

## ***Saying His Name***

*A short story by Henry Cavanaugh*



As Justin made his way out of the gym after yet another intense workout, a sudden ding from his phone caused him to stop in his tracks. Upon unlocking the phone, Justin could only laugh as he read the text message he had just received. It was from his older brother, detailing the financial issues that his bad business decisions had gotten him into and containing a not so subtle plea for Justin to help him out with a small loan. It wasn't the first such message that the twenty-seven year old jock had received and not even just from his brother! In the past two years since his new career had really taken off and he'd started to bring in a six figure sum annually, suddenly everybody wanted to be on his good side! *Funny how that happens, right?*

To add another layer to the story, the people who were trying to swindle him out of his hard earned cash were the same folk who had scolded him for dropping him out of college and told him that he was foolish for believing in himself. *Now they all come crawling back for a piece of my success,* Justin mused, smirking to himself as he fired off a dismissive response to his older brother - '*no can do bro. maybe mom + dad can help*'. He already knew that his curt response would be the catalyst

for his voicemail to be filled with messages from both his brother and his parents, all trying to guilt him into simply handing over his cash simply because they were family. But no matter how hard they tried, Justin wasn't the type to fall for such a trivial concept; just because they were related by blood didn't mean that he owed any of them a goddamn thing! He considered the friends who had stuck by him through the early struggles in his career to be his real family, especially since none of them had ever dared bother him for even a cent!

While such requests as the one he had fielded were definitely annoyances, they could do little to dull the shine on Justin's perfect life. He had transformed himself from a

college dropout living out of a tiny box apartment with nothing to his name other than his physique all the way to a successful fitness influencer with twenty personal training clients, a lakeside three bedroom house, and an even better physique than he'd started with! He hadn't lucked into any of it either. It had been a slow and arduous process, building his public image and reputation as an online-based personal trainer. In his first year of self-employment, Justin had only worked with three clients, two of whom continually sabotaged their own progress by going against the eating plan he had laid out for them. To say that he had been frustrated would have been quite the understatement. There were many days in that first year when Justin seriously wondered whether he'd jeopardized his own future by making the decision to quit college and try to forge his own path.

By the time his first post-dropout Christmas rolled around, Justin had fifteen thousand followers on Instagram and was barely making enough money to pay his rent. Fast forward one year later and Justin's follower count was at two-hundred thousand, while his client base had tripled and he was even starting to collaborate with others breaking into the fitness industry like him. These collabs were great for widening Justin's audience and putting him in contact with potential new clients, but as soon as his follower count had exceeded that of the person he'd collaborated with, he would quickly cut ties and move on. It was a cutthroat approach, but that's what was needed to build a successful business and the opportunistic approach was working exactly as planned.

After another full year of grinding away at his physique and his business, Justin's life was finally beginning to resemble what he wanted for himself. He was rapidly approaching one million followers, had sponsorships with a handful of fitness companies, and had even moved into his dream home! Within the last year he had also started a relationship with a beautiful woman - a gorgeous blonde called Paige - who not only made him laugh everyday but also gave him the best sex he'd ever had in his life. The start of their relationship had been a total whirlwind and she had moved in with him just five months after their first date. Now ten months into their relationship, they were even beginning to flirt with the topic of engagement, although Justin wasn't sure if he was mature enough for that sort of intense commitment yet. Things with Paige were awesome but did he really want to tie himself down before he'd even hit thirty?

To further line his pockets so that he could treat his new girlfriend like a princess, Justin had recently opened an OnlyFans as a side project. He didn't promote it on his main channels and a good majority of his social media followers probably didn't even know about it, but he was still managing to earn an extra twenty thousand bucks a month through the platform and for minimal effort too! All he had to do was to post a mostly naked photo every other day and the thirstiest of his fans would continue to support him and even throw additional money his way in the form of sizable tips. He hadn't even needed to show off his cock once, although he didn't hesitate to compensate by flashing

his sculpted ass cheeks for the camera. It wasn't out of embarrassment for his manhood that Justin didn't go full frontal on his profile though, it was because it allowed him to continue perceiving himself as a step above the rest of the guys using the site for a quick buck. He wasn't some common attention whore and OnlyFans content creation would never be his main career, but who would be foolish enough to say no to such easy money?

