

“Whoa! Holy shit man, what’s all this?”

Jake nearly leapt out of his skin as his roommate suddenly interrupted the silence of the house, his outburst coupled with a small chuckle of intrigue..

“Jesus Christ, Mark. What the hell are you doing home!?! What happened to class and work?”

Jake was overly flustered. Not only had his roommate intruded into his room, but he caught him standing stark naked in the middle of his room, the material of the spandex bodysuit he was in the middle of putting on halfway up his thighs. He could feel himself flushing in embarrassment and frustration.

Mark merely smirked, “Class was cancelled so I decided to take a sick day. Figured I’d spend the day with my good buddy here instead.” He took a glance over Jake who had frozen in place, “Wasn’t quite expecting to discover something like this...”

Jake flushed a bit redder. He and Mark were fresh out of high school, both of them having garnered a stable friendship despite being on opposite sides of the personality spectrum. Mark was your typical outgoing jockish type, having been on the football and wrestling teams throughout his high school career. Jake on the other hand was more closeted, preferring to keep to himself. It was most likely Mark’s good looks that helped establish their relationship. His stunningly blue eyes, perfectly styled deep-brown hair, the perfect smile, his above-average height. All of it drew Jake towards him, pulling him out of his normal comfort zone enough to put up with Mark’s more exuberant behavior. The muscles weren’t hindering anything either.

Jake himself was not the least attractive man himself. While he’d never put himself on the level of Mark, he didn’t hate the way he looked. He’d consider himself attractive at least. His friendship with Jake ended up benefiting him in more ways than one. Jake pushed him out of his comfort zone on the routine, just enough to get him to do things like workout on the regular, giving him a nice, toned swimmer’s build by the time he graduated. He also taught him personal self-maintenance, allowing Jake to increase his self-worth by styling his hair and keeping his skin fair. He managed to avoid that nerdish look many people of his ilk were prone to.

But right now he was regretting his decision to agree to buying a house with him. As he stood there naked, “While I’m flattered you thought of me, I was...not really expecting you back.”

Mark chuckled apologetically, his eyes straying across Jake’s body, focusing in on the suit he was attempting to cover himself with. “Sorry, bro. But why didn’t you tell me you were also into that kind of stuff?” He pointed to the suit which Jake had managed to bundle up in front of his crotch to obtain some semblance of decency, “Isn’t that one of those Bulk-Air suits?”

Jake was taken aback at the name. The brand was not generally known to the public, something only known within certain communities. He never thought Mark would know about it. “Uh...Y-Yeah...it is...”

“Dude! Why didn’t you tell me you were into that sorta stuff?” Mark laughed, quickly wrapping an arm around Jake’s shoulder and giving him a soft jostle.

“I’m...not really one to wear my skeletons on my sleeve here, man,” Jake grumbled as he flushed red again.

"Well I'm not sure what's to be embarrassed about," Mark grinned. "So you want to look bigger. Nothing wrong with that." He flexed an arm, a baseball-sized bicep popping up in him sleeve, "Hell, I'd do anything to make these puppies bigger. How the hell'd you afford that? Those are like...a grand minimum!"

Jake shifted out of Mark's hold and took a few steps to the side. He was not enjoying the sudden airing of his and Mark's inner desires. It was too much to really take in. He started to slowly take off the suit, the mood he had been in now gone, but Mark quickly gripped his wrist.

"No. No. No. Dude..." he spoke soothingly and with understanding, seemingly finally taking in the full situation. "I didn't mean to ruin the mood. If you want me to go I'll leave."

Mark never ceased to amaze Jake at how understanding he was. For someone who had been rooted quite deep in the sports scene, he was quick to put the ego away and come down to Jake's level. Maybe that was another reason their friendship succeeded. Jake never felt wholly uncomfortable around Mark. Even now, with him gripping his wrist, his warm body so close to Jake; in spite of the feeling Jake was constantly fighting about his relationship with Mark, he wasn't uncomfortable. Mark had that way of relieving the tension.

Jake sighed, "No...don't go. It's out now so not like we can just pretend it never happened." He flashed a nervous smile at Mark, "Maybe you'd care to join in with my plans?"

It was Mark's turn to be taken aback, but he expressed it with a bright smile, "Hell yeah, man! I'm down for that. What were you going to do?"

Jake couldn't help but giggle at Mark's enthusiasm, "Well it's sort of...odd, but you'll see. Let me get the rest of this on and I'll explain."

Mark nodded and let Jake do his work. He sat on the bed and watched as Jake slid the spandex suit up around his waist, turning away as he slid it around his crotch which he quickly adjusted before sliding it further up his chest.

"So which suit did you go for?" Mark inquired as Jake slid his arm into the sleeve of the suit.

