



MOBYJACK

Proud Gay Glutton & Gainer

Big Mike and the Team

By MobyJack (aka Jayge75)

Jake had been waiting nervously in the coach's office for 15 minutes already. He stood up from the chair and began pacing around the office. A picture on the wall caught his eye. Ten incredibly well built men stood arranged in two rows. Jake's cock stirred in his pants as he thought about how with the dawn of this school year he would be joining their ranks. At 6'3" and 235 pounds of sculpted muscle, Jake had been the star of his old college's wrestling team. He'd been recruited to come join the team here. And the idea of joining this winning team instead of being the lone star of his old team was both exciting and scary.

A subtle cough called him back from his reverie. At first, Jake had thought that he'd been imagining the cough and then he lowered his gaze and saw one of the most beautiful men he'd ever seen. Standing at 5'8", the man before him held himself in a self-assured, almost cocky manner.

"I'm the one in the middle in the red singlet with the black top," said the gorgeous stud. Right now he was wearing tight jeans and a polo shirt that looked painted on over his every muscular bulge.

"Oh... hey... um... I'm just waiting for the coach... I'm new... Jake... and you are?"

"I'm Mike, Big Mike, the captain of the team," he said with something of a laugh. "I know what you are thinking. 'Big' when I stand, what, 7 inches shorter and carry nearly 90 pounds less than you."

"Well... I was wondering," agreed Jake.

"The other guy in the red and black in that picture is also named Mike. He goes by Mikey, I go by Big Mike as something of a little joke," said the handsome stud.

"Anyway, the coach got called away. He asked me to meet you here and introduce myself and get to know you better. It's Friday evening, do you have any plans tonight?"

"Nothing much. Was just going to see what was what here on campus and the area," Jake offered.

"How about you come with me to my off campus apartment. I can give you some background info on the team and then introduce you to them all. They are coming over to hang out. It's something of a team tradition," Big Mike suggested.

"Sounds good. Lead on, captain," Jake said hoping against hope that the view from behind Big Mike would be just as attractive. He wasn't disappointed. The skin tight jeans encased a very pert, bubble butt.

As Jake walked he and Big Mike chatted about class schedules, how Jake was settling in, etc. Finally, they arrived at a modern looking apartment building a couple blocks from campus. Big Mike gestured Jake into the elevator, then slipped a key card into a slot and pressed the P button.

"Penthouse?" Jake asked.

"Yeah, my family is fairly well off," Big Mike replied.

Before Jake could say anything else, the elevator door opened. They stepped off the elevator into a small foyer and turned a corner into an apartment that took up almost the entire floor of the building. Almost entirely open plan, Jake could easily see the huge king-sized bed, the entire glass walled bathroom, a small home gym, a huge kitchen, and a massive sunken living room with seating all around a huge 90" TV.

"WOW," Jake exclaimed.

"Want a beer?" Big Mike asked. "We've got a couple hours before the other guys will be here and there's a lot to fill you in on."

"Sure. Maybe grab a six pack. Sounds like we have a bunch of stuff to talk about," Jake agreed.

"Sounds good. Make yourself comfortable and I'll be right there."

Jake took the couple steps into the sunken living room and plopped down on the couch. Quickly he adjusted his crotch which was already straining, and staining, his jeans. Big Mike set the six pack on the small table in front of Jake and sat down so close to Jake that he was almost on top of him. Big Mike reached forward and grabbed two beers, twisted them open and handed one to Jake.

“So, Jake, you’re gay, right?” Big Mike asked.

Jake nearly choked on the swig of beer he was taking. “Umm... what?” Jake managed to get out between sputters.

“It’s ok. I’m gay, too. I saw the bulge in your jeans when you were checking out the team picture and the twitch that went through it when you looked at me. I know that sounds immodest, but I know what effect I have on guys. Gay or straight. That’s what I wanted to talk to you about. This team is different than most, closer than most. Do you remember the guys in the pic? The half of the team to my right is all gay. Mikey is a big old power bottom. The guy directly to the right is Kevin, Kev to us, and is my assistant captain. He’s also the only other top on the team. Sorry, that was presumptuous,” Big Mike said with a cocky grin at Jake’s slight blush.

“You’re not wrong,” Jake said. “So what about the other half of the team?”

