

Charlie Becomes

The Sign

Wind blowing through a large hole. A chilling, internal caress. That's it. That was the feeling in Charlie's Chest. He wasn't always so lucky to visualize his feelings. It was nice of his brain to let him see it whenever his eyes were closed. His jacket strings were pulled tightly into a choking hazard. His hood clung to his face as though it were a part of him. You wouldn't even be able to tell there was a Charlie in there. This pair of eyes peering out from the safety of its cocoon was indeed trying to protect itself. From what? Perhaps it was cold out, sure, but the air was as thick and misty as Charlie's sense of wrongness. He didn't know why the wind blew right through him. He just knew the hole was there.

Of course, even a grater of holes wouldn't stop Charlie from where he was going. He kept walking. Plip, Plap. Plip, Plap. Charlie's mind, for a moment, failed to come up with a thought. For the first time on this walk he was lucid. The wet cobblestone path covered in warm leaves, a pale all-consuming mist, the gentle yet grating buzz of the sign. Ah yes, the sign. He must be close then. You see, on a day like this, in a place like this, Charlie wasn't likely to come across very many people. This he considered lucky. In fact, the only proof of human life in this pale corner of cobblestone was the sign. It was a subpar work of graphic design. A yellow rectangle backlit by a stubbornly noisy light. It sat amidst a whole lot of nothing. It represented the only institution worth a damn to Charlie. As he approached, the vague yellow glow bore itself through the mist and became real. Unlike the people he hoped to avoid, it made itself clear and simple: "TOBACCO".

The front door looked like the gate to a heavily guarded cell. Despite this, it swung open easily. As it did, the bell above briefly sung out. Charlie hated this. This bell represented the climax of his routine to the tobacco store. A peak in anxiety. Now, hopefully, came the falling act. It was a dusty, beautiful store covered in warmly lit wood paneling. Each corner was packed to the brim with comfort, not to mention the vices. Among these vices was the one inseparable to Charlie. He tried his best to build a tunnel between it and him. He wanted the peering eyes in the corner to know he wasn't real. The woman, or was it a man(?), behind the counter was of no concern to him. In fact, he didn't want her, him, to exist at all. Nothing but the smooth hickory panels and- "Welcome in. Hey, have I seen you around here before?" Definitely, probably, a man's voice. Charlie ignored it as nearly-completely as he could muster. He grabbed a pack of imported cigarettes and limped over to the checkout. It was time to get this over with. The cashier began speaking again. "Hey, do you know of any places to grab a bite-" In moments like this, Charlie knew the exact change. He slammed it on the counter. In flooded, an iota of regret. The particular loudness of this slam actually managed to pierce his layers and briefly touch his embarrassment.

He reflexively darted his eyes up, and to the right. There was nothing in particular Charlie wanted to see, he just wanted to make it seem like he was busy (or something like that). The security camera his eyes landed on, however, carried the strong intention that he lacked. Effortlessly, it gazed upon him. He might not have even minded if it weren't for the presence of one of those mirror circle things. Deeply annoyed, Charlie began to think of why those mirror things even exist, but the thought wouldn't muster. It was interrupted by yet another recording device. The eyes of the cashier. Definitely, probably, a woman's eyes. Effortlessly, they gazed upon him. Through this eccentric middleman, they stared at each other for what was likely less than a second. Charlie was not used to direct eye contact (although perhaps technically this didn't count).

Regardless and possibly with regret, Charlie felt contacted by something alright. By the eyes, sure, but there was something else going on. It wasn't just the light bouncing off those pupils and into the mirror that trapped him in that moment. It felt like there was a person inside of him. Transposed through the waves, directly into his dead, cold satellite. "Beautiful, black lipgloss." These words shot through Charlie's mind. Perhaps they even exited his mouth. He didn't know, and he didn't care. He was outside, back in the blanket of mist, and that's what mattered. He pulled out what was to be the first cigarette of many that evening, and he gave it a light. Charlie leaned back, closed his eyes, and tried his best to relax. Wind blowing through a large hole. There it was again.

The Person Inside Charlie

There was something wrong with Charlie's crotch. Perhaps this newfound person living inside of him crawled alllll the way down into his pants. Charlie didn't want to think about it.

There were no mirrors in Charlie's bathroom. It's not that he hated how he looked, it was more like he didn't want to put in the effort of looking at all. As the brussels of his toothbrush scraped his gums, he noticed that his underwear was strangely tight. He thought, perhaps, he could go a day without underwear. Who was he trying to impress? Besides, he didn't want to think about it.

