

OFF-BASE

PART TWO

As told by WYATT



by Sean Reid Scott

This story is ©© 2019 Sean Reid Scott
under the **Creative Commons** Copyright thingy.

**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.
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.

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



HAD JUST FINISHED THE MOST INTENSE and life-changing orgasm ever, just because Luke had taken off his shirt. Then, I had found the balls to ask the guy how big his cock was! I have no idea where that came from. But it didn't even seem to phase my new Marine muscle friend. As if he was all relaxed and in control of the situation, he moved to the nearby log and sat down. And could you please hand me that burned-up thesaurus, because I am totally, absolutely *out* of words to describe those fucking enormous legs that just bulged all over the place.

The man was certifiably trying to fry my brain.

He stretched out his arms, put his palms on the log, and steadied himself. Triceps as big as Haystack Rock bulged and waved at me: "*Hey Wyatt! How you doin' man?*" Muscles rippled and flexed and grew and undulated and....

I actually felt my uvula quiver in the back of my throat. I have no idea how many other body parts went equally as whacko at that moment.

His quadriceps were like twin ocean liners: the RMS *Titanic* and the RMS *Olympic*, docked right there in front of me. And I don't know which leg was which ship, but I had the sinking feeling that this encounter might well be doomed—as was the maiden voyage of the first of those two sister ships.

He looked tentative again. Before he'd lowered down, he had quickly glanced around, over the tops of the tall grass, as if checking to make sure we were alone. But he quickly relaxed, and looked as calm as the nighttime sea. No water rippled. It was like a millpond. So serene and beautiful. Might make it harder to see the bergs, though.

I followed his lead and stepped toward him. I crouched down right in front of him.

He smiled, sincerely. "Well to be honest...nobody believes it when I tell them."

"I would," I assured him. "I mean—and please forgive me for this, but—you look horse-hung...even in those shorts. I don't think I've ever seen..." Yeah, that was too much. I looked down at the ground. "I'm sorry. That was crude. It's just that..."

"Twelve inches. Hard."

Um...what?

Once again, he glanced around to make sure there was no one close.

"No shit?!"

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

"No...no...I believe it," I said, staring at his crotch. "I mean...yeah...it..." I couldn't finish my thought. "I just never saw—or even heard of—anybody being that big," I said. "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." *Twelve fucking inches long? A whole foot?* "But from looking at that thing—I mean, just your bulge—I don't doubt you." And my mouth, which only moments earlier had struggled to find the word "big" somewhere in its deep recesses, had shifted back into *won't-shut-the-fuck-up* mode. "No wonder you need such big, powerful thighs, to carry all that around," I chuckled. His quads, the most striated, beautiful and arousing muscles I had ever seen, were right in front of me. The individual lumps and bulges of all those rippling leg muscles were intoxicating.

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

"Yeah," I said. "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!"

He acted like he'd heard it all before.

"Damn. I never thought it...*down there*...was possible either."

"Oh, it's possible," he said. He looked to one side and added, "Actually, the doctors say I'm in the ninety-eight percentile."

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

"My dick is bigger than ninety-eight percent of all men."

"Fuck." I stared at the torpedo growing down his leg. I wondered, for some reason, how heavy the thing must be. "Wow! That's amazing!"

"Thank you."

"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..."

He ignored my comment. He reached out to his side and pulled a long reed of grass out of the ground.

"Well, anyway..." I sighed.

He rolled the blade between his thumb forefinger. His relaxed demeanor calmed me down. He was calm. It was quiet all around us. There was a comfortable silence between us.

But my respite was short lived. You simply couldn't be in Luke's presence and remain calm for very long. Crouched right in front of the two most enormous legs on the planet, I was driven to distraction. "Is

it...is it alright if I feel your leg muscles?" I stared at them, then looked up at his unconcerned eyes. "I mean...fuck...they're just gigantic. I bet they're unbelievably hard."

He didn't say anything. He very slightly cocked his head, as if thinking. Then he gave a shrug and spread his legs apart. Holy fucking fuck.

For some unknown reason that my 10-percent-functioning-brain will only know, I scooted to my right just a bit. Steadying myself with one hand on the log (the downed tree, not his leg, silly). I positioned my legs so they straddled his left leg. I mean, I guess the reason is obvious now, but at the time, I don't think I had a clue what I was doing. With my crotch now pressing against his knee, my two legs surrounded his one. The thing was so huge that it forced my legs apart pretty wide. I crouched on the ground.

Once positioned, I removed my right hand from the downed log and put it on his leg-log that I was squeezing with my legs. His quadriceps were acres of solid, immovable muscle. It went on forever. I quickly brought my other hand to it and started exploring the warm hardness.

"Shit," I mumbled, staring at my hands feel the mounds and craters of muscle.

I know I was pressing my cock against his knee. There was no way to deny it. But at that point, I was drunk in lust and I didn't give a rat's ass.

He looked at the long blade of grass in his fingers, twirled it a few times, then started to chew on the end of it. The fucker was acting bored while I felt out his leg.

I slid my hand over his upper leg. Over, around, up, down...my fingers trembled and my palm shook. The hard, sinewy muscles of his thick, warm quad combined with the distended roadmap of the insane, vascular network that fed his leg. I could feel this all day long.