“They are all straight. Well, straight-ish. Once a week, I fuck each of them. Which leads somewhat nicely into the next bit of odd info that might be hard to digest. Every Friday the team meets here at 8pm. I set the rules. Firstly, everyone ditches their clothes at the door. I gave you a pass tonight because a) I wanted you to feel comfortable and b) I didn’t want you distracted while I talked about all this. Secondly, what happens here, stays here. The gays on the team are all out and the straights don’t need their dirty laundry aired. Thirdly, as the new guy, you are mine and mine alone. Now, don’t go getting sentimental or hopeful, I have an extremely active sex drive and am not currently nor do I ever expect I will have a serious boyfriend. I’m just not wired that way. You ok with everything so far?” Big Mike asked.

“Yes. It’s obviously.... well... odd and not what I would have expected from this conversation. It’s going to take a little bit of time for me to wrap my head around it all,” Jake replied.

“Well, there are a few more rules and traditions, but I have an idea that might make this all go down a bit easier,” Big Mike said with a wink. “Strip down. Now.”

Jake, surprisingly, complied nearly immediately. Kicking off his shoes and dropping his jeans so fast he nearly fell over. Jake stood up in nothing but his tight Andrew Christian briefs.

“Did I not say ‘Strip down’,” Big Mike demanded. “Off with the undies.”

Jake stripped off his underwear and stood proudly and somehow also awkwardly in front of his captain.

“Turn around.”

Jake turned around slowly. Feeling the light breeze from an open window graze his bubble butt. Jake knew he was a hot man, but somehow all of his ego was laid bare before the critical gaze of Big Mike.

“Very nice, Jake, very nice indeed. I think it’s time for you to learn why I am called ‘Big Mike’.”

With the grace of a jungle cat, Big Mike stood up, kicked off his shoes, dropped his pants, and shucked his shirt. As he did, Jake drooled at the beauty that stood before him. Sculpted abs and lats, beautiful yet built obviously for power more than aesthetics. Below the trim waist and above the thick, powerful thighs and hardened calves lay the most beautiful cock Jake had ever seen--at least 7” and thick while soft and draped over a bulging ball sac.

“Yup. This would be why I’m called ‘Big Mike’,” he grinned. “And now you and I should head to the bedroom and get to work.”

“Yes, sir!” Jake exclaimed.

So it was that Jake’s first wrestling season at his new school went by. Jake spent almost every night at Big Mike’s place. Friday nights the team would meet for their weekly orgy that last into the wee hours of the morning. Jake, Big Mike, Mikey, Kev, and one or two of the other guys would share the king bed, the rest would sack out on the couch. They’d wake up early Saturday morning, toss on their gym clothes and go for a team jog, ending at the gym for their big workouts. Saturday nights the straights would go out in search of girls or hang with their girlfriends.

Kev, Jake, Big Mike, Mikey, and some of the other gays would go out hunting. Jake would often watch as Big Mike and Kev double teamed some hot bottom.

At the end of the season, Jake found himself once again in the coach's office with Big Mike. They'd both just had a discussion with the coach about how he wanted Jake to bulk up so that he was bumping up against the superheavyweight class limit of 285. Mikey wasn't willing to grow that much bigger fearing he'd lose his status as the biggest and best power bottom on campus. The other big guys didn't have the innate skill that the coach felt that Jake had. Big Mike told the coach he'd handle everything.

"It's April now. There's a little over a month left in the semester. You're already pretty much spending the nights at my place. You're going to move in this weekend and I'm going to take over your training and diet," Big Mike stated matter-of-factly.

"Yes, sir," Jake said demurely. After 8 months with Big Mike, submissiveness came far more naturally to Jake than it used to.

The wrestling team had always had pretty hard workouts, but considering that they needed to maintain a certain weight, they rarely pushed for massive growth. Under Big Mike's care this was no longer the case for Jake.

Big Mike and Jake jogged to the gym every morning at 6am where they proceeded to push Jake's body to the limits as the rest of the team worked out. The whole team would then descend on the cafeteria where Jake became an eating machine as Big Mike directed the rest of the team to get up and get him more food. Jake finally rolled out of the cafeteria just in time for his 10am class. Jake shared many of the same classes with the rest of the team. Team members brought him a meal at every class. Kev brought Chipotle for him to their shared Poli Sci class. Mikey brought Five Guys and a Cinnabon to their Chemistry lecture, and so on. When classes ended he met Big Mike back home where a huge dinner awaited him. With the wrestling season over, the weekends at Big Mike's became even more bacchanalian. Friday night beer and pizza fests. Saturday morning naked brunches at home with the entire team. Sunday morning brunches out with the gays and then afternoons watching sports and snacking on the couch.

