

My name is Cody, and I'm 16—as of today, I'm proud to say!

Wrestling is my life, and my teammates are my best friends. I'm really good at it, too. Despite only being 5'3" and only a junior, I'm the best wrestler at my school—the “star wrestler”, you could say. We just finished practice, and I just walked into the locker room.

“Great practice today, Cody!” says Trent, my absolute best friend since second grade. “Man, I thought you were gonna take my arm off!”

Trent, incidentally, is the reason I started wrestling in the first place; if he hadn't egged me into it, I never would have known I loved it so much.

“I think you've been working on that nasty hold of yours, Will,” Jake says on the other side of the room.

“Heh, you're no match for it, and by the time I get done perfecting it, *nobody* will be!” Will replies cockily.

But as everybody's shooting the shit, I can't help but notice something: something smells really... *rank* in the locker room today. I didn't notice it at first, but it's as Trent starts to pull off his jock strap that the smell just hits me: the smell of male crotch that's *always* present in locker rooms, but this time, it's *way* stronger than usual, and it's tinged with something different, something sharper, a little acrid, even.

“Whoo,” Trent says, making a face as he holds up his jock, “That thing is *rank*. Hey, Cody,” he says, shoving it towards me, “Smell this. Isn't that the sickest thing you've ever smelled?”

I instinctively recoil—one of the things that makes me a good wrestler is really good reflexes—but I'd be lying if I said I didn't secretly really want to take the jock he's holding outstretched, press it to my face, and inhale that scent deeply. Man, I can feel my dick getting hard just thinking about it. It presses up hard against my jockstrap; it's a little uncomfortable, actually, and I can't help but grimace a little bit.

“Aww, come on, Cody,” Trent says, apparently mistaking my grimace for disliking his jock being shoved in my face, “Don't you at least want to take a *little* sniff?” He gently shakes the jock in front of me.

I swallow hard and glance over my shoulder at the other guys, who all seem to be going about doing their own thing. Nobody seems to be looking this way.

Well, maybe a *little* sniff wouldn't hurt?

Damn, my cock is *pounding* as I take the jock strap—deliberately handling it gingerly so it doesn't look like I'm *too* into all this. It's a good thing I've got my gym towel on my lap; sheesh, if Trent could see how tented-out my jock is right now, I'd *never* hear the end of it!

But anyway, I gingerly take the jock strap and bring it semi-close to my face—not that you'd really need to bring it any closer; I mean, it's *already* practically making my eyes water. But that musky smell of hormones and another smell, sharp, piercing, almost like, I dunno, cheese, maybe, is really just making my dick drool. I wince again and try to shift my hips—with Trent sitting right in front of me, I can't very well just reach down there and adjust myself—but it's not much help.

Not wanting to draw too much attention to myself, I quickly hand it back to him, saying, “Crap, Trent, it's like you haven't washed it in a week!”

“Two weeks!” Trent grins, glancing over my shoulder.

Something about that look makes me think I should look, too. I frown, look over my shoulder, and gasp. The rest of the guys are all staring at us—at me!—but what's worse is, they've all taken their jocks off and are holding them up.

Jake takes a sniff of his jock and then grimaces and shakes his head. “Cody,” he says, “That has got to be the rankest jock I've ever smelled.” He shakes his head again and steps up to me. “What do you think?”

I lean away from the jock strap, glancing up at him. His dick is bobbing, and...did I just see some dick-cheese? I shake my head and look around.

“What's going on, guys?” I ask as everybody stands around me.

"Nothing," Trent says, grinning ear-to-ear. "We just thought you would be the best person to settle a bet."

I frown. "A bet?" I ask slowly.

"Yeah!" Will says. "See, we've all had a little competition going over the last two weeks."

"Whoever can make his jock stink the worst after two weeks wins!" Trent adds.

Crap, my cock feels like it's gonna explode. I can *feel* my face burning with embarrassment. What kind of competition *is* this? A raunch competition? Who *does* that? And they want *me* to be the judge?

I mean...well, it's not like I'd mind... I can smell Will's jock all the way over here; *cripe*, has he got a stinky crotch! I feel myself salivating a little bit at the thought of putting that jock up to my face. But come on, the whole team is standing around me, staring at me. I can't *possibly* just reach out and grab his jock, shove it in my face, and inhale deeply! They'd all laugh at me! I'd *never* live it down!

