

Muscular Mike 1 & 2

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

This is the first story I ever published on the Web. Back in the 1990s. —Seanny

Muscular Mike Redux

The abrupt sound of my doorbell startled me; fortunately I was done cleaning up the bathroom mirror after my jerk-off session. The timing was perfect.

I'd been expecting the dishwasher fixit man, so I was looking forward to letting him in so he could get to work. Dishes are the worst. Dishwashers are underrated. So even though I was eager to let the guy in, I was not prepared for what was standing on my stoop.

I'm sure I froze. The man was the largest, most muscular and handsome man I'd ever seen. He had to be six-and-a-half feet tall. He had a military haircut; black hair. His vivid blue eyes sparkled, and his white teeth were stunning. His neck was like a linebacker's, and his draps bulged out and up. From the look of his face I could tell he was extremely lean.

"Hi. My name's Mike. I'm here to fix your dishwasher," he said. I just stared. He was wearing a dark blue work jacket. His shoulders were wider than I thought was possible on a man. They looked like they were the size of bowling balls. And even with his clothes on, I could see the definition between his shoulders and his triceps. His arms were huge. This guy's guns bulged out from his side like two watermelons. Under his unzipped jacket he wore a tight, dark blue T-shirt. His pecs pushed against his jacket and made it stick out and hang probably two inches over his tight abs.

His torso narrowed unbelievably to his tiny waist. His waist was so small!

Beneath his waist his massive quads pushed against his blue jeans, filling them with muscle. The guy obviously did not skip leg day. "Did you need your dishwasher fixed?" he asked with a cute inquisitive look.

"Oh, yeah," I stammered. "Come on in." We entered and I shut the door. "I'm sorry, I just went brain-dead there for a minute." I tried to regain my composure, but I'm sure I was falling all over myself.

"No problem," he smiled. "I'm used to people looking at me funny. It kinda goes with the territory of being a bodybuilder," he said.

"Oh, I didn't mean to look at you funny," I said. "I was just kinda caught off-guard by how huge you are. Oh—the kitchen's back here." We walked back to the kitchen.

As we walked, Mike said "Well, I know some people kinda get turned off by my big muscles."

I was quick to interject, "Well I hope you didn't think I was turned off. Actually, I admire a man who can discipline himself to build his muscles. But you obviously have some incredible genetics, too. You look amazing!"

"Thanks," he said. "I guess I was a little blessed to begin with."

"Man!" I exclaimed. "How tall are you?"

"Six-five," he said.

"That is amazing!" I said. "You look amazing. You must win every bodybuilding contest you enter!"

"Well, actually that's true," he said. "But I have only entered one. I won Mr. Teen Idaho three years ago."

"You were a teenager three years ago?" I gasped. "You are so huge!"

"I just turned 22 last month," he smiled. His smile could render anyone helpless. I melted every time he looked at me and smiled. He was so massive, and yet he had a young healthy look to him. Lots of the huge professionals have skin that is old or drug-worn looking. But not this guy. He was the biggest man I could imagine, and yet he was lean and handsome. I explained the dishwasher problem and Mike set his toolbox down.

"Mind if I watch?" I asked as I lifted myself to sit up on the counter on the other side of the kitchen.

"Not at all," Mike said. "Mind if I take off this jacket while I work?"

"Go right ahead," I choked a little as the words came out. My cock was already hard in my pants. My heart started pounding. Mike slowly started to pull at his jacket. He seemed to be teasing me. He kept his eyes right on me as I stared at him. He slowly pulled the jacket off. I couldn't hide my amazement at his beautiful body. It was perfect in every way. Total symmetry. Total musculature. Total development. Unbelievable broad shoulders, narrow waist. Thick legs. His dark blue T-shirt hugged every muscle, as if not wanting to let go.

His arm muscles danced when he placed his jacket on a chair. His triceps bulged as he moved his hands. Then his biceps pumped and bulged in response. His short shirt-sleeves overflowed with muscles. His blood vessels bulged everywhere. His pecs pulsed as they hung way out over his abs. His skin was so lean! He smiled that killer smile again, as I sat on the counter, about five feet away from him, with my mouth open. I'm not sure, but I think he purposely danced his pecs for me, just for a split second.

"Would you like me to put it back on?" he grinned.

"NO. Not at all," I stammered. "You are incredible!"

"Thanks," he replied. "It's kinda nice to find someone who appreciates the work I do on my physique. Most people try not to show their reaction, but I appreciate seeing your vote of confidence."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to gawk."

He laughed. "Gawking is O.K. It just makes me feel good."

"How big are your arms?" I asked.

"Twenty-three inches, cold." he smiled.

"Wow. Geez!" I said. Mike bent down and began working on the dishwasher. His glutes and quads gave quite a good show as he worked. His lats hung over the floor like a hovering flying saucer. "Why did you only enter one contest?" I asked.

He kept adjusting and working and said, "Oh, I don't know. I guess I realized that I didn't like getting up in front of a bunch of people like that. I'm not into big crowds. I do a lot of posing though. In fact, I pose for an hour or so every day." He reached for another tool and continued working. "It's a great aerobic workout if you do it right. I usually do that at home in the mornings. Sometimes I pose for people, but only in private situations. I guess I'm not into the crowds, only one-on-one gawking," he laughed. I chuckled. "How about you?" he said. "Have you ever been to a bodybuilding contest?"

"No," I answered. "I think it would be cool to see one, but I guess I'm only into one-on-one gawking too." I smiled. I hoped my reference to what I wanted wasn't too obvious.

"Well," he said. "Since we both feel the same way about a man displaying his muscles for someone, would you ever be interested in watching my posing routine?" I couldn't believe my ears. My heart raced. My mouth dried, and I couldn't answer. "I mean," he added, "You just seem to be interested in bodybuilding."

