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MUSCLEMAN JEFF

by Derek Flex, A. K. A. Sean Reid Scott

I sat the barbell down and stood up. I was just at the end of my workout, pretty tired. I sat down on the bench to rest.

Just then, HE walked in. I had masturbated over this guy from the first day I laid eyes on him. He was the biggest, most gorgeous hunk I had ever seen.

I had first seen him about four months ago. He joined the club and began working out in the early mornings. He usually was there every morning that I came to workout, which was three mornings a week. I assumed he came every morning.

He stood about 6'3" tall. He had to weigh 280 pounds. He couldn't have been much older than 20. His hair was dark brown and in a flat top. His skin was absolutely perfect: tan and blemish-free. He looked tough. He didn't smile very often. His strong jaw line gave him an added look of strength. But he didn't need it from his jaw line.

He was huge. His traps and delts should have required a special permit. They were thick and massive. His chest barreled out in front of him. It had an unreal overhang that showed beautifully when he wore one of his tighter T-shirts. It was so incredibly thick! I could have LIVED on his chest! His ab definition showed through the fabric of

his tighter shirts also. It was unreal! This guy had to have less than 3% body fat!

His waist was probably less than 30 inches. And his legs! They were the most powerful hunks of gargantuan muscle I had ever laid eyes on! Wide, bulging quads.

I was most drawn to this guy's Herculean arms. Huge slabs of muscled beef hung at his sides. They were massive and so well defined! His triceps danced as he moved his arms. His biceps bulged as the pulsing blood vessel ran down its length. His forearms rippled with lean, thick muscles whenever he moved his fingers. His upper arms had to be at least 23 inches, maybe bigger. They gave me the biggest, hardest boners I have ever had.

This guy's symmetry was outstanding. I don't really like the guys who are big, but ugly. You know, the Dorian Yates types. They have massive bodies, but they just aren't sexually stimulating. The hunks who turn me on are those who have huge muscles, but are also balanced and really good looking: Dennis Newman, Mike Mattarazzo, Flex Wheeler, This Guy.

He was a knockout! He could have easily held his own with those pro bodybuilders! His long body just accentuated his narrow torso and bulging, pouting chest. He was an orgasm waiting to happen!

Occasionally, this guy would take a break from his workouts and move over to the mirror. He would strike a few poses, his huge muscles flexing through his shirt and shorts. He was fucking unbelievable. He seemed to like what he saw as he flexed for himself. I would watch and stare from the other end of the room. His posing was perfect! He was slow and graceful. Throbbing muscles bulged as he examined himself. A double biceps pose would almost blow out the lights. A side biceps pose looked so HOT! Other guys in the room would try to sneak peeks.

Everyone was in awe. But he wasn't a hotshot. He was quiet and polite. I wanted to eat him.

I had found out that this guy's name was Jeff. One day I had partially followed his car home, and deduced that he lived in the northeast corner of town.

He had become the subject of many of my evening masturbation sessions.

I had memorized much of his muscular body in my mind's eye. In my fantasies he would cum over to my house and show me his posing routine.

I would imagine him taking off his shirt and by that point I would usually start ejaculating. I rarely got to the point where he was nude, let alone to where we would be having sex. He was so HOT I couldn't keep from cumming long enough to fantasize to that point.

Jeff was wearing his dark green T-shirt today. One of my favorites. It hugged his massive upper body like a thin extra skin. His muscles bulged through the fabric as he walked into the room. He was wearing some workout shorts that were really tight. His genitals pushed out. His massive quads stretched the legs of his shorts. Blood vessels crisscrossed his quads. Thick muscles bulged as he walked. They looked so hot!

The weight room was empty this morning, except for the two of us. Jeff looked at me and nodded. His eyes lingered on me a little more than usual. He walked toward me and sat down on the bench next to me.

"Kinda empty this morning," he said. He had never talked to me before!

His voice was deep and resonant. His skin hugged the muscles on his jaw as he talked, bulging with each word.

My throat tightened, but I was able to begin a conversation with him. I don't know if it was because there was no one else in the weight room or what, but Jeff was pretty

talkative today. We had introduced ourselves and were getting along real well. My heart pounded as I worked out with him.

