UNIFORM BREAKDOWN

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Ravenous Romance

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Uniform Breakdown

A Ravenous Romance™ Panamour™ Original Publication

Bradley Church

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As I lay face down on the mat with Bryan's arm firmly on the back of my neck, his powerful chest against my back and his wrapped cock about to split my ass checks in two, I wondered whether I had slipped into some alternate reality, like the world of the *Matrix*. I mean, how did I get here? How did a Big-10 Champion wrestler, Naval officer and guy voted "most likely to fuck his way to the White House" end up on the verge of having his hole devirginized by this twenty-four-year-old punk?

When I was this kid's age, I had already been in Iraq for a year. I was ROTC at the University of Minnesota—Go Gophers!—and a competitive wrestler. I had been wrestling since high school and had always dominated my peers with my superior skills. Wrestling is a mental sport that turns your body into a physical tool for your brain to utilize to defeat your enemy. Most guys don't get that. Most guys think if they're bigger, stronger or faster, they will undoubtedly win. They are wrong. The smartest wrestler is the one who wins.

I learned this important fact from my dad, who was also my coach. He had been teaching me how to wrestle since I was seven or eight. But his teaching had more to do with watching videos studying the mental game. My father taught me to be ready for anything and by the time I

reached high school, I was unstoppable. I easily took titles at state all four years, so it wasn't surprising that I got offers to compete at several top schools.

I didn't start out at Minnesota. I went to Iowa because the program was ranked number one in the Midwest and the

coach believed, as my dad did, that wrestling was a mental sport. He seemed to understand me in a way many coaches didn't. I also wanted a school where ROTC was well regarded. Iowa had produced some of the finest Naval officers of the recent past, and I was bound and determined to follow in their footsteps. I believed everybody should serve our country. I don't give a fuck how people do it: take care of indigent people in rural communities, teach in a public school for a few years, whatever. So I was going to spend four years in the Navy and do some good for the world.

But not before I kicked every asshole in the Big-10 who thought he could out-wrestle me. I was a freshman, and it was the first day of wrestling practice, so I didn't really know what to expect. I was nineteen, fresh out of high school, and I had been looking forward to seeing the head coach who recruited me. When we spoke during orientation week, he never broke eye contact with me, and when he looked in my eyes, I couldn't think about anything else but being here. So I thought it was kind of odd that he wasn't there that first day. After some practice drills, we circled the mats. Time for us newcomers to show them our stuff.

I was ready for anything. At nineteen, I was cocky and had that confident swagger of a winner. I was handsome, well built and I knew it. I'd had a record-setting season my senior year in high school and there wasn't another senior in the country I knew who could touch me.

Even the guys who had been wrestling for a couple years before me, only a few had ever really impressed me.

I told you I was ready for anything. Anything except the tall, built-like-a-brick-shithouse

German who had just joined the team. His name was Kristof and he had transferred from a university in Germany six months before. I had never heard of him because he had never wrestled around here. He had trained with the team last season, but wasn't eligible to compete.

The rumor was that Kristof was an unbeatable machine on the mats.

Now I had to wrestle him. One look at all that muscle bursting out of his singlet, and I started to lose focus. Still, I was game. We stared each other down. He had this really intense look about him, like his mind was somewhere else and his body was responding on its own. I realized immediately that this guy understood the mental part of wrestling like none of my competition in high school ever had.

We took our stances in the center ring; the assistant coach blew the whistle and we circled each other. He went in first, fast and low. He got the back of my neck from the crouching position. I clasped under his shoulder blade, and he put a move on me: the cross-ankle pickup.

He grabbed my right ankle and used his weight to drive me down. His big body plowed into mine, forcing me to the mat. He nearly pinned a shoulder. I thrust forward with my hips.

He lifted, and I rolled. I used my arm leverage, tried for a reversal move he wouldn't expect. I

twisted, caught a grip on his brawny thigh, pressing back the force of his position. I grabbed his waist and yanked with all my might. The flex of his quads kept him from going down.

