

The New Trainer

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Silent Movies

1

It was a long and tedious day for Marcus. Too many hours of filling in reports and listening to his co-workers talk about their new girlfriends, recent children, or expensive trips to places he had no interest in going. Normally, Marcus was happy just hanging around home watching TV and playing on his PlayStation, but lately he's noticed that his stomach has been getting a bit on the soggy side and his ass just a bit too wide for his pants.

As much as he didn't want to admit it, it was too easy to ignore it. It didn't matter if he had a membership in a gym in the same building as his office or that it was open twenty-four hours, he worked until he was exhausted and headed home while picking up something greasy for dinner.

The current day was much like every day for the last year: endless meetings during the day and working after everyone left to get actual work done. The tie they forced him to wear felt more like a noose every evening and he couldn't wait for his boss to leave so he would pull it open, strip off his shoes, and play music in the phone; all of those were direct violation of the company policy.

Outside, the sun had set a few hours ago but the glow of the sodium lights leaked through the shades and set everything with an orange cast.

Marcus sighed and finished verifying the latest TPS form with the entered data. It was a tedious task, but one percent of the reports had to be verified for quality assurance. It was a long job, but it paid enough for him to enjoy long nights in front of the PlayStation and getting fast food on the way home.

He looked at the next form with dread. Even from across the table, he could tell that the handwriting was horrendous and in three different pens. Some of the writing had faded out and there were scrawled circles as the person entering it tried to get their pen to work again.

“Oh, fuck this.”

Marcus stood up. He needed a break, from the forms, from the validation, from his job. He stretched and grabbed his security badge and his keys. Yawning, he headed outside for some fresh air to clear his head.

Five minutes later, he sat on the curb and stared out the empty parking lot. The wall of light behind him cast his shadows across the asphalt and insects fluttered around the darkness as they streamed past him.

At the far end of the building was the gym. The lights were on and he could see some of the TVs playing, but it was to an empty room. No one ran or worked out, just a surreal scene of entertaining no one.

Bored with nothing else to do, Marcus forced himself off the curb and groaned. He wasn't as healthy as he used to be. The effort left him briefly light-headed but it cleared quickly as he shuffled down the front of the building to check out which shows were on. The first was Fox News, he ignored that. The other was a home and garden type of show, it looked like they were redecorating an office in some sort of hideous shade of brown. The third TV, this one in front of a bank of treadmills, had an action movie flashing on it.

Encouraged, Marcus leaned against the glass and watched the TV in silence, enjoying the cooler air and making up words for the actors on the screen. As he did, the sodium lights in the parking lot reflected his image on the glass, giving him a translucent image to peer through.

He wasn't unattractive. His hair was still dark brown and thick. He had it cut short so it spiked up in front but was neatly trimmed in the back. He was clean-shaven and only had a hint of a second chin. His eyes were black in the yellow light, but otherwise they would be a dusky blue.

The rest of his body was less impressive. His stomach stuck out a little bit more than he wanted, not quite enough to hang down but

one that peeked out past his black leather belt. His button-down shirt, corporate white, hung comfortably on his body. He wore black trousers, as per the dress code, but only the butt area was tighter than he wanted.

After a few minutes of looking at himself uncomfortably in the reflection, he shifted his position and focused on the movie.

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Personal Trainer

2

Marcus was deep into the movie when suddenly headlights splashed against the window, blinding out the TV. He jumped and spun around, guilt naked on his face.

The car, an older four-door, pulled into the spot next to him. He couldn't see the driver through the lights and stood there, unsure if he should run. At the same time, he stood his ground because a thirty-year-old shouldn't be running like he was eight.

The lights turned off and Marcus started at the spots as the engine popped softly. A door opened and then shut.

"Locked out?" It was a younger man speaking with a hint of cheerfulness.

Marcus ducked his head. "No... just watching the movie."

"If you had a membership, you'd could do it without all the bugs."

"I have one, just... haven't really use it. The badge... is at home, I think."

The speaker came around. He was slender with pale brown skin. He looked Indian, but his accent only had a hint of a Brooklyn accent to it. Marcus blushed at his automatic assumption of race.

"Yeah," said the young man, "I haven't seen you working out around here."

Still guilty, Marcus gestured to the far end of the block. "I'm over there. I thought... I'd come over here after work. But..."

The young man chuckled. "Got distracted with other things. What was it? Too much coding? A wife? Or a bar while escaping the misses?"

"I don't have a girl... I mean, I'm not married."

“Oh....”

Marcus heard a strange, almost excited tone to the other man's voice. “I-I should probably be going.”

“You sure? I could let you in? It's just you and me.”

Marcus felt a blush growing on his cheeks. He glanced over at the younger man, despairing when he saw a trimmed body underneath a pair of loose shorts and a t-shirt. A surge of jealousy rose inside Marcus, he never looked as good. “No, I should be going home.”

“Your call.” The other guy peered into the window. “There is only ten minutes left in the movie. Sure you want to miss it?”

Marcus paused. The young man was friendly and Marcus was interested in seeing the end. But, he wasn't entirely sure why the young man was bringing a blush to his cheeks. He felt like a stammering boy back when he thought he was straight and trying to hit up girls.

“I'm Aslan,” said the younger man as he winked at Marcus. Before Marcus could respond, he headed over to the door for the fitness center and swiped a card. It beeped. Aslan opened the door and gestured for Marcus to enter.

