

Jeremy sat on the edge of the large, queen-sized bed and fidgeted nervously. He silently chastised himself and his nerves. There was no reason he should be this freaked out. He had been looking forward to this moment for weeks... well, longer than that really. He'd been looking forward to this moment ever since he was sure that he loved his boyfriend, and the two of them had been together for many months now.

"Are you sure you're ready for this?" Santiago said. Jeremy all but jumped off the bed as he heard his boyfriend's voice. Jeremy was so lost in thought that he hadn't even heard Santiago enter.

"Yes! Of course!" Jeremy blurted out awkwardly. Santiago flashed a gentle, reassuring grin at his jumpy lover which actually went a long way towards soothing Jeremy's frayed nerves.

Jeremy could feel his fear giving way to excitement as he soaked up the sight of his big, beefy boyfriend. Santiago was huge in every way imaginable. The dude stood almost seven feet tall and was a solid wall of muscle. Jeremy didn't even dare imagine what his tall, dark, and handsome beau was packing away beneath the tight denim that hugged his thick, beefy legs.

As it was, Jeremy could scarcely pull his eyes away from Santi's exposed chest. Santi had already unbuttoned his shirt from top to bottom revealing his huge, brawny pecs and thick, deeply-trenched abs. The light from the lamp atop the bedside table reflected off of Santi's deep, dark skin and cast shadows across the cavernous grooves in his immense musculature as if even the light itself was enthralled with just how burly the huge man was.

Santi struggled a bit as he pulled his shirt the rest of the way off. Clothes just weren't designed with people of his size in mind. The sleeves always seemed to get caught on his muscles as he tried to pull them off. He had to ensure that he took the shirt off one arm at a time and focused on relaxing his arm as much as possible or else his immense, bulging bicep would further impede his task.

Once Santi was finally free of his shirt, he flashed a saucy grin at his little lover and bounced his huge pecs playfully. Santi watched happily as Jeremy's eyes darted from one beefy, bouncing pec to the next and then back again. It was subtle, but Jeremy's dark, mocha colored skin darkened a few shades around his cheeks which made Santiago's grin spread even wider. He loved making his lithe little lover blush. The fact that the younger guy's cheeks reddened so subtly when it happened made it all the more enjoyable. It was as if it was their own little secret.

"Well. You gonna join in, or am I gonna be the only one nekkid here?" Santiago teased with a deep, hearty chuckle.

"Wuh? Oh! Of course!" Jeremy sputtered. He quickly hopped to his feet and began pulling his t-shirt haphazardly over his head.

"Woah, now. Hold on. I'm just funnin' with ya." Santi said soothingly. "Take it as slow as you need."

"R... right." Jeremy uttered sheepishly. He was fighting an internal battle with himself. On one hand he couldn't wait to take their relationship to the next level, but on the other hand he really had no idea what he was doing or even what to expect. Jeremy was already feeling out of his league and they had only just taken their shirts off. Jeremy was no slouch in the athletics department, but his lean, lithe runner's build was nothing compared to the powerlifting powerhouse that stood before him. Santiago's

broad, brawny chest was easily three times as wide across as Jeremy's slender torso, and that's saying nothing of their legs... or what's between them.

"Are you sure you're ready?" Santi asked. This time even gentler than before.

"Of course I am..." Jeremy responded half-heartedly.

"Come here." Santi said softly. Jeremy sheepishly trudged towards Santi's outstretched arms.

Once Jeremy was in range, Santi pulled him tight. Santi was so much taller than Jeremy that Jeremy's face ended up buried in the bigger man's huge, muscular chest. "I can tell you're nervous." Santi cooed softly. "Whatever you are worried about, just tell me so I can make it better. You think you're not hot enough? You're dead wrong. You're sexy as hell. Think you won't please me? You never have to worry about that. I'm just happy to be with you."

"It's nothing like that... well... maybe a little." Jeremy murmured sheepishly.

"Oh? What is it?" Santi prodded gently.

"I've never done anything like this. I... I don't even know what to do." Jeremy replied bashfully.

"No? You've watched porn, right?" Santi asked playfully.

"Er... no... I've never even seen another guy naked before." Jeremy murmured.

"No shit." Santi responded in awe. "Never? How do you go through life without seeing a single dong? I mean, even accidentally you're bound to see a few." Santi prodded playfully.

"It was just my ma, my sisters, and me back home." Jeremy explained. "It wasn't until this past semester that I got my own place on campus."

"Huh... Well it doesn't matter. I'll teach you everything you need to know. Just let me handle it." Santi said tenderly.

"Ok? So what next?" Jeremy asked expectantly.

"Next? We finish stripping." Santi replied playfully.

