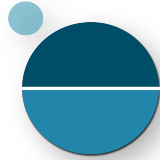


SHANE: CHAPTER 1



by Sean Reid Scott

**[Author's note: This story contains sex acts between men, and is thus intended for
ADULTS ONLY.
If you are not an *adult* who wants to read this kind of smut, please do not continue.]**

T

he pizza delivery business boomed during the cooler, wet months; but during the sweltering summers, people did more bar-be-cuing and grilling.

Fortunately, I'd been with Pizza Delights for a few years, and as the senior delivery dude, I was kept on even when business was slow. Of course, most of my time was spent at the Pizza Delights store, making pizza and waiting on walk-in customers. But when the occasional delivery order came in, I threw the plastic store sign on the top of my car and headed out.

The store was in a unique part of town-- our delivery territory encompassed everything from low-rent apartments to houses worth upwards of a million dollars; all within just a few miles of each other.

I cranked up the air conditioning and turned on the radio as I started toward my destination-- a house on 60th Ct. The nice part of town. "It's 90 degrees at KBUF," the dj said as he started up another song. "It's six o'clock on a Friday evening. Time to start the weekend!"

Minutes later, I pulled into the cul-de-sac and hopped out with the large pizza box. What I was about to see would send me into the biggest tizzy of my life. Did I mention I suffer from a unique condition? It's called sthenolagnia; it's where you

associate huge muscles with sexual gratification. If you look up the term in the dictionary, you'll see a picture of me, as they say.

Well, keep that in mind as I continue to tell you this story.

The guy who answered the door was unearthly in his build. I can't really find the right words, but I'll try to remember what I saw and felt in those first few moments. I suppose I could rattle off his stats (size of his arms, chest measurement, etc.,) since I now know them, but that wouldn't tell you much, really. What I can say is that he was beyond huge-- and ripped. A cliché, for sure, but the thing about Shane is that just by standing there he reduces you to a cliché-mumbling dwit. You can't help it. You are forced to a state of immobile amazement. Like when your computer freezes up. You need to reboot, but you don't know how. I'm sure my jaw became slack and my mouth opened as soon as I saw him.

When he opened the door, he was kind of looking at the floor, and in one movement, he pulled the door inward and lifted his head to see me.

He had to be used to sending people to insane asylums just by being, so he didn't seem fazed by my inability to move or speak. He had just gotten off work, so he still wore a dress shirt-- light blue-- and the navy slacks of his suit. He had taken off his tie. He smiled at me and said, "Ah-- pizza!"

I have pretty much perfected the art of looking at muscle men without them catching me; you know, you have to steal glances. And when you're talking face-to-face, you have to keep your eyes on their eyes. Well, fuck-- I through all of my lifelong tactical muscle sleuthing out the window. Like I said, I was trying to reboot. For a businessman, he was so clean-shaven and butch as to look military. Only a slight crop of blond hair at the top of his head, otherwise he was hairless.

He was easily 6 foot 4. Add to that the fact that he was standing one step above me in his door, and he towered over me. His neck-- god that shirt had to have a 20 inch neck size-- was a plug of thickness, yet long too. His traps bulged under the dress shirt, and I could only imagine what his delts would look like uncovered. I marveled he was able to find a shirt that fit him so well-- tapered as it was down to his slacks, that had to be some minuscule measurement in the low 30's. And speaking of pants, although I didn't really examine his legs at that point (there's only so much landscape a guy can take in at once), the support they provided to his upper body was more than up to the (formidable) task.

After a few thousand years in my "tilt" state, he smiled, apparently aware of the situation. "Pizza Delights?" he said, grinning down at me.

Okay, keeping in mind the above rant about his overwhelming physique, what happened next nearly sent me into uncontrollable convulsions. The guy looked at me and somehow, silently, took control of my own eyes and commanded them to lock with his. They were the most gorgeous, sparkling green eyes a being could have. And they looked into me, past my lens, inside, through the retina, to the

cones and rods on the backside, down my optic nerve and into the very core of my nervous system, nearly rendering all of my body functions inoperable.