As finals came to a close, Jake was finally able to stop and take stock of what had been going on with his body. Jake stood in the bathroom looking at his naked

image in the mirrored wall. Everything was thicker on him but nothing so much as his gut and butt. He stepped on the scale he was surprised to see that the numbers landed on 265 pounds.

“30 pounds! In a month?” Jake boggled.

Mesmerized by his bulging belly, Jake didn’t notice Big Mike enter the room.

“Admiring my handiwork?” Big Mike asked as he wrapped a possessive arm around Jake’s thickened waistline.

“I just can’t believe how big I’ve gotten already. I mean I feel incredibly stronger, but I’m worried about this gut,” Jake stammered.

“It’s ok, stud. We are gonna need to grow you bigger before we start worrying about making weight,” Big Mike stated soothingly.

“That reminds me. We’re going to spend the summer at my cabin. You, me, Mikey, and Kev. Kev is actually a really good cook, and Mikey is an excellent baker. Kev and I will be your trainer in the gym as well. We’re entirely secluded with both a pool and lake for skinny dipping. We’ll have a blast building you up. Whaddya say?”

“Hell yeah, Big Mike! That sounds great!” Jake exclaimed.

The four wrestlers headed up to the cabin the day after the semester ended. Big Mike had spared no expense. Waiting for them at the cabin was every manner of weight lifting equipment as well as workout clothes for all four boys that barely covered their gorgeous muscled bodies. As they were driving up they passed a van from the local butcher’s shop and a Peapod van.

“I’ve arranged deliveries from the butcher, liquor store, Peapod, and GNC every week. There will be plenty of protein and supplements for all of us and plenty of calories to fuel our workouts and other escapades,” Big Mike commented as the boys took in the mounds of deliveries awaiting them. “Also, outside the gym, my clothing ban is still in effect. Any questions?”

“I’ll fire up the grill as soon as we unpack and put all this away. We can get started on the workouts tomorrow,” Kev said.

“I’ll get the kegs hooked up and chilling,” Mikey added. “And then I’ll whip us up some dessert. No reason we all can’t enjoy a bit of this summer.”

“Sounds good, guys. I’ll grab Jake here a snack. He looks a little hungry,” Big Mike added.

“But... I’m not that hungry... I can wait...” Jake started.

“You are going to eat when and what I tell you, Jake. Do you understand?” Big Mike cut in.

“Yes, sir.”

“And if Kev or Mikey offer you food, and I’m not around for some reason, you are to eat that as well. Now, I think that this family size box of Oreos and this gallon of milk should tide you over until dinner.”

And so began Jake’s summer. After that first evening, a routine set in. Up at 8am for a swim in the pool for Mikey, Big Mike, and Jake while Kev worked hard in the kitchen cooking up a huge breakfast. Each morning a loaf of bread, a dozen and a half eggs, 2 pounds of bacon, and 3 pounds of potatoes were crafted into a huge breakfast spread. While Big Mike, Mikey, and Kev ate heartily, the lion’s share of this food went into Jake’s growing body.

After a brief respite, the boys hit the gym to put Jake through a grueling muscle-building regimen. As each day passed, his gym shorts grew tighter and tighter and the shirt rapidly became a hindrance that Big Mike decided to ditch. After an hour, Kev and Mikey ran off to the kitchen to start work on lunch. Mikey would come back with a blender full of protein shake for Jake. After downing the shake, Jake would return to his workout. He knew he was getting thicker and stronger with each of these workouts but he worried that the food was overtaking things around his waistline.

Big Mike always managed to divert Jake’s mind from those thoughts about his weight. Jake and the boys shucked their clothes before taking a quick pre-lunch skinny dip and then repaired to the patio table for their afternoon meal. Heaps of cheeseburgers, potato and macaroni salad, pitchers of beer, and a massive cake adorned the table. Jake ate to physical exhaustion helped by Big Mike’s cajoling and caressing.