I finally found a breath and said "Oh man! That would be totally awesome. Are you serious?"

"Sure!" he said. He looked down at the dishwasher and lifted its door closed. "As a matter of fact I'm done here. Your dishwasher is fixed. You're my last stop today. Do you have time now?"

"Now would be fantastic," I said. Mike stood up and set his tools in his box. He gently flexed his pecs again and said "Well, great. Is there somewhere you'd like to go?"

"Yeah, let's go up to my bedroom," I said.

"Ah, the bedroom," he smiled. "I do some of my best posing in bedrooms." I led him up the stairs, which was disappointing, because I would have enjoyed the view had he led. We went into my bedroom and he closed the door behind us.

"Now before I start taking my clothes off, how about checking these arms out a little closer," he said. He brought both arms up and flexed them right in front of me. "Go ahead. They aren't painful, just powerful," he smiled. His massive arms bulged. They were so huge. Blood veins crisscrossed them. He looked at me and could tell they were too much for me, so he put one arm down and smiled "Maybe just one at a time would be easier to handle at first."

His triceps hung down and his biceps came to a softball sized peak. There were veins running all over it! He twisted his forearm and made his biceps dance. He brought his other hand up and gently pulled the T-shirt back to expose more. He squeezed his arm with his other hand and smiled. "Pretty hard," he said.

I thought to myself "Not as hard as my dick is right now." I brought both hands up and placed them on his 23 inch arm. He smiled and slowly flexed and pulsed the muscles. His skin was warm and soft. But underneath was rock-hard muscle. I ran my hands around the top, back, bottom and front, trying to encircle the mass. I couldn't. Mike laughed a little. "Yeah, you would need bigger hands," he said. Then he straightened out his arm and flexed his tricep for me. I squeezed his horsehoe as he flexed for me. "Man," I said. "This is amazing." Mike brought his forearm up again and flexed his bicep for another minute, while I squeezed and felt his beautiful arm.

"I have always admired men with big arms," Mike said. "So I wanted to build mine up to let others admire mine," he smiled. "Well, I do," I said. "Yeah, and I kinda like it," he said. Mike put his arm down to his side and said "Now check out these traps." He squeezed into a most muscular pose. His neck and his traps grew. They bulged up higher and higher. He waited for me to touch them. I brought my hands up and placed them on each trap and gently squeezed. Muscular Mike smiled. I could tell he liked the physical touching. I moved my hands up and felt his tree-trunk neck. Mike slowly dropped his head back and his neck bulged even more.

"Your neck is so strong," I said. Mike closed his eyes as I massaged his neck and traps. They were warm, and hard as rocks. "Oh, man that feels good," he sighed. "I didn't know I was so tight. You have a really nice touch." I massaged and felt his neck and traps for another minute, and then slowly moved my hands out to his delts. His shoulders should have required a special highway trip permit, they were so wide. Mike brought his head forward and opened his eyes. He smiled at and watched my hands as I felt his shoulders through his T-shirt.

"The nice thing about one-on-one is that you can inspect things more closely," he said.

"Yeah," I agreed. "It would be pretty hard to do this with other people around." I moved my little hands over and around his broad shoulders as he stood there. Then I brought them down and felt his arms as they hung at his side. His triceps bulged out and I smiled as I caressed them with my fingers. My hard-on grew. I was fully erect in my pants, and I was afraid I was going to cum any minute. And he still was fully clothed!

Mike started to move his pec muscles slowly. His chest rippled. It was so massive. I wanted to touch it so bad, but I was afraid to take this next step. A man's chest is a very sexual thing to me, and I was afraid of being too obviously attracted to his muscular pecs. I didn't want him to know. But he had to know, didn't he? I could see his nipples through the fabric. He danced his pecs again, teasing me. "I always think that is so cool, when bodybuilders make their chest do that," I said.

"Yeah," he answered. "It feels pretty cool, too- to feel the pecs flex and bulge." He took my hands and brought them up to his chest, then he slowly flexed them for me. My penis was probably sticking up above my belt, but I didn't want to check.

"See?" he said.

"Oh, that is awesome. Do that again," I said. Mike moved his pecs again. He flexed and I felt them. I moved my hands in to the center and then out to the edge where they hung in all their glory. I gently squeezed them. He danced them again and again, in rhythm. For a few minutes he flexed and pumped his chest, and I squeezed and touched them. They were massive and warm.

"You know, maybe you could get a better feel if you put your hands under my shirt," he said. "That way you can really check out my development." Mike lifted his T-shirt from the front of his pants, and invited me in. I moved my hands slowly up his torso. "Your abs!" I gasped. "They're so defined and deep!" My fingers moved slowly over the ridges. I took my time and felt his warm

tight skin as it covered his muscular torso. Mike just smiled as I continued my little journey up his chest. My fingers touched his nipples and Mike grinned. He slowly flexed his pecs again and again.

My pre-cum was getting my shorts wet. His massive chest was so big and warm and muscular. Suddenly—orgasm. It came very quickly. As my hands rested on Mike's pecs, I gave two little jerks with my body. There were more jerks inside my pants, and my hands jerked a little as I finished, but the first two were the only ones that made my whole body move. I didn't know what to do. Fortunately my penis was still totally enclosed, but my shorts were wet.

Mike grinned. "I don't think I've ever had that happen before," he said, smiling. "At least not this early in the program."

"Oops," I said. "I'm sorry. I couldn't control it."

"Don't worry about it," Mike smiled. I brought my hands out from under his shirt. "Do you need to clean up?" he asked.

"No. I'm O.K., as long as you aren't bothered," I said.

"Not at all," he said. "I kinda like it. I guess my hard work has paid off." Then he brought his face close to mine and gently kissed me. It was a quick kiss, but it got my heart racing again. "If I take my shirt off now," he said, "will you be having another problem with a mess in your pants?" he grinned.

