

## Trailer Park Pussy

Junior and his brother Ray were not unaccustomed to the random gawking of strangers. They were taller than most - coming in at an identical six feet and three inches. Their backs were broad, and their biceps bulged. Their bodies were rigid with muscle and toned from their strict diets. Their dedication to the bodies could be verified and seen from just a single look. The air around them pulsed with an impression of manliness; their backs were constantly erect, their shoulders squared, and their heads held high. Their confidence was astonishing, and they walked a tight rope of delusion in how the two brothers saw themselves. But it wasn't their ego, or their muscles, or their traditionally handsome features that drew the weirdest of stares.

It was their buttocks that drew the severest of gazes. While their shoulders stretched to an astonishing 45 inches wide, their cheeks had been augmented to an obscene size of 60 inches. Since puberty, the two brothers had been addicted to changing their bodies since a man walked into their gym with the largest ass they had ever seen.

The man trekked into the gym in the skimpiest of tights and the barest of tank tops. The front of his tights showed the slightest bump while the back looked ready to explode at a moment's notice. They watched how he worked out, seeking the heaviest weights and the routines with the compromising positions. The way he squatted, lunged, bent, and twisted, every turn seemed to bring attention to himself. They watched in awe as every person fawned over him, commented on his body, and fluttered towards him like moths to a flame. The sheer size of him became the definition of manliness for both of them, and they pledged to do anything to become like him. Ray and Junior followed him into the locker room, much like several other brave men. The brothers hid around a corner as the obscenely unproportioned man undressed and revealed a lacy thong. The fabric was taut as it wrapped around the roundest part of his ass. And when the man turned and proudly showed off the smallness of his bulge, Junior and Ray knew what they had to do - what they had to become.

For their 16<sup>th</sup> birthday, they had asked for implants. It was an unheard-of request from a male teenager, but their father - being a man with a powerlifting background - knew the addiction for size and satiated his boys' needs. His acquiescence to his son's first request only allowed them to ask and plead for more. Larger implants, heavier doses of steroid injections, adjustments to their hormones so their asses would grow and their cocks would shrink so that they could be like that man who they never saw again. But what they wanted for most in the world, more than anything, was silicone. The doctor they found only would allow so much to be injected into the young stud's bodies, so they turned to the streets and the doctors, who much like them, were addicted to the growth and the transformation of their bodies - even going as far as testing and trying no supplements. They needed to grow themselves and were eager to try anything.

Their addiction to size outweighed the rest of their lives, forcing them even out of school and ending their academic careers midway through their junior year. It wasn't like they actually attended their classes or even paid attention when they decided to appear and squeeze their overgrown bodies into their assigned seats. Every few weeks, when they would show, they would be even larger than before. Their asses, swollen with whatever they recently injected or implanted into their bodies. Teachers, students, and parents alike all took note of their size. Some were even ballsy enough to ask for a feel.

Men and women both clamored for a feel, and the brothers were eager for their adoration. Neither of them was gay - or homos - as they preferred to refer to them. They called themselves Alphas. They saw themselves as the peak of manhood and strength, but from the outside, looking in at the two brothers. People saw what they did to be rather gay. They enjoyed the way that men touched and worshipped them. They saw the lust in those men's eyes as inspiration to grow and continue to change.

So, when the two brothers were approached on the basketball court that sat across the street from the trailer park where they lived, they were not surprised.

\* \* \*

Ray and Junior played for nearly an hour under the hot afternoon sun. Sweat dripped from every pore of their body, covering their skin and soaking into their clothes. Their rough movements caused their augmented body parts to jiggle and bounce within their scandalous clothes. They were mid-through when a voice called out to them.

"Excuse me!" The voice echoed around the courts, distracting the brothers. The ball flew past Junior - the younger of the fraternal twins, and slammed into the rusted fence surrounding the basketball court. "Sorry!" The voice called out again as a person appeared on the opposite side of the fence. The two brothers turned to the voice and saw a man dressed in a pink shirt and a pair of skintight jeans. His hair was obviously bleached, and his dark roots had begun to show. His stance, his choice in clothing, and

The brothers snickered at the sight and shared a mental thought.

*Homo.*

"I just saw you two playing and couldn't stop myself from coming over and saying something to you too. I know this is a little forward but are you two gay?" The stranger asked.

"Fuck no!" The two brothers shouted in unison. Anger layered their voice and caught the stranger off guard - especially with how the two trailer trash boys were dressed.

Their hulking bodies were draped in what could only be described as scraps of fabric. A thin stringer hung across their upper bodies. The straps were barely a strip of cloth, and the front bowed exceedingly low. The bulk of the material gathered around their waist. The straps hung loosely across their heavy pectorals and offered only coverage over their nipples. The shocking tank top gave way to the shortest pair of denim shorts imaginable. The once respectable pair of jeans had been stripped, cut, and tailored to resemble something closer to a thong and an actual pair of shorts. The bottoms were cut so that they would stretch across each cheek at an angle before the denim found its way into the deep sweaty cracks of either man. Though the denim jeans looked had the appearance of a thong, that did not stop either brother from wearing their favorite poser and showing it off. The sides of the mesh thong were hiked high on either side of their trim waists, showing off their thongs proudly instead of hiding.

"Oh," the stranger said, clearly caught off guard by their answer. The stranger chewed on a thought for a brief moment and then spoke again. "Well, this may be a weird request or offer. But are either of you in need of a job?" The brothers looked at each other and shared a look of confusion before turning their stare back to the stranger. "I'm sorry - I'm just a little frazzled. Hold on, let me come around, and I can formally introduce myself." The visitor dashed around the fence and approached the two men.

"Ooo," the stranger said as he caught a whiff of them. Their sweaty bodies radiated a manly stench of unwashed bodies and vinegar - of clothes that had not seen soap but instead washed with sweat and pushed deep the crevices of these men. The odor was intense and erotic in the same way, and the stranger looked up and down their bodies, searching for the origin of the smell.

Was it their pits?

Was it their crotches?

His eyes roamed over them, wondering what would emit such a horrific yet enticing smell. But as his eyes moved lower, he found it. Their worn Nikes were little more than straps across their massive feet. The gray had darkened from the sweat that had pooled within their shoes, and from what the stranger could see - neither of them were wearing socks. Holes decorated the tops and the sides of the shoes,

causing the stench of their feet to invade the surrounding area and call on the submissives who wished to worship the smell. The stranger paused as if restricted by an invisible wall of alpha scent. The brothers laughed as they caught the stranger taking another, deeper sniff and moaned. His hands covered the bulge that began to grow within his skintight jeans. They both know what he smelled. Little did the stranger know; the brothers loved their stench just as much as their new acquaintance.

“Smell good?” Ray asked the stranger as he lifted his muscular arm and took a deep whiff of his sweaty armpit. “Smells like man. Don’t you agree?” Ray asked before he returned to his pit and openly dragged his tongue along his muscular sides, paying special attention to the wet areas of his pit. The stranger stood silent. “Oh, not into pits? Then I guess I know what you’re really after.” Ray lifted his muscular leg and kicked off his shoe, tossing it to the side. Sweat dripped down Ray’s manly foot and onto the ground. The smell intensified in ways that the stranger could not understand. Ray pointed his foot towards the man and wiggled his toes. The slight movement wafted the odor towards him. The stranger inhaled deeply as his mouth fell open at the offer. The large sweaty foot hung in the air and drew the stranger closer. The thought of pressing his face into the sole and letting the sweat wash over his senses made his cock hard and his brain foggy with lust.

“Stop teasing the fag!” Junior said as he slapped his brother’s foot. “The homo is practically salivating at the scent. But let’s be honest, that fag probably couldn’t handle the taste of a real man” Junior lifted his brother’s leg and twisted him towards him. Ray’s leg bent upward and a sharp angle, revealing a very limber pair of hips. Junior pressed his nose into his brother’s foot and sniffed loudly. So loudly that the stranger knew it was only doing so to show off. Junior let out a grunt of enjoyment before his eyes shifted towards the stranger. “Fuck faggot! See, he’s already getting hard at just the smell. Bet he would cream his panties if he even got a taste.” Junior pushed out his unnaturally long tongue and dragged it along his brother’s sole. The stranger watched as the sweat was wiped from the bottom of Ray’s foot and eagerly ingested by his brother. “Hell yeah. Now that’s what a fucking man tastes like!” Junior grunted before he went back for another sniff and a swirl of his tongue. Junior’s hand drifted down to the front of his denim shorts, and for the first time, the stranger realized - their fronts were practically flat.

