

# Getting Inside

t'Sade



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Curious Cabbit Press

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# Cold as Hell

# 1

Icy wind cut through Ty's thin scarf and slashed at his face. He shivered and jammed his hands deeper into his pockets, afraid to pull them out and expose his bare fingers to the cold. For the third time since he got off the bus, he promised he'd go to the nearest consignment store and buy a pair of the warmest mittens he could find. He heard that mittens were warmer, though humiliating.

Even the clutch of college students around him wasn't enough to protect his body from the chill. They were chatting and laughing as they headed to the student dorms. None of them paid attention to him, just a random college boy heading back to the dorms. As the crowd passed fraternity and sorority buildings, a few peeled off for their homes or just a quick visit with friends. With each departure, a little more wind buffeted Ty and the cold seeped deeper into his bones.

Ty distracted himself by thinking about sex. He wasn't a virgin, but it had been a long time since he enjoyed anything other than gay porn on the computer and the company of his right hand. But, the idea of a quick jerk sounded like the perfect way to warm up. He grinned and his cock twitched with his thoughts.

Even through his pants, he could feel his balls grinding tight to his body as nature tried to keep him warm. It was his favorite time to masturbate, with numb fingers and tightly wrinkled testicles. It almost felt like someone else's cock in his hand at those times, the cold giving just enough distance that it wasn't the familiar six inches he was pumping.

His thoughts didn't warm him up, but they kept him occupied until he reached the twelve-story dorms that made up the bulk of

the student housing. Ty lived in the Habis Building, one of the older buildings, and suffered with a radiator that rang out in the middle of the night and the smell of mold that emanated the rooms. At least it had new windows. He cut through the parking lot of coffee shop and trudged through the ankle-high slush to shave a few freezing seconds to the warmth of his dorm.

“Ty!”

He stopped at his name. He knew his roommate’s voice even over the howling wind. Turning around, he winced when the wind buffeted his face, but thankfully Matt was downwind of him and he didn’t have to stare long into the blustery blast.

Matt, a tall boy from Nebraska got his ride on a basketball scholarship. He was muscular but slender, a stark contrast to Ty’s five foot three and thin body. Matt didn’t bother wearing a hat and his short brown hair rippled in the wind. Ty wondered if Nebraska was somehow closer to the north pole than he thought.

As roommates went, Matt was a good match for Ty. They were from opposite sides of the country, but they shared many interests including music and movies. It made it easier to get used to living in a small room with a stranger.

Ty smiled and tried to flag Matt without pulling his hands out, but it came out as more than a shoulder shrug.

Matt vaulted over a low wall of bricks and landed hard. His tennis shoes disappeared into the slush, but he didn’t seem to notice as he strode over to Ty. “Ty! Ty!”

Ty waited, exhaling hard to watch the fog form around his head before the wind ripped it away.

Matt slid the last few feet to a stop. “Hey, I thought it was you.” He spoke with a deep voice, which somehow fit with his large brown eyes and broad shoulders. Matt wore a thin windbreaker despite the cold and the fabric rippled loudly as the wind tugged at it.

“Yeah, but it’s a bit cold.” Ty smiled and scrunched his shoulders as he shivered.

Matt looked him over. “Still too cold for you?”

“Unlike some people, I don’t have polar bear blood in my veins.”

With a smirk, Matt said, “I hope so. I mean, I do play for the Polars. Hey, speaking of which, gonna make the game this weekend?”

Still shivering, Ty nodded sharply.

Matt hefted up his gym bag over his shoulder. “Say, why are you back? Don’t you have class?”

“Teacher sent the TA and said it was colder than Mary’s tit and he wasn’t going to show up.”

“Mary’s... tit?”

Ty rolled his eyes. “Probably some theological thing, I don’t understand half of what that man says.”

Matt patted Ty on the shoulder. “Well, get inside and warm. There is still some hot coffee on my desk. It’s that Burmese Orange stuff you like.”

“Oh! Thank you.”

Then, as if he didn’t have a care in the world, Matt turned and strode down the street toward the bus stop. His shoes splashed through the slush but his long legs easily carried him away.

Ty watched and felt anticipation growing. He didn’t get much time alone and he was still horny. His original plans of jerking off in the bathroom had just changed in an instant to the more comfortable privacy of the dorm room. At least there, he didn’t have to play music to mask the slurping noises.

Turning around, he hurried to the dorm.

*t'Sade*



# Too Tight

# 2

Ty slammed the room shut and shucked his winter garments. He tossed them on the back of his chair before continuing to strip. His numb fingers slipped on the buttons, but he managed to get enough open to pull his shirt over his head and tossed it on his jacket.

He was thin, almost too much according to his friends, but Ty had started to fill out since he moved to college. His stomach had a slight bulge from too much beer and fried onions, but otherwise he had the same body when he graduated high school two years ago.

His underwear was the last bit of clothing until he stood naked in the dorm. His cock was already hard, stretching its full length up against his belly. He reached down and cupped his balls, moaning at the sensations of his numb fingertips along the deep furrows of his shivering nuts.

Shuffling to his bed, he sat down heavily and grabbed his cock with his other hand. Between his cold hands and his cock, it felt huge against his palm. He closed his eyes to enjoy the fantasy of having a massive cock and pumped with slow, luxurious movements. Matt wouldn't be back for hours and he wanted to enjoy it as much as he could.

