

Post-Game

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: After watching the football game at the frat house, the post-game celebration gets out of hand.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place

immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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The situation quickly gets out of control. Beer bottles and cans clink together as my frat brothers and I work on getting drunker. Jerseys get removed; solid torsos get revealed. Onscreen, our team plays hard--it's an away game but not all of us could make the trip this time. Twelve of us sit in front of the fifty-two-inch television and watch our team's quarterback pat the tight end on his ass as the commentator tries to predict their next play.

The frat house smells of sweat, beer, and pizza. Today it has been semi-trashed-- popcorn debris, a least one bucket of chicken wing bones, four pizza boxes, couch pillows strewn everywhere--as if some hurricane zoomed in from the Gulf and sideswiped our Sigma house. None of the wreckage matters because it's the best football game of the year, and Johnson College is steamrolling to victory!

I sprawl back in my designated recliner with my legs slightly open. My jersey's off. My latest beer, my third, is nearly finished. I grin, kick back, and enjoy the game--and the scenery courtesy of my frat brothers.

The eighteen-year-old twins, Stang and

Bull, ice-blond, jump up and holler with the rest as the Mavericks score another touchdown for our college. The twins are just freshman pledges, but nobody's making an issue of the difference between pledges and brothers during this game. I watch the twins cheer with the rest of us--more specifically I watch their impeccably chiseled frames. Everyone is yowling and howling. High fives are slapped, and chest-bumps are not uncommon. One of the twins--the one we call Stang because of the rearing mustang tattoo on his right bicep--calls out to me, "Jason, you want another Rock?" Like their looks, their real names are too similar. We call one twin Stang and the other Bull, after the charging bull tattoo on his left bicep.

I look at the bottle in my hand. My beer's done. I nod my head and smile, suddenly wish Stang's so-red lips were wrapped around my twitching semi-hard cock, but know that isn't going to happen since he's straight. Within seconds, he's back from the kitchen and hands off another Rolling Rock to me. I smile my thanks. He smiles back. His ice-blue eyes rake down my shirtless body like he likes what he sees: me, a twenty-year-old with coal-black hair, jade eyes, tight jaw, dashing smile, muscular chest with a little patch of hair in the center, flat abs, down to a swollen basket that, when excited and fully hard, is ten inches long and two inches wide.

"Thanks, dude," I call out and take a sip of beer.

"Anytime." Stang continues to stare at my chiseled looks. I think maybe he wants to kiss me as badly as I wanna kiss him, but I'm a little too drunk to tell. I must be imagining it.

My gaze shifts to Adam in the center of the room; he holds his own longneck Rock as if it were his erection. I think he's the hottest guy in the frat house: Italian frat brat from head to toe, model perfect in every way, with pornstar, looks. Adam was the quarterback last year, until a banged up knee from a car accident forced him to give up the game. Truth is, he loves the sport and still wishes he were the superstar quarterback for the Mavericks and wants to show off the way he'd make the play for us right now. Adam's

incapable of action on the field but he's giving one hundred percent in front of the television, as he jumps up with the other brothers, cheers, and hollers as the team juggernauts toward victory.

Today there's lots of great Adam scenery. All the girls and queer guys on campus drool over the jock and melt for his muscle-toned body. Adam has skinflick looks that they go nuts over: twenty-one years old, right at six feet tall, midnight-blue eyes, cocoa hair, muscles totally pumped and ripped in all the right places. Just downright gorgeous. His preacher father raised him to be respectful, humble, and religious, as well as modest, and diverted all Adam's energy into sports instead of girls so he's still kind of

inexperienced with women and sex--and totally unaware of how hot he makes all the chicks and queer guys. I agree that Adam is the finest beefcake this college has to offer, and I've been secretly in lust with him since we met. He is completely untouchable though since he, like the twins, is straight.

Truth is, I'm a little jealous of all the time Adam spends with the twins. The twins have it too easy. They always seem to get everything they want. Sometimes it seems nearly unnatural the way the rules don't apply to them. They both got Adam assigned as their big brother, even though it's usually one pledge to one brother, and they even seem to get off light on the hazing. The three of them sure spend a lot

of time together.

