

BROMANCE
by Aardvark
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They were bros, CJ Miller and Pierce Smith. Inseparable since freshman year of high school, to the point that they'd gone to the same college and pledged the same frat. It was only natural that when Pierce finally cashed in his high school graduation gift from his aunt - a vacation for him and a friend - he'd chosen to go with CJ to California.

"What does your aunt do again?" CJ asked when they saw the hotel she'd booked for them. The place looked like a castle on the outside and was even fancier once they went in. Uniformed staff were on them immediately, taking their bags and ushering them to check-in while offering them complimentary cocktails.

"She's in private equity," Pierce said.

"I can tell. We don't fit in here," CJ snickered.

"Weeeeeee do not," Pierce whispered as he sidled up to the counter. "Hey, I'm checking in - last name's Smith."

On the other side was a blond-haired bodybuilder in a light purple shirt, his white teeth gleaming in a customer service smile. "Absolutely, sir," he said in a pleasant tenor. "And your first name?"

"Pierce." Pierce spelled it out.

The bodybuilder nodded and typed at his keyboard for several moments while CJ and Pierce scrolled through their phones. Finally, he spoke. "Alright, Mr. Smith, your room is prepaid, I'll just need a credit card on file for incidentals."

"Sure." Pierce handed his only credit card over, and turned to CJ as the employee swiped it through. "No rock star shit, I'll go bankrupt."

"Can't make any promises," CJ grinned.

"Keys for both of you," the bodybuilder said, sliding them across the counter along with Pierce's credit card. "Your bags will be in your room. Would you like any information about our onsite amenities?"

"No thanks," Pierce said, and as he and CJ walked to the elevator, he laughed. "We cannot afford ANYTHING here."

"Nope. Glad you put your card down so I'm not on the hook though," CJ laughed.

"If I owe any money when we check out I'll fuckin' murder you."

“Reasonable.” CJ noticed something and grabbed Pierce’s shoulder. “Bro, look.” He nodded toward a printed sign sitting on an easel.

Welcome
Smith-Miller
Wedding Party

The words were written in tall calligraphy, surrounded by an array of artistic hearts and sparkles.

Both guys busted out laughing loud enough to turn a couple heads in the lobby. “Didn’t know we were getting married this weekend, bro,” Pierce guffawed. “Shit, I gotta get a pic of that.”

“I know we have common last names but that’s so funny,” CJ laughed, taking his own pic. “Which one do you think the groom is?”

“Smith, obviously. Miller’s a girl last name.”

“Shut the fuck up.”

Pierce waved down a woman as she walked by. “Scuse me, would you take our picture really quick? With this sign? It’s our last names-”

“-but NOT our wedding,” CJ clarified quickly. “We’re not gay.”

The woman nodded and took Pierce’s phone, snapping pics of them standing on either side of the sign giving thumbs-up. “You should do something romantic to be funny,” she suggested, so Pierce and CJ did a prom pose, Pierce behind CJ with his hands resting awkwardly on his buddy’s hips. Then they stood next to the sign and held hands while making goofy faces. “Perfect.”

“Thanks so much,” Pierce said, taking his phone back. “Have a good weekend.”

“You too, good luck with the wedding,” she joked. At least, both boys hoped she was joking and didn’t think they were actually gay.

Pierce and CJ walked to the elevator and got on. “What’s the floor?” Pierce asked.

“7.” CJ scanned his card and punched it. The metallic doors shut, reflecting CJ and Pierce back at themselves. That was when they realized they were still holding hands. “Oh, whoops,” CJ said, letting go.

"Hm?" Pierce said, turning to look at CJ.

"I forgot we were still holding hands. Sorry."

"Don't apologize. Bros can hold hands."

"Yeah, you're right." CJ took Pierce's hand back and laced their fingers together. Both guys grinned. "I'm excited for this weekend, dude."

"Me too. Gonna be so fun. What do you wanna do first? Swim? Nap?"

"Maybe work out? But I always get so hungry after I lift and I know we can't eat here, it's too fucking expensive."

"Yeah, it's really cool of my aunt to put us here 'cause I know it isn't cheap, but also like...we're gonna have to Uber to McDonald's every day, if there's even one around here."

"Maybe like...one nice dinner," CJ suggested. "And the rest of the time we'll be careful."

"Maybe, but we didn't even bring nice clothes," Pierce said as the elevator doors opened to their floor. "All I have is shorts and t-shirts. I even looked at the blazer I wore to the Greek Life mixer while I was packing and decided last minute not to bring it. Wish I had."

"Dude, I did the same thing." CJ let go of Pierce's hand to get his room key out. "Oh well. We'll figure it out. It's gonna be dope. Gotta take lots of pics to make the guys jealous."

"Totally."

"Speaking of clothes," CJ remembered, "did you see that guy downstairs?"

"Oh, the one who checked us in? Dude, I know. Those muscles. Kinda badass-" Pierce briefly stopped talking as he flopped down onto the bed and groaned with contentment, "-kinda gay too though."

"Yeah, all those open buttons. I guess if you've worked that hard you wanna show it off, but still." CJ dropped onto his own bed. "Oooooof, that feels good. But if we fall asleep we'll miss so much of the day."

"You're right, but...I don't wanna get up," Pierce sighed. He reached into his pocket, pulled his phone out, and got on Instagram. "We're heeeere," he said to the video. "Room is dope. My bro is dope. Ceej, you good?" Pierce angled his phone toward CJ on the bed, and CJ mumbled a 'hello' into the comforter and flashed a tired thumbs up. Pierce laughed and turned the phone back to himself. "We had a long flight...uhhh, gonna do some cool shit today hopefully. Also

there's a wedding here in the hotel and the couple has the same last names as us, so that's pretty crazy. Hey Ceej, you wanna get married?" The video ended with their laughter at this question, as CJ's response was to chuck a pillow at Pierce's head and knock the phone out of his hand.

After lying in silence for a few moments and enjoying the comfort of their beds, CJ propped himself up on his elbows. "Okay bro. Gotta get up. Maybe go for a swim? Then eat something?"

"Yeah, I'm down with that." Pierce rolled onto his feet and ambled over to his suitcase. He unzipped it and rummaged for several moments. CJ did the same, heaving his bag up onto the bed for a better angle. "I brought two swimsuits, which one do you think? This one?" Pierce held up a pair of navy blue board shorts printed with palm trees. "Or this one?" He raised his other hand. From his index finger hung a tiny red cheetah-print swim brief.

"What the fuck is that?" CJ pointed to the brief.

"What?"

"That's kinda gay, bro."

"It's not gay. Lots of bros have swim briefs," Pierce responded, slightly hurt.

"I mean, yeah, I brought a bikini too," CJ said, holding up an even smaller swimsuit with blue and white stripes. "Yours is just so bright."

"Did you bring your board shorts too? Maybe we should wear those today, then."

"Yeah, I did." CJ found his white trunks at the bottom of his bag and shuffled off to the bathroom to change in private. While CJ was behind the door, Pierce took the opportunity to shuck off his khaki shorts and put on his own swim trunks. He was lacing up the trunks when CJ came back out. "Shall we?"

"Think they have towels down there?"

"Yeah, I'm sure they do. We gonna do the beach or the pool?"

"Let's do beach. I want to tan." Pierce grabbed a bottle of tanning oil from his bag, then took CJ's outstretched hand before they walked out of the room.

"Since when do you tan?"

"I don't usually, but hey, we're at the beach."

“True.”

They got on the elevator with an older couple. The ride was silent, but both CJ and Pierce noticed the husband give them an odd look when he saw they were holding hands. It didn't bother them, though. Bros held hands all the time.

“Oil me up, would you bro?” Pierce handed his bottle of tanning oil to CJ, who obligingly began rubbing it all over his friend's back.

