



“Is this really what I have to wear?” I asked as I held up a skimpy pink thong in my hands. I felt the slippery sheer fabric slide between my fingers as I nervously fidgeted with the item of clothing.

“Yes,” my master said shortly. His stern face telling me that I did not have a say in the matter. I stood quietly listening to the sounds outside of the dressing room; splashing water, the voices of grown men laughing loudly, the sound of people running on wet cement. My sir had decided that it was time that he showed off the many changes that he had instituted. I knew there was no use arguing with him in this situation, and if I did I was pretty sure he had an even worse outfit in the bag he had brought.

I begin to undress. My thick arms having slight difficulty lifting my tank top over my broad shoulders and rounded chest. My pectorals began to pull upward, as the fabric scrape across both of them. Both of them bouncing downward as the fabric was pulled over my head. I couldn’t believe how big he had made me. I unbuttoned my shorts and attempted to pull them down over my oversized rump. That was always the most difficult part of dressing and undressing. My Sir had wanted my ass to be huge. He wanted people to think that I had implants in my ass, even though it was 100% muscle. The idea had crossed his mind on occasion, but it was always tabled for a later discussion. We worked my legs every other day. My life was full of squats, lunges, and deadlifts. He was always a cynical Sir as well. When I was bad, his punishment was usually one of two things; the one I was subjected to most often was squats. The other was one of a much more sinister nature.

I looked at my backside in the mirror. I could barely believe that this was me. Every time I looked in the mirror it was like I was looking at a different person. I had put on well over 150 lbs of solid beef since I was collared by my sir, and I didn’t see him stopping anytime soon. The idea scared me but also thrilled me in ways I didn’t understand. Most mornings I had difficulty getting dressed and would have to end up begging my Sir for assistance so I wouldn’t be late. But when he choose my clothing it was usually a thong and a pair of tight dress pants. Ones that really accentuated my growing backside. Most months I ripped through at least 4-6 pairs of shorts. The number growing larger as time passed and my ass increased in mass. Most of my shirts had buttons popping off them left and right whenever I would turn the wrong direction or stretch my arms a little too far. Most days I did not remember I was no longer the one hundred and sixty pound boy I once was.

I felt my Sir's large hands run over my exposed ass, I shivered. Him touching me felt like electricity flowing through my body. His touch was always gentle but rough from his years of working out. I bit my lip in anticipation in hopes of him going deep in between my ass cheeks and pleasuring me for even a brief moment, but he pulled back his hand. I looked at him with sadness in my big, brown eyes. My eyes pleading that he would go further. He shook his head no and said, "Get dress pup, we will play later."

I nodded my head and continued to pull down my shorts. Once I had successfully released my two large melons, I now had to pull out the large bulge I had in the front. My Sir was big into body modification. He loved the idea of taking a guy, specially me, and transforming him in to a object of lust and dedication. He had first began with growing my body. Stuffing me full of all the supplements that he could find, both legal and illegal. When that grew boring for him, he set his sights on another part of my anatomy. He wanted my dick and balls to be obscenely big. It first began with a few cc's of silicon here and there but slowly grow to the point where I was receiving weekly shots.

Those nights he would massage my dick for hours. Ensuring the silicon fell into the right spot and that it was evenly distributed throughout my dick. Currently I have about 200 cc's of silicon inserted into my dick, I had definitely moved into obscene territory when I dressed in the wrong piece of clothing. He had said we were taking a break from the silicon implants for a moment, he wanted to enjoy watching me attempt to hide my permabulge before we went any bigger. I looked down at my uncovered dick and saw how huge it really looked. Both of my balls were the size of lemons and my dick almost the size of a full can of monster. I sighed.

I use to be a top before my Sir got his hands on my dick. He had made me too large to ever really top again. He loved it when we would bring home a third and he would watch and laugh as I tried and tried to put my dick in another's ass, but to no avail. It was always too big and would never get hard enough with all the silicon to really penetrate another's ass. I would usually end up being the bottom of the group and get fucked by both my Sir and the supposed bottom. Sir would humiliate me in front of the third and talk about how big my dick had gotten, how useless it was now, how I would never be able to top again, how he had turned me into a permanent bottom. Just remembering all the nights of my failed attempts at topping got me excited. My dick beginning to inflate at the thought of the years of continued humiliation I had in store for me.

