

David in Austin

by Sean Scott

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Staring [David McAllister](#), as David Roberts

[Author's note: This story contains sex acts between men, and is thus intended for ADULTS ONLY. If you are not an adult who wants to read this kind of smut, please do not continue.]

EPISODE ONE

The moving truck was pulling away just as the Johnsons pulled into the cul-de-sac. "Looks like someone's finally moved into the Miller's house," Jason said.

"I hope its a nice family," Sue said, sounding too much like a busybody mother.

The garage door to the house was still open. The garage was full-- to overflowing-- with furniture and boxes. Apparently whoever it was that moved in had a lot of unpacking to do.

Andy Johnson pulled the Suburban into their driveway and clicked the remote to open their garage door. Their house was the biggest on the cul-de-sac, and that was saying a lot, since this was one of Austin, Texas' more affluent neighborhoods. All of the homes in this neighborhood had been built within the last two years, and all of them were at least 3,000 square feet. The Johnson's was over 4,000.

As the garage door opened and they drove inside, they passed Jason's pride and joy-- his 1974 Dodge Charger-- completely refurbished and tricked out-- which was parked to the side of their driveway. Andy parked the rig on the left side of Sue's car-- a BMW 325i. On the left (it was a four-car garage) was Andy's "work" car-- a BMW 740.

Yeah, they had money.

As the Johnsons got out and stepped into the garage, each of them looked at the house across the street for any signs of who their new neighbors might be. But there was none. Andy clicked the button on the garage wall and the door slowly closed.

"Don't leave your Bible in the back seat, Jason," Sue ordered.

Jason complied, retrieving the leather-bound book.

"Dinner should be ready in about 45 minutes," Sue continued as she entered the kitchen, calling out the announcement to no one in particular.

"I'm going to wash my car, then," Jason said as he dashed upstairs to change. Not only did Jason pamper his car day and night, he secretly loved the opportunity to strip down to his shorts and show off his ripped body to anyone who might happen to look out their window on this hot June day. Jason threw his Bible onto his bed and quickly started to take off his Sunday best clothes. Within a minute, he was admiring his tall, muscular 18-year-old body in the mirror of his big bedroom. He lifted the hem of his cargo shorts to take a look at his quads. Fuck-- he was really huge for a teenager. His thigh rippled as he tightened it and flexed. He pushed the air out of his lungs and watched his abs as the skin covering them seemed to recede to nothing, revealing hard rocks of muscle. Yeah, it was time to wash the car.

Jason met his dad, Andy, on his way down the stairs. Andy gave his son a side-five as Jason flew past. *Man, he's looking so good. Those hours in the gym are paying off,* Andy thought.

Andy continued upward and changed into something more conducive to summer weather. As he did so, he glanced out the dormer window at the house across the street, trying again to see if he could see his new neighbors. Still nothing. *They must be inside, unpacking stuff,* he thought. He walked out of the bedroom toward the den, casting a wary eye down the stairs toward the kitchen. He could hear Sue preparing Sunday dinner. *Good. She'll be busy for awhile.* He continued into the den and walked behind the desk, which had a computer monitor strategically positioned so that passers-by and those who might enter the den uninvited couldn't see the screen. Andy was already getting hard. He clicked open his browser-- one that he kept in a secluded folder of his hard-drive-- and checked his email. Listening to all the sounds coming from the kitchen, Andy clicked on one of his bookmarked sites and started to lust. The thumbnail images filled the screen, and occasionally Andy clicked on one and the picture filled his view.

He rubbed his crotch through his shorts.

Jason opened the garage door and grabbed a bucket, filling it with warm, soapy water. He carried the bucket out to the cement driveway and sat it down. Unreeling the hose from the side of the garage, he began to spray his car down.

Once it was wet, he grabbed a rag from the soapy water and slapped it on the top of his car. He began to swish it around and around, taking the time to appreciate his very large arm development. As he tossed the rag back into the bucket something caught his eye. There was movement in the garage across the street. Jason picked up the hose and began washing off the soap from his car, occasionally looking into that garage.

"Whatcha doing?" Sue's voice surprised Andy, and he nervously, almost violently, flicked his mouse to switch to the Quicken program he always kept running for emergencies such as this. The computer lagged, and it took a few seconds to send the porno window behind his check register-- seconds in which his heart neither beat nor his lungs moved air.

"Oh, uh, nothin'" he said. He looked about as innocent as a fox emerging from a hen house with feathers all over his mouth. "Just seein' how we're doing this month," he said. He lifted his arms up and wide in a fake stretch. His behavior was a dead giveaway as to his guilt, but Sue, trusting to a fault, didn't pick up on any of it.

"Oh-- how *are* we doing?" Sue said, moving around the desk to see what her husband was learning about their finances. She placed her hand on Andy's broad shoulder; fortunately it wasn't his chest, because if she had, she surely would have been able to feel his heart pounding at a very rapid rate.

"Good. Good," Andy said. He pointed to the deposit from his paycheck the week earlier. "Looks like my new raise has kicked in."

Sue smiled. "Good," she said, walking around the desk again toward the door. "I wanted to re-do the drapes in the living room."

Andy smirked as his wife looked back at him with a big smile on her face. "Whatever you want, honey. Whatever you want."

His mock sarcasm made Sue laugh. "You're learning, dear. You're learning," she said as she left the room. "Dinner in fifteen minutes." She walked across the hall to their bedroom.

Andy nearly collapsed. He changed back to his browser and returned to his lustful leering. The sermon that morning had been on temptation, but Andy couldn't remember any of it at this particular moment.

Just as the last of the soap was being rinsed off the top of the Charger, Jason finally saw some more movement across the street. Whoever was inside the garage was coming out into the driveway to retrieve one of the many stacked boxes there-- or maybe one of those dining room chairs. But as the man emerged into the sunlight, Jason froze. Then he blinked his eyes-- hard. He could hardly believe what he was seeing. The guy was *huge!* I mean, he was gigantic! He wore a white T-shirt and some khaki shorts, and flip flops. But even with that amount of clothing covering his body, Jason was totally overwhelmed with the guy's size-- and muscular definition. The guy had jet black hair, with one curl resting on his forehead. He actually looked a *lot* like some morphed version of Superman!

As the guy walked around the piled boxes of clothes and books, and the scattered furniture on the driveway, Jason couldn't take his eyes off of him. He was way over six feet tall. He was like poetry. But so huge! His shoulders and chest looked like blocks of granite. Jason shuddered to think what kind of weight this guy must put up when working his delts and pecs. And then those arms: Truly unbelievable! The guy's T-shirt sleeves looked like they would rip if he so much as danced his triceps. In fact, the rim of the short sleeves were bunched up high into the crevasse formed between deltoid and triceps. And his waist was incomprehensibly small. The T-shirt wasn't tucked in, so Jason couldn't tell really-- but judging from the taut bubble butt that the guy's shorts held, he must have a rack of a six-pack that would make any guy weep with envy.

The man continued to walk around the driveway, looking into some of the boxes. He clearly was hunting for something. He bent over and his back flared with an incredible "V" shape. God-- those lats! And that ass! And those legs! They looked bigger than the columns that adorned the sides of the front door of the guy's house!

Finally it seemed that the huge man had found what he was looking for. He stood up, pulling something out of a box, then turned toward Jason. He stood tall and looked a little puzzled as he looked at Jason. Then a smile-- a smile of amusement-- formed on his beautiful face. "You plant some kind of

crop on the cement there?" he called across the street to the muscular teenager.

Jason was immobile. He heard the guy say something to him, but he was unable to respond.

The guy laughed. "I think you're going to need better soil there if you want something to grow there."

Jason then realized what the guy had said, but replied with, "What?" anyway.

"The water," the guy smiled. "You're just watering your driveway there, dude."

Embarrassed, Jason realized that he had left his hand on the hose sprayer and had been shooting a huge stream of water twenty feet into the air at about a 45 degree angle-- the whole time he had been watching the huge muscle hunk.

"Oh, shit," Jason said. "I-- I mean, shoot." He released his tight grip from the nozzle and the water stopped. Now doubly embarrassed, from staring at the guy and from cussing (not acceptable coming from this church-going kid), Jason found himself floundering as he put the hose down and clumsily grabbed for the rag again. "Sorry about that," he said, robustly swishing the rag around the hood of his car, in no particular pattern.

As he nervously washed, in the corner of his eye he could see that the guy was crossing the street and approaching.

Oh shit, Jason thought.

Andy's rigid cock spurt out a huge burst of cum. It spewed into the air and plopped onto his shirt. For a 43 year-old man, he certainly produced a large amount of semen. His thick, long cock pumped out a few more bursts as he tried to control himself. After all, Sue was only across the hall, and if she came out of the bedroom now, it'd be pretty hard to hide his erect penis, not to mention the big, wet globs of jizz that now stained his shirt. As he finished, he clicked his browser closed. He looked at his shirt while he pushed his cock back into his pants. This was going to be a problem.

Fortunately, Sue emerged from the bedroom and headed straight down the stairs back to the kitchen. Andy scurried into the bedroom and changed his

shirt, hoping Sue wouldn't notice that it was a different one than he had been wearing when she came into the den. He threw the shirt into the hamper and grabbed another one off the shelf. Walking out of their huge closet, back into the bedroom, Andy again looked out the window. What he saw nearly made him immediately hard again.

"Name's David," the huge man smiled as he extended his hand.

"Sorry-- I'm kinda wet," Jason said nervously as he shook hands.

"No problem," David smiled. The two broke the shake. Jason was beside himself. "And you are..." David prodded.

"Oh, sorry," Jason said. "Uh-- I'm Jason. Jason Johnson."

"Glad to meet you Jason," David smiled.

Jason shuffled his feet. Man, he felt small.

David poked his thumb over his shoulder and said, "Just moving in."

"Oh. Yeah," Jason said, as if it were some kind of new revelation.

"Guess we're going to be neighbors," David continued.

"Yeah. Guess so."

An uncomfortable silence. But David was used to these. He took them in stride.

Finally Jason said, "Uh, we just got back from church. You get everything unpacked yet?" The incongruity of his thoughts escaped his own notice, but not David's.

David turned and looked at the disarray of his driveway and garage. He turned back to Jason and said, "Looks like it'll be a little while."

"Oh, yeah," Jason smiled. "Guess so." -- "You need anything? Help lifting some furniture or something?" He blushed as he looked at the huge muscles that bulged in front of his eyes. "Oh, sorry. I bet you don't ever need help lifting anything."

David smiled. "Well, as a matter of fact, I do have a couch that I could use a hand with."

"Really? Oh, yeah. Uh-- I'd be glad to help, if you need it."

"Hey there-- you must be the new neighbor," Andy interrupted as he walked out of the garage. He did a fantastic job of hiding his amazement. "I'm Andy Johnson." He had a shit-eating grin on his face as he extended his hand.

"David Roberts," the muscleman smiled. "Good to meet you."

Andy-- he should have been a politician the way he knew how to work people-- looked at the house across the street. "Looks like you have your job cut out for you."

"Yeah," David said. "Fortunately, your son here just volunteered to help out," he smiled.

"With the *couch*," Jason said, smiling. He seemed to have relaxed and regained his sense of humor now that dad was out here.

"With the couch," David laughed. "No long-term commitment."

"Geez, David," Andy chimed back in, "The way you're built, it looks like you'd have no problem moving just about *anything*." He made no attempt to hide his admiration of David's physique as his eyes moved down and over all those muscles.

Without a pause, David said, "Well, no matter how strong you are, an extra pair of hands are always welcome." He looked to Jason and smiled.

Jason almost blushed with pride, knowing he was appreciated. He looked down and scuffed his feet on the cement.

Andy looked back at the house. "So, David, you have a Mrs. Roberts over there?"

David smiled. "Naw, its just me. I guess I'm destined to be a bachelor."

"Really," Andy declared. "So you gunna fill up that big house all by yourself?"

"Dad," Jason said with a sarcastic tone, "I think he's big enough to fill it up himself."

David chuckled.

Adam examined David's muscles again. "Indeed, son. Indeed. So, you must have quite a few bodybuilding trophies, huh David?"

"A few. Mostly have power lifting trophies, though. But some bodybuilding ones too."

"I bet," Andy said. "I bet."

"So, you must be the new neighbor," Sue said, practically falling out of the garage and into the conversation. "My name's Sue." Her eyes twinkled as she examined David.

"David Roberts," David smiled as they shook hands.

"Sue Johnson," Sue beamed. "Well, you and Mrs. Roberts must be in need of some lunch," she continued. "Why don't you take a break from unpacking and join us for Sunday dinner." She paused for a second, and eyed David's physique once again. God, he was huge. "Although, I hope I indeed have enough to satisfy your appetite, David. You must require quite a few calories to maintain a body like that!"

"It's just me-- no Mrs.," David smiled. "And I appreciate the offer. That's very kind of you."

"Just you," Sue smiled. Her eyes seemed to sparkle with that revelation. "Well, no Mrs., huh? Then you must indeed be hungry for a family meal. Won't you join us?"

David, a gentleman's gentleman, didn't press the fact that he was an accomplished chef in his own right. "I'd be delighted," he smiled. "That's very kind of you."

"Well, of course," Sue smiled. "Wouldn't miss the opportunity to meet the new neighbor."

"The couch. You want to do it first?" Jason interjected.

David walked to Jason and put his massive arm around the teen's broad shoulders. "Yeah, man. You and I have a job to do first, dude." He looked to Sue and said, "Do we have time to do that first?"

"Sure," Sue answered. "But don't take too long. My rotini casserole tastes best hot."

"We'll be done in ten minutes," David assured her. He looked at Jason as if sizing him up. "Maybe eight."

Jason welled inside. God, this huge muscleman seemed to really like him-- and respect him. It was literally like a dream. Ever since he was a kid, Jason had had a "thing" for muscular men-- something that he never-- ever-- shared, with *anyone*. He had spent countless hours on the computer in his room, masturbating to the pictures and video clips-- and erotic gay stories-- that showed muscular bodybuilders. And here was his new neighbor, David, with an arm bigger than a tree wrapped around him, holding him and appreciating him. It was unreal to Jason. He began to sprout a boner.

Jason had taken his affection for musclemen and transferred it to the pursuit of physical excellence in his own body. And he had done it with quite a bit of success. He had packed quite a bit of lean meat onto his six-foot frame-- and had also honed his skills enough to land himself the position of star quarterback on his high school football team. He had just finished up a spectacular junior year, and was poised for a great senior year in a few months. And with his quarterback status came the girls. He could have had any one he wanted. Fortunately for him, it was easy to cling to the conservative Christian values that his family characterized. He held to the idea that he was "saving himself" for marriage. And indeed, he actually had himself convinced that someday he'd get married. He had been dating Cherry for a couple of years now, and who knows-- maybe someday... But to be honest (and this isn't to say that Jason was actually honest with himself about this), Jason's affections were directed toward his cousin, Russ Edwards. Jason was the quarterback on the high school football team; Russ was a linebacker.

Jason and Russ had always been close, growing up together. They were best friends, really. But of course, Russ didn't know what Jason really thought of him. Russ was maybe an inch shorter than Jason, but his muscular physique had probably over 20 pounds more muscle than Jason's. In a word, Russ was *stacked*. And gorgeous. Jet black hair; deep, dark eyes; killer smile. Muscles everywhere-- especially those thick traps. Russ was Jason's idea of a *real man*. And Jason was smitten with an infatuation for him. There

wasn't a day that went by that Jason didn't jack off to thoughts of his cousin.

But here was this musclegod from another planet, seemingly, who made Jason forget all about Russ. Almost.

Andy looked longingly as David escorted his son across the street. He was just about to offer his services to assist, when Sue said, "Andy, can you help me with the salad?" She turned and headed back into the garage, assuming, correctly, that Andy would obey. Andy pushed down his anger and reluctantly followed his wife back into the house.

"You ever compete?" David asked Jason as they entered his garage.

"Compete?" Jason asked.

"Bodybuilding. You have quite a physique, dude. Lots of size and definition. And you've got some fuckin' awesome symmetry, man," David said. He lifted a few boxes off the couch that was in the garage, preparing it for the move inside.

"Shit, man," Jason said, shocked. "Coming from a guy built like you, that's pretty amazing."

"Well? Have you?"

"Not exactly," Jason said, taking another box off the couch and placing it on the garage floor. "But we did have kind of a bodybuilding show at our high school. I won Mr. Woodrow Wilson High," he smiled. "For what *that's* worth."

"Cool, man," David smiled. At this point the couch had been emptied of boxes. "We just need to take this through that door and into the living room," he said.

As muscles bulged and the two men positioned and repositioned the couch, the heavy piece of furniture finally found itself in the living room. David's arms just freaked Jason out.

"Man, I don't think I've ever seen anyone as well built as you," Jason said.

"Thanks," David smiled. He didn't offer anything further, just humble thanks.

"You join a gym yet?" Jason asked.

"Yeah-- the FitShed, down on Francisco Boulevard looked pretty good. They even gave me a discount if I let them use some pictures of me in their advertising," David said, sounding excited about the deal.

"Awesome, man!" Jason smiled. "That's where I work out."

"Cool. We'll probably be seeing a lot of each other then. But actually, I have quite a bit of equipment of my own too. It's supposed to arrive tomorrow. I'll be setting it up down in the basement so I'll be getting in some of my workouts here, too," David said.

"Nice," Jason offered. "Well, if you ever need a spot, just let me know."

David smiled. "I'm already planning on it, dude."

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"For thy great bounty, we thank thee; amen." Andy finished the prayer and opened his eyes. "Well, dig in everyone."

Sue offered David the casserole, and the food started to move around the table.

"I'm sure you've worked up quite an appetite, David, so don't be shy. There's plenty," Sue encouraged.

"Thank you. Thank you for inviting me over," David said as he helped himself. "Everyone here in Austin has been so hospitable. I can tell I'm going to like it here."

"So where are you moving from?" Andy asked.

"San Diego," David said, taking a big serving of salad. "But I'm originally from Baltimore."

"And what do you do?" Sue prodded, taking a bite of casserole.

"I'm a production manager for Stringham Helicopters. We're opening up a plant here in Austin."

"That must keep you pretty busy," Andy said.

"It does; but I can do a lot of the work out of my home. It has a nice mix of travel, working with people and home-office work."

"My, where do you find the time to keep in such good shape?" Sue asked. "I'd imagine your workouts would take up quite a bit of your time."

"Five days a week-- one hour per workout," David said. He took a bite of corn-on-the-cob. "It's not how long your workouts are," he continued. "It's how smart they are."

The four of them continued with the meal, making small talk. It was a beautiful afternoon and the Johnson's back yard table brimmed with good food and conversation, not to mention lust. The pool sparkled on the other side of the patio.

"Well, David," Sue said, "you'll have to come over and try out our pool once you get settled."

"Indeed," Andy agreed. "In fact, you make yourself welcome over here whenever you want. Feel free to come on over for a dip whenever you like."

"That's very kind of you. Thank you," David said. "I just might take you up on that offer," he smiled.

Jason's heart rate increased at that thought.

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It had been a few hours since David had gone back across the street-- with Jason tagging along to help the muscleman unpack. Andy and Sue had retired to their bedroom for a nap, although Andy couldn't sleep. Sue gave out a few, quiet snorts as she slept, and Andy silently got up off the bed and went into the den.

David Roberts. The google search returned quite a few results, so Andy decided to narrow the search by adding first *San Diego*, and then *Baltimore*. He scanned page after page of results, not finding anything definite. Finally, he clicked on the "image" link, and his screen filled with thumbnails.

But none of them were of his new neighbor. None.

Andy closed his browser. He went downstairs and crossed the street to see what was up with David and his son. He entered David's garage and went into the kitchen. Hearing voices, he followed them, and ended up walking down to David's basement.

"Oh hi, Dad," Jason said as Andy rounded the corner. Jason and David were standing in the middle of the mostly empty room. There were a few weights scattered around, but it was a big room, and there wasn't really much in it.