“Been working out, dude? You've got some nice definition back here.”

“Thanks, man. Your hands feel nice.”

CJ took turns rubbing oil on Pierce, then on himself. “I should use this stuff more often. I like how it feels.”

“Yeah, this is my favorite brand. Protects from the sun a little bit but still gets you really dark, and it moisturizes and shit too.”

“Nice.” CJ ran his fingers down into the waistband of Pierce's trunks.

“Watch those hands, bro.”

“Just making sure you're all covered.” CJ put his hand fully into Pierce's swim trunks, grabbing a handful of his friend's buttock.

“Dude!”

“Just messing with you,” CJ grinned, removing his hand and slapping Pierce on the back. “Just bro stuff. You're all set.”

“Thanks, bro.” Pierce lay down on his beach towel and popped his sunglasses on. He smiled up at the bright blue sky. “It's so fucking pretty here.”

“Seriously. I'm so glad we picked this spot.” CJ lay on his back next to Pierce and laced his fingers through his buddy's. “The oil makes us look so shiny,” he chuckled, looking down at his chest.

“Kinda hot, right?”

“Yeah, it's hot,” CJ agreed.

“After this, do you think work out, then dinner?”

“Sounds good to me. Where should we eat?”

“We can eat here. I know it’s gonna be expensive but I have some money stashed away and I can always ask my parents too. When in Rome, right?”

“Ugh, I’ll feel bad if they pay for me.”

“Don’t feel bad, man. They love you,” Pierce reassured. They sat for the next few minutes looking at the surf and relishing the sun on their skin until Pierce spoke back up. “This is a weird question, I know, but like...when did we start caring about working out?”

“You mean when did I?”

“Both of us, but yeah.”

CJ thought for a moment. “I guess just last semester. I never cared in high school, really, and since I did track I didn’t have a lot of strength workouts, just cardio shit. But then I got to college and noticed the guys who pulled the most were the ones with like, bigger arms and abs and shit. And I wanted abs.”

“Yeah, abs are sexy.”

“Totally, bro, abs look so hot on guys. Anyway, why do you ask?”

Pierce twitched his left shoulder upward as a shrug. “I dunno, I just realized we were talking so naturally all day about working out, but I don’t remember either of us being big into it. That’s all.”

“Yeah, that’s true. But it’s a fun thing to do on vacation.”

“Yeah,” Pierce agreed. “And I don’t think we’ve ever worked out together, so that’ll be cool.”

“Yeah, bro. New experiences on vacation. I’m so glad we did this.” CJ squeezed Pierce’s hand tighter, and Pierce squeezed back.

“Your ass looks great, bro,” Pierce said as they made their way back to the hotel, suits dripping from a quick dip in the ocean.

“Yeah? Thanks man. Enjoy the view.” As they walked up a small set of steps to the back entrance, CJ stuck his butt out. Pierce gave it a slap. “Oooh, I’ll get you for that,” CJ said as they walked inside and got on the elevator.

“What’re you gonna do about iiiiiIAHHH--” Pierce groaned as CJ twisted his nipple. They wrestled for a few seconds before he managed to push CJ away. “Don’t do that! I hate that shit.”

“Shoulda worn a t-shirt then. But it doesn’t look to me like you hate it,” CJ said, looking down at Pierce’s wet swim trunks. A freshly-grown semi was tenting them.

“Fuck,” Pierce groaned, putting his hands over his crotch. “Sorry, I dunno what I-”

“You like that, huh?” CJ interrupted, stepping forward and putting his hands on Pierce’s bare chest. His fingers groped the flesh and took special care to tug and twist Pierce’s nipples.

“Stop, bro-” Pierce let out a soft moan.

“Play with mine,” CJ commanded, but then the elevator dinged and the doors opened to their floor, where two teenage girls were standing and waiting. CJ and Pierce pulled apart quickly and walked off, avoiding the weird looks the girls shot them.

“They’re all red, you fucker,” Pierce complained, looking at his nipples. “Don’t do that again!”

CJ was laughing as they walked into the room. “You didn’t know what to do, that was so fucking funny! Serves you right for smacking my ass.” He stuck his butt out again to taunt Pierce, but this time his swim trunks split down the back, exposing his ass crack. It was CJ’s turn to go bright red from embarrassment, and he launched himself into the bathroom soundtracked by Pierce’s raucous laughter. “Dammit!” CJ yelled from behind the door, which just made Pierce laugh harder. He fondled his nuts through his swim trunks as he thought about CJ’s bare butt. He stopped once CJ emerged from the bathroom, shirtless and grumbling, his destroyed swim trunks in one hand and a towel around his waist.

“Damn, bro, do you even need to work out today?” Pierce asked, ogling CJ’s torso. “That 8-pack is looking diesel.”

CJ brightened at this compliment. “Thanks man! But there’s more to working out than just abs. I still have a long way to go,” he shrugged as he went through his luggage to find underwear. He selected a bright white Armani jockstrap.

“Sure, you just look super hot. You’re so cut.”

“Thanks. You look hot too,” CJ winked as he walked back into the bathroom to put his jockstrap on. While CJ was behind the door, Pierce took the opportunity to change into one of his own

jockstraps, his favorite black and red Nasty Pig one. He was positioning his junk in the pouch when CJ walked out. "I wish we could just work out in these, y'know?"

"Totally, bro." Since CJ had freaked out moments before about his swimsuit ripping, Pierce was surprised his buddy was fine wearing a jockstrap that exposed just as much ass, but he decided to not mention it. Instead, he just put on a t-shirt and a pair of shorts. "These are shorter than I remember," he mumbled.

"Mine too, but why not show off a little thigh," CJ joked, extending a leg to see his quads flex around the knee. He continued to inspect them as he put on his socks and sneakers, only stopping once he stood up. "You ready?"

"You got your room key?"

"Yeah."

"Cool, let's go." Pierce stretched out his hand and CJ took it, and they headed out.

"Holy shit, it's a full gym!" Pierce exclaimed as they walked in. "I thought we'd get a couple machines and a treadmill. Look, squat rack and everything."

"What are you working today?" CJ asked, grabbing towels for them both.

"I think full body? I haven't worked out in a couple days, so I'm fully rested."

"Yeah, I love a full body workout," CJ growled, giving Pierce's ass a squeeze as he brushed by.

"I know you do, bro."

They split up to start with; CJ did deadlifts while Pierce selected squats. Sweat rolled down their faces and soaked their t-shirts, making the fabric cling to their straining muscles. Each watched the other through the mirrors, enjoying the view of their forms pumping up from the compound movements. CJ finished deadlifting first and made his way over to Pierce on wobbly legs. "I need you," Pierce grunted as he stalled at the bottom of his lift.

"I got you, bro." CJ squatted down and put his arms around Pierce, his dick pressing against his buddy's butt. "C'mon. You got it." He used the hug to spot Pierce's press upward. "Another. C'mon, bro." Pierce went down, wobbled, then put more weight on CJ as he pushed up. "Another," CJ barked.

"I can't," Pierce squeaked, sweat pouring into his eyes."

“You got this, bro, c’mon.”

“I can’t do it...”

“C’mon bro, fuckin’ lift that weight. One more rep, babe, one more rep. Thaaat’s it.” Pierce lowered down, groaning loudly, and as they stood up together, CJ’s dick slid right between his ass cheeks. It stayed there as the weight slammed into the rack and Pierce stumbled back into CJ’s arms. “You fuckin’ did it, babe, I’m so proud of you.” CJ gave Pierce’s cheek a celebratory kiss.

“I wanna go back to the room,” Pierce laughed as he toweled himself off. “But I can rally as long as we do something seated next.” The towel ran against his face and he recalled, “You kissed me on the cheek, man.”

