

WIDEBROS



WIDEBROS BODYBUILDING FEDERATION
- Hero Worship -

- NOTE: All characters are over eighteen years of age -

Sunlight and a gentle breeze streamed in through the open balcony doors, illuminating the enormous, muscular body of Scott Wide. The young titan lay on his back across the bed, the sheets and comforter kicked off the edge in the summer warmth. A young woman was curled up against his side, fast asleep with her head resting on one enormous pectoral muscle. Consciousness slowly tingled through Scott's body as the sun kissed his bronzed skin, his eyes blinking open and the world coming in to focus. He stretched his mighty arms over his head before reaching over to the bedside table for his freshly-charged phone. It lit up with dozens of notifications, mostly in reaction to his latest Instagram posts. Supplement companies offering sponsorship deals, thirsty dudes offering money for posing – and of course, girls desperately trying not to show that they were the thirstiest of all. Scott smirked and set the device back down, his other hand slowly making its way down the young woman's back to her ass. His fingers gently wandered down between her legs. He smirked again with satisfaction – even hours later, his thick loads were still oozing from her pussy. He stretched once more - as nice as it was laying in the sun with his girl in his chest, he had classes to attend.

Gradually extricating himself from his girl and replacing his chest with a mound of pillows, Scott swung his enormous legs off the bed and stood up to survey himself in the mirror. At just twenty-one years of age, Scott had already achieved a physique that was turning heads in the highest echelons of the bodybuilding world. Six-foot-ten and just shy of four hundred pounds, (though not for long, if Coach had anything to say about it) he stood both tall and wide among the biggest of bros. His golden hair shone like platinum in the morning sun, his azure eyes sparkling as he flexed for himself. Front double-bicep, lat spread, most muscular. His deep bronze skin stretched back and forth over the rippling steel of the muscle beneath as he posed, and his lip curled in approval at his own reflection. His colossal manhood swung between his legs as he moved between the mandatories, and his girl's squeals of ecstasy echoed through his head as he remembered watching it stretch her wide hours before.

Clothes lay scattered around the room from the night's acrobatics, and Scott immediately noticed two pairs of panties that very much did not belong to his girl. Whoops. Must have been stragglers from the sisters he had been entertaining before their date night. With well-practiced finesse, he picked up the panties one by one and fired them like rubber-bands out through the balcony doors. None the wiser, he chuckled softly to himself. He rolled open his wardrobe doors, tugging on his favorite camouflage-print thong, an ABU Bulls tank top, some white hi-tops and his signature red cap. He once more posed in the mirror as a final check of his appearance – his glutes like boulders with just the slightest glimpse of the thong's waistband atop them, the tank stretched obscenely over his mighty, high-riding pectorals. Scorchin', he decided, making a quiet exit before his girl could wake.

Several weeks prior, Scott had won his first major WBBF title – the Junior Championship. While he would have liked to devote himself full time to building his physique, both his sponsors and his coach insisted that he complete his college education.

“Yer a meathead, not a fuckwit!” were Coach Biff's exact words, when he had proposed dropping out to focus on bodybuilding full-time. “Well, maybe kinda fuckwitty. Just get that piece of paper first, then I'll lock you in the gym myself.”

And so Scott continued his studies at Apollo Beach University, the moderately-regarded institution of higher-learning. Scott stuffed his gym bag into the bright red sport car he had purchased with his Junior Championship winnings, enjoying the scantily-clad young women as he made his way along

the beachfront road. It was a short drive along the beachfront from Scott's apartment to the university, the sun shining brilliantly down through a cloudless blue sky. His hair almost seemed to sparkle in the light as he stepped out of the car, and noticed another telltale sports car a few spaces down. Scott's closest bro, Derek "Buttzilla" Brogan – Coach Biff's other young prodigy and one year older than Scott – was also completing his education at ABU.

Scott kept an eye out for his friend as he wandered through the quad, students milling about as the first classes of the day approached. A few of his football buddies were gathered in a corner, clearing absorbed in something – a sharp laugh rang out, and soon they were all in hysterics over whatever had caught their attention. As Scott approached, a deep voice boomed from behind him.

"THINK QUICK, BRO!"

Scott turned to see Derek charging at him like a bull to a matador. Derek had earned his nickname well, his bulging glutes riding high atop quads and hamstrings that flared as he charged across the open square. His deep auburn beard was thick but carefully shaped, green eyes glinting mischievously as he closed the distance between them. With barely a moment to react, Scott set his chest as Derek launched himself into the air, his own mighty pectorals colliding with his friend's and sending the blonde bodybuilder flying back into a plinth baring a statue of the university's founder in the center of the quad. A great crack split through the plinth – but Scott merely chuckled, far sturdier than a slab of stone. He got to his feet and brushed himself off.

"Got me bro." he said with a wink. "OR DID YA?"

This time Scott charged at his bearded bro, and Derek simply smiled and spread his arms wide, welcoming the chaos. The second stone-cracking collision sent him flying backwards into the football team, scattering the admittedly muscular young men like bowling pins.

Derek jumped back on to his feet and once more approached his friend, this time at a more moderate pace. He placed his hand on the back of Scott's neck, pulling him in.

"No homo, bro!" Derek laughed.

"No homo, bro!" Scott laughed in reply, before they both stuck their tongues out and waggled them against each other, tickling and sliding.

Alex Hansen watched warily from his perch on the edge of the quad enormous men tossed each other this way and that. Scott Wide – the latest Junior Champion of the WBBF. By the gods, he was breathtaking. Alex looked down briefly at his phone – the gallery was filled to the brim with images of the young god, flexing and posing. That cocky grin on his face. Knowing that the world would fold before him at the slightest touch. And Derek, the previous year's title winner. Buttzilla by name and by mass. The pair of them striding atop the campus. Alex looked up again as the jocks continued to shove each other about. Breathtaking though they were, he did not want to become part of the collateral damage, and quietly began packing his books back into their satchel. A mere fraction of Scott's height and weight, he would surely come off second-best in a collision.