"I can't make any guarantees," I smiled. Muscular Mike slowly started pulling his T-shirt out. I couldn't believe it, but my penis started growing again. He lifted the shirt up and over his head and threw it on the floor. He just stood there. There was no hair on his lean, powerful, huge, muscular body. He was incredible. His broad shoulders dominated. His chest was bulging and taut. His arms looked like watermelons. His six-pack was deep and

muscular. His tiny waist narrowed into his jeans and then bulged out to his massive quads.

"You are the most incredibly built man I have ever seen," I said.

"Well, it's nice that you think so," he said. He took his massive hand and moved it onto my crotch and gently squeezed my erect penis through my pants. "I'm glad you feel that way," he said. "But I really do think we should clean this up a little. -Here." He lightly pulled my pants out and down just an inch or two to expose the head of my wet penis. It was covered with milky cum. Then he bent over and stuck his warm tongue down the side of my penis and began to lick up the cum inside my underwear.

Once he finished one side, he brought his tongue up and then shoved it down the other side. His tongue must have gone 3 or 4 inches down the side of my shaft! I ran my hands over his big shoulders and lats as he drank up the milk. Uncontrollably, I started to ejaculate once again.

Mike let out a cute little groan and started sucking. He placed his lips firmly around my penis head and sucked gently as each squirt filled his mouth. He swallowed it all. His lips felt so good on the tip of my penis. When I was done, Muscular Mike looked up at me and said "All done? I was still a little thirsty."

"Well, I'm sure there's more where that came from," I said. He stood up and said "I bet I can get a few more teaspoonfuls later on."

"I have no doubt," I smiled. Mike began unbuckling his pants. He unzipped his zipper and slowly pulled his jeans down to the floor. He took off his socks. He stood before me wearing only a thong strap. His waist was so small and his quads were so huge! His strap covered his genitals, but nothing else. His soccer-ball sized glutes were totally exposed. Inside the strap I could see he was growing. His penis was thick and long. Longer than I expected.

"Would you be able to massage my quads?" he asked. I didn't answer. I just moved closer and put my hands on his shoulders. I slowly moved my hands over his traps and shoulders, arms and chest. I said "I'd be glad to, but it might take me a minute to find them." Mike grinned. "Take your time." He flexed as I moved my hands over his bulging arms and dancing chest. Then I got real close and brought my hands around to his back and squeezed his lats. Our faces were real close. Mike leaned forward and kissed me again. This time it was slow and passionate.

He opened my mouth with his tongue and gently slipped his tongue inside. I moved my hands down to his glutes. He slowly flexed one, then the other. They sat high. I could almost rest my hands on the shelf that his glutes formed as they stuck out from his back. I squeezed more, and moved my fingers into his crack, working to separate his powerful glutes. He was so strong. I couldn't have gotten my finger to his hole if he hadn't relaxed his butt muscles to let me in.

Mike explored each corner of my mouth with his tongue. I could tell he was enjoying himself. I teased him a little with my finger. I went into his asshole an inch or two and then came back out. Muscular Mike liked it. I did it again. We must have kissed for 3 or 4 minutes as I played with his glutes and hole.

Finally we separated. I looked at Mike's posing strap. "Wow," I said. "For someone who kisses so passionately, I would think you'd be a little more excited than that."

"I have a lot of control," he smiled. "I just want this to last awhile." I slipped my fingers under the sides of his posing strap. His waist was so small! I moved my fingers around to the front and then slipped them out and moved them over the fabric covering his genitals. I squeezed gently.

"I wonder how much self control you really have," I grinned.

"Now that would be fun to find out," he smiled. I moved my hand up and down over his fabric-covered penis and balls. They were huge, and growing more and more. I squeezed. I took my other hand and started feeling his powerful arm. He flexed. I moved my hand over his chest. He flexed. With my other hand I squeezed his posing strap. His genitals jumped as he flexed them.

"Now there's a muscle I would like to check out," I said as he flexed his genitals.

"Go right ahead," Mike said. "It's my favorite muscle." I slipped my fingers inside and slid his posing strap down. His huge dick sprang forward. It was at least 9 inches, and only half erect. His balls were lightly covered with jet black hair. It took a little work to get his posing strap down over his quads, but it was kinda fun. I took the opportunity to massage the huge masses of leg muscle. They flexed and pulsed as I ran my hands all around them.

What huge muscle! Mike's penis was almost fully erect now. It was over 10 inches of thick meat. I took my right hand and placed the tips of my fingers under his balls and touched him lightly on the sex spot. His erection grew even more. "Lots of self control?" I smiled. Mike didn't answer. He just stood still as I caressed his balls. "Well," he finally said. "I don't think I've ever had anyone touch me the way you do." I took my other hand and placed it around the base of his shaft and squeezed gently. Then I loosened my grip and ran the tips of my fingers up the outer ridge of his penis.

About two-thirds of the way up, I met his pre-cum. I swirled his pre-cum into the skin of his penis and moved up as I went, stopping on his other sex spot, just under his penis head. Mike's eyes were closed and he had tipped his head back in ecstasy. His neck bulged. But then everything on him bulged, especially those arms. Pre-cum dripped down Mike's penis. Pre-cum dripped down my now exposed and totally erect penis. I took some of my pre-cum and placed it on the head of his penis. I massaged our joint

pre-cum into his penis head. "Do you think we could lay down?" Mike asked.

"Sure," I replied. I stripped off the rest of my clothes and laid down first. Then Mike slowly took his 315 pound body and smothered me in passionate muscle. He propped himself on his elbows and slipped his tongue into my mouth once again. I treated my hands to a feel of his arms, shoulders, lats and glutes. He was so much bigger than me that his penis hit me low-between the legs. I squeezed my legs around his penis a little. He liked that. Suddenly, I started to jerk again. Mike quickly moved down my body and started licking up what I had spurted. As he licked, it stimulated me all the more and I kept cumming.