“Bros kiss on cheeks all the time,” CJ laughed. “C’mon now.”

“Just seemed kinda gay is all.”

“Not gay at all, babe.” CJ flared his lats. They shoved against his t-shirt’s side seams.

“Easy, man, I wasn’t calling YOU gay or anything. Let’s just do arms.”

“Wish there was a preacher bench here but can’t have it all,” CJ said, looking around. “Seated curls?”

“Seated, please,” Pierce laughed, putting his hands on a bench and falling onto it as his hamstrings spasmed. Between his legs, his erection stood straight upward, tenting his shorts. “Can you hand me weights? I think I might be stuck here,” he said, massaging one leg.

CJ grabbed a pair of 50s and put them in Pierce’s waiting hands, then got another pair for himself.

“50 pounds? Don’t most guys do a lot less?” Pierce asked, struggling to balance the dumbbells on his thighs.

“Yeah, but we’re not most guys,” CJ said, and with a grunt, he tried to curl one dumbbell up. He failed. Pierce made an attempt and got the same result, but the two bros exchanged looks and tried again, yelling loudly as they forced their dumbbells up to their shoulders. The sweat started again, trickling down their cheeks as they shouted through another rep, and another, and another, arms expanding in size as veins pushed out of their skin.

CJ's sleeve burst first, but as soon as Pierce noticed, his did too. Instead of worrying about how fast their arms had doubled in size, they were focused solely on getting more reps. Their biceps twitched and trembled, sinews shimmering until the vibrations tore out their remaining sleeves and their groans turned to moans. "Cramp - cramp," CJ yelled, his fingers staying curled even as the dumbbells fell from his grip. Pierce dropped his weights too, and the two friends sat on their benches and rubbed their aching arms. "I think...that's enough for the biceps," CJ huffed. "Maybe some skullcrushers for tris."

"Yeah."

There was only one EZ bar with the weight they wanted, so while one man did skullcrushers, the other did push-ups, then they'd switch. Their arms pumped up obligingly, full and thick as they flexed in the mirror. Pierce gave CJ's a squeeze. "We have a ways to go but we're looking pretty good," he said.

"Yeah...like, not huge, but you can definitely tell we work out," CJ agreed. "Once we're done here we just need to eat a lot and get good sleep so we can grow."

"Thank you, Men's Health, I never would have known that otherwise," Pierce teased.

"Shut up." CJ lunged at his buddy playfully, and Pierce flipped him off. "Chest press with dumbbells?"

"Yeah, perfect." Pierce grabbed weights before stopping and looking out the window. "It's so fuckin' pretty here. Too bad we have to work out inside."

"I know. I wish they had one of those beach gyms, those are fun. We only have a little bit more to do, though." CJ kicked his weights up and rolled back onto his bench. Pierce did the same, and soon their grunts were echoing through the gym again as they pressed the dumbbells up while keeping their elbows as steady as possible. After three sets, Pierce stood up.

"Too light," he grunted, crashing the dumbbells into the rack and grabbing a pair of 100s.

"Your titties are ripping through your shirt," CJ said, nodding toward a horizontal tear in the fabric under Pierce's chest.

Pierce chuckled. "So are yours."

CJ looked down at a vertical rip in between his pecs. "Yessss. Guess I need to go heavier too then."

They flopped back on the benches and yelled louder thanks to the additional exertion. Pierce's nipples made their way out of his ripping shirt, while CJ's tee tore open all the way to his

bellybutton. After the weights crashed to the floor, the two men stayed flat on their benches, groping their chests and moaning. "Don't cum, you nasty fucker," Pierce said to CJ as he eyed his friend's erection.

"I want to but I won't." CJ sat up and looked at himself in the mirror. His pecs were square and solid, like a shelf on his torso. He couldn't stop touching them even as he stood up and put his weights away one at a time. "C'mon," he said, offering his hand to Pierce and pulling him up. Pierce rolled onto his feet and fell into CJ's arms, their swollen chests smashing together and giving them another chance to play with each other's nipples. "Your pecs are so big and round, it's so fucking hot," CJ grunted.

"Yours are more solid than mine," Pierce responded, wedging his hand under CJ's left pec.

"It's not a competition."

"Everything's a competition," Pierce grinned. "I want mine to be as big as your fucking head."

"I'd love to see that," CJ said, breaking the embrace to put Pierce's weights away.

"I don't really feel up to a fancy dinner tonight," Pierce said as he flexed for himself in the mirror, further tearing his shirt. "Maybe we can just order to the room and go to bed early so we can have a full day tomorrow."

"That's fine, yeah," CJ nodded. "I'm pretty tired already."

They ordered in burgers from a nearby restaurant instead of room service, so that they could afford to each have two. While waiting for the delivery, they took turns showering and threw out their destroyed clothes, changing into fresh t-shirts and shorts. Their sweat-stained jocks went into laundry bags in their suitcases - and weren't replaced on their bodies, with both guys opting to go commando under their shorts.

They were halfway through eating when the soft, subtle sound of fabric tearing could be heard in the room. CJ set his second burger down and reached under his arm, fingering a burst seam running down his side. "Dude, this pump is fucking crazy."

"Is mine torn?" Pierce stood up and turned around. There was a rip running down the length of his spine.

"Shit, yeah. You won't be able to wear that one anymore."

“What the fuck, bro. Muscles so big I’m ruining all my clothes.” Pierce tore into his hamburger and kept speaking with his mouth full. “I’m running out of t-shirts.”

“Guess you’ll have to go shirtless and show everyone that torso,” CJ grinned.

“Even our shorts are tearing,” Pierce said, pointing to small rips around CJ’s bulky thighs.

“Fucking awesome,” CJ said, a mix of exasperation over destroying more clothing, and excitement over how good he looked. “I don’t wanna have to buy more shit.”

“Might not have a choice,” Pierce shrugged, bursting stitches on his left shoulder. After that, they ate in silence, soundtracked only by their clothing continuing to shred. CJ’s thighs and butt unfurled out of his shorts, while Pierce’s chest and shoulders eventually made their way through his shirt. By the time they were cleaning up after themselves, they were close to naked, with CJ’s dick only half covered by the loincloth that was once his shorts.

“Y’know what’s dope, babe?” CJ said, pawing at his crotch with one hand while he brushed his teeth with the other.

“Mm?”

“I think we’re the biggest guys in the frat and we’re still underclassmen.”

“Totally, bro. Imagine us in a couple years if we keep this training up.”

CJ got an erection at the thought, which, along with his evil smirk, did all the talking for him. While CJ was in the bathroom, Pierce took the chance to strip off his clothes and flex in the mirror, hopping nude into bed just as CJ walked out. “We look like fucking bodybuilders, man,” Pierce said excitedly.

“We ARE fucking bodybuilders, baby,” CJ smiled. He had a towel around his waist and walked over to the beds. “Goodnight.” He bent down and kissed Pierce on the cheek.

“Night.” Pierce leaned back into his pillows. “Do bros kiss goodnight?”

“Of course they do.” CJ clicked the light off, and his towel hit the floor seconds later. His huge, naked form was silhouetted in the darkness as he climbed into bed. “Thanks for bringing me on this trip, babe. It really means a lot.”

“Of course, man. I would never bring anyone else. I love spending time with you.”

For ten minutes after this statement, it was dark and silent in the room. And then, quietly, springs could be heard squeaking back and forth from Pierce’s side of the room. After a few

moments of this, an abrupt moan cut through the quiet. Soon, CJ's bed was making the same sound. Blankets were kicked off, and in the darkness, both muscled forms sat up. The dim light through the curtains was just enough to make out rippling shoulders - and hard cocks sticking straight out and being rubbed excitedly.

