

# **IN BED WITH A BODYBUILDER**

A SHORT LITTLE STORY JUST FOR FUN

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*THE DISCLAIMER: The characters in this story are played by professional, fictional actors and are not intended to represent, mirror, or allude to any real people. Any similarities with actual people are unintentional, inadvisable, inadmissable, and unbelievable.*

*THE MORAL IMPLICATIONS: This story contains vivid descriptions of homosexual encounters. It includes SEX ACTS BETWEEN MEN, and is thus intended for ADULTS ONLY. There's lurid, kinky sex here. HOMO SEX. It's prolly straight out of HELL, if you're inclined to hold the religious perspective. Really, this story is not for those who button the collar tightly. If you can't stomach this kind of smut, skedaddle. Likewise if you're under 18.*

TRENT LAY IN THE HUGE BED, on his side, trying desperately to act nonchalant. Cooper would be exiting the master suite's bathroom any minute, and Trent wasn't about to communicate what he was feeling and thinking.

What he was feeling was more excitement than he'd ever experienced—excitement in his rapidly-beating heart, and excitement in his already-stiff cock. What he was thinking was: Don't let on! Don't do anything that will give him reason to be upset! Further, he was frantically wondering how in hell he'd gotten into this situation. It was a situation that fantasies are made of, yes... but it was so unbelievable that Trent kept wanting to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming.

Cooper Hansen, the owner of the king bed in which Trent now lay, was the man of Trent's fantasies. Trent had a catalog of stats and information about Cooper—a catalog that took up a large corner of Trent's brain. Cooper was Trent's older brother's best friend. They (Cooper and Mike) had been

besties since they'd been in grade school. Now, though, Mike was stationed in Afghanistan, and Cooper was a law student at the local university. Cooper and Mike were 23.

Trent was 19. He was 19, but he looked more like 16. "135 pounds sopping wet," Coop would chuckle when talking about Trent's build. Yeah, Trent was small. When he stood next to Cooper's six-foot-five frame, he barely came up to the big man's shoulders. And actually, it was comical to see them together. Not only was Coop literally heads-and-shoulders taller than Trent, he easily weighed 100 pounds more than the little guy. And Trent was not only little, he was shy and timid—especially around big guys like Cooper.

But when Mike left for the Middle East, somehow—and Trent still hadn't figured out how—Cooper pretty-much befriended Trent, in a way that made it feel like Trent had replaced his older brother in Coop's social life. It was mind-boggling, but Trent wasn't about to think it through too much. He was going to ride the infatuation train as long as he could.

See, Trent was gay. Out to only two or three people he'd known in high school. No one in his family knew. If they did, it'd probably be okay; he knew their thinking. Still, in Trent's mind, if his gayness wasn't all that embarrassing, the fact that he was hopelessly in to muscle guys was. He was embarrassed that he lusted—day and night—for big, lean, muscled men. Men like Cooper. In fact, Trent's older brother's bestie was the man of Trent's dreams. A "walking wet dream" as they say. A jizz maker, as far as Trent was concerned. And Trent did make jizz—a lot of it—over Cooper.

AdultsBestReadCoop was not only huge, but he was unbelievably lean. His broad shoulders and thick chest were amazingly contrasted by his incredibly narrow hips. The whole effect was that of a bulging bodybuilder, with huge arms and massive legs, all pulled together in the center of his physique at his tight, muscled waist. It was a look that gave Trent the shivers whenever he saw Coop. Literally, he never got over seeing Cooper. Every time he looked at Cooper, it was no less stimulating than the previous time he saw the gorgeous hunk. And yes, Coop was not only muscle-to-the-extreme, he was the kind of gorgeous that should be on magazine covers. Square jaw, jet-black hair, eyes that looked like the sun was reflecting off a deep blue ocean. Knee-weakening good looks. And muscle.

And all of that pulchritude was brushing his teeth on the other side of the door from where Trent was laying. Trent shivered at that fact and pulled the covers up tight around his neck, staring at the wall opposite from the bathroom so his back would be facing Coop when he emerged. How had this scene even happened?

Well, as it turns out, it happened innocently enough.