"Ok." Jeremy said firmly. He was trying to sound resolute, but his voice cracked in spite of himself.

"I'll go first." Santi said with a soft chuckle. He shot Jeremy a saucy wink as he stepped back and began undoing his belt. Once the belt was off, Santi began to shimmy his pants down his legs. His big, thick quads and huge, round, beefy butt filled out the slacks so fully that it was a bit of a tight fit. His tight boxer briefs began to slide down as well as he took his pants off. His boxers didn't drop low enough to reveal any of Santi's dick, but a large percentage of his dense, curly pubes showed over the waistband though. The dark, brown hair was only a few shades darker than the skin behind it.

Jeremy could hardly believe his eyes. Judging by the bulge in the front of his boxer briefs, Santi's cock had to be huge. Far larger than Jeremy's own anyway, and it was still soft! There's no telling how large it'd get once it really began to harden. Jeremy could feel the back of his throat tighten. He was all but salivating at the mere thought of his boyfriend's huge dick.

Santi stepped out of his boxers next. His thick, slightly chubbed cock bobbed and wagged as he did so. Jeremy couldn't help but stare. His never did that. He was suddenly feeling extremely self-conscious, but he was also getting horny as hell.

"It's so huge!" Jeremy gasped. "It's as big as my dildo! How much bigger does it get!?" He gushed.

Santi couldn't help but chuckle. He had never expected that sort of response from his boyfriend. Santi's dick wasn't even that big... sure, seven inches is considered a smidge above average, but he hardly considered himself huge. Also the other comments seemed so surreal when uttered one after another. This dude who claimed to have no idea how sex worked owned a dildo? And what was with the way he asked how much bigger it got?

"You have a dildo?" Santi scoffed playfully.

"Well... yeah... It wasn't my idea." Jeremy quickly sputtered. "My friend got it for me when she heard we were dating. She said I'd need some practice to loosen up a bit first."

Santi was grinning from ear to ear. He had to struggle with all his might to stifle a giggle. He had no idea what he was getting into when he had suggested they take their relationship to the next level, and apparently neither had Jeremy. It would take a little bit of work showing his little lover the ropes, but Santi was sure it'd be worth it.

"I understand." Santi said pleasantly. "Now want to take yours off now? I feel a little weird being the only naked guy here."

"Uh. Right!" Jeremy sputtered. He quickly undid his belt buckle and easily shoved his jeans down to the floor; his slim, muscular legs didn't fill out his clothes near as much as Santi's did. Jeremy balked for a second as he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his tighty-whites. He took a moment to give himself a very short pep talk and steel his resolve. He knew he couldn't back down now, and he did really want to go all the way, but it was so daunting seeing Santi's big, thick cock. What would he say when he saw what Jeremy was packing?

Jeremy exhaled slowly and shut his eyes. In one quick motion he shoved his briefs down around his ankles and stood back up straight as a board as if he were waiting for inspection from a drill sergeant.

Santi's eyebrows raised in surprise, but he didn't say anything. He quickly shook the shock from his system and his face before Jeremy opened his eyes. Santi could tell that his lean lover was nervous and more than a little uncomfortable about his body so the last thing Santi wanted to do was give his boyfriend any indication that he was in any way dissatisfied with Jeremy's body.

That said it was quite a shock for Santi. He had never seen a cock that small. He had never even heard of one. He knew that some guys were more showers than growers and that when guys are very nervous their dicks tend to act like a turtle and pull inward, but this was something else entirely. Jeremy had a tiny little nub between his legs. It looked to be maybe an inch long at most, but it was hard to say for sure. His foreskin bunched up so much at the tip it was hard to say where the actual cock ended and how much of that size was just loose skin. Even Jeremy's balls seemed ridiculously undersized. Each nut was the size of an M&M, and not even the ones with peanuts in them.

“Well... what do you think?” Jeremy asked nervously.

“I think you look wonderful.” Santi replied, and he wasn’t lying. He loved Jeremy so much that he wasn’t going to let a little thing like dick size get in the way, and the rest of Jeremy’s body was smoking hot. Jeremy had a lean, cut set of washboard abs completely with a well-defined Adonis belt, and Santi had seen Jeremy lounging around in sweat pants enough to know just how big and bubbly his boyfriend’s butt was. That’s saying nothing of his handsome face either. Santi loved his boyfriend’s thick, full lips and deep, soulful brown eyes. As Santi took stock of his boyfriend’s nude body, Jeremy’s dick was the last thing on his mind.

