

Filthy Indoor Animals

Written by Septia.

The night was spent the same as so many others: Kenji resigning to the share embrace with Chris, the thin blanket over them shaping silhouettes of their toned bodies, clamming tight to the frames where the moisture from various escapes made the fabric damp, an aroma of over boiled mushroom stew and overbearing citrus from screwing each other so hard they bathed their cocks in gluey barf. It had taken a while this time, Chris was building up his gag reflex, and his ass was stretched as a moist sock for Kenji's shaft. Kenji wanted more...

The day's events were playing in the cinema of Kenji's dreams, leaving his body to hump in his sleep. Yet, he was not alone in his dreams, there came a winding of a grey presence, chains coiling around his brainstem and sinking its sprouting talons into the anterior intraparietal of his parietal lobe.

Kenji awoke with a start, lacking a support for his elbow. Dream drunk, his vision trailed over the room, inspecting the rows of fantastical sextoys and malformed butt plugs still slick of lube, the nude posters and over his stereo set up, but nothing was amiss. He wiggled his elbow, and feeling it lodged stuck, noticing it had punched through the mattress, and bent the spring beneath to a crumple of tangled metal. The bed was feeling rather cramped, his night time s-sneakers pressed up against the metal bars lining the foot of the furniture piece, his black hair flattened against the wall.

"Mf, ahffgrn?" He mumbled through a yawn, at which point a cumulative surge bolstered through his system, jolts of lightning tensing through his legs as mass coalesced from the raw heat, his muscles creaking up a storm that drowned out the splintering of metal as the foot of the bed bent under his advancing sneaker soles. Kenji's eyes flung wide and, reaching to the nightstand for stability, -LLFherrkkcth- Only to hear the wood crumble under his palm, dust rose up along with a hurl of plastic from the black spirits statuette that had stood once stood guard. The rippling tension spread through his form, his sneakers rupturing along their cerulean seams, the blanket slipping off him like a napkin in the wind as the creaking muscle envelopment raged through his body.

"Ofihs, mrmsh heck yeah, keep it up," Kenji grumbled as his head knocked into the ceiling, his elbows colliding with the wall and shaking the fountain so dust and loose spackle shook free from the ceiling, the bed's steel legs bending and crumbling as wet cardboard under the tremendous expansion in weight class. The excitement channelling through his genitals, which throbbed from limp to a thick chub and already reached the other end of the room, -Shhrllrpt- the cocktip swelling open and inhaling a pair of dildos as the rampart grew and Kenji's lust filled humps shook the walls of his room, his cock engorging broader than the rest of him could keep up with, his head clouding in dust as his cranium punctured the ceiling.

"MRMgh, I am gonna blow," Kenji hissed through clasped teeth, rolling out of bed and onto precarious flooring, his shaft painting his posters across the room in gelatinous strokes of alabaster spunk as his hands roamed down to his balls, winking his hands into the jugs of meat, growling at the rush of cum pumping out, his spunk-power-plant washing the ground as it crumbled beneath his rear. -Shhgb- The motion of his rapidly gaining form sundering floorboards into grit and sending him pummeling to the first floor. Kenji howling out into the night, his rump fallen straight into the kitchen where the magnifying mountain of a man casually plugged up his ass with the ill placed refrigerator, his rear warping and bending to swallow it up, but not before Kenji had rolled over on all fours, head bursting through floorboards cracking like toothpicks and raining down memorabilia from his room.

"Mfms, never felt this, huge," he hollered out, and thrust his shaft forwards through front door, his tip cramming through the gateway, sundering the wood off of the hinges and vacuuming

up the shattered splinters, feeding his balls that hung as a pair of big swines from his crotch, jostling in newfound excitement at the ruination his form was casting upon the foundation around him.

“Hh-Kenji...?” Chris grumbled as he slumped awake, noticing the bed standing at a slant towards new pit in the floor, carved by the witless demolition of a wrecking ball.

“Kenji?” He called out, and wrapped himself up in the blanket, sliding down to the lower floor. And landing right onto the cushioning, sofa sized but-- buttocks of his gigantic lover.

“Oooh... Kenji~”

~ 1 ~

”Kenji, you are massive.”