He placed his lips on my penis head and sucked. His warm lips were firm. It felt so good. Then he opened his mouth farther and started to swallow my penis. Soon he had the whole throbbing thing inside his mouth cavity! He opened wider and mouthed my balls with his lips. He took his fingers and pushed my balls into his mouth. I couldn't control myself. It was as if I started cumming all over again from the beginning! This was so HOT! Muscular Mike had my whole genitals inside his mouth, and it felt soooo good. His tongue massaged my shaft as he sucked in the squirting cum.

Finally, exhausted, I finished. Mike removed his mouth from my genitals and laid on his back. I could tell he was going to be ready very soon. His semi limp dick rested on his mountainous abs. I caressed it. It grew. It became huge in just a matter of seconds. I brought my mouth to his dick and gently started licking it. It was now fully erect. I took his dick and placed it inside my lips. I just put my lips over his penis head and started sucking. I moved my mouth farther down. Mike started groaning. I took one hand and moved it up and down his legs. With the other, I felt his abs and chest. My fingers stopped at his nipples. I rubbed lightly. Mike groaned more.

Suddenly I felt his muscles tighten. He groaned more. He started jerking, and cum started pouring into my mouth. I swallowed the first few squirts. Then it was as if his penis hole opened wider. Suddenly, his cum started flowing fast and hard. I kept swallowing and sucking. Mike flexed his muscles and groaned. This was big. He kept cumming. The cum was beginning to be too much for me. I couldn't keep up. There was so much. It was lasting so long. Finally I removed my mouth from Mike's penis. It almost made a little pop as I released it and more cum squirted up onto his abs. Then more came and squirted his chest. I rubbed and squeezed his penis.

He took his hand and enveloped mine around his penis and squeezed. His whole body was throbbing. His face was twisted and straining. He kept groaning. His hand started to hurt mine, but I couldn't get it out. His throbbing penis was as hard as a baseball bat as he squeezed my hand around it. As we masturbated him, his chest pulsed with each jerk of squirting cum. His arms grew even bigger and bulged and flexed. Cum had filled the ridges between his abs like little rivers of milk. It dribbled down from his chest and filled his abs, then spilled down his side and onto the bed.

Finally he released my hand. Then he grabbed himself and continued. I shook my hand a little and moved up to kiss him. He was still going. He shoved his tongue inside my mouth and grabbed me with his other arm. He was so strong, but I could tell he was careful not to hurt me. We kissed and he kept masturbating himself for what seemed like a few minutes. I started swirling his cum around on his abs and chest. Eventually, Mike completed his mega-orgasm. It was the most incredible thing I had ever witnessed, to that point. Mike came over a lot after that. We got to know each other pretty well. We both enjoyed lots of one-on-one gawking for years to cum.

Muscular Mike Meets Jason

by Derek Flex

Mike and I had been seeing each other for about two months. He would cum over to my house and I would touch his massive muscles and jerk off. He would suck, ever-so-gently on my penis while I pet him. I would cum. He would cum. His orgasms were usually recordable on the Richter scale.

I once timed one of his orgasms. It lasted– the climax and the squirting– lasted over seven minutes. I measured the amount of his cum once (when I could discipline myself not to drink some). It measured two and a half cups. Mike had to drink a lot of water to keep his hydration up when we got together. I loved to test Mike's strength. He is so strong. Sometimes he would lift me up and down putting his penis in my ass. It seemed effortless to him, and he really enjoyed it. (So did I).

One day, I met a man who I thought never existed. Someone taller, bigger, more muscular, and (as I found out) stronger than Mike. I know it doesn't seem possible, but here's what happened. I needed some mini-blinds installed so I called to have an installer come over. The installer rang the doorbell. I opened it and immediately my penis started growing in my pants. I had had much experience with the most muscular beefy hunk on the planet (Mike), so I thought I could handle just about anything.

Not so. The guy standing in front of me was incredible. He had to be manufactured or something. He was probably a good two or three inches taller than Mike. Probably about 50 pounds heavier, too. And the additional pounds were all muscle. He looked to be about Mike's age– maybe a little younger (21?). He had brown hair that was short, but not cropped. Kinda wavy. His dark brown eyes penetrated me. His smile was warm and confident. His skin was dark, but not olive. It was rich and clean. He had a square, muscular jaw. He had about a day's worth of hair on his face. I almost started ejaculating when I just looked at that

gorgeous face. Beneath his face was the most massive neck I had ever seen. It was bigger than Mike's. But then everything about this guy was bigger, it seemed.

"Hi," he said in a slight southern drawl. "I'm Jason. 'Here to install your blinds." He smiled broadly. I kept checking him out. He was wearing a dusty powder blue sweatshirt and bluejeans. The sweatshirt was so big, I'm sure it had to be custom made. I had never seen one so big. I always love how sweatshirts mold themselves right over a guy's traps, if he has them. Jason had them. They were massive and looked hard. The sweatshirt hugged them and tapered out to his broad shoulders.

The boulders that formed his shoulders were big and round. They stuck out as if he were wearing football pads. But he wasn't. He was pure muscle. "Great, come on in," I said after I caught my breath. Jason turn a little, bent his head a little, and came in. When I closed the door, we ended up standing very close to each other. Jason's chest protruded right at my face. It was huge. His boobs were wide and full. Extremely thick and beefy. They pressed his sweatshirt outward. He was so massive. Standing close to him I could smell his warm muscles as they layed under his sweatshirt. His massive neck was so lean and pulsing with vessels. I just wanted to stand close and smell his muscles. And he let me.

