Underwear

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Summary: HomeStar Runner Strongbad Gets a very strange E-mail. M/M, Lang, HJ, Oral *Chapter 1*:

Title: Underwear
Genre: Homestar Runner
Pairing: StrongbadxHomestar
Rating: NC-17
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a>strongbad_email.exe

Dear Strongbad,

Hi there. You know what's funny? Homestar doesn't seem to be wearing any pants, so that got me thinking, does he even wear underwear?

Thinking Deeply,
Bobby Richmond, VA

a> Does Homestar wear any underwear? Gee, Bobby, never really thought about it, he does have that super long dorky red t-shirt, maybe he doesn't even have to worry about it. Maybe he's like into the thong thing or may– .. Wait a minute.

a> WHAT THE CRAP? Why the hell are you asking ME this? Better yet. Why am I ANSWERING IT? Why would I even CARE if Homestar wears any friggen BVD's or not.. Are you like some kinda friggen SICKO?

It was about then that Strongbad felt the hot breath bristling past his neck. Gloved hands left the keyboard as he turned slowly in his chair.

" Hewwo Stwongbad. " Homestar Runner said.

" HOLY CRAP! " The brother strong about fell out of his stool in surprise. He made a mad dash for the button to turn off his monitor. As the screen died, he turned and faced Homestar Runner and shook his gloved fist at him. " What the CRAP are you doing in here? "

The tall and thin athlete just closed his eyes and grinned, almost as if he was blissfully unaware of Strongbad's nervousness. " Oh nothin', just wonderin' 'round. I do that awot. "

The masked Strongbad cleared his throat a bit, staring hard at Homestar. Maybe the little idiot hadn't read the e-mail, to tell the truth, Strongbad wasn't even sure Homestar could read. " Okay, dumdum, though I've told you like a friggen million times not to enter my house. "

" Oh I know! " Homestar chirped back, swinging his head from side to side. Yet, he made no movements for the door, and didn't seem to have any real reason for being there. " So.. "

Strongbad continued to stare. Slowly settling down back on his stool. His mind kept going back to the e-mail and he didn't know why. That sick question peeking in the back of his brain. Was Homestar wearing any underwear? Why the Crap..was he wondering about this? A gloved hand rubbed at the back of his mask and Homestar's 'so' caught him a little of guard. " So... so ..what? "

Homestar's smile widened a bit more, and he leaned inward, one brow settling down over his right eye. " So like..yah wanna know or sumething? "

" Wanna know.. " Strongbad echoed almost dumbfoundedly. He had to shake his head. Not thinking clearly, gotta stop thinking like that. " Wanna know what, dumdum? " He gave Homestar a bit of a glare.

" If I'm wearin' any undahwear, Silly. "

Oh friggen crap! Strongbad nearly fell off his stool again. He HAD been reading.. Or wait. CRAP! He'd forgotten about his bad habit of reading everything out-loud. Strongbad was suddenly reaching for an imaginary collar, tugging at it with his glove and

sweating. “ Well, I uh.. I got this friggen e-mail yah see... S’not like I wanna know... You shouldn’t eavesdrop, a guys got a right to privacy.. “

This was not going well at all. But all Homestar seemed to do for all of Strongbad’s babbling was continue to look stupid and smile like a happy idiot, his head cocked to one side. The brother strong let out a breath. Cool, Strongbad, play it cool. He finally jabbed a thumb at the Homestar Runner.

“ Look, it’s for the fans, y’know? I don’t want to know, but you have to bait the general populous and what not. So let’s just get this over with. “ Yah, that was the way he’d play it. Blame Bobby in Richmond VA. Homestar didn’t need to know that the question was now nagging him in the back of his head like Strongsad’s perpetual whining.

And it seemed to work! Homestar Runner was none-the-wiser to Strongbad’s nasty little curiosity. He pipped up and nodded. “ For the fan’s then! We must keep them at bway, Stwongbad! “ He leaned forward again and in almost a singsong voice, the little idiot chirped out. “ I’m not wearin’ any undahwear! “

Holy hot crap. Strongbad blinked a few times at this easily gotten information. He was once again staring at Homestar like the little idiot had two heads. Watching him smile and chirp as if telling his secret underwearless gossip was like winning an award.

And Strongbad felt it coming on. Hardcore, his naggy dirty little curiosity was not going to let it rest. He didn’t know where these ideas were suddenly coming from. Maybe it was Homestar’s gullibleness, but he couldn’t help it. His next lines poured from his lips as smooth and cool as silk. “ Ha, Yer a liar. I don’t believe you. Listen, I don’t want too, but we’re gonna need some hard factual proof, Homestar. Yer gonna have to show me. For the fans, I gotta see. “

He waited for the little idiot to debunk, to declare such a deed perverted and be onto Strongbad’s dirty little secret. Strongbad waited, but that never happened. Homestar let out a squeak and looked overly surprised.