“Um, I'm Mar... Marcus.” Marcus sheepishly slipped into the center. He had never been inside and the new smells assaulted him. The scent of sweat filled the air, but so did oil, leather, and even soap. He sniffed again and then stepped toward the treadmills in front of the movie.

“Grab some headphones behind the counter. That is channel five.”

Mumbling thanks, Marcus found a pair of well-worn headphones and slipped in. He felt strange standing next to a treadmill, so he stood on one of them and leaned against the console as the movie rocketed toward its conclusion.

It didn't take long before the movie reached its climax. As the on-screen hero battled the demon for the love interest, Marcus noticed that Aslan had gotten on one of the treadmills further down the line. The young man had it dialed up to a rapid speed and was sprinting along the belt. With every step, his body revealed tight muscles, smooth skin, and the health of a man ten years younger than Marcus.

Inwardly, Marcus scoffed. He never looked as soon as Aslan. His eyes drifted toward the firm ass highlighted by the shorts. Aslan had a rounded backside and Marcus had no doubt he could have bounced a quarter off it.

He wished he had Aslan's ass. Actually, Marcus wished he had all of Aslan's body. It didn't have the middle-age softness to it. The young man was trim, muscular, and sexy.

Aslan suddenly looked over his shoulder.

With a gasp, Marcus snapped his head back to the movie. The credits were already playing. A blush burned on his cheeks as he made a point of staring at the screen, as if he cared about the crawl of names that he didn't recognize ran up the screen.

He held his position as long as possible and then slipped off the headphones. The burn on his cheeks remained as he looked around the fitness center, the hallway leading into the showers, and everywhere but where the young man pounded the treadmill.

"Good movie?"

Marcus nodded, afraid to look back.

"I like the whole dragon bit at the end."

Marcus turned to Aslan, trying to remember a dragon in the movie. He frowned for a heartbeat and then nodded. When he finally focused on Aslan, the young man was straddling his treadmill and leaning over the railing, a smirk on his face.

The blush burned hotter. Marcus gulped at his dry throat. "Y-Yeah."

"And that fight with the demon tree? Probably the best CGI in the last few years." There was a playful tone to Aslan.

Marcus grunted and glanced at the door. "I probably should be going. I don't..." he stammered at Aslan's look, "... want to get caught not actually using the machines."

"Why don't you at least try the treadmill? That way, you can say you've used your membership and earned that movie." Aslan winked again, a sly smile on his lips.

With an apologetic look, Marcus gestured to his shirt and suit pants. The tie caught on his wrist and slid off. "Not really dressed for it."

Aslan shrugged. "There is no one else here. Just lose the shoes and walk slow."

Marcus glanced down at his black wingtips. He wanted to run away, but at the same time, the guilt of watching the movie blended with a desire to peek at Aslan's ass a little more held him down. His cheeks still burning, Marcus made a decision and removed his shoes. Kicking them to the side, he dialed to the slowest it would go and padded along it in his black socks.

"See, isn't that better?" Aslan chuckled and turned back to his own machine. He took a step on the rapidly spinning belt and then started running lightly.

Marcus had trouble focusing on the treadmill while discretely watching Aslan. The jealousy and desire rose inside him at the sight of the tight buttocks rolling in the shorts and how easily the younger man was running at eight miles per hour where Marcus struggled at three.

To Marcus' discomfort, his thoughts started to take a more erotic bent. He blushed hotter and tried not to think of Aslan's naked ass or wonder at what the young man's cock would look like. Marcus already knew his own sexuality, he was fluid in just about anything; years of only having the Internet for relief had blurred his interests into being interesting in anything with a pulse. Even if he wasn't getting it.

Aslan suddenly tapped the stop button and slid off.

Marcus stumbled, trying to find somewhere else to focus.

"I'm going to lift some weights, willing to spot me?"

Marcus gulped and nodded, pushing the slow button until he could slip off. He gripped the railing as he came off, trying not to think about the sweat already soaking his pants and shirt. It wasn't enough to soak the fabric, but he could feel the little prickles of wetness when he moved. He hooked the headphones on the railing.

Aslan lead the way to the far end of the center, his ass swaying to Marcus' distraction. He grabbed a few twenty pound weights and slid them on the bar. "Have you ever spotted before?"

"Once, back in college."

"Hasn't been that long ago, has it?"

Marcus chuckled. "More than a few years..." He blushed again. "Little over a decade actually."

"Wouldn't have pegged," there was a strange hesitation, "you for more than twenty-five actually."

Marcus ducked his head in thanks. He got into position and then realized he was staring down at the trim body of a young man getting dangerously close to his crotch.

Aslan's shirt clung to his chest and stomach, conforming to skin and revealing a faint six pack and muscles that flexed underneath the fabric. Below, there was a definite ridge to his manhood tenting the thin fabric of his shorts.

Struggling to tear his thoughts away and prevent his own cock from getting hard, Marcus held out his hands underneath the bar by a few inches.

Aslan grinned him and began to bench press. His movements were smooth and powerful, easily lifting the bar. Marcus suspected that Aslan didn't need help, but he wasn't going to question it as he struggled with his pounding heart and rapidly hardening cock.

After thirty repetitions, Aslan was covered in a thin sheet of sweat. He set the bar on the rack and let out a long breath.

