

The Cub and the Bodybuilder

I knew what people thought when they saw my boyfriend as he sat on the edge of a bench press; hands covered in powdered sugar, chubby face covered in glaze, and his body covered – in clothes that were much too small for his fat body. The more donuts that he larger his furry belly swelled until this shirt rode up half of his round belly. I moved around the gym with knowledge of the location of every machine and exercise. With every donut, he ate I was expected to complete an additional set. By the end of our, or better yet my, workout he would have typically eaten at least three dozen. The empty boxes would usually bestrew around the bench that he did not leave. The donuts shocked people, but when they saw me walk up to him and plant a kiss on his jelly covered lips. My hands lightly squeezed his gut as his hand grabbed my bicep.

People saw my strong muscular build and his small doughy body. I had been asked the questions before; was he rich, did he have a massive dick, was I a chubby chaser? Two of the three answers were a yes but they didn't need to know that.

"All done?" I asked. To the untrained eye, they would think I was asking if he was done eating but it was if I was done working out. You see our relationship was very different from most. He gave a nod of his chubby face, and I let out a breath of exhaustion. It was a rough workout. I helped him from the bench and enjoyed the way his firm stomach felt against my body as it slammed into my hard muscular form. The furry sides tickled my hands as I rubbed them and he groaned in enjoyment. He walked in front of me and I followed slightly behind as was dictated by him. But I did enjoy the view of his plump ass as it bounced from side to side in his cotton shorts. The material was bunched up within his crack and drenched in sweat, not from any type of exercise but from the intense heat of the gym. The entire backside of his shirt was colored dark with his sweat and I knew that later on, he would give me the privilege of licking every inch of him clean. And I growled in excitement about finally getting home with him.

We settled in front of our locker and he gave me a nod, which caused my stomach to churn with unease. He widened eyes and gave a more forceful nod.

That was number two. If I made him tell me a third time, then it would not bode well for me later when we got home. And that enjoyable tongue bath I hoped to give would very easily turn into a spanking. I grasped onto the edges of my sweaty tank top and lifted it over my head. The slick spandex

material dragged against my abdominals and lifted both of my pecs which plopped down with a soundless thud. I flexed for a moment in the mirror behind my boyfriend, showing off my/his hard work and dedication. My biceps were round, my pectorals were thick, and my body was furry. He liked my hairy, so hairy I was kept. I turned around and showed him my muscular back and my plump butt. His sausage fingers rubbed across the hard muscles and gave me a slap on my ass in an appreciative manner. I knew I looked good, and the spank was always enjoyed.

Eyes always started from the top and drifted down when people saw me. My handsome chiseled face, my great upper body, and then my overly developed lower body. Every inch was large and manly, except for one. I took a deep breath and with one movement I dropped my skintight shorts and underwear to the ground and revealed my two-inch shriveled cock and my nearly grape-sized balls. Both looked even smaller than they truly were due to the large muscles that surrounded my small genitals.

They weren't always this laughable. Before I met Greg my dick was actually above average, but when our relationship had started he liked being the one with the bigger dick. So I had to be taken down a few inches, he told me. It wasn't even that mine was that much bigger than the massive cock he had underneath his round belly, but that didn't stop him from wanting mine smaller. He mulled over several different ideas on how to shrink my cock, some more dangerous than others, but he landed on one which not only shrunk my cock but also kept him in power – chastity.

A small metallic device was locked on my cock nearly 24/7 with small breaks in between, this being one of them, so it could be shown off to others. The humiliation I felt from watching my cock as it shrunk smaller and smaller until it was too small to ever fuck again was unbearable but also, pleasurable in the most disturbing of ways. Some nights I would just stare at my tiny prick and get pleasure at the sight. Even though my cheeks would grow flush with embarrassment, my cock would grow hard.

So Greg gave a nod of his head towards the other end of the locker room where the group shower stood. I saw guys look at me from the corner of their eyes. This muscular gorilla of a man as he strolled through the locker room in his birthday suit. Why wouldn't they be curious about mine? Their eyes always traveled in the same way, and when they reached my cock I could see the laughter they held by their lips. It was laughable. I knew it was, and when their stifled laughs echoed through the locker room my dick grew hard at the sound.

I picked a shower head in the center of the wash area and begun my shower. I washed slowly and sensually as Greg had instructed. I rubbed my sudsy hands over my heavy pectorals and couldn't help but pinch my nipples which made them hard and erect. One of my most pleasurable areas that Greg enjoyed torturing. My fingers rubbed over the sensitive tips and caused shivers up and down my

spine. Not only did Greg enjoying torturing my nipples but also stretching them until people could see them through the thickest of shirts. I rubbed my hands down my thighs, up towards my tiny cock and balls, and then moved them towards the deep crevice between my cheeks. My muscular ass was firm and high from the years of training and had only grown larger and more tantalizing from Greg's instruction and forced workouts. And since I wasn't topping any longer I was now the designated bottom. I bent over slightly and fun my fingers towards my hole and rubbed the soap up and down my crack. While a casual finger slid inside of me. My toes curled slightly at the feeling of so publicly touching myself. The idea of being caught thrilled me, and the idea of them joining in turned me on even more.