“ You dun beweeve me? “ Black eyes widened and for just a moment. Homestar looked taking back, but it faded quickly. The little idiot got almost a stern determined look in his eyes. And somehow, however he does it without having any arms or hands to speak of, Homestar yanked his red star shirt up to his armpits in one quick moment. “ Ah gawd yer proof right ‘ere, Mistah! “

And indeed, the Homestar Runner, was NOT wearing any underwear. From the top of his white and blue strapped boots, all the way past his sharp slim hips to his scrawny chest, nothing but the smooth expansure of pure white skin. Unheeded by clothing or markings. Shirt was kept held up at his armpits and Homestar was smiling smugly away.

Strongbad’s mouth had fallen open. Staring, oh God, he was staring. Right at Homestar’s

crotch. Where the little athlete just dangled freely. No Underwear. Did he always run around with nothing under his shirt like that? Just hangin' free as a bird?. Oh holy crap. Strongbad realized at that moment, that his own groin was beginning to tighten. Aroused. Friggen Homestar..lifting his shirt up...was turning him the hell on.

What. The. Crap?

Strongbad knew he should have snarled at Homestar. Sent the idiot runner, deleted that e-mail and locked himself in the bathroom with a shitload of girlie magazines. He should have. But he didn't. No, those horrible naggin ideas were slipping from his conniving brain. What else could he make him do? So friggen gullible.

Strongbad's crotch throbbed as he leaned forward himself, giving another smooth clear of his throat. " So I see, I dunno though dumdum, maybe yah better get rid of that shirt, so I can get a real good look. "

" Get wid of my shirt? " Homestar blinked a bit confused at the masked brother strong. He bit at his lip for a moment and then seemed to shrug it off. " Okay. " The shirt was pulled off over his head. Making his propeller top spin. Homestar let the red item drop to his boots. There he stood. In nothing but his boots and his spinning little hat, looking as cheeky as anyone could. Vivid black eyes sparkling with a naivety. " Did that hewp? "

Strongbad bit his own lip for a moment, stifling back a groan. Yup, no doubt about it. He had a friggen hard-on. His eyes shot to the computer room door. It was cracked a bit. " Yah um.. Just stand there for a minute, dumdum, don't move, I'm gathering evidence. "

" Okay, Stwongbad! " Homestar chirped and didn't move just as he was told.

With another light groan, Strongbad hopped over his stool and scampered around Homestar to the door. He shut and locked it before turning around and getting a good look at the little idiot's ass.

Hah. Cute. White, really white. Plump. What the crap? Where were these ideas coming from? Strongbad shook his head again. There was no point denying it anymore. The door was shut, the door was lock. He had Homestar Runner standing naked in his computer room.

Let's see just how far he could manipulate the skinny bastard.

Stepping back around to his stool. The brother strong climbed back on it and gave Homestar a bit of a dirty smile. " Yah okay, so yer not wearing any underwear. Congrada-friggen-lations, I now know too much about you, dumdum. Buuuut. " He gave another secret little cough. " To make fair, fair. How about we find out the same thing about me, hm? "

Homestar let out a bit of a giggle. “ Oh that’s no swecret Stwongbad, yer tights dun weave a wot to the imagination, yer not wearin’ any undahwear. “

Strongbad shook his boxing glove at Homestar. “ Hey, I don’t like the fact that you’ve given thought to this before.. I mean. “ Another cough and he jabbed a finger at his own hip. “ Don’t yah wanna be sure about that? “

“ Swure? “ The little naked idiot cocked his head to the side again, as if in deep thought. But then he just leaned forward again, and there was that invisible tug to the front of Strongbad’s tights. Pulling the fabric away from his hips and groin.

Immediately Strongbad’s cock sprung upward, standing ridged and aroused before the other. A small groan left the masked brother strong, leaning in himself to catch Homestar’s reaction to this.