Marcus felt the heat of Aslan's breath through his suit pants. His cock surged hotter and he stepped back to avoid embarrassing himself. He gulped tightly and leaned against a cold weight set next to the bench press. If he made it through the night, he was going to shamefully masturbate until he passed out.

"Wow, that always feels good." Aslan sat up and stretched, the bottom of his shirt rising to reveal his tight body.

Marcus nodded, peeking over.

Aslan sharply looked at Marcus.

Unable to pretend he was doing anything other than looking, Marcus blushed hotly.

"Want a round?"

"Um, I really..."

Aslan chuckled. "Come on, don't waste warming up on the treadmill. Just ten reps and I won't push."

"I..." Marcus stared at his stomach.

"Five reps? It will only take a second."

Marcus wasn't sure why he said yes, but a few moments later he was staring at the bench and a bar with weights on each end. Above where his head would go, Aslan stood in position. Marcus' eyes focused on the crotch of the young man, the ridge more obvious as it stuck out from his body.

He suspected that Aslan was hard, just like himself, but he couldn't imagine why. Aslan was beautiful, the type of man that had a long future of beautiful men and women. Marcus was just an overweight QA.

His shirt and pants clung to his skin, damp from the sweat from both working out and the heat boiling inside him. He tried to fight the despair as he stretched on the board and pressed his hands against the bar. It was cool, but he could already feel the pressure of his shirt stopping him. He pulled back and twisted his shoulders, but the fabric wasn't designed for lifting.

Slipping back out, Marcus shook his head. "I-I can't."

"The shirt?"

"Yeah."

"Take it off."

Marcus froze at the soft words. With fear in his eyes, he glanced over at Aslan. He didn't know if the young man was hitting on him

"No one is here. They won't see."

"Y-You will."

Aslan winked. "I know."

Cheeks burning, Marcus glanced down at Aslan's hardness and then back up. "Are you... are you hitting on me?"

Aslan leaned over the bar, his ass sticking up slightly. "What do you think? Am I hitting on you? And, more importantly," he winked, "do you want to be hit on?"

Marcus sighed. "I don't know why you'd want to."

"Because I think you're sexy."

A spasm jolted through Marcus. "M-Me?"

"Oh, yes. Definitely."

"Why?"

Aslan's smile grew wider. "Because I want to get you all sweaty and then convince you go into that shower where I'm hoping to get a shot of seeing your dick. Because I'm looking at it through your pants and I think it's going to be beautiful."

"I'm fat." Even as he said it, Marcus' cock jumped to full length, straining at his pants.

"I know, that's one of the things I like."

"You like guys like me?"

“Big beautiful men?” Aslan slipped around the bar. He sat down on the padded bench. “Yes, I think you are just as sexy as I hope you think I am.”

“Then why get me to work out?”

Aslan chuckled. “Because I like watching you work out too. One reason I became a personal trainer.”

“So... I should keep going?”

Aslan stood up, his cock tenting his shorts. “I’d very much like if you were to strip out of that shirt and give me ten reps.”

“I thought it was five.”

“That was before you found out I’m going to give you a blow job in the shower.”

Marcus gulped as his cock surged, soaking his pants.

Aslan winked and came around. “Make it twenty and I’ll give you a really nice surprise.”

“I don’t think I can,” Marcus murmured as he unbuttoned his shirt. His belly, covered in dark hairs, slipped out. He glanced at Aslan, wondering if the young man was lying, but Aslan was licking his lips as he watched Marcus undress.

When Marcus finished, he let the white shirt and tie slip to the ground. He felt strange and embarrassed standing in only black pants, but Aslan didn’t seem to mind. On a lark, he decided to go forward and unbuckled his pants.

“God....” whispered Aslan.

Marcus quickly stripped down to his underwear. It was a pair of black boxer briefs, the front of them soaked with his precum. He stood up nervously, feeling vulnerable and exposed to both Aslan and the large windows leading to an empty parking lot.

Aslan licked his lips again and held his hands on the bar. “Come on, you can do twenty.”

Marcus wasn’t sure, but his heart was pounding and he was dangerously close to coming inside his underwear. Sitting down on the padded bench, he fought the urge to run away before turning and stretching back out against the slightly damp plastic. His head settled into place, less than a foot underneath Aslan’s own crotch. From his vantage point, he could see up one of the leg holes to one of the most beautiful cocks straining against the thin fabric without the confines of underwear.

He froze, staring at it. Aslan was shaved, his balls a slightly darker brown than the rest of his body. His testicles were tight against his base, like two walnuts. There was a shimmering of precum along the bottom edge of the narrow shaft, it dripped around the arrow-shaped head that tented the fabric.

“Like what you see?”

“I’ve... never been so close to one... a real one.”

“Never had a boyfriend?”

“No, not really.”

“Girls?”

“No, not really.”

“A blow job?”

Marcus chuckled, his eyes still locked on the beautiful cock above him. “Not in a very long time.”

“Well, thirty reps—”

“You said ten.”

“You’ll get something nice at thirty too. You can do it.”

Marcus was sure he couldn’t, but he still wrapped his hands around the bar.

“Okay, ready?”

Shaking his head, Marcus lifted the bar and brought it down to his chest. “No!” he gasped.

“Just take a deep breath and push.”

Marcus pushed up at the unfamiliar weight. His sex- and treadmill-warmed body shuddered as he managed to push it up. It wasn’t as smooth as Aslan’s, but he got one.

“One,” said Aslan.