"Hey, Andy," David smiled. "I hope you don't think I kidnapped your son."

Andy's memory of David's imposing physique hadn't done it justice. His throat tightened. "Uh-- no, not at all. I-- uh, just wanted to make sure he wasn't bothering you." He turned to Jason and said, "Jason, he's probably go a lot of work to do..."

David interrupted. "No, not at all. He's actually been quite a help. We're just taking a little break here-- I was showing Jason where I'm going to set up my home gym."

After a few minutes of small talk, Andy reminded Jason that he had to be at work in an hour.

"Oh shoot," Jason said. He looked at David.

"No problem, dude," David said. "We'll be talkin' later. Thanks for your help."

Forlorn, Jason turned and hiked up the stairs.

"This is going to be one huge workout room, David," Andy said. "But then, I guess a guy built like you uses quite a bit of equipment." He tried to take his eyes off David's hulking body and look around the room, but each time he did, it was as if David himself was commanding Andy's eyes to return to examine his muscles more.

David moved to one wall and casually leaned against it.

God, he was so good looking.

"You have a very nice son, there, in Jason," David smiled as he crossed his large arms. "And he certainly has a lot of potential, as far as bodybuilding goes. When we were talking, he expressed quite an interest in pursuing it."

"Yeah, we've talked about it a little," Andy said. "But I don't think he was that interested, until he saw you."

David smiled. "Well, he has a very good genetic foundation for bodybuilding. He could go far. He obviously received some fantastic genes from his father."

Andy practically blushed. "Well-- uh, thanks."

David could see the effect he was having on Andy. He had seen it countless times before-- the constant stares, the longing gazes at his arms and chest, the growing tree branch in Andy's shorts. "You ever do any competing?"

"Me?" Andy scoffed. "No-- huh. No. I just like to keep in shape." He shuffled his feet. "But I guess-- maybe-- yeah, I guess deep down, I've always thought it'd be cool."

"Well, once I get this room set up, you and Jason are welcome to come over whenever you like-- I'd enjoy having some company." David continued to watch Andy. His cheeks were becoming flushed and his boner was continuing to strain against his shorts. David walked toward him. "How long have you been interested in bodybuilding, Andy?"

"Oh, I don't know... I guess since I was a kid."

"Yeah," David said as he continued to approach, "me too. I remember looking at magazines when I was a kid-- and then the Internet when I was a little older. There were some pretty inspirational bodies to look at."

"Yeah."

"Of course, when I started working out," David added, "then I could see some of those guys up close."

"I'll bet it didn't take long for you to turn the tables," Andy said nervously. "I mean-- you probably cause a riot whenever you walk into a gym now," he smiled.

David smiled back, stopping right in front of Andy. "Guess I cause quite a few things to happen," he said. He looked down at the obscene erection in Andy's summer shorts. "Sorry if I caused that."

"Oh-- um, man," Andy gushed. He turned red.

David casually leaned against the wall again, next to Andy. "Don't worry about it, man," he said. "Happens all the time."

Andy tried to adjust it-- to hide it-- but it wasn't possible.

"You mind if I take my T-shirt off?" David asked, looking a little devious. "I don't think the air conditioning is on. Guess I'll have to adjust the thermostat."

Andy's embarrassment faded only slightly, joined by a look of hope.

"I don't know," David said, still leaning against the wall, "maybe I'll be able to provide you with some of that inspiration you need to really get into bodybuilding." He raised his eyebrows and smiled.

"Yeah--" Andy said nervously. "I'm sure you will."

"Cool," David grinned. He stood straight and slowly lifted his shirt off, struggling with its tightness as he forced it over his gargantuan muscles. He let it drop to the floor.

Andy actually gasped.

David's immense muscles bulged with life and strength. You know how some guys look big and strong-- but they actually look a lot better with their shirt *on*? Not David. No way. What immediately caught Andy's eye-- aside from the inhuman size and definition of every muscle-- was that David had a thick, full mat of hair on his chest. Andy had totally expected David to be completely shaven-- you know, the bodybuilder look. But David's thick chest sported a lush carpet that cascaded down onto his eight-pack, and farther, flowing sensuously into his shorts. David drew a deep breath and his monster chest expanded.

"Oh my god," Andy said. This outburst surprised and shocked the church elder. Using God's name in vain was not in style for such a religious man-- a leader in his church. Of course, lusting after another man's body was also a sin; but that taboo didn't seem to bother him-- at the moment.

David just stood there, allowing Andy to take in his physique. It was a body like none other. Shoulders out to here. Arms as big as watermelons. Traps like book-ends supporting a neck that made a fire hydrant look skinny.

Andy's eyes moved down to David's pecs-- two slabs of beef that could have crushed a metal rod in their cleft. Below, and to the back, David's lats spread like the wings of a Concorde. Lower, David's river rock wall of abdominal muscle narrowed like milk being poured from a pitcher into his kha-ki shorts. Supporting that taut waistline were two legs that spread outward with such massive musculature that Andy actually gasped again as he looked at them.

"You okay?" David smiled.

"Uh, yeah--" Andy said. "Sorry."

"Don't worry about it. I'm used to it. Buy you look a little faint. You sure you're okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

David moved closer. Slowly, he extended his hand and placed it on Andy's iron-hard cock. He squeezed the fabric. "I'm sorry about this. I can tell you're uncomfortable."

Andy just froze with his mouth open, looking into David's electric-blue eyes. David held his hand on Andy's crotch. It must have been a whole minute. Occasionally David would re-adjust his grip, but he didn't really squeeze it very hard. "I guess we have a choice here," David said.

"Yeah?" Andy asked, dry mouthed.

"Well, the way I see it, I can put my shirt back on and you can walk up those stairs and go back home-- or... you can let me take care of this for you," David said, wrapping his big hand around Andy's stiff boner through his shorts.

"Uh huh?" Andy mumbled.

"So... what do you think?" David's massive arm tightened right in front of Andy's torso. God, it was the biggest thing Andy had ever seen.

Andy turned his head, battling the monsters in his mind.

David slowly slid his strong hand down Andy's rod, and Andy immediately turned his face back to the gorgeous muscleman.

"So... you going to be heading for those stairs?" David asked.

Andy slowly shook his head.

"Didn't think so," David smiled.

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Jason closed the till drawer, stepped backward and leaned against the counter behind him. The lunch rush was over and there was finally a let-up in the traffic through the drive-through. He reached behind himself, grabbed a purple paper cup and filled it with ice and diet Pepsi.

It was funny-- whenever Jason had a spare moment, his mind always seemed to return to David. It made Jason feel uncomfortable, because although he had always been drawn to muscular men, he never had had an infatuation like this-- well, if you didn't count Russ. And an infatuation was exactly what it was. He was smitten with David.

And why not... In the two days since he had first seen David, the two of them had really formed quite a bond-- talking a lot about bodybuilding and weightlifting, diet, competition, the envy of others. They had even alluded to masturbation, although that might have just been wishful thinking on Jason's part.

The ding of the drive-through bell alerted Jason to the fact that another customer had driven up to the order microphone. "Good afternoon, I can help you whenever you're ready," he said as he pressed his hip-mounted microphone button.

"Okay-- I'll have three Grande Burritos. Six-- no make it seven soft tacos, and... let's see... two steak quesadillas. And a large diet Pepsi. And a large water please." The voice sounded familiar.

Jason looked up at the monitor. The picture wasn't very good-- just a small black and white image. But what Jason saw was enough to make his heart skip a beat. It was David! He was in a black convertible. And he wore a tank top. Even in this horrible TV monitor, Jason could easily tell who it was. David's mass was unmistakable.

Jason repeated the order and gave the price and told David to pull up to the window without revealing who he was. When David got to the window, he was smiling broadly.

"Dude!" he grinned. "How's it going?"

"David-- you eat this junk?" Jason smiled. He turned around to make sure his manager hadn't heard.

"Yeah, occasionally." The hot Texas sun beat off the car. It was only June, but it was still a pretty warm afternoon.

"How do you do it?" Jason asked. "I mean, I'd think you'd need to watch what you eat all the time to stay so lean."

David smiled. "I got a high metabolism, dude."

The two talked for a few minutes while Jason handed the drinks and the bags of food out the window-- it took a little while for the order to come up.

"What a cool coincidence to see you while I'm at work, man," Jason smiled.

"Not a coincidence," David offered. "You said you worked in the drive-through here, remember?"

"Oh yeah, I did. So, you just came to say 'hi'?"

"Yep. And to have a little snack," David smiled, patting one of the plastic bags Jason had just handed him.

"A snack," Jason said with his eyebrows raised. "Just a snack." He smiled.

"Gotta keep feeding the bod, man," David grinned.

Their banter was interrupted by a horn honking. Jason looked up at the monitor and gulped. He hadn't heard the bell ring, but there were at least five cars lined up to order.

"Dude, I gotta get back to work."

"Good seein' ya," David said, pulling his car out of Park. "Why don't you come over after you get off work."

"Sure thing," Jason said. "See ya--"

David drove off and Jason barely had time to revel in the contact with his idol. But he moved with a light step the rest of the afternoon.

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Sue watched as David pulled his car into his driveway. His garage door opened and he drove inside, pulling in next to his Lincoln Navigator. It had only been a few days, and David had already cleaned out the garage.

Sue looked at the clock in the kitchen. 3:30. She pulled the pie off the window sill and made her way across the street.

"I thought you might enjoy a little neighborly welcome," Sue said as David opened the door.

"Well, what a pleasant surprise," David smiled. "But really, Mrs. Johnson, you already welcomed me on Sunday, with that delicious dinner!"

"Oh-- well, that was just a little opportunity to get to know you. This is the 'official' welcome," she laughed nervously as she lifted the pie up to David. "I hope you like apple-- and please, call me Sue."

David paused for a second. "Love apple, Sue," he grinned. He stepped to the side and back. "Won't you come in and enjoy some with me?"

The house wasn't as big as the Johnson's, but David had impeccable taste-- it was decorated to the nines. Not overdone, but just perfectly, especially for a bachelor. Sue followed David's lead and the two went into the kitchen.

"You know, I have some ice cream in the freezer," David offered. "Would you like some on top?"

"That sounds delicious," Sue smiled.

David offered her a stool at the kitchen bar and he cut the pie and served it with ice cream. Sue sat on the dining room side of the counter, while David stood on the other side, in the kitchen. They ate and conversed, laughing and enjoying the pie and ice cream.

Although Sue was enjoying much more than that. David's hulking tank top-clad physique was driving her crazy. Her eyes couldn't get enough of him. and that gorgeous face!

"So, David, when are you going to come over and take us up on our offer to enjoy our pool? It's just sitting over there, waiting for someone to use it," Sue said as she stood and walked around the end of the bar to put her dish in the sink.

David followed her to the sink to place his own dish there as well. He stood right behind her-- closely. Sue didn't move; she looked out the kitchen window above the sink as David reached around her and gently placed his dish on top of hers. David's huge arm filled her sight. "I was just waiting for the right time," David said. His hulking body pressed against Sue's back. She practically shivered.

David put his hands on Sue's shoulders. "Thank you for the pie. I can tell I'm going to really enjoy being a part of this neighborhood."

Sue slowly turned to face David. He didn't give her much room. When she got turned around, her face was just about as high as the bottom of his chest. A thick, black tuft of hair poked out the top of his tank top neckline. David gently pressed his hips against Sue as he put his hands on her hips.

"And I can tell I'm going to enjoy having you as a neighbor," Sue smiled. She looked up into David's tender eyes, and slowly lifted her petite hand to David's massive chest. The two stood looking at each other for the longest time. Their eyes twinkled. And Sue began moving her hand over the most massive pectoral muscles on the planet.

EPISODE TWO

Jason pulled his Charger into the driveway. He was on a natural high. It was Friday and he didn't have to work till Monday afternoon. Plus, his parents were going to be away all weekend at a church retreat. The house was all his. And on Saturday, he was hosting a pool party in his back yard-- all of his friends would be coming.

But Jason's real sights were set on this afternoon. He jumped out of the car, opening the garage door with his remote, and ran inside the house. Upstairs, as he changed out of his Taco Bell uniform, he grabbed his cell phone and called David.

"You ready for a swim?" Jason asked when David answered.

"Yeah, man. I've just been waiting for you to get home."

"Cool. Well, come on over. I've got the beer cold, and the pool's ready. Just let yourself in through the garage. I left the door up."

A few minutes later, Jason was on the patio, adjusting the Coors Lights and the Heinekens in the ice. He wore a yellow and blue knee-length swimming suit. He looked down and checked his crotch. Already quite obviously stiff; but there wasn't much he could do about it. "I'll just have to try and hide it," he said to himself out loud.

"Hide what..." David's voice startled Jason. The teenager swung around and stopped dead in his tracks. It seemed that no matter how many times he saw David, he never-- ever-- got used to seeing all of those muscles.

"Oh-- oh, nothing," Jason stuttered. "Wow. You made it."

"Yep," David smiled. "Always enjoy a good time in the pool." He was wearing a royal blue muscle shirt and multi-colored swimming trunks that came down to about two inches above his knees. God, he looked good.

Jason reached into the cooler and pulled out a bottle. "Beer?"

"Sure. But can I have one of the Heinekens?"

Jason put the Coors Light back into the ice and pulled out a green bottle. "I like Heinekens too," he said, handing one to his musclegod idol. "Oh, let me run in and get an opener."

"No need," David smiled. He wrapped his hand around the cap of the bottle and with only a minor amount of exertion, pried and twisted it off.

"Holy shit!" Jason exclaimed. His eyes were wide.

David smiled. "A little trick I picked up from my father."

"Was he as big as you?"

"Naw. But he was pretty strong. And he taught me a few techniques that come in handy."

"Guess so," Jason laughed. "You'd be handy at a party!"

They both had a good laugh.

"Nice pool," David said, eyeing the Johnson's back yard. "Really nice."

"Thanks," Jason replied. "Well, help yourself to the water, man. The hot tub is right there, and there are plenty of recliners to chose from. And they're solid-- made out of wood-- so I think they'll support your 375 pounds."

David stepped over to one of the recliners and sat his towel down, then his beer. Of course he knew Jason's eyes were glued on his body, but he didn't turn to watch Jason watch. With purposeful slowness, David lifted his muscle shirt, exposing his abs. His powerful arms rippled and bulged as they fought to lift the fabric higher, over his thick chest. Finally, David pulled it over his head and let it drop to the recliner. He bent down and picked up his beer and turned to look at Jason.

"Hoooooolllly shit," Jason swooned.

David looked back at him with feigned innocence-- as if to say, "Who, me?"

It was the first time Jason had seen David shirtless. He was beside himself with lust. "Wow, man. You just blow me away!"

"Thanks," David said humbly. "You mind if I jump in?" He said, cocking his head toward the water.

"Have at it, man. I'll be right behind you."

A few seconds after David slipped into the warm water, Jason did a cannonball right next to him, splashing his face. What followed was about 20 minutes of off-and-on splashing, teasing, racing and plenty of physical contact. The two had similar senses of humor and they played very, very well together. More than once, Jason found himself sitting on David's shoulders, and more than once, Jason found his muscular teenage arms wrapped around David's thick neck in a vain attempt to pull him under the water. Eventually,

after a few such tries, Jason just held on as David walked around the pool like Godzilla surveying Tokyo.

Finally, the two of them found themselves lying on the cedar recliners, towels stretched beneath their muscular bodies, sipping their beers and drying in the sun. They lay only inches from each other. As David relaxed on his back, eyes closed, Jason turned on his side to face him. "So, dude," he said, trying to sound as butch and jock-like as he could, "you going to show me one of your posing routines?"

David didn't move immediately. He fought-- rather successfully-- to hide a grin, and then turned his face to Jason. "I was wondering when you'd ask."

He sat up, then stood up, and started pulling on his waistband. "It just so happens that I'm wearing some posing straps underneath my suit. You mind if I take these off?" he asked, pulling the waistband of his suit with his thumbs.

"Not at all," Jason practically choked.

David, a master at teasing and suspense, shimmied his swimming trunks down over his impossible quads, revealing their amazing size and definition.

Unable to bear the pain of the position of his growing cock, Jason couldn't hide the re-adjustment he just had to make on his boner.

David stepped out of his trunks. His posing trunks were red. In truth, they were borderline obscene-- I mean, the size of his cock was obscene. I mean-- his schlong was the perfect compliment to an obscenely muscular body. If size mattered, David took not just the cake, but the whole kitchen. There weren't really posing trunks that could contain him. And these-- obviously custom made-- hugged *everything*.

As Jason watched in disbelief, David started to slowly and methodically pose for the wide-eyed teen. Double-bi was first, and Jason practically lost it all right then. David's arms were *way* bigger than the professional bodybuilders he had seen in magazines or on TV. *Way* bigger than he had ever seen down at the gym. His biceps formed peaks, and then freakishly split into two lobes, defined better than even the most well-developed pro's.

David held the pose, allowing Jason to lust. Then, with the grace of a ballerina, he slowly changed poses: Side-bi, most muscular, chest, back-bi (a good opportunity for Jason to make another adjustment), lat spread, and those calves! David posed his body with perfect, slow timing and fantastic

showmanship-- showing off everything to perfection. There didn't appear to be a weak body part on this giant of a man!

Finally David turned back to Jason and lifted his hands behind his head. He locked his fingers at the back of his head and expelled the air from his lungs. His abs stuck out and his waist narrowed.

"Fuuuuck," Jason sighed.

After David finished, he said "You can see more when I shave, but I don't bother unless I'm getting ready for a competition."

"Yeah," said a dumbfounded Jason. "Unreal, man. You're just unreal. What is your body fat?"

"Don't know, right now. It usually stays around three or four percent."

"Fuck-- an your mass is just unbelievable!"

David smiled. "I'm getting hot," he said. "Time for a cool-off dip." With that, he turned back to the pool and sank into the water.

Jason followed. This time, they mostly just talked-- no horseplay. Jason was obviously smitten. They talked about high school, football, girls-- everything. Occasionally David sank down all the way into the water-- up to his neck, but sometimes he stood in the shallow end with the water hitting him at mid-quad level.

Jason had the hardest boner he had ever had.

David got out of the pool-- his posers were practically a thong-- and got himself and Jason another beer. Jason sat at the edge of the pool with his legs dangling in the water. David sat down next to him and put his legs in as well. He handed Jason a beer.

More small talk while they drank.

David put his hand on Jason's thigh. "You have a lot of potential, dude. Once we start working out together, I bet you're going to grow like you never thought you could." He kept his hand on Jason's leg and felt the hard teen muscle. And he left it there. Jason's heart raced.

David let go of Jason's leg and tightened his hand into a fist and flexed his biceps at his side. "Maybe you'll become as big as me," he smiled.

Jason looked at the huge arm. "Yeah-- right."

David kept flexing it, bending it slowly and then straightening it a little. It drove Jason insane. "Go ahead, dude. Give it a feel."

He didn't have to ask twice. Jason put his hand on David's arm and felt all over and around it. God-- it was unbelievable. Jason was in muscle heaven. David was a master at muscle seduction. He could see how Jason was reacting, so he poured it on-- nice and slow. He lengthened his arm and showed Jason that even nearly straight, his biceps were many times bigger than most men's *flexed* arms. Jason felt it, then moved his hands down onto David's vein-infested forearm. God, it was so thick and packed with dense muscle! David tightened his fist and Jason's hands felt the trembling, bulging forearm expand and ripple with strength.

Jason's cock felt like it would burst. And for all his attention being focussed on David's arm, the teenager couldn't help but continue to glance at David's powerful-looking chest.

David bent his arm once again and tightened his biceps into a hardened block of concrete. Jason's hands followed the muscle. He moved his right hand on top, and his left hand underneath-- to the triceps. Again, David flexed it tighter, and his arm shook with power.