"Go on, Cody," Jake says. "Settle the bet for us."

I feel my stomach turn and my dick throb. On one hand, yes, I *absolutely* want to bury my face in each one of those putrid, reeking jocks and inhale and jack myself off until the smell of the guys' musky crotches gets me off, but... That's *personal*, my own fantasy, something to be enjoyed in private—say, if everybody were to leave their jocks out of their lockers and leave me alone with them—not with everybody standing here watching me!

So, I hedge. "Why does it have to be me?" I ask. "I'm not even *part* of this bet! Why can't one of you guys do it?"

"There's no reason to be embarrassed," Trent says, shrugging easily and grinning, "We just thought you might...um...*enjoy* being the judge of such a contest more than the rest of us would."

I swallow hard. "Wh—why do you say that?"

Trent raises his eyebrows in a look that unmistakably says, "*Really?* How dumb do you think we are?" What he actually says, though, is, "It's just a hunch, Cody. We're all friends, right? Friends notice things. Like, we've all seen you sniffing your jock at one time or other."

I can feel my face burning, but he just grins.

"Hey, it's no big deal. I mean, you do you, right? It's not hurting anyone, and hey, if it's your thing, well, your thing helps us out with our little bet. Whaddya say?"

I bite my lip and look around. Everybody's still looking at me. I want to make like a turtle and disappear into myself. But even though everybody's looking at me, it's not unkindly; nobody's jeering or leering at me. It's more like, I dunno, watching me with anticipation, like watching a wrestling match and hoping your favorite wins. I turn to look at Jake's jock strap. I feel my dick throb painfully against the coarse fabric of my own jock.

"You guys really need me to do this, huh?" I ask hesitantly.

There are nods all around. I take a breath, nod, and then take the jock from Jake. I try to shut out everybody else in the room as I bring the fabric to my nose. Even at arm's length, I can smell it, the weird combination of hormonal muskiness, the piercing smell of crotch sweat, and the acrid reek of...is that smegma?

*Fuck.*

My dick drools even harder. I make a *lot* of precum. I'm kind of embarrassed about it. There's so much, it's almost like I'm pissing myself. I can feel it seeping through the fabric and making a wet spot. I move my legs together to hide it, but then I feel it running down my shaft and spreading along the fabric. That jock is *rank*. As my nose makes contact with it and the smell floods my mind, I feel a little light-headed, almost like being stuck in a room with a lot of paint fumes, but also really turned on. As I hold the jock in one hand, I feel my other hand moving down to my legs, wanting to—

*Wait!*

I can't start jacking myself off in front of everybody! What am I thinking? I quickly yank the tainted fabric away from my face, my ears burning with embarrassment at having gotten so carried away.

"That, uh, yeah...it's really, really strong," I manage, my voice coming out barely above a whisper. My mouth feels dry, and my voice cracks a little bit.

"Well, was it worse than Trent's?" Jake asks eagerly.

I feel my breath catch. I'm supposed to actually *judge* which is worse than the other? How am I supposed to do that when I can't even think straight while sniffing them?

"I—I dunno," I reply weakly.

"It doesn't matter," Will says. "I guarantee mine smells worse!"

Before I can protest, he presses his jock up against my face. I gasp instinctively, but that was a bad move. I can almost *taste* his crotch in my mouth. His has a lot less smegma and a lot more crotch musk. I don't know what it is about crotch musk, but it just turns me on so much. Smegma doesn't bother me at all. In fact, it's almost like icing on a cake, a nice addition...but too much is overpowering and isn't quite as satisfying. I get lost in the smell. My hand drifts to my crotch; I don't notice. The next thing I know, I can feel the coarse fabric sliding along my foot-long shaft, can feel my foreskin rolling and unrolling, can feel my glans brushing against the rough texture.

My hips buck involuntarily, and I come to, throwing myself backwards from Will's jock.

"Cody? You all right, bud?" Trent asks.

I swallow, blushing furiously. I swear, my ears feel hot enough to fry eggs.

"J—Jake's was worse," I stammer.

Will sulks. "No way, man," he says. "I'm telling ya, mine is way worse. I think you just need to taste it to be sure."

"What?!" It comes out as a yelp; I don't mean for it to, but what Will said was so surprising to hear. "*Taste* it?"

