

# OH GOD, JASON

*by Sean Reid Scott*

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ven from over two blocks away, Nolan could see that the guy approaching was buff: broad shoulders, narrow waist, big arms. But, as Nolan knew so well, what is advertised from far off isn't necessarily the same as the reality that exists when the distance is closed. So, he took a sip from his mocha and returned his attention to his iPad, as he enjoyed the late springtime warmth at the street-side cafe.

As he flipped through his Flipboard app, catching up on trendy news, he found one eye glancing up to check the guy's progress.

Hmmm, he thought. Still looking good.

Indeed, as the guy got to the far end of the block on which the cafe sat, Nolan found himself looking more at the guy, and less at the iPad.

*Damn*, this guy is a looker!

Then, in an instant, Nolan's simmering lust turned to horror. Oh, God-- it's Jason! What Jason was doing on this side of town, Nolan didn't even ponder. Nolan was too occupied with coming up with an excuse for his presence on this side of town. Neither of them lived on the East Side, and Nolan certainly didn't have any legitimate reason for being here. When he had planned this little foray into his dark side, he hadn't figured upon meeting someone he knew; much less did he plan out what he'd give for an excuse to be here. As Nolan struggled with a good story, Jason approached, and within seconds, the younger man recognized Nolan.

"Hey, Nolan," he smiled when he got within ten feet or so. "Funny meeting you clear over here. How you doing?"

Nolan stood. "Uh-- I'm doing great! Yeah, funny meeting you here!"

Jason's college-age body teemed with testosterone-infused muscle. Nolan had guessed Jason had always been naturally athletic, but as he moved into his 20's the young stud had thoroughly invested himself in his gym membership. Nolan knew from overheard conversations that Jason was an avid weight- lifter, and was interested in bodybuilding. Nolan found him irresistible, not just for his muscles; Jason's short-cropped blond hair and killer smile made Nolan go weak in the knees and hard in the groin.

The guy was chiseled; could easily take the stage with any bodybuilder his age-- and probably win, Nolan surmised.

The two men finished their handshake, and a brief awkward period was quickly interrupted by Nolan, "So, you getting a coffee here?"

Well, no. I mean-- I was just headed over to the record store. You know the one-- they have all those old LPs and 45s," Jason said.

"Oh yeah," Nolan smiled. Dang-- that would have been a good cover, if I would have thought of it.

Jason, somewhat nervously, stuck his hands into his jeans, straightening his big arms next to his torso. His big shoulders raised, and his triceps bulged and rippled as if they were live animals. He smiled. "Well, I'd better get going. See you at College/Career tonight?"

"Sure will," Nolan smiled. "Good luck on your record hunt," he said as Jason went on his way.

His heart pounding in his chest, Nolan sat back down and racked his brain for a good story as to why he had been sitting outside that cafe. Surely Jason would bring up their chance meeting later, and he needed a good reason for being there-- not just for Jason, but for anyone else who might learn of it.

His gut wrenched into a knot, Nolan eventually closed his iPad and headed for his car; his original plan would have to wait. He couldn't follow through now. Not after Jason saw him.

College/Career met every Wednesday in the old Victorian house the church owned next to the main sanctuary building. It had been used as a parsonage in years past, but now served as an almost fraternity-style meeting place for the college-age kids at Evangelical Salvation Church. The place was open pretty much every day, since that's where the youth pastors had their offices, and occasionally kids would stop by before or after a college class, or work, to flop on the couches and talk. So the place was usually occupied with a few people.

But Wednesday nights... that's when the place really filled up. And this night was no exception. There was a rousing time of singing, and a few announcements, and then it was time for the lesson.

"Turn in your Bibles to Ephesians chapter one," Nolan said as he stood to address the crowded room. Couches, tables and chairs, and the rug-covered floor, were filled with late teens and early 20-somethings, all there to enjoy the fellowship and to be fed the Word. Of course, Jason was in the audience, too, and Nolan couldn't help but be distracted by the kid's amazing arms.

Nolan's message was interspersed with questions to the group, and by the time the hour was over, a spirited conversation had taken place.

A few more songs were followed by a time for prayer requests ("Please pray for my Uncle's belly-button surgery") and then about 20 minutes in subdued, heads-bowed, eyes-closed, thoughtful and pensive prayer. It was a time of quiet reflection, interspersed by people taking turns praying aloud.