Unfortunately, his escape was not quick enough as the grinning young god once more came flying in his direction. Fortunately, it was the seat on which he was perched that took the greater share of the impact of Scott's mass, leaving Alex to merely sail through the air for a few moments before landing with a thud. The bros all roared with laughter as they watched the nerd pick himself carefully up off the ground, books and papers scattered all around him. His phone landed with a clatter at the hi-tops of one of the jocks, who picked it up and noticed that it was unlocked. He

picked it up, his eyes widening with amusement as he noticed the gallery of muscular men that Alex had been perusing.

“OH SHIT!” he laughed. “What's this little guy been lookin' at, huh? Been fuckin' pervin' on us?!”

The bros all gathered around, eager for any reason to torment the spindly nerd. Alex ran over, desperate to retrieve his phone and save himself some measure of humiliation, but was easily rebuffed by the towering men. Towering over them all, Scott stepped through the crowd and yanked the phone from his friend's hand with ease.

“I'll do the honors!” he grinned.

Holding the phone out of reach of the other jocks, he swiped through the gallery – and beheld countless photos of himself. Damn, had this little dweeb been following him around? On closer inspection, the photos were not candid shots taken on the sly, but rather posed shots from Scott's own Instagram account. It seems he had a fan. Well, yet another fan. In Scott's experience, that sort of attention could often be used to his benefit. Something to keep on the back-burner in case it was ever needed. He kept scrolling, and got an eyeful of Derek's infamous rear glute-spread pose, and then a library full of the bearded bro as well. He closed the gallery and locked the phone.

“Okay, playtime's over, nothing to see here.”

“What? C'mon man, I wanna see!” one of the bros whined.

“Come see these balls, daddy's edgy.” Scott winked at him, earning himself a playful shove.

Scott stepped over to Alex, who looked up at him wide-eyed and trembling. Praying that he would not be on the receiving end of one last bull-charge.

“Jesus Christ bro, are you fuckin' shaking?” Scott asked incredulously.

Alex could barely respond, so the young bodybuilder took his hand in one giant paw and placed the phone carefully in it with the other.

“You stay outta trouble.” Scott said simply, staring into Alex's eyes with a stern expression on his face. He held the expression for several seconds, before bursting out into a shit-eating grin and walking off in the opposite direction.

Alex sat carefully back down on the ground, unsure of quite what had just happened. His mind in a daze, he gathered together his papers and books back into their satchel. Scott had seen his phone – probably seen the photos he had saved into his gallery. But somehow he was still alive. He looked over at the enormous, tanned glutes as they marched away from him, Derek's beefy hand giving them a hearty slap as the pair laughed about the chaos they had just instigated. Alex watched on longingly for a few moments, before hoisting the satchel over his shoulder and hurrying off to class.

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English. The fuck did Scott need English for? He talk good and whatever. But apparently that wasn't enough for his credit requirements. Scott certainly did not feel any particular need to continue with his studies now that his bodybuilding career was taking off, but persisted out of respect for his brand endorsement, and to avoid a lifelong scolding from the coach. Scott turned into the lecture hall and dumped his body across two chairs next to Derek, who wore a subtle smirk on his face.

“So what'd that little pussy have on his phone?”

“You already know.” Scott replied, bouncing his pecs with a wink. “You were there too.”

Derek held up a piece paper with a bright red “A” on it.

“Courtesy of the last little pansy that had his eyes on this prize.”

Scott laughed, shaking his head. Derek had a point – work smarter, not harder. The class proceeded uneventfully, as Scott dutifully ignored the professor's prattle about The Buns Also Rising, or A Beefcake Named Desire, or whatever it was. But his ears did perk up at the end, when the professor began detailing the semester's final requirements.

“And this report will be forty-five per cent of your grade, so make it count!”

Scott placed his phone face-down on the table and sighed. Fuck. This meant he'd have to buckle down and get some work done. The phone vibrated, photos from his girlfriend still luxuriating in his bed popping into his messages. Didn't that damn professor realize that he had a social life to maintain? As the students filed out of the hall, Scott sauntered over to the professor's desk and stood over him, arms crossed. The spindly man looked up at him, somewhat intimidated, but determined to maintain his composure and authority.

“Look – professor. I wanted to talk to you about this assignment.”

“Y-yes? What about it?”

“Well – it's just that – I wanted to know if there was some way we could discuss...”

Scott absent-mindedly bounced his pecs back and forth as his sentence trailed off. The professor resisted the urge to lick his lips. By the gods, he was spectacular. But the professor had been here before – he knew what it meant. Those enormous young jocks – all after some way of securing their grade without doing the work. And the consequences for himself - twelve months on academic probation. He couldn't afford another.

“I... I... I'm sorry Scott. The requirements are final. 10,000 words on my desk in three weeks.”

Well fuck.

Scott tumbled out of the lecture hall, an almighty scowl on his face. That was the first time the pec-bounce had failed! What the hell was the world coming to? Derek was slouched against a trophy case opposite the doorway, still smirking.

“Sorry. I did pecs-for-grades with that old perv in freshmen year. The dean caught on – he got in so much trouble.”

“Bro! You pec-blocked me! Now what the fuck am I gonna do? I don't wanna read... this!” Scott spat dramatically, holding up the course reading list as though it were a piece of rotting spinach.

Derek just shrugged, the smirk still plastered across his face.

“Come on bro, what do I gotta do to put the pieces together for you?”

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Alex Hansen had just devoured his third electrical engineering theory book that week – really, it wasn't so difficult. Mostly it was all just a matter of – goddammit. A ten minute break between classes, and Alex had run off to the nearest men's room and pressed the door open only to find half the football team roughhousing inside.

“BULLSEYE RIGHT AHEAD!”

Alex ducked as a football sailed right through where his head had been moments ago, slamming the door shut behind him as he scampered away from the chaos. A muffled crash echoed from behind the door as a paper towel dispenser was ripped out of the wall for use as a dodge-ball in the playful jock fight. Having somehow survived the titans' collateral damage that morning, Alex had no desire to push his luck further and hurried off down a side corridor to the janitorial restroom. Nobody was ever around, at least he had some privacy. It was quiet and empty, with just a single urinal to be used. Alex stood up against it and unzipped his fly, fishing his cock out of his underwear and starting – at last – to relax.