I spotted him on a few exercises. His powerful body strained under me. More than once I had to really control myself and stop myself from reaching out and touching his muscles as they bulged under the weights. I was hoping he'd ask me to sit on his back as he did calf raises or something. Maybe I could hang on his body as he did pull-ups. What a ride that would be!

But he just stuck to the standard exercises. Occasionally I did touch him as he finished a rep. His arms were so hot as I pushed them up in a final bench press rep.

He spotted my lame weights for me.

No one had entered the room. We were still alone.

Then it happened. After he was done with a heavy set of bench presses, he sat up. I went and sat down directly in front of him, on another bench. We were resting between sets. Jeff began to stare at me. He pointed his sparkling, green eyes at mine and started to look right at me for the longest time. He grinned slightly. His muscular body swelled as he breathed. He just kept looking at me. I looked away for a second and looked back. He was still looking at me! Just looking!

"What?" I said.

He just kept looking. And smiling. His eyes moved down my body and paused on my genitals. My boner was sticking up beneath my shorts! It was really obvious! I didn't know what to do!

Finally Jeff grinned a little more and said "Is that a baseball bat in your pants, or are you just happy to see me?"

I didn't know what to say. Jeff's smile grew bigger, his perfect teeth showing wide. I thought his grin would explode on his face. He looked to the side, out the window and laughed. His expression was so cute! He had dimples when he laughed. He slowly moved his hand down and squeezed his own cock through his workout shorts. He turned his head back to look at me and said "Don't worry. I'm kinda used to it."

I just sat there in terrified silence. Jeff stood up and walked over to me. He moved behind me and stood at my back as I sat in front of him. He placed his powerful hands on my shoulders and began to gently squeeze them, massaging them very softly. I was petrified. I couldn't tell if he was mad or not. It was very probable that Jeff would be the kind of guy who might beat the pulp out of me? or worse! He had always been a loner whenever I saw him. I really didn't know what kind of guy he was.

But his hands had a mesmerizing effect on me. I began to close my eyes as he massaged me a while. Finally he said "Don't worry about it Mark. I'm really kind of flattered. I've gotten used to you faggots watching me."

I thought I was a dead man.

He laughed. "I'm just kidding. I guess I'd have to call myself a faggot too, now that I think about it. That's why I got into bodybuilding. There's nothing quite like a well-developed man's body, don't you think?"

I couldn't answer, although the correct response would have been a resounding "YES."

He kept squeezing my shoulders.

"You probably go home and jack off after you see me in the mornings, don't you," he said.

I remained paralyzed.

Jeff bent over and moved his face next to mine. He leaned forward and moved his massive, bulging arm over my shoulder and down in front of my chest, his hand slowly landing on my genitals. Because I had been overwhelmed with fright, my boner had partially subsided. Jeff began squeezing. His huge arm swelled as his fingers lightly moved over the fabric covering my semi-erect penis. Jeff moaned very softly. His breathing was heavy. His cheek rubbed mine as he looked down to watch himself stimulate his prey. His face was warm. He smelled of muscle.

As he squeezed, my dick began to grow. Jeff was having his way with me, and I was helpless to do anything. I was still scared shitless!

My erection stiffened under Jeff's hand. I could feel his cheeks raise as his face smiled next to my cheek. He moaned a little more as my boner grew. His touch was unbelievable! He knew just how to touch me, just where to move his muscular fingers. He obviously had much experience in this area. He moved his thumb up and slipped it into my shorts and underneath my jock strap. It found my penis head. My precum moistened his thumb. He rubbed the liquid into my cock. His thumb was enough to get me going! I could feel my penis fill with semen. It tingled under Jeff's strong, but gentle touch. His forearm danced with bulging muscles as his thumb worked my penis head.

I began to jerk. Cum squirted into my jock strap, wetting Jeff's thumb. He pushed harder on me.

"Well, that didn't take long," he smiled. His arm bulged as he tensed it slightly. I reached up and began touching his huge arm muscles as he pressed me into sexual bliss. I jerked harder as I felt his muscles dance under my fingers. Jeff turned his head just a little and kissed my lips on

the side as he masturbated me. He smiled and groaned lightly. He lifted his thumb a little, exposing my squirting penis head. It shot up a few bursts of cum. They landed on my shirt. Jeff lowered his thumb, and my squirts emptied into my jock strap once again.