Jeremy seemed to relax a little at this point, but he still wasn’t completely at ease. Santi recognized his cue and stepped forward and once again wrapped his arms around the slimmer man. Santi planted a kiss right on his lover’s forehead. He wanted to lock lips, but their height difference made it difficult in their current position. That could wait though. For the time being, he wanted to ease Jeremy into the next part of their evening.

Santi’s big, strong hands drifted their way down Jeremy’s lean, toned back and down to his full, bubbly booty. Santi gripped the soft flesh of his boyfriend’s juicy ass. He loved how warm and soft it was. He would have been happy to feel them for hours, but tonight was not about what he wanted. Tonight was about seeing that Jeremy was well cared for.

Santi’s fingers drifted towards Jeremy’s crack. Santi could feel Jeremy tense up in his arms as his fingers made their way inward, but he kept going. He felt Jeremy’s tight pucker shuddering against the soft caress of his fingertips. Jeremy gasped sharply and jumped in shock.

“Woah!” Jeremy yelped. Santi instinctively let go and back off. Jeremy backpedaled a few steps and took a moment to catch his breathe.

“What was that!?” Jeremy gasped. He was shocked and it showed on his face, but his cock had begun to wake up quite a bit in spite of Jeremy’s apparent confusion. The slimmer man’s dick had hardened considerably and was now standing tall at a modest three inches.

“I was just trying to loosen you up a bit. Y’know. Get you into the mood a bit.” Santi explained gently.

“But my butt!?” Jeremy muttered in confusion. “Why?”

“Well... I thought that’s how this would go. I mean. That’s how this would normally go. If you’re not ready we can wait or we could do something else.” Santi explained.

“No... I mean... my butt?” Jeremy murmured as if in a daze. Santi could tell that Jeremy was not in fact disgusted but was rather genuinely confused.

“Sorry. I thought you knew.” Santi said consolingly. “I mean, you said you used a dildo before so I just assumed...”

“I never shoved the dildo up my butt though...” Jeremy murmured softly.

“If you don’t want too... Let’s do something else.” Santi said reassuringly.

“No!” Jeremy gasped. His sudden outburst completely caught Santi off guard.

"I mean... no... let's not stop." Jeremy clarified uncertainly. "It'll feel good?" He asked sheepishly.

"It'll feel amazing." Santi explained reassuringly. "Just let me warm you up first. Since this is your first time you'll need some prepping."

"Ok... Just tell me what to do." Jeremy said nervously.

"First off. Let's get you onto the bed." Santi explained as he gestured towards the large bed in the middle of the room. Jeremy nodded and crawled onto the bed. He laid back and awaited further instructions.

"Roll over. Lift your butt. There you go." Santi explained as he gently coaxed his inexperienced lover into position.

Jeremy assume the position and glanced expectantly over his shoulder. He didn't say anything, but the way he nervously bit his lower lip and furrowed his brow said it all.

"Relax and leave it all to me." Santi cooed softly. The soft sound of his lover's voice seemed to help Jeremy calm down even further. He lowered his head and waited patiently for whatever was going to come next.

"Jesus!" Jeremy yelped as he felt his boyfriend's tongue make contact with his butt. "Dude. That's nasty."

"What? It's not like you didn't wash it off first." Santi chided playfully.

"Still..." Jeremy replied skeptically.

"And it felt good, right?" Santi responded just as playfully as before.

"Well..." came Jeremy's skeptical response. After a brief moment of hesitation Jeremy glanced back over his shoulder and nodded. "Ok. But warn me before you do anything like that again, alright?" He said.

"As you wish." Santi replied tenderly. He gave Jeremy another moment to regain his composure before once again burying his face in his boyfriend's bubbly butt. Jeremy once again gasped as he felt Santi's tongue flick across his sensitive pucker, but he made no effort to stop it this time.

Now that he knew what to expect, Jeremy found that he actually kind of liked the feeling. Santi's tongue was so warm and wet and soft. It glided playfully across his sensitive hole. All the hairs on his body stood on end as he felt jolts of pleasure course through his skin like electricity. Jeremy could feel his cock and balls surging with new life. He was getting hornier by the second. He never imagined it could ever feel so good. Jeremy's breathing became shallower as his arousal really began to grow. He could feel his dick hardening and swelling. Even his nuts felt fuller. He had never been so turned on before. Santi continued to alternate between sensual licks and tender kisses. Each lap and each peck sent Jeremy further into the throes of ecstasy. As Santi continued his passionate sucking and licking and kissing, Jeremy could feel his nuts growing fuller and heavier. Already his nuts were the size of chicken eggs and were still steadily growing. He could feel his dick growing longer and thicker. Already the tip of his dick was reaching his belly button, and it was showing no signs of stopping.