Pierce's moans were sensual and loud, while CJ was a grunter. The sounds drowned out odd popping coming from their bodies, the squeaks of their beds gaining in intensity, until Pierce gave a sharp cry and fell forward, panting. Moments later, CJ did the same, groaning "Fuck yeah" as his big frame crashed back into the mattress.

CJ's eyes cracked open as threads of gold sunlight cut across the room to reach his face. He turned his head and looked over at his buddy. Pierce was sleeping in a weird way - he'd flipped in the night and his legs were by his pillows, with one sticking out next to the nightstand...

It took CJ seeing Pierce's hand to realize that the limb protruding out of the sheets was not Pierce's leg, but was, in fact, his arm. The arm mimicked the size of a leg - bicep as big as a thigh, forearm like a football-shaped calf. "Jesus Christ," CJ said in awe. His eyes flipped to the clock right by Pierce's big hand. 8:57am...

"Shit. SHIT!" CJ shot out of bed like he'd been catapulted. He didn't have time to worry about being completely naked as he ran into the bathroom. "Pierce! Wake up!"

"Mmguh?" Pierce's head raised an inch off his pillow, his hair sticking straight up toward the ceiling. "Whutimeisit..."

"I have a meeting!" CJ shouted over the sound of the bathroom sink that he was currently dunking his head in. "Grab a shirt and tie out of my bag for me!"

"A...meeting?" Pierce was barely awake, staring bleary-eyed at the window. He swung one leg out from under his duvet, and his foot crashed into the floor with a lamp-rattling thump. "Like for the frat?" He stood up, his morning wood standing at a 90-degree angle from his body. He shuffled over to CJ's bag and opened it. Piles of dress shirts and rolled-up ties greeted him. "Whuh..."

"The frat?! No dumbass, for work!" CJ was frantically combing his wettened hair into a side part. "They know I'm on vacation but I told them I'd join this one meeting because it's a high priority project."

Pierce picked a white shirt and a light blue silk tie. He draped the tie around his neck and knotted it into a full Windsor to save CJ time.

CJ flew out of the bathroom, his brawny muscles and exposed cock briefly shocking Pierce until he remembered to hold the white shirt out. CJ slid his arms into it and started buttoning it up. "Thank you, can you grab my cufflinks too? I'm such a fucking idiot, I can't believe I didn't set an alarm...shit, it's 9:01..."

"Cufflinks, cufflinks...where are they?!" Pierce tore through CJ's suitcase.

"Side pocket!"

"Got them." Pierce hopped up. "Here, get your tie."

"Thank you for tying it," CJ said, sliding the knotted tie over Pierce's head. He put the tie over his own head, then worked on getting his links through his French cuffs as Pierce fixed his collar for him. "Thank you baby. I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize," Pierce said, his dick slapping against CJ's thighs as he pushed CJ's tie knot all the way up. "You look so handsome." He leaned forward and pecked his buddy on the cheek. "Good luck."

"Thanks, babe." CJ sat down in the room's lounge chair and opened up his laptop.

"Do you want underwear?"

"No time. Is my hair okay?"

"Yeah."

CJ didn't respond because he was starting up the meeting hangout. "Good morning, everyone," he said in a deeper voice. "Charles here. Sorry for the delay, I was having wifi troubles."

Pierce got back into bed, smirking at the sight of his buddy in his beautiful shirt and tie with nothing below the waist. No one in his meeting could possibly know that their colleague's cock was out under his laptop. It was so hot to look at. While CJ talked about God knows what - 'structures' kept being mentioned - Pierce was touching himself under the covers, and then when he got too hot, he kicked them off and beat off in full view of his friend. CJ didn't look up, but a broad smirk made its way across his face as he continued to stare at the screen, chiming in occasionally with forceful declarations about clients and deadlines. Pierce stared at his bro, turned on by CJ's big chest straining against his shirt, nipples protruding, deep voice rumbling out with such confidence, and a big cock lying dormant between his legs, the tip draping over the seat. When CJ cocked an eyebrow at a statement he didn't agree with, Pierce came all over himself, coating his abs and pecs with sperm as he roiled in his sheets.

CJ extended his arm to his side, out of view of his camera, and gave a thumbs up. Pierce returned the gesture then fell back to sleep for thirty minutes.

“Babe. Pierce.”

Pierce opened his eyes to find CJ’s face an inch from his. “Hi,” he croaked.

“Sorry about that.”

“Mm? Oh...it’s fine. I guess I should-” He stopped talking to yawn, before continuing. “-should apologize to you, too.”

“What, for the show? That was the highlight of the meeting.”

“Just seeing you in that shirt and tie...fuck, you look so hot.” Pierce reached out and ran his fingers over the silk necktie hanging between CJ’s pecs. “That’s not gay, is it?”

“Of course not,” CJ smiled.

“I’ve just never seen you dressed up before. You look so fuckin’ handsome.”

“I wear suits to work every day, what are you even talking about?” CJ smiled. He reached up and loosened the tie, popping his collar open to flex his muscled neck.

“Oh...right...your job...” Pierce blinked and rolled fully onto his back, looking up at the ceiling. “What do you do again?”

“I’m an architect. Jesus, babe, are you still asleep?”

“Architect...right...no, I’m good, I’m good.” Pierce rolled onto his feet and grinned when CJ slapped his bare ass. “How was your meeting?” he asked as he trudged into the bathroom.

“Fine. Boring. But this has been a stressful project, so boring is an improvement, honestly.”

“You called yourself Charles,” Pierce called out as he washed his face. “That threw me.”

“Why? It’s my name.”

“I always forget that. You’re just Ceej to me.”

“You’re just about the only person who can call me that anymore,” Charles laughed. He slid his tie off and undid the top two buttons of his shirt.

“Is the J for Junior?”

“You really need some breakfast, babe. The J’s for John, you know that. I’m named after my grandfathers.”

“Charles John Miller.” Pierce sang it to a little melody. “Now that’s a man’s name.”

“It, uh, sure is?” Charles appeared in the bathroom doorway, looking bemused. He’d put on a pair of plaid trousers and tucked his shirt in. “What is with you today?”

“Nothin’.” Pierce stood and faced Charles stark naked.

“God, look at your body.” Charles reached out and groped the slabs of meat on Pierce’s chest.

“Look at YOURS, man. Those clothes just make you even hotter.” Pierce ran his hands over Charles’ broad shoulders and gave the big delts a squeeze.

“I hate to say this, but get some clothes on. We should get breakfast before they close.”

“What should I wear?” Pierce asked, flipping open the third button on Charles’ shirt as he walked by.

“You look good in everything. Just show off those muscles.”

Pierce selected a bright pink dress shirt and buttoned it halfway up. It fit him like a second skin, to the point of his veins showing through the sleeves. “It’s not gay to wear pink, is it?” he asked, as he squeezed his legs into a pair of cellophane-tight white pants and tucked his shirt in.

“Of course not. Lots of bros wear pink. And look how much chest it shows.”

“You don’t think it’s too much?”

“No such thing.” Charles stepped forward and slid his hand inside Pierce’s shirt, groping the exposed pec. “God, I love touching these.”

“You’re getting so stubbly,” Pierce said, reciprocating the touch by stroking Charles’ face. “Are you growing a beard?”

“Thinking about it.” Charles smiled as Pierce scratched his whiskers.

“The guys in the frat would freak out if you came back with a beard. They’d be so jealous.”

“Right...the frat...” Charles slid his hands up to Pierce’s neck, fixed his collar, then ran his fingers across Pierce’s shoulders and down his arms before grabbing his hands. “I’m hungry.”

“Me too.” After a quick check for their room keys, they were out the door.

The elevator ride came with companions this time around. An older man in a baseball cap said “wowza” as Charles and Pierce stepped on. “You two bodybuilders?”

