

Justin

by Sean Reid Scott

Justin was the kind of guy who was obviously 100% straight. A real jock. A gear-head-- loved cars and working on them. Rode cross-country motorcycles on the weekend. Talked about a woman's cunt getting wet he turned her on.

And it was also obvious that he turned the women on. God, he was gorgeous. Should have been a model. At 28 (I had asked), he had very short, light brown hair and an adorable face.

Justin and I worked together, and even though we were close to the same age, we didn't have much in common. I had been at our company for about five years when Justin was hired, so he looked to me for advice and information, which I liked. He was confident in himself; didn't have a problem with asking questions.

It was a Thursday morning, and I had gotten to work a little early; we had a three-day weekend coming up, and I wanted to make sure I would have everything cleaned off my desk before I left work on Friday.

Justin got to work at his usual 7:55. His pleated dress pants hugged his waist (I'm guessing he was a 31-incher) and made his ass look too hot to handle. Of course, Justin never even considered that I might be interested in that. He always made like I was just one of his buddies.

I had tried to pick up a few car magazines so I could feign an intelligent conversation with him, but usually I felt more comfortable moving the conversation toward football-- a subject at which Justin was also an expert.

"You gonna watch North Carolina this Saturday?" he asked, without even saying "good morning."

"You bet," I replied. I hadn't actually made plans to watch it, but I would now, so that on Tuesday when we got back to work I could converse with him about it.

Yeah, I guess you could say I was infatuated with him.

"You going away for the weekend?" I asked.

"Naw," he said, a little downtrodden. "My girl is working Saturday *and* Sunday, so there's really nothin' to do. Thought I'd find a six-pack and watch that game on Saturday."

As he turned to his cubicle-- which was right next to mine-- I admired his lean, tapered body. His legs obviously big. His shoulders were naturally wide-- gifted genetics-- on which he did a fantastic job of packing muscle from his regular workouts. His short sleeved shirt came down to his elbow, so it was hard to see his arm development under the ample fabric today, but from my observations of his arms when he wore a polo shirt, they were also beneficiaries of some mighty intense workouts. I sighed to myself, knowing that if he did indeed down a whole six-pack while he watched the game, his metabolism would burn it off with no effect to his abdominal six-pack.

As Justin sat down and disappeared into the cubicle, I heard him take a phone call. Somehow, my ears always tuned themselves in to whatever Justin was doing.

Monica, one of the administrative assistants in the office, stepped in to my cubicle and handed me a few files. Out of the corner of my eye, I could tell she had paused to glance at Justin as she arrived.

Yeah, Justin was the hunk of the office.

My heart raced every time I thought about him; but I was glad I had been an active thespian in high school-- a little acting never hurt any gay man who wanted to appear as a jock.

Despite Monica's attraction to Justin (and that of every other woman who saw him), he wasn't inclined to romance, nor to go out of his way to coddle. Many women, in fact, found him to be a little *too* confident.

That said, he and I had had enough conversations for me to learn that he pretty-much hopped into bed with whomever he chose. And he had chosen *a lot*. Not that he came across to me as bragging-- he was just matter-of-fact about it. I remember one day when we were having lunch at Subway, somehow the conversation got on to prostitutes. In his own confident style, he

said to me, "it's gotta be pretty bad if you have to pay for sex."

Yeah, I'm sure he'd never had to stoop to that. On the contrary, I bet women would have been willing to pay *him*.

Anyway, as Monica left, I worked on my computer, keeping an ear tuned to Justin's phone conversation. It was his "girl," as he called her.

"Okay," he said into his phone, "well maybe I'll see if Nick wants to hit some bars then."

There was silence as he listened to her reply.

Nick was Justin's best friend.

"Okay. Yeah," he said. "Well, I'll just have to use my hand or something." I could hear the smile in his voice as he said that, and it wasn't hard for me to deduce what he was talking about.

He let out a chuckle, which turned into a quiet laugh. "No, I promise, it'll only be *my* hand." He laughed again. He had the cutest laugh-- very quiet. When he laughed, his perfect-perfect white teeth lit up the world, and I could feel the whole universe brightening as he talked. "See you on Sunday night. You too. Bye-bye."

I knew what the "you too" referred to. He wasn't the kind of guy to come out and say "I love you," if he didn't have to, so just returning his *girl's* "love you" with a "you too" would have to satisfy her.

"Reid, you got lunch plans?" Justin said as he popped his head over the top of the cubicle a few hours later.