But fate was intent on upending his day, and no sooner than he had felt himself start to unwind, the door slammed open behind him. He jumped, startled, and looked over his shoulder to see none other than Scott Wide standing there, a broad grin on his face.

“Woah! Hey little buddy, sorry to interrupt. The men's room was gettin' a little crowded, y'know?” Scott chuckled, walking up behind Alex, who froze in place. “Damn, a little crowded in here too, huh? Just a single urinal?”

Alex felt the heat of Scott's presence behind him, and he felt himself seize up, unable to do his business. Time seemed to slow down as Scott stepped up behind him.

“Welp, we're all adults here. You don't mind sharing, do ya?” Scott smiled, slowly reaching down to his thong. “Nah, 'course ya don't.”

Alex looked down with dread – Scott was standing directly behind him, off to the side a little. He saw Scott's camo-print thong bulging, stretched obscenely by whatever it contained. Time continued to slow further as Scott slipped down the pouch and out flopped the most horrifyingly enormous penis Alex had ever seen in his life. Time slowed to a frozen crawl as the golden-tanned member bounced and wavered out from Scott's body, bigger than Alex's entire forearm. Alex felt his eyes popping out of his head and he felt Scott let out a little chuckle. Even though Scott was standing behind him, the length of his cock stretched all the way along the side of Alex's body, bouncing against his hip – extending out further still towards the urinal. Further, further... even further than the tip of his own cock. Scott was standing -behind- him. What on Earth – that monster must have been fifteen or even sixteen inches long! He stood, utterly frozen, as it let out a healthy stream into the urinal. A large, warm hand clamped down on his shoulder.

“What's the matter buddy? Shy, huh?” Scott chuckled. “So – we're all guys here. Tell me, how big are you, anyway? That all there is?”

Alex shook slightly when that massive hand landed on his shoulder. He resisted the urge to look back at Scott, and instead kept his gaze pinned firmly on the rough tiled wall in front of him. Scott used the silence to make his proposal.

“Hey, it's not how big it is, it's how you use it, right?” Scott murmured. “I'm sure your girl's plenty happy.”

Alex did not reply, still staring forward intently. What was he supposed to say? He looked back down again, Scott's obscene meat wavering about in the air beside him. And behind him. And in front of him. He looked down at his own cock – though it was barely even worth mentioning next to Scott's. His heart dropped as he realized that he was completely erect.

“Oohh, now I get it...” Scott smirked. “Got somethin' else on your mind, huh?”

Alex gritted his teeth, hoping to all the gods in all the pantheons that he could get out of this without any trouble. He felt Scott's pectoral bounce a little against the back of his head as the enormous young man chuckled softly.

“Well, I got somethin' else on my mind, too.”

Alex took a deep breath, and the jock behind him did not move a muscle. Gradually accepting that he was not immediately about to have his brains plastered across the wall, Alex flickered his eyes back towards Scott just a little. Whatever was he talking about?

“I think there's something you might be able to do for me, Alex. I get the feeling you want to help me out, huh? I saw that little gallery on your phone.”

Alex stared back at the wall intently. Dammit, he had seen it after all. Scott watched in amusement as the little dweeb squirmed under his torment.

“Come to the gym locker-room after your last class today. Just you. And I'll tell you exactly what you can do for me.”

Alex gasped, slowly looking back up at Scott. The bodybuilder raised a questioning eyebrow. Alex's mouth was too dry to form words, so he nodded meekly.

“That's it.” Scott said deeply and softly, into Alex's ear. “You're an obedient little guy, huh?”

Alex couldn't even think clearly, let alone summon the words to respond. He just stared down at his own pathetic little cock, overtaken to an obscene degree by the sixteen inch behemoth next to it.

“The fuck you still starin' at my cock for, bro?” Scott said, his voice still deep and soft, right into Alex's ear. “You some kinda pussy or somethin'?”

Alex's eyes immediately shot up, not wanting to anger the young god who could rip him in two at the slightest provocation. Scott chuckled, and slowly squeezed his mighty manhood back into its camo-print pouch, knowing exactly where Alex's thoughts were.

“Oh, one more thing.” Scott said, and looped his index finger around the back of Alex's cotton thong and yanked it upward. The string was pulled tight in between his plump ass cheeks, right up along the smooth anus.

“U-uhhh!” Alex squeaked with pleasure, squirming under the jock's touch as the string wedged him.

“Thought so.” Scott chuckled gently into Alex's ear, before slapping him playfully on the shoulder

and walking out of the bathroom. Alex just stood there in disbelief at what had just happened. What had just happened?

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The scene replayed itself over and over again in Alex's mind for what remained of the day. He was still scarcely able to believe it had happened at all. His body was on autopilot, dragging him from class to class, until at last the final lecture wrapped up and he was free. He wondered whether he should follow-through with Scott's proposal. He didn't even know what the bronzed bodybuilder had in mind. But he did know that he was kicking himself for eternity if he did not find out. Making his way over university's gymnasium, he poked his head into the locker-room. It seemed to be empty as he made his way inside, nervous about running in to any of the other oversized jocks. No sooner had his breathing began to ease, there was a call. He wheeled around to see an enormous young man – with a handsome face and chiseled jaw – staring him down. He quickly closed the distance between them, placing one beefy hand on Alex's chest.

“The fuck you think you're doin' in here, pipsqueak?” the jock laughed, shoving Alex against one of the lockers.

Alex looked around desperately, but there was nobody else present. If he dropped his books, he might be fast enough to escape...

“Cut it out.” came a deep voice from down the far end of the locker-room.

The pair of them turned to see Scott emerge from a doorway, dumping his gym bag down on the bench and folding his arms.

“Get lost Chip. I gotta teach this pussy a lesson.”

Chip smirked, but accepted Scott's ruling and backed away from Alex. The young man shrugged, and turned to make his way outside. No use beating the tar outta that dork if he'd already been claimed. Alex looked over at his savior, screwing up what courage he had to speak to him.

“S-Scott...sir... you said there was something I can do for you?”

“Did I now?” Scott replied, a blank look on his face.

“Yes – just earlier. But, I wasn't sure what you meant. So... w-what can I do?”

Scott smirked.

“What can you do for me? Those are the words I like to hear, Alex.”