Not practically flat, they were flat.

The denim thong was plastered so tightly around their hips and wedged so profoundly within their crack; there would have to be at least a sizable mound within their front pouch. But none could be seen. The stranger wondered, what else had these brothers altered beyond their cheeks and knew even more so - they belonged at his club.

Junior and Ray caught the drool formed at the corner of the stranger’s mouth and chuckled once more.

“Faggot,” Junior cursed. “Now, what would a homo like you want with us to alphas?” Junior said as he lifted his arms and posed, showing off his arms and the sweaty pits. Visible droplets of sweat rolled down his body and were absorbed into the thong. Another scent was added into the air as Junior’s stench found its way above his brothers. Something akin to dirty feet and sex drifted into the stranger’s nose, furthering the clouding of his ordinary senses.

“Oh - um, sorry,” the stranger stuttered as he tried to sift through the sex and fantasy and right his mind. “Let me introduce myself. My name is Richard. I’m a talent scout for a club down the street.”

“Dick?” The two brothers smiled.

“Richard,” he corrected. “And what are your names?”

“I’m Ray, and this is Junior,” Ray said before he threw his thumb towards his brother.

“Nice to meet you both. I saw you guy’s playing and just knew you were exactly the type of . . . fresh talent that we need to bring in to keep us customers happy.”

“Which club?” Ray asked as he wiped some of the sweaty from his forehead and sucked it from his fingertips. He grunted at the manly flavor.

“Clits and Cunts,” Richard said. Junior and Ray pursed their lips as they tried to remember the club. There were so few of them in their small town, and it sounded like just the right kind of place they would frequent.

“Where’s it at?”

Richard laughed.

“It’s a little bit of a secret, but for those who want to find it can find a way to it,” Richard explained. The confused look shared by the brothers only increased by the lack of an answer that Richard gave them.

“What kind of girls dance there?” Junior asked.

“Well, it’s an all-male review kind of local,” Richard explained.

“So, it’s a faggot dance club?” Junior barked with laughter. Richard rolled his eyes. “Why would we want to work at some fag bar?”

“Well, at my “faggot dance club,” you can make \$500.00 a night if you are willing to do what it takes,” Richard dryly explained.

Junior and Ray stop laughing.

“\$500.00?” Ray asked. Junior and he had both been looking for a way to make money. However, it wasn’t easy to find a place where they would “fit in” or be given the allowance they needed to continue lifting and growing or the money it took to continue to augment their bodies.

“Sometimes more, if you are lucky,” Richard explained, nearly giddy with the devious thoughts of what happened at his club behind their velvet curtains. The brothers looked at each other and shared another thought before they turned to Richard.

“When do we start?” The asked eagerly.

They both weren’t so keen on the idea of working for a bunch of homos, but money was what they needed most. Silicone wasn’t a cheap obsession, and back-alley silicone was no different. Richard explained the start time and gave the address. He offered to supply outfits for the evening, but Ray and Junior both aggressively declined.

“We don’t need your faggy clothes,” Junior explained. “We can find something that can show off our bodies!” Junior turned to the side and flexed his quads which jiggled his ass up and down. The motion was smooth and hypnotic. The obscene combination of implants, silicone, and muscle tinged the normal movement with an erotic flavor that made Richard’s cock harden.

“Uhhh, see you two at 10:30. We will be busy tonight, so don’t be late!” Richard explained as he ran off the court, desperate to find a place to hide and milk his cock to the two brothers' vision and smell.

The brothers played basketball for another two hours, working up a heavy sweat before they decided to return to their doublewide and shared bedroom.

Their room was filled with a collection of used gym equipment, stolen medical supplies, and clothes specially tailored to their unproportioned bodies. Junior jumped onto their shared queen-size bed and watched as his brother stripped away his sweaty clothes and tossed them onto the floor. Their shoes ended up in a pile of sneakers that were all in a similar shape, worn, holed, and full of sweat. The accumulation of sneakers emitted a stench that filled not only the room but the entire trailer. Their father said nothing, seeing the stench as a sign of his boy's alpha status - much like his own pile of sweaty tanks.

"Damn, bro, you are getting huge!" Junior grunted as his brother posed in nothing but his mesh thong. He twisted and flexed in their tiny room, showing off his rounded muscles and his hairless ass. Junior lifted his brother's sweat tank and sniffed it, enjoying the manly scent. Ray bent over and pushed his ass towards his brother, filling the room with the smell that formed deep between his cheeks. Junior grunted again before he flicked his nipples. Ray pawed his cheeks, lifting and dropping them several times. The motion caused the scents to fill the room faster, and Junior groaned. "Fuck! Bro! We are men!" Junior said as he lifted his arm and pressed his nose into his hairy pit.

"Hell yeah! Just gotta get my ass up to your size!" Junior rolled over and pulled the denim shorts from his ass. Visibly, he struggled to get them over the roundest and showed off his matching thong.

"Maybe, work a little harder, and you can finally hit that 60-inch mark like me," Junior teased as he wiggled his ass back and forth. The difference in size was practically unnoticeable to anyone else, but Junior loved to tease his older brother about the minute difference in their cheeks. While Junior's ass sat at an even 60-inches, Ray's sat at 57-inches. But Ray did have a leg up on his brother - one that he loved to push in Junior's face.

"Work harder, my ass - we both know that you just got a few extra syringes last time we got a dose up of silicone." Ray turned around and thrust the front of his flat pouch towards his brother. "Now, this baby actually took some work!" He ran his meaty palms down the front, happy to show that only the slightest of bulges showed as he pressed the fabric against his groin.

While Junior's ass was bigger than his brother's, Ray's cock was even smaller. Ray took hold of the pouch and lowered it under his front, releasing his shrunken member. The shaft had wholly disappeared into his body. The head of his tiny uncut cock hung sat out of his body, while his sack had all but shriveled up inside of him with his testicles. With the quickest of looks, Ray would have been mistaken for a woman and a clit that looked ready to be played with or eaten.

"Now, this is a proper alpha pussy!" Junior growled.

"Hell yeah!" Ray shouted as he rubbed his man-clit. "But we gotta get moving. We have work tonight," Ray said before he turned back to their closet and dug to find the most outrageous of outfits. If they were going to work at a fag bar, they would walk in like alphas.

\* \* \*

The brothers walked up to the back of a supposed abandoned building, thinking Robert had tricked them. The building sounded empty, and there were no cars within the parking lot. As they approached the single door that sat along the brick façade, they were confident it had all been a joke at their expense. But when Junior knocked on the door and the door flung open, the brothers let out a partial sigh of relief.

"Password?" An oversized bouncer in an exceptionally tightly black t-shirt barked. The man's size caught Ray and Junior off guard, and the way his pectorals bounced so freely seemed familiar to them. Something about the way his pectorals stretched his shirt and hung so heavily from his body reminded them of the way their asses floundered about when they twerked.

“Richard didn’t give us a password. We are the new guys,” Ray said. The bouncer looked up and down at the brothers and nodded. “You butts look good. They real? he commented. The two scoffed at the compliment. “Perfect. Big silicone butts are what makes the most money, especially when you are dressed like that. You two will definitely make some good money tonight if you shake what the doctor gave you.” The two brothers laughed. They knew they looked good, and their outfits only made them look that much sexier.