Luke twisted his body on the log to more directly face me. At the same time, he brought his right leg close to my left one and straightened it fully. His calf and knee were next to my hip. The muscle sandwich I had made of his bent leg was now complimented by even more meat—but since this new-leg-in-the-mix was extended, he could flex and tighten it. And he did. Dizzying masses of striated, distended, individually-defined quadriceps muscle waved at me, then suddenly tightened into rock.

Holy fucking shit. It was insane. My eyes practically fell out. The sight of all that muscle, at first all undulating and molten—suddenly tightening up into solid...well, solid steel...or iron...or something... actually it was probably solid kryptonite or something. It was staggering. His legs were continents.

When I moved my left hand to investigate this other-worldly accumulation of muscle, it... happened...again. It seemed impossible that I'd recovered so quickly (yet I'd been continually redefining the word "impossible" during the past half hour). Once again my cock erupted in my shorts, sending violent jerks of jizz into my underwear. I tried to keep moving my hands all over his legs, hoping my hand movements would make it harder for him to realize that I was ejaculating—again—in my hiking pants. But more often than not, I froze and held on for dear life with each sharp ejaculation. My semen hurled out the end of my convulsing cock with rough, heaving pulses. As opposed to my first orgasm—when he took off his shirt and everything just flowed out in a steady river—this one was going to be a bit more obvious.

With the first body-wrenching blast, my legs contracted around his bent leg—hard. There was no way he didn't feel it (even though my assault on his leg had absolutely no effect on its size or hardness). No way in hell did he not realize. I think I might have even let out a "yip" of some kind with that first ejaculation. My hands, one on each of his legs, gripped his quadriceps—hard.

No way in hell he didn't see—and feel—what was happening. I was humping his leg and coming in my underwear. You're gonna have to trust me on this one, but I totally started seeing stars.

I leaned forward, steadying myself by taking my left hand off his extended, flexing leg and putting both of my palms on his dry docked one (to return to the ocean liner metaphor). Unintelligible noises must have escaped my lips. I don't know for sure.

"You like feeling my muscles?" he asked softly, chewing on the reed. Was he somehow unconscious?! Totally unaware of what was going on around him? Was he blind?!

I was out-of-control squirting semen into my underwear, and the fucker was...like...doing his taxes in his mind, or something.

“Holy fuck,” I squeaked. This orgasm was just as considerable as the first, if not more intense because of the intermittent jerking discharges. I pushed myself back into an erect position (my back, guys; everything else was already erect you dildos) and returned my left hand to the earthquake that was the RMS *Titanic* (his left leg). Do NOT start on me! I was in such a state of delirium that I felt totally justified in mixing my metaphors.

My cock spewed new, warm milk into my shorts to mix with the previous accumulation. I renewed my fondling of both his legs. It was the most erotic, sensual experience I’ve ever experienced. Or, even... experienced.

When I squirted my last dribble into my shorts, I knew I had to think quickly. Something had to be said, or done or something...to cover up, as best I could, this extremely embarrassing social faux pas. Miss Manners would have been beside herself.

“You must...attract a lot of attention around the barracks,” I said as casually as I could. “I mean, all of you are built like brick shit houses...but...”

He smiled. “Yeah, I got the idea you fitness scouts liked what you saw....” Was he truly not aware of what had happened? A *second* time now?

“But I doubt many of the other guys in your squad have legs like this,” I said, clearing my throat.

And he just kept chewing on the grass.

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

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

I lifted my eyebrows. I looked back down at his legs, and at the leg that was growing in his running shorts. *GodDamn*, the thing was thickening—and lengthening.

I considered my options. My most intense—and cogent—feeling was to get up, wish the dude a good day, and run for the hills. But that was strictly coming from my brain. My penis, even in its spent and depleted state, had other ideas.

I continued playing with his legs.

Moving my palms and fingers in a languid, hopefully-comfortable pattern, I slipped my hands all over his giant quads in ever-expanding circles. The peak of said circles got closer and closer to the hem of his shorts. And funny thing was, the farther my fingertips moved up his bent, left leg, the longer his dong moved downward toward that same hem.

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

The man *had* to be going commando. His dick was growing so hard and long, right down his left leg, that there was no way that it was being restrained by any jock strap or anything.

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

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

With every movement of my hands, he got harder and harder. I kept on, slowly moving my hands over his rippling, big quads. And his shaft kept growing. In fact...holy shit! There it was! From my angle, I could see the very tip of his cock head. His piss slit was oozing pre-cum! I could see his dick head!

I squeezed his leg between my excuses for legs, and pressed my crotch against his knee.

I kept staring at the lengthening python in his shorts. It was so obvious what was happening. He was getting hard...because of me. I was actually having an effect on this mountain of muscle! Whether it

was because I showed an obvious interest in his physique, or whether it was more just my hands, I don't know. But it didn't matter.

The guy was getting hard—because of me.

But then he looked off into the tall grass, almost as if he was bored. The guy was getting hard and he acted like his mind was on Saturn. But his hard, immense legs were right under my trembling, worshipping hands. And his lengthening, thickening monster cock was only inches from my fingertips... getting closer and closer with each innocent pass of my hand. Yeah, right. *Innocent*.

The hand movements became decidedly *not* innocent in the next moment: I allowed the tip of my finger to slip so close to his cock helmet that I actually touched it. I made like nothing happened. He didn't react either. When I pulled my hand back, the tip of my finger was wet with his pre-cum. I swore then and there I would never wash the tip of that finger again.

