

Robbin' Wood

(Size theft, M/M sex, cock-fucking, humiliation, hyper)

by Anima

I hadn't gotten off in about a week, and that's the point where it really starts to get a bit dangerous. Yeah, dangerous as in I make stupid decisions, letting my dick do the thinking but also risky levels of pneumatic pressure. If you had junk like mine you'd understand.

And please don't start with the 'I wish I did!' stuff because I doubt many of you grasp how inconvenient it is having a dick you can barely get both hands around, not to mention nuts the size of basketballs. Try sleeping comfortably when your sac is that big, especially in the summer! Some of you with fur might find it easier, but us stallions just stick to everything.

I've gotten offtrack. I was really backed up, and I knew I had to take care of it. There were people I could call, but things were complicated. Sore feelings between Alicia and me, I was worried Rich was getting too clingy, and Pak'kun wouldn't stop pushing for threesomes. I just wanted relief, no strings tonight.

So I walked the couple miles down to The Hot Pocket, the club I used when I didn't really want to bump into anyone I knew. That, and it's one of the only spots in the city with a glory hole big enough for me. I walked in early, like 3:30, which is a sedate time of day (to put it mildly) in club land.

The bartender and I traded waves as I headed for the back. I left a trail of need through the air as I passed thanks to the precum that had started welling from my half-chub about a block back. I unfocused my eyes as I passed the handful of patrons parked on stools, preserving as much of the mystery as I could.

The glory hole wasn't in the bathroom at the Hot Pocket. Some folks get off on the raunch and sleaze factor of bathroom sex, but after trying it a couple times I decided it wasn't for me. Here there was a special booth set up for it, and the portal on the wall looked like a puzzle from a video game.

The owner must have been a carpenter or something. There was a circle about the size of a manhole cover cut out of the wall dividing the two halves of the booth. Set in the circle was a series of rings of diminishing size that rotated to lock into place so the whole assembly wouldn't come rattling apart at an awkward moment. You could remove and add rings to get the opening you wanted, and then choose a firm rubber insert from a pile in a bin to further customize the fit.

Different rings were different colors, and some had phone numbers or text scrawled on them. Insert for service. Warning, intense suction ahead. Par 1.

I knew my 'setting' on this elaborate setup, so it didn't take me long to dial it in. Patrons jokingly called the complicated hole the Stargate and it was hard to fault them. I winced when I fumbled with my belt to get my pants off. I shouldn't have waited so long to undress.

When I finally unzipped, releasing the tension, my cock sprang out and thumped the wall of the booth, splattering it with warm goo. My own scent flooded the booth, and that was more than enough to

finish bloating my shaft to its full size. I had to peel my pants out from around my balls, the heat trapped around the soft living leather always a shock.

I heard the door on the other side open. I smeared a generous amount of my pre around the rubber plug and slid my shaft through, a snug enough fit that it amplified the throb of my pulse. There were convenient handholds on the wall so I could anchor myself but I ignored them for now.

I felt fingers brush my meat, admiring it perhaps, but I could tell within a few seconds this wasn't going to be a great match. They were shy, and didn't have much idea what they were doing. I felt a few kisses flutter along my length and had to stifle a laugh. That was cute for sure, but not what I had in mind.

Then I heard the door open again. There was a gasp and a bit of shuffling as the floor creaked a sharp protest beneath someone's weight. The hands left my shaft, and I blinked. What was going on over there?

Then came the telltale jingle of a belt buckle being undone. There was another gasp, a few mumbled words exchanged, and then a sharp moan.

I shifted my weight from one foot to the other. This was not how this worked! Just as I was about to pull out and give myself a hand, a new hand grasped my cock. This hand was huge, and knew what it was about. A leathery palm ground itself against my glans, instantly beslimed with my pre, before strong fingers closed around my flared head to knead at it.

Wet sounds and a thinner moan from the other side continued to puzzle me, but at least I was getting some attention too now. The hand left my dick, before I felt a pressure against my cumslit. I almost backed out of the hole but before I could, a well-lubed digit sank expertly inside, penetrating my extra-snug passage.

I hissed, and began groping for those handholds on the wall. Sounding was something I was super touchy about. Some people thought that with a dick my size they could just go around jamming anything they liked inside, and a few had been tossed out of my home without their clothes for it. This lover was experienced if not polite, and smoothly finger-fucked my cock until I was thrusting to meet their touch, taking them to the last knuckle with ease.

A strangled cry, then a yelp penetrated the booth wall. I heard plaintive words, then angry ones, before the booth door open and slammed shut again. The attention to my shaft never ceased, so I guessed the first party had departed. When their finger withdrew I slumped into the wall, shooting ropes of pre into the other half of the booth, aching for more.

