

Story by Anni Khayyam

### **Author's Note:**

Dear reader, Thank you for picking up Hourglass. This short story is a little gift from me to you — a window into the emotional and sensual worlds I love to explore through fiction.

Hourglass is about desire, touch, and the fragments of ourselves we leave behind in others. It's intimate, and hopefully, it lingers with you like the last grains of sand before the glass runs empty.

If this story resonates with you — if it stirs something, makes you smile, ache, or reflect — I would love to hear from you. Your feedback helps me grow.

You can reach me on [anni-khayyam.onepage.me](https://anni-khayyam.onepage.me) or on [X @AnniImagines](https://twitter.com/AnniImagines). Even a short note means the world.

With warmth and curiosity, Anni Khayyam

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# The Hourglass

His skin is warm beneath my palms. Smooth, relaxed, unguarded—he lies on his back, legs slightly parted. My knees straddle him, thighs hugging his sides, and I lean forward, working slow on his member. It's resting heavily in my palms, the soft flesh and skin feeling so warm and cozy yet powerful. He thinks I'm being generous. Attentive. Sweet.

But my mind is a knot of heat and guilt.  
Because I flipped it.

The hourglass. I did it the just before he stepped out of the bathroom.

It's sitting there now, perched like a silent god on the edge of the dresser, its narrow waist bleeding sand grain by grain. I can't hear it over the soft creak of the bed springs and his contented sighs, but I feel it running.

And the worst part is: I don't regret it. Not fully.  
Not yet.

He told me everything. Or almost everything. Right after sex—when our limbs were tangled and breathless and too exhausted to pretend—we lay there in the stillness, and he said, without looking at me: "Every time I turn it, it grows. Permanently." He didn't elaborate. Didn't need to.

Because I already felt what he meant.

I'd never seen anything like it. Not in photos, not in my deepest fantasies. Not in the weirdest corners of my late-night internet spirals. It wasn't just big. It was something else. Something impossible. And he carried it like a curse.

I can still feel the ache from earlier. The good kind. The stretched-open, mind-numbing, body-made-soft kind. I thought I'd be scared. I wasn't. I wanted more. And that scared me far more than his size did.

Now my hand traces lower. Feeling the wide base and how it slowly becomes wider. With every second that passes by his erection grows

up. Inch by inch it's expanding, stretching upwards. Will it stop at the size it was before or has it already grown?

I shouldn't have done it. I keep telling myself that. He trusted me. He let me in.

And still" I reached out. I flipped the glass.

Because some part of me—a deep, clawing, hungry part—needed to see. I needed to know. This thing was already a monster. Easily longer than my forearm.

The sand is still falling slowly. There's a lot of time left. I glance over again—barely the bottom of the lower chance is covered already. How long are we into this? Maybe five minutes. Maybe less.

I shouldn't be able to notice anything yet. But I do.

There's more grith in my hand. More mass, more warmth, a subtle newness to the way his member is pushing against my stomach. My hands grab the top now, fingertips pressing

gently into his flesh, feeling the pressure,  
shape, change.

Is it fuller? Harder? Or am I imagining it? God,  
am I imagining it?

He breathes deeply, arms behind his head, eyes  
closed. So relaxed. So unaware.

My thighs tighten against his body. I shift my  
hips slightly, under the guise of comfort, but  
really, it's to feel more. To lean closer into  
something that's growing, hardening, creeping  
up my torso.

I remember the way he looked at the hourglass  
when he told me—like it was a loaded gun, or a  
warning label he never expected me to read. He  
doesn't want to grow. He doesn't want to  
become more freakish than he already is.

But I do.

I feel sick and starved all at once. My mouth is  
dry. My palms are sweating.

This morning, catching his eyes across the coffee bar when we finally met. He looked quiet, self-contained, like someone with secrets. I noticed his hands first. Slim fingers. Gentle wrists. By lunch, we were talking like old friends. By evening, I was moaning into his pillow, stretched to the edge of my limits and still not full.

And now, here I am. Straddling him. Watching sand run. Watching him change.

He shifts slightly beneath me. A small grunt in his throat. "Mm" you've got magic hands, he murmurs.

My stomach lurches. He doesn't know. Not yet.

I almost stop. Almost. But instead, my hands slide higher. Gently, reverently. Reaching for his glans. Reaching at my cheek, where it already stands.

My breath catches. There. Yes. More.

The hourglass is nearly empty now. Just a few grains left.

I should stop. I should tell him. I should feel bad.

But all I feel is heat and awe and a hunger I don't know how to name.

He doesn't know yet.

But I do.

And I want more.