God in Heaven.

David's biceps grew higher, and Jason found the tip of his index finger plying the tine ravine that formed when the two heads of muscle separated. It was inhuman! It was more than any wet-dream Jason could come up with. In his hands was more muscle than most men ever *dream* of having in their *legs!* While he held it flexed, David slowly twisted his wrist, giving Jason's worshipping hands the most erotic muscle-ride of their life.

Jason flexed his cock in his swimming trunks, trying desperately to keep himself from involuntarily cumming. This was *that* hot.

Finally David relaxed his arm and dropped it to his side. Jason didn't want to let go. In fact, he didn't-- for a few seconds, feeling out the relaxed bazooka that hung at David's side. David looked at Jason's hands that were still on his relaxed arm, saying nothing. He just let Jason hold it.

Eventually, as Jason reluctantly let go, David said, "If you like feeling big muscles, dude, I think we're going to make very good neighbors." His smile relaxed Jason. "It just so happens, I have some big ones... and I don't mind having them touched." He smiled again, and his vibrant blue eyes pierced David to the soul.

Have I died and gone to Heaven? Jason thought.

David looked down at his chest. Almost imperceptibly, he pulled his broad shoulders back, expanding his chest. He looked at his left pec, as if admiring it-- and then his right, pausing to appreciate that one as well. Unhurriedly, he began to ripple his pecs, looking up at Jason. His thick, hairy chest moved very slowly-- very sensuously. It was exactly as Jason would have wanted it. So powerful. So big. David looked down for a second, admiring once again the massive pectoral muscles as they moved in a deliberate synchronous symphony, then he looked back up at Jason, cocking his head slightly and raising his eyebrows, as if in invitation.

Jason's hand moved up. Before his fingers and palm felt the warm, hard, moving flesh, they felt the soft, curly hair. It seemed like it took hours before his hand could move all the way through the forest of hair and onto the meat. But it finally did.

"Ohhhhhh," Jason whispered. His young hand moved over, around, under, on top of, and between the enormous slabs of beef. He felt David's nipples. He felt the cleavage. He squeezed one pec, and the muscle completely overflowed his hand.

Jason's cock could take no more. With no warning at all, it started oozing out semen-- it was an unusual orgasm, probably because the teen hadn't actually masturbated it-- it just came on its own. But Jason knew he was cumming. And after a few wet, globby spurts, he began to come in earnest. As his hand continued to feel David out, he started to fill his trunks. It wasn't an overwhelming orgasm-- probably because with each squirt, Jason was trying desperately to stop. But it didn't stop. It came so much that Jason actually felt like he was peeing. There weren't any powerful jerks. It just started pouring out of his cock. Soon his trunks were filled with his hot teenage semen.

"Uh..." Jason said as he removed his hand from David's big chest. He looked down at his crotch. His swimming trunks were already wet from the pool, so he really needn't have worried. He could have pretty much ignored it, and it

would have probably gone away. But his examination of his crotch was a dead giveaway.

David graciously ignored it. He leaned back, laying down on the cement, and closed his eyes. Jason looked down at him.

"I could use a massage right now," David said, stretching. He sighed. Jason looked up and down David's muscular-beyond-belief body.

In spite of just having filled his pants with ejaculate, Jason was hard as ever and ready to go with only a minimal recovery period. (Oh, to be a teen again.) Jason put his hand on David's massive quad muscle. David didn't react. Jason moved his hand over it.

"Man, you got good hands," David said without opening his eyes.

That's all Jason needed. He moved his hand up and down David's leg, slowly.

David sighed.

Emboldened, Jason moved his hand upward. He leaned back onto his side, facing the giant and began a long, sensuous journey with his shaking hand-- up and down the bulging muscles of David's huge body. His abs, that chest, those arms, down to the legs again, and up the torso again. And after about 20 minutes of Jason's nonstop hand feeling all those big muscles, David's cock started to-- shall we say-- grow. So much so that it was in danger of breaching the cover of his red posing trunks.

David groaned. Jason's hand was spectacular.

"God, dude," David said-- his eyes still closed, "you're gettin' me hard."

Jason's hand stopped.

David lifted his head and opened his eyes. "It's okay, dude. I don't have a problem with it if you don't." He relaxed his head back onto the cement and closed his eyes again. "Take it as a compliment, man. I'm getting as much out of this as you are, dude."

Jason resumed his touching and rubbing.

"It's not like you haven't had a hard-on since you watched me take my shirt off," David smiled with closed eyes. He bucked his hips just a little, and that was all it took for the head of his penis to poke out of one of the legs of his trunks.

Jason just stared at it. God almighty.

He tried to ignore it, moving his hand around-- somewhere else-- anywhere else.

"Would you be able to help me with that?" David prodded. He lifted his hips and made like he was struggling to take off his posing trunks. Jason finally obliged, pulling the fabric downward. David lifted his legs and pulled them all the way off, tossing them up onto a recliner. He was totally nude.

"Go ahead dude," he smiled at Jason, nodding for him to take his swimming suit off. "You've got quite a private back yard here." He rested his head and closed his eyes again.

Jason watched as David's mammoth rod grew and straightened. *Well, since HE did it...* he thought. He pulled his trunks off and threw them to the side. Then he started in again on David's body rub.

"Like I said, man, you have nice hands," David smiled.

Of course, both their hearts beat hard as Jason's hand teased itself, and David's cock, with near-misses. Over mounds of abdominal muscles, barely grazing pubic hairs, down onto rippling quadriceps, into the ravine between leg and leg-- dangerously close to hairless testicles, then circuitously up again, through a bit more of the pubic hair this time, over the abs again-- taking a particularly long time to enjoy their ridges and caverns, past the swollen head that had started to spew its trickle of clear precum and up onto that very familiar expanse of the chest. Oh god, that chest. Jason could have gotten a career, a wife, had kids, and grandchildren, and retired on that chest. His hands lingered there for what seemed like hours. He stopped momentarily at one of David's nipples and squeezed it.

For the first time during this whole session, David showed a tense pleasure. Jason twisted it a little more. This time the giant let out a very soft gasp. Jason played with the nipple some more, and all the air rushed out of David's lungs with a windy, "Oh ggggggod."

Jason loved being able to bring this muscleman such uncontrollable pleasure.

Jason was leaning on his left elbow, with his forearm on the cement. He pivoted his arm and opened his left hand to hold David's right shoulder, as he continued to move his right hand all over David's chest. Then, it was time to check up on points South again, and Jason's virile fingers moved downward. This time, as he traversed the rocky topography of the ab mountains, his fingertip brushed along the side of the thick, long log of David's penis. The shaft was enormous. Check that. *Enormous* came nowhere near to doing it justice. It was just fuckin' huge. Veins all over hell. Jason just couldn't believe it actually belonged to a human. The apple-sized head was shiny and red, oozing clear honey out of the piss slit. As Jason's fingers moved laterally next to it, he could feel its heat.

David held his breath.

Jason's fingers ventured into David's manicured pubes again-- this time deeply.

The first part of David's genitals that Jason held was David's right testicle. He held it, lifted it, and then squeezed it. It felt as heavy as a baseball, and nearly as large. Soft, warm, moist skin hung loosely around it. Jason moved to the other one. Then he cupped his hand, trying to hold both of them; the hunk's balls filled Jason's hands. Then, it was time to make the journey-- up the thick, large tree-branch of David's cock. Jason's hand trembled as it slowly moved up the tumescent organ. He wrapped his hand around it, lifting it briefly to test its weight.

"Good God Almighty," Jason whispered.

David's whole body was frozen stiff.

Jason lowered the heavy limb and continued to slip his hand up its length. When he came to the lip of the head, he wrapped his hand around the shaft again and lifted it once more. He squeezed it; and lowered it again, reverently.

Then began the long, luxuriously slow hand-on-cock session.

David moaned in approval.

God, this kid is amazing, David thought.

Jason's hand began to make love to David's manhood. It was unlike anything he ever dreamed of doing. He squeezed it-- he held it-- he moved his hand up and down it-- lifting it, lowering it, slithering the precum all over the head. Then he lifted it up-- high-- all the way-- as far as it would go. David tensed. Jason marveled at its size and its amazing vascularity. God this guy was a superman! Jason held it up with his fingers, pulling it to its limit. David flexed his cock, and it slipped through Jason's digits, slapping his solid torso with a loud thud.

David smiled.

"Shit," Jason said. He looked down at it. The head came clear up above David's navel. God-- it had to be twice the size of Jason's!

David opened his eyes and turned onto his side, facing Jason. It was obvious that Jason's hand session had sent David into a deep, deep sexual charge. David brought his gorgeous face close to Jason's and started kissing him. Jason ran his hands up and down David's body, and after a minute or two, David climbed on top of the teenager. They continued to embrace, feeling, kissing, tonguing, licking-- at the edge of the pool.

Then David moved down and slipped into the water. They were at the shallow end, and as he stood, his cock was at just the right height. David lifted Jason's ankles out of the water and pushed them into the air, splitting the teen's legs.

Jason more than willingly opened himself up, and scooted down toward the pool so that his ass was right at the edge.

David's mighty pole was dripping with precum. He pressed the base of his cock against Jason's virgin hole. Slowly, he started to rub his cock up and down against Jason's ass. The musclegod closed his eyes and moaned. Jason's eyes were wide as he watched David get so much pleasure from pressing his cock against his ass. David pulled his hips back, allowing his penis head to come all the way down to Jason's cherry-- then, slowly, he pushed it upward again, rubbing all the way, so that eventually his cock stuck up in the air again as his nuts came to rest between Jason's splayed legs.

David must have done this ten times, preparing the young muscleteen for the inevitable. Each time David's cock head reached Jason's ass hole, David rubbed it around real good, moistening it liberally with his shiny, slippery precum.

And finally, it was time. David left his cock head right at Jason's door. Jason opened his legs just a bit, as if giving David permission to proceed. David looked down into Jason's eyes. "It might hurt a bit," he cautioned softly.

Jason nodded his head, saying nothing.

The first push did hurt-- quite a bit. Jason winced, but tried to open his ass nonetheless. God, that thing was huge. The baseball sized head pressed Jason's ass lips open. Jason groaned and dropped his head to the cement; his whole body tightened in pain. David was slow, trying to be gentle, but he was also overcome with lust for this well-built quarterback, and well-- it was hard for him to hold back. He kept pushing, flexing his rock-hard glutes, holding Jason's ankles in the air. He leaned forward, letting go of Jason's ankles and placed his hands on the cement, on either side of Jason's torso. He looked down into Jason's eyes-- eyes that although were totally encouraging David to continue-- they were welling with tears at the pain.

And David pressed more.

"Uahhhgh," Jason cried.

And with that, David's head pushed inside. Immediately, involuntarily, Jason's ass lips closed in on it, hugging it-- holding it-- welcoming it. With the initial shock over, Jason looked up at his neighbor and smiled. He was okay.

David leaned forward more, now lying on top of Jason, supporting his huge body on his forearms. Jason's arms wrapped around David and began to move up and down over those huge muscles-- his lats-- his rippling traps-- his shoulders and arms-- and that muscular, tight ass. David pushed, and his cock slipped inside Jason about two more inches.

Again, Jason moaned. But it was less a pain moan than a moan of pleasure. He held on tightly to David's back as the huge man went in farther.

"Oh god-- go in. Go in all the way," Jason moaned.

David obliged.

Slowly, David's gargantuan cock filled the teen's torso, moving aside any organ that got in its way. It must have almost reached up to Jason's heart, but Jason relished every sensation-- every painful push-- that he felt.

The two muscular men began to kiss-- passionately. Jason's erect cock felt like it would burst as David rubbed his abs against it. His cock was hypersensitive. His hard shaft could feel every hair that ran between the mounds of David's abdominal muscles.

Finally, painfully, David's cock was in all the way, to the hilt. David held it there, still, strong, overbearing. He pushed a little harder. Jason got light headed for a few seconds. He actually started to see stars. After a near-faint, he recovered. The two men stared into each others' eyes.

Then David began to rock. Only millimeters-- back and forth-- but Jason could feel every single movement-- throughout his whole torso. David looked into Jason's eyes with a serious expression. He was powerful. He was totally in control. He was strong-- the master-- the alpha. Jason was totally submitted to his will. Within a few seconds of when the slow, methodical rocking began, Jason's young, inexperienced, hard cock began to erupt with hard shots of semen. His body jerked, and his penis began to deposit warm, white milk between both of their abs. It was the biggest orgasm Jason had ever had. It wouldn't stop. Jason moaned and moaned with each ejaculation. David moved his forearms inward to hold Jason's shoulders. He paused his rocking while Jason came. He nuzzled Jason's neck and Jason squeezed David's broad back with all his might as he came-- and came-- and came.

Jason could feel his jizz forming pools on his abs; he could feel David's ab and chest hair getting wet; then, he started to feel his semen overflow from his abs and start to stream down the sides of his torso, onto the cement.

"Oh goddddddd," he shuddered. It was the best feeling he had ever experienced.

Before Jason was completely done, David resumed his very subtle movements, rocking sensuously back and forth inside the teenager. David's torso bent-- his ass bucked. Very slowly. He could have easily come right then and there, if he had wanted to.

But he didn't want to.

He held back, taking it slow-- savoring every second of domination of this kid. God, Jason was such a turn-on to David.

Slow, rocking, holding, kissing.

Then the rocking began to gain strength. David began to breathe harder.

He pushed with more force. Then he pulled back. Pushing, pulling. His mighty body began to tighten. Jason held on for the ride, occasionally pushing out another post-orgasm burst of jism.

“Ohhhhhh,” David moaned. He was getting close.

It hurt Jason. Man-- it hurt soooo good.

“MMMmmmmgh,” David moaned. He bucked harder and harder, fucking the young stud-- really getting into it. Then, he just pressed. Hard. He froze as his butt muscles drove his pile-driver hard into Jason’s ass. And he just held it there. He lifted his head up and pushed himself off his forearms onto his hands, straightening his arms-- freezing in an ecstatic climax-- right on the verge of exploding.

And explode he did. But it took a minute. I mean, it seemed like David held it there forever. But finally, he let go, and with-- one-- final-- tiny-- push, he erupted. His muscular body tightened into a huge mass of vascular, rippling muscle, causing every vein, every sinew to rise to the surface with unbelievable relief.

“SSshhhhhhoouugh!” he yelled. And his cock released a torrent of jizz into Jason’s body.

Jason yelled as well. God, David was powerful-- and it hurt. The teen wrapped his legs around David’s butt and held him tightly.

“Aaaaagrrrhfgh,” David yelled again. His neck looked like it would burst-- veins sticking out all over hell. And then he pumped again, plowing Jason’s ass with volley after unbelievable volley of ejaculate. His ass muscles began to work overtime. He dropped back to his forearms and squeezed Jason as he enveloped him tightly-- very tightly. His whole body jerked uncontrollably with each burst of semen.

Pump after powerful pump-- David fucked the daylights out of Jason. It seemed to go on for hours. But finally, David slowed down.

And then he collapsed onto Jason. Jason ran his hands all over David’s back and ass, holding him, comforting him, congratulating him, consoling him, kissing him.

David breathed hard. He rested on top of Jason, his eyes closed in a serene peace. A small smile formed on his lips.

Jason continued to caress. God David was heavy. Jason had a hard time breathing, but he prayed that David would never get up. But like all of the other prayers he had prayed in his lifetime, this one would go unanswered as well. David finally started to stir. He pushed up and paused, looking longingly into Jason's eyes.

"You okay?" David asked.

Jason paused before speaking, not really knowing how to phrase his feelings. Finally he said softly, "I-- uh-- no, I'm not." Then he smiled reassuringly. "And I don't think I'll ever recover-- from you."

David grinned. He bent forward and the two kissed-- it was a long, slow kiss.

"I don't want you to get up," Jason whispered.

David moaned very softly, kissing Jason's neck. "Okay," he whispered back. "We can stay like this for as long as you want."

"How about forever..."

David chuckled. "Don't you think your parents might be a little shocked to come home and find us like this next to the pool?"

Jason laughed-- and as he did, he winced. His ribs hurt.

"You alright?" David asked. He could tell Jason was uncomfortable. He started to pull out.

"No!" Jason pleaded. "I'm okay. Don't pull out."

David pushed back in, and Jason smiled. "But we need to get you off this cement," David said. "It's probably killing your back." With that, David wrapped his strong arms under Jason's back and lifted him up. With Jason's legs still wrapped around David's waist, and David's cock firmly entrenched in the teen's body, David stood up in the knee-high water. Jason wrapped his arms around David, and David started walking in the water.

"Oh god, this feels so good," Jason whispered. David made his way into a little deeper water. The two men continued to embrace.

Jason rested his head on David's shoulder. "You don't feel like you're getting soft at all," he said.

"I'm not," David confirmed. He flexed his rod and Jason shuttered. He could feel his organs move inside as David's giant penis pushed at them. "I could go again, dude," David confided.

"Really?" his head was still resting on David's broad shoulder.

"Yeah. You okay with that?"

"Oh, god. This is the best feeling I've ever had, man," Jason said. "Please, fuck me again."

David chuckled. The two of them squeezed each other, then kissed.

And as they stood in the water, David pumped him once again, filling Jason to overflowing.

They fucked well into the night-- in the pool-- in the hot tub-- on the recliners, eventually retiring to Jason's bedroom, filling the evening with blow jobs, hand jobs and two more rounds of David-fucks.

They slept late into the morning. They showered in Andy and Sue's large twin shower, and then David got dressed to cross the street.

"You'll be coming back to the party tonight, won't you?" Jason asked as David was leaving.

"Didn't know I was invited..." David smiled. "Don't you think I might stand out a little bit-- I mean, it's just going to be high school kids isn't it? You think they'll be okay with some old 24 year-old foggy hanging around?"

Jason laughed. "Yes, you definitely *will* stand out, but that's the idea. I want to see what my friends think of my new neighbor. Besides, I need you to open the beers, remember?"

David laughed. "Okay, dude. I'll be here."

EPISODE THREE

The dynamic of the party changed immediately when David arrived. Of course. Even though Jason was the star quarterback of the school, it was pretty well established that Jason's cousin, Russ, was the Alpha of the school. Russ, with that jet black hair and a body fitting of his linebacker status, was a knockout, and everyone knew it. Muscles everywhere, yet lean and narrow-waisted. He didn't mind flaunting his size and his looks, and he was always rewarded with a flock of cute girls at his side.

But when David walked out the back door of the garage and into the Johnson's back yard, it was like E. F. Hutton had said something-- everyone practically froze.

Of course David was used to this kind of reaction.

As soon as the crowd of teenagers hushed, Jason realized what was going on; he turned and walked to David. "Hey, dude! Glad you could make it!" The two men embraced briefly and Jason turned to his peers and introduced his new neighbor.

The guys were obviously in awe, but they put on their macho faces and welcomed David as one of their own. The girls were gaga.

"Dude, you are buff!" one of the guys said as David joined the party. After the initial shock of David's presence started to wear off, a few of the more brave kids stood around David, making comments about him, asking him questions, and answering the questions that David asked-- things like how good their football and basketball teams were, etc. The rest of the kids mingled, every one of them watching David from afar.

"Can you believe how huge that guy is?" one guy quietly asked another as they grazed the food table, holding their beers.

"Shit, man," the other said. "I'd like to find out where he gets his roids!"

"Yeah, but he doesn't look all roided out, man. He really looks-- he looks *healthy*."

"Shit, dude. I don't get it."

A sociologist would have had a heyday watching this group of kids. Not only were they constantly watching David's huge frame, but most of them also kept checking out Russ' reaction to David. And it was unconscious. They were looking to see what their leader thought. It was fascinating.

Later on, the kids continued to mingle and drink.

"Dude, your neighbor is the buffest guy I've ever seen!" Russ told Jason while they sipped their beers at the edge of the pool.

"Yeah-- he's pretty huge," Jason said.

