

OFF-BASE

PART TWO

As told by LUKE



by Sean Reid Scott

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person, living or past, is unintentional, coincidental and totally not what the author had in mind.

With thanks (and, possibly, apologies) to Peterbuilt. :)



'D BEEN TAUNTING MY NEW FRIEND WYATT, for awhile now, and well, he finally came right out and asked me the size of my cock. So I figured I needed to tone it down a bit. Time for a change in position. I sat down on the nearby log. Of course, this had the effect of pushing my shaft even lower in my running shorts. I needed to regroup and step back from Wyatt's vigorous enthusiasm for my body. Also, I was nervous about being discovered by my Marine buddies with this teenage stud who was making me hard—and whom I was also, obviously, making hard. So, if we were lower, we'd have less chance of being seen. As well, I figured it was a good opportunity to make the entire encounter a bit more intimate, too. Plus I figured Wyatt might enjoy a respite from the intense sexual energy that was obviously flashing back and forth between us. I might be able to contain it; he might not.

He followed my lead, and crouched in front of me.

I smiled a bit and deflected his question about my cock size: "Well to be honest...nobody believes it when I tell them."

"I would," he said emphatically, eyeing my crotch more openly now. "I mean, you look horse-hung...even in those shorts. I don't think I've ever seen..." He stopped himself and flushed red. "I'm sorry. That was crude. It's just that..."

"Twelve inches. Hard."

He froze.

I quickly glanced around to make sure there was no one close; thankfully, we had to be at least 100 yards from anyone.

Eventually, when it seemed he'd finally understood what I'd said, his eyes widened, and his mouth flew open. "No shit?!"

"I told you, you wouldn't believe it."

"No...no...I believe it," he said, staring at my crotch. "I mean...yeah...it..." He didn't finish his thought. He was almost drooling.

And damn if that didn't make it tighter in my shorts.

"I just never saw—or even heard of—anybody being that big," he continued. "Is that even possible? I mean, I don't doubt you, but...fuck! I didn't know it was possible to have a cock...that big...a cock like that." He laughed. "But from looking at that thing—I mean, just your bulge—I don't doubt you."

Yeah, he was repeating himself now.

"No wonder you need such big, powerful thighs, to carry all that around," he chuckled nervously. My massive quads were right in front of him, and I could tell he was enjoying the individual lumps and striations of all those rippling leg muscles.

"Yeah, I guess I'm big all over," I smiled. "At least, that's what a lot of people say."

"Yeah," he said, licking his lips. "But fuck. It's just hard to get my mind around that. Like I said, I didn't think someone as muscular and ripped...and fucking big as you...all of your muscles. It makes sense for sure. But...fuck!"

I let him continue. Heaven knows I'd heard it all before.

"Damn, Luke. I never thought it...down there...was possible."

"Oh, it's possible," I assured him as I mentally explored all of the other possibilities that this kid and the situation presented. I couldn't believe I was squatted down here, talking about the size of my cock, with a teenager whom I'd just met. "The doctors say I'm in the ninety-eight percentile."

"Ninety-eight...percent...centile?"

"At twelve inches, I'm bigger than ninety-eight percent of all men."

"Fuck." He stared at my crotch.

His fingers were flexing next to his thighs, like they were trying to assess, or imagine...to estimate....

"Wow," he muttered. "That's amazing!"

"Thank you."

He continued to open and close his big, long, teenage fingers at his sides. "I...um...I have to admit, I'm...well...amazed, and well...wow. You're...I mean, fuck."

I just smiled at him. I looked toward the tall grass next to us.

"I'm sorry, Corporal—I mean, Luke. I'm sorry if I am babbling on. It's just that I've never seen a man like you. With all your muscles, and with a cock...."

I found a long reed of grass, and pulled it out of the ground.

"Well, anyway...." He sighed. He watched as I rolled the blade between my thumb and forefinger. He studied my body again. He sighed again.

I did my best to make sure he was comfortable with the situation. I moved slowly and dispassionately, trying to put him at ease and make him relax.

He breathed slowly, seeming to appreciate the silence between us. Then he looked down at my big legs again. "Is it..." He studied my muscular legs. "Is it alright if I feel your leg muscles?" he asked timidly. "I mean...fuck...they're just gigantic. I don't think I've ever seen.... I bet they're unbelievably hard."

I didn't answer with words. Instead, I gave a small shrug, then just slowly spread 'em apart to give an invitation. Nice and slow.

Steadying himself with the log, he scooted closer to me. He had been crouched to one side of me, so now he positioned his legs so that they straddled my left one. The result of this new stance was that my knee pushed directly on the obviously-hard shaft in his crotch.

And, he actually pushed back.

He put his right hand on my meaty, rippling, left quadriceps. It felt a bit cold, so I guess my leg must have felt pretty warm to him.

He moved his palm a bit, right on top of my quadriceps, then cursed.

Since his legs were shorter than mine, his left knee didn't reach all the way to my crotch. He squeezed my giant leg between his two respectable teenage ones; I could definitely feel him tightening his lower body around my left leg, and he was definitely pushing his crotch into my knee.

Holy fuck. Was he going to masturbate himself on my leg?

I looked at the long blade of grass in my fingers, twirled it a few times, then started to chew on it.

He brought both hands onto my leg and began moving them all over my quadriceps.

I twisted my ass on the log to face him more directly, brought my right leg closer to him, and then straightened it. He looked at it with huge eyes while I flexed it. I have to admit, it was pretty staggering: My quads are continents. All the muscles rippled, bunched and undulated all over. Each individual, defined muscle was separated by deep muscle canyons. I'd always had enormous legs, even before the Marines, and now, well, I'm not one to brag, but if I were Wyatt, I'd be all over them.

And he was.

His hand trembled while he felt the hard, sinewy muscles of my thick quads: the one he was straddling was bent, so I couldn't really make it ripple, but my extended right leg, next to his left hip, was giving him a muscle show that I knew was driving him nuts.

"You like feeling my muscles?" I asked softly, catching his eyes while I chewed on the reed.

He squeaked out a soft, "Holy fuck."

He ran his hand over and around my upper legs. "I guess you must," he started. He interrupted himself when I flexed my right leg even more: "Holy shit!" Then he returned to his thought. "You must... attract a lot of attention around the barracks," he said. "I mean, all of you are built like brick shit houses... but..."

I smiled. "Yeah, I got the idea you fitness scouts liked what you saw..."

He continued without missing a beat. "But I doubt many of the other guys in your squad have legs like this."

I chewed on the long blade of grass.

"And I doubt many of the other guys in your squad have twelve..." his eyes landed on my crotch again, "twelve...inches."