I wanted to slobber.

His smile broadened just slightly, and he repeated himself. "Pizza Delights?"

I nodded. Somehow, in a desperate attempt to retain some semblance of myself, I was able to get out, "Giant Delightful Combo?"

"Yup!" he smiled.

We're supposed to hold onto the pizza until we get paid. If it's a credit card, we have them sign the slip on top of the box. Well, even though I'd done this for a few years, I lost all trace of what was supposed to happen next. I handed him the box. And he took it.

"Uh, let me see..." he said, looking around his entryway for a place to set the box. He put it down on a small table, then reached into his back pocket for his wallet.

"Oh, yeah," I said. "Uh-- it's \$22."

He took out a twenty and a five and handed them to me. "Keep the change," he said.

"Thanks," I answered.

I was so flummoxed that I just blurted out, "That'll be great."

That'll be great? Where the fuck did those words come from?

He kinda chuckled and said, "Thanks, man."

I was so nervous that I quickly turned and headed back to my car.

I don't remember the drive back to the store.

There must be a God. There must. Because it was only the next evening that the guy called for another pizza. This time, I prepared myself. I worked on some kind of line to say that might be normal. One option that I was considering was something like, "Wow, dude. How do you stay in shape like that and eat pizza?" That would have the effect of not only being a complete sentence, but it would also communicate to him that I was totally aware of how awesome he looked.

Well, all plans went out the window as soon as he answered the door. This time, he was in a T-shirt and cargo shorts. Oh my fucking godddd...

I'll have to skip the details of how his fucking chest and shoulders filled out his T, or how his bomb-sized arms filled out the sleeves of said garment, or how you could

almost see his abs as his shirt tucked into his shorts. Just trust me-- you wouldn't have survived this onslaught of visual stimulation. Fortunately, I had been exposed to him the day before. But even that couldn't take the sting out of seeing him again. What ever could?

I tried to remember my planned statement, but it didn't happen.

"Your pizza is great," he said as he handed me the money. "I'll have to become a regular customer," he smiled.

"Cool. Thanks." Wow! I said two meaningful words to him! We can communicate!

"You going to be my regular delivery guy?" he asked.

"Yeah. Probably. Yeah," I said. I know I had to be licking my lips, rubbing my hands on my pants-- something. I was so nervous, and I was so overwhelmed by this guy.



But he was totally disarming. "Great. Well, you'll probably be seeing a lot more of me," he smiled. "Like I said, your pizza is fantastic."

I wanted to fall on his porch and die right then and there. Did he have any idea of the double entendre he just uttered? Seeing a lot more of me? God, what I wouldn't give to see more of him, right here and now!

Less than 15 minutes later, I was in the bathroom of the store, secured door behind me, spraying my semen all the hell over the mirror. I swear it had taken only two, light pumps before my man-offering was erupting in violent, hard bursts over this guy.

It was the next Friday again before he ordered another pizza. But in the interim,

I had taken to drive down Lester Drive and look into the cul-de-sac to see what I could see. He drove a Range Rover, and occasionally it was in his driveway, sometimes not. But he might sometimes park it in his 3-car garage. Dunno.

Anyway, when he opened his door that time, he was wearing a crisp, white dress shirt with a loosened tie. He could wear burlap and he'd be off the charts, but god-in-heaven he cleaned up good!

After the exchange of money and pizza, he extended his hand. "I'm Shane," he smiled. "I suppose we should introduce ourselves since we'll be doing this often..."

"Yeah," I said. His hand was warm and his shake firm but not bone-cracking. I'm sure he could easily compress my hand to rubble, but he obviously knew how to restrain himself.

We released the shake and he very slightly cocked his head, as if waiting for the answer to a question. I didn't get it. In another re-boot mode.

