wanted to roll back into his head as his brain fogged over from pleasure overload, but he refused to allow it. He didn't want to miss a second of what was happening before him. With nowhere else to go Leo's massive load began collecting in Claves' stomach causing the pink haired beauty's once flat, toned tummy to swell up and inflate like a water balloon. Seeing the bizarre

spectacle before him somehow just made him cum harder.

Leo was too far gone to even try watching anymore. He tossed his head back and shut his eyes as he moaned in orgasmic ecstasy. He was only vaguely aware of the warm, spongy head of his pal's monstrous, rigid dick pressing against his face as the thief's perpetually swelling gut weighed down upon his immense cock.

It didn't take Claves long to reach climax once Leo's torrent of cum was unleashed within him. He could feel his gut getting larger by the second and it felt amazing. The very lining of his stomach ached orgasmically as it was forced to expand ever outward by the onslaught of jizz. This skin of his once lean tummy was warm and tingly to the touch. His entire torso was now an erogenous zone. He could do nothing but moan happily and cum like a fire hose and he stroked his erotically bloated gut.

Claves' geyser of spunk fired hard into the air causing his load to splatter against the ceiling and rain back down upon both of them, but as his stomach expanded, his gut pushed his cock steadily forward so that before long he was firing his load directly into Leo's face.

Leo lapped up the tidal wave of cum joyously. He had longed to get this close with the thief that had stolen his heart, but he had never in his wildest dreams imagined it would be like this.

Now that they were both going to be hyper hung sex freaks, this crazy sex might even turn out to be the norm.

Eventually, both lovers finally reached their limit. It had felt like it lasted hours, and yet it felt like it had not lasted nearly long enough. Claves slowly stood up which allowed Leo's enormous, soft cock slide out of him with a sticky plop. He could feel warm jizz seeping out of his blown out hole. He never wanted the afterglow to fade. He felt as if his entire body had been fucked into jelly. Every inch of his skin was tingly and sensitive to the touch, but nowhere more so than his enormously distended belly. He wrapped his arms lovingly around it, but he couldn't even get his fingers to touch of the other end. His entire gut jiggled like a water balloon as all of Leo's spooge sloshed and churned within. He felt so wonderful and content that he would have been happy to stay there forever just basking in the afterglow and stroking his engorged tummy, but he had other matters to attend to still.

"Just great." Leo managed to moan sassily despite his own overwhelming afterglow. "Now everyone will know that you're the butterfly bandit and I'm your cohort." Despite his grumbling, Leo sounded just as pleased as Claves felt. It was obvious that Leo had wanted it as badly as Claves had – maybe even more so.

Claves climbed into the windowsill and looked back at Leo with a smug grin as he replaced

his mask. Somehow, Claves still managed to look suave and debonair even in spite of his enormous, jiggly belly, his obscenely large cock and balls, and the steady stream of cum flowing from his ravaged ass.

“No need to worry about that.” Claves responded. He somehow managed to sound suave and collected despite the haze of sex that still clouded his mind. “By this time next week, half the city will look like us.” Claves added. He then tapped the scepter to his forehead as a farewell salute and vanished into the night air clad in just his black mask.

CLAVES - BOOK 2

Into The Archives

Claves leapt effortlessly from rooftop to rooftop in spite of the gigantic cock that dangled down to his ankles and the two humongous, beach ball sized nuts that swung down around his knees. He was currently clad in just a pair of lightweight, cobalt blue shoes; similarly colored, cuffed gloves; his stylish, new, white traveling cloak; and, of course, his trademark butterfly mask. His attire wasn't technically legal, but then again as the country's premiere cat burglar legality was never one of his primary concerns. His oversized endowments had made pants unwieldy to say the least, and he far preferred the feeling of the wind rushing against his bare skin anyway. He had adjusted to a life with an ensorcelled cock and balls rather easily – which is to say it hadn't even slowed him down for a minute. He loved his massive equipment and had no intention of reversing the enchantment even if there had been a way to do so.

He loved everything about his new form. He loved the way his massive, waist thick cock swung and bounced as he hopped over the cityscape. He loved how the enormous quantities of jizz sloshed and churned within his magnificently huge nuts. Although, as he had quickly learned, when it got to the point that he could actually feel the jizz churning it meant it was time for him to unload. The nature of the enchantment seemed to make it that he would continue to produce more and more spunk every

second of every day causing his already huge nuts to steadily swell and swell until he finally found release. This made for very, very messy mornings for him and his live in lover, but at least a large percentage of the population of the city was in the same boat.

Claves had started the rumors about the enchanted scepter that could turn any man who wielded it into a veritable sex god. He of course had made the rumor sound as phony as possible to get more people to blindly accept it. Facts always seemed to diminish the truthiness of such rumors especially if said rumors were actually true. It didn't take long before people were lining up around the block to try their luck with the dick stick.

The oddest part about it was that the results seemed to vary wildly from person to person. To date Claves still had the largest cock out of anyone he had met which filled him with no small amount of pride. Leo, Claves' bookish lover, had explained the whole situation to him before, but Claves had tuned out all the parts that didn't directly pertain to him. As best he understood it a person's final size was based on their innate magical powers. Leo had come close to rivaling Claves' size, but fell short by a few inches – a fact that Claves was sure to never let him live down.

Claves silently popped the lock on one of the windows and slipped inside. Below him stretched rows and rows of bookshelves. Each one stood over twenty feet high and contained thousands of tomes. Claves was a little disappointed at how easy this heist was

turning out to be. He had expected at least a small patrol to be... well... patrolling as he broke into the Duke's Archives, but he figured that all the guards must be too busy jacking off their plus size tools to do their actual jobs.

Claves silently darted along the top of the shelves. His keen eyes rapidly scanned all the books on the shelves as he ran. This was like looking for a needle in a haystack, but at least he wasn't too picky as to which needle he pilfered. All he needed were a few old spell tomes to test out a few theories. If, as his jumbo cock seemed to imply, he had above average aptitude for magic, then he should be able to learn a few basic spells from these books. He had always wondered what it would be like to be a sorcerer, and there was also something else whispering in the back of his mind. He remembered hearing that magical aptitude was like a muscle; the more you worked it the bigger it got. His cock began to chub up just thinking about what that would mean for him and his already massive schlong once he managed to buff up his innate aptitude a bit more.

Claves abruptly skidded to a halt upon noticing a strange figure mixed in amongst the rows of books. He recognized the robes immediately. This guy had to be a student from the mage's college located on the edge of the city, but it was what was coming out of the robes that really got Claves' attention. The guy's dick was so large that it dangled well beyond the hem of his robes, but even the guy's hefty cock was dwarfed by

the immense pair of nuts that filled up much of the space between the shelves.

Claves looked around to see if there was anyone else in the library. The two of them seemed to be alone so he silently hopped down and darted over to the mage. Judging by the mage's position and steady muffled breathing, Claves was able to deduce that his robed friend was out cold, but there appeared to be no sign of a struggle. Claves moved in closer and lifted the open book off of the mage's face. He was surprised to see that the unconscious wizard was no older than himself. Claves had expected to see some wizened old greybeard. He had to admit that the young magic user was pretty cute in spite of the soft snoring and little bit of drool trickling down the side of his face. The mage had very neatly trimmed, short white hair and a small pair of round glasses that perched on his nose that seemed to stay up without the aid of arms as if by magic. Claves then realized that if this young man really was a mage, then it made perfect sense for his glasses to be enchanted to not fall off.

Claves wasn't sure if he should just leave the dozing mage be or wake him up. Claves pondered for a moment and decided it would be best to wake him so that he could deal with the mage accordingly. The last thing he needed was some nutjob flinging magic missiles at him while he was trying to abscond with the goods. Claves placed a hand firmly over the mage's mouth. It only took a moment for the interrupted air

flow to cause the white haired guy to awake with a snort.

The mage awoke to Claves' face staring at him from a scant few inches away. The mage immediately began to gesture excitedly and ramble on, but he didn't seem angry or afraid. If anything he seemed amiable and even joyful almost as if he was greeting an old friend he hadn't seen in years, but Claves could not understand a word of it. Thanks to Claves's firmly clasped hand over the mage's mouth all that was escaping was a series of muffled, emphatic mumbles. Claves moved his free hand to his mouth and placed his pointer finger to his lips in a signal for the excitable student to shut up. A look of understanding came into the mage's mint green eyes as he stopped trying to talk. He silently nodded in agreement and waited for Claves to pull back his hand.

"What are you doing here?" Claves questioned sternly. The mage stared at him in silence for a moment as if waiting for something. Claves eventually took the hint and added with a sigh. "You can talk now... just be quiet about it, ok?"

The mage nodded happily and then began to let loose a stream of words that made Claves' head spin. "Right. Yes. Very good. I am here on official business from the Arcanum of Allegretto. The Duke here has the single greatest collection of old spell tomes in the known land, and I am here searching the Archives for a series of ancient and long thought lost tomes of great scholarly significance. There were

rumors that they may in fact be hidden in plain sight amongst the several-“ Claves once again placed his hand back over the excitable spell caster’s mouth, but the mage continued to ramble on about his scholarly duties completely oblivious to the fact that his words were coming out as merely a series of muffled grunts. Claves narrowed his eyes at the mage menacingly which seemed to drive his point home. The caster abruptly stopped talking and even let out a little whimper.

“Keep it brief, would you?” Claves moaned in annoyance as he once again pulled his hand back.

“Um... Yes, sir. Where should I start?” asked the befuddled sorcerer.

“Name.” Claves said curtly.

“Yes, well. I am second apprentice to High Enchanter Staccato at the Arcanum o” Again the mage’s ramblings were cut short by Claves’s gloved hand, but again he continued to ramble. Finally he seemed to realize that he was being silenced again and waited expectantly for his next order.

“Just the name.” Claves said with a sigh.

“Right, well... My name is Timpani... but I guess. You could call me Tim?” He said as he stared up at the pink haired thief expectantly.

“Good. Now why are you here?” Claves asked firmly.

“Well. As I was saying. I was sent here on official business from the...” Tim took the hint this time and stopped talking the second he saw Claves lift his hand.

“No. Why are you *here*.” Claves asked again, pointing to their current spot for added emphasis.

“Well... I seem to have lost the ability to walk.” Tim said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“Yeah. I noticed you were a bit pent up.” Claves responded nonchalantly as he playfully poked one of the mage’s immense nuts. “First day being enhanced?” Claves inquired curiously.

“Third actually. I heard the rumours when I got into town and I just had to research them further. You see I am an enchanter and an item like that had to have some form of high level enchantment placed upon it. My scholarly curiosity could not allow me to pass up a chance like this.” Tim rattled on as quickly as he could in hopes of spilling his story before the lithe thief once again got tired of him speaking.

“Couldn’t hold out, could you?” Claves asked with a sly smirk as he ran a hand across the bit of cock that was hanging out the bottom of the mage’s robes.

“Well. I am sure I could have held out just fine... but the crowd had other ideas.” Tim explained as he began to blush a bit. “It seems they had never seen anyone quite as... afflicted as I, and they chose to capitalize.”

Claves raised an eyebrow questioningly as he mulled over the mage's choice of words. "Afflicted?" Claves asked flatly. "You act as though this is a bad thing."

Claves struggled to hide his own jealousy. Tim had him beat for size by a good margin, but the mage didn't even seem to appreciate his gift.

"Oh. Don't get me wrong, it is quite enjoyable, but it can be a bit cumbersome at times... especially if I go too long without emptying, as you can see." Tim explained as he gestured to his massively enlarged balls.

Claves's sly grin returned as he began massaging the closer of Tim's two enlarged nuts. "So. You obviously know enough about your new body to know how to handle it. So how exactly did you find yourself in this position?" He asked playfully as he continued to sensually knead the turgid cum factory. He could actually feel the jizz sloshing around inside as the giant orb slowly but steadily swelled.

"Well... there's a perfectly logical explanation to that..." The enchanter explained. "You see. I was looking through these tomes and found a particularly interesting bit of history. I got so enrapt in the pages that I didn't even notice my size until it was too late. I figured I would just wait until a patrol arrived and have them help me out, but it's been hours and no one has come for me so far. I suspect they were under orders to give me privacy as I carried out my research."

