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Trevor,  
Destroyer of  
Worlds

By Ziel.

## Trevor, Destroyer of Worlds

Explosions reverberated through the air. Jet engines roared, and at the center of the devastation stood Trevor towering over the cityscape below. “MWUAAAAAAAA! Now Trevor is big!” He cackled. His attention turned toward a nearby skyscraper that only stood as high as his shoulders. “Who’s intimidating who now, Chase Manhattan Bank? Deny my credit application, will you?” Trevor placed the sole of his bare foot against the side of the building and pressed forward causing the structure to tip over like a domino and shatter into a pile of bricks on the ground below.

Trevor glanced down at the devastation before him. An entire city block had been reduced to bricks at his hands – or rather, his feet. He pounded his fists against his bare chest like King Kong and roared victoriously, but his revelry was short lived. His roaring was cut short by a familiar sound – the sound of the latch being unlocked on the apartment door. Trevor

turned and glanced towards the doorway behind him just as his boyfriend stepped through.

Simon winced at the noise and gave his tiny pal a thumbs down. Trevor understood the gesture immediately and scampered across the coffee table over the tattered remnants and scattered Legos of his make-believe city-scape and up onto the TV remote. Trevor stomped down on the volume button which caused the din of explosions and jets to quickly reduce to more acceptable decibels.

“Sounds like someone’s been having fun,” Simon said with a chuckle.

Trevor didn’t even try to respond. There was no way his tiny voice would reach across the room for his boyfriend to hear so he let his body do the talking for him. He hopped up and down and nodded emphatically which caused Simon to chuckle once more.

Simon shifted the brown, paper grocery basket so that he was holding it in one arm and knelt down beside the coffee table to pick up his tiny boyfriend. He held his fingers flat against the tabletop so that Trevor could easily clamber up his fingers and onto the palm of his outstretched hand. Once Simon was sure that Trevor was safely situated in the palm of his hand, Simon lifted his hand slowly up to his shoulder and waited while Trevor unsteadily trudged the few inches from the palm of Simon’s hand onto Simon’s shoulder.

Trevor's feet felt unsteady beneath him, and his legs were wobbly after that intense ride. Simon had made an effort to move slowly, but even so it felt to Trevor like he had been catapulted two hundred stories in the span of three seconds. Even the fastest elevator in the swankest high-rise didn't compare to the sheer speed that Trevor experienced at his reduced size. His ears were popping the entire way up, and the vertigo was enough to make his gut lurch. It didn't take him long to regain his footing, though. After all, he had done this many times before since that fateful day in the chem lab.

Trevor hadn't always been tiny. In fact, back in the day he had been even taller than Simon – if only by a few inches. That was before the mishap during a lab session for his advanced chemistry class. No one was really sure what happened. By all accounts, the chemicals used shouldn't have reacted to each other in any significant way, and definitely not in the explosive manner they did when Trevor tried to mix them. The best anyone could figure was that one or several of the chemicals used were not what was listed on the vials, but no one had any way of determining just what had been used. All anyone knew was that one second everything was normal and all the college students in the lab were laboring over their mutually exclusive lab stations, and the next there was a loud bang and a bright flash of light. When the dust settled everyone in the lab had lost anywhere from a few inches to a few feet in height depending on how close to the epicenter of the blast they were, but poor Trevor who was at ground zero was reduced from a six-foot-tall college

stud to a two-inch-tall college pipsqueak! What followed were weeks of testing and months of litigation where the college tried to cover their asses, but Trevor couldn't care less about that. The whole time he was under quarantine he was terrified of what this meant for life with his boyfriend of four years.

Trevor had always been the top in their horizontal tango, but now that seemed to be a physical impossibility. After all, Trevor had gone from having an eight-inch bone to having a two-inch bod! Trevor was barely a quarter of the height of his old hard-on! Nowadays if Trevor tried to have his way with his buddy's cute booty, it was more likely that Trevor would be swallowed whole in between those bubbly butt cheeks, and while on some level that sounded exciting, he doubted Simon would enjoy it much. Fortunately, Trevor's millimeters of manhood proved to not be as big of a deal as he had feared. Simon never once made it seem like he missed being ridden into the mattress, and if anything, he was constantly fawning over how cute Trevor was at his new size. As much as Trevor hated to admit it, having such a cute and colossal beau was both endearing and maddeningly sexy.