Scott tilted his head up, beckoning Alex to come closer. HE made his way down the locker-room, now truly empty except for the two of them – and stood before the young titan. Scott grinned down at him, and turned around. His almighty glutes revealing themselves to Alex's gaze. They were like two golden boulders, smooth and round, pressed proudly together with just the slightest hint of fabric riding high above them. They glistened softly in the harsh fluorescent light of the locker room. Scott looked back over his shoulder.

“The first thing you're gonna do for me – you're gonna kiss my ass.”

Alex looked up at Scott's handsome face, in disbelief. But Scott did not move, and it did not appear to be a joke. He looked back at the mighty ass, and dropped to his knees. Face to face with the greatest glutes he had ever beheld. Junior Championship-winning glutes. Hands shaking, he reached out to place them on the outer edge of each cheek. Gliding his hands over the skin in awe, each glute was easily twice the size of his entire head. Scott flexed them a little, bouncing them in the smaller student's hands. Each flex turned already firm flesh into utter steel – Alex shuddered to think what would happen if anything were trapped between them when Scott flexed. It would surely burst like a watermelon.

He leaned in closer, the warmth of his breath hitting the skin. Scott looked down over his shoulder, as at last Alex's lips came into contact with his ass. He chuckled, enjoying the feel of the soft lips on his butt.

“That's it, lil' kiss-ass.”

Alex pressed his lips over and over against the mighty muscles, lavishing them with kisses – exactly as he had been instructed. He shifted his weight and leaned over to the other side, making sure not to miss the other glute. Or any part of the almighty ass he had been blessed with. Scott leaned back into the sensation, pressing his ass against Alex's face and groaning in pleasure.

“C'mon boy, show me what you can do.”

Alex took the hint, and opened his mouth. Extending his tongue, he ran it up and down along the length of Scott's glutes. He slurped this way and that over the enormous surface area of the muscles, almost exhausting himself as he traveled from one end to the other. Scott undulated his hips a little, feeling his cock start to swell a little from all the attention. The lapping, flickering tongue had left his ass glistening. But Scott wanted more. He once more looked back over his shoulder.

“When I say kiss my ass, I mean kiss. My. ASS.”

Alex looked up in confusion, but quickly understood Scott's meaning. Once more trembling, he ran his fingers over the tight thong strap that bisected the boulderous butt. Scott grinned to himself – he knew the little twerp would catch on. As gently as he could, Alex stretched the string back and tugged it to the side – revealing the tightest, smoothest pink hole buried deep inside Scott's ass. It was beautiful – a tender pucker hidden by the tiniest scrap of fabric. Almost reverently, he closed in on it with tongue outstretched, pressing his lips against the warm skin and lavishing his tongue over the minute ripples of the sphincter.

“Oh fuck yeah – fuckin' tongue that hole, you little bitch...”

Scott's eyes rolled back a little and he bent over further, pressing his ass back into the talented tongue attending to it. Alex slurped up and down, around and around the rim, before pressing ever so gently at the center as his tongue ventured inside. Scott bit his lip, enjoying the exquisite sensation of the warm, wet muscle wriggling just inside his entrance. He looked back over his shoulder to see Alex's head embedded firmly between his glutes. He gave them the smallest little flex – yeah, tongue that butt, I could crush your fuckin' head in an instant – he thought to himself with satisfaction. Scott groaned with pleasure, Alex's tongue making rapid-fire thrusts in and out of his hole in between swirling laps around the rim. Scott's cock was now standing to full attention – long, fat, and in need of something tight. After permitting Alex a generous feast upon his asshole, he stood up, reaching back to push the slender twerp away from his ass. The little ratbag had had enough of that privilege for now.

“The second thing you're gonna do for me...”

Turning around, Scott revealed his enormous tented bulge. It was already at unholy proportions – and stretching out the desperately clinging fabric of the pouch as it grew yet further. Alex approached the young god once more. He reached up, in awe, and gently tugged at the elastic, which was already stretched clear of Scott's abdomen. He gently peeled it down over the still-swelling cock, almost worried that he might tear the fabric as it was distorted beyond all reason. Eventually, he pulled it down over head, which immediately bounced upwards, slapping him in the face. Scott chuckled as a streak of pre-cum was left across Alex's face, as his cock came to rest pointing directly upwards. Alex hastily tugged the thong the rest of the way down Scott's legs, over his hi-tops, and Scott quickly kicked it aside.

“C'mon then.”

Alex looked up at the beast before him – he had not imagined its size. He reached up, gently running his hands over the smooth skin which slid along its length. Below it dangled two hefty bull balls, which bounced softly as the cock swayed this way and that. Alex leaned in, extending his tongue – moving slowly, still not quite believing what was happening. Until at last the tip of his tongue met Scott's balls, and he slowly lavished it over them. They were incredible warm, solid and heavy. He looked up from beneath Scott's cock to see his master looking down at him approvingly. Alex opened his mouth wide, attempting to take one of Scott's balls into his mouth – after some effort, he just barely succeeded, suckling enthusiastically on the hefty orb as Scott let his head dip backwards, groaning a little.

“Fuck yeah...”

Alex released the ball, slurping over it with his tongue before slowly making his way up along the shaft. The cock bounced against his tongue, his lapping leaving a delicate trail of saliva as he made his way – inch by inch – along its length. He ran his hands back in the opposite direction, needing both of them to encompass the absurd diameter of Scott's member. As they reached the base, he slipped them lower to cup and fondle Scott's balls as at last his tongue reached the thick, blunt head. Scott inhaled, another jet of precum shooting out over Alex's face. Alex lapped his tongue back and forth over the head, eagerly slurping up any precum that remained upon it. He opened his eyes and looked up at Scott, his tongue bathing the base of the head. Scott looked back down at him with lidded eyes. Damn that little pussy was good. So was his girl, but girls didn't have this kind of energy. A little gay dude like Alex in need of a real man. There was nothing quite like it.