For once Claves was glad that the mage didn't seem to know when to shut up. He had just let slip a key bit of info about the lack of guards this night. He also found out another bit of choice info, but it was less a matter of what Tim had said and more a matter of what he held. Claves grinned wider as his eyes fell on the "history" that the enchanter had been perusing. It was a particularly sordid tale of a fictitious young prince from a bygone age and his frequent dalliances with the captain of the guard. The rate at which Tim's balls had inflated seemed to indicate that the mage's interest in the book was far from academic.

"Well... I may not be a squad of soldier's but I'll certainly help you get up and mobile again." Claves said playfully as he ran a hand across the exposed head of Tim's immense cock. The enchanter's dick had been steadily chubbing from the steady kneading that Claves had been giving his large, sensitive nuts and was quickly hardening under the thief's tender touch.

"No. No, no. Don't do that." Tim muttered.

"What? Why not?" Claves asked playfully as he stood up beside the enormous cock that was now flying at half mast.

"The Archive..." Tim managed to say between shudders and gasps as Claves' masterful touch brought him to fully erect and beyond. Claves ground his own humongous cock against the absolutely gigantic one that was now standing straight up before him and rubbed both sides of Tim's massive cock with his arms and licked the tip sensually.

“Please... don’t damage the books.” muttered the mage pleadingly.

“So that’s why you couldn’t just get yourself off?” Claves continued to tease the pent up mage. “Well how about this... I promise not to spill a drop.” He said salaciously.

The thief pulled on the towering dick and positioned himself so he was seated right on the spongy head as he looked down on the enchanter with a gaze of lusty triumph. The mage’s eyes went wide as Claves’ hips spread wider to take the massive tool inside of him. The thief’s whole body shifted and adjusted, taking on the shape of the enormous cock that now filled most of his body. Claves’ whole body was now a living sheath that completely enveloped the monstrous cock.

Tim could actually see each and every vein and contour of his dick as the thief’s skin wrapped tightly around it. He could feel every shudder of Claves’ body as the thief’s muscles wrapped tightly around the mage’s cock, pumping and stroking it with every minor twitch he made.

Try as he might Claves was only able to make it halfway down the shaft He sat there impaled on the enormous dick, but he wasn’t one to let a little thing like immobility slow him down. He used his feet to stroke the soft, sensitive underside of the mage’s magnificent wang. Each and every buck, twitch, and shudder of the colossal cock reverberated through his entire body bringing him closer and closer to cumming.

He could feel his increased arousal taking its toll on his own twin orbs of cum. His heightened arousal meant increased production from his two titanic cum factories. As his balls grew and swelled the sheer weight of them pulled him down causing the mage's massive cock to dig deeper and deeper into his stretched out ass, and it wasn't just his balls feeling the effects of his extreme arousal. Claves' huge cock started to drool pre onto the mage's robes. Claves had never been filled quite so full or been stretched quite so far before. His entire body was in ecstasy, and he knew the sensations would just get more and more powerful when he began to be pumped full of cum.

Tim seemed to be muttering something under his breath, but Claves ignored it. It wouldn't be the first time that the dude that he was riding started to pray to whatever divine he believed in, and it certainly wouldn't be the last. All Claves cared about was that he was reaming himself on the biggest cock of his life, and he didn't want it to end. He was so caught up in the waves of pleasure rocking his entire body that he didn't even notice the sparks fly from the enchanter's hand as he snapped his fingers nor did Claves notice that the steady stream of pre seeping from his painfully erect cock had suddenly dried up.

Tim moaned loudly as the contents of his nuts gushed up through his cock like water through a fire hose. Claves didn't even have time to fully brace himself as the most powerful flood of cum he had ever experience washed into him. The changes were almost instantaneous. The sheer volume of spunk pumping

into him caused his belly to begin to distend almost instantly. His gut inflated rapidly as the gallons upon gallons of spunk flooded into him. Claves moaned in pure ecstasy as he ran his hands along the expanding surface. As his belly continued to swell it got so large that he could no longer wrap his arms all the way around it. His gut was now the biggest it had ever been, and Tim had not shown any signs of slowing down.

Claves' cock twitched and lurched as it tried desperately to cum, but nothing came out. His brain cried out for release as his entire body and soul was wracked with the most intense pleasure he had ever experienced. He hovered between euphoria and anguish, pleasure and pain. It was simultaneously the most amazing and most terrible experience in his life. His belly continued to swell from the constant deluge, and his nuts continued to grow from the heightened state of arousal. He was reaching sizes he had never even dreamt of, and yet there was nothing he could do to stop it.

Finally Tim's immense cock began to slowly soften now that his now basketball sized nuts had been completely drained. The enchanter's dick plopped out of Claves' stretched out ass, but no liquid came with it. Claves was still as plugged full of cum as ever. Claves could hear the doors on the opposite end of the giant library slam open as the sounds of guards' voices filled the room.

“Did you hear something?” “Spread out! Search for the source of that noise!” They called back and forth to each other.

Claves knew he had to escape. He was in no condition to be dealing with guards in his current state. He could barely even move. His gut was stretched so full and wide that he didn't even have room to turn around. The sides of his massively inflated stomach brushed against the bookshelves on either side of him, and his now huge, beanbag chair sized balls dragged against the floor as he moved. He couldn't even see the mage below him anymore, but he could tell from the groggy murmuring coming from below that Tim would be of no help.

“Had to save the books...” the enchanter continued to mutter over and over as he dozed peacefully.

Claves hobbled off as best as he could towards the opposite end. All the while he kept an ear out for any footsteps. His mobility was impaired, but his keen senses were not dulled in the slightest. He could keep tabs on each and every guard purely from the sounds of their footfalls. He had seen the layout of the maze of shelves from above and had already memorized the paths. All he had to do was make it to the other side without getting detected.

The turns at each intersection were slow and laborious, but somehow he managed to stay ahead of his pursuers every step of the way. It would have been so much easier if he could have just leapt up the

shelves and ollied out the window like he had planned, but in his current state he could barely walk let alone jump. Fortunately with all the guards searching the archives top to bottom, Claves was free to walk straight out the front door and into the busy streets.

Claves knew he must be quite the sight to behold. His absolutely enormous gut spilled out in front of him so far that it even poked out farther than his painfully erect three and a half foot cock. The sides of his stomach bulged out so wide on either side that it was easy three times as wide as his waist. His massive nuts dragged behind him and he slowly marched towards his home. His enormously bloated belly churned and sloshing and wiggled and his cock bobbed up and down and side to side with each labored footfall.

Despite how ridiculous he knew he must look, he still felt too amazing to worry about it. A few flash bulbs went off here and there as some wannabe journalists snapped some pictures for the papers. How would they spin this he wondered. Would they mock him? Would they laud his brazen escape even when so obviously encumbered?

Out of the corners of his eyes Claves could see the looks of the crowd. Several people in the crowd were among the enhanced, and they could not hide their own erections. These people must have already learned how great it felt to be pumped so full of cum that their bodies turned into veritable balloons of jizz. Even now, despite his awkward and embarrassing

circumstances, Claves found himself wishing he could cum. He found himself wishing that he could shower this street in a torrent of pent up jizz. Every step caused the spooage inside of him to slosh wonderfully. Every footfall sent another orgasmic wave of bliss through every inch of his body. He felt like he was losing his mind from the never ending onslaught of euphoria.

Somehow he managed to make it to Leo's cozy little abode. Claves staggered through the large double doors and into the parlor. On the other side of the room sat Leo. The blue haired young man was contentedly reading the paper as he sat in the worn, old recliner that was his favorite seat in the house.

"About time you got home." He said flatly as he looked up to see the sad state of his lover. "And just what have you gotten yourself into this time?" He asked with a touch of bemused surprise.

Leo sighed and beckoned his boyfriend over. "Well come on. Over here where I can look at you." He said. He then set down the paper and folded his hands atop the large blanket that was covering his legs. Claves slowly labored his way across the room until he was in range of the scrying crystal that Leo had pulled out of his vest pocket.

"Hmm... Fairly simple enchantment in theory. Used for storage and transport of liquids. Fluids go in, but can't come out. I have never seen it used on a living being before though... Huh... Whoever did this is far above my skill level. I don't think I can even undo

this enchantment.” Leo mused as he ran a diagnostic on his inflated boyfriend.

“The best we can hope for is that I can track down whoever did this and get him to reverse it.” Leo stated after a moment of contemplating the situation.

Claves actually managed to chuckle between his labored gasps. “Way ahead of you.” He said breathlessly as he pulled a glowing sapphire pendant out of his small satchel he kept slung over his shoulder.

“That’s an Arcanum Key.” Leo said in awe as he stared at the ensorcelled bauble.

“Yep. Timmy won’t be able to go home or even be allowed to carry out Arcanum business without his ID.” Claves explained with a strained grin. “If my memory is correct these babies have a beacon charm on them. Don’t worry about him. He’ll come to us.”

“Interesting... I’m not so sure if this counts as a victory for you, but it does leave us with a unique opportunity.” Leo said thoughtfully as he stared off in to the distance. Claves tilted his head quizzically as he waited for his lover to continue.

“You see...” Leo said as he slowly got up from his chair. His blanket fell free revealing his already fully boned cock and absolutely colossal nuts. “I’ve been keeping myself primed all day as I awaited your inevitable return.” Leo explained with a sheepish grin. Despite his blushing Leo had a devious glint in his eye.

“Want to see how much bigger we can get you?” He asked impishly.

CLAVES - BOOK 3

Mask and Mirror

Claves was once again on the prowl, hopping from roof to roof with the greatest of ease in spite of the massive, waist thick dong that dangled down to his ankles and the accompanying beach ball sized nuts that sloshed audibly with jizz. Clad in just a flowing midnight blue cloak, lightweight, cobalt blue cloth shoes and gloves, and his trademark butterfly mask he could feel the cool night air whipping across his bare skin.

Claves didn't really have a goal tonight. He wasn't the type to just break into places all willy-nilly. He far preferred to plan out his heists well in advance and only strike places with great significance. He wasn't doing it for the wealth; he had accrued plenty of that. He broke into heavily fortified places for the thrill of it. Once there he would nick an object or two just to prove that he could. Said objects tended to fetch a large sum though. Claves did have an eye for

the finer things in life, and he could spot an expensive piece from a mile away.

Tonight though he was only interested in getting some fresh air and maybe making a spectacle of himself. Even if he had been clothed, the appearance of a dashing thief on a windowsill or balcony high above a courtyard patrolled by guards tended to make an impression. Claves got more of his notoriety from showing up places uninvited than he did from actually stealing anything. He could still vividly remember some of his more daring stunts. His personal favorite was when he had crashed the royal masquerade ball which was held in honor of the prince's eighteenth birthday without even wearing a costume. Everyone was so amazed at how authentic his butterfly mask looked that they hadn't even thought to check if he really was the daring thief he was dressed as. The only thing he had stolen that night was a sweet kiss from the prince... as well as the little lord's virginity.

The hairs on the back of Claves neck stood up as a chill ran down his spine. Someone or something was watching him, but he didn't know who or what. He skidded to a halt on the next rooftop he landed on and quickly took a defensive stance as his eyes scanned the neighboring rooftops. The rooftops all seemed empty, but he was sure it couldn't just be his imagination. Just as he was about to turn and take off running again in an attempt to flush out his pursuer Claves spotted him.

The cloaked figure was serenely balancing atop the highest spire of a nearby cathedral. Even in the darkness of midnight Claves could make out the defining characteristics; a flowing midnight blue cloak, blue gloves and shoes, and a very intricate and very exact copy of his own butterfly mask. The figure grinned at him and leapt off of the cathedral with the greatest of ease. The copycat seemed to float as he crossed the entire distance to Claves' rooftop in a single bound. As the figure made his descent his flowing cape floated up, revealing the lithe, nude body beneath.

Claves had to admit that whoever his doppelganger was had obviously done their homework. He even had the cock and ball sized almost exact. As the mostly nude guy reached Claves' location Claves was able to pick out small differences. The most obvious was that his duplicate had light blue hair instead of pink like Claves' own. The newcomer's dick was also slightly smaller than Claves'. The figure's cock was only slightly shorter than Claves' but was noticeably thinner, and his nuts were closer to the size of basketballs instead of the massive beach balls that Claves had swinging between his knees.