"And your name?"

"Shit, I'm sorry," I blurted. Then I cupped my hand to my mouth. "Pardon my French," I said, uttering-- like I said-- a cliché.

He laughed.

"It's Shane," I said.

"Your name's Shane too?" he asked.

"Oh! No! I'm sorry. Shane's your name. I'm Steve." What a dork. But like I said before, he was apparently used to people falling all over themselves in his presence.

"Nice to meet you, Steve," he said. "Thanks again."

Steve. My name had crossed his lips.

He lifted the pizza box slightly and simultaneously nodded with a smile. "Have a nice night."

"Yeah. I will," I said as I turned. Just before the door closed, I turned around and said, "You too!"

He nodded again and smiled.

The next day-- Saturday-- I drove past his cul-de-sac and saw him washing his rig. Two of his garage doors were up, and he was in the driveway with what appeared to be his pride and joy.

He was in a tank top.

I nearly drove up on the sidewalk and hit a fire hydrant.

Obviously, I couldn't just stop and stare. I had to keep going. He had been nearly a block away, but the vision of him bending over his rig, slathering it in suds, wearing that shoulder-revealing tank, would be recalled in my mind many times the next few days as I masturbated to him.

I couldn't imagine what his neighbors must do with the fact that a god had taken up residence on their street.

Did he mow his own lawn? Maybe shirtless?

Naw-- this neighborhood was upper crust. Everyone paid for their yards to be manicured. And most of them took their cars through the carwash too; but some guys prefer to pamper their cars themselves. Shane was obviously such a guy.

The next time I saw him, he actually called in his order for pickup. He stopped by on the way home from work. It was just Dyllan and me in the store, and when Shane came in, Dyllan-- who does not suffer from my same malady-- was obviously impressed.

"Hey, Steve," Shane smiled as he entered.

"Shane-- how you doin'?" I said.

He took his pizza and left, and Dyllan said, "How do you know that guy?"

"I've delivered to his house," I said calmly.

Flash ahead to the next encounter: I was finally able to make that comment about eating all this pizza and staying in "such amazing shape."

"Oh, thanks for the compliment," he smiled. Today he was wearing a T-shirt again, and those cargo shorts. "I have pretty good metabolism," he said. "And I eat clean except for these occasional pizzas."

Then, the coolest thing happened. He slowly leaned against the door jam. "You must not eat pizza all the time. You're in pretty good shape."

"Yeah-- I mean, yeah I don't eat pizza that much," I said.

Shane looked down at the ground. He was obviously relaxed. He scuffed one foot over the threshold. The guy was amazing! He was comfortable with me!

"You work out close to here?" I said, taking advantage of his apparent ease of the moment.

"Yeah-- over at 23 Hour," he said bending one arm and thumbing to his left. Holy godalmighty. As he made this motion, his biceps (and triceps!) bulged with vein-lined monster size. You couldn't find a bigger gun if you tried!

Once again I went into diagnostic.

I couldn't access any words. It was totally unfortunate, because the dude looked like he was totally amenable to a real conversation to me.

There was a moment of silence, but he didn't seem uncomfortable with it-- even though I was. He scuffed his foot again and casually looked out onto his lawn, then over to the house across the way. "You from around here originally?" he asked.

Hell, if there was a piece of straw available, I could totally envision him chewing on it-- all farmer-boy like. He was just so low-key. Why was he doing this to me? Why would a man like him want to hang with the pizza delivery guy?

"Yeah, born and raised," I finally said. "You?"

"Naw. Cincinnati."

"What brought you out here?" I said.

"New territory. I'm in sales," he said. "It was a great opportunity. Bigger area, more money," he smiled.

"But you just pulled up all of your roots and planted yourself in a new city?" I asked.

"Yup," he smiled.

"Wow. I don't know if I could do that," I said.

