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# Balls of Steel

By Ziel.

## Balls of Steel

It was a dark night in a city that knows how to keep its secrets. A pair of dubious figures stood huddled under the awning of a small jewelry shop.

“C’mon. C’mon. Can’t you work any faster?”  
The first guy said.

“You can’t rush art,” replied the other guy who was kneeling down in front of the door and working at the lock with a pick. It didn’t take a rocket surgeon to figure out what these two were up to. The night was eerily quiet as the thug worked at the lock on the storefront door – that was until an odd sound split the cool night air. A resounding *BAP* like the sound of a basketball bouncing off of the court floor reverberated through the dimly lit road.

“Didja hear that?” The lookout asked.

“Why are you asking me? You’re the lookout,” The lockpicker replied, and that was the end of that conversation for the time being – that was until the sound echoed through the alleyways once more – this time louder... and closer...

“I know I heard something this time.” The lookout said nervously. He peered out into the darkness of the dark and dingy street with one hand securely resting on his holster.

“It’s probably nothing. Now could you calm down? You’re making *me* nervous,” the lockpicker replied, and with that the pair returned to their tasks in silence. It seemed that that was the end of the strange noise until a few minutes later they heard it again. This time the sound sounded like it was coming from just down the road, but try as he might, the lookout could not see any sign of who or what might have made it. He was about to venture out into the street and look around when another sound caught his ear. This time the sound came from behind him – from the doorway. *Click* went the lock, signifying that the picker had finally succeeded in his task.

“Alright. Let’s clean this place out and get out of here before anyone realizes we were here,” the picker said as he opened the front door to the jewelry store.

“Right behind you,” The lookout replied. The two of them filed into the store and quickly and quietly began to swipe anything that was not nailed down. Soon their bags were bursting with ill-gotten gains

ranging from pocket watches to priceless gemstones. They were so caught up in the rush of thieving and their rush to get in and out before anyone noticed the storefront was now open that they didn't even notice yet another *BAP* – this time much, much closer than before.

“Alright. Let's scram,” The lookout said as he cinched up his bag and slung it over his shoulder.

“Right behind you,” The lockpicker replied, and with that the two of them made their way towards the doorway. They quickly filed out of the store much the same way they filed in, but this time there was something waiting for them.

“What the...” the lookout murmured as he stared at what could only rightly be described as the largest set of cock and balls he had ever seen. The rigid cock itself was enormous in its own right. It was easily as thick as either thugs' entire body and almost as tall as they were! The thing had to be at least four feet long, but it was tough to gauge the exact size due to the angle it was pointed. The cock wasn't just rock hard though, it looked ready to blow its sizeable load at any second. The dick seemed to shudder in anticipation. Softball sized beads of pre dribbled from the slit of the overstimulated, supersized cock. It was clear that if that cock blew it would be a mess for the record books because despite how huge the cock was, it was absolutely dwarfed by the pair of monstrously huge nuts that rested on the pavement beneath. Either enormous orb was at least quadruple the size of

the bag of loot he had slung over his shoulder. Each nut was easily as large as a small car.

The thieving pair were so stunned by the cock and balls that sat before them that it took them a moment to realize that the owner of said spectacular package was resting atop the cock and balls and watching the pair of them intently.

“I thought I heard the sound of something illegal going on over here,” The guy said with a smirk. The guy’s slight build and small stature just made his cock and balls even more monstrously huge. The guy was a shrimp compared to the two built and bulky thugs who had just knocked over the jewelry store. The dude was barely 5’5. Had he been standing in front of the thieves he would have barely reached their shoulders, and his lean, lithe build barely showed any muscle to it at all, and thanks to his revealing choice of attire, most of his body was exposed for all to see. The would-be crime fighter was dressed in an outfit that looked to be an X-rated attempt at a super hero suit. He had the small, oval eye mask, elbow length gloves, knee length boots, and not a stitch else! For all intents and purposes this dude was totally nude! His supposed super hero symbol, a pair of Bs juxtaposed at an angle was painted directly onto his chest.

“Who the hell are you supposed to be?” The lookout asked.

“Me? I’m the terror that faps in the night.” The hero said dramatically and puffed up his chest. He let

that sink in for a moment before continuing his self-aggrandizing monologued. "I'm the crushing weight of justice. I'm the – ohshithe'sgotagun." BB sputtered right as the lookout dropped his bag and reached into his holster to pull out a small pistol. BB quickly leaned back and flopped backwards behind his enormous bait and tackle for protection. A series of loud *Bangs* split the air as the thug unloaded shot after shot right at the would-be hero, but to the surprise of the pair of thugs, the bullets bounced ineffectively off of the enormous package that stood before him.

BB huddled for protection behind the barricade of his nigh-impenetrable nuts. The bullets which would leave any normal man perforated and bleeding out on the side-walk felt like little more than soft taps against his impervious package. In fact, the soft thumps actually felt pretty good against his cock and balls. They tickled in a way. The soft massage of the hail of bullets was almost enough to get BB off right then and there, but he knew better than to fire before the time was ripe.