"Pup, I am loosing patience. Thong, now," my sir ordered angrily. I shook my head breaking my train of thought, I removed my hand from my dick and picked up the thong off the shelf. I slide the silky thong over both of my massive thighs. The string lay nestled between my round cheeks. I looked in the mirror and saw how the pouch was overflowing with my giant dick. I turned to the side and saw how far my bulge protruded from my body, and how far my ass extended from my back. I had never been out in something so tiny. I was already embarrassed, and the more I thought about it the harder I got. And the harder I got, the harder it was to hide my monster cock.

"Looks good pup," my Sir said as he grasped the pouch and shook my dick aggressively. A moaned escaped from my mouth. My dick getting larger. My cock head began to peek out of the top of the pouch already. Fuck this is humiliating. . .so humiliating. . . mmmm so humiliating. I moaned again at the thought of everyone seeing my huge pouch. Having men stare and wonder what laid hidden beneath the sheer pink fabric. Most men I knew would beg to get fucked by such a large cock, but little did they know my dick was always too large and I was useless as a top. "Lets go," he said. My Sir turned around to exit the dressing room, opening the door and letting the outside light shine on my obscene body.

"Time to be paraded around like a piece of meat," I muttered. We walked outside of the dressing room and out to the pool. There were about thirty to forty other guys decorating the surrounding of the pool, while about ten or so guys were swimming. I attempted to hide myself behind my Sir's large body, but he would not allow me. He pulled me with his strong arms to walk right beside

him. I could feel the pouch bounce with every step I took. As we passed the other party goers I could feel their lust filled eyes gazing upon me. Men who would want to get on their knees and pleasure the monster dick I was attempting to hide. Men who would want to bend me over and eat out my giant ass, worshipping every inch of it, right before they would fuck me right into next week.

“Want to go for a swim pup?” My Sir asked. I knew it was a question, but I honestly had no choice in the matter. He enjoyed making it seem like I had a choice in our activities, but most of his questions were always rhetorical. Or a test to see how I would respond. If it was the right answer I was usually “rewarded” with said activity, but if I said no it would usually end me in a much worse situation.

“Yes sir,” I said with a smile. He stared at me, a smile growing across his face. He was planning something. The way his small blue eyes began to glow with cunningness always told me that he had something in mind that was going to be more humiliating than the last. I watched as my Sir dove into the water. His large body angling gracefully into the pool into a perfect dive. He had told me he had always been large, ever since middle school when he hit puberty before everyone else. So he had years of getting use to being the large brute he was. Me on the other hand, had no coordination at the size that I was now. My mind continued to think that I was still the small one sixty pound twink I once was, and that caused a lot of walls to be knocked into, cups to be knocked over, and many other overly clumsy antics.

I attempted to dive into the water after my Sir, but it turned into a cross between a belly flop and a cannonball. My large arms unable to touch above my head, and my thick thighs unable to be pressed together due to their size. Upon entry, water splashed everywhere. I heard loud cheers and clapping as I broke free of the water. I saw the water had splashed well onto the area surrounding the pool. Men standing near the edge were now soaked.

“Sorry,” I said embarrassed, partially burying my face in the water. I felt my dick twitch from the embarrassment. I looked down into the water and saw my dick was once again thickening up in the thong. God why was I so big. I groaned and sank back into the water.

Was this really my life now? Being an object of humiliation and sexual pleasure. I laid down under the water. Letting the seconds pass by, as I contemplated my life. I looked at the men surrounding me under the water. Most wearing speedos of all different shapes and sizes. But nobody wearing anything close to what I was wearing. Why couldn't I have just worn something a tiny bit more conservative and worked up to this? I saw my Sir's large hand come towards me under the water and pulled me above the water.

“Thought we lost you there pup, I know guys your size have a hard time swimming,” he announced loudly to everyone. I felt my cheeks burn red with embarrassment.

“Sir do you have to do that,” I muttered?

“Oh I'm sorry pup. Did you say something?” he asked. Clearly hearing what I said. Another test. I turned to him and smiled.

“No, I didn't say anything,” I said. His eyes narrowing at me once again.

“How about lets get out of the water and go relax in a chair somewhere, would you like that?” he asked. My smile grew larger.

“Yes I would love that Sir,” I beamed as I gave him a hug. I felt my large bulge squish against his muscular body as we stood in the water. We both walked to the side of the pool. My sir getting out first. Damn he was huge. His back and thighs even bigger than my own. His ass filling out his speedo perfectly. The speedo just small enough to be overflowing with his butt cheeks. It was his ass that first got my attention when we first started dating. He had bottomed for me once in our relationship, when we first started dating. Ever since that night he told me he would no longer bottom, and that I would be the submissive in the relationship. And now I couldn't even top him if he allowed it.