"The other Marines are used to it," I said, with a shrug. "Besides, there are a couple other guys in the outfit who are pretty impressive too."

He raised his eyebrows, but didn't say anything.

I actually hadn't had the heart to tell him how long my cock truly was. I'd been a bit conservative when I told him twelve.

His fingers slipped up my leg, dancing dangerously close to where they'd go up my shorts. And at this point, my dong was getting so hard—and so long, that it was really close to actually sticking out from below the hem of my running shorts. I always went commando, so there was nothing else to contain my dick.

"I guess most guys have to see it to believe it, though, right? I mean...when you tell 'em how big you are?"

His fingers explored the distended blood vessels on my quads, and the individual muscle bulges all over my legs.

“Well, I don’t normally go around telling people how big I am....” I chuckled and gave him my trademark killer smile. “But yeah, when the subject comes up, that’s the usual response; they gotta see it to believe it.”

He had really nice hands. I mean, damn...fucking really nice hands. With every movement of his delicious fingers and palms, I got harder and harder. He kept on, slowly moving his hands over my rippling, big quads. Fucking thing was...the more he moved his hands over my muscles, the more they grew and rippled.

The more my muscles grew and rippled under his hands, the more my shaft grew too. And, like I noted before, not only was it more than twelve inches, when it got hard like this, the thing bulged in my pants like it was a torpedo. And honestly, my helmet was so close to the bottom of my shorts leg, I was pretty sure he could see the tip of it. I couldn’t, but that was just because of my angle. What I could see though, was that there was no disguising it. My manhood was getting harder and harder—and thicker and thicker buy this muscle teen’s ministrations on my leg.

He squeezed my big leg between his, and pressed his crotch against my knee. He actually grunted when he did it.

He kept staring at the lengthening snake in my shorts. It was obscenely obvious what was happening. But hell, I wasn’t about to stop this. I sighed, as if almost bored, and gazed off into the grass for a moment. Then, his palm moved up my leg again, but this time, the tip of his longest finger moved under the hem of my shorts. It touched the tip of my cock. He made like nothing had happened, but we both felt the contact. When he moved his hand down again, the tip of his finger was shiny with a deposit of some of the pre-cum I had been gurgling. Neither of us mentioned it.

“You have some nice forearms there, son,” I said. He did. They were thick for a teenager, and really vascular. “And a really nice touch, too.” I said, staring him down.

His hand trembled.

“Feels nice,” I said.

“Thanks. But it’s nothing compared to how nice your leg feels to me.”

I gave a small smile.

He looked down at my cock again. “Fuck, I can’t believe how big you’re getting.”

I casually rolled the grass with my teeth.

“Do you want me to stop? To stop feeling your muscles? I don’t want to make you hard if you don’t want. I can stop.”

I turned my head to one side, checked my fingernails, and then looked him in the eyes. “Naw. You’re good.”

He continued feeling out my upper leg. He made another pass under my shorts. This time, he moved his fingertip over my helmet a bit. There was no mistaking what he was doing now. He pulled it back and continued feeling out the mounds of my quad.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this. Your legs are unbelievable! So huge! And so hard!”

I chewed on the reed and watched a caterpillar crawl along the log.

“And so...do you ever show ‘em, to prove it?” he asked while his hands continued their research.

“Show ‘em?”

“Yeah...do you show ‘em? To prove to people who question the...you know... the twelve?”

“Not usually,” I said, laughing. “I figure I don’t have to prove anything.”

“Yeah, definitely not,” he said. Then his eyes moved back down to my crotch. “Damn, your muscles are so hard. All of your body is so fucking hard.” His Adam’s apple jumped when he swallowed.

The kid was so adorable.

“I mean...you know...your muscles...they’re so hard...and awesome. I can’t imagine....” his voice trailed off. He blinked his eyes—as if he wasn’t believing what he was seeing—and feeling. And then he said, “I can’t imagine what it would be like...what it would be like, to see it.”

His hands had pretty-much established a pattern, all around both of my quadriceps. I remained very still and patient, letting him probe every ripple, indentation, vein and mound. It felt fucking awesome, to be honest.

"See it?" I asked as innocently as I could. "See...." I paused for a moment. "See...what?"

He looked at my crotch intently. "I'm sorry," he confessed. "I was just wondering... what it must look like." He tried to wet his dry mouth. He went silent for a minute. But he didn't pause from feeling out my leg. "Your cock. It looks huge right there, in your running shorts." He shook his head. "I just wondered...I'm sorry, that's probably not right of me...."

"Wyatt, please don't be nervous. I understand that you might be, but I really don't want you to feel intimidated. You can talk about anything with me. You can ask me any question. If I don't give the answer you want, then so be it. But I don't want you to ever feel inhibited about asking."

"Well, what I was...wondering...was going to ask...was that I wonder, you know, what it looks like. When you take off your...." He drew a deep breath, still feeling out my leg. "I mean...you know...I'm sorry. It's just that, fuck...."

"I'm sorry, what?"

He was lost.

"What were you saying?" I asked.

He cleared his throat, and his hand continued to feel my quads. He continued in his delirium: "I was just wondering...I dunno...but... when you do, where is it?"

"Where is it?" I asked.

He paused a second, then said, "I mean...so, like where are you...when you get asked, and what do they say? And how do...how do they react? When you show them the proof? I mean...do you really show people? Sometimes? Your cock? I mean...I can't imagine that you would...."

I chuckled. "Well, it's usually standing at the urinal taking a piss, when they ask. Actually, most often is when I'm in the shower. You know. That happens the most, I guess. Sometimes a guy will kinda just stare at me while we're showering," I continued. His hands kept running all over my legs, and there were more brief encounters between fingertip and my wet helmet. "And then he'll look at my cock, and cuss or something," I chuckled again. "It's usually pretty entertaining."

He laughed nervously. "I bet!"

"Then, sometimes when a dude might be staring at my cock, sometimes he'll just blurt out something like, 'I'm seeing it and I still don't believe it.'"

I could see the hunger in his eyes. A lustful hunger that I'd never seen in such gorgeous eyes. He looked confused. And full of desire. And unsure of himself. These were looks that I'd seen often when men see me naked—and even fully clothed. But I couldn't ever remember someone as young and stunningly good looking...and full of youthful muscle, ogling me this way—let alone touching me this way. Damn he had good hands.

He squeezed my leg between his again. He was nearly humping me like a dog. "Yeah, I bet that's true," he said. "So, how do you decide? To, you know...who you want to show it to?"

I smiled. "All depends. I guess it depends on how curious someone really is."

His hands continued to move, slowly, up and down—and around—my legs. "Oh," he said, seeming like he didn't hear me.

