

# Trouble

by Wrestlr

[M/M]

[Synopsis: A chance encounter in a local bar with a coworker leads to a tight situation.]

Disclaimer: Nobody is forcing you to read this. If you are not of legal age, or if you are offended by sexual situations, you can stop reading at any time. No matter how autobiographical this may seem, it is fiction and not based on you, your friends, or anyone you know.

Copyright - 2005 by Wrestlr. Permission granted to archive if and only if no fee (including any form of "Adult Verification") is charged to read the file. If anyone pays a cent to anyone to read your site, you can't use this without the express permission of (and payment to) the author. This paragraph must be included as part of any archive.

Comments to [wrestlr@iname.com](mailto:wrestlr@iname.com)

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC and general M/M stories, mirror site)
- <http://www.asstr.org/~mcstories/Autl> (MC stories)



# Trouble

by Wrestlr

Frank says he wants it, but I don't know about him. He's big in all kinds of ways and has a mean streak too, especially when he drinks. He's drinking now, probably drunk. He's rubbing the front of his pants like he's got a charley horse where his dick is. He's got a tequila buzz, a buzzed head, and a sunburned face. He must weigh two hundred pounds--no wiry fucker, he's short and compact with monster biceps, meaty pecs, and definitely something equine in his pants. He's wearing one of those ridiculous tank tops

you buy at musclehead gyms, with a couple of spaghetti strings for shoulder straps, looking more like a nighty than something a hot fuck like this should be wearing. I'm thinking he'd look better in a shot-to-shit wifebeater, or a wrestling singlet, or maybe a shirt and tie to mix thing up.

He knocks back another shot and gives me a leer. "That shit's rough," he says, shaking the nasty taste for his mouth like a dog. Then he puts his hands on his lap, stares at me hard, his lips poking out almost like they were kissing mine. He is nothing but trouble. I can see that. And I can also see the outline of his cock in his pants.

Not like I haven't seen it before. We work

together, and I've seen him in the plant's locker room changing out of his work clothes. I've seen his big old dick banging around in his boxers, peeking out the hole once in a while, the fat fucking head popping out, rambunctious and curious. He's always catching me checking out his shit and giving me a "Gotcha" kind of grin--cocky as fuck, corny as hell. It's not like we're buds or anything; we're barely on nodding terms at work. He's a machinist. I'm in shipping. The only time we ever really see each other is in the locker room. Seriously--I can take him or I can leave him.

Frank's in my neck of the woods today, though. I found him this Saturday night on a bar stool in my favorite place, one that's

in crawling distance of my apartment. He gave me a nod when I walked in, almost like he'd been waiting for me, but I knew better than that. Turns out he just moved in down the street. There wasn't a soul in the place except the bartender and Frank, elbows propped, a beer in his hand, and a couple of empty shot glasses in front of him. We shot the shit at first, work shit, but now we've kind of run out of things to say. He's kind of tipsy and giving me looks that could be misconstrued if I'm not careful. I don't know about this one--he can be a crazy motherfucker, if I believe the stories I've heard.

"Fuck," he says, rubbing his face, and tells me something I really don't want to know. He says it softly--I have to lean over to

hear him. His eyes watch my lips, and I watch his eyes, then his crotch. The bartender is a dude I've fucked with a couple of times, and I catch him looking at us longingly. My mind creates an instant threesome: me on my back on the bar, sucking the bartender's long, hard cock, while Frank hoists my ankles and slams his ample meat into me. I'm thinking, *This is fucking insane*. Frank drops his gaze to my crotch and wets his lips. The tequila has turned him into a big old queer and what he says tells me as much. "You got a great ass," is what he says, not exactly whispering.

I look over at the bartender--I think his name might be Scott, but I'm not so sure right now. "Hey, bud," I say to Scott,



"we're gonna settle up here."

My place is closer, so we go there. "Here we are," I say with a flourish that makes Frank snicker. He elbows past me into my apartment, looking around, checking out my shit. "Nice TV," he says, nodding at the home theater system I bought at Valu-Mart. He goes to the window and flips back the curtain. "Got any hot neighbor ladies?" he asks, looking over his shoulder, catching me wishing myself into his navy-blue Levis. They're open when he turns to face me, the puffy bulge of his package, encased in boxers, hanging out his unzipped fly.

"You gonna take care of this?" he wants to know, and I sort of nod. It's a daunting

project, from what I recall seeing in the locker room at work and what he had shown me sitting spread-legged on his bar stool.

"I figured you would," he says, undoing the top button on his jeans. It's plain to see he's thick but not fully hard yet--clearly interested, though. He pets himself for a minute, stroking the front of his boxers, the slit flashing pink for me. And then he's hard, tenting his shorts, with tempting damp spots blooming before my eyes.