"Yeah-- I'm going to lunch with a good friend, to console him because he can't spend the weekend with his girlfriend."

Justin laughed, and I could feel my stomach knot up as I looked at the gorgeous smile on his amazing face. "Cool. Let's do Szechuan."

"Sounds good. I'll be ready in 15."

Justin sat back down in his cubicle and I finished my work.

"Chassy has to pull a double shift Saturday night," Justin said as he bit into some General Tsao chicken.

"And work on Sunday too?" I asked.

"Yeah-- she's low on the pole. Everyone else wanted the weekend off. She gets time-and-a-half all weekend though." He wiped his mouth with his napkin. I loved to watch him chew-- if that doesn't sound too weird. His skin wrapped around his jaw and cheeks so tightly. He had a chiseled face. Where his jaw met his neck, just above his adams apple, the skin pulled up tight. He seemed to have no fat.

"Well, she's got *that* going for her..."

"Which is nice..." Justin replied, finishing our shared-friendship trademark quote from "Caddyshack."

He took another bite. "I was going to see if Nick wanted to go out, but he's going camping." Then he stopped and looked across the table at me. "You got anything going Saturday night?"

Me? Yeah right. The only plans I had were sitting in front of the computer screen and jacking off to some stud who would probably be only half as good looking as Justin. I pushed the rice on my plate around and said, "Naw. I was going to hit the sack early."

"Dude-- you really need to get out more. I'll pick you up at 8:00 and we can go down to O'Malley's to start."

"To start?"

He looked up at me. "Dude, it's Saturday night. I don't go home on a Saturday night unless I've hit at least three bars."

I raised my eyebrows. "Guess I really *do* need to get out more."



Not Justin
For illustrative
purposes only.

He laughed, and I felt the world pause as it watched his glorious face dimple and broadcast his incomparable grin. I felt an amazing rush, knowing that I had something to do with his smile-- this demonstration of gorgeousness.

"Bro, I know the best bar-- it's down on the water, and the *hottest* chicks in town are all over the place. We'll wrap up the night there." He sat back and looked at me. "I'm going to make it my personal mission to find you a lay this weekend."

I know I turned red, but Justin didn't seem to notice. Now all I needed to do was to figure out my list of excuses for not hitting on the many women who were sure to appear when Justin sat down at a bar.

"Chassy have a problem with you hitting the bars while she's working?" I asked.

He gave me a puzzled look-- as if to ask, *Why would I care what Chassy thought about it?* "She'll be fine," he said.

Yeah, I could see why the women didn't necessarily like Justin once they got to know him. Still, I was totally willing to overlook any personality shortcomings if I could spend time with the god.

Eight o'clock on Saturday night took forever to arrive, but when it did, Justin knocked on my door and within minutes we were in his car headed downtown. He wore a nice, double-stitched T-shirt and slacks. He could wear wet lettuce and burlap and he'd look good, but tonight he looked-- and smelled-- exceptional.

Well, I'm sure the reader wants me to skip right to the part where the evening got "interesting," but I do need to say a few more things first.

It felt like I was with the President or something. With Justin, doors just seemed to open. Even *guys* gave him the special treatment-- and I wondered what that must be like, to always have people admire and respect you, even before a word leaves your mouth. Justin knew a few of the people we met, and yet it seemed like *everyone* knew-- or wanted to know-- him.

When we sat down at the first bar-- right up at the counter-- a woman slipped onto the chair next to Justin and put her hand on his forearm.

He smiled.

She was gorgeous, and I could tell Justin liked her. They exchanged a few flirt lines, and then Justin introduced her to me. She smiled at me, obviously not wanting to insult Justin's friend, but she wasn't there to meet me.

Every woman that Justin attracted, he tried to hand off to me. It felt really cool, that. He genuinely seemed interested in my having a good time. I could tell he took it as a personal challenge to get me laid.

Nevertheless, I deftly *passed* on the opportunities. I wouldn't know what to do with a cunt if I were forced at gunpoint. It was a difficult task, indeed, to decline all of the offers, but I kept coming up with excuses of taste ("She didn't have big enough boobs for me-- I like big boobs!") and as the evening wore on, I turned to a more general objection of being "old fashioned," and wanting to wait for that special girl. "I'll know her when I find her," I insisted.

My plan was actually two-pronged. The above strategy of diversion being the first prong; and my second strategy was that of getting Justin drunk enough to not care about my lonely fate. Where I may have been only moderately successful in the first tack, I was hugely successful in the second.

