

# Dog Eat Dog World

Kyle could hear the sound of Sal putting away the groceries, on the other side of the wall. He had seen the big dobie strutting in, arms full of brown paper bags, wearing nothing except a muscle tank and his shining blue gym shorts. He peeked around the corner, catching a glimpse of the tall, muscular as he reached up to put away some cans, the cabinet blocking Kyle's view of the other canine's face... but doing nothing to hide the mass of big, sagging dog meat casually flopped on the kitchen counter.

"Fffff..." Kyle whispered, staring blatantly, cheeks reddening in embarrassment as arousal. Sal's package was just fucking *massive*, it was always massive but today even more so. Kyle could still see the way the pledges had whimpered, blindfolded and confused, as Sal used his massive prong on them - the way the big red stud meat had gleamed in the dim light, the way his balls had throbbed and sagged with the dog's movements.

"That you, Kyle?" Sal said, slapping the cabinet closed with his hand. He rolled his shoulders, craning backwards and making eye contact with the labrador before Kyle could pull back around the corner. "Hey dude, I got some brewskies. I'll give you one if you help put the groceries away. It was arm day at the gym and my tanks are blown out."

"Oh, haha, sure Sal," Kyle said. He stepped into the kitchen, casually nude, as all the other guys in the frat was. Hang ups about seeing swinging dick was the first thing to disappear once you joined the house. Usually, your own swinging dick was second. Kyle had kept his own, but he had seen at least a dozen of his brothers lose their fat packages, almost universally to Sal's.

He felt his dick thickening, lengthening down the length of his thigh as he stepped in closer to the bigger canine. Damn, he could *smell* the dobie's gym-ripened scent, the natural musk of his oversized package already filling the small kitchen area. He opened the door of the fridge, trying not to glance over as he bent down to pick up a cold beer.

By the time he stood back up, he was fully erect.. and Sal had noticed. The dobie was smirking knowingly, licking his lips in anticipation as he leaned back against the stove. He made sure that his package was caught in a beam of sunshine shining in through the dusty windows, highlighting the generous bulges of his endowment. "It's not the *only* thing blown out. Damn, my nuts are feeling sore after last night."

Kyle nodded, blushing and twisting the cap off of the ice-cold beer. He glanced over at Sal's crotch, then looked away, the redness creeping up his cheeks and into his inner ears. *Fuck*. Sal looked monstrously hung, even soft, and Kyle was fighting hard not to pant.

"Y-yeah, I bet. I can't believe you nulled the entire pledge group," Kyle stammered. "I mean, usually you only do one at a time, right?"

"I was feeling it, last night. Just that time of year, makes me hungry, makes me horny. Makes other guys horny, too. You alright? You're totally boned up my dude."

"I-" Kyle glanced down, and tried to pretend that he was just noticing his erection for the first time, instead of awkwardly trying to ignore it. "Oh, dang. Um, sorry about that."

"Don't apologize, bro. It's a nice piece." Sal bobbed his snout, indicating it. "I'm surprised I hadn't noticed it before now."

Kyle's blush deepened, his entire face feeling hot now, but not as tight and hot as his cock was suddenly feeling. He shrugged, and nonchalantly pressed the cold glass of the bottle against the side of his shaft. His body twitched at the shock of the coldness, nestled just against the bit of his cockhead that was peeking out from underneath his foreskin.

"I mean, it's nothing compared to *yours*, Sal," Kyle said. He meant it to sound casual, but cringed at how gay that came out. "I mean, you got the biggest dick in the frat, for sure."

"Well, I *didn't*, originally, but yeah... no contest. Though.. yours is probably second biggest, I'd bet." Kyle's erection had been sagging, the cold ice of the bottle helping to subdue the urge to bone up, but the compliment immediately put him back at full mast. Sal canted his head to the side. "Hey, are you gay or something? I mean, most dudes don't get hard around me unless they want to suck my shnozz or something." He cupped under the restrained bulk of his dick, the massive wad of flesh shifting under the tight posing briefs. "Is that what you want, Kyle?"

"N-no, of course not," Sal said, but he did. He did, badly. He wasn't gay, but Sal transcended any kind of normal sexual attraction. Sal was amazing. Sal was perfect. No, Sal was an asshole, honestly, but Sal's *dick*... That was perfect. "I'm just, uh-"

"It's not gay, you know," Sal interrupted. "I mean, if you want to suck my dick, it's not gay." He had a quirk to his lips, and Kyle got the impression he had said this before. Kyle said nothing, stuffing celery and potatoes and a box of froot loops into the fridge. "Lots of... people have sucked my dick."