As the novelty wore off and their nerves settled, the two lovers steadily settled into some sort of normalcy in their lives. Simon's naturally soft touch and caring nature made him the perfect caretaker for his pint-size paramour, and Trevor's never say die attitude made it so that even being two inches tall couldn't keep him down. Whether it be riding the

Roomba like a space cruiser or creating fantasy cityscapes with the Legos atop the coffee table, Trevor's imagination made it so he never felt confined even when he had to while away the hours alone in the small, studio apartment that he and Simon shared, and his active imagination wasn't just limited to when he was alone.

"Looks like you had a big day," Simon quipped while he set the grocery bag down on the countertop and began to unload.

"You don't know the half of it!" Trevor exclaimed. At his current height and in his current position he was barely eye level with the lower part of Simon's earlobe. Trevor had to crane his neck back just to shout up into his boyfriend's ear – an ear that was even taller than his whole body, but over the months they had both learned how to converse with each other in such a way that Trevor's words could be heard.

"So tell me," Simon said conversationally.

"It started out I was watching To Kill a Monster Bird, right? And there was this big fight scene in which Bigzilla teamed up with Giant Monkey to fight the Bird of Parasite in downtown. Bigzilla was all 'Lazer breath!!' and shot a big beam at the bird, but the bird was all 'yeah, right' and dodged it, but during the fight the monkey climbed to the top of the tallest building and leapt into the air like 'Not in my house!' and slapped the bird to the ground where he and the lizard beat him up. It was pretty great." Trevor explained.

“And then you decided to join in the fun,” Simon added.

“Well you see. After the bird was dealt with ‘zilla and monkey had to duke it out to decide to true King of the Ring, but then they both were no match for...” Trevor paused dramatically and cupped his hands around his mouth to make a megaphone and shouted, “TREVOR! DESTROYER OF WORLDS!”

“Oh? Worlds, you say?” Simon replied with a bemused chuckle.

“Yes. Worlds. As in, more than one. Planets fall before my might!” Trevor replied dramatically. He puffed up his chest and then flexed both of his arms into a traditional body building pose, but both his build and his stature conspired against him to make his ‘Most Muscular’ a ‘Mostly Harmless’.

Trevor wasn’t skinny by any stretch, but the muscles he did have were toned and lithe from years of rock climbing. He had been an avid climber for ages before he shrank down, and thanks to his new height, even navigating the couch put his talents to the test. The distance from the cushion up to the armrest was like a three-story 5.10 rated vertical crawl with only stray fibers for hand and footholds. If Simon forgot to leave the remote in a place where Trevor could easily get to it, it often lead to a few hours of rigorous climbing before Trevor could fire up some cartoons. As such, Trevor’s trim, toned muscles had become even more defined during his months of miniaturization, but

even the beefiest bod would be hard to take seriously when it is the size of a green army man.

Simon finished putting the last of the groceries away and once again lifted his upturned palm to his shoulder so that Trevor could climb on. Once he was sure the little guy was safely in position. Simon lifted his tiny boyfriend up to his face so he could look upon him. Simon couldn't help but smile. The lack in height hadn't made Trevor any less handsome. If anything, having his boyfriend so small that he could hold him in the palm of his hand made Trevor seem all the more adorable to Simon. It could be his protective instincts kicking in, but on some level Simon knew it was because he was into it in a more carnal way. Just seeing his boyfriend lying there caused Simon's substantial cock to begin to stir to life in his jeans, and judging by the expression on Trevor's face and the tent in the tissue that served as a loincloth that Trevor wore, it was clear that Trevor was as excited as Simon was – if not more so!

“You know...” Simon said. His words trailed off and there was an impish smirk on his face that drove Trevor wild. He was planning something. Trevor knew it, and Trevor could hardly wait to see what it was.