"And on...you know...how friendly and nice someone is. Good looking doesn't hurt either," I winked.

He gave a nervous laugh.

"But usually, like if I'm in the shower with a dude," I continued, "I don't mind letting a guy look. I don't turn away or anything." I chuckled, then said, "I figure, it doesn't hurt to let a dude look, right? And if some man gets impressed by it—by my muscles too—it's no big deal." I watched him watch me. "I guess I've never been accused of being bashful," I chortled. "Sometimes it's kinda fun to be a bit of a showoff, you know?"

“Yeah,” he said, piercing my shorts with his stare.

“But...anyway,” I said, taking a deep breath, “you seem pretty friendly...and good looking. So...I suppose my decision wouldn’t be that hard.”

“Oh,” he said absently. He was certainly not paying attention to my words.

“I definitely get the impression you like big muscles,” I said.

“Holy fuck.” Then he turned red again. The kid had touched the tip of my cock—more than once in the last few minutes, but it was my words that made him blush.

“That’s cool,” I reassured him. “I’m glad. And you really have some nice hands.”

I should’ve been ashamed of what I was allowing this teenager to do. And what I was thinking; that I would like to throw this cute, muscular kid over my shoulder and haul him off into the woods and show him my cock and see what he might do with it. Shit, I was 25 years old; like his big brother. But his touching, and his longing looks—the kid was really enamored with me. He was too smokin’ hot for me to conjure up any feelings of shame or guilt. Damn he was gorgeous. And Damn, I was really liking the way loved feeling out my muscles. “Some really nice hands,” I repeated. “I like feeling them...when you touch my muscles.”

He didn’t seem to hear me. He rubbed my legs, up and down; over and under. Damn. Every single stroke made me harder for this kid. “Do you like feeling my muscles like this?” I asked. “Have you felt other guys’ muscles before?”

“Uh... once,” he said. “But your muscles are enormous compared....”

I smiled and nodded. I spread my legs apart a bit more.

“Damn, I wouldn’t mind being hung like you are,” he said gazing at my growing bulge. He caught himself. “I mean—uh, like you look like you are, in those shorts. And...by what you said...about the twelve inches.”

“Don’t wish for what you might not be able to handle,” I said. “Sometimes it can be a real pain in the ass.”

“Oh, I’ll bet,” he said, laughing.

I ignored it.

He was actually licking his lips now, and damn, his thick, maroon lips were sexy. Fucking hell, I’d never wanted to taste lips like I did right now.

Then, his fingers moved up my leg. And damn, my penis had grown even more. I looked down and watched as his hand moved up my leg. Fuck! My cock was so hard and long now, that the head was actually sticking out of the leg of my shorts. Holy fuck! I mean, seriously. My cock had grown down my shorts, along my upper leg, and you could actually see about half of the helmet laying right there. Holy hell.

I couldn’t actually adjust it, could I? But maybe I should. What could I do about it? It was continuing to lengthen down my quad. It was obvious that my boner wasn’t going to be stopped. It would only be a matter of minutes—maybe less than a minute—before all of the head, and maybe even a portion of my veiny, thick shaft would poke out from the leg of my shorts.

Holy shit.

Wyatt’s hand moved up my left quadriceps, dangerously close to my cock head.

I decided to leave everything alone and see what he’d do. I mean, it was right there, staring both of us in the face.

He pulled his hand back, down my leg.

“How do you guys get to look like this? Like you do? With all your muscles?” he said, his eyes raking over my body.

Apparently he wanted to avoid what was happening. “Well, most of it is just the workout routines they give us. And of course, eat right and take supplements. And cardio...just like we were doing now, when we were running,” I answered. “There’s more, but it’s top secret. I could tell you, but I’d have to kill you,” I winked.

"I can't imagine seeing all your muscles when you lift. I can't imagine how big you must get when all your muscles are pumped up. Damn, that'd be something." And still with his hand teasing my leg, and occasionally the tip of my cock.

"Maybe I can help you out with that," I said. "You probably wouldn't believe it when I get all pumped up."

He laughed nervously. "Yeah."

I saw him stare at my cock head. You could see almost all of the helmet now.

He slowly moved his hand over my left quad. Upward. When the tip of his fingers met the tip of my cock, he stopped.

Our eyes met.

Then, he moved his fingertip over the head of my cock—on top of it. His finger brushed over it. To the right, then to the left.

"Would you like to see me work out?" I asked, trying to transfix his eyes. I was starting to panic. Was I going to actually let this kid touch my privates like this? "I kind of get the idea that you'd like to see all of my muscles strain and flex."

He continued brushing my cock head, back and forth. "Yeah," he whispered.

"Well, I could do that, if you wanted. If you wanted to see me flex and pump all of my muscles for you."

He was finger-fucking my cock. In fact, he quickly added two more fingers into the mix. He had three fingers moving over the end of my penis now. And his long, teenage fingers were exploring, and touching, and assessing all of what was exposed.

"I don't think you believe me, do you." I said.

"Believe you?"

"I think you're not sure that I'm actually twelve inches long."

"It's pretty hard to believe anybody could be that size," he said. He kept brushing the wet tip of my cock with his fingertips. "But seeing you here...and just, fuck. Yeah...I totally believe whatever you tell me." Then he gave me a slight, self-conscious smile. "And fuck man. Just fuck." He kept touching the tip of my cock. And I just let him. "From what I can tell, I totally believe what you're telling me...about how long it is."

"You want to look at it?" I asked. "Would you want to see all of it?"

He nodded slowly.

"Do you really want to look at it?"

He cleared his throat. But his fingertips continued to move over my wet cock head. "Would you let me?" He kept rubbing my helmet. Like it was just a regular thing.

"I think I might be able to arrange that. I think you'd actually enjoy looking at it." I adjusted my position to allow my cock to move down my leg a bit farther. "And you know, maybe you'd like to...." I looked down at his long fingers as they moved over the tip of my cock. "Feel it. Hold it in your hands...if you wanted."

He stared at his fingers as my pre-cum made them wet.

Then I added, "And just to be fair, you'd let me look at yours, too, right? And maybe let me touch it too?"

"What? I mean...." He abruptly withdrew his hand. "I dunno...."

"Well, that's okay. We don't have to. If you...if you don't want to see it...and if you don't want to feel all my muscles, naked." I looked into his eyes and added, "No worries, man. If you feel uncomfortable with letting me see your cock, and letting me touch it...I understand."

He got serious, contemplating his options. "Well...I guess. But I don't know." He studied the bulge in my shorts, and the exposed part that his fingers had been touching. "I mean, I dunno. I've never let anyone...." He drew a deep breath. "I mean, I've never...no one has ever actually touched me there...it's just that...I've never let anyone touch me...."