He was ready for me, after all. He was stronger than me, bigger than me and, perhaps, smarter than me. He wasn't going down.

I put my head to his iron-hard chest and pushed, only to draw back with my neck burning. He looped a muscle-corded arm around my neck and dropped me easily into a crotch and half-Nelson hold. I squirmed and struggled, but he had me in his lock. The heavy crush of his forearm wore me down and pinned both shoulders to the mat. He'd landed a take-down. I lay there, panting, defeated. He only had to hold me there a moment to gain the score, but he stayed there, growling, that rock-hard body ground down against mine. I felt the heat of his dick throb into my chest, growing hotter and harder. Shit, he was getting off on this! The assistant coach had blown the whistle, but he stayed where he was, pressing his bulge into me.

I lay under the thunder of his heaving chest, the weight of his cock throbbing against me. I'd never gotten off with a guy before, and definitely not in front of everybody like this, so I was freaking out a little. The assistant coach slapped Kristof on the shoulder, told him to get off. My opponent got up, yanked casually at the crotch of his singlet, and slowly walked away.

In the locker room after practice I came out of the shower, a towel around my waist. Kristof sauntered over. He hadn't showered yet and he was naked except for his jockstrap. He

cornered me in front of my locker. He leaned forward, propping one arm on the lockers, using his invasion of my space to intimidate me. His hard stare held my gaze. I swallowed hard. His proximity was getting to me, making my cock stir. I was starting to throw a boner. Shit, this bruiser had me where he wanted me, and he knew it. I swallowed hard again, and tried to think of something else.

"You did good out there today. You got the moves and a lot of spirit. All you need to work on is your mental game."

"Uh, thanks, I guess."

"Wait for me to change. We'll go back to my place to hang out and watch some wrestling tapes."

"Okay."

Kristof was obsessed with wrestling. His off-campus apartment was a shrine. Wrestling posters and pictures on the walls. A mass of trophies he'd earned. He even had rubber mats covering the part of the floor in the main room. His roommate, he said, was out and wouldn't be back until much later. He hit the remote and, on one of the biggest televisions I'd ever seen, we watched grunting, sweaty men grind each other into the mats. Kristof was focused on the screen, commenting on the action. He talked to me just like my dad did, but his voice was milky and warm. I kept glancing over at him. He'd spread those big muscular legs, shifting his dick in his sweats. This sense of power and presence seemed to radiate from him. Sitting there next to his powerful body, I could feel my cock stir a little.

"See that!" He was thrusting his finger at the screen. "That move right there. It's tricky. Get on the mat and let's try that!"

Next thing I knew, we were down on the mat, going through the moves. Shit, this bastard was fast and super strong. No matter what I did, no matter how hard I tried, he took me down again and again. We were panting, sweating. His taut legs entangled mine, and his chest pounded into me. I thrust with my hips, trying to lift him off of me, and he bore down. I could feel his prick against mine, hard from the pressure. I got aggressive. I pushed back and forth, practically dry-humping that mound in his loose sweats. He stared right into my eyes for a long moment. Then he pulled back, lifted off of me.

I was still panting as he lifted his massive body off of me. My cock was softening. It had been hard and the head had pushed out from under the waist of my shorts. It was still peeking out and pre-come was dripping off it. Kristof knelt beside me. Grinning. "Don't worry about it," he said softly. "Relax. Feel better?" Then Kristof did something I never thought he would. He dropped his hand into my crotch and stroked the ridge made by my softening cock. "Like that?

Feel good?"

Then I did something I never thought I would. I spread my legs and moaned, "Yeah ... feels great." My cock was starting to rise again. His voice was still milky and smooth, more like a purr. His eyes stared directly into the depths of mine.

Kristof pulled away. I didn't want him to go. He walked over to the mats. His voice was a growl. "Come here."

I stood up. My legs felt wobbly. This was more than just post-orgasm slackness. This was me entering into a world I'd never even considered, but one where competition between men is measured by mental strength, physical agility and sexual prowess. I had a lot to learn from

Kristof and I realized we were about to enter advanced training.