When the group dispersed, kids divided into cars and headed out to grab hamburgers, and the like. Some lingered and talked at the house. Nolan stayed and talked with a few kids.

Nolan was 29, and was just finishing up at seminary, getting his M.Div. He was planning (Lord willing) on entering the ministry full time, but for now, his long days were torn between the graduate school, a job at a convenience store, his job as a Youth Minister at church, and his budding family at home: Sasha, his wife of two years, and their 3 month old daughter, Rachael.

After Nolan finished talking with one of the kids, he turned around and found Jason waiting for him. The dude was still wearing the same short-sleeved, striped henley shirt he had been wearing when they met on the other side of town that afternoon. God, the dude was possibly the most desirable piece of youthful muscle Nolan had ever encountered.

Jason smiled, and Nolan nearly melted.

"Hey Jason," Nolan said, extending his hand to shake, while wrapping the other around Jason's hard trap in a friendly grip, and then let go. "Good to see you-- again," he chuckled. He once again rehearsed the story in his mind, ready to give an answer if one was needed as to why in the world he'd be sipping a mocha in that neighborhood.

Funny... the thought never occurred to him to question Jason's reason for being there...

"Uh-- Nolan," Jason started as the smile faded away from his chiseled face, "I was wondering if I could talk with you. In private."

Immediately, the same inner pang that had gripped Nolan as Jason had spotted him at the cafe returned in full force. Why? In private? What did Jason know? Was it that easy to tell why I had been on that side of town?

Convinced that what was to follow was going to be a loving, yet convicting and painful confrontation over his tendencies toward men, Nolan uneasily agreed to step upstairs to his office and talk to Jason in private. "Sure, man. What's on your mind?"

Nolan tried to keep a good face forward, but his uneasiness began to overtake his nervous system, and by the time the two men stepped into Nolan's office upstairs (a remade bedroom from years gone by) the youth minister was sweating-- almost noticeably. He closed the door to the hallway, and motioned for Jason to have a seat in the chair that faced his desk, while he himself walked around behind the desk, sat in his office chair, and nervously grasped the edges of the desk in preparation for what Jason was about to tell him he knew.

"Well, I..." Jason said. "It's kind of hard to say..." The muscular stud looked down at the floor as he talked. He clearly was nervous. Even so, and in spite of the impending doom Nolan felt, the older man couldn't help but be somewhat aroused by the gorgeous, hunky man on the other side of his desk. Jason's lean skin was so taut, so gorgeous... Nolan could actually see the kid's temples moving to the beat of his heart as he tried to find words.

"Take your time," Nolan said, still gripping the desk. If anything, Nolan had learned to be a good actor-- sincere in every way. At least, coming across that way.

After another few seconds-- which seemed like hours-- Jason tried to start up again, "Well. I haven't told anyone about this..."

At least I have that going for me, Nolan thought. Maybe there's a way he and I can just keep this our little secret.

Nolan remained silent. In his counseling classes at seminary, he had been taught that when someone is having a hard time talking, you need to be quiet and let them take it in their own time.

"I guess I'll just blurt it out, and we'll sort it all out afterward," Jason said, almost visibly fidgeting.

Nolan said nothing.

"I think--" Jason took a big breath, and then sighed. "I think I might be... gay."

Nolan was stunned. Then beside himself with relief. Then stunned and shocked again. He knew now, that his reaction had to be non-judgmental. His seminary training kicked in again. No matter how much he wanted to laugh and celebrate that he hadn't been found out, no matter what he wanted to do, Nolan knew that even the slightest smile right now would be a hinderance to Jason. So, he himself drew in a long, slow, imperceptible breath as he silently lifted up a prayer, Thank you, Lord, and then said, "Why do you think that?"

Suddenly, the thought occurred to Nolan that Jason was the last man on the face of the earth he would have suspected as being gay; a true stud in every way, Jason was the epitome of 100 per cent jock.

Jason, still downcast, lifted a wrist to his eye, apparently wiping away a tear. "Because... I don't really like women. I mean, not sexually..."