“Trying to be, sir,” Pierce said proudly.

“Well, I’d say you’re succeeding. How much you gotta eat to get a body like that?” The man’s wife swatted his arm and shot him a look, and he said to her, “What? It’s a real question!”

“It isn’t so much how much you eat as what and when,” Charles said. “Meal timing, and eating healthy.”

“Dating each other must make it easier, to have your partner eat the same way,” the wife observed.

“Oh, no, we’re not gay,” Pierce said. “Just buddies.”

“Oh!” she responded as her cheeks turned red. “I just thought...well, I...” She trailed off, flustered, and Charles and Pierce didn’t have a chance to respond before the elevator stopped and the couple got off.

“Maybe we shouldn’t hold hands so much,” Pierce grumbled.

“Don’t be like that. We should be proud. Everyone should be able to hold hands with whoever they want.”

“Yeah, you’re right.” Pierce looked over at Charles and smiled. “Wow, your stubble is growing in fast.”

“Is it?” Charles reached up and stroked his chin. “You’re right, it does feel fuller. It look good?”

“Of course it looks good, it’s you. You always look amazing.”

“Thanks, babe.”

They sat across from each other at a small table, plates piled high with eggs and meat that they shovelled into their mouths. The button at the base of Pierce’s chest snapped off first, but Charles’ followed soon after, as their shirts continued to lose the battle of containing all the muscle mass they were packing on.

"We're doing fancy dinner here tonight, right?" Pierce asked between mouthfuls of egg whites.

"I think we should. It'll be a nice way to unwind after a long, stressful day of drinking cocktails on the beach."

"I'm gonna have the beach nap and it's gonna be so fucking great," Pierce said. Charles looked at him, so he explained, "You know, the beach nap, when you've been outside in the sun for hours on the sand, then you go inside and you sleep for an hour on a comfy mattress, and you're a little tipsy...the beach nap. It's THE best nap."

"Dibs on spooning with you."

"Totally, bro." Pierce smiled wickedly. "Even if you just want more excuses to grope my tits."

"Literally any excuse," Charles grinned back.

"Hey, babe, try your key," Charles said with a furrowed brow as their room's lock flashed red for the third time. "Mine isn't working."

"Weird," Pierce said, retrieving his key from his back pocket. He pressed the card against the door, and once again, the light flashed red. "Man, we're gonna have to go down to the lobby, and my shirt won't close."

"As if that bothers you, you exhibitionist. You didn't grow those muscles to just hide them." Charles squeezed Pierce's bicep as they walked back to the elevator. "I wonder why the lock isn't working."

"I don't know, but don't stress," Pierce said, stroking Charles' forearm. "We're on vacation."

"I'm not stressed, I'm fine." Charles leaned his head on Pierce's shoulder as the elevator descended. "I promise."

"Hey, look," Pierce said as they walked toward the front desk. "It's the hot guy who checked us in."

"He's such a stud," Charles agreed, before adding with a hint of pride, "Not as big as we are, though." He pulled his shirt further open as they got to the counter.

"Hi there, the keys to our room have both stopped working," Pierce said, sliding his keycard across the marble desk. "Could you reprogram them for us?"

The handsome employee's brow furrowed, and he tossed a lock of blond hair out of his vision. "How strange," he said, taking the key. "I'll certainly look at this. Pierce Smith, correct?"

"That's right," Pierce smiled. "I'm impressed."

"Hard to forget a man who looks like you," the clerk smiled back as he typed.

Charles put his arm tightly around Pierce's waist, then dug his fingers into Pierce's ribs when Pierce said to the clerk, "I remember you too - ow!"

"Ahhh, *that's* why your keys weren't working. We upgraded you to the Wedding Suite as a surprise and a thank you for being such wonderful guests. Your bags were moved already. I'm sorry this wasn't communicated to you, that's our error."

Pierce started to say, "But we're not getting ma-" before Charles cut him off.

"The Wedding Suite! Amazing!" Charles said, taking the keys. "Thank you so much!" He slid his hand into Pierce's and pulled him away from the desk.

"Babe, they think we're getting married," Pierce protested as he was pulled onto the elevator.

"Don't look a gift horse in the mouth," Charles said as he hit the top button on the elevator. "We just got a free upgrade to the nicest room here. Let them think we're two gay guys getting married if that's what it gets us."

"Isn't that a weird thought?" Pierce chuckled, running his fingers through his hair. "Imagine, us being gay."

"Imagine us being married to each other. We'd be the worst couple."

"The frat would freak," Pierce agreed as the doors opened to the top floor. He and Charles walked hand-in-hand down the hall, arriving at the double doors of the Wedding Suite. "What if he was joking downstairs," Pierce wondered aloud, but the scan of his card resulted in a green light. The door opened.

"Holy shit."

It was like stepping into the ground floor of a beach mansion. Opulence surrounded them. They'd never seen a hotel room close to it, especially because it was *multiple* rooms. There was a living room with plush white furniture and a fireplace, a bedroom with a massive California King bed, a full kitchen, two bathrooms, and a dining room. Contemporary art hung on every wall.

"Babe, look! A piano!" Pierce walked over to the instrument, a white grand, and sat down on the bench.

"Play me something," Charles said, resting his hands on Pierce's shoulders.

"I barely know Chopsticks." Pierce plonked out a melody. "Well, there's...I do remember a couple songs." He ran his fingers up and down the keys in a quick scale, then, after a moment of thinking, said, "I know you like this one," and tore into Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue. Pierce rocked back and forth as he played, focused entirely on the performance of the song; his eyes were nearly shut as he hunched over the keys. They only opened when he felt a pull on his fly, and looked down to see Charles on his knees under the piano.

Pierce didn't stop playing, but he released the pedal in surprise and lessened the volume of the tune. "What're you--" he started to say, but he went speechless as he felt Charles' strong fingers on his penis. It stiffened as Charles kissed the inside of his thighs, making his way to the tip of the dick, which he licked before stuffing into his mouth.

Pierce's whole body jolted in shock. His fingers flew off the keys, and his back arched. A button over his abs snapped off his shirt and skittered across the piano. "Babe-" he said, but his mouth went dry, and he pushed his hips forward on the bench as his cock went down Charles' throat. "UNNGH..." Charles' head bobbed in rhythm with Pierce's thrusts. Pierce ran his hands through Charles' thick hair, gently guiding Charles' head deeper onto his dick as he moaned gratefully. Sweat soaked his shirt and skewed the pink closer to red, but it lightened again as the fabric stretched tighter over his massive frame. The seams strained for all their might, but one big buck popped the last button, and after that it was a losing battle.

RRRRIIIIPPPPP

The fabric tore straight down Pierce's spine as his lats and shoulders spread as wide as the piano bench, allowing a waterfall of sweat to pour down him and drip onto the floor. Below his belt, the seat of his pants split too, already-big ass swelling into a pair of thick globes that swelled out straight from his chiseled waist. Lost in ecstasy, the big bodybuilder threw his hands up to his face, sleeves shredding as his arms pulsed with growth and his palms widened to span octaves effortlessly. Longer, thicker fingers pushed sweat out of his eyes then ran down over his torso, groping his chest muscles as they lurched forward to harden into a powerful shelf. Once he reached his nipples, he knew he didn't have much time.

"Babe I'm gonna..."

Charles didn't stop. Pierce's hips went double time - he moaned in complete rapture - and then he burst, nearly falling off the bench as Charles' mouth filled up with his seed. His clothes split further as he came and flexed, muscles rippling across his huge frame. Pierce panted as he

held onto the piano and eased himself off the bench and onto the floor. He lay on his back to catch his breath, but Charles crawled over and straddled him. The only sound in the room was their own breathless groans as Pierce ran his hands up over Charles' body, fondling his friend's crotch and caressing his abs. Charles bent down, his chest inches from Pierce's face. He took a deep breath, flexed, and the buttons on his own shirt started to blow, allowing Pierce to kiss his bare pecs.