“ Nwope! “ Homestar declared. “ Not wearin’ any undahwear! “ He then blinked and stared at Strongbad’s cock for a moment, as if he was really confused. “ Stwongbad? How come yer so hward? “

Well he hadn’t run away. Strongbad let out a deviant chuckle and stood on the bars of the stool to push his tights down to his knees. “ Kinda just happened, I didn’t want it to, but it did, and it’s yer fault, so look. “ He reached over with a gloved hand and snapped Homestar’s hat bill around backwards. “ You take care of what you started. We’ll make it a game. “

He sat back down on the stool and tugged at the idiots head. “ Take a closer look, get on yer knees. “

“ Oh boy I like gwames. “ Homestar nodded a bit and dropped down to his knees before Strongbad. Oh the naivety was nice. Strongbad bet he could have made the little idiot eat dirt at this point. But not dirt, not right now. But eating, yah, he bet he could make him eat something right now. “ How do I pway? “

“ Oh it’s easy, dumdum. “ Strongbad grinned, putting more pressure on the back of Homestar’s head. “ I want you to take my friggen dick into your mouth and suck on it, and don’t use your teeth. You bite me and I’ll kick your dumdum ass. “

“ That’s a weird game, Stwongbad. “ Homestar, for a moment, seemed to press back against that glove hand. But with a little added pressure, Strongbad forced the dumdum’s head down and couldn’t help but let out a pleasured hiss as he felt Homestar’s mouth closing around his cock.

“ That’s right. Just play along, you’ll get the idea after a moment. “ Strongbad bit back a deep moan. God, this was new. He’d never have imagined he’d have Homestar on his knees with his mouth around his cock like this.. In his computer room. Naked of all

things. But it felt pretty freaking awesome. Hot and wet. He jerked his hips lightly and put both of his gloved hands on Homestar's head. " Come on dumdum, get sucking already. "

" Oh muh gawd, stwongbad, wese tastes funnah. " Homestar muffled around his cock, but he didn't try to pull away. He withered a little, giggled and then began a clumsy sucking.

Oh yah. Strongbad bit his lip again, thrusting lightly into the little dumdum's mouth. " That's right bitch, use that mouth fer something constructive. " He couldn't believe how easy it had been to get Homestar to do this. His wrongness for the situation had faded too. This was freaking great.

It seemed that after a few more clumsy movements, Homestar had figured out how to basically suck without chocking himself. So the idiot wasn't as dumb as he acted. Head bobbed, tongue rolled, warm wet drool was sliding down from his lips and teasing Strongbad's balls. Strongbad's gloved hands keep the steady rhythm going for a bit. Face fucking Homestar lightly. Not going to hard, he didn't want to end the game he'd started too soon.

After a few more sucks, Homestar coughed and let Strongbad's cock slip from his mouth. Sharp breaths left his chest and he let out a light whine. " Man, all dis swucking is hwurting my mouth, Stwongbad. " Black eyes shot to the brother strong. " Is the game ower did I win? "

Strongbad let out a laugh and knocked the little dumdum in the back of his head a bit. " Are you friggen kidding? We're just getting started. Get up. "

As Homestar got to his feet, Strongbad stood and slipped his tights off completely. He ran his glove over his own cock for a moment. All slippery and fully hard. His eyes gleamed with a devious light. " Besides, dumdum, you can't win a game after just one round. My turn. "

" Oh. " Homestar pipped up and he smiled a bit. " You gwonna suck on me now? "

" Pfft. " Strongbad shook his head. " I anit putting that thing in my mouth, faggot, but .. " He reached over and snagged Homestar by his hips and forced him up on his desk. Shoving the keyboard and monitor over. He made Homestar lay partially on the desk, Legs draped over the side. Facing him. The little dork wasn't even fully hard yet. " But let's try this. "

He clasped a glove hand around Homestar's cock and squeezed a bit. He got quite a reaction. Homestar let out a gasp and writhed. His face flushed and his wiggled on the desk. " oh my gawd, Stwongbad.. Oh my gawd. "

“ Hah, pretty good grip, huh dumdum? “ Strongbad grinned and pumped his hand. It must have been an interesting sensation. The feel of his boxing glove sliding over that white hardening flesh. Homestar seemed to like it none-the-less. The little idiot writhed on the desk, knocking over his floppy-disk holder with a whimpering purr.

Strongbad chuckled. Bet he could have the moron begging him after a moment. He continued to pump his gloved hand up and down. Using his other gloved hand, he snatched Homestar’s chin and dragged the dumdum down a bit, curling over his pumping hand and tested a small kiss to the other’s mouth.

This seemed to surprise Homestar more then anything else. The nakedness, the hard-on, even his pumping glove. Eyes widened and the other whimpered. Even if it was just a small kiss a first. He didn’t pull away tho, and after a moment, was kissing Strongbad back.

Why the crap had he bothered to kiss him? Maybe because he knew where this was going. Maybe it was worth something before he completely stole everything virtuous from the little dumdum. Or maybe kissing just was freaking great when your jacking off someone. Hell, Strongbad didn’t know.