At last, Alex began to stretch his lips around immense breadth of the long, hard, schlong in his hands. He glanced to the side and caught a glimpse of the pair of them in the mirror – Scott's cock extending out from his body in all its absurd width and length. His lips were wrapped around merely the very tip – but he wanted it. As best he could, he began pressing his face forward, desperate to slide as many thick inches down his throat as he could. Scott looked down, his lip curling. Many had tried, many had failed. But it was always fun to watch. Alex wrapped his hands around Scott's hips to give himself more leverage, pulling himself down on the cock. Breathing only through his nostrils, the cock head hit the back of his throat and he continued to press forward. Helpfully, Scott wrapped one beefy hand around the whelp's head and pushed hard.

“MMMMFFFFF!”

Alex's gag reflex made a great deal of sound and fury, but any practical application was rendered useless as Scott's piledriver buried itself into his throat. Alex's eyes just about bugged out of his head, and his throat spasmed, sending great ropes of saliva exploding out of his nostrils. Scott

chuckled in amusement and pleasure. There was always something satisfying about the struggle. He gently rode Alex's skull, his hips riding smoothly back and forth, his cock embedded exactly as far as was possible in the smaller man's throat. But it would go no further – not without dislocating his jaw entirely. Damn it felt good, though. Scott's head tossed back once more, his eyes closed as he bucked against the tight, wet heat that enveloped about half of his cock. Alex was becoming light-headed, his oxygen supply reduced to a trickle as the fat hog filled his throat. He continued to pull on Scott's hips, but the bodybuilder felt the grip becoming weaker. With a little reluctance, he let go of Alex's head and pushed him off his cock at last.

“Not bad, cocksucker. You got an inch further than most.” Scott laughed with a wink.

Alex looked up, eyes watering but grateful for the praise. Scott reached down and placed one large hand under each of his arms, hauling him up and tossing him onto the large bench in the center of the locker-room. In one shocking movement, he grabbed each side of Alex's jeans and tore them open as though they were tissue paper. Alex shrieked in momentary fright, before realizing that he was perfectly intact, as Scott threw the shredded fabric over his shoulder.

“You deal with the rest.” he instructed simply, as Alex hurriedly divested himself of his underwear, t-shirt, socks and shoes.

At last he was naked, before the man of his fantasies. Scott looked down at him with a slight smirk on his face, no doubt comparing his own god-like body to Alex's waifish frame. He reached down and hauled Alex up on to his knees, turning him around and pressing him down so that he was perched on all fours upon the bench. He then bent down over him so that Alex's entire body was covered by his own, every inch hidden between Scott's vast frame of muscle. Alex felt the hard, smooth head of Scott's cock running carelessly over his virginal pink hole. Scott leaned right down so that his lips were next to Alex's ear. This was it – he knew it.

“The third thing you're gonna do for me.” Scott murmured. “Is every fuckin' final report on my plate this semester.”

Alex's eyes, having closed as he soaked in the incredible sensations, shot open. Do the college work of two students? But... no! Shut the fuck up, you pathetic little runt! Look what's happening to you, right now! You'd never forgive yourself!

“Y-yes...” Alex gasped breathlessly.

“What was that?” Scott demanded.

“YES SIR!” Alex cried out, arching his back and pressing his ass against Scott's hard, bouncing cock.

“That's better.” Scott replied, wrapping an enormous arm around the nerd's neck. “And look at that, you get yourself a bonus task.”

Scott leaned back and spat a thick wad of saliva on to his fingers, reaching down to gently tickle the little pink pussy before him. It was shut tight as a vice – it should not have surprised him at all that Alex was a virgin. Not a problem, he thought to himself, this would not be the first dude he'd broken in. Chicks want shit to be all romantic their first time – a date, flowers, all that stuff. But guys – especially guys like Alex – they just gotta knuckle down and take everything that Scott's got to give. Grit those teeth, baby. It's gonna be a hell of a ride.

His thick index finger at last wriggled inside, the sphincter beginning to give way. Two fingers, three. Tight as he was, Alex was definitely a natural. He was bucking his hips, riding Scott's fingers like a horny cheerleader. Scott wriggled his fingers, triggering an almost mewling sound from Alex as he pushed back against the delightful sensation.

“Damn, you are a little pussy, huh? Never been with a man? This what you need?”

“Y-yes.. yes sir... a real man...ahhhh... AAHHH!”

Scott laughed, finding the little bundle of nerves that was Alex's prostate. Get ready, little guy, the dick won't be so gentle as the fingers. At last he eased his fingers back out with a thick 'pop' sound, leaning down to take a closer look. Scott wasn't gonna lick no dude's ass, so he spat an even large glob of saliva all over the now moist, relaxed pucker. It sparkled in the fluorescent light, trickling down over Alex's balls. Scott wrangled his mighty cock with one beefy hand, positioning the head just over Alex's hole, nuzzling it a little. It was going to be a tight fit.

“You ready?”

“Yes – yes sir.” Alex replied resolutely, looking back over his shoulder.

“You fuckin' sure about that?” Scott chuckled.

Alex turned back, lowering his head, breathed deeply and pushed back against the thick head to show his determination. Scott shrugged – the pussy wants what the pussy wants. He began to push slowly, yet firmly, into the virgin entrance. Alex gasped, immediately rounding his back and trying to pull himself off.

“Woah – easy. Easy.” Scott said soothingly, holding him still as his sphincter got used to the girth of its invader.

Alex took a deep breath and tried his best to relax. He looked up at the locker-room mirror, awed by the sight. Nigh-on four hundred pounds of muscle looming over his slender frame – at the slightest whim, Scott could pound him into the next dimension. Scott caught him staring at the pair of them, and held up one arm in a bicep flex, winking.

“Saved yourself for a real man, huh?”

Alex quivered, his sphincter gradually easing off as Scott began to slide in, inch by agonizing inch.

“Y-yes...” Alex gasped in admission.

He had never dreamed something like this would happen, but had always known that nothing less would satisfy him. He could feel Scott's cock gradually invading him, pressing deeper into his insides. The enormous jock must do this all the time – to girls, guys – whatever felt good to him at the time. That's just how dudes like him seemed to roll. Scott looked down in wonder, always fascinated at how those virgin holes managed to take him – when they managed. Alex's pussy stretched wide around his hog, opening up further and further to accept his full diameter. He was about halfway inside now, and took advantage of Alex's relaxation and made a gentle but firm thrust. Alex's eyes almost bugged out of his head as he was forced open, but Scott slammed directly over his prostate, the pleasure battling out the pain as he cried out from the new sensations.