His balls were almost the size of eggs, but with the cold, they were tiny sparrow's instead of hen's eggs. He moaned softly as he rolled them in his fingers, enjoying the tension as his body tugged them back. The friction only added to his pleasure.

Pre-cum soaked his fingers and palm. It slurped with every stroke. He moaned louder while he used his pre-cum to lubricate his shaft. He jacked in long, rotating pumps that went from tip to base.

He shivered from the building pleasure and lifted his hips to match his strokes. With his other hand, he clutched as his balls until his pre-cum dribbled low enough for him to work the slickness into the furrows of his rapidly warming nuts.

His orgasm bubbled up and then exploded out of him. He cupped the tip of his shaft to prevent it from spraying the walls. The hot jets of semen splattered against his palm before dribbling down the bottom of his shaft.

The thick streamers of cum dribbled over his lower hand and soaked his inner thighs. He clutched his testicles even tighter, holding both nuts in his palm, as he emptied himself against his hand.

Slumping back, he chuckled. He felt good now and a warmth suffusing through his numb body. His testicles, dripping with his cum, sank into his hand in response to the heat that pounded through his veins.

He kept his eyes half-closed and rolled his balls in his hands, enjoying the afterglow of his orgasm and the sensation of the firmness in his fingers.

For a few minutes, he idly stroked himself and played with the cum that dripped off his body. When his cock grew limp, he brought his other hand to his thigh. And then he got another idea which brought a twitch along his length.

Ty spread his legs and brought his dripping hand up between his thighs. His fingers ran slickly along his inner skin until he found the cleft of his buttocks.

His cock jumped into aching hardness as he wormed his fingers to his asshole. He loved the flash of excitement that came when he touching the sensitive hole. Trembling, he circled the wrinkled opening with his fingers and teased the folds that marked the entrance into his virgin ass.

Using his cum-soaked fingers, he probed his tight entrance. He had never gotten anything inside, but he wondered what it would feel like. He thought that if it felt so good just playing with the outside, having something inside would be better.

He pushed at the hole, but it resisted. He grunted and probed harder, rocking his hand back and forth as he worked his way into the clenching tightness.

It took him almost five minutes until he managed to lodge the first joint of his finger inside. The pressure brought his cock to aching hardness, but he didn't dare pull his hands away from his balls or his asshole. He didn't want to stop the feeling of his body straining around something as thin as his middle finger.

Soft whimpers escape his throat as he made quarter-inch strokes to open himself up. He wanted to feel more, but his body trembled with even such a tiny thing impaling his hole.

He wanted more. He craved it.

Taking a deep breath, he screwed up his face and pushed harder. His hole resisted but the slickness allowed him to slid his finger deeper into his ass. His cock jumped with his rapid heartbeats and more cum oozed out of the tip.

It wasn't enough.

Pulling his finger out, he sat up. His cock bobbed with his movement as he dropped to the floor and yanked his suitcase out from underneath the bed. It was mostly empty, except for a few formal clothes. But, buried in one of the side pockets was his secret: a fleshy vibrator that he stole from a porn store years ago.

Splatters of cum struck the floor as he pulled it out and tested it. The large, realistic cock shook in his palm and he almost came at the sensation. He grabbed his cock with his other hand and transferred his cum to the shaft, pumping it from the bulbous head at the top along the wrinkled shaft to the base. He was careful to stop before he got the base, it was always hard to turn it off when the plastic dial got slick.

Turning around, he stumbled to the chair at his desk. He took a deep breath and planted it in the center. It didn't have a suction cup, so he held it in place as he straddled the plastic cock and lowered himself.

The first touch of the heavy rubber against his asshole felt good. The vibrations sank into his body and he could feel his insides quivering in response. He moaned and braced himself. His cock twitched with a coming orgasm, but he clamped his hand around the base to stop it. He wanted to finally break his anal virginity before he came.

Pushing down, he concentrated on the feeling of the rounded head against his opening. It was a swollen knot, a ball that easily

dwarfed the tiny entrance. He could feel it forcing his buttocks apart and the sculptured piss hole aiming to impale him.

He let more of his weight rest on the plastic cock. The pressure grew and he felt it driving up into him, but his tight ring refused to relax. The cock ground harder against him, shoving his skin deeper into his hips instead of forcing him open. Sparks of pain, tiny but burning, shot out along his legs.

Ty needed it inside him. He hissed in pain and pushed down harder.

His asshole resisted the intrusion. The tight, clenching opening couldn't stretch open enough to take the swollen head of the rubber cock. Instead, it just drove his ring further into his body.

Ty let out a whimper. He wanted to feel it inside, but the discomfort grew too fast. With tears in his eyes, he knew it couldn't happen. He was too tight to get the vibrator inside him.

He clenched his eyes closed and tried to build up the courage to slam his body down and rip himself open. It would hurt, but it would be worth it. He knew it would be.

He heard a creak behind him and the door thumped.

Ty gasped and stood up. He stared at the door in shock, his eyes focused on the handle. When he saw it moving, he let out a yelp and dove for his bed. His cock slammed against the side of his mattress and the world exploded in bright stars of agony, but he managed to crawl underneath the blankets and jam his head underneath his pillow before the door opened.

The blanket had barely stopped moving when the door thumped against the wall.

His cock throbbed from agony before slowly wilting against his thigh. He fought the urge to shake as he heard Matt enter the room and walk closer.