Ray had chosen a pair of his favorite bright red sneakers, fishnets, a matching red thong. The underwear was crotchless, and his tiny cocks hung free. It shrunk slightly due to the cold night air. A fact that Ray bragged about while they walked from their trailer. For the cold air stole what little size his cock had. But while his lower extremities were minuscule and diminished, his upper body seemed as large as ever. He chose to go shirtless and wear only a pair of sparkly red pasties over his nipples. The two overly rhinestoned pasties covered only his nipples. Stones were placed along his pectorals further, emphasizing their size. Junior, on the other hand, went for more of a leather appearance. A shiny leather thong dug deep into the crevice of his cheeks while the pouch was cut free, giving a view of his cock. The few inches hung between his muscular thighs, looking more like an enlarged clit than an actual cock. Junior chose a pair of black pasties that were glittered instead of rhinestoned. The glitter was splattered against his chest, speckling over his muscular body as he shuffled. He completed his all-black appearance with a weathered pair of sneakers that looked ready to explode from the massive feet within.

“Y’all look like just the kind of guys the ladies like,” the bouncer said as he jiggled his pectorals back and forth. “Follow me.” The bouncer turned and walked further into the hallway. The brothers followed behind, realizing that the bouncer was pantsless as well. Plastered across the bouncer's heavy lower body was a pair of bright pink panties, and even lower down were garters stretched around his massive thighs.

“Fucking fag,” Junior said, laughing at the sight. “I can’t believe we are doing this,” Junior whispered to his brother.

“Bro, just one night, and we can get a few injections. But, of course, it's not like we are saying we will be here every night. Besides, I bet we could make more than any of these bitches here,” Ray responded as they stopped at a red curtain.

“Remember to behave tonight, gentlemen, and we can make this a more regular thing,” the bouncer explained as he pulled back the curtain, and the brothers were greeted by the bright lights of the main room as well as those who filled the room.

“Fuck,” they said in unison as they walked into the club. The club was packed! There was a significant stage in the center of the room, surrounded by women of all ages who threw dollar bills at the men on the stage. But it wasn’t the ocean of women that caught their eyes but the men who paraded themselves around the club.

Thongs. Pasties. Belly button rings. Tassels. Skirts. Bejeweled rings around their cocks. Every one of them was decked out in outfits that ranged from erotic to downright offensive. Each man strutted across the room with a confidence that nearly outshined that of the brothers. If their costumes weren’t to make the brothers pause, their bodies would have done it for them. Never before had either of them seen such size before, not since the man in the locker room. Instead, every man seemed to be augmented and transformed in one way or another; heavy pectorals that seemed more breast-like than pectorals, monstrous glutes that jiggled so erotically that the brothers felt a siring in their clits, and bodies shaped with so much muscle Ray and Junior were surprised that the men could dance as they were.

“You must be the new guys?” A man said as he wandered over to the brothers. The harsh smell of feet followed the man and caused the brothers to take a deep inhale, reminding them of their own scent.

“Yup, that’s us,” Junior said as he stepped forward. The man looked the two brothers up and down and crossed his biceps across his silicon-infused pectorals.

“Y’all aren’t fags are you?” The man asked.

“Nah!” They said together before they both posed. “Would a fag be alpha enough to wear something like this?” Junior and Ray turned to their sides, pushed out their respective asses, and received a quick slap of appreciation from the dancer.

“Great! We try to wed out them before they get on the stage. I’m Tom, by the way. Y’all need to ice up, or you good?” The brothers knitted their deftly crafted eyebrows together.

“Ice up?” Ray asked, confused by the question.

“YALL DON’T ICE UP!?! Jesus, do we just hire anyone nowadays?” Tom laughed. “Follow me; we will get you guys nice and ready.” Tom turned around and motioned for the brothers to follow him. He led them off to the side, behind the stage. The three stepped into a small room that was lined with small cubbies on one side and mirrors on the opposing wall. “This is where you guys can leave your wallets and phones. Nobody is gonna steal anything, scouts honor,” Tom explained before he walked towards a small freezer that sat in the corner. “And this is where we get the ice to make sure our cocks stay small like proper clits.” Tom pulled out a small chunk of ice and pulled down the front of his pouch.

“BRO! That shit is tiny as fuck!” Junior shouted. Tom beamed with pride. His cock looked slightly bigger than Juniors, but that said little about its size. His shaft was a little thinner than one’s pinky, and the head looked about the size of an eraser. Tom’s balls were shrunken down to practically nothing as they naturally tucked themselves beneath his cock, resembling a clit more than a man’s cock.

“Fuck yeah, it is. Been icing it for years to make this bitch tiny. You have no idea what a pain it has been to take my nine inches down to two inches. Those last two are the hardest ones to get rid of, you know?” Tom explained as he placed a cube of ice against his clit. The brothers watched as it pulled further into his body, hiding the two inches inside of himself until only the head of his cock was visible. “I gotta ice it every hour or so, or the guys on the floor joke me for having my cock out like some sort of fag.” Tom shivered once before he tossed the remainder of the ice cube into the nearby sink and looked at the brothers. “Y’all need one?”

Junior and Ray chuckled, and both pointed towards their exposed cocks. Their tiny clits remained small without the need for ice. They had hormones on their side.

Tom whistled in appreciation.

“I retract my earlier statement. Should have taken a look before I asked,” Tom laughed. “Y’all look well ahead of most of the guys. You didn’t hear it from me, but Brian has to tuck to make sure he doesn’t pop a boner,” Tom joked.

“What is he some kind of homo?” Ray asked as he pulled his underwear back over his clit.

“He denies it, but we all have our suspicions,” Tom explained. “But anyway, tonight, you two are going to be working the bar. It’s easy enough. You got your pussy shots, tit shots, nipple shots, all self-explanatory. Around midnight we will gather on the stage, and the ladies will pick out who they want for the champagne shower. So, make sure y’all turn on the charm. The guys who get to do the champagne showers typically get tipped the most. Last week when I did it, I walked home with over a grand.”

“What’s the champagne shower?” Ray asked as Tom led them back out to the floor.

“Where’s the fun in telling y’all our little games? Just have fun, and remember - the customer is always right!” Tom wandered off into the crowd of women, eager to make his money for the evening while the two brothers stood awkwardly at the entrance to the backroom.

“What exactly do we do now?” Ray asked.

“Do we just get on the stage?” Junior suggested as he stared at the few men who jiggled their obscenely large tits and asses at the leering women.

“The fuck you will,” a voice rumbled from behind them. “first, you need to pass inspection.”

Ray and Junior jumped in surprise as a heavy hand grasped their shoulders. Their chests and asses bounced in tandem as they were quickly spun around and found a bear of a man standing before them. His bearded-faced sneered down at them as he towered over them. His height edged closer to seven feet tall than six and weighed at least 300 pounds.

Dense muscles covered his already broad frame, and implants sat atop the muscle, giving an even more prominent appearance. Every inch of him seemed to be augmented, inflated, injected or implanted. His jaw, his biceps, his chest, his quads; this man was size incarnate. Bigger than anything either of the brothers had seen before and made them both swallow whatever snark remark about touching them. They stepped back and got a full view of the man. He approached them. He sidestepped through the doorframe and ducked down, his shoulders too broad to walk through like an average person. Only a tiny pink thong covered his lower extremities, but it appeared that the small amount of fabric was unnecessary. The straps dug into his overgrown hips. His ass cheeks flared away from his thick midsection, exploding into two heavy cheeks, visible even from the front due to their offensive size. He crossed his arms over his heavy stomach and bounced his pectorals as if he were an animal asserting dominance over the other boys.

But it wasn’t just the bear’s ass or chest that drew the brother’s eyes, but the nonexistent front of the man. The front of the thong was smaller than a napkin. It was utterly flat against his groin. No testicles or cock could be distinguished through the front and made the boys even more enamored by the man. He wasn’t just a man - he was an alpha.

“Wow,” Ray and Junior gasped as their eyes scoured over the man. Every inch of him was what they wanted to be and become. They watched the heavy slaps of meat, silicone, and implant bounce erotically at them.

“My thoughts exactly,” the man looked the two brothers up and down and nodded. “You two here to work?”

“Yes, sir!” They barked.

“Follow me,” the bear commanded. He turned agilely and walked across the room. The sea of patrons and dancers moved away from him, parting to the sides of him. Each person gawked at the man as he strolled through the crowd, and Ray and Junior were no different. They watched from behind as one cheek bounced with each stride. The implant bulged aggressively against the skin, pushed outward by the mounds of silicone that it sat upon. The way he walked made each implant cheek jiggle for a brief moment before he took his next step. They both enjoyed the way that the lines of the implant showed due to their overblown nature. They were even noting how the thong had been buried so deep within the crack of the enormous man that the strap could not even be seen.