He did know that Homestar tasted pretty freaking sweet tho. Like Bub’s grape juice and bubblegum. His dug his tongue and grinded his masked face harder into the others. His hand ceased his pumping of Homestar’s cock and rose up to met it’s mate to hold the other’s face. Just for a moment longer. Just till Homestar started whimpering and then he pulled back completely.

He let the little idiot lie on the desk for a moment, panting. Legs dangling. Homestar was fully aroused now. Straining against his own belly. “ Oh my gawd, Stwongbad. That was cool. “ He puffed out, wiggling on the desk.

Strongbad had ducked down, digging into one of his desk drawers. He knew it was in here somewhere. Never thought he’d use it for something like this.. But.. Ahaha. He straightened up with a jar of Vaseline, Internet porn how he love thee, and set it down on the desk. “ Cool eh? You anit seen cool yet, baby. “

He then did something he rarely ever did. Strongbad took off his boxing gloves. Fingers were flexed and he reached for Homestar again, grabbing at those long white girly legs, he ushered the other to flip over onto his belly.

Which was not easy to do, while Homestar was giggling. “ Ahaahaha, Stwongbad, how come you don’t take those off to twape? Wouldn’t that be ewasier? What’s the wasaline for anyway? “

Strongbad shook his head with a bit of an eyeroll. But he was far too horny to even bother with being disgusted at Homestar’s lack of knowledge. “ You really are a idiot,

Homestar. “ He said with a chuckle and slapped the other on his ass. Liking the five angry finger prints that rose up on the white flesh. Homestar yelped and bit his lip.

“ Look dumdum. “ Strongbad said as he uncapped the Vaseline and scooped a big gloop of it into his hand. “ I’m gonna fuck yah, probably gonna hurt, but then, I dunno, you might like it. But like, shut up and relax for a moment. “

Homestar gave him big unsure eyes, but they died down the moment he began sliding those greased up fingers between the little idiots asscheeks. Homestar shivered and giggled, wiggling on the desk. “ That twickles... “

Thumb was trailed. Homestar should have felt lucky. He didn’t know why he was bothering to prepared him. He usually liked to cause Homestar as much pain as possible. Then again, it was gonna help him out too. He slid a finger into the small puckered hole and grinned as Homestar jerked and let out a gasp. Strongbad used his other hand to hold the little dumdum down on the desk as he worked that finger in and out in a slow rhythm.

Homestar still seemed unsure, but it was obviously doing something for him. His cheeks flushed and he panted a bit. Tho when Strongbad added another finger, he let out a small whimper. The same motion was followed till he had Homestar wiggling on the desk, flushing

“ Like that, huh? “ Strongbad grinned as he added a third finger. Homestar wordlessly nodded, biting at his lip. God, his cock was throbbing. He couldn’t take much more of this preparation shit. Another couple thrusts with his fingers and he pulled them out. Hand heading for the jar of vaseline again.

“ S-stwongbad? “ Homestar stammered as Strongbad began to lather the vaseline over his own cock.

“ What dumdum? “ Strongbad reached up and pulled at Homestar’s hips, pulling his ass down off the desk just a bit, so it was a good level with his cock. In the perfect spot to get pounded.

“ Be gwentle. “ Worried eyes looked over a shoulder at him.

Strongbad bit his lip for a moment, and then gave Homestar a smile. “ I’ll try, no promises. “

Woh Homestar was trembling. Could it be the little idiot actually understood what was going on? Strongbad almost felt guilty for a moment, but the throbbing of his cock was going to latter his conscious. “ Oh man oh man. “ he groaned to himself as he grabbed his dick in one hand and Homestar’s hip in the other and began pressing the tip of his hard cock into the other’s ass.

It took a little pushing, but he got the tip in. It sunk an inch and was surrounded by tight warm heat. Homestar let out a harsh whimper and his muscles flexed around Strongbad's cock. The sensation was almost enough to make Strongbad come right that.

" Ah Dumdum. " Strongbad had to brace himself for second. " Freaking Relax. " He growled though his teeth as he pushed in another inch.

" It hwurts.. It hwurts.. " Homestar whimpered out, his eyes were brimming with tears, but he did his best to relax his body, and some of the tight tension faded. Strongbad took a deep breath. This slow going was hard work, It would probably be better.. Yes.. It would. Just get it over with. Both his hands snapped to Homestar's hips and he gripped tightly.

" Okay Dumdum, One Two.. THREE! " And on Three, he slammed the rest of his cock inside the Homestar's ass.