When there's an away game, we all watch at the frat house. Every brother in the fraternity who isn't at the game shows up to watch our Mavericks whip the asses of that week's rival. What transpires is essential to how men really get along behind closed doors at college: an important male bonding ritual. Pizzas get delivered, beer is necessary, and testosterone-fueled hollers fill the room. Honestly, I can't imagine life getting any better than this.

Once things start getting out of hand, Adam plays the responsible, though semi-drunk, frat president-slash-host and collects truck keys and car keys in his

Mavericks ball cap. He playfully punches arms and scruffs heads, and declares, "No drinking and driving today, dudes. We're all staying right here!" I hand over my keys too, and in return I get a feigned punch that has his knuckles brushing my chin.

For the next hour, the Mavericks game rivets our attention. Our team scores two more consecutive touchdowns before halftime. The blond twins, model-beautiful themselves, bond mysteriously in a private huddle to my right. Inexplicably, they jab each other with teasing punches and shoot a few asides at the screen to cheer on the Mavericks. Adam pushes himself into their huddle, between them, an arm around each twin's shoulders, and

bellows in his trademark roar, "*Dudes, we are going to the championships!*"

I sort of doze off during halftime, because I'm nearly at my alcohol limit. There's a warm, fuzzy feeling in my head that at first I think is the beer. Then I open my eyes, look over, and it's Bull crouching by my chair and rubbing his finger over my temple.

I feel myself try to pull back a little. I should be worried about ... what? I can't quite remember. Something about ... It's gone.

"That's it," he whispers. "You let your guard down, and I'm inside now. Don't even try to keep me out. Let yourself

forget how. Forget all those doubts and suspicions too. I'm done hiding. And you and me, we're gonna be good buddies from here on out. We want the same thing. It feels good now that you've let me in, doesn't it. Bet you wish you'd done it sooner. I think you'll be ready for more soon, real soon."

I'm thinking, *Forget what?--Dude, what're you talking about*, but I can't make my mouth make the words. I'm too drunk or something.

He pats my bare shoulder as he pulls back. His fingertips brush my nipple, not by accident. I play it cool and don't react. He winks at me. "Never should have let your guard down, Jason."

He walks away and I stare at him like, *Whatever, dude*. I return my attention to my beer and the game starting back up onscreen.

Of course, the Mavericks win the game. The score ends with solid triumph--34 to 13--that drives my frat brothers wild. They howl and stomp, consume more Rocks, cold pizza, and generally celebrate the victory. Somebody fires up the victory celebration playlist on the music system and half the guys dance to classic rock songs just one decibel short of earsplitting. A new athletic spectacle breaks out as shirtless half-drunk guys dance together, throwing limbs and empty beer cans and hoots in every direction.

All twelve of us have over-indulged this afternoon and evening, and a few collapse on chairs or couches, close to passing out, as the rest keep dancing, drinking, and celebrating. Some maybe are already passed out. Someone has turned off the music, the television, and most of the lights. It's getting late. I'm still in my recliner, too drunk-dizzy to risk even trying to climb out. After a while it's pretty much down to the twins and Adam--beautiful Adam front and center, obviously drunk, still trying to dance. The twins huddle to my right and whisper to each other. I can't hear what they're talking about because my ears are still ringing. Both grin exuberant grins. I see their golden and hairless chests touch, and nipples press to nipples as their

connection continues. I imagine their hard throbbers--seven inches, in my daydream--touching as they rub against each other. But I can't see their dicks because they're wearing tan shorts, scenery that leaves me burning.

What the twins discuss I can't hear, though. I'm skeptical. They're grinning, shooting sly glances at Adam, so I sense they're plotting mischief at his expense, which has me feeling jealous and protective at the same time. A rocket builds in my jeans, threatening to squirt pre-cum into my new briefs any second. I see the twins faux-casually close in on innocent Adam.