Just as I was reaching the peak of my orgasm, we both heard the door from the locker room hallway open. The door was around the corner and down a short hall, so whoever opened it could not see into the weight room until they walked down the hall and came into the room. Jeff quickly took his thumb out of my jock, removed his hand from me and stood up. He quickly moved over to his bench. I jerked once more, alone. I quickly adjusted my shorts and tried to make sure my semen didn't show through. My shirt had a few spots on it, and I tried to rub them in. I looked up to see Jeff pulling his thumb out of his mouth, licking it clean with a smirk on his face. He winked at me. A middle-aged man walked around the corner and into the room just as Jeff began another set of bench presses a few feet away from me. We were undiscovered.

My heart pounded as I tried to make myself look normal. I did a few sets of something while my penis ached with unreleased semen still inside. The older guy did some stretching at the other end of the room. Jeff pumped out a few sets of bench presses, moaning loudly. He didn't usually moan when he worked out, so I had to assume this little show was for me. He winked at me again as he sat up. His dimples killed me. His bulging traps hugged his thick neck. He was so muscular and hot! His upper body did me in. His musculature was truly a work of art. He was beautiful. So strong and in control. So powerful. The ultimate stud.

The old man began running on a treadmill machine. He was wearing a Walkman.

Jeff went over to his duffle bag and fumbled inside for a few minutes.

He walked over to me and handed me a piece of paper. "Here's my phone number," he said matter-of-factly. "If you're interested in getting together to work out at my house, give me a call. Maybe I could show you my posing routine, if your interested." He didn't smile or anything. He looked all business. Just one jock giving some information to another guy. Real cool.

I took the piece of paper and looked at the phone number. Jeff turned and grabbed his bag. "See ya later," he said. He walked out of the room, his muscular glutes flexing with each step. I sat on the bench, dumbfounded.

I had never had sex with another man. I had never told anyone about my sexual inclinations. I had never touched another man, nor had another man ever touched me in the way Jeff just had done. It was all fantasies. It was all masturbating dreams. It had never cum to fruition. The closest thing I had to reality was my hidden collection of muscle magazines and a few videos. Now, Jeff was inviting me over to his house! Just the two of us! He was hotter than any of my fantasies.

My stomach grew weak. I began to get nauseous. I wanted him so badly.

But was he just luring me over to his house to beat me up? Or kill me?

Was he another Jeffrey Dahmer?

I went home and laid on the bed. My stomach ached. I knew I would end up calling him, just because I couldn't stand to stay away. I knew I would do it. I just had to cum to the realization that I HAD to do it, even if it meant giving up everything. Everything.

Jeff was so hot. I pressed on my dick. My penis head stuck up above my shorts. All I could think about was his muscular arm draping over my chest, his hand masturbating me. My penis was extremely stiff now. I took it out and lightly touched it all over with my fingertips. It began

squirting. Thick globs of cum sprayed out and hit my shirt. A little bit shot up and landed on the bedspread. I brought myself to climax, completing the work that Jeff had started. I jerked violently as I dreamed about Jeff.

I finished my orgasm and relaxed. It had to be a record recovery time for me. Almost as soon as I was done cumming, I was ready for more action. I was ready to call Jeff.

At about noon, I finally worked up the nerve to call him. I had called a few times during the morning, but I hung up after the first ring.

Now, I finally let it ring through. His machine answered. My dick stiffened as I heard his sexy voice on the recording. I left a short message and my phone number and hung up.

At about 5:30 my phone rang. My heart pounded as I answered.

"Hey Mark, this is Jeff," he said. "I'm just returning your call, wondering if you want to get together tonight. Maybe do a little posing."

"Uh. Sure," I said.

He gave me directions to his house. I drove over immediately. My heart was pounding so loud it hurt.

Jeff opened the door to his house. He was shirtless, just wearing blue jeans. I had never seen him without his shirt. At the club, he never showered. Just went straight home.

He smiled at me and invited me in. His overdeveloped muscles were extremely HOT! His neck bulged with power. His traps were mountains on his broad shoulders. His fuckin arms were unbelievable! His thick chest pulsed with muscle. His defined abs looked like lumps of some kind of alien monster ravioli. His long, narrow waist was free of any fat, as it slid down into his jeans. He was barefoot.

Jeff's tricep bulged as he closed the door. My head became dizzy as I realized what was about to happen.

