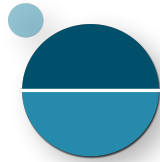


SHANE: CHAPTER 2



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.]**

I

It was a week later that Shane called in a delivery order for another pizza.

I was shocked.

Certainly, he could have found another pizza shop. If he was upset with me, why would he want me to come to his place? Obviously, if he called for a delivery, I would be the most likely guy to bring it. If he couldn't live without Pizza Delights pizza, I would have thought he would have at least wanted to call in a "to go" order and pick it up at the store. Then, he'd at least have the public aspect of our meeting.

Nevertheless, I found myself pulling up into his driveway. It was another hot Friday night, and I still had two more hours on my shift. Not until I was walking toward his front door did I consider the possibility that Shane might actually have a nefarious motive for summoning me to his house. My gut became nauseated and I stopped in my tracks, wondering if I should bolt.

However, before I had the chance to make that decision, the front door opened, even though I was still 15 feet away. Shane stood in the doorway, wearing nylon running shorts and a sleeveless "muscle shirt." If he wasn't in the mood for exposing me to more of his incalculable muscle, he certainly could have chosen more conservative attire.

He smiled, but not broadly.

I, having stopped in my tracks at the fear my thoughts had generated, just stood there, not knowing what to do.

"Hey man," he finally said. "How you doin'?"

"Okay," I said.

He eyed the pizza box in my hands and said, "You here to deliver that, or just examine the architecture?"

"Oh- sorry," I said as I walked to him.

He handed me cash for the pizza, with a tip.

I took it and gave him the pizza. "Man, I'm really sorry about last weekend," I offered. God, why did I bring it up? "I just, well. I didn't... I just wanted to apologize. I didn't mean to freak you out."

"Thanks," he said.

I had been hoping for some kind of absolution from him, but he didn't offer it. I thanked him for the tip, and turned back to my car.

"Hey Steve," Shane called as I opened my car door, "Why don't you stop by when you get off work tonight."

He was hard as hell to read. Was he playing with me now? If he got me inside his house, luring me with his irresistible physique, it would only take a few minutes for him to chop me up and pickle my organs and place them in his fridge.

He could see me hesitancy. "Really, man. It's no problem. Water under the bridge. I got a fridge full of beer and no one to drink it with."

"Uh- I dunno..." I said. "I think maybe I..."

"Steve," Shane interrupted, "It's okay. To tell you the truth, I know there are guys who are into muscle. I'm used to having guys look at me. I don't take it personally."

I wasn't convinced; I was scared as hell. But I also knew that there was no way I was going to be able to resist.

If I really didn't plan on returning, I would have left immediately. But instead, I was standing in his driveway, staring at his deliciously huge body, aching to see it more.

I'd have given anything to stay his friend, to be able to see more and more of him. Even, I realized, my own life. Heck, if he was a Dahmer-esque psychopath... what a way to go. I know it's whacked to hell, but I actually thought that.

"I get off at 11:00," my dry throat finally uttered.

"See you then," Shane said. He closed the door behind him.

He certainly didn't seem as friendly as he had before, and that fact should have scared the bejesus out of me, but it only heightened my yearning.

Dyllan seemed to sense I had the jitters, and he offered to do the final closing up for me. I was out of the store by 11:10 and at Shane's front door five minutes later.

"Hey, glad you showed up," Shane said as he answered the door. He was wearing the same muscle shirt as earlier. His smile seemed more genuine now; he put his hand on my right traps and pulled me inside. Then, he completely wrapped his long arm around my shoulders and gave a gentle squeeze. "Come on in; I've got plenty of beer waiting."

I followed him into his kitchen/family room, and my fears began to dissipate in the presence of his manly physique.

He got me a beer and we sat down like before, in front of ESPN. Like last time, I couldn't tell you what we watched; I wasn't paying very much attention to the TV.

A few beers later, Steve said, "Hey, you want to see my trophy room?"

"Trophy room?"

"Yeah- bodybuilding and power lifting competitions," he said.

"Yeah, cool!" I smiled.

Steve escorted me upstairs into a spare bedroom. Besides his bedroom, he had three others upstairs, and he had converted one of them into a kind of man cave, complete with a TV as big as the one downstairs and a rocking sound system. One whole wall of this room consisted of shelving that held scores of trophies, medals and plaques. In the middle stood a three to four foot tall statue trophy from what was obviously a bodybuilding competition. The statue was of a bodybuilder, his arms raised straight over his head, wrists bent and hands turned out. It was awesome.

