

# Buffed Threshold Knock

## Part 1

Written by Septia.

A soda can clanked against the floor and its contents spewed out in the silence dominating Laram and Laiq's living room. The carpet soaked. Both twins staring – mouths agape – at their guest. Sure, the two of them had always gazed with longing through their windows to their neighbour over the seasons to watch his toned pale skin tan to a rich tangerine in the summer.

But, what stood in front of them now, was beyond the twins' hopes: It was Viktor, to be certain, though last time he had fit in the door frame, the hunk now cramped to tilt his head against the ceiling of the threshold, with his body filling out the gaps beneath; barely a trace of light passed through the hills of compact brawn folded in the doorway to the living room. Thighs plush flat to the wood anywhere creaks strung through the planks as Viktor attempted to wedge free. His blond hair frazzled and flattened to the top of the frame. He's always been tall, though now his crotch aligned with their heads, through which a bloat distended his pants and trailed down his pants. It could have been confused for a leg were the smooth tube not in direct contrast with the muscular bulk padding out the man's legs to stretch the fabric taut around every bend in the sinus musculature... his lats invoking the look of comical champagne bottles; bloated beef which slimmed towards the protruding knee. And then... there was his chest. Which, seemed to be what caught him stuck in the frame: a pair of garage pail lids nestled on his upper body, pronounced in their bulk to weave stretchmarks through his clothing. And along the front of his shirt – in between the first E and D in the print text 'Shredded' – a tear had sprouted. The bulk under its constraint jiggling like gelatin in his breaths.

"Wha-what the...?" Viktor huffed out, surprised where just a second ago he had fit through the door. He gritted his teeth. A bolt of tension streamed through the air as he strained, his chest halted in its jiggle as the lids solidified to steel. The groaning of the wood en-massed as he stepped forwards. The tension ramped to a break as the fibre fractured through the frame, the coarse wood dusting joined by the shrill rend of his shirt, as he and his bust uncaged themselves. His pecs freed through shreds of cloth, bounding forth as the rising pie-crust surmounting the limits of its tin, and the brawn magnified to the girth of a teen's air-mattress, hoisting forth his frame an arm away from the twin's faces as he emerged, and all they could do was stare.

"Wow..." Laiq mumbled. Breath uncomfortable in his throat.

"W-wow." He said again once he turned to see his twin. Their physique warped to the likes of an action-figure: buff and rounded musculature from cantaloupe biceps to to medicine ball ass and pillowing pecs, with a bull's envy of a dick hanging under his skirt. Laiq themselves stared at their chest, the straps of his overalls sinking into the plush chest crowding his torso and bowling ball abs. Both a parody of the buff swimmer's body, though even this appeared small before mountain of meat that was Viktor.

"Did you do this?" Viktor asked.

"W-tha-... O-of co-course not, how would, I mean, I don't even..." Laram mumbled, pinching his legs together in embarrassment only made his forearm of a dick protrude under the skirt that halfway covered it.

Laiq looked up. "Why... do you think we would, w-would want this?" Laiq mumbled.

Viktor swallowed, coughing whilst his cheeks flashed a tint of pink. "Course, that would be... ah..."

"You, do look hot though," Laram whispered.

"Laiq quickly stepped up. "How... does it feel to, ha-are they heavy?"

Viktor peered down to the pectorals dominating his torso. "It. Yeah, actually, they are a bit, sore..."

"Oh, I'm sorry, that, would be from the door," Laram continued, glancing back at the door frame; the wood arching in a vague silhouette of Viktor's bust. And head. The floor creaked beneath Viktor's steps, the couch deflating as he sat down, cratering around his magnified weight, with his ass blotting out the couch pillow. Laiq scampered up on the couch beside him, then froze, their proximity to the raw, virile power, their size tactile when he held up his palm and it grazed half the pec at most. He was this close, there was no going back. "Is it sore here?" Laiq asked, placing his hand to the side of the chest where it billowed out and curved from his torso. His fingers spilled into the chest, plying a surface layer of skin and brawn like thickened taffy, beneath which lurked a core of titanium.

Viktor winced. "Mfn... that's, not... it is more, closer to," he said, soon a hand grasped Laiq's knuckles, guiding their fingers along. Laiq's heart thumped to a march of lust as their palm grazed along the pec. "Right here."

"G-got it," Laiq chirped abruptly, letting his fingers trail along the tense flesh, massaging in smooth strokes to relieve tension, planting his whole palm against it as his breathing picked up. So soft, yet denser than gold, billowing; a solid expanse of walnut dressed in a tasteful layer of buttercream and cloaked with marzipan. Across from him, he could see Laram mimicking their motions, working over Viktor's chest.