"I've done it a few times before. You get a little lonely, but you get used to it." He paused and looked back at his yard. "I've always enjoyed making new friends, so in that respect it's pretty cool." He looked back at me.

"Well, I gotta admit, I don't usually stop and talk very long when I'm delivering," I said, "so, you must have a knack for making friends. Not many people strike up a conversation with the pizza delivery guy," I smiled.

He laughed-- the first time I had seen that-- and my world turned upside down. His teeth were perfectly white and straight. He could have been a model, save the fact that his physique was way too huge. His eyes twinkled and his cheeks dimpled. "Well, you're the first pizza delivery dude who has ever stayed long enough to talk to," he grinned.

I smiled. "Well, that's cool." I was again out of words.

"Hey, maybe sometime I'll have you deliver at the end of your shift. You could come in and have some of your delicious pizza," he said.

"Awesome!" I smiled. "Well, I gotta get back to the store," I said nervously.

As I drove away, I cussed at myself. What the fuck was I thinking? Why did I turn and run? I hoped that he didn't think I was afraid-- or ditching him. It's just that I didn't know what else to do. God, I hoped he'd follow through on his idea to have me over some time. Fuck, that'd be amazing.

But the more I thought about it, the more I realized the guy was just probably being polite. There's no way in hell he'd really want to have a kid like me over. He had to know that I practically drooled over him. I'm not out to everyone, and even

though I don't act effeminate, with this guy it has to be obvious that I'm a blubbering muscle worshipper.

Doesn't it?

All in all, during those first few weeks, I'd have to say I expelled more cum over Shane than I had ever expelled over any other man. And that's saying a lot. Most days it was a couple of times. Every day at least once. Often three times. It got to the point where I decided to drink more water, in fear that I might be dehydrating myself.

"Steve, it's for you," Dyllan said as he handed me the phone. Not many people ever called me at work, so I was perplexed at who it was. Initially I thought it might be my mom-- with maybe a family emergency?

"Hello?"

"Hey Steve, it's Shane-- over on 60th Court?"

My God.

"Oh yeah," I said trying to sound relaxed. Why the hell did he ask for me?

"I was wondering if you wanted to deliver me a pizza and come over for awhile. Do you get off work very soon?"

"Uh-- well, not till nine, unfortunately," I said.

"Hmmm... well, that'd work. How bout you bring me the usual, and whatever else you want to eat. I'm buying."

"Oh. Okay. Cool," I said. "I'll close up at nine and will probably get to your place at a quarter after."

"Sounds great! See you then."

I parked in his driveway and grabbed the two boxes with the pizzas inside. As he opened his front door this time, I nearly dropped the food on his porch. He was shirtless, had had only a towel wrapped around his waist. His body was sprinkled with water.

"Sorry I took so long coming to the door," he smiled. "I just got home from the gym and wanted to take a shower before you got here." With that, he turned away from me without a word, or any kind of motion. He just expected that I'd follow him inside.

Which, of course, I did.

I closed the door behind me and my eyes locked onto his beyond-belief back as it rippled and rolled with each of his steps. It was like a manta, wide at his broad shoulders, and narrow at his tight waist. And like I said, it rippled all over hell. His trapezius muscles bulged on the top and back side of his torso. His deltoids were insane, with a deep crevasse between them and his huge triceps.

I had never seen– or even considered– a man so well-developed. He could have been in any muscle magazine he wanted, and could have stood on any bodybuilding stage he desired (and won!). Yet for all his muscle, he was just stunningly handsome– every muscle was perfectly proportioned so that it complimented the one next to it. The guy was a walking wet dream.

When we got to his kitchen, he motioned for me to put the pizzas on the counter. “There’s beer in the fridge,” he said. “Help yourself, and make yourself comfortable. I’m going to get some clothes on.” He turned and left, and I so wanted to say Don’t get dressed on my account! But of course, that would have been totally inappropriate.