Also on the shelves were a number of other trophies, some of which were in the shape of guys lying on a bench, benching lots of weight. I think he had as many power lifting trophies as he had bodybuilding ones. There were also a few marathon and half-marathon ribbons for placing in the top 20 in his age class.

"Holy shit!" I exclaimed. "This is amazing!"

Shane explained that the big one in the center was for winning the "Overall" in a competition last fall. He had amassed three "First Places" and a bunch of second and third place trophies too. But of course, he was most proud of the Overall.

I looked at him. He was the perfect blend of astounding, spectacular genetics and obvious discipline and motivation to achieve physical superiority. "How old are you, man?" I asked.

"Twenty-eight."

"Man..." I said, looking back at the shiny objects adorning the shelves. "That's spectacular."

"Thanks." He opened a shelf door; inside were a collection of VHS tapes and DVDs. "Movies of some of my shows," he said. "You want to see any?"

"Sure," I said, trying to hide my excitement.

"Then afterward, I can give you a live presentation, if you want. I still have my posing music from the show last fall."

"That'd be cool. I've never even been to a bodybuilding show."

"Well, we'll just have to fix that. I'm sure there are some coming up pretty soon. We'll have to make a date of it. I can give you a running commentary on who's going to win the contest."

"You can pick 'em out?" I asked as he took a DVD out of a case.

"Yeah. Once you learn what the judges are looking for, it's easy to know how you're supposed to look going into a contest." He inserted the DVD into the player and turned on the TV and sound. He chose the pre-judging part of the show and we sat down.

I have dozens of bodybuilding contest DVDs at home, and I "use" them often, if the reader takes my meaning. It never takes me more than a few seconds to get hard, and if I hadn't been hard already, this would have been no exception. But being with Shane just has that effect on me. Nevertheless, watching the guys on the TV screen strut their stuff made my dick throb with renewed hardness.

Then the TV showed Shane. Stripped down to his posers, with just the right amount of oil on, and darker than hell.

"Wow, you were tanned!" I said.

"You gotta be dark up there on stage. Otherwise you'll look washed out. It takes some time to get it all on backstage, but you have to do it if you want your definition to stand out. Look at that guy," he said, leaning forward and pointing at the guy standing next to him on the stage, "see how light he looks. Not good."

I nodded and said, "Mmm Hmm."

Shane looked a lot better than most of the guys. But there was some stiff competition. He pointed out the guys who came in second and third, and I could see why after Shane explained the hell out of definition, posing, size, mass and everything else about competing.

Then we watched his posing routine. God, I thought I was in heaven itself. Everything on Shane's sculpted body stood out in dynamic, flowing relief. And his posing was powerful, yet surprisingly graceful. Fuck, he was muscle incarnate. You could even see a few of the other competitors checking him out sometimes. They knew what they were up against.

Shit, his arms were huge! But they were completely complimented by his heinously magnificent shoulders and pecs. And I never knew how much a pair of colossal wheels could turn me on.

"Okay, you ready to see it in person now?" Shane said as the routine finished and he turned off the TV.

There was no way I was going to say "no."

But Shane didn't even pause to wait for my answer. He was already lifting his muscle shirt over his head before I got out, "Sure!"

He sat the shirt down, and fumbled through his CDs to queue up the music for his routine. Then he pulled down his running shorts, revealing his boxers.

God. His. Ass.

I had admired it before, and knew when I could see more of its shape I'd swoon, and when I saw it covered only in a thin layer of cotton, I nearly did. His gargantuan legs flowed down and out— two columns of steel supporting a pair of ass cheeks that could turn the straightest guy into a drooling homo.

And flowing up and out from his minuscule waist was an upper that widened and broadened and "V'd" until it climaxed at a crown of biceps, triceps, pecs, deltoids and traps that made his "Overall" trophy look practically anemic.

He put the music on, and said, "My posers are in my bedroom; some time I'll put 'em on for you, but I'll just use the boxers for now."

"No problem," I said, my voice cracking.

He smiled and got into position, waiting for the music to start. When it did, he repeated the routine I had just seen on the DVD, but I gotta tell you, there's nothing— and I mean nothing that compares with seeing all that gigantic muscle flexing only a few feet away— in person; up close and personal, as they say.