“Who is that?” Junior asked his older brother. Ray shrugged his shoulders. “Next question, how do I get ahold of the doctor that did that to him - and have them do it to me?”

“Me second,” Ray joked. “Those cheeks are huge! And did you see -”

“His cock!” Junior interrupted. “Or lack thereof! Fuck. How did he get it so small?”



“Lots of years of shrinking,” the man called out to them as they followed him into a room with the words, Manager’s Office plastered on the door. The giant sidestepped into the room, and the brothers followed, both of them wishing that one day their hips and shoulders would be too big for doorways as well.

Someday, they silently thought. Someday.

The large room was unlike other offices they had seen. There was a small podium in the middle with large mirrors surrounding it. The walls held hundreds of thongs, along with masks, shorts, shoes, and at least two dozen toys. Tucked into a corner was a discarded desk covered in papers and stacks of cash. The brothers saw the money, but it was the collection of thongs that really caught their attention. A shelf ran around the circumference of the room. At least a hundred trophies overwhelmed the space. Bronzed caricatures of men sat on every pedestal. They posed with their oversized pectorals pushed out, their obscenely sized cheeks tilted towards the viewer. The detailed work on the statues was so intricate that the nearly flat groins of the men were evident in every trophy. It seemed that the men here weren’t only performers but also competitors.

Neither brother ever considered competing against the faggots that constantly stared at them at the gym, but after seeing the trophies - they wanted nothing more than to decorate their rooms with awards that attest to their manliness.

“Names?” The man growled as he stepped to the side of the podium and motioned for them to shut the door.

“Junior.”

“Ray.”

The man let out a grunt before he reached into a nearby drawer and pulled out a measuring tape.

“Whose first country boys?” Junior and Ray looked back and forth and answered the man’s question with confused looks. The man rolled his pink shadowed eyes.

“I have a standard of my club. Either you size up, or you’re out. That fucking fairy of a talent scout thinks that every guy with a big ass and a few CC’s of silicone,” the manager explained. “So if you guys want to be one of my guys, then get on the fucking podium, so I can ensure that my brand remains intact. So either one of you stands on here, let me measure you, or you both can get the fuck out of my establishment. Do. I. Make. Myself. Clear.”

Junior stepped forward.

“Perfect. I love a volunteer.” Junior strolled onto the podium. The manager pursed his lips and nodded.

“You look good,” the manager said as he unraveled his measuring tape and looped it around Junior’s body. The manager tightened it around Junior’s hips and let out a grunt of appreciation. “Sixty inches.” Junior flexed his buttcheeks, inflating them just enough so that the measuring tape needed to be released just a bit more. “Oh, my apologies. Sixty and a quarter inches. Such a perfect fake ass.” Junior grinned like a madman, content with the size. The man squeezed a cheek and then squeezed the second one. “Turn.” Junior obeyed. The manager looped his measuring tape around his neck and began to poke and prod Junior’s body.

The manager’s paws moved across Junior’s chest, squeezing and lifting each of his pectorals. His thumbs dug into the beefy pillows and grinned at the sight.

“I see someone enjoys a little silicone in other places as well.” His hands moved to Junior’s nipples and rolled the tips between his forefinger and thumb, forcing Junior’s nipples to go erect. “And just a little here, I see.” Junior laughed.

“More than just a little. Bitches don’t even have tits like these,” Junior said proudly. “Or faggots, for that matter.”

The manager nodded his agreement as he moved towards Junior’s lower half, pulled the measuring tape around his neck, pinch between the first few inches, and squatted down. From behind, Ray was gifted with the view of the manager’s massive cheeks as they spread apart, showing a puffy donut, split by the thong that pressed firmly into it.

“Hmm,” the manager said as he extended the tape measure further than he would have appreciated.

“What hmmm?” Junior asked as he peeked over his hefty pectorals and leered down at the bear who measured his cock.

“You ain’t a fag are you?” The manager asked as he pulled away and stood up.

“Fuck no! I ain’t no faggot! This body is 100% straight beefcake!” Junior turned around and flexed his back and clenched and unclenched his cheeks. “Would a faggot have an ass like this? Or be able to do this?” Junior bent over at his hips and bounced his ass so aggressively that it clapped together. The loud *CLAP CLAP CLAP* filled the room as Junior moved and danced to prove his heterosexuality.

“Okay, I got it. Just make sure you aren’t throwing any boners on my stage or your out,” the manager said as he slapped one of Junior’s cheek. “Off the podium . . . your show off.” Junior jumped off triumphantly, and the manager swatted his big ass one more time.

Ray’s inspection was nearly identical. The manager did hee and haw at the fact that Ray’s ass was just shy under the required 60 inches, but when he didn’t even need to measure Ray’s cocklet he allowed him to work within a second thought.

“That bitch is practically a clit!” The manager shouted as he flicked the head of Ray’s cock. Ray shook with a slight bit of pleasure before the manager allowed Ray to step off the podium. “Fuck, that cocklet can’t even get hard, can it?” Ray shook his head no. “You sure about that?” The manager challenged.

“Fuck eat it. See if it gets hard. Unless you’re a fag who’s afraid of an alpha cock like mine!” Ray dared.

“I ain’t no faggot!” the manager shouted back before he pressed his face into Ray’s tiny cock. His thin lips completely engulfed the tiny cock and chewed on the loose skin that hung from around the area where his cock should have been. The manager’s tongue lapped around the small head and thin shaft, searching the site for his balls but found only two bumps that had been pulled into his body.

“See, I ain’t no fag either. Bet not an inch of it is hard!” Ray bragged as the manager pulled away and licked the saliva from his lips.

“I’m proven wrong. Okay, gentlemen, the name’s Buck. I run a clean club here. No drugs. No girlfriends. No skimming of the tips. We pool them together at the end of the night and divvy them up. It’s an even split here. Do good, and you get a bonus.”

“How much is the bonus?” Junior and Ray asked at the same time. Buck laughed and walked over to a file cabinet and pulled out a clear bag. The brothers didn’t even need to be told what it was - they knew liquid gold when they saw it.

“Best dancer at the end of the week gets to share a bag with the other top performers.” Buck tossed the bag of silicone to the brothers. Their hands shot out to it at the same time, but Ray was quick. He squeezed the gel-like substance in the bag. Their holes twitched with the possibility of what this could do to them - could do for them. Before they became too eager with the silicone, Buck snatched it from Ray’s hands, tucked it back into his file cabinet, and locked the drawer.

“How do we become the top dancer?” Junior asked. His body vibrated with a need for the silicone, hungry for another injection. It had been weeks since his last dose of silicone, and he was desperate for it. Buck opened his mouth to respond but swiftly stopped at the sound of the MC speaking through the speakers.

“How’s everyone doing tonight?” The announcer asked. The room erupted into screams. “Alright! Well, ladies, you better get your bills out. Get ready for the hot, the spicy, the overgrown . . . ALEXANDER THE GREAT!” The room exploded with applause, cheers, and screams of excitement. Buck’s thin lips grew into a wide grin.

“Well, if you want to be the best - then you are gonna wanna catch a glimpse of Alexander.” Buck nodded out of the office. “Y’all go ahead. I need to go around and collect the tips. Nothing worse than a full pouch.” Buck walked out of a door located in the side of the room while Junior and Ray both walked out the way they entered.

The atmosphere of the dance floor had changed, the lights were low, the stage was empty, and everyone watched the curtain at the end eagerly waiting for Alexander.

When the curtain parted and Alexander stepped out, the brothers thought the room would go into an immediate cardiac arrest - the two included.

“Holy fuck, it’s him,” Ray gasped.

“It’s really him!” Junior shouted over the screams.

The man that set them on their journey stood right in front of them and was more extensive than ever before. They both thought back to the man at the gym and how big he appeared to them two years ago. He remained on their mind to this day. Certain nights, they couldn’t discern the difference between their fantasy and reality.

