

# MY CRUSH, JJ — CHAPTER ONE

by Sean Reid Scott

[NOTICE: This story contains vivid descriptions of homosexual encounters. There's lurid, kinky sex here. Homo sex. It's proly straight out of HELL, if you're inclined to hold the religious perspective. Really, this story is not for those who button the collar tightly. If you can't stomach this kind of smut, skedaddle. Likewise if you're under 18. Additionally, please note that this is a work of fiction. Any resemblance of characters herein to any person, living or past, is unintentional, coincidental and totally not what the author had in mind.]

IT ALL STARTED LATE ONE NIGHT while I was on Facebook Messenger. I saw that my long-time buddy at work, Josh, was online. I hadn't seen him in a few years, since I'd transferred to a different work center. I had always been mesmerized by Josh. We'd become good friends right off the bat. Sometimes I called him JJ (his last name was Johnson).

Josh was the epitome of a walking wet dream—at least for me. I'm hopelessly attracted to big, buff, lean, bodybuilding-types. And JJ was that in spades. He was very tall, had a gorgeous, manly face—with to-die-for dimples when he smiled, and a gut-wrenchingly hot cleft in his chin. Said chin was firmly mounted on a sharp, square, strong jawline. And don't get me started about his perfect, bright smile. Teeth to make the sun jealous. In short, the man should have been a model, not a delivery driver like all of us.

Oh, and did I mention the muscles? Huge and ripped. I mean, seriously. The first time I laid eyes on him, when he was a new-hire, his physique blew me away. He was the consummate bodybuilder. A true muscle stud: Thick neck and bulging traps (supporting that gorgeous face), freakishly-wide shoulders with gloriously-defined and round deltoids, an amazingly thick chest, a skinny waistline, and under his uniform pants, it was obvious he trained his legs as much as his upper body. Like I said, the man was a muscle god.

I chatted him up right away, and soon we were buds. And almost immediately, he was my life-crush. I'm serious. I had a hopeless obsession with this perfect man.

He was somewhere around 23 years old, just married, and eager to work hard and help out his fellow-drivers whenever he could. Yeah, on top of all that orgasm-inducing virility and muscle, he was just a fantastic guy.

Anyway, Josh has a great sense of humor—we are definitely on the same wavelength that way. A couple of years ago, though, I transferred to another building. It was a lot closer to my house, so the commute was a lot shorter. But I knew I'd miss Josh. And I did.

Right before I transferred, I came out to my work buddies. It was my big opportunity to come clean with my orientation. And actually, it was totally a positive experience, for which I was very grateful. Everyone seemed quite accepting.

Josh and I texted occasionally, and I followed his Facebook feed too. And we'd text on Messenger sometimes too. Josh, now in his mid-20s—and wifey, had had their first kid, a boy.

This particular night (it was a Friday at about 11:30) I saw the little green dot next to Josh's name, so I started up a convo with him.

What follows is what I copied and pasted from the Messenger feed on my computer's Facebook page. I'm not including the first, irrelevant, part of the conversation; it starts in the middle of a thought:

Me (Mike): I love bringing things to the table Josh. It was a great online discussion, bud. And BTW, I LOVE having you as a friend, JJ!

JJ: I love having you as a friend too Mike. If you ever wanna talk or text, my number is 888-888-1517 just so ya know.

Me: Thanks, Josh. I might just have to give you a call.

JJ: I'd like that.

Me: Even though our relationship has faded into an Internet kind of thing, I consider you to be a true spirit, Josh. Kinda miss seeing you every day like before.

JJ: I dig you too Mike.

Me: I'm sure you're still working out...

JJ: Yup. Could never stop that. In the gym at 5 AM every day before work.

Me: You getting bigger? And I don't think I ever asked how tall you are.

JJ: Yeah, I've put on a few pounds of muscle since you left. I'm six-foot six (198 cm).

Me: Nice. Yeah, I still have neck issues from looking up to you all the time back then.

JJ: Ha! That's what I like about you Mikey. Hilarious.

Me: Ha. Well you've always been a great friend, Josh. Just one of the many things I like about you.

JJ: Thanks. You're an easy guy to be a friend to. And to be honest, I have a lot of respect for you...when you came out, I thought that was cool.