He said something about my forearms. And something, I think, about liking the feel of my hands on his legs...but it took a few minutes for it to register. I could only respond with, "Thanks. But it's nothing compared to how nice your legs feel to me."

He gave a small smile.

I looked down at his cock again. "Fuck, I can't believe how big you're getting."

"Yeah," he said, "I guess your hands are kind of making me hard." He casually rolled the grass with his teeth.

"Do you want me to stop? To stop touching...to stop this? I can stop if you want."

He took his casual time in answering. Did this happen to him all the time? Guys rubbing his legs, teasing the tip of his cock? He nonchalantly looked me in the eyes: "Nah, you're good." Holy fucking fuck. The guy was so smooth.

His demeanor may have been smooth, but the rippling mounds and bulges on his legs were anything but. My hands were traveling up and down over moguls of defined muscle. If not for that third eye poking down at me from under his shorts, I would have been over-the-moon in muscle lust. But of course, there was more than mere quad muscle going on here. Much more.

"I can't believe I'm doing this." I couldn't help but stare at the growing boner in his shorts. "Your legs are unbelievable! So huge! And so hard!"

"Thanks."

"And so...do you ever show 'em, to prove it?" I asked while my hands continued their research.

"Show 'em?"

"Yeah...do you show 'em? To prove to people who question the...you know... the twelve?"

"Not usually," he said, laughing. "I figure I don't have to prove anything."

"Yeah, definitely not," I said. My eyes moved back down to his crotch. "I mean...you know...your muscles...they're so hard...and awesome. I can't imagine..." I could spend years in this position, looking at, and feeling his leg muscles, and his crotch. "I can't imagine what it would be like...what it would be like, to see it."

He was definitely content to let me probe every ripple, indentation, vein and mound. It felt fucking awesome.

He got a quirky expression. "See it?" He seemed innocently ignorant. "See..." He paused for a moment. "See...what?"

I looked intently at his crotch. "I'm sorry," I confessed. "I was just wondering... what it must look like." My mouth was so dry. "Your cock. It looks huge right there, in your running shorts." I shook my head. "I just wondered...I'm sorry, that's probably not appropriate 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." Fuck. I wanted this man to be my daddy.

“Well, what I was...wondering...was going to ask...was that I wonder, you know, what it looks like. When you take off your...” I drew a deep breath, still feeling out his leg. In fact, I brought my other hand into the mix. So both of my hands were feeling out his upper leg muscles. “I mean...you know...I’m sorry. It’s just that, fuck...”

“I’m sorry...what were you saying?”

“I was just wondering...I dunno...but... when you do, where is it?”

“Where is it?” he asked.

“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....”

He laughed. “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 kept running my hands over his legs, and there were more brief encounters between my fingertip and his wet helmet.

“And then he’ll look at my cock, and cuss or something,” he chuckled. “It’s usually pretty entertaining.”

I 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’.”

Damn, I wanted to see more of this man. You’d think, after enduring two uncontrollable, spontaneous orgasms, I’d be satisfied and fulfilled. But Luke’s body didn’t work that way. The more you saw—and felt—the more you wanted more.

I kept feeling his legs, and he kept getting harder.

“Yeah, I bet that’s true,” I said. “So, how do you decide? To, you know...who you want to show it to?”

“All depends. I guess it depends on how curious someone really is.”

My hands continued to move, slowly, up and down—and around—his legs. “Oh,” I said. I’m not sure I was picking up what he was putting down.

“And on...you know...how friendly and nice someone is. Good looking doesn’t hurt either,” he winked. “But usually, like if I’m in the shower with a dude,” he continued, “I don’t mind letting a guy look. I don’t turn away or anything.” He 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,” he chortled. “Sometimes it’s kinda fun to be a bit of a showoff, you know?”

Damn, yeah. The question was, did he want to show off...to *me*? “Yeah,” I said, piercing his shorts with my stare.

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

“Oh.”

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

“Holy fuck.” I felt my face flush again.

“That’s cool,” he reassured. “I’m glad. And you really have some nice hands. Some really nice hands. I like feeling them...when you touch me. Feels nice.”

I rubbed his legs up and down, over and under. Damn, every single stroke seemed to make him harder, thicker, and longer.

“Do you like feeling my muscles like this?” he asked. “Have you felt other guys’ muscles before?”

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

He smiled and nodded. Yeah, there was no chance and I'd felt—or even seen—someone as big and ripped as him. He spread his legs apart a bit more.

"Damn, I wouldn't mind being hung like you are," I said gazing at his growing bulge. Fuck. Who says things like that? "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," he said. "Sometimes it can be a real pain in the ass."

"Oh, I'll bet," I chuckled. That was cool—that he could make jokes at a time like this.

My fingers moved up his leg again. His cock was so hard and long now that the head was actually sticking out of the leg of his running shorts. Holy fuck! I mean, seriously. His cock had grown down his shorts, along his upper leg, and you could actually see about half of the helmet *right there*. Holy hell.

I think this might have been the point of no return. He certainly wasn't going to be able to calm that thing down without some help. It would only be a matter of minutes—maybe *less* than a minute—before all of the head, and a good portion of his veiny, thick shaft would poke out from the leg of his shorts.