He steps up to me, pointing at me through his boxers. It's clear he's going to kiss me. His tongue slips into my mouth as though it belongs there, and his hands grab hold of my ass, which is--if I do say so myself--a

nice handful. His pecs fit right under mine, his dick slides between my legs, and I feel him moving it in and out, fucking me down there, his flat belly pressing hard against my crotch.

"I'm gonna take you to town," he says, which I hope is a euphemism because I'm not going anywhere. What I really want is to see Frank down on his knees, working on my own burdened cock. It's twisted and cramped, caught fast in a trap of damp underwear and a button fly as hard to undo as a series of sailor's knots. He tries not to struggle as he slowly, surely unbuttons me. With my hands on his shoulders, I direct him to his knees. His mouth hangs open, anticipating, tongue glistening on his lower lip. I pull my eager dick from its

confinement, shake out the creases, and pinch the skin, giving him something to chew on.

"Fuck!" he says before swallowing me up, nose banging into my pubs. I feel the dance of his tongue and his chin nuzzling my balls as he sucks all seven and a half inches of me down his throat. I plant my feet wide and steady myself by grabbing onto his bulky delts, because he is an aggressive cocksucker with no gag reflex. He slurps and moans on my crotch, doing something with the head of my dick that makes my belly muscles flutter. Looking down at him, the aerial view is awesome: his undone pants gaping in the back, revealing the tops of his ass cheeks. Bending over him, I dig into his boxer

shorts and squeeze, forcing his face into my pubes again, feeling the bend of his nose, the constriction of his throat, and the grip he has on my ass, fingers working their way to my crack.

Suddenly, it's not enough to have him blowing me while I knead his beefy butt. I drag myself away and, dick dangling his spit and my pre-cum, I pull on his silly tank top, trying to get his shirt off, unintentionally pushing him off-balance instead.

He lands on his ass on the carpet, sprawls backward onto his elbows. His cock has emerged from his fly and is standing stiffly. I bend, take hold of it, pump it a few times, bringing up a load of pre-cum

that slicks my grip and makes sticky noises that make me hungry.

I'm on my knees. "Take off your shirt," I tell him, just before I start getting his thick obelisk into my mouth. The sight and smell of it makes my mouth water, and I give him the wettest blowjob of his life. I twist and tug on his nipples as if they were my own. He whimpers, and his hips rise to pump my throat with his fat pole. He gets his fingers into the pile of the carpet, pulling at it like clumps of weeds.

With his hips up, I can get his jeans and boxers down to his thighs and still work on his cock with my mouth, which he sure seems to enjoy. He watches me, his chin tucked, his mouth open like mine, tongue

playing on his lower lip. "You're gonna make me blow," he groans quietly.

"Oh, no," I tell him, "not yet." I heft his heavy legs, expose his brown knot, and hawk a gob of spit on it. With his calves against my chest and his sneakered feet over my left shoulder, I kneel at his ass. I pull a rubber from my wallet and slide it over my shaft, then press my poker into his deep dimple. I check to make sure he's still smiling. I can hear him snorting, the way he would if he were doing a set of three-hundred-pound squats. His thighs are tense, and his hole is hardly a hole at all, it's clenched so tightly. I hesitate for a moment, and he notices. He locks eyes with me and nods: *Yes*. I slip more of my cock into him. His jaw is set and he closes

his eyes. Soon he's taking the whole of my bone, and I'm fucking him carefully.

"Fuck my hole, dude," he rasps, his head rolling on the carpet.

I reach for his nipples again to remind him who's giving orders; he moans with every twist, and his ass hole becomes a hungry mouth gobbling up my prick. I bend his legs toward his face, his own knees close enough for him to kiss, and slam myself into him, moving him around the carpet, probably scorching his back with carpet burn. I have Frank's ankles over my shoulders and my dick firmly planted up his hole--it can't get any better than this.

"Oh, fuck, dude," he moans, his cock



standing straight up, fat, ruddy, shining. Without touching it, he fires off a series of high-arching cum shots, seminal fireworks. His eyes lock on mine, and I feel the first rumblings of my own finish. I wrap my arms around his muscular thighs and pump at his hole, lifting his ass to receive my strokes, panting. I explode inside the rubber, swearing, saying his name over and over.

He's up before my dick cools, looking for something to wipe his hands on and opting for the inside of his shirt.

"Awesome, man, truly awesome," he says, pulling on his pants, fastening them up, offering his hand. I shake it, finding it as sticky as mine. He smiles. I smile. He

heads for the door.

"Well, then," he says, pausing. "Guess I'll see you Monday at work, right?" He cocks a finger at me and winks.

"You know it," I tell him, the heady smell of him still wafting up from my prick like cologne. I breathe it in.

Sunday, he's back at my door like some stray I never should have fed. That's fine, though: I'm becoming fond of him. I let him in, and we begin all over again.