"Yeah, after you suck off their cocks," Kyle said.

"Well, sure, but it's worth it." Sal stood up, thumbs sliding under the waistband of his shorts and pushing them down. Kyle tried not to look, but damn if he couldn't *feel* the weight of the other dog's fat dick just dangling between his legs, only a few feet away. Close enough to touch. "It don't bother me, if you wanna suck me off or something.. long as I get to return the favor."

"I..." But then Kyle turned his head, closing the door to the fridge, and found himself nose to nose with Sal's monster cock. Sal was intentionally standing close enough that Kyle *couldn't* miss it. The lab took in a sharp intake of breath, surprised at finding the huge dick hanging right in front of him, which filled his snout with the heady, masculine musk of the dobie's groin.

It had a leathery rawhide scent, kind of like saddle oil, kind of like sesame oil. It saturated Kyle's sinuses, leaving him only able to smell the bigger dog, his brain erupting with all *kinds* of ancient canine scent-based instincts.

"Okay, I mean," Kyle tried to rationalize, his eyes nearly glazing over as he reached up and cupped underneath the big, wide pink dick. It was narrower at the base than at the head, shaped loosely like a torpedo, and it was wider than the lab's splayed hand. "I don't like dudes, I just like... *this* dick."

He couldn't believe he was actually touching it, though. His heart beat in his chest as he felt the heavy silken warmth of the half-hard shaft, still crouched down from filling the fridge. Sal chuckled, the bands of muscle around his hips tightening, buttocks clenching, as those monster balls hanging behind it tightened up against his groin briefly.

"Well, it's *only* gay if we both have a dick," Sal said. He stroked his fingers along his belly, scratching at an itch there non-committally. "So, if we just eliminate one of the dicks..."

"You mean *my* dick," Kyle breathed, as he pressed his nose into the warm soft fudginess of the other man's cock. He had watched, frozen in aroused shock, as that same cock had gobbled up size pledge's cocks last night. He couldn't feel any bones, or muscles, in it now, as his fingers gently stroked up the spongy bulk of it, but he was sure that it had moved on its own that night. He had watched it descend over a lion's cock, the springy barbs bent backwards as Sal's shaft engulfed it, sheathing the nine or so feline inches inside it. Kyle had heard about the way cocks disappeared around Sal, but he had never seen it actually happen. The lion seemed to be enjoying it, drooling and moaning behind his blindfold as his leonine pride was being worked over.

Kyle remembered the sound that Sal's cock made as it slurped the lion's dick off. Not quite a ripping sound, not quite a slurping sound, but something in the middle, kind of like the sound of a boot being lifted up out of mud, wet and glurlping. There was no gore, just a smooth patch of fresh smooth skin, with the smallest dimple of a urethra. Cock: Gone. Balls: Gone. The small urethra just sat there between the lion's thighs, just a cute little hole, that throbbed and then began to flood with a smooth pulsing torrent of slick cum. The lion's heavy nuts dangled from the end of Sal's cock, the rounded eggs sagging down to the bottom of their scrotum as it was drawn up and into the dobie's fat, heavy shaft. Someone had said something, people had laughed, but all Kyle could remember clearly was the way those balls *disappeared* into the cock's... maw. How the piss slit had closed behind them, and the way the bulges had slid down under the surface of the skin, the flesh stretching around the pledge's masculinity as it sucked it down. Shit, he was the last person to see that lion's balls - the feline had had his eyes closed, hadn't even known he'd lost everything that made him a man until later! The last few seconds of that cock and ball's existence, before being gulped down by a hungry dick. *Fuck*.

The dick was even bigger up close and personal like this. No, wait, it really was just *actually* bigger than it was last night. His brain buzzed with excitement, the labrador pressing closer, stroking his cheek slowly up and against the length of half hard dobie meat. His right hand cupped the other side of it, pressing it against his head, the heavy dense soft cockhead resting against his collar bone; his other paw moved to cup against the swollen, saggy, heavy balls just behind.

"Okay, so..." Kyle tried to keep his sound even, but his voice cracked slightly. "How many have you... had?"

"What, like, pussies? Fuck dude, I don't keep track. Do you count the dudes I fuck after I take their dicks? Cuz they're, like, basically girls, too, right?"

