

I FLEW A JUMBO JET FROM LOS ANGELES TO AMSTERDAM overnight. By law, I wasn't allowed to fly an airplane again for another 14 hours. Even though the airline would pay for it, I had no desire to leave the airport to find a place to sleep, as I would have to return through customs and immigration. The Pilots lounge was cramped and not very private, so I opted for a mini-hotel inside Schiphol airport that was inside the sterile zone, requiring no immigration or customs to return. It was a threadbare place, mostly for tourists. Each room had a small bed and a television with bad reception. The showers were shared. The hotel was divided into a men's side and a women's side. The men's side reminded me of a bathhouse, only cleaner.

I'm not a big guy. I'm 5'5", skinny, with a well-below-average penis. Okay, a tiny penis. Being small has kept me from enjoying sex. I feel inadequate so I rarely engage. The obsession with my small size has also turned into an obsession with big cocks. Just seeing one makes me hard, not that anyone could really tell. I'm neither a grower nor a shower.



So with that lack of self-confidence, I wrapped my waist in the small towel they provided and headed to shower off the grime of a ten-hour overnight flight. The showers were shallow stalls without curtains. I was relieved to see that I was alone when I started my shower. I hated other men to see my little penis. I lathered up my hair with the

all-purpose soap, closing my eyes to keep it from burning my eyes. I was very tired, so I kept my eyes closed under the shower, opening my mouth to let the warm water in, and enjoying the sensation as it pelted my skin.

I opened my eyes when I heard the shower directly across from me turn on. There were a dozen showers, and this guy picked the

only one that invaded my privacy. I kept my back turned, afraid the man would see my little dick.

“Hey, guy. How’s it hanging?” The voice was a deep, rich, Texas drawl.

I glanced over my shoulder. “Okay, I guess. And you?”

“You’re a California boy, aintcha?”

I was annoyed at the onslaught of questions, but I answered. “Yeah, I guess it sounds like I have an accent to you. Texas, right?”

“Yep. The Big D.”

“Dallas. I’ve flown there a few times.”

“Just flew? Didn’t stay?” The Texan was relentless. I liked his low voice, though. It made my skin tingle in a good way.

“I’m a pilot. I don’t usually stay over after short flights like that.”

The Texan crossed a line. “You gonna keep showing me your ass, or are you gonna turn around and talk face-to-face? Not that your ass isn’t pretty or nothing.”

I groaned. I didn’t want him to see my small penis. He’d never say anything, I figured, but it would be humiliating all the same. I shrugged and turned to face him. Between his legs was the biggest dick I had ever seen.

He whistled. “Oh, damn, that’s small.”

Adding to my shame, the sight of his cock gave me an instant erection.

“Yeah, I know it’s small. Sorry.”

“Don’t apologize, son. I like the little ones best of all.”

I took a moment to look at the rest of his body. He was maybe six-foot tall. His green eyes sat above ruddy cheeks and a handlebar mustache that looked like something out of an old Western. His



muscled chest was covered with a light dusting of hair. His farmer's tan made his arms look even bigger than they were. And that colossus between his leg was lifting off of his thigh.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer."



Between his legs was the biggest dick I had ever seen.

I blushed. In truth, I'd probably jack off to a picture like that if I had one. "Sorry, man, I, uh..."

"Never seen a dick this big? Don't worry, I'm used to it."

I realized reviewing our conversation that he said he liked little dicks. Was he gay like me? His throbbing cock grew even bigger, answering my question for me. He licked his lips and grinned.

“I got a bottle of Jack back in the room. You wanna join me for a drink?”

I said, “I can’t drink. I’m flying soon.”

The Texan chuckled. “Yeah, but do you wanna come join me?” He rubbed his stiff cock as he spoke. “It looks like you do.” He gestured with his eyes to my crotch.

My cock was so hard, it bounced up and down as the blood pulsed through it. I had trimmed my pubes recently, and it was way more obvious than I expected. He licked his lips a second time, rubbing his mustache. He winked.

“I’m in room 17. Knock twice.”

He couldn’t be bothered to hide his appendage as he wrapped the towel around his waist, then left the shower. I dried off, my head spinning. What would I do with a guy like him? I was so out of practice, I’d probably split in two. And there was no way that cock would fit in my mouth. It was as big around as a can of corn, and twice as long. But I wanted to see it again. If nothing else, it would give me another entry in my spank bank. I’m sure he’d let me touch it, stroke it, worship it. Beyond that, I doubted I could do much of anything. “Fuck it,” I thought, “let’s see what happens.”

