

Volume = Radius x pi x Length

Radius = Circumference ÷ 2

Volume = Circumference ÷ 2 x Length

GOATBOY

On the morning of his eighteenth birthday, Giles flipped his hot dick out on the Formica top of the kitchen table. The house was empty. He was alone. He was stark naked. His balls hung low against the cool table. He ran one hand up his flat belly. He reached down with his other hand and teased the tip of his big cock lying like a white sausage on the red Formica.

His soft tube steak rolled like a beached moby dick. It was alive. It had a mind of its own. It rolled to the left. Then the right. It pushed its head snub into the Formica, hardened, and marched nose onwards, untouched by human hands. It had a mind of its own.

He touched the tip again. A pearl of clear juice wet his finger. He rolled the juice around the head of his meat that was slithering thick and bulbous across the family dinner table. Blue veins wrapped around under white skin. He felt the blood rushing from all over his strong young body to fill the full width and length of his engorging cock.

It was an experiment.

He placed both hands on the white mounds of his hard butt. He pushed into the table. He wanted to make his cock crawl by itself, unhelped by his hands, across the table.

The experiment was working.

The wet head dribbled its whale's trail of juice, lubing the way for the thick shaft to follow. He was almost fully hard. He pushed his hips into the table. The salt and pepper shakers rocked back and forth. He fucked the table again. His cock took to the pressure and hardened out to its full length.

Within reach, on top of the refrigerator, he had stashed his dad's 16-ft retractable tape measure. It was silver with a yellow circle that read "Stanley. Powerlock II." It was the kind of tape measure you pull out and then push a button to make it retract like sharp lightening.

His teencock lay big and hard and ripe on the table.

He reached for the tape measure and set its butt against the blond curly hair of his crotch. The case felt cool against the side of his cock.

Carefully, he pulled the ruler from its case.

One inch. Two. Three.

His dick pulsed and surged on further across the table.

Four. Five. Six.

He knew that was as long as his prick-record had been on his twelfth birthday. He ran his tongue across his lips. He pulled another inch out of the tape. Then another. He touched his chin to his chest, looking down the length of his slender body. His cock jumped when he saw the number 9 appear black on the yellow tape. His balls ached for his hand to cup them. His dick begged for a spitwet hand to stroke it. Heat flushed his face. He tossed his head up like a wild young stallion. He sighed and bit his lips. He looked down at the table. He looked down at his dick. He looked down at the tape measure.

He had more meat to go.

He felt the way he had felt during the Olympics: seeing what it meant to go for the gold. He touched the end of the tape and inched it out slowly, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, and then the heavy look of the number 10 riding on the yellow tape moving slowly out from the case. "A perfect 10," he said. And he smiled, pulling the tape just a fraction more, out to the very tip of his rock hard prick. "A perfect 10 and then some."

He was 10-plus inches long and nearly nine inches around. He was glad his geometry teacher had taught him how to figure mass volume of a cylinder:

Volume = Circumference \div 2 x Length

He looked down at the table.

He sported a hefty 45 cubic inches of dick.

The sight of his meat made him crazy. He wanted to

shout out the news of what he packed away inside his nylon running shorts, inside his red Speedos, inside his jeans. He wanted his dad to know. He wanted his mom to know.

He took his dick in both his hands and worked them up and down the shaft. He marched around the kitchen. He was a teenage boy in heat. Alone at home. Naked in the afternoon. Crazy with lust at the size of his own meat. Jumping up and down. Making his blood-heavy rod bob up and down and feel so good.

He ran his hands across his tight chest. He rubbed his pert nipples. He flexed his belly and his butt. He gyrated his hips and revolved his big dick in wide circles. He was eighteen and crazy and loving it. He had the biggest dick he had ever seen. Bigger than any dick hanging down all wet and soapy in the high-school shower room.

He slapped his pud on the table, then harder in his hand. He gritted his teeth and stroked himself up to the edge of shooting his hot load of teenseed all over the kitchen floor.

He fell back against the sink. He turned on the faucet. He filled a glass with water. He drank half of it to slake his thirst, then he plunged his dick deep into the glass.