Kristof jumped at me the moment I stepped on the mat. I sidestepped him. Which surprised me, considering how distracted I was. I had to concentrate. He came back at me fast, rolled forward and knocked me off my feet. I slammed down, him atop me, his hands around my wrists and feet around my ankles. I was spread-eagle on bottom; he was spread-eagle on top. The lump in his sweats pressed against my responding cock. I strained to topple him. He was strong. I was strong. We were eye to eye, his boring deeply into mine. He humped against my crotch, and I humped back, sparking a fire in my nuts. His hand slipped, and I shoved him to the side. He whirled and grabbed me from the back, grabbed my T-shirt and tugged it back. I slid down, arms up, slipped out of my shirt and out of his grip.

He came after me again, not letting up. He clawed for the waistband of my shorts. I scrambled sideways. I hooked my fingers in the neck of his shirt and pulled; the material tore down to his navel. He shrugged out of his destroyed shirt.

While he was distracted, I lunged at him. He heard me coming and shifted, enough to throw off my hold. He roared at me and turned, snatched my shorts and briefs down. My shorts kept me from backpedaling out of his way, and he

threw himself on top of me. My mouth was open, and he covered it with his own. This was the first time I'd ever kissed a guy, and I loved it. I loved the way his tongue snaked into my mouth like it was probing into my soul.

His hand ventured up my bare torso. Mine touched him here and there, exploring his hard muscles. He reached down and slipped his sweats down. No underwear. My cock was hard. His was, too. He pressed his crotch down on mine and ground our cocks between us. That's when I heard something. Keys in the door. I panicked, but Kristof didn't move, didn't let me up. The door opened. It was Coach. My heart almost exploded.

"What the hell are ya doing there?" Coach bellowed in a voice full of thunder.

Shit! What if he exposed me to the team? There goes my scholarship, I thought. I'll be thrown out of school. What if he tells my parents?

"Hi, Coach," Chris said. "We were watching some wrestling tapes, and Jesse wanted to try some of the moves we saw."

Coach snarled, "Ya practice a few holds one minute, and the next thing yer fucking each other like a couple of fags?"

Coach's stony face was fixed in a kick-ass grimace. But what the hell was he doing here?

How did he get keys to his place? Was Coach Kristof's roommate?

* * * *

The next two weeks were a blur. I was three weeks into school and now I was being forced to transfer out of Iowa and

over to Minnesota. I was only able to do this because they had come after me so hard and my father was a legacy in the wrestling program there. Kristof had basically told Coach everything was my doing. That I had come onto him and that he was trying to get out of the situation when Coach walked in.

Kristof pandered to Coach like a pussy boy and I began to understand that the look in Coach's eye when he and I spoke was one of lust. He was fucking the college wrestling team and didn't like it when two of his "boys" were paired off. So instead, I got fucked. Right out of the Iowa program.

I determined then and there that I would dominate every one of those pricks, including that lying German asshole who sold me down the river to save himself. In fact, if I ever got my hands on him alone, I would drive my big cock deep in his fuck hole until he was begging me to stop.

I got my revenge. Not only did I lead the Big-10 conference for my entire four years, but in my junior year, after a particularly grueling match with Iowa where Kristof lost his first and, it would turn out, last match of the season, to a teammate of mine in his weight class, I found him alone in the shower, crying. I took a photo of it and e-mailed it to every newspaper on campus and to the Iowa athletics department.

I heard he dropped out of his senior year and went back to Germany. I'm not sure what happened after that, but when we came back for our senior year, the word got around that his last act was to out head coach and throw blame his way as well.

At any rate, I finished my senior year as the number two wrestler in the country in my weight class, graduated with honors and completed my ROTC as the top-ranked officer in the Midwest. I was flying high. It was June 2002, and I was headed to advanced officer training with the hope of becoming a Navy SEAL. I hadn't had another sexual experience with a guy since I walked out of Kristof's apartment and I didn't even long for one. I was hard-and-fast heterosexual—until I met Bryan.

