“Yo Nick, is this the right shelf?” Olie asked as he lifted the box onto the closest empty shelf. Even though Nick had tasked him with stocking the shelves after he agreed to help out with the shop, the swimmer still had no idea which shelves corresponded with which gardening goods.

After several moments, Olie only heard silence. Why the fuck wasn’t Nick responding? He looked over his shoulder to check if Nick was even still there.

“Nick!”

“Hm?” Nick finally came to, the glassy look vanishing from his face. It was easy to see why he was zoned out, however. From Nick's position behind Olie, he got the perfect view of his boyfriend’s ass. And what an ass it was.

Olie had always had a fat ass, it must have run in his family or something, but when he started to swim competitively, his glutes really ballooned out. The more he worked out, the more it just seemed like his glute muscles developed much faster than everywhere else. Nick was embarrassed to say he had been pretty obsessed with Olie’s ass for a while, like he had a mental progress photobook. He had pretty much memorized every round curve of those bouncy globes.

At that moment, Olie’s tan cakes were covered up by some khaki shorts - which normally would be baggy on most people, but with Olie’s oversized ass, the shorts seemed to hug him in all the right places. Nick was practically drooling.

“What the FUCK, Nick? Are you perving on my ass?” Olie turned around, breaking Nick’s view of his glorious bubble, crossing his arms in frustration.

“Huh? Oh, uh. What?” Nick tried to play dumb, but anyone with half a brain would know Nick was moments ago practically hypnotized by his boyfriend’s butt, and he had the half-chub to prove it.

“You fucking creep! Why the hell are you looking at me like that?”

Nick rolled his eyes. “You know why…” he said, drawing in closer to Olie and wrapping his arms around his annoyed best bro. Instead of pulling him into a hug, however, Nick’s hands went straight for Olie’s ass.

“H-hey, what!?” Olie jumped up a little in surprise when Nick grabbed his cheeks. At least as best as Nick could, since they were simply too large for him to fully palm them.

Nick looked Olie right in the eyes as he grabbed, squeezed, swatted, and bounced Olie’s cakes. He was clearly having fun playing with his boyfriend’s bountiful booty. Olie tried to squirm away, but Nick held him in place so he could keep molesting his boyfriend.

“You gotta know that you have the best ass I’ve ever seen, Olie.” Nick said, his face inches away from Olie’s. “I mean, this thing is impressive. Biggest ass I’ve ever seen on a guy by miles.”

“S-shut up, Nick! You’re embarrassing me, saying all that corny shit.” Olie tried to push Nick away, but he wouldn’t budge.

“It’s literally the perfect ass. So round, soft yet firm, the perfect balance of fat and muscle. Did you know it jiggles a little bit when you walk? Fuck, sometimes I pop a boner just watching you walk away.”

Nick slid his hand into Olie’s waistband, underneath his underwear, so there was no barrier between his hand and Olie’s naked rear end, nothing but skin-on-skin contact.

“O-oh, fuck, Nick that feels kinda good, bro…” Olie still made a half-hearted attempt to get away, but his willpower was quickly being eroded by the erotic sensation of getting his ass felt up.

“And it’s so sensitive too. You get horny just when I grab it like this.” Nick grabbed both cheeks and pulled them apart. Olie gasped when he felt the cold hair make contact with his twitching puck.

“Nick, bro what if somebody walks in?” Olie made his final plea to make Nick stop, but it was clear Olie wanted his boyfriend to continue with this groping session.

“Calm down. The shop is closed, we’re in the backroom, and Julia isn’t supposed to work today.”

“Oh you just have all the answers, huh?” Olie grumbled. “Think you’re so sma-FUCK!”

Olie let out a sharp cry when he felt Nick’s cold finger make contact with his hole. He gasped as Nick grazed and stroked his twitching puck, sending shivers up Olie’s spine and making his toes curl in want and need.

Olie’s head fell forward to rest on Nick’s shoulder as his boyfriend continued to touch Olie’s hole, getting more forceful, trying to pry open that dry entrance and entice Olie’s insides.

“God fucking damn it, you always do this man.” Olie muttered under his breath, undoing his khaki shorts and letting both them and his underwear fall to the floor, kicking them off his ankles so they wouldn’t get in the way. “Now I’m fucking freezing my dick off, you happy now, asshole?”

“I will be in a moment,” Nick smirked. He grabbed Olie’s waist and turned him around, bending him over one of the shelves. Nick instantly dropped to his knees and grabbed Olie’s tan cheeks again, pulling them apart, his mouth watering in anticipation.