The cloud that had been semi-obscuring the moon rolled away, and bright moonlight illuminated the doppelganger's features. He was very similar to Claves in terms of height and build, but now that they were so close together, Claves could see that he was just an inch or two shorter, had more of a slim, slight build, and the few facial features that weren't hidden

behind the mask were quite a bit more delicate and refined looking.

“You trying to be my sidekick? Sorry, but I work alone.” Claves quipped with a smirk.

“I’m no sidekick. I am a mirror of the truth.” The figure spoke dramatically. He then did a back flip and landed flawlessly on a neighboring ridge of the roof. The double then raised one hand straight up and the other straight down. Keeping his arms outstretched he traced two semi-circles, one with each hand, and he swiftly spun his arms clockwise. As his hands simultaneously reach the opposite end of their mutually exclusive arcs, he quickly snapped into a new, and risqué pose. With his right hand on his hip and the other making a sidewise V shape across his eyes, the doppelganger lifted up his left knee and pivoted at the hip in some strange action hero pose. His cloak miraculously fluttered despite the lack of any wind in the still night. The pose might have looked dynamic and maybe even inspiring had he been clothed, but in his current, mostly nude state, the heroic stance just served to show off both his cute little butt and massive package. Claves also caught a glimpse of a small, familiar looking birthmark on the mysterious figure’s inner thigh.

“I’m here to make you reflect on the error of your ways, Claves.” The figure announced triumphantly.

Claves merely laughed at the imposters taunt. “You clearly don’t get out much.” Claves teased

dismissively. “So what are you going to do? Pose me to death?”

“No! I’m going to end this in one strike!” The figure launched forward with his right fist held out before him. “Lunar! Knight! Str-” He began to shout, but he didn’t even manage to finish his cheesy attack name. When the doppelganger came in range, Claves reached out and effortlessly grabbed the guy’s wrist and redirected his flight path. A look of shock began to creep across the double’s face right as the side of Claves hand made impact with the back of his neck. Everything went dark for him after that as his body drifted down to the streets below.

Sometime later the blue haired duplicate finally began to stir. He groaned as his eyes fluttered open. He felt groggy and tired and couldn’t remember where he was. As his vision finally came into focus he found himself staring up at the grinning, masked face of the renowned master thief. It was then that he realized that he was lying comfortably with his head resting on the thief’s exposed thigh and their twin cloaks pulled over him like blankets. The double gasped and jumped to his feet with surprising speed causing the two cloaks to fall off as he did so. Realizing his cloak had been removed, his hands instinctively shot up to his face. He let out a slight sigh of relief as he realized that his mask was still in place.

“Nice tricks you had there. That was a nice set of enchantments; muffled movement, clouded visage, slow fall. With those helping you you could almost

sneak up on me... almost.” Claves calmly remarked with an amiable grin. He was so pleasant and calm that his mimic found it very unnerving.

Claves eyed his copycat intently for a moment. His calm, friendly smile never faltered for a second, but it was clear he was sizing up the other guy. After a tense moment Claves casually continued the conversation as if nothing had ever happened. “I also like how you tried to make yourself look like me with the slightly boosted height, and my favorite part... enhanced equipment.” Claves said with a smirk as he gestured towards the other guy’s exposed privates. The doppelganger’s cock and balls had returned to their normal size. His soft six inches dangled down over a pair of respectable ping pong balls. The double quickly reached down to hide his shame as he realized that he was no longer playing in the big leagues.

“You cheated!” The now slightly shorter, slimmer, and less endowed copy shouted back. “One punch was all I needed to take you on!”

“Oh, right. The torpor enchantment on your gloves.” Claves remarked dismissively. A bemused grin then spread across his lips and he added, “You put so much work into stacking the deck in your favor, and you call me the cheater?”

“What was that thing you did? With the grab and the hit?” The duplicate sputtered.

“A simple counter takedown. It’s one of the most basic self defense moves out there.” Claves

explained. He flashed the copycat a smug grin and added, “You didn’t really think you could just show up with a couple enchantments and a bunch of cheesy lines and think that that’d be enough to beat me, did you?”

“Well... I never really wanted to beat you...” The copy said looking suddenly bashful. “I just needed to, you know... duel you to a standstill and then you’d have to recognize me as your rival, and then we’d continually clash at random intervals on moonlit nights, and our epic rivalry and tragic friendship would be remembered in song and legend for centuries to come!” The doppelganger got steadily more excited as he spoke until he was positively pumped by the end.

“You know... It doesn’t really count if you have to create the whole persona with magic. If you really want to be my rival, maybe I could teach you some basic martial arts moves.” Claves replied casually as his hand slowly drifted to the satchel at his side. “And I can set it up so you’d never need to fake the dick.” Claves grinned wider as he reached into his satchel.

The double’s heart was beating in his chest as he watched the thief’s hand slowly pull forth an ornate golden scepter. He recognized it instantly. It was the source of the outbreak of massive dongs around the city.

“K... Keep that away from me.” The mimic sputtered as he slowly backed away. His voice cracked as he did so.

“What? You don’t want what I have to offer? You certainly seemed interested in it earlier, and it looks like at least part of you wants to be big again.” Claves teased as he held the scepter out in front of him and pointed it at the doppelganger’s exposed, erect cock. The blue haired double’s dick was so hard that it was already dribbling pre from the excitement.

“Please... I can’t.” The copy pleaded as he continued to back away. He didn’t get very far before he bumped up against the brick wall of a neighboring building. The thief continued to stride towards him, swinging the scepter playfully as he did so. Claves’ implacable smile sent shivers down the imposter’s spine. Finally, Claves was a scant few inches from the trembling double. The doppelganger clenched his eyes shut and waited for the spell to inevitably be placed on him. His whole body tensed in preparation, but instead of feeling the cold surface of the scepter touch him, he instead felt the thief’s warm, toned arms wrap around his shoulders and pull him in close. The mimic gasped in surprise as his eyes quickly flew open.

“Do not worry, sweet prince.” Claves whispered sensually in the younger guy’s ear. “I would never do anything you did not want me to.”

“You... You knew!?” The prince gasped in shock; his voice breaking into a squeak as he did so.

“Did you think a haircut and a few extra inches would fool me?” Claves asked with a smug grin.

Claves leaned in close and whispered into the prince's ear, "And even if I hadn't figured it out almost instantly..."

His hand slid down and tenderly rubbed the smaller guy's inner thigh. "I'm the only person outside of the royal family that know about your little birth mark, aren't I?" Claves asked playfully. He could feel the prince's body tremble from his soft touch and seductive tone.

The prince silently turned his face away from the dashing thief, but even though he hadn't said a word and the mask covered most of the rosy tint of his blushing cheeks, the slight curl of his lips gave him away. Claves continued beaming as he guided the younger guy's chin back around so that the prince was once again gazing into his eyes. They held each other's gaze for a moment before Claves moved in. There was a soft click of the twin masks bumping softly together as their lips met.

"I've missed you." The prince muttered breathlessly as their lips parted. "Why haven't you at least come to visit?"

"Even for me, breaking into the royal palace is no small feat." Claves responded with a wry grin. "And people might talk if I made a habit of showing up in the presence of the royal family on a regular basis."

"Let them talk. I could always have you knighted or something to keep you close by." The prince huffed.

“It’s not the nobles I am worried about, and I am not the type to be kept around like some pet. No, mon Scherrie. We both know it’s better like this.” Claves said tenderly as he ran a hand through the prince’s hair.

“Stop calling me that.” The blue haired teen stammered as he once again turned his face away from the thief to hide his blushing.

“Ah, would you prefer it to be more formal?” Claves said playfully as he dramatically backed away and struck a dynamic pose. He dropped to one knee and extended his arms like a Shakespearean actor about to deliver a heartfelt sonnet. “O, my dear lord Scherzo.”

“That’s even worse!” Prince Scherzo shouted indignantly as he stamped his foot, but it was clear that he wasn’t at all upset. The pink tinge had spread through so much of his face that even with the mask on it was blatantly obvious that he was blushing, and the lack of clothing made it so that he couldn’t hide his still rigid cock even if he wanted to.

Claves own massive cock had been steadily chubbing up as he teased the prince. It was already approaching half mast before his little pose, but seeing how much he was getting the blue haired lord all worked up was all that Claves needed to send him over the edge.

“That’s right. We’re far beyond formalities now, aren’t we, Scherrie?” Claves asked lasciviously as

he strode forward and slowly stroked his hardening cock.

Scher had been painfully aware of the enormous dick swinging between his paramour's legs this entire time, but now that it was almost rock hard he couldn't take his eyes off of it. Even though his was an imitation, a cheap illusion that he had conjured up for his little charade, he had enjoyed the feeling of it swinging heavily between his shins as he hopped and dashed. He found himself wishing that he had a wondrous cock like the one that towered before him, but he was a prince and next in line to be king. He couldn't give in to his base desires... or at least not do so in such a way that it would be obvious to everyone in the court. He had to maintain his aura of poise and dignity, and that aura did not include several feet of dick.

As Claves slowly strode forward, still stroking his now pre-oozing cock, Scher slowly backed away from him until he was once again with his back to the wall. Claves steadily bridged the gap until he was so close that the tip of his erect cock was pressed against the prince's chest. Claves continued to move in closer and closer – the head of his cock slowly moving up the smaller guy's chest, leaving a trail of slick pre as it did so. Claves placed a hand against the wall on either side of the prince's head. As he leaned in, the head of his cock pressed up against the smaller guy's chin.

With the giant shaft propping his head up, Scher couldn't look away even if he had wanted to.

The scent of Claves' pre flooded his nostrils as the stream of clear liquid flowed from the head of the massive cock even faster than before. Their masks clinked softly as Claves leaned in and pressed his forehead against the prince's. Their eyes were now but scant inches apart. Scher's entire view was flooded with the eyes of the elusive thief. Claves' irises were the same shade of pale pink as his flowing hair, and in that moment, Scher couldn't imagine anything more beautiful.

Claves could actually feel the prince quivering in anticipation under his immense dick. The enormous shaft was pressed against the younger guy's torso so that the prince's entire chest and abdomen were wedged up against it. Claves could feel every shudder, every muscle twitch in the teen's upper body against his gigantic, rock hard shaft. "It's been ages since I've fucked you hasn't it?" Claves asked with a bit of a guttural chuckle. His voice had taken on a deep and raspy quality that he knew drove the prince wild. Claves gave the prince a soft kiss on the cheek and whispered softly into the smaller guy's ear, "Feel like going again?"

Scher tried to focus and remember his duties and his position. He also knew that it was impossible for him to take a cock that was thicker than his slender waist, but his hormone addled mind was too busy thinking about how amazing it must feel to be spread open so wide that his hips had to actually shift to take the cock.

“You’re too big.” The prince managed to gasp breathlessly. “It’ll never work.”

Claves chuckled again and then responded. “What do you actually know of the enchantment placed on the scepter? What if I told you that it allows those affected to stretch to accept any size cock they could dream of?”

Scher’s mouth hung open as he tried to process what he had just been told. If he accepted the curse, he would be able to actually ride that glorious cock.

“I... I can’t” He managed to stammer. He immediately began beating himself up for rejecting the gift yet again, but he had his position to think of.

“That’s too bad.” Claves responded with mock resignation. “I suppose that’s all there is to it then.” He let out a long, comically overdone sigh and flashed the prince one last sly grin before he turning and swaggering off down the empty street; his cute, round, bubble butt swishing as he went. His now beanbag chair sized nuts grazed the pavement with each pendulous swing, and his huge cock bobbed and dribbled with every step.

Claves reach the end of the alleyway and turned back to call out one last bit of information before he left. “Although, I suppose I should mention that the changes aren’t permanent unless you climax. Not that that would really help you. I mean, I do know a spell that would make it impossible for you to cum,

but why would you want me to do something like that?" He said with mock confusion.