“... since you were having so much fun as a ‘Destroyer of worlds’, maybe my big man would like to have some more fun.” Simon added. His voice dropped an octave as he dramatically announced his tiny lover's title. Trevor definitely liked where this was going. He

nodded emphatically up at the billboard sized face of his colossal boyfriend.

Simon strode over towards the bed and gently set Trevor down atop the pillow and then seductively sashayed his way away from the bed so that his little lover would have a clear view of what was to happen next. Physically, Trevor was sitting in the center of a pillow that seemed as large as an Olympic swimming pool, but mentally he was on the edge of his seat. He knew that look in Simon's eyes. He knew that it wouldn't be long before the clothes came off and Simon's beautiful body was revealed for Trevor's viewing pleasure.

Simon first unbuttoned his shirt and let it fall from his back like a discarded cape giving his little lover a clear view of his lean, lithe upper body, but that was merely the beginning. Simon looked back over his shoulder and shot a saucy wink at his tiny pal, all the while fumbling with the belt buckle and clasp of his jeans. Simon playfully shook his shapely booty while he shimmied his jeans down lower and lower across his butt causing more and more of the supple flesh to spill into view. Simon had one of the best bubble butts Trevor had ever seen. It was so amazingly round and thick that Trevor loved to feel it slap against his hips as he plunged his eight inches into his lover's hungry hole, but as much as he enjoyed riding that hot ass for all it was worth, that wasn't the real reason why Trevor tended to top. The real reason soon presented itself.

Simon spun around to face his little lover. His massive softy slapped heavily against the inside of his thigh. There was no doubt about it – Simon was H-U-N-G Hung! Even soft, Simon’s cock was larger than Trevor’s most amazing stiffy back when he had been full sized. Nowadays, Simon’s hard-on absolutely dwarfed Trevor’s entire body! When fully hard, Simon’s schlong was a solid twelve inches – a full foot long! That’s the stuff of legends. He had a cock that would make the biggest porn star do a double take, and Simon’s short, slim build just made his amazingly huge dick and his heavy nuts seem even more amazingly massive. That was the real reason Trevor had never bottomed for his beau. He just couldn’t fit that massive cock in his ass! He’d been training to do so for ages, practicing with steadily larger and larger dildos until Trevor could ride a cock larger than even his own. He was so close to finally working his way up to the full foot-long mega dong dildos when that fateful day knocked him down more than a few pegs. Nowadays, Trevor had a better chance of fitting inside his boyfriend’s cock instead of the other way around – a notion which filled him with equal parts trepidation and excitement.

“So, I’ve been thinking...” Simon mused aloud seductively. “... you’ve been having your fun today with the kaiju-rific rampage. Why don’t we continue the fun only this time we play together?” Simon’s lips had the most maddeningly seductive smirk going on. It drove Trevor wild even back when he had been full-sized, but now that it was fun-sized and Simon’s smirk was bigger than his whole body, it drove him

absolutely crazy. Just that smirk alone would have been enough to get Trevor rock hard, but it was hardly necessary. Trevor's was so hard that it was already dribbling pre.

Trevor wanted to ask just what Simon had in mind, but his words would not carry more than a few feet in the human world even if he shouted at the top of his lungs. There was no way his voice would reach all the way across the bed towards his titanic lover. The best he could do was bounce excitedly in place and hoped that his wiggling said enough.

It was tough to say whether or not Trevor's body language had had the desired effect. For a split second, Trevor was sure that Simon had misinterpreted his motions and was put off to the idea of continuing Trevor's previous roleplay. Simon turned around once more and trotted the few feet towards the breakfast nook of their small, studio apartment and pulled one of the fresh pears from his recent grocery run out of a bowl which sat on the counter. Trevor was confused at first. This seemed like the weirdest time to break for a snack, but what Simon did next was even stranger. He pulled the lattice-looking sleeve off of the fruit and put the pear back in the bowl. As soon as the sleeve was rid of the fruit that caused it to bulge outwards like a paper patio lantern, the sleeve returned to its normal state that was more akin to a bright orange, oversized Chinese finger trap although the fruit sleeve was far too large to even be used on a finger. It was almost large enough to be used on a full fist! Simon seemed to have something in

mind with it though. The glint in his eye and that maddening smirk both said so, and Trevor could hardly wait to find out just what it was that Simon was planning.

