

Heart of a Lion – The Pride

While Ken's mind was clouded with the thought of his gorilla-like enemy his pride continued as if everything was as perfect as the day that Ken came and claimed them all as his people. As the weeks went on he imposed. More and more changes to his pride; changing the way they acted, the way they dressed, and the people they were attracted to. Some were given easier higher standings within the pride while others made the bitches. These are their stories.

Eugene

Eugene Mccallister was once the king of the fraternity, and of the school. Where he walked people followed, and when he talked people listened. His masculine features and hard body oozed confidence and commanded the attention of everyone on campus. Eugene wasn't only known for his stunningly handsome good face, but for the horrible way he treated those he deemed lower than himself; Ken being one of them. So when the day came that Ken claimed the fraternity as his, Eugene was the first one to fall. The day that Ken pushed Eugene from his throne was the best day of Ken's life and possibly the worst day of Eugene's, and for Ken that was only the beginning.

The first of many changes that Ken made was that Eugene no longer had a bed within the pride/fraternity. That every night he would have to beg his brothers for a place to stay. It was hard for him the first few nights, refusing to ask for a place to stay. In response to his defiance; Eugene was forced to sleep outside. Sleeping outside wasn't hard for Eugene, having camped before, but the night that broke him was one full of harsh rains and cold winds. It was the Vice President's door that he appeared before; drenched from head to toe. He was the first one that took pity on Eugene.

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"Fuck you are soaking wet!" The Vice President shrieked after opening to the door to his room. Eugene stared at his former best friend; tears welling up in his eyes while his wet clothes hung heavily on his body.

"Can I please sleep in here tonight Nick," Eugene whispered to his friend. His voice barely audible. Eugene knew the rules that were imposed by Ken and didn't think his best friend would take advantage of him in his weakened state.

"Of course man. Come on inside," Nick said, ushering Eugene into his large bedroom; the second largest in the house. "Go shower, and I can lay out some clean clothes for you man." Eugene smiled. He

wouldn't say that his brothers started treating him worse since Ken claimed the fraternity but they definitely treated him differently.

"Thanks, man," Eugene said, feeling slightly more normal than he had the past few days. He walked himself to the bathroom and stood beneath the warm water of the shower for what seemed like ages, washing away the hardships of living outside the past week. Eugene heard the door to the private bathroom open as Nick left a stack of clothes for him to change. The exchanged pleasantries once more before Nick closed the door behind himself, leaving Eugene to his privacy. Eugene felt a few moments of normalcy standing within the shower, moments that were swiftly ended when he found the clothes that were left to him by Nick. He had thought that his friend would leave him a pair of boxers, maybe an oversized T-shirt, not a man thong or a pair of knee-high socks. Eugene threw the clothes back to the counter in disgust, but the longer he stared at the pieces of clothing he knew that they were not selected by accident.

Eugene pulled the small thong over his bulky thighs, nestling the thong between his bouncy butt cheeks as well as squeezing his thick cock into the small pouch of the thong. Quickly following the thong with the pair of knee-high socks. The thick cotton socks squeezing tightly on his thick quads, emphasizing the hefty amount of muscle contained in each of his legs. Eugene stared at himself in the mirror of the bathroom recognizing the dimpled smile, and the thick brown eyebrows, but as his eyes drifted lower the reflection looked like it belonged to a completely different person. Eugene took a deep breath and opened the door to the bedroom.

"I was wondering what was taking you so long," Nick said as Eugene entered the bedroom. Eugene looked at Nick with his legs spread apart with his hard cock hanging between his toned thighs. Eugene continued to stand awkwardly in front of the closed door, his perfect body on display for Nick to enjoy. The two men continued to stare at one another, their eyes rolling across the other's body taking in every inch of their forms. "Fuck you look great in those knee-highs," Nick groaned as he rubbed his hand up and down the shaft of his cock. Eugene looked down at his legs, unsure of how to take the compliment from his former best friend.