Jeremy almost let out a wistful sigh as he felt Santi's mouth leaving his ass. He wasn't ready for it to stop just yet, but he didn't have time to voice a protest. Jeremy tensed up instinctively as he felt his boyfriend's thumbs playing at the edges of his hole. He was confused but also incredibly turned on. The way Santi's thumbs poked and prodded and massaged the sensitive muscle made Jeremy's head swim. Why had nobody told him his ass was so sensitive? He could have been having fun experimenting with that dildo he owned. As if reacting to his thoughts, Santi's thumbs pushed inward and slipped right through Jeremy's shuddering pucker. Jeremy inhaled sharply and tensed up instinctively.

"Relax." Santi cooed softly.

"Is this normal?" Jeremy murmured softly.

"It sure is." Santi reassured gently. "Just relax. It's your first time so you're going to be a little tight. It might even be a little painful at first. Just remember to relax and let your body adjust."

Santi's deep, melodic voice was so soothing that Jeremy could feel himself relaxing despite his misgivings. Jeremy felt his body shudder in an odd mix of excitement, trepidation, and anticipation as he felt Santi's thumb pull out followed by two of his fingers sliding in. Jeremy's cock gave a hard lurch of approval. Jeremy could feel the head of his dick slap against his upper rows of abs.

Jeremy's head was swimming. His dick already felt harder than it ever had in his life, but still it kept swelling. He couldn't even imagine how amazing Santi's dick must look by this point. If Santi grew even half as much as he did when aroused, Jeremy had no doubt in his mind that Santi's cock would be absolutely phenomenal once it was fully awakened.

Jeremy could feel his dick beginning to grind into the covers right below his chest. As his dick continued to grow, it was becoming more and more uncomfortable. He had to do something, but he didn't want to disturb Santi, and he certainly didn't want whatever his lover was doing with his ass to stop any time soon. Jeremy slowly and awkwardly pushed himself up so that he was resting on his elbows instead of having his chest pressed flat against the comforter. He let out a soft sigh of relief as he felt the pressure easing off of his swelling cock, but those sighs quickly gave way to moans of bliss.

Jeremy felt Santi's fingers slide back out of him. There was a brief moment where nothing seemed to be happening. Jeremy was about to call back and beg for more, but before he could even get a soft moan out, he felt Santi's tongue once again brush against his rear hatch. Jeremy shuddered in ecstasy. His dick gave a hard lurch under him. He could feel his nuts brushing against the insides of his thighs as they grew and swelled. He couldn't even fathom how huge they must be now. This was larger than Jeremy had even seen his junk grow before. He didn't even know for sure how big it was, but he could feel the underside of his cock brushing against the blankets below him and he could feel the tip of his huge, thick dick pressing against his pecs.

Santi reached his hand around Jeremy's legs and fished around for Jeremy's dick. He hand brushed against the underside of what he assumed to be Jeremy's torso, but it was much lower than Santi had expected. Santi's hand was actually pinned between whatever it was he was feeling and the surprisingly damp blankets. Whatever he was feeling was much softer than he had expected too. He had expected his boyfriend's belly to be nice and firm given how impressively cut Jeremy's six-pack abs were. Santi's hand drifted lower and lower across the soft underbelly as he felt around for Jeremy's

cock. Santi was surprised it was giving him so much trouble. Sure, it was a little on the small size, but that didn't explain why he couldn't find it. It had to be in pretty much the same place, right?

As Santi's hand drifted up and down and around the surface of whatever it was he was feeling, he began to realize that something was very amiss. He could feel the whole thing shuddering beneath his fingers, but it didn't feel like the normal flexing of hard muscle which he expected to find, and the longer he felt around the worse the shuddering grew and the wetter the surface became. The warm, slick liquid washed against his palm in a familiar way, but he quickly shook the notion from his mind. He shifted his search lower and lower until his hand was bumping against something even more peculiar. Santi couldn't fathom what he was feeling. He pressed his hand against it and tried to take in what he was feeling. It was warm and soft and saggy. It felt like loose flesh, but more than that, he could feel something huge behind it. It was like there was a massive, warm water balloon sloshing behind the sack of flesh. Santi's mind was reeling at the implication. He knew something that matched that description, but there's no way it could be true.

He pulled back from his task and stared down upon his prostrate lover. Santi's jaw dropped at what he saw. His hands did not deceive him. Jeremy's nuts were huge, massive even! Jeremy's two, enormous nuts were so large that they rested solidly on the mattress beneath him. Santi could practically hear the pent up cum sloshing around inside of them. It was then that Santi's mind shot back to the other strange thing he felt. That wasn't Jeremy's abs he was rubbing. It had to have been his cock! But if that were true, Jeremy's dick had to be absolutely gigantic. Santi couldn't even get his palm around the puffed up ridge on the underside, let alone the entire cock.