Shortly after September 11, 2001, it was clear that the country was headed to war in Afghanistan and President Bush didn't disappoint. But the most dangerous naval operations were complete long before I finished school. By the time I went to training camp, rumors were hot that we were going to invade Iraq as well. So it was no surprise to anyone who knew me that by April 2003, I was in Baghdad, along with a lot of my classmates. I was pulled from special forces training because at that stage in the conflict, they needed bodies. I was proud to serve and happy to sacrifice for the cause.

I was happy, that is, until it became clear that our government had lied to us and that the war was a vendetta by the president and an opportunity to make his friends very rich. I still believed in national service, but this was not what I had in mind. And just about the time I was thinking these things, I took some heavy shrapnel in the left leg and was sent stateside to recover. This was the spring of 2006.

I was sent to a naval hospital in New Orleans to recover and while there, I met Bryan. He was twenty-three and taking the year to prepare for medical school. He had been ROTC as

well and in order to avoid being sent to Iraq, his father, an influential member of the National Security Council, was able to get him a position in a Naval hospital stateside. Bryan was neither in favor of the war nor a big supporter of the military, but he was going to use the programs to his advantage and, with his father's connections, would probably never see combat or have to risk his life for the country.

This led to some rather heated discussions between him and I, and I truly disliked Bryan for his politics, his privilege and his hypocrisy. He was cocky, arrogant and entitled, but I eventually realized there was a genuine kid underneath whom I began to grow fond of. He took his medical service very seriously, and as I watched him interact with other patients, I saw a heart so pure that it belied all the other external crap. If only there was a way to unlock the inner guy and teach him how much the outside didn't reflect what he had inside.

A few months after I arrived in the hospital, Bryan and I started having more intimate conversations. That's when I discovered his true passion: wrestling. Bryan played football in college because that's what one did when one's father was a Navy hero and the star running back in college. So Bryan followed in his father's footsteps, even though he would rather have spent his time rolling around with other guys on a mat.

Bryan was about two inches taller than me and probably weighed twenty pounds more. He was classically handsome and should have been a quarterback of the Tom Brady sort. His strong jaw was accented by teeth so white that one would suspect they had their own light source. He had a slight

Southern drawl, but the kind that communicates the wealth of old Virginia tobacco money rather than bywater poverty. His big barrel chest was part genetics and part hard work, and I could get just an inkling of the powerful football legs that his massive torso was balancing on.

I was having a particularly bad night. The pain was keeping me awake and my mind couldn't shut out the memories and visions of my three years in Iraq. The hospital was sweltering. It was a particularly humid summer, even for New Orleans, and the air-conditioning system in the hospital had self-destructed that morning. The staff had brought in fans and portable a/c units to try to ease the heat, but with my mental and physical stress, there was no chance of sleeping.

Bryan was a tireless caregiver. He had stayed late into the evening to ease the load of already exhausted staff, but now, at 1 a.m., he was done for the night and decided to stay with me in order to talk me off my own psychological ledge.

We talked well into the night about anything and everything except the war. Eventually the conversation shifted to wrestling, and I shared my passion with him so completely that even I

stopped thinking about the pain and heartbreak of the past four years. I stopped short of sharing my experience at Iowa with him. I wasn't sure if it was because I was afraid of how he would react or if I was afraid to send Bryan the message that I was homophobic. Something about the way he had been looking at me said there might be more to this kid and his personal attention than I initially thought. Something

about the way I was noticing Bryan said there might be more to my interest in him than I initially thought as well.

These thoughts were dancing in the back of my head and I was just about ready to push them as far away as possible when Bryan said, "Hey. Why don't you show me some moves?" The thought, of course, was ludicrous. My leg, though almost fully recovered, was still in enormous pain and we were in a small hospital room with two other patients. What I didn't know was that Bryan had a key to the gym—the cocky son of a bitch never really gave me a straight answer on how he had acquired it—and he had found some old wrestling mats in a storage room the day before and set them up.