Nolan felt like he was being pulled through an emotional ringer. In a matter of minutes, he had experienced horror and doom, then jubilation and relief, then surprise and shock; and now, his heart was heavy with sympathy and empathy for Jason. He fought back the tears, remembering to remain objective.

"Is that all?" he asked sensitively.

"No." Jason looked up now, directly into Nolan's eyes. He indeed was crying. "I masturbate-- a lot."

Nolan waited an appropriate interval, gathering his thoughts, and said "Well, despite some people's interpretation of the passage on Onan, I don't think there's really a biblical prohibition against that."

"But... whenever I do... you know... jerk-- I mean masturbate, I don't think about women. It's always... always about... men." His eyes pleaded for mercy, for comfort, for some form of absolution; for a way out of his personal hell.

Nolan was forced to avert his eyes.

"It's lusting," Jason confessed. "And it's the worst kind of lusting. I am constantly lusting about men." With that, Jason seemed to open the verbal floodgates, and out came confession after confession concerning his obsession with men, finishing his monologue with, "The Lord said that if you even look at a woman lustfully, you have committed adultery with her," Jason said, "so what I've done is committed unspeakable acts with men, because I've looked at men very, very lustfully."

Nolan cleared his throat. He shifted his position in his chair, having let go of the desk a minute or so ago. "Tell me, Jason," he said, clearing his throat once again, "how long have you felt this way?" As the words left his mouth, he knew the answer to his question, and simultaneously he knew that the answer didn't matter. It was just something counselors ask.

"Oh, I don't know. I've always been fascinated by men-- even when I was a kid-- way before my feelings were sexual," Jason volunteered. "Then in middle school, I guess. More so in high school. I thought it was just a passing thing. Discovering who I was. Maybe I'd grow out of it." He looked intently into Nolan's eyes. "But I haven't grown out of it at all. I've grown into it." He sighed again, and looked at the floor. "I feel like such a failure. You don't know how many times I've prayed to God to be rid of these feelings. I've confessed my sin to Him every single day of my life since I was in middle school. I've begged Him to forgive me. To make my love for Him more powerful than my love for... men." He shuffled his feet and leaned back in his chair, looking up at the ceiling. "I can't understand why God wouldn't answer that prayer. Why would he let me continue like this when I want so badly to get out?"

Of course, Nolan had no answers for him.

"I was planning on living my life like this-- in this torture," Jason continued, "but today, when I ran into you over on the East Side... well I wasn't going to that record store."

"Oh?"

"There's a gay porn shop over there. That's where I was going. To get some stuff." He hung his head again. "It was when I saw you that I realized that I can't hide this forever. Someday, someone would find out." He lifted his eyes to Nolan's. "I didn't want to live like that-- always hiding."

Nolan could identify only too well. Yet as youth minister, he had to have some kind of answer. So, for the next half-hour, Nolan talked, consoled, gave a few bible verses, and then the two of them prayed together.

"You know, it just feels good to get it off my chest," Jason said as he stood to leave. "I knew I could trust you to be understanding."

"You can trust me totally," Nolan reassured. "This is a sensitive issue, and you can know that your confidentiality is secure."

"Thanks, Nolan." Jason smiled, wiping away the last of his tears. "I feel like giving you a big hug-- if that wouldn't make you uncomfortable... I mean, nothing sexual, you know."

Nolan laughed reassuringly, and walked around the desk to hug Jason. It was a difficult embrace. Jason had just emptied himself of quite a bit, and the kid was hurting-- needing someone. Nolan, however, couldn't help but enjoy the feel of the

mountainous ridges of Jason's muscular back muscles as his hands moved cautiously across them. He held the muscular stud gently, cursing himself for lusting after Jason in this position. But Nolan had had it bad for Jason from the first day he laid eyes on him. And now, seeing him so vulnerable, so weak, yet so strong and solid... and knowing what his vulnerability really was...

"You want to schedule a counseling appointment?" Nolan asked as the two men separated.

"Sure," Jason smiled.

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The following Wednesday's College/Career meeting had broken up, and Nolan and Jason found themselves in Nolan's upstairs office once again.

Actually, Nolan didn't even register the time between being downstairs and now being in the office.

The youth minister found himself nursing a hard-on under his desk as Jason cried more, and confessed his weakness for men.