Scher's jaw fell open. He was so stunned by this revelation that he didn't even notice Claves strolling casually out of the alleyway and down the major thoroughfare. When Scher snapped to his senses he ran down the alley after the thief. By the time he skidded onto the main road, Claves was already well down the street. "Claves! Stop!" He shouted after the pink haired thief. Claves pretended he hadn't heard and continued his leisurely stroll down the road.

"As crown prince of Sonata, I demand that you halt!" Scherzo shouted as loud as he could.

Upon hearing this Claves casually spun around; a smug grin clearly visible on his face as he continued to walk backwards. "I see no princes here." He replied playfully. "Just a couple of rival thieves meeting in the dead of night."

Scher looked around. The few people who were out and about this late at night seemed to be glaring at him intently, and it wasn't just because he was out and about without a stitch of clothing on. Scher was suddenly glad he still had his mask on. At least he could try and play off his outburst and keep his identity a secret.

"Well, maybe there aren't any lords here, but it got your attention didn't it?" Scher replied with as

much bravado as he could muster. “Now go on. Use the spell. I dare you!”

Claves’ grin spread into a beaming smile. Sparks erupted from his hand as he snapped his fingers together. Scher didn’t even have to wonder what had just happened. Almost instantly he could feel his cock get even harder as the pre that was trying to dribble out suddenly found itself trapped. He rubbed his thumb against the now dry tip of his cock in bemused fascination. He was still as horny as he had ever been in his life, but he couldn’t seem to get anything out of his dick. He was so fixated on his cock that he hadn’t even noticed Claves quickly closing the gap. Scher jumped a bit as he heard Claves’ voice speaking to him from mere feet away.

“Now here’s the rules.” Claves explained intensely as he extended a finger to correspond with each rule. “Rule one. If you cum during the effects of the scepter all changes will become permanent. Rule two. You will be physically unable to cum for as long as I keep the enchantment on you. Rule three. I will under no circumstances remove the enchantment unless you beg me, and I mean literally get down, on your honor, and plead for release. Are we clear?”

“Oh, yes. Please.” Scher gasped.

“Very well.” Claves replied with a contented grin. Claves slid around behind the prince and pulled forth the scepter. Scher’s whole body tensed as he waited for the changes to begin. Claves held aloft the scepter and pressed the thicker, bejeweled end of the

scepter against the prince's cute little butt. Scher could feel the magic take affect almost instantly. His cock and balls swelled and swelled. The sensation was magnificent. He felt like he could cum at any second just from the intense arousal caused by the warm, tingly, pulsing sensation that coursed through his loins. He was so fixated on his growing cock and balls that he didn't even register his ass spreading to accept the football sized mass of gems atop the scepter.

"Looks like you're ready." Claves said triumphantly as he easily slid the scepter back out of the prince's now extra pliable hole. "Now for the real fun." Claves slipped the scepter back into his sack and looked up. It was then that he realized that Scher's cock was still growing.

Scher's nuts had already gotten so large that they rested on the pavement, and his cock was so big that it was thicker than even Claves' waist and towered well over either of their heads. Claves stared in awe at the almost seven feet of rigid cock that towered over the street.

"What happened?" Scher asked as he stared up and up at the immense dick that was bigger than his whole body.

"The final size is based on the magical power within the user." Claves said as flatly as he could. He was trying to hide his awe, but it was near impossible to not feel complete amazed by the magnificent sight before him.

The royal family all descended from Mage King Allegretto, the man for whom the Arcanum was named. A sorcerer so powerful that they say he single handedly crushed the feuding principalities and united the entire kingdom. Since that time the royal family has always been populated by immensely powerful sorcerers, but even among the nobility the rumors had spread that the young prince could surpass them all. Judging by what he could now see towering before him, Claves had no reason to doubt the sheer size of the slim teen's aptitude.

The growth of the prince's cock gradually tapered off leaving him with a towering spire just over ten feet tall. Scher placed a hand tentatively against his own giant shaft. The colossal cock bucked and twitched as if it was ready to cum, but nothing came out. Claves could feel the jizz churning in his own enlarged nuts as his arousal reached new heights. Claves knew he would have to get his dick into his slender friend soon or he would blow his load just from standing in the presence of such a phenomenal cock.

Claves placed one hand on either of his huge balls and uttered one last incantation. He had learned a few new spells from Tim, and he had discovered new and erotic ways of using them. His current spell allowed him to ramp up his production of cum even more. He could see and feel his balls swelling as his supercharged cum factories started working at far above normal speeds.

“It’s time, my prince.” Claves murmured breathlessly as he lined up his cock with the prince’s eager hole.

Scher was still too enthralled by his own growth to say anything. He ran his hand tenderly across his massive shaft. He could feel how small and insignificant his touch was compared to the spire of cock that stretched out before him, and it simultaneously intrigued him and made him hornier than he had ever been before. It wasn’t until he actually felt Claves’ cock pressing against his butt that he snapped back to reality. He let out a loud moan of sheer bliss as his hole stretched to new and unheard of extremes. He looked down and could actually see his hips spreading wider as his body stretched to accept the immense shaft. He could see every vein in Claves’ enormous dick bulging out as his body wrapped tightly over the intruding member like a second skin. Scher could even make out the folds of Claves’ foreskin through his own incredibly taut skin. The sensation was far beyond anything he had ever imagined. He could feel every twitch and shudder of Claves’ cock as if it was part of his own body. He could feel the steady stream of pre flowing into him. He could even feel the pressure welling up deep down inside of Claves’ huge dick as the thief struggled to hold back the tidal wave of jizz. It almost felt to Scher as if he had actually become one with the thief’s enormous cock. His whole body shuddered with orgasmic pleasure in tandem with Claves’ cock as the thief struggled to hold back his spunk.

Scher wished he could cum. He had never dreamed he could need to get off this badly. The sensation of needing it so bad was painful and maddening. His nuts felt so pleasantly full as they continued to swell and swell as a result of his intense arousal. Scher shuddered and his toes curled and uncurled as the maddening waves of pleasure buffeted against his mind. His entire body screamed for release and yet he was not physically able to do so.

Claves' huge cock continued to ream him mercilessly. The behemoth rammed in and out of him causing his stomach to bulge out farther with each pass. Scher's normally flat belly was already showing signs of distending as more and more of Claves' pre seeped into him. With each thrust, Scher's brain called out for release. With each plunge, his body became more and more sensitive. With each mercilessly reaming Scher found himself wishing that he could dump the contents of his painfully swollen sacks of jizz all over the city. "please... cum..." He managed to whimper.

Claves was all too happy to oblige. He gave one last, deep, powerful thrust and held it in as he unloaded the contents of his now sofa sized nuts. Gallons upon gallons flooded into the prince every second. Scher gave one last violent shudder before the flash flood of spooze crashed into him.

Scher had been trying to plead for Claves to release him from the spell when he muttered his last few words, but instead the thief had interpreted it as

an open invitation to cum inside the young noble. Scher's whole body was wracked to its core with pure, intense, unfettered bliss. It was as if every cell in his body orgasmed in unison. He could no longer focus his eyes or stop his screams as everything he had been feeling a minute ago became amplified tenfold. The small bump in his gut that had been forming quickly ballooned outwards. In a matter of seconds, it had gone from a small basketball sized paunch to a full scale blimp of cum. Scher could no longer even wrap his arms around his enormous, jiggling belly. The cum sloshed audibly inside of him as the pink haired thief continued to unload his impossible huge load. Scher was barely even capable of breathing as the waves of pleasure coursed through him and overloaded his brain.

His rapidly expanding gut spilled over the sides of his colossal cock and showed no signs of stopping. In a matter of moments his belly was so huge that it blocked his vision. Everywhere he looked was a solid wall of quivering flesh. His entire body sloshed with pent up cum. Every orgasmic shudder caused the jizz stored inside of him to churn audibly within. He could feel his toes leave the ground as his belly got so large that it lifted him upwards. Claves gripped the prince tightly and never let even an inch of his cock slip out.

The two continued to rise as they rode the steadily expanding swell of the prince's gigantic cum-gut. Scher felt his cock, which had at first been pinned under the expanse of jizz-laden belly, slowly spring free as his upward climb steadily caused his body to

shift into a more horizontal position. Before he knew it, he was suspended above the city street atop an absolutely monolithic reservoir of jizz. His eleven foot cock angled downward and pressed against the pavement like a kickstand to stabilize the titanic spooge blimp that he was resting atop. Scher could do nothing but cry in pure ecstasy. By the time Claves finally stopped cumming, Scher's gut was so huge that his immense cock could no longer touch the ground.

“So. How was it?” Claves asked with a self-satisfied tone. Scher could not even muster the will to speak. Every swell and roil of the sea of cum sloshing around inside of him caused his brain to overload all over again. He wished with every fiber of his being to be able to cum.

“please.” He managed to utter almost inaudibly. “release me.”

“What was that?” Claves asked playfully.

“release me... I command...” Scher managed to say slightly more forcibly.

“You command? You are in no position to command.” Claves taunted mercilessly as he ran a hand through the prince's silky smooth hair.

The slender teen continued to try to mouth words, but only a few actually formed. “I am... your prince commands.”

“Remember our agreement.” Claves teased as he dug his fingers into the skin of the prince's colossal

cum-flooded gut causing the vast reserve of spunk stored within to slosh about even more wildly. The prince cried out even louder as the sensations became even more intense. Claves placed his thumb and middle finger together as if he was about to snap his fingers and held his hand before the prince's eyes.

"Just say the magic words." Claves teased playfully.

"I'm... please... I'm... begging you." Scher choked out.

"Bingo." Clave responded triumphantly as he snapped his fingers. The second the snap rang out Scher came with such force that his mind completely blacked out. He couldn't even scream or moan anymore. His tongue lolled out the side of his mouth and a blank stare spread across his face as he twitched and convulsed from the sheer, mind-breaking euphoria of his titanic cumshot.

Each of Scher's now gargantuan nuts held enough spunk to fill a water tower and then some, and every last ounce of that pent up jizz was now flooding out onto the city streets. He fired rope after thick, massive rope of spunk onto the streets below, each jet seemingly bigger than the last. He must have been cumming for at least ten minutes straight by the time his stream finally started to diminish. By the time he was done, the streets below looked like a winter wonderland of spunk. Entire blocks were overflowing with the thick, sticky load.

Claves looked out over his handiwork. The prince was suspended atop a giant blimp of jizz that was so large it would take the prince several hours, maybe even days to fully process it all. In the meantime, the young prince would be stuck there, blocking traffic in a busy part of town, openly on display for all of his adoring subjects to gawk at for hours on end with his colossal cock and balls dangling down above the crowded city streets.

Claves leaned in closer and brushed away the hair from the side of the slender teen's beautiful cheek. He gave the smaller guy one last gentle kiss on the cheek, right below the edge of the mask and whispered into the prince's ear, "Of course you know... this means it's permanent." A slight smile crept across the prince's lips as he was rocked to sleep by the steady sloshing of the spooge roiling around inside gigantic, comfy belly.

CLAVES - BOOK 4

Dinner for Two

Claves sighed happily as he sunk into the hot water of the fresh bath that Leo had drawn for him. Claves hadn't known how exhausted he really was until he finally got around to taking a break. He had been spending all his free time lately flinging around the few spells that Tim had taught him. Claves had been working hard for weeks, and he could definitely tell he was getting a lot better at casting spells, but he wasn't as interested in boosting his stamina so much as boosting his size. The weeks of rigorous training had only added a few inches to the size of his dick. He knew it would be slow going, but he had hoped for more noticeable gains.

Claves had been fine with the slow growth until he had seen Scher's transformation. The prince's towering eleven foot cock was seared into Claves's memory. The guy had more mana than he knew what to do with, and he had never had a formal day of training in his life – although that was sure to change any day now. Now that the whole city had seen the

prince's "aptitude" it wouldn't be long before sorcerers from around the globe would be vying for the chance to train the young prince. Who knew how huge Scherzo could become by the time he really came into his own as a mage.

Just thinking about Scherzo's massive cock expanding ever larger was getting Claves completely boned. The head of his own large dick rose up and hovered before his eyes. He wrapped his arms around the thick shaft and raised his hands up to the head, digging his fingers deep into the slit as he massaged the soft, spongy flesh. He greedily lapped at the sweet pre that now freely rolled out of the oozing slit. He shifted a bit and wrapped his legs around his now immense nuts. He used his legs to gently squeeze the huge, sloshing orbs as he dug in and massaged the massive cum factories with his heels.