"And ripped!" Russ added. "God, man, its like you've got Mr. Olympia living across the street!"

David took a plate and started filling it with food.

"Oh David," Alexis smiled at the musclegod. "When are you going to take that shirt off and go for a swim-- you're not going to hide all those big muscles under that thing all night are you?" She stood close to David and pulled on the hem of his muscle shirt; she was one of the hotter girls in the school, and she knew how to use what she had to get what she wanted.

"Well, maybe in a little while," he smiled back. He continued to fill his plate, but his heart rate increased. Alexis was pouring it on, and David found his eyes moving to her breasts. God, yes. "But if I have trouble swimming, would you be able to help me?" he teased.

"Oh, if you need some help in the water, I'm your girl. I'm Alexis, by the way."

"Good to meet you Alexis. David."

After David finished eating, Alexis found herself sitting on David's lap on one of the recliners, while other kids-- some in various states of drunkenness-- gathered around. They were all having a good time. Alexis, in particular. She was getting pretty smashed, and David allowed himself the luxury of enjoying that situation. His hands moved to places on Alexis' body that normally would be reserved for sessions in private. But everyone was so drunk that it didn't matter.

More than one guy watching David have fun with Alexis sprouted really hard boners. He was a master to watch, and imagining what Alexis was feeling made the guys lost in lust.

Finally, Alexis wrapped her arms around David's neck and kissed him-- long and hard. David definitely reciprocated and the crowd whooped and hollered. It was a long, exciting kiss. When they broke the kiss, Alexis stood up and took David's hand. He stood and followed her into the house as the kids chuckled and moaned. Those who watched after the two went into the house, saw them go up the stairs.

It was an hour before they came back down and rejoined the party. They both sported very healthy "glows."

Jason smiled. God, he wished he was David. He wished he was *like* him, but even more, he wished he was always *with* him. He felt a tinge of jealousy over Alexis, but David winked at him, and somehow he felt okay with it all.

"Ahhh," David said, stretching his mighty arms. "I think I'll take that dip in the pool now." With that, he pulled off his muscle shirt. There were sighs and gasps.

"Dude, you could knock out Mr. Olympia!" some guy said.

"Thanks," David said politely. He dropped his shirt on a chair and sank into the water. Funny, but it was at that point that many of the kids decided to get into the water as well.

The evening was getting along-- it was just past dusk now. Most of the kids had gotten out of the water, and David was helping himself to more food and beer. A group of guys had gathered around the muscle hunk, giving up their own, personal worship to him. They were awestruck. David sat, and they gathered around him, talking, joking, having fun.

Jason had been with David much of the time, but had to go inside to take a piss. When he came back out, there was a slight commotion. David was pulling his shirt on, and about four or five guys were starting to move.

"Jason," Russ called out to his cousin. "Come on-- we're going over to David's house to watch him bench 500 pounds!"

Well, the guys certainly weren't disappointed. David treated them to a show of muscle that they never thought possible. Not only did he bench 500 pounds-- but he did it for reps! He pressed out five reps total! The guys were beside themselves. I mean, *that was impossible!*

David breathed hard as he stood up-- the guys were dumbstruck.

"Holy *shit!*" more than one of them found themselves exclaiming. They talked for a while at the foot of David's bench; and then one of the guys said-- dude, I need another beer."

Well, another guy agreed and they all filed up the stairs from David's basement. All of them, except for Russ.

Like I said, Russ was the Alpha of the school. Good looking and muscular beyond words, Russ was a jock's jock. But David just blew him away. In ways he didn't realize were possible. I mean, just watching David's huge, pumping muscles actually stirred something inside Russ that he didn't even know was there! David-- well, Russ wouldn't put it in these words, I guess, but David turned him on! So much so, that when the other dudes ran back across the street for more beers, Russ just stayed with David-- to "talk shop," supposedly.

David immediately knew what was going on. But he also knew that Russ wasn't really in tune with his own feelings. So-- David took it slow.

"Hey, man," David said while unracking the barbell, "you interested in seeing one of my posing routines?"

Russ swallowed. He didn't know why, but that thought really appealed to him. "Sure. You got music and everything?"

"Yeah. I have a system down here in the weight room for while I work out," David said. He turned it on and cued up some music. He took off his shirt (the reader will recall that he had put it back on before he came across the street), allowing Russ to adjust to the shock. Then he pulled off his swim-

ming trunks. He was wearing skimpy briefs. "These aren't really my posing trunks," he said. He turned away from Russ and opened a drawer, pulling out some even skimpier thing. "These should do," he said. He faced Russ and slowly pulled down his briefs.

Russ' attempt to look away, like any good jock would do, failed miserably. After all, it wasn't every day that a dude got to see a 12 inch monstrously thick cock.

David fiddled with the posing trunks. "Oh shoot," he finally said. "These have a hole in them." He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I guess it's okay-- it's just you and me." He didn't wait for Russ' approval. He turned to the stereo player and started the music.

Russ watched in awe. And to his amazement, he started to get hard. Very hard.

It was another hour before David and Russ crossed the street and returned to the party.

• • • • •

The Johnson house was quiet. It was a week later. Jason was pulling a long shift since he had gotten all of the previous weekend off. For the second weekend in a row, Sue was out of town-- this time she was with her sister, visiting their mother in Ft. Worth.

A car pulled up into the driveway; Russ Edwards and his dad, Elton, got out. The Johnson's garage door was open, and as was their custom, Elton and Russ walked inside and went into the kitchen without knocking. They were family.

"Anybody home?" Elton called out. Russ was quiet-- sullen, really.

There was no answer.

Elton scanned the back yard/pool area through the french doors. No one.

"Maybe he's not home. We should probably go," Russ said.

"No Russ. The garage door is open. His car is here," Elton said to his nervous son.

The house was dead quiet. Except... a muffled noise. Both Russ and Elton cocked their heads to listen better. There it was again. Voices?

"Sounds like he might be upstairs," Elton said. He started up the stairs and Russ reluctantly followed.

The closer the two Edwards' got to Andy and Sue's bedroom door, the louder the noises got. They approached quietly. The sound became clearer. It was groaning and moaning! Somebody was having quite a good time on the other side of the door!

"Maybe we should leave, dad," Russ whispered. Uncle Andy and Aunt Sue would be embarrassed if we interrupted."

"Russ. Your Aunt Sue is in Ft. Worth with your mother, visiting Nanna. Remember?" Elton said.

Russ' eyes widened. "Ohhhh, yeahhh." He blinked.

Elton slowly grasped the doorknob. He turned it and pushed the door open slowly. What greeted his eyes was the hugest back and most taut and muscular butt he had ever seen! This man had to be the best-built man in the world! He had the tightest, smallest ass, rippling with every powerful thrust. The guy had massive legs-- just more enormous than any man's legs he had ever seen! Whoever it was, was lying on top of someone. The legs of the receiving party of all this muscular attention were spread wide in the air. Whoever the huge muscleman was, he was fucking the living daylights out of-- out of--

"Andy!" Elton yelled.

Russ immediately knew the muscleman was David. God, he was just huge! And his ass muscles flexed and pumped like there was no tomorrow! From their view at the foot of the bed, David's back side was so prominently displayed that Russ started getting hard.

From behind David's broad shoulder, Andy's face peeked-- with a look of horror. Apparently the two Edwards men had caught David and Andy right when David was reaching climax, because ordinarily you'd expect someone bursting in on you like that to ruin your concentration.

But David wasn't stopping now.

The giant muscleman grunted with loud, heavy, low noises. Each pump of his mighty body brought forth a guttural moan, and each pump also caused his tiny muscular ass to ripple with power-- especially erotic when grouped with those incomparable legs-- just enormous masses of muscle! David's lats flared and his pumping started to slow. Finally, he arched his back and *pushed* his cock in as far as it would go. He held it. Still. His whole body tightened. His ass cheeks quivered and then solidified into rocks. And then, with a very loud groan which quickly turned into a yell, David began to fill Andy's quivering ass with cum.

Andy's fists hit the sheets repeatedly, and he hollered in pain.

David fell on top of Andy and enveloped him, squeezing him tightly and holding his cock tightly inside him as he came and came.

And still he came.

Elton and Russ watched-- Elton in disgust; Russ in awe.

Finally, David's orgasm peaked and he began to relax.

"What the *hell* is going on here?!" Elton demanded of Andy. "I come over here with Russ to talk about your neighbor-- and a 'liaison' that Russ had with him-- and then I find THIS! Andy-- my brother-in-law-- an Elder in our church-- having homosexual sex with this-- this superman!" Elton was loud, flustered, shocked and angry. "What about Sue?!" Elton couldn't believe that anyone would do this to his wife's sister.

Andy dropped his head back onto the mattress closed his eyes and began weeping. David pressed his massive body up and slowly pulled his *foot-long* out of Andy's pummeled ass. It made a suction-like sound and then it thwapped up against his rock-like abs. He stood there, a little embarrassed, but not mortified.

"I assume you are the neighbor!" Elton sneered.

"David Roberts," David smiled. He stuck out his hand to shake with Elton-- his gigantic boner-- dribbling with the remnants of his orgasm-- pointing right at Elton's face. God, it was the biggest penis you could imagine, and even Elton-- in his angry state-- had to be envious. Really envious.

Elton didn't accept the hand.

Russ was trying not to smile.

David looked at Russ and gave a wink. After a second he said, "How you doin' Russ. Good to see you again."

"Hey," Russ said softly.

"Mr. Roberts, would you mind leaving us for a moment. I'd like to talk to Andy," Elton said, the anger still in his voice. "We might be paying you a visit across the street when we're done."

David looked at Andy, who was still crying. "Do you want me to leave, Andy?" he asked.

"Uh--" Andy wiped his eyes. "Yeah, maybe so, David. It'd be best. For now."

"I hope you won't mind being 'outed' Mr. Roberts," Elton said as David gathered up his clothes. "I have no doubt that word of this is going to spread very fast."

"Excuse me, Mr... Mr.."

"Elton Edwards. I'm Andy's brother-in-law."

"Yes," David said. "So I heard. Mr. Edwards, you can't 'out' me. I'm already out. I have no regrets about what Andy and I were doing here." He looked over at Andy who was trying to hide his nakedness under his sheets. "Although it does look like Andy has made a choice that will have some-- unpleasant-- repercussions." David slipped on some cut-offs and paused. "And as for discussing the encounter between your son and myself, I have no regrets about that either. He *is* eighteen, after all." He looked at Russ. "Dude-- you're hot." David turned and left the room, then headed across the street.

Andy looked up at Elton. Elton looked over at Russ. The three of them were silent-- no one knew what to say.

Eventually Elton cooled down; he said, "Andy. Man, what's going on?"

There was silence.

"How long have you been-- gay?" Elton asked.

"I don't-- I don't know. I guess I've known it all along... deep inside, I guess." He sat up in the bed. "But you have to believe me. I've never done it with a man before David. Honest to God."

"Well, God isn't the only one who will be interested in knowing about that. The Elders will certainly need to act on this. And Sue..."

"I know..." Andy sighed.

Andy looked at Russ compassionately. "You too?" he asked.

"Uh-- well, I guess. I mean, no. I mean... I didn't know-- I *still* don't know. David is different than most men. I don't know if I could do it with just anyone. I mean... I'm not admitting that I'm gay or anything..." He was rambling.

"It's okay, Russ," Andy said. "I understand."

"It's *not* okay, Andy," Elton said, his voice raised again. "None of this is okay!" He headed out of the room and down the stairs. "Russ, come on. We're leaving."

• • • • •

"Hey," Jason said softly as David opened his front door.

"Hey, dude, how's it hangin'?" David smiled.

"Well... okay, I guess," Jason answered. "Under the circumstances."

"What the hell are you doing under there?" David joked.

Jason laughed.

"Come on in, dude," David said.

They went into David's living room and sat down. Jason hadn't seen David in a week, and it was just like the first time, all over again. His heart was racing.

"I-- uh, I just wanted to come and see how you're doing," Jason said.

David's expression was serious. "I'm doing fine, man. But I don't think I'm the question right now. How are *you* doing?"

"Well, mom and dad are going to stay together-- for now. She's pretty much got him on an even tighter leash than she did before she found out-- he has to go to this 'ex-gay ministry' in town."

"Wow," David said.

"They kicked him off the Elder board of the church."

"Man. That's tough," David said.

"Yeah."

"So, how 'bout you. How are you handling all of this?"

Jason paused before answering. "I guess it's just given me a lot of questions."

"Yeah-- I bet," David said. "Is that why you've stayed away all week?"

"Yeah, maybe. I don't know. I'm just really confused," Jason said.

"About what?"

"Well, kinda about you-- and me-- when we did it. You know?"

"What do you mean?" It was like pulling teeth, but David was a fantastic listener, and he cared a lot about Jason.

"Well-- I guess I mean-- when you and I did it, and then you did it with my cousin-- not to mention with Alexis-- and then with my own dad..."

"Yeah?"

"Well, doesn't that sound at all funny to you? Maybe even... promiscuous? Or... even unfaithful or something? I mean, I know we never said anything to each other, but..."

"Ohhh," David said, leaning back into his chair. "I get it."

Jason looked up tentatively, wondering if he'd ticked the giant muscleman off.

"So... you were thinking that you and I had something 'special' going on," David continued, "and now you're confused because I did it with all those other people... and especially your dad?"

"Uh-- yeah. Yeah."

David took a minute to organize his thoughts. "Man, I owe you an apology. I guess I didn't do a very good job of communicating." He started to chuckle.

"What." Jason asked. "What's so funny?"

David kept trying to squelch his laugh. "It's just that no one has ever accused me of being monogamous."

He looked so hot when he laughed. God that smile could power a small city! Jason found it hard to be upset with him when he looked so gorgeous.

A smile formed on Jason's face as well, and before long, they were both barrel laughing.

"Dude," David said as he regained his composure. "Sex with you was the best-- the best, man. But even when I do 'settle down' with the right man, I seriously doubt that either one of us will be immune from playing around on the side."

Jason grew serious. "That might be true for you-- but there's no way in hell that anyone who hooks up with you will ever-- ever-- want for another man. There's just no one in the world who comes close, dude. Not even close."

David's face became solemn. "Wow. Dude. I never meant to hurt you."

Jason's eyes welled.

David moved to Jason and hugged him.

Jason reciprocated. Even if he wouldn't have wanted to, David was irresistible. They embraced, but it didn't become sexual (well, maybe just a bit for Jason).

"So, how is it for you, now that your dad has been outed?" David asked, holding Jason close.

"Everyone kinda stays away. No one knows what to say."

"Is your dad going to join the ex-gay group?" David asked.

"Yeah. He is," Jason said. "I feel bad for him. I mean... I don't know."

"What do you mean?" David asked.

"I mean, I just don't know... what the future holds."

"Well, no one does, really."

"Yeah," Jason said. "I guess you're right."

"Have you told them-- about you being gay?"

Jason furrowed his brow. "Uh-- wow. I guess I never actually thought of using that word. But I guess it's time to be honest with myself. Wow. That takes some getting used to-- the 'G' word." He shuffled his feet.

David watched and waited patiently.

"Gay. No, I haven't told them." He looked pensive. "It'd kill my mom-- after all she's been through; I mean with my dad, and then-- me?"

David was serious, but not dour. "Uh." He pressed his index finger to his mouth as he thought. "I don't usually kiss and tell, but... I don't think your mom is totally pure and white as the driven snow in this whole scenario."

Jason cocked his head in a questioning look.

"Um, Jason... If your mom has a problem with your dad-- or you-- having sex with me... she is in no position to judge. What I'm trying to say is... is that your mom and I..."

Jason's eyes grew wider than the Hoover Dam. He just stared at David. "Ewwwww," he finally said. And then, after considering everyone's guilt in the grand scheme of things, he began to laugh. And laugh. Hysterically.

David, somewhat relieved, laughed too. Conservatively.

"You--- and my mother?" Jason said between giggles.

"Yeah. Guilty as charged," David smiled. "What can I say? Sex is good."

Jason grinned. "God." He looked up and down David. "Good God Almighty." He swallowed hard. "David, that's just awful!" he grinned.

"Sorry, dude. But she's an adult," David grinned back.

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"After four years of being in this group, I can honestly say that my attraction to men hasn't really lessened," the guy said to the men gathered in the circle. "But I *have* learned to control my desires," he added.

Andy sat there, truly frustrated. Depressed, really. It was the second meeting of his ex-gay group, and already he was feeling hopeless. *Just learned to control my desires?* he thought. *I've been doing that for forty-some years! I don't need a group to help me with that. I thought God was supposed to change me!* He would have gotten up right then and there and walked out, but he *had* to stay. If he didn't, he'd probably be kicked out of the church-- *and* Sue would probably leave him.

It *had* been good to meet guys who had the same "problem" as he did-- and he was surprised to know that there were so many married men in the same situation as he was.

He looked around the room. The leader of this particular group of guys who wanted to rid themselves of their sinful desires-- he was a real hunk! Andy had a difficult time keeping his eyes off of him. But whenever Andy looked his way, the leader-- his name was Nathan-- was careful not to make eye contact. Yeah, this guy had learned a lot of control.

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Russ Edwards hung up the phone at the front desk of the FitShed. His maroon polo shirt, complete with the FitShed logo over his left pec, fit his muscular body perfectly. Russ wasn't exactly the star employee at the gym; no, in fact, his boss was pretty disappointed in his performance. To put it plainly, he was lazy. But, his boss knew a little about marketing, and pretty much the only reason he kept Russ around was because he was, frankly, a knockout. Thick neck, huge arms, massive chest, broad shoulders, wide

back, narrow and defined six-pack, and legs that looked like they could move a bull dozer.

"Hey, cousin," a voice behind him sounded. Russ turned around and found his cousin, Jason, coming through the front entrance of the gym.

"Jase" Russ smiled. "How's it hangin' bro?"

Jason had always had it bad for his cousin. I mean, Russ was such a hunk. And despite Jason's closeted identity, and Russ' macho persona, the two had been inseparable since childhood. "Good, man. Very good." The two made fists and touched knuckles.

Russ scanned the barcode card on Jason's duffel bag. "So, how's Uncle Andy, man..." Russ said quietly.

"Not good, dude, really," Jason answered. He ran his hand through his hair. "He's pretty strung up. And mom... she's on a warpath."

"Dude, that's tough," Russ consoled.

The two stood together in silence for a minute. The silence wasn't uncomfortable-- it was a statement in itself. They didn't *need* to talk.

"How about with you, man?" Jason asked.

Russ and Jason hadn't talked since Russ and his dad had happened upon David and Andy. Russ was embarrassed. Flustered. "I mean..." he started, "Jase. I-- I really don't know what to say." He looked down at the ground. He was clearly mortified that his close, best-friend cousin knew that he had had sex with David.

"Dude," Jason said. "Hey. We don't have to talk about it here, man. You want to take a rain check on it and get together later on, when you're off work?"

"No, man," Russ said softly. He was still looking down at the floor. "It's okay. Might as well get it over with."

Jason had to come clean. "Uh, Russ. Man." He looked his cousin right in the eyes. "No one knows about you and David but our families. And I need to tell you something too."

Russ looked at Jason intently.

"You weren't the only one... with... with David," Jason said.

Russ' eyes grew wide in disbelief.

"Yeah," Jason confirmed.

Russ' mouth dropped open.

"But dude," Jason pleaded, "You can't tell *anyone*, not even my parents. No one knows."

Russ looked perplexed. "Man. I don't know what to say."

"Russ, just between you and me, I've known I was gay for years."

"Really?" Russ asked. "I mean, this thing with David and me..." he looked to his left and his right to see if anyone was listening, "it's like it came from out of *nowhere*, man. I mean, I never dreamed I could do it with a guy!" he whispered loudly. He glanced around again, making sure no one heard.