“Aaahh-AAAAAH GOD!”

Scott smirked, easing in the last few inches until he was buried to the hilt inside Alex, his balls coming to rest against the smaller student's smooth perineum. Goddamn that was tight. He could feel Alex's pulse around his cock, almost like it was massaging him. He bent down over Alex to whisper in his ear.

“Well you got your wish, there's a real man inside you right now.”

Alex looked up at their reflection in the mirror, his eyes watering but the most incredible pleasure washing over his body. Like a new kind of warmth he had never experienced before. Scott's massive meat was occupying all possible space inside him, his prostate flattened yet electrified against its mass. Scott flexed his cock, causing Alex to squeal with pleasure as the bundle of nerves was massaged. The bodybuilder took a firm hold of Alex's hips, and began to undulate his own, thrusting in and out of the tender passage. Alex momentarily mourned the loss of Scott's fat cock against his prostate, but squealed out again when it drove back home, sending perfect little shocks all over his body. Now that the pain was easing from Alex's body, Scott began to pick up his pace, his hips finding a rhythm as he watched his cock squeeze in and out of the impossibly tight hole beneath him. Alex's sphincter, previously an angry red at the invasion, had now relaxed into an enticing pink and wrapped firmly around Scott's meat. He withdrew his cock entirely, to see the hole pull itself outside Alex's ass just a little – puffy and bulging – before he slammed back inside as his little buddy squealed with joy.

“Heh – like that huh?”

Alex was delirious, eyes unfocused as his mind cleared itself of all information except the sensations washing over him. His face bounced back and forth on each thrust, his arms barely able to hold himself up on the bench as Scott fucked him energetically. Scott continued to stare into the mirror – throwing up his arms in an enormous double-bicep flex. He grinned and winked at himself. What a goddamn fuckin' stud. He took hold of Alex's hips once more and pounded furiously, his grip preventing Alex from going flying off the bench into the mirror. Alex gabbed out incoherent nonsense, scarcely able to think straight.

Soon, Scott felt a new position was in order. He picked up Alex, still sheathed on his cock, and sat down on the bench. Leaning back, he wrapped Alex's body in a full-Nelson hold for the greatest leverage he could manage, and jackhammered in and out of his slender body with all his energy. Alex squealed in pleasure, eyes rolling about in his head, tongue lolling out as his body was overwhelmed by the sensations washing over it. He limbs shook as though they were rubber, his torso firmly secured in Scott's steely grip.

“Yeah? Like that you little bitch?”

“Oh god yes, sir!” Alex cried, not nearly so coherently, his words slurred by his dangling tongue.

“You just wanna get banged like fuckin' chick, doncha?”

“Y-yes sir!”

“You fuckin' little pussy. Just wanna get knocked the fuck up, huh?”

“Y-YES SIR!”

“Imma fuckin' flood this pussy. Fuckin' knock it all the way up!”

“OH GOD YES SIR!”

An unending cry of pleasure – jolted up and down the octave by Scott's thrusting – erupted from Alex's throat as his body was used like a rag-doll, his feet bouncing about in the air and Scott's balls colliding with his own on each impact. Scott's girl never let him take her like this – she wanted that gentle shit. But this obedient little nerd – Scott could do whatever the fuck he wanted. Relaxing his full-Nelson grip slightly, Scott held Alex tight against his chest and rolled off the bench on to his feet, standing up straight. Alex was suspended in the air, impaled on his mighty cock. Scott walked over to the mirror, taking in the sight of his enormous body completely supporting Alex as he bounced on his meat. He gripped the smaller student in one hand, holding up the other to flex his bicep, aroused as much by his own perfection as by the tight hole milking his cock.

“Well well well, you caught on after all.”

The pair glanced over to see Derek round the corner, leaning against the lockers with a smirk on his face.

“Fuck yeah bro, you never steer me wrong.” Scott grinned, winking at his bro.

“Never, bro.” Derek nodded, returning the wink.

“The fuck you doin' over their, bro?” Scott replied softly, still thrusting into Alex but his eyes locked with his fellow bodybuilder.

“Dunno bro. What should I be doin'?” Derek chuckled, his cock stretching out his thong pouch obscenely, just as Scott's had done.

Scott jutted his head slightly.

“Why doncha come over here, bro?”

Derek's lip curled, slowly walking over to his bro. Alex watched on – still impaled balls-deep on Scott's cock – as the two titans stared each other down. There was something oddly fascinating about watching them interact. Derek closed the distance, standing toe-to-toe with Scott. They turned to look in the mirror together, their bodies closely mirroring one another. They flexed their biceps, bounced their pecs. Scott bit his lip, grinning in approval as Derek pressed his foot into the floor, flaring his quadriceps.

“Nice, bro.”

Derek turned back to his bro, reaching up to slowly place one large hand around his thick bull neck. He had not even acknowledged Alex's presence. Scott flexed his neck, pulling Derek in closer.

“No homo, bro.” Derek said softly, a wicked grin on his face.

“No homo, bro.” Scott replied.

Derek then pulled their faces in to meet each other, tongues outstretched. The twin muscles danced over and around each other, tapping and tickling playfully. They swirled around, over each other's lips, before pulling in yet closer. Diving in to each other's mouths. Alex was pressed between their impossibly huge chests, almost crushed between their mass as he looked up at the intense make-out

session. It was almost as though he wasn't there at all. Their kiss was something between intimacy and all-out war, two warriors battling for victory. Each trying to dominate the other with his tongue, sometimes playfully, sometimes with great ferocity. Smirking and chuckling as they did, pulling back to wink at one another. To tap the tips of their tongues together before diving back inside. Derek reached up to toy with Scott's nipples, enjoying the slightly confused look that washed over his face at the tingling pleasure.

“The fuck you doin' with those tiddies, bro?” Scott asked

“The fuck you talkin' about, bro?” Derek chuckled.

The two studs continued to make out, a string of saliva falling down across Alex's face as their tongues wrestled. At last, Derek stepped back and looked down at him, then back up at Scott.

“Bro-”

“Yeah bro?”

“There's somethin' on your cock, bro.”