Marcus grunted and brought it down. After a second, he lifted it again and brought it down. Each time, it was a bit easier but it didn’t take long before his muscles began to burn. He grunted loudly, blushing and sweating as he did.

“Oh, that’s nine. One more. One more.”

“I-I can’t.”

“One more and I’m going to suck that pretty cock of yours.”

Marcus’ shaft grew harder with the images that flashed through his mind. He grunted and strained, pushing it up.

“Come on, you can do it. Don’t you want to see my lips at your base. And your hard length all the way down my throat?”

Marcus let out a cry and shoved up, pushing the bar as far as it would go.

“Oh, fuck, you’re going to come in my mouth.”

Marcus started to lean the bar back.

“No, no, you can do more. Just ten more.”

“I-I can’t,” gasped Marcus.

“What do you want for it?” Aslan leaned over, his cock throbbing in his shorts.

“I-I...”

With a smile, Aslan grinned. “Ever been rimmed?”

Marcus inhaled sharply. He had seen it in videos and thought it looked sexy as hell. His cock drooled with excitement, the throb almost as painful as the burn in his arms.

“Oh, just ten more. Ten more and I’m going to stick my face between your cheeks.”

Encouraged by his libido and Aslan’s words, Marcus brought the bar to his chest and then pushed up. It was easier the second time, but his arms burned with the effort. He panted, the sweat soaking his body as he shoved the bar up and eased it down.

“That’s it. Just a few more. A few more and I’m going to be licking your asshole out until you cry out. Two more, that’s it. Two more and I’m going to shove my tongue right in that tight little hole— Oh fuck, one more!”

Marcus grunted loudly, straining against his muscles. Everything burned but the image of Aslan’s lapping at his asshole pushed him aside. He took a deep breath and tried to quell the shaking. He could do it, he knew he could.

“One more, you can do it. One more and I’m going to make you cum so hard.”

Straining with all his might, Marcus shoved up. He screwed his eyes tight as he struggled to push it up one side and then the other. In the corner of his eyes, he could see Aslan’s hands steady underneath the bar, ready to catch it.

His body twisted on the bench. He gasped and pushed harder, each inch feeling like running a mile. He gasped and yelled out, shoving the the last bit until he was extended.

“Fuck!” gasped both Marcus and Aslan.

Trembling, Marcus almost lost his grip.

Aslan snatched the bar and pulled it back, letting it slam heavily on the bracket. He panted and leaned over it, his soaked shorts obscuring part of his face. "There you go, you did it."

Marcus panted as he stared up, half focusing on the beautiful brown cock and the other on Aslan's face.

"Ready?"

"I... just need a minute...."

"Take your time. You did great."

Marcus slumped back. "So, what was thirty?"

"Oh, I was thinking you'd like to shove that beautiful cock up my ass."

Marcus glanced at the bar, wishing he had the strength.

Aslan chuckled. "No, not going to happen. Would have been a great way to end the day."

"You like it up the ass?"

Aslan shrugged and smiled. "The ass or the dick, it doesn't matter to me. I like all parts of this."

Marcus chuckled. He felt on the edge of an orgasm already. "Should have made a deal. If I couldn't make a set, I'd have to do it to you."

Aslan's eye rose. "Didn't know you'd be open to that."

Marcus nodded sheepishly.

"Well," Aslan stood up, his cock thumping against the bar. "Next time. If you can't make the set, we'll do that."

Grunting, Marcus pushed himself up. He was still panting from the effort. As Aslan walked in front of him, he watched the younger man with his eyes. It was hard to believe that he was about to get a blow job from anyone that sexy.

Aslan stopped and looked over his shoulder. "Come on. You need a shower."

Reward Time

3

If it wasn't for the anticipation, The changing room wasn't that impressive. Wood-grained lockers lined a small room with a single, matching bench between the two banks of doors. A small sink sat in one corner and a door leading into the shower area was opposite of it.

Marcus peered into the shower area, his cock throbbing with desire. There were four narrow stalls, each one with a curtain to pull across for privacy. The tiled niches were barely large enough for him but he suspected that Aslan would fit nicely... on his knees.

He gripped the entrance. It was really going to happen. He was going to get laid. He turned just as Aslan came into the changing area with Marcus' clothes.

"Best not to have you running around naked." Another wink.

"Yeah." Butterflies fluttered in Marcus' stomach.

Aslan set down the clothes with a faint frown. "Are you okay? We don't have to do this."

"No!" Marcus said a bit sharper than he wanted. "I mean, no, I want to. I'm just nervous. I haven't done... anything for a long time."

"I'll be gentle." Aslan stepped closer.

"I know, just been a while."

Aslan stopped in front of Marcus. With a smile, he leaned forward and kissed Marcus. The caress of strong lips against his own stole Marcus' breath away. He let out a moan that drifted off as he kissed someone for the first time in a long time. It felt like butter and he shivered.

Wrapping one arm around the back of Marcus' neck, Aslan kissed him more passionately, opening his mouth and flicking his tongue out. The taste of caramel and coffee flooded Marcus' mouth.

Marcus kissed back, his cock so hard that it ground against Aslan's hip. The fabric stretched tightly to hold in his member. Each throb of his pulse added to a discomfort of his confines.

Aslan smiled into the kiss and ran his hand down Marcus' belly, not rushing nor going slowly. Just teasing through the sweat-soaked hairs before delving into the gaping elastic of the older man's boxers.