"Well, I-- I have to be honest, man," Jason said slowly, "I-- am-- gay. For real dude. It wasn't a fluke thing with me." He looked down at the ground, feeling pretty low.

Russ reached out his hand and squeezed his cousin's muscular shoulder. "Jase. Before you say another word, I want to tell you: It's okay, man. You're okay with me. If you're gay, well, then that's alright with me. Whatever works for you, man. We're more than cousins, man. We're like brothers. And nothing about you will ever change that.

Jason started crying. He put his hands to his eyes and sobbed, silently. Russ walked around the counter and hugged his cousin, embracing him with his big, strong arms. "Dude, don't worry about it. You're cool with me, okay?"

Jason wanted to let it all out, but here-- in the entry to the gym-- he had to try and contain himself.

The front door to the gym opened, and in walked a member. It was a woman. Russ moved Jason to the side. "Jase, why don't you go into my boss' office for a sec.," he whispered. Jason slipped into the dark, unoccu-

pied office while Russ checked the female member in. As soon as she was done, Russ went in to his boss' office. By this time, Jason had composed himself.

"Russ, you don't know what your acceptance means to me, man," Jason said. "Thanks, man. Thank you-- so much."

Russ hugged Jason again, and when the hug was done, the two smiled and looked into each others' eyes. There had always been a bond between these two guys-- a bond that frequently superseded any verbal communication.

"Gay, huh," Russ smiled. "You dirty little faggot," he laughed.

Jason knew his cousin well enough to know that he was just messing with him. "Yeah, well, 'takes one to know one,' man," Jason retorted. They both smiled broadly.

"Dude," Russ started, "I honestly do not know what came over me, man. I mean, it was like I was someone else! When I saw David there, posing-- totally naked-- it was..."

"Totally naked?" Jason interrupted, "He was posing for you totally naked?"

"True fact, man," Russ said. "The dude had all his clothes off, and he just started flexing all those muscles! I never had it for a guy before, Jase. Honest! But David-- I mean, you gotta know-- the guy is built like a god, man! When he was posing there... I don't know why, but I started getting hard! I mean, harder than I had ever been! And well, before I knew it, he was grinning like a shit-eating cheshire cat, looking down at my crotch!"

"God in Heaven," Jason exclaimed.

"Well," Russ continued, checking behind his shoulder to see if anyone had come in to the gym, "he walked up to me, and, god, it was like this dude was more than I could handle. I--" he looked down at the ground again, and then back up at Jason, "I felt his arm while he flexed it, and then he flexed his pecs, and I don't know what happened to me, but I just had to feel them. Dude, as soon as I started feeling out his hairy chest, I knew I was a gonner."

Jason was hard, just listening to Russ. "Shit, Russ, I'm just blown away. I mean, you are the *last* person I ever expected..."

"Yeah, well it surprised the hell out of me too. But you know the weird thing about it all-- and you gotta promise to not tell anyone this--"

Jason nodded his head.

"...but when we did it-- and we did it *all* the way, man-- when we did it it was better than fucking any girl I had ever fucked." He started to whisper. "Shit, Jase-- I came harder, and longer than I had ever come in my life!"

Hearing his hunky, muscular cousin talk like this aroused Jason quite a bit. And the revelation that he had fucked girls in the past notwithstanding (something that his parents and his church-going cronies would be surprised to hear), Jason found it hard to get the picture of David and Russ going at it out of his mind.

Jason grinned. "Fuck, man. I don't know dude-- you might have a little soul-searching to do. Dude, are you sure you never had it for guys? Not even a little?"

"No man," Russ answered. "I mean, sure, I snuck a look at guys in the showers, but who doesn't? But I didn't get turned on by it-- not really anyway," he hesitated. "But, you know-- when you look at pictures of body-builders or whatever-- well maybe not *you*, but other guys--" he smiled, "when you see them you just admire them and want to get bigger. I never thought of it as a sexual thing. But now... I just am really weirded out."

"Man," Jason said, thoughtfully, "I don't know where that leaves you. But I guess my only advice would be to not get too stressed out about it. You'll figure it out." Jason found himself surprised at what he had just said. If only he could take the advice he so freely gave.

"Easier said than done, man."

"Believe me," Jason said, "I know. I know. I've been fighting myself over this since I was a kid." Jason's face dropped. "Night and day."

With the attention turned back to his cousin, Russ became compassionate again. "Man, I can't imagine what it's like to go through that all the time. I mean, it's bad enough just questioning yourself for a week or two-- to wonder since you can remember..."

"Shit, Russ, you can't imagine how good it feels to finally get this out to someone," Jason said, his eyes welling again. He looked Russ straight in the eyes. "You're the only person on earth who knows-- other than David."

It was another one of those silences. But again, it wasn't uncomfortable at all-- it was a means for the two to communicate their appreciation-- their love, if you will-- for each other.

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Sue Johnson looked out the dormer of her bedroom window down at the street. The garage door of David's house was down, which usually meant he wasn't home. He'd gotten in the habit of leaving it up whenever he was there. She wondered why. She stared at the house, pondering.

As she stood there, she found herself drawn to him again. God, he was so big-- so powerful, so strong and masculine. He was the man she wished Andy was.

She sighed.

It was Tuesday, and Andy was out of town on business. She'd need to pick him up at Austin-Bergstrom later that night. The airport was about 45 minutes away; she planned on leaving right after she made dinner for Jason. She turned and went into Andy's den to pull up the airline's web site to see about the flight schedule. Andy's flight from LA hadn't even taken off yet, but she decided to pull up the page anyway just so it would be handy before she left for the airport.

Andy had done a fantastic job of hiding his porn stuff on his computer. He had a totally different browser he'd use when looking at pictures and clips of bodybuilders and musclemen having sex. So, the risk of Sue stumbling upon anything untoward was minimal. She went to the airline's web site and searched for Andy's flight. As she finished familiarizing herself with the site, she pushed the chair away from the desk. Looking to the side of the keyboard, she spotted a small, brown circle of hair. She immediately recognized it as pubic hair. And right next to it, there was a hardened glob-- very small-- of... something. She wrinkled her nose slightly.

Then it hit her. Why she hadn't ever suspected Andy of browsing porn on his computer escaped her at this moment. She felt like a fool. Especially in light of last week's events with David! She felt like a *total* fool.

Sue pulled the chair back closer to the desk and started to look around on Andy's hard drive. She wasn't a whiz with computers-- she really didn't know where to look. She tried Andy's bookmarks, but found nothing suspicious. She decided to call her sister, Sandy. Sandy had a way with computers that completely baffled Sue. She'd know how to find things.

EPISODE FOUR

Jason's bedroom sat over their garage, and like his parent's bedroom, afforded a nice view of the house across the street. It was another hot June day, and Jason sat at his computer, in front of his window, in his shorts and no shirt. Despite amassing a wealth of gay images and video clips on his hard drive, Jason just kept flipping through them, alternately searching the web for new material. But it was pretty much an exercise in futility. It had become almost impossible to jack off to muscle porn ever since-- David.

But, of course, that didn't keep our eighteen-year-old quarterback from trying. He looked out the window while a page was loading. David's garage door was down, but Jason expected it to be up very soon. He looked at the clock on his computer screen. Yep-- very soon.

Sue hung up the phone with her sister, Sandy and stared at the screen. The jpeg was of two very muscular men-- bodybuilders, really-- having sex. Sue had to admit the pictures she had uncovered, with her sisters' help, were somehow alluring. But knowing that it was her *husband* who was looking at them-- it made her sick. She closed the picture and looked at the file information. It had been created only two days ago. Despite being outed, and despite getting into that ex-gay ministry, Andy was still looking at muscle porn.

Sue pushed herself away from the desk and went downstairs to get something to eat. She made herself a salad and sat down at the breakfast table. She looked out through the french doors and onto the pool area as she ate. How her heart longed for someone to hold her-- someone to love her for all her femininity.

As she stood up to put her dish in the sink, she glanced across the living room and out the front window. David's garage door was up.

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Andy took his receipt and handed the hotel clerk his credit card-style key.

"Thank you for staying at the Manheim, Mr. Johnson," the cute, young man said.

Andy turned and walked out the front of the hotel and asked the doorman to hail a cab.

"Where to, sir?" The doorman asked as the cab pulled up.

Andy's ultimate destination was the airport, but he didn't want to divulge his intended intermediate stop, so he just said, "LAX."

As the cab came to a stop and Andy got in, the doorman leaned inside and told the cabby, "airport." Andy tipped the doorman, who closed the door.

"Which airline?" the cabby asked as they got under way.

"Uh, I think I'll take a little detour before I go to the airport," a nervous Andy replied. He leaned forward and gave the driver a piece of paper with an address on it. "Can you take me here?"

The cab driver read the address, then visibly fought to hide his reaction. "Sure, no problem, man. Whatever you say."

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Sue's heart pounded as she crossed the street. She was driven. Her petite, yet well-endowed body looked much younger than her 41 years. She had always been a looker, and she had learned very young how to use it for her advantage.

From his bedroom window, Jason watched. A very slight smile formed on his lips.

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The guy had been nothing like Andy had expected-- although Andy really didn't know what to expect, meeting this dude at this seedy LA motel. Andy leaned over the sink and threw water on his face. He looked up into the dirty mirror and pursed his lips in disgust.

"Hey, dude," Andy heard the guy call from the bed, "you gunna want to go again? 'Cuz that'll be extra."

Andy turned off the water and dried his hands. "Uh-- no, that's okay."

By the time Andy returned to the bedroom, his *encounter* had gotten up and was halfway dressed. He was indeed very muscular-- and actually worth what he charged. But he was no David Roberts, by any stretch of the imagination. Andy grabbed his wallet and paid the man. Before Andy was dressed, the dude was gone.

Andy picked up the phone and called for a cab. Within a few minutes, he'd be on his way to LAX, and then home.

• • • • •

Jason sat shirtless at the breakfast table, wolfing down some of his mom's apple pie. The door to the garage opened, and Sue walked inside. She looked somewhat distracted, and even angry.

"Where *you* been?" Jason said nonchalantly.

"Oh, over talking with Louise," Sue said as she headed up the stairs.

Of course, Jason knew she was lying. He waited until he heard his mom close her bedroom door, then pulled out his cell phone and pressed the button to call David.

"She got a little ticked with me," David smiled into the phone.

"Yeah? What'd she say?" Jason asked. He took another big bite of pie-- the apple cinnamon and sugar was sooooo good. The crust was perfect. He felt a little guilty for enjoying his mother's handiwork while he listened to David tell of the encounter.

"Well," David started, "I let it go a little while-- you know, to get her nice and hot..."

"Yeah..."

"Yeah-- I mean she had her hands on my arms-- feeling my biceps and my tri's, then up my T-shirt, feeling all over my pecs. It was hard to stay in control, man," David said.

Jason immediately felt his cock quicken; but then, remembering it was his own *mother* they were talking about, he said dead-pan, "Too much information, dude. That's my mom we're talking about."

"Oh-- sorry," David smiled. "Well, anyway, at that point I asked her about your dad, and how that was all working out. Dude, it was like throwing the Gulf of Mexico on a birthday candle. She sat up and said 'Why would you bring him up-- now?' It was awesome."

"And?"

"Well, I told her that I heard things were pretty bad for him-- you know in the church and all. Then I asked if she had told your dad that she and I had done it.

"Yeah?" Jason smiled.

"And she got a little steamed. Basically, she said she had no intention of telling him, and I told her that I thought it was pretty bad that she'd let him think he's the only one who had 'sinned.'"

"And?"

"She got up and left."

"That's it?" Jason asked.

"That's it. I don't think she'll be coming back," David said.

Jason heard the door to his parents' room open. "Cool, man. Thanks for your help. I'll keep you posted. Gotta go," he said.

Sue came down the stairs, and despite trying to hide it, Jason could see her eyes were red. She made no eye contact with her son. "I'm going shopping at the mall for awhile, then I have to pick your father up at the airport." She dug in her purse to retrieve her keys, still not looking at Jason. "We should be home by nine, unless his flight is delayed."

"No problem," Jason said, taking the final bite of pie. "Mmmmm, this pie is great, mom."

"Glad you like it," Sue said, turning for the door. "See you later."

It was a little unusual for her to leave without assigning some kind of "chore" to Jason. They were usually meaningless and menial assignments, and Jason had gotten to expect them whenever his mom left the house. He chalked it up to her control issues, and her need to make sure everyone was always functioning within her prescribed value system-- which meant that in order to enjoy the benefits of living in this beautiful home, there always had to be a payment.

But this time, she just left without coming up with even so much as a "hose the patio while I'm gone." Jason rinsed his plate and stuck it in the dishwasher. He watched out the front window as his mom drove off in her 325i.

As soon as her car had rounded the corner, Jason's phone rang. It was David again.

"Dude, you want to come over for some of your mom's apple pie?" David asked.

Without stopping for a second, Jason said, "Sure, man. I love her apple pie."

David was wearing a T-shirt-- a very thin, creamy-yellow T-shirt-- not tucked into his denim shorts. Jason had put on a tank top before coming across the street.

"Come on in," David said and turned away from the door, knowing Jason would follow behind.

Just watching that broad back, those taut glutes, and those massive legs walk ahead of him was enough to get Jason hard-- real fast. David had cut one double-sized piece of pie and placed it on a large plate. He handed Jason a fork and took one himself. He held the plate between them, and they both dug in. It struck Jason as romantic.

Jason thought of David's metabolism as he considered that this was his own second piece of pie in the space of fifteen minutes. *He can probably eat a whole pie and not worry about it.*

David relished the taste of a big bite, rolling his eyes in appreciation. "So, what did your mom say before she left?" David asked.

"Not much, man," Jason said between bites. "She seemed a little ticked off still, but she just said she'd be back after she picked dad up from the airport-- probably around nine."

"Hmm," David said. "So, what's the plan now?"

"I'm going to see what kind of mood they're in when they get home. I might tell them tonight-- just depends. Timing is everything, my man."

David grinned. "How right you are, dude." He sat the plate down-- it still had a few more bites of pie left on it.

"Hey, can't we finish..." Jason objected.

David wrapped his strong arms around Jason and silenced the boy's objections by smothering him in the most passionate kiss two men-- anywhere-- had ever shared. "Timing," David whispered after they finally separated their lips. "Would you mind if we retired for a little nap? I'm feeling like I need to be refreshed."

Jason nodded without speaking. He looked up at David with big eyes.

And with that, David bent slightly and picked Jason up like a groom carrying his bride. Jason put his arm around David's broad shoulders. As David carried him up the stairs, Jason could tell the powerful muscular arms that carried him hardly felt the weight. David made him feel like a feather!

David pushed his bedroom door open with his foot and carried Jason inside. He placed Jason's virile body on the bed and went to the window and closed the blinds. The room darkened, but being late afternoon, there was still plenty of light in the room. David approached Jason with a playful, yet almost devious, look on his face. When he reached the bed, he smiled and climbed on top of Jason, first straddling him, then lying down completely on top of him, supporting his weight on his forearms.

Jason looked up at David's gorgeous face. He stuck out his tongue just a bit and licked David's lips. It was very tender.

David's eyes closed. "Ohhhh, you don't know what that does to me," he said.

Encouraged, Jason continued to lick David's lips, occasionally kissing them, sometimes inserting his tongue just inside David's mouth. It was so soft and gentle. But within minutes passions flared and they were breathing hard and rubbing their muscular bodies against each other. Jason's hands went inside David's T-shirt, and shortly David was sitting up and pulling the T-shirt over his head. But just as fast as he had sat up, he was back down, all over his younger, smaller love.

David pushed his crotch into Jason's, and Jason moaned as he pushed back. His hands ran up and down David's broad back, occasionally slipping a fingertip inside the waistband of David's shorts, occasionally moving his hand onto David's muscular rump.

David, for his part, was content with moving his warm tongue among Jason's gums and teeth, playing with the teen's tongue, frenching and kissing with abandon. He moaned and groaned as Jason's hands kept feeling his muscles.

Finally, the two broke the kiss and David just stared at Jason. "Man," he said, "I've never had it so bad for anyone. Not ever."

Jason looked puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, after we talked the other day-- about monogamy and stuff-- I haven't been able to get you out of my mind." He leaned forward and kissed Jason gently. "I thought about what you said, and I thought about what I feel like whenever I'm with you. Man, don't quote me on this, but I think I'm really falling for you."

"Don't quote me on this? Wow, you really have a flair for romance," Jason grinned.

David laughed.

"But--" Jason said seriously, "I-- it just doesn't sound at all like what you were saying the other day."

"Well, I'm not making any commitments, dude," David said, "but... let's just say you really got me thinking. A lot."

"Well, good," Jason smiled. "I'm glad you're thinking. When you get it all sorted out, let me know."

David smiled. "You'll be the first to know, man."

This time it was Jason's turn to do the kissing. In spite of the enormous weight on his body (even though David propped himself up with his elbows, he was still pretty heavy) Jason lifted his head and kissed David on the lips.

David reciprocated, and the passion burned again.

Whereas sex the first time had been slow, erotic and painfully delicious, this time David and Jason humped like two rabbits in heat. There was pounding, muscle on muscle, lots of sweat and lots of noise. Not to say that tenderness was thrown out the window-- no, there was tenderness. But the huge muscleman seemed to erupt with vigorous enthusiasm for Jason's body. And of course Jason, being a young, healthy eighteen year-old, had no problem expressing his own sexual enthusiasm for his muscle idol.

Long into the evening, the two moaned and sighed with pleasure, teasing each other with soft, tender caresses-- and then driving their cocks *hard* into the others' welcoming ass. Jason had thought that David would only want to be a top, but to his erotic delight, he found that David's muscle butt welcomed his penis-- comparatively small as it was, next to Jason's. During Jason's first penetration that night, he stood at the side of the bed, much as David had done at Jason's pool across the street, and inserted his throbbing dick into the moist, warm skin while he held David's ankles high in the air. It only took three or four slow, strong pumps and Jason began yelling with an unbelievable, uncontrollable orgasm. He gripped David's ankles so hard he feared he might squeeze them right off. Of course, asked about it later, David said he hadn't felt any discomfort at all from Jason's grip.

After a long session in bed, with the sheets drenched in sweat, the two men decided a shower was in order. Of course, that was probably a mistake, if all they were interested in was washing up. David's bathroom was very large, and his shower sported twin heads, so, naturally, they decided to hop in together.

You've never seen so much steam-- and I'm speaking figuratively here.

David's masculine, tender hand slowly soaped up Jason's young penis. The kid had a perpetual hard-on whenever he was even *around* David. David liked that. His big hand slipped up-- and down-- Jason's turgid boner, slowly. They kissed again.

Water ran over David's broad shoulders, down his chest, down his back, over his butt, into his pubes, over his gigantic schlong. And seemingly following every droplet, Jason's fingers moved, tracing out every defined muscle and blood vessel. Not surprisingly, Jason's hand found a home on David's cock. Funny how that worked out.

They played with each other, washing each other's stimulated body with sudsy lather. No washcloths here-- just bare, soapy hands on flesh. They could have easily outlasted the supply of hot water that the hot water heater produced, but David came to a point where Jason's strong hand was nearly driving him insane with pent-up sexual pressure. As Jason's hand slowly moved up his erect tree-branch cock, David felt like he had reached a zenith. Almost without being able to control himself, he bent his knees and lifted Jason up onto the tip of his dick. With one powerful thrust, his cock slipped up Jason's ass and split open the young man. Jason wailed, but David couldn't slow down. He pushed Jason down to the hilt. The teen reeled in pain, his legs spread wide. David actually put his hands on Jason's *shoulders* and pushed him down harder.

Although in more pain than you can imagine, Jason loved everything about it. As he hung there, helplessly impaled on David's monolith, he felt the giant's penis begin to expand and contract with multiple bursts of jizz. It filled his body cavity. David's cock throbbed and throbbed, unloading an unbelievable amount of semen into the teenage ass. David's whole body flexed, tightening and tensing with each new deposit. He clenched his teeth. His eyes rolled back in his head, and then came back with a fierce-- almost scary-- determination. He wasn't having an orgasm; the orgasm was having *him*.