No others entered the shower area while I washed and touched myself but I saw the people who had walked towards the shower area and immediately turned around at the sight of me so open with my body. I held my mouth tight but that didn't mean the occasional groan of enjoyment did not escape my lips, which caused some to not even come near the showers. My brain was a mix of feelings of enjoyment and repulsion even as my fingers roamed inside my hole. From the outside, it looked like I was so comfortable showing off my hard body and my tiny cock but on the inside, I was a wreck. I was humiliated every time Greg forced me to do such things, and when I grew used to his challenges or the taunts of others; he would become creative and focus a way to twist it into a much more humiliating scenario.

I finished the shower with a fully erect two-inch cock and a hole that had been fingered for several long minutes and walked through the locker room once more. My tiny cock bounced up and down as my wet body dripped on the tile and found Greg in the same spot with eyes like the devil. He stared at me as he hungrily devoured every inch of my naked body.

"Turn around," he said softly yet forcefully. I obeyed. He took each of my cheeks in his chubby paws and spread them wide as he looked to my hole. One finger slid towards it and easily sunk into my body. His fingers were meaty and long, and I felt it as it sunk to the knuckle. My cock responded with a small glob of cum as it was pushed from my cock and fell to the floor. I could hear voices coming towards us but that did not stop Greg's exploration.

"Sir...", I began to say but gasped as another finger sunk into my hole. My eyes fluttered as the feeling of being full overtook my fear of being caught. I sunk my asshole onto his fingers and arched my back as I heard the footsteps of men as they walked towards me. Their voices grew louder as the pleasure grew. "Sir...Sir people are -."

"What boy? Afraid people are gonna see your tiny cock? Afraid people are gonna see me playing with your pussy? What? Afraid that people are gonna see that you are nothing but a tiny dicked loser

who likes getting his hole fingered by fat guys?” His words were so humiliating and truthful. Everything he said was true and I hated myself for liking it all so much. I wished that I didn’t talk to hi the night he walked up to me at the bar, but I couldn’t help myself. He was so domineering and authoritative.

“Ughhh.” It was all that I could muster as I heard the men on the other side of the lockers as they undressed. From my vantage, I could see them in the reflection of a mirror but their bodies were turned away and their focus was on one another and not the faggot on the other side of the wall of lockers. Greg dropped his voice as he continued to tease me.

“You think they would wanna fuck your pussy boy? Do you think they would pin you down right here and fuck you while other guys came in and joined? I bet they would play with that little clit that you call a cock too until you are so lost in your pleasure that you can’t even speak.” Fake images of those men pinning me down and raping my hole. Holding me “against” my will as they fucked me and dropped their loads into my hole.

“Please,” I gasped, trying to take control of someone who held it all. But as my body shook I couldn’t tear my eyes away from the men in the mirror. Their bodies were nearly the size of mine but their cocks. Their long thick members hung freely and swung as they moved like a pendulum, and all I could do was drool. Their heavy balls were clearly full of cum and I wanted, no needed, them to be inside me. My body continued to move up against my own better wishes and begun to fuck myself on his fingers.

Greg only chuckled, added an additional finger, and rub himself through his shorts. This was what got him off, controlling and humiliating me in whatever way was most convenient.

The humiliation came to a crescendo when one of the guys on the other side caught me as I stared at them so intently. He said nothing to his friends, but his eyes only grew wider when he saw what had unfolded on the other side of the walls. He bit one of his plump lips and cut his eyes to his two friends who were preoccupied with one another and groped his exposed cock. He raised one eyebrow suggestively as he stroked his cock a few times and pursed his lips in a kiss. His longe black cock already drooled cum onto the floor and I wanted it. I wanted to fall to the floor and lick it from the tile and beg for more. He oozed confidence and I wanted to worship him with Greg. My mouth fell open in a silent scream of pleasure as my cock exploded with a pathetic dribble onto the floor. My entire body seized so intensely that I grabbed the wall for stability.

Without allowing another moment to pass; Greg picked himself off the bench, slapped my ass, and ordered me to get dressed as he strolled out of the locker room. I quietly and quickly redressed

myself and walked towards the exit. I don't know if he had it planned or if it was fate, but while I was too focused on leaving I ended up walking into the wall of muscle that caught me staring.

"Oh sorry bud," he apologized. His deep voice rumbled in my bones all the way towards my cock. His hand went towards my ass and squeezed one of my cheeks and my cheeks went red. "I enjoyed the show. Maybe next time you could use another participant."

"Th-thank you," I stuttered while I ran away towards Greg. We both left the gym shortly after and planned the rest of the day. But I couldn't help but see that man's thick cock in my mind every time I closed my eyes.