A heartbeat later, the warm hands wrapped around Marcus' aching shaft.

"Oh god," whispered Marcus into the kiss.

"Not yet," answered Aslan as he broke the embrace. His hand didn't move from Marcus' cock. "But give me a second."

With a wink, Aslan sank to his knees.

Marcus' heart almost skipped a beat as he saw the sexy man planting a line of kisses against his belly, then hips, and finally to his crotch.

With both hands, Aslan eased the elastic over Marcus' length and pushed it down. He licked his lips and leaned forward, crossing the few inches between his mouth and Marcus' twitching length.

The first touch of a mouth against his cock head almost brought Marcus to his knees. Aslan was firm but accepting, pursing his lips and taking the tip in his mouth. It was hot and liquid inside the younger man's mouth. The head slid in a few inches and then Aslan pulled it out.

He looked up at Marcus. "Yummy," he said with a wink and then returned to kissing Marcus' tip.

The soft, insistent pressure was almost too much. Marcus groaned and clutched at whatever he could, his fingers sinking into the dark hair on Aslan's head. He leaned into him, his shaft sliding deeper into the young man's mouth.

Aslan moaned. The vibrations sank into Marcus. With a smooth movement, he bobbed forward and took more of the heated length into his mouth. Even with Marcus holding his hair, Aslan pulled out and twirled his tongue around the spongy head. When he pulled

Marcus back into him, Marcus could feel every ridge and bump of his length slipping into the tight ring of the young man's lips.

Fingers caressed Marcus' balls, rolling them against the soft skin. His cock jumped at the touch and Aslan thrust forward, taking two-thirds of Marcus' shaft into his mouth. The sensation of his length being encased in the liquid warmth of Aslan's mouth brought another surge of precum oozing out of his tip.

Aslan lapped at it easily before drawing it further in. He said nothing, only moaned around Marcus as he bobbed back and forth, taking more into his mouth until his lips caressed the hairy base.

Marcus' knees shook. He lost himself in the sensation of being completely inside Aslan. The lapping tongue against the sensitive parts and the soft gulping sounds were enough to push him over the edge. He moaned and clutched his hands tighter into Aslan's hair, holding back with all his might.

He almost made it. Just as he was able to hold back the orgasm, Aslan slid his fingers from Marcus' balls, along the perineum ridge, and then to his asshole. With a gently pressure, he twisted and the finger slipped into the tight ring.

The promise of anal sex was too much. With a gasp, Marcus surged forward and ground his crotch against Aslan's face, burying as far as he could as his shaft began to spew cum against the back of the young man's throat.

With every surge of Marcus' length in his mouth, Aslan burrowed deeper into Marcus' asshole, twisting and sliding it with the aid of sweat and precum until the first knuckle lodged itself into the tight, virginal ring of the older man.

One deep thrust forced Marcus to cum harder again, his knees thumping against Aslan's chest as he shoved hard enough to feel the back of the younger man's throat. He came, each surge of cum burning alone his senses.

Aslan pumped harder, thrusting in and out in time with the spasms that wracked Marcus' body. By the time the last surge of cum poured out, Aslan was up to his second knuckle in Marcus' clenching sphincter.

With a smile and a moan, Aslan pulled his finger out of Marcus' rear and his mouth off the shaft. A fleck of cum dotted the corner of

his mouth as he looked up. "Good job," he said and swallowed loudly.

Marcus stepped back, thumping against the lockers. "Fuck," he whispered.

"Maybe later." Aslan stood up. There was more cum painted across his throat and along his shirt. He looked down with a smile and shook his head. He tugged on his shirt and pulled it up to reveal the most beautiful body Marcus had ever seen. The lines on his shoulders, chest, and abdomen were well-defined and muscular. It didn't look like he had an inch of fat on him.

Aslan swayed his ass and pulled down his shorts, freeing his cock. It bobbed with his movements as he stepped out and tossed his clothes to the side. When he straightened up, he was naked.

Marcus drank in the sight of him, his spent cock already twitching back to life.

"Come on," Aslan said with a wink, "you still have another reward coming."

Marcus wasn't sure if he could come again, but the sight of Aslan's tight ass going into the shower area brought new life to his shaft. Panting with desire, he headed after him, willing to try.

Cleaning up

4

The shower was cramped, but it was worth it. Marcus slipped in after Aslan. Neither man bothered with the curtain as Aslan adjusted the stream of heated water to pour down against Marcus' chest. The searing liquid splashed against his cock, prickling it with the ache of a recent orgasm.

Aslan, unperturbed by the claustrophobic stall, leaned into Marcus and kissed him again. "Ever since I saw you outside, I hoped it would come to this."

"In the shower?"

"Everything, but I'm looking forward to the shower."

Aslan ducked underneath the stream of water and then up against Marcus. He kissed the older man along the chin and then the throat.

Marcus moaned and lifted his head, his body growing hot as he felt the hot kisses between the streams of water pouring down his body. The slender body against his own was strong and sure, but it was the passionate that Aslan gave him that left him feeling light-headed. It was nice being wanted, something he had never really had.

Aslan lowered himself once again, sliding his back against the tile wall as he worked his kisses to Marcus' right nipple. At the touch of the firm lips against the sensitive bit, Marcus jumped and then moaned as Aslan sucked lightly.

"That feels good."

"Good," whispered Aslan and moved to the other nipple.