Simon strode back towards the bed. His hips rocked seductively with each step which caused his massive semi to wobble back and forth and his massive nuts to slap heavily against the inside of his thighs from side to side. His huge cock was hypnotic. Trevor could barely take his eyes off of it. He sat there in awe of the massive tool with his eyes tracking the path of the massive meat from side to side like those of a novelty cat clock.

When he reached the side of the bed, Simon slid the fruit sleeve over his wrist for safe keeping and then directed his attention once more towards his tiny lover. He gently lifted the pillow that Trevor sat atop and relocated the pillow towards the center of the bed. Then Simon crawled up onto the bed himself. The way his weight pressed would hardly have been noticeable to a normal sized person, but at Trevor's tiny size it felt like the world lurched to the right and then to the left sending him sprawling this way and that atop his pillow. He clenched onto the pillow case with his tiny hands and braced himself for more turbulence, but it seemed the worst was behind him. Simon was already in position, and what a position it was! Trevor looked up at his towering titan of a boyfriend and gawked. Trevor had a hard time believing he had ever managed to pretend he was

huge when even just his boyfriend's boner towered over him like a high-rise apartment complex.

"Let's get you down from there," Simon said playfully as he once again held his open palm towards the pillow from his miniature man to scamper aboard which Trevor readily did so. What followed was what felt like a fifteen-foot freefall as Simon's hand moved Trevor from the comfort of the pillow to the mattress proper. Trevor felt tiny before being moved, but now he felt absolutely miniscule! His boyfriend's legs surrounded him on all sides and rose seemingly stories into the air. His boyfriend's very lap was like a prison yard with towering walls of leggy flesh. Unlike a real prison, though, Trevor had no plans of trying to escape. He was too fixated on the massive set of nuts which rested heavily on the mattress before his very eyes and the enormous cock which towered above them. Trevor had had plenty of time to get up close and personal with his boyfriend's colossal package over the span of the previous months, but he never turned down an opportunity to do so again. It was an activity that both of them enjoyed immensely, and it seemed to tie into whatever plans Simon had for their fun this evening.

Simon pulled the fruit sleeve off of his wrist causing it to revert to its narrow, tube-like state, but it didn't stay that way for long. Soon after he maneuvered it over his cock and slid the sleeve over his massive cock. The thing actually had to spread wider to allow his huge cock to slide into it since Simon's beer-can-thick cock was even fatter than the

fruit it had been wrapped around mere moments before! Trevor stared up in awe as the cross-hatch pattern of the orange fibers settled around the massive spire of his lover's enormous cock. Trevor was even more confused than he was before, but he was hornier than before as well. Whatever Simon had in mind looked like a lot of fun.

“Now then, my little Destroyer of Worlds, why don't you make like a good monster and scale my skyscraper,” Simon said and flashed his tiny boyfriend a playful smirk. The slight tilt of Simon's head and the slight curve of his lips were magnified seemingly a hundred times over due to Trevor's size and his position at the base of his boyfriend's massive ball sack. It drove Trevor wild. His cock was harder than ever and oozing pre onto the comforter below, but at his minuscule size the droplets were nearly microscopic. The droplets were so tiny they couldn't even easily seep into the fibers of the blanket and instead pooled like dew droplets on a morning leaf.

Trevor didn't need to be told twice. He threw himself into the task – literally. He launched his whole body onto his boyfriend's sack. At Trevor's tiny size, Simon's chicken-egg-sized stones seemed more the size of a sedan than an egg. Trevor had to leap with all his might to get high enough off the mattress to even land over halfway up the massive orb. Trevor dug his feet into the soft flesh of his lover's sack and grabbed handfuls of scrotum and slowly pulled himself up and over the steadily shallowing curve of his lover's nuts. It wasn't long at all until Trevor was far enough up the

side of his lover's cojones that he could actually stand up and walk the rest of the way towards Simon's schlong.