Since Mike's departure six months earlier, Coop had taken Trent under his wing, as it were. Trent didn't know if Mike had given Coop instructions to "take care of my little brother while I'm gone," or not, but for whatever reason, Coop had started initiating contact with Trent right after Mike's deployment.

Trent was still beside himself with wonder at that. It's not like Cooper had been mean—or even aloof—to Trent before Mike left, but when Mike had gone away, the big guy really started calling Trent up and well, the two just started hanging together, just like Mike and Coop did when he was home. Now, they talked every day, either in person, in text, or on the phone. And the convos weren't about anything in particular. It was apparent that Coop just liked Trent! And Trent was beside himself with appreciation for that fact.

Anyway, how they got here—with Trent sleeping in the same bed as Coop: Admittedly, alcohol had played its part in setting the scene. Not that Trent was plastered or anything. And neither was Cooper, for that matter. But the two men had spent the evening on Cooper's couch watching some action movie, drinking, and by the time they were ready to hit the sack, neither of them felt like they should be driving.

So, Coop told Trent to spend the night. It actually wasn't the first time this had happened. But the time before, Trent had taken Coop's living room couch. This time, though, Coop had insisted that Trent come into his bedroom. "You complained all the next morning about my couch," Coop had said, "and besides, even though I'm a big guy, there's plenty of room in my bed for you." Cooper had smiled down at Trent's small frame: "It's not like I'll probably even know you're there, Little T."

Trent had argued that the couch would do just fine, thank you very much, but Cooper had won out. “Naw, come on, T, don’t be a hard ass. You’re not sleeping on the couch.”

Trent gave in—not that the prospect of sharing a bed with his Jizz Maker was a difficult proposition—and now, he wasn’t being a hard ass, he he was being a hard cock. And even though the prospect of sharing Cooper’s bed wasn’t an unpleasant one, it, of course, scared the hell out of him.

There were innumerable possibilities that could lead to Trent being outed. And not merely outed, but outed as a man who was hopelessly infatuated by the muscle god whose bed he shared. Trent’s mind rattled off scenario after scenario: What would happen if Trent came in Coop’s bed? And the possibility that that might indeed happen, even by accident, loomed large. What would Trent do to clean up Coop’s sheets without him knowing about the discharge? What if, in his sleep, Trent rolled over and got all snuggly? Or maybe even in the moments just before sleep, when all the grogginess overcomes, and you do things you’re not totally aware of? Talking in his sleep? Trent didn’t know if he did or didn’t, but he didn’t really want to find out tonight.possibilities

Trent shuddered at the situation in which he found himself.

Yet, the possibility of actually sleeping next to this muscle god—it wasn’t something he could even think about abandoning. It was, indeed, the culmination of his masturbating fantasies: seeing Cooper lying next to him in bed, and indeed, seeing the man, just a few minutes ago, wearing almost nothing!

When Trent himself had come out of the bathroom (he had kept his clothes on so as to not reveal his growing erection), Cooper was stripped down to what he always wore to bed: just a small string-thong, and a smile. It was enough to make Trent just stand there, wide eyed. Sure, when he’d stayed over before (on the couch) Cooper had walked around like that—coming out to the living room to get something or whatever. So Trent had seen him like that. But as was mentioned, you just don’t ever get used to seeing all of that muscle, basically naked, save for those too-small poser thingys that hugged his half-exposed shaft and balls.

“You gonna give me the back-side treatment all night?” Cooper’s voice startled Trent out of his ruminations.

Trent slowly turned his head. Cooper stood on the other side of the bed, all Mr. Physique and everything, smiling down at his bedmate. Holy fuck. The man was perfection. Especially considering Trent’s proclivity. Muscles everywhere bulged on Cooper’s gorgeous body. His parents had gifted him with the genetics of a god, and Coop had built on that foundation a body that was one-in-a-million. Those broad shoulders were incredible. And even facing front, Cooper’s lats were wide and intimidating. They pushed his football-sized arms out from his torso. Lower, those svelte hips were the epitome of everything Trent loved. Big muscles were good, but if the guy wasn’t lean, well, never mind, okay? Cooper’s enormous body looked to have absolutely no fat at all, although that, of course wasn’t physically possible. Still...