He answered the door completely naked. His cock was drooling pre-cum like a faucet. He said nothing, pulling me into the room and planting his lips on mine. We explored each other’s mouths and let our hands roam across our bodies. His butt was a muscular bubble of flesh. His hands found my ass.

He pulled away and said, “Oh man, that’s a perfect ass.”

“I was going to say the same.”

He smiled and pulled me close, so his massive cock rubbed against my little thumb-sized dick. We moved to the small single cot. He grabbed a bottle of baby oil from the nightstand before laying on his back, his cock towering high above him.

He said, “You can try and suck it if you want, but it’s not much use. It won’t fit.”

He was right. I licked the head like an ice cream cone, but he

pulled it away and upended the bottle of oil, letting it cascade down the glans and shaft.

“Go on and rub that for me. Get it good and greasy.”

I obeyed. He stretched and moaned while I stroked him.

“Damn, boy, your little fingers feel good on my big dick.”

I blushed. I hated my small hands. They barely fit around the flight controls. I couldn't get both set of fingers around his monster cock. It was massive beyond belief.

He said, “You're getting pretty wet down there.”

I glanced down and saw that my little pecker was dripping. I was so turned on by the huge cock in front of me, I hadn't noticed.

He reached and caught a bit of my flow in his huge palm and licked it. “Sweet. Bring it here.”

I shifted so he could plant his mouth on my cock. He licked it like a clit, swirling it on his tongue. It was all too much for me too fast. I trembled.

“Oh shit, I think I'm gonna cum.”

He said nothing, just buried his nose in my pubic hair and licked harder. My head began to swim, and I felt my little ball sac pull up. I shivered as I came in his mouth. He lapped it up like a thirsty dog. He kept licking until I had to pull away because it was too sensitive.

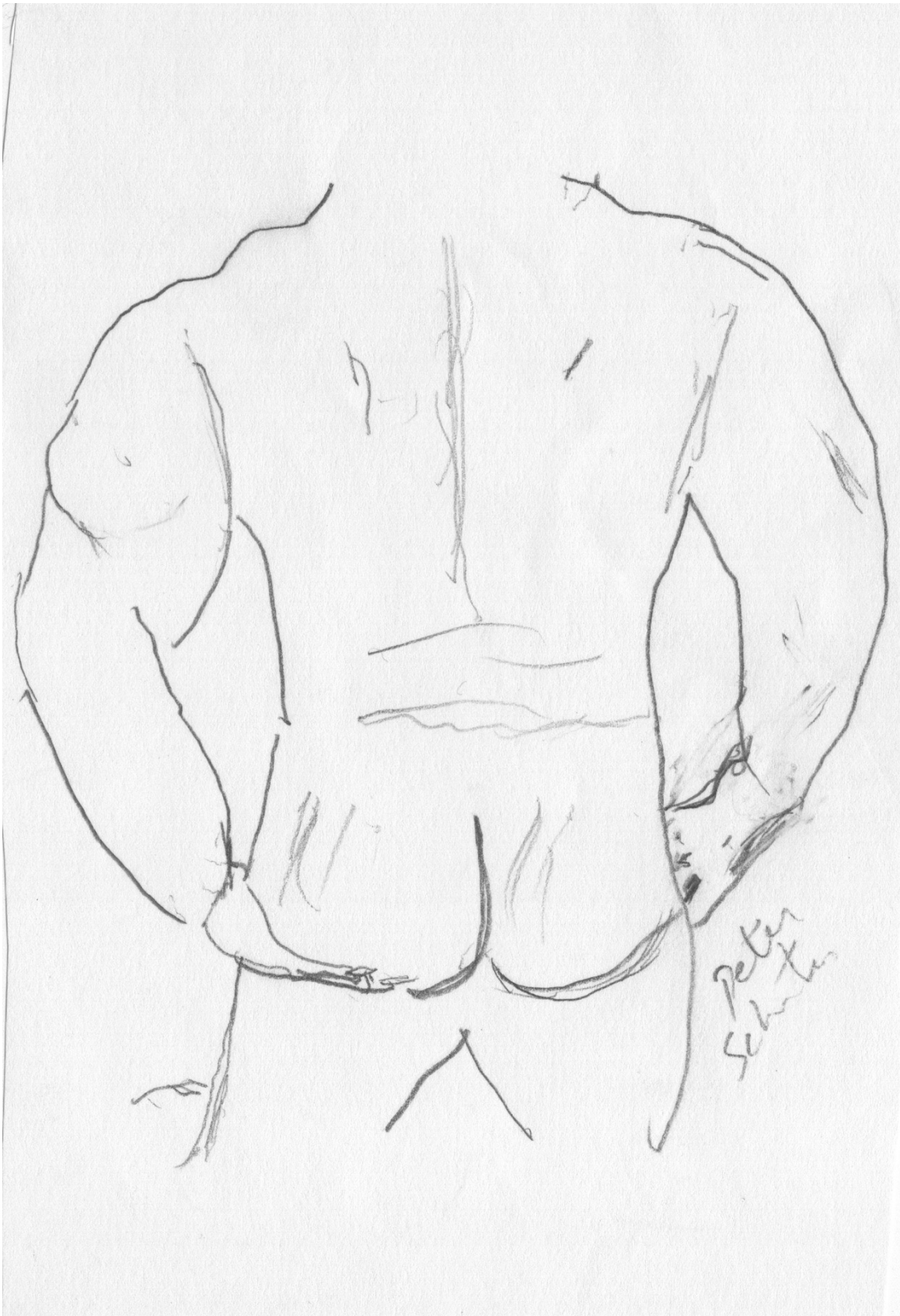
He patted my ass. “Wish I could have some of that.”

