

# Command

*by Jay Philia*

“Soda,” said Rex. It was a command.

“Yes Daddy,” said Kyle, gliding to the kitchen.

Rex mashed the buttons of his video game controller. He lobbed a frag grenade, a molotov cocktail, and a series of f-bombs at his opponent. Victory.

“Here you go, Daddy,” said Kyle. He held a splashy pink soda can in his palm.

“Thanks, baby,” said Rex. He took the can and broke the top. Kyle held his hands behind his back as Rex took a deep sip.

“Mmm. Good,” said Rex, who set the can on the side table. Kyle sprinted to find a coaster, which he quickly placed underneath the can.

Rex stared at the flatscreen and mashed more buttons, using one hand to launch a new battle. He used his other hand to unzip his jeans and pull out his semi-soft cock.

Rex snapped his finger. Kyle crouched on his knees, smoothing out his French maid outfit. Crawling towards Rex, he kept the top of his head well below Rex’s line of sight. Kyle’s shoulders met Rex’s shins. Kyle sat up slightly and opened his mouth wide. He craned his neck and enveloped Rex’s shaft in his mouth.

Rex mashed buttons with one hand and gulped soda with the other. He belched and lobbed a grenade.

Kyle went to work, swirling his tongue against the circumcised bulb. Rex grew hard against the slimy sides of Kyle’s cheeks as Kyle bobbed his neck up and down. Rex blasted tear gas at an opponent’s face and precum down his submissive’s throat. Kyle squealed.

Rex started to sip more soda when it happened. His stiff cock grew. Kyle’s eyes widened as the shaft inched down his tongue. Rex dropped his controller. His character took a bullet to the face. Game over. Rex just stared at the soda can. A single splash of carbonated fizz leapt up. Rex scrunched his eyebrows. Kyle sucked harder.

“Babe, where’d you get this s—d’uhh...” Rex started to say. His cock swelled outward, girth pressing against Kyle’s pursed lips. More precum shot from his slit down Kyle’s gullet as Kyle moaned. Rex looked down and noticed his balls prodding the denim of his jeans. It hurt.

“Babe, these jeans, we’ve got to,” Rex started to say, and Kyle preëemptively obliged, undoing the button and pulling down at the waistband. Rex and Kyle shimmied off both the jeans and boxers.

Rex gasped. His testicles had tripled in size. Kyle cupped them in his hands, and Rex instantly jizzed.

“Guuhhh,” Rex breathed. It was the most cum he’d ever made. Kyle gulped it down hungrily.

Another spark of fizz popped up from the soda can, which Rex somehow still clasped in his hand. Rex stared at the soda and wrestled with a thought. Still hard as hell, Rex tipped the can to his lips and downed the rest. He belched and crushed the can, tossing it to the floor.

“Muuuhh,” Rex exhaled. In an instant, his cock began to extend further. The fat, throbbing bulb crept down Kyle’s tongue. The thickening shaft forcibly spread Kyle’s lips, like a mechanic jacking up a car. Kyle’s eyes widened more but he kept sucking. Rex’s balls wobbled outward, like twin, hairy grapefruits rapidly ripening.

“Ohh yeah,” said Rex. He squeezed fistfuls of couch cushions. He closed his eyes and jerked his head back. Another spasm of semen barreled down Rex’s shaft and down Kyle’s throat. Kyle swallowed, again and again. This load dwarfed the first, easy.

Rex’s shaft grew thicker as Kyle’s eyes bulged wider.

“Ow, ow!” Rex said with a jerk. Kyle couldn’t spread his jaw any further and sharp, pearly whites met soft, pulsing flesh. Kyle rose his head slowly and released Rex from his mouth. Kyle panted and drooled. Rex and Kyle locked eyes, then transferred their gaze.

Rex’s cock stood fully erect, thicker than a thermos and nearly as long. His nutsack straddled his legs, weighty globes that had grown to watermelon size. Kyle planted his lips against the globular masses of hairy flesh.

*Smeck, smeck, smeck.* Soft kisses, given feverishly.

Kyle then grabbed the shaft with both hands, strategically spreading the pooled precum. Rex closed his eyes and moaned. Kyle gasped as the phallus pressed against his palms in another spurt of growth. Kyle rubbed the shaft forcefully as it stretched higher and wider.

“Daddy’s growing *huge!*” Kyle squealed. He stroked feverishly: up, down, up, down, like a getaway driver of a handcar.

“Fuck yeah, baby,” said Rex. “It feels so good to gr-oooow!” he said, just as his cock launched forward in a staccato swelling.

Kyle had to stand to reach, his Dom’s penis towered so. Matching Kyle’s arm in length, the member’s girth approached that of their living room pouf.

Kyle wrapped his arms around Rex’s cock in a tight embrace, licking large swatches of the supple flesh with his cum-coated tongue.

“Rub my balls, baby,” said Rex. Rex’s eyes were as closed as his mouth was open. His arms were crossed loosely behind his head and covered in goosebumps.

“Yes Daddy,” said Kyle. The sub fell to his knees and positioned his palms on either hemisphere of the right testicle. He circled slowly, rubbing the fleshy, sweaty, hairy mass with passionate precision. He moved to the left nut and then placed a hand on each, rubbing rougher and kneading ever-so-slightly.

A sloshing, gurgling sound emerged from inside the nutsack, and Rex’s balls began to once again spread outward. Bigger and bigger the balls grew, and louder and louder the sloshing became. Kyle crossed his legs and closed his mouth, filling his cheeks with a howl.

“Daddy has so much cummy!” he exhaled with a scream.

“Stroke it babe, stroke me,” said Rex.

Kyle stood and hugged the shaft, rubbing with his whole arms, squatting up and down and moaning all the while, each stroke as visceral and satisfying as a penetration—for both of them.

“Oh, oh, oh, Uh, Uhh, GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUH!” Rex said. The straw-sized slit of his massive cockhead spewed forth a firehose of hot, sticky, semen, erupting like a geyser and blowing all the way to the vaulted ceilings of their loft apartment, splattering the wood beams with white cream. Kyle stuck his head towards the bulb and received a facial of hurricane-force velocity and volume.

Rex orgasmed for nearly a half-minute, arms falling to his sides at completion.

Great gobs of jizzum fell in fist-sized droplets from the ceiling, landing with loud *plops* on the hardwood floor.

Rex and Kyle locked eyes and breathed heavily. They both smiled, Rex’s face covered in sweat and Kyle’s covered in cum.

Rex stared at Kyle and wrestled with a thought. He made up his mind and grinned wider.

“Soda,” said Rex. It was a command. 💜