What happens next is exhilarating. Stang

pushes directly in front of Adam as Bull cuts in behind Adam. Adam grins, nervous, but the twins seem celebrating, not threatening. With their sexy ice-colored hair, fall-into eyes, and underwear-model chests, they body-slam Adam's shirtless torso, compress him between their magnum nipples and innocent force. It's a blissful, rod-blowing threesome before my eyes; grown men sticking together. Simultaneously, the twins yell--"*Victory slam!*"--and Bull grips Adam's head with both hands from behind.

I've witnessed hundreds of body-slams before. What's different with this particular "slam" is what happens when the mischievous twins break free from

Adam's fine body. Bull holds on to Adam's head for another moment. Adam's mouth hangs open, drunkenly, and his eyes nearly roll back. Adorable Stang pulls back and gently caresses Adam's denim package, fingertips brushing that hidden cock and balls, and slowly raises his fingers to Adam's fuzzy navel, lined torso, across one pectoral and perfectly erect nipple. And behind sweet and innocent Adam, Bull seems preoccupied but he grinds his crotch against Adam's tight end, holds Adam's skull between his hands, and licks the nape of his neck, more passionately than playfully. I imagine Adam moans but really the music is too loud to hear something like that.

If I weren't so drunk, these are cock-

hardening events would make me run upstairs, drop my jeans and briefs, and replay this memory while I beat my ten inches of meat to climax. Instead, I'm so drunk I can't move, so I watch just what happens and feel a wet spot to form in my briefs at the tip of my erection.

Adam--who is just so sweet you could take him home to meet the parents for Thanksgiving and other holidays--looks oblivious, a little dazed in the aftermath of twins' attack. "Best ... ever!" he slurs, referring to the Mavericks' success and not the twin-sandwich that featured him so easily only seconds before.

Just when I think the situation is about to calm down, things happen and spark my

homo-interests even hotter. The twins pull Adam down to the frat house's living room floor instead of letting him go. Adam lets them, without any hesitation or conflict whatsoever. He probably feels buzzed from all the Rolling Rocks. He doesn't seem to mind the arrangement of whatever's about to happen on the floor.

As handsome Adam sinks down between the ripped and beefy twins, Stang turns to me in my comfy chair and asks, "Jason, you wanna join us?"

"I'm good ... right here," I slur, because I'm still too drunk to move. Then I add, "Thanks," because it seems like the polite thing to do.

"Suit yourself," Stang says and settles on the carpet, alongside half-naked Adam and Bull.

I expect the threesome to pass out or fall asleep together, innocent as puppies. But unintentionally, it appears, the trio dangle limp arms over tight torsos and gypackages--Adam in his jeans, the twins in their shorts. I memorize this paradise on the floor so I can jack off to the memory later, and I see careless palms find blond treasure trails, cocoa-colored pits, and pumped biceps. The twins giggle--no mistaking that even over the music--and their fingers meander over Adam's ladder-like abs and tease the stiff cock visible in his jeans.

What transpires is dick-riveting. The twins seem unaware that I'm still wide-eyed and awake. They smile mischievously at each other and continue their evening plot to seduce innocent Adam. And because I'm not tired, suddenly feeling a lot more sober, I adjust the woody trapped in my jeans with one finger, and breathe slowly and softly so I won't interrupt whatever is coming next.

Adam is already asleep on the floor, passed out. The twins roll him between them, which prompts some friction between the three men. Adam's jeans are open. An eight-inch long thumper stretches up out of Adam's boxer-briefs and rests against his stomach and covers his navel. The sight is better than any triple-X

fantasy I've ever had. Adam lies on his back, rolls to snuggle against Stang, and unintentionally pokes his stiff porn-rod into Stang's stomach.

Stang smiles greedily at Bull, then looks down at Adam. His lips are only inches away from the middle-man's, ready and willing to kiss him. Of course, shrewd Bull wants in on the action too. Bull gently pulls Adam toward him by Adam's tight abs, and Bull positions the sleeping man flat on his back again for easy access.