Finally he broke the silence. "Where did you want me to do the work?" he asked. "Oh. I'm sorry," I said. "Upstairs, in my bedroom." He moved to the staircase and started up. Ah, yes. I was going to get to follow. He seemed to walk slowly as we ascended. Maybe to give me a good look. His glutes were right in my face as we walked. I couldn't take my eyes off of them. I checked out the size number on the leather badge of his jeans. He had a 29 inch waist!! I couldn't believe it. His quads bulged and moved inside his pants. They were so massive and muscular. He was so hot. I was able to see, during this little follow-the-leader episode, that Jason wasn't wearing a T-shirt under his

sweatshirt. We got to my room and I showed him the window where the blinds were to go.

He was replacing some old ones that hadn't been removed yet, so I asked him to remove the old ones too. Jason glanced across the room and his eye stopped on a metal bar that laid bent on the floor. This bar had been bent by Mike a few days earlier. I had been in one of my lets-see-how-strong-Mike-is moods and I had asked Mike to bend it. He took off his shirt (I always loved that) and started working on it. I stood behind him and put my hands on his shoulders and arms, so I could feel his strength as he worked.

After a few seconds of moderate straining, Mike started to bend the bar. His hot muscles grew. They pulsed with power. I could feel the strength move through his arms. Mike started to strain a little harder. His neck grew bigger. He pushed harder and harder. My penis grew harder and harder. I moved my hands over his bulging traps and shoulders as he groaned and pulsed. His back muscles rippled and moved. Slowly the bar bent, until it was at about a 90 degree angle. I reached orgasm at just that moment. My hands jerked as they squeezed his traps.

Mike stood there and his muscles slowly relaxed. Mike and I continued to masturbate each other for a while. When we were done, I asked Mike if he would be able to bend the bar back so it was straight. He worked on it. His arms looked like they would burst. But he wasn't able to straighten it out. He seemed a little miffed at himself about it, so I gave him a warm kiss and gently squeezed his genitals, and he seemed to feel better.

Jason asked "How'd that pipe get bent? It would take someone pretty strong to bend a piece of metal like that."

"I have a friend who's a bodybuilder," I said. "Mike likes to show me how strong he is. He bent that a few days ago, but it's a little harder to straighten it out than it is to bend it."

"Oh really," Jason smiled. "I'm a bodybuilder too."

"Yeah, I could tell. Those sweatshirts don't really hide as much as people think."

"So this Mike of yours must be pretty big," Jason said.

"Yeah, he's huge," I answered. "But you've got to be bigger. How much do you weigh?"

"I weigh 357 pounds, at about 4.5 percent body fat," he said. He seemed a little shy about bragging about his body.

"That's inhuman!" I said. "I think you have Mike beat by about 40 pounds. And I imagine you're about 3 inches taller than him."

"He's still over 300 pounds. Is he lean?" "As lean as you are. He's really something," I said. "But then I know him pretty well. He does a lot of posing for me."

"Yeah. I bet you enjoy that quite a bit," Jason smiled.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, I just can tell you probably appreciate the discipline it takes to be a bodybuilder," Jason said. His pecs moved a little.

"Well, I guess I do," I smiled. "Do you compete Jason?"

"No. Never entered a contest," he said.

"Why not?"

"I am a private exhibitionist only," he said with a laugh. His pecs danced again. I could tell he was flirting with me. My boner stiffened. He fiddled with the mini-blinds. His sweatshirt bulged

as his arms moved. They had to be an inch bigger than Mike's arms. He was so hot looking.

"To whom do you exhibit?" I asked with raised eyebrows.

"Well, I guess I'd be willing to for you, if you were interested," he said without taking his eyes off his work.

"Well. Sure," I said. My hardon was throbbing.

"I'd be interested to see if you think I look better than this Mike of yours," Jason said.

"Well, don't tell anyone I said this, but even with your clothes on, I can tell you probably wouldn't have any problem with him," I said.

"How big is his dick?" Jason said. I went white. I couldn't tell if he said what I thought he said.

"What?" I asked. "I just wondered if I could beat him in the manly man department," Jason grinned.

"Like I said, I think you've got him beat everywhere. But I'd have to look to be sure." I said. Jason moved away from the blinds and towards me. He came right up to me and stood in front of me. His chest was inches from my face. He flexed it very slowly. "I have always wanted to show myself off to people who want to look," he smiled. My knees went weak and I think I got a little light headed. "But then, I'm thinking you probably want to do more than just look, don't you." His unshaven face smiled as he continued to dance his pecs for me.

Jason slowly leaned over and kissed my lips. As he did, I erupted. My penis had grown to the top of my belt line, so my semen squirted up and hit me on my chin. It got on Jason's sweatshirt,

too. Then his chin. He kept kissing me, and I kept squirting. He laughed a little as he kissed me, and then he pulled back, chuckling. "I guess I can compete with Mike in more ways than one," he smiled as he wiped his chin. "Does he have this effect on you too?"

"Yeah. I guess I'm a sucker for guys with unbelievably gorgeous, muscular, masculine, beefy, masturbatable bodies," I said as I tried to clean myself up. "Well, I think I fall into those categories, especially that last one," he said. "I think I'd like to meet this Mike guy sometime."

"You won't have to wait long." The voice came from the bedroom doorway. Mike stood there, filling up the open door with his massive body. He looked huge, but I could tell he was a little intimidated by Jason. "Mike!" I said. "How long have you been there?"

He grinned "Long enough to know that I'd like to meet my new competition." He walked into the room, his muscular body pushing against his tight white T-shirt. His 24 inch arms bulged with each step. It was difficult to believe that this hunk of massive muscles could ever be intimidated by anyone. His shirt swelled with massive pecs and enormous shoulders. His narrow torso fit tightly into his jeans. His genitals bulged. His legs were immense. Mike walked up to Jason and stopped about three feet from him. He smiled and reached out his hand.

"Hi. I'm Mike."