"Thank you," Eugene muttered as he rubbed his thighs together.

"Go ahead and turn around," Nick ordered, turning his finger in a circle. Eugene obediently turned around, showing off his ass to Nick. He heard a growl of appreciation as his ass came into full view. "Fuck that is one tasty fucking ass. Come on over here boy." Eugene looked over his shoulder and saw Nick jerking his cock faster. Eugene looked down at his ass, seeing the two large globes of fat; two cheeks which swallowed the thong entirely. "Come on. Unless you want to sleep outside again?" Nick

said, his voice taking a lower more threatening tone. Eugene looked out the window seeing the rain had intensified since he came inside. He took a deep breath and slowly walked to his friend.

“No, no. On your knees.” Nick said. His words were a statement but Eugene knew it was an order; an order that he couldn’t disobey. Eugene fell to his knees and began to crawl towards Nick like a dog. Eugene could feel his ass swaying back and forth with every movement, slightly bouncing every time his knee hit the floor. “Fuck that’s even better,” Nick moaned as Eugene crawled between his legs; his face was almost pressed against his hard cock. “Beg for it.” Eugene’s eyes went wide. Was he really expected to beg for his friend’s cock like a bitch?

Nick grabbed a handful of Eugene’s hair and pulled his face into his cock, smashing it into his cock. Eugene tried to recoil in disgust but Nick’s hold was tight.

“I said beg!” Nick ordered. “Or your back outside like the fucking bitch that you are, and I will make sure that nobody takes you in.”

“Please don’t,” Eugene whispered.

“Then beg bitch!” Nick ordered once again. Eugene swallowed hard. He swallowed his ego. He swallowed his homophobia. He swallowed the hateful words that bubbled in his throat.

“Please let me have your cock,” Eugene said halfheartedly, but even though as the words left his lips he felt a stirring within the thong. Nick’s hold lessened slightly.

“I think we can do better than that,” Nick urged as he leaned back slightly.

“Give me your huge cock sir,” Eugene begged. His voice taking on more of a desperate tone, a tone that was foreign to him, but felt natural. Nick continued to urge Eugene further, pushing him to degrade himself more and more. Eugene continued to speak and worship the man’s cock with his words until his own dick was as hard as the one before him. “Please, I need your cock, sir! Feed me that massive dick!” Eugene shouted as he opened his mouth wide and Nick pushed it deep into his tonsils. Eugene moaned in pleasure as the musky essence overwhelmed his taste buds.

“Mmm,” Eugene cried as Nick’s cock was withdrawn from his mouth and then pushed all the way to the base once more. Eugene sniffed, smelling his friend’s hefty, hairy balls. Nick’s hands rubbed all around Eugene’s head as he continued to plow the fraternity’s former president.

“God, it’s like your mouth was made for cock. Just sliding in so easily. Fuck, and so tight too!” Nick groaned as Eugene went at his cock with unbridled lust. It was like some crazed creature was awakened within him. Nick fell back into his bed as Eugene worshiped his cock; licking up and down the shaft, sucking on his balls, lapping at the tip of his oozing member. Eugene was like a bitch in heat; a bitch that was wildly jerking at his own cock while he suckled at Nick’s.

“Fuck I’m getting close!” Nick groaned as he grabbed a hold of the duvet cover that was below him. “Oh shit, here it comes!” Nick hollered as he thrust his cock one final time into Eugene’s throat. Nick’s balls unloaded into Eugene’s mouth leaking out of the corners of his mouth and back onto his cock. Eugene threw his face back into Nick’s cock wanting every ounce of his juice in his stomach. Eugene’s hand drifted back to his own cock, wanting to feel the sweet release of orgasm, but even in Nick’s intense state of pleasure he was able to push away Eugene’s hand. “None of that.” Eugene let out a groan of displeasure as he felt Nick tuck his cock back into his thong.