What's happening seems both obvious and enigmatic. The sugary-blond twins contrast against Adam's Italian skin. With Adam on his back, still locked in sleep, Stang begins to lick Adam's dark and solid

nipples. His brother Bull dives for Stanton's abs, kissing the central line down to the cock head that stretches alongside Adam's cocoa-colored treasure trail. Bull's lips eventually part and the tip of his tongue touches the part of Adam's cock exposed above the waistband of his tight boxer-briefs. Bull seems experienced in this new sport of intimate dick-licks; he flicks his tongue against Adam's piss-slit and around the vulnerable head, setting a rhythm that makes Adam twist awkwardly in half-sleep, flutter his eyes open, and groggily blurt, "Dude--what ...?"

Stang pulls off an erect nipple and answers, "You're dreaming, Adam. Don't fight it. Go back to sleep."

"Dreaming?" Stanton asks, sleepily.

"We're having a post-game celebration. Just enjoy it."

Bull looks into Adam's molten eyes, smiles broadly, and whispers, "It's a post-game celebration, Adam, and you're our star player. Go back to sleep now. Don't fight it. Sleep."

Adam's eyes close and he sinks back against the carpet with a sigh.

What is so hot about this is the way Bull continues to suck on the tip of Adam's pole and carries out an efficient debriefing. He manages to get Adam's jeans and boxer-briefs down to mid-thigh,

exposing every inch of his junk. Bull slobbers on the eight-inch spike with ease, consumes half of the fully exposed tackle now, massages its stem with his tongue, and opens his mouth. Endlessly and eagerly, he pushes his lips down over every inch of Adam's slick stinger, caresses its veined hardness, and fingers the man's fuzzy ball sack.

Bull's head makes one stroke up and down Rick's rod. Two. Three strokes. I can't take this much longer. These boys have me harder than hard. My head feels sober, but my body still won't work right. I slide a palm on the inflated crotch-lump in my jeans. I want to stand up, drop my pants, and stroke my rod. I'm ready for my spout to shoot a load onto their model-perfect

skin. However, I can't make my legs move--I can't get out of this recliner or stand. I breathe in and out, wishing I could work up the coordination to get my jeans open and touch my dick. Instead I watch, engrossed, and endure my relief-less arousal.

Adam becomes flustered beneath the twins. He seems to wake up again. His smile seems both confused and contented as Bull works his cock and Stang continues to lap mercilessly, alternating between both nipples. Adam looks dazed, still somewhat dreaming. He lets out a groan that I can hear above the music, arches his packed buttocks upward, allows Bull to come off the shaft for air, and shoots three ropes of jizm onto the

plane of his muscular chest, almost tagging Stang in the face.

Stang pulls away quickly and laughs, "Dude, now you're getting in the game."

Bull adds, "He's a pro at this. He's ready for any play that comes his way."

I imagine both twins going head to head after the three globs of spew on Adam's chest, licking their plump lips, butting heads hit together as their busy tongues lap up bubbles of the goo from my friend's torso. This is only my imagination, though. Instead, what really happens is mundane: Stang finds a frat brother's abandoned jersey nearby and wipes the gooey mess away.

Adam, still dazed, begins to sit up now but is gently confronted by Bull. Bull sits forward, puts his hand on Adam's chest, pushes Adam back down. Bull instructs him, "This game's not over yet, big guy. I'm still calling the plays. It's just getting started."

Fuck, the scene is too untamed. I watch the twins eat Adam whole after they strip him the rest of the way out of his jeans and boxer-briefs. Bull pushes Adam's naked legs apart and dives his tongue into the depths of Adam's bottom. His licks cause Adam to groan. Stang pivots himself over Adam's still-hard shaft and swallows inch after inch of the wood into the depths of his throat.

Adam seems both limp-limbed and frenzied, just like me. He cannot handle much more of this. He moans as the twins work at his crotch and ass. Adam spreads his legs wide and wider, similar to mine in the chair, and allows Bull to direct his tongue between his cheeks and lap his hole eagerly. Adam, totally into this party of three, tries to push his ass upward to shove his log deeper into Stang's opened throat and give Bull more access to his ass. Lust has his body operating on auto-pilot.

