

Boys Havin' Fun

Tom and James lay together, always trying to be closer to each other and adjusting themselves so they kept nudging their bodies against each other.

The two shared a body type, for the most part - James was slightly shorter, had longer hair, and glasses. He always had to brush his bangs out of his eyes with his hands. They were both fairly lean, but Tom's body was thicker, denser, and ever-slightly more visibly muscular, and rooms shook the slightest bit when he walked.

This was foreplay; Their excitement for the 'main event' of their cuddle session was written on their faces in pink. They were both pantsless. James had kept his shirt, Tom had just let his bare chest sink into the bed and his partner. James had been wearing socks a second or two ago, but he'd tugged them both off so he could interlock with James' body to a greater degree. James wore tight, frilly panties. He really liked them, and Tom really liked them, too. Tom's boxers were a lot simpler, less fancy, but James' eyes kept drifting between his boyfriend's face and the simple pattern across them nonetheless.

Their whole bodies pressed against each other, trying futilely to snuggle up even closer than they already were, to press each themselves even more together - they could not. James spoke up, shaking his head to move hair strands from between his eyes and the frames on his glasses.

"O-okay! I think I'm psyched up enough now. I'm ready!"

"Oh! Awesome!" Tom planted a kiss directly on his boyfriend's now-exposed forehead. "I'll get the pills."

They broke formation, James orienting himself to face the head of the bed from the foot, and Tom did the opposite to face him, leaning against the headboard as he leaned over the nightstand to unscrew two bottles. He pulled two from one, and a third pill from the other bottle. Both sat pretzel-style, but Tom's hands tended to rest outside of his legs, while James' hands moved to rest between his legs.

Tom moved one of the paired pills to his other hand. He handed the two now-mismatched pills to his partner. "We should be naked for this - especially you. Wouldn't want to lose track of you, right?"

"Right!" James got goosebumps from the implications. He closed the hand holding his received gift, and pulled his shirt back over his head, tugging it off just in time to see Tom kick his boxers off and instantly toss his pill back and swallow in the same instance. He flushed. "Can I get a little bit of water so I can swallow these easier?"

Tom handed a small cup over to his partner, sitting from the nightstand, and watched as James dropped his pills both into the cup and drank it, swishing the contents around before swallowing, then quickly tugging his panties down his legs.

"Aha, there we go-Oh! Hooooo..." Tom's confident smile fell off as a jolt passed through his whole body. His cock, half-erect, shot up, blood pumping quickly through it. Tom panted a bit, leaning forward. His skin rapidly had color flow through it, and his subtle blush turned to an extreme red on his cheeks. He sweat a bit. His erection pulsed, its size slightly taller than what Tom had thought his "maximum". It was hard as it could be, and not a second after began leaking pre at a rate recognizably faster than normal, albeit not overwhelmingly so.

"A-are you okay?" James asked, shifting forward, breaking his pretzel pose and putting his face close to Tom's.

"Y-yeah! T-the pills just hit instantaneously, that's all. Maybe you should've taken the same one I did first, so you could get used to the feeling before you shrink yourself - Nff." Tom rested his palm against his crotch, pushing his dick down a bit, just to feel touch against it.

James giggled a bit, and smooched James gently. He was actually already fully erect, without outside influence. He closed his eyes and gave a warm radiant smile. "Ehehe. It's a little bit late for that now- OOOOooo-!" James closed eyes tightened as if he was in pain, and he tried to process the tactile sensations passing through his body. His dick demanded attention, growing more than its already "full" size, and heat rushed through James' whole body. It tingled, as if he was being gently shocked. He felt his glasses fall off. His hand moved to cup the tip of his member, finding his slit wet and dripping. James sweat noticeably more than Tom did, shivering and gasping, slowly leaning forward to lay down on his chest, unable to stay upright. He figured that he would be leaning on Tom, but he was able to lay all the way down without bumping into his boyfriend's body. "Oohhh god!"

When James recovered...or rather, didn't recover, but got used to the intense shuddering feeling passing through his whole body enough that he could move, he opened his eyes, greeted by white. The fibers of the sheet were like a cargo net below him, darkened by a long shadow cast over it. James got up, slowly standing, unable to get both of his legs straight with such an immense feeling crashing through him. He slowly gazed up from his 'ground', slowly processing the flesh-tone wall before him. He looked higher, and higher, back and forth across his horizon, then back up, as high as he could crane his neck. "Ah! Haah!"

The sight before James caused his already profound, helpless arousal to kick into overdrive. Tom was a true massive titan, who had switched his sitting stance to be more domineering. He now straddled the bed, hands supporting his massive body as he leaned forward. His huge, thick body towered like a landscape, and almost directly above was Tom's grinning face. What James was **really** in the shadow of, however, was Tom's massive, leaking cock, which dwarfed the tallest buildings in the world by extreme margins.

"You're so cute down there."

"Ahhh! J-jeez Tooom! You're...this is amazing...urf!"