The pleasure curled Marcus' toes and brought new life to his shaft. He was going to cum again if Aslan didn't stop.

Somehow knowing Marcus' plight, Aslan released it with a pop. "Just getting distracted." He continued to lower himself, kissing along Marcus' rounded belly, slowly briefly at the navel, before going along the bottom edge. His mouth caught the bobbing cock and sucked it down once before releasing it.

Stunned, Marcus leaned against the wall and spread it his legs.

Aslan reached up between his legs and caressed Marcus' testicles. "You have beautiful balls."

Marcus smiled and then gasped as Aslan sucked on one of them, rolling it over his tongue for a few seconds before releasing it with a pop.

"But, you need to turn around first."

Heart pounding, Marcus obeyed. He stepped in front of Aslan and then faced the tile wall. Leaning forward, he pressed his jaw against the steam-slicked surface.

Aslan parted his legs and Marcus obeyed. He felt exposed and vulnerable, his legs pulled obscenely apart and his asshole in sight of the younger man.

"Soap please," asked Aslan.

Marcus' hands trembled as he handed the pump bottle of soap to his brown-skinned lover.

Aslan was gentle as he soaped up his hands and parted Marcus' ass cheeks further.

Th feeling of being pulled open brought a new surge of pleasure to the older man. He gasped and ground his cheek against the wall, trembling as his entire world focused on the light, soapy touch working their way past his lower cheeks to the tightly wrinkled opening.

The caress against his asshole was intense. Aslan took his time as he caressed it, working only a little into the opening with slick fingers before pulling out. Soap dribbled down Marcus' crack along with a sheet of water that tickled his backside.

Aslan's touch grew firmer, one finger circling Marcus' sphincter before easing inside.

Marcus' cock jumped at the sensation. He thrust forward, but then forced himself to push back against the finger, welcoming it into his tight hole.

Aslan's whispers rose up. "There you go. Just give me ten. Just ten."

With a grin, Marcus obeyed. He rocked his hips forward, pulling himself off the finger, and then back down against it. It eased into him and he grunted as he felt the first knuckle entering his ring.

"Just nine more."

Just as before, he couldn't say no. Marcus pulled forward and pushed back, fucking himself on the tiny finger. It wormed its way up into his backside, stretching the hole. With every thrust, his cock jumped with pleasure and a moan ripped from his throat.

Marcus thrust faster and harder, forcing himself down on the second knuckle of the finger before pulling off it. It felt good, like when he masturbated with a dildo. He moaned and pushed back, driving it deeper into his body as his cock bobbed with his pleasure.

"Oh, just three more."

Marcus whimpered and shoved back, grinding his ass down until the second knuckle surged inside. He gasped and his knees almost buckled. He gasped as he wiggled his ass around for a moment before sliding off the invading digits. The hot water and bubbles tickled the stretched opening.

"That was fucking sexy," said Aslan. "Two more? Can you do it?"

Marcus pushed down, wiggling until he found the fingertip and then thrusting back. It slid easily into him, the tight passage already stretched open. The sensation of something foreign inside him brought a dribble of precum pouring out of his shaft but he didn't care. It was hot and hard, just like a cock would be.

He pulled up and impaled himself again, grunting as he drove it in as far as he could. When he bumped against Aslan's fist, he let out a cry of pleasure.

"Oh, if you could see this," gasped Aslan. "I'm going to cum just watching you fuck yourself."

Marcus moaned and held himself still, tightening his sphincter around the intruding finger. It felt good being pried open and unable to close completely shut. He reached for his cock, but Aslan stopped him with a slick hand.

Planting his hands against the wet surface, Marcus leaned.

"Think you have ten more?"

Marcus smiled. "What do I get?"

“I don’t know, fuck me ass?”

For a moment, Marcus considered it. Then he looked down at his cock. It was hard and red. He had already come and probably would one more time, if Aslan’s fingering was any proof, but he couldn’t handle. But, there was another cock.

At his thoughts, his shaft jumped.

Marcus smiled and looked around his body. “How about if I make it, you fuck me?”

Aslan, kneeling on the ground with water streaming down his face brightened up. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I want you to empty your balls into me. But only if I can do ten more.”

The brown-skinned man smiled. “Fifteen.”

“Fifteen.”

Aslan held up two fingers and soaped them up.

Marcus panted and watched him line up. The two digits tickled his opening.

“Ready?”

Not trusting his words, Marcus answered by pushing back. One finger slipped in easy, but the second was too tight. He groaned as he tried to push into it, but his sphincter refused to loosen up. He pushed forward.

“It’s okay, just push back again,” encouraged Aslan.

Marcus did, grinding and wiggling his ass against the two fingers. Slowly, the tight ring began to relent. After a few second, though, Aslan was still on the outside and Marcus leaned forward.

“I can’t.”

“Yes, you can. Just take a deep breath,” Aslan pressed the fingers against Marcus’ clenching hole and twisted. “And then push.”

Marcus stared at the wall. He took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and pushed back.

It was tight, his body refusing to let it inside. He wanted to give up, but then the thought of Aslan’s cock buried in his ass pushed him through. With a guttural grunt, he shoved back, forcing the two digits into the tight ring.

“Oh, that’s it, that’s it!”

Marcus sucked in his stomach and kept pushing down, feeling the tight ring stretching around the digits. Every fraction of an inch he

pushed down, he felt himself being opened up, stretched to his limits.