By the time we got to the third bar, I was already driving. Justin could indeed hold down his liquor, but I had been challenging him to shots, and buying him beers & hard drinks like there was no tomorrow.

I'm not quite so sure that I believe in God, but as it turned out that night, Someone Up There must have been involved in what happened toward the end of the evening.

At the third bar, Justin was right-- there were a *lot* of hot women. (I may be gay, but I'm not blind.) And of course, they hovered around Justin like moths to a flame.

He knew two of the girls who had sauntered up to the bar next to him, and he was having a great time with them, and others. Like I said, apparently, Justin got around.

Justin, true to form, was having a fantastic time. Also true to form, though, at one point his strong personality (perhaps along with the fact that all the women were experiencing some very stiff competition for Justin's attention) started to come through.

One chick in particular (not one of the ones he knew from before) had been hitting on Justin pretty hard, and although Justin had responded well, he wasn't about to limit himself to just one admirer. The girl-- I think her name was Ali-- was starting to feel ignored.

Eventually, she had probably had a few too many drinks herself, and she decided to call out Justin as far as his ability to enjoy the many benefits of his good looks-- that being, playing the field with all of the women there. In short, Ali hit Justin right where he was the most vulnerable.

"Man, you are so full of yourself," Ali said when things came to a head. "You have four women floating around you here, and you're treating us like dirt. You're some smooth mover, Justin."

Yeah, she had had too much to drink. But as she turned to leave, I could see Justin's countenance sink. I had never seen that in him before. He always seemed so teflon. I think Ali uncovered something in him he didn't like about himself. He had had a lot to drink too, so I think that made his feelings come to the surface easier as well. But where I expected anger, Justin gave out remorse.

"Aw, Justin," one of the other women cooed, "Don't pay her no mind." She held his hand and caressed it.

He smiled, responding to her touch.

She leaned into him and said, "Why don't you come up to my place and let me see what you look like with that shirt off?"

Justin's face lit up once again and he took another drink from his White Russian. He excused himself to the restroom.

One of the girls he knew said to her friend with a wide smile, "I've had Justin take his shirt off for me before-- he loves to show off his body."

The other women laughed with responses like, "Ohhh, I'd love to see that!" etc.

When Justin returned, he was all smiles again, but I could tell he was still hurt by what Ali had said. Some of the air had been sucked out of his sails.

Long story short, Justin wanted to call it quits and get back to his apartment.

I drove.

He was quiet, and I didn't say anything to pry, but it was so funny seeing him like this. "Some women can be real bitches, can't they."

"Tell me about it," I said, sounding reassuring.

He looked at me, and although I kept my eyes on the road, out of my peripheral vision, I could tell he looked at me for a few seconds. Kinda weird, but I also liked that he was considering me-- for whatever reason.

He looked back out his window into the dark city streets. "God, Chassy won't be coming over tonight," he said as if he had just realized it.

Chassy-- short for Chastity-- had her own apartment, although she spent quite a bit, if not most, of her time at Justin's place. Justin had told me they had discussed moving in together, and I expected it would happen within a few months. I always wanted to ask, in fun, if he found it ironic that her name meant just the

opposite of what she was. I never did say it though. He' likely knock me out with a left hook.

"I guess I'll just have to use my hand after all," he mumbled. He leaned his head against the glass.

"Tell me about it," I repeated, laughing.

"Yeah, I bet you do," he said without moving. "The way you pushed off all those girls tonight..."

"Well, I don't usually go to bars," I said, somewhat defensively.

"Apparently not," he said. He turned to me and looked at me again-- like before. He looked away and noticed we were pulling up to his place. "Don't you want me to drop you off at your place, man?"

"If you drop me off, you'll have to drive home, and *that's* not happening," I said.

He opened his door and said, "But how you gettin' home?"

I got out and locked the car door. "You mind if I crash on your couch?"

"Sure-- I mean, no-- that's fine with me."

We made our way into his apartment. As he turned the lock he said to me, "Thanks, man, for not letting me drive. You're the best."

He seemed pensive, thoughtful.

"That's what friends are for, man," I said.

Justin's apartment was stark, in a typical-jock kinda way. However, you could see a few attempts at decor; whether it was by his own hand, or an effort by Chassy to liven up the place, I couldn't say.

Justin got some blankets out of a closet for me. He still looked a little drunk, but he was looking a lot better than he had in the car. "God, I can't count how many times I crashed on my buddy's couches when I was in college," he laughed as he tossed some blankets on the couch. "But it was always because *I* was the drunk one, not because my buddy was drunk."