To Ty's horror, he heard the buzz of the vibrator grow louder as the toy thumped against the seat of the chair. The vibrations grew louder before suddenly growing quieter.

Shivering, Ty peeked out from underneath the blanket.

Matt was standing next to Ty's chair, holding a still-dripping vibrator in his hand.

# A Hard Lesson

# 3

Ty's cheeks burned as he stared at Matt and the vibrator through the gap of his blankets. Inside his head, he berated himself for not grabbing it when he fled for his bed. And it left it on, no less, and now Matt knew exactly what Ty was doing.

As he watched, a glob of cloudy liquid dripped off the plastic and landed on his chair.

Matt sighed and turned the vibrator off. He set it down on Ty's chair and stepped away.

Ty let out a sigh and listened to Matt in hopes he would leave. He would figure out some way of explaining himself, once the humiliation faded.

He wondered if he could get a new roommate by tomorrow.

Matt's chair squealed as Matt pulled it away from his desk. "Ty?" Ty froze.

"You can't use that thing, right?"

The whimper escaped Ty's throat before he could stop it.

Matt rested his hand on Ty's bed, his long fingers visible in the gap Ty peered from. "No, I'm serious. Come on, I know you aren't sleeping."

Ty gulped. With a shaking hand, he tugged the blanket off his head and blinked. "I-I can explain. I was—"

Matt shook his head and tapped the bed. "No, don't worry about that. I know what you were doing."

Ty's blush grew even hotter. He could feel his balls trying to crawl into his body and an icy tingle coursing along his spine. He gulped and fought the urge to bury his face in his pillows.

Matt reached over and held down the blanket. "I'm not going to tell anyone, I promise."

"I-I—"

"But, you can't use that," Matt pointed to the silent vibrator.

"Um," croaked Ty, "why?"

"If you're gonna shove it up your ass, it needs to have a flared base. Otherwise, it might slide inside and get stuck. Trust me, you don't want that type of emergency room visit."

Ty's asshole clenched at his thoughts.

Matt sighed and patted Ty's shoulder through the blanket. "Don't worry, nothing wrong with sticking something up there. Feels good, doesn't it?"

Gulping, Ty nodded. He trembled underneath his blanket.

"Though, I'm surprised you'd get something that large inside you. You're a tiny—"

"I can't," blurted Ty.

Matt's smile grew broader. "Too big?"

Ty nodded sheepishly. "I-I never got it inside."

Turning in his chair, Matt reached over and picked up the vibrator. He hefted it in his hand a few times before turning back. "Eight inches is a lot to take in. You have to work up to something like this."

"It's... the only one I have."

Matt grabbed a towel from the floor and wiped it off. He rolled the terry cloth over the head before setting the vibrator on the desk and dropping the towel. He took a deep breath before looking back at Ty. "Want me to show you the right kind?"

Ty stared up at his roommate. Matt's cheeks were colored, but not nearly as hotly as his own. Stunned and curious, he nodded.

Matt got up and locked the dorm door. He crouched by his side table and opened the bottom drawer. He started to dig into it, pulling out piles of clean but unfolded underwear and setting them aside.

Sitting up, Ty wrapped his blanket around his waist to cover his half-hard cock. He was afraid to expose himself and his underwear was on the far side of the room. He bunched the blankets up and reached over the edge, trying to find something. He caught a dirty shirt by his mattress and pulled it on.

Matt brought a flat plastic box to Ty's side of the room and sat back down in the chair. There were still motes of snow in his hair. "You probably don't want to tell anyone about this, okay?"

Ty brushed his hair out of his face and nodded.

With steady fingers, Matt pried it open. He tilted it so Ty could see inside. There was a bottle of lube, a thick pack of what looked like diaper wipes, and a bottle of alcohol sanitizer. Underneath all of them, Ty could see a pack of gloves, some condoms, and three dildos nestled on the bottom.

"This," Matt said in an embarrassed tone, "is my toy box."

"I've never seen you pull these out."

"That's funny, because the first thing I do when I meet a new roommate is yank out my butt toys."

Ty blanched. "I'm sorry."

Matt winked. "Relax. I'm not going to bite, but I'm going to show you this." He dug into the box and pulled out a pink dildo. It was like nothing Ty had ever seen before.

Instead of the realistic cock that he had, Matt's toy was smooth from tip to base. It had a very narrow point at the top, a swell where the glans would be, and then a sweeping shaft that lead into the blunt end of a base. It was also shorter by an inch and much thinner.

As Ty looked at it, his cock began to twitch. It looked like it would fit inside him; it wasn't much thicker than his finger. With the narrow tip, he could imagine it slipping into his tight hole more easily than the bulbous head that he struggled with.

"Now," Matt coughed, "this is a starter one. It has a suction base so you can stick it on your chair. The head makes it easier to get in, and the wide base means you won't have a proctologist digging inside you on a Saturday night."

"Speaking from experience?" Ty grinned.

"No, old boyfriend's story."

Ty did a double-take. "Boyfriend? But aren't you dating Cindi?"

Matt shook his head and let out an exaggerated sigh. "And after we break your butt cheery, I'm going to have to teach you about bisexuals too, aren't I? Maybe open relationships?"

"Open... relationships?"

Matt chuckled and handed the toy over to Ty. "Here, want to feel it?"