While he didn't often care to jump on bandwagons, Justin's desire to continue inflating his income was the motivating factor for him to join the wave of OnlyFans creators offering private personal videos. One hundred dollars for thirty seconds and there were suckers who would actually pay for it! Justin made it clear on his profile that he wouldn't be doing anything overtly sexual and definitely wouldn't be going full nude in any of the clips, although that didn't stop his followers from requesting both things. It was through these private exchanges that Justin learned that the vast majority



of his supporters on the platform were men and that revelation sent a shiver down his spine. He wasn't homophobic persay, but the thought of another man jerking themselves off to his content didn't completely sit right with him. Still, the money spoke much louder than Justin's morals and so it was only a matter of time before he was responding to an account that would make a most tempting offer...

ValiantKing91, or *Kaleb* as Justin would soon come to know him, was the user in question. His request was the type that Justin would have typically refused without even considering (jerking off in his briefs while moaning Kaleb's name) if it hadn't been for the fact that the user was offering five times what Justin's original post had asked for. Five hundred dollars for just thirty seconds of stroking his cock without even needing to show it? Now *that* was easy money! Sure, he didn't love that he'd be saying a guy's name while beating his meat, but he wasn't stupid enough to let that stop him from making bank. After making a promise to himself that he would never let Paige find out, Justin replied to ValiantKing91's message with a confirmation that he'd record the video as long as he received half of the payment first. Barely a minute later and he had an extra two-hundred and a fifty dollars sitting in his account from a 'Kaleb S'.

Once he had stripped down to just his boxers and worked himself up by looking back through some nudes that Paige had sent him early on in their relationship, Justin started

the recording and went through the motions. The thirty seconds was over in a flash and even though it wasn't anything that Justin hadn't done behind closed doors before, he was left feeling incredibly dirty. Not even receiving the rest of the payment from Kaleb helped cleanse Justin of the feeling, so he hurried into the bathroom to take the coldest shower he'd perhaps ever had in his life. "Never again," he muttered to himself as he scrubbed himself clean. It didn't matter how much ValiantKing91 or anyone else was offering, he wouldn't lower himself to the same status as a common whore now that he had learned his lesson.

Unfortunately for Justin, he wasn't quite able to put the event out of his mind as it seemed every time he posted on any of his social media pages, ValiantKing91 was one of the first accounts to 'like' the post. It didn't matter if it was OnlyFans or Instagram or Twitter, the same username kept showing up. Justin soon became so resentful that he ended up blocking every variation of the account he stumbled across, although it never quite put his mind completely at ease. He found himself dreading the discovery that Kaleb had leaked the clip of him onto social media so much so that he actually began to have nightmares about it.

These horrific dreams always started the same, with one of his clients stumbling across it and confronting him in disgust. The events of these nightmares would then snowball, almost consistently ending at a finale where the video was finally discovered by a member of his family. It was this possibility that left Justin seriously troubled. He knew for a fact that his family would never let him hear the end of it! The very last thing he wanted was to give them any sort of leverage over him or have them start asking questions about his sexuality. Justin was absolutely certain of his heterosexuality and there was no debating that in his mind but he knew his jackass of a brother would find it a perfect excuse to try and drag him down.

As the weeks and eventually months rolled on and put Justin's moment of shameful greed further and further in his past, he was eventually able to start unconsciously suppressing the memory. While it would probably take much longer to forget about it entirely, Justin found himself no longer fearing checking his mentions on Twitter as much as he had in the immediate aftermath of the video. It helped that things with Paige were better than ever and he'd even just picked up a client who lived in the next city over and was willing to pay extra for a monthly in-person training session. This new client, Lewis K. Smith, was a little older than Justin's usual clientele and was more interested in losing weight than building muscle but given the extra financial gain he was offering, Justin couldn't bring himself to turn it down. With everything looking like it was on the up for the muscular young man, it would come as quite the shock for Justin to discover that the universe - or more specifically, ValiantKing91 - had other plans in store for him!