I laughed. "Hey bud, don't sweat it. I've always wanted to spend the night with you." The words just flew out of my mouth, but he wasn't fazed.

In fact, he just chuckled, then went into his bedroom. "Get settled, Reid. I'll be right back."

I stripped down to my boxers after I spread out the blankets. "Hey," I called to Justin, "you got any..." as I spoke, I turned and saw Justin, standing next to his kitchen bar, wearing only boxers. It was enough to make a straight man cry. "...pillows?" I stuttered to finish my sentence.

Justin smiled as he leaned against the wall. He knew he was built like a Greek god, and he didn't seem to mind intimidating me with it. "Yeah, I'll get you some." His lean, muscular body was like nothing I had ever seen before-- Internet or magazines. He was *built!* No fat, and muscles bulging all over hell...

He winked at me, turned to the hall again and re-emerged with two pillows. He tossed them on top of the blankets, then slid onto an overstuffed leather chair next to the couch.

"You should hit the sack," I said.

He rubbed his eyes, tired. "Yeah, you're right." He looked around the room, at the blankets and pillows on the couch, then at me. "You going to be okay out here? Anything you need?" he asked.

"Naw. I think I'm good."

But he just kept looking at me. As if he were trying to figure me out. Then he looked up over his shoulder at the thermostat on

the wall. Even though it was too far away for him to read the setting, he stared at it for a second then said, "Sure seems hot in here." He looked over at me and said, "You hot?"

"Feels fine to me." I started unfolding the blankets, just to be doing something. My heart was pounding in my chest; god he was just all that muscle-- lean and relaxed, in that chair.

"Man, I am too hot," he said. With that, he pushed his boxers down over his big legs. With one toe, he tossed them toward the couch, and me, and they brushed my forearm as they landed on top of the pillows. He was totally naked now.

"Yeah, that's better," he said smiling. He put his hands behind his head and settled further into the big, soft chair; he spread his legs just a bit-- as if to get comfortable, and then sighed.

His brown pubic hair was trimmed into a neat triangle above his genitals. His balls were shaven. His penis was limp, bending over his testicles and drooping next to his left leg. Being a connoisseur of male genitalia, I had to admit that Justin's organ was astoundingly beautiful-- large, proportioned, and full of masculinity.

So there he reclined, on his Lay-Z-boy, all confident and muscular-- a body that could easily grace any fashion advertisement, bodybuilder magazine or any kind of promo flyer. His smile drained me of all my strength. His biceps seemed to flex as his hands locked behind his head.

Again, he smiled.

Did he know how he affected me?

I wanted to fall to the floor. My knees were without strength.

What happened next, I cannot explain. All mainstream conventions of behavior seemed to suspend.

Justin was motionless, except for his occasional grin and confident smile (and the flex of his biceps as his hands clasped behind his head).

As he reclined there, in his overstuffed lounge chair, he casually looked down at his genitals. He seemed to regard them with reverence.

Then he looked up at me.

He said nothing. It was as if he were communicating with me telepathically; but then he added, "Why don't you make yourself comfortable?" He glanced at the couch which was right next to his recliner. In fact, he seemed to glance at the arm of the couch, not the cushions. As if he wanted me to sit on the arm, real close to him.

I slowly moved closer to him, and sat down on the arm of the couch. My legs brushed against his chair. At this point, we were already way past what two straight guys would be doing. This wasn't straight at all-- me leaning toward a totally naked dude like this. I shifted my weight and leaned to my left, resting on my elbow. I slowly, nervously, placed my right hand on Justin's calf.

It was big. I'd never felt a calf muscle before. It was warm and hard.

Justin smiled, but it was just a hint of a smile-- not like he was elated with my hand, but that he was comfortable with it.

The room was so quiet.

I moved my hand over Justin's calf; I tightened my grip, and then loosened it. God, his legs were big. I looked at his quads and hams. My hand slowly moved up his leg, on the inside, up-- over his knee, and higher.

Justin remained still-- his hands behind his head. He was totally relaxed.

My palm moved up his leg, over the protruding lower ledge of his big quad muscle; my fingertips stretched inside his legs, and they rubbed along the edge of his hamstring. The upward progression of my hand stopped midway up his upper leg. I rested it there.

Despite my pounding heart, my hand wasn't shaking. I think, though, that if I had lifted it off his leg, it would have started to shake.