Ty's cock jumped at attention. Trembling, he reached out and took the toy from Matt's hand. It was smooth and sturdy. And it looked like it would slide right in.

He knew he was breathing deeper, but he couldn't stop it. He bunched the blankets over his crotch to hide his hardness.

Peeking up, he noticed that Matt was hard too. The unmistakable bulge was hard to miss.

Embarrassed, he returned his attention back to the toy in his hand. He felt the same craving as he did only a few minutes before as he explored the tip and imagined how easily it would slide inside him.

He gulped as he reached the base, his body growing tight with his thoughts. "Is it... clean?"

"I would not," Matt said in a sharp tone, "let my roommate play with a shitty dildo. No, I boiled after the last time I used them. They are probably cleaner than you."

"Oh, I didn't mean—"

"Relax, Ty." Matt patted Ty's knee. "And ask questions. I'd rather be honest than see you hurt yourself."

"I... I..." he grabbed the toy with both hands and stroked it, imagining as if it was his cock. His own shaft grew hot and hard underneath the blankets and he could feel pre-cum dribbling down the side.

"You want to try it out?" Matt said suddenly.

Ty jerked and looked up.

Matt's eyes wouldn't meet his own. Sweat had formed along his flushed brow. He gestured to the toy in Ty's hand. "It's clean. I'll give you some privacy, or... if you want, I can..."

Ty held his breath.

"... help."

Ty's heart thumped louder. "H-Help?"

Matt shifted in the chair and he rested his hands on his own crotch. "Yeah, help. Maybe... show you how to use it?"

His throat was dry. Ty stared at him for a moment, the toy shaking his hand and his cock threatening to explode. Images and scenarios flashed through his mind, of everything ranging from Matt humiliating him to being thrown over the edge of the bed and



raped. But, as he looked into Matt's eyes, he saw nothing but excitement that mirrored his own.

“I-I'd... like....” Ty strained to get the words out. “Please show me what to do?”

*t'Sade*

# Showing Off

# 4

Ty clutched his robe closed as he hurried down the hallway from the showers. His hair still dripped from his rapid shower. It hadn't dried for the twenty minutes he sat on the toilet and took a dump. It was Matt's suggestion and Ty was thankful for it; there wasn't anything in his rear, as far as he knew.

His thoughts made it hard to walk down the hall. His cock strained underneath his robe, scraping on the rough fabric of the terry cloth. He held his bathing supplies against his hips to shield himself, though there was only a few students milling about in the hallway.

At the door, he knocked once and slipped in. "Um, I'm back."

Matt sat on his bed and looked up. There was sweat on his brow and he looked nervous.

Seeing Matt's nervousness somehow helped Ty. He closed the door behind him and locked it. "I did what you told."

Matt nodded and cleared his throat. He took a deep breath and then another. "You don't have to do this."

Ty looked at his chair. The red dildo was sitting in the middle with a towel. On the desk behind, Matt had unpacked his "toy box." The lubricant and cleaner were both sitting on the edge.

His robe parted over his hardness as he padded over to the chair. Looking down, he contemplated his position. He was going to fuck his own ass in front of his roommate. His cock pulsed with his rapid beats and growing excitement.

Slowly, he glanced over at Matt. Underneath his roommate's hands, he spotted a bulge of a cock as hard as his own. He grinned and looked away.

“Do you,” Matt said slowly, “want to get started?”

Ty nodded. “Yes, teach.”

“No,” groaned Matt, “don’t call me that. That just sounds weird.”

Neither said anything for a long moment.

Ty cleared his throat. “So, how should I start?”

Matt gulped and started to stand up. After a second, he sank down. “I guess, you want to use some lubricant. What did you use last time?”

“Um, pre.”

“Not with your ass. That stuff,” he pointed to the bottle, “is a water-based gel. It is really thick stuff and lasts a long time.”

Ty picked up the bottle. “How much?”

“Lots. Seriously, don’t worry about the mess, but you need to get that really slick.”

Slipping his robe off, Ty stood naked in front of Matt. His cock was an angry red, and ached from tip to balls. But, somehow standing naked in front of his roommate made the excitement even more and soon his breath was coming rapidly.

He picked up the lubrication and squirted some of it in his hand.

“More.”

Ty spurted another one and then a third. He looked at Matt. At the nod, he picked up the dildo and slathered it on. Pumping the cock in his hand sent thrills coursing through him. He could feel his pre-cum dribbling down his shaft and soaking his balls.

“Don’t forget to put some on your hole.”

Chuckling nervously, Ty used his lube-slicked hand to part his buttocks and work more of it against the tight ring of his ass. He moaned as he did. He had never used lubrication before and the slickness made it easy to work one finger into his ass. A few seconds later, he was past his second knuckle and his knees were buckling from the intense pleasure.

Matt squirmed on the bed. “T-That might be enough,” he whispered with a cracked voice.

Ty set down the lubrication and looked around for somewhere to wipe his hand. Finding none, he gave his cock a few pumps to wipe his palm off.

He didn't need a direction for the next one. He slapped the dildo down on his chair and it stuck. The red shaft bobbed from the impact, the tip wavering back and forth.

Ty held his breath and straddled the chair. He felt the dildo thump against his inner thigh. He started to lower himself but then looked up at Matt.

Matt was stroking himself through his pants. When he caught Ty looking at him, he snatched his hand away. "Sorry."