Santi's eyes scanned his lover's body. At first he was thinking the lamplight was playing tricks on his eyes, but he soon realized that he was not mistaken. Jeremy was laying atop his own humongous cock. The huge tool had to be almost as big around as Jeremy's own waist.

"What's up?" Jeremy groaned groggily.

"Uh... Nothing. Hey... roll over for a sec." Santi responded uncertainly. Jeremy let out a soft, dismissive sigh but then did as he was asked. Santi gasped at what he saw. Jeremy's cock was beyond massive. The thing now reached up to his collar bone and was far thicker than his own leg. The enormous tool was almost as thick as Santi's huge, beefy, muscular quads.

Santi's eyes threatened to bulge out of their sockets as he slowly came to understand what was happening. It was all making sense. "How much bigger does it get?" Jeremy had asked excitedly when he had first seen Santi's cock. It was as if Jeremy expected there to be a lot of growth when Santi's dick got hard. If the only cock Jeremy had ever encountered was his own then growth like this must be the norm to him. But there was one other thought that was percolating in the back of Santi's lust-driven reasoning.

"Wow..." was all he managed to say at first. "Does it always get that big?" Santi asked.

"Nah..." Jeremy murmured hazily. "Foot n a half... maybe two feet if I'm really horny. God, I've never been this horny before." Jeremy moaned in ecstasy. He was so lost in a haze of lust that he didn't even realize that Santi's big, floppy seven inches had barely even grown to a solid eight inch hard-on over the course of their love-making.

Santi couldn't believe his eyes. He needed to feel it in order to confirm what he was seeing. Santi scooped closer until he was practically on top of Jeremy's huge balls. Santi could hear the cum sloshing around inside. He could feel the heat emanating from his lover's enormous nuts. Santi reached a hand apprehensively forward and placed it atop one of his boyfriend's big balls.

The immense, turgid nut felt even more amazing than he could have ever imagined. It brimmed with cum and with life. Santi could feel the raw sexual energy emanating from it, and he needed to feel more. He was so overcome with how hot Jeremy was that he needed to get closer and experience it even more.

Santi dug his fingers into the soft flesh of his lover's nuts. He gently kneaded the enormous nut. He could hear the soft coos and moans of bliss coming from Jeremy's mouth letting him know that his actions were well appreciated. Santi couldn't stop there. He had to get closer. He had to experience even more of these magnificent orbs firsthand.

Santi leaned in closer and buried his face into his lover's full sack. He could feel the heat from Jeremy's gigantic, swollen nuts against his face. Santi just wanted to lay there and soak up as much of his lover's balls as he could, but he couldn't bring himself to do it. As much as he would like to do otherwise, he was determined to make this night entirely about Jeremy. Santi was dedicated to making his lover feel amazing.

Santi grabbed a huge ball with each hand and began kneading and massaging each enormous nut. He could actually feel the churning cum ramping up its sloshing. He could feel either already immense orb steadily inflating beneath his palms. Santi wanted to sit back and watch them grow and grow, but he had a task to complete.

He kissed and sucked the saggy skin of his lover's full ball-sack. As he took clumps of his lover's flesh into his mouth he could taste the slightly salty tang of his boyfriend's sweat on Jeremy's nuts.

Santi could hear the orgasmic wails from his lover. He knew that Jeremy was loving every second of it, but there was something lurid forming in the back of Santi's mind. Something Jeremy had said earlier wouldn't leave him alone. Jeremy's cock was so massive that there was no telling what kind of new and exciting things they could do with it. As much as Santi loved Jeremy's huge nuts and wanted to listen to his lover writhe in ecstasy as he played with them, Santi knew that Jeremy would enjoy it even more if he played with his boyfriend's gigantic cock too. It was then that the nagging memory from earlier clicked into place.

"Hey... you said you used a dildo, right?" Santi asked uncertainly.

"Mmm... yeah." Jeremy cooed sensually.

"And how do you use it?" Santi asked even though he already had a good idea. It made sense in some strange way. Jeremy had obviously never had any experience with anal play, solo or otherwise, and Santi didn't think that Jeremy was the type to get off just by deep-throating a dildo... that left just one more hole...

Jeremy sighed orgasmically as he slipped his fingers into his massive, pre-oozing slit. His entire cock shuddered at the intrusion. Jeremy moaned and whimpered from the sheer power of his arousal and the mind-blowingly amazing sensations that were wracking his body.