He looked very at ease. The guy's enormous cock was snaking out from under his shorts, and he acted like nothing was happening.

We were somewhere between Point A and Point B, but I don't know where. And I had no idea how or when we were going to arrive at our destination. New York was so far off. Southampton was nowhere in sight. And those pesky icebergs kept floating right by us. The best, most sensible, thing would be to call "All Stop" and just shut all of this down. But no. This ship was going on all burners. Full speed ahead.

Still, I needed to catch my breath. I pulled my hand back, down toward his knee. "How do you guys get to look like this? Like you do? With all these muscles?" I asked raking my eyes over his bare upper body.

"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," he said. "There's more, but it's top secret. I could tell you, but I'd have to kill you," he winked. Again with the subtle joking. So hot.

"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." I continued to feel out his leg; I continued to occasionally touch the tip of his wet cock.

"Maybe I can help you out with that," he said.

"That'd be awesome."

I stared down at his cock head. You could see almost all of the helmet now. Okay, break time was over. I moved my hand over his mountainous quad. Upward. Then, when the tip of my finger met the tip of his cock, I stopped.

Our eyes met.

I moved my fingertip onto the head of his cock. I moved my finger over it. To the right, then to the left.

"Would you like to see me work out?" he asked. "I kind of get the idea that you'd like to see all of my muscles strain and flex."

I brushed his cock head, back and forth. "Yeah," I whimpered.

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

I was finger-fucking his cock. With just the tip of my finger. I added two more fingers into the mix. Enough of his cock was exposed that I could do that, easily. I had three fingers moving over the end of his penis now. There were, easily, two inches of the end of his monster cock sticking down his leg, out of his shorts. And my fingers...three of them anyway...were exploring, and touching, and assessing all of what was exposed. His helmet was firm and warm—yet it gave just a bit when I touched it.

"I don't think you believe me, do you," he 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," I said. I kept brushing the tip of his cock with my fingertips. "But I totally believe whatever you tell me." I gave him an embarrassed, shy smile. "And fuck man. Just fuck." I kept stroking the tip of his bulging cock. And he just let me. "From what I can tell, I totally believe what you're telling me...about how long it is."

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

I nodded.

"Do you really want to look at it?"

I cleared my throat. But my fingertips continued to move over his wet cock head. "Would you let me?" I kept rubbing his 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." He adjusted his position to allow his cock to move down his leg a bit farther. "And you know, maybe you'd like to..." He looked down at my fingers as they moved over the tip of his cock. "Feel all of it. Not just that part. If you wanted."

I stared at my fingers while I moved them over the few inches of his cock that poked out from the end of his shorts.

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

"What?" Shit! I mean, I don't know why that question startled me. But it did. I hadn't thought about that yet. I pulled my hand off his leg. "I dunno..."

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

What were my options here? And why was there any actual question as to what I wanted? "Well...I guess. But I don't know."

I studied the bulge in his shorts, and the exposed part that my fingers had been touching. "I mean, I dunno. I've never let anyone..." I 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. There's no pressure at all."

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

He gave me a comforting smile.

"I get it, Wyatt. And absolutely, we'll take this at your pace, dude. I mean, you are obviously interested in seeing my muscles flex and harden, right? And well, you seemed to be having a bit of fun with the tip of my cock there, right? Honestly, I'd like to give you whatever you want, Wyatt. I'm only going to show you all of my 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. You're just genuinely curious, that's all."

"I mean, your physique...and your cock...it's just so huge...and...but I've never let anyone touch my cock. And I don't know if..." What I truly didn't know was why in hell I was going all shy like this. Of course I wanted him to see my cock. And to touch it. *God—jerk me off, Luke!*

He leaned forward just a bit, and stared me in the eyes. Then he put his hands around my head and got real close. Our foreheads touched. Our lips were like an inch apart. Was he going to kiss me? "Hey, Wyatt. Look at me. I'm not pressuring you to do anything man. Okay? This is all up to you."

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

He pulled back. "All I'm saying is...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." He gave an obvious glance at the erection in my 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, right? You've been practically *raping* my muscle body with your eyes from the moment you first laid eyes on me, dude." He chuckled. "...and now your teenage fingers are playing with my wet, hard cock head like that. And hell, man...I'm not stopping you, right? I'm letting you do whatever you want, right?" He paused, and gave me a comforting smile. "So all I'm saying is, if you want to see all of it, and maybe touch it, 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 could totally do you right here and now, if we were truly alone." He gave a quick glance around.

Oh *MotherOfGod*. He just told me he wanted to have sex with me. What the fuck? Damn. I had a sudden urge to feel all of him. I wanted to have him lay on top of me. To envelop my body with his giant physique and ravish my mouth with kisses and tongue.

"And well, the way you're playing with me right now, and getting me all hard and stuff right now... don't you think I should return the favor? I mean, don't you think you might enjoy having a big muscle stud touch you? Down there? Maybe make you all hard? Maybe make your cock drip with pre-cum like you're doing to me?"

"Well...."

"Well...." I cleared my throat. "When you put it that way...." I put my hand back on his bare quadriceps.

"It's only fair, man."

I evaluated his insanely muscled 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," he nodded. He glanced down at his leg—and his penis head, sitting there on his fuckin' ripped and huge quad muscles.

"I can only imagine that you really want to see it, right?"