When he reached the base of his lover's cock, Trevor balked for but a moment. The sheer size and scale of it was mind boggling. It was six times as tall as he was! Simon's cock appeared to be nearly forty feet tall to the diminutive Trevor which was even taller than even the biggest rock climbing wall he had ever attempted, and the sheer vertical angle of his boyfriend's cock made it a steeper climb than any wall he had tackled before as well. Even with the lattice-patterned fruit sleeve crisscrossing its way up and down the length of Simon's cock, this was going to be a challenge. Sure, Trevor had tackled tougher obstacles than this, but when he scaled cliffs he always had the benefit of a tether and some hooks. This time he was doing it completely tool-free.

Trevor took a moment to psyche himself up, patted his face, and then jumped with all his might onto the orange sleeve. His hands clasped down on one of the crisscrossing fibers, and he pulled himself up until his feet could reach one of the lower fibers. Once he was safely in place, the real fun began. This was just the beginning. He still had what felt like thirty-five feet to go! Trevor tried not to think of it like that. Inches, feet. They were all relative, really. All that mattered as that he had some ways to go.

As Trevor clung to the side of his boyfriend's cock he was once again overwhelmed with just how

tiny he had become. He was shoulder high to a G. I. Joe! He was hip high to an action figure! I wasn't even knee high to a Ken doll! And of course, he was absolutely miniscule compared to his towering boyfriend who even just his cock dwarfed Trevor's whole body.

Simon could sense that Trevor was balking at the task, but he wasn't quite sure why. By all accounts this should be an easy climb for Trevor who was an expert rock climber back before the accident. As best as Simon could figure, Trevor's own overactive imagination was working against him, but it was that self-same imagination that would prove to be the key to snapping him from his daze.

"Oh no! It's Trevor, Destroyer of Worlds!" Simon announced in the broken and choppy way that the characters spoke in the old-school Godzilla dubs.

Simon changed his voice to a more feminine tone and replied to his previous comment, "He's climbing the empire state building! Can't someone stop him!?"

Trevor had to stifle a giggle at his boyfriend's poor rendition of a bad dub. It was so bad at being bad that it was almost good, but it did serve to pull Trevor from the funk he was in. He stared up at the length of his lover's cock and the world around him seemed to change. No longer was he clinging to the side of a massive cock. Now he was holding on to the side of a massive sky scraper. Each square segment of the crisscrossing fibers of the fruit sleeve had been

replaced with windows which showed hundreds of tiny office workers scrambling around within. They were all so tiny that Trevor could easily reach an arm into the window and grab a few of them in one swipe, but he had other things that demanded his complete attention. He stared up at the top of the tower. The spotlights on the top-floor helipad shone like a beacon guiding him to his goal.

Trevor pulled himself up, one hand over the next, one foot over the other, slowly and surely, he scaled the side of the building. The concrete and glass crumbled beneath his hands and feet as he dug his fingers and toes into the sides to give himself footholds for the climb. The shattered glass shards were so tiny to his massive fingers and toes that he didn't even feel the shards against his skin. At Trevor's size he was impervious to any damage. Even the helicopters which buzzed around him like gnats couldn't so much as make him itch with the pea-shooters they called Gatling guns. It wasn't long before he was halfway up the building. The streets beneath him were filled with police, and military, and firemen and milling about trying to find some way they could stop this titan before he reached his goal. By the time Trevor was three-fourth of the way up the spire, jets had been called in to pelt him with missiles, but even the most explosive of ballistics were barely a tickle to his impervious hide.

It was at this point that Trevor encountered a problem. He reached up to dig his fingers into the next floor of offices, but instead he was met with a solid

wall that even he could not punch through. The shock was enough to snap him back to reality. He had reached the end top end of the sleeve, and there were still a few inches left before he reached the head of his lover's cock!