Everything else fit well enough. It was time to hit the cobblestone path. Beats of salty liquid tried their best to venture into Charlie's eyes. Why was he sweating? He knew it was quite cold out today. Perhaps he could have taken his jacket off, but it was probably best not to think about it.

Same wet rock, same all-consuming mist, same yellow sign. His routine was intact. That was, except for the strange, growing bulge above his legs. His waistband slowly started to fancy itself a torture device. His testicals ached and swelled up against his thighs in a way he had never noticed before. So what? Maybe it was true that the person inside of him was causing a ruckus down there, but the best way to deal with a delinquent is to ignore him.

Suddenly, Charlie got a bad feeling. Somewhere deep inside the recesses of Charlie's mind existed a small professor, you see. This professor is extremely smart, you see. In regards to this whole crotch situation, this professor (and his associates) were of the opinion that it was a ticking time bomb. Something was trying to get out. Even through the fog of his mind, Charlie's professor knew it was prescient that he got home asap. There was no way he was spending his night cigless, however. With record pace, he marched towards that ever present yellow sign.

The color of the tobacco sign grew strange. What happened to the friendly yellow? As he approached, it shifted into more of a sick, judgemental yellow. Its glow no longer felt gentle. It felt confusing, frustrating, and hazy. Something was seriously wrong, but those cigarettes were worth braving anything for.

The Incident

The front door looked as though it might be a locked gate to hell. Charlie could feel something rapidly unfurling, snaking, stretching, tightening down his right pant leg. The bell violently cried out for help.

The cashier had beautiful earrings. He hadn't noticed that before-

He could barely keep his eyes open from all the sweat. His hand careened towards the box under the sickly yellow light, and his body followed.

The cashier's lipstick was purple this time. Charlie liked it-

The thing he didn't want to think about burrowed its way into the space behind his knee. He gripped the cigarettes hard enough to damage the goods. That was of no concern. Charlie demanded his legs escort him to the counter, and, to their credit, they tried their best. Perhaps if Charlie were anything like the camera in the corner of the room, he would have picked up on the obviously and completely visible outline formed from the desperate clinging of his pants onto the tube that now kissed his ankle.

As his pants contorted, pulled, and stretched against his legs, he found a strange unwanted pleasure from a strange unwanted stiffness. After a step from the left one, it came time to desperately bend his right leg in order to continue this doomed journey. Eventually, he gave up. Charlie might have found disappointment in his trusty leg, but he would never give up on imported cigarettes. As though he were in a one-person three-legged race, Charlie awkwardly hobbled his way across the tiled floor. He was no longer in a store with a yellow sign that read "TOBACCO". Charlie was in lights, colors, shapes, and an overwhelming feeling between his legs that he did not have the processing power to hate, much less comprehend. In fact, the feeling was pretty good. In the last three seconds, Charlie got very friendly with the sound of his heart. With each beat came a wave of warm, hard, fleshy stiffness that took its time traveling, pressing, and pulsating against his leg. It was an uncontrollable, beautiful thing. It was about to tear his pants in half.

The cashier's beautiful eyes were completely wide op-

"DUDE. Are you okay!?"

Once again, Charlie ignored them. The cashier's voice might as well have been music from the

speaker above. The cashier might as well have been a black hole. The cashier might as well have been a beautiful angel here to take him aw-

Charlie collapsed on the floor.

It's Time to Wake Up

Closed, dusty blinds. This was the first thing Charlie saw when he opened his eyes. "Why would the blinds be closed? It's already dark out." Charlie spoke these words aloud. His voice was incredibly coarse and untrained. It was very unusual for him to speak, but, for these crucial first moments of the rest of his life, it didn't feel so unusual. Something *was* strange though. He didn't recognize the ceiling above him. This wasn't his house, and it was missing the warm yellow glow of the tobacco store. Those were the only two places that felt like home to Charlie, so he supposed he mustn't be home. This thought didn't bother him too much; however, something definitely *was* bothering him. Charlie unconsciously tried pulling his knees together, but he couldn't. There was something between them, like an extremely dense yoga ball. That is when Charlie noticed the incredibly large and incredibly comfy blanket. It was hand stitched and entirely foreign to him.