“Aww, don’t make that face,” Nick yawned. “It’s time for bed,” Nick said as he pat the empty side of his bed. Eugene looked down at his hard dick straining within the thin underwear, letting out another groan of sadness. At least he wasn’t in the rain Eugene thought to himself as he climbed into bed. It was warm too. The last thought that Eugene had were wondering how could Nick already be getting hard as he pressed his cock against Eugene’s bubble butt.

Buck and Tuck

The bus bounced up and down the street, hitting every pothole on purpose or so it seemed to the many passengers. The passengers swayed and bobbed as the bus began to slow in front of the college gymnasium; two passengers, in particular, bouncing more than any other.

Nestled in the back seating of the bus sat two of Ken’s fraternity brothers Buck and Tuck. The two men sat in the backseat watching the eyes of the other passengers cut to the side and stare at them. The two friend’s had yet to get used to the prying eyes of the many students on their college campus. Their muscular bodies had always garnered attention from others, but since Ken had taken over the fraternity their growth had been put into overdrive. Before Ken even stepped into the fraternity the two men had been juicing, but under Ken’s supervision, their doses increased as did their frequency. Tuck’s and Buck’s bodies eagerly absorbed every ounce of steroids that was plunged into their muscles. Their backs grew wide, their biceps bulged, and their quads exploded.

The staring had only gotten worse since their normal clothing had been exchanged for brightly colored spandex clothes. Clothes that were a requirement for them to wear even when they were not at the gym. Ken had made sure that the clothes not only accentuated the gains that they made at the gym but also the losses that the steroids caused. Tuck and Buck had always hoped that the people they caught staring at them were looking at their muscles, but when either of them would look down;

between their massive thighs and see their shrunken cock, they knew what they were looking at when they were caught.

Both fraternity brothers had noticed their members begin to shrink away as their muscles grew larger their dicks diminished. Every morning Tuck and Buck could see and feel their dicks withering away. Both stuffed their underwear almost on a daily basis now, but when they were sent to the gym by Ken; no stuffing was allowed. The worse part was when people would notice their cocks shrunken form, and the bigger they grew the tinier it appeared.

“City Walk Gymnasium,” the bus driver shouted as he brought the bus to a complete stop. Tuck and Buck stood from their seats, hearing the groaning of their seats as they hefted their large bodies from the plastic cushions. The two men moved from the back of the bus accidentally knocking into the other passenger’s arms, shoulders, and bags. Both giving a mumbled apology before knocking into another passenger.

As Tuck and Buck stepped from the bus they watched it lift several inches before starting up and driving down the street. Both men let out a deep sigh of relief, finally being able to stretch their behemoth bodies and began to trek up the stairs to the gym. With every passerby, the two fraternity brothers could feel their eyes on their pectorals as they bounced or their asses as their spandex workout shorts wedged between their hefty glutes. They entered the gym, giving the receptionist a knowing nod and continued to walk into towards the locker room knowing that they had to obey Ken’s orders even if he wasn’t with them.

Tuck and Buck found a section of the locker room that ensured that anyone who entered the locker room would see their large bodies on display. Tuck peeled away his shorts and tank top revealing a bright pink thong wedged between his cheeks he turned away from the corner showing the tiny pouch to everyone who walked in. Buck followed suit taking off his own clothes, placing them into the locker, and pulling his own bright green thong into place. Both friends stood awkwardly in their section of the gym as people passed by them as they moved deeper into the locker room. Some discreetly looking at them while others made open comments about their size or their lack of size.

“Fuck their huge.”

“Did you see that guy in the thong? Fucking faggot.”

“See that’s why I don’t use steroids. Shrinks the boys.”

They hated the attention, but every comment would send a thrill through their bones causing their minuscule cocks to inflate. The difference was barely noticeable but it the brothers felt that the world could see their arousal and that made the situation that much worse. They would fidget and sway

from side to side as people entered the locker room looking at that hardening cocks beneath the almost sheer thongs until they began the next step of their pre-workout ritual. Tuck shared a knowing look with Buck while he shoved his hand into their gym bag, withdrawing a small glass vial and syringe. Buck's dick pulsed at the sight of the needle.