Considering none of the accounts belonging to Kaleb actually featured a profile picture or any sort of images that might identify him, Justin could hardly have known that his online stalker was right there in the gym with him during his first in-person training session with Lewis. His new client had turned out to be much more overweight than he had initially explained to Justin (he must have been sharing older pictures where he had been at least fifty pounds lighter) and that put things off to a rough start. Justin could hardly hide the disgust from his handsome face as he watched Lewis' pitiful performance during the simple exercises that he was being guided through.

To make matters worse, Lewis had a habit of staring at Justin like he was a piece of meat. He had felt the man's eyes on him throughout his hour of coaching and it definitely bothered him, but he didn't want to cause a scene and risk getting accused of being homophobic by some overly sensitive snowflake that might overhear him, so he forced himself to tolerate it until the remainder of the session. He supposed he could understand why Lewis found it so difficult to keep his eyes to

himself - when you looked as good as Justin did, you were bound to draw attention wherever you went!

Of course, if Justin had any way of knowing that the man he had just spent the past hour training was actually the same Kaleb that had haunted his nightmares for months on end then he would have approached the whole scenario differently. Given he lacked that information though, Justin saw no immediate threat when they finished up their session and headed into the locker room together.

"Are you not going to shower?" Justin asked, wrinkling his nose in disgust as he watched his client grab a bag from his locker and place it over his shoulder. He had to hold back a snort of amusement when the larger man explained that he felt self-conscious showering in public places and preferred to do so in the privacy of his own home. That wasn't an issue Justin ever had; he took great pride in his body and knew that he looked incredible. If anything, the only hang-up he had about showering at the gym was when creepy old men took it as an opportunity to stare at his manhood. As such, he was actually rather glad that he wouldn't have to share the showers with

Lewis. Grunting out a goodbye, Justin silently made a note to message the other man later on in the day and cancel all of their future sessions today. Even the extra money wasn't worth being ogled all session long, or having to endure the overweight man's sweaty and stinky presence.

Rather than leaving as he claimed to be doing, Lewis (who more commonly went by his middle name, Kaleb) had wedged the door closed behind him to give him the privacy he would need. Once he was certain that they wouldn't be disturbed, the older man placed his bag on the floor and shed all of his clothes, leaving him completely naked and still caked in the sweat he had worked up in his personal training session. Once this was done, he returned to the main locker room area and carefully tiptoed forward while taking in the beautiful sight before him. Justin had stripped out of his shirt as he prepared to take a shower, exposing the broad back that was made up of large muscles and gloriously tanned skin. His shoulders were almost twice as wide as his waist, something Kaleb was particularly fascinated by considering his own extended waistline!

Still blissfully unaware of the predator approaching him from behind, Justin pushed down his pants and stepped out of them to leave him in nothing but his boxers. In doing so he was unwittingly giving Kaleb quite the show, especially given how his boxer briefs showcased the sizable sweat stains that emerged along his ass crack. The stalker's face contorted into an expression of twisted glee as he admired his clueless prey. Even despite all of his strong muscles, Justin was still very much helpless when it came to what Kaleb had planned for him! Continuing to move slowly so as to not alert the personal trainer, Kaleb removed a small vial of green liquid from his pocket, removed the cork and downed the contents with a grimace.