He traced the topology of the blanket. Starting from where it met his lap, his eyes wandered across its strange patterns. Whatever it was covering, whatever was between his legs, it was large. In fact, there was a second blanket. It looked store bought, but it was comfy enough. It was puffy, red, and extremely smooth apart from its corner, crumpled against the tobacco shelves. Oh, the tobacco shelves. I suppose it was the tobacco store after all. Perhaps, although he felt entirely comfortable, Charlie was home. Still though, what was with those blinds? He just couldn't wrap his head around it. "What would a tobacco store have to hide?" He thought to himself.

As the blood finally finished racing back to his head, Charlie remembered the problem he was trying to solve. He remembered his knees. Finally, decisively, he went to have a look at the incredibly dense yoga ball between his legs. There were no thoughts from Charlie after lifting up that hand-stitched blanket. Just the immediate realization that, somehow, impossibly, he could *feel* the other end of the store. This mass between his legs, it was a part of him. His penis was so large in fact, it was now *the* part of him. Charlie laid the blanket back down.

For a while, Charlie tried to rest, or sleep, or do anything besides engage with his thoughts. They became strange, the thoughts. Thoughts of rushing warmth, thoughts of stroking, thoughts of black lipstick. Thoughts of the large, pillowy balls underneath his curled legs draining into an ocean of cum. He could feel so much more than he could before. How novel it was, to be pressed up against one fourth of the tobacco store at once. In a way, he felt closer to his second home more than he ever had.

After about an hour of laying, Charlie got a little restless. He experimented with bending his legs. He thought perhaps he might bend them in some new, exciting way that could let him walk. The feeling of his thighs and feet pressing and rubbing up against his trunk quickly became unbearably pleasurable. Even Charlie had enough tact to avoid cumming in a situation like this. With the size his balls were at, who knew how much the cum to store ratio might change? Maybe walking was out of the picture, but perhaps he could at least have some cigarettes.

Using four of his five limbs, Charlie pushed and pulled and pushed and pulled. Progress was slow but sure. After a solid five or so minutes, he finally managed to pull up to the nearest shelf. They weren't his favorite, but they'd do. Although his pants were nowhere to be seen, it was a grace from god that his jacket, and therefore his lighter, were still glued to his person.

Finally, FINALLY this would all have been worth it. Click. Click. Charlie was getting nervous. Click. A small flame appeared. *Whew*. He didn't notice it, but as he took that first drag his legs tightened. A little something leaked out of him, across the room. He couldn't help it. There was that embarrassment again. Whatever, another drag. Click. Click-
"Oh.. Hey. You're awake!"

This was the scariest moment of Charlie's life.

"Listen I get you don't talk much, but if you have any idea what this... Condition of yours is..."

The person formally known as cashier furled their adorable face.

"Just tell me what is going on so I can help you. God. This feels like a dream."

Charlie had a hard time remembering dreams, but for some reason he agreed. This did feel like a dream.

"Oh geez, um. I'll clean that up."

Their eyes-

"Oh where are my manners! My name is Houston. Sorry we had to meet in such a... way."

Houston's eyes had caught the "small" mess Charlie's dick made. For some reason, he felt slightly less embarrassed.

Houston

Houston had to keep a tidy store. After all, it wasn't really theirs. Their landlord was set to check up on the place tomorrow, and now they were stuck with a giant dick making a mess of the place. They grabbed a towel and pulled away the red, puffy blanket that their mother gave them. The giant dick seemed different from when the strange man sitting on the floor first went to sleep. It was more active, more alive. *Badum. Badum.* They could hear a deep, strong beat pulse through it. It was as though it were an antenna broadcasting whatever was in that little man on the floor's heart. They placed their left hand on the shaft to steady themselves, and prepared to use the towel in their right hand to soak up the precum.

As they began rubbing, Houston was in awe at just how monstrous this thing had become. Without thinking, Houston gripped the hole with all five fingers and began rubbing the towel along its edge. It was then that they realized the nature of what they were cleaning.

“Oh my. Um, sir, is this okay? I mean are you okay with me touching it like this?”

The little man on the floor slowly craned his neck up and down, and his clinging hood followed.