And then, again, without an apparent passing of time, Nolan found himself in front of his desk, his butt placed on its edge, facing Jason directly as the young man sat in front of him.

Directly next, Jason was taking off his shirt, offering his youthful, fully-developed, muscular body to the counselor. Nolan nearly fell to his knees in front of the young Adonis/Hercules. Those muscular, pouty pecs were irresistible.

A flash of time later, Nolan found his throbbing cock nestled securely between Jason's flexing pecs. The chest muscles rolled and massaged the sides of Nolan's shaft; pre-cum oozed out of Nolan's piss slit onto Jason's blemish-free, young, thick chest.

Nolan's ripe cock had hardened to steel. He could feel the boiling white semen begin to work its way up his pulsing, thick, long penis. He had never had a boner so hard. He put his hands on Jason's broad shoulders, and as the gorgeous, young, strong face smiled back up at him, with those perfect-white teeth and that strong, wide jawline, Nolan's cock could take no more. Jason's massive pecs wrapped themselves around the youth minister's cock with a final, hard clench. And unable to control himself, Nolan began to spurt. Hard.

Thick, glue-like ropes of white semen splashed up onto Jason's chin. The college-jock smiled as droplets of jism landed on his face as well. He squeezed his pecs hard to milk Nolan of all he had.

Nolan released each orgasmic blast with abandon. He yelled in ecstasy, with no concern that his boisterous vocalizations might be heard downstairs.

"Oh God, Jason! Oh God, Jason!" he repeated as he emptied his love offering onto Jason's muscular body.

"Oh God, Jason!"

"Nolan? What's wrong?" Sasha quickly flipped on the bedside light, her eyes wide.  
"Nolan? What's wrong?"

Nolan shook his head, dizzy with pleasure-- and now, suddenly, fear. "Oh-- what..." he mumbled loudly. He quickly gathered himself and set his bearings.

"Nolan, what is it? Did you have a nightmare?" his wife asked, startled by her husband's deep-night outburst.

"Oh, Sasha," Nolan said, relaxing his back from its previous arched stretch. "Oh..." he exclaimed, falling back into his pillow. "I'm alright. I'm alright. Yes. What a nightmare," he said, trying to collect his thoughts and assess the damage his outburst might have made.

"Are you sure?" Sasha pleaded. "It must have been a horrible nightmare."

Nolan turned to his wife and tried to give her a comforting expression. "I'm okay now. Just a bad dream. I'm sorry I woke you," he said, rubbing her forehead. Sasha wasn't that easy to comfort; it took a few minutes before her heart settled down.

Nolan's too.

"Are you sure everything's okay?" she asked as she turned off the light and tried to get back to sleep.

"Yes, sweetheart. I'm fine. I'm sorry I woke you up. I didn't mean to scare you," Nolan reassured.

Sasha settled back into her pillow. "I'm sorry you had such a horrible dream," she said softly, trying to relax. "And who is Jason?"

Nolan tensed. At that very moment, his hand found his pajama crotch, and he realized he had had a massive orgasm. The fabric was drenched in his semen.

What a wet-dream...

"Oh-- I don't even know..." Nolan feigned. "It was such a strange dream. I was trying to save this little boy, named Jason. He was falling off a cliff. I don't remember the rest... Let's just try to get some sleep."

Sasha tried to comfort her husband by snuggling close. But Nolan turned away from her, protecting his wet pajamas. He would wait for about 15 minutes to be sure



Sasha was asleep before gingerly crawling out from the covers and sneaking into the bathroom to clean himself up.

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Nolan couldn't keep his mind on the hermanutics lecture. All he could think about was last night's dream. It had been the most erotic dream he'd ever had; and he couldn't ever remember spontaneously coming while he slept-- even as a young teenager. Vision's of a shirtless Jason sitting in the chair before him, with all those bulging muscles-- and his perfectly perfect smile...

After class, Nolan had to relieve himself of the sexual tension. But he needed to do it fast if he wanted to get to his job at 7-Eleven on time. He parked his old beater toward the edge of the Walmart parking lot and unzipped himself. He had parked here to do his business a few times before, but usually he had a bodybuilding magazine or some gay porn pictures to accompany his activities.

This time, all he needed was his imagination.