After the huge meal, all the boys repaired to the den for naps. Mikey and Jake stretched out on the couches and Kev and Big Mike curled up on top of them. Big Mike's hand lazily stroked Jake's bulging gut and thought about how much he was liking the beef on Jake. He also thought about how much he was coming to cherish Jake. He knew that Jake accepted him completely. That Jake truly was never jealous of any of the other men that Big Mike might dip his wick in. Big Mike also saw how close Kev and Mikey were becoming and felt pangs of envy. The coming July 4th holiday was going to put all of this to the test. The rest of the team were coming up for a weeklong bacchanal at the cabin. They'd be expecting Big Mike to be the insatiable top and Mikey the eager power bottom cum slut that they'd always been. Big Mike thought about how it was an opportunity to see how these new dynamics were working out. Plus, he's have many more hands to help keep Jake stuffed.

As the van pulled up to the house with the other 7 members of the wrestling team, Jake and the boys were just finishing up their morning workout. As each of the team members got out of the van, they were stripping down. All 7 of them and the van's driver stopped in their tracks, mouths agape, as Jake came out of the shadows and into the light of day. Jake had always been an imposing figure but now he was immense. Every inch of his 6'3" frame was so much thicker than it had been at the end of the semester. His quads were thicker than most of their waists. His biceps bulged and flexed as he raised his hand to shade his eyes. The gay team members were all standing stark naked and hard as a rock and even the straight team members were struggling with their reactions to this massive paragon of manhood before them.

"Hey guys!" Jake yelled. "Don't just stand there. Get your shit in the house so I can eat. I am starving!"

"Yeah, guys, can't you see he needs to eat! He's wasting away here," Big Mike added.

The following 9 days were an orgy of food, sex, and manhood. Jake was never left alone and was certainly never left without a beer in one hand and something to eat in the other. Mikey and the two other big gays (Tom and Brad) took turns servicing Jake's cock with Big Mike's permission. Big Mike sat back and watched the hedonistic, gluttonous man god he had created give in to all the pleasures of the flesh. It was then that Big Mike realized how much he enjoyed Jake's growing

gut. His plan now switched from getting him to make weight to getting him to sumo size. This would be a test of his and Jake's relationship. Would Jake balk at growing as big as Big Mike now realized he wanted him? Big Mike knew he could pay Jake's tuition once Jake lost his wrestling scholarship. For the first time in his life, Big Mike was worried. As soon as the boys left, he'd have to have the talk with Jake.

Jake was loving the attention his massive form was getting. All the boys were trying to guess how big he actually was. Big Mike had banned all scales from the cabin so no one knew just how heavy he now was. Jake was realizing that he liked being this massive and wanted more, but he worried about what Big Mike would think. Was he really invested in something approaching a relationship with Jake or was he just his pet on the wrestling team? And what about his scholarship? If he lost that, he'd have to leave school and lose Big Mike too.

Just then, Jake was snapped out of his reverie by the feel of a new set of lips on his engorged cock. He was surprised to look down and see Big Mike was the one doing the work. In all the time he'd spent watching Big Mike, he'd never seen him bottom or give a blow job. Maybe this would all work out.

"Big Mike wants you to eat all these, Jake," Kev said as he set down a tray piled high with at least two dozen burgers. "And here's a pitcher of beer to wash them down with. If you run low, one of the boys will get you a refill. Get to it!" He added with a pat to Jake's belly and a grope of his bulging bicep.

"Chow's on, guys! Gotta fuel all the fun we're gonna have tonight!" Mikey yelled.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the boys all grab plates and head off as couples and threesomes leaving Big Mike and Jake alone. Big Mike got Jake's attention with a brief pause in his work and gestured to get started. Jake met his eyes and thought he saw mirrored there the same desire for Jake to be massive. That spurred him into action.

Within minutes a half dozen burgers and a pitcher of beer had disappeared down his gullet. He called out and Kev came running, his thick cock bouncing back and forth between his thighs as he ran to get Jake a refill on his pitcher. By the time he'd returned Jake had downed another 6 burgers and chugged nearly the entire

pitcher to wash them down. Letting out a belch, Jake gestured for Kev to get more beer.

Big Mike paused in his working of Jake's cock to sit back and survey the swollen gut that Jake was sporting. He called out, "Tom, Brad, get over here. You can make out and fuck later. I need you to help Jake here. Keep rubbing his gut gently as he eats."

Another 6 burgers disappeared down his gut along with two pitchers of beer and he was bloated bigger than he had ever been before. He had lost all track of time, but the sun had set of the lake and the night was closing in on them. Mikey had lit a bonfire in the fire pit and the lightning bugs were out in full force. Jake didn't know what was worse the aching in his stomach or the aching in his balls as Big Mike continued to bring him to the brink before slacking off when he noticed that Jake wasn't eating.