"Ha, yeah, I guess...? I mean, you're not gay, so I guess they have to be, right? You wouldn't fuck em if they were..." Kyle asked, lost in the *denseness* of the big dog's soft, velvety ball-sack, Just warm tacky skin against his palm as he stroked up and against the solid, glassy flesh of naked stud nuggs hanging inside. "But I mean, like, how many *dicks* have you gobbled up? Your cock is just so.. perfect... so huge and masculine, and it smells like..."

"Like *what*?" Sal asked, reaching down to wrap his hand around the root of his shaft. He lifted it up, dragging it along the lab's snout before slapping it down on top of his head. It was thickening, fattening up with all the attention. "You better not say my dick smells like *fish*, I keep it clean as fuck dude-"

"Answer my question!" Kyle said, feeling the weight of Sal's cock laying over the back of his head, feeling the warmth of a dozen cocks infused in with the dobie's own. "How many dicks has your eaten? A dozen?"

"Please," Sal scoffed. His dick gave a slow throb, a heated pulse that Kyle felt along his forehead, then against his ears, and then along the back of his neck. Liquid oozed onto his back, between his shoulder blades, oozing down along his fur. "It's like.. a hundred? A hundred fifty?"

"You don't even *know*?" Kyle tried to sound shocked, but he wasn't upset. It was hot, imagining that so many dicks disappeared down this beautiful, massive cock that Sal didn't even bother to keep track of them. He didn't know exactly what happened to those lost, forgotten packages, whether they were stored or transformed, digested or discarded, but he did know that every time someone lost a cock around the frat house, Sal's bulge was *decidedly* larger the next day.

"Nah, I mean, you keep track of every omelette you've eaten? Same thing. They're just dicks. Well, they're just *other guy's* dicks, anyways. I don't really pay much attention to them after they're gone."

Kyle pressed his snout into the warm, heavy, damp crotch between the dobie's scrote and cock root. The smell was the most intense there, a clinging, masculine, sharp scent, like sweat and buttered popcorn and faintly like pool chlorine. It was so pleasant, and he needed more of it. "Damn, you're *really* into my dick," Sal teased. "Are you *sure* you ain't gay? I mean, I know you say you aren't, but you apparently never told YOUR dick that. How big are you? Nine, ten inches?"

Sal was at least a foot and a half, and probably over two. Kyle was... he couldn't remember. He couldn't think about his own dick, not when he was finally able to hold, taste, and smell Sal's.

"Hey, dick brain, how big are you?" Sal said again. He stepped to the side, pulling away from Kyle, his heavy cudgel of a shaft slapping against the labrador's shoulder, the bulk of it just flexing enough to lay down along his tricep before swinging free. It slid from one leg to the other, slapping from inner thigh to inner thigh, the broad, reddened glans reddened with excitement. Kyle was sure that he saw the very tip of it purse, the clear precum bubbling from it pinched off as the lips tightened, winking at him.

Distantly, he felt his cock *strain*, itching to sink into something slick and warm. He looked down at it, jutting up and towards Sal. Up until about ten minutes ago, Kyle had been extremely proud of his cock; it was a quadruple hander, with a dark reddish skin and a thick chewy foreskin that masked his rounded, bulbous cap, a real bitch buster that looked as good hanging down the leg of his pants as it did perched on the mouth of a choking, cum-soaked fox's lips. His balls churned, each a grapefruit's worth of nut meat that oozed a continuous supply of fuck sap up into his loins, keeping his muscles tight and his body primed and ready for anything. Right now, though, all Kyle could think of, the only question he could come up with, was...

*Would it be enough?*

He said nothing, the blush that had been percolating in his cheeks and ears moving down to his neck and throat, as he subtly pushed his hips towards Sal.

"Just see for yourself," he said, before looking away, embarrassedly. "Just don't do anything, like, *gay*, right?"

"Of course not," Sal chuckled. "There's nothing gay about looking at another dude's junk, sizing up the competition, you know?" He snorted as he gripped the labrador's shaft in one hand, squeezing his fingers around the root. Kyle let out a groan, his nuts tightening between his thighs, keenly aware of the full length of his shaft being inspected by the bigger, studlier canine. Sal's fingers lifted his erection up, gripping the skin and tugging along it, first away from Kyle, so that his foreskin slipped up over the widest bulge of his glans, and then tugging it back, so that his thick cockhead jutted forward, skin tautly tugging at it.