"Jason," came the reply. Jason stood 3 inches taller than Mike. He was awesome. His 357 pounds seemed to dwarf Mike's 315. His chest stood out and formed an enormous bulge in his sweatshirt. I could only imagine the expanse underneath the chest. It was probably filled with massive ridges of muscular abs. Jason's arms were obviously bigger than Mike's, and Mike could see that. Mike's dick grew under his pants, and I could tell he was feeling a little uncomfortable.

As they shook hands, Mike brought his other hand up to Jason's massive arm and felt it. They kept shaking and Jason squeezed Mike's hand a little harder. Mike could feel Jason's muscular strength through both hands. Jason's arm grew, and Mike's face began to show a little tension. It was apparent who was winning this little show of strength. Jason's smile grew a little. Mike's boner grew a lot. It started protruding up above his belt line.

Precum started dripping down over his belt. His head was almost fully exposed. Jason didn't take his eyes off Mike's eyes, so he didn't notice Mike's erection. The two of them stood there, feeling each other's strength. Mike's arm grew even bigger, under his t-shirt sleeve. Jason's grew bigger under his sweatshirt. Finally Mike took his hand off Jason's bicep and they let go of each other. "Wow. You are incredible," Mike said grinning from ear to ear.

Jason pumped his pecs a little and said "Thanks. You look pretty amazing yourself."

Mike asked "Would you mind taking off your sweatshirt so I can see your muscles?" I liked that about Mike. Always coming right out and asking.

"Sure." Jason said. He started to slowly lift his sweatshirt (it was spotted with my cum). He seemed to tease Mike as he did it. He lifted it slowly, exposing his abs first. They were unbelievable! He had an eight pack that was thicker than anything I had ever seen. The separation between his abs was fantastic. Mike's precum started flowing more quickly now. Jason smiled. Jason lifted the sweatshirt out, away from his body. He had to do this in order to get it up over the huge overhang that his pectorals formed above his abs. He really had to reach up and under, and pull straight out in order to get the fabric around his massive chest.

He stopped, just standing there with his mammoth chest and abs exposed. He smiled as he saw Mike's reaction. Mike had now

grabbed his own genitals, and was lightly rubbing himself through his pants. Jason lifted the sweatshirt up and tugged it off his arms and threw it on the floor. His arms seemed to expand and fill with muscle as he did this. It was as if the sweatshirt had been restricting his arms and they were now able to breathe free. He put his arms down to his side and flexed them lightly as they hung there. They bulged and pulsed with incomprehensible muscle mass. They had to be about 26 inches.

Mike burst forth with squirts of cum. Mr. Control started jerking slightly as his orgasm overtook him. The cum shot up above their heads. It got in Jason's hair, on his face, on his unbelievably broad shoulders, his traps; it dribbled down his chest and started to drip off his nipples. It ran down his abs and onto his pants. Mike's penis was two or three inches above his pants as it squirted cupfuls of semen into the air. His muscular body pulsed with each squirt. His chest heaved. It was huge. His shoulders bulged as he continued his masturbatory orgasm. His huge arms flexed as he tried to contain his juices— but to no avail. Jason was just too much for Mike.

He was too much for me too. At the sight of all this, I started creaming again. My penis erupted with a hard jerk. Cum squirted into the air. I was standing far enough away that my cum didn't hit the two musclemen in front of me. I throbbed as I looked at Jason's muscles. He was unbelievable. I pulsed as I watched Mike worship Jason's muscles by offering gifts of cum. It was amazing. Jason smiled as he cleaned up Mike's mess. His fingers ran across his muscle body and scooped up Mike's milk.

Jason quietly mouthed his fingers as he drank up the cum. His lips were obscenely seductive. "It seems I have this same effect on everyone today," he smiled. Mike apologized for the mess. "I'm sorry. I usually try to contain it more, because I know I produce a lot of semen. More than most people."

"Don't worry about it. Just be glad you don't flow like I do," Jason said. "I usually have to keep a bunch of towels handy. It's usually about a quart for me."

"Give me a break!" Mike said.

"Yeah. It's true," Jason answered. "I tried jerking off more often, in hopes that I could reduce the amount, but that didn't help. So I just try to make sure I do it where the mess is repairable." He flexed his pecs a little. The skin made a smooth, but hard wave across his chest. Then he did it again, rippling his muscles in the reverse direction. Mike was still cleaning up his cum. He had it on his own T-shirt, so he decided to take it off. Jason looked with interest as Mike exposed his muscular body to him. Mike's unbeatable traps and shoulders were especially appealing to Jason.

I could tell his genitals were growing as Mike stood in front of him. Mike smiled as Jason eyed him. "I think I need to clean up a little better," Mike said. He started to unzip his pants.

"Need any help?" Jason asked. My semi limp penis began to spring to attention again. I unzipped my pants and took off my clothes so I could enjoy the show that was about to unfold before me.

Mike said "Sure," and Jason moved closer. The two of them stood facing each other. Jason's arms seemed to dwarf Mike's huge guns. Mike's chest touched Jason's. Mike's pants were totally unzipped and his penis was swollen, but not totally hard as it laid under his red posing strap. It started to grow. The two of them smiled at each other a little. Then Jason leaned forward and began nosing Mike's nose. Mike's eyes closed. Then Jason did the most amazing thing. It was so sexual and erotic. So dominating.

He gently stuck his tongue up into one of Mike's nostrils. Mike smiled and kept his eyes shut. Jason's lats spread wide as he

brought his huge arms up and placed his hands up and behind Mike and onto Mike's broad strong shoulders. But Jason's were broader. The two of them stood locked in a massive display of passionate bulging muscles. Their two huge, lean muscular forms fondled and hugged. I heard a slight moan, but I couldn't tell which muscleman it came from. Jason continued massaging Mike's nostrils with his tongue, slowly mouthing his whole nose at times. Mike seemed to relax, almost go limp in Jason's powerful embrace.