If I was hard before, I was the definition of rigidity now. If I was excited before, I was insane now.

When Shane finished, he had a slight patina of moisture on his muscles. Totally hot. He smiled at me. "What ya think?"

I just shook my head and widened my eyes with a slight smile. I couldn't tell him what I really thought. He'd kick me out immediately.

Seriously, I wished I could bottle up this moment somehow, so I could take it home and open it and pour it all over me the next time I jerked off. Guaranteed orgasm within 15 seconds.

As it was, I felt that if I stood up too soon, I'd either faint or ejaculate in my pants, like I had before— or both.

Shane closed the distance between us and extended his hand to me, pulling me to a standing position. God, I was scared to hell. I really doubted my ability to control myself. Fuck, last week, it was just his legs he was flexing for me; with almost his whole body exposed to me, there was no way I could keep my little soldier under control.

My heart pounded in my chest. He stood close, and I gazed up at his gorgeous eyes.

"I... uh..." I stammered. "I don't know if this is such a..."

"Good idea?" he grinned. "Why?"

I swallowed hard. "Well... You didn't seem to be thrilled with my inability to control myself last weekend."

Shane grinned wider and then actually giggled. He placed his hands on my shoulders. "Actually, I've had a week to think about it, and well, I couldn't stop thinking about it. It was kinda cool."

"You sure," I said wryly.

"Yeah. I've always seen guys look at me— even stare— and to be honest, I just tried to ignore them. But when you lost it last weekend, it was kind of a turn-on."

I squinted, turning my head slightly, showing my skepticism.

"Let's try an experiment," he said. "If you feel uncomfortable at all, you don't have to. But I promise I won't bite."

"An experiment?"

"Yeah. I'll stand here, just like this, and you move up right next to me so that we touch. Then we see if you can stand there without... you know..."

"Shane, I gotta tell you," I said with a shaky voice, "I'm not really sure. I don't even know you and, well, you didn't seem very happy with me last week. I'm kind of afraid that..."

Shane stepped back a bit and finished my sentence, "...that I might be some kind of hack job that is going to do you in?"

"Yeah," I said. I really was scared, and at the same time more aroused than I had ever been in my life.

"Well, take a look at me. If I wanted to 'punish' you for your sins, and bury your body in someone's back yard, you think you'd have much of a chance to get out the door even now?"

I chuckled. "No, I guess not."

Quickly changing the subject back to the topic at hand, Shane smiled and said, "Oh, and I forgot to tell you; when you stand touching my torso with yours, you gotta be wearing only your underwear, just like me.

"No way in hell," I said. "What are you trying to do to me?"

"Don't worry, little buddy," Shane said, patting me on the shoulder. "You think I'm blind? I don't think I've ever seen such a turgid boner on a guy. I think you'd probably better strip down to your underwear anyway, 'cuz your shorts don't look like they can contain it much longer."

I could feel my cheeks flush red. As I did, I dropped my head, and I could then see what he meant. My cargo shorts sported a hard-on that looked like a large piece of corn on the cob, pointing up toward my belt line, to my right side.

"Come on," he coaxed. "I'm totally okay with it. Promise. I think it's cool. It'll be fun." He put his hands on my fly's button. "Here, let me help you get started.

I pulled back, not necessarily out of a need for chastity, but because I feared that any kind of stimulus down there might trigger an explosion. "No problem," I said. "I can handle it."

With that, I undid the button and began to lower the zipper, keeping my eyes closely on my work- not daring to look at him.

I would never be mistaken for a bodybuilder, but I'm in pretty good shape. Very lean. I eat whatever I want, and I never add pounds. I know how to throw a football; I like basketball and baseball. I guess you could say I'm a jock of sorts. Yet standing next to the man of my dreams, I felt puny- like the proverbial 90-pound weakling. Even though I had turned 18 three weeks earlier, I felt like I looked like I was 15, standing next to Shane.

Now freed from the confines of my shorts, my penis grew to new lengths, and widths. It bobbed under my boxers, still pointing toward my waistband and to my right side. I knew I had been excreting pre-cum, but there was no dark spot- yet. I took off my shirt and sat it on top of my shorts on a chair.