"Great looking cockhead, my dude," Sal said, taking his own cock in his other hand. There was *no* comparison between the two, with Kyle at around a foot long, Sal was easily twice that, and even more than twice as thick. There was a sturdy presence to Sal's cock that other cocks just couldn't compare with. He skinned his own foreskin back, revealing his soft, gleaming red cockhead, and moved it to kiss against Kyle's. "You ever played gay chicken?"

Kyle whimpered, eyes scrunched closed, unable to respond coherently, so Sal exposition on Kyle's behalf, as he stroked Kyle's cockhead along the cleft in his own. As thick and manly as Kyle's was on its own, Sal's juggernaut dwarfed it, *minimized* it with them pressed together like this.

"Gay chicken is when two *straight* dudes push their dicks together, to see who breaks away first," Sal said, his voice deep and easy and pleasant. He coated Kyle's cockhead in the precum oozing from his shaft, and then gripped the root of it, pulling Kyle forward with a stumbling step.

At first, it didn't *seem* that Kyle's cock would fit inside of Sal's. The dobie's shaft bulged inwards with the pressure of Kyle's granite-hard cock, the outer rim of his glans bulging outwards with the displaced pressure. Kyle whimpered again, wanting to open his eyes but afraid that if he did, he would see what was happening, and he might... pull away. He knew he needed to keep his junk, to be a male, but... but more than that, he *needed* to see his cock become part of Sal's.

There was a slick, hot, smooth wetness that slid over his cock head then, an intense supple slurping sensation that rubbed fantastically against every square centimeter of the lab's girthy dick cap. It was as if, as soon as just the very tip of his own leaking cockslit slipped into Sal's, that his dick inhaled the rest, just drawing Kyle into itself with a hungry slurping sensation.

"Ffuuuuck," Kyle gasped, unable to not look any longer. He opened his eyes, and was stunned by the visceral image of the massive dobie dick wrapped around the end of his cock. The straining root of his own shaft throbbed, a dark purple vein coiling up its length and disappearing just before his dick did, jutting directly into the darker, wider, plumped glans of his frat brother.

"It's okay to lose gay chicken," Sal teased. "I mean, for me, this is just having a snack, but if you're like, *getting off* on it, you can break away.. Here, I'll even help ya out a little bit."

Sal was still holding Kyle's cock, but he released the grip, just enough to stroke the restrained skin forward. Kyle's cock slapped forward, but with the lab's cockhead embedded in the much larger shaft, it was unable to pool over the dog's shaft. It tried to instead wrap over Sal's, but merely puddled in a sloppy pool of stretched, wrinkled skin against the very tip of the bulging glans. Then, Sal squeezed down again, and began to pull Kyle back out from the grip of his shaft.

At the same time, the suction and squeezing around Kyle's cockhead increased, the very tip of it squeezing and pinching down just behind Kyle's sensitive glans. Kyle stopped breathing, grasping Sal's big, powerful biceps as he watched as the bigger canine's cock pinched down.

The lips of Sal's cock disappeared into the puddle of pooled foreskin, and there was an ecstatic *numbing* as they peeled the dog's cockhead right off.

Kyle had squeezed his cock head firmly before, but this was something else. The sensation of it being *slurped off*, no, *pinched off*, was ALMOST overwhelming.

"Don't cum," Sal teased, as he playfully pushed Kyle away from him. The lab's dick sprang free, bouncing up to his stomach, his loose foreskin slapping wetly against his taut abs. Kyle stared at it, at the shorter cock he was now sporting. It was *definitely* shorter, the tip of it further away than usual, three or so inches away. His foreskin was usually snug around it when flaccid, or tucked painfully over most of the glans when he was erect, but now, the sensitive scrap of skin was just puddled loosely on top of it. As he watched, his cock skin sank down, following gravity, and slowly retracting back to reveal the smooth, blunt, truncated end of his cock where his glans was supposed to be.

A bubble of precum oozed out of the small hole in the center of his cock, at the exact moment he realized that Sal's dick had *bitten off* his cock head. Kyle moaned like a bitch in heat, his hips thrusting into the air with a surge of lust as he looked from his diminished shaft up to the other dog's, where he could see a bulge hiding in the thick cylinder shaft. It slid down a bit, bobbing down an inch or two, the veined and erect length of Sal's shaft swelling around the bulk of the smaller canine's precious, sensitive shaft. Then, it began to slide back up, towards the tip.