“Some lil' homo, bro.”

“Tight?”

“Fuck yeah, bro...”

Derek tugged down his thong, kicking it aside as his own monstrous cock bounced up into the air, wavering about almost threateningly. Alex stared at it with a hint of worry – what was he planning? He was currently filled balls-deep by Scott's behemoth, his prostate flattened against its obscene girth. He felt Scott's chest rumble against his back as the jock chuckled. They knew what was in store. Scott stepped back, once more sitting down on the bench and rolling on to his back, so that his legs were spread out – feet firm on the floor – as Alex was suspended on his chest, legs up in the air. Derek walked slowly in between their legs, nodding approvingly at the tight sphincter stretched wide all around his body's cock.

“Broke him in nice, dude.”

“Get a load of that tongue, bro.” Scott replied.

“Yeah?”

Grinning, Derek stood up on the bench and turned around – feet either side of Scott's waist – and began to lower himself over Alex's face. Alex stared up, almost hypnotized, as Buttzilla himself descended towards his face. The tiniest pink pucker amid an obscene mass of muscle – boulders just like Scott's – smooth, round, vast. Scott reached up and grabbed on to the mighty glutes, parting them further to expose the smooth ring.

“C'mon bro, suffocate this pussy.”

“Here it comes, bro...”

Obediently, Alex opened his mouth and outstretched his tongue as Derek's ass closed in, reaching

out to lavish it all over the smooth sphincter as it approached. Derek groaned and chuckled, sitting firmly down on Alex's face as the wriggling tongue slurped and lapped all over his anus. Scott massaged his buddy's glues, spreading them wide so Alex could press his face as deep against Derek's hole as possible.

“Ooooh fuck yeah, bro...”

Derek bounced his butt up and down, grinding side to side and back and forth over Alex's face. Let that tongue reach every fuckin' inch. He pressed backwards, pushing more of his weight on to Alex, forcing that tongue deeper inside. Alex slurped enthusiastically at the relaxing hole, wriggling his tongue inside as best he could. Derek groaned loudly, thrusting downwards onto Alex's tongue. All light was blocked from Alex's view, and almost all oxygen, as he was completely enveloped by Derek's enormous ass. He felt Scott grab hold of his head with one hand and stuff him in even tighter, his tongue buried as deep as it could reach into the smooth muscle asshole.

“Mmmf... MMMFFF!” Alex gasped as he wriggled his tongue in and out.

“That means he likes it, bro.” Scott grinned.

“They all fuckin' like it, bro.” Derek chuckled over his shoulder.

Scott was still buried to the balls inside Alex, thrusting gently as his buddy enjoyed the first-rate rimjob. Alex released his tongue from Derek's hole, gasping for oxygen, before burying his face once more against the smooth wall of muscle above him. Derek's head tilted back, eyes closed as he felt the warm, wet muscle spiral around his entrance before sliding back inside. Damn that little pussy was good – but how good was the pussy? At last, he rose up off of Alex's face, hopping down from the bench. Alex breathed deeply, light-headed from the lack of oxygen as he was nearly suffocated by all Derek's ass. Not that he had one word of complaint. He saw the enormous bodybuilder standing between his legs, a knowing smirk on his face.

“Think there's any more room in there, bro?” Scott asked from beneath Alex.

Derek chuckled.

“Don't look like he's got much choice, bro.” he said with a grin.

Alex's eyes went wide – was that even possible? Derek gently stroked his cock – it was a terrifying match for Scott's - filled out to full hardness, and pointing directly at Alex's already over-stuffed anus. Derek stepped up to the edge of the bench, bending his knees slightly to run his cock up alongside his bro's, the head coming to a stop where Alex's sphincter was stretched around Scott. He spat a fat wad of saliva right at the tip of his cock, gently massaging it against the tight seal.

“Fuck bro, gonna be a tight squeeze.” Scott rumbled.

“Mmmhmm...” Derek murmured, pressing gently.

Alex felt slight pangs of pain as the second invader pressed up alongside the first, intent on pressing its way inside. He gasped and flailed a little, but Scott wrapped his arms around him securely.

“Just relax, lil' bro...” Scott whispered into his ears, “You'll be fine...”

Derek thrust his hips just a little, his hands guiding his cock tight against Scott's. Alex yelped – his

sphincter was stretching out once more, as Derek pressed intently against the rim. Further. A little harder. Alex's eyes went wide, and he squealed out in pain. Scott wrapped his arm over Alex's mouth, whispering soothing noises to him. Alex slowed his breathing, trying to relax.

“Damn lil' bro, you're doin' it...” Derek chuckled.

And sure enough, he was. Derek watched as – ever so slowly – his cock began to force its way inside Alex. The tight ring of muscle expanded somehow, wide enough to fit them both. With a firm flex of his glutes, Derek was smoothly squeezing inside with Scott. Alex gasped and cried, pain and pleasure once more fighting inside him, as he was double-penetrated by the enormous jocks. Scott kept his hold secure, and Alex did his best to stabilize his breathing as he watched his stomach stretching from within – the two might hogs forcing the skin outwards.

“Daaayyum bro, this is like tryna' fit in an elevator with you!” Scott laughed from underneath, as his cock was pressed shaft-to-shaft against his bro's.

“Oh you like that, don't you, huh?” Derek chuckled to his fellow bodybuilder, thrusting in and out slightly, running his cock over Scott's.

“Bro, your balls are on my balls!” Scott retorted.

“Get used to it – fuck this is tight!”

Inch by inch, Derek made his way inside Alex. The sharp, piercing pain of his sphincter forced even wider had dulled, and once more Alex was overcome with an unbelievable feeling of fullness. Filled beyond what should be possible, yet here he was – taking the two biggest dudes on campus, at the same time. He turned to look in the mirror, his body almost lost between the twin titans. But the bulge in his stomach all too visible. His own cock looked miniscule atop the two beasts invading him, though he was fully erect as Scott continued to massage his prostate.

“NGGAAAH!” Alex cried.