Me: Thanks, bud. Yeah it was scary, but I really didn't get any pushback about it. I was glad for your kind reaction. Not surprised, actually, but definitely happy.

JJ: I'm glad. You're a great guy, Mikey. Like I said before, I really dig you.

Me: Don't get me all revved up here.

JJ: It's kinda my thing. Can't help myself...

Me: Yeah. Well, I guess I'll just have to walk away from your coolness. I hope this doesn't offend, but since you know all about me...you HAVE to know that I think you're really good looking.

JJ: Aww, Thanks. To be honest, I kinda got the impression that you did.

Me: And...did that bother you?

JJ: Not in the least. It's nice to have someone you like think you're good looking, I guess.

Me: Well, I'm definitely in that category man.

JJ: I appreciate that. Thanks.

Me: And just being blatantly honest here...I've always been attracted to the big, buff, muscle-types—of which you are the best I've ever encountered!

JJ: Wow. Thanks. I like hearing that!

[There was a long pause here. Finally I worked up the nerve to say: And, again, not to get all weird or anything, but you must know what gay guys do when they fantasize about gorgeous muscle guys like you, don't you?]

JJ: Ha! That's hilarious. I was actually wondering if you did. To tell the truth, I think that's pretty hot!

Me: Holy hell. Joshua, you have no idea the thoughts I've had.

JJ: Or the jerking-off you've done?

Me: Indeed!

JJ: While thinking about me?

Me: Um. Well... maybe. Yeah.

JJ: You're making me blush, Mikey. I think that's kinda cool. And kinda hot to know.

Me: I might make you blush, Josh, but you make me hard. Whoa. There. I said it. So sorry.

JJ: Don't be. Like I said, I really think you're a cool dude.

Me: Fair warning here: I've been drinking. And my mouth prattles on when I drink.

JJ: Haha! No problem. I've actually been drinking too. And when I drink I get too talkative too.

Me: But damn you have some big muscles. I mean, I don't mean to go on and on, but holy fuck, your body is so buff.

JJ: Well, I'm glad you feel comfortable to tell me about it. And like I said, it's kinda hot to know you think that.

Me: Well maybe I should just step back a bit. I mean: your bigness, and your totally good-lookingness, it's kinda overwhelming at times. Should I run?

JJ: Ha! You better! I do get frisky and experimental when I get a few beers in me!!!

Me: Okay. Well, experiments never hurt anyone, as far as I can tell. Nor does friskiness...

JJ: Are you trying to seduce me, Mr. Mike?

Me: Never...

Then I added: Or—maybe...

JJ: Well it's working...

Me: Oh really? Well, that sounds interesting. But remember. Like I said, I've been drinking. Yet, what better venue to explore stuff on the DL. No?

JJ: Absolutely. LOL. Yeah, please excuse me if the spirits have caused me to be too loose and suggestive.

Me: Well, you can probably imagine that it's not too suggestive for me! And suggestions never hurt anyone, IMHO.

JJ: True that. But I didn't mean to make things weird...

Me: No. Not weird at all, bud. You know all about me, man. And personally, I've learned to never judge others. We all have our secrets that we don't want to divulge to the public. I kinda like suggestive stuff.

JJ: Well, I guess now that I blurted out some of the stuff I've kept inside and struggled with, there's not much to hide. Like I said, I was glad to hear when you came out. I have always admired you, and looked up to you.

Me: Thank you, Josh. But seriously, you've got me curious about that secret side now. What did you mean?

JJ: Well, I just guess that deep down, I'm kind of a showoff at heart, you know?

Me: Well, I suppose you'd have to be a bit of a showoff to get up on stage at bodybuilding contests, wearing only a little piece of cloth, flexing your almost-naked body for everyone.

JJ: Haha! I didn't really look at it that way. But the secret showoff in me also thinks it'd be fun to show off in private.

Me: In private?

JJ: Yeah. You know, just me flexing, and another guy watching. It's always been kind of a fantasy of mine.

Me: Whoa. Have you ever done that? With just one other guy watching? And what do you mean by fantasy?

JJ: Well, just once. My cousin, actually. But it wasn't that awesome or anything. He's kind of strait-laced.