And then there were those powerful, gigantic legs. Obviously, Cooper wasn’t the kind of bodybuilder to skip leg day. Fuckin’ hell, the man was all muscle, all of the time.

Of course, though, Trent’s eyes always returned to Cooper’s pecs. A man’s chest was the most sensual, powerful, erotic statement of all. And Cooper’s statement was something along the lines of: This is what a real man’s chest looks like: bulging, massive globes of pectoral muscle—all covered with a dark, thick—yet not heavy—coating of delicious, masculine, manly hair. It was basically the only part of Cooper’s body that was hirsute; well, that happy trail led down that double-lane, speed-bump-mounded abdominal road to to his pubes. And considering that the skimpy poser thing didn’t even cover the root of his enormous cock, yeah... the pubes were right there, all “How ya’ doin’ Trent?” and everything. Fuck. The only other place that Cooper had hair was on his head, of course, and that was pretty much it.

Trent shuddered again. Did Coop always keep the heat turned down like this? It felt pretty cold. Why else would Trent keep trembling, with goosebumps running all over his body? Yeah, Trent knew it wasn’t the temperature of the room that gave him the shivers. He pulled his eyes away from all that muscle and tried to say something understandable as he rolled back and fixed his eyes on the wall closest to his side: “Oh, well, I guess. I mean... I don’t think I’ve ever... I mean....”

Coop laughed. “No worries, man. I was just messin’ with ya’.” He pulled back the covers on his own side, and Trent felt the bed sink. It suddenly occurred that Coop’s mass was going to create a big indentation in the mattress—a valley that would, all night, pull him downward, toward Cooper’s massive body. Fuckin’ shit.

TF “But you don’t really have to be all cloistered away like that. I don’t know about you, bud, but the beers kinda made me buzzed tonight. And I mean caffeine buzzed, not beer buzzed.”

Trent said nothing. He was definitely buzzed in a caffeine way too, but the reason his heart was about to pound out of his chest was because of fear, excitement and trepidation, not an artificial stimulant.

“How about you?” Cooper asked. “You awake enough to talk?”

What? Cooper did have a tendency to like to convo. But here, in bed, like this... with the musclegod all pretty-much naked and everything, and only inches away... Trent seriously doubted he’d be able to string words together in a coherent manner.

“No?”

Trent remained silent, and still.

Then, to his horror, he felt a hand on his shoulder. Cooper said, “I didn’t think you looked that sleepy, T. You okay?”

Trent gave a, “Yeah. I’m good. Maybe more tired than I look. I dunno.”

Cooper chuckled. Trent heard the bed stand lamp click, and the room went black. After a minute, the moonlight started to trickle in from around the window blinds as his eyes adjusted to the dark.

At that point, Cooper started talking. Yeah, he did like to talk. But he asked questions too. He certainly wasn’t infatuated with hearing his own voice; he just liked to interact. For the next few minutes, the two men talked, and eventually, realizing he was curled up like a terrified mouse next to a big cat, Trent rolled onto his back and fixed his eyes on Cooper’s ceiling while

they talked—making sure to not roll any closer to Coop than he'd been before: on the very edge of the bed—nearly to the point of falling off.

Most of the conversation is still a blur to Trent, but at some point, the topic moved into bodybuilding, weightlifting, exercise and the like. It was at that point, Trent's mind began recording every single word both of them said. It was a conversation Trent would be able to recite by memory, for the rest of his life. Mind you, Trent was still scared as shit, but Coop really put him at ease with his talking, and his genuine interest in Trent. Eventually, Trent felt comfortable enough to respond to Coop with a couple of questions. Cooper was really easy to talk to. And well, exercise and stuff was obviously right up his alley. So Trent decided to take a couple of chances and “steer” the discussion toward... well not actually toward, but maybe around the topic of muscles, bodybuilding, and, well, one bodybuilder in particular: Cooper.

“So, how many contests have you entered?” Trent asked.

“Oh, a bunch. Probably six or seven over the past few years.”