Make that, as both bros massaged his prostate. With one last smooth flex, Derek bottomed out inside the tight passage, side by side with Scott. Derek gasped and groaned with pleasure, his balls indeed rolling back and forth over Scott's as they were forced into incredible intimacy. He leaned over the two on the bench, adjusting his weight and placing his hands either side of Scott's chest. The two jocks came face to face, flushed and sweating, as they pinned Alex between them. Scott grinned up at his friend, feeling their erections pressed together.

“Damn – little close.”

“Yeah...”

They winked at each other, starting to thrust slowly in rhythm. Scott out, Derek in. Derek out, Scott in. But always sliding alongside each other. Alex's hole had at last accepted its fate, and was stretching impressively as the bros fucked him together. Derek leaned down, tongue outstretched, and the two resumed their dance. Tongues tapping, swirling, slurping. Wrestling. Battling. In the mirror, Alex's body had just about disappeared entirely, if not for his spindly legs and feet sticking out from either side of the pile of muscle, jolting with each thrust. Alex's body was buffeted back and forth between the two titans, almost entirely forgotten as he became a mere hole for the studs to thrust into as they embraced one another, tongues battling for supremacy.

“Fuck bro...”

“Yeah bro?”

“Fuck yeah, bro...”

Scott and Derek wrapped their arms around each other, picking up the pace as their hips undulated, thrusting rapidly together. Their tongue-battle evolved into an intense make-out session, plunging in to one another's mouths as Alex's tight passage milked expertly. Alex did his best to get what oxygen he could, his face pressed between four mighty pectorals. All thought melted from his mind as the sensations filling his body – pulverizing his prostate – took over. He felt warm and tingly, he didn't know which way was up. And he didn't care. He cried out in pleasure, muffled as it was by the chests pressing against him. His insides were utterly rearranged by the assault, waves of pleasure washing over his body as the rock hard jock cocks pumped him with a strength that only men of this magnitude could muster.

“Damn bro... that feels real good, bro...” Scott gasped.

“Yeah bro... let's go faster bro...” Derek replied breathlessly.

The groaned, their glutes flexing into a frenzy as they thrust in and out with abandon. They looked like to almighty beasts rutting atop the bench, the smaller man between them a blur of jiggling feet and not much else. Beads of sweat trickled down their massive forms, glutes pressing together to propel them ever deeper. Similar waves of pleasure began to wash over them too as they felt their balls begin to tighten. The bros looked directly into each other's eyes, in that moment unaware of Derek's presence around their cocks as they thrust and flexed. The make-out session resumed, the waves of pleasure cresting higher as Alex's passage began to spasm.

“Mmmfff... MMFFF!” came a muffled cry between them.

The waves plunged back down over Alex, his entire body shaking as his orgasm overtook him. What little cock he had squirted its load across Derek's abs, and his contractions rippled through his rectum, milking the bros with impossible tightness. This pushed them both over the edge, tongues still battling as pleasure exploded through their bodies.

“Ohhh fuuccck bro...”

“Oh god, bro!”

“FUUUUCK BRO!”

“HNNNGGG OOOH FUUUUUCK!”

They thrust with all their strength, balls squeezing up against their cocks as together they fired almighty loads of semen deep inside Alex. They tossed their heads back, eyes closed, bodies heaving as volley after volley shot inside Alex's tight, velvety rip. Thick, fertile seed filled his stomach, which bulged out further around the two invaders. The jocks continued to ejaculate – load after load, jet after jet, until at last there was no more room inside Alex and the creamy cum fired out around the almost-airtight seal of his sphincter.

“Fuuuuuck bro...”

“Fuuuck yeah bro...”

Cum sprayed all over the floor, as the jocks began to come back to Earth. Opening their eyes as the last squirts of jizz fired off. They were glistening with sweat, chuckling at each other. Shit-eating grins on their faces at another misadventure.

“Damn, bro, think you were a little too into that...”

“No fuckin' homo, bro...”

With as much care as they could manage, they pulled their gradually-softening cocks out of Alex with two thick 'pop' sounds, unleashing the reservoir as a thick river of sperm dumped out of Alex and over the bench. Derek carefully raised himself off the top of the heap, revealing Alex – a little worse for wear, but with a look of pure ecstasy on his face – between them. He too was breathing heavily, eyes only just coming back into focus. Derek rose to his feet, releasing the other two from his weight. Scott gently slapped Alex's sides.

“Wakey-wakey – you okay, lil' dude?”

Alex panted, his breathing returning to a gentle rhythm. He looked up slightly, only just reconnecting to where he was. He didn't have long to adjust, however, as Scott gripped his sides firmly and rolled up off the bench. He released Alex, who stumbled forward, about to fall if Derek had not caught him.

“Got a bit of a workout, huh?” he laughed.

“Yeah...” Alex said breathlessly.

The two jocks tugged their thongs back on, giggling a little as Alex stumbled about, clearly still re-adjusting to life not sandwiched between the their enormous chests. Scott picked up Alex's bag, and thrust his own paperwork inside, pressing it in to Alex's waiting hands.

“Remember lil' bro, we got a deal.”

“A deal... right...” Alex replied.

Anything was worth what he had just experienced. He stood in a daze, gradually collecting his thoughts, and looked up at the jocks staring down at him.

“So then – the fuck you doin' in the locker-room, dweeb?” Scott chuckled.

Alex yelped, turning to run out the door. He had what he wanted – maybe he would get it again. But not if he pushed his luck with the young gods. Holy fucking spirits above, the nerves in his asshole just came back on-line. His run turned into a jagged limp, a strangled gasp erupting from his mouth as his anus spasmed. Scott and Derek roared with laughter as they watched the whelp stagger out the door, his slender frame no match for their twin behemoths.

“Tell ya what bro, their eyes are always bigger than their holes.” Scott chuckled, grasping his hefty bulge.

“Me, though, I'm still hungry.” Derek replied, flipping out his phone to call his girl.

Scott nodded in agreement, his cock starting to swell up again at the thought. He tugged out his own phone, his girl surprised to hear his voice. Didn't he have a sea of assignments to catch up on?

“Hey babe, be at my place at eight. Huh? Nope, all taken care of.” Scott replied with a smile, winking at Derek.

The pair gave a playful slap to each other's mighty butts as they made their way out the door. Reports taken care of, pussies wrecked, and more on the way. What more could a bro want?

-THE END-