No porn movie was ever made, that even came close to this scene. The reader might find this difficult to believe, but David came so hard, and so abundantly that his jizz actually started to dribble *out of Jason's ass!* Just like in the erotic muscle cartoons!

After the initial shock and pain wore off, Jason found himself enjoying this ride more than any trip he had ever taken. His teen cock, pointing up at David's pecs was tight and ready to explode. David looked into Jason's eyes and could sense what was coming. He looked down at the ripe cock of his lover. With strength that only a David could display, he pulled Jason close to his body. Jason's penis pressed right into David's cleavage. David wrapped his hands around Jason's body and began to massage Jason's cock with his pecs. Jason rotated his hips and as David's pectoral muscles wrapped themselves around his manhood, he started to fuck David's chest. Again, with

someone so young and inexperienced as Jason, it only took a few thrusts of his cock between David's flexing, rippling pecs, and the he began to erupt with a mind-numbing orgasm.

Funny thing was-- David hadn't even actually finished his yet.

As David walked around the large shower, carrying the impaled Jason on the front of his hips, the two muscled men came and came, in a sexual climax that would make Dr. Ruth blush.

The bottom of David's chin took the brunt of Jason's ejaculate. Some made it onto his face-- some squirted onto Jason's. And even as Jason finished up, he could still feel the occasional involuntary jerking of David's cock inside him, cleaning out the last of the hot juice from his testicles-- pushing every possible milliliter out.

David moved them under one of the shower heads. Yet the water couldn't wash all of the jizz off them. Still, he kept them there. They kissed, they smiled and laughed. They caught their breaths. They hugged. They moved their fingertips over the others' face. They kissed again.

After the last sigh, and after Jason started to show a little bit of discomfort, David-- with the brute strength of an ox-- slowly lifted Jason up off his penis. He didn't even bend his legs for a better angle. Just lifted Jason's 189 pound body straight off himself.

David's cock was as stiff as the moment he had come.

He stood Jason on the shower floor. They embraced again, and kissed passionately.

Then they went downstairs and finished up that apple pie.

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Just as Jason came in from the garage, through the front window he saw Russ' car come down the street and pull into their driveway. He turned back and walked through the garage to meet his cousin.

Russ was always a turn-on to Jason, and today was no exception. Despite just having had the best sex he could have imagined, Jason immediately felt that pang of attraction as Russ got out of his car. Why did life have to be so confusing?

"Hey, man," Jason smiled. "What brings you here?"

Russ was wearing a skin-hugging muscle shirt that showed off his linebacker physique perfectly. God, his arms were so big and hard looking. And even though a muscle shirt showed less of the deltoids than a tank top did, Russ' broad shoulders looked like they belonged on an older, more mature body-builder than a high-schooler. He closed his car door and smiled at Jason. "Oh, I just thought I'd drop by and see how my favorite cousin is doing."

"Cool," Jason smiled. "Come on in. You want a beer?"

Even though they were both underage, and even though they were both good, church-going boys, they loved to drink. Jason grabbed a couple of Coors Lights out of the extra fridge they kept in the garage, and the two guys went upstairs to his room. It was starting to get dark outside, and a little chilly.

"So, how's it hangin'?" Jason asked as he stretched out on his bed.

Russ reclined on a futon couch Jason had in his room-- the guys usually took these positions whenever Russ came over. "Oh-- not much, man," Russ said. He took a sip from his beer and craned his head to look out of Jason's window to David's house across the street. "You see David lately?"

Jason suppressed a smile and said, "Yeah. As a matter of fact I just got back from his place a few minutes ago."

"Oh. Cool. How's he doin'?"

"Good. Good," Jason said, taking a drink from his bottle.

"How's it going on the '*coming out*' front, man," Russ asked. "I mean, you planning on telling your parents anytime soon?"

Jason sighed. "I don't know. Maybe. Actually, my mom is picking up dad from the airport right now, and I was thinking-- depending on their mood when they get home-- I *might* tell them tonight."

"Really?"

"Don't know for sure. Timing is everything, man."

"Yeah. I know what you mean," Russ said.

The two guys took another swig from their beer bottles.

"So, how are *you* doing?" Jason finally asked.

"Good." There was a moment of silence. "Oh, you mean about figuring it all out-- about David and stuff..." Russ said. "Well, I guess that's one reason I came over here. Just to talk it out a little bit."

"Okay, let's talk, man," Jason said.

Another long pause, and then Russ said, "Jase, you said you've known you were gay since you were a kid, right?"

"Yeah-- I knew I was different even when I was in grade school. But I knew for sure that I liked men when I was just coming out of junior high."

"Did you-- have you ever been attracted-- to me?" Russ asked, trying to make the question sound as innocuous as he could.

Jason immediately knew the answer to that question, but he also knew that divulging the truth had the potential to really change their relationship. "Uh-- well... you sure you want to know the answer to that question?"

"Yeah, man. I do," Russ said.

Jason looked Russ in the eye. "Yeah. I have."

"You *have*? -- or you *do*..."

"I-- I do," Jason said turning red, looking away.

Russ drew in a deep breath. "It's okay, man. I kinda thought so."

"You did?"

"Yeah. I just had a feeling."

They discussed the signs that Jason might have given off, and how Russ felt about the whole issue. Then Jason asked, "Why did you want to know?"

"Oh, I don't know," Russ responded, fidgeting with his empty beer bottle.

"Dude, tell me what you're thinking. What's going on?"

"I don't know, man," Russ said. "I've just been trying to put all these feelings together. It's really weird, and it's really complicated. I mean, there's no simple answer to *any* of the questions."

"Yeah, tell me about it," Jason said. He sat up in his bed a little more. "So..." Jason chose his words carefully and spoke slowly, "answer this: Do you think you've ever been attracted to a guy besides David before?"

Russ laid back on the futon and stared at the ceiling. He didn't answer for a long, long time. Then, finally, Jason heard a faint, "Yeah."

Jason could tell the single word was spoken with great emotion.

"And..." Russ said slowly. "And... it's... you." He covered his eyes with his forearm, hiding his wet eyes. Of course, Jason noticed Russ' big biceps next to his face.

Jason took his time responding, but finally decided on something that would lighten the air. "Well, I gotta say, dude, I really respect your taste in men."

Russ laughed through his tears, and Jason smiled. Jason's heart beat quickly. It was so cool to know that his attraction to his hunky cousin was returned.

"Russ," Jason said. "I've *always* been hot for you, man. It's okay. It's okay."

"Yeah, but," Russ sat up and looked at Jason, "but you've kinda come to terms with who you are and what you want. All this-- is new to me. I mean, the feelings have been there for a long time, but admitting them-- to anyone else, let alone to myself-- this is really weirding me out, man."

"I know, Russ. Trust me, I know." Jason joined Russ on the futon. They sat next to each other. Jason squeezed Russ' knee. Russ put his arm around Jason and hugged him in a football-jock kind of hug-- nothing sexual. But Jason took it just a bit further. He hugged back, and held it.

And held it.

Russ didn't pull away.

Jason took the next big step, slowly moving his face to Russ'. And then Jason kissed Russ.

Russ didn't pull away.

Jason cupped Russ' head in his hand as they kissed. Then his other hand moved off Russ' knee and up his leg-- very slowly. Amazingly, Russ placed his hand on Jason's moving hand, encouraging it up his leg until it finally stopped on Russ' crotch. Jason gently squeezed Russ' semi-hard penis and balls. Russ kept his hand on top of Jason's. The two boys kissed and kissed, their tongues intertwining and rubbing. They both began to breathe hard. Russ finally moved his hand off Jason's hand and onto Jason's boner. He squeezed. God it was hot.

When they finally broke the sensual kiss, Russ looked at Jason and said softly, "You're not making this any easier, man."

Jason smiled and said, "Good. I was hoping to confuse..."

Just then, the floor beneath them started vibrating with a low, motorized-sounding hum. Jason immediately knew it to be the garage door opener right beneath his bedroom. Russ pulled back, puzzled.

"Mom and dad are home," Jason smiled.

Even though there was certainly nothing unusual for Russ to be visiting, the boys looked around the room for any sign that they might be doing something wrong. The beer bottles weren't a problem-- both their parents knew about that. Russ quickly ran his hand through his hair as if to make himself presentable. Jason straightened the blanket on his bed, even though all of the contact had taken place on the futon. They were nervous; Russ was scared.

"You cool?" Jason asked as they finished their unnecessary cleanup.

"Yeah. We were just hangin'," Russ said, trying to convince himself.

"Let's just stay up here. It's natural," Jason said. They laid back down-- Russ on the futon, Jason on the bed, and tried to make small talk about school next fall.

The door from the garage to the kitchen opened and the hard footsteps of Jason's mother shook the house. They weren't angry steps; that's just the way she comported herself. Andy's more timid steps could be heard behind her.

"We're home, Jason," his mom called out. "Is that Russ' car out front?"

"Yeah. We're up here," Jason answered.

There was no further response from Sue.

"I oughtta' be going," Russ said to Jason.

"Maybe we can finish this later?" Jason sat up and said, smiling.

Russ looked a little timid at first, but then smiled and said, "Yeah. I think I wouldn't mind that at all."

Jason smiled back. "It's gunna be good, man. We're brothers, remember?"

"Brothers," Russ said as their fists met.

"Ultimate secrecy," Jason said.

"Ultimate secrecy," Russ answered. It was their code-- since childhood-- that what they had shared together would never be disclosed to *anyone*.

They hugged briefly and Jason followed Russ down the stairs.

"Hi Russ," Andy greeted his nephew. "How you doin'?"

"Good, Uncle Andy. Real good. You doin' okay?" Russ inadvertently looked at his aunt Sue-- a look that communicated *volumes*.

"Yeah. Doing fine, my man. Doing fine," Andy lied.

"Jase and I were just hangin'," Russ offered. It was totally unnecessary to disclose this information, since they often could be found "hangin'" together. As soon as the words fell off his tongue, Russ realized this. "I was just getting ready to head home." He looked nervously at Jason, then back at Andy. Sue was in her own world, unloading the dishwasher. "See ya," Russ said to Andy. "See ya, Jase," he said to his cousin.

With that, Russ exited via the garage. Jason and his parents were left in the house.

Jason figured it was now or never. He steeled his nerves and said, "Mom, dad, I need to talk to you."

Sue looked up from her menial, distracting chore. The way Jason had phrased it, this seemed somewhat important. To herself, she thought, *Oh, this is all I need-- some bomb dropped by my son-- on top of all the other stuff that has happened this week...*

Also sensing Jason's seriousness, Andy said, "What is it, son?"

Jason felt he needed to sit down, so he pulled a chair out from the dining room table in an effort to stabilize his demeanor. Sue walked out of the kitchen into the dining room, a serious, yet inquisitive expression on her face.

Jason looked up at his parents. "Well, I don't really know how to make this sound good, so I'll just blurt it out." Despite that declaration, Jason found it almost impossible to expel the words. He fought with his tongue. His mouth and lips mutinied with his brain for about fifteen seconds until he finally said... "Uh..." He looked down at the table and studied the polished wood grain. "Um, I just need to tell you this." Finally he looked up at his parents-- specifically at his mom, and said. "I-- I'm gay."

Andy's eyebrows raised.

Sue's jaw dropped.

Neither of his parents said anything.

"So, you need to know--" Jason continued, "that dad's not the only one who..." his voice trailed off. It was an interesting way of phrasing it-- as if his gayness was a response to his father's troubles. Yet, there it was. Not an eloquent "coming out," by any means, but then, who's is?

Communication is a fascinating thing, is it not? *Meaning* can be transferred via so many conduits: facial expression, physical posture, written word, hugs, laughter, and of course-- speech.

And yet, sometimes, *any* kind of communication is inadequate.

This was one of those times.

How does a man communicate what it means to be “gay”? How does he communicate to those who won’t understand, *who he is*? How does he express his inner being without alienating the very people who brought him into the world? At this moment in time, Jason would have been willing to entertain all suggestions the Curious Reader might be able to offer.

But alas, it was just Jason there sitting at the Johnson dining room table-- and inadequate as his words were, they had already escaped his mouth, and were *out there* for the whole world to ponder and evaluate.

Sue’s evaluation of Jason’s words were expressed in a sigh. A loud sigh.

Andy just stared.

Sue looked at Andy but said nothing. Her eyes said it all. *Like father, like son. Or, This is your doing? Or, Am I the only normal person in this family? Or, See what I have to put up with?*

Jason waited and waited for some kind of response-- preferably absolution, but as the silent moments kept passing, he would have been willing to entertain *any* reaction from his parents. Shock, surprise-- even anger. Anything.

Sue was the first to finally talk-- of course. “Well, I guess I’m not surprised.” She just stood there, burning a hole through Jason’s head with her eyes. She flashed an implicating glare at her husband.

“Whoa,” Andy said softly. “I-- I don’t know what to say, son. I mean. I guess my first response-- my initial reaction, is that I think it’s very brave, and strong, of you to tell us this. Thank you for your honesty.”

Sue looked suspicious. She looked at her son, then her husband. “Have you two ‘done it’ together?” She accused.

“What?!” Jason objected.

“What?!?” Andy practically exploded. It was the biggest emotional outburst Jason had ever seen from his father. Andy was seething.

But Sue stuck to her guns. She was up against a wall-- the only woman in the house, and now, the only straight person in the house. "I want to know if you two have ever done it together," she insisted.

Jason hung his head in disgust. *I should have expected something like this*, he thought.

Andy glared at Sue. "You-- you-- bitch!" he practically yelled. "Our son has just bared his soul to us-- laying himself completely vulnerable-- and *the only thing you can think of-- is to accuse us of incest?!*" Andy was red with anger.

Sue responded with cool aloofness. "I should have known you'd take his side. In my opinion, you're both faggots." She slapped her dish towel down on the dining table and turned toward the stairs.

Jason was so glad he had this next weapon in his arsenal. He stood. As Sue's foot hit the first step, he said loudly, "Mom-- would you care to tell us about *your* sexual encounter with David?"

Sue froze.

Andy's eyes were bigger than billiard balls. He looked back and forth between his son and his wife.

Sue slowly turned to Jason. Her eyes were fire. Her words came out staccato-- in bursts of fury. "DON'T-- YOU-- EVER-- TALK-- TO-- YOUR-- MOTHER-- LIKE-- THAT!"

Andy stepped between Sue and Jason. "Sue. What is he talking about." It was more of a statement than a question.

Confronted with the truth, regardless of the verifiability of the facts, Sue began to crumble. With her husband now directly in front of her, she faltered. She began to blink and avert her gaze from her husband. "I don't know," she said. "He's just trying his own-- his own--"

"Sue," Andy interrupted softly, more intensely. "What. Is. He. Talking. About."

Sue glared at her son for "outing" her. As if her unfaithfulness were his fault. She pursed her lips. She pulled down on the hem of her blouse.

"I'm sorry, dad," Jason said. "It's true." He turned to his mother. "Mom, none of us are without sin here. We all have skeletons. But you have no right to stomp upstairs with indignation like that."

Andy's countenance sank. And just as soon as it sank, it rose again. Suddenly, he didn't feel quite so down on himself. The past week of self-deprecation had been put into perspective.

Sue slumped into a sitting position on the stairwell.

"Sue," Andy said. "Is-- he right?" From her posture, he already knew the answer to his question.

Sue looked up at Andy. She didn't answer; but then, she didn't need to.

Jason walked around the side of the table and stood next to his dad. "Mom, I didn't mean for it to happen like this. I'm sorry."

The apology had the effect of reigniting Sue's anger. She stood, turned, pursed her lips, and walked up the stairs, closing her bedroom door behind her.

Andy looked at Jason. Words didn't seem adequate-- or necessary. Finally, dad said to son, "Jase-- I, uh... I don't really know what to say."

"Dad. This is quite a bit of news right now." Jason cocked his head toward the stairway. "We-- we don't need to talk if you don't want to."

"No, Jason," Andy insisted. "It's okay." Andy looked up the stairs and then back at his son. "It's okay. Your mom and I will work it out-- or not. The important thing is that-- you need to know this: I love you, son. And I respect you for your bravery." He looked down at the floor. "It's more than I did."

Jason's eyes immediately welled, and tears streamed down his cheeks. He looked up to the right and blinked repeatedly. He sighed loudly, and then... he sobbed.

Andy wrapped his strong arms around his son. "Oh Jason," he wept. "I love you so much. I am so sorry. I am so sorry for all the crap you must have gone through."

The two embraced, and they wept together.

And then they wept more intensely. They were father and son, and yet-- they were brothers. Jason's dad's arms around him were better than anything-- anything any other man could have given him.

Acceptance. Genuine Love. From your father.

Finally.

Jason let it all out, in his father's arms.

And Andy let it all out, in his son's.

EPISODE FIVE

Russ Edwards tried to look busy, but on a June Friday evening, not much was happening at the gym, and there wasn't much to do. Almost anyone who wanted to work out had finished and gone home already, and the gym was practically empty. Brad looked at the clock above the front desk; just about five minutes past nine. It was going to be a long two hours till closing.

It was a small gym. Not a chain. It probably had more amenities than its membership numbers justified-- machines, free weights, a cardio theater, lap pool, steam room, hot tub, nice lockers, even a lounge with three wide-screen TVs and a health bar.

"You able to handle this? --just you and Jake?" Angelica said sarcastically.

Russ was startled. He hadn't seen her come out of the locker rooms. "Yeah, I think we'll be able to make due," he smiled.

"Then I'm outta here," Angelica said. She walked out the front door, waving without looking at Russ.

The owner of the gym had a rule that there had to be at least two employees on duty at all times-- even if the gym was completely empty. So, until closing, it would be just Russ and Jake manning the fort.

Russ' eyes scanned the gym. One older man was doing squats. There were two ladies walking on treadmills. Other than that, the place looked empty. Maybe there was someone in the locker room, but Russ wasn't sure. So there were three members in the gym-- maybe four.

Jake was busy hosing down the deck and cleaning up around the pool in the back-- a job that would probably take him another 20 minutes or so.

As Russ sat down in a chair behind the counter, the front door opened. In walked David. He wore a navy blue hoody that was unzipped enough to show a faded red T-shirt underneath. Russ couldn't tell if it was a muscle shirt (without sleeves) or just a regular T-shirt- or even a long sleeved T-shirt for that matter. The hoody covered his arms. And yet even covered, David's gigantic arms, shoulders and chest demanded that you look-- and lust.

He had some fleece pants on that matched his hoody. They had to have been custom made. Well, maybe not-- but they sure looked like it. They hugged his mammoth quads just right. He held a duffel bag in one hand.

"Hey, Russ," David smiled as the glass door closed behind him.

Russ stood up. "Hey David," he smiled, although somewhat nervously. He hadn't seen David since *that night* at Jason's pool party (and their liaison in David's basement) and although he had contemplated what he'd say when he next saw the musclegod, everything he had rehearsed failed him now.

David stopped at the counter and Russ scanned the barcode on his membership tag. But David didn't proceed to the locker room. "Uh, Russ, I just want you to know that I really enjoyed myself with you the other night, and in case you feel uncomfortable about it at all, well-- well, I hope you don't."

Russ' face showed surprise. "Oh-- well, thanks." He fidgeted with some pencils on the counter. "I feel a little funny about it; but I guess I enjoyed myself too. I'm just not too comfortable about others' finding out about it." He felt bad for having to hide it, but he was being honest.

David leaned forward and talked softly. "Dude. Don't sweat it. My back may be as big as a billboard, but that doesn't mean I advertise." He winked at Russ.

Russ smiled, and relaxed. God that felt good.

"If you hadn't told your parents, no one else in the world would know what happened in my basement that night," David said seriously.