Olie’s hole was pretty. There was no other word for it. It was pink, and still looked so tight, even though Olie could be an absolute whore for buttplay. Only a little circle, Nick was impressed about how it could stretch to accommodate his admittedly big cock. Nick thought that it was a match made in heaven: a huge dick and a huge ass with a very hungry hole, practically made for each other.

“OOoooooh FUUUUCK!” Olie moaned when Nick surged forward and buried his face in between his boyfriend’s cheeks. With one long, slow, torturous lick from Olie’s taint to the small of his back, Nick got his first taste today of his boyfriend’s ass.

Olie’s moans and groans mixed together with the loud slurping and squelching noises of Nick’s tongue feverishly licking and kissing Olie’s hole. Nick used his lips to spread the tight little pucker open, then dipped his tongue into the recess and flicked the tip against it. That little technique always made Olie see stars, and this time was no different.

“Oh fuckkkkk Nick….” Nick was buried so deep in his boyfriend’s asshole, Olie’s cheeks on the side of his face making it harder for him to hear. It didn’t matter anyways - Nick was razor focused on eating Olie’s ass out, harder and sloppier than he has before, almost like he was eating Olie’s pussy.

“Fuck, Nick, how are you so good at this?” Olie moaned. Nick pulled off, gasping for air, giving himself a breather before he suffocated in ass.

“I’ve eaten a lot of pussy, dude.” Nick said before diving back in.

“Oh, fuck you! Fuck! I-fuck!! Don’t have a fucking pussy!”

Nick would have chuckled if he could, but he was determined to get Olie wet and needy for dick. Olie was usually pretty mouthy, but the hornier he got the more he dropped the pretense.

“Nick just FUCK me already! Enough with the tongue stuff!” There it was. Olie’s inhibitions were gone, and Nick knew one thing: when Olie wanted to get dicked down, he had to drop everything he was doing and satiate his boyfriend’s urges.

With the copious amount of spit and saliva acting as lube, and the fact that by this point Olie’s hole was well accustomed to Nick’s size, Nick’s cock slipped in easily to the tight, warm canal of his best bro’s hole.

Olie instinctively arched his back, making his bubble butt look even more impressive. Nick grabbed Olie’s hips and groaned as he began thrusting, within minutes pounding his bro’s hole like his life depended on it. Nick was rough - a little rougher than usual. With every thrust, Olie felt the wind get knocked out of him.

The reason for Nick’s aggression was clear - his eyes were locked on Olie’s cheeks, enthralled by the way they jiggled and bounced from the rough fucking. Every time he bottomed inside Olie, thrusting his hips against the juicy cakes, it would send a ripple throughout them, making them clap together. *Literally* clap, the sounds of flesh on flesh filling the storeroom.

The sheer sight was already bringing Nick over the edge. Like he could cum just from watching Olie’s ass alone. He grunted and groaned, picking up the pace, really slamming into Olie, making his booty cheeks shake.

“Fuck, I’m close…” he gritted out, never leaving his hands from Olie’s hips or stopping his thrusts for even a second.

Nick heard the sounds of slick pumping and realized Olie was stroking himself, spitting into his hand and using it as lube. The fact that Olie was also getting off to the rough pounding Nick was giving his ass was enough to trigger it.

“Oh fuck! Nick, cum inside my hole, bro!!”

Nick threw his head back and practically *growled* in pleasure as he dumped a heavy load of thick, sticky warm sperm into his boyfriend’s ass. Just shot after shot of pure man sperm filling Olie up to the brim, some of it seeping out around Nick’s cock still wedged deep inside. Olie moaned as he shot his own load, coating the shelf with his wad while Nick continued to fill him up like a pastry. Nick thought he would never stop cumming, especially when Olie began to shake, his hole clenching down even harder on Nick’s cock. The extra pressure was enough to squeeze a few more volleys of jizz from Nick’s dick, draining his balls for every last drop of sperm.

Nick stepped back and pulled his softening cock out of Olie’s well-fucked hole. Olie tried to squeeze it shut, but due to Nick’s size it was gaped slightly, and globs of semen leaked out of his hole, down his leg, finally splattering on the concrete floor.

“God fucking damn, Nick, did you shoot a gallon of cum in me or what?” Olie and Nick were both panting heavily, recovering from their hot fuck session.

“I couldn’t help it man… it’s just, your fucking ass. It does things to me.” Nick sounded almost sheepish, apologetic.

Olie turned around, a cocky smirk plastered on his face. “Yeah, well, I guess my ass is pretty perfect.”

The whole event gave Olie some ideas. He was going to have a lot of fun teasing Nick with his ass now that he knew the effect it had on him. Maybe he’d wear some sexy undies, or even a thong, really drive Nick wild with lust so he’d pound Olie’s fat butt into the mattress. He had a lot to look forward to.