Holy crap!! Homestar about writhed off the desk, and the tightness, oh god, the tightness. He wanted to just start pounding away right there, but Strongbad waited for just a moment. Till Homestar's whimpering and bubbling from that initial penetration died down again.

" Oh maaaaan. Oh maaaan. " Strongbad almost purred between his groans. " You are freaking tight. "

" Stwongbad, y-yer a jerk. " Homestar whimpered, laying his head on the desk. He was shaking hard.

" Shuddup Bitch. " Strongbad chuckled, he couldn't really deny that he got a bit of pleasure out of making Homestar squeal in pain. . " It'll stop hurting in a moment.. " But god.. Man, he had to.. He had to move!

Keeping a good hold on the little dumdum's hips, he slowly pulled his cock till in was nearly all the way out, and then thrusted it back in. He was greeted with a whimpering from Homestar. Again he pulled out and thrusted all the way back in. This time he got a whimpering moan. Strongbad grinned and quickly settled into a rhythm.

As his thrusts grew more steady and more sure of themselves, the less Homestar whined and the more he moaned. Strongbad grinded around a bit, nailing the head of his cock in a few different areas till he found a certain spot that made the little idiot gasp hard and writhe under him.

" Oh gawd, Stwongbad! "

" Hah, like that doncha bitch? " The brother strong growled through his teeth. His body was becoming sweaty as he continued to fuck Homestar. Now content in his postion, he

began to thrust harder, nailing the head of his cock on the cue area. He rather enjoyed making the little idiot writhe and scream, and not only that, he about had him begging.

As the fucking continued, Strongbad found that Homestar was pushing back against his thrusts now. That sweet tightening of muscles greeting him as he slammed inward and the slick sound of retreat as he pulled outward. He was soon pounding aggressively into the little idiot for all his worth.

Words weren't leaving Homestar anymore, just beggaring moans and cries of pleasure and pain. His eyes were screwed shut, his body slick with sweat, his face flushed. Strongbad found himself down to animal noises as he continued to fuck the little idiot. Slamming his cock deep every time.

Homestar gave out first, Another few hard thrusts into that sweet spot and he whimpered out Strongbad's name and came all over the desk. Thank god the keyboard had been shoved away. When he came, he tightened viciously around Strongbad's pounding cock.

That was it, Strongbad couldn't take anymore of this game. When the muscles clamped down on his dick like that, he lost it. Another hard thrust and he found himself groaning hard and loud, splattering his hot seed deep inside the dumdum's ass. He continued to jerk and lightly thrust till he'd completely spend himself. With another final thrust, he shoved himself away from Homestar and slumped his body into his stool.

For a long few minutes, Strongbad just sat there, catching his breath. Homestar was slumped over his desk, face completely flushed, his breaths slowly starting to fade from gulping pants to long inhales. His body was still quivering from Strongbad's onslaught.

Strongbad finally gave a light moan and reached over to slap Homestar on the ass. " You gonna be alright, dumdum? "

" Oh my gawd. " Homestar slowly huffed out. His eyes finally opened and settled dazed on Strongbad's face. " Oh my gawd, S-stwongbad.. That was .. Totwally fweakin' gweat. "

" Yah like that, didncha bitch. " Strongbad chuckled and slapped the other on his ass again. " Yah, I'm like.. The best there is. "

Homestar was finally pulling himself from the desk, and he nearly fell as he slumped over on Strongbad, his mouth meeting the brother Strong's for a moment. Strongbad kissed him briefly before taking the dumdum's shoulders and helping him back up. " Okay Okay, let's not ruin the moment. "

Homestar blushed and let out a bit of a giggle as he stumbled for his shirt. " Oh my gawd, Stwongbad, I'm never gonna wear undahwear 'round you, ever. "

Strongbad had to smile as he watched Homestar wiggle into his shirt. “ Yah, in fact, that’s a rule, baby, No underwear for you. In fact, next time you sneak into my freaking room bring some actual lube. Now get out here. “

“ Okay deal. “ Homestar smoothed his shirt down and headed for the door. He unlocked it and slipped out whimpering a little. “ oh my gawd.. My bwutt hurts. “

As the door shut behind him,. Strongbad humped in satisfaction. He started up from his stool, but then stopped, sat back down and turned back on his monitor. With a grin he began typing.

a>Actually, Bobby. Do to a sudden reliable, but will remain anonymous, tip, I can answer your question. No. Homestar does not wear any underwear. Period. Now excuse me, I have to take a shower and go have cigarette.

a>click here to e-mail strongbad