Badum. Badum. Badum. His heart beat picked up as Houston continued wiping up the clear fluid. There was just, so, so much of it. So much of him. They wanted to kiss it. They wanted to hug it. They wanted to-

“ummph~”

Did the little man on the floor just moan? Oh god, maybe this was too much. Sure, there was a giant dick taking up *their* (landlord's) building, but that didn't mean the little man attached to it didn't exist. Houston cleaned up the last of the mess, and decided to see if they could get this little man to talk. Surely they had some common ground. It was likely a mutual interest to get this particular giant dick out of this particular tobacco store after all.

“I'm gonna brew up some tea, I'll be right back.”

As Houston left the room, they forgot to put the red blanket back.

The Tower of Babel

Charlie's nose peaked out of his hood, and perched itself above the warm herbal beverage. For the first time, he noticed Houston's leather jacket. He thought it was cool. “It's lavender.” Houston said, snapping Charlie's attention back to the tea. Most of the sitting space in the room was rudely occupied by Charlie's extremity, so Houston took the opportunity to squat right up next to the hooded man.

“You aren't gonna be able to drink that with your hoodie on. If you've got acne or something don't sweat it man. We've got bigger fish to fry here, or, I guess, one really big fish. A whale? Sorry I probably shouldn't be joking.”

Something sort of almost like a smile grew under Charlie's hood. He raised up his left hand and awkwardly forced his face through the clenching gap. His hoodie formed a tightly squeezed ring around the contour of his face. A small bit of his hairline was visible. It was blonde and of indeterminate length. His lips were pale and sharply creased, though they seemed to grow a warmer complexion when united with the tea mug.

“So dude, here's the situation. I've got no idea who you are really, and I have no idea how this is even possible. All I know is that my landlord is coming over here tomorrow, and I need this place to be spotless. I figured maybe we call the fire department and the hospital-” Before Houston could continue, Charlie chimed in.

“No.”

It was the first thing Charlie had said to another human being in weeks. Houston paused for a moment, processing his unexpected communication, before continuing.

“Ooookay, well I'm not sure how else-”

Once again, Charlie had something to say.

“I don't like people. I don't like hospitals.”

Houston was at a loss. Clearly this guy needed therapy, but, even more than that, Houston needed a dick-free tobacco store. Once again Houston paused, and their eyes rudely drifted

back towards the giant penis in the room. They thought of the little man's nod and what he had let them do before.

"Hey, uh. Did you, like, enjoy what I did back there?" They gestured towards the giant penis tip approximately eighteen feet to their right. Y'know, the tip of the eighteen foot penis? You couldn't miss it. It was the one only partially covered with a red, puffy blanket. "With the towel?" Houston continued before deciding to rip off the bandage. "I have to admit I was uh, enjoying it myself. It's quite a monster you've grown there, seriously. Anyway listen, I figured maybe, I mean. These things are longer when they're excited right? Maybe we just gotta deal with it. Make it easier to manage, y'know?"

Charlie was listening, and he was blushing.

For the third time, Charlie spoke. "Okay." Perhaps he could only muster that single word "Okay.", but inside of him something was happening. Something big. A forest of butterflies, a nuclear bomb, the fires of hell, the gates of heaven. Whatever it was, it dwarfed his aching, throbbing mass.

"Oh really!? Oh that's great! Okay. Okay. Um. Let me think. Okay yeah, I'm gonna be right back! I've gotta plan this out."

An excitement Houston wasn't expecting rushed out from within them as they got up, over the giant dick, and out the door.

Climax

Once again Charlie was alone. For the first time after waking up, he thought about his life. What was he going to do with this big fucking dick? The pleasure was undeniable, but this series of events was, perhaps, the worst thing that could happen to a hooded man who hates attention. "A wheelbarrow.", he thought. "A wheelbarrow would do the trick. It wouldn't be ideal, but I could sell pics online, buy cigarettes on amazon, and use a wheelbarrow to get around the house." Charlie felt like he had figured it all out. He once again felt comfortable to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, just as he always had. But what of the *thoughts*? What about the *lipstick*? The tea was nice as well. He began to gently rub at the base of his shaft. It was like a smooth, fleshy rock. Once again, the situation felt unbelievable. Could he really go back after looking into their eyes? Perhaps the cashier was nice, but were they as nice as the silence?