"Shirt's really tight," Charles grunted, rolling his shoulders forward and tearing the fabric in a T-shape over his hulking traps.

"I wanna see your beard," Pierce moaned, so Charles bent down further and lay on top of his friend, allowing Pierce to work his fingers through the thick blond whiskers and up to the full head of shiny golden hair. "You have such an amazing beard," Pierce whispered. Charles' eyes were shut, allowing him to relish the touch; Pierce's hands were so big and powerful, yet they could be as gentle as silk. Charles rolled his head forward and kissed Pierce's palm. They looked at each other and smiled, dazedly, then Charles put his head on Pierce's chest and they just lay there, breathing in rhythm. Every now and then, one of them would pull a scrap of ruined fabric off their bodies.

Five minutes passed. Fifteen, twenty. Finally, Charles got onto his feet, shaking off the rest of his clothes like a dog shaking off water. His nude form resembled the finest ancient sculptures. A bearded, muscled Hercules.

"I...blew you," he said, wiping his mouth as he came to his senses. He extended a hand to Pierce and helped him up.

"Kinda gay," Pierce smirked, rubbing his tired dick with one hand. "I mean, not for me. A mouth is a mouth. But for you..."

"I just saw you flirting with that guy at the desk and I got so jealous, I wanted you to know, y'know, that we're bros...that I'm your best bro."

"I know you are." Pierce stroked Charles' beard. "You don't have to prove it. Don't worry." He took Charles' face in his hands and held it. "Hey. Seriously. Don't worry. We're here to have fun. You're my best friend."

Charles' expression lightened. "Thank you. Can we go swim, or something. I need a distraction."

"Of course."

They got into their swimsuits - bikini briefs that looked far smaller today, thanks to their big bubble butts and powerful thighs. The fabric was barely visible wedged up over all the muscle, and Charles' exceptionally large member pushed the pouch of his suit down far enough to allow

golden pubes to fluff out of the top. As he stood in the room waiting for Pierce and wondering if it was even acceptable for him to walk out of the room in such a state, he noticed a pamphlet on the dresser and opened it. "Hey, babe? What if we went to the spa instead? We have a free couples massage."

"That actually sounds great," Pierce said as he adjusted himself inside his tiny brief. "I'm so sore."

"Cause you've been hitting the weights *HARD*, bro. God, these muscles..." Charles ran his hands over Pierce's chest and arms, groping the bulging boulders.

"YOU don't need to give me the massage, baby, they have people on staff for that," Pierce teased, bouncing his pecs up and down.

"I know, it's just...fuck, you're getting so big. It's so sexy. I swear every time I look at you, your muscles have grown."

"I've been thinking the same about you," Pierce said, taking Charles' hand and holding it as they walked out of the room. "You look like Thor with that beard, but you're getting way bigger than he is."

"That just gave me a boner," Charles smiled, proudly displaying the evidence as they walked onto the elevator. He let Pierce go first before following. They couldn't walk through the doors at the same time anymore, nor could they stand shoulder to shoulder inside.

"You're more handsome than Thor, too. He doesn't look like a model like you. I can't wait to see what you wear to dinner tonight. You're gonna look so good." Pierce ran his fingers back and forth over the curve of Charles' tricep as he talked. He was fascinated by the shape and size of the muscle. "You're such a man."

"I don't really think of myself that way," Charles said. "I mean, I think of myself as a 'dude' or a 'boy,' not a...*man*. But I do like it. I want to be a man."

"You don't need to want it. You are."

"So are you." Charles moved his palm across Pierce's thick chest. "Your pecs are kinda bristly, babe."

"You're so manly that being around you is literally putting hair on my chest," Pierce joked as the elevator opened on the spa level.

A girl at the desk greeted them with an, "Oooh! Look at the happy couple! Here for your wedding package?"

Not wanting to give up a free massage, both Pierce and Charles nodded yes. "Isn't he handsome? How lucky am I?" Charles added, laying it on thick.

"Oh my god, you both are," the girl dished. "I *wish* straight men looked like you. All I find are guys who look like they hang out at bowling alleys." She typed away on her keyboard. "We have two male masseuses but it'll be about ten minutes until one of them is back from his break. I can put you in a private waiting room with a glass of champagne until then."

"That doesn't sound too bad," Pierce said, squeezing Charles' big hand.

The private waiting room was cushy, with a flatscreen TV playing soothing spa music. Pierce and Charles slithered out of their briefs with no concern about being naked in front of each other. They didn't even bother tying their fluffy robes shut, choosing instead to snuggle up on the couch with their cocks fully exposed.

"Mm, this is good," Pierce said, sipping from his champagne flute.

"Yeah, not the cheap shit we used to drink in college," Charles laughed. He leaned over and stroked Pierce's cheek. "Your five o'clock shadow is really coming in. Growing a beard like me?"

"I don't think so," Pierce smiled, putting his hand over Charles'. "I just like the stubble look."

"It's so sexy on you. I love how hairy you are."

"I'm not that..." Pierce looked down at the curls flourishing on his chest. "...well, I guess I am *kinda* hairy."

"It's hot. Show it off at dinner tonight."

"If you insist, bro," Pierce smirked, sipping his champagne.

They only cinched their robes closed when they were ushered to their massage tables, where two jacked men in white polo shirts waited for them. "Damn, you guys are BIG," one of them said.

"Just trying to keep up with you, bro!" Pierce grinned, bouncing his pecs as he got on the massage table. The smile stayed on his face as he looked across at Charles. He extended his hand and Charles took it from the other table, their eyes as locked as their hands.

"You guys are a beautiful couple," the other masseur said. "The whole staff is talking about the two handsome bodybuilders getting married."

“Bodybuilders...” Pierce and Charles’ hands thickened in their grip. “We’re not bodybuilders.”

“You definitely are, even if you don’t do it professionally,” Charles’ masseur said as he worked the big man’s back. “What are your day jobs?”

“I’m an architect,” Charles said.

“I’m a concert pianist,” Pierce chimed in. A teasing tone crept into his voice as he added, “My man *loves* watching me play.” He smiled at the sight of the deep red hue filling Charles’ sculpted cheeks. “You are so beautiful,” Pierce murmured aloud without realizing, and Charles blushed even deeper.

The skilled hands of their masseuses ironed out the knots in their bulging muscles, goosing their shoulders even broader, their backs ever thicker. The sheets covering their nakedness rose higher as their glutes rounded and swelled. They stayed silent and peaceful aside from an occasional happy groan, drifting in and out of consciousness as they grew.

Charles stepped out of the shower and toweled off his hair as he listened to the sound of the piano wafting through the bathroom door. Pierce had to keep his wrists loose and fingers nimble, even on vacation, so he was tearing through small portions of music while he waited for Charles to finish getting ready.

Charles shook his thick hair out and put on his cologne. The scent perked him up a bit from his post-massage sleepiness, giving him a spring in his step as he padded across the large bathroom to the clothes Pierce - the flashier dresser - had picked out for him: a cream dress shirt with monochrome swirls of paisley hidden in the fabric, forest green trousers, and brown suede loafers. Charles held back a moan as he put the clothes on. The shirt’s pattern contorted as it pulled across his enormous musculature, and the pants actually fit his thighs, which was always an accomplishment. He walked out of the bathroom feeling like a supermodel.

Pierce stopped playing and stood up with a big grin on his face. “You look *gorgeous*,” he said.

But Charles didn’t respond. He just stared at Pierce, who finally asked, “What?”

“You’re...you look like a fairy tale prince.”