"I understand. No problem. I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable in any way, Wyatt. It's no biggie to me one way or the other." I shrugged. "It's totally up to you, dude. All I'm saying is that if you want to touch my penis...and have me flex naked for you, while you feel me..."

He was definitely thinking. "Yeah, I get it," he said. "I'm sorry. It's just that...well...this is all new to me."

I gave him a comforting smile. "I get it, Wyatt. And absolutely, we'll take this at your pace, dude. I mean, you obviously are interested in seeing my muscles flex and harden, right? And feeling them? And well, you seem to be having a bit of fun with the tip of my cock there, right?" I glanced down at the few inches of my exposed boner. "But whatever you want, dude. I'm only going to show you my cock and naked body if that's what you want."

"Okay, yeah. I mean, I'm sorry, I guess I shouldn't be such a prude."

"You're not a prude, man," I smiled. "You're just genuinely curious, that's all."

I was fucking his brain to bits. I was going straight to hell for this...

"It's just that...to be honest...yeah...I'm so...I mean, your gigantic muscles...and your cock just...it's just so huge...and...but I've never let anyone touch my cock. And I don't know if..."

I leaned forward just a bit, and stared him in the eyes. I put my hands around his head and got real close. "Hey, Wyatt. Look at me." I gently put my forehead against his. "It's not my intention to pressure you in any way. Okay? To be honest, it makes no difference to me. This is all up to you." The temptation to kiss his lips was almost overwhelming. My entire body tensed as I tried to control myself. Damn, he was gorgeous. And when he got all hot and bothered, it made it absolutely irresistible.

"I know. I know. I totally understand that."

I pulled myself back. "But all I'm saying is...don't you think it's fair? I mean, you are crouched down there, in front of me, and you're feeling my leg muscles flex under your hands...and it's making you hard as a rock." I gave an obvious glance at the erection at his crotch. "and...I mean, dude, you're about ready to ejaculate all over my muscles, right? Let's face it, Wyatt. You have it bad. And fuck, you've been practically raping my muscle body with your eyes—from the moment you first laid eyes on me, dude." I chuckled at him. I looked down at my knee against his crotch. "And you're basically having sex with my leg right there, man...and your fingers were playing with my wet, hard cock head like that. Right? And hell, man...I'm not stopping anything you've been doing, right? I'm letting you do whatever you want, isn't that so?" I gave him a comforting smile. "So all I'm saying is, if you want to see my cock, and maybe touch it, it's only fair that I get to see your cock too, right? I mean, to be honest, dude, you are...well, I'm just gonna come out and say it, okay? You are a fuckin' gorgeous teenage muscle stud, okay? Just to get it all out in the open, okay?" I chuckled a bit. "I mean, fuck, Wyatt." I gave a quick glance around.

His face blushed again, and he looked shocked. But there was an underlying appearance of lust and acceptance too.

"And well, the way you're touching me right now, and getting me all hard and wet right now... don't you think it'd be okay if I was able to return the favor? I mean, don't you think you might enjoy having a big muscle stud feel your dick? Maybe make you all hard? Maybe make your cock drip with pre-cum like you're doing to me?"

"Well..."

I let him think about it. And all the time, he kept playing with my cock head.

"Well..." He cleared his throat. "When you put it that way..."

"It's only fair, man."

He evaluated my muscle body once more. "I guess. I mean, I'm sorry. You're right. I don't know what I was..."

"That's all I'm saying. It's kind of like: I'll show you mine if you show me yours, right?"

"I guess."

"Sounds fair enough," I nodded. I glanced down at my leg—and my penis head, laying on my quad.

He returned his hands to my quads and resumed his erotic massage of my huge leg muscles.

"So...even though you might be a bit uncomfortable, I can only imagine that you really want to see it, though. Right?"

He nodded.

"So... I guess...what do you want to do?"

"O...okay. Yeah. I guess. Yeah. Sounds...."

I smiled. He stared at the purple head sticking out of my shorts leg.

"You must really want to see it." I gave him an understanding smile.

He nodded, barely.

"Well, actually I'd like to show it to you," I said. "You seem curious enough. And I would if I could, but I'm not sure this is the place." I quickly glanced around at the tall grass surrounding us.

I was chastising myself again for the thoughts I was having.

He looked down at it again. "So..." he started back in, "damn, it looks really thick, too. I mean, you said it's twelve inches, but damn, it really looks thick too. Everything on you is so huge. All of your muscles are big and ripped." The idea of seeing my dick had sent him back into a kind of delirium. "Like, are there all these veins on it that stick out all over?" he asked. "I mean, fuck." It was amazing how he could be at once bold and daring in his questions, yet awkward and scatty in his speech.

I guffawed, laughing. "Yeah," I said, "It's thick. You have no idea." I looked down at it and said, "Right now, it's all constrained by my shorts. It's a lot thicker than it looks."

"Holy hell."

I held a hand up and curled my fingers into a big, open circle. "That wouldn't fit around it," I told him.

"Fuck," he panted. "I totally believe it. Damn."

I chuckled, then sighed. "I bet it'd take both your hands to wrap around it."

"Damn," he gasped, wide-eyed. "That'd be awesome. To try, I mean. You know...I mean...do you ever let someone try? To see if they could close their fingers around it?"

I fought back a smile. "Honestly, I've never actually let someone. But you never know, I guess." I met his eyes, hard. "You're saying you'd like to measure it? With your hand?"

He shrugged, looking strikingly nonchalant. "I mean...only if you...you know...didn't mind. But if it is as big and thick as you say...."

Then, without warning, he put his hand square in the center of my crotch. He rotated a hand so his fingers were pointing down, and he slowly slid it onto my bulge. He squeezed slightly. "Fuck. I think you're right. It feels huge." There was no way his teenage hand could actually contain it.

I couldn't believe I was letting this happen. This kid was touching my crotch, and I wasn't doing anything to stop him. In fact, I spread my legs more.

He squeezed it again. His hand slipped down and behind it. I felt his fingertips grip behind my balls. Then he slid his hand forward again, turning it so he could rub the length of my swelling shaft. "Damn. I didn't think something like this was possible! Yeah, you're right. Everything on you is enormous." He rubbed my sideways-pointing shaft up and down numerous times, staring me down between glances at his hand on my most personal place. "Fuck, it'd be amazing to see it. And to feel it...you know, to measure it." He rubbed it again. "Damn, your cock just doesn't even seem possible." He looked at my upper body. "But then, none of you seems possible."

"It's possible," I said. "As your hand can tell...." Fuck I really didn't want him to stop touching me. "But, maybe...just not here, son." Damn, this kid's touch was getting me harder and harder with every rub.