Before I knew it, Bryan was wheeling me down the corridors and he had the giddy gait of a kid who'd just found out he was getting a new PS2 for Christmas. I could walk fine, but we needed it to look like Bryan was "working" with me if we were going to go anywhere at two thirty in the morning. The gym was pitch dark and Bryan switched on the gaseous workaday lamps that hadn't been updated since the '50s. The air was thick with the heat and the otherwise silent complex was now abuzz with the energy of the lamps.

My heart was abuzz as well. I could feel it beating faster as Bryan playfully dumped me out of the wheelchair and crossed the large basketball courts to a small area in the back of the gym where he had laid out the old mats.

I hobbled over to the area, not because my walking wasn't almost back to normal, but to gain sympathy from the guy who I was about to knock down a few pegs. My physical being

might be damaged, but when it came to wrestling, there was nothing wrong with my mental game. I had kept it sharp while dying in the desert and it was the thing that kept me going these months in the hospital.

"Quit with the dramatics, you pussy fuck. Get over here and show me what you can do."

Bryan was standing in the closest approximation to a wrestler stance an outsider can muster and I walked casually up to him. "The first thing you need to know is.... "I lunged at him and immediately knocked this one hundred and ninety-pound kid off his feet and onto the ground. I landed on top of him, my chest coming down hard on his, my face staring right at his perfect white teeth and my left leg firmly embedded at his groin area. He let out a gasp when he hit the ground. I had taken the cocky stud off guard.

"That wasn't fair. You're supposed to be teaching me things, not showing off how big your cock is."

"I just taught you the first lesson. Never underestimate your opponent. Never assume you know the situation. Always be prepared. Wrestling is a mental game, more than it is physical. You should always be ready for the attack, no matter what we're 'doing here.'"

Bryan grabbed me under the armpits and this big, strong man pulled me up a few inches so he could lock eyes with me. As he did so, my knee dragged across his crotch and I could feel a substantial package between his legs. My cock pressed into his thigh and I felt blood rush to it as I stared into Bryan's eyes.

"I get you, man," he said. "Now, seriously. Teach me some things."

I didn't want Bryan to feel my growing erection and I was grateful for the briefs I was wearing. I was a boxers man myself, but since being in the hospital, it was more convenient to wear briefs with all the dressing and undressing. I got up and turned away from Bryan to reposition my cock. As I did so, he came up behind me and threw his massive arms around me, rotated my body and threw me to the ground. Now I was face down on the mat and I had Bryan's powerful body on top of me. I could feel his arms straining to hold me down, his breath was on my neck and his pelvis was grinding into my formerly rock-hard ass that had become softer with my months in the hospital.

I could feel Bryan's meat swelling against my left hamstring. My mental game was shot for a few seconds as Bryan whispered, "Never underestimate your opponent. Never assume you know the situation. Always be prepared." This snapped me back into reality. This was an amateur move executed by a child who was pissed off at me and certainly couldn't sustain this level of concentration through to submission. I spread my two legs, thrust them behind me and locked Bryan in a tight scissor while using the leverage of the floor to flip my body and Bryan over. I was now on top of Bryan with my back to him and I reached behind my head, locking my arms around his head and thick neck. I flipped myself vertically and came down face to face with him, my body lying on the mat over his head.

"Look, you little shit. Either you listen to me and let me teach you things or we can just fuckin' do this and I'll destroy you. Take your pick."

Bryan smiled a big, bright smile. "Nah. Let's do this right. I want to learn everything I can from you."

That smile again. My cock again. Fuck! What was going on? What did this kid want from me? And more importantly, what did I want from him?

I started with the basics with Bryan. Proper positioning, the standard holds, various optional holds. Somewhere in the early part of the lesson, Bryan took his shirt off and showed off his barrel chest, lightly dusted with blond fur, lighter than the hair on his head, but perfectly matching the fur on his arms and, I suspected, his legs. He eventually coaxed my shirt off too. I'd never been shy about my body and most of the time had been eager to show it off.

But the months of recovery had left me smaller than I'd been since my sophomore year of college and I was wishing in this moment that I'd spent more time working my upper body while my lower half recovered.