The bell cried out in laughter. "I'm back! Okay. Okay. So, I've got this GUH-" Houston slammed down a heavy bottle of clear liquid. "-big fuckin, bottle of lube. And. And. I've got this kiddie pool! I was trying to think of what could catch your uh. Semen as much as possible. You are definitely too big for any earthly condom." Houston spent the next five or so minutes blowing up the pool. Once that was done, they approached the man's tip once again and prepared to lift. "Hey, what's your name by the way? I feel like I should know the name of the man who's given me the most memorable night of my life." Houston asked this, half expecting Charlie's blank gaze in response; however, his response was immediate. "Charlie."

“Oh Charlie huh? GUAHH-” Houston remembered to use their legs to prevent Charlie’s penis from crushing their spine. “I think. Hu- hu- I think I have an uncle named Charlie.” Houston was nearly winded by the weight of this beautiful, wretched thing on their shoulders as they kicked the kiddie pool into place. SLAM. Charlie’s tip plummeted into the pool, kicking up dust, and putting the embarrassing “exact change” incident of yesterday to shame. A rush of warmth ran up to Charlie, and he took another sip of his tea.

“Alright then. I guess uh, lets get started. Checking one last time. I don’t like to be shy, so I’m just gonna go for it if you give me the word.” Houston spoke with an inviting, serious gaze. Their hand was readied on their jacket. “Do it.” Charlie strapped in. In an instant, Houston pulled their short, leather jacket off revealing nothing more than a white tanktop underneath. POP. The lube was open. Charlie’s eyes watched curiously as Houston poured a small pool of lube into their left hand. “What was their gameplan?” Charlie thought. His question was quickly answered as Houston began to rub the slick, slimy liquid all over their upper torso as if it were soap.

Wordlessly, Houston walked up to Charlie’s shaft and caressed the top half of it with their right arm. Back and forth, back and forth. It felt like a big, concave slip’n’slide. “How’s that?” Houston was straight to business. If they were getting Charlie out of here by tomorrow, they had to evaluate and adapt their strategy. Charlie didn’t say anything, but his clenching legs and squinting eyes filled out Houston’s survey well enough. Badum. Badum. “Alright, good. Let’s get this baby purring.” Houston tried to keep a playful, professional attitude, but inside the mask was slipping. It was when they wrapped their other arm around the bottom half of the shaft that they lost themselves. “Ugh~” Moaned Charlie. “Oh fuck.” Houston spoke under their breath.

It didn’t take long for Houston to cease being a person. They became an engine. Writhing, hugging, kissing. They pressed themselves up against the big fucking dick. Charlie’s heartbeat physically pressed in and around Houston. They wanted to writhe with it, they wanted to become one with it. Houston jumped on top of the mass, gripping it with every limb and digit they could muster. They licked it, they sucked on it, they did everything they could to be inside of it, for it to be inside of them.

Charlie’s feet were resting atop his massive balls. His thighs shivered violently into the base of his shaft to the rhythm of his heart. His toes curled up, clenching and gripping onto his silky testicular skin. His arms, he didn’t know what to do with his arms. One moment he’d be covering the heavy, warm breathing from his mouth, the next he’d be desperately, fruitlessly trying to grab as much of his shaft as he possibly could. His body rocked back and forth as the quake of his churning balls shot up through his bones and nearly deafened him to any outside noise. He felt the warm, insurmountable hydraulic system inside of him slowly push buckets and buckets of bodily fluid through his shaft.

As the rumble of passing liquid passed under Houston, the critical part of their brain flickered back on. They un-suctioned themselves from Charlie’s lipstick-stained tree trunk and

turned their gaze towards the inflatable pool. It was just as they feared, it was nearly filled already, and it was all precum. Charlie froze, unable to move or think, and began to periodically twitch in waves of residual pleasure. "Sorry Charlie, hold on." Houston reassured him. They once again adorned the towel and headed over to the tip to give it their best shot.

Once again, Houston gripped the rim of the tip with the towel and began to rub. Charlie kept on twitching. "Please~" Charlie yelped. Welp, that was it. It was fun while it lasted. The critical part of Houston's brain was officially out of commission. With both arms, Houston grasped onto either ridge of the tip, forcing it open as wide as they could muster. They opened their mouth and bore their face as far and as deep as they could into the glorious hole. From all angles warm, stiff, squishy mass fought back against their meager skull. Houston barely managed to reach their tongue along the slick edges of this tunnel, but barely was good enough.

As Houston pressed and kissed and licked and hugged, Charlie shriveled up into a ball. He put his arms down by his hips and grasped onto the stretchy, silky skin of his tremendous sack. He used this leverage to pull his upper torso to the base of his shaft and started to kiss and lick and hug and suck wildly and indiscriminately. His body rumbled and ached to and from any angle you could imagine. BADUM. BADUM. BADUM. BADUM.