“I already had mass for days, this is beyond next level,” Kenji grunted out and bulked up in strongman pose, straightening his back tall, leading to his lats and head crumbled through the ceiling to the home gym; comically proportioned dumbbells and equipment trickling down in a hail of vibrant chromatic metal showering down onto the past 8 meter Giant. The weights bounded onto his pumpkin plump guns, denting his full muscles with momentary craters from their fall before they projected off him – the weights not but marbled bouncing on a trampoline.

“How in... how the he-,” Chris began, then felt the contractions of the vascular erection – near as long as he was tall – which he was straddled onto, “you know what, I don't even care, I just want to be cleaved by your ripped bod.”

Kenji clutched his abs, grunting and hitting forwards. “I am about to split myself, my stomach felt so cramped its tighter than your ass.

“I don't believe that until I see it,” Chris called out and roamed his arms over the toned musculature to Kenji's glutes, kneading into his rear, “spread them, I am going to excavate that fortress of an ass.” Chris smacked his hands into the cheeks, his hands moulding the underlying layers of butt bulk like cold butter.

“Thinking I could mghhrn, use a new plug, huh?” Kenji called out whilst his abdomen contracted with churning growls.

“won't be a shortage of ass rot for you to dig through,” Kenji commented as he squatted over the particularly willing butt plug.

Chris reached up and pried the pucker open above, rolling his thumb into the filled rugose opening and dragging it down to guide Kenji's exhaust chute right over his head. -Kpshhrt- The pucker smacked against his face like a kiss, the skin reeling inwards along with Chris's face at the initial downwards thrust, to reel off of his face to devour his shoulders with an accompanying rip of ageing glue. “Mmgh, seriously about to burst,” Kenji called from outside huffing as he slammed his palms onto his thighs, leveraging his ass onto the volunteer, the crawling stretch of skin enveloping biceps and clamping onto Chris's six-pack. “Mgms, oh yeah can't, hold that back, you are gonna get a taste of it head on,” Kenji called out as the tumultuous growling surged through his gullet, the bloated sensation only growing as it spiralled through his bowels.

The mudquake rattled Chris's chest, witnessing the pillar of dung flooding throughout colon and tackling him at full force -Ghrhsltsh- The impact playing his nerves like guitar strings, his head swallowed up by the deluge of putty dense grime, crushed along his sides and crumpled to a cocoon, surrounding his upper body in the rank odour of oatmeal fried in saltwater and torched rubber.

“Mmgns, oohg keep stable, you are turning my whole dump into one giant gocksmmf,” Kenji shouted and started repping squats onto the dung clocked cock, an orchestra of sludge grinding from the engulfed plug up through the giant's bowels, sound waves of carbonara in a tumbler exuding from Kenji's unhinged bouncing, gluteus maximum obscuring and unveiling Chris

again and again as Kenji's cheeks draped up along his frame and collapsed onto the floor again and again.

Kenji laid slumped over his knees, one arm supporting him in the hallway while the other pounded Chris into his ass over in the living-room, hearing the guttural slap of caking gruel each time his boyfriend plunged into his depths.

"Mmgs, aoooh, who was getting shredded now? You're grading my bowels like cheese with this rutting," he pointed out between heaving pants, transitioning to hyperventilating when his grasp on Chris disappeared, the man's feet wiggling before sinking past the pit.

"Ghhgghshs, ougns, this is bonkers," Kenji gritted his teeth, pucker flaring to a flutter before distending, blooming as a flesh hued rose around a stem of beige legs jutting out from a column of raw loam. The girth of the umber behemoth surpassed Kenji's butt, the pillar of filth cleaving his buns apart and warping his pucker outwards around the beam of packed manure; it stretched over a meter in the first clench, and only picked up steam as the tree trunk of gunk arced through the hole in the living room roof and right back down again to demolish a dresser, the impact cracking through the cheap wood as if breaking the shell of an egg, dividing the piece in two battered chunks as the dense fudge folded and curled over broken shelves, burying the contained memorabilia within in droves of guttural cement.