He pulled off abruptly. "I'm sorry," he demurred. "I didn't mean to...I guess that was...that was innappro...." But then, surprisingly, he put a hand back on my quad and resumed his languid, sensual worship of my legs. In a moment he said, "You know, it's not like you'd be exposing yourself to an innocent little boy.... I mean, I'm eighteen and all. I've seen guys cocks in the showers, and stuff."

I smirked. "I doubt you've seen anything at all like it in the showers, son."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," he stammered. His face reddened. "I didn't mean to...to imply..."

I laughed. "I get it, son. I'm just messing with you. You seem pretty sincere," I continued, "and you're obviously interested in physical fitness and bodybuilding." I gave him a wink and added, "And the way you keep undressing me with your eyes, it goes without saying that you like big muscles."

He flushed, briefly.

"But Wyatt, if I'm going to let you look at it...and measure it with your hand...I'm gonna want to see yours in return, and touch it. Only fair, right?"

He actually licked his lips. "Well, I don't know if I could..."

I was having feelings I'd never allowed myself to have before—not toward a guy who wasn't even 20 yet. I was having tingling, itchy feelings back between my legs and even in my asshole. God, this kid was killing me. I was totally thinking about how I could meet up with this young muscle stud without getting in trouble. "You know, maybe, when I get a pass to go off base, we could arrange for me to show it to you."

"Yeah," he said. He valiantly tried to hide his disappointment. He didn't want to wait.

"And I could strip down for you, and flex for you, if you wanted. Naked, too. Would you like that?"

His hands continued their languid, sensual massage of my hard legs. But his face showed he didn't want to wait.

"I could let you see all of my muscles while I flexed them for you—make them really big and hard for you."

He returned one hand to my throbbing muscle cock, rubbing the fabric of my crotch.

"Would you like...to see me without my clothes? For me to flex all of my muscles for you?"

He didn't answer. His hand squeezed my cock through the fabric, and rubbed it up and down. He pulled his hand down and once again teased the tip of my protruding cock.

"And you could feel all of them? You could touch all of my muscles...for as long as you want."

He was breathing heavily.

"And you could measure my cock. To see how thick it is. And I could measure yours too."

Beads of sweat were forming on his forehead.

"I'd kind of like to do that. Feel you. Down there.... Would you enjoy that? Having me touch it?"

He swallowed. Our eyes were locked.

"Would you like me to touch your cock, Wyatt? Hold it in my hand? I'd like to hold your shaft, if you want."

He barely nodded.

"Damn." I licked my lips. "I'd really like to touch it. Maybe stroke it. Nice and slow. Fuck, I bet your cock is gorgeous. I've never felt a teenager's cock. I'd like to feel yours. Does it get really hard?"

He whispered, in a trance now: "Yeah..."

"Damn, Wyatt...I would absolutely love to...get it nice and hard. Squeeze it. Maybe taste the pre-cum as it comes out of your slit. Do you make a lot of pre-cum when you get hard? Fuck, I bet it gets really wet. I would definitely love to hold your teenage cock in my hand, and let you dribble your clear pre-cum all over my fingers. Would you like that?"

"Holy...fu..."

"I'd kind of like to lick it, too, if that's okay. I mean...only if you want me to. Have you ever let a muscleman lick your cock? Shit, I can't imagine how good your shaft must taste. And I bet it's all veiny, like mine. Would you want to feel my tongue on your cock? I bet you'd enjoy feeling my tongue moved all over the veins of your hard shaft. Would you like that? I'd like to see how shiny I could make it, just by licking it and coating it with my saliva. You might have to work hard at not coming too soon, though. I bet my licking would bring you pretty close." I chuckled. He continued to touch my crotch, but his mind was definitely in outer space somewhere.

“And then, if you want, I could put your dick inside my mouth. I bet you can’t imagine how good it would feel—to be sucked by a man with muscles as big as mine. My tongue is pretty strong, too,” I chuckled. “So...yeah, if you wanted...do you think you would let me put your cock in my mouth? And then pull it back out? And kiss up and down your shaft? Then put it back in and suck on it? I bet I could get all of it in my mouth. At least I’d like to try. Do you think I could?”

He was breathing really heavily now.

“I bet I could suck and suck on it till you came. Would you like that? Would you like me to make you come like that?”

“Yes—” He panted heavily.

“If you came in my mouth, would you want to watch while I swallowed? Wow, that’d be awesome... to swallow your jizz. Damn, Wyatt, you look really strong. I love looking at your body, and I would absolutely love swallowing your semen as those hard muscles of yours tightened. I can’t imagine what it would be like to swallow and swallow while your big, hard teenage cock shot down my throat. Would you like that?”

I adjusted my stance, pushing my crotch against his hand, and my knee against his crotch.

“Then you could feel my cock and balls. You could stroke me and make sure I got really hard, so my shaft would be as long as you could get it. Then you could measure it if you wanted. You’ll want to make sure to bring a tape measure. I wouldn’t want you to take my word for it. It really is twelve inches. Actually a bit more. You’ll definitely want to stroke it and get it all hard so you could measure it. Would you like to do that?”

His eyes were actually watering. “Yeah....”

“Have you ever licked a muscle dude’s cock? Balls too? Damn, I’d like that, Wyatt. Shit, your lips are so gorgeous, man.” I leaned forward and our lips met. I pushed my tongue inside his mouth. We must have kissed for a whole minute. Maybe two. “Damn, I love your mouth, Wyatt,” I said, pulling back. I picked up right where I’d left off. “But anyway, I bet you’ve never licked something that’s more than twelve inches though. Damn, I would love for you to run your lips and tongue up and down my shaft. It’s really veiny. I bet your’s is too, but you haven’t ever seen anything as veiny as mine. I promise. I promise that when you move your lips up and down it, and lick it with your tongue, you’re going to really love all the veins on it. And how hard and big it gets. Fuck, I bet you could get me really, really hard. Would you like to do that? See how hard you can get me? I think I’d like that.”

He squeezed my shaft.

“We should definitely make a time to get together. And if we did that, then yeah, I could let you see it—my cock—and put it in your mouth if you wanted. And you could touch all of my body. You know...if you wanted. But the part about my cock shouldn’t actually be planned out ahead of time, you know. We’d just be getting together so I could mentor you in bodybuilding and stuff.”

“You can’t imagine how much I would love that,” his voice cracked. And his eyes moved all over my body again. “Shit...so...what about if you just showed me, right now. Just a little look...at your cock. So I could see what you’re bragging about.”

I chuckled. “I promise you, son. It’s no brag.”

“I know. So, would you want to?”

