

MY CRUSH, JJ — CHAPTER TWO

by Sean Reid Scott

[NOTICE: This story contains vivid descriptions of homosexual encounters. There's lurid, kinky sex here. Homo sex. It's prolly straight out of HELL, if you're inclined to hold the religious perspective. Really, this story is not for those who button the collar tightly. If you can't stomach this kind of smut, skedaddle. Likewise if you're under 18. Additionally, please note that this is a work of fiction. Any resemblance of characters herein to any person, living or past, is unintentional, coincidental and totally not what the author had in mind.]

THE NEXT DAY WAS SATURDAY. I was standing on JJ's porch, and was more nervous than I had ever been in my entire life. My hand shook when I rang the doorbell. I mean, seriously, this guy was the epitome of everything I had ever fantasized about: Gorgeous, huge, buff, lean, proportioned, tight waist and gigantic muscles.... It was enough to make me faint.

The texting we had done the night before had been unbelievable. Even though this could not be actually happening, I knew that it was totally real. And I still had a few pools of jizz on my desk—and the text messages on my computer—to prove that this was definitely real.

Still, my heart beat into my throat. I was scared, but I was totally motivated by lust. Josh Johnson—without doubt the man of my dreams—lived here, and he had told me he wanted me to visit. And visit for...

The door flew open and... Goddamn holy fuck! I couldn't believe what was standing in front of me. JJ wasn't lying about putting on muscle. Holy shit he was huge! And gorgeous!. He stood there, all six-foot-six (198 cm) of him, smiling down at me. This *could not* be happening. It had to be some kind of a trick. A trap or something. But then, no. Josh would never do anything like that to me. I knew him well enough to know that.

And yet, the inhuman being that now stood before me—while it was obviously JJ—*had* to have been some kind of mutant, fantasy, bodybuilder-from-heaven kind of supernatural being. The man was *huge!* I mean, off-the-charts amazingly massive! And yet, he was ripped and defined to the core. My heart skipped. And then skipped again. The muscle god that filled the door was some kind of superhuman freak of muscle. Yet not roided or ugly in ANY WAY. Just 100% beautiful, massive, gorgeous muscle. His arms. I could not fucking believe his arms!

I'd never expected to meet a man so developed... so perfectly developed... so amazingly, orgasmically muscular—beyond all of my fantasies. JJ was better than any figment of any possible imagination I'd ever had. The dude was HUGE. And LEAN. And RIPPED.

I shook my head, unbelieving. I couldn't comprehend what I was seeing.

He smiled his bright white, perfect smile at me—a smile accented by the fact that he had a golden-brown tan. And his golden-brown tan was accented by the fact that he wore a yellow tank top. He looked amazing. Holy fuck those arms! In his delivery uniform he looked huge and ripped—even when he wore a long-sleeved shirt (something that should be illegal when you have arms like that). When he wore short sleeves, he was positively breathtaking. Up until when he had opened the door, I'd never seen those biceps in all their glory, never in a tank top. And there was two years worth of added muscle too! Even relaxed at his sides, his arms looked like a regular guy's legs. His triceps were enormous! His gargantuan, fucking broad shoulders nearly touched the door jams!

It was a sensory overload, looking at him. He'd *definitely* put on some mass. Yet he was *at least* as lean as he'd always been. But he was definitely NOT the same man I'd known when I'd seen him at work. I felt the need for more oxygen to my brain. His muscles... his size... his definition... Josh was entirely different. Entirely huge. He'd changed... in ways I can't put into words. He was a giant of muscle.

"Mikey!" he exclaimed, "Wow! So good to see you again!" He stepped out of his entry and gave me a big, long hug. I reciprocated with a masculine, brother-type hug. Fucky-*fuuuuuuck*, he smelled good. And he was warm. And big. But the overwhelming thing he was, was *hard*. I mean, his entire body felt like *rock*. My hand was on his back, and I could feel how hard his body was. How tight. And the warm, tight muscles rippled in lumps on his back. It was unbelievable.

Grinning, he turned away from me and waved me inside. His place was newer; it was really nice. Vaulted ceilings, big kitchen island, river-rock fireplace, three bedrooms, one of which they used as a den—ostensibly where he had been last night while we texted. And hopefully there was a huge amount of gay porn on that password-protected desktop computer. I followed him: His back side made me want to whimper. Those lats, and holy-fucking-hell that *ass!* It was taut, small, and looked so gorgeous mounted above a pair of monster-sized legs.