Trevor glanced over his shoulder and stared pleadingly up at his titanic boyfriend for some back up, and what he saw made him realize things had progressed further than he had expected. Simon's face was flushed bright red. Trevor shifted his way around the side of his lover's cock to peak around at the puffy underside. He was not at all surprised to see pre flowing like a waterfall down the front of his boyfriend's cock. Trevor was glad he had decided to go at this from the side instead of the front or else he would have been as drenched as the sleeve had become. As much fun as getting coated in his lover's pre sounded, it probably would have caused Trevor to lose his grip. After all, the fibers on the sleeve were as thick as galley ropes to the tiny Trevor. It was hard enough to get a grip on them when they were dry!

As Trevor scoped out the state of his lover's overstimulated cock, he began to feel something which caused his gut to drop. It felt like he was along for the ride on a pint-sized Tower of Terror as opposed to scaling the side of a giant cock. He would lift up in the air a few feet, and then suddenly drop back down, and then lift up a few, and suddenly drop back down. Trevor wasn't at all surprised to see his boyfriend's giant hand around the base of his cock when he glanced down. Trevor shot a quick "what gives?"

glance towards his super-sized lover, but there was no way that Simon could make out what his expression meant in their current states. Trevor was too tiny, and Simon was too lost in the throes of ecstasy as he fervently pumped his cock with poor Trevor along for the ride.

Trevor decided to use this to his advantage, though. The motion of Simon's hand on the base of his cock caused the sleeve to ride up the shaft until it was pressed against the underside of his puffed-up cock head. Trevor took a moment to get a feel for the rhythm of his boyfriend's massive strokes. Simon's hand moved upwards and with it, the sleeve slid up the shaft as well. Then Simon's hand moved downward and with it the sleeve moved downwards. This motion was so steady that Trevor could set his watch by it... if he could ever find a watch small enough for his toothpick-thick wrist, anyway. Trevor began counting off the motions and prepping himself for the next move. "Stoke... down... stroke... down... stroke... down..." Trevor chanted softly while he psyched himself up. Finally, he was ready, "Stroke... down... stroke... down... JUMP!" Trevor used the momentum that his boyfriend's pounding provided to catapult himself upwards. Trevor launched into the air and landed with a dull thud against the pre-seeping top of Simon's massive cock head.

Trevor staggered to his feet. He could still feel the pulse of the steady rhythm of Simon's stroking which caused the cock to rock beneath his feet. As Trevor stared out at the view from his new perch he

was once again struck by just how tiny he had become. His boyfriend's body spread out before him for what felt like acres. The slight mounds of Simon's sculpted abs looked like the sun-touched foothills at the base of the mountains that were Simon's defined pecs.

"Enjoying the view?" Simon asked playfully. The sudden sound of his boyfriend's voice caused Trevor's gaze to shift from his lover's torso and up to his boyfriend's face. Trevor was once again struck by how massive Simon was. Simon's face seemed so far away and yet even at such a distance it was still so enormous! Even just Simon's nose was about as big as Trevor's whole body, but Trevor wasn't about to let that get him down. As surreal as the view was it was also incredibly exciting. Just seeing the huge, hot body of his titanic lover made Trevor as hard as he had ever been. His cock stood straight up at attention and demanded to be played with.

Even from across the bed, Simon could see the tent in Trevor's loincloth. "Isn't it about time you lost that?" Simon said seductively and nodded towards the now damp tissue which served as Trevor's sole garment.

Trevor didn't need to be told twice. Truth be told, his loincloth was starting to feel a little uncomfortable anyway. The way the damp cloth clung to his cock made him eager to get rid of it. Trevor reached down and undid the tuck on the side which caused the white cloth to fall from his fit frame and flutter down to expanse of Simon's clean-shaven

crotch. Trevor was left as fully nude as his enormous lover, but even at Trevor's tiny size, his thick cock was still a sight to behold. Simon even let out a whistle of appreciation as he glimpsed his boyfriend's thick dick. Of course, Trevor's cock was nothing compared to the massive spire on which Trevor now stood. Comparing his cock to his boyfriend's was like comparing a thumb tack to a sausage, but proportionally, Trevor's cock looked fantastic on his body. His thick dick was almost as long as forearm and as thick as his wrist. His sack was filled out with a pair of proportionally heavy nuts which had been as big as golf balls back when Trevor had been his old size.