I had taken my second swig of beer when Shane reentered the kitchen. To my surprise, and delight, he had only put on his cargo shorts– no shirt!

I just stared. I know it was only too obvious, but I couldn’t help myself.

Those pecs were the biggest, thickest, hardest, plates of meat I’d ever seen. Perfectly shaped. His large areola held peanut nipples that pointed downward. The cleavage could have hid a 747. His gigantic arms had the most sexy cephalic vein that snaked straight down the length of his biceps. And what fantastic biceps they were. Long muscle bellies that held boatloads of striated beef. Even his forearms rippled with striated beef.

His abs were defined like nothing I’d ever seen before. Even on muscle sites. Just breathtaking rows of cobblestone.

“You okay?” he smiled.

“Yeah. Uh– sorry,” I stammered. “I mean, you’re huge!”

“I get that a lot,” he grinned as he walked toward the fridge to get himself a brew. “I hope you don’t mind if I go shirtless,” he said innocently, as he opened the box of pizza and went for a slice. He actually didn’t seem to understand that that was exactly what I wanted. He really seemed sincere in his inability to know how he was driving me insane– and that at any moment, my turgid cock might erupt right in my pants.

We sat at the island counter of his kitchen as we ate and drank. Shane and I talked about lots of things, none of which I can remember, except I do remember talking a little about working out, and bodybuilding.

When the pizzas were gone, we each grabbed another beer and Shane directed me over to his family room area, that sat adjacent to the kitchen, on the other side of the island. He motioned me to an overstuffed chair, and he sat on his couch, grabbing the remote and turning on his gigantic TV. He flipped through the channels and ended up on ESPN.

He clearly looked relaxed.

"What'd you work out today?" I asked. I couldn't actually believe I was asking him that, but he didn't seem to mind talking about bodybuilding— and his body.

Without taking his eyes off the television, he said, "Quads and hams." Then he leaned back into the sofa and pulled his cargo shorts up to expose his quads. They were like bulging mountains with deep valleys that rolled and rippled as he tightened and relaxed them.

"Holy Christ," I muttered.

He looked at me and grinned. "You wanna feel?"

I paused, wondering if he was just making fun of me or what...

"Seriously," he said. "Come on over and cop a feel, Steve. I promise not to bite."

I hesitated more. "What makes you think I'd want to feel?"

His eyes twinkled. "Call it a hunch." He looked down at them and tightened them again. They crystalized from molten lava into rock. He took one hand and moved it over the hardened muscle.

I still wasn't convinced of his motives here.

He could sense my fear, so he slowly stood and walked over to me. I looked up at the tower of muscle that stood at the side of my lounge. Again, he pulled up one pant leg of his shorts and started flexing.

My hand was visibly shaking as it moved toward the leg, so I pressed it hard against his warm, moving flesh in order to reduce the shaking. And Shane pulsed his quads with movement— the muscles flexed, then relaxed; then hardened into granite, then relaxed. Then bulged once again as they solidified under my lusting palm.

I had never touched a man's muscles before.

I gotta tell you now— I'm totally in the closet, and I've never been with a man. I'm a chronic masturbator. Jerking off to muscle fantasies is the extent of my gay experience.

So, yeah, this was undiscovered territory right here. That's an understatement. To say that this guy was the epitome of every fantasy man I had ever jerked off to would be... well... like I said... just another cliché.

It felt fucking amazing.

Even over my intense fear, I relished the sense of this god's power as my hand moved over his mammoth leg muscles. I don't know what got into me, but for some reason either I got a burst of bravery or maybe I just forgot myself- but I started to move my hand around to the back side of his column of leg muscle. He didn't seem to mind at all. He tightened his hamstrings and I think I muttered some expletive. But when I returned my hand to the front again, there was no muttering at all; I blurt out a "Holy fuck."