I want in on the action but still can't manage to make my body move or to pop open my pants so I can manhandle my goods. I want to push my jeans and briefs down to my ankles and off; I want to bolt

my hips upward and spread my legs apart, just like Adam. I want our movements to be synchronized like intense lovers as we thrust together, fully captivated by the accomplished twins.

It's Bull who pulls off the inexperienced and fully enraptured Adam now. His twin follows and rises from the rocket between Adam's legs. Bull instructs, "Adam, do you want to be our quarterback now?"

Adam, who is sweaty and throbbing-hard between his legs, can't seem to focus. He asks, "What--? Quarter ... back ...?"

Bull looks at his twin and asks, "You ready to show him, Stang?"

Stang lights up a ravenous smile and looks around at the drunken brothers sleeping off their alcohol on the chairs and couches around the room. He turns his head toward me. He peers at my erect cock trapped in my jeans. He replies, "Let's get the crowd cheering, dude ... I'm ready whenever you are."

The trio of my heated, lusty friends is naked on the floor. Watching is pure bliss as Stang rolls a condom down over his nine inches, bigger than the seven I'd imagined he'd pack, and squeezes some lube onto his stick from the bottle they retrieved from somewhere. He positions himself behind Adam's tight ass, and gently tells the star of the show, "Spread your legs a little; I've got to make a play

here."

"You heard the man," Bull whispers to Adam. Adam listens, now on his knees with Bull in front of him and Stang behind him. Slowly he moves one knee farther away and permits Stang's hefty entrance.

Bull plants and pivots his hard wood into Adam's mouth; he pushes inch after inch into his throat, and Adam chokes but swallows and sucks on it with desire.

The twins are insistent but not forceful. Adam seems to love these moments between the twins. He is not an experienced lover but he somehow seems to know what they want him to do.

What unravels before me is chaotic bliss, a sexual frenzy between three men in the middle hours of the night, which leaves me breathless and stunned.

Adam spreads his ass cheeks for Stang, who is busy as ever. Stang enters his hole with ease, pops four plump inches of his prick into Adam's behind, then slowly works on pumping three more inches into Adam's ass-chute.

Bull is occupied with the back of Adam's head and pushes it toward his crotch. Bull meets Adam's mouth with blond pubic hair. Bull's swinging balls slap Adam's chin again and again and again, and that adds to the euphoria I get from watching them. Perfection.

"Deeper, Stang ... Push it in him deeper," Bull coaches.

Stang carries out this instruction and says, "He's following the playbook like the good quarterback he is."

"Inch after inch, Adam--take it like you want it," Bull groans as he rocks steadily into Adam's mouth.

The skin-game starring the threesome unfolds. It's a dude-sandwich with Adam as the meat. The play is something I never before saw in real life: three beautiful men labor over each other, a trio of sweat-slicked jocks fucking, men who are entangled with tongues and mouths and cocks and assholes. The blond twins

seduce and devour their Italian prey. All mine to watch.

Adam does not fight off these actions. Instead, he gags on Bull's nine inches that press down the length of his throat. My eyes track the hard cock that hangs between Adam's legs, the way it swings as he gets fucked. Stang pummels Adam's ass, bashes himself into it, and eventually pulls out. All three men sweat and vibrate together, groan and sigh and gasp and moan. My interest hangs on the shaft between Adam's stiff legs, an eight-inch item that is untouched and veined, harder than hard, delicious. I am astonished as the cock slaps stiff against Adam's torso. A string of creamy goo dribbles out of that swinging cock-head and stretches toward

the carpet.

I'm still motionless in my chair with my rod ready to burst between my legs as I watch the twins pump Adam from both ends. One slaps his ass as the other forces Adam's head farther down on his concrete goods.

It's Adam in the middle that I'm betting will cum first. The poor dude is so excited about getting it on with the model twins that he can't possibly keep his load in any longer. By the look of his sex-dazed eyes, poker-hard shaft, and his bobbing ass, I believe my frat brother is ready to submit to the moment and cream right on the carpet. Stang doesn't let this happen, though. Stang pulls out of Adam's

suctioned ass, rips the condom off, drops it to the floor, and tells his twin, "Flip him over so we can shoot our loads on him."