I made some self-conscious comment about it and Bryan said, "Nah, man. You look great. You look better than most guys who haven't been through what you've been through. You should be very proud." He came close, patted my chest the way a buddy might, then grabbed me, pulled me into him and looked deep in my eyes, his two inches of height playing to his advantage in this moment. "We'll work hard together to get you back into the best shape of your life. You show me everything you know and I'll show you what I know."

My cock reached full erection and in its bent position actually hurt and also created a pronounced bulge. I struggled away from Bryan and stammered something. "Your heart is racing man and you're short of breath. Should we take a little break?" Great. Bryan didn't notice the bulge.

Suddenly he had darted forward and grabbed the meat between my legs. "Maybe you're just overwhelmed and distracted." He grinned. That smile!

I couldn't say anything. I just stood there for what seemed like an eternity before Bryan stepped behind me, wrapped his arms around me as he had earlier that night, only this time instead of throwing me to the mat, he bent his head down to my neck and began to bite. He was gentle on my neck, kissing it, licking it and biting it sweetly. His arms were strong against my chest and his full body against my back made me feel safer than I had in a very long time.

My heart was racing but I gave into my feelings, and I leaned back into my caregiver's body and let him take over completely. He reached his left hand up, gently turned my head toward him and his lips met mine. They were soft and moist and sweat was dripping off his lips so that my first kiss with any man since I was nineteen tasted salty and sweet at the same time. The smell and taste were intoxicating. I opened my mouth wider and let Bryan's tongue slide deeper into my mouth. Our tongues intermingled and rolled around together for a few moments before Bryan's powerful arms released a little and he turned my whole body around.

My chest pressed against his and I could feel our sweaty bodies slide against one another, his light fur rubbing against

my naturally hairless chest. The smell of sweat was now powerful in my nose, but something else mixed with it, a smell that was unfamiliar but that I now recognize as the scent of two men about to engage in animal sex. Testosterone. Sweat. Spit. Sex. My cock had started oozing pre-come the second Bryan's tongue hit my mouth.

Bryan's one hand was firm on the back of my neck and his other was exploring my body. I didn't know where to put my hands, so I rested them on his chest and began to play with his nipples the way I would with a woman. He moaned in pleasure. The harder I pinched his big brown nipples, the more he moaned. Our kissing deepened and got more furious. I got carried away and pinched his nipples aggressively. "Not too hard, baby," Bryan said, as he smacked my ass hard, which took me off guard but not as much as the reaction my cock gave the smack. I let out a grunt. "Oh, you like that, do you, man?" I just moaned a little.

Bryan pulled me tighter to him, forcing my arms around him where I could feel his substantial back and the top of his muscle butt. His hands began exploring my ass, first outside my pants, hen he began to slide his hands under the waistband of my briefs and over my smooth ass. He grabbed hard with his big, strong hands, massaging my butt, spanking it and forcing my cock to grind hard against him. It felt amazing, but my cock also hurt, so I had to adjust.

As I reached down to reposition my engorged prick, Bryan grabbed my hand and pulled it away. "Uh uh uh. Allow me." He pulled the drawstring on my pants and they dropped to

the floor. His one hand was still on my ass and the other he put in the waistband just above my cock.

He lowered the briefs, his massive hand running down my shaft as he moved the briefs past my package and off my ass.

They hit the floor at almost the same time Bryan did, kneeling in front of my nine inches of meat and staring at it with an intensity that made his blue eyes glow as bright as his white teeth. And there was that smile. I finally realized it was the expression of someone who was both happy and hungry. I would not disappoint this cocky young stud. I pulled at my cock and balls with my left hand while my right put a hand on the back of his head. Sure, I'd never had a guy go down on me before, but I had plenty of experience guiding women through the pleasure of swallowing my substantial prick.

Bryan didn't disappoint either. He teased the head with his tongue for a few seconds before he took the whole shaft in his mouth, while continuing to work his tongue around. He bathed my cock in his mouth and I'd never felt such complete warmth around my prick. Bryan worked my cock expertly and within three or four attempts was swallowing my sizeable head, pressing it against the back of his throat while his face was buried in my bush and his bottom lip brushed against my ball sack.