He made it to work on time, but only because his masturbation session went so quickly. It only had taken three or four strokes, and Nolan was practically splattering the header with his jizz as he moaned Jason's name once again. Fortunately he had waited till after his orgasm to change from his school shirt into his more grungy work T.

He got off work and was home by 7:15; Sasha had a women's bible study to attend, so she was out the door as soon as Nolan arrived to watch Rachael.

"I pumped breast milk for her; its in the fridge on the top shelf," she said as she kissed Nolan and left.

For some reason, that thought didn't sit well with Nolan.

He had thought that getting married would change the way he felt toward men; you know, having sex with a woman might be just the ticket to turn him straight. It wasn't.

Sex with Sasha was... well, it was compulsory. He did it out of obligation. And when he did, he always thought about men-- usually muscular men. Fortunately, Sasha didn't seem very driven by sex, so Nolan "did it" only frequently enough to reassure her he was a man. As far as he was concerned, he'd rather handle things himself, if the reader gets the drift.

He had never been unfaithful to Sasha; in fact, even before they married he'd never been with anyone-- man or woman. He knew that would be a sin. And, like Jason, he knew it was a sin to lust after men. As a matter of fact, every thing Jason had confessed to him the night before-- Nolan knew was true of himself.

He had also hoped that going to a Christian college might be his salvation from his dreaded desires. More bible is what he needed. And when that didn't seem to stem the tide, he threw himself in to seminary-- maybe an advanced degree would do the trick. So now, Nolan was cruising down the highway of life, headed for "the ministry," where he would preach, teach and counsel others in the way of the Lord.

He was only too aware of the hypocrisy of his life, yet he believed he was trying to do the right thing. Like Jason, he had confessed, prayed, pleaded and begged God for a way out. Maybe it was just a matter of patience. God isn't through with me yet, was his comforting refrain.

Nolan gave Rachael her bottle and put her in her crib. He left the door to her nursery open a crack stirred. He plopped himself down in his easy chair just as his cell phone rang. The caller ID told him it was Jason.

"Is it alright if I stop by?" Jason said. He sounded serious and concerned. "I figure Sasha's at bible study, right?"

Ten minutes later Nolan was seeing Jason into the living room. His heart had been racing since the moment he saw Jason's name on his telephone display, but he knew Jason was in a tender state right now, and although his imagination was racing with possibilities, he knew his first mission was to support and counsel.

Jason sat down on the couch opposite Nolan. He was wearing a lightweight jacket and T-shirt, over jeans. He could wear a burlap sack and he'd give guys fits, Nolan thought to himself.

"You know that talk we had last night," Jason started. "Well, I was wondering if maybe we could just forget all about it. Make like it never happened."

Nolan was surprised, yet not shocked. "Why do you want to forget about it?"

"Well, I just think that I can handle this," Jason said, wringing his hands together as he talked. His eyes were only occasionally meeting Nolan's. "I mean, I do like hanging with women. And I've had a couple of girlfriends in the past. Maybe what I said last night was blown out of proportion."

"Well, that's possible," Nolan reassured. He didn't want to cut Jason off at this point.

"I mean, hell-- uh, I mean, heck," Jason corrected himself, "I know that God has some great things in store for me. I think I just need to continue to wait on Him. He'll see me through."

"Well, Jason," Nolan said, "I know He certainly will. And if you want to cancel our counseling session next week, that's certainly up to you. But I'm not entirely sure this is something that's going to just go away for you."

"Maybe not," Jason said. "But at this point in my life, I don't think I'm ready to label myself... to tackle this in this way."

"Well, I will certainly pray for you, Jason," Nolan said. "I know it must be a difficult thing to grapple with. And if you ever do want to talk to me, you know how to get ahold of me."

"Thanks. Yes. And thank you for not mentioning this to anyone. Its not something I want to discuss with anyone. I thought I did-- with you-- but now, I'd rather just move past it."

Nolan leaned forward and put his elbows on his knees, looking into Jason's eyes. "You have my word, Jason. If you don't want to discuss it again, we won't discuss it again. What you've shared with me is in the vault. You know that. But you also know that if you find that you can't 'just move past it,' I'm here for you."

Jason looked like he was about to well up again. He glanced down at the floor, silently, then looked back at Nolan. "Thanks. I appreciate it."