It was Santi's turn to be baffled and excited by the prospect of new and unheard of sexual activities, but he couldn't deny the idea sounded enticing and extremely erotic. His boyfriend's cock was so large that he could literally slip his own dick right inside. The notion made no rational sense, but sex was rarely rational.

"Want to do that with me?" Santi asked.

"It's not that big yet." Jeremy murmured lazily as he stroked his enormous cock with both hands. Pre was flowing out the tip like water from a faucet. It dribbled onto Jeremy's face coating him and the bed beneath him in a stream of clear liquid.

Santi felt his dick give a hard lurch at the implication. He had never even considered trying to slip his body in there. For starters even Jeremy's dick wasn't large enough for that, but the notion was exciting nonetheless.

"Nah. I meant. Want me to stick my dick in? I bet it'd feel really good." Santi said softly.

This got Jeremy's attention. He lifted his head up enough to glance over at his lover's exposed crotch. Santi's big, black cock was standing tall and proud, but it was not much larger than it was before they began.

"What the...?" Jeremy managed to utter as he stared at Santi's dick. "It doesn't get bigger?" He asked groggily.

"Not much..." Santi replied awkwardly. He had never dreamed that by the time the night was over he'd be the one feeling small, but that's exactly what was happening here. Still, it wasn't enough to dim his arousal. If anything the thought of having a go with someone with such a massive dick was thrilling. "Most people don't get much bigger than what they start with. You've got a rare gift." Santi explained.

"Wow..." Jeremy murmured in awe as he continued to stare at Santi's dick.

"Not big enough for ya?" Santi asked uncertainly.

"No, man. It's fantastic. It's even bigger than my dildo at home." Jeremy gushed. "I want to do it." He said suddenly. "I want you to stick it in."

This was all Santi needed to hear. He quickly clambered onto the bed beside Jeremy. After a brief moment of trying to make sense of the situation and deciding the best way to go about things, Santi shifted over so that he was now straddling Jeremy; his knees rested on the mattress on either side of Jeremy's head giving Jeremy a clear view directly up between Santi's legs, and what an amazing view it was. Santi's big, full golf ball sized nuts dangled enticingly above Jeremy's face. He wanted so much to lean forward and suck on them, but he did not have the range of motion necessary to do so.

Santi angled his thick cock downward so that it was pointing directly at the huge slit of Jeremy's massive, puffy cock head. The whole scenario was so surreal that Santi felt like his head was swimming. Jeremy's cock seemed to stretch on and on in front of him. Santi couldn't even fathom how huge it really was, but none of that mattered. Santi was horny as hell, and he couldn't wait to share in something new and sensual with his lover.

Santi shuddered as the tip of his dick slid into Jeremy's own. The way humongous cock gripped his own was different than anything he had felt before. It was so warm and wet inside that it was like sticking his cock into a very tight mouth, but this was ever better. Jeremy's cock had no teeth that Santi needed to be aware of nor did it have a gag reflex.

Once his cock was all the way in, Santi gripped Jeremy's cock on either side and braced himself against it. He could feel Jeremy's dick shuddering in anticipation all around his own. Santi didn't want to hold back any more, but he wanted to be absolutely sure he wouldn't hurt Jeremy in any way.

Santi slid his dick back out just as slowly as he had put it in. He could feel the warm, spongy tip of Jeremy's cockhead pulsing and flaring up beneath his palms. He could hear the soft coos and sighs from below him as Jeremy writhed in ecstasy. Santi knew that Jeremy was enjoying it so he stepped up his pace ever so slightly. Santi's dick slid back in faster than before which caused Jeremy's cock to shudder even harder. With each pass Santi slammed his dick in harder and faster than before, and each time Jeremy's sighs and moans became louder and his dick shuddered harder.

As Santi felt Jeremy's dick flaring up it felt like it was griping and sucking on his own. The sensation was maddening blissful, but Santi didn't want to blow his load just yet. He struggled to keep his head clear and his wad down. This was a once in a lifetime chance, and he would want to make this last as long as possible even if he wasn't madly in love with the cock's owner. The fact that Santi was so smitten with Jeremy just made him want to make the night last even longer. Santi could only hope that Jeremy felt the same way.

On and on they went. Santi's hips rocked back and forth as he pulled his cock out and slammed it back in hard. With each pass he could feel Jeremy's cock shuddering and flexing harder and harder. He knew Jeremy wouldn't hold out much longer, and neither would he. The closer Jeremy came to firing the more the spongy tip of Jeremy's dick would flare up and grip Santi's own. The sensations were getting more intense by the second. Santi's whole body shuddered from his need to cream. It took everything he had just to keep reaming Jeremy's cock like a madman.