Ty grinned and stood up. He turned his chair around so he would be facing Matt. Stepping back, he straddled the chair again and made sure Matt had a clear view of his aching cock, balls, and the dildo poised to slide into him.

A moan rewarded Ty.

"You know," Ty whispered back, "you'd be more comfortable if you took that out."

Matt inhaled sharply.

"Go on, I've already whipped mine out." Ty smiled at him and hoped he didn't look nervous.

With a laugh, Matt stood up and opened his pants. He pushed his jeans down and fished his cock out. Sitting back down, he held his cock in his hand.

At the sight of Matt's cock, Ty paused with surprise. Matt was larger than Ty thought. His roommate's was easily larger than Ty's vibrator, but very similar in shape to the plastic that Ty couldn't get inside him. A rounded head led down a heavily veined shaft before ending with a pair of hairy balls. It looked heavy, thick, and swollen.

Ty felt a new flush crossing his cheeks. He cleared his throat and concentrated on the dildo between his legs. Reaching down, he centered it against his asshole. Trembling, he lowered himself until the pointed tip nestled against his clenched anal ring.

"It's gonna to be slick, so be careful." Matt's breath was gasping and vibrating with barely audible moans.

Ty nodded. He took a deep breath and lowered himself further. He was expecting to feel the pressure of the head forcing against his ring. Instead, as he lowered himself, he felt it spear his asshole and slip in deep.

He gasped and froze.

Matt pumped his cock, a moan rumbling in his throat.

Ty let out a chuckle. "It's... in me."

"Yes...."

"It's... feels like I have to go."

"You don't," came the moaned response.

"I don't? But—" The word ended sharply as Ty slipped further down. The slick tip easily impaled him, stretching his insides. It felt like he had to shit but it was far more pleasurable than any visit on the toilet. The sensation of being pried open was utterly foreign and terrifying.

It was knowing that he was impaling his ass in front of his roommate that added a sharp edge of pleasure to his actions. Ty lowered himself and raised, enjoying the swell of the dildo as it slid in and out.

"Fuck," moaned Matt. He pumped his cock faster, filling the room with the wet slurps of his soaked cock.

Ty panted as he raised and lowered himself. The thick layer of lubrication and the narrow dildo gave no resistance as he worked his way deeper on the dildo. The gradually increasing girth felt good on his insides and it rubbed against something that caused his cock to jerk with every pulse.

He reached the bottom of his dildo and his buttocks smashed against the chair. With a gasp, he looked down and then up at Matt. "It's it!"

Matt moaned as he pumped rapidly, pounding his cock. The swollen head peeked out of his fist with every stroke. It glistened with his pre-cum.

Encouraged, Ty levered himself off the dildo and back down. He tried to match Matt's movement, but it was hard to keep up with the rapid-fire cadence. He moaned as he impaled himself on the dildo, driving it down until he felt it tickling his insides.

Between one stroke and another, he came. Ty slammed down and stared at his cock, surprised since he wasn't touching his shaft. He clenched around the dildo and moaned. With every pulse, thick streamers of cum shot out and splattered down on Matt's thigh, blankets, and the floor.

"Fuck!" cried Matt as he jerked up into his fist. His cock jerked in his grip and shot out cum. It came out in thick streamers, shooting high into the air before coming down on Ty.

Both of them moaned as they finished. And then the room grew silence except for their heavy panting.

“I...” gasped Ty, “did it.”

“Yeah, you did.” Matt gave him an exhausted smile. “Good job.”

*t'Sade*



# Toy Shopping

# 5

Ty blushed as he walked into the adult store. He had avoided the glass-fronted place near the center of town because it was well-frequented, and staffed, by college students. It also has novelty gifts and incense instead of being a proper adult store and he needed something specific.

The one he finally picked was twenty miles away and off the interstate. It was a seedy-looking place with a dozen cars and trucks in the parking lot. The place, Doc Savage's, also came recommended by Matt and some of Ty's friends.

He stopped right inside and looked around. Unlike the downtown place, there wasn't a lot of lace on display. Instead, it was counters with various leather restraints, a wall of magazines, and three walls of DVDs and tapes.

Ty didn't even know they sold VHS still.

In one corner, there were a few stands of dildos and vibrators. He could already see they had a larger selection than the downtown's place. And in shapes that would terrify his dreams for years; he never wanted to meet anyone who could take a latex fist in their body.

A bored woman in her 40s looked up from the counter. "Boy?"

"Y-Yes?"

"You 21?"

"Yeah."

"Prove it."

"Um, how...?"

"Photo ID, honey." She held out her hand.

Blushing with the obvious answer, Ty dug into his pocket and pulled out his driver's license. He handed it over.

She looked at it before she gave it back.

“Know what you want?”

Ty pointed to the dildos and blushed.

She smiled and waved him away. “Ask any questions, sugar.”

With a grunt, Ty hurried over to the corner.

There was a dizzying array of dildos of all shapes and colors. He saw massive ones that were as large as his arm and smaller vibes that would fit in the pocket. He scanned the dangling packages until he found one identical to the one that finally broke his virginity. Next to it was a flesh colored twin. He plucked it off the stand; it would be good if their toys didn't match.

Ty started to back away, then spotted one at the bottom. Crouching down, he pulled it off the hook and looked at it. It was a realistic cock, complete with shaped balls. It also reminded him of Matt's cock, with a similar head and shaft.