The water that was left forced its way around his rod and out the neck of the glass. For a moment, he thought he had gone too far. His dick, three-quarters deep, looked like pressed meat inside the glass tumbler. A slight panic. A tug. He stuck his finger in between his dick and the edge of the glass. He broke the suction. He twisted the glass. He twisted his cock. Pure pleasure. He pulled the glass slowly away from his groin.

He spied a butter dish on the kitchen cabinet. He scooped up three fingersfull and shoved the butter into the glass tumbler. He lay back on the cool kitchen floor, jacking off his dick into the glass that held the heat of his meat. He fucked his hips up into the glass. He held the base of his dick with one hand and pounded his big pud into the glass with his other hand.

He was a one-man orgy.

Fuckcrazy.

Cumcrazy! His big balls ached. They bounced up against the glass and his hand. They bounced against the cool floor. He breathed deeply, caught his breath, settled back, changed his pace, and slowly, slowly, began the slow fuck of his dick, pulling the slippery, sucking glass, up nearly to the head of his dick, then sliding it back down, till the tender head of his meat pushed against the bottom of the glass, pulling the glass up, up, up, then off his dick, teasing his cockhead with the smooth rim of the glass, feeling the butter melt, running down the shaft, through his blond pubes, across his balls, and into the crack of his ass.

He was making a mess and he loved it.

He licked one finger and stuck it up his asshole. He suction-pumped the glass up and down his upstanding cock. He writhed on the floor. His hands smeared the butter across his fresh young body.

He felt pinned on his back by wrestlers from the senior varsity team. He closed his eyes and imagined their weight pressing down on his hard dick held tight inside a jockstrap inside his wrestling singlet.

He raised himself up from the kitchen floor to a wrestling bridge position: palms of hands and feet on the floor, small of his back arched up, his head hanging down between his arms, his flat belly curved up toward the ceiling, his erect cock pointing straight up into the cool air.

He held the position that Coach Blue had taught him.

He thrust his dick up higher and higher. The ten inches of his meat vaulted above his pumping arched body. His dick drove ceilingward.

Small pearls of hot juice squeezed out the tight opening in the big tip, and teared down the mushroom corona of the big head, hanging for a moment on the lip of the crown, then sliding fast down the blue-veined tracks of the shaft.

He ached with pleasure hoisting the ten inches high above his body. Sweat broke out under the glaze of butter.

He slid slowly to the floor. He panted. His belly heaved. His balls ached. His dick stretched out even above the double-grasp of both his hands fisting his meat, hard, up and down, smash-masturbating himself to a frenzy.

He entered his final heat.

Greased and sweating he rose from the floor.

He felt dirty and he loved the feeling. He locked his eyes on some mid-distance point like a jock ready to take the high jump. He felt wild and he liked the feeling. It was his birthday and he liked the feeling: eighteen, packing a real sweet 10 inches.

He could do what the fuck he wanted. No one would know. No one would ever know.

He felt his fresh load oozing toward the head of his throbbing dick. He felt that mean green trigger in the back of his head begin to click.

He walked to the refrigerator. It was clear now. The vision was in his head. It was his birthday. The birthday boy could do anything. And he knew what he would do.

He felt his load building. He slammed his hard cock against the refrigerator. He opened the door. He pulled out the special meatloaf he knew his mom wanted to surprise him with at his birthday dinner.

He knew he could do it. He knew he would do it.

He put the red meatloaf on the floor.

He bit his lip, grinning at the splendid joke, and slid to his knees.

He straddled the meatloaf between his slick young thighs.

He dragged his balls through the ketchup circle on top of the meat.

Then he raised up halfway and with both hands stroked his big ten-incher no more than a dozen strokes before he came, arching his head back, howling like a banshee, shooting his load across the meatloaf, rising up, falling back, then falling forward on his hands and toes, pumping out pushups, hard on into the hamburger, until every last spasm of his teenaged body drained the seed from his dick, until finally he lay exhausted, spent, drained, and happy across the meatloaf.

He dozed. He slept the dreams of angels. He didn't recall for how long. Finally, he woke with a start.

He knew what he must do.

He cleaned the kitchen floor, washed the glass tumbler, and put away his father's tape measure.

He reconstructed the meatloaf, putting it and its extra ingredient back into the refrigerator.

Then he showered, ready to greet his parents when they came home from work with birthday presents in their hands.