He seemed to enjoy showing off. He smiled down at me, and I looked up. There was more muscle on this guy than should be legal. And it was such gorgeous muscle. Not roided-out stuff. It was tall, long. It was at once ginormous, and sleek. I don't really know how to describe it. His waist had to be smaller than my own 32 inch lower torso. His abs were like a series of thick, rolling speed bumps. And his pecs looked down on me like two sentinels. The arms that hung at his side looked like they could crush a man's skull with no effort at all.

"So, what do you think?" he said as he directed his eyes back to his leg, and my hand.

"I think it's the most amazing thing I've ever seen. I don't think I've ever seen a man so well built."

"Or felt?"

"Or felt. Hell, I've actually never felt a guy's muscles."

"Really?" he smiled. "Why not?"

I furrowed my brow. "Well, I guess it's not something that's done that often. I mean... I think most guys would feel uncomfortable if I asked."

He chuckled. "It's not a problem for me. I figure, I work hard enough to get big and ripped so letting someone enjoy the fruits of my labors is one of the rewards."

"I'd bet that most bodybuilders don't share that attitude," I said as his quad once again erupted into a hardened sculpture of mounds and valleys under my palm and fingers. I meandered my index finger deep into a valley that two of his quad muscles formed. I marveled in how much of my digit I could hide.

"To each his own," he said, relaxing his leg. He let go of his cargo short leg and the fabric fell over my hand. I reluctantly removed my palm from the warm surface as Shane stepped back.

There was a credenza right behind Shane, and he leaned his butt on its edge, folding his goddam mammoth arms over his chest. He smiled slightly, "You want to see some more?" The thing that just blew me away at this particular moment was the freakish size of his forearms. They were huge! And ripped to hell. God, I just got dizzy looking at him with his guns folded like that.

I gulped. "What do you mean?"

"No pressure, man," he started, "but if you're at all amenable to feeling some more, I'd kind of enjoy that. Like I said, it's a great reward for all of my hard work."

"Really?" I asked. "You don't think its funny... I mean... I dunno."

"Well, like I said, no pressure. I just kinda thought you liked the quads, and well, there's a lot more where that came from." With that, he unfolded his arms and lifted them outward. He must have had a hell of a lot of experience in posing, because he was slow, methodical and obviously appreciative of the inhuman immensity of his arms. He looked at one outstretched cannon, then at the other, examining each one with a sense of fulfillment. They weren't bent. He just held his open hands outward, like Jesus on the cross; then he slowly started to bend them, and what I saw next brought me closer to an involuntary orgasm than I had ever come.



His biceps rose from the belly of his arms, and as he slowly moved his forearms to a vertical position, closing his hand's grip, two separate, distinct mounds of baseball-sized muscle grew on each arm. His biceps were truly BI-ceps; each head had two separate bulges, separated by a valley.

I had seen some pictures of muscleguys who had these kind of distinct biceps muscles, but none of them held a candle to Shane's biceps. The size of his arms was boggling, their shape was perfect, and the fact that his forearms were so goddam thick made this flexed position look like he was waging a war with himself.

But there could be no winner. His biceps were not about to give anything up to the forearms, and likewise, the forearms didn't seem willing to admit defeat either.

"Holy shit," I said. "I've never seen anything like that. Man, you are so huge... and ripped..."

"Thanks," he said, slowly releasing his arms from their quivering battle. He lowered them to his sides and relaxed. "So, what do you think?" he asked, as he had before.

"Beyond words," I said, thinking he was asking my opinion of his body.

"No, I mean, what do you think about touching some more?"

Despite my nearly uncontrollable desire to do just that, I was still pretty hesitant. I didn't really know this guy at all. For all I knew he was some kind of homophobe who lured guys into his house and then chopped them up, Jeffrey Dahmer style.

He could sense my apprehension. "Maybe later?" he smiled.

"Yeah."

He pushed himself from his leaning position against the credenza and headed back into the kitchen. "You want another?" he asked, holding up an ice-cold beer.