Josh sauntered into the kitchen and told me to grab a stool at the island. "Corona Light, right? That's your summer beer, right?"

I blinked at him. "How did you know that?"

He opened the fridge and bent inside as we talked. (Lord, *plleeeeeeease* stop torturing me like this!). "You said so once, when we all were playing poker. Corona Light in the summer; Coors Light in the colder months."

"Fuck, JJ. I can't believe you remembered that."

He stuck a lime wedge in my beer and handed it to me. "It's easy to remember stuff like that, when you're...well...."

I gave him a sideways glance, and a slight smile.

"...when it's one of your best buddies."

I gave up a bigger smile now.

He motioned for us to go into the living room. They had a really big “L-shaped” couch; Josh took one side and I sat perpendicular. “Damn, Mikey, you’re looking good!” You’re obviously still working out. You ever think of competing?”

“Naw,” I smiled. Shit it was nice to hear him say that. If anyone had knowledge of well-built male-physiques, it was JJ. “I could never do that. I just like to be in good shape.”

He nodded and took a swig of his beer.

“But seriously, JJ,” I started, “*you’re* the one who looks amazing.” I allowed my eyes to move over his exposed—and unexposed—muscles. “I mean, shit, man. I didn’t think you could look any better than the last time I saw you, but you *definitely* look better. You have obviously put on more bulk. But fuck, man, you’re also even leaner than before! How is that possible?!”

He grinned his shit-eating, gorgeous grin. “You like what you see?”

I just nodded, slack-jawed.

“To be honest, I’ve always had a scary-crazy fast metabolism. I can eat as much as I want, and if I keep my workouts intense, I just add muscle.”

“That’s totally not fair.”

He threw his head back, laughing, and I wanted to swoon over that thick neck and that pronounced Adam’s apple. “Yeah, I get that a lot,” he said.

“So how much you weigh now?” I asked.

“Just over 298 this morning,” he said.

I shook my head. “Not fair in any way.” Again I let my eyes wander. “You look so huge, and so good.” A guy who weighed 298 pounds should be really *thick*-looking, but JJ’s muscles must have been pretty dense; he looked long and almost lanky—borderline swimmer’s build. Well, not really *that* lanky, but you get what I mean.

“Thanks,” he smiled again. “Hey, did you bring your swimming suit like I asked? I already took the top off the hot tub.”

“Yeah. It’s in my car.”

“Nice.” He turned serious...thoughtful. I could see he was thinking about something.

“Nervous?” I eventually asked.

“Actually, no. Not at all.”

“Well, I’ll admit to it. I almost threw up on your front porch.”

He laughed, then we looked at each other for a few seconds, then he said, “We need some more beers.” Maybe it was because I was nervous, but I had downed my bottle pretty quickly. JJ stood, took my empty, and made for the kitchen. *Again, with the mind-blowing back-side.*

I thought about the hot-tub. Maybe that’d be a natural transition...to see if, once we had most of our clothes off, anything might just happen...you know, spontaneously. But before I could suggest that I run out and get my swimming trunks, JJ emerged from the kitchen and sat our new beers on the coffee table and said, “Hey, you want me to flex for you?” His bright white teeth smiled in anticipation of my answer.

“What do you think, man?” I stuttered.

He laughed. He took a swig from his beer, set it on the coffee table, and stood up. He kinda kept his eyes on me while he slowly lifted his tank top up and over his head; he tossed it on the couch.

“Holy fuck, JJ,” I gasped. I’d never seen the man shirtless, and that’s probably a good thing, seeing as how I was now about to rape the guy, just from looking at all those muscles. “Dude, you’re... unbel... Fucking fucking fuck!” I had to look away for a second, but it wasn’t possible to avert my eyes for very long. When I looked back, he had a huge grin.

“Thanks,” he said, casually, as if it was just nothing for him to show his unbelievable muscles to me. Then he locked eyes with me, and he slowly started to roll his pecs up and down. Together, and separately. Fucking hell! He could see me jaw drop, and I think I remember my hand moving onto my crotch. He smiled at me and said, “See anything you like?”

“Maybe you should put your shirt back... on,” I said. “I mean, seriously, if you are wanting to take this—whatever *this* is—slowly, you’re being totally unfair to me man.”

He laughed. “Well, that’s kinda cool. And hot.” His face turned mischievous, “Maybe I want to torture you a little.”

“Well, it’s working, JJ. I mean, like I said last night, you’re a walking wet dream, Josh. I’m serious. If you let me, I could just whip it out right now and go to town on while I look at you.”