I inhaled deeply, then sighed. “I suppose...maybe I could.” At this point, I was getting really close to letting him pull my running shorts down right now, and letting him have a good look at it. I seriously wanted to see his reaction to it. I wanted to show him my cock, and pull off my shorts, and flex my naked muscles for him, and watch him masturbate. No doubt he would. I totally wanted to see him get turned on by my muscles. I really wanted to let him feel my cock. And goddamn his hands were again doing a number on me. Yeah...this was happening, for sure.

I checked one more time to see if any of the others might be hearing or seeing us, while Wyatt kept feeling out my leg muscles and my crotch.

I turned back to Wyatt. “So, I’m curious, son. Regardless of what I let you look at, and touch, right now...when we get together, later, and when I strip down and pose my muscles for you...which muscles do you want to see the most?”

Wyatt tried to conceal a smile, unsuccessfully. “I guess I really like your pecs. I mean, holy fuck your chest...I noticed it back when I first saw you. Damn. And then your arms...I guess...I mean, I’d really love to explore all of your muscles...to touch them while you made them really, really hard. I bet I could do that all day.”

I chuckled and said, “Something tells me that touching my hard muscles has made you really, really hard.” I stared at the boner in his hiking shorts, and I pushed against it with my knee.

Involuntarily, he squeezed my leg between his. He blushed. “Guilty as charged, I guess.”

I slowly pulled back, then shoved myself to my feet.

Wyatt’s hands fell away from my leg. As I stood he said, “Holy fuck! Your quads! They bulged and rippled all over hell when you stood up!”

Fuck, that was hot—to see him get all turned on over that. My cock shaft snaked down my leg; even more of it was visible now.

He stood slowly, having glued his stare to the exposed end of my dick.

My shorts clung to me like they were my skin, revealing the bulk and even the outline of my cock.

I started to slowly peel my shorts down. Wyatt was nearly licking his lips as he watched me open them.

I decided to take my time, and was rewarded with Wyatt’s widening eyes as I pulled it out, inch-by-inch. I had to push my shorts more than half way down my thighs before my swollen cock swung free.

“Wow! Holy fucking fuck! That is gigantic!” he exclaimed, wide-eyed. His hands were clenching and unclenching; his eighteen-year-old cock was tenting in his shorts. “Holy Hell!”

All this interaction with him had gotten me semi-hard, but I was by no means totally erect. Yet. My cock curved outward and down, over my balls, but it was definitely getting harder, thicker, longer, and more vascular, just like he wanted, obviously.

And like I had told him, now released from the constraints of my shorts, it got even bigger, and thicker.

Wyatt’s eyes were huge—like he couldn’t believe what he was seeing. I’d never thought it could be so totally hot—making some kid get hard just by showing him my cock and balls. Okay, maybe my body had something to do with it too....

I lifted my dick forward with one hand to give him a better view. He whispered another cuss word, then just stared at it while I showed it to him. I moved it around and let him see my low-hanging balls; I turned it slightly, then gave myself a slow, casual stroke. He watched, his mouth watering.

I put my hand under, and behind it, letting him see it from different angles. He cussed more than once, and I swear I thought he’d come right then and there in his scout uniform.

“Do you like it?”

“Fuck. Holy shit. Fuck,” he whispered. “It’s amazing.”

“You like looking at it?”

“Holy f...” he said quietly. “It’s just like you said: I’m seeing it, but I don’t believe it.”

I chuckled. “I get that a lot.”

He watched as I gave myself another long, slow stroke. The shaft was getting longer and thicker—not totally erect yet, but if I do say so myself, it looked goddamn hot. I was even turning myself on, just by watching it grow. To be honest, my dick and my balls were pretty damn hot.

“You like looking at it. A lot. Don’t you.” I said, rotating it to the side slowly, then back. I made sure to display all of its girth and length to him. I hefted my balls up to give him a good look at them as well.

“Hell, yeah.”

“We should definitely get together sometime, so I could let you look at it as long as you want,” I suggested.

"I would absolutely love that," he said with a raspy voice. "This is awesome. That you're letting me look." After another minute of him just staring at me while I displayed myself to him, he asked timidly, "Do you think I could..." His hands, at his sides, grasped the air. "Do you ever let someone...I mean... would it be alright if I touched it?" But once again, as was his pattern after he made a bold play, he pulled back: "I mean, it just looks like it must be really heavy. Its just so goddamn big! Sorry. I mean, I don't know if you'd think that was okay. Would it be okay? ...if I touched it? I'm just curious if it's as heavy as it looks."

I glanced over my shoulder in something of a panic. I really wanted to let this teenage kid touch it, but damn I couldn't risk being seen. I looked at his watering mouth and just couldn't bring myself to deny him a touch. Especially when I knew what it would do to me. Fuck I was getting hard fast. The kid was making me hard, just with his eyes.

"Well, I guess," I said. "I suppose if you wanted to touch it for just a sec." I held it out to him.

"Fuck, man!" he said as his trembling fingers moved onto it. He hefted it out of my hand and tested its weight. It quickly became obvious this was going to be a two-hand operation. His hands were cold. They were big hands, but still, my cock and balls overflowed them. He squeezed it, then moved it around, assessing it carefully.

I let him hold it—all of it—for a few minutes. He had a really nice touch.

He caressed it and cradled it like it was the most beautiful thing on Earth. Like it was the Hope Diamond or something.

"Do you like touching it?"

"Shiiiiit. Holy fuck. It's the most amazing thing I've ever seen," he whispered. "I...I've never imagined anything like..."

I smiled. "Well, when we meet...off base, I'll let you touch it all you want."

"Really? Damn, I'd really like that. I mean, how long...how long would you let me touch it?" Both of his big teenage hands slipped around it. Over and under it, making it grow and grow.

"As long as you want, son. Like I said, you have nice hands. So I'd let you touch it all afternoon if you wanted."

"That would be amazing." He stared down at his hand holding it. "I can't imagine being able to touch it like this...for...hours."

"It's yours if you want it," I said. Damn, I was really getting harder. I could feel my heartbeat in it, pressing against his hand, as it got more and more erect. He squeezed it gently. He lifted it, testing its weight again. I pulled my arms back and let him do his thing. I assumed the "at ease" position, with both hands behind my ass, and let him fondle my growing cock all he wanted.

It was the first time another guy had touched me there, except for the doctors. His hand felt really good; damn my cock was responding fast. He tickled it with open palms and soft, gentle fingers. He never squeezed it harshly, although he did tighten his grip on it a couple of times—testing to see how strong it was, I guess. Mostly, though, he just moved his loving hands over and under it, as if it were the most precious, fragile thing on the planet.