He never shared his thoughts with Tuck but he loved the idea of growing bigger. The idea of growing larger and more muscular even with his dick growing smaller pushed him to ask for more dosage than even Ken ordered. Unknown to him, Tuck shared a similar thought process. While Buck loved the idea of growing huge and monstrous; the idea scared Tuck. Every day he looked at himself seeing a different person every day to the point where he didn't even recognize himself most times struck a cord in him – a cord that was also connected to his tiny cock.

"Ready?" Tuck asked as he plunged the needle into the vial and pulled out a hefty dosage of the drug. He flicked the tip of the needle, dispersing the air bubbles. Buck silently turned around and pushed out his wide ass readying for the prick of the needle. "Breathe in," Tuck advised as he pushed the needle into Buck's ass causing a yelp of pain to erupt from his lips. Buck could see people on the other side of the locker room turn away in disgust as he was openly injected with drugs.

"Fucking disgusting," Buck groaned enjoying the disgusted looks he received from other people nowadays. As the drugs were pushed into his system Buck could feel his dick begin to leak into his front pouch. Just knowing that the testosterone now rushing through his body turned him on. "My turn," Tuck said as he grabbed another syringe full of steroids and turned around. Buck quickly pushed the drugs into his friend's system and threw the needle and the now empty vial of steroids into the nearest trashcan.

"Ready?" Buck asked as he pushed his gym bag into a locker.

"Yeah," Tuck said as the two of them began their parade through the locker room, moving towards the sauna. The looks they received in their tiny garments were ones of lust and disgust, looks of want and disgrace. They saw old friends of their goofing off in the corner of one room as they passed by; both remembering what life used to be like before Ken.

They both entered the sauna quietly sitting on the edge of the empty sauna as their bodies begin to already perspire. Both sat silently while their muscles began to glisten with sweat as the steroids rushed through their systems. Tuck and Buck both looked at one another as their hands drifted towards their thongs – the drugs increasing their libido to the point where they could barely think straight.

Tuck was the first one to shove his hand into his thong, grabbing a hold of his tiny cock feeling cum already begin to pool in his hand. Tuck leaned back against the wall and closed his eyes while his other hand drifted to his pectoral; already beginning to pull and twist his hard nipples. All the while Buck was pushing his thong to the ground and opening jerking his tiny cock. He could remember a time when he needed two hands to hold his shaft; while now he could encompass his entire cock with three fingers and that was stretching it. Buck took his tiny balls in his calloused hand and squeeze his nuts feeling more cum ooze out of the tip and onto his two fingers.

The fraternity brother's groans of pleasure filled the sauna as their jerked their small members, each one remembering the monster cock that they use to hold in their daily jerk sessions. Both friends closed their eyes as their mind filled with different images. Tuck saw himself getting huge and worshipped by all. His chest growing huge and heavy with large perky nipples. His quads thick cords of muscle which would lead to his robust ass cheeks. Even imagining his cock even smaller than current turned him on. Buck's mind filled with a similar version of himself but this one was full of people humiliating him because of his immense size and lack of girth. The faces they people were making and the names that people were calling him were pushing him towards the edge.

"Fuck," Buck grunted as his tiny balls pulled up and his dick shot onto the underneath side of his pectorals.

"Fuck so huge!" Tuck shouted, his cock letting out a pathetic dribble of cum onto his stomach. His load barely shooting past his belly button. Their orgasms were short but intense. Both of their cocks shriveled back to their smaller state and were immediately tucked away into their pouches. Without saying a word the two men stood from their respective spots and walked back to their locker room. Their loads dripping down their bodies for all to see as they readied themselves to finally begin their workout.

Peter

Peter stood outside the back door of the club, anxiously waiting for the bouncer to let him in through the back door. Even though this was his umpteenth time coming to the club he was still slightly nervous waiting at the back door. Peter knocked once more on the door hearing the loud rap echo through the hallway.