His cock twitched at his thoughts. For the last few days, he had been thinking about Matt's shaft. The sight of Matt masturbating over him welled up whenever he saw his roommate stripping down for the shower or changing.

He toyed with the realistic cock through the packaging. It was thick and heavy, but not as warm as he knew the real thing would be. He flushed at the thought and put it down.

Turning away, he started back to the counter but stopped. Turning around, he grabbed the realistic cock and a large bottle of water-based gel. He fought his growing lust as he went to purchase his new toys.

# Something Bigger

# 6

Ty's heart pounded in his chest as he set his box of toys on his desk. He grinned as he opened it up and ran his finger along the thick dildo on top. His body had grown accustomed to the slender one and he was finally ready to try the larger one.

Trembling with anticipation, he pulled it out and hefted it in his palm. The thick member bore him down, but it was a familiar weight now. He had spent days toying with it and imagining it was Matt that rested in his palm.

Grabbing the lubrication, he got himself a generous dollop and slathered it across the large toy. As he did, he could feel his body tingling with excitement.

Ty worked in silence until the entire toy was covered in a thick layer of glistening lubricant. It oozed between his fingers and splattered down to the chair and carpet. He gathered up even more from the bottle and slathered it around his fingers before jamming it between his buttocks.

He leaned against the desk as he fingered his ass, using two fingers to work the opening until he relaxed. He knew he would need more to take in the thicker dildo, but he wanted to feel it stretching him open. Just like the first day.

Soon, he couldn't stall enough. He slapped the dildo against the chair and straddled it. The thick head slid along the line of his buttocks. He rocked his hips until the rounded tip lodged itself against his anal ring.

The last time he tried to take something so large, he hurt himself. But, that was weeks ago. Since then, he had fucked himself with the smaller toy until it slid easily into his rectum. He knew he was ready

for something bigger, though the toy underneath him felt like only a stepping stone for what he really craved.

Ty gripped the edge of the desk and took a deep breath. Forcing himself to relax his asshole, he bent his knees and brought himself down on the rounded head. The broad, rounded head of the dildo ground up against his tiny hole but didn't slip inside. Instead, it strained his body and he felt the first pangs of discomfort radiating from his entrance.

With a groan of frustration, he lifted himself. Leaning forward, he thumped his forehead against the desk. He wanted it inside him, craved it more than anything else.

Screwing up his courage, he took a deep breath and brought his body back to the toy again. He needed it and he was willing to experience a bit more discomfort for a chance of being filled to his limits.

The rounded tip slipped against his asshole. He pushed down and felt the anal ring resisting the thick head. He groaned and increased his weight on the toy. His body resisted for a long moment.

And then he felt the ring give. With agonizing slowness, he stretched over the lubricated head. He gasped and gripped the desk tighter, crying out as he pushed down.

The sensation of being stretched brought his cock to aching hardness. Pre-cum dribbled down his length and splashed on the ground. He pushed down, enjoying every moment as the pressure grew. He felt the pleasure building with the intensity, a moment of anticipation.

And then, he reached the thickest point of the head. He shook with the effort to keep from crying. It was too big and too much, but he couldn't stop. The pleasure warred with the discomfort, both becoming a sharp-edged pleasure.

With a tiny push, his ass clenched around the swell and pulled the dildo in. The relief was intense as was the sensation of having something thick impaling his ass. His cock jumped and a thick spurt of pre-cum splashed out.

Ty continued to lower himself. With the initial resistance gone, the thick girth easily slid into him. He could feel it press against his prostate and then move further inside.

He let out a long moan of pleasure and sat down on the dildo, taking all of it inside his body. The plastic balls ground against his own. Tremors of pleasure coursed along his insides as his rectum grew accustomed to the thick intruder.

Panting, he took a long moment to gather his wits. With a shaking hand, he wrapped his fingers around his cock. He was slick and aching. With a loud groan, he pumped his shaft with one hand and used the desk to pump his ass.

He imagined it was Matt stroking his cock and filling his ass. The hard plastic would be a poor substitute for something hot and living inside him, but the fantasy was enough to push him over the edge.

With a guttural moan, he came in his hand. The hot seed pooled in his fingers before drooling to the ground. His attention was drawn to the cock in his ass, the thick feeling that he couldn't push out. It kept him open even when he clenched and strained against it.

Shaking, he lifted his hips and pulled the dildo out. His hypersensitive nerves scraped against every ridge and vein. He panted as he did, wincing as the swollen head popped out, and then slumped against the desk.

“Fuck,” he whispered, “I wish it was him instead.”

*t'Sade*

# Something Hotter

# 7

Ty stretched out on his bed and stared at the ceiling. The light of his and Matt's computers played out along the dimpled surface, the intense blues casting a glow across the room and highlighting every imperfection that decades of student housing inflicted on the walls.

He didn't care about the previous occupants of the room. All that mattered was the empty bed on the opposite side of the room. He wanted Matt, but he didn't know how to ask or even if Matt felt the same thing. His mind kept bringing up the image of Matt masturbating to him as he impaled himself for the first time. The thick cock, the fevered gaze, and the intensity of their shared orgasm haunted Ty's thoughts.

Between his legs, his cock was limp but still damp from masturbating. The narrow dildo that he used rested in his side table and the smells of the alcohol cleaner still wafting up through the crack. He felt unstated though the afterglow of his orgasm still pulsed through his veins.

