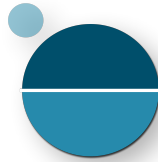


## SHANE: CHAPTER 3



by Sean Reid Scott

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**[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.]**

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hane and I had exchanged phone numbers that night, and during the next week he called me about every other day.

Just to talk.

Nothing major on his mind; it just seemed like he wanted to be with me on the phone.

I had left my cum-stained boxers at his house, and had worn his home, and during one of the phone conversations we agreed to keep the others' underwear in trade. I didn't tell my mom where I got them, and fortunately she didn't notice them in the laundry. Actually, I wore them all the time, so when they needed washing, I did it myself because I wore them constantly.

"You ever get time off from the pizza place?" Shane asked during one of our long phone conversations.

"I'm the top dog there, so I can usually schedule myself off whenever I want. There's a few kids there who want all the hours they can get too- so, yeah, I can take time off," I said.

"Cool. I have to fly down to LA next week for three days of meetings. You want to come?"

"Really? Wow. I don't have have money for a plane ticket, though." I couldn't believe he was asking me to do this!

"No problem," he said. "I can get you a ticket."

"No, I can't let you do that."

"Really. I'm the top salesman in my district, and I know some people in corporate. I can get an extra ticket. The company's buying."

"Really? Wow! That... that would be awesome!"

"Sweet. We'll fly down there on Tuesday afternoon, and come home on Sunday. That okay?"

"That's three days?"

"The meetings are Wednesday through Friday, but like I said, the company is paying for everything. They'll let me sneak in a few extra days for some fun in the sun. Can you get the time off?"

"Sure. That'll be no problem," I said.

My mom wasn't thrilled about me flying down to LA with some guy I had met while delivering pizzas. In fact, we had a pretty big blowup over it. In the end, I pretty-much told her I was going and that was that. We ended up being pretty cold toward each other until I left on the trip, but she got over it.

But before the trip down to LA, there was another weekend coming up, and as had become our custom, Shane and I spent a lot of it together.

On Saturday he invited me to 23 Hour to work out with him. There were quite a few muscle dudes there, but none of them in Shane's class of mega-man. What was cool was to watch the other guys look at Shane. Even if they were ostensibly straight, guys couldn't help but check out Shane. If they were straight, it was because of deep-rooted envy. If they weren't straight, it was because of deep-rooted lust.

That evening, I had to work since I was trading a few days with some of my Pizza Delights co-workers so I could go down to LA. But by 11:15 I was at Shane's again, drinking beer, watching TV and lusting once again over my new best friend.

Shane shifted weight as he sat on the couch and groaned. "Shit, I think I worked my hams too hard this afternoon," he complained.

I had marveled at his unbelievable strength, and agreed that he had curled some huge weight with those leg biceps.

"I need to spend some time stretching them out," he said, standing. With that, he took off his T-shirt, and pushed down his jogging shorts. Then he took off his boxers as well.

I felt like babbling like a baby. It was the second time I had seen Shane naked, and I knew this would never get old.

Shane turned and faced away from me— which was good, because my boner, upon watching him strip, had gone from zero to 75 in nothing flat. Literally, I was hard in seconds. The guy was just amazing.

Then, what happened next was beyond off-the-hook. In a blatant act of shameless taunting, Shane bent over, keeping his legs straight, touching his toes.

His ass pointed right at me, and his sphincter pouted right at my face. He slowly rotated his hips, supposedly to stretch his hams as best he could, but it was obvious what he was doing.

"Holy fuck," I mumbled.

"Oh, this feels good," he said, his head close to his knees. "I needed this kind of a stretch."

He flexed his glutes, and I thought I would lose it. His sphincter seemed to open and close a little, as the striated ass muscles rolled around it in slow, erotic waves. His upper legs were so huge, so lean and ripped, so powerful! His small ass was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

He kept his legs straight as he stretched his hamstrings, all the while slowly rolling his ass and leg muscles, teasing me to within an inch of insanity.

"You know," he said, still bent over, "I could really use some help here. You willing to give me a massage? You know, to help me stretch these babies out?"

Yeah. Right.

The guy knew exactly what he was doing. I could hear it in his voice. It was subtle, but we both knew what a hot situation this was.

"Uh... what do you mean?"

He didn't say anything; he was busy flexing his ass right at me.

I stood up. "What kind of a massage? I mean, what do you want me to massage?"

"Anything you want," he said, and I could tell he was smiling as he said it. "But first, I have a rule. If you're going to massage me while I'm naked, you gotta get naked too."

Having ejaculated twice in his presence already, and having him actually stroke my penis and play with my cum, you'd think I would have moved beyond fear concerning our relationship. And I guess, for the most part I had. But still, the apprehension I felt was strong. Maybe it wasn't so much fear of Shane that I felt, but fear of somehow disappointing him. How that would manifest itself, I didn't know. Hell, I didn't know what I was feeling, other than rampant lust for the bent-over muscular body that was only three feet away from me.

My hands shook as I took off my clothes, and as soon as it was free, my cock assumed its regular position looking up at me.

I stepped toward Shane and placed my hands on his hips, just above that unspeakably gorgeous ass.