My New position

"I have a surprise for you," Greg said as he nudged me awake. I groaned in defiance but turned over and saw his wickedly happy face staring down at me from over the ledge of his bed. His eyes twinkled with such mischievousness that only meant terror for me. His plans were creative and devious and lays made my my cock pulse with excitement. I rubbed my eyes as I rolled around in my much smaller twin-sized mattress that was set up on the floor next to the large king-sized bed. Sometimes I would be allowed to sleep in the king-sized bed with Greg, but that treat would always come at a cost. A cost that I was usually more than happy to pay.

"What is it?" I asked as I stretched my large body, feeling every bone in my back crack.

"Oh it wouldn't be much of a surprise if I told you. Now would it?" He teased as he rolled away from the side of the bed and walked over to the dresser and produced a small brown box. I racked my brain as I tried to remember anything that he ordered, or anything that he teased me with purchasing but I came up empty. "Open it," he said as he tossed the box to me. Which slapped me in the face when I misjudged where he threw it. Luckily it was light and didn't appear to be breakable.

Running my fingernail along the tape, I cut into the box and withdrew the secretive object. I had no words for what I found but only moans of excitement. My cock twitched at its sight and I looked towards Greg. He walked back towards my bed and ran his hands through my shortened hair.

"Excited?"

I swallowed a mouthful of air and nodded. My mouth was dry as I licked my lips, eager for a taste.

"Well I have a few ideas on how that will be used. But that's a surprise for later. You're calling out of work tonight by the way." I opened my mouth to respond but he cut me off before I spoke. "No." His eyes narrowed and his brows furrowed. The switch from his friendly/loving persona was quick and changed to the face that I knew as my wicked master. He placed one of his fingers underneath my chin and tilted my face upward to him as he hovered over me with a sadistic smile. "You will call out of work tonight. Yes Sir?"

"Yes Sir." I responded without even thinking. He grabbed my phone from the bedside table and threw it onto my bed.

“Tell them you will be rather preoccupied with your new place of employment and won’t be able to work. When you are done I left a list of chores for you to do while I run out and do some errands. When I come back I expect the house to be clean and lunch to be ready. Understood?” Greg asked as he gathered his belongings and pushed them into his pockets.

“Yes Sir,” I responded once again, already pulling up my boss’s contact number to follow the first in a long list of rules set out by Greg. He was about to leave the room when he turned back to me and smiled.

“Oop, almost forgot my kiss,” he said as he smiled and walked back towards me. I pushed my lips out and closed my eyes, ready to meet his own. But when I didn’t feel his lips press against my own and instead heard the rustling sound of clothes and the sound of a zipper I opened my eyes. My eyes opened to the sight of Greg’s massive cheeks pushed out towards me. The light smattering of hair which covered each of his butt cheeks was matted with sweat and I could already smell his musk that radiated from the deep cavity between his butt cheeks. The smell of his musk was all I needed to be forced into the mood to worship him. He looked over his shoulder and laughed, “You didn’t think you would be kissing me lips did you? Pucker up those lips again lover boy. Make sure it’s a French kiss too.” He punctuated his command with a wink. He wasn’t always sadistic, sometimes he was playful, and I was always willing to play!

Greg arched his back and I pushed forward into his ass. My face dug between his cheeks while my tongue aimed towards his hole like an arrow which moved towards a bullseye. I had spent hours with my face between his cheeks, sometimes even entire days, so I knew exactly how to lick and nibble for the both of us to be pleased. My tongue swirled around his hairy hole as we both moaned with enjoyment. I held his meaty cheeks and pulled them further apart while I kissed and ravished his hole with my mouth, enjoying every flavor my tongue could find. Greg’s round ass and full hips swayed back and forth as he rubbed his scent over my face. I knew the scent would cover my face for the rest of the day, which I would happily sniff in remembrance. I squeezed his cheeks, I rubbed his taint, I probed his hole, and licked his crack. I made sure that my tongue licked every inch for him, wanting him to know that I relished the opportunity to worship his hole and his sexy ass. When he pulled away I could see the rows of hair were licked clean and he redressed without any care towards me.

“I’ll be back in two hours. Love you,” he shouted as he left the house.

“Love you too!” I called out to him as I pulled a long hair from my tongue. My cock leaked cum onto my mattress as I stared at the dark curly hair. “Fuck,” I grunted as I rubbed my cock through my underwear. I knew I was not allowed to touch without permission, but my cock would still beg for my

disobedience. So with an erect cock, begging for attention I dialed my boss and called out of work, while I teased my head. Curious on what Greg had in store for me tonight.

The rest of the day went on as normal. I cleaned the house, I cooked our lunches, we relaxed for several long hours and even fell asleep on the couch. Well, Greg was on the couch – I laid on the floor next to him like an obedient pup. When we woke the sun had long since set and Greg advised that it was time for the fun to begin. He laid out a selection of clothes for me to wear – a short pair of whitewash denim cutoffs, a form-fitting black tank, and a pair of construction boots. No underwear.