"Yeah, what was that we learned in biology about how taste and smell are linked? I think you oughtta taste it to be *really* sure. I've got money riding on this, after all."

I feel by this point like my jock strap has to be dripping with precum. My dick is soaked and, to my ears, makes soft squelching noises in its precummy bed every time it throbs. With nods of encouragement all around, I reach up and grab Will's jock strap and pull it again to my face.

The heady smell hits my nostrils again, and my mouth waters instinctively as I inhale deeply, my cock quivering as the sharp prick of sweat hits me first, distracting me as the slightly earthy yet musky base slinks up behind it, washing over my sinuses like a warm, wet rag, leaving me feeling both calm and horny at the same time. The ache of my stretched penis against my jock seems to protrude through the haze, and in my state of relaxed arousal, I forget that I'm surrounded by teammates. My legs spread, and my hand passes between them to stroke my aching cock through my jock. As I feel those ripples of pleasure course through my groin, my mouth begins to water instinctively, and I move my lips forward to grasp the fabric, to pull it into my mouth, and to taste it.

I gasp, and my eyes snap open as the unmistakable taste of dick-cheese rubs itself against my tongue. I can even *feel* the slightly flaky texture that turns soft and waxy, the consistency of hard cream cheese, the moment my saliva mixes with it and rehydrates it. The taste is, in a word, overwhelming. It floods my whole mouth and nose, tasting like very old, very stinky Swiss cheese, intensely bitter and slightly sour at the same time, with a hint of earthiness. I'm not gonna lie: the taste would likely gag a lot of people. But for me, despite how gross it *should* be, that grossness just makes it all the hotter, and I find myself sucking the flecks of smegma out of the fabric or gnawing them out with my teeth, dissolving them between my tongue and soft palate, and swallowing them.

"Boy, you *really* like that stinky jock, don't ya?" Trent asks, a hint of teasing in his tone.

I try to ignore him.

"Yeah, he does," Jake chuckles. "He likes that *dirty, nasty* jock all up in his mouth."

"Damn, I think he's *eating* my dick-cheese!" Will says, aghast.

"Oh, shit, he is!" Jake laughs. "Is that tasty dick-cheese, Cody?"

My face burns, and I try to hide myself through the narrow strip of fabric that I happen to have in my mouth, but the jock isn't even wide enough to cover both my eyes.

"I think you've about had enough of that," Will says, reaching forward to take the jock.

"Yeah! You need to taste *mine!*" says Jake, holding it up. "Come on, Cody; give us all a fair taste!"

I reluctantly let go and let Will pull his jock strap from my mouth. The look of amusement on his face is obvious, but I don't have to think about it too long before Jake hands me his.

Like before, I sniff deeply, like a sommelier getting the initial notes of a fine wine before bringing it to his lips. The reek of smegma is *much* stronger. I can hardly smell any of that base musk for the overwhelming, eye-watering reek of dead skin cells and rancid natural lubricant. The moment I touch my lips to the fabric, it's obvious where the smell is coming from: nearly the whole surface is crusted with the stuff! I can't imagine wearing a jock so covered; I'd think it would be scratchy and uncomfortable! The sharp edges of the dried, crusty lubricant scratch my lips, and I instinctively press my tongue to them to soften them up. They dissolve in my saliva and have a distinctly sour-milk flavor. Had it been sour milk, I would have retched, but knowing where that taste *really* came from makes me moan softly and squeeze my throbbing dick through my jock. My hand is plastered with precum. I can feel it leaking down my fingers, forming thin, viscous threads, and drooling onto the ground below me. I don't dare look down, afraid of the size of puddle I might be making. Instead, I take some of the fabric into my mouth and bite down on it, sucking my saliva through it and loosening the little bits of smegma impregnated into the fabric. They're reluctant to come out, but with a little coaxing and rubbing of my tongue, they turn loose, little chunks of waxy, bitter flavor going down my throat. One of them gets stuck to my tongue, and I grimace and rub it against the fabric a few times before it turns loose and gets swallowed.

Something brushes my dick, and it's not my hand. My eyes snap open, and I look down to see Trent cupping my jock.

"Trent!" I protest, yanking Jake's jock out of my mouth. "Wh—"

"Just ignore this," Trent says smoothly, reaching up, grabbing my hand, and pushing it back towards my mouth. "You're getting into this, aren't you? You like having that dirty jock in your mouth?"