It wasn’t an incorrect assessment. Pierce’s thick black hair was immaculate, down to the lone curl draping over his forehead, leading Charles’ eye to a face straight out of a storybook. Pierce’s commanding features were enhanced by his light blue eyes, which burned like lasers out from beneath his chiseled brow. His teeth were white and perfect as he smiled and said, “I don’t think fairy tale princes dressed like this.”

“They would nowadays. Fuck, your chest.”

“Oh, you wanna?”

“Shut up, bro,” Charles grinned, running his big hands over Pierce’s absolutely gargantuan pecs, which were bulging out proudly into view. His pink silk shirt was only buttoned to his abdomen, showing off the boulder-like mass of his muscles and the virile sheen of his chest hair. Tight white pants clung to his rippling thighs, and Charles made a point of walking behind Pierce so he could see that huge round butt straining at its formal prison. He slapped it. “It’s a shame you have to sit on that cushion, because now I can’t look at it the whole night.”

“You’ll see it plenty. But I wanna see more of you, too.” Pierce turned around and opened two more buttons on Charles’ shirt, thumping his knuckle against the pecs like he was testing melons at the grocery store. “Ripe.”

“That’s me. A juicy peach.” Charles grabbed Pierce’s hand. “C’mon. I wanna show you off.”

The air in the hotel’s five-star restaurant seemed to change as the two towering hunks strode in. Conversations softened, gazes intensified. Everyone, male and female, kept stealing glances at the men’s exposed chests and handsome faces. Pierce and Charles, for their part, just stood tall, their muscles seeming to swell with pride. They clenched their chiseled jaws as heads turned their way on the walk to their table.

“I’m so glad we did this,” Charles said, running his thumb against Pierce’s hand as he held it across the table. “Thank you for inviting me.”

“Of course, babe. I wouldn’t have brought anyone else.”

Their waiter, a red-headed bodybuilder whose white shirt was ready to burst off him, came and took their wine order. When he left, Pierce arched an eyebrow. “He was looking down our shirts.”

“Good. I want him to,” Charles smiled as he took a sip of water. “And who wouldn’t look down yours? Look at those, they’re masterpieces.”

Pierce fondled one of his pecs through his hot pink shirt. “I’m not bothered by it, I just think it’s funny. Have you noticed almost all the employees here are hot muscle gays? The desk guy, the masseuses, our waiter...”

“I like it. None of them are as hot as you, though. Or as big.”

“And I’m not as big as YOU!”

“You’re way bigger than me,” Charles said.

“No way bro, look at your arms. I can see your veins through your shirt, they’re like fucking garden hoses.”

“Yeah, well, I can see YOUR veins through your chest hair.”

“That means you’re looking.”

“Of course I’m looking. You’re unbelievable. Looking at you is one of my favorite things to do.” Charles smiled when he saw Pierce blush. Atop the table, their hands gripped tighter.

“Cheers,” Pierce said when their wine arrived. Their glasses made a crystal clink. “Um, to...us. To us.”

“To us,” Charles agreed.

The wine unfurled slowly over their palettes as they grazed on gem lettuce and scallop risotto, growing more delicious as the evening went on. Their huge bodies made their chairs look child-sized, and as they ate their entrees - ribeye for Charles, duck for Pierce - their muscles were engorged with pure protein, popping further out of their clothes. They each noticed the beads of sweat across the other’s brow, which they dabbed genteely away, but neither could see the erections straining underneath the napkins in their laps. As their testosterone-drenched bodies seemed to solidify and harden with each bite, the air at their table grew increasingly charged.

When Pierce’s nipples popped out of his skintight shirt, his gigantic pecs hurtling out like they were in a 3D movie, Charles helpfully reached across the table and pulled the hot pink fabric a few centimeters over to provide cover. Pierce smiled back in thanks as he felt himself growing harder under his own napkin.

The waiter appeared looking a little hot and bothered himself and, after clearing away some plates, asked if they wanted to add dessert. They said yes, with Charles selecting the raspberry sorbet and Pierce the tiramisu, but soon regretted it. The simple act of staring at each other across the table felt lewd, something too intense for public display. Pierce grabbed his water glass and chugged the whole thing, droplets spilling into his chest hair. “I’m gonna go get some air really quick,” he rasped, standing up and revealing a monster boner in his white pants.

Charles followed him, signaling to the waiter that they were just going to the balcony. He could feel everyone in the restaurant looking at him as he left.

The cool night air smelled of salt, a reminder of the ocean unseen in the darkness. Charles gulped it into his lungs, already feeling better just being outside. "Pierce?" he said, walking up to the hulking bodybuilder. "You good?"

Pierce stared at Charles for a moment, then suddenly grabbed his waist, pushing him up against the wall and kissing him hard.

Charles gasped in surprise, but soon melted into the embrace as Pierce fondled his huge muscles. They kissed passionately like two long-lost lovers reunited after years apart.

Charles reached up to caress Pierce's sculpted jaw as he deepened the kiss, exploring each other's mouths with their tongues. The air around them was alive—as if they'd left Earth and were creating their own universe.

They broke only when neither could breathe anymore, giant chests slamming into each other as they gulped in air and stared at each other. "Upstairs," Pierce said.

"Upstairs," Charles agreed. Pierce grabbed his hand and dragged him back inside, through the restaurant, and toward the exit. "Put it on the room, please—" Charles said as they passed their waiter.

"Which room?!"

"Wedding Suite! Charles Miller-Smith!" They were the last words Charles got out before he was yanked into the elevator and had Pierce's tongue shoved back down his throat.

They kissed with the frenetic energy of two high school boys but the passion and experience of the men they were, groaning into each other, hands roaming frantically. Pre-cum soaked their bulging briefs. Their hands went everywhere: chests, butts, necks. They were so caught up in each other that it took them a moment to realize the doors had opened on their floor. Charles was already unbuttoning his shirt while he was still in the hallway.

The door shut behind them and they went at each other with double the vigor, this time clawing at each other's clothes and tearing them off while kissing every newly exposed body part. Skin met skin as their chests slammed together, Charles's nipples rubbing against Pierce's, their torsos lining up perfectly, abdomens moving in perfect rhythm. Charles reached down and grabbed Pierce's cock, which sprang fully erect at his touch. He fondled it a few moments, then pushed him gently to the bed.

Pierce got on all fours, breathing excitedly, but Charles grabbed him and turned him around. "No," Charles growled as he slammed Pierce's back into the mattress. "I want to look at you."

“Good,” Pierce purred, caressing Charles’ face and kissing every part of it. His head snapped back with a roar of passion as Charles thrust inside of him. “Ohh FUCK-”

“You like that? You like my huge cock?”

“Yes, FUCK! Oh FUCK-”

Charles thrust hard into Pierce’s tight ass, the force of it making Pierce’s body heave into the mattress. “More, baby?” Charles said, pulling Pierce’s hips back into him again, the bed creaking. “Tell me!”

“Yes! Ohh FUCK YES!” Pierce’s hands gripped the headboard, his massive pecs nearly smacking Charles in the face, nipples like bullets. Charles was in a state of total ecstasy as he fucked Pierce. The uncontrollable pleasure felt like it was going to set the room on fire. Pierce was one giant muscle, every bit of him swollen and pulsating with desire. As Charles slammed him again and again, Pierce’s moans grew louder, the veins in his neck pulsing, his back arching. Charles had never seen anything so hot. He grabbed Pierce’s head and kissed him wolfishly, pumping his hips into the colossal stud. The sheets ripped beneath them, turned to tissue from their sweat. Each minute felt like an hour.

“Oh fuck, that’s IT- OH FUCK-” Pierce’s voice had gone up an octave. He buried his head into Charles’ shoulder as the huge cock prodded his prostate. “I can’t-” Pierce gasped, “I can’t- hold it-”

Charles leaned down and whispered, “Cum for me.”