I stared at him excitedly. This outfit could only mean one thing. We were going out. I didn't understand how the object in the box and tonight would intertwine but I pushed any worries into the back of my mind, dressed, and waited obediently at the front door for Greg.

We arrived at The Alleyway – a popular gay nightclub tucked away in the seedier part of town a little after 11. Greg carried the box into the crowded club without even a second look from the bouncer, or a check from the front desk. The two men nodded to one another while I trailed behind him looking around for friends or people, but found none. While it seemed like a normal night at the club; the clientele seemed to be different. Sure the usual club kids who frequented the club every Friday night were present, but from my vantage point there seemed to be a lot more older men in leather than normal.

“Why are we going to the back?” I asked.

“That's where the surprise is babe,” Greg answered. I grew nervous at what he meant but when he walked me into the large bathroom my heart began to race. I heard of what went down in these bathrooms, and wasn't sure I wanted to be a part of whatever was planned. He pulled me to the back corner where a urinal had been recently removed and dropped the box to the floor. “Here we are. Your new home for the remainder of the evening.” He opened the box and withdrew the urinal gag from within the box.

“What? No! We cant do that here!” I said as I backed away from Greg as he stalked closer to me like a predator that moved in on its prey. “What about -.”

“The owners? They know and already signed off on it. Why do you think there are so many leather heads here tonight? You think they came for the shitty cocktails and the techno music. No, they are here for the piss hungry muscle bitch who is gonna be set up in the bathroom. So stop squirming and say AHHH.” I opened my mouth to tell him no but instead he pushed in the gag into my mouth. I knew I could overpower him or push him away. I could easily run out on this and never look back. But my

submission to him kept me rooted to the floor. Even as my heart beat, like a hummingbirds wings, and my cock throbbed I wanted to leave.

Taking my hand, Greg walked me empty urinal spot in the corner and pushed me onto the ground. I had not noticed before but a pair of handcuffs were on the pipe that used to connect the urinal to the floor and that was how he held me in place. I attempted to speak around the gag but only weird unintelligible sounds and groans came from the tube that went directly towards my throat. Greg leaned down and kissed my forehead before he wandered out of the bathroom. The last words he said to me were, "Have fun!"

It wasn't much longer until the first man came into the bathroom. He bee-lined towards the back corner where I was tucked away and grunted in appreciation at the sight. I could only image what he thought of me; the muscular bitch who was the clubs urinal for the evening.

"Fuck yeah," he said as he undid his zipper. His cock was short and thick and covered in the same salt and pepper hair that covered the rest of his body. He straddled the bowl that hung from my mouth and grinned down at me.. "You thirsty pig?" He asked as he slapped his dick against my face before he stepped away from the blow.

"Oops," he teased as the first blast of piss struck my shirt and doused my clothes. He swung his dick from side to side as it spewed piss onto the rest of my body into I felt my clothes were slick with his load. I struggled against my restraints as I tried to dodge his aim but my attempts were unsuccessful. Finally when he hit the bowl that was attached to my gag I had hoped that he was nearly done but his bladder continued to unload into the bowl until it overflowed onto the floor. I didn't have much of an option to do otherwise but drink. I swallowed the acidic load as it quickly refilled. The harsh smell of his piss filled the already musky bathroom.

"Here pig. This will help." He pulled a canister from his pocket and plugged one of my nostrils. Instinctually Inhaled and felt a rush within my body.

Poppers.

He gave me poppers. The drug invaded my system and I felt renewed as a fog was placed over my worries and my common sense. All I wanted was to drink, and drink I did. I guzzled his piss like the hungry pig I was and begged for more when his stream began to run dry.

"Mmm. Such a good little piss pig," he grunted as he ran his hands through my wet hair and dripped the remaining drops of urine onto my face before he tucked the bottle of poppers over my head and left the bathroom. It was seconds before the next man came in, and the next, and the next.

It was a constant stream of men, eager to use me as their urinal for the evening. Men would tease me and call me their thirsty piss bitch, their piss pig, their urinal. I loved it all. My mind was so ravaged by the endless amount of poppers that the men seemed to feed me I couldn't get enough of any of it. My body was covered in dozen's of loads from strangers and my cock just wanted to be touched. It needed to be used. It bulged within my soaked denim jeans and I thrust it towards any of the pissers in hopes they would touch it. Some would massage my cock with their boots or shake it, but none would touch me or give me any release.

As the night progressed I lost count of the men and the time. Had I been there for an hour or three? Had it been twelve men or twenty? The influx of poppers and the stomach full of piss was I cared or worried it. My head bobbed back and forth from exhaustion and inebriation, and only perked up when I heard the door open once again. It wasn't until I heard Greg's voice did the popper infused cloud lift slightly from my mind.

"See, what did I tell you? He's just a piss hungry mess. No real man would want this pig." I could feel Greg's hands as he held my piss covered face up. My heavy eyes opened and I saw Greg came with someone, someone that I recognized. But how? How did I know them? "Why don't you give him a go. I bet he will love it."