“Really? And how'd you do?”

Cooper chuckled, then answered, “How do you think?”

Trent chuckled back. “Smart ass.”

“Ha. Well, actually I've won four of my contests. The most recent ones. It took a while for me to figure out how to work it. The timing, water retention, and stuff.”

“Wow. That's cool.” He needed to keep asking questions, but they weren't coming.

“Yeah, I like it. Competing is fun. But just being in shape, and being big... it's neat.”

“Yeah, I bet. You are amazing.”

Another chuckle. “Well, thanks, Little T.”

After that, Trent couldn't think of more to ask, and sadly, the conversation started to lag. Maybe the lateness of the hour, and the booze, were taking their toll.

But despite the quiet that began to lengthen between them, it felt like a comfortable silence—like they felt good enough with each other that they could just lay there and “be”. It was really cool, and not for the first time Trent found himself thanking his lucky stars that he had become such good friends with his idol. Cooper was just the coolest dude in the world, and just being with him like this, was the coolest thing in the world.

As they lay there beside each other, they occasionally said something, or asked something of each other... and well, after a while, Trent realized that Cooper had kind of slid closer to him. He hadn't noticed it happening, when it happened, but somehow Cooper had moved. Trent could feel the heat emanating from Coop's body. Then, Cooper rolled onto his side and faced Trent.

In the languid, relaxed atmosphere of just being there with Cooper, Trent's heart rate had slowed down to almost normal. Not anymore. He could feel Cooper's eyes boring into the side of his head. Fuck.

Cooper had one hand tucked comfortably under his pillow; his other hand lay on his hip. “Little T, do you miss Mike?”

Trent thought for a second. His older brother was the last thing on his mind at the moment. “Uh... yeah, I guess so.” He stared straight up at the ceiling.

“It just seems like you two are pretty close.”

“Yeah, even though there's four years between us, I guess we are.” His mind reeled with thoughts. Why was Cooper always so nice? Why was the musclegod lying on his side, staring right at him—nearly naked? Trent's heart pounded in his chest. Trent had the covers pulled up to his neck. His arms were on top of the blankets; his hands were folded on top of his stomach.



Then, Cooper moved his free hand onto Trent's folded hands. "I think that's cool," Cooper said. "I'm not that close with my brothers—but we get along okay. But sometimes I envy Mike and you."

"Oh. Really?"

"Yeah, I guess, kinda. I'm glad Mike and I have been friends for so long. And now... well, now that he's deployed, I'm glad I've gotten to know you too."

"Yeah. Me too."

Cooper's hand moved off Trent's folded ones, upward, onto Trent's chest. Trent was a little guy, but he was tight and lean. His small frame was muscle-packed, although of course you wouldn't even want to mention his build in the same sentence as Cooper's.

What was Coop doing? His hand rested right on Trent's pecs. And he started moving it over them, back and forth. Fuck.

"You're heart's beating pretty fast, buddy," Cooper said calmly. "You okay?" His manner was genuine; there was no deception in his voice.

"Yeah, I guess so. I mean, I think so. Must be the beers or something." Yeah, right. Beer wouldn't make your heart race.

Cooper kept feeling out Trent's little chest. He seemed very gentle. "I remember when I was little, sometimes my mom would rub my back for awhile when she put me to bed. I always liked it."

Trent said nothing. He just stared at the ceiling; the dim moonlight lit up the room a bit.

"I can rub your back if you want," Cooper said, still moving his hand over Trent's chest. "Or, if this feels okay, you can stay on your back."

"Mm... yeah... I guess this is okay."

Cooper's response was to move his hand in bigger circles and lines, back and forth over Trent's chest. Then even downward, toward Trent's still

folded hands. Up and down. Back and forth. Eventually, when Coop's hand met Trent's again, he lifted Trent's hands apart and placed one hand to Trent's side. Trent moved the other hand off his waist as well.

Now Coop had more room to move—more area to cover. His movements were slow and easy. Then... his hand moved down to Trent's waist... and a bit lower. Even though Trent's four-inch hard-on was under the covers, the bulge it created was obvious—especially when the edge of Coop's hand brushed down against the tip of it.

