

Chapter 1: Admiration

Simon Riley had been playing for the UK Football team for 9 years and had been its captain for four of them. Obnoxiously, the Scottish team was captained by a man several years younger who'd held that position just as long as he had. Johnny "Soap" MacTavish, named for how well he "cleaned" in games. Or maybe it was because of how clean his shots were when scoring. A dozen scores over the past three games told everyone the rambunctious Scot wasn't all bluster.

Every time Simon saw the little brat, heat rose in his chest and frustration just behind his eyes. That was compounded by the fact that every time he saw the mohawked menace, his eyes always wandered against his will. Johnny stood about 6'1", but still seemed short compared to Simon's 6'6". It was made especially prevalent today when they did a photoshoot together for SPFL and EFL, the two football leagues of their respective countries. The two organizations were making bank promoting the heated rivalry between the two captains. The prodigy and the veteran.

Simon pushed himself to make 15 goals over the last three games, and if you included pass scores, he'd reached it. If not, he'd gotten one less than Soap, and that was unacceptable to him. He gritted his teeth as he rode the bicycle at the hotel gym in Glasgow where the photoshoot had taken place. The Scottish Premium Football League was insistent that they host to make sure their star got the photoshoot he deserved. He was wearing an anaerobic mask to make the training more intense on himself, forcing himself harder than what MacTavish put himself through.

Behind the din of the music in his earbuds, he heard the gym door open. It was the middle of the bloody night, who in their right mind would be here besides him? He didn't even spare the person a glance, even when they picked the cycle right next to him. Looking up into the mirror, he saw that stupid, annoying, handsome face belonging to MacTavish. He was in a compression shirt and shorts that barely went past his ass, showing off two powerful, hairy legs. Simon rolled his eyes as he kept going on his ride.

Soap began his own, turning up the resistance and beginning to pedal harder and faster than Simon. Oh he wasn't going to take that. He wasn't going to take that at all. The bike whirled louder as his legs spun the stationary wheels faster. He was going past MacTavish's speed now. But now the Scotsman wasn't having that either. It was a back and forth, both men fiercely pedaling until the hum of the bikes and his heavy breathing was so loud the music in his earbuds was barely audible.

Sweat poured down both of their bodies, droplets striking the porous floor of the gym from the downward momentum of their legs and their torsos jerking. Simon could see himself in the gym mirror, his hair was drenched and sticking to his scalp. His clothes as well as Soap's were darkened from perspiration, feeling chilled as they stuck to his form and displayed his muscles. It was impossible not to notice the other man's eyes drifting toward him, gauging him.

Simon's legs were screaming at him but he refused to go any slower than Soap was going. Both of them were pushing their bodies to their limits. The sight of them was surely something to behold, but it was a sight only for the two of them.

Simon's legs felt like they were made of straw, barely able to hold his frame up as he sat down on a bench by the mirror. The mask and tube were attached to the device at his waist he'd clipped onto his belt where they could be stored when not in use. He was annoyed when he saw Soap walking over to him, seeming to be more relaxed than him. He had an obnoxious smirk on his face as he sat across from him on the bench.

"Thanks for saving me a seat here." He joked, tilting back his water bottle and downing a long swig.

"Thanks for stopping first." Simon tried to sit up more, but his legs protested every movement.

"Oh no, that wasn't a courtesy, you tired me out. And you were in here before me. Guess experience really pays off in some areas, huh?" That stupid smile never left his face. It was clear he wasn't in the same state as Simon and could have gone longer, his legs weren't even trembling.

"Got any tips to share?" He asked the vet as he leaned in to offer his water bottle. Simon took it warily, giving it a little shake before tilting it back and squeezing the base, squirting some into his mouth.

"Just keep training. You'll get to my level eventually." He didn't doubt that. In their games against one another Simon had to play faster and smarter, not just better. Being better wasn't enough. Soap scoffed at him though.

"What, that's it? Keep mah nose to the grindstone?" The younger man put one foot up on the bench, spreading his thighs wide. Those shorts looked awfully tight on him...