“Seriously?” he smiled again. “Fuck, that’s totally hot.” He looked down at the crotch of my cargo shorts. “Am I making you do that?”

“Uh...*yeah?* It’s not getting hard from the beer, dude.”

He laughed. He’d been just standing there, all relaxed and huge, but now he slowly squeezed himself into a most-muscular pose. Fucking fuck. His traps bulged into two gigantic lumps on top of his shoulders. His deltoids flexed with striated lines all over the place. His pecs, likewise. He grinned into the flex, and his body trembled with the effort to make everything pop out. And pop out they did. He was just so freaking big and so freaking fat-free.

I adjusted my crotch. It was getting painful down there.

“Uh, uh,” he relaxed from the pose and wagged one finger at me. “None of that, Mikey.” He grinned and added, “at least, not yet.”

“I gotta adjust the thing, JJ. You’re making it hurt.”

“Okay,” he said. “Just...no taking it out. Yet.”

“Understood,” I said as a private might address his sergeant.

Josh lifted both arms and showed me his double-biceps pose. Like I said before, I’d never seen him shirtless—much less seen him flex his arms. The things had to be the biggest arms I’d ever seen: In person, or in pictures! I’m serious! His peaked biceps pointed high, and you could see each muscle head separate from the other. “Holy shit!” I gasped. The man was going to make me come, even if I *didn’t* whip it out! I wanted to say that to him, but I thought better of it. “Dude, I can’t believe you!”

He stood still for a moment; obviously the wheels were turning in his head. “Hey, man, I have an idea,” he said. “Wait here for a sec.”

In a minute, he returned. Now, to my disappointment, he was wearing a huge, somewhat body-hugging off-white, fluffy bathrobe. Damn. Even totally covered like that, you could still tell the man was a MOUNTAIN.

He just stood there, a bit serious. He engaged my eyes. Finally he said, in a lower, pensive tone, “I’m at your service, sir. My name is Joshua, and I am here to please and entertain you. Your wish is my command, sir.”

“Fuck,” I groaned. “Damn, JJ. Really? THIS is how it’s going down, huh? I like it.” I smiled.

He fought back a smile, maintaining his stern expression. “Whatever you want me to do... just say it. I’m your slave for the rest of the day, sir.”

Fuck. This was HOT! The biggest, most gorgeous muscle man ever conceived was waiting—ready and willing—to display his powerful, massive muscles to me.

“Uh... Okay,” I fumbled for words. “Untie your robe.”

Just the simple act of untying his waist belt and pulling his long robe slightly open at the front, revealing his abdominals and unbelievable pectoral development, brought an audible gasp from my throat.

“Wider. Open your robe wider. Display yourself more.”

When he pulled the robe all the way open, revealing more of his stupendous chest, and his enormous legs as well, I got light headed. I had a difficult time maintaining composure. Josh had become so big, and so developed that I actually shuddered in amazement.

He held his robe open, still keeping his serious demeanor. His chest and abs were the most amazing... I mean... I gaped in awe. Under the robe, he wore only a set of skimpy posing

trunks. Black. They were pretty damn tiny too. His genitals were enormous; they practically spilled out from behind the thin, postage-stamp-sized fabric.

I cleared my throat. “Okay, pull it off now.”

Josh pulled the robe all the way back, and began the task of getting it off his titanic arms. The sleeves of the robe were so tight on his big muscles that he had to work and work the fabric down his biceps and triceps. Finally, the fabric gave a slight tearing sound as it made its way over the twin masses. The robe fell to the floor.

Josh stood erect, his arms, although relaxed at his sides, were pushed outward by the insane width of his back muscles. His triceps and biceps were so prodigious that the outer edges of his triceps stuck out like a pair of rock-hard rounded urns.

He stood still, allowing me a chance to comprehend his stupendousness. I would fail in that effort, of course, but he nevertheless allowed me to look—and try. I could tell he smiled inwardly while he watched me examine his muscles. I think my face revealed a level of lust he’d probably never seen before. I just couldn’t believe how much JJ was the total epitome of everything I’d ever wanted.

Muscles billowed from other muscles. Josh’s magnificence was unrivaled. His physique was composed of the most brilliant, protruding, hard, undulating musculature that any person could imagine. Bigger and more powerful than any mere mortal. REALLY! This was THE body in the earth that was truly worthy of worship. I was seriously looking at a god. No exaggeration.

