

## Getting A Into B

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by [simmyschtuff](#)

Summary

The thing about Max...

The thing about Max was that he was just so thick. Long, too, but it was that initial *width* that made it such a challenge.

If Max was just a little smaller, Leo was sure he wouldn't lose control -- not that he was complaining! Oh no, Max was perfect the way he was, just perfect, it just took a little time to get tab A into slot B, is all. Well, time, elbow grease, some Jelly Personal Lubricant, and, when it got particularly intense, fumbling rubbing from Max to prevent hysterics-- oh, Max, what a saint, so slowly moving in, even though Leo could tell all he wanted to do was thrust and thrust, but Leo was just *too tight*.

Max said it was because Leo was such a tight ass, but he usually said that in a laughing gasp, just after penetrating him, so Leo was pretty sure he wasn't really upset.

It was worth it, though, when he finally got all the way in, and Leo couldn't do much more than tremble and do his best to adjust, and Max was *in him* and he was so full, and all he do was moan, "You're in, you're in, *you're in me*," over and over until Max started *rocking*, and then he couldn't do anything at all, just bite his lip to hold back cries and yelps (Max didn't like that, but one had to practice good manners, and he wasn't about to wake up the neighbors) and hold on for the ride.

When Max *came*, it was all he could do not to howl, and what a mess. His own stuff ("Come," Max would cackle, "sperm, *semen*," until Leo's cheeks were bright pink) spraying up, sometimes getting his chin, always making their chests sticky if they didn't wash right away. Which, given how exhausting their previous activities were, wasn't often.

"You're getting better," Max grunted as he pulled out. Leo could tell it was meant as praise, but all he could do was nod, exhausted, desperate for sleep.

"I'll bet, soon, you won't even need that plug to keep you loose," Max said, inserting the thing into Leo's ass anyway.

"You think so?" Leo asked, but he was too tired to be properly hopeful.

"I'd bet on it."

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