"Not really my thing dude," the man's deep voice spoke. So familiar. How did I know him?

"Come on. You wont let this pig go thirsty will you? Come on piggy, show him how much you want it." Like a trained animal I moaned. "See just look at how hard this piggy is." He rubbed his shoe against my dick as it ached.

Please touch it I silently begged him. Please!

The man's face was disgusted at the sight, but he listened to Greg's orders and unzipped his pants and withdrew his massive cock. A cock I recognized and fantasized about while Greg fucked me.

The gym!

He was the man from the gym. I groaned again as even more humiliation bubbled underneath the surface of the cloud of poppers, bursting through the thin defense that it offered my consciousness. It was one thing to be used by complete strangers but by a man who saw me in my day to day life and one that I even lusted after.

"Ughhh," I moaned around the gag, trying to form some sort of words to tell the man it wasn't what it seemed. But before I could even try to form some sort of words the stream of piss started. I didn't drink any of it as it filled the gag and overflow the edges of the bowl. Greg could see what I was doing and stopped me. He produced two bottles of poppers and plugged both of my nostrils.

“Inhale. Now!” He ordered and my body followed his orders. I filled my lungs with the noxious fumes and the cloud rushed back over my consciousness and I drank every droplet that the man produced. And when the bowl was empty and his cock ran dry, I begged for more. I launched at like some sort of wild beast, hungry for his cock and thirsty for his piss..

“Fuck dude. I thought you were hot, but this shit is crazy.” The black man tucked his cock away and retreated from the bathroom and left me alone Greg. He squatted down to my level and laughed. He held my face within his chubby fingers and saw the way my eyes were glossy and held no sign of intelligence.

“I saw you two at the gym the other day. Did you think I wouldn’t do something to make sure that he never wanted you?” Greg laughed as he saw no recognition or a acknowledgment of his words in my eyes. I was too far gone. “You probably don’t even know what I am saying.” Greg stood up and dropped his pants to the piss covered floor. “Is this what you want?” He asked and I nodded ferociously. “You want my piss?” I nodded again and whined for it. “Fucking pathetic,” he said before he unleashed a stream of piss onto my face and I lost myself once more to the will of my master.

Locked and Helpless

It had been three days since I spent that night working as a urinal at the club, and I could still taste piss on my mouth. Every time I licked my lips the taste would overflow my taste buds as if it was a fresh blast on my face. But I wasn't complaining, but it was difficult to stay focused on a conversation when my tongue would swipe along the roof of my mouth and find another patch of that acidic treasure. Greg could always tell when I found the taste by the way my eyes rolled up into my head and how my lips pursed together to hold in whatever moan bubbled beneath my surface. Greg would laugh at my pleasure and tease me calling me a pathetic toilet whenever I was overrun with those memories. But he didn't know how much I enjoyed the memories.

Late into the evening the past few nights I would stay awake much longer than Greg and think of that night. A combination of crystal clear and a thick haze covered the memories. Somethings I could remember while others were just scents, or tastes instead of faces or names. I could remember the way the men stared at me and the taste of their piss as they unloaded it on my face. How they would look when they sneered and laughed at me while they pissed all over my body. They saw me as nothing more than a piece of trash – a toilet to be used. I laid in my bed as, replaying the evening on repeat; the tastes, the names, the sheer humiliation I felt. Everything I could remember brought cum to the tip of a locked cock and my balls begged to be released over my memories.

My hand filled with precum underneath my sheets as I thought of those men; their meaty cocks, their large bodies, their nearly endless streams of piss. The noxious fumes from the bottles of poppers just made every taste, every feeling that much more intense. The good ones and the humiliating ones. While most of the men's faces were lost in that drug-induced haze, there was one that was clear in my memories. The man from the gym who once looked at me with such lust. His face was full of disgust. I could only imagine what he thought as I worshipped his piss and gulped every droplet I could find. The sight he must have had at me covered in stranger's piss, begging for more.

The image he had of me in his mind was most likely shattered, irreparable by the way he ran from the bathroom. I knew that Greg had succeeded in his plan of ruining my image. I was to belong to Greg and nobody else. Anyone else that would see me as a sexual object or a person of interest was in store for trouble. So Greg stood in the corner the rest of the evening and watched as I fell into my crazed, piss hunger persona completely lost to all other people in the world. So when the sun rose and I

saw myself. Covered in so much piss that my clothes dripped when I walked, I was so disgusted in myself but that did not stop my cock from bulging through my cage.

The following week we went about our normal lives, or as normal as a dom/sub relationship could be labeled as “normal”. Greg had no hidden tricks up his sleeves or malicious agenda behind a closed door. It was nice to relax for a short time without some sharpened blade hanging over my neck whenever I woke up in my bed. But the longer time went by without a hint of some scheme the more I worried that what he had planned was going to be horrible. That he was only allowing me to rest so that the humiliation I would feel from his next scheme would be that sweeter.