The blond sucked in a breath through his teeth, "Oooo. Ooo."

"Does it hurt?" Laram asked.

"O-Far from it, k-keep going, please."

"R-right," Laram shuddered, fingers trailing over the bare skin, sweeping strands of the wrecked shirt aside, slowly growing more daring... pinching digits into the meat, groping to feel the extent of the plush surface, cupping what they could of the pectoral sagging under its own bulk. Up close the look of them grew vast, the boundaries of them fading, the square expanse seeming to go on forever, at one grope his hand would sink past the veil of brawn and merge with the solid mass below. The grandeur was unnerving, and Laram couldn't stop thinking about it, his breath picking up in tune with Viktor's wincing and huffs... until.

Viktor drew in a deep, sharp breath.

Laram stared across the sea of divided pectorals, watching Laiq's face planted to the breast, lips smothering the taut brawn in a drooling kiss.

He glanced up, seeing Laram and Viktor staring. He didn't immediately cease. "Ahm fhjust..." he mumbled, then drew himself off of the chest, a trickle of spittle trailing down the in beneath the hickey. "I was, just... k-kissing it better," he lied.

Laram swallowed. The sight of his brother just... giving in to their desires... his eyes trailed down to Viktor's teats. Each nipple broader than his closed fist, the teat pronounced, soft yet growing to a taut, pale mauve.

There was a sudden thunk, Laram blinking, and staring down, his dick betrayed his emotions, peering free from under his striped skirt and residing on Viktor's mammoth thigh, sloughed and twitching like an industrial hamburger-sausage. Viktor peered between his lap and Laram's face, acknowledging that he had noticed everything. Looking between the twins fawning over him, even in their embarrassment, they just tugged onto his pecs tighter, huddled closer. He breathed in through his nose. Though his calm was subsumed by the stretching, aching from his loins. His shaft decanting forwards, stiffening, and warping into the fabric of his pants. He grunted, and peeled the thin fabric free from the constrained trouser snake. If the twin's new dicks were a bull's envy, then Viktor's was the whole hog. The girth of a piglet and length of a barstool, freed from his pants and pelted onto the couch between his spread knees, sloping over the brim for a moment, before the pumping fluids hardened the erection. A smooth pulsing expanse of velvet flesh, with the hints of rippling veins nesting beneath the surface, it really could be his third leg.

"It... it-its so... big." Laiq mumbled, "I could... It could never, fit."

"But," Viktor smacked his lips, "you still wanna try?"

Laiq clamped his fists taut on Viktor's bust, his heart beating so hard one could see the rippling swells of his chest constrained by the overall straps. "I... I..."

"Sorry, sorry," Viktor coughed and bit his lip, "I-of course, it wouldn't-."

"Try it on me."

Laiq and Viktor turned towards Laram, a fluster flourishing over his face, where he sat at the couch's armrest, dick twitching as it laid sprawled out beneath the skirt. "I... mean. If you, want me..."

Laram laid back along the right length of the couch, Viktor towering at the other end, the cushions cratering under his knees as she shifted forwards, this boa stiff between them, schooching towards Laram's ass... He pinched his cheeks together, drawing his legs back.

"I- w-wait, I..."

Viktor slowed down, biting his lip. "I don't, have to."

"It is just..." Laram peered down at the massive length of dick meat, wide as his thigh, and about as long.

Laiq stepped up right between them, and saddled the dick, scooching their rear over it as they laid their back against Laram, their head resting between Laram's pecs. "T T-there, I am not left out now, and I'll be right here with you." Laiq ensured, grinding and scooching their buns with a face consumed by fluster.

Seeing their brother do this for them... "O-okay, bro, I am... ready," he said.

Viktor huffed so his nostrils flared, his dick bloating at the attention from Laiq, steadily moving in closer, till Laram felt the cock head filling out between his thighs, it cleaved them apart around its girth, plodding past the cheeks, to wedge against the pucker.

Laram weaved his fingers together with Laiq's, breathing through his teeth. At first, it was like an adult attempting to fit into a child's shirt, the pushes only shifting him on the couch, until the elastic began to give, ever so slightly. A crumb of positive reinforcement, that gave Viktor the vigor to keep pushing. A squeal of matte flesh and brawn rung out as the cratered pucker trawled open and stretched along the tip of Viktor's mast.

"Hnnghrn... S-stop," Laram groaned, already he felt chills surging through the folds of his pucker as the brim broadened to accommodate the mast.