“Oh, almost there, almost—” The sound of Aslan pumping his cock filled the tiny shower.

“No!” cried Marcus and jammed back. The fingers plunged into his body, stretching his hole, and his cock jumped with the intensity of being impaled.

“No?” asked Aslan confused.

“Come in me.”

“Oh,” Aslan chuckled and twisted his fingers. “Then you owe me fourteen more.”

Marcus nodded. “I can do this.”

He jammed his feet wide apart and pulled up and off Aslan’s finger. When they slipped out, there was an empty sensation in his rear entrance. Marcus moaned and pushed back, impaling himself again on Aslan’s fingers.

The walls of the shower echoed the deep moans as Marcus impaled himself repeatedly, stretching his asshole wide as he tried to take more of the fingers into his rear. With each thrust, more slipped in until he felt the first and then the second knuckle ease past the clenching hole.

Aslan’s whispered encouragements kept him going as did the tiny thrusts to help the last fraction of an inch slide deeper.

Marcus’ precum rained down on the floor of the shower as he managed the last of the set with hard, short strokes that impaled him clear down to Aslan’s knuckles before pulling out. There were no more words between them, just the primal grunts as Marcus fucked his own ass on his lover’s fingers.

Finally, the fifteenth thrust came. With a bellow, Marcus jammed back and impaled himself one last time. The digits slid deep into his hot, clenching body. He shuddered as he seated himself on Aslan’s knuckles and then clutched the wall as his knees slumped against the rock.

“Fuck,” they both said.

Aslan moaned and twisted slightly. “You have a sexy ass.”

Marcus panted and chuckled. “Thank you. It feels really good now.”

“It’s going to feel good as soon as you pull off too.”

Marcus looked back, drinking in the sight of Aslan holding his hand between his legs. The water soaked his brown-skinned lover, sheeting down perfect skin and off the throbbing cock bellow.

With a moan, Marcus straightened his legs. The fingers slid out, each ridge of the knuckles scraping against raw nerves. It felt good and Marcus closed his eyes as he did, enjoying every inch until he slipped off.

“Now, that’s a beautiful sight. Just watching your hole try to close up.”

Marcus leaned against the wall. “It felt good.”

“How about this?”

And then Aslan’s face was between Marcus’ cheeks. Marcus didn’t even have time to gasp when he felt the hot tongue slid against the wrinkled opening, teasing it with sensations that Marcus had never experienced before. It was wet and slick, like soap, but the tip of the tongue was expertly caressing every part of his body.

Aslan lapped at the opening, then delved his tongue deep into Marcus’ sphincter.

Marcus shuddered. “Oh, fuck!” he gasped.

Reaching between his legs, Aslan grabbed Marcus’ cock with both hands and began to pump. As he stroked down, he ground Marcus’ asshole against his tongue and lapped hard.

Marcus clawed at the wall, his body world exploding into pleasure as he tried to handle being masturbated and licked at the same time. It was too much for him, he loved every twist of the tongue against his hole. Wet slurps of Aslan’s pumping filled the shower.

It didn’t take long for the orgasm to build up. It was hot and searing, fueled by the dexterous tongue pumping into his ass and the fingers stroking his cock.

“I-I’m going to cum.”

Aslan said nothing, but Marcus couldn’t hear it.

Marcus thrust his cock into the hands and then drew back, impaling himself on the tongue. His eyes clamped tightly shut as he gripped the shower, thrusting and pulling faster and harder as the orgasm threatened to tear him in half.

“Fuck, fuck!” he gasped, his cock swelling in the tight grip. He could feel his balls clenching tight, ready to explode.

Reaching back, Marcus grabbed Aslan by the hair and pulled him tighter. He thrust and rocked faster, impaled and stroking himself as he lost himself in liquid pleasures.

His orgasm exploded from his body. His sphincter clamped down on Aslan's tongue as his length splattered against the wall. The musky scent of cum filled the shower as Marcus let out a bellow of pleasure and continued to paint the walls with his orgasm.

Aslan continued to assault his ass, lapping hard and fast, but his hands stopped to only hold the jerking shaft.

Marcus didn't care. He let out a cry and pumped a few times before slumping against the wall. He was spent. No more cum burst out of his shaft and he felt more drained than he had ever done before.

Slowly, Aslan pulled his face from Marcus' buttocks. It took him a few seconds to regain his breath.

Marcus slipped down, turning as he did, so when his ass hit the bottom of the shower, he was facing his lover. Hot water streamed against his face, washing away the sweat and cum.

Aslan gulped and wiped the water from his forehead. "That was fucking sexy."

Marcus nodded and gasped for breath.

Neither said anything for a long moment. They just sat on the floor of the shower as hot water poured down on them.

Finally, Marcus looked down. Aslan's cock was still hard, jumping in time with the younger man's pulse. With a grunt, he pushed himself to his feet.

Aslan opened his eyes and looked up.

Marcus held out his hand. "One more?"

With a smile, Aslan took it and pulled himself up. "One more."

t'Sade

Payment Plans

5

Marcus moaned as he set down blankets on the bench. His spent cock was half-hard, it was done for the day, but he wasn't. He made sure there was enough padding as he watched Aslan from the corner of his eye.

The naked man stood near the shower entrance, stroking his cock.

"I've never done this," Marcus said with a nervous laugh, "but I know the basics."

"I'll be gentle."

"I know. I want this."

"Even though you've never done it."