"Promise you won't cum... I don't want you making this weird," Sal said, as his cockhead began to extrude Kyle's glans. The big, wide bulb of sensitive flesh began to push out, spreading out from between Sal's cock lips, his own dick head jutting out like a taunting tongue. It should have felt fantastic, being nestled into the warm, slick, tight channel of the big dog's cum-chute, but Kyle couldn't feel anything.

"I won't cum," Kyle swore, reaching for Sal's jutting cock-tongue. He palmed under the wide, heavy head of the dobie's dick, feeling the weight, the silky denseness of it pushing down against his fingers, and grunted as the cock head dropped free and into his palm.

He had felt his cockhead in his palm, who knew how many thousands of times he had rubbed his palm against it, wrapped fingers around it, and squeezed against the soft bulky firmness of it. This was different. It was the same size, but it was smooth on one end, and totally inert. He lifted it up, examining it - straining and still firmly erect, but completely sealed off, just a big hunk of *meat* in his hands now.

He reached down, gripping his cock by the shaft, the skin so much looser without his cockhead to wrap around, and skinned his loose flesh back. He tried to position the cockhead in place, confused about how weird it looked as he held it in place before he realized he had it upside down. He tried to twist it around, to align it the way it looked naturally, but dropped it, and the thick doorknob-shaped cock head bounced off of his foot and rolled away.

His old hackey sack skills kicked in, and he quickly caught and bounce-kicked it up into the air again. It was still warm when he caught it, laughing embarrassedly.

"Tah dah!" He said, and then realized he was showing off his cock head to the big, straight Sal, who was just shaking his head with a pained grimace on his face.

"Dude..." Sal said, wiping at his nose. "Did you just hackey sack your own dick head...?"

"Well, I mean..." Kyle looked at his dick, holding a piece of himself, numb and inert, in his hands, and examining it for damage. It looked fine, but there was a bit of oatmeal stuck to it, and some other floor dust, so Kyle licked his thumbs and worked on cleaning the dirt and such off of it.

He felt his foreskin being pinched, being squeezed and tugged and rubbed against, and at first he thought it was Sal's fingers, like he was just as curious about Kyle losing his dick as Kyle was. Then he felt his dick get dragged back into the mouth of Sal's cock, and realized it wasn't Sal's fingers at all. The dobie's shaft wasn't willing to go empty-mouthed. It wrapped around his dick, and Kyle shuddered as he felt himself sinking deeply, smoothly, slickly into the endless gripping hot channel of the big stud's cock.

"Don't cum, it'd be so gay if you came right now," Sal whispered, and Kyle's ears burned, his cheeks hot and his heartbeat racing, because he *did* want to cum, he wanted to feel Sal's cock suck every last drop of his cum out of his nuts. If he did, though... that would mean he *liked* what was happening, what Sal was about to do to him.

"God, dude, I'm not gay, but if you keep sucking my dick like that-" he muttered, holding his cockhead in both hands, staring at the smooth damp tip.

"Nah, you don't have to worry about that anymore," Sal said, watching as Kyle's thick, veined length slid smoothly into his own hungry cock. The thick stalk of stud meat stretched him out nicely, giving him a pleasant tingle that he didn't get from most normal sized dicks. Yup, Kyle was hung like a stud. But Sal was bigger.

His dick head pressed into Kyle's groin, rooting insistently to snag every last inch, every gram of cockmeat it could wrap around. The dude's dick was a nice, sizably bulk, a solid brick of dense cockmeat jutting deep into the center of his own shaft. Sal didn't have full control over his cock, but he could squeeze, contracting the muscular organ around the intruding flesh with wet rippling tugging squeezes. He'd done it before, hundreds of times, to the point that the specifics of the shafts that he stuffed inside it didn't really stand out anymore. Glans, flare, knot, barbs, foreskin, medial ring, sheath, sometimes there were piercings, sometimes a nice and prominent vein like Kyle had. He gripped it all, feeling it for the unique and precious representation of masculinity it represented.

And then, Sal pulled it off.



Kyle groaned, his hips thrusting, his mouth dropping open as the warmth that gripped him better than any fleshlight, snugger and slicker than any pussy, clamped down. He felt that pinch again, knew exactly what was going to happen next, but it wasn't the same as when Sal bit off his cockhead. He watched, as the thing twisted, the root of his groin briefly bared, just a hint of swollen flesh, before it peeled off and away from his groin. The skin stretched, trying to hold on to the base of his cock, and his cock stretched his skin slightly, with exactly the tension and tightness of a fresh bandaid. And, just like a bandaid being pulled free, the skin that was revealed underneath was fresh and pink, a soft tingling *ping* of pleasure and pain as the nerves were pulled free, a deeper tug from inside him groin as his urethra stretched and then snapped. His scrotum pulled loose like velcro, pulling loose a quarter inch at a time, a ring of scraping, itchy pleasure as his fat, unspent seed orbs were pulled loose with his cock.