Was the man truly that large? Or did they just want him to be huge?

But seeing him stand before them, the brothers knew that they had vastly underestimated the size of the man.

“How’s it going, ladies?” Alex called out to the crowd as he strolled out onto the stage, one step in front of the other. He undulated his body in an overly sexual manner. With every step, his ass was thrust to the side and bounced erotically to the ground. He wore nothing but confidence as he walked out to the screaming crowd. His golden skin seemed to shimmer under the flashing lights of the stage. The brother’s eyes narrowed towards the center and saw what they dreamed of having one day - a perfectly flat front. The man had erased his male genitals in his quest to augment his body. His heavy pectorals bounced and jiggled like tits as he danced along the stage to the music. Two tiny triangles of pale flesh covered his nipples and stretched over his muscular shoulders. The alpha took hold of the pole erected in the middle of the stage and turned around. He turned his cheeks around and forced the pole between his ass cheeks. The depth of his crack was unimaginable as the pole wedged itself into the deepest parts of his buttocks.

“God, he’s such an alpha!” Junior grunted as he stared at Alex’s massive cheeks. The skin had been pumped so full of silicone that it had become lumpy and uneven. The dimpled sides and grotesque

size of his ass should have been off-putting to see, but everyone was hypnotized as they shook and bounced to the rhythm of the music.

“Don’t forget to tip, ladies! If you love what he’s selling, make sure he gets what he deserves!” The announcer commanded to the crowd, and bills began to fly.

Hundreds of dollars were tossed into the air as Alexander bounced and twerked on the pole. He spun and thrust his cheeks between the pole. It dug deep into his crack as he worked his cheeks up and down the pole. His sweaty hole moved pressed against the hole, leaving its sweaty taste in its wake. Alexander gripped the pole and lifted himself up, spinning midair in a circle. His body undulated and moved sensually, drawing the attention and the lust of every club member.

With the grace of a dancer, Alexander moved from the pole and slammed onto his knees. His ass slapped onto the ground with an audible *thud*. He bounced up and down on the floor, twerking his ass towards the edge of the stage. His horribly enlarged cheeks parted and showed off his slit of a hole. He leaned into the floor and pushed his fingers underneath his body, found his hole, and pressed into it. The women of the crowd screamed in lust as several of their hands disappeared into their clothes, pleasuring themselves as they watched Alexander’s fingers dig into this hole. The heavy scent of sex and feet erupted from Alexander as he danced and hypnotized the two brothers, urging them to come forward.

A memory waded its way through the brother’s memory, summoned by the sight of Alexander’s perfectly manly body. The night of their first injections.

*“Just do it!” Ray shouted to his brother. Junior clumsily held the needle as he stared at his brother’s muscular ass cheeks. They had grown exponentially since that day at the gym, but the size they coveted could not be granted by natural means, and they accepted it. They bought the silicone online, watched videos on injecting it, and even practiced using needles on pieces of steak. They felt they were ready, they were nervous, but at least they practiced.*

*“Do you really think we should be doing this?” The sixteen-year-old questioned as his hand shook.*

*“You want to be like him, that guy, right?” Ray questioned Junior. Junior gave his answer in the way he steeled his eyes. Ray knew what they both wanted.*

*“Just tell me if I hit anything,” Junior said, and Ray nodded. Junior plunged the needle into his brother’s muscular cheek. Ray let out a yelp as the needle was pushed into his skin for the first time. He squirmed into his mattress as the cool, thick liquid was injected into his body. Ray felt his cock throb as he imagined his ass expanding and swelling to grotesque proportions. The needle was slowly removed and inserted into his other cheek. Junior repeated the process, inserting the needle into several areas, attempting to shape his already muscular ass into something more significant. The memory of the man from the locker room being used as inspiration.*

*“How’s it look?” Ray asked as he clenched his cheeks. Though he knew it wasn’t a lot of silicone, Ray felt like he had a gallon injected into his sixteen-year-old frame. He clenched his cheeks, feeling the silicone already begin to harden and form underneath his skin. His hands moved his buttocks, caressing the masses. Junior watched as his brother touched himself and immediately dropped his underwear to the ground and threw himself over the mattress next to him.*

*“Okay faggot stop touching yourself. Me next!”*

*Ray slapped his brother on the ass cheek before he pulled himself off their bed. Ray went over the prepared supplies and stared at the needle. He considered stealing his brother’s dose and sinking it into his body but dashed away the idea. They needed size. They both were alphas and needed to create bodies that radiated that persona.*

That memories of every injection, every implant, every drug came to the surface as they stared at their idol. They stumbled forward, pushing the other woman and other dancers out of the way. They pressed themselves against the stage. Alexander twerked aggressively in their direction. With the heavy slap of his asscheeks, the tainted scented air was thrown at them - the smell of man made the brother's itch. Alexander looked over his shoulders and smirked at the brothers.

"You two look . . . familiar," Alexander purred as he spread his legs apart and fell into a split. His ass slammed onto the stage, and the crowd erupted into applause. Money flew onto the stage, and Alexander bounced up and down. His cheeks bounced and jiggled with his movements, enticing everyone.

"Yes!" They shouted together.

"We saw you two years ago at the gym," Ray explained, and recognition came across Alexander's face.

"That's where it was!" The dancer exclaimed. His eyes swooped over their bodies and grinned. "Seems like someone found the better end of a needle."

Ray and Junior turned to the side and posed, showing off the curves of their silicone-infused bodies.

"You two queer?" Alexander asked.

"Fuck no!" They shouted. "Do these look like they belong to a faggot?" Ray and Junior pushed their groins forward, showing off their micro clits.

"Prove it." Alexander twisted around and threw his crotch towards the ceiling. His ass lifted him up, pushing him several inches off the ground. The women in the crowd screamed loudly, knowing what was about to happen. Junior and Ray exchanged confused looks. They hadn't ever eaten another guy out, but they definitely weren't going to let their idol believe that either of them was gay. Ray gripped the edge of the stage and lifted him up. He pointed his toes towards the ceiling and fell into a standing splits. The crowd cheered for Ray as he shook his ass mid-handstand. Alexander His legs flew forward, and he fell to his knees, falling between Alexander's legs.

Alexander spread his muscular legs wide. Ray grabbed them and pushed them even further, pushing him into a lying split. Ray turned towards his idol's flat front and stared small hole. Ray growled. Alexander had shrunken his cock so much that it created a small hole where it once sat, pulling so far into his body that it appeared to be a second belly button. Ray leaned towards Alexander's privates and arched his back. His hefty ass pushed together as he fell onto his stomach with his legs sprawled on either side of him.

"Make sure you don't love it too much faggot," Alexander teased as he laid his head onto the stage and thrust his crotch towards Ray's gaping mouth.

"I ain't no faggot!" Ray snapped back before he dove his face into his idol's groin. His tongue swirled around the empty space. His tongue weaved around the bare lap, moving slowly and sensually around Alexander's private. The crowd screamed louder and threw money to show their appreciation. Ray and Alexander felt money pile onto their brodies as Ray ate away at the empty space between his muscular god's legs.

"Shake it!"

"Move that big fake ass!"

"Make us believe you!"

Ray grinned against Alexander's crotch and popped his ass back and further as he kissed and munched around the empty hole, teasing Alexander in every way he could. He could feel his idol clenching and releasing his cheeks beneath his body.

"This bitch is probably queer. He hasn't even touched my alpha clit. Maybe his brother will do a better job," Alexander shouted to the crowd. Ray pulled away and frowned at his idol.

"Oh yeah? Think a faggot would do this?!" Ray dove back into Alexander's crotch, shoving his tongue into the hole. Ray pressed his thick tongue as deep as it would go, finding the spongy head of Alexander's cock as his tongue stretched to its capacity. Ray could taste something ooze from Alexander's innie-clit and grunted as the manly taste filled his mouth. Ray pressed his lips firmly around the hole and suck on the hole. Ray could feel Alexander's cock pull towards him. His tongue relaxed slightly, being able to easily lick and suck Alexander's cock.