His waistline was smaller than either of his gigantic upper legs. His shoulders seemed as wide as two men, and capped by spheres of deltoid muscle seemingly as large as watermelons. His chest was dizzying. His trapezius muscles were like two river rocks that framed his thick neck. His abdominals repeated the river rock look. They were shrink-wrapped with the thinnest of tanned skin, making it appear there was no skin there at all; just defined, separated, mounding muscle. His legs were immeasurably gargantuan.

Josh’s very tiny pouch did a quite inadequate job of housing his genitals. His pubic hair was evident, as was the root of his amazing penis. His avocado-sized nuts pushed the fabric to its limits. The pouch was connected to a very thin string that ran up a glorious “V” shape at the bottom of his freakishly-defined abdominals, sat on his hips and terminated somewhere at his back.

He looked at me, hesitantly, standing erect, maintaining a strict, reserved aura.

“Please,” I smiled. “I want to see all of your... *magnificence*.”

He still hesitated, but he acquiesced to my wishes. I wanted to see his genitals. He knew I would not be disappointed; he obeyed, slowly.

His forearms rippled with his strength as his long fingers easily tore the string apart. Immediately his balls lowered with relief from the tightness of the pouch. As the torn string slipped down his behemoth legs, the pouch trailed down the inside valley formed by those unbelievably huge and vascular quadriceps, then landed on the floor between his feet. The freedom that his inhuman

genitals now experienced was demonstrated the instant the pouch left them: They sprang forward and filled out their natural, yet astounding form. His mostly-limp cock shaft lay in an arc as it protruded out, over his nuts. The massiveness of those legs forced his low-hanging, warm nut sacs forward, which, in turn, held his long, thick cock forward, to be prominently displayed in all of its manly glory.

I audibly caught my breath. I have no doubt that my face showed need. Nowhere was a man like this.

Yet, I quickly tried to relax; I smiled faintly, not wanting to be blatant in revealing my abject lust for all of Josh's muscles. And they were mere feet away from me. Naked. Pulsing with power. Uncovered and on display... just for... me. For *my* pleasure.

Yet again I had to clear my throat. And blink my eyes.

Now that he was naked, I "requested" that Josh show me the massiveness of his muscles... so that I might enjoy them; to see them on display. "Flex."

Josh slowly and deliberately began to tense and flex every part of his stunning body. His muscles were filled with the hardening and engorging warmth of his hot pumping blood. I watched Josh' muscle show with absolute stupefaction. I was in total awe. I looked upon the incomprehensible muscle body in front of me, and—well, I had been hard ever since I sat down on this sofa, but now, I was as hard as steel. My arousal was painful, and intense.

Even though I knew my organ couldn't compare to Josh's own tingling, gigantic cock, I could see he was pleased at my reaction to his muscles. I encouraged Josh not to fight his own response. "Don't be shy, Josh," I said. "I want to see every part of your magnificent body. Including your impressive manhood."

Reluctantly, Josh obliged. As he posed his muscles, he demonstrated the uncanny development of his cock. He gave it one, long stroke. It was slick with his pre-cum. It seems my reaction had infused Josh with arousal. He held his cock to the side, then out forward, to show off its incredible length and girth. He watched me react with unbridled desire. "Sir," Josh said softly, "I hope I'm not making you uncomfortable. If you need to give yourself more room to... um... respond to me, I take it as no offense."

I didn't have to hear the suggestion again. In a flash I was naked. I leaned back into the soft couch and stroked myself to Josh's incomparable body. In a minute my hand was flailing up and down my wet cock as I watched Josh display his orgasm-inducing body. My penis was slick with pre-cum. My muscles tightened and flexed as I jerked-off to this god of muscle. My hand blurred with the speed of my masturbatory efforts as I enjoyed the insane muscle show.

Josh chuckled. "You like what you see, no?"

My cock bobbed my answer, as did the copious amount of the pre-cum that dribbled down it.

"Perhaps you'd like to get a little closer to my muscles." So, at my slave's bidding, I moved up close to Josh's flexing figure. As I got closer I'm sure my eyes bespoke my disbelief in the size and wonder of Josh's individual and collective muscle mass. Biceps as big or bigger than my

own head mountained high and majestically then carved their way forward as a pair of even more voluminous, coil-ripped triceps hardened into existence. Josh's chiseled capping deltoids seemed to be almost as big as both immense upper arm muscles stuffed onto each shoulder.