Me: Ah...so you'd rather have a more...um...appreciative audience, huh?

JJ: LOL, I guess so.

Me: And that's what you envision...in your fantasy?

JJ: Yeah, I guess.

Me: Fuck, Josh. What's your address?! I'll be right there. I can certainly help you with that.

JJ: LOL! Ha! Really? It's a really weird fantasy of mine, I know. I didn't know how you'd react.

Me: I'm reacting with the hardest hard-on I've ever had.

JJ: Haha! Well, I like that you like me, Mikey. And to be honest, I've always thought you were very good looking.

Me: Really? Wow. Thanks. Now you're really getting me all frisky and experimental! Heh heh.

JJ: Hmm...I kinda like that. I'm flattered that you'd want to watch me flex.

Me: And jerk off while I do it?

JJ: Totally okay! Honestly! Holy hell, this convo is really making me hard. You'd really do that?

Me: For sure.

[Silence for a minute, then:] Me: Hmm...well, we certainly seem to be exploring new territory here. Just to be clear, I have no judgement here, but...you're married, and you have a kid. That sounds a bit incongruous to me. Again, no judgement of course.

JJ: I've always had some thoughts that I don't tell people about. I do love Lizzy, but sometimes....

Me: Sometimes you need...something else?

JJ: Well, I guess you could put it that way. Maybe.

Me: Answer me this, Batman. Have you ever explored that side of what you need?

JJ: Nope.

Me: Intriguing.

JJ: Yeah. It's just that, well, actually, being married and all...my wife doesn't like to do anything new.

Me: Ahhhh. I get it. I'm guessing missionary position and that's it?

JJ: LOL! How'd you know?! She's not into anything that's daring or even different. Just vanilla.

Me: Wow. That's tough, man.

JJ: And sometimes I want to try anal sex so bad, it's simply mind numbing.

Me: Dang, JJ. I can see how you'd be all wound up. A big, hunky guy like yourself must be all kinds of horny, and to have no way to work all that out....

JJ: Ha. No way. Therein lies the conundrum. I'm scared spit-less to go out and try to hook up with someone. It'd ruin my family if I were seen.

Me: I understand. Seems we're alike in that area. Tried to be straight; didn't work out how we planned.

JJ: Definitely. I seriously thought that once I got married I'd start liking women—my wife, for sex. Didn't happen. I know, you're probably asking yourself why I just didn't "come out" instead of marrying. Answer: My family and religion were pretty strong. Overwhelming, actually. It just wasn't an option. Getting married and starting a family is what you did, you know?

Me: Oh, tell me about it. That's usually the big reason most gay guys don't come out.

JJ: Consequently, I pushed down anything that had to do with gay feelings. And I learned to be a jock.

Me: Hello, JJ, you are the most masculine guy I know. A total jock and het kind of straight guy. My gaydar has never gone off with you. (Yet, that doesn't mean I didn't wish it—from day one!)

JJ: Hah!

Me: And getting back to what you said earlier: Anal sex. Hmmm: Sounds fun!

JJ: I've always found myself fantasizing, and arousing myself with thoughts of someone's penis. Also I love ass play and really think I would enjoy the "real thing". Yes, anal sex does sound fun! I've played with some toys before (dildos) when I've been alone, and they're great and all, but I really would like to do some ass fucking, to be honest. Maybe even have someone take me too.

Me: Well then...perhaps we should explore that situation. I'm not very experienced in these things, really. To be honest, I've only had one or two experiences....

JJ: Well, perhaps, we can have an "experience" together. I mean, obviously this is just between you and me.

Me: I'd like that. And yes. Obviously. Totally. 125%.

JJ: Goddamn, my heart is pounding so loud, I'm surprised it's not waking my wife in the next room.

Me: She doesn't know you're flirting with me, so she's sound asleep, I guess. Common situation with lots of guys—gay or straight.

JJ: I'm so hard right now. I'm weeping in my jeans.

Me: Ha! Please correct me if I'm wrong, but I am imagining that the thing that is weeping in your jeans is proolly quite large, thick, and long. No?

JJ: Hahaha! I've had no complaints. Are you soliciting a dick pic? LOL!