Fuck.

Cooper moved his hand away from it, but the contact had definitely been made. And Cooper had definitely felt that it was erect. He had to. In the next few minutes, Cooper kept feeling out Trent's torso, and the visits lower, to that hard mini-cock, became a regular thing. "I don't think you're relaxing, buddy."

"I... maybe not..."

"Well, the back rub—or in this case, the torso rub—is supposed to relax you. Doesn't seem like it is. Do you want me to stop?"

"Um... I dunno. If you want, I guess. I mean... whatever you want," Trent trembled.

Cooper kept on feeling out Trent; he even took his thumb and finger and pulled on Trent's nipples through the sheet. Holy fuck. In a moment he said, "Tell you what. How about if I lay back and you can give me a rubdown. You can show me how you like it so I can know what you want for later."

Later? We're going to be doing this for awhile?

Cooper withdrew his hand from Trent's body and rolled back onto his back.

Trent was frozen—his heart was racing faster than it ever had.

Then Cooper pulled the covers down below his waist. His entire upper body was bare; the posers he wore would never be allowed in a bodybuilding contest. They left pretty-much nothing to the imagination. His dark black pubes were totally exposed and the thick, veiny trunk of his shaft was right there—clearly visible in the moonlight. In fact, there was a really thick vein that ran down it, disappearing in those white poser things, and the vein stuck out so much that it had a shiny reflection on it.

When Trent didn't move, Coop said, "But you don't have to if you don't want to. It just always feels good to me though."

Trent turned his face toward the nearly naked muscle man next to him. Holy shit and fuck. Cooper's massive, hairy chest rose and fell with his languid breaths. His abdominal rows were amazing. And of course that tiny waist... The mountain of muscle had arms as big as—okay, probably bigger than—Trent's legs. Trent could only really see the one closest, but fuck it was huge—and ripped. That thick blood vessel—the one that always turned Trent on when a guy had it—ran down the mounding bulge.

Trent had to move. Cooper was waiting, and the kid didn't want to look like he was afraid—even though he was petrified. He didn't want to come across as unwilling, when in fact, right now it was the thing he most wanted to do in the entire world. Touch Cooper's muscles. Coop had already demonstrated what must be done: Trent needed to place his hand on that hard, warm, hairy chest. And feel it. Move his hand over it.

He slowly rolled onto his side. His hard-on dangled out, under the covers. He put his quivering hand on Cooper's closest pectoral and held it there. Damn. God Damn! He was touching him. And it felt like nothing he'd ever dreamed about. It was warm and very hard. But the soft velvet hair made it so fucking gorgeous.

"You gonna move your hand at all... or just keep it there, Little T?" Cooper chuckled.

"Oh. Sorry." Trent began to feel out the pec. It was so huge. Massive. He felt the nipple move under his palm. He couldn't believe he was doing this. His cock was so hard, and it was definitely producing a lot of pre-cum. But he was past the point of caring what happened to Coop's sheets. The man had already brushed his hand against his cock head—even if there were

sheets and blankets between—so he obviously knew Trent was hard. What did he expect? That Trent would get hard like that without producing any liquid?

“There’s a lot more there, buddy,” Cooper encouraged. True: Trent had only been moving his hand over one pec. And as much real estate as that included, there was a lot more. Trent inched a bit closer to Coop’s side so he could reach. Now he started moving his hand all over Cooper’s torso: Chest, abdominals, shoulders... and of course that closest arm.

“Mmmm... that feels so nice,” Cooper whispered now. His eyes were closed—Trent could see in the blue moonlight.

Encouraged, Trent kept feeling—everything. And the more he felt, the closer he got to the point of shooting. His fingers moved down the twin columns of abdominal muscle. Then back up. He dared not venture too low, even though Cooper had done so. Is that what Cooper wanted? Trent glanced down at Cooper’s thong. His cock was pointing down in it, but it was getting bigger. Thicker and longer. Fuck.

Obviously, this was moving right along. With every pass of Cooper’s massive chest, and with every exploration of the man’s wondrous abs, shoulders and arm, Trent came closer to the edge.