Hearing his boyfriend's whistle of admiration filled Trevor with renewed vigor. He flexed for his adoring fan which caused Simon to chuckle. The shudders from his brief bit of giggling was enough to send Trevor lurching. Trevor nearly fell over before he managed to regain his footing, but the commotion atop his cock caused Simon to shudder for an entirely different reason. Simon could feel his tiny pal's feet digging into the soft tissue of his overstimulated cock head. Simon's cock gave a lurch of approval, this time sending the tiny stud sprawling to his hands and knees atop Simon's enormous cock. Rather than try to fight it Trevor dropped to his hands and knees atop his boyfriend's cock, and braced himself until the tremors subsided. At Trevor's tiny size, clinging to the tip of his lover's cock was like latching onto the domed roof of a VW beetle except much softer and much, much higher off the ground. Even from his perch on all fours atop Simon's cock, Trevor could see the staggering height

which he currently clung. The trek down Simon's foot-long dong looked more like a drop from a three-story building! But Trevor was too excited to be freaked out. He was never afraid of heights to begin with, and feeling the trembling of his titanic lover filled him with a sense of power that he hadn't thought possible at his tiny size. He might only be as tall as a green army man, but he had in his hands the power to bring the giant to his knees.

Trevor grinned from ear to ear and stared right up at his boyfriend while he dug his hands and knees into the soft flesh of his lover's cock. Simon's whole body tensed up from the sensation of having the tip of his oversensitive cock played with in such a way. Trevor's hands, knees, and feet were like fingers digging into the sensitive flesh. Trevor could feel the shudders of Simon's whole body reverberating through the titan's enormous cock. Trevor could feel the warmth of the slick pre pouring out of Simon's cock cascading against his own dick which gave Trevor another devious idea.

All it took was a little bit of maneuvering and Trevor had his cock lined up with the slit of Simon's massive cock. Simon's slit was so huge that Trevor's cock would have barely been noticeable had he tried to plunge it straight down the slit, but he had a better idea. Trevor's cock was well suited to stimulate the maw of Simon's one-eyed monster in other ways. Trevor's cock was longer than his lover's pre-oozing slit, and the thickness of Trevor's cock made it a great size to spread the lips of his lover's cock head wide.

Trevor lined his cock up against his lover's slit so that his cock lay across the pre-seeping opening of his boyfriend's gigantic cock like a hotdog in a bun. Trevor could actually feel the spongy tissue of his lover's cock swell up against his hands and knees letting him know that his latest stunt was appreciated by the titan. Trevor could also hear the soft whining of his gigantic boyfriend. Trevor didn't even need to look up to know what face Simon was making. Trevor had seen it so many times in the past that just the sound of his colossal lover's whimpers painted a vivid image of Simon trembling and chewing on his lower lip in ecstasy. The sensual sounds of Simon's whimpering and the seductive glance that Trevor could see in his mind's eye spurred him onward. No longer content to just kneel there, Trevor rubbed his dick against the trembling slit of his lover's massive cock.

Trevor pressed his cock against his lover's dribbling dick and rocked his hips back and forth causing his cock to grind against the oversensitive flesh of the inner lining of the lips of Simon's cock. With each thrust forward he could feel Simon's cock shudder harder. With each pull back, he could hear Simon whine louder. Trevor knew he was close to making Simon cum, but he didn't slow down. Knowing how much power he had over Simon was intoxicating and knowing how much Simon was enjoying it made the experience all the more amazing. Trevor couldn't stop now even if he had wanted to. He began to rock faster, to grind harder, to dig deeper, and his efforts were rewarded with more whining and writhing from his titanic lover.

Simon was so lost in the throes of ecstasy that he had dug his fingers into the mattress. Simon's breaths were coming out as short, ragged gasps as he struggled against his own need to cream. Simon's cock was lurching so hard in anticipation of what was sure to be the messiest climax of his life that it almost shook Trevor loose, but Trevor was not one to be beaten so easily. He dug his hands and knees in even deeper to the bucking bronco of a colossal cock head and kept grinding his cock against his lover's trembling slit with all his might. Trevor was beyond exhausted by this point. Sweat dripped from his brow. His whole body trembled with fatigue from both the arduous climb and the intense reaming he was giving his lover's cock.