It was Friday morning when Greg announced that a guest would be over for dinner. When I pushed for a person’s name he kept his lips sealed. “It was a surprise,” he said to me. Surprises made me nervous.

Greg’s surprises were always a double edge blade. On one side they would humiliate me and torment me in some way, shape, or form. While on the other side I knew that my darker half would revel in the depravity of it. It was a confusing combination of feelings as I readied the house for our guests. Who would they be, and why did they need to be a secret? I knew all would be released when Greg deemed it necessary and it was around 7 pm that his game began. He presented me with a large white box.

“Open it,” he offered as he pushed the box towards me. His smile was crooked and toothy like a wolf waiting for the sheep to walk into his trap. He was eager, and I was afraid. As I took the box in hand I felt my cock throb within its cage. My cock begged for me to open it while my brain said to push it away and run.

What twisted idea was hidden within the box?

I opened the box and was shocked by the massive cock that placed inside. It was bigger than any of the other toys we had in our collection – thicker too. I pulled it from the box, feeling the weight of it in my hand, and saw a set of straps underneath. It wasn’t just a dildo but it a strap on. I looked to Greg and saw him staring down at me, eager for me to connect the dots.

“Well, you used to be a top . . . weren’t you?” He asked, already knowing the answer.

It was true. I was a top before I met Greg. I actually didn’t have anything more than a finger in my hole before we started dating. But there was something about him, that made me flip. On our first date, he took the reigns and didn’t let them go. I don’t know if it was his confidence or the fact that my dick was caged nearly 24/7 but I hadn’t topped in so long I couldn’t remember what it felt like to penetrate another guy.

“Here let me help you get this baby in place before our guest arrives,” Greg said as he forced himself on me. He pulled down my sweatpants and strapped the cock around my waist and worked the leg straps between my thighs. The massive black cock hung from my waist and slapped my thighs as he wiggled me back and forth. “So realistic,” he teased as he stroked his hand up and down the shaft. My true cock jolted from the obscene action, leaking beneath the suction cup as if it never existed. I wanted to ask his reason behind the gift, but my question was interrupted by the doorbell.

Ding dong

“Oh, our guest has arrived. Why don’t we put this baby away for later,” he said as he pulled my sweatpants up and tucked the dildo down one of the legs. From my vantage, it looked . . . real. It looked like I had a massive cock within my sweatpants that bounced free, not a caged micro-penis. I followed Greg to the front door and felt how the dildo bounced against my thigh with every step. I passed a mirror and was shocked at the sight it looked truly real, nearly would my old cock looked like when I didn’t wear sweatpants. Just the sight of how far I had fallen twisted my stomach with a realization of my lost manhood. I was too lost in my own reflection and the feeling of my cock as it leaked within my sweatpants that I didn’t notice Greg had brought in our visitor.

“You,” I gasped, shocked to see the black man from the gym and the club. Greg smiled like the devil behind him. He planed his hands on the man’s shoulders and pushed him forward into the kitchen.

“Now Alex, that’s not how we greet our guests. Alex this is Rashawn, Rashawn this is my boyfriend Alex.” Greg gave Rashawn a slight nudge forward and he extended his arms for a huge. His rather muscular arms. They wrapped around me and pulled me in close, and I could hear him grunt in surprise at the feeling of the dildo down my pant leg. He pulled away with a mixture of surprise and intrigue, he looked down at my lap and he bit his lip. I blushed a deep shade of red. He thought it was real, and from the look on his face – he thought it was for him.

“Now that everyone has met one another,” Greg said as he looped his arms around mine and Rashawn’s. “Let’s eat!” He led Rashawn and me to the kitchen table and the dance that was dinner began.

Every chance that Greg could get he asked me to stand from the table; to get him some more water, more bread, extra sauce, literally anything that he could have wanted, he needed. Every time I stood I watched as Rashawn stared hungrily at “my cock” as it swung wildly within my sweatpants. It bounced like a pendulum against my thighs, and he was mesmerized. While Greg grinned like the Cheshire Cat from his side of the table, just waiting for his moment. Greg explained the other night at the club and told me that he had been texting Rashawn since that night and couldn’t wait for all of us to

really sit down and talk. I could only imagine what things those two talked about. What lies Greg spun to make Rashawn come to our house.

The dinner evolved into a desert and then into drinks. Greg kept us secretly drinking water while Rashawn got more drunk by the second. Greg moved us from the table to the couch and watched from a chair as Rashawn grew closer to me. His hand went from slapping my shoulder, to touching my knee, but he grew very brace when his hand touched my knee and held it there. We locked eyes for a moment and Greg gave a Knox from the corner and Rashawn leaned forward.

His full lips pressed against mine and his tongue slid into my mouth. It was wide and firm as it danced along my own while his hand moved up to the dildo. He growled into my mouth and squeezed. I couldn't believe that he thought it as still real. Even as he grabbed and stroked along the shaft he still believed the dildo to be mine.

"Maybe we should move towards the bedroom if we are looking to continue?" Greg offered and our kiss broke.