Finally, he decided to see what would happen if... The worst that could happen would be that Cooper would push Trent away, right? Well, no, there was a lot worse that could happen. But Trent was really getting the vibe that Cooper liked being felt out. The little guy slowly moved his hand down’ the mounding abdominal muscles. Lower. Slowly. His fingertips moved along the thick happy trail. Lower. Slowly.

“Mmmm...” Cooper moaned softly, “you have a really nice touch, T.”

Oh? The man was saying this while Trent was moving his hand into his pubes. Obviously he wanted... Trent pushed his fingertips into the black forest of exposed pubic hair.

“Mmmm...” Cooper repeated.

Trent moved his worshipping hand up onto the abs, and then down again, farther into the thick mat of pubes. Back and forth. Farther in. Farther down. Then back up to that epic chest.

Now, with each movement, up or down the incredible torso, Cooper arched his back a bit. Even when he dove back into the pubes, Coop's ass lifted slightly off the mattress, obviously pushing into what Trent was doing. Coop wanted more.

Fuck.

Trent had a burst of confidence. Well, it was either confidence or it was pure stupidity: He nestled his fingers farther into Coop's pubes... and left them there. Then he immediately said, "Is this okay? Am I doing alright?"

"Fuck, yeah, Little T. Like I said, you got a really nice touch." He moaned softly, then said, "I hope you don't get embarrassed, bud, but this feels so good, I think I'm getting hard."

Holy God OfTheUniverse. Trent's immediate instinct was to withdraw his hand, but he resisted the urge. "Really?" he asked innocently. "I can stop if you want."

Coop remained still for a moment, then said, "Only if you want to. It's not that big of a deal for me." Then he added with a chuckle, "It's not like I don't get a boner every day, you know?"

"Yeah, I guess so," Trent said, nestling his fingertips just a millimeter deeper into his bedmate's pubic hair. The forest was only moderately trimmed, so there was a lot of hair there. Still, it was neat and maintained. Trent pushed lower; one fingertip moved against the place where Cooper's enormous, thick cock was attached to his torso. Trent left it there—just the tip of one finger. It was subtle contact, but it was definitely contact. And they both knew it.

Cooper's immense chest expanded with a breath and a sigh. He was liking all of this. "Damn, Trent, you really know how to make a guy relax."

Except for that one thing. That one thing is definitely not relaxed.

“Well, except for my cock. I hope you don’t mind. I’m sorry if it embarrasses you. But still, it’s just what happens when I get a rubdown sometimes.”

He gets rubdowns as a regular course of action? People rub his muscles? Regularly? Trent wondered where he could sign up for that. Pencil it in for a weekly appointment.

“Okay,” Trent said, acknowledging Cooper was trying to not make a deal about getting erect. “I understand.”

“Not a problem,” Coop reassured. Then, after a second, he added, “Besides, I think you’re actually having the same condition.” With that, Trent felt Cooper’s arm move; the man’s hand slipped under Trent’s boxers and fell onto Trent’s mini-weenie. Coop felt it. Fuck it was hard under the man’s touch. And aside from the dizzying thrill of having this musclegod touch his throbbing cock, Trent was filled with embarrassment and... well, humiliation. He was a little guy. And he was definitely little down there. And from every glance he’d ever taken at Cooper’s crotch... well, the enormous bodybuilder was not only a walking wall of lean muscle, he was hung like an ox.

“Um...” was all Trent could squeak out.

But Cooper wasn’t withdrawing his hand. He held Trent softly. He didn’t squeeze, he just cradled Trent’s genitals in his big paw.

“Yep. Thought so,” Cooper confirmed. A long moment of silence was followed with, “I was thinking you were getting hard. And fuck, T, you’re really hard.”

“Um... I...”

“I think that’s cool,” Coop interrupted. “I mean... well, I think you should know I think it’s a cool thing. That you are. I have to admit that I’ve noticed that... a few times before. Sometimes when you look at me. But it’s all good, man. I hope you don’t feel bad. Like I said, it’s cool to know I do that to you.”