I slipped it up higher-- just an inch or two. If his legs would have been closer together, the back of my hand would have been touching his other leg. As it was, though, Justin had his legs splayed a bit-- one of them actually thrown over the arm of his recliner.

His eyes pierced mine.

I rubbed the inside of his leg now, moving my hand very slowly. Then I moved it to the top-- the front-- of his quad, and rubbed some more.

The whole world seemed to erupt under my palm as Justin slowly flexed his quad. His skin shrink-wrapped his muscle, and veins bulged all over hell. He rippled it up and down-- then back and forth; it really looked like an earthquake-- or maybe a tidal wave. My hand moved to each flexing mound, fingering the ridges-- and the valleys between the ridges. Just when I had a particular mountain range mapped in my mind, Justin changed the flex, and everything moved under my hand.

"God," I whispered.

Justin said nothing. He just looked at me.

Then, my peripheral vision noticed a very small movement. My eyes traveled up his leg, where I noticed that *it* was moving.

Growing.

I don't know if Justin wanted to distract my gaze, or if it was just coincidental with his cock catching my attention, but at that moment, he slowly exhaled, and his abs flexed into the most freaky relief of rock I had ever seen in person. It was as if the skin had melted into his abdominals. For a moment, my eyes were completely glued to his abs-- but my attention couldn't help but return to his penis again.

It was definitely thickening, elongating. His nuts looked like a pair of expanding balloons, pushing his dick up and away from his leg. But it didn't need pushing; it was moving all by itself, thankyouverymuch.

I kept my hand on Justin's upper leg, moving it to the inside again, where my fingertips could once again reach around behind, to explore the back side of his large leg muscles.

Justin brought one hand down from behind his head. He brushed a speck of something off his chest.

His cock moved again, thickening. The lip of his cut got redder. His head became pregnant, and I could see the pores on it expand as it became more plump. Veins from his abs that led to the base of his "trunk" seemed to thicken and stand out more, as his organ demanded more and more blood.

I rubbed his leg gently.

Satisfied that his chest was free of all dust, Justin returned his hand behind his head where it once again clasped the other. He looked deeply at me again and smiled slightly. Then he looked down at his fantastic body. And back at me.

I moved my hand up his leg. Two of my fingertips were less than an inch away from "it" now. But I changed course at the last second and veered over to feel the top of his mammoth leg, his hip and such.

We were fully in the game now. Tease. Feel. Pretend like we didn't know what was inevitable.

I leaned a little closer.

My hand moved back toward the inside, where I slowly grazed a nut with the back of my fingers-- like it was inadvertent or something.

Justin didn't react.

Without pausing my hand, I moved it upward, being careful to brush into his trimmed, brown pubic hair on my way up to his abs. Once there, I treated my fingertips to a luxurious ride on his river rocks.

Then a little higher and outside, where I barely met up with his intercostals.

His cock had completely left the nether region between his legs now, and was pulsing to full erection on top of his abs. It would be only a matter of seconds now, and the pre-cum secreting organ would achieve full attention.

I felt his abs some more-- and now, my forearm brushed against his cock. I made no effort to move away from it, pretending to be fascinated with his narrow waistline and protruding mounds of abdominal muscle. I brushed his cock again, and now Justin flexed it. It raised against my forearm, and a tiny bead of his pre-cum attached itself to my skin.

I couldn't help myself any more. As I gazed at his gorgeous face, his plush lips parted, as if they were calling me. I leaned forward and climbed up onto Justin's chair, settling right next to him on his Lay-z-boy. I brought my face to his, and we started kissing.

Oh. My. Fucking. God.

Justin was an unbelievable kisser. Our tongues slowly-- very slowly-- intertwined. Our lips pulsed and moved on each others'.

My hand moved up onto Justin's chest. I felt his nipple and he liked that. I moved my hand outward, feeling the size and weight

of his pec, fingering his intercostals more, and threatening his armpit. My hand moved languidly over his torso as we kissed tenderly.

I couldn't believe this.

I couldn't believe this was happening. Justin. The god of my office. Kissing. Naked. Erect.

I moaned.

We must have kissed for ten minutes or more, before Justin finally broke the kiss. "I guess I was wrong when I told Chassy that I'd be using *my* hand for the job," he smiled.

With that, I slowly dropped my hand downward, feeling everything as I went-- over the shelf of his pec, over the bumpy relief of his abs, and down the side of his erect cock, brushing it with the back of my fingers. My fingertips slid slowly into his pubes.