I could feel my balls tightening and my shaft stiffen as if I was about to blow my first load in several weeks. Bryan pulled back and stroked my cock with his right hand, as he spit on his left finger and began to slide it around the edge of my hole. Whoa! I had never felt *that* before. My cock jerked,

and the first of several long ropes of come jetted out across Bryan's cheek, lips, shoulder and chest. He continued to pump my monster until come was everywhere and the twitching of my body stopped. Bryan stood up, tasted the come on his lips, wiped some from his cheek and put it in my mouth. It was tart, but as he put his mouth to mine, I found the taste made my cock stir some more, especially as it mingled with his spit.

"Now it's your turn to learn how to do that to me."

Bryan's strong arms lifted me from my standing position and he laid me down on the mat. He stood up and removed his pants and boxer briefs, releasing a cock that although probably not as long as mine, was thick and veiny, just like this stud. I could see the powerful legs and had a hint of his meaty ass. But my eyes were transfixed on the dark bush that stood in sharp contrast to his light skin and on the meat that I was about to feast on, which was growing thicker by the second.

Bryan kneeled down, straddling my face and began to tease my mouth with his balls. They were big and hairy and the smell of sweat and musk and man was overwhelming. I put my tongue out to taste them and was surprised at how spongy they felt. I began to run them around in my mouth and bite down on them gently. Bryan let out a moan. "Yeah, man. Suck on those balls. Chew on 'em. Punish 'em." My prick stirred a little, excited by the dirty talk. I always hated when women would talk trash, as if they were in some porno, but hearing this big, deep voice and smelling the testosterone

oozing from the stud who was straddling me just made me hotter.

"Fuck, yeah," I responded, though it was hard to get out with his big ball sack in my mouth.

He began grinding his cock against my face. It stood straight up and he was pulling on it slowly, hitting my face with it and tightening the skin on it, so his balls would almost pull out of my mouth. Bryan shifted positions and began to drive his cock into my mouth. He didn't go slowly. He didn't "teach" me how to do it. He forced me to take his shaft and my jaw had to strain just to fit around it. He was raping my mouth and there was nothing I could do about it except relax and try not to gag too much. I reached my hands up to feel his chest and play with his nipples and Bryan got harder. I almost choked. He pulled back for a second. "Are you okay, bud?" my caretaker asked. And before I could answer, he adjusted his position and gave me another deep tongue kiss. "You're doing great, man. It feels amazing. Don't move." Bryan shifted so his cock was still in my face, but his face was down by my cock as well.

He licked it as he put his head back in my mouth. He held his body over me enough that he could tease my tongue with his head and shaft. His dick fit in my mouth better this way and, having established a bit of dominance over me, Bryan was more gentle with my throat as he worked the shaft deeper inside. I was waiting for his mouth to take my cock inside as well, but suddenly I felt Bryan pull my legs toward me and bury his face in my asshole.

I had never felt anything like this before. Bryan's tongue was strong and manly and worked my hole expertly. He would tease the outside with his face and tongue, he would take a gentle bite out of my ass check, then he would drive his massive tongue into my hole, my ass parting to meet it. I could feel it in my stomach practically. My heart was racing as I bucked my hips to try to take his whole tongue in my ass. I could feel Bryan's massive triceps pressing down on my hamstrings in order to part my legs further and tongue-fuck my hole. He continued to shove his prick down my throat and I could taste the pre-come oozing off of him. With one final move, Bryan buried his tongue as deep as it could go, pulled back and bit my hole gently, licked it and withdrew his cock from my mouth.

"Get up." His voice commanded attention and commanded me. I was used to taking orders, but more used to giving them. And I wasn't used to surrendering myself completely. Especially not to some twenty-four-year-old entitled punk who didn't believe in anything I did. But Bryan had me completely.