Pierce threw his head back and, with a final guttural groan, unloaded his balls. Cum pumped onto his abs and chest, soaking into the black hair adorning his torso. It shot onto Charles, too, who writhed with such joy that he finally achieved his own release into Pierce.

And then, like flipping a switch, exhaustion overcame them. Charles fell on top of Pierce, sandwiching their cum between their abs, and Pierce hugged him and kissed him as they rolled on the soaked sheets.

“I’m so tired...fuck...just a second...” Charles panted, and Pierce snuggled up to him as they both passed out.

They woke up at three in the morning to the sound of rain. Pierce stirred first, hopping up to shut a window they’d propped open. The sound of it closing awoke Charles.

Pierce flipped on a lamp and stood over the bed, then hesitantly got back in despite his nakedness. He stroked Charles' beard, and finally wondered aloud: "What...did we do?"

"We...I...I fucked you," Charles said back, his brown eyes wide and unsure. "It felt...like a dream, but it was. I just felt— things feel different..."

"Yeah, we weren't always like this, were we? These bodies..." Pierce moved a hand down to Charles' chest. "My god, these BODIES. And what we just did, oh my god, we...we *fucked*—"

"Pierce—"

"No, no, it's okay," Pierce said, looking away. "Nobody has to know. I mean, if we don't want them to know."

"But that's the thing," Charles said, the intensity of his voice making them both sit up. "I want...I...I want *everybody* to know." He paused and looked at Pierce's blue eyes, which were getting bigger by the second. "I want everybody to know that I fucked you, and that I loved it, and that you loved it, and I want everybody to know how amazing you are - I want to stand up in front of the whole world and tell them that Pierce Alexander Smith is the best man I've ever met, and that he makes me want to be a better man too, and that every moment I spend with him feels like the happiest moment of my life because I lo—" He cut himself off, realizing the gravity of what he was saying. Then he plowed ahead. "Because I love...I love him. I love *you*."

"I love you too," Pierce whispered. He held Charles' face in his hands.

Their foreheads touched together as they soaked in the silence, letting the words settle like the foundation of a home. It was a love that frightened them with its intensity, nothing they'd ever experienced before. It was ingrained within them and embossed on their hearts.

Slowly, their mouths fell together, breaths connecting and bodies intertwining as they fell back against the pillows. They felt pure bliss as they held each other.

"It's okay. It's all going to be okay."

"I know. I love you."

"I'll protect you."

"I'll take care of you."

The words spilled out of them until there was nothing left to say. They wiped the tears off each other's faces, kissing every feature as they did so, and fell into blissful sleep.

Charles woke up with a pillow in his arms instead of a body. He rolled over. "Pierce?"

"No, don't look!" A huge blur of black and white shot out of view toward the bathroom.

"Whuh?" Charles rolled out of bed and followed. "What're you doing?"

The bathroom door wasn't fully shut, but Pierce positioned himself behind it. "I was trying on...nothing, it's - you're not supposed to see me in it before the wedding!"

"Wedding?"

There was a moment of silence before Pierce's beautiful face poked out from behind the door. "We're getting married today, bro."

"Are we?" Charles rubbed his eyes and smoothed down his sleep-addled whiskers. "You haven't even asked me."

"Oh." Pierce opened the door. He'd taken off the jacket, but was otherwise in a full tuxedo that fit his gargantuan form like a slipper. The shirt hung open to his navel, exposing the hairy chest that made Charles start salivating instantly. "Back up," Pierce said.

Charles did, walking backward into the suite's living room. And then, to his shock, Pierce got down on one knee and produced a box from his pocket.

"Will you marry me?"

"Wha- I- where did you-" Charles sputtered, water springing to his eyes. He looked at Pierce's ravishing beauty, Prince Charming crossed with Mr. Olympia, with thick dark hair and kind blue eyes and those muscles that he wanted enveloping him forever. "Yes of course, oh my god, yes! Of course!"

Pierce leaned forward and mimed putting the ring on Charles' dick, which was the same moment it dawned on Charles that he was stark naked. "Oh no, you're too big for it," Pierce grinned.

"It's our wedding band anyway. Save it for the ceremony. I don't need a ring." Charles bent down and kissed Pierce, holding his fiance's chiseled jaw in his palm. "Minty."

"A wise man always brushes his teeth before he proposes."

"I can't wait to marry you. I'm so glad it's today. I couldn't wait another day."

"I can't wait for all of it," Pierce said between kisses. He gently ran his hands over Charles' massive shoulders. "I even can't wait to go gray with you. I wanna see you holding our grandbabies."

"You're gonna look so hot as a daddy," Charles smiled. "I can't wait to get you out of that tux. But I love looking at you in it, too." He got up on the bed and began stroking himself as he stared at his husband-to-be. "That shirt is so tight on you, even with all those buttons open..."

"That's because I'm a big man," Pierce said, flexing his chest as his fingers danced across it. "A big man who is all yours. Look at all this muscle. You like all this muscle?" The incredible physique sprang to life as he flexed like Atlas, bringing his biceps to attention in his sleeves, popping his granite tits right out of his shirt. "And I'm just gonna keep getting bigger and bigger..."

Charles blew all over himself, flopping back onto the bed with a contented sigh as his balls emptied their load all over his 8-pack. Pierce watched with a satisfied smile, then leaned down. "Now go clean yourself up, bro. We have a wedding to get to."

"Are you ready?"

Pierce looked at Charles and squeezed his hand. They stood in the hotel's airy atrium waiting for their entrance into the ceremony. "Of course."

"There's no going back. Everyone's gonna know we're gay now."

"Like you said, I want everybody to know," Pierce said. "I love being gay. I want to marry a man, and I want that man to be you. Your manliness is one of my favorite things about you." Pierce slid his arm around Charles lower back and pulled him in, giving him a kiss on the cheek. "You're my favorite person. Why wouldn't I want to marry you?"

"I just can't believe we're doing this," Charles said, his voice full of wonder. "It's so perfect. Something...happened to us, right?"

"Something wonderful. We met, and we fell in love, and now we're getting married."

"And while that was happening, we went from being boys who thought they were straight, to men who know exactly who they are."

“Yeah, it’s pretty fuckin’ cool, bro,” Pierce said with a smirk, deepening his voice to impersonate a frat boy. The doors opened seconds later, and he snapped back to the elegant poise of a professional pianist as the friends and family gathered inside turned his way.

Their appearance drew gasps, a common occurrence for them. Nobody in attendance could take their eyes off the men in the tuxedos. Tailored fabric flowed over their flawless physiques like a river twisting its way past boulders and buttes. Bulging muscles rippled beneath hand-crafted silk. Charles had opted for a classic black tux reminiscent of Hollywood’s golden age. Pierce wore an opulent black-on-black floral number befitting of a modern-day prince. Their white tuxedo shirts were open to their chests, pleats ruffling out between their lapels, offering a small glimpse at even more beauty beneath the formalwear. Nothing about them went unnoticed—not their broad shoulders, strong jaws, and gentle smiles as they looked into each other’s eyes throughout the ceremony. They were a vision of masculinity incarnate—the perfect picture of two men ready to conquer life together.

The next fifteen minutes were a blur. They stood and faced each other, holding hands to hide the trembling. They said vows and managed not to cry.

“I love every moment I spend with you. I can’t wait for a million more with you.”

“When I’m with you, I know everything will be alright.”

And then, at the officiant’s cue, they kissed. It made for quite a sight, the two massive bodybuilders kissing tenderly with their big chests pressed against each other. It was no wonder everyone viewing cheered and applauded, drowning out the words that Pierce and Charles whispered to each other:

“I love you, bro.”

“I love you too, bro.”