"AWHg, heck, you are s-so much buffer than I thought." Kenji cried out as the avalanche of clotted tar burrowed out his ass. In the front his shaft flared with rhythmic pumps of flush, pressured by Kenji's all-four pose the vascular erection dug straight into the floorboards. Clacks of cracking knuckles tore through the already busy soundscape as wooden beams crumbled under Kenji's erotic stockpile unleashed; those boards in the epicentre of the cock's rampage pulverised to a storm of splinters where the ones in the outer hem of the blast sprung up like the dick had dive bombed into an orgy of rakes. A panting exhausted from stimulus tickled up through Kenji's nose, the giant snorting out droops of yellow phlegm to slather his cheeks and lips in nose cheese, drooping in droves of snot-wax and flying off in gooey trails from his panting. Kenji's meat devoured any scrap caught in its event horizon, the tip scarping over chunks and planks of wood and nails, cramming rebar and cement into its gob like an all hungry primordial wyrm, the repeated pounding easily breaking through the cellar and pantry. The rampage crumbling shelves and piercing the underground storage.

Behind him the titanic trunk trampled all in its wake. The whole serpent of muck bending and furling across the livingroom, in it a coil of the obese cord clapped against their full body mirrors, the initial hit of solid grime cracking the surface, and the following onslaught breaking through both mirrors and bulging the wall behind it, shards of reflective glass puncturing into the muck hunk and rolling along the wave of constipation.

The load 's deep auburn hue conquered the living room, its surface near buoyant of the cobbled trip through Kenji's muscular beef factory, its surface riddled with fissures sprouting off into each other's routes, segmenting the tube of filth on a skin deep level, the crevices mere wrinkles into the grime's exterior, surrounding the buff domes of pectoral mulch mass forged from the rife bowels – marking out the scales of the manure serpent – the mound itself bent as putty congealing into latex, forced into previous contorted heaps of mud onto mop and bend into flowing scribbles of an oversized brush across the floor. The atmosphere drooped of molten redolence, oozing into the air as smokestacks from chinks and crevices in the putrid, portly pillar of purée, swabbing the room with a sharp stench of fried silt and pickled jerky, the heat of the odours singing into the skin of the couch, as the unfolding colon caterpillar morphed and sloughed over the broad pillows, springs creaking and breaking under the corpulent cargo whilst the ribbon bumped and staggered into shelves of trophies and figurines, bending the wooden shelves like paper under the assault of grime,

contorting the structures to fold and crumble, the droves of dung muffling the cracks of snapping supports and wooden beams beneath its bountiful, brown butch bulk.

A jolt of strain peaked through Kenji's body, his colon pinching inward, letting him feel every filthy, colon greased cent of the mound draped in his rear.

Raising his hind high he started panting, rubbing both fists to the floor so it sanded out gorges under his hands. His brim fluttered over bloating bulks of filth, and then throbbed to a stop, a crackling rippling of peeling a bandage off of raw meat throbbed through the living room, as his brim engorged broader, his pucker stretching and moulding over his cheeks as the a mammothian column crept through his corpulence chute. The drizzle of snot down his face swelled and drooped down his chin like waves of the green sea, fuelled by the frantic huffing insinuated by the stimulating delivery.

"Mmmfmg, aahs, bigger hnnfg, smuch, more," He gasped out between heaves, feeling his brim peeling over the wedging, sludgy heap of cooled butt bronze, shaking through to his hips with the pumping bowels actively struggling to accommodate his ass wide load. -Sflrhrhst- The smacker of the hunk testing his limits vibrated through his loins, and left Kenji arching his back upwards like an ocean of back brawn, pounding his cock through the layers of the building.

"Anngs, aawwafmmgh." his cries of pleasure rung out through the oncoming dawn, as a rooster waking the world with his orgasm, propped up his bloating ball-sack. And at once, the immense pleasure flushed through him, the sensation reaching his head moments before the tsunami of spunk pumped through his boner, the bulges of cum morphing down his member displacing rock, earth and the underlying foundation, the final thrust piercing the beef spear through to the waterline pipes. The jet of steaming cum melting through the cracked metal pipe and unleashing the tidal wave into the exposed funnel, hosing the viscous droves of slime into the rushing stream of drinking water. Above Kenji felt the gushing of fresh liquids caressing his heated member, the recoil of his thrashing cum pumps shaking his body to spasms, the bumping rattles detached the towering loaf, wedged free with fluttering volley of fumes and fudge specks contaminating the air, the dislodge vacating Kenji's bowels to, his pucker left yawning and straining in its efforts to close up after the dung pillar which drummed into the floor with the impact of pure tungsten. A final mudquake knocking the last untouched shelf over, leaving the livingroom buried in an uninterrupted tube of congealed terracotta. From a birds eyes view, it invoked the visage of a crumpled canvas tossed out from a calligrapher in training, with the penmanship of a donkey ass.