I smiled. “We could try.”

He held his cock, slick with baby oil, and pointed it straight up. I climbed onto the bed. He lowered the angle so I didn't have to stand on tiptoe to get the head near my ass. I have a really big ass, and the hole is a little bigger, too. I was clearly built to be a bottom. I wasn't so sure the Texan was built to be a top. He'd need to be a little smaller to get much play.

As I positioned my ass over his cock, I stumbled. I didn't fall, but I landed on his cock and the head popped in. I saw stars. The pain was excruciating. I tried to pull off, but I was at a bad angle. I began to slide down until the Texan caught me by the ass and held me there.

“Slow down, son. You're gonna split in two!”



He patted my ass. "Wish I could have some of that."

I wanted him to lift me off, but his arms wouldn't reach. I managed to get back on my feet and rose up a little. There was no

relief from the pain. His hands still held my ass. He lowered me gently. I felt the head push forward until it reached the back of my rectum, where it pressed against my bladder. My legs quaked. I groaned in pain.

“We can stop. I can see it’s too much.”

I said, “I didn’t go through all that just to give up.”

I was maybe halfway down the shaft. Half was still exposed to the air. I didn’t think we could go any deeper, but he tipped me to one side, and with another powerful blast of pain, I felt him invade my colon. With the worst part over, I sat down in his lap. The outline of his cock head bulged in my belly. He was as big as a man’s arm. I had never been fisted, but it must feel like this. The pain had gone from 11 to 4. I wasn’t comfortable, but it was bearable.

In a swift motion, he rolled until I was on my back, and he hovered above me missionary style.

“You ready to rock and roll?”

I wasn’t, but I nodded.

“Here I come.”

He withdrew halfway, enough for the head to pop out of my colon, then plunged back in. I shook from the sudden jolt of pain. He repeated this slow fuck several times until I felt a wave of relaxation wash over me. The pain diminished, replaced by a growing wave of ecstasy.

“Oh fuck, that’s good.”

He nodded. “Good for me, too.”

After a dozen more slow fucks, he picked up speed. Each thrust came a little sooner than the last, until he was smacking into me hard. It should have hurt, but the endorphins had kicked in and I was high with lust. My eyes glazed over.

The Texan said, “Glassy eyes. You’re ready.”

“Ready for what?”



Between gasps, I said, “You’re. Not. Big. You’re. Huge.”

He didn’t answer. His rapid thrusts accelerated until his ass was a blur. A loud clapping sound deep inside my bowels got louder and faster until it sounded like an audience after a command performance. My skinny legs kicked involuntarily. I swooned in and out of consciousness as my insides quivered. My abdomen convulsed involuntarily as a new sensation washed over me. I was shaking with an orgasm but no cum was coming out. It wasn’t the same kind of orgasm. It didn’t stop, it just grew more and more as he pounded me hard and fast.

A bead of sweat trickled down his forehead, off his nose, and into my open mouth. It tasted like a man. I convulsed harder.



“You’re one of them. The guys who come inside. Why didn’t you tell me?”

I struggled to say, “I didn’t know.”

“First time with a big guy?”

Between gasps, I said, “You’re. Not. Big. You’re. Huge.”

He laughed. “It takes me a long time. You good with that?”

I felt like I a contestant in the sexual equivalent of a pie-eating contest. The fucking was good, but a long time sounded like too much. I shook my head.