Soon, all the guys were huddled around Jake. Tom and Brad were still rubbing his gut. Big Mike was still working his cock. Kev, Mikey, and the rest of the team had taken it on themselves to be Jake's hands now. Kev held the pitcher as each of the others slowly fed Jake the last 6 burgers. Jake had flung his arms wide in an attempt to spread his rib cage and give his aching gut some more room. Some of the guys had taken to kissing and licking his biceps once they'd finished feeding him. He was in something of a cross between a fugue state and a constant orgasm. He was massive, he was beastly, he was a gluttonous sexual fiend. He could barely take it anymore.

As the last bite of burger and drop of beer crossed his lips, Big Mike finally let him off the hook and his huge load filled Big Mike's mouth just as the first of the nearby town's fireworks shot into the sky across the lake. Jake lay there spent and belching. His softening cock disappearing into the shadows cast by the huge distended belly above. Big Mike stood up sporting his 10" ramrod hard cock. With a wild look in his eye he grabbed his nearest teammate and, careful not to disturb the bloated giant, took him roughly. After shooting his first load in Tom, or so he thought, he grabbed Brad and fucked him too. All the while thinking about what he was going to accomplish together with Jake. He wanted so badly to fuck Jake right now but he knew that doing so would only upset the massive engorged gut. He'd have to wait until morning for that particular pleasure and then the process would start all over. The Fourth of July would from there on out

be their anniversary and would always be celebrated even years later with the team with a massive bacchanal.

The rest of the week flew by and while Jake was obviously eager, Big Mike was merciful. Once the boys left they had their conversation.

“So, ummm...Jake... I wanted to ask you something,” Big Mike managed to get out when the two finished their first round of pre-dawn sex before Mikey and Kev would come get them to start the day. His hand lazily traced circles around Jake’s bulging belly.

“Ask me anything, babe.” Jake replied having never seen Big Mike so unsure of himself.

“I don’t know quite how to ask this, but how would you feel about just going for broke and getting as big as you can with muscle and fat,” Big Mike started before rushing on. “I’ll totally pay for everything. You’ll live at my place. Well, a new place. I’ll cover your tuition, books, food, everything. I just love seeing you get immense and watching you be immensely gluttonous.”

“Babe, you know I would do anything for you. But...” Jake replied. Big Mike suddenly look crestfallen and Jake hurried on. “No, honey, it’s a good ‘but’ or well I hope it’s a good ‘but’. If I’m gonna do this, you’re gonna have to put a ring on it. Well maybe not an actual ring because I have a feeling we’d need to keep getting it resized. And...” he continued putting up a hand to forestall Big Mike’s objection, “... you can still fuck a bunch of guys, because I know that I will often be too full to be fucked, but I get to watch and no other fat guys! Thou shall not have any fat guys but me,” he giggled. “All the muscle boys and twinkles you want, but nobody else who lacks defined abs. Deal?”

Big Mike looked thoughtful for a moment. Then slowly he climbed on top of Jake’s massive body.

“Deal,” he said. “And while I don’t have jewelry here with me, to seal the deal I will do something with you I have never done before.” And with that said, he took Jake’s cock to the hilt in his tight bubble butt. “I may be one of the biggest top sluts that has ever lived, but I’ve never given up my ass to anyone but you.”

After another rousing round of orgasms for each of the men, they stood up and went out to greet the day. They broke the news to Mikey and Kev who confessed

that they'd gotten engaged before coming to the cabin. Big Mike suggested that they have a double wedding after the Fall semester finals and they finished out the summer at the cabin together in a state of bliss. As August drew to a close, Jake spent more time eating and watching the boys workout so they could make their weight for the upcoming season. Jake still lifted, and lifted quite heavy, 5 times a week but the food had definitely taken control of his body. As they piled into the van to head back to campus, Jake's imposing bulk took up almost the entire row of seats.

Jake was a bit confused when he turned away from Big Mike's apartment building. "Where are we going?"

"We're going to our house. I'm renting the penthouse to Tom and Brad for a reasonable rate as it's long since been paid off, but I had been working on building a new place anyway and once you agreed to be mine, I kicked into overdrive. And since it worked so well at the cabin, Mikey and Kev will be living with us as well."