After Bull pulls out of the dude's mouth, the twins gently lift Adam up, flip him over, and ease the guy onto his back. Bull stands to Adam's right while Stang stands to his left. They each work their own tools and let Adam stare up at their chiseled torsos and identical shafts.

Adam surprises me when he says, "Bring it on, guys. If you wanna reveal what you can do to our heads to the other brothers, fine. But if you're gonna force me to be part of your little public sex show, then let's put on a *real* show."

Stang looks over at me, as if he suddenly remembers I'm watching. "Adam's right. Let's up the ante," he says to his twin.

Bull turns to look at me. His eyes practically devour me whole. He walks over to my recliner, runs his fingers through my black hair. I feel dizzy, must not be as sober yet as I thought. "Just let it happen," he says. "On your feet, Jason, and strip."

This, of course, is my cue. An invitation I cannot miss out on. With my shaft still stiff between my legs, I stand up, strip off my shoes, socks, pants, and briefs. Bull leads me over to where Adam lays on his back. Politely, the twins leave room for me between Adam's spread legs. And like a

fraternity only intended for the hottest dudes, we look at each other with wide smiles, hands positioned on man-poles, and understand each other's roles this evening in our shared play. Around us, the other eight frat brothers that I thought were passed out are climbing to their feet when Bull tells them to, and they strip off their clothes, reveal their poles. They pair off and start stroking each other, like they don't care about anything other than getting off.

Adam, the twins, and I are the main event. Four guys pump their rods, feisty, ferocious, groan and hump, their fists busy, asses clenching, as we prepare to blow our loads. Here is Adam on the floor; he bucks his ass, both fists planted

on cock-skin, rolls the excess flesh up and down on his thick shaft, his face completely flushed and sweaty, and his chest heaves. I watch the twins at work: the hotties operate their identical rods masterfully, cut chests slick with perspiration, wild fire in their ice-blue eyes, hips moving backward and forward. Both of them stare at each other as if they are mirrors, ready to shoot at any second.

"You look good," Stang says up to Bull.

Bull responds, "You look better."

I am too stunned with the trio, hypnotized or mesmerized or just still drunk, fascinated by their ripples and perfection. I pump my fist on my meat and succumb to

the intoxication of my own needs.

Beneath me, Adam groans, "Oh," as if surprised, then harder--"Fuck! Shooting, dudes!"--as he begins convulsing through his orgasm. Of course, he's the first to blow his load. My attention is quickly drawn to a spray of quarterback sap that flies out of his rocket and creates white lines along the middle of his chest and ...

The twins shoot next, Stang a couple of seconds before Bull. They groan simultaneously, thrust hips forward, and yowl out their passion. Their juice blows onto Adam's perfect chest--Stang's first, followed by Bull's--and covers his lats and abs and nipples and pubic hair with thick white cream. Both twins smile from

ear to ear, obviously happy with the results of their game.

Around us, the other frat brothers are starting their orgasms too. Bull rubs the back of my head, and I feel like my head is melting inside. Whatever he's doing to me, I don't care. I let him in, and I let him win. But I win too--unable to hold my load any longer, I murmur, "Cumming." I feel that emphatic rush burst through my staff and release my arc of Jason-juice on Adam's body. I decorate him with white liquid, and shoot another arc on his skin, and another. Here, Adam and I both groan our deep satisfaction as droplets splatter against his chiseled chest. He is sex-spent. So am I.

Stang smiles at me, dazzled by our performances, and announces, "You guys rock."

It's not over, though. We laugh together. The twins have an ulterior motive. After a quick clean-up with stray jerseys, they tackle me to the floor and begin to wrestle with me. Adam joins them. Bull stares into my eyes for a long moment that has my body burning with lust again, ready to do whatever he asks. Then the trio huddles over my bare skin, and they begin to lick every crevice and crease of my body with their hungry mouths. Here, under their greedy care, I am enjoyed as a post-midnight snack, seduced by their busy fingers and cocks, until I end up blowing another sticky load once, twice, three

times by dawn's early light.