"Much better," Shane smiled. "Dude, you got some lean going on there."

I was a hard-gainer, that's for sure. I felt embarrassed, but but the embarrassment immediately dissipated and was replaced once again with a queer combination of fear and erotic excitement that made me dizzy.

Shane stepped toward me again, and said, "Now, keep your eyes open, and your hands at your sides."

I obeyed.

My field of vision was completely filled with his pectorals. His skin was golden-brown; bronzed. I marveled in the flawless beauty of his skin; I could see the individual pores on the thick shelf of his tan chest. His nipples flanked my cheeks, pointing toward the floor.

We didn't touch, but I could feel the warmth of his body-cum-heating plant radiating in front of me.

His chest rose and fell with his slow breaths. Then he inhaled a deep breath, and his pecs momentarily brushed against my face.

A tingle traveled up my spine, and then back down.

I could feel my heart racing, my cock throbbing to the rhythm of it.

I don't know if it was intentional or not, but I thought I saw his pecs roll, ever-so-slightly. Holy fuck. My penis jumped at just the possibility that that was what had happened. I wanted to check again for pre-cum, but I couldn't find the nerve to do so.

"You okay?" Shane asked.

"Yeah," I said breathily.

I couldn't see his face, for his pecs, but I could tell he had smiled.

It was getting more and more uncomfortable, not because I was standing so close to Shane, but because I was trying with all my might to not come.

"You're doing great," Shane said. "Wanna ramp it up a notch?"

"Huh?"

"Kiss one of my nipples."

"What?"

"Go ahead. See what happens."

"Dude..." I objected.

"Come on, man," he smiled, pulling back almost imperceptibly. "We're two dudes, standing nearly naked, with less than an inch between our bodies. You've got a boner that could pry open a vault door. Do you think we're just sittin' around watching TV or something?"

"Yeah, I understand that. It's just..."

"Go ahead. I'd kinda like to feel what it's like." He shifted his torso, placing his left nipple an inch from my lips.

Without having to think about it— like it was instinctive or something— I pouted my lips and pulled the peanut-sized nipple into my lips, pressing the outer edge of my lips against his areola. Also somewhat instinctively, I raised one hand— partially to steady myself and partially, I guess, because I wanted to feel. I placed it on his left triceps.

And then I came.

Shane moaned as my lips massaged his tit.

My whole body gave a twisting jerk and the first volley of jism saturated the fabric outside my piss slit, marking the spot that would grow and grow over the next minute. I grasped Shane's other triceps and held on for dear life; my lips popped off his nipple and I moaned as my body jerked a second time, sending another blast of my man-juice into my boxers.

Shane stood still as I came and came.

The third shot was no less intense than the first two.

I moaned a second time and then leaned my left cheek against Shane's warm chest, not caring anymore about hiding my orgasmic bliss. "Oh holy, fuck. Holy shit," I mumbled.

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?)

In another 20 minutes, Shane turned to me and said, "Time for another beer."

By the time we had downed six bottles each, I was SO feeling the buzz. It was after 1 AM.

"Buddy, I can't let you drive. You're soused," Shane laughed.

Yet, he didn't seem to be drunk at all. His muscle must absorb alcohol or something.

"You're gonna crash in my guest room, little buddy," Shane said as he picked me up. He carried me in the position a groom would carry his bride over the threshold.

The next morning I awoke in his spare room. It took me quite a few seconds to realize where I was. But once I did, my mind filled with images and feelings that I struggled to decipher.

Did we kiss? I seemed to remember a passionate, long kiss as Shane sat me on the bed. But was it real? Or, was it just my imagination or a dream, or a fantasy... Regardless, the scene played over and over, and it tied in nicely with the morning wood I was experiencing.

"Hey man, you need a hearty breakfast after that long night!" Shane interrupted my under-the-covers self-massage as he burst through the door. He carried a tray laden with french toast, eggs, fruit, juice and coffee. "Whoa, you look pretty horrible."

"Thanks," I said, rubbing my eyes. I adjusted myself and did my best to sit up in the bed. My head throbbed.

He was wearing a T-shirt, and boxers. Why was I being tortured like this? Just amazing.

Shane sat the tray down on the night stand and moved my pillows behind me. After a few seconds I was set, and he placed the tray on my lap.