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

He smiled. I stared at the bulge running down his shorts leg. I stared at my fingers, which had now resumed playing with the tip of his cock.

"You must really want to see it."

I nodded.

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

What the fuck? I thought we'd decided this was a "go"! Was he having second thoughts? Had he finished teasing me, playing me like a fiddle, and now he was going to beat me to a pulp for being a gay dude who lusted after him? Was this it? Was my life, as I knew it, now over?

I started to take my hand off his leg again, but he put his hand on top of it and kept it there. He smiled. "What I mean is that we should arrange to get together some other time, Wyatt. I'm a bit uneasy...if someone should stumble upon us...me, opening my pants so you could see my cock and all."

Maybe he was sincere. He sure *seemed* sincere.

I looked down at it again. "So..." I started back in, "is it as thick as it looks? 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 his dick had sent me back into a kind of delirium. "Like, are there all these veins on it that stick out all over?" I asked. "I mean, fuck."

He laughed. "Yeah," he said, "It's thick. You have no idea." He looked down at his crotch and said, "Right now, it's all constrained by my shorts. It's a lot thicker than it looks."

"Holy hell."

He held a hand up and curled his fingers into a big, open circle. "That wouldn't fit around it."

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

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

"Damn. 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?"

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

I shrugged, trying to appear 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, something overcame me. I don't have any idea where it came from, but I suddenly felt so bold and brave that I put my hand square in the center of his crotch. I rotated my hand so my fingers were pointing down, and I slowly slid it onto the bulge in his running shorts. I squeezed slightly. "Fuck. I think you're right. It feels huge." There was no way my hand could actually contain it.

I was struck with amazement. I was touching his muscle god's enormous crotch, and he wasn't doing anything to stop me. In fact, he spread his legs more, to give me better access.

I squeezed it again. I slipped my hand down and gripped his constrained balls. I couldn't believe he was letting me do this! I pulled my hand back up and turned it so I could rub the length of his swelling shaft in his shorts leg. "Damn. I didn't think something like this was possible! Yeah, you're right. Everything on you is enormous." I rubbed his shaft up and down numerous times, staring him down between glances at my hand on his most personal place. "Fuck, it'd be amazing to see it. And to feel it... you know, to measure it." I squeezed it again. "Damn, your cock just doesn't even seem possible." I looked at his upper body. "But then, none of you seems possible."

"It's possible," he said. "As your hand can tell.... But, maybe...just not here, son."

I pulled off abruptly. "I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to...I guess that was...that was innappro...." But then, my hand returned to his quad and resumed its languid, sensual worship of his leg. "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 doubt you've seen anything at all like it in the showers, son."

My pulse was racing. "Oh, I didn't mean that. I didn't mean to...to imply...."

He laughed. God, I could watch this man laugh all day long. "I get it, son. I'm just messing with you. You seem pretty sincere," he continued, "and you're obviously interested in physical fitness and bodybuilding." He gave me a wink and added, "And the way you keep undressing me with your eyes, it goes without saying that you like big muscles."

I felt my cheeks warm.

"And 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? You know, maybe, when I get a pass to go off base, we could arrange for me to show it to you."

"Yeah." I tried to hide my disappointment. Damn, I 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?"

Both my hands were back at work on now—my left one on his extended, continuously-flexing quad, and my right one, moving between his crotch and his exposed helmet. How was it possible to get all worked up like this—both of us—and just put the brakes on?

"Would you like...to see me without any clothes? For me to flex all of my muscles for you? Naked? So you could see everything?"

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

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

My heart was ringing in my ears. I was having to take deep breaths.

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

I kept alternating between hot and cold flashes. I was really starting to sweat.

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

I 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."

I nodded.

"Damn." He licked his lips and gave a sly smile. "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?"

I didn't say anything. But yeah, right now, surrounded by what seemed like gallons of my spent jizz, it was as hard as it had ever been in my entire life.

"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." He chuckled.

I continued to touch his crotch. *Dude, you've almost got me going...again, just with your words!*

"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 have me suck you off while you feel all of my muscles? My tongue is pretty strong, too," he 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?"

I was definitely getting light-headed

"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—" I 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?" He adjusted his stance, pushing his crotch against my hand, and his knee against my 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?"

I was near tears. "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." He leaned forward and our lips met. He pushed his tongue inside my mouth.

If not for the limitations of my body, I would have started ejaculating—a third time. But I simply could not put out any more fluid, at the moment anyway. Regardless, I nearly convulsed while his tongue explored my mouth.

We must have kissed for a whole minute. Maybe two. "Damn, I love your mouth, Wyatt," he said, pulling back. "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."

I mumbled something unintelligible.

"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." My eyes moved all over his 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."

He chuckled. "I promise you, son. It's no brag."

"I know. So, would you want to?"

He inhaled deeply, and his mighty chest expanded. He let the air out slowly. He was giving it some thought. "I suppose...maybe I could. Just a peek."

God I just totally wanted him to pull off his shorts, and flex his naked muscles for me. And maybe he'd let me touch it too.

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

He turned back to me. "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?"

Easy question. "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."

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

Involuntarily, I squeezed his leg between mine. "Guilty as charged, I guess."

He shoved himself to his feet and my hands fell away from his quads.

"Holy fuck! Your quads! Their fucking enormous. They bulged and rippled all over hell when you stood up!"