"If I keep holding it, do you think I could get it all the way hard?" he asked. "Is it okay if I just feel it some more, and see how hard I can get it? It feels so good. In my hand." He looked up at me with pleading eyes.

I shrugged and sighed, "Sure. If you want."

"I really want to see it get totally erect," he said. "I mean, it'd be cool to see it grow to its full length. Fuck, I can't believe I'm doing this this. It's so heavy. And big."

I made sure to appear unimpressed with the situation. My hands remained at my ass. I glanced up at the leaves moving in the breeze. In the distance a crow cawed.

He loosely moved his hand over and under it. And it grew harder. Holy fuck I'd never let a guy do this to me. Only in my dreams. And the way this kid was so into my muscles...it made me horny as hell.

Goddamn he had a good touch. By the time my cock was all the way hard, the kid had me leaking like a sieve.

“Damn, I can’t believe how big you are. Holy fucking dayum, this thing is awesome.” He stroked me slowly, all the way up, then all the way down. He looked me in the eyes and asked, “Is it alright if I stroke it like this?”

I said nothing. I shrugged.

“Because, fuck.” He looked back down at it and gave it a nice, long, slow stroke. “I...holy fuck....”

“Do you like touching it? Like this? And stroking it?”

“Holy fuck, Lu—Luke. Fucking Lucas Tanner.”

It continued to grow: thicker and longer. And with each of my heartbeats—felt in his hand, Wyatt got more enthusiastic.

“Fuck. Hell, I could rub this thing all night long.” He was enamored with it, and also, I could tell... with my muscles. I could see that my muscles were competing with my cock for his attention. He continued to stroke me slowly. Fuck, was this kid was actually going to give me a hand job?

“Well, we’ll just have to be sure to meet up off-base, when I get leave sometime,” and then, maybe you could rub it all night long,” I said. “Would you like that? Maybe we could just lay next to each other, and I would let you stroke it and make it nice and hard. All night long.”

“Damn,” he whimpered. “You have no idea how much I would love that.” He stroked me with a deft hand for a few minutes. While he did it, he asked, “Do you think...would it be okay if I felt your muscles, while I touch your cock? Right now?” His hand paused mid-shaft. “I mean, fuck I’d love to feel your muscles.... And, you know...like I mentioned...I’d really like to see you totally hard...all twelve inches.... I was wondering if I were to touch your muscles, maybe you’d get even harder....”

I chuckled. “Well, I dunno. Maybe. I suppose I might get harder if you feel my muscles too. Would you like to do that?” I brought my hands to my sides. “Go ahead, Wyatt. Touch anything you want.”

“Fucking god almighty, I can’t believe what I’m looking at. You’re fucking huge! All of these muscles—they’re enormous. And so fucking ripped and defined! I can’t believe I’m doing this. With a fucking muscle god. With the biggest, most ripped muscle god ever! It’s every fantasy I’ve ever had!” One hand moved onto my relaxed upper arm while he stroked my growing erection with the other. He gasped again; his hand froze on my cock and his grip tightened. “I can’t believe I’m standing so close to all these muscles—and actually feeling them.” His other hand squeezed my arm muscles, and I flexed them, pushing back against his palm.

I let him worship me without interrupting him. He moved his hand onto my chest and began to move it back and forth, feeling my big pecs. Holy hell this kid knew exactly what to do. He played with my nipples, and I’m sure he enjoyed my reaction. Fuck, the kid knew how to make me weak. I rolled my chest muscles under his hand, and he moaned his approval.

He must have worshiped my body for five minutes: Chest, arms, shoulders, lats, abs. Legs too, of course. And all the while his other hand stroked my throbbing dick. Up and down, slowly. I was gurgling out so much pre-come I couldn’t believe it. It dribbled all over his hand. He sloshed me up and down real good. I’d never imagined that having someone worship my muscle body could be so hot.

He looked down at my cock in his hand. His fingers couldn’t close around half of it. “Is it okay if I... well...is it okay if I taste it?” he asked, stopping his stroking and squeezing while he stared down at my thick, long erection.

Okay, this kid was playing me. He knew exactly what he was doing. I swallowed hard. My first impression had been right about him; he wasn’t afraid to go after what he wanted.

“Can I?” he asked again.

“You sure?” I asked.

He nodded.

“You want to lick my cock?”

“Yeah,” he said, nodding more.

I glanced back toward the clearing and the other side of the woods. We were definitely alone. I looked at him and shrugged again. "Might as well," I said. And I absolutely knew this was the dumbest thing I'd ever done.

"Oh, man. Thanks," he said. He slowly bent down; his one hand moved down my abs, then lower. When he got his knees on the ground, he wrapped both hands around my cock. Most of it still stuck out of his fists. "Man...I so wanted to do this when I first saw you. I mean, I couldn't believe you. How huge and ripped you were. When you first walked up to me, I almost peed my pants," he said. With that, he opened his mouth, stuck his tongue out, and slowly began to lick it.

God-Almighty-in-Heaven-and-Earth. I gritted my teeth and stifled an outcry. I think every muscle in my body tensed in response to his mouth on my cock. He had the softest, warmest, wettest tongue...it was like a puppy's tongue lapping up milk.

I regained control. "You like licking it?"

Between long, languid, sexy licks, he said, "Oh, yeah..."

"Nice. You have a really nice tongue. Lick anything you want."

"Is this all right?" he asked, looking up at me around my cock with those big innocent-looking eyes. "I mean, I love licking it."

"Feels great, kid," I said. "You're doing great." He was driving me insane with desire. I was so close to throwing him over that log and raping the hell out of his teenage ass.

"Fuck, I can't believe the size of this thing," he said when he pulled back and eyed my cock with raw lust. He licked the shaft again, up and down the sides, and underneath, making it throb and buck, and the veins to bulge, and pre-cum to bubble out even more. It was shimmering with pre-cum and saliva.

Then he went down on me. Oh-mother-of-sweet-Jesus! Now, I've got a pair of mother-fucking powerful legs, but this kid had my legs shaking like no tomorrow. Shit, he knew how to give head! Of course, he wasn't able to take it all. But damn, if he didn't give it the ol' college try. It almost looked like he had to unhinge his jaw to get it in his mouth! And there was no way he was gonna to be able to get any more than half of it in. Just too long and thick. But what his mouth lacked in capacity, it made up for in sheer warmth, and mind-blowing technique.

"You like sucking on my dick?" I asked.

He pulled his mouth off and smiled up at me. "Fuckin' yeah, Luke. Can I do it some more?"

I shrugged. "Sure, go ahead."

He went back down on me. His technique made me question how inexperienced he apparently wanted me to believe he was.