At the very last possible moment, Justin picked up on the unpleasant stench of his client's body odor wafting in from behind him, prompting him to stop short of dropping his briefs as he had been about to. Before he could turn around and ask what had prompted 'Lewis' to return though, Justin felt something cold and clammy pressing against his lower back: Kaleb's bulging stomach. An extreme chill rippled throughout Justin's body from the point of contact and although the man's instinct was to pull away and yell out in alarm, he was surprised to discover that he couldn't actually do either of those things. Every one of his muscles had completely locked up, forcing him to remain as still as a statue while Kaleb's pudgy midsection continued to press against his back with more and more pressure. After a few seconds of this though, things took a dramatic step forward and the unpleasant sensation shifted for the worse. No longer was Kaleb's stomach in simple contact with the stud's back - it was now somehow sinking into the other's body!

“Oh this feels good!” the overweight man’s nasally voice declared from behind the frozen personal trainer. “Are you enjoying this as much as I am, Justin? Go on, if you tell me you don’t want this, I’ll stop right now.”

*I don’t want this!* No matter how hard he tried though, Justin simply couldn’t force any words out of his mouth. He wasn’t the type to get easily scared, but given how he seemed to have been robbed of all of his functions, he was very quickly thrust into a state of abject terror. *What the fuck is going on?! This has gotta be a nightmare, right? Did I collapse out on the gym floor?* Unfortunately for Justin, his theory was just wishful thinking - this was very much happening to him and given his sudden inexplicable inability to move any part of himself or cry out for help, Justin was completely helpless to do anything about it!

Knowing all too well that his trainer couldn’t object to what was happening, Kaleb took advantage by stepping closer and forcing more of himself into the young stud’s body. While Justin was forced to endure a severe chill as his body was invaded, Kaleb instead experienced a delightful warmth that only confirmed to his warped mind that he was completely in the right.

As the seconds passed by, Justin was forced to endure the uncomfortable sensation of a second presence forcing its way into his body. He felt like he’d wolfed down an entire Thanksgiving dinner, yet as far as he could tell his body wasn’t bloated at all. Within thirty seconds all two hundred and forty five pounds of Kaleb’s body had been completely absorbed into the temple of jaw-dropping muscle. There wasn’t even the slightest trace that there had ever been anyone in the locker room with Justin, as the man was once again alone, his sweaty muscular chest rising and falling with each heavy breath and exhale.

“Holy fuck, that was hot!” the stud groaned in a low and husky tone, breaking the silence of the room and completely rattling Justin in the process. He hadn’t intended to say anything and yet the words had forced their way out of his mouth. “Wouldn’t you agree, Justin?” If this really was a nightmare like Justin



hoped and prayed for it to be, then it was by far the most terrifying one that he had ever experienced. He really didn't want to consider that this was actually happening because it was so far beyond the realm of possibility and yet it all felt so horrifically *real*.

Justin's gaze was forced down by the invading spirit in his body, giving him a view of his bulging pecs and rippling abs. Normally he would be viewing them with great pride but such positive emotions were nowhere to be found given his current circumstances. The situation only became even more problematic when his hands were placed upon his chest, where he began to squeeze and grope the firm muscles. "These pecs are so much better than my saggy man tits," Justin's replacement exclaimed, forcing a tone of glee into his victim's voice. "And these abs! I've always thought they showed up well on camera but *damn*, they're so much better in person!"

*Who the fuck is doing this to me?!* Justin raged inside of his own head. He had never been so desperate to scream at the top of his lungs but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't make so much as a squeak. By now he had determined that there was somebody else occupying his flesh with him and whoever they were, they weren't surrendering their new position in the driver's seat.

"You really haven't worked it out yet, handsome?" the body snatcher asked, guiding Justin's body across the locker room and stopping in front of a mirror. Justin had always considered himself to be handsome (if not sexy, when he was really feeling himself) but the proud smirk being worn on his face at that moment struck him as almost grotesque. "I suppose you thought you were done with me when you blocked my accounts, huh? I'm not quite so easy to get rid of... especially not now I'm squeezed inside this gorgeous body of yours!" These gloating remarks instantly forced a single name to the forefront of his mind. The very same name he had done his best to forget: *Kaleb*. "Bingo! Took you long enough, stud, but now that we're all caught up, it's great to finally meet you in person! I gotta say, I knew I'd have myself some fun once I got my hands on your delicious body, but this is even better than I could have imagined!"