They pulled up to an iron gate in an ivy covered wall and the driver pressed a code to access the gate. As they drove up the driveway they passed manicured lawns with plenty of old trees for shade. Jake noticed that the wall surrounded the entire complex and was a good 20 feet tall. This would definitely be a private home. They pulled up to the front of a two or three story mansion that was both somehow classic and stately while also being modern and stylish.

"The driver will take care of what little luggage we have. I'll give you the full tour in a second. But first there's something I have gotta see," Big Mike said as he marched Jake towards one side of the house.

Jake could see that the place very closely resembled the old penthouse. Open floor plan, sunken living room, huge bathroom, huge king sized bed, etc. except that everything seemed to be a bit bigger, deeper, and more structurally supported. As they entered the bathroom portion of the house, Jake caught a glimpse of himself in the floor-to-ceiling mirrored wall. "Damn, I'm immense," he thought. He walked with Big Mike further in to the bathroom, Mikey and Kev also in tow. There was a rainfall shower that had to be 12' square. A massive whirlpool tub that one could walk a few steps down into. An immense and obviously fortified commode in its own little cubicle. Big Mike's one nod to privacy. And

there near the vanity was a large silver plate on the floor and above it a computer screen.

“Strip!” Big Mike commanded.

Jake complied and he was startled to believe that the others had stripped down too. His cock was hardening at the thought of finding out just how big he was. So, too, were the other three studs.

“Get up on the plate. It’s time to see how big you are. You were 265 when we left for the cabin give or take. The boys have already placed their bets Price is Right style, though no one bid one pound,” Big Mike said grinning.

Jake got up on the plate. Standing firmly in the center he had a slight frisson as his big belly touched the smooth, cold tile of the wall in front of him.

“Hmm, I didn’t think this would be an issue this soon. Gonna have to call my guy in and have this moved back a bit, but for now just inch your feet a little ways back so the wall isn’t carrying any of your weight.”

Jake moved back and quickly glanced up at the screen which was still black, then suddenly a prompt appeared that said “Voice Activation Required:”

“If I can’t have any other fat boys, your exact size is mine and mine alone to know and share,” Big Mike said devilishly.

The screen flashed a “Voice Activation Success” message and then started to show random three digit numbers before finally settling on one.

“385.75 pounds!” Big Mike exclaimed. “You gained 120 and three-quarters pounds this summer! That is so fucking hot.”

Jake was brought out of his reverie by another cool sensation across his belly. He looked down and there spattered across the wall and his round, smooth gut was his spontaneous ejaculation.

“Kev, it looks like you won the bet. Though you were still 25 pounds shy,” Big Mike said. “I can’t believe it. You are going to grow so big with our help. Kev and Mikey, why don’t you two go upstairs and settle into your rooms up there and take care of each other and stop gawking at my massive man. Jake and I are gonna get a

little exercise while I wait for the pizza delivery guy. A dozen pizzas ought to be enough, right? 1 for each of us and 9 for Jake here.”

“Uh... see you guys in a bit... and thanks...” was all that Jake could muster as he thought about the future he would share with Big Mike. The platinum ring and bracelet set they’d buy together. The ring for Big Mike; the linked bracelet for Jake—a new link added as they forged their love with Jake’s growth. He knew he wouldn’t be growing during the school year at the rate he grew this summer, but he could definitely see him standing at the altar at a massive 450 pounds dwarfing his 145 pound husband. He’d even manage to make the heavily built co-groom Mikey look small with his paltry 240 pounds. Then, Big Mike and Jake would head off on their 10 day all expenses paid cruise where Mike would keep Jake immensely well fed and only as clothed as ship regulations required. He could easily see himself coming back having reached the 500 mark. Then what? 600 by graduation? Nah, that was probably too much. Jake would have his academics and Big Mike would have the end-of-season championships to occupy themselves. Former opponents would ogle at Jake on the sideline barely recognizing him. Big Mike bringing home the occasional vanquished foe for a victory fuck as Jake ate and watched. Then after graduation, they’d talked about taking a trip to Japan to put Jake through some Sumo training. He knew by then he’d be way bigger than even the biggest sumo wrestler, but it was fun to think about having all of his glorious mass on display. To see formerly ‘big men in dojo” stare in awe at his size.

As Big Mike’s cock slid inside him for perhaps the thousandth time, Jake looked up into his lover’s eyes, let out a contented sigh that barely covered the rumbling of his hungry gut, and said “You’d better up that order to 15 pies. I’m thinking this tank needs to be filled with a nice even dozen tonight.

“Anything, you want, babe! Anything you want....”