The tail lights of Jason's car hadn't even stopped illuminating the window blinds of the front room before Nolan was in the bathroom stroking himself. His balls seemed to churn with hot desire. Within a minute, Nolan's liquid worship was being offered up to his very own personal man-god. The mirror, the sink, and Nolan's pants were stained with white juice.

Nolan spent the rest of the evening in his easy chair, praying and confessing; meditating on the Word and praising God for His rich forgiveness, as he waited up for his wife to return home.

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In spite of his post-orgasmic confession session the night before, Nolan was tormented by his guilt. He didn't have any classes today, and he was working the swing shift at 7-Eleven tonight, so today was going to be spent at his church office in the College/ Career house. He had to prepare for Sunday night's after-church meeting with the kids. They gathered on Wednesday and Sunday nights at the house, and Sunday night's meetings were usually more focussed on worship, singing and prayer. Nevertheless, that took planning; and he'd want to spend a few minutes teaching the Word, too.

As he sat at his desk, however, Nolan was frustrated and depressed. How could he lead these college-age kids when his own ability to control his sexual desires was nil? He tried to comfort himself that he'd never actually had sex with a man, but of course his theology kicked in to remind him that his thought life was the shits.

He dropped his forehead to his desk and fought back the sobs. Sobs for his unending struggle, for the disappointment he must be to God, for his unrequited-- and unrequitable-- love for men in general, and Jason's astounding person in

particular: his youthful smile, his exuberance, his athleticism, his one-of-a-kind energy, his amazing physique that rippled with masculinity.

The ringing phone on his desk brought Nolan upright.

It was the church secretary, in the main building. "Nolan, I just got a call from Jason Mitchell. He wanted to make an appointment with you."

"Yes?"

"Well, it was strange. I offered to transfer him to your extension, but he refused. He just wanted me to schedule him for an appointment next Monday afternoon. I told him you make your own appointments and that I'd have to transfer him to you to do that, but... well he just said he'd call back later, then hung up. I thought I'd mention it to you..."

Nolan furrowed his brow. "Hmm... thank you, Nancy." He hung up the phone.

He picked up his cell phone and called Jason. It ended up going to voicemail, and Nolan said, "Jason-- Nolan. The church secretary just let me know you wanted to schedule an appointment for Monday afternoon. I am free then, so give me a call back if you'd like to meet. See ya, man..."

Nolan got home from his 7-Eleven job at about 2:30 AM. He slid into bed quietly and awoke about six hours later to the sounds of Sasha rustling to get herself dressed.

"Oh, sorry to wake you," she demurred. "Rachael and I will be out of here in a minute." She bent down and gave Nolan a quick kiss. "See you Sunday night."

"Have fun at your parents," he replied groggily.

Nolan dozed back to sleep for an hour or so, knowing he had a rare full weekend alone-- no Sasha, no baby, no work shift at the store... nothing, until the College/Career meeting after Sunday evening service.

It wasn't until late that afternoon, though, that the reader's expectations of another meeting between Nolan and Jason were fulfilled. Jason showed up on Nolan's doorstep at about 5:00.

"I was wondering if... maybe I could come in for a minute," an embarrassed-looking Jason said.

"Why, sure, man," Nolan said, inviting him inside. Before they even got into the living room, Nolan stopped in the entry and turned to Jason. "You must be going through a lot. Your call to the church-- not returning my call. I take it you're a little confused, huh?"

Jason nodded his head. "Maybe I shouldn't be here."

"Why? You know you can trust me. I don't judge you, Jason." "I know. I mean, I guess I know. It's just so confusing."

Nolan ushered Jason into the living room and they sat. "So, Jase, what's up..."

Again, Jason was pensive and conflicted. "Well, there's something I didn't tell you the other night, in your office. About me."

Nolan wondered what could be more painful and revealing than coming out. "Oh?"

Jason now looked up and met Nolan's eyes directly. "Remember, when I gave you that hug, and said, 'nothing sexual'? Well that wasn't really true."

Nolan tried to not show his hard swallow.

"You see," Jason continued, "not only do I have it for men, but... I have it... I mean, I'm attracted... to you, Nolan."

Holy shit. I mean... Ho. Ly. Shit. Nolan sat motionless.