Jeff moved toward me. He smiled and cuddled his buff body up next to mine. His mammoth arms were relaxed, at his side. We were touching. I was getting faint. His 6'3" muscular body was all mine. His massive chest pushed against me, and he lightly nudged his jeans against mine. I nudged back, but he didn't move. He was so solid! He bent slightly and started to kiss me. Softly. Tenderly. He cupped my face in both of his hands and started feeling the inside of my mouth with his tongue. His big hands were warm and strong. I could feel the warmth of his massive arms as they curled in front of my chest. Jeff suckled my mouth like a tiny nursing baby. I thought I had died.

I brought my hands up to Jeff's bulging arms and gently squeezed. He flexed them a little, and the muscles grew. His hands remained on my face as he tenderly kissed me. His arms kept growing under my hands as I felt them. They were SO BIG! I fingered the blood vessel on his grapefruit-sized biceps. His skin was so lean, I could actually feel the muscle fibers of his biceps and triceps as I ran my fingers over them. And there was a lot of area for my fingers to run! They made my heart weak as I explored their unreal mass and hardness.

Jeff moved one hand down and unzipped my pants. I moved my hand to the back of his arm so I could feel his tricep bulge as he worked on my zipper. It didn't disappoint. I groaned as I felt his tricep dance under my hand. I almost gagged, he was so unbelievably muscular! He moved his hand inside my briefs and started to fondle my genitals. He had the HOTTEST touch! He was very slow and tender. He brought my cock to an extremely stiff erection in just a few seconds. My precum dribbled down my rod as he tickled me lightly. My shaft actually began to hurt because it was so stiff under his fingers. Jeff stripped me completely as we kissed and hugged.

Semen quickly filled my throbbing penis as we kissed. His fingers gently masturbated me as he groaned. I also groaned with pleasure. My dick felt like it would explode. And in moments it did.

With a very hard jerk, I began to shoot. This orgasm was the hardest, biggest one I had ever experienced. It hurt, it was so hard. My first jerks were so uncontrollable that I almost bit down on Jeff's tongue.

My jizz squirted up onto Jeff's abs and chest. He smiled and moaned some more as he rubbed me. I jerked, helplessly, in his embrace. It was the most passionate moment of my life.

Jeff really enjoyed this. He grinned as I reached my orgasm. A real big grin. He loved the power he had over me. He loved how I was totally weak next to his strength.

I almost fell to the ground. My knees became weak, and I wobbled. Jeff took the hand that was on my face and moved it to my waist to support me.

"You O. K.?" he asked with a concerned look on his face. His strong arm held me up as I finished my orgasm. He slowly removed his other hand from my genitals and held me in both arms. I squirted out a few more small shots and then stopped.

"I think I'm O. K.," I said. "It's just that you're a little more than I expected, I think." My words didn't make a lot of sense, but I was a little delirious, I think.

Jeff smiled and hugged me. He held me for a few minutes. His powerful arms enveloped me as I regained my strength, almost as if it was cumming from his strength. He was so tender to me. He was a very big man, with a very big heart. I knew that I was falling in love.

"Have you ever had a man before?" Jeff asked as we finally released our hold on each other.

"No," I said. "You're the first."

"Woweeeee," he said. "Looks like you hit the jackpot on your very first try!" He was so confident! He flexed his chest muscles, then his traps and delts.

"I'll say," I said.

Jeff kissed me again. He was so passionate! He pulled back and began to loosen his pants. His forearms danced with muscles as his fingers unbuttoned his jeans and unzipped his zipper. He tugged on his pants and pulled them down. His jeans strained and bulged as he forced them over his mammoth quads. His legs were so thick and muscular! Huge strips of muscle crisscrossed his upper legs. They bulged as his pants fell all the way to the floor. He stepped out of his pants. He was wearing red posing trunks. They were very brief. A small sack held his enormous genital package. His genitals were so big that the pouch of his trunks wasn't tight against his legs. I could see a little bit of his round, big balls in the crack at the back of his trunks. A thin strip of material hugged his waist. His glutes were partially exposed. He smiled at me. His dick was long and thick, pointing down. It moved slightly, under his trunks.

Jeff brought his hands up and placed them behind his head. His arms swelled to unreal proportions as he tightened them. They looked like they would crush his ears. He smiled as he flexed his body for me.