He was so horny that he just wanted to get off, but he felt so hollow and empty inside. He slid his right hand down to his ass and slowly slipped his fingers in. Thanks to the enchantment, his hole barely offered any resistance. Before he knew it he had his hand buried up to the wrist. He could have gone deeper, but the position was uncomfortable. His arm was already cramping from being held at such a strange angle and his back wasn't feeling too good either. He let out a sigh as he pulled his hand out and returned to working the tip of his cock. As much as he wanted to really enjoy the special properties of his stretchy hole, he knew he would have to wait for a more opportune moment.

Claves was getting close to blowing his load. His constant twisting and rubbing had caused much of the bathwater to splash out onto the floor by this time, but his pre was flowing fast enough to replace it. The now sticky and slimy bathwater laminated his skin as he began to buck his hips and prepared for a huge, messy load. Right when he was about to unload, he heard a short, terse rap on the door.

“You’ve been in there plenty long. You better not be jacking off again.” Leo scolded from the other side.

Claves bit down on his lower lip and let out a muffled grunt as huge, thick wads of jizz splattered against the wall behind him. Claves shuddered as he continued to fire. A heavy layer of jizz coated the far wall. The cum slowly slid down and pooled on the floor. Once the torrent finally died down, Claves let out a contented sigh and slid down into the goopy bathwater.

“I’m not jacking off.” Claves replied happily.

“Because you just finished.” Leo responded with an audible sigh. “Fine, just get cleaned up and meet me downstairs in ten minutes.

Claves lazily chanted a spell and then dipped his fingers back into the bathwater. The water cleared up almost instantly and began to foam over with scrubbing bubbles. Claves once again relaxed and slid back down into the warm, soapy bath. When he was

finally done he quickly dried off and trudged downstairs to meet up with his boyfriend.

Leo looked up as he heard footfalls coming down the stairs. Sure enough Claves was walking over while rubbing a slightly soggy towel into his damp hair. His enormous cock shook and jiggled from the force of the towel jostling his scalp. Leo highly doubted that Claves was even drying his hair at this point. It was far more likely that his pink haired lover was just putting on a show to draw attention to his gigantic cock that now almost touched the ground.

“I’ve already got your clothes set out. Now hurry up and put them on. We have a reservation for two in twenty minutes.” Leo commented firmly as he gestured towards the tailored blue tunic and slacks that were hanging next to the doorway.

“I was thinking something a bit more classic.” Claves responded playfully as he draped his towel over his shoulder as a makeshift cloak and covered his eyes with his free hand.

“This is a date, not a heist. Try to act normal for once.” Leo responded with a touch of annoyance in his voice. Claves loved to make things difficult especially when things involved going out amongst polite society. Leo loved his boyfriend’s playfulness, but sometimes he wished Claves could be serious once in awhile.

“Spoilsport.” Claves responded playfully. He stuck out his tongue comically for added effect, but

wasted no time in pulling on his clothing. The outfit was tailored very well. It hugged his lean, lithe body perfectly, and even nicely accommodated his well above average cock and balls. Claves just wished that the front wasn't so boring looking. The huge pouch in the front held his cock and balls up and inwards, but little else. So fabric somehow made even his fantastic package look drab and boring.

A devious smile played at the corner of Claves's lips as an idea crossed his mind. He turned and looked into the mirror and silently uttered an incantation. The front of his pants immediately began to tighten up. The pouch began to constrict and conform to the shape and contours of his huge cock and balls. In a matter of seconds the front of his slacks hugged his package perfectly. The fabric was stretched so thin and snug that even the shapes of the veins on the sides of his cock and the folds of his foreskin were clearly visible. Claves then hummed happily to himself as he pulled on his tunic and threw the small stylish blue cloak over his shoulder.

"What's got you so..." Leo began to say, but he didn't even have a chance to finish his question. The second Claves turned around Leo could clearly see what had his boyfriend so happy. Leo rolled his eyes, but made no effort to try and talk Claves out of it. Leo could already tell that it was a lost cause. He was just happy that Claves was willing to wear pants at all at this point. Leo half expected Claves to rig his clothes to explode into a hail of confetti at the most inopportune moment.

“You know you like it.” Claves teased and struck the most ridiculously sexy poses he could think of. All of his various poses and postures were sure to accentuate his newly defined package, and quite a few of his poses called attention to his cute bubble butt. Claves hadn’t needed to use any spells to showcase that little bit of anatomy. The pants had already hugged that particular part of his body perfectly thanks in no small part to the specific instructions Leo had given the tailor.

Claves sauntered over to his lover and whispered seductively into Leo’s ear, “I’d be glad to do it to you too if you want.” Claves slipped a hand down the front of Leo’s pants. Leo’s brown slacks were as well tailored as Claves’s had been before his little enchantment. As such Leo’s own three foot cock and beach ball sized nuts were tucked away in such a way that his immense bulge was almost suitable for polite society... almost.

“I’d rather not make more of a scene that I have to.” Leo responded flatly as he walked on ahead. He could already feel the front of his pants shifting and adjusting to match the contours of his huge dick though. The way his gripped his dick felt fantastic, and it looked even better. Leo had to struggle to hold back his smirk, but a small grin played at the corners of his lips. He just hoped that Claves hadn’t noticed it.

Claves picked up a small satchel that was hanging from the closet door and began to rifle through it for his mask. He felt the edges of the black

butterfly shaped mask and began to pull it out when he heard Leo admonish him from the other room.

“You won’t be needing that. We are going out in public as normal members of society tonight.” Leo said.

Claves glanced up at his boyfriend and tried to use his biggest, saddest puppy dog eyes to get Leo to reconsider, but it was obvious that Leo was dead set on this. Claves sighed and slipped the mask back into the pouch.

They got to the restaurant easily enough. It was a very fancy place complete with waiters in tuxedos and a live string quartet. Claves had never felt so out of place in his life. His clothes felt itchy and he hated having his face exposed like this. He couldn’t help but think of how ironic it is that he would feel so naked while fully clothed when he often ran around clad in just a mask. Leo seemed to be doing just fine though even with all eyes in the restaurant firmly on them and their obscene bulges. They had by far the biggest dicks in the room. There were a few other socialites in the room who had been enhanced as well, but even the biggest of these folk had dicks that barely capped out at over a foot and a half. They had obviously taken steps to make their own bulges look bigger and more enticing, but theirs paled in comparison to the magnificent meat that the two boyfriends were sporting.

They arrived at their table and sat down. Claves was almost a little sad to have his huge dick

hidden beneath the table, but on the other hand many of the patrons had now lost interest in them. For once Claves was actually happy to slip unseen into the crowd.

“So... why are we here?” Claves asked while rhythmically rapping his fingers on the tabletop.

“What do you mean why? We’re having a nice romantic night out.” Leo responded. Leo’s voice wasn’t quite as flat and dry as it usually was though. Leo was the type of guy who preferred to have romantic nights at home not out in public. There had to be a special reason for him to want to go out especially to someplace as nice as this.

“When have we ever had a romantic night out? Especially at a place as nice as this?” Claves asked gesturing to the fancy room around them.

“I was just thinking we could stand to get out more, and we can definitely afford to splurge a little.” Leo responded casually.

Claves still didn’t quite buy it, but Leo had made him leave his gear at home so maybe there was some truth to it. “Huh. So that’s it? No work, just a date?” Claves asked in an attempt to pry a little more info out of his lover.

“Don’t sound so disappointed.” Leo chided playfully.

Leo certainly seemed like he was just here for a quiet night out, but Claves still didn’t buy it.

Something about the whole thing just felt off. Leo seemed just a touch too glib about the whole thing.

Leo's slight smirk didn't fade for a moment as Claves continued to eye him up, but the silence was beginning to become deafening. Finally Leo decided to break the tension. "How about this." He said playfully. "Let's play a little game while we wait. If you were to do a job here tonight, what would you take?"

Claves perked up at the mention of a heist and quickly but discretely scanned the room. "Hmm... Tough to say." He mused out loud. He quickly categorized and inventoried everything in the room right down to the cufflinks on the waiters' sleeves.

"If that statue were the real thing and not just some cheap knock off I would totally snag that." Claves replied nodding subtly towards the large plaster statue of a naked man pouring a vase of water.

"Even if that were the real thing, it would hardly fetch a lot of money." Leo remarked skeptically.

"I know, but can you imagine the scene it'd cause? Something that huge, taken from a packed room? My notoriety would skyrocket." Claves replied excitedly. Leo grinned as he watched the pink haired thief's eyes light up as he spoke.

"Well let's be more realistic then, shall we?" Leo replied. "Hypothetical dream heists aside. What would you take from what is actually in this room."

Claves took a moment to think. “I dunno. The chandelier is pretty classy, and would probably make a big scene, but those are hard to hawk. I suppose more realistically I would go for the hairpin the lady in green is wearing.” He explained. Claves never made any effort to gesture towards who or what he was talking about. He knew how to play it cool in public and hide his intent, but Leo’s eyes drifted towards the chandelier and the lady in question as Claves spoke.

Leo raised his eyebrows in mild surprise as he heard Claves mention the hairpin. It was such a small object that most people would overlook it. “You caught that, did you?” He asked.

“Yeah. It’d be such a boring stunt though. I mean I could pluck it off on my way to the restroom and no one would be the wiser.” Claves sighed.

“I suppose I have trained you better than I thought. You’re getting quite the eye for appraisal. It’s a shame it’s a green feather or else it would be worth a king’s ransom.” Leo remarked proudly.

“Hmm? Check the shape. It’s a half moon. The green tint is just a low grade enchantment to make it match the dress. That’s a first run. There’s only two of those in the world, right?” Claves commented matter-of-factly.

Leo pursed his lips and glared at Claves for a brief second. He wasn’t used to being one upped at his own game. He had underestimated Claves and had gotten sloppy. He should have spotted the Lunar Topaz

especially one of such a rare cut. Leo sighed and tried to relax. It was supposed to be just a fun little game. There was no point in getting upset about it. If anything he should be proud that the student could go toe to toe with the master.

“But why do you think she would change the color?” Leo said, changing the subject a bit to cover his own goof.

“Seriously? Look at her. She’s loaded. I bet she doesn’t even know that thing is rare. It’s just another shiny bauble to her.” Claves replied. Leo did a quick scan of the lady’s accessories and he could tell that Claves was right. She was practically dripping in rubies and diamonds.

Their discussion was momentarily halted when the server arrived with their meals. This restaurant didn’t bother taking orders from their customers. The chef made what he wanted when he wanted, and people paid a lot of money for the honor of being served.

Claves furrowed his brow at the tiny pâté on his plate. Once the waiter was out of earshot Claves leaned forward and asked his boyfriend in a hushed voice. “Is this the whole meal?”

Leo grinned at his lover. For someone who was so weal to do Claves certainly didn’t know much about high society.

Leo leaned across the table and gently patted his boyfriend's hand. "I'll make it up to you with desert. Don't worry." He said gently.

Claves cocked an eyebrow at his boyfriend's cryptic remark, but shrugged it off and took a bite of his dinner. It was surprisingly rich, but he still wished there was more of it. There was no way he was going to be full off of just that much.

Claves polished off his tiny entrée in record time and had to sit there watching Leo slowly savor his. He fidgeted in his seat during the dull downtime. His clothes felt so itchy and stuffy that he just couldn't wait to get home and take them all off. Part of him wanted to just doff all of it right then and there and olly out the window. If nothing else it would be good for a laugh, and it would get him out of those stuffy clothes and that stuffier atmosphere.

Finally Leo finished his meal, and the waiter brought out two nearly identical slices of chocolate pie. Claves dug into his eagerly and quickly polished it off. He didn't even seem to notice the small strawberry on his slice. The little bit of fruit got sliced up and scarfed down right alongside the rest of the desert.

Leo watched and grinned at his lover as he slowly and methodically ate his own slice. Claves may have learned a lot about appraising rare baubles and trinkets, but he still obviously had a lot to learn about fine foods.