"Fuck, you weren't kidding!" Alexander growled as he gripped Ray's face and pressed him hard into his muscular lower body. "You better eat that man clit! Eat it! Show your brother what an alpha looks like!" Ray ate away with renewed vigor, munching almost hungrily, enjoying the praise he received from his idol.

"Oh, you wanna see a man!" Junior shouted before he rolled onto the stage. He stood on the stage, walked over his brother, and hovered his enhanced ass over his idol's face. "Hey! See this massive ass? You think some fag would ever be able to have an ass like this?" Alexander lifted his hands and grabbed at Junior's ass.

"Fuck, it's so dense!" Alexander congratulated. His thumbs and fingers explored the area of Junior's cheeks. His beefy hands danced over the slight dimples caused by the silicone and the stretch marks caused by the quick expansion underneath his skin. Alexander lifted Junior's buttocks and let them fall. A heavy clap sounded, audible even the loud cheers and cries of the woman in the audience.

"You see that ass? That's a man's ass. That ass is an alpha's ass!" Junior growled. Alexander pulled Junior's cheeks apart and stared at his puckered hole. His puffy donut pursed its lips outward towards Alexander as if it asked for a kiss.

"Stick it on his face!"

"Show him what an alpha's ass can really do!"

"Shove that fake ass on his mouth and make him beg!"

"You wanna see me dominant this fag?!" Junior shouted to the crowd. They erupted into cheers, moans, and grunts of pleasure. Junior laughed as he gripped the pole and slowly lowered himself down onto his idol's face.

"If you think that's an alpha's ass, you are sadly mistaken! I bet you couldn't even fit my entire face between those tiny cheeks!" Alexander shouted as Junior's cheeks closed the distance. Junior's body lowered slowly, inching sexually down the pole. Junior widened his feet and felt Alexander's face meet the innermost part of his cheeks as he moved further. Alexander laughed as Junior's heavy cheeks swallowed his face. Junior felt satisfaction as he looked over his shoulder, seeing his cocky idol's face entirely obscured by his massive bubble butt. Junior squeezed his cheeks together, tightening around Alexander's face.

"Fuck, bro!" Junior grunted as he pulled himself from eating out Alexander's bare crotch. "See, I knew we were alphas!" The two brothers high-fived each other they dominated their idol.

As the three men rubbed, licked, and tugged on each other's bodies, the music slowly died, and the announcer's voice came onto the loudspeaker.

“Let’s give it up for our favorite man and our . . . over-enthusiastic newbies!”

The crowd clapped and cheered once more for the three men as they regretfully pulled away from one another. Junior and Ray slunk away from the pole and stepped away from their idol, ready to jump off the stage.

“Wait, wait, wait!” The announcer commanded, and Junior and Ray paused. “Are you not going to introduce yourself to the ladies?”

Junior and Ray shared a look.

“I’m Junior!” He shouted as he twisted into a double bicep pose and arched his back. His ass turned towards the leering eyes of the crowd, and he received several whistles and dollar bills. Junior swiped up the cash and tucked it into the band of the underwear. He bounced twice, sending his ass into ripples of silicone and muscle. Dimples and bumps showed underneath the harsh stage lighting, but the realism of his ass just sent the crowd into a tizzy. Ray leaned down towards his brother, biting the air next to his robust ass cheeks. The ladies screamed even louder at the thought of Ray diving between Junior’s mountainous cheeks.

“Now that’s an ass! Am I right?” The ladies cheered! “okay, okay, quiet down, ladies. They aren’t going anywhere? And you are?” The announcer asked the unnamed brother.

Ray noted the hungry looks that Junior received and wanted more. He threw himself to his knees in a quick succession of movements and slid towards the edge of the stage with his tiny clit-cock forward. Ray thrust his crotch towards the nearest lady and laughed at how she fell backward, overpowered by the sweaty manly scent of Ray’s flat front. He bounced on his thick fake ass, throwing his head back as his crotch approached the crowd.

“I’m Ray!”

Hands reached from the crowd, pawing and groping at his heavily muscular body. The dainty hands of the woman dragged along his firm abdomen and up towards his full pectorals. They twisted and pinched and pulled at his stretched nipples, forcing Ray to grunt and groan as they treated him like a piece of meat.

“Seem’s like you two are going to be quite popular here!” The announcer groaned, enjoying the show just as much as the women. Several deep breaths followed his comment, along with the recognizable sound of a hand sliding over a wet cock. “Fuck . . . so hot,” he grunted mindlessly before he coughed twice and stopped himself from descending deeper into his lust. “But right now is not the time to welcome newbies. WE have a special event tonight—well, actually a few. But I don’t want to get ahead of ourselves tonight. But first, can we get another round of applause for the reason why most of you are here? Alexander!

The women screamed and shouted for the club’s main attraction as he lifted himself from the floor and took center stage.

“Now, Alexander, why don’t you tell us why tonight is a special night?”

The overly inflated man crossed his arms, tucking them beneath his balloon-like pectorals. His large arms lifted them towards the light, further accentuating the pale triangles surrounding both of his nipples. The pencil-thin strips ran along his upper pectoral and around his neck, connected the two triangles. The brothers could only imagine what he must look like at the beach—parading around in the skankiest bathing suit.

Tiny triangles on his nipples and an even smaller one around his innie clit. He flexed his pectorals, bouncing them on his forearms back and forth to the soft beat that continued underneath the announcer's words.

"It's measuring night, ladies," Alexander purred.

The crowd erupted into hysterics as Alexander smirked at the room. The brothers shared a confused look, but something told them they would enjoy it as much as the women.

"Now, who will be the lucky one to measure up Alexander tonight?"

Hands shot into the air.

"Me!"

"PLEASE!"

"I'll pay!"

Women from the audience begged and lunged towards the stage as if their lives depended on being the one who was chosen. Each patron screamed for them to be the one to be selected—all except one.

"Let the new guys do it!" A tall black woman shouted from a back table. The room paused at the suggestion. Each person turned towards the woman as if she spoke something so life-altering. They all could not imagine a way to respond.

"I think that would be a perfect idea!" The announcer grunted. The crowd agreed with several heavy groans of enjoyment. Though the brothers could not see past the first two rows of standing ladies, they knew from the sounds that they were thoroughly enjoying themselves. "Gentleman, would you be so kind as to come here."

Ray and Junior walked to the corner of the stage where the MC situated himself. A hand appeared between the large screens of his computer and sound equipment.

"Go ahead and measure up Alexander for the ladies. Make sure you do it slowly so we can all get a fat tip tonight. They go bananas for this shit."

Ray took the measuring tape and gazed at the numbers. He ran his fingers towards the near end of the tape, reading dates scrawled above the numbers. The most recent date was two months ago, and Alexander's ass was just shy of seventy-three inches. Ray looked to Alexander's rounded spheres and somehow knew they were MUCH bigger. Ray leaned to his brother's ear and whispered.

"Take one end, and I'll take the other, and let's just wrap it around his lower body. Make it all slow, and see if we can get a few bucks too."

Junior nodded his agreement.

"Who's ready, ladies?" Ray shouted to the viewers as he and his brother danced across the stage towards Alexander. They stretched the measuring tape the length of the stage and undulated towards Alexander while he raised his hands towards the ceiling. He shimmied in a small circle, rolling his hips in a hypnotic motion. The measuring tape was snapped taut around the muscular dancer's hips, tightening around the thickest part of Alexander's lower half. The brothers crossed paths, fulling wrapping the tape around his body.

Alexander rotated, allowing the A single thought was shared between the brothers. They lowered the measuring tape, hooking it beneath Alexander's plump cheeks, and wiggled it. They bounced the



cheeks up and down, forcing oos and the ahs from the crowd and the brothers. While the group lusted after the heavily augmented men, Ray and Junior would have given their souls to be like him . . . and more.

“And what’s the number, boys?”

Ray and Junior closed in and examined the numbers. They saw the date from two months ago and saw that he had grown three inches.

An ache grew within the brothers. It was a number they had never thought of seeing before, a number that was beyond obscene or gigantic. It was godlike.

“Seventy-five,” they yelled in unison.

There was a collective inhale within the room at the number.

From the doors that sat on either edge of the stage came two men, each holding an empty pitcher.