Trent didn't know what to d... what to do. He wanted to crawl in a hole. But Cooper was being all friendly, right? And from the growing tree trunk at the big man's crotch, he was definitely turned on himself by all this. He wasn't playing with Trent (well, his hand literally was); he was truly enjoying this. So Trent kept moving his hand and fingers in Cooper's pubes. And Cooper's hand kept fondling Trent's cock and balls. He could easily handle Trent in that big hand of his.

"And, well, I already said I'm getting hard too. All good, little bud."

"Yeah..." Trent's voice cracked.

"I hope you aren't put off by how big it's getting. I mean, I guess I'm pretty big everywhere." He let out a soft chuckle. "I hope that doesn't bother you."

"No..."

Lots of silence hung in the air.

Cooper lifted his far arm and took Trent's pube-feeling hand by the wrist and gently moved it lower, until a few fingertips were right at the base—and just a bit on top—of his cock. "Here. It's gonna be fully hard in a minute. It's kind of tight in this position...."

Trent's hand trembled as he accepted the invitation to touch the base of Cooper's cock. His middle finger found the thick vein that had reflected the light earlier. Fuck. Holy shitting fuck. The thing was hard even though it was pointing down because of the restraining thong.

Obviously, Cooper wanted Trent to remedy that. Obviously. The man's own hand was holding Trent; it was only right that Trent do the same, right?

Fucking Damn.

Trent's trembling fingers moved down.

"Mmmm..." Cooper encouraged. "God, your fingers feel so good on me."

Trent slowly wrapped his fingers around the base of the shaft. There was no way they could surround the whole girth. He pulled on it slightly and some of it came out of the thong.

“Oh, yeah... it’s really tight. If you want you could pull it out. Then I could lose these posers.”

They were decidedly not posers. He’d be disqualified for indecency if he wore those things to a contest. Trent increased his grip on it. Fuck it was so warm and solid.

Cooper inhaled deeply, in apparent anticipation. As Trent’s fingertips gently pulled the huge cock up and free from its downward position, Cooper let out the breath with a pleasurable sigh. The thing flipped up fast; it made a slapping sound as it hit Cooper’s abs.

“Ahhh, yeah. Fuck that feels so much better,” Cooper said.

Without being directed, Trent pulled the thong down and kind of fastened them under the man’s lemon-sized balls. He raked his fingertips over them as he moved his hand up onto the now freed shaft. God Almighty the thing was thick, long, and hard as a pipe.

Cooper sighed again. “Told you it’s big,” he chuckled.

“Fuuuuuuck,” Trent hissed. As his hand tenderly moved up the monumental cock, his trembling fingers felt out the extensive network of veins that wrapped around it. He opened his hand wide and began to pet it, gripping it lightly and holding it gently. It was at this moment, with Cooper’s own hand on Trent’s wiener, that Trent exploded with his orgasm.

He groaned a loud, “Uuuuuuuugh,” and his penis began to coat Cooper’s hand with spray after spray of jizz. He cursed; his little body jerked with a few of the harder ejaculations. Coop wrapped his hand around the organ and pushed on it to give some resistance. Which had the intended effect, apparently. Trent pushed back and spurt out more and more semen into Cooper’s hand. He could tell the copious amount of cum was more than usual. It had to be overflowing Coop’s hand and dribbling over his fingers onto the sheet.



Cooper turned his face to Trent's and moved his lips onto the younger man's. While the muscle man's hand overflowed with Trent's liquid worship, and while Trent's hand moved up and down the rigid mass of Cooper's erection, the two men kissed. Their tongues explored the others' mouth.

Instantly, Trent's jerking movements and his groans of climax were joined by Cooper's own orgasm. The big man's cock tightened, and it erupted. Trent could feel the fluid being pumped up the urethra. He moved his hand up to enjoy the ejaculations of semen. Cooper moaned into Trent's mouth. His muscled body tightened and twitched with his climax.

They lay like that for quite a while.

Just before Trent was about to drift into sleep in Cooper's big arms, the musclegod said, "Is is alright if I tell Mike about this?"

Trent's body stiffened wide awake. "What? Why would you do that?"

Coop chuckled. "Who do you think suggested that I get you into bed with me?"

THE END