~ 2 ~

It took ages for Kenji to recover, in time for the outrage of the neighbourhood waking up to fill cups of water only to be met by the viscous pollution Kenji injected into the water supply. But, enough so that the sun had begun to shine through the windows, cresting his face and baking the filth across the room. Caught in a prison of panting, he managed to support himself over chunks of the floor now battered into oblivion by all of his three arms. And then he saw the gargantuan dragon of manure he had unleashed, taut and glistening like oiled muscles, chocolate umber that reeked of taboo. Across the room, he spotted Chris, unjammed from the mound, with the end of the hunk moulded to a cast of his crotch, a thick bloat in the dung above telling that Kenji wasn't the only one to take pleasure in the excursion. His eyes ventured down the hunk, breathing heavily with slobber trailing his face. His mind consumed by singular thought.

"I want it all."

The twitch in his head honed him in on the ask, hugging his arms around the massive end of the manure, raising it upwards to a jaw which grew gaping in anticipation – dislocating alike the mockery of the snake he had produced. Vines of gelatinous bidders and trails of saliva clasped over the umber loaf as the giant stuffed his maw full of pucker pudding. His lips pursed over the dermis of the mound, scraping off dune of dung that mulled over his lips, which distended just enough to hold the girth of the mud dong, any question of how he could produce or furthermore fit the tremendous clog melted away for one single query, how he was gonna get more of it in him, and the answer was obvious.

Chris roused awake by the sludge around him shifting, blaring up at the beams hitting him through the window, then the towering figure of Kenji's biceps smeared in nether nougat frosting and palms gripping into the pliable texture, hauling the filth into his gob. Cheeks puffed out over the mulch, and down his gullet the presence of the constipation warped his throat to a rippling dome, his neck cradling the muck in a fleshy hold as it billowed down his throat. Hefty gulps silenced by the beef truffle plugging his maw. But Chris saw Kenji's chest vibrating, throbbing like the skin of a rocker's drums, bending outwards from the bulk ferrying through to the gut, and compacting backwards to hug the mulch flat, and how Kenji caressed and cupped his pecs and pulsating nipples between hauling in the pungent length.

“Don't hog all the fun to yourself,” Chris called out and waded out of the mire, scuttling onto Kenji's torso, using the protruding abs as stepping stones to reach the bulbous pecs. His palm gripped onto it, feeling the cotton plush handful of plumped chest. His digits sunk into the brawn like dough, yet as soon as Kenji swallowed, and flexed his chest, his fingers were repelled, springing up from the hull of tensile tissue; even at full force his palms produced the ghosts of dents on the hull of fleshly torso padding. “Mfms, I am gonna take care of this,” Chris assured and clambered up the chest, climbing with one hand as the other was busy tending to his engorging hard on, aligning himself towards that plumb of a puffy nipple, and orbiting it with the tip of his cock, leaving a trail of pre cum in its wake.

“Think your tight ass compare this hot, ripped nip?” he called out to Kenji above, who held a hand to support Chris's conquest as he speared his cock through the teat. The warm embrace of the nipple surrounding him like a prolapsed colon a sock made of weaved stakes, his shaft tackling into the depth of the teat and rousing the bulb of black flesh to puff outwards, encasing his cock like a starved pair of lips. The thrust soaking and smearing manure fin globs across the chest, Chris's slathered lower body brushing strokes of him onto the chest and lubricating his boner's venture past the pecs.

“MFMrrhhg,” Kenji squealed above, munching and suckling down the swarm of dung.

“Gnnngs, haham bet I can do you one better,” Chris proclaimed and pounded the nipple raw, jamming in both hands and prying it open to dispense with his shaft and launched feet first into its maw. A clasp of moist flesh grew into a cacophony of squirms and squelches, Chris jerking and contorting his legs through to hold the outside of the engorging teat, thrashing himself in and out by the way of vertical torso lifts, barrelling his frame into the warping bud of flesh to then fight against the suction and vacuum of the two dragging himself outwards, the exercise serenaded by a swampy crinkle matching with the smacks and slurps the creamy behemoth made reeling past the dung lipstick gape of the lust-drunk giant.