The skin on his abs recessed into the muscle and his six-pack bulged with definition. His abs seemed to grow thicker and higher. I had never seen a picture of anyone with abs that did this! He actually had peaks on his individual ab muscles! He was extremely lean. His trunks became loose on his waist as his torso narrowed. They looked as if they

might fall off, if not for the fact that his huge genitals held them in place. The silky fabric of his trunks hung loosely on his genitals. I would have given anything to be that fabric! Jeff stood there, still. He smiled.

"Do you think you could help me get these trunks off?" he grinned. His arms were still next to his head. I moved forward and began fondling his posing trunks. First, I ran my fingertips over the fabric. His dick, even though it was still limp, was hard under the fabric- very muscular and thick. Then I slowly spread my hand and squeezed the mass of his genitals. Jeff was frozen in anticipation. His dick began to stiffen under the fabric. It bulged against my hand as blood filled it and made it grow. I squeezed again. It grew more. Jeff groaned very softly. He kept his arms up as I explored his manmuscle.

Precum moistened his trunks. They actually were getting pretty wet. I was surprised at the amount of precum he was oozing out. It saturated his trunks. A drop of precum dripped off his trunks and fell to the carpet. I ran my finger up to the top of his trunks and slipped it under the strap. I slowly inserted it behind the fabric. My fingertip met his soft, brown genital hair. He had trimmed it, so it was low, and short. I moved my finger lower. It met the warm, thick flesh of his penis. I couldn't resist. I moved my hand inside all the way and began caressing Jeff's dick. It continued to grow. Jeff closed his eyes, his hands still behind his head. He was so HOT as I fondled him. His muscular body was in ecstasy as I gently rubbed his genitals. Slowly. Softly.

His dick straightened. It was getting extremely long! And it was very thick. I could tell it was time to get rid of the trunks. I pulled them down and over his massive quads. Jeff remained still.

His penis was now totally erect. It was easily 11 or 12 inches. But the most amazing thing was his precum! It seemed to almost gurgle and bubble up over his swollen head. His entire dick was wet with precum!

The clear, warm juice dripped to the floor as it fell from the base of his balls. I slowly wrapped the fingers of my right hand around his wet, throbbing shaft. Jeff groaned as I began to apply a light amount of pressure. I pushed downward. Precum streamed out of his hole and began to well up in the crevasse formed by my fingers as they encircled his dick. Soon the crevasse was full, and his precum began to stream down over my hand and fall to the floor. I couldn't believe this!

I moved my left hand onto one of his glutes. It was hard as steel. I pressed it. It didn't budge. Then, Jeff flexed his glute muscles.

They rippled under my fingers.

I squeezed and ran my right hand up and down Jeff's huge, hard rod, very slowly. His precum made a sloshy, juicy sound. Jeff moaned some more as I masturbated him. His arms flexed next to his head as I slowly, erotically brought him to climax.

Jeff jerked slightly as the first white shot of cum entered the air. It squirted up above his head and made a thud as it hit the carpet. His cum was thick and heavy. His muscular penis throbbed quickly under my touch as it burst with rhythmic shots. Jeff bit his lip and groaned as I jerked him off. Every muscle on his fucking body tightened and bulged.

"SHIIIIIT! OH YOU FUCKING FAGGOT!" he began to yell.

"Fuuuuuuuck" he moaned. "Your hand is the BEST fucking asshole!" He jerked with his hands behind his head as I drove his stickshift. His semen burst into the air, making a mess on the carpet. Jeff brought his hands down and moved my fingers off his dick. His arms bulged as he began to pleasure himself. He grasped his boner with one hand and

fondled his balls with the other. Instantly, he winced as he jerked out more milk. It shot higher. I stood back and enjoyed the muscle jerk-off show.

Then I moved closer. I brought my hand up and placed it on his powerful arm as He manipulated himself. He seemed to like this. He pumped harder, but not faster. His arm bulged under my hand. His tricep muscle grew to unreal proportions as his arm flexed. It was breathtaking. I moved my other hand up to his bicep. It was huge.

The grapefruit muscle under my hand was warm and hard as steel. The blood vessel on his bicep pulsed under my fingers as I fondled it. It grew and flexed. He seemed to pump it for my enjoyment.

My penis began to grow again.