Jason moved his mouth a little and slipped his tongue inside Mike's mouth. They tongued each other for a few minutes. Jason's hands started feeling more of Mike's immense back. He squeezed Mike's lats then moved his hands down Mike's torso, then back up. Up and down, up and down; stopping when he found some muscle that needed squeezing. Jason loosened Mike's pants and pulled them down. The two Herculean men unlocked for a minute as Jason pulled Mike's pants down over his huge glutes and quads. Jason ran his hands over Mike's quads and back to his glutes. He brought his hands around front and up to Mike's abs and chest. Mike's muscles bulged as Jason explored.

Jason continued up to Mike's shoulders and traps, then out to Mike's massive arms. Mike flexed for Jason. Mike's penis started to grow as he was being felt all over by a fellow muscleman. Mike brought his arms up and flexed his biceps for Jason. Jason smiled and moved his massive hands to feel Mike's arms. Jason's hands were huge. Mike's arms were huge. Jason stood there with one hand on each arm, as Mike held still. Then Mike twisted his forearms and his arms danced again. Jason smiled. Jason's penis was now sticking up above his pants. "I think I need to give myself a little room," Jason said. "Here. Let me," Mike said. Mike reached down and unbuttoned Jason's pants. He slipped them down, exposing Jason's posing strap. Jason's penis was 10 inches and still growing, out the top of the strap

Mike bent down and finished pulling Jason's pants over his unbelievable massive quads. They put Mike's mammoth meaties

to shame. Mike pulled Jason's strap down to the floor, and then pulled his own strap all the way off. They stood before each other totally nude. It was enough to make any man cry. The display of totally erotic beefy muscle was overwhelming. Jason was a man to beat all men. He was totally proportioned and more fully developed than anything I had ever imagined. His tremendous shoulders capped a body that would be every man's dream to behold. His traps were huge. His 26 inch arms were orgasmic. His indescribably massive chest was so muscular and seductive. His canyon like abs were rocks. His svelte 29 inch waist exaggerated his massiveness. His quads were so big they should have shook the house when he walked. And now Jason's long, thick penis and big balls were fully exposed for us to see.

It was fully erect now. Probably 12 inches, but I was so dizzy, I couldn't really tell. The ridge on the outside of his shaft stood out and pulsed with his every heartbeat. His billiard-sized balls sported soft dark brown hair. He was indeed a man's man. Mike's hand started gently caressing Jason's genitals. Jason closed his eyes and smiled. He stood perfectly still (except where his muscles bulged and pulsed- he couldn't help that) as Mike began to masturbate him.

Once again, my little Mr. Penis had had enough. I started squirting again. It was too erotic for me. To see this Muscular Mike bend down, in all his beefy glory, and begin to rub the genitals of Jason- it was incredible. Jason's precum flowed down his shaft. Mike began licking it up. He started sucking Jason's dick lightly. He moved his mouth up and down Jason's huge stiff shaft for a long time- maybe five minutes. Then Mike stood up and began exploring Jason's muscles. Jason didn't seem to mind that the dick massage had stopped. He flexed and pumped lightly as Mike moved across his body. Mike moved behind Jason and put his hands down on Jason's glutes. They were incredible. Mike's boner was at 12 o'clock high. Mike brought his hands up and felt Jason's rippling back muscles.

He felt Jason's shoulders and traps. He brought his hands down over Jason's shoulders and began feeling his huge arms. Jason began flexing them. They grew. They grew and pulsed and bulged to huge proportions. Jason turned to face Mike and posed both arms for him, just as Mike had done for Jason, earlier. Jason twisted his forearms and his biceps danced under Mike's massive hands. Mike had never experienced anything like this before. He had thought his own arms were the biggest a man's could get. But now he was delighted to learn that Jason had bested him in this category (and just about all other ones as well). Jason's bicep peak was perfect. Mike squeezed it. Jason smiled and flexed some more.

Mike's erection was as hard as ever. So was Jason's. Jason's penis was about an inch longer than Mike's, but it stood higher up than that because Jason was taller than Mike. As Mike stood there, feeling Jason's arms, Mike's own arms looked so hot. It was such a beautiful display of two musclemen loving each other's bodies. Jason slowly brought his arms down to his side and began flexing his pectoral muscles for Mike. Mike placed his hands on Jason's planet-sized chest. Mike got a little light headed. Jason reached out and supported Mike by placing his hands on Mike's glutes. Jason's penis pulsed with desire. I don't know if it was sheer strength of will or what, but somehow Mike seemed to win the coin-toss in the next move. As Jason danced his pecs for Mike, Mike slowly- by pure willpower- slowly was able to move his hands off Jason's ultra desirable chest.

Mike moved around and positioned himself behind Jason. He then placed his hands on Jason's glutes and began trying to spread them apart. He brushed his penis up against Jason's glutes. His precum moistened Jason's basketball sized glutes with a silky glistening shimmer. Jason seemed to resist. "If you go in me now, I'll spout," Jason said.

"I want to wait a minute." Mike said "I can't wait any longer. I have to get inside you. You are so hot I can't be responsible for what happens if I can't get my penis inside your asshole."

"No," Jason insisted. Please wait. I am really enjoying this foreplay." Mike paid no attention. He began to force his hands in Jason's crack to pull the glutes apart in order to get his raging hard-on inside. Mike's triceps bulged as he struggled with Jason's glutes. Jason smiled a little, then flexed his glutes. They were so powerful. Even Mike's inhuman 24 inch arms weren't powerful enough to separate them. Mike strained. Jason began to strain a little. Mike's massive arms grew bigger as he began to spread Jason's ass apart. Jason's face began to show a little concern. He tightened his body and began to give Mike a little taste of strength.