"Who's there?" A deep voice asked from the other side of the thick iron door. It was the bouncer.

"It's Peter," he croaked out.

"Who?" The voice asked.

"The new guy," Peter said, trying to ignite the man's memory. "The one in the camo thong from Tuesday," he added. He knew the bouncer had seen him in his thong, and knew that would strike a cord in his memory.

"Oh, yea!" The voice said, his tone full of recognition. The door swung open revealing a large broad set man in a pair of cargo shorts and a black tank top with the word bouncer in bedazzled lettering. His tank overflowing with muscle and patches of black and gray chest hair. "I was wondering if you would be showing tonight. Cutting a little close to show time if you ask me." The bouncer crossed his beefy arms in front of his chest while pushing out his large heavy pectorals. Peter knew the man was friendly but in the time he had been dancing, he also knew the man had a forceful side that came out when necessary.

"Yea sorry about that. I got a little behind at the frat house." Peter rubbed the back of his bleach blonde hair and then brushed the hair from the front of his eyes. "Am I still able to go on tonight?" Peter asked. He was hoping that the man would say no, but knowing his luck it was going to be a yes.

"Sure thing kid," the bouncer said as he moved to the side of the hallway. "The back dressing room shouldn't be too full. Just go ahead and get dressed unless you're already wearing your outfit under the clothes." The man looked up and down Peter's body, obviously removing his clothes in his mind as he licked his lips. The bouncer had gotten a peek at Peter's body the night before and from the hefty bulge in his pants; he enjoyed what he saw.

"Yea I need to change," Peter said, holding up a drawstring bag in one of his hands as he entered the long hallway. As he passed by the bouncer he could feel a rough hand squeeze one of his cheeks causing him to jump forward slightly.

"Firm," the bouncer said as he let go of Peter's ass. Peter knew better than to say anything, so he continued to walk down the hallway without another word. He had grown used to other men touching him since Ken forced him to work at the strip club. Tonight would be either his twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth time since his first night, Peter couldn't honestly remember. All the long nights began to drift together as he danced multiple times a week now. He could remember the conversation with Ken when he was told that he was going to be working at a strip club as one of the dancers. He had wanted to argue but by the way Ken looked at him when he was told about his new nightly job; he knew that no words would sway Ken. He considered what some of the less attractive members of the fraternity were forced into, he considered himself lucky.

Peter continued down the hallway, silently, until arriving at the final door on the left. He could hear the high pitched voices of the other dancers screaming and laughing at one another. They were a loud bunch but friendly. Peter pushed the door open and came face to face with 4 other guys in multiple states of undress.

“Oh my god it’s Pretty Petey,” the Asian dancer screamed, jumping up in down in excitement. His full pouch bouncing lewdly with every one of his movements. His tone body was a multitude of gens and swirls that took hours for him to do, but the patrons always seemed to enjoy his artistic efforts.

“Hi Richie,” Peter said as he walked into the tiny dressing room and dropped his bag onto one of the counters. Peter quickly pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it onto the edge of the counter with his pants following quickly behind.

“Petey what did we say about these last week?” Richie said grabbing a hold of Peter’s plaid boxers. Peter felt Richie pull at his boxers eagerly attempting to undress him, but Peter pulled away from his dancer friend.

“I know Richie. I have something to change into. Just give me a moment.” Peter said, wanting to take his time to get undressed rather being forced into it. Richie pushed out his bottom lip and cocked his hip to the side. His overly inflated ass jut out to the side as he stood there pouting. He was the one guy out of the dancers that Peter had become friends.

“Spoilsport. You better save a dance for me later though. I got so many tips last time we danced together.” Richie ended the conversation with a wink and turned towards his own dressing area and began to douse his chest in multi-colored glitter.