“Make some room big guy, I am gonna nail into your shredded beef-meadow.” Chris called out and pried the nipple open around him, twisting at his frame to screw himself into the breast-node. Orchestrated by the squelching of an eel gobbling pasta, Chris descended into the corkscrewed twisted nipple.

“Mfhgrnnrmf, mmaakj,” Kenji grunted, clasping his hands around the end slab of the chocolate rear fondant, digging his fingers deep to feel the bloat made from Chris's cum, stuffing his maw full and crunching down to burst the mud berry of its salty juices.

"Ghrbs, rape my chest why don't you, oomfp," Kenji huffed out, cradling his basketful of chest meat in his full pythons. The bicep moulding along the outline of Chris, thrusting and swimming his way through beneath the surface of meat, a particularly swollen bloat inflating and receding in time with Chris's hip thrusts.

Kenji cupped his nipples, Chris's entrance expanded from the invasion to fill out his palm, polished by the rhythmic kneading and films of rubbery compost and congealed spunk.

"Ggnff, feels like you are gonna, nm, burst right through my chest," Kenji admitted with a grunt, his tongue hanging out, coated in a smoothie of saliva and nougat, pumping his nipples in the groping clutch of his palms as the collection of bloats sailed across his chest. Kenji pumped his teat, the flesh heating and moulding to his wishes, becoming clay that grew and stiffened with new nerve networks knitted through. The titillating strain weakening the giant, who devolved to a nipple jerking mess slumping backwards through to the hallway to the kitchen, wood and concrete sprouting cracks under his weights and erupting to volleys of shards.

"Bad dog, mffs, why excavate ribs when I got a diamond bone out here for ya," Kenji huffed out as his fists rushed up and down his teats, plummeting into his breasts to mould around the outlines of his crooked, clutched fingers. The pace ramping up till his nipples clopped like the suction cups of an octopus running late, the vacuum hauling Chris's contorted bloats to the opposite tear, consuming him into the column of flesh briefly bulbing around his form, till Kenji pinched the base of the teat and milked his companion out of his chest like a clump of churned butter. Chris drooped free from the tube morphing against his outlines, the pressure baking in the manure layers crammed to his form, and ruffled hair now drawn back slick and matted to his head.

"Oogmsfk, where'd your manners go, didn't you see I was chowing down?" Kenji said with a playful tune.

"Says the bad boy who hasn't even wiped his nose."

"Then do something about it," Kenji invited."

"Got my plunger all ready," Chris assured and crawled up on the laying Giant, trudging through slimy lakes of yellow snot gelato on the way towards the nose, – which at this size laid more in the size ranged of a plump ass spread in waiting. Chris steeled his palms in the ocular gorges and warmed his shaft up to the girth of vascular pumping, groaning he brushed the tip around the nostril before driving his shaft into the flared sludge canal. The butterfly bulge of the nostril formed a pouch of flesh inside the nose, a prime satchel for phlegm to converge, leaving Chris paralysed from the sensation of diving his cock right into a jar of honey. "Mmgs, phah, I wanna feel ever bit of filthiness your pretty face has to offer," Chris called out and rummaged his cock deeper up the canal, humping into the cavity so bushels of nasal mucus flung free from the tunnel, splotches flung up into his face and gumming together his eyelids in webs of frothy phlegm. Chris unphased, arched his head back and mounted the nose with thick clenching reps. His shaft's base squeaked up against the corners of the flared outer rim, yet his engorged meat raised the nasal sails under the blooming blues of repeated humping.

Kenji squirmed and grasped the partially crumbled walls on each side, clamping the corridor walls for leverage against Chris's rampage. Globules of goo gushed in a storm of snot, from each of Chris's thrusts, saturating their bodies with a hull of lime gelato congealing to sticky latex. Kenji's pants shook the pummelled ground beneath him, his hot breath washing over Chris's exposed sack, his tongue going hard on curling over the ballsack, suckling them into his maw like a pair of melon sized cherries, a grind of grime interrupting Chris's fervent romp when his body displaced backwards over Kenji's face, sack slurped and enveloped in the giant's maw, thus relieving his shaft from the escapade tunnels, dragged free with a crinkling slurry of a pod of squids having an impromptu orgy in a stewpot, and dragging carrot thick tethers of congealed booger slugs, emerging from its nasal plunger dressed as a sausage returned from a dip into a bowl of expired cheddar. To Chris's surprise the nostril flared and snorted his cock right back into the canal, plumbing tight into the thick of the phlegm and contorting his shaft to fit deep into the convulsing orifice, Chris voicing his pleasure through a garbled mess of groans and tongue motions, shifting in pitch when Kenji alternated between suckling up his boyfriend's balls and inhaling the throbbing dong right through