*No, no, no! Get the fuck outta my body, you goddamn sick fuck!* For Justin, this was truly the worst case scenario. His body was now being controlled by some gay pervert and he wouldn't even have to imagine what Kaleb planned to do with it, as he was forced to take a front row seat to the whole thing! He could do nothing but watch as Kaleb grabbed at the prominent bulge that had formed in the front of his briefs. Justin was quite simply disgusted to think about the fact his cock was being used by somebody he had so quickly grown to loathe, but to any outsider it would appear as if he was having the time of his life given the joyous expression currently plastered across his face.





Lifting up his arms, Kaleb moved his nose towards Justin's pits and took a long whiff. While Justin was usually the type to try and cover up his natural musk with deodorant, the man currently occupying his body had absolutely no intentions of doing as such. He absolutely adored the scent of sweat that was filling his nostrils at that moment. Forget deodorant, Kaleb wasn't even planning to shower in Justin's body for as long as he could possibly avoid it! He'd let the overpowering funk really build up for maximum enjoyment, all while the real Justin experienced endless disgust and humiliation over how his body was being used against his will. *This is so fucked up. You're a fucking psycho, you know that?*

Kaleb heard every bit of Justin's internal raging but he really didn't mind at all. In fact, it only added to the hotness of the

situation. Who knew that humbling and humiliating arrogant straight guys could be such fun? Still, he had bigger plans than just a bit of self worship and he relished in knowing that Justin would be unable to look away from what he was planning to do. "As much as I could quite easily blow a load right here and now, I've got bigger plans for my first climax in this body," Kaleb declared, giving his bulge one last squeeze before walking away from the mirrors. The ever present dread that Justin had been feeling ever since the other man began invading his body escalated as he observed Kaleb removing the blockage from the door. *Wait, where the fuck are you going? You can't be going out there where people will see you like this!*

Unfortunately for Justin, Kaleb didn't seem to care what the quiet voice in his head that belonged to the real Justin had to say. "Can't I?" he challenged, a smirk settling onto his face as he began to enjoy the attention he was receiving. It was hardly surprising that he was getting so many hungry looks given Justin's body was still only clad in a pair of boxers. *Stop parading my body around like I'm some common whore!* "Oh but that's what we're going to be from now on," the body thief informed the real Justin as he began to patrol the gym, eyeing up the various men in the middle of their workouts. He finally stopped a short distance away from Chris, one of the gym regulars who Justin had often suspected of being closeted and having a crush on him. Sure enough, Chris

didn't seem capable of tearing his eyes away from the nearly naked stud. "...and I'll think we'll start with him!"

It didn't take much convincing for Kaleb to get Chris to join him in the showers, just a slap on the ass, a popping of his pecs and a whispered invitation filled with crude promises. The other man jumped at the opportunity, although he was quick to express surprise at 'Justin's' sudden interest, especially given how aggressively the fitness influencer had always promoted his straightness.

Chris and Justin both received a second surprise once they were in the showers as Kaleb declared that he intended to bottom for the other man. "This tight virgin ass needs filling," he moaned, spreading Justin's cheeks and showing off his untouched and deliciously inviting hole. "What do you say, big boy? Do you wanna pop this straight guy's cherry?"

Not even ten minutes later, Chris had successfully dumped a load deep inside of Justin, absolutely mortifying the real Justin in the process. Hearing his voice moan and whimper the same way he had always made Paige do during sex was nothing short of emasculating. Kaleb had truly let Chris dominate him in any way he wanted and as the two men cleaned up under the warm spray of the showers, he promised to let Chris have another round the following day!

The worst part of the whole ordeal for Justin though was knowing that there would be much more of that to come as long as his tormentor stayed in his body. Given all the fun that Kaleb had already had in the short time he'd occupied Justin's body though, both men knew that it wouldn't be coming to an end at any point in the near future...