“I can stop.” He slowed down. The convulsions stopped. I needed them. I needed him to fuck me.

“Don’t stop! Fuck me!”

He needed no further prompting. He pounded hard and fast again, and the waves of ecstasy poured over me. I wrapped my legs around his waist. He kissed me, his tongue invading my mouth like his cock invading my insides.

The kiss was powerful. I felt a tingling in my balls that signaled another round of cum was ready. My eyes fluttered, then I shot my load against his belly.

“Did you just come again?”

I nodded, my tongue pushing back and digging in his mouth. His mustache tickled my nose, until I nearly sneezed. I convulsed, and the ass orgasm went into high gear.

I turned and saw myself in the floor length mirror. The cock looked as thick as my leg from that angle. I got hard again just watching myself as if I were watching a porno in a dirty movie theater. Only I hadn’t seen a dick this big even in the movies. He made John Holmes look like a regular guy.

The oil was wearing off, and the friction started to burn. The Texan pulled out. I felt air blowing in my gaping cavernous hole. He quickly dribbled more oil on his monster and shoved it back in, sliding easily past my rectum and into my colon. I couldn’t have resisted even if I wanted to. I was an open tunnel and his train was charging ahead like the TGV.

He put his hands behind my back and lifted me until he was in a standing position with me straddling his waist. His hands slipped under my bottom, and he began bouncing me like we were playing ride-a-horsey. He walked around the tiny room, resting me against the wall for a spell then moving on I bumped my head against the wall-mounted television set. It turned on, blaring the news in Dutch. He reached up and turned it off, not missing a beat. He was so far up inside me, I pictured him coming until it blasted out of my mouth.

He grunted. "Oh, shit, you're good. I'm close."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, man, come inside me!"

"I said, 'close', not 'there'."

What did close mean? Was it another 30 minutes or 30 seconds? He put me back on the bed face down, holding my hands behind my back, thrusting so hard my head smacked into the wall. He pulled on my arms to stop the head banging. I didn't care. I was convulsing again, and my balls were tingling.

He said, "It feels good when you twitch like that."

I couldn't speak, so I groaned in agreement. Then I felt my balls pull up again. "I'm gonna come again."

He said, "You didn't even touch yourself. Oh fuck, that's hot. I'm there, too."

"Come inside me, fill me up."

The clapping sounds were deafening as he thrust harder, faster, and deeper than ever. His strokes grew longer. I pounded the mattress, overcome with orgasm.

He lifted me wheelbarrow style. "I wanna see that little dick come."

He got his wish. I shot a huge load on the blanket. Then I felt him shake.

"Oh, fuck, son, that's hot. Here it comes."

He ground his pubic mound into my ass cheeks, buried deep, and let loose a flood of pent-up cum. I could feel his cock throb and his testicles squirmed against my legs.

"Aaargh! Oh fuck! Oh, sweet Jesus." The flood continued,

warming my insides. Buried inside me, he rotated me to face him, and lifted me to his lips. We kissed passionately, locked together by the huge cock buried in my guts.

The kiss caused my little penis to harden again. He felt it press on his belly. “You hard again?”

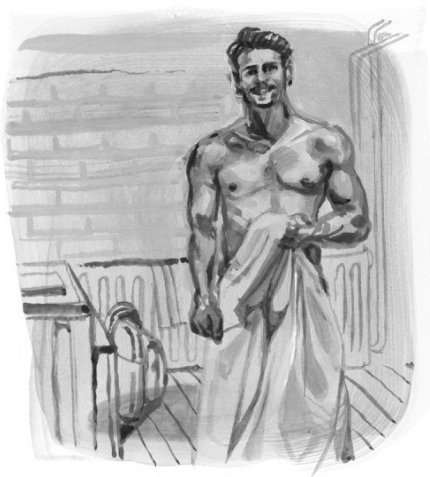
I shrugged. Then I felt his softening cock switch directions, until it was rock hard inside me.

“The second time takes a lot longer.”

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THE NEXT MORNING, I limped as I walked down the gangway. Jeannie, a stewardess friend, asked if I was okay.

“Yeah, but I’m gonna need a pillow to sit on during the flight.”



PETER SCHUTES IS the nom de plume of a prolific and acclaimed novelist. As Peter Schutes, he is the author of Slaves of Rome, Dark as a Dungeon, The Gospel of Priapus, and Panama Heat. He writes in the style of vintage pulp authors from the 1960s and 1970s. He lives in Los Angeles with his husband and a very cute dog.