“Yea for sure,” Peter said halfheartedly as he dumped out his drawstring bag onto the counter. Gel, makeup, glitter, brushes, and a camo thong fell out onto the counter. Peter had collected a few pieces of makeup and glitter over the past few weeks, mostly at the command of Ken when he came to see the show. Ken preferred Peter to as bright as possible when it came to dancing. Peter stared at himself in the mirror; it wasn’t that he needed any of the additional props to make people tip him. His chest was broad, his stomach was flat, and his thong was full. He wondered where the additional’s just ideas that Ken came up with to embarrass or humiliate him further, or did he just like the added glitz when he was dancing for these older gentlemen.

“Ten minutes ladies!” A man shouted from up the hallway near the stage. “Be on time or you’re not dancing tonight. That means you, Alex!”

“Fuck off! That was one time!” The black dancer shouted as he dusted glitter onto both of his wide ass cheeks. Peter considered accidentally not being on time, but he didn’t want Ken to be in the

audience and him not be on stage. That had happened before, and as punishment, he was assigned to strip tease for some of the frat parties that the fraternity hosted. Peter quickly dropped his underwear to the floor and received many hoots and hollers to his naked status from the other dancers. Peter looked down at his crotch, still not use to his hairless crotch. But he did admit that his hairless status did make his dick look fuller.

“Okay, okay. It’s not like you guys haven’t seen it already,” Peter said, trying to calm down his fellow dancers. He quickly grabbed a hold of his thong and stepped one leg at a time into the undergarment before wedging it between his muscled cheeks. Peter tucked his hefty lemon-side balls and cock into the thong; his genitals stretching the fabric to capacity. Peter wished that Ken had allowed him a bigger size, but he was told that he looked better with the smaller underwear. Peter grabbed one of his makeup brushes and quickly began to splatter glitter across his toned chest and abdominals, nabbing a little bit on his cheek as well before tossing it aside. Then taking a hand full of his he styled his hair into a perfect quaff as well as outlining both eyes in a thick blue eyeliner.

“To the stage girls!” A man with a microphone said as he appeared at the door of the dressing room. Peter gave himself a once over; he was ready to go. Peter, along with the other dancers, left the dressing room quickly and dispersed in different directions; Peter walked followed one of the offshoot hallways which led to a side stage.

“Everyone let’s all give a warm welcome to the Boys of Bay local!” The MC announced to the club goers, and one by one each of the dancers took the stage. Peter could feel his heart beginning to race as he stepped out onto his area. The bright lights of the ceiling blinding him slightly as they adjusted to the area. Peter felt his dick jolt with excitement as he took the pole in hand as he began to dance. The loud thump of the bass urged him to move his waist from side to side as he swung around the stripper pole.

Peter closed his eyes, and let the music run through his veins. He wasn’t a huge fan of the stripping part or being groped by older men, but Peter loved to dance. Every time he would go to the club before Ken’s hostile take over he would spend hours dancing with girls and the occasional guy when the amount of drinks urged him too. Peter worked his way around the pole a few times, walking slowly and seductively, pushing out his thong with every step more and more before dropping to the floor. The cool metal of the pole ran betwixt his cheeks as he slid back against the pole. A deep cough broke him out of his dancer’s trance. Peter opened his eyes and saw an older man leaning onto his stage with a bill folded in his hands.

“I got a tip for you,” the man said loudly over the music. The man looked to be the age of his father; salt and pepper hair with laugh lines surrounding his eyes and lips. Peter fell to his knees and pushed himself forward; his crotch was thrust off the stage only inches away from the man’s face. Peter knew what he had to do for the tips, and if he wanted to end the encounters with the raunchy older man. Peter looked at the man as he dug his hand into the front of his pouch, grabbing roughly onto his dick before palming the bill underneath his balls. Peter looked away as the man continued to fondle his dick causing it to chub up slightly before he pulled away. The man gave a huff of dissatisfaction and fell back into his seat as Peter returned to his feet.