Then it was done. His package was gone, he could feel the *absence* of weight, the bulk of his balls no longer pulling on his stomach, naked air kissing against the crop circle of skin that had been revealed hiding underneath his groin. His urethra gleamed and oozed bubbles of warm seed, no longer held back by the contractive muscles at the root of his penis, and the soft slick fluid tickled as it traced teasingly down over his naked groin. This is what he was, now. This is what he had left.

He couldn't say anything, so caught up in the stunned shock that washed over him. It was *gone*, his junk was gone, he had nothing left. Everything he had been born with, had grown and nurtured and played with for years, was... Sal's now.

He looked over to the big dick in the room, the *only* dick in the room now, as Sal lazily traced his fingers along the wide bulge that Kyle's own dick made in his own dick. Kyle's was dry, his tongue lolling in a horny haze of desire. He could see his balls, hanging underneath Sal's magnificent trunk of a shaft, but his dick was fully entombed. The dick swallowed, slurping the shaft down, the loose sagging scrotum threaded in through the pursed dick lips as Kyle's nuts were drawn up towards the tip. Kyle felt a surge of pride, seeing Sal's shaft dipping down, maybe just a bit, the added weight of Kyle's cock and balls *slightly* affecting the big doberman's rampant erection.

*What if Sal couldn't actually eat his entire cock?* Kyle wondered, as he rubbed his fingers softly against the nude patch of his groin. He wanted to climax, but there was just no way to. It felt nice, but it wasn't nice in a sexually satisfying way, it was just nice in a soft, sensual way.

"Got your dick," Sal said, a certain gloating tone deep in his voice. Kyle nodded, staring. Sal couldn't stop smirking, his hands on his hips as he thrust them towards Kyle. "Looks good on me, huh?"

Kyle nodded again. He reached for his nuts, cupping up underneath them from behind. It was strange, he had never felt his own balls in his hands like this, not from behind. They were big, heavy, they filled his palm and he was so damn proud of how fat and full they were. They were just inert in his grip though, warm and solid but totally senseless.

Sal loved watching dudes fawn over their own junk. Any smaller guy, he would have just slurped them down while they watched helplessly, their balls slurped away, never to be seen again. He enjoyed the thrill of seeing them realize that their junk was gone, gone for good, and all to grow his own big dick another inch, his balls sag down with an extra ounce or two of mass.

"Why don't you help me out, man," Sal said. He tugged at the thick shaft in his length, enjoying the solid slug of flesh that probed about a third of the way down his own length. "Could you just, like, tuck your nuts into my cock for me? Thanks."

"They're too big, aren't they," Kyle said, excitedly, but Sal just shook his head.

"Naw, they're just fine. I just wanna watch you do it. I wanna see you feed your nuts to me, bro."

"That feels gay, dude," Kyle said, but he Sal could feel the weight of them not hanging as heavily from the end of his shaft anymore, as the lab lifted the fat eggs up. "I mean, why do you want my *balls* in your dick...? You aren't gonna cum or something, right?"

"Nah, dude, like I said, this ain't sexual. They're just meat. So stuff 'em down in there, so I can churn em up. I'm itching to see how much length you're gonna add to my dick."

Sal rested a finger against the root of his shaft, and then slid it out away from the base, pausing at about the two inch mark. "That's what *all* of the pledges gained me, together. I think they were all burned out from being everyone's cum rags for a week, because they didn't give me much. But don't worry, bro, a package like yours is gonna be *huge*."

Kyle was blushing again, his tail wagging, and he helpfully hefted his right nut up against Sal's cock tip. He wished he could still feel the sensation of Sal's cock wrapped around his own, pulling and milking him. He wished he could have cum, as the sensation of blowing his load down his bro's cock would have been, he knew, amazing - gay or not. In a way, he would be, though. All he needed to do was push.

He wedged his palm up against the back of his nut, and grasped just behind Sal's cockhead with his other. He pushed, slowly easing the broad bulk of his own testicle into the receptive grip of his bud's cockhead. He loved the way the shaft flexibly stretched, sliding up over the smooth, solid, rounded flesh of his testicle.