BB waited until he heard the telltale clicking of an empty cartridge before hopping back up and onto his nuts like a mermaid hopping onto a small rock outcropping in the middle of the seas. "You didn't even let me finish introducing myself, ya jaggof!" BB Shouted at his assailant. "I am The Blue Balls, and I'm here to deliver you two to justice!" With that, Blue leaned forward against his cock to angle it downward so that it pointed right at the lookout who was frantically trying to slide another cartridge into the

handle of his gun. Once his cock was aimed right at the assailant's chest, Blue dug his fingers into the soft, sensitive tissue of his cockhead, and let his own arousal handle the rest. His cock was already so overstimulated that all it took was a small poke to send him over the edge. Blue let out a deep moan as jet after jet of warm, thick spunk erupted from his cock. The spray of jizz nailed the lookout right in the chest and sent him flying back against the wall directly behind him.

“Nngg... what the...” The lookout groaned as he tried to free himself from the thick and sticky mass of white spunk that pinned him to the wall. It felt less like he was covered in spoooge and more like he had been caught in a cocoon of tar, and as the jizz steadily cooled it became harder and harder to move until he could barely even fidget within the confines of his cooling cum prison. He was so thoroughly pinned that he couldn't even move his hand to aim his gun. He couldn't even move his finger to shoot!

“Hehe. You like that? This is the fate that awaits any evildoer who would cross paths with The Blue Balls!” Blue shouted triumphantly. He puffed up his chest and posed heroically as if putting on a scene for some unseen audience, and he probably would have done some more self-aggrandizing posturing had he not seen something out of the corner of his eyes. Blue quickly glanced to the side and caught a glimpse of the lockpicker fleeing down the street with his own sack of loot slung over his shoulder.



The thief was already nearly to the intersection. He could easily duck down the side road before Blue would even have a chance to prep his next shot. Blue's spoo had some good range to it, but even he couldn't shoot through walls. There was only one chance for Blue to catch the crook, and he was more than happy to take it.

The lockpicker was making his escape down the street, and he was sure he was in the clear. After all, how could someone so encumbered by their own package ever hope to give chase? And as the lockpicker turned the corner and headed down the next street he was sure he was in the clear. He was just about to stop and congratulate himself on a job well done when he heard it – a familiar *BAP* sound which he had heard earlier in the evening. Earlier he had written it off as a trick of his imagination, but not this time. It was too loud, too close. The sound echoed through the streets. It reverberated off the buildings. *BAP!* He heard it again. It was closer this time – much closer! The lockpicker redoubled his efforts to escape. He tightened his grip on his sack of loot and ran faster and faster, faster than he had ever run in his life. *BAP!!!* Came the sound again. This time it was so close, it was so loud it was deafening. His ears rung from the sound of the impact. It sounded like whatever it was had hit the street mere feet behind him. The lockpicker glanced back over his shoulder to see what it was that was chasing him, but to his surprise, there was nothing there. The street was empty. There was not a soul to be seen for miles around. The lockpicker was too confused to rationalize any of what happened

and too freaked out to try. All he knew was he had to get out of there and fast! He once more began sprinting at full speed, but he barely went more than a few feet when he came face to face with the source of the sound. *BAP!!!!*

Blue crashed down mere inches in front of the would-be thief. He landed so close that the thug didn't even have time to stop himself. He tried his best to screech to a halt, but instead ended up toppling forward face first into Blue's colossal nuts. "Gotcha," Blue said with a victorious smirk. He was sitting atop his nuts with his cock between his knees as if he was riding his package like a Clydesdale. That *BAP* sound had been him bouncing along, riding his nuts like a gigantic hopper ball!

The thief quickly scrambled to his feet and once again took off running, but this time he didn't even bother to take his sack of goods with him. He was interested in one thing and one thing only – getting the hell out of there! As he hauled ass down the street he could hear the sound of Blue chuckling followed by a rallying cry for the hero's next attack.

"Mortar Combat!!!" Blue shouted as he took aim with his massive cock. A huge spurt of jizz fired high into the cool night air. The spray arced so high into the air that it even cleared the top of the nearby buildings before crashing back down atop the fleeing thief. The warm, thick jizz splashed down all over the lockpicker, coating him from head to toe in the tarlike substance. Try as he might he could not escape. He

could barely even move. He was like a fly caught in a spider web. The more he struggled the more he got stuck, and as the spunk cooled and stiffened, it became even harder to move until the thief was frozen in place like as if covered in a layer of plaster. He couldn't even move his fingers he was so coated in cum.

Sirens filled the otherwise quiet night air. Blue and red flashing lights appeared off in the distance. It was clear that the cavalry was soon going to arrive. "Looks like your trigger-happy buddy saved me the trouble of having to call the cops on you guys." Blue commented. "Well, that means my work is done. Now, don't go anywhere," Blue said jokingly before taking to the sky once more.

The thief couldn't turn his head to see Blue leave, but he could hear the familiar *BAP* getting steadily quieter as it got further away. Soon the police would be upon him, and he'd have to give his account of what had happened, but who would ever believe that some guy with a pecker the size of a person and a pair of nuts the size of a minivan had coated him in quick-drying cum? Whatever the case may be though, it was clear that he wouldn't be able to deny robbing the jewelry store, especially not with thousands of dollars' worth of jewels still crammed into his pockets.