Jason's chest began to ripple. His arms pumped. His shoulders flexed. His abs tightened. His quads grew. Jason flexed his glutes and Mike let out a cry. Jason was crushing Mike's fingers. He said "You're not getting in until I want you in." Mike redoubled his efforts. Jason's little show of strength only served to turn Mike on more. His penis was visibly throbbing. It was all he could do to control himself from having an involuntary orgasm again. I, however, was not as disciplined.

As these two mega-men struggled in front of me, I started cumming again. Jerk after jerk. Squirt after squirt. I came and I went. The sight of these two naked flexing hunks struggling against each other's supreme power was intoxicating. Jason kept Mike's fingers firmly caught between his glutes. Mike couldn't remove them. He started to pull and Jason squeezed a little harder, smiling. Mike was visibly in pain. His knees started to weaken. Jason relaxed his glutes. Mike stood up straight and regained his massive composure. "O.K.," Mike said, "If I'm not stronger than you, then maybe I can find your weakness."

"Do you really think you have any strength that is greater than mine?" Jason asked over his shoulder. He flexed his back muscles to show Mike his massive power. Mike didn't answer. He just moved closer and put his hands on Jason's glutes again. This time he wasn't forcing anything. He began to caress them. Jason's

facial expression changed as his penis began rising again. Mike was turning him on. Mike massaged Jason's beautiful big ass for a minute. Mike's penis was full and ready to burst, but he forced himself to wait. Mike moved up against Jason's back and brushed Jason's butt with his penis again. Jason flinched, then relaxed.

Mike moved his hands around to the front of Jason and began feeling his muscles. He ran his hands up over Jason's chest and onto his shoulders— all the while he kept caressing Jason's glutes with his dick. Up and down, back and forth. Slowly. Erotically. Mike gently squeezed each bulging muscle on Jason's beautiful body. Jason started to weaken. I don't know how Mike controlled himself. I know that every time I have ever touched one of Jason's muscles, I have involuntarily creamed. Jason kinda thinks it's cute, but it really bothers me. I don't see how Mike does it. I guess he's just a pretty powerful guy. Mike brought his hand down to Jason's genitals. Jason's huge dick was sticking straight up.

Precum flowed. It was totally wet. Mike's massive hands began to gently and lightly touch Jason's pulsing penis. Mike massaged Jason's precum into his penis head and down his shaft. Jason was so hot. And he was so turned on. As he massaged Jason's genitals with his right hand, Mike slowly brought his left hand back to Jason's glutes and began spreading them with his fingers. Jason resisted for a second, but Mike began kissing Jason's neck. Jason weakened. Muscular Mike kissed Jason and sucked his neck. He sucked Jason's ears. Mike caressed and kissed Jason. He slowly began to move his hand up and down on Jason's huge shaft. Jason's massive glutes relaxed. Mike spread them apart and began to stick his full-grown hard cock up inside Jason. Jason groaned. Mike smiled as he pushed. Jason groaned a little more. He liked it.

Finally, Mike had his long stick fully inserted into Jason's hole. "Wow," Jason said. "You have a lot of control. You are very strong."

"Oh yeah," Mike said. "Not nearly as strong as you, Jason."

"Yeah, I guess that's true. But I just couldn't resist you when you started touching me that way," Jason said. Then, Jason said, "But lets see if you can control yourself now."

"What do you mean?" Mike asked. "Well, why don't you see how long you can stay in me without ejaculating," Jason said.

"Sure," Mike said. "I think I can handle you for a while." He smiled confidently.

"O.K.," Jason smiled. He didn't say anything more. For a second they just stood there, Mike gently stroking Jason's dick; one huge muscleman locked inside another. Then Jason gently started to flex his glutes. Mikes eyes started to open wide. "I wonder if this will have any effect on you," Jason said. Jason flexed his glutes some more- not powerfully, to hurt Mike- but erotically, to bring him to orgasm. Mike looked worried. Jason continued to massage Mikes genitals with his gently throbbing massive glutes. It looked so hot. Here these two musclemen were- one trying to out masturbate the other.

Jason was so smooth in his motions. I wondered if he had had a lot of practice. His huge ass pulsed and bulged, as Mike was caught in it's seductive grip. Mike tried to resist. He tried to control himself. But I soon knew that it was only a matter of time before Mike would explode inside of Jason. Jason was patient. He gently flexed and unflexed his butt muscles as Mike's penis strained to keep from ejaculating inside. Jason's huge muscular body seemed to be weakening Mike's resolve. Mike was really getting turned on by this gentle, erotic ride. Mike put his hands on Jason's massive arms. Jason grew them just a bit as he continued Mike's massage. Jason's own penis was still spurting precum, and it looked like he was enjoying doing this to Mike quite a bit. Jason rolled his eyes in ecstasy as he masturbated Mike.

I don't know if it was touching Jason's muscular guns that did it, or maybe Mike just couldn't hold out any longer. But whatever happened between them, it was now apparent that Mike was getting ready to blow. Mike's face tightened. He squeezed Jason's arms and began jerking. At that moment, Jason also started to go over the edge. His unbelievably muscular body tightened. His arms grew to an incredible size as Mike caressed them. They were so powerful in Mike's hands. I could just look at Jason's arms all day long. They are the hottest thing I've ever seen. Sometimes when Jason is over at my house, he'll look at me and wink, and then flex his arm for me as they relax at his side. He knows this kills me.

Quite frequently, Jason just needs to just take off his shirt and I'll start creaming. His arms are irresistible. Mike groaned and jerked as he injected Jason's cavity with massive amounts of semen. Jason continued the glute massage in order to masturbate Mike beyond his threshold. Jason's glutes gently bulged and pulsed, even as Jason was entering the first stage of his own orgasm. His muscles grew and grew. Mike, even as he began jerking, could tell Jason was cumming too. Jason started groaning. And then he let go. His massive body heaved and lifted 315 pound Muscular Mike off the floor. Jason jerked once and then again. He set Mike back down, but continued to jerk. No semen had come out.