"Now turn around." Bryan put his arms around me the way he had when he had sneaked up behind me. I had been off my game then because I was trying to adjust my cock so this stud wouldn't see how hot he was getting me. Now I turned around with my prick exposed, at full attention, and waiting hungrily to see what Bryan had in store for me. "This is what I wanted to do before." And once again, Bryan threw me to the ground, and I was again face down on the mat with Bryan's powerful body on top of me. I could feel his arms

straining to hold me down, but this time his mouth was kissing my neck and instead of a clothed pelvis grinding my ass, I

could feel his massive cock sliding around the area of my hole.

My ass was sweaty and I could feel a twitching that told me I was as hungry as Bryan was. This massive man shifted position, placing his thick arm on the back of my neck to keep my face firmly planted in the mat. All the memories of the past twenty years came flooding over me.

Suddenly I heard Bryan spit and felt his wetness on the entrance to my ass. He spit again, dug his tongue in while stroking his cock to its full glory, then I felt the head of his cock begin to pierce my begging hole. I wanted Bryan to enter deep inside me and fill me up with his manhood. He slid on a condom and readied himself.

There was an instant of sharp pain that made me yelp and bite my lower lip. But Bryan took his time and gently, methodically, slid his cock deeper. When I gasped again, he stopped so I could get used to the feeling and to the swelling erection in my hole. As I relaxed and Bryan worked his tongue on my neck, the pain turned to pleasure and I began to enjoy the feeling of having this stud buried in me. As I got comfortable with Bryan's size, I started to press against his cock. The shaft slid deeper into my hole and Bryan began to let up on the back of my neck. I

felt his lips there once more and he bit my neck, licked it, sucked up the sweat pouring down my face.

He shifted and I let out another groan as his tongue explored my ear. He whispered "That's it, baby. You're doing great. Stay focused and relax. I will do all the work." And he continued to work my neck with his tongue and my hole with his prick. We developed a rhythm, with him pushing into me and me pressing back against him until he was so deep in me that his body crashed against me each time. He shifted and lifted his body up a bit, then he used his strong arms to pull me up onto all fours like a dog. He placed his massive hands on my shoulders and with one knee between my calves he put the other foot on the ground next to my left hand.

The stud began to pump me harder and, with this new position, began burrowing deeper into my hole. I could feel every inch of Bryan's thick cock as he penetrated me and reached places inside me that sent shivers through my whole being. My cock was harder than I've ever felt it and I tried in vain to stroke it while this stud fired at me again and again. His pace was increasing and I arched my back a little to try and give him more leverage to use my hole. It was rough and powerful. I could feel Bryan's sweat dripping all over my back.

Suddenly he started to tense up, as if he was getting ready to blow his load. He pulled his cock from my hole. The sense of loss and emptiness I felt was quickly replaced by a thrill as this massive man jumped up quickly in front of me, forcefully grabbing my head and, pulling me up to a kneeling position in front of him, he dropped a load of spit on my cock and said, "Jerk that prick 'til you come again, buddy." As he said this, he began to stroke his fast and hard and then shoved it in my

mouth, shooting a burning load of hot come on my tongue and down my throat.

The taste was intoxicating and, as the second wave of come hit my mouth, I began to spew my jizz all over the wrestling mat and on his hairy legs. I felt his cock tighten for a third shot and pulled back, getting his load all over my face. It dripped from my nose, my lips and my chin by the time my stud finally relaxed from his three shots of come. He dropped to his knees, licked the dripping juice from my chin and kissed me deeply, gently and passionately.

"Fuck, dude. I have wanted that from the moment you wheeled your way into the hospital. You are everything I've ever wanted to be in life. Brave, loyal and confident. I know you have a lot to teach me, but apparently I can teach you some things as well."

And so we continued our wrestling lessons at night in the gym on the base until I was healthy enough to go home. For six months, we saw each other when we could. Bryan started medical school at Temple University and when I was discharged, I moved to New Orleans to work private security. We moved in together and although I have become an expert at what Bryan had to teach me, he's still learning to be my bottom as well—and a good wrestler. One thing at a time.