That's when their mouth wrapped itself around my prick, nursing on my first five inches. Whoever this was, they were big. Not many can wrap their lips around my girth, never mind slot half a foot into their maw. I could feel sharp teeth now and then, but never got scraped, so mentally upped my partner's size further still. Their tongue was clever, long and just a bit scratchy, swirling around and especially beneath my flare. Now and then they'd tease me, rimming my cumslit, dipping a little deeper every so often.

I must have pumped a good gallon of precum down this guy's throat and he kept up without a protest or backup, and for a moment I wondered if I'd found the rare partner that could actually handle a full load

from me. I love hosing my lover's down, but knowing that every drop gets claimed is something special too. It's, I don't know, possessive, or greedy for my essence. Sexy.

My nuts were getting noisy by now, audibly churning, flexing, begging to unleash what they'd been brewing for a week. As if they could sense this, my partner drew their wet mouth off of me, and must've leaned in close to the hole.

"Want to hump a nice tight hole, stud?"

"Fuck yessss! Hurry, please, or I'll need to help mop up this place again!"

Whoever it was chuckled. "Pull out, and set the Stargate to 2b."

I pulled free of the insert with a sucking sound. I'd swelled further, making it an even snugger seal. As I worked on pulling out segments from the hole, widening it, I was too horny to really think about the setting the stranger had requested. It wasn't until I was about to slot in the rubber insert that I realized I'd just set it a notch below the maximum size. Were they just going to shove their whole ass through the hole?

I stuffed the rubber insert into place and abruptly, the light passing through the hole vanished. The cock that squashed through didn't even look like a penis to me at first, given its scale! It was more like some blind worm grown to horrific size, squirming through the wall to devour me. Then its scent hit me, and pulled me from horror back to arousal. A gob of precum the size of a baseball welled up from its tip before drooling down, landing on the floor with an audible smack.

"Fuck my dick," I heard through the wall, and my balls lurched with approval.

If I could be the size *I* was, it wasn't so strange there'd be someone even bigger. This *much* bigger was a shock but a pleasant one, and I wasn't going to look the gift-dick in the slit. I let my shaft nuzzle up against the huge dick's slobbering hole, and felt its owner shift in turn, helping angle himself to make it easier to plug myself into him.

When I began to slide in, it felt at first like it wasn't going to go far. My flare seemed to stick. I heard a deep huff from my unseen partner, and abruptly I sank several inches. I grasped those handholds again and slowly fed my shaft into the larger one, feeling displaced precum gush out around my length, pouring down over my balls and splattering my thighs. His pulse hammered against mine, so fierce it felt like it was reshaping my own, forcing it to match his rhythm.

When I'd hilted within him, I heard a satisfied chuckle. "You're a good size, boy. I love taking big studs. There's a little irony to it," he breathed.

I wanted to ask what he meant, but he flared his dick, squeezing mine tight in the intensely hot, slick passage I'd buried my shaft in. I felt a strange sensation as some of his own slippery lube forced itself down into my cock, a ticklish feeling like an ejaculation climbing back inside me.

When he relaxed, instead I asked, "What are you anyways, that you're so huge?"

"What, you don't want to preserve the mystery?" He laughed. "I'm a Tanuki."

I pulled my hips back, freeing nearly two feet of fat horse dick before sending it slithering back up into the monstrous shaft before me. “Huh, with the huge--”

“Balls, yep. Ever wonder how they get so big?” He asked, before flaring to squeeze me again. God, I wasn’t going to last long at this rate.

“Genetics?” I grunted, trying to up the pace of my thrusts, my sac swaying beneath me. I’d had to learn over the years how not to overbalance with that much weight swinging around.

“Donations,” he purred, a hefty burst of pre escaping around my girth to soak me from the midriff down. I was standing in a thick puddle of our combined lust, and shivered.

“Oh, you’ll get a good one today, big guy. I haven’t blown in a week...”

“Do your worst, horsie. I’ll take all you’ve got, down to the last drop.”

Imagining my sperm flooding down into oversized balls, swelling them even larger, turned on plenty of lights in the arousal control center of my brain. I even found myself hoping he’d get more donations today, my seed mixing with a dozen others’, weighing him down until the pressure demanded he empty the lewd mess all over himself.

I snorted, tail flagging, no longer trying to go easy on the Tanuki with my thrusts. I pounded his dick like I’d pound a well-padded ass, and I swear he seemed to loosen as I did, making it easier to simply hump away! I felt sweat lather my coat, though the raccoon-dog’s precum slopping over me every few seconds washed it away from my lower half.

When I came a few seconds later, I whinnied loud enough to hurt my own ears there in the booth! I jammed myself in as far as I could, as tight as I could, my groin smothered in his bulbous cockhead! A half-watery spurt painted the ‘throat’ of his shaft before the thick tide of my sperm properly mixed in, my spurts so close together it was almost a solid column of spunk that fought back the tanuki’s pre to pour deep back into his plumbing. I have no idea if it actually ended up in his balls like he suggested, but that’s what I pictured as I flooded him with my cream, stomping the floor now and then with a jittery hoof.