I grabbed on to the ladder and pulled myself out of the the water, I felt the cool air on my crotch. I climbed out of the water and walked towards my Sir, waiting for him to pick a chair for us to sit

in. As I stood there, I noticed people looking at me once again. Pointing at me and whispering. Some men even going as far as to massage their own dick as they stared. I looked at my Sir, not understanding what they were all staring at. He looked up and down at my body and smiled his sly smile and grabbed his crotch. I looked down at my body and found that the thong I had been wearing had gone almost completely see through. That my large balls and dick were on show for all to see. I went to cover myself with my hands, but my sir grasped them both before I even touched the pouch.

“Time for your punishment for that side comment earlier Pup,” he said, his grip strong and unwavering. “Go stand up on the diving board. I wanna take some pictures of you to commemorate the day.” I realized this was what he had been planning the whole time. To humiliate me in front of everyone.

I walked towards the diving board. Hearing a group of guys whistle and catcall me as I walked by them. My cheeks, the ones on my face and ass, grew warm with embarrassment. I made my way to the diving board and stood on the end as my Sir brought his camera to his face.

“Come on pup, pose for your Sir,” he said giddy with excitement. I grasped onto both of the bars lining the board. I knew that I had to put my full effort into this or a much worse punishment would be had. I leaned in showing off my large pectoral muscles for my Sir, sticking out my tongue and biting down knowing that was his favorite face that I made.

“Yea Pup, just like that,” he said. I heard cheers from behind me, the other party goers enjoying the erotic photo shoot that was being had in the center of the party. I turned around and pushed my ass out. Letting my enlarged buttocks spread, and the small pink string began to show between my ass cheeks. I grasped onto the fabric and lifted it high, wedging the fabric further into my ass. I turned my head around and smiled at my Sir as I heard the continued clicking of the camera. I bent over attempting to touch my toes, allowing an even better view of my ass. Loud cheers erupted from the crowd below. I could see many of the men had taken out their dicks and were opening beating themselves off to the show I was giving them. My own dick growing full and heavy in the constricting pouch I was presenting to the crowd of people.

God the public humiliation was getting to me, my dick was getting too thick for my thong. My dick head popping out of the thong finally. The fabric unable to contain the thick meat that my Sir had created. I grasped onto my dick and openly began beating it off. Trying to make my Sir proud even as the humiliation was palpating around me. He continued to take pictures.

“God look at that dick, its so huge,” he shouted. “How can you even fuck with that thing! It’s basically just a useless piece of meat now. What do all of you think?” he shouted to the crowd. Men screamed in agreement. I was able to pick out words like obscene, huge, and monster. The men below me began pairing off. Grabbing each other, bending some over the pool chairs and fucking while others chose to have a group jack off session at the closest edge to my show. God I was getting close, my heavy full balls bounced beneath my hand. Tightening up, I was moments away from achieving orgasm. I pulled my hand away knowing that I was not allowed to cum without permission.

“Men! Looks like my Pup is going to cum! What do all of y’all think? Should I let him cum?” He asked to the crowd as he massaged his own thick dick. The crowd erupted in union one last time. All of them cheering, “YES!” My Sir gave me the signal to continue. I grabbed onto my dick once again and furiously began to beat it. Listening to the moans of the other men surrounding the pool. Many of them shouting humiliating words of encouragement. Everything began to build inside of me.

“Sir, I’m gonna cum!” I screamed. My thick cock began to pulse as ropes of cum shot out of my dick, covering the diving plank before me. My Sir continued to click photos as my orgasm reached its crescendo.

“Cum for me my Pup. Shoot your load for all the men to see,” he urged. I continued to cum everywhere. I continued to jerk myself off for at least another 3 minutes. Making sure that every ounce of cum was shot from my body. Not knowing the next time I would be able to cum. After I finished

shooting, I pulled the thong back over my dick and looked back at my Sir. His face, beaming with pride. I smiled back at him and walked backwards off of the diving board. As I hit the surface I let the water envelop my body, as I sank to the pools slick bottom. I guess this was my life. I was just a big piece of meat for my Sir to play with and humiliate. . .and I couldn't imagine living my life any other way.