Peter continued to dance around the pole for several minutes before he began to climb the pole. He had a substantial amount of upper body strength that allowed him to perform tricks on the pole, which always earned him some bills especially when he would land to the floor in a split. Over the next few hours, Peter was touched, groped, and fingered once by multiple different men until he was called off the stage by the manager for a lap dance.

Peter was never a fan of giving lap dances to the patrons because it always needed up with them asking for more than he was willing to give. Peter took a few shots of whiskey from the bar before heading towards the curtained area.

Peter entered a closed off area and saw the older man from earlier sitting in the client’s chair with his legs spread open. Peter placed a fake smile on his face as he sauntered towards the older man. The man’s face grew wide with excitement the closer Peter got.

“Fuck your even hotter off stage than you were on,” the man said as Peter stopped in front of him. The light reflected off of Peter’s glittered chest giving him the appearance of a glittered god. The man reached out his hands and touched Peter’s glittered stomach. His hands climbed Peter’s abdominals until they reached his chest. Peter turned around and placed his bubble butt onto the man’s lap already feeling a bulge in the man’s unfitting khakis.

“Ugh,” Peter moaned as the man squeezed his pectorals aggressively before moving his fingers towards Peter’s nipples. Peter could feel each of his nipples being flicked by the man as he ground his ass into the man’s lap. Peter moved his ass from side to side as the music’s beat sped up. He twisted his hips in a circle motion, hearing groans of pleasure come from the man’s mouth. The man leaned back in the chair as Peter pushed harder onto his lap, feeling the man’s erect dick. Peter could feel his own dick begin to grow hard from the man’s constant touching.

“Fuck you are good at this, aren’t you?” The man moaned as his hands left Peter’s chest and moved onto to the front pouch. The man grabbed the onto Peter’s full pouch causing a groan of

satisfaction erupt from Peter's mouth; a groan which he wished he could have stifled. "Oh, you enjoying yourself too?" The man asked as his fingers rug into the thing fabric of the thong, grabbing a hold of the shaft of Peter's cock and pushing out a thin stream of the pre that was boiling within his balls.

"Fuck," Peter groaned, biting down on his teeth as his hands grabbed onto the man's knees to steady himself. Peter continued to dance as the man moved his hand up and down the shaft of his cock. The alcohol which Peter consumed before the lap dance was lowering his usual restrictions he had against letting clients touch him, but it felt so good. Peter's hand traveled up the man's body until he pulled his hand into his neck. He could feel the man bite swiftly onto the tender flesh of his neck as he twerked his ass. The man's free hand moved back towards Peter's chest and pulled and twisted one of his nipples causing more moans of pleasure to fill the room.

Peter could feel the man's dick growing more rigid by the second as his own dick was jerk through the silky material of the jockstrap. Peter could feel his balls continue to leak into his jockstrap turning his jock sheer near the tip of his cock. Peter's grinding began to grow more rampant as the man's stroking grew faster.

"You gonna cum for me?" The man teased as he rubbed his ran around the tip of Peter's cock.

"A huh," Peter groaned as he thrust his cock into the man's eager hands.

The two men's voice continued to build on top of one another until they both let out shouts of release and their cocks exploded into their respective undergarments. Peter fell weakly into the man's lap as he let the after orgasm bliss wash over his body. The man flicked gently flicked Peter's nipple as he rested for a few brief moments.

"Here's a little extra," the man said as he tucked a wad of bills into Peter's thong as he was pushed off the man's body. Peter, begrudgingly moved, and walked towards the entrance to the private area. He could feel the large wad of money underneath his balls and wondered, how much he was tipped by the gentleman.

"Peter! Hurry up in there! We need you on stage," the manager yelled from the other side of the curtain separating the private area.

"That's my cue to leave. Thank you," Peter slurred as he turned away from the older man and walked back out onto the floor. He looked at the large clock adorning the wall behind the bar. Only three more hours Peter thought. It was going to be a long night. At least it was profitable.