"Yeah," Russ said, embarrassed. "I guess I had a horrible case of guilt."

David looked empathetic. "Yeah, it happens. But you have to ask yourself, if it feels so good, it can't be all bad can it?"

Russ kind of nodded and then grinned.

"Tell you what, dude," David said, wrapping up the conversation, "next time you have a case of the guilts, look me up. We'll talk it out together. Just you and me. Okay?"

"Okay."

David winked and clicked his cheek with his tongue and walked toward the lockers. Russ looked longingly at that back and butt. *God, what a cool guy.*

Russ slumped into his chair as soon as David was out of sight. *I just made a complete fool out of myself!* he thought.

David closed the door on his locker and snapped the lock closed. He turned and walked out of the locker room and onto the weight floor. His faded red shirt was a T-shirt-- loose enough to be comfortable for his workout. But no matter how big and loose the shirt, no sleeves could wrap around David's gargantuan guns without being hopelessly tight.

From his vantage point at the front desk, Russ was able to watch every move David made.

David started with triceps. Russ watched in awe as the giant's huge arms rippled and pumped themselves up to mind-blowing proportions.

The two women on the treadmills had finished their workout, but ever since David started his, they had stood talking-- but from where their eyes were directed, Russ could tell their conversation was just an excuse to watch him.

The man who had been doing squats had left before David started working out. Jake came out from the pool area and sat next to Russ, unaware of what was really captivating the hunky linebacker's attention.

"Hey, man, if you want to take off, you can," Russ offered. Despite the "rule" of two, it was occasionally violated, so Russ' offer wasn't that unusual. "I can close things up here."

"Sure?" Jake asked, a smile forming on his face.

"Sure. Get outta here," Russ smiled. He tapped the younger, smaller Jake on the back of the head. Jake didn't have to be told twice.

It seemed like forever before the two women finally, reluctantly left. But they did, and then it was just Russ and David alone at the gym. It was 10:30 now, and Russ joined David out on the weight floor.

David had finished triceps and was just starting biceps. He was loading up an E-Z curl bar as Russ approached. "Hey man," David said. "Did everyone desert us?"

"Looks like it," Russ smiled.

David was starting to sweat, and his T-shirt was showing it. He bent down and finished loading up the E-Z bar. It held a 45 pound plate on each end. He stood up, holding the bar in front of his legs, and started curling.

Shit.

Russ watched as David methodically pumped out fifteen reps and then sat the bar on the floor. "Just a warmup," he smiled at Russ. He shook out his arms and hands, bent his arms a few times and then shook them again. Without much of a rest between sets, he began again-- again pumping out fifteen reps with perfect form and no visible effort. He put a 25 pound disc on each end of the bar and started in again. Fifteen flawless reps again. Almost no effort.

As he grabbed a swig of water from his jug, he said, "Man, I'm getting warm. Since it's just you and me here, do you mind if I take off this T-shirt?"

Russ smiled, "Not at all, David."

David pulled up the shirt and lifted it over his head. Setting it on a bench, his torso bent slightly, and Russ could see David's huge lats contrast with his freakishly narrow waist. David smiled and stood straight. "Much better. Thanks, man," he said.

"My pleasure," Russ said.

David grinned just a bit. He bent down and added another 25 pound plate to each end. That made 190 pounds total, *plus* the weight of the bar! He picked up the bar and stood straight. After a big breath, he started in. This set took a little effort, but he still lifted the unbelievable weight with seeming ease.

Russ had to adjust himself. God, David's muscular body was so hot! His biceps were really getting a pump now, and as David finished his set of ten, the blood-engorged arms just bulged with thick muscle.

David added a dime to each end of the bar and started in with another set. Russ watched intently as the monster pulled up and lowered the bar. David made ten reps again, but that last one was almost not there. He sat the bar on the floor and let out a loud hiss of air. "Whew..." he smiled.

"Amazing, man," Russ said in awe. "Unbelievable!"

"Thanks, dude. Hey, would you mind helping me with my form a little bit? These next two reps are going to be a little harder and it'd help a lot if you could stand behind me and check on my form," David said.

"Sure," Russ answered. "What do you want me to do?"

"Well," David said, still breathing hard, "I just need you to stand right behind me. Stand real close-- right on my back-- to make sure I don't lean forward or backward when I'm doing my reps."

"No problem," Russ said. He moved behind David and the giant bent over and lifted the bar again. Of course both men knew that this "spotting" maneuver was pretty much unheard-of, but it was a great excuse for Russ to get close.

"Closer," David said. "Step right next to me, so your jeans are pressing right up against my ass."

Russ obeyed, but not without making another adjustment to his cock, so that it pointed straight up under his clothes. He hugged David's back side. His crotch was right below, but against, David's butt-- his penis pressing right into the crack of David's tight ass.

David started to lift. His form, as usual, was perfect. "Put your hands on my upper arms to make sure they don't move either," David told Russ.

Again, Russ obeyed. *Oh God!* Russ' hands felt the inhuman hardness and size of David's arms as the giant continued to curl over 200 pounds. At the sixth rep, David slowed considerably. He groaned as he forced out two more reps, then sat the bar down again.

Russ was totally hard. "Holy fuck," Russ exclaimed. "That was amazing! I can't believe you were curling that much weight-- and your arms were as hard as concrete!"

David breathed hard, his abs swelling and shrinking with each breath in the most hunky way. He looked at the floor, then up at Russ, then at the walls as he rested and breathed hard.

The final set was torture for Russ. David's huge body bulged all over hell, right in front of him. Watching David struggle with the weight was almost too much for Russ to bear. It wouldn't have taken much for Russ to totally blow his load-- just the smallest of touches of his dick would have done it.'

David forced out six reps and the two men unloaded the bar. Next was up-right cable curls, then reclining barbell curls.

When David was done, Russ' cock was just begging for release. I mean, Russ almost couldn't see straight! And of course David sensed this. "You doing okay?" he asked innocently.

"Uh, yeah, fine. Why do you ask?"

David moved over to Russ and stood in front of him. "You just seem to be a little uptight." He moved his hand onto Russ' pants and held his crotch. "Yeah, you're awful tense-- right here."

Russ stood frozen. I mean, here was David in all his shirtless glory, his huge arms pumped beyond imagination-- standing right in front of him, his muscles bulging all over the place. And then his hand was holding his cock and balls! David slowly squeezed his hand-- very gently-- and held it.

Russ closed his eyes and his head tipped back just slightly.

David pressed downward, very slightly, with the heel of his palm, pushing against Russ' very ample boner.

Just that one squeeze and very slight push is all it took. Russ' cock *exploded* with a blast of cum inside his underwear. Russ' whole body jerked. Then he volleyed another shot-- and another.

David held his hand firmly on Russ' vibrating penis and gently pulled the semen out of the teenager, just by holding it.

Russ groaned, then winced in pleasure, then moaned. His hands were fists at his side.

David leaned forward and kissed Russ. His tongue invaded Russ' mouth and slowly moved all around it. Russ moaned some more and brought his hands up to David's arms. He felt out the giant's huge muscles as his cock mercifully filled his underwear.

The orgasm was long and intense. Oh, God, it was intense.

As Russ finally relaxed and the two men parted, David smiled down into his eyes. "Yeah, that's better. You look more relaxed already," he said.

Russ was in heaven. He was totally spent. He looked down at his pants, checking for visible stains. A small amount of cum had escaped his waistline and had made a dark blotch. Russ looked up at the clock on the gym wall. It was almost 11:30. "Wow, man. I need to lock the doors. We closed a half hour ago."

"Oh, sorry, dude. Hope I didn't overstay my welcome."

Russ was only slightly flustered. "Oh-- not at all, man," he smiled as he turned toward the door. He locked the front doors and turned off some lights, then returned to David, who was putting back some weights.

"So, you want to catch a post-workout meal with me?" David asked.

"Uh, yeah. Sure," Russ said. "You need to take a shower first?"

"Well, if you don't mind, I think I'll wait till after we eat. Then maybe you can come over and hang at my place for awhile," David said. "Unless you need to get home or something."

"Naw; no curfew for me, man," Russ smiled. "And I don't have to work tomorrow, so there's no hurry to get to bed."

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They sat at a booth in the rear of the all-night diner. There were only a few other people there-- all of them toward the front. So, when David slipped his hand onto Russ' leg under the table, and then later moved it to his crotch, no one was around to notice.

"Your hand sure likes to do a lot of exploring," Russ said.

David smiled. "I think it just likes young, hard meat."

"You must be able to get hard meat whenever you want, dude," Russ smiled. I mean, how can anyone *not* get hard when they're around you?"

David just smiled, and then rested his big hand on Russ' cock.

"You going to do it to me again, right here in the booth?"

"Naw," David grinned. "Just making sure you're ready."

"Ready? For what?"

"The shower."

"The shower?" Russ asked.

"You don't think I'm going to take one all by myself, do you?"

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Jason rubbed the sleep from his eyes. It was mid-morning, Saturday. He peered through the venetian blinds out to the front yard and David's house across the street. Russ' car? *What is Russ' car doing in David's driveway?*

He threw on some short pants and a T-shirt and went downstairs for something to eat-- all the while keeping one eye on the house, and the car, across

the street. His mom and dad were either still in bed, or had gotten up and gone somewhere-- he didn't know which.

Jason pondered what to do as he made himself some eggs and oatmeal. Should he go across to David's and nonchalantly pop in? Sure, why not. Seeing Russ' car there would be a natural curiosity, so going over there to see what's up wouldn't be *that* out of the question. He sat down at the table and quickly ate his breakfast. But while he put his dishes in the sink, he heard a car door close. He rushed into the living room, only to see Russ' car drive off down the street. *Shit. Missed him.*



Of course, now the curiosity grew all the more. There *had* to be something secretive going on if Russ left without even coming over to see Jason. And of course, Jason knew full well what that secretive thing was. His mind filled with images of Russ and David in all sorts of very, very sensual positions-- Russ' hands moving all over those muscles, David jerking Russ off, Russ jerking David off, blow jobs, anal sex... The pictures in Jason's mind made him quite jealous. And hard.

A few minutes later, David's garage door went up. The brake lights on David's Navigator went on, and it backed out. It stopped and David got out, wearing shorts and a white mesh tank top that was pretty much see-through. David went back into the garage and proceeded to prepare to wash his car. *Shit, he looks amazing!* Jason thought to himself as he watched.

After a few minutes Jason had an idea. He opened his garage door and started washing his own car. It only took a few minutes before the two of them were talking to each other across the street as they each worked on their own cars. David finished first, and he came over to Jason.

"How you doin' dude?" the musclegod asked Jason.

"Good. Good. And you?"

"Real good," David replied.

Finally, his curiosity got the best of him and Jason said, "Was that Russ' car I saw this morning?"

David smiled. "Yep. I was working out at the gym last night, and well, one thing led to another and he ended up spending the night."

Well, at least he's honest, Jason thought. "Ohh," he said.

"Does that bother you?"

Jason took a second to decide his answer. "Yeah, maybe a little bit."

David put his hand on Jason's shoulder. "Dude, you say the word, and I'll see only you."

Jason whipped his face around to look at David. "What?"

"But if you want me to make that kind of commitment, I need one from you."

"What are you talking about-- commitment?" Jason said.

"Commitment," David said. "You know, promising to be faithful? Exclusive? No one else?"

"You want to make that kind of promise to *me*?" Jason asked, his eyes wide.

"I'll do it in a heartbeat, dude. If you're ready."

"Ready for what?"

"Ready to move in with me. To commit yourself to not fooling around with anyone-- including Russ," David said.

Jason hadn't even ever done anything with Russ yet-- their first, and only, encounter had been cut short. But David's comments made Jason realize that his crush on his cousin wasn't gone just because David had entered his life.

Jason's face showed his perplexed thoughts. "We've never done anything, really," Jason said, embarrassed-- even though he didn't totally know why.

"Not yet," David said.

"I-- guess I know what you mean. So... you know something about me that I really didn't even admit to myself," Jason said.

"Sometimes the best perspective is from somewhere else," David smiled. "It's okay, though, man. I just wanted you to see what I see. It's evident, at least to me, that you have it pretty bad for your cousin."

"But I have it worse for you," Jason admitted.

"I know that. But what I'm saying is, if you want my affections to be exclusively yours, then you need to evaluate yourself to see if you are willing to do the same for me."

"Yeah. I get it."

"Not to add any confusion to the situation," David smiled, "but when you're done washing your Charger here, you want to come over and-- you know-- hang out?"

Jason's seriousness turned to questioning, and then quickly to amusement. "You mother-fucker," he grinned. In an instant he grabbed the hose and started washing down David. The two of them laughed and yelled as David ran across the street, grabbed his own hose and returned to settle the score. Within a few minutes, both of them were drenched, alternatively running into the street to ambush the other, and then hiding behind their cars or some other object. When a truce was called, Jason said, "No, I'm not going over there to hang with you. But if you want to come over for a swim, the pool's open."

"Deal," David smiled. "Let me put this stuff away and get on some swimming trunks and I'll be right over."

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Admittedly, Jason wanted David to come over to their pool just because he wanted the opportunity to gaze at that tremendous, unbelievable body. It was a lot easier to stare when they were at, or in, the pool than it was if they were "hanging" in David's family room (or bedroom).

And the opportunity turned out to be everything Jason had wanted it to be. David stood in thigh-high water in front of Jason, who reclined on a chaise lounge at poolside.

"Did you really mean what you said?" Jason asked.

"Gunna need more specifics, man," David said. "I've said a lot of things."

Jason smiled. "I mean about commitment, and wanting me to move in with you."

Without hesitation, David said, "Yes. I did. Every word."

"You want me to move in with you?"

"Why not?"

"Well, even if I *did* get my act together about Russ, and others, you're saying that *you* are ready to be monogamous? That doesn't seem to fit your M.O.," Jason said.

"No, I guess it doesn't," David said. "But then, you've kinda flipped things upside-down for me."

"What? Really? Me?" Jason questioned. "Man, I knew you did it for me, but me for you?"

David took a few steps forward and exited the pool. He bent down next to Jason. "Dude, let me say it now. You're the hottest thing I've ever seen-- and it's not just your body. You're intelligent, funny, easy to be with, caring, gorgeous, built, driven... you want me to go on?"

Jason was dumbfounded. "I didn't know..."

David leaned forward and the two began to kiss. Jason just relaxed as David's warm tongue pushed inside his mouth. He moved his hand onto David's big arm. With the kissing, and feeling out David's gun, Jason was hard in a minute. A minute after that, David was on top of Jason. A minute after that, they had both shed their swimming suits. A minute after that, Jason was feeling the intense pain as David slowly inserted his gigantic cock up his ass.

EPISODE SIX

It had been about three weeks since Russ, Andy and Jason had been outed, or had outed themselves. Of course, with Russ, his outing was only partial-- mainly to his parents, aunt & uncle, and Jason.

Jason's outing had been more thorough. But his was pretty voluntary. Andy's on the other hand, was very thorough (the gossip machine at the church was in fine form that summer) even though it had been totally involuntary. As a result of his coming out, Andy had joined the local "ex-gay" ministry at his mega-church, and it hadn't been going very well. He had been very frustrated with the lack of intervention from God, and was only inches away from quitting the group altogether.

Andy and Sue's marriage wasn't faring any better. Suffice it to say that it was only a matter of time...

As for Jason, the stress of the summer had found a home in him-- not just the stress of his parents' marriage problems, but the stress over his relationship with David, vs. Russ, vs. figuring out what kind of life he wanted to lead.

Jason pulled his Charger into the cul-de-sac and into his driveway. He entered the kitchen through the garage. His parents were there, standing, sullen. They faced him as he entered. They looked at each other, both with a resigned, depressed expression.

"Jason, we need to talk to you," Andy said. "Please sit down."

Jason obeyed. A sick, sinking feeling began to form in his stomach.

"I don't know how to make it sound good..." Andy started. "Well, I'll just say it." He looked at Sue, then back at Jason. "Your mother and I are divorcing."

Jason's face dropped. Although he had known it was coming-- his parents' arguing and fighting had been growing ever since Andy had been caught in bed with David-- the reality of it was pretty harsh. So many memories would now have the taint of question-- of uncertainty-- as to the real feelings that should be associated with those memories. From now on, each winsome trip to the past would carry with it the gnawing issue of *what was really happening here?*

"We're sorry, son," his mom said softly.

Jason put his face in his hands. He didn't cry-- not until he made it up to his room and had shut the door.

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"I will never make the same mistake my dad did," Jason said, lying back in David's lap.

"I'm so sorry, man," David comforted.

The warm muscles that surrounded Jason were indeed very comforting. He felt safe, secure and loved.

It had been three days since Jason's parents had announced their divorce. And subsequently, they had decided that they'd sell the house and divide up the assets.

"They're going to sell the house," Jason said. He turned his head around and looked at David's face, "...did you know that?"

"No, man. I hadn't heard that." David thought of the ramifications of that, and said, "So, you have one more year of high school. What are you going to do?"

"I don't even know. I haven't gotten that far." Jason became quiet; his eyes slowly filled with tears, and he wiped his face with his hand.

David rubbed Jason's chest, then his head.

Jason began crying, fighting in vain to hold back the tears.

David just held him.

After a while, Jason finished. David kissed the top of Jason's head.

"I'm so sorry, dude," David said.

"Mom's already getting ready to move to Ft. Worth, to be closer to Nanna," Jason said. "Dad's going to stay here in Austin, but I don't know where he's going to live yet."

David just kept stroking Jason's head.

"It might not even be in my school district."

"You know you're welcome to stay with me," David said.

Jason turned back to David's face again. "I know you've said that before, but are you sure?"

"Sure I'm sure."

"Russ wants me to stay with them, but I don't know..." Jason said. "Aunt Sue can be worse than my mom sometimes, and I think living with them, with the truth about me 'out there'-- that'd be pretty unbearable."

"Yeah, I see," David said.

The two men reclined on David's couch for quite a while, talking things out.

"You know what we need to do?" David asked after a brief period of melancholy silence. Without waiting for a response, he said, "We need to get out and do something. Like go to the State Fair or something."

Jason looked up at David. "That'd be cool, but the Texas State Fair doesn't start until September."

"Hmmm," David thought. Then a light went on in his head. "I have the perfect idea." In a quick but gentle motion, David stood up and at the same time lifted Jason off his lap.

"What. What's your idea?" Jason asked-- in vain.

David dialed a number on his cell phone and walked into the other room where Jason couldn't hear him. In a few minutes he came back into the

room, still talking on the phone. Holding the phone at his waist, he asked Jason, "When do you have to work next?"

"Tomorrow night at six," Jason said. "Why?"

David did some more talking on the phone as he went back into the other room. A second later, David hollered, "Jase, see if you can get it off."

Jason could tell David was planning something fun. He called a co-worker friend on his cell phone and got him to sub for him. After he hung up, he called out to David, "Okay, man. I got it off. Don't have to be in until Monday at noon!"

"Cool!" David called. It was another few minutes before he came back out into the living room. His expression was upbeat. "Okay, dude, we're on. We need to be at the Stringham Helicopters hangar in two hours."

"What? Really? Two hours! Where are we going?"

"Just pack a duffel bag for overnight," David smiled. "It's a surprise. Oh-- and make sure to bring your swimming suit, dude."

David was right. This was exactly the distraction Jason needed at just the right time. Jason ran across the street and threw a bunch of stuff into his bag. His cell phone rang. It was David. "Hey, man, you think Russ might want to come too?" David said.

"Well, I don't know, considering that *I* don't even know where we're going."

"Fair enough," David chuckled. "But it's just someplace fun-- lots of fun. You mind if I give him a call?"

Jason's initial reaction was slight jealousy. But it was immediately followed with intense joy. The three of them hanging together-- it sounded like a blast. "Yeah-- sure-- give him a try. I'd love it."

"Okay," David said, and he hung up.