I was so backed up and I was so intensely aroused by this beast and the raunchy images swirling in my head that my climax felt like it was emptying me right down to fumes. And then I kept cumming, past the point I expected to run dry! I moaned in wondering bliss, hauling on the handles and simply glorying in this fountaining orgasm, imagining tanuki-nuts swelling until they creaked.

I could hear his moans of approval, deep and gravely, and just hoped I could finish nutting before his own climax came. I didn’t want to end up more backed up than when I walked in here!

His groans grew louder, and his shaft grew looser. I could barely feel his own pulse now, and every gush of his precum washed over my belly and loins, escaping around my dick. I fought to stay lodged inside, spurts still rolling up the length of my fat horse-hose, and marveled at how his excitement seemed to be mounting further.

Still the fit around me loosened and frustrated, I crowded as close to his mammoth member as I could, folding my body around it even to stay rooted inside. Something felt off though. I felt unbalanced.

That's when the Stargate split, and the wall with it, as the tanuki's shaft throbbed its way beyond the limits of its strength! Big pieces of wood toppled in both directions with a crash that scared me half-to-death. Through a frame of splintered wood and plastic I found myself staring at the tanuki, whose balls alone nearly filled the other half of the booth. I backpedaled, and instead of the long slurp I expected as I drew my cock from his like a sword from its sheath, I withdrew a mere stub, barely more than two inches long!

"The...fuck?!" I yelped, hands flying to my cum-smeared junk. My balls were so small they blended in with my perineum. "What'd you do to me?"

The tanuki actually smirked, and reached down to grasp his massive prick at its base. "You know how raccoons have reputations as thieves? I don't steal shiny things. I steal...size. Yours feels glorious on me," and he had the gall to belch, patting the mammoth log of his dick like a prize pig he'd been fattening all year.

His balls gurgled, a long and low sound of fluid shifting, gathering, that made my own formerly-ripe sac's sounds seem tinny in comparison. "Oh, if you didn't want to stick around to mop up, you'll want to leave now, I think." His dick stiffened, straining against gravity. "You dumped quite the load in me on top of the metric ass-load of cream I always have brewing in these tanks, plus the pittance your first customer managed to squirt in me." He bucked his hips, sending ripples through his doughy gut and overfilled balls.

I stared, aghast, as he stroked precum-caked paws along the enormous length of his dick, a lazy jet of gluey, transparent ooze splattering me right in the pecs as he groaned. "God I love that look on their face. The loss. 'What happened?' 'He can't really have done that!?' Heh."

I side-stepped and only half-avoided the next slimy shot of his excitement. The enormous raccoon-dog's breathing grew labored, his voice huskier. "Seriously though, if you don't want to drown in my jizz, you'd better trot on, 'little' pony." The base of his ridiculous swollen cock began to swell, and a faint 'gloosh' sound bubbled up from his furry jewels.

Ashamed, enraged, I grabbed my clothes and fled, leaving sticky hoofprints down the hall. Behind me I heard what sounded like a pipe rupturing, and I broke into a run.

Bursting back into the club, I wasn't greeted with laughter like I expected. The bartender nodded sympathetically my way, and poured me a drink as I struggled into my clothes. They felt awful against my cooling, goop-slathered coat.

"I've heard it comes back...eventually. If you eat right," the barkeep said as I plunked myself down on a stool and tried to stop shaking.

"Why is he allowed in here?!" I demanded, before gulping down half the drink and almost choking. It was a double-double, whatever it was.

"You don't want to get on a tanuki's bad side. Besides...it's kinda hard to keep a guy out when he owns the joint."

My hard nails scraped across the bar top, fingers curled into claws, a sense of impotence weighing on me along with the reality of it.

“Could be worse. In the past he’s convinced folks the only way to get it back is to rub his nuts.” The bartender shook his head. “After that didn’t work for half a dozen guys, everyone caught on.”

“And this diet *does* work?” I mumbled into my drink, trying to ignore the film of spunk that had rolled out beneath the door and into the club.

“At least eight guys in your shoes told me it helped. It’s the best way to go, trust me.”

“There are others?”

“None I recommend. Don’t play his game.”

I scratched my chin. “How could I? He’s a magic Japanese raccoon-dog.”

The barkeep flicked his eyes up to mine, then back to the taps he was polishing.

“...These aren’t like vampire rules, are they? Can I now--”

“Don’t go down that road, boy. Nothing happy waits at the end.”

I thought of Frank and Jill and their dysphoria. I thought of Max and how much he longed to hilt in someone but could never even get the tip in.

I left the rest of the booze in its tumbler and rose, wincing again at the wet and sticky feel of my coat beneath my clothes. “Thanks for the drink. I’ll see you around.”

It was time to elicit some donations.