"Em... everything okay?" Viktor asked.

"Fmm... mmhm." Laram winced in response, His chest oscillating with his heartbeat, the weight of their bulk offset by the rising pressure.

The dick crept further, snaking the head through the pin-needle of Laram's rectum, Laram's star felt the weight of Laiq sandwiching the cock head just above his loins. Until a feeling which erupted when the rest attempted to jam through his hind. The anticipation burst, pleasure fractured into a cloud of ache streaming through his veins, with his hind screaming as he felt it through his spine. "Stop, stop phhaa aa sstop," he exclaimed between rushed breaths, legs flailing for a moment and his head twisting so his violet locks tangled, knuckles growing white as he viced Laiq's hand.

Viktor halted, sweat beading at his forehead as he stared down. "Apologies, I didn't mean to hurt," he said as he began to withdraw.

"Wait, wait don't, please..." Laram huffed, his eyes wide and pupils shrunken as he gaped in laboured, silent, breaths. "K-keep going. Please, keep gooing," Viktor said, forehead folded in deep wrinkles.

"Ghsshs phaaa," Laram breathed through clasped teeth, "Whatever you d-do, keep going... I mfm I want your dick..."

Viktor huffed, with a glimmer in his eyes, biceps flexing as he took a new hold of the couch, and thrust. His dick wedged further, contorting the surrounding biology to suitably house his member. Laiq felt their back rising up as Viktor pushed forwards, the dome of compressed dick engorging through Laram's lap behind them, which in turn smothered Laram's cock along the lines of his trapezius and rhombs.

"Fmmgh sahagaa," Laram wheezed with a wordless breath, biting their tongue and grounding their head back to the broad armrest. The tensile walls of his colon forced to contorted around the girth of the cobra clumsily barging into his ass. "B-balls, i-it hurts iphaa... I-it hurts," he wined and huffed, "I can't do thi... I can't do this."

Laiq clutched Laram's hand tighter.

Viktor slowed, his chest heaving outwards, the billowing couch chusions rippling above Laiq's head.

"Ghhgnn... K-keep groins, s-spear me with that pillar," Laram wheezed as the pace slowed.

"Do not think, I could-... It would be, a bit tough to stop, this far along the way in," Viktor huffed.

"Itsf stoo big... Imfs I need it in me." Laram groaned as the dickhead steadily ploughed up his bowels, gradually swelling out the girth starting to plod up past his belly button, rising Laiq higher whilst he scooted and massaged the two flanking beefcakes.

"Ah can't," Laram whimpered, shifting between claspings his teeth and gasping a breathless heave, as if to shovel the ache out of his body, his legs twitching between going limp as the cock cleaved apart his cheeks and straightened out his bowels to one uniform sewage slide.

Viktor huffed and brushed back the blond locks getting in his face, "I do not, mf... want to... hurt you."

"Mfngs IbutI neet-this dick," Laram whimpered.

Viktor brought himself low, face to face with the violet haired boy, staring at the rivers of tears streaking his face. "If you really cannot take it, then bite my tongue." Viktor huffed out, a breath tainted in lust and perspiration, before he clasped his lips to Laram's. Laram groaned out into his cheeks, as his wheezes and words were muted in the embrace of a kiss. Viktor could feel the vibration through Laram's throat as the dick wound in deeper. He could feel every tingle of uncertainty, and the waves of aches, but also the avalanche of desire, and in his lust, he smothered everything else.

"Gnnrh. Gngns." Laiq huffed out as Viktor's trash lid bust pancaked into him, skin warping over his face and compressing his nose flat under the firm bulk, all as he was dragged to and fro by Viktor's ramping thrusts. Slow, and jagged in pace like a carriage rolling down a gravel laden path. His body ground into the chest, ass smothering the length of dick drawing back and forth in Viktor's ploughing. And his heart was racing, immersed in Viktor's supple physique, his hand scooping up the side of the pec and squashing it towards him in his grip, kneading through the pudgy musculature and grinding his face into the bust. His tongue trailing out to paint strokes of warm drool along the rocking pecs, showering the chest in kisses as the pressure imprinted into him with the sense of being driven into a hardening block of toffee. All whilst the bulge of Viktor's dick rammed beneath him, trailing along Laiq's spine and kneading him into the mattress of muscles. Rattling along every vertebrae in his body.