Farther.

I slipped my thumb under his cock as my fingers moved lower, to surround his ball sac. My thumb lifted his erection slightly as I pressed against the base.

Justin moaned.

I cupped his testicles with my fingers, while I raised his cock into the air a little more. I looked down at it.

I couldn't believe what I was doing! My eyes were looking over Justin's pouting pecs, over his abs, down to his hard, throbbing cock-- which *I* was holding!

I squeezed gently.

Justin responded with an involuntary flex of his genitals.

I relaxed my hand and pulled my thumb, allowing his penis to lie against his abs again-- although it was pulsing so much, and it was so engorged and hard that it didn't lie flat at all. It bobbed above his stomach-- almost begging for attention.

I caressed Justin's balls fully now. Not hard-- not heavy and harsh-- just gently; teasing them. Fondling them. Feeling them. Moving each of them within his sacs.

I returned my lips to Justin's while I continued to regard his testicles with my hand, and he was more than willing to resume our mouthy, wet encounter. It took me a few minutes of holding his balls and teasing him, before I finally started moving up his cock. I gently brushed my fingertips up the thick shaft-- fingertips and thumb tip only-- occasionally pausing to examine its hardness.

Justin moaned.

I slipped my fingers around the middle of the shaft now, and gently pushed downward, toward his base.

He moaned again; and a fresh bead of sparkling pre-cum emerged from his piss slit, falling onto the brown bed of his glory trail under his cock.

I released my grip and lightly traversed the remaining inches with my fingertips again, up to his cock head.

"Oh, godddd," Justin moaned between kisses. His breathing was getting harder now.

His pulse pounded through his cock into my palm.

He put one hand behind my head to hold me in place, and we kissed more passionately now.

The throbbing member in my hand-- I just couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe how hard it was-- how warm it was-- how

beautiful it felt in my palm. I couldn't believe that *Justin's* cock was in *my* hand.

As we continued to fill each others' mouth with our tongues, I grasped his cock fully now. I began to gently push down on it.

Tighter.

I didn't beat him off. No-- I just squeezed it, and applied a little pressure, and then a little more-- pushing downward to give him barely enough resistance to satisfy his urge to push back against my hand.

He moaned within the kiss.

I could sense his back begin to arch.

God in heaven-- I had only given him one stroke, and he seemed to be preparing for orgasm!

Sure enough, as I applied just a bit more resistance to his thick cock, and pushed down just a little more, Justin's whole body tightened, his back stiffened even more. He held his breath as we kissed; I could see his eyes squint hard; He withdrew his tongue and started breathing again-- heavily.

His cock throbbed in my grip, and I pushed harder.

"Ugghhhhhhhh! Mrrrrnnnnnngghhhhhh!" he moaned.

He bucked his hips and pushed hard against my hand. I returned the pressure, squeezing and gripping hard.

"Hhhhhhhhhhouuuuummmmmggg!" he bellowed. His penis clicked open, and a rush of white semen shot into the air. I actually felt it land on the back of my neck-- close to my ear.

I held his cock tightly, tipping it up into the air, where it again spewed forth its manly contents. The jizz plopped onto his torso. More cum issued forth. And still more.

Justin pulled my head to his, and as he continued to ejaculate, he kissed me hard.

I stroked him up and down how, helping him to empty all that he could.

When he was done, he held my head, and we continued kissing. I finally released his cock, and began to play in his milky pools with my fingertips.

And we kissed on.

I couldn't believe how passionate Justin was. He must have held me close to him for another minute before he was done.

Slowly, I sat up. Our eyes never unlocked. I sloshed my whole hand in his essence now, and finally Justin looked down at my hand and smiled.

"Dude," he said, exhausted, "any time Chassy has to pull a double shift, you're more than welcome to come over and lend me your hand, man." He dropped his head back onto the lounge chair. "That was fantastic." He closed his eyes.

I didn't know what to say. I just wiped my fingers in his jizz, running it into the canyons between his abs.

Justin's chest rose and fell with his heavy breaths. It was late; we were both exhausted.

I held his cock again. It was starting to recede-- going flaccid. I gave it a long, slow, gentle stroke.

Then Justin did the most amazing thing ever. He opened his eyes and said to me, "God, that was good. You going to let me return the favor now?"

I couldn't believe it. I leaned forward again and we kissed.

After a few minutes, we got up and went into Justin's bedroom. Seems I wouldn't need to use those blankets and pillows on his living room couch after all.