“I have a bit of a surprise for you.” Leo said casually as he cut off another bite with his fork. Claves perked up and stared at him expectantly, but Leo stuck the bit of pie in his mouth and made sure to drag out savoring the bit as long as he could. Claves knew Leo was just doing it to annoy him. Even so, he couldn’t keep it from getting under his skin.

Finally Leo swallowed and pulled forth a small item from his front pocket. Claves stared at it for a moment. It was a small berry that looked a lot like a raspberry, but the small little beads on it were all different colors. The rainbow berry seemed to shimmer with some strange innate magic.

“What is it?” Claves asked excitedly.

“I know how hard you have been working to boost your magic, and I did some research. I followed some rumors and legends about a rare plant that only grows in the farthest reaches of the frozen tundra. They say that the flower creates but one fruit every one hundred years.” Leo explained dramatically.

Claves was starting to get excited by the prospects. If what Leo was egging him on to believe was true, this one tiny fruit could give him the boost he had been looking for. Leo stopped his story abruptly and ate the last bit of his pie, leaving the black strawberry on the plate.

Claves was practically bouncing in his seat as he waited for Leo to finish the story. Finally Leo finished his bite and continued. “They say that just

consuming this berry will double the amount of mana one person can produce.”

Claves didn't even wait to hear the rest of the explanation. He swiped the berry with a lightning fast grab and tossed it into his mouth leaves and all. He grinned like the cat that ate the canary as he swallowed it. All the while Leo stared at him intently.

“So how was it?” Leo asked after a few minutes.

“Not bad... it tasted just like a raspberry actually...” Claves responded.

“Good, because that's all it was.” Leo replied as he speared his strawberry with his fork.

“Huh?” Claves responded. He was starting to catch on that the whole thing had been a trick. “The whole story was a lie?” He asked.

“The story was more or less true.” Leo responded and then popped the strawberry into his mouth. Leo slowly savored his berry as he watched and waited for some sign of realization from his boyfriend. He could tell that Claves was slowly starting to put two and two together so Leo decided to help him along. “The berry was a decoy though.” Leo added casually.

It was then that Claves realized that the strawberry that Leo had was a different color than the one from his pie. Realization came crashing down on him like an exploding dam. “You little b-” was all that

Claves managed to say before he was interrupted by the sound of fabric shredding.

Leo's cock burst free from its cloth confines as it rapidly doubled in size. The previously manageable three feet quickly turned into six. Leo's cock was now larger than his body and not even hard. His enormous boulder sized nuts filled the entire space beneath the table and then some. Leo's cock now rivaled Tim's as far as length, but it wasn't quite as thick around as the enchanter's.

"Heh. Look at you. How do you expect to get out of here with your dignity intact?" Claves sassed as he felt the head of his lover's huge cock bump against him.

"How indeed." Leo replied calmly. "It would help a lot if someone were to provide some sort of distraction." Leo said casually and pulled out a black butterfly shaped mask from inside his vest and placed it on the table. Claves caught on instantly.

"This whole thing was just a set-up, wasn't it?" Claves gasped in shock.

"Nothing so duplicitous." Leo replied with a smirk. "I just know how you love an audience."

The table began to rock and sway as it was lifted up off the ground by Leo's steadily hardening cock. It was clear that Leo was enjoying the situation a lot more than he was letting on. At the rate things were going it wouldn't be long before Leo's enormous cock flipped the table clean over leaving his enormous

dick openly on display for all of polite society to gawk at.

Claves grinned at his lover and in one clean motion put on his mask and shucked his clothes. Seeing his lover standing nude before him with his trademark mask and equally trademarked smug grin was enough to get Leo really worked up. His cock got harder and harder. His steadily boning cock noisily flipped over the dinner table. Any of the other patrons who had not turned to stare at Claves' light speed strip tease, were now fully fixated on the lewd display in the center of the room.

“Surprised no one has said anything yet.” Claves mused as he gently stroked the giant cock that was towering before him.

“Welcome to high society.” Leo remarked. “They will mutter amongst themselves, but it would be impolite for them to actually say or do anything about it.”

“Well let's really give them something to talk about.” Claves replied with a devious grin spread across his face. He hopped up on his chair to face his lover's enormous cock. He now stood just a bit above eye level with the massive slit of Leo's cock.

Claves leaned in and began to lick around the sensitive edges of the slit. He could hear the sensual moans of his lover and feel the bucks and twitches of the huge cock as he did so. He could also hear the gasps and murmurs from the peanut gallery. Polite

society was already grumbling amongst themselves about the lewd scene in front of them which just spurred Claves on to be even wilder and raunchier.

Leo noticed something strange. Claves' hand seemed to be glowing, but he didn't have time to say anything about it. "You wouldn't..." Was all Leo managed to say before Claves pressed his hand against the side of his shaft. The enchantment coursed through the length of Leo's dick and spread through his balls. Leo could feel the jizz in his balls churning as the production ramped up. Leo knew he should have expected at least some retaliation for his little stunt, but he had underestimated his boyfriend's love of making a scene. Leo's cock was streaming pre like a fountain by this point. The viscous liquid was quickly streaming down his impressive cock and seeping into the carpet below.

"If you're not careful you'll end up making quite the mess..." Leo managed to croak up between hollow gasps.

"What? Little old me? It looks like you're the one who is making the mess." Claves replied saucily as he continued the dig his fingers into the spongy tip of his lover's massive cock. Claves deeply massaged the head as he listened to the shallow gasps and slight whimpers coming from his boyfriend. Leo's cock was lurching violently and the head was puffing up as the blue haired shopkeeper struggled to keep his load down.

The sound of someone clearing their throat loudly momentarily distracted Claves from publicly teasing his boyfriend. “Sirs. We must insist that you cease this at once.” came the stern voice.

Claves looked down at the pair of tuxedo clad waiters who were staring him down like a pair of bouncers. Claves smiled politely as he looked down at the two servers. “Oh, don’t worry.” He replied warmly. “We were just finishing up.” Claves rapped on the soft, tender underside of his lover’s cock right below the head. Just as Claves had predicted, that was the last straw for Leo. He let out a muffled moan as his cock erupted with jizz like a freshly opened bottle of champagne.

The jets of cum were so thick and so powerful that it splattered against the ceiling and the light fixtures well above the couple. Leo tried to fight back and limit the extent of the damage, but he was so pent up and once he got started like this it was very hard to stop. Massive wads of spunk clung to the expensive chandelier, and huge gobs of jizz crashed down all around the room, splashing down in customer’s food and drink and even landing on the patrons themselves.

The thick spunk began pooling on the floor, flooding the dining hall with cum, and yet still Leo could not stop the flow of jizz erupting from his cock. The sensation was far beyond anything he had experienced before. It was not just that his cock was enlarged although that certainly had a lot to do with it. At its current size it was not just that it had doubled in

length but girth as well. The sheer size of it had grown exponentially as had the sensations. Even without the spell that Claves had undoubtedly cast to increase his sensitivity Leo's body was wracked with the intense euphoria that came from experiencing orgasmic pleasure throughout the entire length of a cock that was larger than the rest of his body. Even his enormous, boulder sized nuts were wracked with bliss as the tensed up and squeezed every last drop of spunk out into his cock.

Leo was partially aware of things going on around him, but they came in a distant second to the sensations in his cock. He was aware of the warm spunk lapping against his legs as the water level rose ever high. He had a vague inkling of the hail of spooge that had coated his entire body by now. Leo even had a pretty good understanding of the ire that was directed at him from the rest of the equally saturated diners, but he could not bring himself to really care. This was the most amazing sensation in his life, and he no longer cared about trying to stop it.

Finally Leo's bursts tapered off and his nuts felt empty for the first time in what felt like weeks. He struggled to steady his breathing as he felt the warm liquid sliding off of his face. It wasn't just spooge that coated him though. The orgasm had been so intense that he was dripping sweat as well.

"I think it's time we made out exit." Claves remarked coolly as he looked around at all the angry patrons.

“I doubt they’ll ever let us in here again.” Leo commented between gasps.

“Well yeah, but I’m not too upset. The portions were weak.” Claves joked as he reached down to pull his boyfriend up from his seat.

Leo staggered to his feet. His now soft cock was spread out several feet in front of him. It was now a good deal thicker than his waist, and so long that the last few feet of it rested solidly on the ground. Even though his nuts had just been emptied, they too were so large that they grazed the ground as he stood up straight. He could already feel his nuts steadily inflating. Claves’s spell was nowhere near done running its course.

Claves gripped Leo’s hand tightly and made his way towards the doorway. Leo staggered awkwardly along behind as he struggled to walk with his newly enhanced cock. Even without his massive dong slowing him down it would have been slow going slogging through the knee deep lake of jizz.

They reached the doorway which was currently shut tight. Many unhappy diners had tried to escape when the room started flooding, but they all discovered that the doors opened inward. The deep pond of spooze made it nearly impossible to doors through sheer strength alone. Claves thought fast and came up with an idea though. His list of spells that he knew were limited, but he did know one that could work in this situation.

A quick flick of the wrist and a muffled incantation later, the doors began to shimmer. Claves reached for the handle and, sure enough, the doors slid open easily.

“What did you do?” Leo managed to ask. He was constantly surprised by how quick Claves was on his feet both literally and figuratively.

“You know that old water-lock spell, right? It was just a hunch, but I figured it would repel liquids, right? So all that cum bounced right off the door.” Claves explained quickly as they continued their escape. They made a few quick turns down various roads and alleys before coming to a stop in a fairly empty stretch of road.

“Whew. That was a fun escape. Not used to having to actually take someone else with me, though.” Claves remarked as he tried to stifle his laughter.

“Yeah. I knew you would make a scene, but I never imagined that you would go that overboard.” Leo commented as he fought to catch his breath. He hadn’t managed to fully recover before he got dragged along by his fleeing lover so now he was even more winded than before.

After taking a moment to catch his breath Leo finally managed to say, “Surprised you didn’t try and steal anything.”

“What? I’m insulted.” Claves responded. There was a look of pain and betrayal in his eyes. “I don’t try.

I do.” He added with a wink as he slipped a hairpin into Leo’s blue, jizz-streaked hair.

“Just wash it off a bit, and it’ll be good as new.” Claves said with a mischievous smirk.

“When did you...” Leo began to ask, but he was cut off when Claves planted a deep passionate kiss on his lips. He could feel the thief’s three foot semi steadily boning up between them. Claves steadily worked on undoing the buttons on the front of Leo’s vest while they made out passionately. In no time at all, Claves had taken Leo’s vest and shirt completely off. Leo meanwhile kicked off his shoes and the tattered wreckage of his slacks. The two of them continued to make out, completely naked, in the middle of the sparsely populated street.

Claves straddled Leo’s enormous cock and rocked his hips back and forth, using his thighs and butt to stroke his lover’s steadily hardening dick. Claves held his own large cock with his right arm to keep it from getting in the way while he and his lover continued to lock lips.

“Right here?” Leo managed to ask between kisses.

“Not like you can go anywhere anyway.” Claves shot back with a devious grin. It was true though, and Leo knew it. As a result of both Claves’ spell and his own arousal Leo’s nuts had swollen so large that he couldn’t move even if he had wanted to.

“And besides...” Claves added with a lascivious grin, “I still haven’t had a chance to get off yet.”

Claves’ own balls had been steadily swelling through the course of their little escapade and were now both the size of large bean bag chairs. They were not just awkward and cumbersome, but so sensitive that he could barely focus on fleeing.

“Now for my favorite part.” Claves said in a sultry whisper. Leo didn’t even need to ask what the thief meant. Claves deftly maneuvered back up his boyfriend’s gigantic cock and positioned himself atop the head. Leo’s dick was even thicker around than Claves’s waist, but he knew that would in no way deter his pink haired lover. Claves flashed a winning smile down at his boyfriend as he lined up the slit with his own quivering hole.

Claves slowly eased himself down. He felt a bit of resistance when the tip of Leo’s massive cock pressed up against his hole, but that quickly passed. The thief moaned loudly as he felt himself being stretched wider by the second to accommodate the colossal cock. Leo could do nothing but watch in awe as he saw his boyfriend’s hips spread wider to accept Leo’s dick inside of him. Claves slowly slid down the length of the shaft; his body stretching and shifting as he did so.