"I... I'm gonna..." Simon whined, and then it all went dark for Trevor.

Simon's protective instincts kicked in and overwrote his own ecstasy. He knew what would happen if he came right then and there, but there was no way he could stop the cum this late in the game. Instead he lurched forward and clapped his hands over the tip of his dick to catch the torrent and his little lover in the process. Cum spurted from his cock and splattered against the palms of his hands. Trevor was hit with the first spurt right in the gut. The force of the warm, thick goop hitting him square in the midsection was enough to send him flying and knocked the wind clean out of him. The force of the cum was enough to have knocked Trevor clean off his perch atop his lover's dick and send him plummeting to the ground

below had it not been for Simon's quick action. Instead of falling, Trevor found himself pinned to his lover's palm as wave after wave of hot, sticky spunk crashed against him. Simon came again and again. Each massive spurt seemed more intense than the last until finally his loads began to taper off.

Simon collapsed flat on his back onto the covers of his bed. "Hah... hah... that was... amazing..." He panted between gasps for air, but he wasn't able to bask in the afterglow. He needed to make sure make sure Trevor was fine first and foremost.

Simon lifted his palm to his face and checked to see how Trevor was doing. Trevor seemed to be fine. He was a bit winded and buried under a thick was of spunk that coated his whole body and pinned him to his lover's palm, but other than that he seemed alright. Trevor even managed to free one of his hands from the muck and show off a weak thumbs-up to dispel his lover's remaining fears.

"So filthy," Simon chided playfully. "Let's get you cleaned up." With that Simon lifted his palm to his mouth and lapped at his cum-coated palm like a cat cleaning it's paw. Simon slurped up his own jizz and his little lover in the process. He could feel Trevor atop his tongue.

It was hot and humid within his lover's mouth, but Trevor couldn't tell much more than that. Everything went completely dark when Simon's mouth closed. All Trevor had to work with was what he could hear, feel, and smell. He could feel Simon's gigantic

tongue writhing beneath him like a bumpy waterbed mattress with a mind of its own. Simon's tongue pressed down on Trevor's body and pinned him to the roof of Simon's mouth. Trevor couldn't move a muscle. He was so thoroughly pinned down, but he could feel the saliva and spunks washing over him as Simon suckled and swallowed, but not all of the spunk was Simon's own. Trevor had been hot and bothered while grinding against Simon's slit, and being coated in his lover's spunk just made him even hornier. Being buffeted by his boyfriend's tongue was the final straw. Trevor came and came against while his lover's spunk washed over him. It wasn't long before Trevor was completely clean of cum but was instead soaked in spit instead.

Simon opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue and waited as his little lover slid off of his tongue and onto the palm of his outstretched hand, and glanced down at his little lover. Trevor was drenched and winded, but otherwise completely unharmed, and if Simon needed any other indication that Trevor had enjoyed it, Trevor's cock was rock hard.

"Looks like you had fun," Simon said sweetly. Trevor managed a weak thumbs-up towards his towering boyfriend before slumping back against Simon's palm.

Simon was about ready to have a little more fun with Trevor, but he could see that Trevor's hard-on was starting to deflate. Trevor had reached his limit

and was spent. At the moment what they both needed was a breather – something which Simon was more than happy to provide. Simon set his little lover down atop the pillow at the head of the bed and then laid back down. Simon's head rested mere inches from Trevor's body, but at Trevor's tiny size, Simon's ear was a full body-length away.

“Well, Mr. Destroyer of Worlds, I'd say you rocked my world,” Simon quipped with a chuckle.

Trevor laughed at the awful joke as well, but then rolled onto his side so he was shouting directly into Simon's colossal ear. “I guess I can add another title to my repertoire – ‘Trevor, Toppler of Titans!’” Trevor shouted.

Simon let out another chuckle, “Alright Daenerys. You can have as many titles as you want... just so long as one of them is Lover of Mine,” Simon said sweetly. He then kissed his fingertip and held the tip of his finger up to Trevor so that he could kiss it back.