Sal loved the feeling of being 'force fed' a nut. It was a pleasant treat to go with the cumbersome shaft that was still lodged halfway down his cock. He itched to pull it the rest of the way down, to *gulp* and claim, but there was no reason to rush, and the sensation of being full in such a sustained way was pleasant in its own way. He groaned as the big nut, wider even than the shaft, forced past his lips and into the bulk of his cockhead, and as Kyle started lifting the next one up, Sal sucked the first one further into his shaft. The bulge of it slid smoothly, his foreskin stretching tautly around the straining flesh as the broad bulk of the rounded egg slid past.

He *could* have crushed it, dissolved it then and there, the way he had digested that horse's cock a month or two ago, if he wanted to. It had been a blast, kind of a prank really, the stallion slowly feeding his dick through a glory hole, having no idea that Sal's dick was pushed against the hole on the other side and was digesting each inch as fast as the horse could push it in. Two feet long, it was an impressive length, but it was springy and worn out, not nearly as loaded up with hormones and and vigor of college studs that Sal craved.

"Thanks, bud," he said, cheerfully, playing off the lab's loss of a nut with the same regard as he would someone sharing an especially well-loaded nacho chip. The submerged shaft sank in another inch, and the nut meat of the second ball was tugged right up against the lips by the constricting scrotum that was pulled along with the rest of the package. "Just give that one a poke for me... in fact, why don't you push it in with your cockhead."

Kyle stammered, still holding the cockhead in his hand, the big rounded plum bright and pink and shiny. "Well, actually, I was thinking I might keep this..."

"Nah, you don't it anymore. You're not *really* a dude, right? No cock, no balls? So what do you need a snack like that for? Come on, bro, don't be cringe, feed me your cock head."

"Yeah, guess you're right," Kyle said, feeling chastised. He looked at his cockhead one last time, and then pushed it against his remaining nut, bulldozing the big rounded egg down into Sal's cock. His left nut put up no resistance, stretching the doberman's cock around it with the same surreal smoothness as the other nut did. Kyle watched it go, being careful not to get his fingers anywhere near the smooth, slippery, leaking shaft as he palmed his cockhead up against it as well. Perhaps he felt a hint of brattiness, as he goosed the big cockhead forcibly into Sal's shaft, cramming one nut bulge down into his dick a little bit faster than the stud expected, bumping it into the other one. "There ya go. You got it all, now, my whole package is in *your* package. Which I guess kind of makes me the top, right? Since my dick's in you?"

"It would, if we were gay... or if that was still your dick," Sal popped his lips, mimicking a bubble being burst. "But it's mine now, right? Thanks for the snack, bro. I appreciate you taking such good care of it all this time, getting it ripe and ready for me to eat with my dick."

Kyle couldn't figure out why his tail was wagging or why his entire face felt so red and embarrassed, but he smiled as un-awkwardly as he could. "Oh, sure, bro. Uhh, any time."

"Nah, not any time. Just this one time. You don't get another chance," Sal said, drily, as he gestured to his cock. They both watched as Kyle's cock and balls and cockhead sank down the length of the monstrous erection, the veins darkening as they were pushed up against from the inside, the whole length bulging with a soft, wet slurping sound as all that flesh was pulled deeper inside.

Kyle gave in, then, at that point, kneeling down in front of Sal. He knew better than to try and blow him, and he didn't *want* to get Sal off. He didn't want to risk Sal ejaculating the big pieces of dog meat that he was about to feast on back out and onto the kitchen floor. He just wanted to take in every aspect of this moment that he could. He was already rubbing Sal's cock, squeezing and stroking his big hands along Sal's bigger dick, feeling the flesh inside sinking inch by inch by inch into the doberman's groin. Now, he presses his cold wet nose in against the underside of Sal's cockhead, sniffing at the concentrated starchiness of the bigger stud's dried precum there, the bitter salty tang of his sexual fluids stained into the folds and crevasses of Sal's frenum.

He pressed his tongue in against that soft webbing of flesh, just touching, tasting the flesh, as he felt the bulge of his shaft finally make it to Sal's groin. He slid up to the nearer end of his shaft, gripping and pushing at the root of the bulge of the meat that used to be his cock, feeling it sliding away and into Sal's groin. The doberman was gritting his teeth, spreading his legs and lifting his dick up and away from Kyle's groin.