"The latest one: the PZR-256." Jake replied simply like he had answered that question a number of times before. He didn't even pause from fixing the glove onto his hand, flexing the fingers to ensure they were fully covered.

"Dude...that's...that's like the most expensive one! Easily like...ten grand right?" Mark's jaw dropped at the idea of anyone being able to afford something that expensive. He had bought cars for less money.

"Yeah, but it was worth it. Suit's fucking insane, man."

"Damn man...you gotta tell me your secret..."

Jake finally slid the rest of the suit on, zipping it up in the back with a long drawstring which he tucked away into a small pouch along the side of suit's neck. He rolled his shoulders to get any wrinkles out as his toned muscles filled the interior of the fabric and gave a quick flex. "So how's it look?"

Mark gave an appreciative whistle, the suit lining Jake's natural physique quite nicely as it flexed and writhed in time with the wearer's own musculature. "Looking good there, mate! The suit really suits you! Makes that ass of yours really pop."

Jake blushed, a small smile spreading on his lips. Mark's unabashed praise was always flattering, even if it was just jock-talk. He strode over to the mirror and checked the suit out, confirming no wrinkles were left. The suit worked best with a seamless fit. He loved the way it looked on him. It was a mirror match for his own muscles, just with added definition and veinage for the bulking process and a more healthy tone to the skin. Jake was sort of in that inbetween state of being just a little too pale from being inside a lot to having a slight tan from his morning runs. The suit was designed to give him that healthy tan that one would get from spending a full day naked on the beach, his light bronze "flesh" rippling with the slightest movement. Right now he just wished it came with a sheath as his cock was left dangling out in the open for all, specifically Mark, to see. Sure they saw each other naked in the showers often enough, but this whole experience was different.

Nevertheless, he turned around and displayed himself for Mark who gave him a quick once over, nodding in appreciation for the look. Mark had the forethought to avert his eyes from Jake's cock to save him from more embarrassment.

"OK," Jake said as he attempted to calm his nerves. "You wanted to see my secret, right? Well you're in for a treat..."

He strode over to his bed and nudged Mark to move. As soon as his roommate was clear, he quickly lifted the bed up and slid it into its alcove in the wall, revealing a section of carpet that looked to be cut separately from the rest of the floor. Without hesitation he pressed down on the section and a trapdoor flipped open to reveal a ladder leading down.

"Dude...how long's that been there?" Mark stared wide-eyed at the hole in the floor.

Jake smirked, "There was a reason I chose this house despite its cost. Now follow me."

Jake stepped down onto the first rung and slowly lowered himself down into the hole, Mark quickly following behind. It was not a long decent and they were down a little more than a story under the floor above within a few seconds. Jake quickly flipped a light switch and the entire basement was soon flooded in light, revealing a large open basement fully carpeted and sectioned out into a few quadrants. In one corner sat a very expensive-looking computer set-up complete with three monitors and an array of cameras. In the opposite corner stood a small home gym - all units designed for strength testing. A set of large closet doors stood next to the ladder which completed the area.

Mark was left awestruck, his jaw hitting the floor as he took in the scene before him. Jake simply stood there with his arms crossed, a sly grin spread over his face as he watched Mark try to grasp the situation at hand.

"Holy fuck...You've seriously been hiding this from me since we moved in?"

Jake shrugged, "Sorry, but I wasn't too keen on showing you. No idea how you'd react."

Mark nodded, "Yeah I can get that...you were always the shut-in kinda guy...but this..." He took another look around the room, his eyes navigating to the large PC display and the various cameras he could see set up around the room. "What do you even do down here?"

Jake blushed and rubbed the back of his head, "I...sorta stream my personal sessions. You'd be amazed at how much people on the internet will pay for this kinda shit."

"Dude...no wonder you're loaded! Here I thought you were doing some back alley dealings or something to be able to afford this place..." He whistled against as he checked out one of the cameras situated along the back wall. "Damn this is one of the top-of-the-line models!"

Jake laughed, "Yeah...it took some time and some investments, but business is good. It's been a bit slow lately thought with school starting back up." A mischievous smile spread across his lips, "Though maybe a little fresh meat will spice up the viewership a bit."

"You mean you're wanting me to join you on this?" Mark whipped around, his eyes sparkling with glee.

"If you're up for it," Jake shrugged. "Though I hope you don't mind being put on display. It's pretty much porn so you're probably gonna have your cock out at some point."

Mark scoffed, "Please...with a body like this who's gonna hide it from everyone else?" Mark gave an arrogant flex and kissed his biceps.

Jake rolled his eyes with a smile and turned to the closet, "Well strip down, bud. We need to set the occasion."