"Sure. Thanks, man," I replied. "And thanks for buying the pizza too."

"You're welcome." He opened both bottles and returned to my side. "After I invited you over, I realized that you probably get sick of your pizza. Sorry about that. Wasn't thinking."

"Not at all," I said as he sat back down on the couch. "I actually think it's pretty good. We don't get any kind of discount or anything, so I really don't eat it that often anyway."

Shane turned his attention to ESPN again. The volume was low, but not all the way off. After a few moments, he looked back at me and then said, "I'm glad you decided to come over." With that, he leaned forward and reached out with his beer bottle. "To new friends," he said. I reached out and met his toast, and we both sat back and drank.

There really wasn't anything interesting going on in the world of sports, but we watched the TV for awhile anyway. I don't know why Shane did, but I can tell you why I did. More than anything in the world I wanted to spend time with this man. He was just perfection. Beyond perfection. Bigger than huge, and so well proportioned as to be unbelievable. And gorgeous to boot. And the dude had to be in the low single-digits for body fat. (I'd learn later, when he told me a few of his measurements, that his walkin'-around body fat was about 5 per cent. Amazing.)

Shane watched the TV, and I watched him. Occasionally, he'd move his hand over his chest and abs, or maybe his legs. It looked like he was doing it subconsciously, but I wondered if it might be for my benefit. In retrospect, he had to know I wasn't watching the TV that night.

After about 20 minutes, I wanted to make sure I didn't over-stay my welcome. "Well, I should be getting home."

"Naw. You don't need to go anywhere," he smiled, not looking away from the TV. "The evening's young." Then he looked at me. "Right?"

"Okay," I smiled back, glad he wanted me to stay. "But let me know when you want to hit the sack."

He glanced over at me out of the corner of his eyes, and smiled; and I realized the double-entendre of my statement.

"I mean... you know..." I said, flushed.

He laughed. "Don't worry, dude. It's only our first date anyway; I never do that on the first date."

I didn't know what to say, but I managed to laugh, "This is a date?"

He laughed some more. "Relax, dude. I'm just playin' with you."

God, I loved how he liked to play.

I laughed back, relieved, and yet filled with confused wonder.. and maybe just a little hope? Naw- that couldn't be possible.

(And yet, the author of this little yarn wants to know, why else would the Curious Web Surfer be reading this?)

I don't know exactly how, but the next thing I remember Shane had again assumed a position next to me, and I was touching once again those impossibly massive legs as he held the bottom of his cargo shorts up.

I couldn't believe this was happening. Here I was, not simply in the presence of more man than I could have ever imagined possible, but he was liking me. Not only that, but he was letting me touch him. Thank god I was reclining on his lounge, because I was getting light-headed at the feel of all this warm, rolling muscle.

Shane wasn't in any hurry to move along. He seemed to love flexing, slowly and powerfully. And I wasn't about to initiate a move away. My hand trembled as it felt the molten bands of muscle roll and then suddenly harden under my palm and fingers. Shortly, I found my other hand on Shane's other leg; I leaned toward him, intoxicated by the incomprehensible muscle that now filled my field of vision.

Shane shifted his weight from one leg to the other, seemingly settling in to give me even more time to enjoy this brash display of human development.

I had achieved the hardest erection of my lifetime minutes earlier, and now it ached with the need for release. And amazingly, I could feel it edging closer to climax. If I wasn't careful, I feared that I would come involuntarily.

But I wasn't about to pull my hands off this. The vascular muscles throbbed just for my pleasure. I knew I would never, ever again have this kind of opportunity to worship this kind of manly development.

I moved my right hand to the side of Shane's left leg, and felt the long bow of the outer side of his quadriceps. In so doing, I had to basically shift my position so that I was lying on my side. My left hand continued its exploration of Shane's left horse-sized leg muscle.