Me: Oh hell Yeah! I would love to have a look at it. Holy fuck, Josh. I can't believe we're having this conversation!

JJ: I've been complimented on it before. Yet I definitely don't purport to compare mine to what I imagine yours to be... but anyway... give me a sec.

After what felt like the longest minute in history, he said: Here ya go.

JJDick[Picture Received: The picture at the right is the actual pic my un-named friend (on whom this story is actually based) sent me, in real life.]

It was goddamn huge! Long, thick, perfectly gorgeous—and erect! I couldn't believe I was looking at a picture of Josh's cock!

Me: Holy Hell! I have no words! That thing is beautiful! OMG!

JJ: Haha. Thanks.

Me: Damn. I'm wondering how many lips have ever slid up and down that thing. Would be interested in adding my own to that number, if you're interested.

JJ: I would absolutely love that. Just gotta remember if it's too good and I cum I'm not gonna be hard enough for any other shenanigans thereafter;)

Me: Shenanigans thereafter? That sounds totally cool. But truthfully, I'd actually just be totally fulfilled if I could wrap my lips around that thing. And dayum it'd be amazing to make you come in my mouth. Truly, Josh, that pic is astounding! You have to know that your thing is not only long and thick (porn-worthy) but quite aesthetic. From my (sadly) limited exposure to it, it seems to be a work of art.

JJ: I have been told on more than one occasion that it's quite attractive. LOL

Me: Holy fuck. Like I said before (too many times?) I am hopelessly attracted to good-looking guys with lots of muscles. Bodybuilder types. Big, muscular physiques. Um... like yours. I remember when you got hired on and I saw you that first day. You were (and are) a walking wet dream, Josh. I got hard in three seconds when I first saw you. I truly can't believe we're having this conversation. Please pinch me.

JJ: Ha! That is awesome. I love it. So, are you saying that I've brought you lots of private pleasure? Haha!

Me: You have no idea. Goddamn, your body is a 10. There's no hiding your muscles in your browns [delivery uniform], dude.

JJ: Thanks, Mike. I'm glad I've been able to make you happy. And hard. Ha!

Me: Totally hard. It's embarrassing to admit, but I've come many, many times over you.

JJ: I can't tell you how much I like hearing you say that.

Me: Well, it's true. Shit, I'm so horny now to have a bit of fun, I can hardly stand it. Have you ever let someone swallow your cum?

JJ: Can't hardly stand it myself I can't believe this is happening! So, to be a bit more graphic here, you're into giving head?

Me: Fuck, fuck fuck, Josh. Don't do this to me. I would fucking love to wrap my lips around a nice, hard dick. Especially if it's yours. Ha!

JJ: To be honest, I would fucking KILL to get some head!

Me: Well, I would fucking KILL to GIVE some head! shit, Josh. Staring at that picture: I want to run my lips up and down it, and make you totally come in my mouth.

JJ: I would love to come in your mouth, believe it! Goddamn I want my dick sucked so bad. Fuck, Mikey! You're gonna make me come in my pants, dude. I've never been this hard.

Me: K. Well, so if I suck your dick, I'll be the first dude to do it?

JJ: Yup.

Me: Shit, you're making me drool. I'd love to touch your penis right now.

JJ: Goddamn I'm so hard right now. We need to hook up. I got a bunch of fantasies going on in my mind. Would love to have you unzip me, and... well... let you explore.

Me: YES! Just the idea of exploring your dick and licking your ass... One of my fantasies would be to touch your muscles. Maybe have you flex them for me. Damn, that might make me spontaneously come though.

JJ: Oh, baby. I'd love to let you feel my muscles. Flex them for you. Let you touch me all over. Especially "down there". My pants fit such so when I get hard my cock rubs my thigh so it feels warm and nice.

Me: I mean, I'd love to feel how warm and nice it is. But of course, I'd also want to feel it without any pants in the way too.

JJ: Did I mention I'm a legit sex addict? According to a couple of counselors I've been forced to talk to. LOL

Me: No, you didn't. But that makes me like you even more!

JJ: Ha. I so want my dick sucked for sure.

Me: Actually, you have no idea. That's exactly what I want to do.