Claves finally slowed to a halt about halfway down. Claves had apparently reached his limit, but he was too contented to care that there was still almost three feet of cock left exposed. Claves was suspended

above the street, impaled on his lover's gigantic cock, but he was in heaven. It had been quite awhile since he had been stretched so wide, and he could already tell that he was going to be pumped full of an immense load any second now.

Claves shifted and shimmied as best he could, using his entire body to jack off his lover's enormous dick. He could feel the shudders and bucks from Leo's cock reverberating through his entire body. Claves's cock began to ooze pre rapidly as he felt himself getting closer and closer to cumming without even stroking his cock.

Leo's field of view quickly became obscured by Claves's nuts as his own cock got so hard that it lifted the thief even higher into the air. When Leo's cock finally reached its full upright and locked position, Claves's crotch was just a little bit above eye level for Leo. Clave's huge cock jutted straight out, right over top of Leo's head. Leo craned his head back and reach up to pull down his lover's cock so that he could lick and rub up against the glorious cock. Leo held the cock to his face and took a moment to just bask in the warmth of his lover's dick. He could feel the steady shudders and the rhythmic pulsing as the soft ridge on the underside puffed up. Leo tried his best to hold onto Claves's cock even as he felt himself lose control of his own, but as the intense pleasure wracked his body all over again, he could no longer muster the strength to clutch the glorious shaft close to him.

Claves felt his lover's gigantic cock shudder, flex, and buck one last time before huge torrents of jizz flooded into him. Claves could do nothing but grin and happily rub his belly as gallons and gallons of warm, thick spunk flooded into him. The volume of jizz and the strength of the current was so much that he could see his gut swelling almost instantly. He grinned happily as he watched his previously flat stomach bulge and swell before his eyes.

He loved this part. He loved the way it felt to have his lover's seed flood into him and fill up each and every nook and cranny. He loved the feeling of his stomach slowly swelling as more and more cum flooded into him. He loved how warm and happy it made him feel his enormous jiggly cum laden belly roiled and sloshed. His gigantic gut was already getting too large for him to wrap his hands around and showing no signs of slowing.

Claves couldn't hold back anymore. He let out a soft grunt as his cock lurched and began spewing thick jets of spooze across the empty street. His load splashed against the grey, stone wall of a small business and oozed down onto the cobblestone street below. Jet after jet launched from his cock and splattered against the road and buildings. All the while his belly continued to swell and expand.

Finally, the two lovers' streams tapered off and their cocks softened. Claves was slowly lowered to the ground as the immense spire that he was impaled upon finally drooped down low. Finally Claves was low

enough that his feet touched the ground. He shifted his weight so that his huge, jiggly gut was no longer mashed against Leo's face. Leo's cock slid the rest of the way out of the thief's ass with a noisy plop.

"That was amazing." Leo managed to gasp.

"You're telling me." Claves cooed as he happily rubbed his absolutely massive cum-flooded belly. His gut was so large that he couldn't even see over it, and it drooped down so low that it touched the ground in front of him. He spread his arms wide to hug his gigantic belly, but his arms couldn't even make it halfway around.

"I can already tell I am going to love your new dick." Calves said with a contented sigh.

"Sorry to rain on your parade, but I think I've only got an hour left of this size." Leo replied dejectedly. "The legends are misleading. My research has led me to believe that it only lasts a few hours, and I'll most likely be exceedingly ill for the next few days."

"Totally worth it though." Claves murmured happily as he buried his face in his inflated gut. "We'll have time for one more go before you shrink back down, right?"

"In theory, but I don't think it wise to do it here." Leo explained as he looked around at the small crowd of onlookers that had arrived during their loud and lurid public display of affection.

"Can you move?" Leo asked.

“Yeah, sure... No problem.” Claves responded with a grunt. He stood up straight and awkwardly staggered forward a step or two before stopping to catch his breath.

“Might need you to guide me, though.” Claves added with a grin.

Leo staggered to his feet and grabbed a hold of Claves’ hand. The two of them made their way slowly through the city streets. They made quite the odd sight. Leo’s six foot semi bobbed and swayed in front of him with each and every step, and Claves was dragging along his colossal cum-laden belly.

“I can’t believe you do this on a regular basis.” Leo commented aloud as he tried to tune out all the gazes from the various city-dwellers. Some looked lusty, some seemed impressed, and a few seemed downright incensed. Leo was feeling very exposed and embarrassed to have his immense junk openly on display, and yet despite that he could already feel his balls refilling and his shaft hardening a little. He tried to rationalize that it was just Claves’ spell still affecting him, but deep down he knew that he was honestly enjoying the glances.

“You get used to it pretty quick.” Claves replied, and then added with a wink. “It’s a lot of fun isn’t it?”

“Maybe for you. You can hide behind your mask.” Leo shot back. He was still trying unsuccessfully

to tune out all the onlookers, but the more he thought about it the less he saw the point.

“If it makes you feel any better none of them are looking at your face.” Claves replied jokingly.

Leo let out an annoyed sigh, but a small smile was playing at the corner of his lips. As he walked home his stride got steadily more prideful and his posture got steadily bolder. His massive, six foot long rigid cock bobbed and swayed with each and every determined step he took as pre steadily flowed from the tip. Leo didn't say so out loud, but he definitely felt like he could get used to this.

CLAVES - BOOK 5

Gate of Eros

Claves folded his lean, toned arms in front of his defined chest and huffed in annoyance. “Jeez, why do I have to get stuck with the scrub club tonight?” He grumbled. To say that Claves was irritable today would be putting it mildly. He had his reasons for working alone, and having the newbs horning in on his turf made him uncomfortable.

“It’s quite logical, really. You see, section C of the Arcanum Reclamation and Exploration Codex states that all Arcanum sanctioned archeological evaluations must be conducted in the presence of an authorized official.” Tim stated matter-of-factly. Claves was about ready to reach over and stifle that

nerdy little caster when a swift slender hand reached over and caught his wrist.

“Just leave it be.” Leo said calmly as he stared down his irritated boyfriend. Claves grimaced at his tall lover, but made no further efforts to mute their loquacious friend. Leo let out an exasperated sigh but then slipped his hands into his neatly tailored vest pockets and continued following after the mage.

“And why are you here, anyway?” Claves grumbled at his blue haired boyfriend.

“To make sure you don’t strangle our little friend over there.” Leo explained only half-jokingly.

“Little.” The pink haired thief scoffed. While it was true that the wiry sorcerer was the shortest and slimmest of the trio, little was not the word that Claves would use to describe the mage. Tim was gifted with by far the biggest dick of the three. The beast stood at a full six feet tall when inflated to its true glory. Claves was more than a little jealous of the mage and even more irked by the great lengths the enchanter went to to hide his impressive endowments. To anyone who might be looking at the three, Tim seemed to be the most normally proportioned of the bunch. His enormous cock and balls were safely tucked away from view using some

fancy magic or enchantment. Claves didn't know the details. He only knew that it pissed him off.

"This is our chance to get in the good graces of the Arcanum. It's best not to let something like this pass us by." Leo admonished his bratty lover.

"Besides, this will be fun. It's so rare that we get to go out and do things together." He added happily.

"We are breaking into an abandoned research lab of some nut job rogue magi. This isn't like some date!" Claves grumbled.

Leo quickly spun around and grabbed the lithe thief by the sides of his face and pulled the thief in for a passionate kiss. Claves was so stunned that he didn't make any effort to fight back. He could feel his boyfriend's tongue work its way into his mouth. Claves moaned softly in spite of himself. Leo always knew exactly how to play him. That was part of the reason that Claves loved him, but it was also the reason that the bookish shopkeeper pissed him off half the time.

"That still doesn't make it a date." Claves sputtered when they finally broke apart. He folded his hands in front of his lean, toned chest once again and turned the face the other way in a defiant huff, but he didn't manage to hide the slight pinkish tinge that had spread across his cheeks or the fact that his

exposed massive dong had chubbed up considerably.

Whatever you say, dear.” Leo replied in a teasing singsong voice as he slipped his hands back into his pockets and set off after the silver haired enchanter who was still rattling on about rules and regulations. Leo had enjoyed the kiss just as much as his boyfriend had – if not more so as was evidenced by his own gigantic dick pressing even harder against the front of his finely tailored black slacks. Claves grumbled a bit but then bounded after the others.

“- so in the event of the discovery of a powerful artifact, it falls to the Arcanum representative to de-*gurk*.” Tim’s lecture was cut painfully short as a powerful tug on the hood of his beige Arcanum robes caused him to topple backwards. His eyes went wide in shock as he saw a fiery inferno erupt from the tile he had been standing on less than a second before. He let out a soft “oof.” as he made impact with the cold tile floor, but the pain was far better than being burnt to a crisp. When the stars finally faded from his eyes, he was staring up past the guy’s massive schlong and into the black butterfly mask the hid the master thief’s face.

“And that’s why I work alone.” Claves said flatly before stomping on ahead.

“Seriously, it’s like you guys don’t even take my work seriously.” Claves continued to gripe and moan as he casually sidestepped an ice lance and then ducked under a crackling blade of lightning.

“It’s like, Oh gee! There’s an empty wizard citadel! Let’s just walk in the front door! How hard can it be?” Claves said mockingly as he continued his diatribe. Claves effortlessly grabbed a spectral sword and smacked it against the other one that had just appeared in front of him. The two magics negated each other causing both swords to harmlessly disintegrate.

Tim made a motion like he was about to interrupt, but Leo placed a hand on the mage’s shoulder and gestured for him to stop. “Let him get it out of his system.” Leo said softly as he flashed the mage a reassuring grin.

“And one more thing!” Claves shouted back to the others while effortlessly hopping over a pit of spikes. “Is it so hard to find a mask or something? You’re not even trying to hide your identities.” Claves grumbled as he pointed towards his friends’ choice in attire. Claves turned and delivered a strong, powerful kick against one of the panels on the far wall. The stone cracked and crumbled away into pebbles revealing a small pedestal with a glowing pink gem resting atop it. The thief reached in and

unceremonious yanked the gem out and tossed it over his shoulder. The small crystal clinked harmlessly on the floor before turning black and crumbling to dust.

“To be fair, I don’t think anyone is really fooled by your disguise. You just use it as an excuse to flaunt your goods in public.” Leo called back teasingly.

“Oh, you know you enjoy it.” Claves responded in a similarly teasing manner. He looked back over his shoulder and stuck his tongue out as his boyfriend as he shook his hips, flaunting his firm, round, bubble butt for his friends. He straightened back up and pressed a few seemingly random bricks in the wall which caused the wall to open up revealing a hidden passage way. Claves looked back over his shoulder and gestured towards the doorway.

“Well come along then, it’s safe now.” Claves said casually.

The mage and shopkeeper watched the thief stroll nonchalantly through the newly opened doorway. Leo let out an exasperated sigh but then took off after his boyfriend. “Sometimes it’s best to just let him get it out of his system.” He explained to the bewildered mage as they made their way down the hall. They entered the new room only to find that

it was completely empty except for a strange portal that stood in the center. The portal was framed by what appeared to be a golden gilded doorframe and was covered by a pair of sheer, red drapes. Beyond the drapes was a swirling pink vortex. Claves was cautiously inspecting a strange doorway.

“Cool. There’s nothing on the other side.” He exclaimed as he stepped behind the doorway and then remerged on the opposite side.

“Woah...” Tim gasped, being uncharacteristically quiet.

“You know what this is?” Leo asked his robed friend.

“I have only heard of them in stories. It’s a Gate of Eros!” Tim squeaked. “They say that whoever steps into it becomes the physical embodiment of their ideal mate.”

“Sounds fun!” Claves said brightly as he leapt through the portal.

“Wait!” Tim tried to call after the eager thief, but it was too late. Claves had long since vanished into the pink void.

“I take it there’s more to the story.” Leo replied flatly.

“Yes. The legends say that once inside, there is no escape. You become a slave to your lust and get locked into an endless cycle of debauchery.” Tim replied softly. The fear was evident in his eyes and the tone of his voice.