His cock shaft snaked down his leg; even more of it was visible now.

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

His shorts clung like a second skin, revealing the bulk and outline of his cock.

He slowly peeled his shorts down off his hips and butt.

I was nearly licking my lips as I watched him open his shorts to me.

He took his time. Damn, he was a tease. He knew what he was doing, that's for sure. He pulled it out, inch-by-inch. He had to push his shorts half way down his thighs before his swollen cock swung free.

Now, for the first time, I saw it. All of it. And I could abso-fucking-lutely not believe my eyes. Just. Fucking. Enormous: Long, and thick. And beautiful. The epitome of masculine virility. All I could say was, "Wow!" Then again: "Wow! That is huge!" If my cock had been hard up until this point, right now, with Luke's massive member hanging there, I thought my dick was going to fall off. "Holy fuck."

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

And like he had mentioned before, now released from the constraints of his shorts, it got even bigger, and thicker.

I'm sure my eyes were huge. I truly couldn't believe the image that my eyes were sending to my brain.

He lifted his dick forward with one hand to give me a better view. I think I whispered another expletive, then just stared at it while he showed it to me. He moved it around and let me see his low-hanging balls; he turned it slightly, then gave himself a small stroke.

He put his hand under, and behind it, letting me see it from different angles. I know I cussed more than once.

"Do you like it?"

"Fuck. Holy shit. Fuck," I whispered. "It's amazing."

"You like looking at it?"

"Absolutely," I said. "It's just like you said: I'm seeing it, but I don't believe it."

He chuckled. "I get that a lot."

He gave himself another long, slow stroke. The shaft was getting longer and thicker—not totally erect yet, but definitely getting hard. It looked goddamn hot.

"You like looking at it. A lot. Don't you," he said, rotating it to the side slowly, then back. He was making sure to display all of its girth and length to me. He hefted his balls up to give me 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," he said.

"I would absolutely love that," I said with a raspy voice. "This is awesome. That you're letting me look." After another minute of me just staring at him while he displayed himself to me, I came up with the nerve to ask, "Do you think I could touch it? I mean, it just looks like it must be really heavy. Its just so goddamn big! Would it be okay? ...if I touched it? I'm just curious if it's as heavy as it looks."

He glanced over his shoulder once again. "Well, I guess," he finally said. "I suppose if you wanted to touch it for just a sec." Then he held it out to me.

"Fuck, man!" My trembling fingers moved onto it. I rubbed it for a moment, then I hefted it out of his hand and tested its weight. It quickly became obvious this was going to be a two-hand operation. I have pretty big hands, but still, his cock and balls overflowed them. I squeezed it, then moved it around, assessing it carefully.

He let me play around with it. I couldn't believe this was happening. I had, in my hands, the most beautiful thing on Earth.

"Do you like touching it?"

"Fuck yeah. Holy fuck. It's the most amazing thing I've ever seen," I said. "I...I've never imagined anything like..."

He 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 my hands slipped around it. Over and under it.

"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." I stared down at my hand holding it. "I can't imagine being able to touch it like this...for...hours."

"It's yours if you want it," he said.

Those were the most beautiful words I think I've ever heard.

Damn, he was really getting harder. I could feel his heartbeat in it as it got more and more erect. I squeezed it gently, caressing it, petting it. I lifted it, testing its weight again. Then—and this was *so* freakin' hot—he pulled his arms back and assumed the "at ease" position, with both hands behind his ass, and let me fondle his growing cock all I wanted.

It was the first time I'd actually touched another guy. I mean, here. His cock. And holy hell, there was no way on Earth...I mean...I kind of felt like I'd been ruined for life now. No way on Earth that I would ever find another...I mean, everything after Luke's cock was going to be...anemic.

Damn, his cock was responding fast. I tickled it with open palms and soft, gentle fingers. I didn't squeeze it harshly, although I did tighten my grip on it a couple of times—testing to see how strong it was. Mostly, though, I just moved my hands over and under it. I swear, it was the most precious, fragile—yet strong—thing on the planet.

"If I keep holding it, do you think I could get it all the way hard?" I 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 shrugged, "Sure. If you want."

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

He remained in place.

I loosely moved my hand over and under it. And it grew harder. Holy fuck...not even in my dreams had I thought this was possible. I was so into his muscles. I was horny as hell. By the time his cock was all the way hard, he was leaking like a sieve.

"Damn. I can't believe how big you are. Holy fucking *dayuuumn*, this thing is awesome." I stroked him slowly, all the way up, then all the way down. I looked him in the eyes and asked, "Is it alright if I stroke it like this?"

He said nothing.

"Because, fuck." I 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 fu.... This is unbelievable."

It continued to grow: thicker and longer. And with each of his heartbeats—felt in my hand, I melted.

"Fuck. Hell, I could rub this thing all night long." I was totally enamored with it, and also, of course, with his body. His ginormous, rippling muscles were competing with his cock for my attention. I continued to stroke him slowly. Fuck, was he going to let me give him 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," he said. "Would you like that? Maybe we could just lie next to each other, and I would let you stroke it and make it nice and hard. All night long."

"Damn," I whimpered. "You have no idea how much I would love that." I must have stroked him for a few minutes. While I did it, I asked, "Do you think...would it be okay if I felt your muscles, while I touch your cock? Right now?" I paused my hand mid-shaft; damn, his pulse was strong. "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...."