Me Again: OK, since we are sharing things and all, can you tell me this? How often do you jerk off, as opposed to having sex with your wife? Me, I jerk off at least every other day, almost always while watching porn.

JJ: I would jack off daily if I could. With the kid it's almost impossible to find time for sex. And with working long hours, and getting up early to work out... But if I could watch porn and do it I'd watch porn and wank every day.

Me: I hear you. I did a lot of jerking off in the back of my package car back in the day. Sometimes I brought porn to work in my lunchbox. Such sweet memories.



JJ: HAHAHA I've done that too. I've jacked off in the bathroom before or after work watching porn on my phone more times than I can count! And yeah (again, this is obviously top secret), I dig gay porn a lot. But to be very honest, the guy has to be good looking.

Me: I cannot fuckin' believe I am having this conversation with you, Josh.

JJ: Gotta admit I'm obscenely excited to get my dick sucked!

Me: Dude. I am equally obscenely excited to suck it!

JJ: Well as a matter of fact, wifey is going away for the weekend, to see her sister in Seattle. Her sis has kids too, so Jeannie is taking our kid with her. I'm going to be alone all weekend.

Me: OMG.

JJ: You could come over and I'll flex my muscles for you. You can feel anything you want. And you could jerk off and come all over me. Squirt on my muscles. And then you can go down on me and I'll ejaculate into your mouth. Goddamn, just typing those words makes me not want to wait.

Me: Gonna come right now, man. Gonna come just reading the words you just wrote.

JJ: Well, read 'em again Mikey. I'll wait. :)

[I was going nuts. Literally stroking myself while I texted with him. In a moment, he texted again.]

JJ: And I'm kinda glad you like big muscles because it's been a few years since you've seen me, and well, I've put on some muscle.

Me: Yeah? Yeah! But I find it hard to believe you could pack on any more muscle than I remember you having two years ago.

JJ: Believe it. Let me see, in the past two years I think I've put on over 25 pounds. Still at 7% body fat though.

Me: Get out of here. Are you serious? 25 pounds? And at 7%? Holy FUCK! So how much do you weigh?

JJ: 296.5 this morning.

Me: No way. No fucking way. I mean, don't get me wrong, I believe what you're saying, but just... no fucking way. You're six-foot-six and pretty-much 300 pounds? And 7% body fat? Dude. No freaking fucking way, man. Holy fuck.

JJ: Ha. Well, it's true.

Me: I suppose you get accused of using roids a LOT. I mean, I know you and you told me back in the day that you'd never do that to your body, right?

JJ: Totally right. Damn right. Never. But yeah, no one believes me when I tell them I'm natural. Fuck, most of the time when I look in the mirror \*I\* don't believe it. Ha ha! I don't take it personally when people say that I'm a roid monster. I take it as a compliment.

Me: I'm gonna cum, dude. Just imagining what you must look like now... give me a sec.

JJ: Ha! Well, maybe you should save it for tomorrow! Ha!

[At that point, I began squirting jizz into the air. It arked up in long, white ropes, paused mid-air, and landed on my keyboard and desk. Fuck. I panicked, lifting up my keyboard and making sure my semen didn't get under the keys. Fuck fuck fuck.]

JJ: You still there dude?

Me: Sry. Just wiping off my keyboard. Seriously.

JJ: Ha! No way! You're shitting me.

Me: Dude. It was one of the biggest orgasms EVER! I'm NOT shitting you.

JJ: Fuck. Wow! take a pic of your keyboard.

Me: Already did. Here ya go.

[Picture sent]

JJ: Holy shit!!! All of that's for me?

Me: No, it was for the neighbor lady. She's outside mowing her lawn in a bikini.

JJ: Ha! Liar.

Me: I'm a total liar. Of COURSE it was all because of you!

JJ: Damn, man. I can't believe that. You have no idea how hot it is to see cum that was made, just for me!

Me: Well, tomorrow, there'll be a lot more where that came from, dude.

JJ: I can't wait, man! I can't believe we're going to do this! I'm gonna try to keep it in inside tonight, but I doubt I'll be able to. Probably will be squirting up my bathroom mirror all night thinking about tomorrow.

[That actually put me over the top again, and I began ejaculating into the air once more. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.]

More to cum!