Finally they both knew they were done. Jeremy was the first to break. He let out a loud, orgasmic wail as huge jets of spooge launched from his cock and crashed against Santi's own. Santi staggered back from the force of the blast. His own cock lurched and began spewing as he felt the jet of warm, thick spunk crash against it.

Santi was overcome by the intensity of his orgasm, but he struggled to steady himself just long enough to not collapse directly on Jeremy's face. Santi slumped back awkwardly against the headrest and laid there as spurt after huge, goopy spurt crashed into him. The torrent of spunk coated his chest in mere seconds. Thick gobs of spunk splattered against his face and leaked into his mouth. Santi made no effort to spit any out. In fact he welcomed the mouthfuls and greedily slurped them down.

It took several minutes for Jeremy's spurts to finally die down. By the time they did both lovers were coated in jizz. Santi was floored at the sheer volume of spunk. It seemed like a ludicrous amount even for Jeremy's previously beach ball sized nuts.

Now that he was spent, Jeremy's cock was quickly deflating back to its far smaller, much more portable size. His nuts were shrinking right along with it. Santi could barely comprehend what he had just witnessed as he stared down at the tiny little button that now nestled between Jeremy's dark,

muscular legs. He knew that some dudes were growers, but Jeremy took the old adage to new and exciting extremes.

Santi slid down from the headboard and cuddled up beside Jeremy. "How was it?" He asked expectantly.

"That was wonderful." Jeremy murmured. "We can do it again sometime, right?" He asked groggily.

"Whenever you want. All you have to do is ask." Santi replied sweetly into Jeremy's ear. Santi then leaned in and gave his boyfriend a tender peck right on Jeremy's cum-covered cheek.

The two lovers lay there in complete silence. They were both happy just to enjoy each other's presence, but before long, the thick, sticky layer of jizz that was rapidly drying over their bodies began to get too uncomfortable for Santi. He discretely shook off Jeremy's loving embrace and slipped off towards the restroom to wash off. Santi smiled from ear to ear as he looked back and saw Jeremy sleeping like a baby. Even as drenched in spunk as he currently was Jeremy still managed to look irresistibly handsome.

Santi shut the door behind him and turned the shower on full blast. His dick was rock hard which surprised him a little. His last climax had been nowhere near as huge or as messy as Jeremy's but it was still one for the record books. He had drained his nuts so dry that they practically ached, but his dick was already chomping at the bit for another go, and even his nuts felt so full and heavy that it seemed like he hadn't cum in months.

Santi stepped under the hot spray of the shower and sighed contentedly as he felt the water crash against his dark skin. As more and more of the sticky jizz washed off his body he began to feel more and more like himself. With his stamina returning and his mind clearing Santi began to absentmindedly stroke his foot long cock as he looked back upon the events of the evening. That sex was so wild and so fantastic that it was permanently seared into his mind. It was so surreal but so vivid at the same time.

Santi reached down and wrapped his other hand around his dick alongside the first one and pumped his fully-boned cock. Somewhere in the back of his mind a voice was shouting at him. He had never been able to get both hands around his cock... not comfortably anyway, and certainly not with plenty of cock sticking out past his palms. He couldn't even fathom how huge his cock must be now.

The images of Jeremy's three feet of dick burned even more vividly in Santi's mind's eye. Could he really get that huge? Did he even want to? He couldn't make sense of his thoughts or his feelings. All he knew was that he was horny as hell. He was already fantasizing about the next time he'd have a chance to get another go with his lover and his lover's fantastic dick.

Santi continued to lose himself in his reveries. With each passing second he grew hornier and hornier. He hardly even noticed that his fingers could no longer close around his impossibly thick cock or that his balls seemed to be pressing against the insides of his thighs. He merely widened his stance and kept stroking.

Jeremy's words continued to haunt Santi's mind. It had been a casual suggestion born from a sex-addled mind, but he couldn't help but imagine it. What if one day Jeremy's cock got so huge that

Santi could actually fit inside of it? Would he even want to try? All he could think of was how huge his boyfriend's cock would be.

Santi was so lost in his private musings that he didn't even notice that his own cock was now nearing his chin. The huge, fat tool was thicker than even his impressively thick and beefy legs. He couldn't even grip the immense shaft. All he could do was dig his fingers into the underside of it and stroke the sensitive spots that way. His huge nuts had exceeded the size of basket balls and were now dangling past his knees.

He could feel the huge, heavy orbs slapping against his knees, but his mind wasn't processing what was real and what was fantasy. All he could think of was how huge Jeremy's cock was inside the dreamscape. Santi imagined himself standing before the cavernous maw of his boyfriend's colossal dick. The slit was nearly as tall as he was. If he so wanted to do so he could duck down and crawl right in. The heat from his lover's cock; the scent of pre oozing out of it; the warm wetness that washed over Santi's hand as he reached out to touch it; the sensations that flooded his mind felt so real that he could swear he was actually there.