the snot chute. Devolving into a pully of moans, slurps and snorts, baselined by the grind of flesh and wreckage of the structure around them. The ruckus culminated in the chorus of pleased growls and shouts from the giant and his rapist, howls of pleasure accompanied by a dispatch of spunk pumping through Kenji's nose, warping his bridge like a rubber pipeline as the convulsing member unloaded down his throat, a geyser of lime and lemon gelato with a heavy dose of cream erupting from the face pits, clinging to any surface reached where it congealed into sluggish droves of salt and sugar infused gelatin.

“Phoo, hooa, our snot is starting to feel like earwax,” Chris remarked, laying spread across Kenji’s abs and massaging the filth around him in greasy clumps.

“Giving me ideas huh? Glgk, phaa, shouldn't have stuffed down all that muddy junkfood,” Kenji commented and flashed Chris a grin. In the next moment he had revolved over Chris, and pinned him to the ground, squeezing him up like a bath-toy up between his mattresses disguised as pecs. Chris felt a grumble rousing through the torso above him, and panted whilst protrusions blossomed up along Kenji's gullet, gathering to puff out his cheeks with the flush of murky liquid. His lips peeled back over the onslaught of auburn chyme, unlatching a flood-hatch from which his throat unfurled an avalanche of twice processed produce. The cascade glistened in the streaks of morning-lights, globules of drool texturing the semi solid barf in a scatter of polished pearls. Veins of snot and seams of chalk littered the deluge from all the bodily fluids stockpiled in his gut.

First the specks of gastric acid sprinkled across Chris's front, droops of the caustic juices searing his skin and washing waves of needles over his exposed eyes, all smothered out the elephantine melange of vomit-tissue burying his frame. The stinging in his eyes washed away by a flood of pungent porridge reeking of a ruined field neighbouring an ancient coal mill. Swathing across his frame and path finding their way to every wrinkle or open cranny of his body.

Kenji’s chest convulsed, pecs rippling all the way through his biceps as the clenches funnelled the rousing sludgescape of barf free from his gob, decanting in droves of sour reflux which bundled together and folded over itself, surmounting Chris's body and sprawling across the floor in the mountain of boiled tummy taffy, the gelatinous veins of boogers and nut butter rejected from the oily clutches of Kenji's mobile barf swamp. The turbid mouth muck slowed to a crawl the further it departed from Kenji's tap, bundling and congealing over itself to form a garlic shape of viscous, molten bile. The dust in the air cleared by the stinging tartness exuded from the gruel stack.

“Horuuack, phhral, haa,” Kenji panted, coughing up a residual slobber of slime and wiping his maw across his arms, smirking as the pile moulded and deformed from the inside, Chris crawling up through the splodge heap risen up to his waistline. He cressed through the muddy surface like a dolphin, tossing his head back to fling a rainbow of digested gunk above him.

“Pahha, practically melting in here,” Chris said, barely a moment passing before Kenji leaned down to lap him clean, brushing his tongue across the sizzling acid membrane coating drooping off of Chris's body.

“If you did it would just make more of a mess man,” Kenji noted and glanced over what remained of the bottom floor, while the livingroom was technically clean, the streaks of mud and ball batter stained the trashed floor, walls and furniture.

“Guess we'll have to take care of its somehow, time to clean house,” Chris proposed with a grin.

The blond boy's confidence surged from their first intimate meeting, Kenji slumping back to grinding his cock through the puss pool of gut bile, smacking his lips and prying open his cock as Chris hauled along wreckage of the demolished tables and shelves, loading beam after board into the gluttonous vacuum of a cock, passing the stuffing only to cram his own cock in, and piston down the crumbled remains of their living space, along with the deluge of dumbbells and solid training tech from the ruined gym. In each thrust from Chris, Kenji felt the girth of the meat hunk

broadening and clogging up his urethra tighter; the mounting member perpetually at the boarder of congesting his cock, always a strain, always tempting his taut tubes, always huge and slick, as gorgeous as the humid flat mop of a dung and snot drooping hairdo flinging back and forth in Chris's rocking enthusiasm.