The door creaked open and then shut. He heard Matt fumbling through the room.

"I'm up," Ty said.

"Oh, okay. Mind if I turn on the light?"

Ty reached over to his own light. "No, let me." He turned it on and closed his eyes against the glare.

"Thanks, man."

Ty leaned back and waited for his eyes to adjust to the light. He let his attention follow Matt as he moved around the room.

Matt had stripped down to his pajama bottoms and left his chest bare. His body moved gracefully as he hung up his towel and set his

shampoo on the counter above the fridge. He hummed a few bars of a popular song before crawling into bed.

Sighing, Ty turned the light back off and leaned into his pillow.

"You're up late," Matt said after a few minutes.

"Yes."

"Classes?"

"No."

Matt groaned and thumped his pillow.

Ty looked over, but couldn't see past the lights on the monitors. He turned back and stared up at the ceiling.

"Anything I can do?" Matt's voice was quieter and concerned.

"I'm just," images of Matt's cock washed across Ty's thoughts, "struggling with something. Not sure if I can do anything about it."

Matt chuckled. "That really didn't answer the question."

"Yes, I mean, no." Ty sighed, "I don't know." He grabbed his blankets and bunched them up in his fist, berating himself for not being able to say anything but also afraid of the response.

"Family?"

"No, you know I don't talk to dad much."

"Me?"

There was the briefest of pauses. Ty could feel it stretched out like a rubber band. Then, he cleared his throat. "No."

He heard Matt's blankets shuffle. "Oh, really? Don't like your roommate? After I helped you with your... problem?" There was amusement in his voice, but Ty could still hear the concern.

Ty turned to look at Matt, or tried to through the light. "No, that's not it."

"You're worried you're gay for me?"

He said it in an amused tone, joking but also questing. Ty guessed he was dancing around the same subject.

He panted softly and nodded.

"Ty?"

"I'm... I'm not worried."

"But," Matt's voice was almost a whisper, "you're gay for me?"

"I... maybe."

He heard Matt sit up. "Fuck. What makes you think about that?"

Ty slid his hand down to his cock. It was hard and aching with his thoughts. "I've... been thinking about you."



“My dick too?”

“Yeah....” Even though Matt couldn’t see, Ty blushed at the idea of Matt’s attention.

“Is that why you got that bigger one? I thought it looked like me.”

Ty whimpered. “Yes.”

“Have you tried it out?”

“I started to last night.”

“Got it in?”

Ty rolled back on his back, pumping his cock. “Yeah. And it felt really good too, but not...”

“The real thing?”

Ty’s fist slid up and down. His cock was already slick and the muffled wet noises drifted past his blankets. “I guess. I’ve never had... the real thing before.”

“Want to?”

His cock jumped in his hand and he pressed down to avoid coming. His throat hurt but he didn’t squeeze his cock.

“Ty?” Matt’s feet struck the floor. “Do you want to feel the real thing?”

Ty nodded. “I-I do.”

The bare footsteps sounded like rifle reports. A heartbeat later, they stopped next to Ty’s bed. Ty looked up to see Matt standing in front of him, his pajamas bottoms were missing and his large cock hanging above him.

Trembling, Ty reached up for it. He didn’t know what to expect, but he couldn’t stop. His hands wrapped around the thick piece of hardness and he swooned. It was like his own, but much thicker and larger. It felt heavy and hot in his hand.

Matt moaned softly and knelt on the edge of the bed, tilting Ty toward him and his cock. “Gentle.”

“I will,” whispered Ty.

He stroked Matt, exploring from his tip to his balls. It was thinner than his new dildo, but there was something about the silken skin and the heated that no silicon toy could ever duplicate. It felt wonderful in his hand and he had no doubt that it would feel even better impaling his ass.

Neither said anything as Ty stroked Matt's cock, pumping it slowly.

And then, after a minute, Matt cleared his throat and rested his hand on Ty's hip. "How do you want it? In your mouth? On the sheets?"

"In my ass."

Matt's cock jumped at the soft words. Ty was surprised himself, but he knew there was only one place he wanted to feel such a hard cock. Matt gulped loudly. "Well, fuck."

"Yeah... please?"

Matt tugged himself away. "I have a condom on my side. Get in the position you want."

Ty's heart pounded in his chest as he rolled over. First on his back, but then with second thoughts, he continued until he was on his stomach. His face rested on the pillow and his ass stuck up out of the blankets. The cool air tickled his skin. He used his second pillow under his hips to relieve the pressure of his hard cock against the mattress.

"Fuck," Matt said, "that's sexy as hell."

Ty giggled into the pillow and trembled with anticipation.

"You cleaned up back there?"

Nodding, Ty mouth the pillow for a moment before lifting his head. "I was just playing. It's already pretty slick back there."

"Never enough lube." The scrape of the box filled the room. Moments later, he listened to Matt pull on pair of gloves and a condom. The smell of latex filled the air, as did the scent of Matt's excitement. It was musky and exciting and terrifying at the same time.

Matt planted on knee on the side of the bed. "Now, if you have any... hold on."

He got up and ran over to the door. The sound of the lock filled the room before returning. "Don't want the RA to interrupt us. And don't scream out, okay? Or moan loudly."

Ty nodded and clenched his ass.