“And now comes the time, ladies. We said we would do it! Alexander pledged he would use your money to get even bigger. And now we ask you again. Time to give until it hurts.”

The hourglass-shaped men walked around the room as women doled out piles of money into the pitchers. The women’s hands grabbed the men’s fronts and deep into the crack of the men’s cheeks. Their handsy approaches warranted the men to stay longer within certain women’s hands, finding a few dollar bills in the fronts of their empty pouches.

“Why don’t you tell the good ladies what we are working for next?” the announcer urged Alexander.

“Eighty fucking inches!”

“Fuck,” the brothers cried, thinking about the largeness of the man’s hips. The way the man looked already looked like something out of a fantasy. But bigger? Was there even such a size? Could Alexander bring that number from the deepest depths of fantasy and make it real?

“We are going to make this ass so large that I can't even wear clothes. We are going to widen my hips. We are going to bury my clit. We are going to shrink my cock until I am nothing but silicone. A real man, grown to the size that nobody has ever achieved before. I'm already at 10 liters. How many more CC's do you think this ass could handle?”

The dancers came back to the front with pitchers and thongs overflowing with cash. One winked at Junior as he disappeared into the back to empty the jug and continue his rounds.

“And now ladies, while the men head into the back and freshen up for the remainder of the evening, go get a drink and a dance.”

Alexander hooked his fingers into the measuring tape and wiggled himself out of his prison. Ray allowed the tape to fall while Junior pulled it up and handed it to the MC. He knocked his head to the back.

“Go get some water. Great job boys, you two are gonna leave with a great tip tonight if you keep it up.”

Both brothers beamed at the idea, watching Alexander’s ass bounce and jiggle as he walked through one of the side doors.

Ray and Junior followed the instruction and went into the back room, wondering how many rooms did the building have? The door slammed behind them, and other dancers immediately rushed towards them. Hands shot out from every person, grabbing at every enhanced inch of their bodies.

“BRO! Are these implants or just silicone?”

“What does your leg day look like?”

“Do you use estrogen to shrink your balls, or do you naturally have such a tiny man clit?”

Their fellow dancers asked question after question, not allowing either brother a moment to answer the last dozen that already hung in the air. If it were any other person, they would have thrown themselves away from the pawing men, but Ray and Junior didn't pull away; they proudly pushed out their chests and cheeks and allowed the worship to continue. They shared a look that furthered their delusion of grandeur.

*They want to be us, they thought.*

The group of men parted as Alexander walked towards them. The cocky looks turned hesitant as Alexander approached. Every movement seemed to draw focus to another area of his body. Though his stroll was nothing out of the ordinary, just a step oozed sexuality and passion.

“What did you say your names were again?” Alexander asked, placing his hands on his overflowing hips. The silicone and implants within his hips created shelves for his hands and a place to draw the eyes of every man in the room.

“My name is Ray, and this is Junior.”

Alexander's eyes rolled over their bodies.

“Turn.”

Junior and Ray rotated quickly, wanting nothing more than to remain in the good graces of their idol or perhaps—even impress him.

“Hmm.” Alexander grabbed firmly onto Junior's left cheek and Ray's right cheek. His hands dug deep into the tissue, and lumps of silicone formed together under the muscle and implants. “How many CCs?”

“Six liters in each cheek for both of us,” Junior answered.

“Implants too?”

“Yes!” Ray said proudly. “We have had three sets each.”

“Good.” He smacked each cheek firmly. “Good density.” Alexander pursued his plump lips together as he turned the brothers around. “Do I know you two? You look vaguely familiar . . .”

“We saw you a few years back at the Seven City's Gymnasium. It must be close to two years now.” A spark of recognition filled Alexander's eyes as he pulled away from Junior and Ray, looking at them through a completely different lens. They weren't just another two guys who wanted to be big; they were like Alexander—they gave their lives to the pursuit.

“Very nice. I look forward to seeing you two grow.”

Contrary to their cool-guy personas, Ray and Junior nearly collapsed from excitement at the compliment of their idol.

“Buck! I'm taking ten!” Alexander shouted as he walked towards the single door that held his name in bedazzled letters. He was the only one with a private room, and the reasons were obvious. “Oscar, come help me roll out the sil,” Alexander ordered a much skinnier boy, who quickly grabbed a rolling pin and followed him into the room.

Junior nudged his brother's shoulder.

“Faggot,” he laughed, seeing the obvious boner in the boy's shorts as he closed the door behind Alexander and himself.

The bear-like manager appeared through the door as if summoned by his employee.

“Fuck,” he cursed. He stomped the ground like an upset child. The other dancers backed away from their flailing boss.

“What's wrong?” Junior asked.

“It's a bachelorette party out front, and they asked for the smelliest feet available-”

“And that's Alexander,” a back dancer with the heaviest set of pectorals chirped from the side of the room as he splattered glitter atop his chest.

“Thank you for your interruption Ryan,” Buck condescended. “But yes, Alexander was the one I had in mind. And they already prepaid for the next hour. Fuck.”

Junior and Ray shared a look.

“We'll do it!”

Buck's neck snapped to the side as he looked down at the brother's feet.

“Do they smell?” Buck asked with a stone-cold face.

“Do they smell?! Fuck yeah, they do! We aren't some sort of flowery faggot!”

“Take a seat. I need to check first before I just send you out there. Those ladies are vicious, and if you aren't exactly what they want, then it's my ass that will be on the line.”

The brothers plopped down on the only chair available while the rest of the dancers left the room and returned to the floor for more tips.

Buck lifted one of each brother's feet.

“I don't smell anything yet . . . that doesn't bode well for either of you.”

With one swift movement, Buck hooked his finger into the back of either shoe and ripped them off the brother's feet.

“Jesus!” Buck shouted as he was punched twice in the face by the intense musk of Junior's and Ray's extra-large feet. The shoes not only hid the smell of their manly feet but baked the stench inside, forcing their feet to sweat into their once white socks. Buck wiggled his toes, causing the stench to grow. “God, these socks are soaked through.” Buck's oversized hands wrung the sweat from the socks, forcing the odor and the sweat to cover his hands. His meaty fingers weaseled into the wet socks and unleashed the most intense, horrid smell Buck had ever smelled.

“Y'all two weren't kidding. Do you even wash these babies?” Buck asked, leaning towards Junior's musky feet, taking a whiff of them before he quickly pulled away. “Oh boy! Those are rank! If I

were your daddy, those feet would have gotten you grounded for a whole week!” Buck waved his hand in front of his face, sending away the smell that wove its way around his senses and into his nostrils.

“See! I told you we would be perfect for the job. Where are the-”

“Hold up, boy,” Buck said, pushing Junior and Ray back into their seated position. “Smell is just the first part. It’s the taste that really drives these ladies wild.”

Buck looked between the oversized feet, and before either could ask what he meant, Buck took a long stroke of his tongue on the underside of Junior’s feet. His long tongue swirled around Junior’s sole heel and moved up to his toes, sucking extensively on his big toe before he let it pop out of his lips with a heavy *POP*.

“Holy fuck! Stop! That tickles!” Junior cried out as Buck’s mouth returned for several more licks, focusing his lips on a separate toe each time. Junior giggled with every lick and attempted to pull away his foot, but Buck’s hands were like steel as he held Junior’s foot in its place.

“Shit, boys, tastes even worse than I thought. But that is gonna drive them wild.” Buck looked over at the discarded shoes and sniffed one. “Damn, boys! I think we could even auction these babies off! Those bitches love the smell of some nasty shoes, especially from a silicone slut like you two!”

Junior and Ray chuckled together, enjoying that name: Silicone Slut.

“You sure you aren’t some sort of foot fag, are you? Seemed like you enjoyed that an awful lot. If you have one of those bulging fag cocks, I bet that shit would be hard as a brick right now!” Junior barked as he wiped his foot against the stained carpet.

“No,” Buck responded, batting away the comment with a beefy arm. “100% man!” He bounced his melons to emphasize his point.

“You sure? Seems very suspicious—seems like you enjoyed it a little more than you should have,” a dancer with curly black hair shouted from the mirror as he iced his crotch. “*Suspicious!*” He chorused.