And then, for the first time in my life, I touched a man's muscles. I mean, touched in a way that was entirely open with lust. I began to run my hands over these massive arm muscles as my cock spit with the precum of unbridled desire. Josh continued to flex for me, obviously enjoying my reaction to his body. His own cock was thickening and growing long and tight. Twisting his gargantuan torso along the brilliant smallness of his waist, Josh offered me a chance to enjoy the dramatic differential between that tiny waistline and his overpowering upper torso. My trembling hands moved over his upper body, feeling and squeezing the distended mountains of muscles. The touch was obviously pleasant to Josh, and he made sure I enjoyed myself, by occasionally pausing in his posing so I could feel whatever I wanted.

Fuck. I was going to come. I wasn't even stroking myself anymore—just feeling his chest, his arms, his shoulders, and his abs. And that was going to make me spontaneously erupt.

Lats curled out from Josh's trim hips and spiraled up and out until their width was almost four times that of his tightly constructed waist. I'm not kidding! And my hands moved over all of his distended, hard, flexing muscles—appreciating every lump and mound, the hardness and unbelievable mass of his muscular development. My erection gurgled its appreciation for the body that my hands now worshipped, and my heart painfully envied.

Using his biceps as pressuring boulders against the outer flanks of his heaving breasts, Josh pushed his pectorals into marvelously carved half-moons of deadly, hardened muscle. My hands left his arms and lats to explore the endless wonders of Josh's globed, mounding pectorals. My entire body—hands included—trembled with arousal. I moved my palms and fingers, slowly, over and around the glorious, cantilevered muscles. Josh rolled his pecs so that I could understand the depth and power of the muscle pounded onto this most colossal of human chests. And I was only too willing to explore those depths. The power that trembled on Josh's chest caused me to shudder with sensual desire and arousal. Never had I seen—let alone touched—such stupendous muscular achievement. Such consummate, supreme muscular perfection.

This twisted position also spilled the most glorious ass ever sculpted into being. Josh could feel my wondering hands move cautiously to the great, striated mounds of gluteal muscle carved on his posterior. He moaned, almost imperceptibly, at my exploration of his ass.

While my visibly shaking hands worshipped his body, a warm flow of wet moisture dripped down Josh's abs. Thinking it to be sweat spilling from the pointing nipples of his heaving breasts, Josh wiped the tickling wetness away with one hand only to discover a rich whiteness in place of the expected salty clearness. Then he chuckled.

The trail of my spewing cum continued to draw its line of appreciation along Josh's torso as I involuntarily offered up my liquid worship as a testament to the Supreme body I was enjoying.

I have no idea how long my orgasm lasted, but it was categorically the most intense, longest orgasm of my life. And it was un-commanded. I continued to wet Josh's chest and abs—and a

jet or two actually hit his face as well—for what seemed like an interminable amount of time. And Josh just stood there, watching, enjoying my display—my offering of muscle worship.

While he stood there, looking down at me, tamping down a smile, he patiently waited until I had spent all of my seed. His incomparable muscle body towering over me, he said, “Are you okay, sir?”

I leaned against his hard, warm muscles. “I think so. I... I don’t actually know.”

He chuckled, and with my ear against his chest, the sound resonated throughout his entire body. When I pulled my head away, my ear was wet with some of the cum I’d sprayed on him. I looked up at him, and despite still actually clicking out a few dry ejaculations, the visage of Josh made me start to get hard once again. I didn’t think it was possible. But with Josh standing naked and wet with your own cum dripping down his impossible muscles, apparently the impossible is possible.

Again I marveled as muscles billowed from other muscles. Josh’ magnificence was unrivaled. His physique was composed of the most brilliant, protruding, hard, undulating musculature that any person could imagine. Bigger and more powerful than any mere mortal. This was the body in the earth that was truly worthy of worship. His waistline was smaller than either of his gigantic upper legs. His shoulders were as wide as two men, and capped by spheres of deltoid muscle seemingly as large as watermelons. His chest was dizzying. His trapezius muscles were like two river rocks that framed his thick neck. His abdominals repeated the river rock look. They were shrink-wrapped with the thinnest of tanned skin, making it appear there was no skin there at all; just defined, separated, mounding muscle. His legs were immeasurably gargantuan. His golden skin was perfect. His brown hair and agate-golden eyes were gut-wrenching.

He smiled down at me—and this time his smile seemed to cancel his serious, almost brooding attitude. He kinda turned back into big, lovable, hunky, friendly muscle Josh. “You wanna see more?” he grinned.