And then it happened. Without provocation, without touching myself, without so much as a push against my tight shorts, I began ejaculating. My body convulsed with an initial jerk that signaled the eruption of my teenage man-juice into my shorts. For a few seconds, I lost all control of my body functions. The first blast of come had been accompanied by a squeaking gasp and no matter how hard I tried to tone it down, I was unable to prevent a muffled, yet clearly audible moan escape my lips as the second volley of semen squirted violently into my boxers. My hands squeezed the hard muscle for a brief instant, as my body attempted to hold on to anything it could.

Not only had I never had an involuntary orgasm in my whole life, I had never shot as powerfully as I was now shooting. It was at once, the most beautiful, ecstatic climax I had ever had, and at the same time the most horrifying moment of my life.

At the onset of my base, uncontrollable expression of my lust, Shane had stopped rolling the meat under my hands. His legs were still and hardened into rock. He was surprised; he seemed, for the first time, unsure.

As my eyes reopened and I began to come down from the almost cathartic experience, Shane took a tiny step backward. My hands lost contact with the mountains of flesh. I slowly rolled onto my back, exhausted; yet reeling with the realization of what had just happened. I racked my brain for a way to handle the situation Shane and I were now in. Should I try to pretend it didn't happen? That seemed the best way to advance, but if Shane didn't play along, that path would be blocked.

What was he thinking? I certainly couldn't tell, and I think he didn't know, himself. Was he pissed? Embarrassed? Repulsed? In retrospect, I should have consoled myself with the fact that it was he who had initiated this flexing/feeling session, and what did he think might happen? Was he really that naive about guys who are attracted to him? Couldn't he tell how he affected me?

Whatever, he didn't seem to be overjoyed. But I didn't see revulsion or anger either. Like I said, I think he was just a little shocked.

"Oh, god, man," he finally said. "What just happened here?"

Well, the let's ignore the whole thing option just went out the window.

I put my forearm on my forehead and closed my eyes. Holy shit, I thought. He's going to make me leave.

"You okay?" he said.

I was glad that for his concern. At least he wasn't going to beat me to a pulp. "Yeah," I said, without moving my arm from my face or opening my eyes.

"Fuck man. That's kind of whacked," Shane finally said. "I had no idea..." his sentence ended midway.

I put my arm down and looked up at him. "I swear, man, I didn't mean..." and it was my turn to end my words with ellipses.

Shane had let go of the bottom of his cargo shorts, and they now covered his upper legs once again. He lifted one arm and scratched his head in quick, sharp movements in apparent confusion. I couldn't help but notice the gigantic biceps muscle as it bulged with his scratching. Thus, I averted my gaze from his godly body. I didn't want him to see me lusting after him.

"So, dude," he finally said, lowering his hand to his side, "you do this often? I mean- wow. I really don't know what to say."

"Man, I'm sorry. I've never had that happen in my life. I don't know how it..."

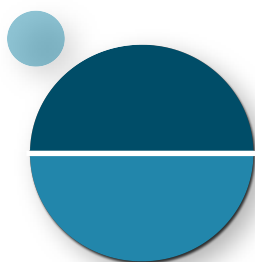
Shane turned and walked into the kitchen area, behind his island-bar. He grabbed another beer from the fridge and opened it. I noticed he hadn't grabbed one for me.

"I'm so sorry, man," I said again. "I just... well, you did seem to like me to feel..."

"Feeling a guy's development and, coming... I mean, doing what you did... those are two very different things," he responded tersely.

"Maybe I should be going," I said, standing. I was dizzy with mortification- and the exertion my body had just experienced. I steadied myself on the back of the lounge, and at that moment I could feel the copious amount of fluid at the front of my crotch. I looked down to see if it was soaking through, and was briefly comforted by the absence of any dark spots. But I knew it was only a matter of time.

I wanted to use his bathroom to open my pants and clean up what I knew was multiple tablespoons of jizz in my underwear; but I also desperately wanted to make a quick escape.



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Please click the following address to send me a message:

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