"Yess," Rashawn slurred as he took my hand in his, and Greg led us to the bedroom. Then as Greg and Rashawn fell into the bed it was their turn to kiss. I watched from the end of the bed as they undressed one another, and their hands rubbed against the other's body. They were a mess of arms as the stripped down to their underwear. Rashawn's cock bulged from his boxers, bouncing free quickly and eagerly into Greg's mouth. I ached for the touch of a man's mouth around my cock, how it would feel to once again feel a pair of lips stretch around my shaft and swallow my load.

"Turn off the lights and get undressed," Greg said to me and I knew what game he was playing. I turned off the lights and stripped off my sweatpants as the two continued to kiss. I grabbed the dildo in an instinctual way, knowing that rubbing it would give me satisfaction. In the darkness of the room, I watched as Greg pulled himself free from Rashawn's cock and angled Rashawn to the edge of the bed. His large found ass was propped up on the edge, and I knew my job.

Dropping to my feet and I pushed my face in between his round cheeks. The large mounds swallowed my face as my tongue worked along his crack, looking for his hole. Rashawn's cheeks bounced and wiggled around my face, enjoying the feeling of my tongue as it explored his cheeks. I peeked over his glutes and watched as Greg took hold of Rashawn's face and pushed his cock into Rashawn's mouth – which he greedily accepted.

Moaning, gagging, and slurping filled the bedroom as we all expected our places and our jobs. I returned back to his ass, enjoying his firm pert backside with my tongue while my hands worked up and

down his shaft. His foreskin rubbed back and forth over his tip, pushing more of his cum into my hand which I enjoyed as I licked it off his hole.

“Fuck me!” Rashawn moaned as he pulled free from Greg’s cock. “Fuck me with that massive cock you have been swinging around all night. God, I need it!” He cried before Greg pushed his cock back into Rashawn’s mouth, ending his words with a gag.

“Yeah Alex, Fuck him with that massive cock,” Greg said, egging me on. In the darkness, I burned with embarrassment and loved it to such an unhealthy degree. The knowledge that he did not know what he truly lusted after brought forth a whole new layer of my humiliation.

I looked at the massive cock that hung from my waist and pulsed my cock underneath the strap on. It was still there, even if it was useless.

I couldn’t tell him what it was, so my only choice was to use it.

I gripped his cock and slathered his own cum against the shaft of the fake cock, I warmed the dildo with my hands and positioned it at his hole. I didn’t get the chance to ease it into his hole with how eager Rashawn worked. He arched his back and pushed against the dildo, pulling it well into his hole. He groaned in enjoyment as he pushed further into my lap. My mind was at odds as I watched him sink into the dildo, relishing every inch and then begged.

“Fuck me hard! I want you to breed me!”

I held Rashawn’s massive ass cheeks as he clenched them tightly around “my cock” The lies that I felt made my own cock throb underneath the strap-on. Just the thought of him turning around and seeing the massive that he begged to be buried in his ass was nothing but a piece of plastic.

“Jesus you’re so thick!” Rashawn cried as he pulled his ass off the dildo and pushed it back until his cheeks fell on my lap. My hands grabbed his cheeks and squeezed. The perfect chocolate mounds of ass were so full and firm. I moved my hands around them, kneading them and pulling them apart as he pulled away.

“Ughh,” I groaned, wishing I could feel what it was like to actually be buried within his hole. Rashawn arched his back and rocked his ass back and forth on the dildo, milking it as if it were real. I looked to my boyfriend and saw the twisted look he gave me as Rashawn worked his lips up and down the shaft of his cock.

“Fuck!” Greg groaned. “If his ass is as good as his mouth I bet you are in heaven aren’t you Alex?” Rashawn popped Greg’s dick free from his lips. A thick string of cum dripped from the tip and extended towards Rashawn’s full lips. His eyes were hazy as he looked back towards me.

“You like this?” He asked as he jiggled his fat ass back and forth on my lap. I could only imagine what it would feel like on my true cock. How tight his hole probably felt, how warm it felt, how it felt when he worked his cheeks along the shaft. I groaned, and Rashawn grinned like a Cheshire Cat. Though my groan was not for the pleasure I felt from his hole, but from the humiliation that welled up within me. My mind raced with the fantasy of what would happen if he knew and pushed it into reality.

While he looked at me, I withdrew the cock fully and slapped his ass with it. The hard rubbery thumps drew his attention back towards my member. In the dark, I could see his eyes as they stared at the silicone cock. How it laid lifeless against his cheeks. He quivered his eyes and then they grew large with recognition.

“That’s not your dick?” He shouted. I shook my head unable to speak. Greg’s hands head Rashawn’s face and tilted it back towards himself.

“Nope. His real cock is a pathetic little thing. A clit locked away within a cage that is not meant for anything back to look at. That cock you had been staring at all evening was nothing but a piece of well-shaped plastic.” Rashawn looked back to me and then back to Alex, clearly realizing the game that he was pushed into.