"There's no secret to getting better. Plus I'm not paid enough to be some kind of sports guru and say deep, soulful things." Simon took another drink of water before handing it back to Soap.

"Take another drink." Soap reached out, his fingers wrapping over Simon's. "You look thirsty." The cheeky bastard. Still, Simon obliged, taking another few gulps until the bottle was nearly empty. The other man's eyes didn't leave the spectacle once.

"Maybe you should just watch me work if you want some pointers. Copy what I do." Giving the bottle one last shake to show there was nothing really left, he handed it back to Soap, pressing it against his chest and letting his fingertips graze along the man's pectorals. He wanted to see what he could get away with, and for the moment, Soap was keen to let him get away with a lot. He looked caught off guard by Simon's directness, but certainly not unhappy about it.

"See, I already do that. I watch all your games." He took the bottle and placed it on the floor next to him, popping the mouthpiece down.

"You study other team captains too? Or am I special?"

“Only when I need to play against them. The whole world seems to have its eyes on us right now though.” Hence the photo op. Fans on both sides would eat it up. “The legendary Simon “Ghost” Riley who makes it across fields without being touched or overtaken by opposing teams.”

“Don’t they call you Soap because you’re like that too? Slippery?” He was taking a little jab at him, testing how thick his skin was. Nothing seemed to be able to get the Scotsman’s spirits down though, not even a little.

“They call me Soap because I clean up games and make clean goals. I’d probably need someone to tell me if I were slippery, though grabbing isn’t permitted in games.”

“You never grab yourself?” Now it was Simon’s turn to be a little cheeky, and Soap could tell. He tilted his head back, cocking it lazily to one side.

“When the occasion calls for it. What about you? You ever let anyone grab you, “Ghost?” Or are you untouchable?” He pushed his foot over to Ghost’s thigh.

“I don’t let anyone touch me if I can help it.” Putting one hand on the mirror to mask his noodle legs, Ghost turned to walk out the doors to the gym.

“I’m gonna hit the showers.” Soap’s tone was a little more urgent this time. There we go, Ghost thought to himself.

“We got showers in our rooms, MacTavish.” Simon stopped as he got to the door.

“Aye, we do. You don’t want to test this one out though?”

“You’re not as smooth as you think you are, mate.” Was all Ghost said with a chuckle before heading out. Nah, not today, MacTavish.

That night sleep still eluded him despite his long day. The photoshoot and workout should have drained him, but his mind was still racing. Still, Johnny had one thing and one thing only on his mind. Laying in bed naked after his shower, his body was still damp and hot, drying slowly from the air conditioner in his hotel room.

“Bastard... How could you do this to me...” His legs were spread while his fingers wrapped around his length, stroking it. His other hand was holding his phone and looking at videos of men together in gym locker rooms and showers, but every couple minutes or so he’d close his eyes and picture something else. Simon Riley, under the spray of the water with him, standing with their shafts lined up as they stroked one another, Simon’s on top of his. His own tip was against Simon’s balls while the other man’s tip was nestled right in his thick brown pubic hair.

“Sprung a leak, MacTavish?” He would say in that growl, teasing him while Soap leaned down to wrap his lips around Ghost’s nipple, teasing and sucking on it. In all the pictures he’d seen of the man, he didn’t believe they were pierced, but fuck did it turn him on to fantasize that they were. His tongue grazed along the alloyed studs on either side of the stiff peaks, tugging and rolling them around.

He fantasized about other piercings too, under his frenulum, or even his perinium, with his cock so long and fat it would lay over his balls even when soft and the two piercings could

touch against one another. Ghost had tattoos on his arm, but Soap needed to see where more of them were on his body. He needed to explore every inch of that man one lick, stroke, and suck at a time.

Soap's muscles tensed up as he arched his back. Clenching his jaw he stopped pumping his hand and pinched his forefinger and thumb around the base of his cock, stopping all movement. He wasn't finished just yet. The bigger man in the video had the other bent over the locker room bench and was eating his ass out while the camera angle showed him beating the smaller one off. Soap reached up and dabbed the tip of his cock with his finger, a string of thick precum connecting the two surfaces.