I looked up at his knee-weakening face, and just nodded.

He smiled and nodded back. Then he put one hand on the side of an upper leg. I’m telling you, I couldn’t believe how huge his legs were. The dude had “wheels”! No exaggeration: They were some of the biggest legs I’d ever seen, even in contest pictures on the Internet! He rolled the leg back and forth a couple of times. The muscles undulated and danced. Then...BAM! He tightened his quadriceps, and everything solidified into rock. And the definition just *jumped* out. Fuckin’ valleys and mountains of separated leg muscle hardened into what looked like a sculpture.

He definitely liked my every gasping expression of disbelief. And I liked that he liked it. The more he posed, the more fun he had. Clearly, he was in his element. Having competed so much, he was used to doing all of this. And more than that, you could just tell that he was really liking that I was liking it.

Now he lifted his hands and secured them behind his head. Putting one leg forward, he pushed all the air out of his lungs with a long *whoosh*. The skin on his body receded into invisibility. Now, there were only massive lumps of throbbing muscles.

“Shit, JJ! You must’ve taken some of the river rocks from your fireplace—and glued them onto your stomach! Fuck, man... your abdominals!”

He smiled, and let me examine his abs again—and those insane legs—then he relaxed. He stood still, breathing a bit hard from his posing work.

I glanced at his oversized erection and said, “I take it... you like posing for me.”

“Yeah, I guess I do,” he grinned as he looked down at the tree branch that stuck out from his crotch. He looked back up at me with a smile. “I guess I like your reaction, Mikey.”

“Apparently,” I smiled back.

“And I take it you like me to pose?”

“Um... well,” I scooped up a small sample of my milky muscle offering and held it up. “This answer your question?”

He chuckled. “Well, yeah. I guess so.”

He started to take more control now. I kind of liked that. I always knew he was strong in personality. No-nonsense. But he was always so friendly to me that I never pictured him as being any kind of overbearing.

He extended his hand to me—for me to stand and approach him. “C’m ‘ere,” he smiled.

I stood, and squinted a look of confusion.

“Before we do anything else, I wanna see something,” he said as he took my hand.

I frowned, not understanding. Yet, as he pulled me close, my confusion evaporated into unbidden lust once again. He put those big arms around me; our bodies met. The heat that met the front of my torso was intense, and melting. Instinctively, my arms wrapped around him, and my hands found themselves moving over his monumental, wide, lumpy-with-insane-muscle back.

He tipped his face down to mine and slowly our lips met. I think I actually moaned as we began the kiss. Holy hell, this was unbelievable! He tenderly (but firmly) held me in his big arms, and his sweet lips pressed against mine. Then his lips opened, and his tongue began to explore my mouth. I wanted so bad to push my crotch against him, but I knew if I did, I’d spontaneously come right then and there—again.

I don’t know how long we kissed, but it was the most erotic, sexually stimulating kiss I have ever had. It ended way too soon. Yet as his agates stared into my eyes, I was able to say, “Um... fuck, JJ. I...” Yeah, not too coherent, but it totally reflected everything in my mind. “What was it you wanted to see?”

He took a second to respond. “If you’d let me do this. Hold you, kiss you.” And with that, he leaned forward again and we kissed again. My hands moved all over his muscles. His hands held me close; they moved down onto my ass and he pulled me tighter, forcing my crotch to grind into his. He was even getting harder! And *hell* he was getting bigger down there!

At this point, due to his pulling my crotch that close, I was unable to hold back the urge to push back. And well, it was time for another un-commanded orgasm. While we still kissed, leisurely moving our tongues around each other, I gave a profound grunt while my body jerked with the onset of orgasm. He immediately pulled me closer into his muscle body, instinctively knowing what was happening—again.

I gasped into his mouth, my whole body twitching with more uncontrollable jerks. I could feel his mouth forming a smile. Sure enough, as our lips separated, he was grinning. I looked up at him like a helpless, limp doll, squirting my orgasm between our naked bodies.

We pulled apart; Josh looked down at me—and his smile broadened, if that was possible. He examined our wet torsos. He looked up at my face and said, in the cutest expression a human man could ever deliver: “Did I make you do that?”

I actually rolled my eyes. “Fucker.”

He let loose with a full-body laugh. It came from deep inside him. Pure joy.

And even though I’d been in lust with Josh since I’d first seen him years ago, it was this very moment, when he laughed like that, that I knew. I was in *love* with him.

... suckle nipples. More posing. Blow job.