My face burns, but I nod.

"Then just suck on it some more and think about how stinky it is, how it tastes in your mouth. In the meantime..."

I gasp as he moves his hand up to the waistband of my jock, pulls it outward, and my cock explodes from its prison. My eyes go wide, and so do everybody else's. I instinctively squeeze my legs closed, trapping Trent's hand as my face burns with humiliation.

"Cody, you gotta let go!" Trent gripes, struggling to get his hand free.

"But I don't want you all to see my dick!" I protest, squeezing my legs together even tighter.

"We've all seen your dick before, Cody," Will says. "What's the big deal?"

"It's fucking huge!" Jake agrees. "Why *wouldn't* you want to show that thing off?"

"It's *too* big," I mutter, my face hot with embarrassment.

It's true; my dick is almost twice as long as the next guy's. Especially as short as I am, it looks ridiculous. When it's hard—like it is now—it can reach up between my nipples. The other guys' dicks only reach a little past their navels! It's...weird and abnormal. I shake my head. My ears must be as red as our school colors, but my dick is somehow oblivious to my humiliation and throbbing just as hard as before. Trent lets

it go, and it flops down, lightly bumping against the floor. I shudder, feeling the cold, wet pool of pre I've made.

"How can you complain with a dick like that?!" Jake asks incredulously. "Damn, man, I wish my dick was as long as yours!"

"Really fun for the chicks, I bet," Will says, nodding and grinning lasciviously. "I bet you'd bottom out!"

"I wouldn't know," I say truthfully.

Okay, *fine*, I'm a virgin, but so what? I bet these guys are, too; they just won't admit it!

"Just...think about that jock," Trent says, a little more insistently as he tries once again to free his hand.

"Think about how good it smells, how hard it makes you! Don't you like having that stinky jock in your mouth?"

The thought crosses my mind, and I instinctively take a sniff. If anything, being in my mouth has intensified the smell. Even with it a foot away, I can feel my mind beginning to haze over again, can feel that quiet burning in my balls, that tickle on my dick, that prickle at the base of my neck that makes it feel like the hair on my ears is standing on end—if I had any hair on my ears—and the almost drunk, dopey contentedness filling my mind. I sort of forget that I'm in the locker room again, that I'm surrounded by my friends and teammates. It feels like all that matters is this jock in my mouth and the feeling of someone's hand on my dick.

Someone's hand on my dick...

I *should* be alarmed; I *should* snap out of this, but as good as the hand on my dick feels, as dreamlike as everything seems, I just...don't care. I sniff in the crotch sweat, taste the curdled-milk smegma, and relax my legs. The stroking on my dick gets more insistent. I have a *really* long foreskin, so it takes quite a bit of stroking to get it to even begin to retract, but now I'm feeling my whole head being exposed to the cool air. My hips buck involuntarily, and I nearly fall over. I lean forward to catch myself with my free hand, now on all fours as someone moves to jack my dick off under me.

"You seem to really like that dick cheese," Jake says, pulling me back into the real world.

I open my eyes and look up to see him standing in front of me, stroking himself. I do a double-take: every time he pulls back his foreskin, I see little chunks of off-white cheese stuck to his dick.

"How'd you like some straight from the source?" he asks.

Before I can react, he moves forward, presses his dick against my face, and wipes some of the smegma off his shaft onto my lips. It's almost gritty—gah, this guy must truly have not showered in two weeks like he said! I reach my tongue up and lick a couple of pieces of the crumbly stuff off my lip. I can't help but reel. If the stuff in his jock was potent, the stuff coming straight from the source is insane! It's easily twice as strong, and even though I've licked it into my mouth, the smell of where it was on my lip keeps hitting my nostrils as if I've still got it there. The almost crunchy, waxy stuff sticks to my tongue, almost burning with its intense taste. I smear it around the roof of my mouth to disperse the taste a little bit, but it just floods my mouth and overwhelms my sinuses. I feel like I'm wearing a gas mask that won't let me smell or taste anything but this guy's crotch crumbles!