“What is wrong with you two?” He asked, though his words were accusatory he remained motionless between us. Alex bent down slightly and stared intensely into Rashawn’s eyes.

“You knew what you were getting into when you came here. You saw the piss pig that Alex was the other night, and I SAW how hard it made you. How you loved staring at him; desperate, horny, pathetic. You liked seeing this big muscle man being a little bitch didn’t you?”

Alex knew the way that Greg picked apart a person’s brain. Somehow he knew exactly what buttons to press and what kinks were hidden underneath the outside layer of someone’s skin. And from the way that Rashawn was not moving, Greg knew what Rashawn wanted and Rashawn knew it too.

“So why don’t we stop playing coy, and tell Greg what you really want.” Greg pressed his lips into Rashawn’s ear and whispered something to him inaudible to Greg, but the way that Rashawn bit his fat bottom lip let Alex know it was something enjoyable. Rashawn nodded and looked back to Alex. The look of surprise was gone from his face and replaced with a thick-headed grin.

“Top drawer bitch. Get the poppers too,” Rashawn ordered, and I quickly obeyed. I marched over the dresser and opened the top drawer. I could honestly say that I had never seen a dildo so big in person. It was nearly the size of my forearm and as long as well. Next to the massive cock sat two large bottles of poppers. I pulled the cock from the drawer and heard Rashawn’s loud moan of need.

“God put it in me! Do it now! I need it!” He cried as he pushed his fingers into his hole, stretching himself as he readied for the massive toy. Alex walked back to his bed, watching more and more of Rashawn’s fingers disappear inside of his as the heavy toy sat in my hands with a large bottle of poppers.

“Give it here,” Greg ordered, taking the bottle from Alex’s hand and plugging one of Rashawn’s nostrils with the other. “Inhale, while I count. One. Two. Three . . .” Rashawn obeyed sniffing the noxious fumes until Greg finished counting. The two lovers could see how Rashawn’s head bobbed from the gas and barked another quick command to Alex.

“Shove it in! Fuck me with that monster cock of yours!” Rashawn begged.

With lube covered hands, Alex clumsily switched off the already overwhelming cock and switched it for the monstrous dildo that he had been laid out as a surprise. Alex had thought the previous dildo that was attached to his waist was heavy, but it had nothing on this hulk-sized dick that weighed down his entire front side. He lifted the dick with both hands and slapped it against Rashawn’s hole, who begged for insertion immediately. Alex gazed at the stretched pussy of the man as it blinked and hungered for the thick that he held.

Placing the tip at the entrance he prepared himself to slowly work the cock into the man’s body, inch by inch, but Rashawn in his drug-induced hysteria pushed deep into the toy without any care for the pain that would be associated with the quick insertion.

“GOD! FUCK!” He squeezed in a combination of pleasure and pain. Alex clung to Rashawn’s hips as he lowered himself more and more onto the dildo until his hole had swallowed every inch of the toy, except for the massive rubbery balls attached to the base. He moved his body back and forth, while he returned to sucking Greg’s cock.

“That’s right big guy. Fuck yourself on that massive toy. Treat Alex like nothing more than a thing to pleasure yourself. Nothing more than a toy for your hungry hole to swallow.” Greg widened his legs and pumped his hips back and forth into Rashawn’s mouth while he sucked and worshiped his dick. Every so often Greg would hold Rashawn’s mouth shut and force more of the poppers into his system, frothing the mania. All while Alex stood at the edge of the bed, holding onto Rashawn’s flailing body.

How he wished he could feel just an ounce of pleasure from them. How he needed to feel the touch of Rashawn’s lips around his cock or the feeling of his hole as it swallowed his dick. Alex could feel his dick as it constantly leaked underneath the strap-on, pushing out more cum as the base struck his cock repeatedly with the back and forth motion.

By the time the dildo fell free of Rashawn's hole, it was ruined, gaping with no hopes of closing. Greg took that opportunity to scoop whatever cum had been unleashed onto Rashawn and himself and plunged the loads into Rashawn's hole. Then forced Alex to scoop them out with his tongue. Alex's face was buried in Rashawn's hole for the rest of the evening as the two other men teased and pleased one another. They teased him with their loads, telling him how he would never have such a privilege. How cocks were for real men, not things like Alex. Their words of embarrassment and tirades of hatred only made the unyielding pleasure that much harder to ignore. He was everything that they said he was; a toy, a pussy, a cockless man whose only true purpose was to bring pleasure to others.

When the clock finally turned over to four in the morning Rashawn and Greg cuddled up into bed together and sent Alex to his mattress on the floor. Alex could hear the two men moaning together as he laid on the floor next to them, secretly rubbing his locked cock to the sound of Greg's cock as it plunged into Rashawn's wet hole. It was the *slurping* sound of Rashawn's hole that sent Alex to sleep. The back and forth motion of Greg's cock as it plunged within the black man's massive and his boyfriend's moans of enjoyment was his lullaby.