His fat, dark pink head looked so swollen while his shaft was more red than before from friction. Soap was used to dry jerking sessions, he didn't care. Travelling a lot meant you didn't always get to carry lube because of TSA rules. A three ounce bottle of lube never lasted someone like him very long. Skipping a head a couple minutes in the video, the bigger man had the smaller one's knees hooked over his shoulders while he sucked him off, able to fit his whole cock down his throat. The smaller man had his back arched while his hands held on to the edges of the bench he was on.

The smaller man was just submitting to the pleasure being forced on him, and not just because he was being paid for it as a porn star. His body needed it so badly, just like Soap's did.

"Hnng... s'not fair..." The other man was obviously into him, but he was willing to play a longer game than Soap was. Make him more and more anxious and needy. It was a good way to make Soap slip up, make him more compliant. Not that he wasn't willing to already do every single thing Ghost told him to. He pictured the other man turning him around and shoving him against the tile wall of the shower, pulling his cheeks apart and getting some body wash on those thick fingers before working them up against his hole.

Back in reality, Soap lifted his right leg, planting his foot to the side as the hand that held the phone now reached down between his ass and began rubbing it the same way he imagined Simon would. The video was still playing, but his eyes were closed, picturing the scene between him and the other man like a cameraman filming the scene of the century. Simon had squatted down behind Soap, that large body compressed as he kept his weight pinning Soap to the wall while those fingers drove against his hole.

Soap's hand picked back up on his strokes as his fantasy version did. The fingers against his pucker started pushing inside of him slowly, finding his prostate with relative ease while Simon's tongue worked along the spreading ring.

"You gotta work on your flexibility more, Soap." Ghost teased, making all the muscles in his legs tense up. Sweat mixed with the shower water as Soap's body heated up more. He could smell the sweet pheromones coming off of him even after he'd bathed from the rising temperature and excitement going through him. The video sounded like it was reaching its end as one of the men moaned in a way they usually did when they finished, while Soap's neck arched back, his crown pushing into the pillow.

“Fuck... I’ll do anything you ask, sir.” He muttered. It sounded so good, calling him sir, giving him that authority and power over him. Fingers found their way in deeper in both the real and fantasy Soap’s hole. Soreness from his earlier bike ride came back as he thrust his hips upwards, fucking his hand, but he pushed past it. That goal was right fucking there, no one standing in his way for him to make that shot...

His head was spinning as he kept thrusting, the sound of the friction filling up the room as his jaw clenched, his eyes drawn tightly shut to help him imagine the finale.

“You need this bad, don’t you Soap?” A second finger delved inside of him, pushing further and curling against his prostate. His cock swelled against his palm as he got close to that finish line again. Faster, harder, deeper, more... It was all crashing into him now. Looking down, he saw what he was doing to himself, and it was the final push he needed. The sight of his cock, thicker and fuller than usual, the precum reflecting the dim light as it leaked over his head, oh this was it.

“Fuck!!” He kept his eyes open as he watched thick ropes of heavy white batter fire off one after another, seeing them splatter all over his hairy abs and chest. One of them even landed on his chin from the intensity he fired them off with. Hot moans filled the air along with curses and whimpering, his hips bucking in desperation. Soap kept going, not satisfied with just the beginning. More strands shot out of his shaft, thick cream gushing all over himself.

Well, now he was certainly tired. Still though, it would be rude to stain the sheets of the hotel bed with all that was on top of him. Getting up with the last of his energy, he hobbled to the bathroom and took a good look at himself in the mirror. He really was quite the sight, he had to admit. There was a moment he debated going back and getting his phone for a picture, but he didn’t want to give Ghost that pleasure if he got his number one day. He was still sour about the way the other man seemed to just blow him off.

“Yeah, I’ll blow you better than you blew me.” He muttered as he took some of the toilet paper in the restroom and began wiping himself down. Once he was done he clumped up the tissue and dumped it in the toilet. Another rinse of his hands and a wipe down with a damp washcloth and he felt all set. Soap walked back to his bed, not even bothering with any clothes as he slid under the covers and decided he needed to sleep before his flight tomorrow.