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

I think I almost had a coronary. "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!" I moved one hand onto his relaxed upper arm while I stroked his full erection with the other. "I can't believe I'm standing so close to all these muscles—and actually feeling them." My other hand squeezed his arm muscles, and he flexed them, pushing back against my palm.

I think I was dry-squirting into my pants again. It was hard to tell, but I know my cock was throbbing and vibrating at regular intervals. When I put my hand on his chest and began to survey his beefy, hard pecs, it for-sure pulsed uncontrollably. His chest was indescribable. There are no words.

He rolled his chest muscles under my hand. I think I worshipped his upper body for ten minutes: Chest, arms, shoulders, lats, abs...and all the while my other hand stroked his throbbing dick. Up and down, slowly. He was gurgling out so much pre-come I couldn't believe it. It dribbled all over my hand. I

sloshed him up and down real good. This was, without a doubt the hottest moment of my life. Probably the hottest moment I would ever have in my life.

I looked down at his enormous cock in my hand. He'd been right about how thick it was. My fingers couldn't close around half of it. "Is it okay if I...well...is it okay if I taste it?" I asked, stopping my stroking and squeezing while I stared down at his thick, long, veiny erection. "Can I?"

"You sure?" he asked.

I nodded.

"You want to lick my cock?"

"Yeah."

He glanced back toward the clearing and the other side of the woods. We were definitely alone. He looked at me and shrugged again. "Might as well. Yeah, go ahead."

"Oh, man. Thanks." I slowly lowered my body. While I dropped to my knees, I moved my one hand down his magnificent abs, then lower. I wrapped both hands around his enormous cock—it was so fucking big. Most of it still stuck out of my 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," I said. With that, I opened my mouth, stuck my tongue out, and slowly began to lick it.

I could hear him, through gritted teeth, stifling a grunt. I think every muscle in his body tensed. I made like I was some kind of puppy dog lapping up milk...or some little kid licking up a big popsicle.

"You like licking it?" Despite his initial groan when my tongue met his shaft, the dude was still in control. This was supposed to be all about *him* feeling *my* tongue on his cock...about the experience *he* was having—yet he was asking *me* if I liked licking it.

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

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

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

"Feels great, kid. It's nice."

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

The hottest thing was the veins. They stuck out. I mean, *really* stuck out, all over. He'd been right: I'd never seen—or felt—anything like his veiny shaft. They ran up and down and around it; whenever I encountered one, my tongue felt like it was a car driving over a fire hose in the street.

Then I went down on him. *Oh mother-of-sweet Jesus!*

He moaned loudly, but he caught himself and abruptly stifled it. The fact that I was giving this muscle god such pleasure made my heart skip a beat! I put my hands on his rippling quadriceps; they were actually trembling!

After a minute or so of my lips going up and down his impossible shaft, he inhaled deeply and asked, "You like sucking on my cock?"

Again, it was about *my* experience more than his.

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

He shrugged. "Sure, if you want to." The fucker'd demeanor—always total control—was so smooth.

I went back down on him. I may not have done anything with a guy before, but hell...this came so naturally. I sucked him off, sometimes hard and fast...sometimes gentle and slow.

After a few minutes I decided to take a brief break. I wrapped both arms around one of his thighs, and began kissing and licking his leg muscles. "God, I love your legs. It's like hugging a tree."

"Thanks," he said.

I went back to licking his shaft again, and it almost made me shiver with pleasure. Fuck, I could do this any time of day. All day. And twice on Sundays.

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

Oh shit. Had I just suggested that I wanted him to fuck me? It just came out! But yeah. Damn, that’d be awesome. “Have you ever fucked a guy?” I asked between slurps on his cock.

“No, I never did anything with a guy, before now,” he said. I couldn’t believe that. The man was obviously gay. I mean not obviously—as in a flamer or being effeminate. God damn, Luke was *anything* but effeminate. But not too many straight guys place themselves in circumstances like this. How was it that I was his first? Just not possible. I decided to challenge him on that at a later time.

I went back to sucking his dick. He started to push into me, fucking my mouth. Such a beautiful, extremely big phallus! I gave it everything I had—which was no effort at all as far as work goes; it was mighty difficult as far as containment goes. Hell, I wanted to make sure he was enjoying this. So yeah, I worked him as good as I could.

He stood with his hands still clenched behind his back, and I just kept on moving my thick, red pouting lips, wrapped around the girth of his cock, sliding up and down along the shaft. I listened to his soft, whimpering moans of pleasure. Occasionally I looked up at his face; sometimes his head was tipped back in ecstasy—his eyes closed; sometimes our eyes met and locked, and I got the recurring signal that he was in total control.

“Do you wanta fuck me?” I asked when I pulled up once. “I mean, damn. I can’t imagine what it would feel like to have this thing up my ass.” Holy hell. My heart was pounding in my chest.

“Aww...yeah...I do,” he moaned.

Maybe losing just a *bit* of that self control, Corporal?

“Right now? I mean, you wouldn’t have to last long; I could get you off real quick with my ass,” I smiled. I had totally gone off the cliff. And it had happened so quickly! How I went from stammering, stuttering, trembling Wyatt-the-Terrified—timid and shy as a mouse—to looking up at this muscle monster and asking him to fuck me...well, I have no idea.

