

Trailer Park Pussy

Junior and his brother Ray were not unaccustomed to the random gawking of strangers. They were taller than most - coming in at an identical six feet and three inches. Their backs were broad, and their biceps bulged. Their bodies were rigid with muscle and toned from their strict diets. Their dedication to the bodies could be verified and seen from just a single look. The air around them pulsed with an impression of manliness; their backs were constantly erect, their shoulders squared, and their heads held high. Their confidence was astonishing, and they walked a tight rope of delusion in how the two brothers saw themselves. But it wasn't the ego, or the muscles, or the traditionally handsome features that drew the weirdest of stares.

It was their buttocks that drew the severest of gazes. While their shoulders stretched to an astonishing 45 inches wide, their cheeks had been augmented to an obscene size of 60 inches. Since puberty, the two brothers had been addicted to changing their bodies since a man walked into their gym with the largest ass they had ever seen.

The man trekked into the gym in the skimpiest of tights and the barest of tank tops. The front of his tights showed the slightest bump while the back looked ready to explode at a moment's notice. They watched how he worked out, seeking the heaviest weights and the routines with the compromising positions. The way he squatted, lunged, bent, and twisted; every turn seemed to bring attention to himself. They watched in awe as every person fawned over him, commented on his body, and fluttered towards him like moths to a flame. The sheer size of him became the definition of manliness for both of them, and they pledge to do anything to become like him. Ray and Junior followed him into the locker room, much like several other brave men. The brothers hid around a corner as the obscenely unproportioned man undressed and revealed a lacy thong. The fabric was taut as it wrapped around the roundest part of his ass. And when the man turned and proudly showed off the smallness of his bulge, Junior and Ray knew what they had to do - what they had to become.

For their 16th birthday, they had asked for implants. It was an unheard-of request from a male teenager, but their father - being a man with a powerlifting background - knew the addiction for size and satiated his boys' needs. His acquiescence to his son's first request only allowed them to ask and plead for more. Larger implants, heavier doses of steroid injections, adjustments to their hormones so their asses would grow and their cocks would shrink so that they could be like that man who they never saw again. But what they wanted for most in the world, more than anything was silicone. The doctor they found only would allow so much to be injected into the young stud's bodies, so they turned to the streets and the doctors, who much like them, were addicted to the growth and the transformation of their bodies - even going as far as testing and trying no supplements. They needed to grow themselves and were eager to try anything.

Their addiction to size outweighed the rest of their lives, forcing them even out of school and ending their academic career midway through their junior year. It wasn't like they actually attended their classes or even paid attention when they decided to appear and squeeze their overgrown bodies

into their assigned seats. Every few weeks, when they would show, they would be even larger than before. Their asses, swollen with whatever they recently injected or implanted into their bodies. Teachers, students, and parents alike all took note of their size. Some were even ballsy enough to ask for a feel.

Men and women both clamored for a feel, and the brothers were eager for their adoration. Neither of them was gay - or homos - as they preferred to refer to them. They called themselves Alphas. They saw themselves as the peak of manhood and strength, but from the outside looking in at the two brothers. People saw what they did to be rather gay. They enjoyed the way that men touched and worshipped them. They saw the lust in those men's eyes as inspiration to grow and continue to change.

So, when the two brothers were approached on the basketball court that sat across the street from the trailer park where they lived, they were not surprised.

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Ray and Junior played for nearly an hour under the hot afternoon sun. Sweat dripped from every pore of their body, covering their skin and soaking into their clothes. Their rough movements caused their augmented body parts to jiggle and bounce within their scandalous clothes. They were mid through when a voice called out to them.

"Excuse me!" The voice echoed around the courts, distracting the brothers. The ball flew past Junior - the younger of the fraternal twins, and slammed into the rusted fence surrounding the basketball court. "Sorry!" The voice called out again as a person appeared on the opposite side of the fence. The two brothers turned to the voice and saw a man dressed in a pink shirt and a pair of skintight jeans. His hair was obviously bleached, and his dark roots had begun to show. His stance, his choice in clothing, and

The brothers snickered at the sight and shared a mental thought.

Homo.

"I just saw you two playing and couldn't stop myself from coming over and saying something to you too. I know this is a little forward but are you two gay?" The stranger asked.