"I know that's gotta be creepy and everything, but I thought I should be upfront with you," Jason said. "I don't expect that you'd feel comfortable around me, so... anyway... I just thought I'd come completely clean with you."

"Um... no Jason," Nolan said slowly. "Its okay. Not creepy at all."

Jason looked down at the floor. Nolan loved how the kid's traps bulged when he did that.

"Um, would you mind telling me... I mean... do you feel comfortable telling me what it is that attracts you to me? I mean maybe you don't want to talk about it..." Nolan's voice trailed off.

"I don't mind talking about it, but I didn't think you'd want to know those kind of details."

"Sometimes it just helps to talk about it," Nolan reassured.

"Its your eyes, and your hair," Jason started as he looked at his feet. "The way you sound when you laugh. Your five-o'clock shadow that's there at noon. Your skin is perfect. You have a really nice, lean build. It's the way you talk to people-- really caring. The way you listen; the cephalic vein that runs down your biceps when you wear a short-sleeved shirt." Jason paused for a minute, then said, "Its how you are with Sasha-- tender and loving. When you hold Rachael, I want to die. You are a big man, yet you are so gentle."

Jason stopped short. He looked up when he heard Nolan sniffing. Tears were running down Nolan's face. In a moment, Nolan was in a full-fledged cry, trying to find some tissue.

"Dude..." Jason said. "I know I shouldn't have said anything. I didn't mean to..."

"No. No," Nolan interrupted. "No... don't say a word more."

Jason felt awful. He wanted to crawl into a hole. But as he covered his face with his hands in remorse for spilling his guts to Nolan, he felt Nolan close to him-- beside him on the couch. Before he could realize what Nolan was doing, the two men were in a tender, soft embrace. They kissed tenderly, and then Nolan said softly, "That's the most beautiful thing anyone has ever said to me."

"Oh my God, Nolan," Jason said, "I can't believe this. Am I awake?"

Nolan laughed through his tears, "Yes, big boy. You're awake. The real question is, 'Am I?'"

"Really? You felt this way all along? About me?" Jason asked between successive, tender kisses.

"Jason, I went mad the moment my eyes first landed on your broad shoulders. You have no idea what it's like to be standing in front of the Wednesday night group and seeing you in the crowd, and just going to pieces inside. Your smile, your muscles..." Nolan said as his hand found Jason's upper arm.

They moved their heads so they were cheek-to-cheek, breathing into each others' ears.

"I'm mad about you, Jason," Nolan whispered.

"I can't believe this is happening," Jason returned.

Their lips met again, and soon the tender, soft kisses progressed into passionate, erotic expressions of sexual desire. Hands moved over muscles. Moans turned to groans. Shirts were unbuttoned. Pants unzipped.

Minutes later they ascended the stairs to the guest room. Inside, they kissed again, and the rest of the clothes came off.

It was the first time for both of them.

As they slipped beneath the cool, crisp sheets, Nolan found his hands fondling Jason's powerful build: his wide shoulders, his biceps, his pecs, his rippling abs, his muscular, thick legs.

Nolan climbed on top of Jason and the two men smiled. The older man rotated his hips and pressed his crotch against the younger, and that was all it took. He

lowered his face to Jason and the two explored each others' mouth as Nolan emptied his seed onto the mounds of abdominal muscle on Jason's torso.

Jason had a bit more control, and he didn't come until Nolan gave him few strokes on his youthful, iron-hard cock. The sheets would need to be changed; but they decided to wait until Sunday afternoon to do that. No reason to make more work than was necessary.

"Hungry?" Nolan asked as the two men lay staring up at the bedroom ceiling, basking in the afterglow.

"Famished," Jason replied.

"Good. Let's get dressed and go out for some steak."

"Really?" Jason smiled, turning his head to his new lover.

"Yeah. I think we're going to need some energy for the rest of the night," Nolan grinned.

"You mean, the rest of the weekend," Jason chuckled. "Yeah..."

## Just a Word

by Sean Reid Scott



**Your comments are encouraged.**

Please click the following address to send me a message:

[sean@seanreidscott.com](mailto:sean@seanreidscott.com)

Also, please make sure to visit my website:

[musclestimulus.com](http://musclestimulus.com)

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