As I examined the beautiful presentation before me (complete with a flower in a vase!), I continued to fondle the shadowed images from the previous evening that haunted my mind... or were they my dreams of the same period?

Regardless, I was famished, so I began to eat. Shane sat on the bed next to me.

"Can I get you anything else?" he asked.

I took a sip of the delicious coffee, and I felt the caffeine relax my body. God, that felt good.

"Uh- no, thanks. Man, this is wonderful," I said, looking at the food tray. "Thank you."

"No problem," Shane said, patting my upper leg (covered by the covers). He smiled at me and said, "Well, I'll let you eat. Just give me a shout if you need anything." With another pat on the leg (was his hand suspiciously close to my crotch now?), he stood and left. God, his body was amazing.

I wolfed down all of the food set before me, and drank all of the liquids. I couldn't believe where I was, who I was with, or that I was eating food that he had prepared for me.

A few minutes after I finished, Shane returned and removed my tray. As he did so, he looked at my crotch. "Morning wood? Or, are you just happy to see me...?"

I was so embarrassed. I still hadn't determined if the erotic images of Shane and me kissing were real memories or just dreams. God, they were compelling images. No wonder my morning wood was stiffer than usual.

I looked up at the musclegod. "Uhhh..."

He laughed. "No worries, man. Must be one hell-of-a hangover."

He left, and I was left to nurse my woody. But for some reason, I just wasn't able to get beyond the arousal stage. Must be the hangover.

It wasn't until almost 10:30 on that Saturday morning that I crawled out of my bed. My room had its own bathroom, complete with a shower. It was there that I was able to "relieve" myself of the sexual tension that enveloped me. The first shot of my semen sprayed on the wall of the shower. The second blast landed with an audible thud on the tile and slowly began to dribble downward. My mind was filled with Shane's inhuman form— his amazing, over-the-top physique. And the fact that his friendly demeanor was obviously directed at a friendship toward me; well, it made the third volley of jizz that much more potent as it splashed upon the tile.

I stepped out of the shower and dried myself off. Yet my hardon had not subsided. My hand felt it. It throbbed, and the throbbing was a desire that was obviously for Shane. But I didn't know if he actually reciprocated these feelings or if he was just playing with me.

When I came out of the bathroom, I saw a T-shirt, boxers and some shorts on the bed. Shane had obviously come into the room while I showered. Had he taken a peek into see me jerking off?

I was glad for the fresh clothes. I had slept in my clothes, and didn't really want to put them back on. The T-shirt was XXXL, and I nearly drown in it. The boxers— I was putting on HIS boxers. I paused to take in a big whiff before donning them. They fit better than the T-shirt. The shorts were baggy in the legs, but the waist fit fine.

I went out into the kitchen/family room area, bringing my breakfast tray. My head still ached, and apparently Shane could tell.

"You want some aspirin?" he asked.

"Yeah, sure."

He gave me a sly look as he handed me the pills and a glass of water. I didn't know how to interpret it.

"Sleep well?" he asked.

"Yeah. I... I don't remember anything. I was out like a light."

"I should have cut you off, man," Shane grinned. "You were tanked." He chuckled.

"What time did we get to bed? How did I get in there?"

"You don't remember?"

I shook my head.

"I carried you in there at about one o'clock. You were out cold."

I rubbed my eyes, then moved my hands onto my head and held it. "I'm going to be worthless all day," I said. "Good thing I don't have to go to work."

"Good. Well, you're welcome to spend the day with me. I've got no plans."

I called my mom to let her know I was okay. She hadn't worried. She was used to me spending weekend nights at my friends' houses.

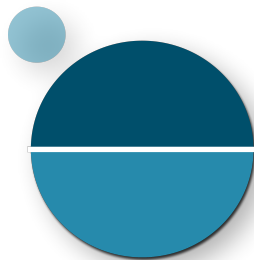
When I hung up, Shane invited me to use his pool and hot tub in his back yard. "Might help with the hangover," he said.

I plopped myself on the couch. "Maybe in a while," I said with my eyes closed.

Shane was quiet as he moved around the house, out of courtesy for my delicate situation. He watched TV sports, mostly. I dozed off for awhile, and then at about noon I heard Shane in the kitchen, apparently making lunch.

It was delicious.

We ate on his back deck, next to the pool. I was starting to feel better now.



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Your comments are welcome.

Please click the following address to send me a message:

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