Shane acknowledged my touch with a grunt that turned into a moan.

I began to move my hands down toward his ass. God, I wished they would stop shaking. I pulled my hips close to his butt, and my cock stuck up into the air, right between his ass cheeks.

Again, Shane seemed to approve.

The next five minutes were sheer sexual bliss. I massaged Shane's wide back, his narrow waist and his magnificent twin globes of ass muscle. Occasionally, my penis would nestle within the deep crack, and I'd be unable to resist pressing.

I was amazed that I hadn't actually come, since previously I had ejaculated involuntarily, without so much as a touch down there. And here I was, sliding my turgid cock up and down Shane's muscular ass, only millimeters from his sphincter. Maybe I was learning discipline. Maybe I was getting used to Shane. It was probably neither of those things; I think I was just enjoying the foreplay that I didn't want it to end.

But end it did.

As I sensed the climax coming, I spread Shane's ass apart and laid my throbbing cock in the deep valley. His sphincter was just below, but we both knew that wasn't where I was going. As my cock snuggled in between his hard cheeks, Shane began to roll them, flexing them to massage my cock. The pre-cum spewed out of my slit, dripping right down onto his ass hole.

Release was imminent.

Shane's ass muscles actually wrapped around my cock. My dick's head pointed skyward as Shane manipulated the main portion of my shaft with his powerful glutes. He was enjoying this very much, I could tell. I tried to hold off, but it was no use. Resistance, as they say, was futile. Shane straightened up just a bit, so that his upper torso was now parallel with the floor.

My cock exploded with a huge rope of white jizz. It flew through the air and landed on the mountainous terrain of Shane's back muscles. I squirted so hard that some of my cum got all the way up to Shane's neck and head.

He continued to massage my cock, masturbating me with his glutes.

My hands held onto his waist, and I hollered, "Ohhhh, ohhhh!" as I pressed my crotch against his ass. I never wanted this moment to end.

When I was done, Shane's back side was criss-crossed with a roadmap of my semen. He held still as I collapsed onto his wet back. The jizz got all over my torso and face, but I didn't care. I held onto his lats and breathed hard, trying to recover from the most powerful, most erotic orgasm of my life. I found myself pressing my dick against his ass, pushing out the last few drops of my semen onto his butt.

Shane remained still; it was I who broke the position, rising slowly, pushing on his back as I straightened. When I was off him, Shane straightened up and turned toward me, grinning.

"Thanks for the massage," he smiled. "I feel a lot better."

I looked at him, askance, smiling slightly. My cock was still pretty erect, but it was starting to lower. And to my pleasure, I noticed that Shane's cock was thicker and longer— and straighter than before. He was semi-erect.

"But I'm feeling something kind of wet on my back," Shane continued. "I think I'd better hop in the shower." He walked toward the stairs, stopped and turned his head toward me and said, "You'd better come on up with me. You should probably wash up too."

His master bedroom was spacious— tall ceilings and lots of room. I followed him into his master bathroom; it too was huge. At one end there was a large bathtub that could probably hold two people. Next to that was an oversized shower, encased in glass, with two shower heads sticking out of the marble wall.

Shane walked into the shower and turned on both faucets, stepping to the side as he adjusted the water temperature. I watched, amazed, at how big his biceps was as his extended arm tested the water. He motioned with his head, and a smile, for me to join him.

And I did.

I know I sound like a worn record here, but a big part of this whole story is the fact that all of this was so unbelievable to me. I couldn't ever recall coming up with a fantasy scenario that matched what I was now experiencing for real!

We washed ourselves for a minute, but then Shane asked if I'd make sure he'd gotten all of my jizz off his back. I took a bar of soap and ran my hands all over his broad back, being very thorough, of course. The sheer mass of his back was

amazing. He should be paying property taxes on this piece of real estate! And the erotic thing was that it narrowed down to such a tiny waist– and that ass was beyond words. Of course, I had to make sure I hadn't left any semen in his crack.

It was at this point that Shane slowly turned around. I moved my hands so as to not grab his cock when it came into view, but Shane took my right wrist and gently held it in place, so that as he rotated his body, his semi-erect curve fell right into my palm.

SweetMaryMotherOfJesus.

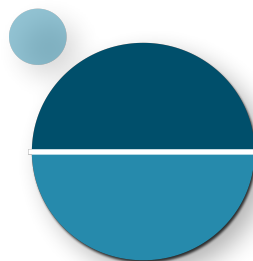
My soapy hand instinctively gave him a long, slow stroke, and his cock grew right in my hand. I could feel his heartbeat in it.

Shane soaped his hand and gave my cock the same treatment. Within the minute he was as hard as I had been. The guy was obviously not 18 anymore, yet his dick was as hard as my teenage one. We played with each other for quite a while. Then my hands found themselves on Shane's twin planets of pectoral muscles, and I... well, I just couldn't believe it.

Then, Shane leaned down toward my face, and as I felt out his chest, we began to kiss! Kiss!

God. His tongue was slow, warm and tender. Fuck, he kissed so good!

For the second time that hour, I found myself coming all over Shane. This time, though, it was his front side. His slow hand masturbated me to climax while I felt his huge, thick pecs and we kissed.



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