"Dude, my balls. Rub my left one. Not hard, like you would pet a cat. Just do it, it helps."

Kyle didn't know what Sal was talking about, but he was happy to help out in any way he could. He pressed up, wanting to feel the heat of the remaining male's cock against his cheek, nuzzling against it as his two hands cupped and gently kneaded against the large, rounded orb of Sal's left testicle. It was loose, lax, hanging heavy in its scrotum, but even as he squeezed and rubbed gently against it, it began to tighten, tugging upwards. A moment later, he found out why.

That's where his dick was going.

He groaned as he felt the bulk of his cock get extruded down into the middle of the left nut, swelling it out. It was accompanied by a slick crackling sound, as the cock pressed into a sticky, gooey chamber that foamed around it. Kyle's cock was big enough, even now, that it had to curl slowly in to a loose kielbasa shape, a lazy U filling the orb and bulging it out with its intruding mass. Kyle gently kneaded, feeling the ball swell out even further as first one, and then the second of his balls were tamped in after it. The nut had swollen outwards, much fatter and mishappen with the bulk of the flesh stuffed inside it, but it was already gurgling, flexing with a tightening clench down and inwards around all that trapped meat.

Kyle felt the nut contract down, and felt the broad bulky bulge of his nut kind of flex, being squeezed inwards. The nut contracted, but the meat didn't - the bulge remained somewhat compacted inwards. He gently squeezed, and positioned his fingers around the bulge of what must have been one of his testicles, but he couldn't be sure. Sal's nut meat was getting warm, clenching upwards again. It contracted down until it was nearly the size it had started out as, though much denser and solid feeling. Then, it relaxed out again, and this time as it filled back into Kyle's fingers, the lab found that there was much less testicular bulge pushing back against him.

It was *digesting* his dick.

It wasn't just that it was dissolving it down, he could feel the balls themselves surging with weight, with mass. He could feel the thrum in the cock against his cheek as hot, fresh blood flowed into it, swelling it against his face as it bulged outwards, thickening and lengthening.

*This was Sal's favorite part.* The doberman's eyes were nearly slitted as he jacked himself off, wondering if he should cum or not. There was no real need to, there was nothing in Kyle's makeup that needed to be rejected from his own system. The dumb dog was 100% corn fed good boy, and his cock and balls practically *begged* to be melted down and reforged into something more powerful, more massive and masculine than what Kyle offered. Sal was able to deliver.

He clenched, feeling his testicles squeeze down. The right one was empty, and it just clenched against itself, the raw tissue aching as it ground against itself trying to find something to break down. The cockhead was still making its way through his groin; maybe he'd send it over there instead, since it was disconnected. His left nut, though, that was where the action was.

It clenched, contracted, and with each powerful throb, he felt the spongy mass of Kyle's genitals melting away, his testicle a cup of hot milk that was dissolving away a blob of chocolate shaped like Kyle's dick and balls. The thick, masculine pasty syrup that was created was immediately pulled into his blood stream, floating into his testicles to build up on them, or surging into the root of his shaft to add on to the end of it. His cock grew like a fingernail, though admittedly a fingernail he'd never need to trim. He could trace his paw down his length and 'feel' the inches that had been gained to them, each too subtle for anyone else but him to recognize, but the soft, tactile differences between bull and squirrel, canine and lion, otter and fox. Each one ended up *mostly* the same, they were all him now, but he could still *feel* them, like rings of a tree. Towards his cockhead, they all blended and melted together, the inches he'd stolen gradually over time melding together into the perfect cock, a cock that would continue getting tempered and refined with the addition of *quality* meat like Kyle's.

He groaned as he felt his nuts churning once more, pleased to find that the cockhead *had* found its way into the right nut, and he held the clench, feeling the last of Kyle's meat dissolve away into nothingness. Most dicks would have only taken a clench or two - hell, the entire pledge cluster had been all grouped together and only taken a single clench to crush them all into paste - but Kyle had taken eight whole clenches to break fully down. It was something to commend the lab on, at some point. Maybe in front of the other intact bros; he could probably get Kyle to help him shuck a few more pounds of meat out of the frat before he'd have to move on, again.

He smirked down at the lab who was fawning and smooching over his balls, which were setting fat and happy in the lab's paws. Yeah, they'd gained about a quarter pound each - he could tell - and his dick had grown almost four inches. Not quite four, but almost. Not bad. Not bad at all.

It was a great way to start the weekend.