Marcus hesitated for a moment, his body clenching. He nodded. "Yeah. You have something to lubricate?"

"Soap?"

"Good idea."

After a few seconds, Marcus was ready. He straddled the bench and sank down on the towels. They were supplied by the health club and scratchy, but they comforted his body as he pressed his rounded belly against it and then hiked up his hips. He felt exposed and vulnerable with his ass hanging over the end of the bench, but also comfortable.

"Fuck," gasped Aslan. "That is probably the sexiest sight I have ever seen."

Marcus' cock throbbed. Marcus planed his cheek against the towels and clutched the bench.

"Ready?"

Marcus tightened and relaxed. "Yes."

He opened his eyes to watch Aslan come up. He had a handful of soap from the shower. It was pink as it slipped through his fingers and splattered on the ground. More of it coated his brown cock.

Marcus took a deep breath and spread his legs.

Aslan took position and slathered the soap against Marcus' crack. The liquid was hot and slick. It pooled against his cock, a little slipping into the gap left by Aslan's fingers.

Marcus moaned and wiggled his ass.

"Ready?"

"Please." Marcus moaned. Then he smiled. "At least fifteen."

"I can do that."

The arrow-shaped cock pressed against his sphincter. Marcus moaned and held himself tight, enjoying how Aslan swirled it around before lodging it against his ring. There was a pressure and Marcus's stretched sphincter took the head easily.

It was completely different than fingers. It was hot and soft and hard all at the same time. It easily slipped into his asshole, spearing it as Aslan leaned forward. The pressure built and then it was inside, swelling as it slid deeper.

Marcus moaned loudly and clutched the bench. It was unlike anything he had felt before. It felt right as Aslan buried his cock inside him, pressing forward until his hard thighs ground against Marcus' backside.

"Fuck," they both said.

Aslan leaned back and his veins rippled against Marcus's sphincter. The clenching opening caressed every bump and ridge until the cock head popped out.

Marcus groaned. His cock ground against the scratchy towels; it was uncomfortable but also an intense contrast to the smooth heat that impaled him.

"O-One," moaned Aslan before pressing his cock back against Marcus.

It slipped in, impaling him, and easily slid down. There was only delicious friction to surge through Marcus as Aslan buried his entire length into his asshole. Soon, the hot balls thumped against Marcus'. The impact sent a bolt of pleasure coursing through his body and his cock surged to full length despite two orgasms.

“Two.” Aslan drew out and thrust back in, grunting as he built up into a rhythm. Soon, the sounds of Marcus’ formerly virgin ass being fucked filled the room. Neither bothered counting, they were well past fifteen.

Marcus lost himself in the sensation of being filled and emptied. He moaned and clenched his muscles, loving how Aslan easily penetrated him no matter how much he clenched. But when he ground down, the moans from the younger man filled the room louder.

“I-I’m not—” Aslan thrust deep. “—going to make it longer.”

“Fuck me... harder!”

Aslan gripped Marcus’ hips and drove deeper, pushing him along the bench. Each plunge filled Marcus completely, dominating his body. It ground their balls together, the sensation knocking more pleasure through him.

“Please,” whimpered Marcus. He kept his eyes tightly closed, losing himself in the intense sensations of being impaled repeatedly. His entire world became Aslan’s cock and his asshole, the impact of flesh on flesh as the younger man fucked his ass.

Aslan kept fucking, his hands digging into Marcus’ hips as he drove into him. The heat of his cock swelled and filled him, adding to the slickness of the soap and filling the room with the scent of sex and sweat.

Marcus thrust back, loving how Aslan bottomed out inside him. At the furthest point, deep in his guts, it would fill him right and his cock jumped at the touch.

Gripping tighter, Aslan began to drive into him with hard strokes. Each one pounded his ass and shook his body. Marcus could only clench the bench as he was fucked by the younger man.

“Coming!” yelled Aslan. Hot sheets of cum poured into Marcus, splattering against his cheeks, his asshole, and deep inside his rectum. Aslan didn’t stop impaling him and the splatters of cum seemed to go everywhere.

Marcus moaned and shoved back, gutturally begging for more as his lover painted his body with his seed.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” cried out Aslan, each thrust pumping more cum into Marcus’ gaping asshole.

And then, just as it sped up, Aslan released Marcus. The last burst of cum splashed against Marcus' back before Aslan backed up, panting for breath.

“Fuck, I loved that.”

Marcus laid there, enjoying the heat seeping into his body. He nodded and took a deep breath. “Best training session ever.”

Aslan chuckled. “We need another shower though.”

“Yeah.”

A brief pause. Then Aslan spoke up. “Same time next week?”

Marcus smiled and turned at him, not willing to peel himself off the bench. “Yeah, same time. This time, I'll wear something proper.”

Working Late

6

Marcus hummed to himself as he flipped over the TPS reports, scanning each one before moving it to the side. It was a large batch of correctly filled out ones, but it only took one missed field to cause problems with the processing system.

“Hey, Marcus. Working late again?”

Marcus looked up as one of his coworkers peered over the cubical wall. He smiled, his manhood twitching underneath the desk. “A while, but then I have a trainer meeting me at the gym downstairs.”

“Hey, good idea. Work off a bit of that flab of yours.”

The smile faltered for a moment, then Marcus nodded. “Have to start somewhere.”

“Well, have fun.”

Marcus thought about bending Aslan over the bench in the changing room. “Oh, I will.”

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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