“You’re gonna accomplish that with your mouth,” he said breathlessly.

“Maybe we’ll have to do that some other time, then?” At that moment, I realized I would never be afraid of anything again. I had become fearless, assertive and bold. And I fuckin’ loved it. Lucas Tanner had given me total confidence, and there was no turning back to my previous timid existence.

“Absolutely,” he said. His breathing was getting labored. He liked what I was doing, and my heart leapt at the concept.

I went back to sucking his dick. I made sure to make loud, slurping sounds.

He put his hands on my head and shoulder to encourage me on. I increased the intensity of my movements up and down his veiny shaft. I was devouring his cock like a hungry wolf on raw meat. I felt his heart pounding in his organ. It didn’t take me more than a couple of minutes to push him to the edge.

“You’re getting me close,” he gasped with hoarse breathiness.

I about passed out from the intense pleasure of giving him this blowjob. Suddenly, he was past the point of no return. But I could feel him resisting, trying to delay it. The pressure was multiplying exponentially every second—I could tell.

Then, in a *totally-nuts* display of flexing, tightening, bulging muscle, he lifted his hands off me and placed them behind his head. He’d reached the boiling point. I looked up to see every muscle, bone, organ, and vein in his body tightening into solid rock. His massive, astonishingly ripped muscle body was just an unbelievable sight to behold.

“I’m gonna shoot,” he hissed. But I already knew it was coming. “Awwww...awww, *FUCK*, I’m coming!”

His cock swelled even bigger. His entire body froze. His face was contorted into a tight squeeze—his eyes were closed. He was on the verge of hyperventilating. I was breathing so hard through my nose—working and working his cock—that I could feel my nostrils flare with each heavy, quick breath.

On his cock, my lips and tongue felt his load begin to gush up through his urethra. I braced myself, and then.... An *explosion* of jizz blasted out of his shaft. I'd never experienced anything like it. It felt like a rocket going off. Lava-hot semen hit the back of my throat so hard that I was glad I had my tonsils out as a child. This would have ripped them off for sure. The things you think about. My mouth quickly filled. To overflowing. I couldn't swallow fast enough—partly because I was fighting to *not* gag, partly because of the sheer volume of his salty, hot milk.

I choked—and did indeed gag—but held onto his cock like a true scout should. My arms tightened around his upper legs and ass; I was trying to keep from being blown backwards from the impact of his ejaculations.

He looked down and saw that his cum was running out the corners of my mouth, and down my chin and neck. He pushed on my shoulders, trying to push me back. I figured he thought he was saving my life or something. But there was no way I was going to abandon the task at hand. I hung onto his thighs for dear life. I was going to finish the job I'd started.

Finally, he was drained. He didn't get soft afterwards, and I continued to lick and suck. I swallowed as much as I could.

I took advantage of Luke's exhaustion by forcing him down into my throat; I swallowed him as far as I could.

"Ohh, shit!" he moaned, and spurted out some more come into my throat.

He tightened his grip on my shoulders and eased me back. It was an awesome sight, watching his cock pull out of my mouth, inch after inch; so damned many inches I swore it was still growing bigger. I locked my lips tightly around the helmet rim to hold the head in my mouth as long as I could. I suckled on it, vacuuming out the very last vestiges of his cum. His head was so hard, yet pliable as my tongue manipulated it. Finally it popped free.

There was semen running down my chin and neck. "Damn!" I grinned. I wiped the lines and globs of cum off my chin then wiped my hand on my shorts, leaving a whitish streak on the dark blue fabric where it didn't soak in. I leaned in, took his dick again, and sucked out a spot of cum that had emerged late. As long as I lived, I would never, ever, forget the feeling of having him in my mouth.

We both worked on cleaning up.

"Thanks," I said, shoving myself to my feet.

"Shit, don't thank me. Thank you," he said. "I gotta get back." He glanced nervously over the tall grass. "I'm sorry, I'll have to wait till we meet up to return the favor, man."

Was he serious? He truly, actually did not know that I'd come?! Twice?! He felt bad about that? I hid a smile. If he felt obligated to get together again, and reciprocate—even though the orgasm tally was, unbeknownst to him, already in my favor—who was I to argue?

He forced his cock back into his running shorts; it took him a few tries to get everything back in. Then, sadly, he pulled his shirt back on.

I pulled a pen out of my shirt pocket, and grabbed Luke's hand. I wrote my cell number on his palm. "Call me," I smiled.

We left the woods and walked back to the clearing. The other guys were standing around talking with other scouts. We walked up to the rest of the guys all casual as you please. Quick, knowing glances were shared between some of us.

Us scouts would come back to that forest meadow many times during that summer. And we'd almost always find the Marines there, waiting for us. But for Luke and me...well, let's just say he took me under his wing. Even though we met up whenever everyone got together in the meadow, Luke decided he wanted to mentor me on a more frequent basis, in a more private setting.

[The End]



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

Please click the following address to send me a message:

sean@seanreidscott.com

Also, please make sure to visit my websites:

musclestimulus.com

&

seanreidscott.com

This story is based on—and much of it is directly taken from—Peterbilt's
[THE MARINES AND THE SCOUTS](#). :)



This story is ©© 2019 Sean Reid Scott
under the **Creative Commons** Copyright thingy.