All the while, there's a hand on my dick, stroking it up and down its full length persistently. My balls are aching now, and for the first time, I'm beginning to feel like I might actually cum from this! The thought of doing it in front of everybody makes me a little uneasy, but before I can think too much about it, I feel something press against my face. It's Will, and he's got so much smegma on the tip of his dick that it's a wonder to me he's not really uncomfortable from it. But for some reason, his cheese doesn't smell as bad as Jake's. Maybe his body just doesn't smell that way, but the thing that really strikes me as his crotch gets close to my face is how primally arousing he smells. There's something about his hormones that just makes me want to shoot right away, and Trent's hand is definitely helping with that! I let out a loud moan as Will rubs his crunchy cheese off on my face, all the way up to my cheek; there's no way I can lick all of that off without using my hands!

Something brushes my ass. I turn to look behind me.

Trent grins. With one hand still slowly and sensuously jacking me off, the other one is rubbing up against my anus. I feel something sticky and waxy being rubbed off.

"I'm not gonna fuck you, Cody," he says, "But I figured you might like a little bit on both ends."

"And here's some more," Jake adds from the other side of me.

I whirl my head around to see him squatting. His balls hang nearly to the floor. He's holding his dick with one hand while the other scrapes off the biggest blob of smegma I've ever seen.

"Hold up a sec, Trent," he says.

Trent lets go of my dick, and Jake smears the smegma against my shaft, then rolls my foreskin up over it to warm it up. My eye twitches involuntarily. It should, by all rights, be disgusting, having all that funk trapped between my dick and foreskin, but to my mind, it's almost like he's fucking me in the dick, and it's *hot!* I moan loudly. As Trent resumes jacking me off, I'm acutely aware of *exactly* where Jake's smegma is as it quickly melts, smooths over, and feels like a little pressure-point under my foreskin as Trent rolls over it. My balls are aching really badly now. I feel ultra-sensitive, and my body's beginning to shake from all the arousal.

"That's it, buddy; let it all out," Trent says as Will shoves a jock strap in my mouth.

I whimper, barely noticing as everybody squats or stands around me now, each with his dick in his hand, everybody stroking himself. Their chests heave, and their hips thrust occasionally from time to time. The room is practically crackling with sexual energy.

"Let it go, buddy," Trent says, his voice strained as he jacks himself and me off at the same time.

"Does that stinky jock get you off, Cody?" Will asks.

"You like the feel of my smegma under your foreskin?" Jake chimes in. "Does it feel good having a little bit of me so close to you?"

My hips buck, and everybody gasps in anticipation. Jake's smegma hugs my dick, and I can feel the crusty bits of Trent's cheese poking my ass a little bit as Will's gets stuck to the back of my teeth and makes me drool. I suck in a deep breath of Will's jock one more time, close my eyes, and let the heady scent cloud my mind. I feel my breath catch. I suck in a few sips of air between clenched teeth as I feel my balls contract. Trent's hand squeezes my shaft and begins to stroke again.

"Augh!" I cry out as I feel a ripple of contractions starting at the base of my dick and shooting up under Trent's hand all the way to the tip. I feel a thick, hot splash of cum shoot out of my tip, narrowly miss the jock in my mouth, and hit the bench in front of me.

"Oh, shit!" Trent laughs in spite of himself.

In a deft move, he pulls the jock strap over my dick, which has already begun to spurt again, covering it just as a thick, goopy splash of cum fires into it.

"Ungh!" I groan as a third spurt, just as hard as the first two, makes my hips rock forward. Cum splatters out around the sides of my jock. Already saturated with precum and nearly bursting with my last load already, my jock just couldn't contain the fresh fluids.

"Oh, my gosh, look at him go!" Will gasps. "He's like a firehose! That's hot!"

As I spurt the fourth time and feel the cum gliding up and down my dick, driven by Trent's still-stroking hand, I feel a splash of something hot and wet hit my back between my shoulders. Will gasps and holds his dick as it spurts out again, splattering more of his jizz on my back.

"Shit!" Jake gasps.

I feel another splatter go diagonally across my back, crisscrossing with Will's cum as Jake's heavy balls unload themselves all over me. The feeling and sensation is just too much. I feel my fourth and fifth spurts shoot out the top of the jock, stream down it, and fall into the puddle of precum with an audible *plop*.

"My gosh," Will pants as I fire off another spurt, "He's still going?" He puts his hands on his knees as his cheesy dick bobs and spurts a few more times, spitting a thin stream across my face and the jock in my mouth.