"Fuck no!" The two brothers shouted in unison. Anger layered their voice and caught the stranger off guard - especially with how the two trailer trash boys were dressed.

Their hulking bodies were draped in what could only be described as scraps of fabric. A thin stringer hung across their upper bodies. The straps were barely a strip of cloth, and the front bowed exceedingly low. The bulk of the material gathered around their waist. The straps hung loosely across their heavy pectorals and offered only coverage over their nipples. The shocking tank top gave way to the shortest pair of denim shorts imaginable. The once respectable pair of jeans had been stripped, cut, and tailored to resemble something closer to a thong and an actual pair of shorts. The bottoms were cut so that they would stretch across each cheek at an angle before the denim found its way into the deep sweaty cracks of either man. Though the denim jeans looked had the appearance of a thong, that did

not stop either brother from wearing their favorite posers and showing it off. The sides of the mesh thong were hiked high on either side of their trim waists, showing off their thongs proudly instead of hiding.

"Oh," the stranger said, clearly caught off guard by their answer. The stranger chewed on a thought for a brief moment and then spoke again. "Well, this may be a weird request or offer. But are either of you in need of a job?" The brothers looked at each other and shared a look of confusion before turning their stare back to the stranger. "I'm sorry - I'm just a little frazzled. Hold on, let me come around, and I can formally introduce myself." The visitor dashed around the fence and approached the two men.

"Ooo," the stranger said as he caught a whiff of them. Their sweaty bodies radiated a stench of unwashed bodies and vinegar - of clothes that had not seen soap but instead washed with sweat and pushed deep the crevices of these men. The odor was intense and erotic in the same way. The stranger paused as if restricted by an invisible wall of alpha scent. The brothers laughed as they caught the stranger taking another, deeper sniff and moaned. His hands covered the bulge that began to grow within his skintight jeans. They both know what he smelled. Little did the stranger know; the brothers loved their stench just as much as their new acquaintance.

"Smell good?" Ray asked the stranger as he lifted his muscular arm and took a deep whiff of his sweaty armpit. "Smells like man. Don't you agree?" Ray asked before he returned to his pit and openly dragged his tongue along his muscular sides, paying special attention to the wet areas of his pit. Ray turned his arm towards the man. The stranger's mouth fell open at the offer. He stared at the mass of tangled hair that sat beneath his bulky bicep and triceps and wanted to press his face into them so badly.

"Stop teasing the fag!" Junior said as he slapped his brother's arm. "The homo is practically salivating at the scent." Junior leaned into his brother's armpit and took a heavy sniff. He groaned in enjoyment. "Fuck! You are a fucking man, bro!" Junior grunted before he went back for another sniff and a swirl of his tongue. Junior's hand drifted down to the front of his denim shorts, and for the first time, the stranger realized - their fronts were practically flat.

Not practically flat, they were flat.

The denim thong was plastered so tightly around their hips and wedged so profoundly within their crack; there would have to be at least a sizable mound within their front pouch. But none could be seen. The stranger wondered, what else had these brothers altered beyond their cheeks and knew even more so - they belonged at his club.

Junior and Ray caught the drool formed at the corner of the stranger's mouth and chuckled once more.

"Faggot," Junior cursed. "Now, what would a homo like you want with us to alphas?" Junior said as he lifted his arms and posed, showing off his arms and the sweaty pits. Visible droplets of sweat rolled down his body and were absorbed into the thong. Another scent was added into the air as

Junior's stench found its way above his brothers. Something akin to dirty feet and sex drifted into the stranger's nose, furthering the clouding of his ordinary senses.

"Oh - um, sorry," the stranger stuttered as he tried to sift through the sex and fantasy and right his mind. "Let me introduce myself. My name is Richard. I'm a talent scout for a club down the street."

"Dick?" The two brothers smiled.

"Richard," he corrected. "And what are your names?"

"I'm Ray, and this is Junior," Ray said before he threw his thumb towards his brother.

"Nice to meet you both. I saw you guy's playing and just knew you were exactly the type of . . . fresh talent that we need to bring in to keep us customers happy."

"Which club?" Ray asked as he wiped some of the sweaty from his forehead and sucked it from his fingertips. He grunted at the manly flavor.