"So, where was I... oh, yeah. Now, if you need me to stop, just ask. Okay? Trust me, I will pull out. Okay?"

Ty nodded again. He slid his hands up to his pillow and clenched it.

Lubricant squirted loudly.

Ty jumped at the sound and then forced himself to relax. His cock throbbed with anticipation, a rushing sensation coursing along its length as the blood pumped through it.

Matt's first touch was gentle. He pried Ty's buttocks apart and brought a soaked glove down the length of his crack. Globes of lubrication smeared along his inner thighs, adding the moisture already there. Drawing up, Ty's roommate brought two fingers against Ty's asshole and circled it.

Ty rolled his eyes up in his head and moaned.

"In the pillow."

Blushing, Ty pressed his face into the soft mound and moaned louder.

"Yeah, that feels good, doesn't it?"

Ty nodded, not trusting his words. He lifted his ass to give Matt more access to his tight hole.

Matt traced the line with his gloves and then pushed one finger in.

Ty tensed and then moaned again, his body trembling and his cock drooling into his mattress. He could feel the sticky fluid soaking his thighs, but couldn't stop lifting up into the finger that easily slid into his relaxed hole.

"Very nice," Matt breathed and added a second finger. The pressure rubbed against Ty's nerves, sending shooting pleasure coursing through his veins. He pumped in and out in time with his own deep breathing.

Ty clutched the pillow. His entire world was focused on the two fingers fucking him. He lifted his hips to meet the strokes and Matt's lube-covered knuckles smacked against his ass cheeks.

Matt added a third finger and pushed it into Ty's resisting body. He said nothing, but his deep breathing and the hard cock against Ty's hips said volumes. He stroked his other hand along Ty's back, strong fingers caressing the line of Ty's spine and down to his hip.

For a few minutes, they said nothing as Matt fingered Ty's ass. And then, Ty lifted his head. "Please? I'm ready."

"Okay," was the only response.

Matt pulled his fingers out and wiped them on Ty's blanket. He lifted his body and straddled his roommate.

Ty moaned and bit down on his pillow. He lifted his ass as Matt came down and then froze as the heavy length of Matt's cock rested against his ass. He could feel the latex condom along the length, but it was the heat and hardness that ripped another moan out.

Matt shushed him. "Now, tell me to stop if this hurts."

"Put it in, please?" Ty begged and lifted his ass in supplication.

Matt grunted and gripped Ty's hips. The heavy cock slid down, the tip tracing a damp line along Ty's spine until the large head rested against his wrinkled opening.

Ty whimpered softly and clenched his eyes closed. He begged silently for Matt to thrust it in.

Matt levered up and the head rotated until there was a straight line to thrust. Ty spread his legs further apart to give him more access.

And then it was there, pressed against his asshole and driving in. The lubrication and his own stretching gave little friction at first and the head squeezed in. Unlike the dildo, which Ty strained with, Matt's head was spongy and hard at the same time. It easily penetrated the hole and slipped inside.

Ty shuddered at the sensations and cried out into his pillow.

Matt froze. "Are you okay?"

"M-More," croaked Ty and pushed his hips back up.

Matt chuckled and thrust in, silencing Ty. He drew it back out and thrust it in, sliding an inch deeper with the second thrusts. Each movement was a ebb and flow: the massive cock slipped out before driving back in. It filled Ty completely, stretching his body but also sending bursts of pleasure ripping through his veins.

Ty's cock spasmed and he felt cum soaking the mattress. He strained to lift his hips to meet the thrusts, but it didn't matter. He had Matt's cock inside him and it was far better than he could ever imagine.

"Oh, fuck," gasped Matt. The larger man was thrusting deep and quickly, driving three quarters of his cock into Ty's willing body. The wet sounds of lubrication filled the room.

With every withdrawal, Ty clenched his buttocks to add to the friction. As Matt drove back in, filling Ty's ass, Ty spread his legs to get the large cock as deep as possible into his body.

Soon, Matt's balls were slapping against Ty's. The heavy thuds that ended every impact and thrust forced more cum out of Ty, adding to the pool soaking into his pillow.

Ty moaned loudly, shuddering with his orgasms and enjoying every inch.

"I'm going to come soon, okay?"

Nodding frantically, Ty pushed back.

Matt's fingers dug into his hips and the thrusting grew faster. Soon, it was a rapid-fire slapping of flesh and lubricant. The cock felt like it was driving into Ty's guts, but there was only pleasure as Matt bottomed out into Ty.

Ty moaned and reached down with one hand. His hand swam through the cum until he reach his cock. Gripping it tightly, he pumped it hard and fast. It hurt, but he didn't care. He was going to come one more time no matter what.

Matt drove faster, pounding Ty's ass with hard strokes and driving him into the mattress. A spring squeaked, but Ty couldn't find the words or desire to ask him to stop. All that mattered was the cock pistoning inside him.

With a guttural groan, Matt suddenly drove forward and burying his entire length into Ty. He shuddered and his cock swelled as he came. He gave a few hard strokes, driving it deep, and Ty could see he was thrusting with every spurt of his cock.

And then, it was over.

Matt slumped against Ty. "Fuck, that was good."

Ty nodded. He could feel tears in his eyes, but they were tears of pleasure not pain. He had finally gotten it in. And it was perfect.

*t'Sade*

# About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*



# About the Publisher

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