Laram's mind was doused in a sardonic haze, Viktor's dick digging deeper and deeper up the trenches of his ass the further they went on, Laram was convinced the towering snake was unearthing stretches of his innards he'd never known, and all but wrecking them in the process. He breathed excitement into Viktor's maw, their tongues twisting as Viktor rutted through him. Laram shambling against the couch with little of his own strength left to sustaining him, leaving him a strung up pupper lodged in the burly arm of Viktor's dong. He was short of breath, because of the excitement? Because he hadn't left the kiss for over a minute? Or because Viktor's massive manhood had actually reached his chest to compress his lungs? All options seemed equal at this moment, and he couldn't be able to see it end. The battering ram flattened the furrows and imperfections of his insides, and polished them flat under a healthy heaping of dick grease. He felt Viktor huffing in his face, the nostrils flaring and drooping clogs of slime, golden green snot winding down his lips and slobbering back over his face, tendrils of the briny goo clotting up his eyes and leaking into the crevices of his tear ducts. Its texture smooth, but the sensation it brought stung with the bash of salt on exposed flesh. Though he couldn't break the kiss, he couldn't stop, there was so much left. He leaned into it, scrubbing up his head against Viktor's face, slathering

oodles of snot all along his features and creating tethers of the grim slobber that webbed their faces together. The rest of his body losing focus, as Laram felt himself boiling down to nothing but a head and an ass, but what else did he need? His grip of Laiq's hand, loosened.

Laiq coughed, wheezing into the rampaging bulwark of Viktor's chest. And the fist sized abdominal grinding down his lap and constricting his cock. He couldn't stop sucking and kissing the chest, massaging the shredded frame with all he had, though, the pressure, was building. Both Viktor and Laram's body tensed around him, milling into him, patches of ache swelling where the friction bore down.

"H-hey guammgps-." but his distress call was muted as Viktor's nipple lodged itself into his open maw. He forgot the issue of his bones creaking and lungs starving as he suckled down on the teat, lapping and bringing his tongue over it as it thrashed along his lips. Then... it grew. The teat hardening, stiffening but distending, maturing, morphing... its size swelling outwards like an anemone in blood, building deeper to clog Laiq's maw with the lissome sinew. His cheeks took on a hue of purple, his lungs shrinking into a pair of raisins, and his rib cage creaking in the rough and tumbling grinds of lovemaking... he'd be milled into pulp... Laiq's hand strained, then dug its digits into Laram's hand.

A jab of pain roused Laram's out of his trance, as the ache struck a nerve through his palm to and through his whole triceps. His teeth bore down on Viktor's tongue, who's eyes splayed open in a similar flesh of relaxation.

"Mfmpfh mgpsh." he huffed out, and pulled back. So much sweat and excitement had gummed up between the two of them that it sounded like a honey drenched velcro band when Viktor rose from Laram, clumps of perspiration dotting Laiq as he laid flattened against Laram. "S-sorsyrr," Viktor huffed out with his heaving voice just barely forming words, the trawling slither of an anaconda submerging in a swamp rippling around his cock as he withdrew from Laram's ass, unveiling a hollow depth in Laram's gaping hind which he could fit his arm through without it touching the edges, the long depths undulating as their strangled blood flow returned to the vacancy of the massive congestion of cock. Laram taking in deep, long breaths and slamming his arms around Laiq. "Paha mp aha... haa. Fmmfs. M-my ass... Laiq, a-are you okay? Sorry imfs, knew I should have stopped

Laiq earlier."

Laiq said nothing, only shifting, to and fro on their twin, before rolling off onto the couch beside them, their buffed body crowding the cushions. Taking in long, slow breaths.

"Yeah. Good t-thing, I almost... heh..." Laiq mumbled. Viktor looking upon them heaving and rattled, holding over his abdominal, feeling just how hard they were...

"Give me... just, a minute." he excused himself, walking sideways out of the room.

Laram brushed along his twin gently, their plush, toned body and tensed obliques.

"Let me make it up to you, okay?"

"Hmmm?" Laiq mumbled, then shuddered out into a coo as Laram ground his knuckle between Laiq buns, "haven't gotten a chance to taste this new ass of yours."

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"Mmfff. M... Phaa..." Laiq huffed to themselves, slumped over the armrest of the couch, shifting their cheeks left to right around Laram's face. Cheeks blooming through the open flap of their overalls. Their twin nuzzling into the plush cleft of their ass, teasing their pucker with brushes of their nose in between lapping their tongue around Laiq's pucker. Laiq felt at ease, the surreal nature of their body's morphing relieved in the comforting touch of his twin.