“Shouldn’t you be on the floor, Jeremy? I’m pretty confident I saw your name on pole duty after the show,” Buck joked back, pointing at the clock. The dancer quickly ran from the room, his jiggling, dimpled butt being the last thing anyone saw as he went to the dance floor. “Ray, you’re up.” Buck motioned for his foot to be brought to his gaping mouth.

“Why? This seems a little . . . faggy,” Ray hesitantly said.

“What you think it’s faggy for one man to enjoy the stench of another man’s feet? What, you don’t think I’m manly enough?”

“Not at all, boss. It just seems weird that you would suck another man’s feet for fun.”

“I’m doing it for this.” Buck leaned in, pressing his augmented chest into Ray’s thighs, and breathed into his foot-tainted breath into Ray’s face.

“Oof,” Ray moaned, feeling his head flood with the scent and transform into a typhoon of aromas and flavors. He reached out for his brother and held himself in place as the high dissipated and lifted from his mind.

“That’s why the ladies come here. That concentrated scent is like poppers for them-and you apparently.” Buck winked at Ray. “So I am gonna need you two to dose up on the other’s feet.” The brother’s eyes fell to the other’s feet and stared at the sweaty, wiggling toes.

“Ummmm,” they said together, more unsure than ever before.

“Any tips you make at the bachelorette are yours to keep. And those ladies always tip well. We make sure of it. You could probably make an easy grand together if you guys work hard enough . . . and have the appropriate . . . fragrance.”

Images of even larger cheeks. More stretch marks. More dimples. Wider, more obscene hips. Microscopic, belly button clits that were so tiny that they couldn't even see the head. Visions of them dancing, with Alexander being the smallest of the three of them.

“Lay down,” Ray ordered his brother.

“I was about to say the same thing to you!” Junior and Ray laid on the ground. Their bodies both lifted from the ground and arched due to the hard layers of silicone. They shimmied themselves in between the other’s legs, scissoring their groins together as they pressed one foot into the other’s mouth. Though it wasn't their kink, the brothers worshiped the foot in their face as their life depended on it.

For five straight minutes, they licked and sucked on one foot and then switched to the other. The sweaty, musky flavor baked into their lips, their tongue, and their mouths, seeping into the tastebuds.

“Let’s have a taste,” Buck said, motioning for the boys to stand and lean forward. Junior leaned forward first, ready to blow air into his boss's mouth but quickly found Buck’s tongue invading his mouth. Junior didn't fight his boss's advance or his overly eager tongue, knowing that a kiss would be the best way to test the smell and the flavor of his breath. Buck broke the kiss and nodded his approval. “Next.”

The kiss was Ray was much quicker but was given the same seal of approval.

“Now boys, have fun, give the ladies whatever they want, and make sure you are respectful. Understood?”

Ray and Junior nodded, to which Buck smiled.

“Now get out there and make some money,” Buck ordered with a heavy smack to each of their cheeks.

The brothers walked out of the backroom, finding the darkness and blinding stage lights disorientating for just a moment. They blinked, taking in everyone once more. The brief twenty minutes they had hidden away within the dancer’s backroom had been long enough for the whole feeling to change.

Once there were only dancers wandering around, offering drinks, food, or dances. Now, the room had become a tame orgy—if such a thing would exist.

The dancers had stripped away what little clothes they were and paraded their naked bodies around the floor, allowing the hungry men and women to ogle and touch them to their hearts' content. Several of the men stood atop the stage, dancing and jiggling their obscene cheeks and chests, while others were straddled across patrons, enjoying a more seductive and slow approach. The bar top and tables were covered with the naked men. Each either food across their chests or cheeks or with shots of alcohol forced into their holes or clits.

“Wow. This place is a madhouse,” Junior commented as he stared at a woman eating out a man’s tiny clit.

“Looks like over there is just as bad, if not worse,” Ray laughed, knocking his head towards the group of ladies in sashes and crowns. Each was grinning and touching themselves and the bartender who served them. He walked to an open space with the bar and dripped whatever drink the women ordered down his spine. The alcohol would travel along the curvatures of his back and split over the sides of his ass cheeks, where two women were eagerly awaiting.

“Which one do you think is the bride to be?”

The answer came before Ray had a chance to answer.

“I’m getting married tomorrow!”

A curvy blonde stood above the rest of the women. She wore a plastic, shiny crown in her overly processed hair. A bright pink sash was stretched across her chest, with the word BRIDE in garish gemstones.

“Well, that made the search easier.”

They strolled over to the group as they occupied the back corner of the bar.

“You ladies looking for some fun?” Junior asked, breathing heavily into the nearest woman’s face.

“Fuuuuuck,” she groaned as the stench of feet wrapped around her, luring her into the high that she practically fell over onto the bar as she enjoyed the smell. The brother’s smiles grew wider as the women swarmed them, deeply inhaling the scent that flooded from their mouths—the stench of the other’s foot, mixed with the sweat that oozed from their bodies. The bride approached Ray and mashed her face into his. Her small hands roamed over his body, groping his arms, his chest, and firmly grabbing his ass cheeks. She ripped her lips from Ray’s lips, grabbed the back of Junior’s head, and forced him to kiss her two. The women in her party watched and groaned at the sight of the three kissings. She switched back and forth, cleaning the insides of their mouth with her tongue, wanting every droplet of sweat and molecule of their musk in her mouth.

“Oh my god! They are even better than I had hoped!” The bride screamed. “Turn around! Turn around! I gotta see!” She screamed. The brothers shared a smirk with one another before they turned their enhanced backsides. Together, the brothers stomped their feet onto the ground sending ripples across their cheeks, showing off the deep dimples and edges that were created by their silicone and implants. They grabbed their underwear and wedged it deeper between their cheeks, hiking the sides higher on their hips, giving the illusion of even larger cheeks and wider hips—not that either needed an optical illusion to appear thick.

Multiple hands reached out to their cheeks, caressing, pinching, groping every uncovered inch of their cheeks—one even going as far as to graze their untouched holes underneath the backside of their underwear.

“God! They’re so fucking huge!”

“So big!”

“Fuck, they are bigger than my ass!”

“Now that’s a real man’s ass

“Oh, it’s all, man!” Junior teased, squeezing his cheeks together, swallowing the hand that had buried between his cheeks.

“Is that the only manly thing about you?” The bride asked. Junior looked over his shoulder, twisted away from the hands, and then thrust out micro cock at her. She fanned her face, lusting after the view. “Fuck, they weren’t lying when they said they were sending their best guys over to us. Go ahead and get on the table. I want a shot!”

Junior obeyed the bride’s request and slid onto the bar. He looked over to the bartender and flipped up two fingers.

Two shot glasses were placed between Junior’s outstretched legs.

“Get up there, buttercup. I got a friend who’s been staring at that ass since you got on stage earlier.” The bride nodded over towards a busty brunette. “She’s got a thing for guys with big fake cheeks.”

“Bigger, the better!” She growled as she rubbed her nipples through the shirt.

“Fuck yeah, and my ass cheeks are MASSIVE!” Ray jumped on the bar top, laying his legs atop his brother’s spread-eagle position. Ray arched his back, pushing his ass high into the air. His cheeks parted slightly, but not enough to give a view of his hole.

Two women grabbed hold of each of Ray’s cheeks, spreading them far apart. His open hole gaped and winked at the two women on either side of him as the bartender wedged the shot glass into position. Ray’s hole swallowed the plastic shot glass until it reached the rim, stopping itself before Ray’s hole fully engulfed it. On the other hand, Junior watched as a long test-tube-shaped shot glass was pressed into his clit. He grunted as it was forced inside of him, transforming his flat front into an innie. The bartender withdrew the test tube and sucked it slightly, lubricating it with his spit before pushing it back into Junior.

“Mmm!” Junior moaned as he pushed his hips forward, forcing the test tube deep into his front and creating a cavity where his cock should have sat.

“Fuck, now that’s an alpha’s clit!”

Junior looked to the side and grinned.

“Who wants the first drink?” The brothers said in unison, and the women lunged for the opportunity.