"Clits and Cunts," Richard said.

"The gay one?" Junior barked with laughter. Richard nodded. "Why would we want to work at some fag bar?" They had both seen the club before and the men who paraded around outside. The faggots who tried so hard to become even half the man that either of the brothers was.

Richard smirked at Junior's shocked face, knowing the answer he wished to give but chose the less aggressive path.

"You can make \$500.00 a night if you are willing to do what it takes," Richard dryly explained.

Junior and Ray stop laughing.

"\$500.00?" Ray asked. Junior and he had both been looking for a way to make money. It wasn't easy to find a place where they would "fit in" or be given the allowance they needed to continue lifting and growing or the money it took to continue to augment their bodies.

"Sometimes more, if you are lucky," Richard explained, nearly giddy with the devious thoughts of what happened at his club behind their velvet curtains. The brothers looked at each other and shared another thought before they turned to Richard.

"When do we start?" The asked eagerly.

They both weren't so keen on the idea of working for a bunch of homos, but money was what they needed most. Silicone wasn't a cheap obsession, and back-alley silicone was no different. Richard explained the start time and gave the address. He offered to supply outfits for the evening, but Ray and Junior both aggressively declined.

"We don't need your faggy clothes," Junior explained. "We can find something that can show off our bodies!" Junior turned to the side and flexed his quads which jiggled his ass up and down. The

motion was smooth and hypnotic. The obscene combination of implants, silicone, and muscle tinged the normal movement with an erotic flavor that made Richard's cock harden.

"Uhhh, see you two at 10:30. We will be busy tonight, so don't be late!" Richard explained as he ran off the court, desperate to find a place to hide and milk his cock to the vision and the smell of the two brothers.

The brothers played basketball for another two hours, working up a heavy sweat before they decided to return to their doublewide and shared bedroom.

Their room was filled with a collection of used gym equipment, stolen medical supplies, and clothes specially tailored to their unproportioned bodies. Junior jumped onto their shared queen-size bed and watched as his brother stripped away his sweaty clothes and tossed them onto the floor.

"Damn, bro, you are getting huge!" Junior grunted as his brother posed in nothing but his mesh thong. He twisted and flexed in their tiny room, showing off his rounded muscles and his hairless ass. Junior lifted his brother's sweat tank and sniffed it, enjoying the manly scent. Ray bent over and pushed his ass towards his brother, filling the room with the smell that formed deep between his cheeks. Junior grunted again before he flicked his nipples. Ray pawed his cheeks, lifting and dropping them several times. The motion caused the scents to fill the room faster, and Junior groaned. "Fuck! Bro! We are men!" Junior said as he lifted his arm and pressed his nose into his hairy pit.

"Hell yeah! Just gotta get my ass up to your size!" Junior rolled over and pulled the denim shorts from his ass. Visibly, he struggled to get them over the roundest and showed off his matching thong.

"Maybe, work a little harder, and you can finally hit that 60-inch mark like me," Junior teased as he wiggled his ass back and forth. The difference in size was practically unnoticeable to anyone else, but Junior loved to tease his older brother about the minute difference in their cheeks. While Junior's ass sat at an even 60-inches, Ray's sat at 57-inches. But Ray did have a leg up on his brother - one that he loved to push in Junior's face.

"Work harder, my ass - we both know that you just got a few extra syringes last time we got a dose up of silicone." Ray turned around and thrust the front of his flat pouch towards his brother. "Now, this baby actually took some work!" He ran his meaty palms down the front, happy to show that only the slightest of bulges showed as he pressed the fabric against his groin.

While Junior's ass was bigger than his brother's, Ray's cock was even smaller. Ray took hold of the pouch and lowered it under his front, releasing his shrunken member. The shaft had wholly disappeared into his body. The head of his tiny uncut cock hung sat out of his body, while his sack had all but shriveled up inside of him with his testicles. With the quickest of looks, Ray would have been mistaken for a woman and a clit that looked ready to be played with or eaten.

"Now this is a proper alpha pussy!" Junior growled.

"Hell yeah!" Ray shouted as he rubbed his man-clit. "But we gotta get moving. We have work tonight," Ray said before he turned back to their closet and dug to find the most outrageous of outfits.