A couple of hours later, David, Jason and Russ were riding in a helicopter toward San Antonio. It was under 150 miles away, so it didn't take long to reach their destination. When they landed a towne car picked them up and whisked them into the city. David had booked a suite for the three of them.

"It only has two beds, but there's also a hide-away couch, if we need it," he said. He winked, and Russ & Jason grinned.

"Guess we'll have to figure out who sleeps where..." Jason smiled.

They plopped their bags down in the room-- a huge suite-- and the teens finally got David to tell them why they were there. "Six Flags, of course!" he smiled. "Get your suits on; we're heading to the water park."

They arrived at the park and the fun began. Most of the excitement, for Jason and Russ anyway, was just walking behind David and watching the crowd's reaction to all of that pulchritude as it parted the masses and left an empty wake. Guys would walk up to the two teenagers and marvel at David, asking the boys where they had met him, how much he could bench-- all of the usual questions. Of course, the more brave souls came right up to David and offered their personal expressions of veiled muscle worship.

The rides were awesome. Both Russ and Jason had been there before; David hadn't. The three of them only got to see about half of the stuff they wanted to see before it was time for dinner.

"Hey, let's go back to the hotel and change," David suggested. "We can go down to the waterfront and catch some dinner, then come back tomorrow and spend the whole day here."

The boys agreed, and soon their three tank-topped bodies were mingling with the dinner crowd, mariachi bands and tequilas. The teenagers had never had such a great day.

Of course, all three of the men had harbored-- in the back of their minds-- images and dreams of what the night in the hotel room would hold. And as it turned out, none of their expectations even came close to the erotic reality that awaited them in the suite.

Each of them had had their fair share of margaritas and Coronas. David held his alcohol better than the boys did-- of course; his metabolism seemed to turn *everything* he consumed into muscle, including drinks. But Jason and Russ had a healthy buzz going on when they returned to the room. Not falling down drunk by any means-- just a good relaxed feeling that had robbed them of most of their inhibitions.

David pried off the caps of three more Coronas and handed a bottle to each of the teens, who had plopped down on the couch. He lowered the lights

and turned on some new-age music. As he sat down in a big over-stuffed chair, Russ said, "So, you going to give Jase and me a posing show?"

David took a swig from his beer. "Maybe."

"Maybe when," Jason asked.

"Maybe never."

"Yeah, right," Russ smiled as he took a long drink. "You know you're just as horny as we are-- especially after walking around all day in that tank top watching the people ogling your muscles."

"Were people looking at me?" David asked innocently, taking another drink.

"Fuck," Jason said. "Like you didn't notice." He fiddled with the lime slice that David had pushed into the neck of his beer bottle. It fell down inside and floated in the beer. He took another drink.

"Don't hate me because I'm beautiful," David smiled. He lifted his left arm and flexed his muscle.

Russ and Jason, despite their less-than-sober state-- or maybe because of it-- immediately began getting hard.

"I knew you couldn't keep from showing off," Russ said. "You're hopeless."

"Dude, watch how you talk to the Alpha," David said, putting his gigantic arm down.

"What're you gunna do about it?" Russ asked with a defiant smile. "You're all show, man."

Unfazed, David took another drink and said, "When you can bench 500 pounds for reps, I'll listen to your girly little complaints. Till then, you'll just have to envy me," he smiled.

It didn't take much more smack talk before the three of them were on the floor, wrestling. They broke it up for a minute, to move some of the furniture out of the way, and then they were back at it-- bear hugging, making moves, pinning, all the while laughing their hearts out. In the end, David had Russ *and* Jason pinned down at the same time. Don't ask me how he did that-- I'm just the recorder of the story. But it *did* happen.

As they recovered from their makeshift match, all breathing hard and grinning, David asked, "So, who gets to share the king size bed with me?"

"Who elected *you* to the first place spot in the bed?" Jason laughed.

David looked over at the gorgeous quarterback, "You want to go another round to reaffirm my position as Alpha?"

"Naw," Jason mock pouted, "you're the Alpha."

"Alpha, Sir," David demanded.

"Alpha, Sir."

"So, that brings me back to my question..."

Russ looked at Jason; Jason looked at Russ. They smiled at each other, obviously on the same wavelength. Immediately they were in the air, running into the bedroom of the suite, placing themselves firmly on the king size bed.

David walked into the room, smiling. "So, are you telling me we only need one bed? I could have saved a bundle!"

The guys on the bed laughed.

David finished his beer and sat the bottle on a dresser. "Man, I'm beat," he said. He walked across the room, taking his shirt off as he moved. Both Russ and Jason watched intently. David stopped near a window and looked out at the city lights. He started to unzip his shorts, then stopped and looked at the boys. Both of them were getting really hard now. "Hmmm, maybe one of you could help me with this," David said. He walked over to the side of the bed where Russ was and stopped right next to him. His unbuttoned shorts beckoned. Russ reached up and slowly pulled the zipper down, exposing David's bikini briefs. The pouch fell forward and outward. It held a huge volume of man meat. Just huge. "Thank you, Russ," David smiled. He stretched his arms into the air and put his hands behind his head, rippling the two rows of his abdominal muscles and making the skin around them recede into nothingness.

Involuntarily, Russ licked his lips.

"Hungry?" David smiled.

"Wha--?" Russ choked.

David looked at Jason. "You hungry, dude?"

Jason nodded. "Starved."

David cocked his head, "Come here." He had a playful grin.

Jason got off the bed and stood next to shirtless David. David bent his face down to Jason's level and leaving his body facing Russ, he began to kiss Jason. Jason did that thing with his tongue again, licking David's lips. Immediately, the giant had been subdued. Every muscle in his body seemed to relax at Jason's tongue's touch. Jason reached up with one hand and began gently feeling David's hairy, mountainous chest.

Russ, still lying on the bed, had begun to hold himself-- watching as his cousin and David made out.

Jason's fingers began fondling one of David's nipples, and the huge man let out a moan. His mouth opened in sensual pleasure, and Jason took the opportunity to lick more of David's lips. The tip of Jason's tongue moved past the lips to David's gums and then-- softly-- even his teeth. David left his mouth open just a bit, allowing the gorgeous teenager's tongue free access, all the while, his pectoral muscle flexing and being massaged by Jason's capable hand. A twist of the nipple again, and another moan from David. He seemed to be getting weak-kneed.

Russ could stand it no longer. He lifted one hand and began to caress the large pouch that hung from the opening in David's beach shorts. David's cock was beginning to engorge, and Russ' adept hand didn't help matters.

More moans from David as the two boys began to take down the Alpha.

Russ' hand slipped between David's pouch and his shorts to make more room. More of David's ample manhood fell forward-- so much so that it was time to just get rid of the shorts altogether. But that task wasn't easy. Russ had to literally shimmy the narrow-waisted shorts down over David's enormous quads.

Now just wearing his perfectly-fitting bikini briefs, David looked hotter than ever. Jason's licking, kissing and nipple play was enough to do a job on

David-- all by himself. But when Russ resumed his caressing of David's almost overflowing pouch, David felt like his heart would burst out of his chest, it beat so hard. These two muscleteens were the hottest specimens of youthful, virile muscle he had ever encountered; and they were totally having their way with him.

Russ' long teenage fingers moved gently over the fabric that held David's weapon in check. His fingertips teased it, fondled it, caressed it, gracefully squeezed it, coaxing it out of its cocoon.

And the metamorphosis began in earnest. Within minutes, it was obvious that the caterpillar was ready to spread its wings, as it were, and Russ' ministrations at the fabric moved and squeezed it, encouraging it, teasing it, making it grow and grow.

David and Jason kissed more passionately as the minutes wore on, and Jason had developed a ruthless technique of driving David crazy with his thumb and forefinger, twisting and pulling on his nipple. Occasionally, Jason's hand would spread and he'd feel out the warm, hairy expanse of David's pouting chest, but always his thumb and fingers returned to that nipple.

Russ' fingers, on the other hand (literally), had begun a torturous game of their own, moving over balls and restrained cock, down onto David's gigantic, rippling quads, skimming over the tight, warm skin, and then back up to the crotch area where the fingertips moved laterally along the fabric line, occasionally peeking inside, just for an instant, and then back out again-- perhaps over the fabric for a gentle squeeze, or perhaps down the other leg for another tour of bodybuilder muscle gone to seed.

Jason's other hand-- the one that wasn't tugging on that hyper-sensitive nipple-- had moved onto David's expansive back, over the mounds, and had begun a vector for the twin globes of ass muscle that were only partially concealed by David's briefs. Upon arrival at Butt Central, Jason's hand moved inside the fabric and began to make itself comfortable. He massaged David's ass, squeezing and toying with that perfect taut butt. There was no give at all here. David's muscular ass was as solid as rock-- Jason's fingers had to be satisfied with simply moving over the gluteus maximus. Any attempt at actually *squeezing* them was met with insurmountable hardness. The fingertip of Jason's middle finger moved inside the crack and began to search for hidden treasure. Eureka. David winced in pleasure as Jason's finger began to stroke the god's cherry. Jason wriggled it in just a tad. Then a little more.

Hands slowly, gently, moved everywhere: On the pouch, over the nipple, over ass muscles, barely into the pubes, barely into the rectum. Fingers and tongues searched out muscle upon muscle, bulge and ripple-- and any orifice on the huge man they could find.

It was impossible to tell who was getting the most pleasure out of this, but suffice it to say, none of the men in that room were complaining.

As Jason's fingertip ventured inside farther-- up to the first knuckle, Russ began moving his hand inside the fabric of David's pouch. Contact with a huge testicle. Then the shaft. Slowly, Russ moved his teenage hand onto David's meat wrap and began to unfold it from the boundaries of the fabric. He pulled the bikini down and hooked it under David's balls. Immediately, David's penis sprung forth, now fully free from the confines of his briefs. It was at full mast within seconds-- beads of silvery, shiny fluid being dribbled out the piss slit with every powerful heartbeat of the massive David. Russ held David's hairless balls, feeling the warm, moist scrotum. God those things hung low. Russ pulled the bikini down over David's giant legs and they landed at David's feet.

Jason pinched the nipple again.

David moaned in ecstasy.

Russ squeezed the testicles, then gently moved his hand toward the back-- closer to his ass-- and up, placing his fingertip against David's perineum

David almost jumped out of his skin.

Jason wriggled his finger inside David's ass just a little farther.

David breathed heavily.

Russ began a long, slow stroke. Up... up... up the towering inferno of manhood. It took a long time to move up the shaft. Russ' grip was very loose and gentle. And slow. No way could he even begin to close his fingers around the thick beam, so he slowly brushed his hand against it in a very open grip, allowing the amazing circumference of the cylinder to pass under his fingers.

David now held his breath.

Jason kissed, then licked.

David just stood there, lost in sexual torment-- hands all over his body, in just the right places, doing just the right things.

Russ' fingertips moved up farther-- almost to the apple at the top.

David's mind was going wild. *Oh, please, squeeze it. Hold it,* he thought to himself. Jason was slow and deliberate; this drove David mad.

Just another inch.

Jason pinched the nipple and then pulled it out pretty far. David nearly fainted. The giant could feel his own chest-- it was extremely heavy. It felt like it had never felt before. It felt full-- like a pump from a workout, but different. Jason pinched harder. It hurt, but it was the best pain David had ever felt. Jason kissed harder. David breathed harder. Jason pulled the nipple out then let it go. The oversized eraser was red and full.

Just as Russ' torturous fingertips made it to the Crown of David's Shaft, Jason broke the kiss and put his mouth on the nipple. He began sucking. Hard. Russ' fingertips-- just the tips-- moved softly over the head, swirling the wet precum, feeling the hard, red ball-- squeezing the rim, then trickling down the shaft again. Slowly.

Jason nursed. He placed his teeth on the nip and rubbed it.

David was nearly unglued.

Russ tightened his fingers around David's mighty shaft, and as he moved his hand downward, he started to pull against the skin in one long, firm stroke.

David stood on his tiptoes and panted out a few hard breaths.

Jason's fingertip moved inside the ass hole farther. Finally it was in all the way. Another finger joined it.

David gasped for air.

Russ' hand moved all the way down the shaft, and he pulled down on the long, warm, moist skin of the scrotum, squeezing David's balls. As he did it, he began to lick the shaft. It was already quite wet from the precum, but Russ set out to make sure that it was good and drenched. He licked and

licked, up and down. Slowly, then more intensely. Then slowly. He stuck the tip of his tongue inside the piss slit and sucked down a bit of the clear liquid that David was producing.

David gasped for more air.

Jason was really working on that nipple now, and David was getting hotter and hotter with every suck.

Russ kept licking.

Oh, go down on it boy! Go down on it! David's mind pleaded.

As if Russ could read David's mind, he refused to satisfy David's demands. He kept licking-- long, slow, wet strokes up and down the full length of David's monster.

David kept flexing his cock, hoping for some kind of resistance on it. But Russ gave none. Just that tongue.

While Jason was suckling at David's breast, his now free hand had moved down onto David's abs. Then moved down farther and settled into the manicured forest of David's pubes, occasionally moving onto the base of David's trunk-- being careful to stay out of the way of his cousin's face.

A little wiggle of the ass-inserted fingers.

More licking. More sucking and biting. More pulling and squeezing. A lot more moaning.

More mental begging. "Ohhhhh ggggod," David groaned. "Ohhhhh ggggggggggggod."

That the two cousins could drive this muscle man crazy like this spurred them on all the more. Russ' talented tongue moved gracefully up and down, wetting every millimeter of David's cock-- over the lip of the head, inside the piss slit, over the plump, firm skin of the head, slowly around the extremely sensitive lip of the head, and then down again, that long, long, thick, throbbing pipe. He took one of David's testicles into his mouth and rolled it around slowly. Then he opened his mouth and did the same with the other one. The skin was so loose around David's balls that it was easy for Russ to take them, one at a time, totally into his warm mouth and caress them long and lovingly.

Finally, Russ moved his mouth upward, to the head again. He gently wrapped his lips around it, and pulled it inside his mouth.

Again, David held his breath.

Slowly Russ moved his mouth over David's cock, and began to swallow it.

Jason's efforts to make David lactate continued. He could tell the nipple was getting even more sensitive. It pouted out, bigger than a peanut in its shell. He licked it. He kissed it. He sucked on it-- gently, then really hard. Harder.

Russ' mouth couldn't get all of David inside-- not by a long shot. But he did try. He rotated his head back and forth, opening his throat, nearly gagging with the effort.

Meanwhile, back at the ass, Jason-- with two fingers inside and the rest of his digits out-- squeezed the rock-hard muscles and maneuvered his fingers in and out with skill that most people would pay money to experience.

Both boys could tell they were getting near their goal. David was losing it. His body was tensing even more now, and his vocal manifestations were sounding more and more helpless.

And so the teens continued. Jason sucked. Russ sucked. David panted. At the same time that Russ sensed David's monster member tighten and prepare for blast-off, Jason sense the same tightening in the giant's chest. Jason sucked harder. The nipple steeled against Jason's lips and teeth, and-- to Jason's shock, it started secreting! What Jason had read in health class-- that male lactation was actually possible and is occasionally reported-- was in fact now occurring.

Jason could actually taste milk!

And at that exact moment, Russ could actually taste semen. Boy, could he taste semen. Bursts of it. They filled his mouth to overflowing, oozing out of Russ' lips, in spite of his gulping. The white cream spewed down David's shaft.

David yelled as his whole body was thrust into the biggest orgasm of his life.

Russ pulled on David's balls, as if to pump more hot jism from them up into the shaft. Although this wasn't necessary, it certainly was pleasurable. David's factory of semen production certainly didn't need any help-- that's for sure. But Russ' deft hand made the job a whole lot more fun. David's piss slit squirted hard volleys of white nectar into Russ' mouth. Russ swallowed much of it, but much of it also was pressure-forced out of his lips, flowing down into David's manicured pubes and onto his balls, and thus, Russ' hand as well. David's body rocked with each hard shot.

His butt muscles tightened, nearly crushing Jason's fingers.

And even more milk was produced at David's pec. The nipple spewed more and more white juice into Jason's mouth. At first Jason was so shocked, that he had to pull away and look at it just to verify what was happening. Sure enough, milk was oozing out of the red, hard nipple, over the silver-dollar sized areola, onto the black hair of David's beautiful chest. Jason immediately put his lips back on it, and gently now, continued to coax as much of the sweet milk out as possible. He brought his hand up David's abs and put it on the thick, meaty pectoral muscle and massaged it, hoping to milk the giant muscleman dry.

"Fuuuuuuuuuck!" David hissed. He stabbed Russ' throat with jabs of orgasmic fury. And Russ took it like a man. His lips wrapped around that thing like shrink-wrap around a salami. With each of David's thrusts, Russ pushed back, giving David more and more of what he wanted-- strong, firm resistance.

As Russ' mouth filled with the milk of David's loins, his cousin's mouth was filling with the milk of David's breast.

It must have taken a good fifteen minutes for David to finally wind down.

Russ released the still iron-hard penis from his mouth and it landed against David's abdominals. Jason pulled his crushed fingers from David's butt.

Exhausted, David slumped down onto the bed, partially on top of Russ. At the same time, he pulled Jason with him, and the three of them snuggled, breathed heavily and kissed.

Now it was the teenagers' turn.

Within minutes, Russ and Jason were nude, and the three men were on the bed together, kissing and caressing-- feeling muscles, cocks and balls.

A half hour later, Russ was lying on the bed, face up, and David was on top of him, fucking him, while Jason was on top of David, fucking *him*. It was a David sandwich. An hour after that, Jason was face down on the bed with David raping the snot of out him while Russ returned the favor on top. Russ had never actually put his cock inside a man before, but upon discovering the wonders of David's ass, he decided to permanently swear off women.

"Aw, come on, dude. Don't say that," David said later as the three body-builders were recovering. "There's nothing quite like a little pussy to plug this thing into." He held up his cock as he talked.

"Yeah, well, we'll see," Russ said. "Maybe."

"Not me, man," Jason said. "I'm exclusively a man's man."

David and Russ laughed.

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They slept in till about 10 the next morning-- they had been up kind of late the night before, you understand. But by the time they got to the park, they were wide awake and ready to have fun. And have fun they did.

Late that evening, the helicopter took them back to Austin. Arriving just past midnight, they all plopped on the couches in David's living room and fell asleep.

The next morning, while they ate breakfast, they talked about the future.

"I don't think I can come out. Not yet. Not to the kids at school," Russ said, taking a bit of some scrambled eggs.

"It's cool, man," Jason encouraged. "It's a big step. Take it on *your* time."

David agreed. Then he looked at Jason. "So, you going to take me up on my offer? You want to move in?"

Jason took a slow drink of orange juice. "What about that commitment thing-- you know, monogamy?"

"Well, what do you think about it?" David asked Jason.

Jason looked at Russ, then back at David. "Well, maybe having a little fun on the side isn't so bad after all," he said.

David laughed. Russ chuckled.

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The summer waned; September arrived and the first day of Russ and Jason's senior year had come. The weather was still hot. After classes got out, Jason and Russ worked out with the football team then hit the showers.

As they got dressed, Jason asked Russ, "You want to come over and hang for awhile?"

"Sure, dude. Always."

Russ followed Jason to the cul-de-sac and parked in the driveway next to Jason's Charger. The garage door opened. They both got out of their cars together. Russ looked across the street at the vacant house. A "SOLD" sign had been plastered across the "For Sale" sign in front of the house.

"So your parents sold it?" Russ smiled.

"Yeah, a few days ago," Jason replied.

"Wow... is that going to be strange-- living across the street from where you used to live with your parents?"

"Maybe a little," Jason answered. He looked across at the empty house and pondered what had happened that summer. Then he turned to Russ. "Come on, let's go inside. It's hot out here. And I'm starved. Let's make some pizza. David should be home in a couple of hours."

The two cousins went in through the open garage door and it closed behind them.

THE END

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