"Ahaha! Look at you! You're holding up pretty well for being a half-millimeter boy. We talked about this, this stuff's permanent, you know?" Tom teased, causing James to shiver and slip to his knees, momentarily too aroused to stand. The thoughts also got to Tom himself, though. Even just saying the word 'permanent' made it difficult to resist grabbing his dick and going wild.

"Nff...fuck...ooo..." James had to take a moment finding his voice before he retorted. "T-there's still a-about 20 of each of those pills left! W-we haven't even gotten s-started, practically!"

The thought of taking even one more of those sent Tom sweating. James could dish it out as well as he could take it. He **was** a 20th of a centimeter tall, though, so that put a damper on his attempts to dom back. Flustering Tom had gotten him to act, though.

"Mmng...you're right. Let's get you up on my cock, s-speck!" Tom licked his finger, briefly wincing as his erection throbbed out pre. He tapped his puny boyfriend, adhering him with his small layer of spit, and, shaking, wiped the finger on his cockhead. The sheer change in atmosphere prevented James from standing. The heat battered down against him. The humidity...god, the sheer musky intensity was incomprehensibly strong.

James suspended himself on his elbows about an inch from the fleshy, soft, almost spongy floor, resting his forehead against his lover, and stuck his tongue out, dragging his wet tongue eagerly across Tom's skin like it was his first instinct.

"Haha~! You're the best, little guy!! I didn't even...nf...have to...tell you to!" Tom cheered. James kept licking, and each eager lap brought another earthquake as the slight sensation sent shots of pleasure through Tom's gigantic, eclipsing form. "You're such...mmf...such a good little cock licker!"

Tom's words had the same effect as James' licks. Arguably more intense, as the shaking and booming of his voice caused James to slip off his elbows, shoving his arms between his legs, unable to stop himself. He didn't need to masturbate long at all, however - halfway through his first stroke and the rush of orgasm came, cumming offering only brief relief. Within four seconds, heat was back between James' legs. His dick continued to drip pre like a leaky faucet, his knees continued to quake, and he was still going to be this aroused, and this utterly small. Forever. At least he could bring himself to stand.

"H-how about you...s-shove that little nose of yours against my slit?" Tom laughed, one eye closed as he just barely dealt with his own trembling more resiliently. The patter, uneven and uncertain, of James' feet against the sensitive surface was intense, to put it mildly. A bead of pre covered his slit, growing slightly bigger by the second as his boyfriend approached to bring 'relief'.

James slowly walked up to the dome of pre, taller than a stadium, and even wider. He knelt in front of it, his tip submerging as the bead grew in volume. He pushed his face close to it, slightly nervous, then indulged, wetting his hair and disturbing the smooth surface by dipping his face in and taking a gulp of it. His legs slipped outwards, and his own member poked Tom's.

"God...e-every twitch...every cockthrob... is so...c-crazy to deal with...nnn..." James was almost tranquil. Tom looked with a loving gaze down at the tiny boy, and James squeaked "I love you!" up at him. That brought Tom to orgasm, thick white piercing the transparent globs as Tom tilted his shaft to the bedsheets.

Not too long later, He wiped his load, his tip dry, but not for long. James took this opportunity to crawl towards the ravine, approaching the edge and, slowly but surely, poking both of his legs inside like he was lounging with his feet in a pool. A rather substantial twitch followed, James' world rocking sideways, as he barely held himself in place with his new leghold. When it was over, the slit was full to the brim. James giggled, slowly lowering himself with the same daintiness until Tom's cockslit hugged his thighs. He leaned forward and pressed his upper body into the watery surface. He was pretty much completely soaked, so he embraced it, fighting his way deeper until he was all the way inside. His sticky hair matted over and preventing him from seeing anything at all, so James navigated the tight, sexual space through touch. Thick fluid pressed in as Tom pinched his head, pressing his slit together and squeezing James in a tight, soft pool as pre pumped up against him, trying to shove the puny boy out. Tom groaned, panted, gasped, even squealed a bit as his speck-sized boyfriend stretched and resisted, tickling and massaging his most sensitive spot. He held all the power, but was nonetheless totally helpless.

Tom slipped over, laying down on his stomach as he masturbated. He lasted even shorter than his boyfriend, especially taking into account the intense stimulation he was receiving. James, for his part,

kneaded at the flesh squeezing him from both sides, swimming in pre until a denser geyser rushed up to meet him, a hot, exasperated orgasm finishing them both a second time. James' grip didn't falter, however. By the time Tom "came down" (he didn't have far to go), James was still hanging on, barely hanging outside of Tom's entrance, white-soaked and utterly merry.

"H-hey..." Tom started. He kept biting his lip, clearly having difficulty getting the sentence out. "Do you think I can...get my pants back on without cumming?" He eyed his boxers on the floor. They were a bit undersized normally...

"With me down here? N-No way! You're gonna...mmf...you're totally gonna cum!" Tom squeaked back.

"Y-you're probably right..." Tom exchanged glances with the speck clinging to his sex. They both thought about what they'd gotten themselves into for a moment. Then, one broke the silence.

"T-this is awesome..."