“Huh. Back home we just call that Tuesday.” Leo said with a chuckle as he too stepped into the portal.

“Oh... this is bad....” Tim whined. The mage looked back at the exit for a moment and made a few steps towards it, but he couldn't bring himself to leave his friends. “This is such a bad idea...” Tim moaned before he too leapt into the portal.

Claves was standing in the middle of a large room. He had to admit, he liked the décor they had going. All eight of the walls were paneled with mirrors, and the floor was made of a soft, plush red velvet pillow. Above him hung a canopy of red drapes similar to the ones that framed the doorway he had entered from. Claves looked around for a moment and realized that the entrance had long since vanished.

Claves turned around as he heard a sound like wind whooshing through a narrow alley. What he saw made him grin lasciviously. Tumbling out of one of the mirrors was an exact duplicate of himself, right down to the blue cloak and black mask. The only

minor difference was that the new Claves had a slightly shorter and a bit narrower cock.

“You have great taste in men, babe.” Claves commented playfully at the double that he knew to be his boyfriend.

Leo was about to make some snarky comeback, but before he could, another figure came tumbling through the mirror. A third Claves fell into the room, landing right on top of the second.

“Oh, well now this is fascinating.” The third Claves remarked as he scoped out his new body. “Yes, I do suppose this makes sense, although it appears that the enchantment from the scepter overrides even the effects of the Gate...” The third Claves mused as he noticed his own immense dick spilling out in front of him. His cock dwarfed his body, and his massive bean bag sized balls rested solidly on the ground.

“Hmm, yes. I’ll need to make a note of this... what? Where’s my notes?” Tim exclaimed as he patted himself down looking for any pockets. His current blue cloak and black mask afforded him no place to stash his research notes or his Arcanum key.

It was then that Tim became aware of the others in the room. “One...” He counted as he

pointed to himself. “Two...” He said as he pointed to Leo, who like himself was a lithe, pink haired, young man clad in nothing but shoes, a cloak, and a mask. “Three...?” He said incredulously as he pointed to the third thief.

“You narcissistic little shit.” Leo said snarkily as he flashed his boyfriend a sassy grin.

“What? I’m hot as hell and proud of it.” Claves responded as he returned the sassy grin tit for tat.

“Well, I suppose I should be glad that you didn’t turn into some blue haired prince.” Leo said with a wry smile.

“Ah, Mon Scherry... A bit to twinkly even for me, but I’ll admit, I do love that dick.” Claves responded with a sly wink. Leo let out an exasperated sigh and shook his head.

“So... now what do we do?” Tim asked meekly.

“I know what I’m going to do!” Claves shouted happily as he pounced on his boyfriend. “Or should I say I know who I am going to do.” He added with a sly grin. Claves was positively giddy. This was literally a dream come true for him.

“I’ll... wait here, I guess...” Tim said awkwardly as he watched the two thieves make passionate love on the floor in front of him. Tim was trying not to stare, but he kept finding his eyes straying back to the lewd scene playing out before him. He really couldn’t deny that he thought Claves was the hottest guy he had ever met – not after he had transformed into the aforementioned thief when he had tumbled through the Gate of Eros, and two Claveses making out with each other was almost too much for his mind to take. He tried to block the view out of his mind, but his monstrous cock was already hardening and his huge nuts were rapidly swelling as well as his libido kicked into overdrive.

“You’re not getting out of this that easy.” One of the Claveses said. Tim could tell instantly from the tone of the guy’s voice and the sly grin on his face that this one was Leo. Tim stared in dumbstruck awe at the ridiculously sexy pair of lean, toned, pink haired guys standing before him. Both thieves’ huge, erect cocks were already streaming pre. Their flushed faces and rapidly swelling nuts were a testament to just how horny they both were.

The twin thieves sidestepped Tim’s gigantic cock and came up beside him. He felt their lips touch his cheeks in unison and saw their giant twin cocks press up against each other in front of his eyes. The oozing tips of the twin cocks mashed against each

other as if they too were making out passionately. Tim could feel the identical pair of hands reach down and stroke his painfully rigid cock while the opposite pair of hands reached down and felt up his wonderfully firm bubble butt. Tim squeaked slightly as he felt the twin mouths slowly kiss a path down the side of his face and down the nape of his neck on both sides in unison. As the identical guys passionately kissed the napes of his neck, he felt two identical pairs of fingers slip into his tight hole.

Time gasped and then moaned as his massive cock shuddered and twitched. He was so overcome by his own libido and the sensations of being serviced by two identical versions of his crush at once that he couldn't even muster the resolve to try and stop the tidal wave of cum that was building in the base of his cock. His colossal dick shuddered as huge, thick spurts of jizz launched forth and splattered against the far mirror, completely coating it in the process. He came and came again, and yet he never felt any closer to feeling fulfilled. His nuts continued to swell and swell despite the constant torrent of jizz erupting from them. It took him several minutes to realize that neither of the twin thieves was servicing him anymore. With the outside stimulation cut off, Tim was able to eventually slow the hail of cum that was erupting from his gigantic dick, but by the time he finally managed to stop shooting, the

entire far wall was completely drenched and the entire room was filled with a foot deep pool of spunk.

“Impressive.” The Leo Claves said while stroking his own painfully erect cock.

“Tch. Such a waste. You should have held off until I could mount that thing.” The real Claves commented with playfully feigned annoyance while he too stroked his rock hard, shuddering cock.

“Relax. I’d say he has plenty more to go around.” Leo said as he poked one of Tim’s massively engorged nuts with his toe. Tim’s swollen balls were now so huge that they dwarfed his body. It was like he had two king sized waterbeds strapped to the base of his giant cock.

“There’s no way I am passing up a chance like this.” Claves said fiercely. A huge, lascivious smile was plastered on his face and his eyes had a determined glint to them as he eyed every inch of the enchanter’s titanic cock.

Despite being weighed down by his own turgid, beanbag sized nuts, Claves scurried up Tim’s gigantic shaft and perched himself atop it. The beast was bigger than he was in every way, but he didn’t let that discourage him. Claves let out a slight whimper of sheer bliss as he lowered himself down upon the shaft. His hips spread wider and wider as

he slowly sank down farther and farther along to soft head of the giant cock. He continued to sink down along the shaft until he could go no farther. His whole body was stretched so thin across the surface of the massive dick that he looked like a pale condom with limbs, a dick and balls, and a head sticking out from it. He sighed contentedly as he rubbed his hands along his thinly stretched torso. It had been far too long since he had been stretched out anywhere near this thin, and it was just going to get better when the behemoth he was impaled on exploded once more.

Claves managed to open his eyes and the sight before him made his heart skip and his cock twitch. He was staring face to face with his own handsome visage. He couldn't imagine anything hotter or more erotic. His double reached up and grabbed him by the sides of the face and pulled him in for a long passionate kiss. Claves' mind was reeling. He couldn't even process all the sensations he was feeling anymore. His whole body shuddered and convulsed along the enchanter's massive shaft. Claves didn't even try to fight it. He lost himself in the passionate kiss as his cock erupted into a hail of spooage.

The angle that Claves was suspended at left his cock aimed directly at Leo's chest, but the nerdy guy in an athletic thief's body made no effort to move

out of the way when he realized what was happening. In fact he welcomed it. He continued to hold his boyfriend's handsome face in close as they locked lips while Claves hosed him down with his spunk. The thick, gooey wads clung to Leo's pale skin in globs. In a matter of seconds Leo's entire chest, stomach, cock, and even his balls were completely coated in spooge, but still he held their embrace. The twin thieves' tongues clashed passionately in their mouths.

Finally the lovers broke apart. Claves' eyes fluttered open and he gazed down longingly at his mirror image. No words were exchanged between them, but Claves understood perfectly. Leo moved slightly so that his impressive three foot long cock was aimed directly at the thief's face. Claves greedily wrapped his lips around the massive cock and hungrily sucked and slurped as much of his own cum off as he could. Leo moved forward, shoving more and more of his huge dick into his lover's greedy mouth.

"I always knew I would find a use for that sassy mouth of yours." Leo said playfully as he continued to stroke and pump his rigid dick.

It had taken an inhuman amount of willpower to hold back as long as he had, but Tim had long since reached his breaking point. He let out a loud

moan of pure sexual release as the dam finally broke. A seemingly infinite amount of cum erupted from his cock and flooded into the thief's awaiting belly. The sheer volume of spunk flooding into him was so much that Claves' gut began to swell and stretch almost instantly. The enchanter continued to moan as gallons upon gallons of spunk flowed through his sensitive cock every second, and yet, his nuts didn't seem to be shrinking at all.

Claves was in a state beyond ecstasy. He could feel his belly stretching pleasantly far beyond anything he had felt before. He couldn't have stopped his own flow of jizz even if he had wanted to. He was so wrapped up in the sensation of being flooded with cum that he wasn't even able to process what was happening at first when he tasted a very familiar bitter, salty flavor cross his tongue.

Leo had never seen Claves so happy before. To say the least he was a bit jealous of Tim and the way the enchanter was able to fill Claves in such a way, but Leo didn't let it get him down. He was happy just seeing Claves happy. It didn't hurt that his boyfriend was currently giving Leo one hell of a blowjob in the process as well. Leo wasn't even sure if Claves was aware that he was doing it. The pink haired thief seemed so far out of it that his sucking on the tip of Leo's cock was probably just some instinctive reaction at this point. Leo wasn't

complaining though. It felt amazing, and soon enough Leo had reached his limit too. His own thick loads burst forth from his dick and flooded into the thief's eager mouth. Claves seemed to instinctively slurp and suck down as much of the gooey wads as he could, but there was far too much for him. Huge gobs of jizz leaked out the sides of the thief's mouth as he struggled to gulp more and more down. All the while, Claves' gut continued to swell and swell.

Soon enough, Claves' belly had gotten so huge that it even touched the plush floor, but it did not stop there. Tim's seemingly infinite torrent of spunk continued to flood into him making his belly bigger and fuller by the second. In a matter of minutes Claves' gut had been inflated so full he was suspended on the side of the gigantic balloon of jizz while his belly brushed against the ceiling.

Claves had long since been lifted out of range of Leo's dick, leaving the bookish clerk alone to watch the action unfold. Claves had swollen to sizes hitherto unheard of. Leo stared on in awe as a giant balloon continued to swell and swell before him. Claves' gut soon filled up every inch of the room in front of him. Leo could hear the sounds of glass cracking as the thief's gut pressed forcibly against the mirrored walls. The cracking sounds became louder and more frequent as Claves' cum bloated tummy continued to outgrow the confines of the

room. Leo soon found himself pinned between one of the mirrors and a giant, fleshy jizz balloon.

It was then that something truly bizarre happened. It was as if reality itself shattered and fell to pieces around them. As the very air around him splintered and collapsed Leo caught glimpses of the barren, grey stone room they were in before. Soon every inch of the red velvet, mirrored room had fallen away in a shower of glass leaving the trio back in the original room.

With the magic of the Gate of Eros now gone, Tim was finally able to make some headway against his rapidly swelling balls. In but a few minutes he had fully drained his nuts, causing them to revert back to their normal beach ball size. His now soft dick slid out of the thief's sloppy hole with a gooey plopping noise. Tim took a brief look at himself and saw that he was once again lean and boney. He let out a small chuckle before passing out from the exhaustion that came from a nearly twenty minute orgasm.

Leo was the first to recover. He took the time that he had to himself to pick up the remains of their articles of clothing. Very little of them remained, but at least he was able to recover Tim's Arcanum key and all of the enchanter's notes. He let out a sullen sigh as he looked over the ruined scraps of fabric. It

looked like they were once again going to have to stagger home bare assed naked.

On the plus side Leo could see that a new door had opened up for them. It seemed that somehow their lust filled escapade had broken the seal that had been barring them access to the vault. It would be awhile before they would be able to check it out though. Leo knew better than to go exploring without their master dungeon guide to scope out traps for them, and it looked like it would take Claves hours to fully process all the jizz that had been pumped into him. Claves' gut had already shrunk considerably since their raunchy, erotic romp in the Gate of Eros, but even now the thief was suspended atop his massive belly that was the size of carriage.