I flinch abruptly as something hot and wet streaks across my belly. I nearly drop the jock in my mouth as I turn to see Trent with a goofy, post-ejaculatory grin on his face, his dick shooting another thick rope onto my body that tickles as it slides down my side, collects on my belly, and drops to the floor.

All of this seems to happen as if in a dream because the whole time, I'm still cumming. Trent gets off when I'm on my fourteenth or fifteenth spurt—I've sort of lost count—and while part of me feels exhausted, like I've spurted twenty times, part of me feels like I haven't even started, yet, like I could spurt twenty more! The place begins to get that bleachy, cummy smell to it, mingling with the smell of teen arousal and exertion, of unwashed crotch, of musk, and of two-week-old smegma. It's a cacophony of scents, to be sure, but the smell of it all just seems to demand that I keep going. My twentieth spurt fires off. I'm obviously not looking at my dick, but the spurt feels just as hard as the first one, and the feel of cum squelching between my balls and the jock sure seems like I haven't let off a bit! My vision is pretty much black. I can't see anything now, and for the life of me, I don't know how long I've been going; it could be a minute or a day, for all I know.

But as blind as I've become, the loss of sight has only accentuated my other senses. I can hear my friends' ragged breathing as they kneel or lie beside me, can hear the squirting of my dick every time it spurts into my jock, a gurgling sound, something like pouring water onto soggy soil. I can feel the way my ass contracts around Trent's smegma—still as sharp and jagged against my anus as ever—signaling the start of my next spurt, and that contraction moving into my perineum, my balls, and then rippling up my dick. I can feel the way my dick hurts from so much exertion. Like if I'd been keeping it erect for a day straight, the head feels almost stretched, like it's going to burst, and the way it's squeezed by the waistband on my jock isn't helping at all!

But more than any of those other things, I can smell and taste the sex around me, from the funk of unwashed teens to the taste of Trent's jock in my mouth, to the smell of everybody's cum—especially my own—emanating from what seems like everywhere at once. I lose track of time, of anything, really, and all I can do is measure my pace based on the periodic contractions of my ass and groin.

I think I'm around thirty-five now. I'm not sure for certain, but I'm pretty sure that's right. And I'm finally beginning to feel like this might be about the end. The streaming liquid sound of my spurt sounds a little quieter than the last one, but that could just be muffled by so much cum it's competing with. My jock has literally stretched to accommodate all the cum in it. Trent reaches up and grabs it. I spurt in surprise, and he laughs and grimaces as what must be like a pint of cum spills out of it, drenches his hand up to his wrist, and splatters to the floor.

"Dude, he's like a fucking horse!" Jake laughs.

Thirty-eight. Or is it thirty-seven? I dunno. I'm not spurting as much now, for sure. I don't feel like my dick is having to spread so much just to let the volume out. Another spurt or two goes by. The contractions are more in my ass now; my dick gets little squeezes, but that's about it.

"Ya about finished, buddy?" Trent asks, giving my dick a squeeze.

I gasp and flinch as I release two more.

"Damn, he *feels* like a horse when he spurts!" Trent says, his voice sounding almost awed.

I give another half-spurt and then sag down.

"Geez, buddy," Trent chuckles, patting my cummy back. "Never knew you could cum so much! Why don't you lie down and catch your breath?"

I feel the guys all work together to kinda roll me onto my side and then my back. I shudder as I feel a pool of something wet under me.

"Is—is that my...?" I begin, my eyes half-opening.

The guys look over me, looks of amazement on their faces.

## After Practice

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"That's all you, man," Will says. "Damn, I didn't know it was *possible* to cum so much!"

"Do you need some water or something?" Jake asks. "I mean, are you dehydrated now?"

Trent laughs. "I think he just needs a hug, guys."

With grins all around, the guys curl up next to me, hugging me or patting my leg, arm, or chest. I just lie there, my vision and even hearing kind of hazy from so much exertion.

After a moment, a question pops into my head. "Who won?" I ask.

"Won what?" asks Will.

"The bet."

The guys exchange glances.

"There, uh, was no bet," Trent says. "We just had to get you to let go a bit. Didja have fun?"

I grin and nod. "Yeah," I manage.

"Good. It's not every day somebody turns 16," Trent grins.

"Happy birthday, Cody!" the guys chorus.

Best birthday ever!