A moment of silence for Charlie's virginity.

One final quake rumbled the room around them. Within him, a pressurized river of warm, gooey liquid was pushing, and pushing, and pushing its way out. It was so thick that a small bulge traveling along the outside of Charlie's shaft could be used to translocate its exact position. Houston's mouth was like the tip of a finger attempting to cover a faucet. They guzzled and guzzled ten times their daily allowance in an instant before being hosed into the shelf behind them. Charlie's eyes rolled into the back of his head, and his body grew limp.

When his eyes refocused, he saw Houston smiling. This was a confusing sight, as it seemed like his penis had just destroyed an entire wall of his favorite stock. Houston was using the towel to wipe off as much cum as they could off of their entire body. One of their earrings was missing, and their purple makeup was smeared. "Four shelves. Not ideal, but I can manage it." Houston was trying to be pragmatic again. "It seems like you're down to sixteen feet now. I'm sure it'll get small enough to manage soon." Charlie wanted to say something. Something that wasn't a response. Something that could be his. "That was beautiful." He said. Houston took a few breaths before responding. "Oh. Yeah! It really wa-" "You were beautiful." Charlie interrupted.

Houston threw their towel onto Charlie and gestured for him to rub some slime off their back. "Thanks, Charlie. I mean, you couldn't really see me from over there, but I appreciate the sentiment-" Houston began, before Charlie interrupted once again. "No, I mean, yesterday."

“Oh...” Is all Houston said. Charlie’s anxiety hung in the air for a moment before Houston turned around for a hug. “You know, I don’t get a lot of customers here. I was hoping to ask you for a bite to eat the other day.” Charlie tried desperately to remember anything Houston might’ve said to him on that evening, but he couldn’t. “Listen, don’t sweat it. I can see you are a really shy dude. Maybe you should consider a change, though. I mean, I don’t know how that is gonna work out now that you’ve got the biggest dick in the entire world.”

Houston was right. Charlie *did* have the biggest dick in the entire world. Houston was maybe, probably also correct about the whole needing to change thing. Charlie stared into Houston’s eyes for a moment. No middleman needed. The light was bouncing directly off their gaze into his. It was then that he noticed something. His feet could touch the ground again! His balls had shrunken, each to about the size of a basketball. His shaft was now a measly nine feet long. Houston mirrored his gaze and turned their head towards the shrunken mass. “Alright, we gotta act quick before this thing stiffens up again.” Houston was a natural leader. They stood behind Charlie and placed each hand under his armpits. “Alright, one, two-” Houston pulled Charlie up to his feet. “Hey! Look at that!” Houston exclaimed.

“Oh, don’t forget this.” Houston walked behind the counter and grabbed Charlie’s lighter. It slid across the floor during Charlie’s relief, and Houston, pragmatic as always, made sure to keep a mental note of the noise they heard traveling across the floor. They held out the lighter and gestured for Charlie to come get it. One step after another, he dragged his person-sized member across the floor in a desperate struggle to reacquire what was rightfully his. Displeased with this pitiful display, Houston once again decided to step up. “Hey I’ve got an idea.”

They hoisted Charlie’s dick up onto their shoulder and then passed the torch onto Charlie himself. Charlie’s torso slumped down slightly as the weight of his shaft was granted to his hands. His eyes studied the topology of his new dick, and he noticed a bunch of tiny purple lipstick markings. He straightened himself back up and slung his member over his right shoulder. It was heavy, but just like that he could walk with relative ease. “Thank you.” Charlie said.

“Alright, one last thing.” Houston wrapped the red, puffy blanket around Charlie. “This will keep you decent. Do you think you can get home?” Houston asked. Charlie nodded his head. “Alright, good. My landlord is coming over in 4 hours, and I need to clean up the cum-half of the room!” Houston graciously opened the door and gave Charlie a pat on the back. Charlie walked up and hugged Houston. Well, it felt more like Houston and Charlie were mutually hugging Charlie’s dick, but it was nice. “Hey, maybe I’ll see you tomorrow? Ideally in a bigger room than this one.” Houston laughed gently.

Charlie walked out the door. There was no fog today. The yellow rim of the sky promised a beautiful sun. The wind hit Charlie’s back.