Laram combed his fingers over Laiq's rear as he rested his lips on the plush brim, a warm musk of familiar nutmeg inviting some peace, there wasn't any anticipation with his own twin. And, it allowed his splayed legs a moment to rejuvenate as well.



Laiq sighed to themselves, after being sandwiched between such passion, this moment of respite invited relief, which was itself a kind of relief they had not anticipated.

Laram gently blew a hot breath up his twin's hind, before he felt the breeze flood back to him, meeting resistance, which he had no time to evade. While lost in his brother's musk, Laram didn't notice the foul concoction of tart butt muck until it had rammed past his lips, plastered in an arch around his cheeks and looped back right to his left. The thick onslaught filling his maw with greasy fudge dripping of ass grease.

"Mfmwpght."

Laiq felt a quiver down his spine and twisted back to see Laram at his hind, cheeks inflated with a buff coil. "Ooo... I... I'm sorry I was, it was just so relaxing, I didn't mean to..."

Laram swallowed, and instead of pulling back, wiggled in his chin deeper between the cheeks. "That is ok, bro, I... I kinda liked it."

"Mwell... you can have some more then," he said and laid back, resting and gritting his teeth as a growl spiralled through his intestines, eyes rolling up as an internal struggle raged.

The pit gaped open before Laram, a shiver running down his spine as the brim distended to the breadth of an assiett plate just to contain the massive dune of ass clay. It was a bit more than he'd bargained for, and the odour surged through his nostrils, though, it carried that similar musk of nutmeg. Laram gaped wide to match the loaf, and the manure crinkled over his lips, crawling past his teeth to warp his face around his twin's gargantuan bale. Its girth bolstered, pucker peeling back over the hunk of manure already destined to ply down Laram's throat. He breathed through his nose, bathing in the stench, but struggling to swallow. A Cratering crinkle vibrating between the cheeks as the column of filth projected him past Laiq's cheeks, out of the comforting cleft, tethered to the pucker by the thick beam of raw waste, glistening in the florescent lighting as its scintillant exteriors was given time to shine outside his ass.

"Mfmfs."

"Oogh, was that a bit much... oh damn... that's, so big," he struggled, trails of saliva threading down the sides of his mouth.

"Ah cahn't thake it," Laram mumbled around the log, cheeks contorted in the manure to craft the guise of a greedy hamster.

"O-ok, geeze, I'll try to just, hold it bac-."

"Mmgh mpmhsg," Laram shook his head, – as stilted as it was – and grabbed a hold of Laiq's cheeks with both hands.

Laiq bit down on his lips. "Mmfs... you do look real hot back there, maybe this is a better. Well if you are not letting go, I'm still gonna help ya," he said, and placed his palms on the back of his brother's head, arching his back as he shovelled Laram back into the hold of his cheeks with a thorough thrust. "T-then I'll help you back in my ass," he huffed out as the push warped the air in a waxy cacophony of kilos of waste plunging back a sleek throat.

Laram's gullet congested with the pillar of steaming butt mud, mists of the filth swirling out his nostrils and rising in smokestacks as his face slotted back into his brother's cleft, his throat aching from malforming around the gratuitous load of sludge making him think of Viktor's dick. "A-Mfmwfp famish aamwpgh," he mumbled and moaned out into the ass, his tongue sloping out and dripping drool along his brother's ass crack as he gorged himself on the luxurious emission of muddy mortar discharging from his brother's hind, as his throat and chest engorged with a pantomime of compacting bulges sailing down to nest in his gut.

"Alright, apologies, I just needed a moment to collect my thoughts," Viktor said as he entered, to the sight of Laram's muck inflated face crammed up Laiq's ass through the flap in his overalls.

The hint of a smile teased Viktor's lips as he sauntered over. "If you don't mind, I wish to make up for what happened as well," he said, trying to sound smooth, as he swung around to show his gargantuan bubble butt for Laiq, right in head height with his slumped couch pose. The boy only biting his lips in anticipation as the cheeks eked closer.

"Think you will fit?"

“Immf... i-if you don't-S-sure,” he huffed out, tilting his head as the rump arched back over his face, propping him up on the bunched up pillows of an ass the hot blond sported, a moment’s hesitation bred eagerness, as Laiq reeled his head back and dove in with a clap of the cheeks, his head subsumed by the marshmallow texture, engulfed in the clutches of the ass moulding over the back of his head, grinding sweat and hind ointment into his cheeks as a macho air of beef and rainfall subsumed his senses.

“Heh, little butt goblins, the both of you,” Viktor mused with a scoff, letting out a warm sigh as Laram started a make out session with his pucker.