He let go of my cock and wrapped both arms around my right thigh, and began kissing and licking my leg muscles.

"God, I love your legs," he moaned. "It's like hugging a tree."

"Thanks," I said. I checked my fingernails again.

He licked my shaft again, and it made me shiver with pleasure. Fuck, this kid could lick my cock any time of day. And twice on Sundays.

One of his hands found my butt muscles. "Oh...damn, your ass is hard as a rock," he cooed. "Oh...I'll bet you throw a wild fuck when you get these legs and butt muscles in gear."

Oh shit. Was he suggesting that he wanted me to fuck him? What had happened to the timid kid who didn't even want to talk about masturbation? Shit, I had to meet this kid someplace! Soon!

"Have you ever fucked a guy?" he asked between slurps on my cock.

"No, I never did anything with a guy, before now," I said. I couldn't believe what was happening. I was standing in the woods next to a Marine base, with some teenage kid gobbling my cock and feeling me out, and the guy was talking about letting me fuck him—and the rest of my company was only a few yards away.

He went back to sucking my dick, and I started to push, fucking his mouth. Such a beautiful mouth on such a cute, innocent face. It quickly became obvious that my nonchalant demeanor wasn't going to last much longer.

Shit, when did I develop such a penchant for boys? My fantasies were always about men—muscle men; muscular Marines, specifically. I stood with my hands clenched behind my back, watching his full, thick, red pouting lips wrapped around the girth of my cock, sliding up and down along the shaft. I listened to his soft, whimpering moans of pleasure. Fucking-A, he had an appetite for cock! Occasionally he pointed those gorgeous eyes of his up at me, while he worked me with his warm, talented mouth. I longed to shove my cock deep into his throat till my balls hit his chin, but it would choke him.

"Do you wanna fuck me?" he asked when he pulled up once. "I mean, damn. I can't imagine what it would feel like to have this thing up my ass." He stared at it and added, "I don't even know if I could take it in. But would you want to try?"

Holy hell. My heart was pounding in my chest. "Aww...yeah...I do," I moaned. Who the hell was this guy?

"Right now? I mean, you wouldn't have to last long; I could get you off real quick with my ass," he said.

"You're gonna accomplish that with your mouth," I said breathlessly. Although his mentioning of his ass—his tight, young eighteen-year-old-ass—sounded so inviting.

"Maybe we'll have to do that some other time, then?" he said.

"Absolutely," I said. My breathing was getting labored.

He went back to sucking my dick, and I concentrated on what he was doing. I was a Marine, on duty; I couldn't stand there in the woods all morning and let this kid slurp on my cock. So I needed to just let go and not fight it. The guys would be wondering where I was.

He kept sucking, making loud, slurping sounds. I lifted my arms and put my hands behind my head. He held my balls with one hand, although they were too big for him to actually hold. God, his finger behind my balls drove me crazy. At this point, his movements up and down my shaft increased in intensity. He began devouring my cock like a hungry wolf on raw meat. The blood pounded in my cock. My heartbeat throbbed in my temples.

"You're getting me close," I gasped with hoarse breathiness.

He responded by tightening his tongue around me, and I about passed out from the intense pleasure. Suddenly, I was...there. Right...there.... Not coming yet, but past the point of no return...and it was building up at a horrific pace. The pressure was multiplying exponentially every second—beyond control—and I could barely—breathe—from the anticipation. Finally it reached the boiling point. Every muscle, bone, organ, and vein in my body tightened into solid rock. My cock felt like it was going to explode. I squinted my eyes closed, and clenched...everything.

"I'm gonna shoot," I hissed. I kept my hands behind my head and tightened my whole body. He sucked my dick for dear life. I felt like my biceps were going to crush my skull, but I couldn't keep from flexing every muscle in my body. I can't imagine what it must have looked like to Wyatt's up-pointed, lusting eyes.

"Awwww...awww, FUCK, I'm coming!" I had lost all control. I'm sure my yell could have been heard by all the other guys in our area.

My cock felt like it swelled even bigger, and it ached for the second or two that it took my load to gush up through my shaft. I cringed, waiting for the release, and finally...

I came. Jizz blasted out of my shaft. It felt like the entire world had detonated. I yelled again. "Aaaahhhhhh fuuuuuuuuuck!"

My cock exploded in the kid's mouth like a rocket going off. My lava-hot semen shot out, painfully, and it quickly filled his mouth. I was gushing semen into my own back-flowing load of cum. He choked and gagged, but held onto my cock like a true scout. His arms tightened around my hamstrings and ass, as if he was trying to keep from being blown backwards from the impact.

I looked down to see my cum running out the corners of his mouth. Fuck, I was drowning him. I put a little pressure on his shoulders to push him back, but he hung onto my thighs for dear life, determined to finish the job.

Finally, I was drained. I don't get soft very quickly afterwards, and Wyatt continued to lick and suck, and he ended up swallowing as much as he could.

He took advantage of my exhaustion by forcing me down into his throat, and he swallowed me all the way to my balls, and even licked my balls clean with his tongue while he was down there. Yeah, my testicles had been covered in my cum. But Wyatt took care of it.

"Ohhhh, shit!" I moaned, and spurted some more into his throat.

I had to get back to my squad. I tightened my grip on his shoulders and eased him back, almost having to force him away from me. It was an awesome sight, watching my cock pull out of his mouth, inch after inch; so damned many inches I swore he'd caused it to grow bigger than it ever had been. He locked his lips tightly around the helmet rim to hold the head in his mouth as long as he could, but it finally popped free.

Wyatt pursed his lips. My semen was running down his chin. "Dang!" he grinned. He wiped the lines and globs of come off his chin then wiped his hand on his shorts, leaving a whitish streak where it didn't soak in. He leaned in, took my dick again, and sucked out the last vestiges of cum. Damn, his deep red lips on my cock looked good.

We both worked on cleaning up.

"Thanks," he said, shoving himself to his feet.

"Shit, don't thank me. Thank you," I said. "I gotta get back." I glanced nervously over the tall grass. "I'm sorry, I'll have to wait till we meet up to return the favor, man." I forced my cock back into my pants; it took a few tries to get it all in. I pulled my shirt back on.

Wyatt pulled a pen out of his shirt pocket, and grabbed my hand. He wrote a phone number on my palm. "Call me," he smiled.

We left the woods and walked back to the clearing. The other guys were standing around talking with other scouts. Some of us had red cheeks—not from embarrassment, but from exertion.

*[The End of the Story, from Luke's perspective.
Wyatt's perspective coming soon!]*



Your comments are *encouraged*.
This story is free; your encouragement is priceless.

Please click the following address to send me a message:

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