Santi's nuts had grown so huge that they rested solidly on the floor in front of him. His humongous, beanbag chair sized balls effectively blocked the drain, and still they were growing. His cock already towered over his head by a solid foot and was thicker than his broad waist. The enormous spire was leaking pre like a waterfall, but Santi hardly noticed it. His sex-addled mind merely assumed the downpour of warm liquid was from the showerhead.

It wasn't until his swelling balls had pushed him against the wall that Santi realized something was definitely off. His eyes slowly fluttered open at first, but once he realized what he was seeing his eyes went wide in shock. He was staring at a solid wall of big, black cock... his big, black cock. He looked up and could see that the tip of his dick was rubbing against the ceiling which was easily another two feet above his head.

On some level he realized that he needed to calm himself down and bring his swelling dick under control, but he couldn't bring himself to do it. Seeing his own cock towering before him actually made him hornier. The closest thing to a rational thought that he was able to conjure in his hormonal state was that the water level was rising quickly and he needed to stop it.

Santi shifted his position as best he could, but he was blocked in by his own huge nuts. Already the water was about shin deep. The drain was blocked and the doors were sealed watertight. If he left things run as they were now, he'd be drowning before long. He managed to shimmy himself sideways and straddle his own enormous balls just enough to reach the knob with his foot and kick it to the off position. The water slowed to a trickle and then stopped completely. That was one less problem to worry about, but he still had a cock that was almost as tall as he was to contend with.

All he could think about was how much he wanted to cum so Santi did the only thing that made sense to him at the time. He shifted his weight forward so that his huge cock was now pinned against the wall and wrapped his arms around it as best he could. The immense shaft was so huge that he couldn't even get his hands to meet on the other side. His fingers were just barely out of reach of each other. The head of his enormous cock was wedged into the corner where the wall met the roof. The soft, spongy tip of his cock mashed against the smooth tiles of the enclosure as he rubbed his whole body up and

down his colossal cock. He could feel his motions reverberate through all six feet of his gigantic dick as well as through his gigantic nuts that he was currently resting atop. The way his knees and toes dug into the gigantic cum-banks didn't hurt at all. In fact he was now so small in comparison to his immense balls that even with his entire body weight bearing down upon him, it felt like a soft massage.

His dick lurched and shuddered as he slowly brought himself closer to the edge. Pre flowed faster and faster from the massive slit atop his gigantic cock. Pre quickly filled up the small, glass and tile sided enclosure as his cock shuddered and prepared for release. Already the water level had risen to his waist and was showing no signs of stopping.

Santi let out a low moan of orgasmic bliss as he finally reached his limit. His cock gave one last shudder followed by a violent lurch and began spewing enormous ropes of jizz. The spunk crashed against the ceiling tiles and splashed outwards all over the bathroom. Towels, tiles, fixtures, everything in the small bathroom was quickly coated in a layer of thick, sticky spooge.

Santi gasped and shuddered as his entire body was wracked with intense orgasms. He had never felt so amazing in his life. The ecstasy was blinding. He couldn't focus his eyes. He couldn't even control his breathing as he moaned and wailed as spray after massive spray of jizz erupted from his cock like jets from a geyser. By the time the torrent finally died down, the liquid in the stall reached up to his armpits, and the rest of the bathroom wasn't in much better condition.

Santi slowly slouched back against the wall. He could see his dick quickly shrinking back down just like Jeremy's had done. Soon his dick had dipped under the frothy white murk that filled his enclosure and he could no longer see it shrink away, but he could still feel it steadily deflating.

His shrinking junk went a long way towards emptying the stall, but it still took a while for the soupy mixture of water, jizz, and pre to drain away. Once it finally did, Santi staggered exhaustedly to his feet and turned the shower back on. The still fresh layer of spunk that clung to his skin washed off easily, and he could see his fully deflated dick clearly for the first time. His thick cock was bigger than he had remembered. His huge, soft dong dangled well down his thigh. It had to be easily a foot long if not more, and his big, full nuts were the size of tennis balls.

There was no doubt in Santi's mind that he was going to be the envy of every guy in the locker room. A smug smirked crossed Santi's lips. Little would they know that he was far more of a grower than a shower. Already thoughts were racing through Santi's mind. If Jeremy's little nub could grow to that three foot monster, just how big could Santi's already big dick grow to be? He couldn't wait to spend some quality time with his lover as they explored just how far they could push their growths.