His 23" arm was awesome! My hands touched and squeezed it for what seemed like forever. It took both of my hands to really experience this arm. I ran them around it and felt the throbbing muscles dance. He was incredible. His arms could have broken any man's back with just a little effort. His delts bulged above his triceps, creating the most amazing separation of fucking muscle I had ever seen. The valley between his mammoth shoulders and his protruding triceps was unreal!

Jeff's thick pecs danced as he flexed his body in sexual pleasure. His fucking chest was enough to make a man cry. I just couldn't believe the display of raw, sexual, beefy power that was in front of my eyes and under my hands. My fingers shook as his muscles masturbated them.

I began to cum again. I squirted my semen onto Jeff's abs. He smiled as he pumped himself. I finished in a few seconds, but I just couldn't take my hands off his muscles.

His 280 pounds of erotic muscle tightened and bulged as he finished himself. His semen squirted and popped into the air. He was really having a big one. It lasted for a few minutes, then he began to slow down. He drew out the

pleasure as long as possible. His muscles flexed as he handled himself. He was so HOT! Finally, one last forceful jerk. He was done.

He moved close to me and hugged me. He kissed me. I touched every muscle I could touch as we embraced. Jeff flexed them as I ran my fingers over them. He bent his legs a little, and stuck his semi-hard penis between my legs as we kissed. It was sopping wet and warm. We kissed passionately. He ran his tongue deep into my mouth. His breathing became heavier. I could feel Jeff's penis thicken and grow longer under my crotch. I continued to touch his bulging muscles, all over his body. I gently tightened my leg muscles around his dick. Jeff began to cum again. I could feel his penis jerk with newfound semen.

His cum shot out behind me. His body tightened once again as he came this second time. He groaned as his tongue fucked my mouth and his penis fucked my legs.

Jeff moved his arms to my waist and lifted me up slightly. He was really cumming hard. He seemed to be losing control as he lifted me up about three inches off the ground. He held me tight against his body.

Then he moved me away a little, suspending me in midair. His dick shot very hard jerks of cum onto me. He put me down and forced me to turn around rather abruptly. In one quick movement, he pulled me back, lifted me up and lowered my butt onto his massive penis. It was the most amazing experience I had ever had. His huge, thick beef separated my ass cheeks and moved up my hole. It felt painful, yet excruciatingly wonderful! His dick throbbed inside me. I could feel his semen fill me. His penis vibrated my insides as it squirted long and hard bursts of cum.

Jeff moved his massive arms above my shoulders and draped them over my chest. He tickled my genitals as he pumped me. He straightened his legs and lifted me off the ground with his penis. I felt like a rag-doll. The power of his huge legs was unreal. He stood there and filled my ass with his milk as he suspended me on his shaft. I held on to his

gargantuan triceps as he had his way with me. He moaned a little, kind of like an ape or something. He was really enjoying this.

So was I. He whispered "I love you" into my ear. Then he nibbled it a little as he tongued it. His pumping slowed a little. But he didn't stop. In fact, his unloading went on for the longest time. It kept getting slower and slower, but he kept forcing out more. Slower.

Slower. At the end, his pumping came about every three or four seconds. It was excruciatingly slow, but totally erotic. He emptied himself, totally. Every last bit of his semen was squeezed and forced into my welcoming ass hole. All the while I was held about three inches off the ground as Jeff fondled my penis.

Jeff invited me to spend the night. I ended up staying for the weekend. We slept together. We bathed together. We worked out together. We had sex together. I ate my dinner, using his abs as my plate. He moistened my salad with his precum, and later deposited a nice helping of milky dressing on it. It was delicious. I licked my plate clean that night (and the dressing dispenser). For dessert, I dribbled chocolate syrup onto his genitals, and enjoyed chocolate covered nuts on a stick. Quite tasty. After dinner, Jeff brushed my teeth, with his tongue. He was very thorough.

Later that evening, I nursed at his breasts. His biceps and triceps bulged under my hand as I sucked his nipples. I reached orgasm, involuntarily, about three times that evening. Jeff masturbated himself a few times, while I watched. I masturbated him a few more. He masturbated me, too. His muscular hands on my genitals were just about more than I could handle.

We ended up seeing a lot of each other over the years. His muscular body gave me many evenings and weekends of enjoyment.